



"There must be some fantastic bikes here, Graham!"  
"Nah, just British ones, Dave".



"Geez, Graham, what were they thinking?"



The Official Journal of  
the  
**Severn Advanced  
Motorcyclists**

Affiliated to the Institute of  
Advanced Motorists

**Special!**  
**Bumper!**  
**Exclusive!**  
**Anniversary Year!**  
**Ride-Out Supplement!!**

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October 2005

# Journal

of the Severn Advanced Motorcyclists

October 2005

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SAM and DAM perform gymnastic stunts in the Exmoor undergrowth. See p.46 for full report and more pics.

## Rutland Water, 21 Aug 05

**Andy Woodward, Ride Leader**

Perfect biking weather, 0830 - 1900 hrs, distance 240 miles for most, 270 for others!!

| Pilot                    | Bike                                       |
|--------------------------|--|
| Andy Downs               | VFR 800                                    |
| Tom & Lesley Ann Stevens | Black Bird                                 |
| Tim Rodway               | Fazer 1000                                 |
| Alastair Lord            | VFR 750                                    |
| Dave Preest              | Lovely Guzzi, minus operational indicators |
| Simon Forryan            | Bandit 1200                                |
| Budge & Di               | Silver Bird                                |
| Andy & Sue Woodward      | Blue Bird                                  |

And our guests from the **[most excellent – Ed]** Gwent Advanced Group:

|                  |            |
|------------------|------------|
| Greg Sullivan    | Sprint 955 |
| Courtney Purnell | Sprint 955 |
| Paul Richards    | XJR 1300   |

Whilst perusing the large scale road atlas in 2004 looking for interesting destinations, my finger fell on a blue blob in the Leicester area. Rutland Water a likely possibility. Yeah, been past it but never stopped. OK then, connect it to BEW via various green and yellow ribbons on the map and a run was born. A date set: September 12th 2004. A bright sunny morn arrived and I waited and waited. Not a soul in sight! Oh well, 11 months on and a re-scheduled run for August '05.

So as I arrived this time at BEW, there were half a dozen gleaming machines glinting in the sunlight with

their riders awaiting expectantly. But **NO** BMWs! Surely not! There must be something in the constitution to prevent this! Could this be a record??

Shortly after 0830 the convoy headed out for the day's play. Broadway and Stratford came and went along with a plethora of pretty North Cotswold

villages.

With quiet roads and tyres suitably exercised in the twists of the B4632 & B4455 we all arrived at the Brekkie stop near Rugby, ready for that early starter. (Yes - I had to use one of those places).

**But NO BMWs!  
Surely not!**

It would appear the drop off system's working - bonus! **[thanks to skilled marker dropping – Ed]**

Unfortunately Simon headed home at this point, still not fully fit **[but full of invective and wit! – Ed]**. Hope that back gets better soon.



*Nice legs, Andy*

With personnel and equipment refuelled, time to set out into the Leicestershire countryside, along the rollercoaster that is the B6047, 17 miles of glorious blacktop. No time to checkout the views, the roads taking all the attention, WOW!. Ideally we should turn around and do it again, but I've a schedule to keep (yeah right!!).

With a lunchtime arrival at Rutland, everyone looked ready for more refreshment which was provided by the Watersedge Café. As its name implies it has impressive views from a balcony across Rutland Water and a great selection of hot and cold meals.

Rutland is the largest man-made lake in Europe and was created by damming off the east end of the valley in the early 1970's. It was then flooded, submerging several villages. The Church at Normanton was saved and is now a Museum and visitor centre. Check out [www.rutnet.co.uk](http://www.rutnet.co.uk) for more info.



*Synchronised leg dangling*

All too soon it was time to head home; what, more B roads? Oh go on then. The B664 from Uppingham is well worth a run. Through Northampton... Hooray I didn't get lost! But then a wrong turn onto the

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*Three lemmings followed me...*

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M1, b\*\*\*\*\*s! Brain-fade or what? Three lemmings followed me, sorry guys! **[hey, who are you calling a lemming?! – Ed]** Oh well down to the next junction and turn round. I had to make a mistake onto a

Motorway didn't I?!! Anyway, thanks to route directions handed out at the outset the rest of the crew made it to the next planned stop at Buckingham, where we all reconvened.



*Time to go home*

The schedule was slipping behind a bit so those with pressing appointments carried on for home. So after coffee it was on toward Stow and separate for home about an hour later than advertised, ooops!.

A great day was had by all (I hope) into an area we don't often go. Perfect weather, good company, good roads and an excellent standard of riding.

My thanks to all who attended, especially Greg, Courtney and Paul from Gwent who had a particularly early start and late finish. What dedication! And thanks finally to Budge and Di for bringing up the rear, so to speak! It was an eerily quiet run. Can't quite put my finger on the reason!!! Hmmmmmm! ♦

## Red Kites revisited

A few weeks ago Dave Preest took us on a run to Rhayader to see the red kites (see pic on inside back cover of last edition). Renowned for his knowledge of Welsh goat tracks, he surpassed himself by taking us over this bridge, which despite its width (or lack thereof) is a public highway.

I vowed to return to capture it for the Journal, and managed this on the way to replicating the Lake Vyrnwy run (see p.36).



*Not much wider than your sylth-like slim-hipped and sexy Editor, eh?*

The bridge is closed (as at mid September 05) for repairs to the deck. ♦

## Lake Vyrnwy, 10 July 05

**Greg Sullivan, Gwent Group of Advanced Motorists**

*[Budge's most excellent report on this run featured in our previous edition. The kind folks from Gwent GAM offered their report, and since it contains a lovely pic (taken by Budge!) and a detailed route description from the ride leader (which I have since followed – see p.36 for my gushing!) I thought you might enjoy it - Ed]*

Date: 10th July 2005 Duration: 09:00hrs –18:00hrs  
Distance: 230mils Conditions: Sunny and warm, 28°C

| Rider                   | Bike                            |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Greg Sullivan           | Triumph Sprint ST (Ride Leader) |
| Steve Williams          | Yamaha Fazer 1000               |
| Mark Jones              | Honda VFR Vtec (Tail ender)     |
| Mike Odelet             | Honda Blackbird                 |
| Tony Morgan             | Honda VFR (Tail Ender)          |
| Lee Clarke              | Honda VFR Vtec                  |
| Mark Gornicki           | Suzuki Bandit 600S              |
| Peter Skelton           | Yamaha Fazer 600                |
| Richard Higgs           | Moto Guzzi Le Mans V11          |
| John Probert            | Yamaha Fazer 600                |
| Derek & Julie Lee       | Kawasaki ZZR600                 |
| Gareth Davidson         | Suzuki GSXR 600                 |
| Budge & Dianne Burridge | CBR 1100xx4                     |
| Tim Rodway              | Yamaha Fazer 1000               |
| Simon Rolfe             | Honda CBR 1000                  |

The longer daylight and better weather during peak summer enables the group Sunday Rideout to depart earlier (9am) and reach a peak in terms of distance travelled. With Peaks in mind the destination for this ride was Lake Vyrnwy via Wales's highest road pass.

Excellent weather encouraged 15 riders to turn out for this trip some

joining and exiting the ride at various stages. The usual stalwarts were in attendance and a few riders also attending their first Sunday group Rideout, not the easiest ride to select to start with but all coped very well and hopefully enjoyed the day enough to encourage them to return.

Also in attendance for the first time were Budge & Dianne Burridge and

Tim Rodway from the Severn Advanced Motorcyclists (SAM) of the Gloucestershire area. It says something about the IAM when riders can come together like this and all ride to the same system and high standard, in fact all looked as if they had ridden together for years.

After a quick chat 10 riders left Edlogan Way using the drop-off marker system with Mark Jones propping up the tail-end. Taking the direct route to Abergavenny bus station we met Tony Morgan and Peter Skelton and headed out on the A40 towards Brecon. Lee Clarke joined the group at Tretower and we headed over to Talgarth and on to Builth Wells. Pulling in to the little chef at Builth, the riders from the SAM group had just finished breakfast as planned and were waiting to join the group - having a chat while everyone else took the opportunity to take in some much needed liquid.

Onto the A470 we headed for Rhayader making good progress as the roads were unusually quiet, Peter Skelton headed back from this point while the rest turned right on the B4518 for Saint Harmon, a smooth open road with panoramic views working our way to Llanidloes.

With the B roads getting tighter and the scenery even better we continued

on to Llyn Clywedog pulling into the car park for a short break.

***Llyn Clywedog is a man made reservoir owned by Severn Trent and boasts the highest concrete dam in Britain at 236ft (72m) high and 750ft long. Holding back 11,000 million gallons of water it is up to 6 miles long with a maximum depth of 216ft.***

On we pressed to Staylitttle turning left through Dylife Gorge along an unnamed road. This is smooth single track for approx 10mils that chops and changes left and right that can be difficult to concentrate on when there is yet more great scenery to appreciate. Dropping down into Machynlleth we turned right towards Welshpool and pulled in to a garage in Mallwyd so that all riders could fill up and have a full tank for the return trip. More drinks were consumed whilst other bikers warned us of spot checks in the Barmouth area that were taking 30mins to clear.

Thankfully we headed the other way towards Dolgellau again on the A470. Within a few miles some variety was introduced by going into the car park of a community hall where good slow speed control meant a perfectly executed synchronised "U Turn" by 14 riders. With the Olympics 7 years away surely this could be introduced instead of the synchronised swimming.

Back onto the A470 we took the next right for Dinas Mawddwy (correct one this time) on un-named roads passing through Llanymawddwy. From this point the roads become narrower as we tackled some hairpin corners climbing the 1:5 incline to reach Bwlch y Groes.

***Bwlch y Groes is the highest road pass in Wales with views to the Arran Mountains and the Dyfi Valley that during medieval times was used as a Pilgrims route from North West Wales to St David's in the South. Thick black lines on the edge of the mountains show the sections of peat bogs worked by those in less affluent times.***

Setting off again we aimed for Llanwddyn on what proved to be the

narrowest section of road with Lake Vyrnwy soon coming into view. Thankfully a number of cars made use of pull in areas and allowed us all to pass with the Lake

looming larger and larger during a long slow descent.

Arriving in Lake Vyrnwy it was over the Dam and a case of park wherever we could, then straight into one of the local cafes for a lengthy rest.

***Lake Vyrnwy in the heart of the Berwyn Mountains was created by the Victorians as a water supply for the growing city of Liverpool. The village of Llanweddyn was lost when this first large masonry dam in Britain was built to create the lake. The dam is 357m long and 35.5m thick at the base and the perimeter road is 11.75 miles long being used for annual half marathon races.***

Four riders needing to get back early departed while the others relaxed a while longer and then gathered themselves for the return route.

With Tony Morgan volunteering to go tail end we passed through Llwydiarth and Llangadfan using the excellent B roads which unfortunately had been recently relaid at one section.

On through Llanfair Caereinion we turned for New Mills and eventually reached Newtown for a toilet stop.



*John, Gareth, Derek, Julie, Mark J, Simon, Richard, Steve, Tim, Dianne, Greg, Tony, Lee, Mike and Mark G, with Budge behind the camera*

Newtown to Llandrindod Wells must be most riders favourite and the group became more strung out as we enjoyed the fabulous A483 to return to Builth Wells and take a rest in the grounds of the little chef.

Everyone regrouped at this point as we did throughout the ride hence the Drop off system worked as intended without losing any riders. All took the opportunity to take some more liquid which was the purpose of the number of stops planned, this being necessary for a mixed group before any section became too uncomfortable for any rider possibly causing a lack of concentration.

The guests from the SAM group offered an invite for us to attend one of their rideouts and bade us farewell. The route home was well known for all remaining riders, so we all made our own way back - some going straight home and a few finishing up at Abergavenny Bus Station at 6pm.

A good turn out for a good day riding to a new destination with a bit of variety, so hopefully something for everyone to enjoy. ♦

### **Editor's postscript**

I missed this ride-out, and I reckon Welsh goat tracks can't be beat. When Greg sent me this write-up, I reckoned I could replicate the route from his notes. So the very next day the Viffer and I went exploring...

Here are some pics that Greg & co might have taken if they weren't so busy enjoying the ride!



*Llyn Clywedog reservoir; easier to find than to spell*



*Spooky; I swear the VFR started creeping up the track itself*

And finally thanks to Greg for the warning about the sheep. They were abundant and particularly nervous of human contact. **[Coz of Welsh farmers – Ed] [Enuf crass Welsh cracks! – Ed] [Sorry – Ed] ♦**

## Up North, July/Aug 2005

### Budge Burridge

Who: Budge & Di, Godfrey & Gill, John Jacobs, Mike Gomm & Andy Downs

When: 31st July – 7th August 2005

Where: The borders, Scotland & North Yorkshire

Why: Why not?

Total mileage: 1598 (give or take a few yards – and NO U-turns)

**Sunday 31st July.** Our departure morning dawned a little chilly but got decidedly better as the day progressed. JJ, Andy and Di & I met up at BEW at 0730, (Godfrey, Gill and Mike had travelled up on the Saturday taking in a Blues festival in Derby on the way). Following the usual greetings and wondering why we were up at this unearthly hour on a Sunday morning we set off on the first leg of our journey up North.

'Good progress' was made to our first break at the Trucker breakfast stop. Once the 'Low' calorie breakfast had been despatched it was off in an ever northerly direction to our stop on the A6. Bowness & Windermere was our next port of call for yet more coffee and ice-cream.

The Kirkistone pass now beckoned; would have been rude not to, wouldn't it? The temperature was warming up nicely and you could see for miles. Just a well really as it was absolutely packed with every other kind of 'four wheeled' vehicle you could think of. So we had plenty of time to take in the scenery.

We arrived at the Graham Arms in Longtown at around 1700, and after a 'quick' wash and brush up it was down to the bar for some welcome refreshment, (no sign of the others though so we were not able to help Godfrey celebrate his birthday, turns out they had gone to another Blues bash and didn't get back until we had all turned in). Our evening meal would have made 'Desperate Dan' smile because by the time the 'piece' of Steak pie was put on the plate, there was just enough room for the spuds and veg – if you only had small portions of each.

**Monday 1st August.** After a hearty breakfast we set off in two groups again, (I wonder if it was something I'd said)? Our route took us north westerly on some cracking roads via Selkirk, Peebles, Blyth Bridge, Kirkdean, Carluke and on towards Stirling where JJ took 'the point' and led us into the Trossachs ('into' Graham - not by the ...) to the David Marshall lodge which is situated in the (since 1953) Queen Elizabeth Forest park. The forest covers approximately 40% of the area and

yet again the scenery was stunning. The lodge and nearby house once belonged to the Carnegie trust who gifted them to the forestry commission in the 1960's. In the 70's the exhibition wing was added, here at this time of year the RSPB have cameras set up to observe the

various Osprey nests that are in the area. In 2002 the area became Scotland's first National Park.

Following a 'healthy' slab of cake and some liquid refreshment

in 'Liz Macgregor's café' (well worth a visit on its own if your in the area) it was time to press on again. It appears that there was also a Citroen 2CV rally in and around the same area as there were hundreds of the things about, (you would have seen most of them as they overtook you Graham – if you had been there of course).

We finally arrived in Oban which was to be our residence for the next couple of days and after some delicate manoeuvring we got the bikes parked up. The evening

consisted of a very tasty Mexican meal washed down with one or two? splendid ales. Godfrey, Gill and Mike joined us later that evening for a 'few' night-caps which brought day two to an end.

**Tuesday 2<sup>nd</sup>.** This was the day we had decided to have off the bikes.

Just as well; the weather turned from miserable to awful. But who cares? We were on holiday! What to do? Following breakfast it had to be a trip around the Oban distillery which just

happened to be about 50 yards from the 'hotel'. We were sure that the sun would come out whilst we were being given a full tour – honest. Out of courtesy we sampled a 'wee-dram' or two to make sure that the year was a good one. This was followed by coffee and cake (there's a theme building here) in a café opposite where a discussion about Camilla's knickers ensued (you don't want to know). We each did our own thing for the rest of the day and met up in the evening for a good meal. Then on to a cellar bar to finish off. We were treated to Godfrey mastering the



*Some people embellish their CVs*

latest generation of jukeboxes. When the live entertainment showed up (over an hour late) it finished the evening nicely.

**Wednesday 3<sup>rd</sup>.** The day started off slightly damp. Well alright it was pouring down, but as soon as we decided that it was time to leave the rain stopped. Our destination for today was the Boat of Garten, a little village just up from Aviemore.

Our route took us north to Fort William where we yet again split into two groups (I had washed – honest). Godfrey, Gill, Mike and Andy continued north long Loch Ness and beyond whilst JJ, Di & I headed on through Spean Bridge to eventually pick up yet another great 'B' to Dalwhinnie (yeah you guessed it – another distillery).

No drinks this time though as we still had some mileage to do. When we finally arrived at the Granlea Guest House, our hosts, Jackie & Glen were there to meet us. As it turns out the others had only just arrived also, so once the bikes had been unpacked we were shown our rooms. After a quick drink and a chat it was back on the road again for a quick – no that should read VERY quick, blast around the area which Jackie obviously knew very well.

Godfrey even persuaded her into getting the RC30 out of the garage to give it an airing. Well it was either that or the SP1 or the newly acquired YZF R1 (perhaps you ought to get two or three Graham, you wouldn't have to change yours so often then!!). A most excellent dinner was had that evening at the Boat Hotel before we all turned in so that we could be refreshed for anything the following day would throw at us.

**Thursday 4<sup>th</sup>.** Once another wholesome breakfast had been despatched, it was what to do time, and today turned out to be yet another them 'n us day. Godfrey, Gill, Mike and Andy headed around the north coast (again led by Jackie, this time on the SP1). JJ, Di & I headed south to take in the absolutely brilliant road around Loch Earn. I confess there was a distillery on the way so we felt obliged to stop and have a look around. (Hmm... another theme building here).

On the way back we took in Pitlochry. Dinner was taken at an Alpine style lodge (whose name I cannot recall). The food was not as good as the previous night and they seemed only too glad when we left. Oh well their loss.

**Friday 5<sup>th</sup>.** Just a short trip today which would take us from the Boat of Garten to Blairgowrie. So after some morning sustenance (that's breakfast to you Graham) and a few more photos, we set off via Tomintoul to our mid ride stop at Braemar (just as well we did stop there as two VFR's and a FireBlade were practically on vapour by this time). Following a quick cuppa we set off and arrived at our B&B (the Ivybank Guest House – where the owners were kind enough to move their cars out of the garage so we could park the bikes up securely).

Just after lunch Di & I decided that we take a look around Glamis Castle

which is the ancestral home of the Duke of Strathmore and favourite holiday destination of the late Queen Mother. The folks in the entrance huts allowed us to stash our kit with them to save us having to carry it around, another nice touch.

We met up for the evening meal in a small bistro just down the road from the B&B, before yet again turning in for the night, which for Di & me meant

in a huge four poster bed. Ah the perks of sorting the bookings.

**Saturday 6<sup>th</sup>.** Due to confusion over the number of days that we were to be away, (sorry John), JJ left us at around 3am to make his way home, and from the conversation I had with him when we got back he made 'very' good time indeed.



*Budge leaves flags flying at home to fool burglars*

The journey saw us heading south, back into England, with our final destination in Hawes, Nth Yorks, but this was not until we had had a very good lunch back in Peebles where we were joined by Gill's daughter. The journey was uneventful apart from losing Mike and Andy just

outside Selkirk. We waited for them for a while, whilst Gill waved at as many strange bikers as she could, thinking that one of them might be Andy or Mike. We tried contacting them on the phone. Unable to get an answer we left messages then set off again.

We eventually got together again in Alston where we just managed to get a drink as it was around 5pm and

most places were closing. We finally arrived in Hawes at the White Hart 'hotel' (?) at around 7ish, (god that was a long day).

Then it was a quick change and back out to 'attempt' to find somewhere to eat, (I hadn't booked a table had I?). Everywhere was packed, that was until Mike spotted a café which had a reasonable looking

menu and turned out to be not too bad at all. This is more than can be said for the 'hotel'. There were no ensuite facilities, no toilet rolls in the loos, everyone from the bar came up

the stairs to use the guest-only facilities, and to cap it all there was a lock-in. So you can imagine the noise levels were fairly high and the sleep levels fairly low.

**Sunday 7<sup>th</sup>.** All good things must come to an end, and the past week's 'trip up north' was no exception. Again, once breakfast had been devoured and the bikes packed, we said our farewells and headed home via a variety of routes. Di & I made a quick detour via the Wensleydale cheese factory (you know – the one of Wallace & Grommit fame) which just happens to be in Hawes, and then set off. We had a brief stop-over

at Di's mums before heading back down the A449 and home.

The highs had to be the company, the scenery and the roads (especially those north of the border) but not necessarily in that order. The company because we were all there to enjoy ourselves and have fun, (thanks everyone for making it a



*Godfrey's late again!*

great week), the scenery because of the mountains, valleys, lochs and sheer nothingness for miles. The roads because they were well surfaced and mostly very quiet or empty (and on those that weren't,

the other road users were well aware of our presence and very courteous).

Oh and I mustn't forget the fact that we didn't see any midges, (I bet if we hadn't taken all the creams – for the midges Graham – there would have been thousands of them and we would have ended up being bitten to sheds – and don't go there either...).

Would we go again? Definitely – there are still hundreds of miles 'north of the border' we haven't seen, and I think 'when' we go back we'll take a little longer and go further north. ♦

## Haynes Motor Museum, 14 Aug 05

### Graham Bailey, Ride-out Leader

Weather: doesn't get any better, duration: 10.00am-6.00pm, mileage 170ish.

#### Pilot

Budge/Di  
Bill Carter  
Alastair Lord  
Steve Wood  
Tim/Sandie Cutmore  
Mark Redding  
Chris 'Duke' Williams  
James Coombs  
Simon 'Hard Deck' Forryan  
Terry Freeman  
Graham Bailey

#### Bike

Silver Bird  
FAZER Thou  
VFR/GPS 750  
GSX750F  
GSX 1400  
R75  
'Red Noisy Thing' [*beats blue nosey thing – Ed*]  
Dakar  
1200 Bandit  
'Real' 1200 Bandit  
Blue Bliss

'What a lovely lot', and all champing at the bit, eager to wander around Haynes in an attempt to rekindle their fond ownership memories of similar speeding chariots that once graced the driveways of their humble homes. (I've always wanted to give something back to the older generation!! Eh...Budge!)

Seriously, in my midst was a fantastic bunch, and with weather as good as this, we were all going to have a great time.

Our journey there took us through a varied range of roads, seeing Cirencester, Malmesbury, Chippie, Frome, and Castle Cary before

arriving at Haynes in the village of Sparkford.

With a mixture of culinary delights despatched, courtesy of the well equipped café on site, we all trundled in clutching our discounted tickets, (thank you Mr Haynes) and from thereon in most of us embarked on a variety of trips down memory lane,

*... most of us embarked on a variety of trips down memory lane...*

depending upon how good a memory you actually had, and how old you were

to date! (Tell me Budge, why were you so insistent on trying to find a Penny Farthing!! After all, I had plenty of loose change!)

All the jokes had been cracked, and with memories seriously jolted, we said our farewells to the museum

until another time, as we paraded ceremoniously out of the car park in a homeward bound direction. Bradford Upon Avon was soon in our sights, and so was the impromptu 'cream tea' stop sat in the sun shine alongside the Kennet and Avon canal whilst soaking up the last of the days sunshine, 'reet good it were'.



*No jokes about big red throbbers, Chris!*

inadequate marking due to an assumption that we were flying in tight formation, only to learn that the formation was not quite tight enough. Sorry lads!

With lesson learnt, we all went our separate ways anyway with the thought that at least we were on the A46 to Stroud/Glos, weren't we Bill!!!

The end to another great day's ride out was on the horizon, and the point at which most of us do a fairly good impression of the red arrows splitting up was upon us.

My most humble thanks to all who attended, and yes we did manage to get in the obligatory U-turn, just for good measure!

Normally this would be a most satisfying point as it would mark the end of a totally successful day, however, in the cold light of the early evening the truth was starting to dawn.



*Legs dangling in Bradford on Avon*

We were 2 bikes down!! And one was the sweep! Yep, I'm sad to say that both Terry and Bill became victims of

Until we ride again... *follow if you dare, pass if you can.* ◆

## National Motorcycle Museum, 11 Sep 05

### Graham Bailey, Ride-out Leader

Duration: 9.00am-5.00pm, mileage: 140 (thanks Dave!), weather: biking bliss 'honest'!

| Pilot                     | Bike        |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| Dave Preest               | Guzzi 850   |
| Simon 'Hard Deck' Forryan | Bandit 1200 |
| Me! Graham Bailey         | GS1200      |

'Well Dave shall we go then', I remember saying as we both patiently waited in the car park of BEW at 9.15am for any 'late comers', you know Budge etc!!

to "leave me and save yourselves", 'so we did' and merrily went on our way with a limited amount of guilt gnawing away within our minds.

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*... only to be greeted by the 'gob smacking' sight of old 'Hard Deck' complete with his simmering Bandit which looked like it was on 'melt down'...*

---

Winchcombe gave way to the delights of Stratford etc on route, before we eventually pootled into the car park of the museum, only to be greeted by the 'gob smacking' sight of old 'Hard Deck' complete with his simmering Bandit which looked like it was on 'melt down', as he had obviously managed to beat us there by creating an impression of a heat trace on about every camera down the M5/M42 that they have. (Sterling effort 'Hard Deck', indeed a sight for sore eyes!)

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*"leave me and save yourselves!"*

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A quick call to 'Hard Deck' prior to departure (as he promised to be sweep) revealed that he was currently lost some where in Robinswood, 'literally' whilst taking his new hound 'Sat Nav' for its morning walk, upon which he became even more frustrated to learn that it was a 9.00am start, instead of the luxurious 10.00am as believed.

After our brief and somewhat depleted representation during what was supposed to be a 'club ceremony' by the way of officially

After much heart-rending conversation, Hard Deck made the decision and gave us the command

handing over the revered Advanced Instructors Suit donated by Brian Charlton to the museum's very own Dave Roach, we decided to embrace the warm enticements of the very sumptuous looking breakfast displayed in the restaurant.

We didn't quite qualify for group discount as we made our way



Dave Roach, The Invisible Man, Our Graham, Our Dave

through the turnstiles to the museum itself, but at £6.95 to get in, we certainly enjoyed the variety of exhibits that adorned the comfortable surroundings that were to be their final resting place.

With tea and bread pudding consumed, 'what'...! Man cannot survive on love alone...honest, all three of us quietly slipped away (well Dave and I did!) out of the car park to join the mayhem of the 42 for a couple of junctions before really

enjoying the mixed and varied roads ahead.

My humble thanks to both Dave and Simon for taking the time and effort to join me in what might have been a very solitary club

run indeed, for me, the day was highly successful, in that their company was 'first class' which provided me with a much needed boost after the sad but inevitable loss of my dear old mum just the night before.

Lads, for me you were both just the tonic, even though you didn't know it, thanks a million boys.



"Graham, d'ya think they'd let the AA man lead us home?"

"Not sure I could keep up, Dave".

And for those of you that didn't/couldn't make it, my commiserations; you missed a fantastic day when lovely roads, excellent location and pure good company came together on one of those rare and memorable days. ♦

*lovely roads, excellent location and pure good company came together on one of those rare and memorable days*

## DAM busters, 18 Sep 05

... a bit like the Cannonball run towards the end!

### Graham Bailey, Ride-out Leader

Duration: 8.30am – 7.30pm, weather: Biking Paradise, mileage: approx 300.

#### Pilot

"Fast" Sal (Leader)  
 Brian Charlton (sweep)  
 Tim/Sandie Cutmore  
 Steve Wood  
 Steve Reeves  
 Narjas Mehdi  
 Richard Atkins  
 Alastair Lord  
 Mike Barrett  
 Lawrence Morgan  
 "Me" Graham Bailey (collie!)

#### Bike

GS650  
 Black Thing (KTM 950)  
 R1150RT  
 GSX750F (with indicators p.s. I won't tell!)  
 PAN  
 VFR800  
 VFR750  
 VFR750  
 FJR1300  
 Transalp  
 GS of course!

8.30am with 300 miles on the horizon, and the gathered throng are still as bubbly as Marilyn Monroe with a glass of Champagne. (Being young I've only heard of her of course!!)

(First time I've had a cuppa hot chocolate and a Topic for brekky in a long time, nice though, especially dipped, eh... Di!)

With Sal up front and Father Charlton bringing up the rear, we all escape from BEW car park with amazing ease (don't we Tim!) which allowed us to scuddle up the hill for Nailsworth on our journey towards Beckington our first leg stop just south east of Bath.



We blockade Exmoor: too good to share

The drop off system was working well as we continued on our journey through Glastonbury, Taunton, Wiveliscombe and Tiverton before arriving at our lunch stop The Exeter Inn, and a rapturous

welcome from the 19 DAM busters all eager to greet old friends or make new ones.

After a wonderful carvery lunch, Donald 'n Daisy (you need to be there to get this one!) led us all on a scenery 'over load' ride, which saw us take in fantastic panoramic views



One DAM fine group, eh SAM?

over Exmoor, with a welcome return to The valley of the Rocks at Lynton/Lynmouth for a group hug !

From here on I can only guess at the route we took towards our next break, which was to be the cream tea stop near Taunton, as the level of enjoyment coupled with the pace, brought an all too familiar blur to the passing scenery as we definitely made 'progress' thanks to Donald up front, not that I ever saw him !!

**[You can replicate this route – see how on p.19. This point is "Wow 5" on the map – Ed]**

With cholesterol levels all topped up and farewells said, Sal led us all

contentedly out of the car park for the last and final leg home via the cold in character, but most efficient M5. (Narjas was reputed to say that it was nice to ride such wide 'black top' after so many tall hedges and blind bends!!)

Finally, thanks to:-

*Sal:* organising the reunion and for not getting us lost. (wot, no U-turns? Pah...!!)

*Brian:* keeping us all together, and for seeing each and every one of us off home!

*Narjas:* fantastic effort from an individual with limited 'flying' time.

*Steve Wood:* always good company, and showed great promise as my 'next' associate.

*Steve Reeves:* quality rider adding proficiency to the ride out.

*Richard:* steep learning curve, managed nicely.



SAMs, DAMs, bikes, hills and everything

*Tim:* 'man on a mission' when it comes to progress, nice to see, well done Tim.

*Sandie:* great company and always contributes.

*Lawrence:* you really started to surprise a few of us on the Trans, well done!

*Mike:* good to see you on the ride out Mike, solid rider with road presence!

*Alastair:* great easy company, and fun in the bends, especially whilst adjusting the Sat Nav! **[Dutifully recording "Wow 5" for our loyal and deserving readership! - Ed]**

Last and finally!! With very few minor exceptions, I would like to thank everyone for flying the club's flag this weekend, by displaying a good solid ride with no heroics. Well Done you lot, the pleasure was nearly all mine.

(p.s. If Donald 'n Daisy get to read this, my personal thanks to you both for all of your organisational efforts in making this a great club day of memories, "well..... Daisy at least"!).



## More from the red kites

Stop-press! This pic just in from the Red Kites run on 17 July 05.



Don't put your fingers in the cage

## Club night, 13 September 05

### Graham Bailey, he's the Chair don't you know

'Deja vu'; that's exactly how I felt when our guest speaker from Veadki failed to materialise, for the third time running actually!

Still, this didn't deter 23 full, 12 associate and 5 social/guests (approx) from not only participating, but also enjoying the intended highlight of the evening, "Dick Turpin's" raffle of course! (Yes he really is alive and well!) Seriously folks, thank you all for your repetitious support without which the club would be a poorer institution. (Literally)

Congratulations again to the numerous members that received (and not received, eh...Narjas!) their certificates during the evening. As pointed out by our beloved Capt Sampan, do not underestimate the importance of reaching full membership status. This achievement level cannot be reached by everyone, and should be looked upon as a threshold on which to continue to build and expand one's capabilities. (are you listening Brian Charlton!!)

### Captain Canary's Chirps

(For those that are new to the club, this ungainly title was adopted due to previous ownerships of a certain colour of motorcycle!!)

*Dave Howell:* 'Great to see you again Dave', not exactly a newcomer being a founder member of this said club, and now riding a SV1000 no doubt with the same attitude that he rode the Bird with! Nice one Dave'.



*New Members with Certificates, Capt Sampan far right, plus a preview of the raffle prizes*

*Jasmin Huyton:* ('sorry about the Tamsine', gawd knows where that came from, I hope I don't talk in my sleep....!). **[Only all the way thru the club nite – Ed]** Thanks again for the donation of that superb freshly made plum/orange and oat cake for the raffle. (p.s please give me the next one without witnesses if you don't mind....if you know what I mean!)

*Terry Freeman, Steve Reeves, and Steve Fisher:* Again, a very warm welcome to you all, I hope that you find what you are looking for within

the club's activities, and if you do, tell me where you 'found em'.....!

*Brian Charlton:* Now here's a story....! Sorry Bri I have just got to tell them... as I'm sure you will all know by now, poor old Brian's brand new 'Bad ass blue 'n' Tango orange' KTM 950S Adventure, has been laid to rest. Literally.

It had but a short life, cruelly taken away as it came off the worst whilst skimming 'black top' before finally coming a 'fourpenny one' under the not-so-obliging front end of an oncoming 'Mr Whippy' complete with 'chuntering chimes' and a counter full of crushed nuts!

On a much happier front, Brian emerged unscathed from the event, (thank God) and still to this day cannot account for this act of paranormal (40mph on a straight road!!, wouldn't have happened riding a BMW GS, eh Bri....!)

But the phoenix rises from the ashes in the form of yet another brand spanker KTM, this time in 'black top Black'... mmmm.. I wonder...!

*Dave Bainbridge:* My heart-felt condolences go out to you Dave, as I have heard recently that your attempt to 'palm off' your Pan in exchange for one of BMW's finest examples of mechanical engineering and excellence has failed.

I have it on good authority that even though your shed load of green shield stamps and Co-Op coupons exceeded the trade-in value of the Pan, it was your reluctance to part with the 'Onda's accessories that really sealed your fate (fluffy dice, furry hand grips etc...). Better luck next time eh....Dave.

*Dave Preest:* has acquired a BIG BLACK 'n' CHROME 1400CC Harley (don't ask me the model!) complete with Screaming Eagles and attitude. Nice one Dave, I can't wait to hear the mother scream.

*SAM'S 15th Year Celebration:* finally, the Celebratory and very limited Polo shirt is now available to full members at the very reasonable price of just £12.50.

As paraded on the club night, this revered garment will only come in the limited edition blue livery, and will be supplied on an order basis only (a min quantity of 10 must be reached in order to maintain price levels) after specifying size required.

Please contact Simon Forryan or myself Graham Bailey or in fact any committee member (see p.29).

*NEC BIKE SHOW:* 29th October – 6th November; don't forget to put the date in your diary. ♦