



Suffolk Riders



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Breaking News

[Copdock M/C Show Newsletter.](#)

[IAM Covid 19 restart guide.](#)

Chairman's Update



It's good to see the lockdown relaxing, albeit slowly and in stages. I'm sure I'm no different to most of the membership in looking forward to carrying out Suffolk Riders business in a close to normal

fashion. Since riding restrictions have been relaxed I have ridden a fair amount for leisure, have had my bike in for service and I am keen to get out with my associates as soon as we're allowed. As a committee, we feel that there is nothing in the current restrictions stopping us from carrying out socially distanced associate briefing, de-briefing and whatever discussions are required for selling what we do to potential members. Unfortunately we cannot restart training or any group activity, other than committee meetings via video-conferencing, until RoSPA tell us we can, otherwise we are not insured. We will of course let you all know as soon as that happens.

Quite aside from Group activities and riding, I am very keen to be able to see my family and close friends with whom I have communicated and seen only on the internet in the last 10 weeks. I'm sure this is far more of an issue than the lack of riding for most. It's great news that as from 1st June collections of up to 6 persons can meet socially so long as distancing is maintained. But this does allow small groups of friends and / or family can meet for a BBQ or picnic which is a huge relief for many of us. I hope as more restrictions are gradually lifted, we can all be sensible and maintain the safety bubble required to stop a second peak.

Stay safe, regards, Jon

Member's Forum

From Moto-Novice to Blood Bike Embolus (2017-20) cont'd - Nathan Clough

An on/off road holiday took me through all sorts of countries, and it was the Czech Republic where news broke of Boris Johnson's election, which was



Czech Republic

surprisingly big news in every country I visited over those 10 days.

Unfortunately, for the entirety of this summer tutoring was at a minimum – I was test-ready, but RoSPA were faffing about where my test would be. The pin eventually landed on Cambridgeshire, so I chose a date before the season ended, and booked a refresher session. The Blood Bikers had also been in touch to say that it was now my

turn to get going – the waiting list was finally resolved. Everything was falling into place!

After work on 19th August, I hastened to Trumpington Park & Ride for my RoSPA test with Simon, a copper rocking up on his BMW RT. Serious guy, quite intimidating. Things didn't feel perfect – the weather was borderline, I'd had a tough day at work, and I cannot stand Cambridgeshire roads. They're not a match on Suffolk and Norfolk roads, and, as it happened, the roads weren't great, and perhaps I exaggerated my roadcraft in a way I wouldn't under normal conditions. We finished up at Whittlesford; bribing him with a strawberry milkshake, a silver was awarded! Good timing too, as it was the Suffolk Riders annual summer



BBQ that weekend, and celebrate we did!

I'd ticked the box, and was ready to start Blood Biking in October. But that didn't seem to matter anymore – John Morgan's training and

the support of Suffolk Riders transformed my riding, and I can say for certain that the skills I picked up have saved me several times and enhanced my roadcraft infinitely. Where before I had to force my brain until it ached to recall 'the system', it was now happening instinctively. In the early days riding with John, I'd robotically exhibit elements of the system to demonstrate progress, and then go back into my old habits of reacting to every surprise when back on my own. It didn't take long for that to wear off, but it just goes to show the difference between passing at a DVLA standard and that of a RoSPA! Every biker needs to do this, 4 sessions minimum, just to shake the complacency and arrogance a shiny new motorbike licence can give.

As for when I began to love riding... Obviously, I have a date for this too – 23rd September 2019 at [Circuit de Folembray](#) with the Reiten Motorrad lot. Appropriately with David Halsall, who has a key marker in my training, and Ben Firbank who coaxed me in! And if I was to pin it to a time – I think it was around 11:00 CET when I lost it on the hairpin and went pirouetting and sliding on my side. I picked it up, tightened some bolts and went even faster for the rest of the track day. I'd got the bug! You'll find a writeup from others in the group, including myself, giving you the lowdown on Folembray and why you should spend your children's inheritance in coming out with us the next time it is organised.

My first moto medic gig was in October with an organisation in Sudbury who I volunteer with, and the EMT qualification is about to come through (emergency medical technician). Unfortunately, it's looking like most of my moto-related gigs under that new qualification will be canceled due to the COVID-19 outbreak, but I'm largely expected to support frontline services, as the Blood Bikers talk

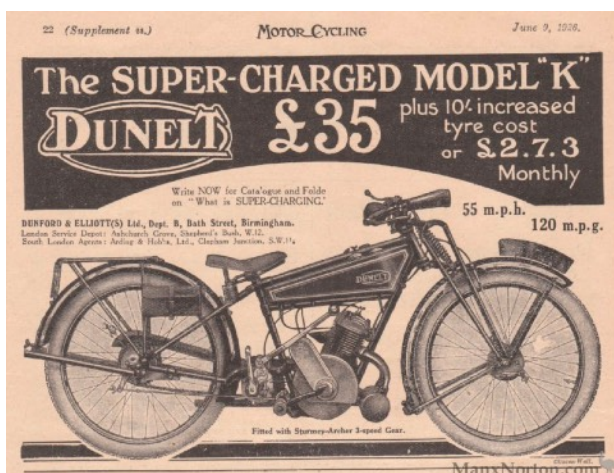
about possibly transporting medicines; as an NHS Community First Responder going to Category 1 calls (once we have the correct PPE); and St John Ambulance potentially looking to staff A&E's across the UK at the very least. We've got some interesting times ahead of us, and Suffolk Riders played a key part in that journey. So, thank you to the group for subsidising that journey and subsequent voluntary work, keeping me in one piece, and most importantly to John for being one patient bugger! As he'd no doubt profess; I'm not the easiest of students. (*Well done Nathan, I'm full of admiration. Ed.*)



My first foray across the channel on a motorcycle. Brian Carter

Speaking to Mr Gilbert a couple of weeks ago he mentioned that not a lot of members were writing articles for the newsletter. Later on I thought I am not going out apart from shopping, in other words I have the time to do something, I should step up to the plate and do my bit for the group. (*Thank you very much Ed.*) Now this piece relates to things that happened almost fifty years ago and I sometimes can't remember what I did yesterday, so it's going to be interesting searching my memory bank.

Many moons ago a motorcycle journalist named Ken Craven wrote articles for one or two magazines, earlier in his career he had reported on the Spanish civil war and at one point was fired upon but managed to escape on his Dunelt

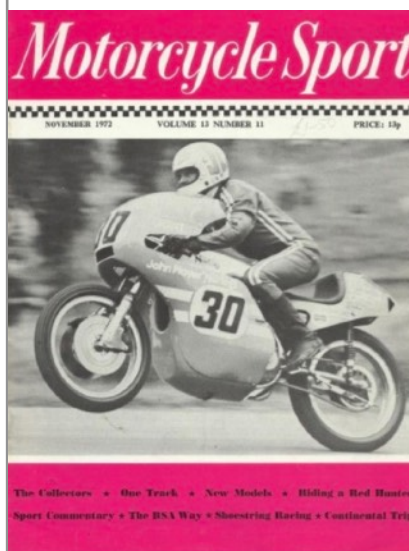


motorcycle. After the second World War it wasn't long before he was travelling in Europe on his Matchless motorcycle with his wife Mollie. As motorcycle luggage was almost non-existent in those days he decided to design and build his own eventually starting his own company Craven Equipment manufacturing panniers and top boxes, and later on handlebar fairings. He sold the company in the seventies and, after passing through several different manufacturers, it finally got to Draganfly Motorcycles in Bungay, Suffolk where they are still being produced today albeit with more modern fixings and fittings.



In the sixties he and his wife started running what they called "Parti-Tours", where friends were invited to join them on extensive European Tours, and later I think paying customers were taken onboard and it was a relatively successful venture, not quite the "Globbusters" of the day but possibly the sign of things to come. In the early seventies Ken started a new experience "The Mojacar Rally", which took groups down to [Mojacar](#) a small fishing village on the Spanish coast via different routes each year using mostly C and D

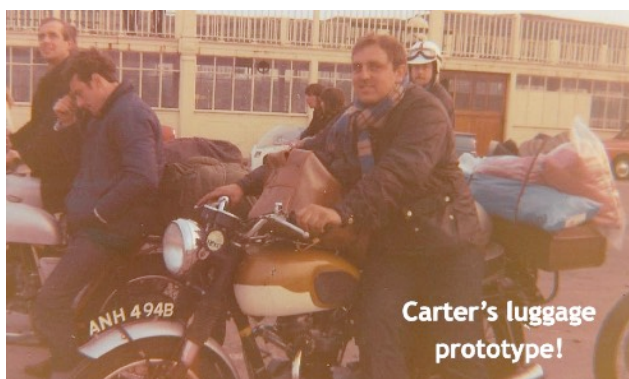
roads through France and Spain. It probably carried on for possibly ten years and he always wrote a ride report in the Motorcycle Sport, the quality monthly, definitely the best motorcycle magazine ever printed. I recall in the early



nineteen nineties visiting Mojacar with my wife on a motorcycle and how it was no longer the idyllic village Ken Craven described. What's this got to do

with your maiden trip across the ditch I hear you asking, well I used to avidly read everything available about motorcycle trips in Europe hoping one day to go there.

In 1970 I said to my wife of two years "How about a trip to France?" Immediately she replied, "Yes let's go to the south of France and I can swim in the Mediterranean and then we could go to Italy." To which I replied "And call into Switzerland on the way home." We had been to Scotland and Wales and a lot of race circuits in England on the bike, these were the days of "win on Sunday sell on Monday," and if I am honest, really had no knowledge of European travel. The planning commenced, we will camp it's cheaper, we haven't got a tent, we will borrow one. I bought three Michelin maps of the countries we would visit, I already had Rodark panniers fitted to the bike, they were basically the rear half of a Triumph rear mudguard with the sides bottom and front filled in with a thin gauge sheet



steel, capacity was probably a couple of sarnies and a bottle of pop. I had a small suitcase on the rear carrier with the tent on top of it. Triumphs always had a rack on the petrol tank to which I bungeed a plastic shopping bag. I decided to buy breakdown insurance from the RAC, I wouldn't need it as I was riding my 1964 "trusty" Triumph Bonneville, the GS of the sixties. Also bought some travellers cheques, 'google' it those of you of a certain age. My wife had a Puch Maxi which she used for work and it had a set of canvas panniers, one of these was converted to a rucksack and when she was on the bike the tent took most of the weight. I have to tell you

about the Puch: one summer's morning my wife decided that she would visit friends in Bedford where we had lived for a while. This was when the "A 45", A14 had no bypasses whatsoever, she arrived home late that evening elated if a wee bit tired, little did we know that would be an initiation for what was to come.



With our Hovercraft tickets we set off on August Bank Holiday Sunday heading for Ramsgate, the single Dartford Tunnel was absolutely packed with traffic and immediately I began to get concerned about missing the hovercraft, don't forget we were virgins. We made it and what a disappointment after all the hype; yes it was quick but it was bloody noisy uncomfortable and vibrated worse than my 'bonnie'. I don't remember anything about Calais, once out of the docks and on the road what I remember most was how much less traffic there was compared to England. We made Amiens that evening and following the signs found a campsite on a riverbank, no book of campsites, just followed signs. We had never erected the borrowed tent, I remember it had wooden pegs and for a groundsheet we had some black plastic sheeting. As far as I can recall we just had a large blanket and no sleeping mats; unfortunately, there is only my memory bank to call upon. I do remember when we lay down on the plastic groundsheet we were continuously sliding to the bottom of the tent, most of the first night 'abroad' was spent laughing about our lack of knowledge of camping, although my wife had camped with the Girl Guides.

For the first two or three days I reckon I ran out of petrol at least once a day, I don't really know why, I had a reserve on the bike and still managed to run out. I was pushing the bike one day when this old 2CV stopped and the driver offered my wife a lift which she readily accepted, remember she was carrying the makeshift rucksack, which was heavy, as I approached the village the car was parked by the solitary fuel pump with Helen and the old boy standing beside it. He proceeded to fill the tank and I have a vague feeling he didn't charge me, there was something nice about it. On one campsite we stayed at, I think it took four days to reach the south, there was a young French lad riding a Yamaha two stroke twin with a very small dog in the homemade tankbag, he reckoned he had travelled from Paris like that and was returning at the weekend. There were no autoroutes that I can recall and I remember going through Lyon, which was very busy and the ruts in the road were almost like those on a scramble circuit. How things have changed, the French roads are probably some of the best in Europe and the less said about ours the better.

We finally made it to the Mediterranean and camped at [Six-Fours-les-Plage](#), the campsite was very close to the beach, and guess who was first

into the sea. I can't remember what we used for heating water, cooking etc., possibly one of those Camping Gaz stoves if they were available then. We probably had two days on that site. Leaving there we took the coast road, which was delightful and still is I would imagine. St. Tropez was the 'in' place at the time, Brigitte Bardot and all that, so that's where we headed. I remember we stopped and had a coffee there, surprisingly no sign of Miss Bardot though, or any other celebrity of the day. It was a fishing village that had been put on the map by the newspapers at that time. Next point of interest – Monte Carlo, we continued along the coast road which did leave lasting memories. I can't remember stopping in Monte Carlo, maybe we did. Continuing on our journey we passed Cannes and, in the centre of Nice, the motorcyclists worst nightmare the rear end feels strange. I had a puncture. It was ***** hot very busy and the road was narrow, I lugged the bike onto the pavement removed the rear wheel, off with the tyre; patch the tube; reverse procedure and we are ready to roll. I was so hot in my Trialmaster waxed cotton trousers and Dunlop trials wellingtons, no Goretex in those days boys.

To be cont'd: where they make it to Italy, but then disaster strikes & the kindness of strangers.

La vie en isolement cellulaire en France. – Steve Valentine

We drove down to Montreal via the Portsmouth- Le Havre ferry on 15th March. There were only 15 other cars on the ship as Europe was on the verge of total lockdown. We had considered staying home, but decided to risk it. Two days later France imposed a fairly strict lockdown regime, so any thoughts of multiple motorcycling adventures were sadly cancelled. We managed to fit in a supermarket shop for basic supplies. The UK shopping and stockpiling hysteria was not part of the French way, so there were loo rolls aplenty!!

By the time I'd replaced the [MCT](#) modified forks & fitted a Nitron shock to Catherine's [MT-07](#), the restrictions were in force, so no test ride. Darren had also refreshed the shock from my [DRZ400](#), which had lost all its damping. A full rebuild and new gas bladder brought it back to full fitness.

While it was apart I re-greased all of the suspension linkages and swinging arm pivot. Let's face it, I had plenty of time available.

My old (2000) [KTM 200exc](#) was feeling rather unloved so to avoid involvement in domestic tasks, I gave it some love. A friend had used it sometime last year and had whinged about the brakes!

After a bit of investigation I could see where he was coming from. Luckily I had pre-empted the cause and had brought rebuild kits for both master cylinders. Quite easy things to rebuild, but the bleeding afterwards (the brakes, not me!) was a real pain. After a bit of a struggle with bleed valves, syringes and vacuum pumps, I eventually had brakes that worked well.....in the garage.

Another bit of maintenance that I had been putting off was the valve clearances on the [KTM 250 exc-f](#). It's a rather complicated task to change shims involving camshaft removal. The last time I'd checked them at around 75 hours, the inlets were close to the tolerance limit so I was pretty certain that I would have to bite the bullet and do the job as the engine was now up to 115 hours. It must have been my lucky day, as after squeezing my pudgy fingers into the depths of the cylinder head, the clearances hadn't changed at all. Still on the upper limit, but within spec. That was a relief.

Of course it wasn't all motorcycle tinkering, I did have play 'husbands' occasionally and endure a bit of diy.....actually quite a lot of diy!!.....until we ran out of paint. Luckily the diy stores had been forcibly closed. We were quite content here in lockdown as we felt safe. There appeared to be a high level of respect for the restrictions, aided, no doubt by the level of fines being issued for non-compliance. In the time that UK police had issued 10,000 £60 fines, the French authorities had issued 1,000,000 €135 fines. Second offences were €300 and further events could run to 1000s of €. Hence a bit better compliance.

We were allowed to leave the house once a day. To do so you had to complete, initially a form, later an app, dated and timed, to explain your reason for being out. We could take an hour of outside exercise within 1 km of the house, but only with people from the same household. Shopping for food was allowed but only one of us could go, I'd decided that was a 'pink' task. A few other reasons were allowed, but didn't really apply to us. Catherine imposed her own regime, in that the hour of allowed exercise became obligatory!! She was able to join in with her usual, UK, pilates classes using Zoom. I stayed well out the way! We rarely needed a supermarket visit as the village has almost everything that we need. There is a small grocery, two bakers, butcher, pharmacy and, most important of all, a vineyard. We did stockpile a bit of wine, although supplies had been previously been severely depleted after a visit by a Suffolk Riders delegation.

We were supposed to have flown home on the 29th April, but of course the flight was cancelled. We were also to have flown down to Malaga for a family visit, a few days by the Mediterranean and a bit of trail riding at '[Trailworld](#)'.....but that was also cancelled. Spain's lockdown was much more severe than France. We kept up to date with news of restrictions via our neighbours and the British Embassy, Paris Facebook page. They were extremely helpful in interpreting and translating the frequent updates from the French government.

Light at the end of the tunnel started to emerge with the announcement that the beginning of the end of confinement would start on May 11th, providing that the downward trend of casualties continued. The new rules allowed us to go out within a 100km radius of home or within the department (Aude). Small social gatherings were also allowed.

The weather here had been unseasonably hot and so as 'Escape Day' neared we were getting excited about getting out on the bikes. Of course, the day of escape arrived, and it p****d down all day! The next day was dry in the morning but rain forecast for later. We only have one road bike here at the moment so we have to share the MT-07. I pulled rank and took it out for its first run on the new suspension. It was so good to be out in the fresh air.....on a motorcycle. I felt a bit ride rusty so didn't try to exploit the new handling, but it did feel so much better even

though it had been set up for Catherine's light weight, not my excessive bulk. I returned and Catherine repossessed her bike and took off, later returning with a big grin on her face. Another happier

motorcyclist. Then it rained – for four days!.



First day out on Catherine's MT-07 -
to test the new suspension!
(A bit different to Suffolk ED)



Montréal & La collégiale
Saint Vincent on the horizon

We spent that first evening of semi freedom enjoying drinks with our neighbours, usual a frequent event around here, but had been forbidden for so long. The sun returned the following day with a vengeance, and motorcycling recommenced. I changed the gearing on the DRZ so that it was better suited to the road and we could both have bikes. We had a nice trip out along some small country lanes amongst the vines. So good to be back out in this wonderful area.

We have had a [KTM Freeride](#) in the garage for a while, which is for Catherine to try a bit more off roading. We went out for a lovely scenic ride along the myriad of tracks and trails that are everywhere around here. We aimed to get to the top of Mont Carriere, a local viewpoint. She was a bit tentative initially, having to acclimatise to a different bike and strange terrain. She did throw it into the scenery a couple of times but was sufficiently protected with [mx armour](#) that she came to no harm. She rode really well, I was rather proud of her. It was a lovely little



Catherine at the top of
Mont Carriere. The snow
covered area is Andorra.

adventure.

Two days later we decided on a trip up into the Montagne Noire to the north of us. I followed the [Trans Euro Trail](#) off road route and Catherine took a parallel road route. Each time our paths crossed we stopped for a sip of water and a chat. Our destination was the Pic de Nore, which at 1211m (3975ft) is the highest point in the department. This part of the TET is relatively easy going, mainly gravel forest tracks, the only tricky bits were some steep downhill switchback gravelly hairpins. Otherwise it was a beautiful scenic ride, if rather hot. It was around 30C in the valley, thankfully cooler at the top.



We met up for a roadside picnic and spent an amusing ten minutes (socially distanced) chatting with a couple of French guys gathering [girolles mushrooms](#). My route to the Pic was actually quicker than Catherine's as I cut through the forest and up the side of the mountain. It was a popular spot with a few small groups of motorcyclists, families picnicking and several hardy walkers. The views across the valley towards Carcassonne and the Pyrenees were stunning. Just taking in the scenery was an easy way to pass away the afternoon. We rode down together, as I

plotted a minor road route back to Montreal. I think that I was holding Catherine up on the twisty bits as it's a weird sensation riding tarmac quickly on knobbly tyres.

The last bit of bike related activity, before sending this off to press, was performing an oil service on Jean-Francois Indian Scout. Of course I had to take it for a test ride. Cruisers are not really my style, but I rather enjoyed throbbing through the local roads on the Indian. A 50km ride has never been so relaxing.

So, we are still in France. What started out as a six week visit is now likely to be a 12-13 week visit, as we will drive home after the next stage of derestrictions in mid June. We still have plenty of time for more biking adventures.

Stay safe, ride safe. *Steve.*

*(I'm sure I'm not alone - **ENVY**. Ed.)*



A trip to Australia during 4-18 August 2012 - Mike Anthony

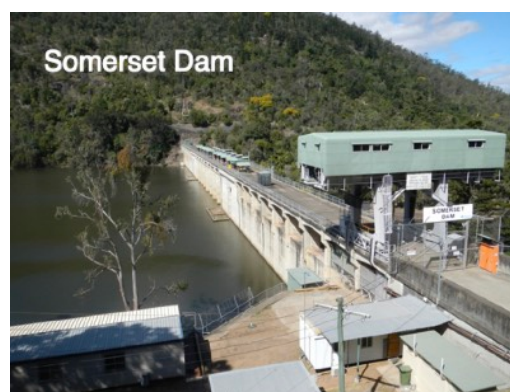
12th August. (You can see their route [here](#). Ed.) We set off for Ipswich and ended up at the Australia Motorcycle museum. This is a must-visit place for anyone interested in bikes; I have never seen such a collection of machinery ever under one roof.



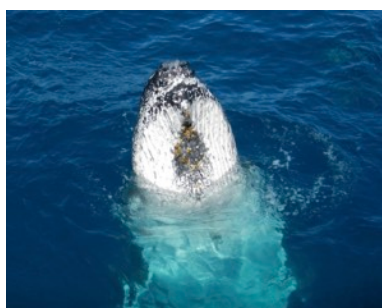
Of particular interest to me were the Vincents. There were a couple of genuine old ones such as I have at home but there were two modern ones as well. A company from Brisbane called RTV started to develop the modern version of a Vincent and there was a modern machine with a Vincent engine but with a modern frame, telescopic forks, double front discs and a triangulated rear sub frame with a monoshock which looked remarkably like the original Vincent subframe. The publicity blurb then went on to explain that one Bernard Li, a rich American, took the idea further and caused the next prototype to be made using a Honda RC51 engine. Sadly he

died and the project became abandoned although some bikes were made. The museum here has two such prototypes. (From a Google search, sadly this museum is now permanently closed. Ed.)

After a couple of hours looking at bikes we set off at Somerset dam. This was built apparently to control the flow of water through Brisbane, but they had so much rain in 2011 that they were obliged to fully open the spillways to stop the dam being overtopped and Brisbane got flooded anyway. Continuing past the reservoirs we then joined the D'Aguilar highway and rode west to Kingaroy. This turned out to be a typical small town serving the needs of the agricultural community thereabouts but it had a bar and a petrol station or two so we tarried a while. This town is famous for its peanuts and we bought some small packets of differently flavoured ones in the pub. The day ended in a motel at Gayndah with 464km on the clock.



On 13th August (you can see their route [here](#). Ed.) we set off for Ban Ban Springs, Gin Gin (breakfast) and Bundaberg, the rum capital of Australia. Actually not once did we sample this spirit on the trip, perhaps this was an omission. Heading for Bargara we found by chance the Mon Repos turtle sanctuary. Deserted on that day but during the season this is a major nesting site for loggerhead turtles. We ended up at Hervey Bay by early afternoon after a 364km run. Whilst in Hoolihan's Irish pub we took a 2 bedroomed flat in the complex. (I used to love 'Hot Lips Hoolihan' played by Loretta Swit in *Mash*! The pub is now permanently closed - Ed.) Parking the bikes in the underground garage we left and went whale watching!



The whales swam up to the boat in pods of 3 or 4 and entertained us with headstands, tail stands, rollovers, waving pectoral fins and occasionally breaching – that is almost coming right out of the water. It was truly an incredible display. Returning to the shore about lunchtime we came across a couple of totally tricked out BMW bikes that looked like they were on a world tour. The registration plates appeared to be English and judging from the stickers on the panniers they must have been in most of the countries in the world already. Sadly the bikes' riders were not to be seen and we had to get on the bus so we were not able to make their

acquaintance. There were but two days left of the bike hire so we decided that we should stop at Gympie the next day for the night time hotel. We did a bit of a loop round the back streets and found the timber museum. The history is of pure plunder before the need for replanting was thought of. They had a working steam engine



powering a sawmill. One centre piece was a cross section of a 619 year old Kauri pine felled in 1939; back calculating, you will see that this started growing in 1320 in the Middle Ages. Much of the museum is devoted to the gold mining era and the original No 2 shaft is still there, although capped by a concrete slab and perhaps with more recent timbers forming the headworks. The

school building was evocative and I liked the



Rules for Teachers - 1879

1. *Teachers each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys before beginning work.*
2. *Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and scuttle of coal for the days session.*
3. *Make pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to the individual taste of the children.*
4. *Men teachers may take one evening a week for courting or two evenings to attend church regularly.*
5. *After ten hours in school, you may spend the remaining time reading the BIBLE or other good books.*
6. *Women teachers who marry or engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed.*
7. *Every teacher should lay aside, from each pay, a goodly sum for his benefit during his declining years, so that he will not become a burden on society.*
8. *Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor of any form, frequents pool and public halls, or gets shaved in a barbers shop, will give good reason to suspect his worth, intention, integrity and honesty.*

I think that Rule 6 still appertained in the north of England in the days of my auntie Nell, a head teacher, who was born in 1903 and never married. (Her Spitfire pilot fiancé did not survive the Battle of Britain)

Returning to the motel we found our hostess, a Kiwi lady, dining several tables away from the only other guest, an Australian census lady. The latter soon departed at which point our hostess put a 1/3 full bottle of Glenfiddich and a bucket of ice on the table and instructed us to help ourselves. We chatted a while and the Kiwi lady started glowing a little, either from Robin's smooth tongue, or the wine she was drinking. When the whisky was gone we tried to pay for it and with some difficulty the landlady was persuaded to accept only \$20 – she enjoyed our company she said!

The last day on the bikes dawned and we rode south towards Brisbane, making a detour round Mount Glorious – magnificent twisty bits through the forests, finally entering the town centre and returned the bikes. The centre of Brisbane is quite small and you can easily walk across the main part in less than an hour. On our last day we explored the city a little, visiting the Queensland Museum and Science centre. Much of this is free so we looked at dinosaurs and other exhibits. We walked around the harbour to the Maritime museum. IMPO this is something special and in the not-to-be-missed category. An old dry dock houses the 1945 frigate [Diamantina](#) and the light ship Carpentaria. Near the entrance is the yacht [ella's pink lady](#), that 16year old Jessica Watson sailed single handedly round the world. For me, the former anti

submarine frigate Diamantina was the star of the show and many happy hours could be spent on board playing with the guns and examining all the cabins and compartments. The radio room was fully equipped with what looked like the original WWII vintage equipment but that room was quartered off. I got my camera inside through the bars though!

We found the Belgian bar and a pint of Leffe; excellent as always and really hit the spot; it was a pity though that we had to pay £10 a pint for it! Ouch!



This was a great holiday. For myself I totally fell in love with the BMW F800GS so much so that I went out and bought one! Robin was less enamoured with his hired R1200GS, as it had rather a lot of miles on the clock, soggy suspension and dodgy locks on the baggage. It therefore compared badly with his pristine, totally sorted Adventure that he has in Abu Dhabi. So he was not a happy bunny during the trip from that aspect, although he enjoyed the roads.



Some brief statistics. Total cost was £4,264. Of that 31% airfares, 29% bike hire, 4% petrol, 15% hotels, 18% food and beer. Total distance ridden was 3407km in 11 days. Petrol consumption for the F800GS was 4.85litres/100km (59 mpg). The people are very friendly, likeable & laid back but it's expensive!

Mike

26 Aug 2012

Tips from a tutor.

We've all been there!

A chance to share your 'bloopers' with everyone! Go on...we all ~~enjoy a laugh~~ learn from our mistakes, (and those of others!)

Even stopping in a car park has it's challenges...or is it just me! Surely we've all done it? Executed the perfect turn into your chosen parking space come to a stop and then...nearly dropped the bike! Or perhaps you were unable to resist the force of gravity and it did end up on it's side! Very embarrassing. Some modern bikes are so heavy, once they start to tip the weight builds rapidly and the arms and knees go weak because you are also off balance!

The usual cause is applying the front brake at low speed when the steering isn't straight. Simple but easily overlooked, especially when you are turning really slowly in a tight space. You're using all the slow riding skills you have learnt, controlling your speed with the rear brake and slipping the clutch, and you just touch the front brake to come to a smooth stop as you put your right foot down...but the steering wasn't quite centred because you've run out of space...or you didn't see that pothole and need to stop a bit sooner...the list goes on, the result is the same!

Moto – make *absolutely* sure your steering is straight before finally stopping with the front brake, every time. *Stephen W*

The Space Behind.

In last month's newsletter, p5, Keith Gilbert penned an article on tutoring, triggering an email from Chris Austin:

I've just read your contributions to the newsletter ... all excellent, except for the one on tutoring, which was positively BRILLIANT! I've seen much of it before, but never all together in one place, so I have printed it out and put it in my copy of RoadCraft. Thank you very much.

In the spirit of always being able to learn from someone, I'm not too certain what you mean by "use the space behind you". There's obviously more to it than taking account of what is happening in the mirrors. Please tell more?

Keith's reply:

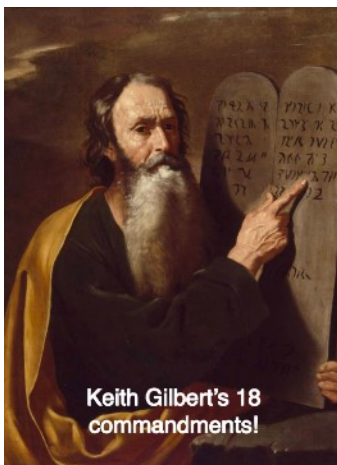
Chris, using the space behind you comes from 'keep the wheels turning' which was impressed on me by my observer at E.A.M.G. Example, on approach to any junction or roundabout where there is a build up of traffic restricting your progress ahead, mirror check, no following vehicles, come off the gas, take advantage of the space behind to replan your forward progress, i.e. possibility of filtering, looking for another vehicle to cut the flow of traffic on a roundabout, giving you a space to slip into. Keep the wheels turning.

One of the reasons for slow riding practice is not that you are going to ride around cones again but are able to control a motorcycle at slow speed while replanning your progress.

The Last Laugh Word

My grateful thanks to this month's contributors. Nathan C achieved his Level 3 certificate in first Response Emergency Response; perhaps he might be persuaded to tell us more about his work now he's in the thick of it? So pleased that Brian C was 'chivvied' into writing about his first foray abroad, for me, a really good read, and you'll like the second half. Then out of the blue Steve V answered the call for 'life under lockdown.' Not only did I receive his article, but a day or so later I had corrections from Cath's proofreading; how considerate is that? NB I even missed one, so many thanks. As I put the story together with the photos, it appeared to me that the Valentines were enjoying their time 'en isolement cellulaire' more than me in the tedium of the garden. Mike and Robin come to the end of their Australian holiday; I really liked the Rules for Teachers, they were hard times. I wish I'd read

Stephen's piece on coming to a halt using the front brake when I took to riding after 40 years, there was never that problem with my 1953 B31 BSA with its 7 1/2" half axle brake.



Chris A was so impressed with Keith's *18 commandments* (see Issue 9, p5), he has proposed that the club does more with them. Hopefully next month we can see what shape his idea takes.

Another adventure came into the newsletter from Peter Sprot, who owns a Vincent Rapide (plus a 1946 MG TC) and took it on a trip to the Arctic Circle. It was a good read, but a 15.5k words, I could find no way of getting it into a manageable story. In correspondence with Peter, I learnt that he and his wife Mandy are adventurers of the first water. Of late he uses a website to record his trips and you can see what that looks like by

visiting his [trip to Malta](#).

Don't make promises you can't keep. Last month I thought I might pen a piece on my new Garmin zūmo XT. Having 'mastered' the rather clunky software my first trip out using a route I'd devised was a disaster, just kept sending me home. No promises, but perhaps next month?

Are you a nodder? I asked the question last month following Bakson's tongue-in-cheek piece. I could have sworn it would produce a sackful of responses – not so, but here is Jon J's:-

Dear Editor, I read with shock and disbelief the letter from Bakson in last month's newsletter. Was this a wind-up? Maybe a provocation... Well, Bakson, I have no idea who you are with such an anonymous name but it may well have been me who nodded, or one of many of the members of Suffolk Riders. We're a sociable group and we reach out to other bikers. I don't get upset if a nod doesn't come back, often I won't be looking anyway. I do it out of comradeship, courtesy, and a sense of being a fellow member of a minority group. I would also stop if another biker appears to need help, and I will happily strike a conversation with another biker whom I had never met. I have rarely been rebuffed or ignored and have met some seemingly interesting and genuine people that way. I am truly

sorry if you are offended by such friendliness but I shall continue to be so and I shall continue to acknowledge those who nod or wave or stick their boot out to me.

Yours in bemusement, Jon Jamin

NB Letters to the editor are most welcome.

Finally, the observant amongst you may note that I've mixed layouts between 2-column and 1-column. This follows a comment from my wife who said she couldn't read the 2-column stories on her iPad. Is 1-column better?

An engineering student is walking on campus one day when another engineer rides up on a shiny new motorcycle.

"Where did you get such a rocking bike?" asked the first.

The second engineer replied "Well, I was walking along yesterday minding my own business when a beautiful woman rode up on this bike. She threw the bike to the ground, took off all her clothes and said, 'Take what you want.'"

The first engineer nodded approvingly "Good choice, the clothes probably wouldn't have fit!"