

RIDERS

... magazine of the KAMG



ISSUE 203 August 2016 • Registered Charity No. 1060837



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Front cover: –KAMG man looks at sky and Skye.

Top picture: – Triumph still rule the world at The London Motorcycle Museum. Page 24.



Nick Farley, Editor

When sending articles for publishing in this magazine, please send images (with captions) as separate JPEG files.

Images should be in colour in as high a resolution as possible, preferably the original size in which they were captured. Please do not place images inside Word documents as this will significantly reduce the quality of the images.

Views contained within this publication are not necessarily views of the Editor, the KAMG or the IAM.

The Editor claims no liability for correctness of information, printing or typesetting errors.

The Editor cannot guarantee sunshine on club runs.

PS. Don't forget to drop me a line about your adventures. You just might inspire others to follow in your tyre tracks.

EDITORIAL

As this is my first edition of Riders as editor I thought that I should introduce myself and outline my motorcycling credentials as some justification for doing the job.

I have been a member of KAMG for eight years having returned to motorbikes after a break of 27 years. As well as being an IAM Green badge holder I also have a RoSPA Silver and would like a Gold, but, let's be very frank, that is not going to happen.

My riding career actually started in the mid 1950s when, as a twelve year old, a mate and I rode a 125cc Royal Enfield Flying Flea to destruction in the woods near our village. That mighty machine cost £4 – two quid down and two quid on account, but, sadly, the bloke who sold it found himself in Borstal before he could collect the second payment. In those days the same mate and I used to pedal the 15 or so miles to motorcycle meetings at Brands Hatch and for two or three years, we didn't miss one; whatever the weather, we went to see John Surtees, Derek Minter and a 17 year old Mike Hailwood. One particular highlight was seeing the legendary Bill Nillson on his Ajay 7R engined scrambler in 1957 when the Motocross des Nations came to Brands.

We used to sit on the Gold Stars and the Venoms in the Brands car park and dream. In order to emulate the Brands racers we built our own streamlined 'racer' which was an old bicycle stripped of everything and with a full dustbin streamliner constructed of perspex and hardboard, and on which we hurtled down a steep hill in the village cutting every corner. No brakes, but there was no traffic then either. However, the dull reality was that my first legal road wheels were fixed to a puny Lambretta because my father said "Motorbikes are too dangerous." A couple of accidents later he reconsidered but by then the necessity of having a car to attract women had become obvious and that's how it stayed for some time.

In the late 1970s I bought a 400cc Honda twin and rode it to and from work in London, but eventually some domestic stuff got in the way and I finally gave the Honda away. Then, in 2006, following a heart attack I thought I'd better stop just reading about it and actually get riding again while the going's good. Now I have a BMW R1200R which I love and on which I cover between 8000 and 10,000 miles a year, riding all year round, usually including a couple of trips to Yorkshire and a tour somewhere in Europe. My wife, who also has a bike licence and used to own a BMW F5650, is the best pillion passenger of all time and most weekends we ride somewhere and we try to make a trip to the mountains of Europe – the Alps, Pyrenees or Dolomites – each year too. It's the Alps this year.

And in the garage there's a 1970 250cc Montesa Scorpion Enduro bike, but there's just not enough time.....

I hope you like the magazine.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

SEPTEMBER

Sat 10th IDCAM. Contact Tim Johansen at idcam@kamg.org.uk
Sun 11th Observer Ride Out
Mon 12th Committee Meeting
Sun 18th Essex Advanced Machine Skills Course
Mon 26th Kent Firebike: Rider Skills Day

OCTOBER

Sat 1st Machine Control Day. Contact Mick West at mcd@kamg.org.uk
Sun 2nd Training/Social ride
Thurs 6th TSC meeting
Sat 8th IDCAM. Contact Tim Johansen at idcam@kamg.org

Mon 10th Committee Meeting
Thurs 13th Observer Meeting
Thurs 27th Club Night
Sun 30th Training/Social Ride to Lydd Airport

NOVEMBER

Mon 14th Committee Meeting
Thurs 24th Club Night: Quiz
Sat 26th Winter Wind Down Party
Sun 27th Training/Social Ride to Bexhill

DECEMBER

Mon 12th Committee Meeting
Tues 27th Round Trip to Rolvenden 10am Start

All dates are subject to change at short notice so before attending any activity please check dates, times and location on Tracker for up to date information.

When going on a Club Run, Fish and Chip run or any club jaunt come to that, please take a camera with you and share some of your pictures with us. You can easily email them to editor@kamg.org.uk including some captions

or perhaps a few words to share your experiences with other members of the club. Supporting the magazine is always greatly appreciated.



WE MEET AT 8PM ON THE LAST THURSDAY OF EACH MONTH AT THE KENTAGON, BRANDS HATCH, DA3 8NG



THOUGHTS FROM THE CHAIR

How can we sell “Advanced Riding” Courses?

It has been a busy few months and KAMG, in addition to its usual activities, has been attending a number of local shows to publicise the club and attract new members. I had the good fortune to get along to all three of the events to help out and lend any support I could. The first was the Merlins and Motorcycles Show at Headcorn which was, quite frankly, a complete and utter disappointment and a bit of a weather washout too. Very few stalls, little or no crowds, very little to entertain those that did turn up (and paid £15 to get in), no advertising or signposts anywhere near the site. If the organiser gets to read this, my report would read – could and should do better!

The second show was the Kent Police Open day at Maidstone. A far better do altogether. Good crowds, good weather and well organised with plenty going on for all ages. We spoke to a number of bike riders and took bookings for 15 taster rides. We also started a communication with the local traffic police sergeant and a road safety officer from Maidstone Barracks.

Then finally we were at the Kent County Show for three days. A big show with a number of interested motorcyclists to chat to and lots to see and do. Of course none of these shows would have had a KAMG presence if it were not for the band of volunteers that organised and staffed our stands.

So what’s all this got to do with the title of this piece? Well an encounter with a motorcyclist at the Kent Show got me thinking. Tina and I were chatting when two folk in motorcycle clothing walked

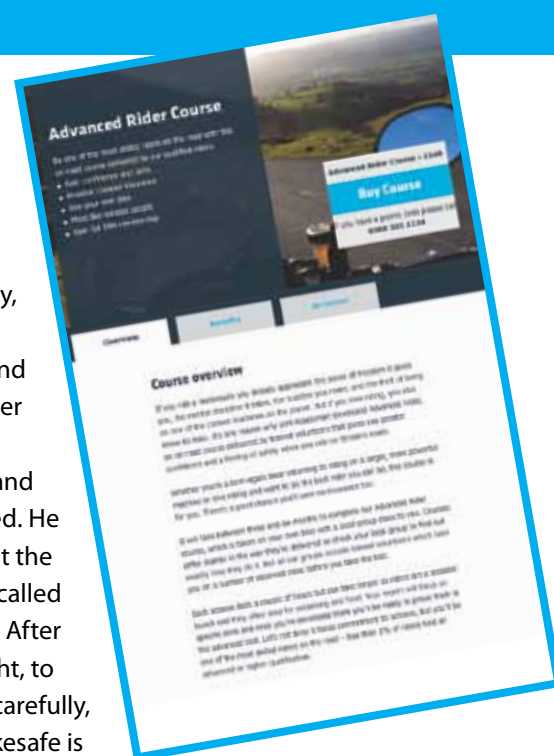
past the KAMG stand without taking any notice or talking to the team. Tina, in her shy and reserved way, stopped them and asked why they did not pay us any attention. “I’m an advanced motorcyclist” said the male of the two. When asked what course

had he done he replied “I have done the police training course”. Well, with that reply, I just had to join in the conversation and question him further and find out what force he was with and where he was based. He then explained that the course he did was called “Bikesafe London”! After a moment’s thought, to choose my words carefully, I explained that Bikesafe is a one day experience and most certainly not an advanced riding course, however we were more than happy to take him on and give him the relevant training and experience. It’s at this point that he made his excuses and wandered off with his female friend.

Now this sort of encounter is not uncommon and trying to persuade riders to take further or “advanced” training, with the IAM, or other routes, is quite difficult and I have never really understood why. It’s not just the motorcycle world either, car drivers are equally bad at accepting that they could be better drivers with training. Is it the name “advanced” or the image of pipes and slippers and BMW riders? Is it the way we portray ourselves or advertise our activities? Are we a bit smug about how good we are compared with mere “normal” motorcyclists? (See page 18)

Perhaps people just think they are good enough already because they have survived so far. I really do not know the answer. We did encounter this problem when we first started Bikesafe in London back in 2002 and it took a couple of years and 2,000 plus attendees for things to improve and the word to get around. Perhaps the launch of the new IAM RoadSmart programme will help in the years to come. I do know, having carried out many, many, riding assessments over the years, that there is a place for improving the riding skills of many motorcyclists and we will just have to keep plugging away at it.

Safe riding..... Ian Burchell



TEST PASSES

Since the last edition

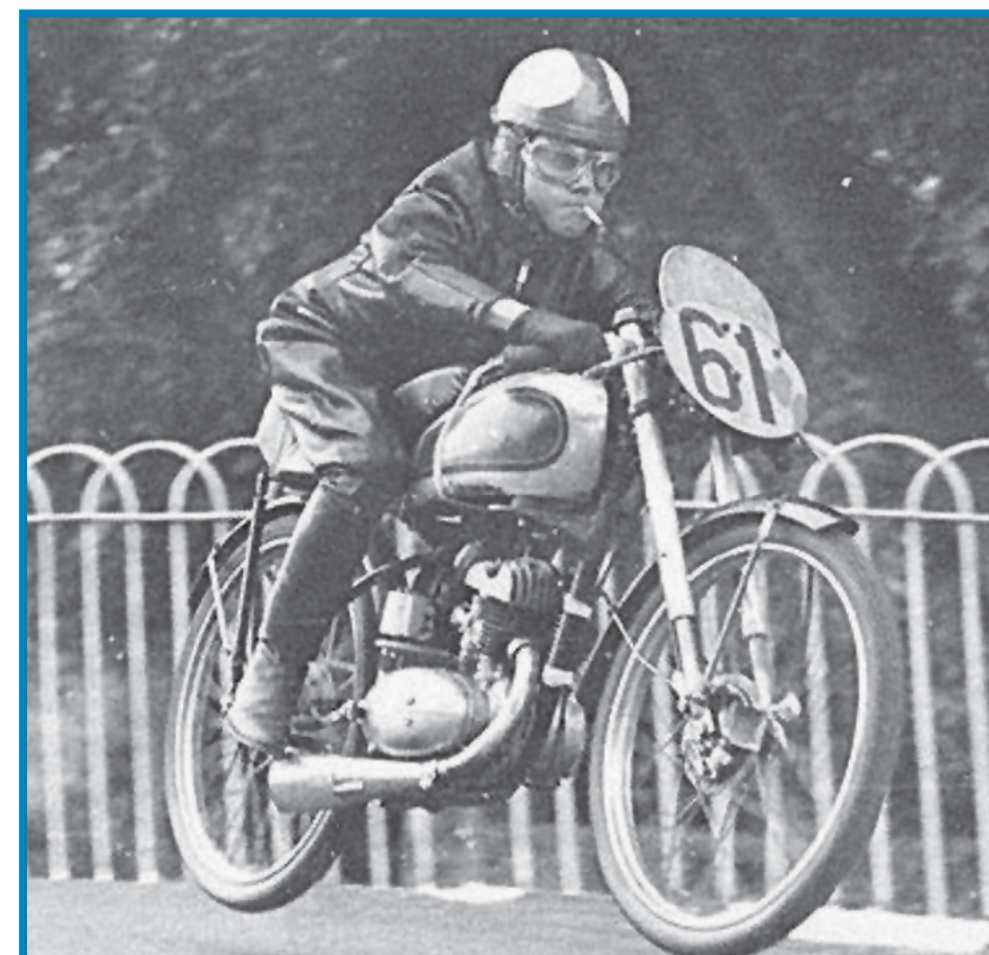
A warm welcome to the Group’s new members and existing one’s



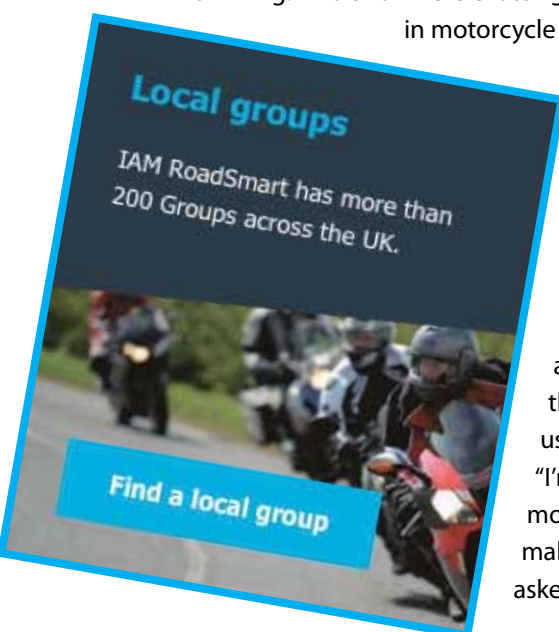
Associate: Nathan Scott
Observer: Colin Underwood



John Gardiner
Local Observer Qualification



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SCOTLAND - WHA HAE!

A tartan tale of midges and hatchets, uphill hairpins and grassy knolls – by Andy Stagg

In the last edition of Riders I wrote of my experiences on my first KAMG weekend trip away on the bike – Pork Pie Murmurings – I hope you read it and enjoyed it as much as I did the weekend. This edition sees me setting down my thoughts on a far more adventurous trip: nine days camping in Scotland on the bike – now that is new to me. I haven't camped for about fifteen years let alone doing it on two wheels with all the gear. There were so many folk who said "You're doing WHAT?" that I began to question my sixty plus years of sanity.

My first consideration was, quite naturally, how much do I need to take and how can I get it all on board my heavy and wobbly steed (a Honda Crossrunner VFR800x 2015), and make it quickly stowable each time we move on? It all required some very careful thought. Having a copy of Adventure Motorcycling Handbook: A Route and Planning Guide by Chris Scott, helped; reading up on the how and why of what to take, and where and how to load it, I was able to put together an aide memoire list of bits I would need, and also some that I wouldn't, and one which I wouldn't need, was a hatchet. I circulated my fellow travellers with the list and that item alone must have been mentioned at least once each day by two or three of my comrades in arms in true KAMG relentless-take-the-P fashion. (Long may it last.) Needless to say we had no intention of chopping trees for firewood and cooking or indeed cooking anything other than breakfast porridge. However one person did bring one, a hatchet, that is, just to be able to wave it in my direction. If I managed to get through this week without him using it seriously on me I would at least know I had succeeded in keeping up ... or would I?

So what daunts people (me included) when thinking about such a trip? First up is comfort: after a long day riding a motorcycle, sleeping on the ground doesn't sound like too much fun; second, is the loading up and carrying; third is the destination – midge-laden Bonnie Scotland with all that rain on top, never mind the distance you have to travel just to get there; and finally, I suppose, the Spartan nature of camping – the toilets and showers and lack of a chill-out beer and hotel comfort.

Taking each of those in turn: I found the comfort was more than adequate, with a self-inflating roll up mat and a

grassy knoll to lie on, and a Highlander seat to sit on with groundsheet, what bliss, it's a bit like a festival back rest really – so it was in bed by 10.30 and up at 6.30 for my brew up and breakfast; loading was no problem, keep it down to essentials only. Rain? We never saw a drop. Facilities were excellent: the first camp site (Forestry Commission) was cold water bowl and splash on to wash, which was austere but awakening, but the other sites were more conventional with hot showers, which was a great relief. And Moffat was pure luxury in a hotel (Buccleuch Hotel, with bike garages) albeit sharing a room with Dermot and his many stories, and I'm now hoping I haven't become one of them.

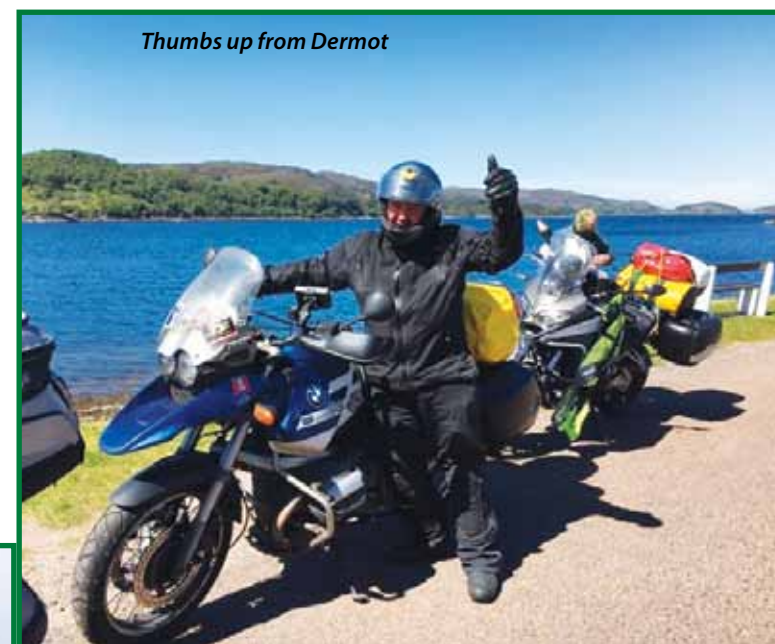
You may have noticed I missed out the midges. We only had their company in any vast number on two nights and mornings at the very end at Fiunary near Lochaline, and they were a story in themselves. I was all equipped with spray repellents, citronella candles, and head nets etc., but I still came back home with more bites than an expert angler. To say I was "Mr Itch" would be an understatement and guess where they got me most? Down the small of my back in the shirt/trouser gap – the "builders crack", 36 bites in all. (Who counted them? Ed.) I presume this occurred whilst



KAMG at John O'Groats

taking down or putting up the tent. I had bites on bites on bites in my hair and head. You can cover up and spray as much as you like but they will find you. After all they only need a wee bit o'your blood to breed, so I suppose we can allow them that. I thought we were in for trouble when we first saw them whilst putting up the tents. Most of the crew wanted an exterminator to rid the world of them, or at least a B+B to retire to, but eventually I suppose we became resigned to, or accepting of, our fate if we were to share their beautiful world, and beautiful it was, for these few days. Had they been in this great a number throughout the trip it might have been quite different but we had been blessed elsewhere, so you take the rough with the smooth.

I haven't yet talked of the distance you need to travel just to get to Scotland. The majority of my colleagues rode direct from Dartford to Rannoch in one day, they being saddle-sore, iron-butt and hardened riders, but I Googled that at 530 miles and reckoned I would go a day earlier to a B+B in Richmond Yorkshire 260 miles (wimp) and join them in



Thumbs up from Dermot

Edinburgh at the Rosslyn Chapel (that of Da Vinci Code fame), which was a good move and would have me getting up to speed slowly rather than being knackered before I started. However, on my return I happily did Moffat, in Dumfries and Galloway, to home in a one day hit, 420 miles, taking 8½ hours with two petrol breaks and two tea and cake stops. I suppose I was used to distance in the saddle after the runs we did daily, or was it just the lure of home luxury and my own bed and shower at the end.

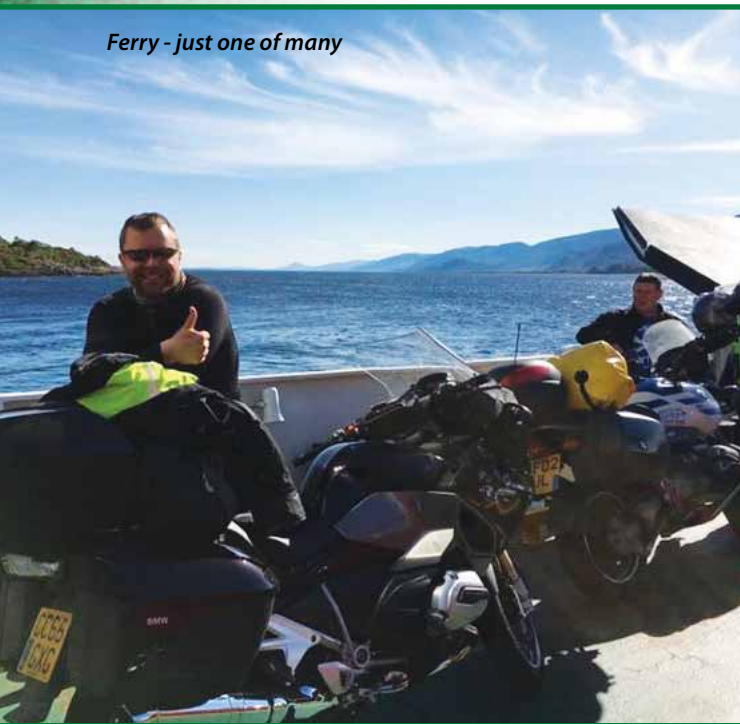
All the riding we did was on dry, clear, hard, granite roads and grateful, indeed, we were for that. The roads, for the most part, were beyond excellent. We did some rougher stuff particularly around Rannoch which I wouldn't even have known we had access to, but we had a gated pass, thanks to guide and mentor Steve Riches. Thanks again Sir for this incredible week of my life which I shall never forget. The roads though had another effect – I left home with tyres (Pirelli Scorpions) that had 4 mm of the 8mm they had started with 4500 miles earlier when bike was new. I returned needing to change them immediately; they were skint of tread on the back and probably border line legal. That was one bit of prep I hadn't got quite right, although I am happy to say that a new set of Michelin Pilot Road Fours feels like a bonnie gift from heaven after the Scorpions. So the bike has been rewarded and so has my riding.

I think the photos can do the talking for the rides and riding and the sights we didn't see (all that watching the Limit Point doesn't make for terribly great sight-seeing) but my peripheral vision tells me we have been somewhere really quite unique in the world, worthy of a trip and what an experience. With beautiful blue skies in abundance, a double bonus ball.

I can list some wildlife that I did manage to see: red squirrels, golden eagles, a stag with fresh antlers, a hind, curlews, oyster catchers and cuckoos, but Springwatch will be in no trouble from us in the competition for nature



Clachtoll campsite - No midges, just cuckoos.



Ferry - just one of many

and it has to be said that on one or two tight uphill hairpins my target fixation may well have got me really quite close to not returning intact. (I worked on that then, and now.) I somehow learnt to survive and thankfully there was no bullying, with hatchet or otherwise, and luckily, to use a phrase I have heard used somewhere by someone on more than one occasion, "nobody died", and a valuable lesson or two has been learned on keeping concentration going the whole time especially when fatigued.

What then of my non-riding friends' worries about me camping and riding? Pah! I loved every minute of it, except perhaps the very first night when, arriving in camp and needing to execute a slow indecisive where-are-we-going turn on grass, I slow motion dropped the bike on the grassy knoll in front of a full campsite audience. Presumably a bit of right hand front brake I shouldn't have used. There was a round of laughter but absolutely no damage except to my pride. Luckily this action was not repeated or the hatchet man would have me.

What would I definitely take next time? Avon So Soft against those midges; apparently it works for the military boys, whereas my Boots best jungle formula 4X repellent didn't. Maybe some witch hazel or calamine for the itchy bites if it doesn't. A sun shade on my helmet because the very low sun on some evening returns to camp from a restaurant were extremely difficult going even with tinted inner visors or sun glasses. And chain lube because had it rained I would have needed that for sure. Oh and perhaps an elusive green badge with a certificate with my name on it might help... but that's another story.

sightings. I must have cleaned my screen and visor of more bug life than I have ever seen, and on one occasion nearly had a seagull in the chest moment. I'm sure he, the seagull, that is, had a death wish because a Ducati rider in another set of bikers that we met up with at Fort William and who had come behind us, had indeed dispatched one mid-chest.

As the only associate amongst all the Observers, National Observers, RoSPA types and Masters, I was "the drain on the tank" for my fellow riders, "the slow boy in the class", like the spotty boy with a lazy eye plaster on his left eyeglass,



Dry sunny roads

PISTONS, PUNCTURES, PINTS AND PILLIONS

PART I – A Teutonic tale of rain, hangovers and German curry ...

By Amanda Binks

Day 1: It was a 6am rendezvous at the services at Junction 11 of the M20 before getting on the Eurotunnel train – running on time! – for the 1916 Vianden adventure. Petrol Crisis in France was the headline of the moment and I was a bit concerned: me being the biggest petrol drinker, well, my bike actually, I like to drink wine and...oh, let's not go there. Team Leader Dave Murphy coped well with that problem, the fuel that is, and always managed to find some just in time. In France we stopped for lunch at Le Chalet de l'Étang in Le Quesnoy, overlooking the lake and then our first night was at the IBIS Hotel in Charleville Mézières, where we had a very good dinner. The rooms were comfortable, and they needed to be after more than 290 miles in the saddle that day. Two of the BMW riders had had punctures, but they were so well kitted out they just kept inflating the tyres and carrying on.

Day 2: We headed off to nearby Rochehaut in Belgium for a scenic view and some memories for John Lemon – it

was apparently the first place he had been to with the KAMG on his first club tour back in the eighties. There were potentially great views of a village in a valley alongside a meandering river. The idyllic scene did gradually unfold as the mist, clouds and rain cleared but, as you've probably gathered, it wasn't the best of weather. We then continued to Durbuy for lunch before carrying on to our final destination at Vianden in Luxembourg, after riding a further 145 miles.

Day 3: Our destination was Saarburg; a wet ride into a sodden Germany as the south of the country had been flooded.

Appropriately, the town's main feature was a 17m water fall bang in the middle of it. Very different and very picturesque. That day I went pillion as



Vianden Castle on the one sunny day.



Saarburg in the rain



Thank God for High-Viz jackets in sunny Saarburg



This is what the Rochehaut view looks like when it isn't raining

I was still tired from the previous two days of riding. Also, I wasn't keen to try and keep up in the pouring rain, and it gave the back-marker some relief from hanging around for me. I rode as pillion on two bikes during the week and I must admit Colin's is bigger than Roger's! And more comfy too. With the petit pillion seat on Roger's Fazer you can get a little close sometimes – lol.

Day 4: We had coffee at La Roche-en-Ardennes before heading off to Bastogne to go to the war memorial museum that centres on the Battle of The Bulge in 1944. It was great, with commentaries and shows that were so realistic that you really got a feel for the period.

Day 5: Chris Powter led us to Bernkastel-Kues on the River Mosel in Germany, where many of the group simply couldn't resist currywurst and frites. En-route, Mick West's bike broke down, running on one less piston than it should, and it only had two to start with. Mick's day, supported by a couple of friends from the group, was spent sorting it out and getting its recovery arranged.



Bernkastel-Kues. Looks like just the place for curry and chips

Day 6: I spent the day on foot around Vianden with my camera whilst most of the others went on another ride led by Chris P. This was the driest and sunniest day of them all and in the afternoon I had the luxury of trying out the hotel pool for about an hour and a half with great views of Vianden's lovely castle.

Day 7: After some heavy drinking the night before I felt a little under the weather and possibly a little over the limit to ride, so again I went pillion. I know when Roger reaches those higher speeds, my neck feels it. We rode through yet more beautiful scenery, with rolling hills, huge areas of forest, neat, tidy villages and hamlets, and all connected by some of the best riding roads you can find in Europe.

Day 8: Time to go home: all the bikes that went out were ridden back bar one and that was scheduled to be returned to its owner later. Other than that everyone was accounted for, returning to their families refreshed and happy.

It was, yet again, a smashing tour thanks to Dave, who never stopped supplying us with excellent and challenging routes along with lots of friendly banter and great social evenings. It was such a lovely holiday.

PART II – A continuing tale of wet weather and some big knickers.

By Geoff Brunton

This tour took in the spectacular scenery and the great and often challenging roads of the Champagne region of France, the Ardennes Forests in Belgium and the Mosel region of Germany.

Out of the group of fifteen riders who were mainly observers, I was the only one who had not, by then at least, obtained his green badge. (Since passed.) Many thanks to my former observer, Nev Smith, for encouraging me and for putting in a good word for me to go. Also, I was the only "Newbie" with no experience of riding on the continent, and as such I have been asked to share some impressions and memories of the experience.

The tour was magnificently planned and organised by Dave Murphy; the daily rides were largely led by him, and to him must go big thanks from all concerned. Dave sent out clear comprehensive Tour Notes as well as updated bulletins in advance. I found these really useful, not least because I hadn't ridden in a large group using the marker system before. Dave also calmly contended with working around last minute potential problems including the expected serious fuel shortages in France, although this fortunately proved not to be an issue in the end.

The first things for me, once in France, were to familiarise myself with riding on the "wrong" side of the road and to cope with the marker system in practice. Anyway, I soon began to get the hang of things and relaxed into my ride.

On our first morning we stopped for lunch at Le Chalet de l'Étang, at Le Quesnoy. We were all seated outside on a terrace in warm sunshine and it began to feel like really being abroad. The popular choice seemed to be omelette and chips as I recall. Very good.

At our first night's stop, the Ibis Hotel in Charleville-Mézières, I remember they said they'd run out of draught beer pretty soon after we arrived, but fortunately they managed to source some more.

The next day we rode on to Vianden via the 'view' at Rochehaut (See Part I). At Vianden, Dave had organised that most of the group were to stay in the Belle Vue hotel but, because of numbers, a small group of us including myself were to be put up in a linked hotel, the Petry, just a short walk down the street, but the social hub, the beers at the end of each day's ride and the dinners and so forth were all at the Belle Vue, so that's where everything was centred.

Each day's ride would start around 9am when we would gather in the Belle Vue garage, where our bikes were stored, in preparation for setting off. I won't try to give an account of the route followed each day, suffice to say that the roads were always interesting with lots of sweeping bends and twisties, and often involving hairpins too. Also, the roads were of varying quality in the different regions we passed through, and we encountered a fair bit of poor weather which, of course, increased the challenges.

Highlights for me were the trips to Bernkastel-Kues and to Cochem. These were picture-book German towns with many beamed buildings, set right on the banks of the Mosel River. A particular highlight was the trip to the Bastogne War Museum commemorating the Battle of the Bulge. The various exhibits included a US tank, the side of which must have been 2" thick steel which had been ripped open by a shell and you could see through the tank to where it had impacted the other side. God help the poor occupants when that happened. Visitors can listen through headsets to the accounts and stories of four actual characters, two being local people plus military personnel from the opposing sides.

A highlight of the social side of the trip was that after dinner one evening, Dave divided everyone into two teams for a few rounds of 'Taboo', and the forfeit for the losing team was to have to wear a large pair of women's knickers over their riding kit on their bikes all the next morning up until the morning coffee and cake break! Thankfully, despite fluffing both my questions, I was on the winning team.



Shell hole in a Sherman tank in the Bastogne Museum.

There was also a quiz run by Mick West with a music round run by Nev which was great fun.

The trip back to the UK on 4 June was largely uneventful. We stopped for lunch in Lille where we sat outside at a café in the large central square and I think that was the only time on the holiday that the dreaded Referendum question came up for general discussion.

We arrived back in the UK in the early evening, everyone safe and sound. For me, this was a really enjoyable and memorable holiday. I feel that I significantly honed my riding skills because of the challenges and the opportunities to watch very good riders on spirited rides, as well as being able to tap into a great deal of combined riding wisdom, which I was very keen to do with my many questions always helpfully answered.

I have already put my name down for the next year and I'm really looking forward to going back.



Messrs Lemon and Gardiner. I bet the EU is glad to see the back of us.

THE YAMAHA MT-10

Roger Lancaster gets quite excited by the new Yamaha MT-10

'Aggressive' and 'Ballistic' were the words used to explain to me two of the three riding modes on Yamaha's latest addition to the MT range. The 'A' mode was described as aggressive and 'B' mode as ballistic. The third mode, the 'Standard' or eco mode is, er... standard; and it works very well.

My Fazer was being serviced at A2 Motorcycles, Gravesend and Dave Masters said I could test the MT-10 for the duration. After a short briefing from him, including the description of the above terminology, I was released. The first thing I realised was that transposing the riding modes over from the rest of the MT range could prove lethal – the 'B' mode on the Tracer is the 'soft' mode but it sure ain't on this thing!

Approaching the bike I thought how small it looked for a one litre machine, but when I swung my leg over I noticed how much taller the bike is than my Fazer 8. The engine note is nothing to write home about when on tick over, but the 160bhp, re-tuned R1, five crank, crossplane engine has an unusual effect on the ears when you're on the move: it actually sounds like a big twin. Weird. It does though, ride like an across the frame four.

I set off in 'Standard' mode before trying out 'A' mode a few hundred yards up the road. I could tell the difference immediately: the initial throttle response was sharper; 'B' mode was like, well, ballistic I suppose, and a little snatchy too. I actually thought 'B' mode was a bit unusable and unnecessary to be honest. As the ride progressed I used 'A' and 'Standard' modes depending on the type of roads I was riding – the former on rural roads and the latter in town. 'Standard' mode is much the better one for filtering and slow riding, something the MT-10 can do very well with its wide bars and sharp but accurate steering. I noticed a steering

damper buried low down on the front forks; probably to control its tendency to be mildly twitchy to the new user, but a trait that an owner would soon get used to as its steering is very good. The suspension is firm but plants the bike well on the road making cornering a very satisfying experience.

Once I got on to the twisties, I was keen to experiment with the gearbox and see if third was the do-it-all gear that some road testers have suggested. Most certainly it is an extremely useable gear at most speeds above bumble pace, but I found myself dropping to second for sharper bends, and even for flowing bends too; it gave me better control of the machine, as well as allowing me to enjoy the pace that the bike can offer the rider in that lower gear. The gearbox was smooth and snuck into each gear with ease. Upward, clutchless changes were also easy to achieve and there is a quick-shifter available as an extra for this model too. I was having fun. This bike steered well and, to be honest, it did everything well. Its brakes were spot on, I loved them. There was no hint of the wooden-ness or lack of feel that I have felt with some new models in the past. They worked as they should and better than my 2003 R1 brakes ever did.

During quieter parts of the ride I scrolled through the computerised information on the dashboard. Neither trip meter had been zeroed since new, those and the odometer were reading 402 miles, so I assumed the overall average mpg reading hadn't been changed either: it read 35.6 mpg! With a 17 litre fuel tank that's going to make touring interesting as you'll have to stop every 115 miles to refuel. To be fair, the machine's mechanicals will still be a bit tight and as a test bike it has probably been spiritedly ridden on occasions, so I'm sure if a new bike is treated carefully during its first hundred or so miles and ridden in 'Standard' mode

for much of the time, you could achieve a better fuel consumption figure. I reckon with the style and variety of riding undertaken by members of our group, most one litre motorbikes should average 42 mpg.

Although I liked the new Tracer when I rode it, in the back of my mind I knew there was a reason not to buy one at the

time – the MT-10 came along and it is fabulous; it's comfortable to ride and with the official accessories it can apparently be used for touring because there is a comfort seat available, (although the standard one seems fine) plus luggage and a taller screen. It's worth mentioning that at legal speeds the tiny, tiny screen attached to the binnacle works all right. Above 95 or 100 mph, you may struggle to be as comfortable as your mate on the autobahn who has a screen.

Naturally, this was only a brief test, but would I buy one? Oh Yes. And I think I will later in the year.

ROAD RAGE - 'THEM' AND US

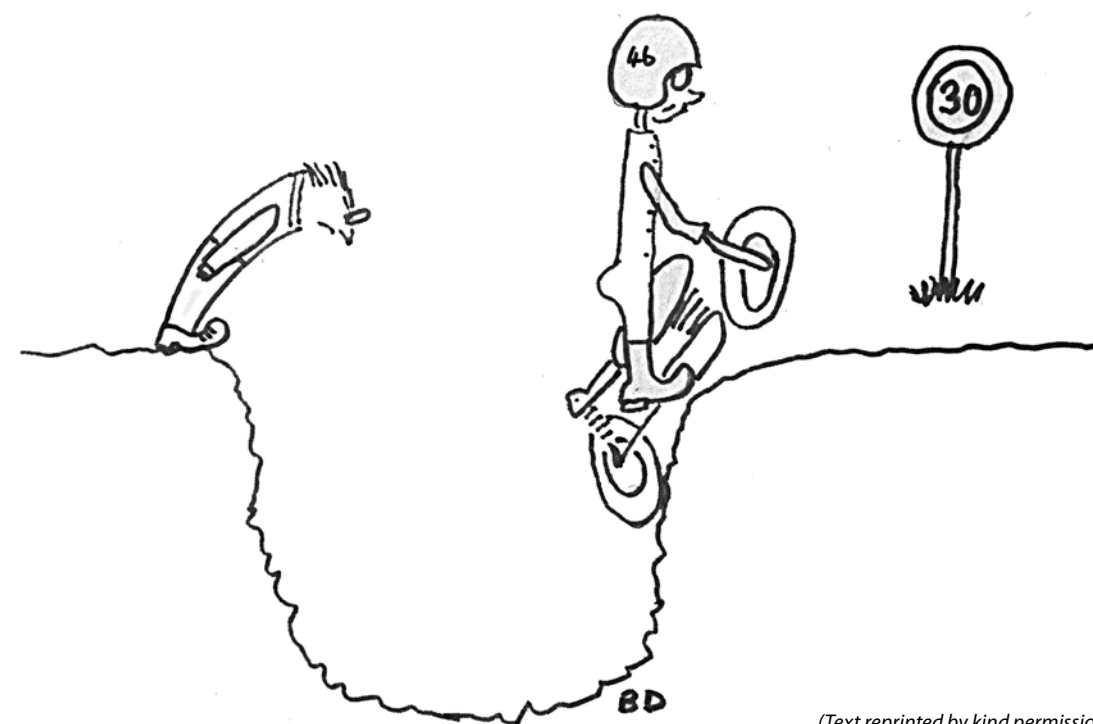
Right, I've done my bit: I've driven more carefully; I've obeyed the speed limits (more or less); I've taken The Institute of Advanced Motorists and RoSPA tests and passed; I don't drink and drive and I've thought 'bike' until I'm dizzy. The car manufacturers have certainly done their bit too. Cars are safer, much safer, than they were only a few years ago: car bodies are now designed to protect us in an accident rather than crush us, and apart from the obvious safety belts and air bags there are all sorts of other ways in which the design of modern cars makes them so much safer than anything that has gone before. Tyres and brakes are good examples of the enormous progress that has been made by the automotive industry. Modern tyres are amazing, and when compared with the clunky bits of gripless rubber which adorned my first car they are little short of miraculous. Modern brakes are equally mind-boggling. Anti-lock-braking (ABS) is now taken for granted, but it wasn't long ago when such sophistication was only fitted to the landing wheels of jet aircraft.

The result of all this driver 'awareness' and engineering skill is that accidents, thousands of accidents, have been prevented. Did you know that in 1934, 72 years ago, 231,000 people were injured on our roads; in 2013 the figure was 182,000. Yet in 1934 there were less than 2½ million vehicles on the road whereas in 2013 there were 35 million. We are driving better, and we are driving better cars, vans, buses,

lorries – better everything. Good for us. We shouldn't rest on our laurels but it's time we acknowledged this success because we have achieved it without any help from 'them'.

My question, and the point of this rant, is this: when are 'they', the Government – local and national – going to join in? As usual they expect us to do it all: they spend heaven knows how much on advertising which exhorts us to do this and not to do that but I wonder when it's going to occur to them that they too actually need to do something. We can all drive better and manufacturers can make better cars but we can do nothing about the roads on which we drive; the roads are Government property and they are in an awful state around here and everywhere else. How many preventable accidents have occurred because some mealy-mouthed, tight-fisted council pleading poverty has left an enormous pothole unrepaired? 'They' are happy to spend money on speed cameras but not on road improvement or even on straightforward road repair. Speed cameras are passive things; road improvement is positive, but speed cameras earn money and so pay for themselves, and by installing them the Government can claim that it is doing something. In fact it's doing nothing; we are the ones doing something and we're doing it brilliantly. When are 'they' going to do their bit?

BD



(Text reprinted by kind permission of The Onion magazine.)

Roger and the Yamaha MT-10

MT-10 computer



THE ROYAL MAIL, BMW AND MUDGUARDS ???

The Royal Mail is a very clever organisation. It's utterly hopeless, completely inefficient and totally useless, but it is nonetheless very clever because it has developed a foolproof, money-making business model whose success is actually based on the very fact that it is inefficient and utterly useless. Unbelievable though it seems the blokes at the Royal Mail have made inefficiency and uselessness into the very thing that makes them money. How clever is that? It's the equivalent of coming last in the Olympic 100 metres and getting a Gold medal. The worse the Royal Mail is at doing its job the more money it makes. That's a stroke of pure genius. Once upon a time there was just the plain straightforward 'post'; if you are old enough you may remember it. You posted a letter on one day and the next day it was delivered – sometimes local letters were even delivered on the very same day that they were posted.

Imagine that! Then some clever sod at the Royal Mail worked out that if they deliberately didn't deliver the letters on time they could introduce a new and more expensive service which would get them there on time. Thus was born the First Class Post: the Royal Mail deliberately delayed second class post so that it took two or three days to get where it was going, meanwhile the First Class Post arrived the next day, and we all got used to paying them extra to do what they should have been doing in the first place. Today they have raised this game to unimaginable new heights, and once again it depends on being useless, really, really bloody useless. Such is their incompetence today that even the First Class, next day delivery, is so hopelessly unreliable that they have been able to introduce a new 'Guaranteed' Next Day Delivery Service and they charge ten times more for it than for ordinary first class post - 64p suddenly becomes £6.40. You must admit that's clever.

And what has this got to do with motorbikes? Well, certain manufacturers are starting to do exactly the same thing: BMW for example. Of course they haven't quite got the bare-faced cheek of the Royal Mail...yet, but it will come. BMW are notorious for charging for every little 'extra', but even BMW car salesmen don't charge extra for what most people would consider to be standard equipment like, say, seats. When you buy a new BMW car, or any car come to that, you naturally assume that all the seats will be the same and no one will be sitting on a board. But that's not true if you are going to buy a BMW bike. Take the R1200R, for example: this is billed as a 'sports tourer' and to this so-called tourer they deliberately fit, as standard, mark you, an 'uncomfortable' pillion seat. Of course they don't call it the 'uncomfortable' seat, but as they list a 'comfortable' seat as an extra, I repeat in capitals - AS AN

EXTRA - then by definition they must know that the standard one is not comfortable or, to put it bluntly, they know that it is uncomfortable. So, like the Royal Mail, BMW deliberately does something badly just so that it can charge more to do it properly. KTM does the same thing and so does Yamaha. (See page 14. Ed.)

And then there's the mudguards, or rather, then there isn't the mudguards. When did mudguards disappear? When was it decreed that motorbikes should only be ridden on dry, sunny, summer Sundays? And yes, I do know that we are supposed to call them 'huggers' these days, but to me they are mudguards and they are not optional bloody extras either; they are, or should be, standard equipment. When did you buy a car without mudguards? On my bike there is a radiator/cooler thingy hanging off the front of the engine, where it obviously gets covered in all kinds of crapola and is peppered by stones from the bare unmudguarded front wheel. At the back there is the shock absorber and sundry bearings and sensitive electronikery relating to the variable suspension and it's all in the unprotected line of fire of the bare back wheel which relentlessly hurls grit, salt, manure, tar, mud and water at it, unless, at great cost, I buy a mudguard, which of course I do.



An early fifties Sunbeam 'hugger'.

Once again BMW get me to spend extra money to finish off the bike which they started to build but couldn't actually be arsed to finish off properly. How can it be possible to omit a basic piece of equipment like a mudguard from a machine which will certainly be ridden through muddy water at some stage in its life? I'm not expecting some antiquated, all-enveloping chunk of steel like that on the Sunbeam in the accompanying picture, but as MCN acknowledge that "a hugger acts as a protective shroud, preventing rain and mud from being flung from the tyre on to the rear shock and underside of the bike. Not only does it keep the bike clean it'll also prevent stones from chipping chunks out of the bodywork, alloy parts and the rear shock", you wonder why a hugger is not fitted as standard equipment.

It's unkind of me to single out BMW because my bike is otherwise fantastic, and Coopers at Tunbridge Wells treat me very well, and the fact is that all the manufacturers are at it. However, my bike happens to be a BMW and when I went to trade it in for a new R1200R I got very hacked off at having to pay extra for things which should be standard, and conversely being forced to buy extra things which I didn't want or need. Yes, this is another brilliant money-making ruse: not only do you have to pay extra for things



A First Class Royal Mail mudguard

which should be there in the first place, you are also required to pay extra for things which you don't even want. How clever is that? It makes The Royal Mail seem like rank amateurs.

Unfortunately I still have to use the Royal Mail, but I don't have to buy a new bike.

NF



A proper modern mudguard on the Chairman's V-Strom

OR PERHAPS — I AM A SMARTARSE!

Am I the only one who is worried about the new IAM logo and tag line? I wonder how much money they spent on researching and designing it? I AM Roadsmart – to me they might just as well have said “I AM a smug git” or “I AM a road smart-arse” because those are the sentiments which I think this logo will actually communicate to non-members. I am superior and, by implication, you are inferior or less smart, is what this logo could actually seem to be saying to the people whom we want to attract, particularly younger riders who, if they have heard of the IAM at all, already think that it is just about safety in the boring, staid, Volvo sense rather than about skill and even, dare I say it, about speed. Just ask yourself, if you were twenty five would you want to join an organisation which appeared so smug and self-satisfied, and where everyone boasted that they were “smart” and, by implication, that everyone else was not?

It reminds me of that famous Cleese/Barker/Corbett comedy sketch where the upper class, bowler-hatted Cleese looks down on the more lowly Barker and Corbett: the IAM in this case is the pompous Cleese character and is saying, in effect, “I look down on them because they are not Road smart,” except that the Ronnie Corbett character



is not going to look up to the IAM, he’s simply going to walk off in the other direction thinking what a bunch of onanists we all are. (And an onanist, as we all know, practices sex on his own.)

When we are trying to recruit new members we need to be aware, I think, of the off-putting, holier-than-thou image which the new logo and words might project, and we need to make sure that the real image is communicated. In short, a bit of “smart” communication counter-steering is now going to be called for.

NF

PUB QUIZ

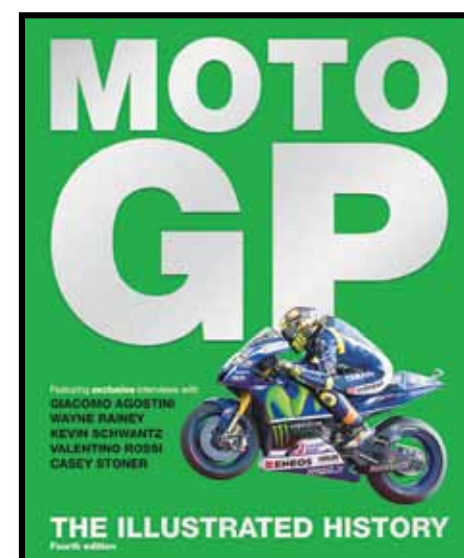
The answers to all of these questions are in this magazine.

Questions:

1. What is the speed limit on Park Lane Northbound?
2. On what river is the town of Bernkastel-Kues?
3. What is the price of a normal first class stamp?
4. Who rode pillion on Roger’s bike in Europe recently?
5. How many people were injured on our roads in 2013?
6. Which factory was Gary Hocking riding for when he resigned?
7. Who was the “slow boy in the class” in Scotland?
8. Whose bike didn’t make it back from Vianden with the others?
9. Who always managed to find petrol in France?
10. Where did the Chairman meet someone who thought that BikeSafe made him an advanced motorcyclist?
11. How many midge bites did one of the team get in his “builder’s crack”?
12. Which company made bikes for paratroops in WW II?
13. Which woman appeared on Mastermind and raced a Manx Norton?
14. What was the popular choice of lunch on the first day of the Vianden trip?
15. What is the speed limit in Park Lane Southbound?

Answers: 1: 40mph. 2: Mosel. 3: 64p. 4: Amanda Binks. 5: 182,000. 6: MV Agusta. 7: Andy Stagg. 8: Mick West’s. 9: Dave Murphy. 10: Kent County Show. 11: 36. 12: Royal Enfield. 13: Olga Kevelos. 14: Omelette and chips. 15: 30 mph.

BOOK REVIEW



As book titles go this isn’t exactly the big ‘come-on’. I mean, how difficult is it to get pictures of fast blokes on motorbikes? Pictures, moreover, which we have all probably seen before. But, hey, wait a minute, despite its title, this isn’t just a picture book, this is a proper book with writing and stuff. Interesting stuff; stuff that I haven’t read before. Over the years I’ve read a few books on motorcycle racing, most of which have been biographies of riders and despite their subject most of those books have been dull, in fact some of them have been so dull they have redefined that word. This book, however, is decidedly different: it’s that behind-the-scenes book which you always hoped you’d find but never actually did. Well, now you have found it. This excellent and beautifully produced book is full of interesting insights and information and the best of it is in the fascinating interviews with the great riders from the 1950s right up to today. From Geoff Duke to Rossi and Stoner, including Surtees, Roberts, Agostini, Schwantz, Gardner, Rainey and others.

These days, for example, it is terribly uncool to admit to being frightened if you are a chap who earns his crust by racing motorbikes, and judging by the number of times they all crash perhaps they aren’t afraid of falling off but, as this book reminds us, it used to be a lot more dangerous: Geoff Duke didn’t fall off very often simply because it was bloody dangerous to do so. Too many trees about when he was racing, he says. “Racing was very dangerous when I began,” says Agostini, “Every week someone was killed.” And I learn from this super book that MV Agusta works rider, Gary Hocking, a boyhood hero of mine, was certainly very ‘aware’ of the danger; here he is talking to Hailwood, Redman and Tom Phillis, “We’re all friends,” he says, “and yet we’re going to kill each other.” Later Tom Phillis was killed in the TT when dicing with Hocking and Hailwood. After the race Hocking said to Redman, “I have killed Tom,” and he flew to Italy and handed in his resignation to Count Agusta and didn’t race again.

One thing that surprised me, although, of course, it shouldn’t have, is that this book is full of blokes who seemed to find it terribly easy to ride very fast from day one. They just grabbed the nearest penny-farthing fitted with an old lawnmower engine and shot off into the wide blue yonder to win their first race, on dirt, in the rain, anywhere you like, and they were usually aged six or seven when they did it. I think most of them rode out of the womb. For we mortals who have struggled to achieve Green-Badgedom, the ease with which they

seem to do these things is a mystery, but it’s not just talent because if one thing shines out of these pages it is that these champions are all steely determined types, speed is just the icing on the cake. Take the young Wayne Gardner, for instance: one day, long before he was ‘discovered’, he was trying to impress a potential sponsor but by choosing the wrong tyres he finished 13th in his race and he seemed to have lost his chance, however it then started to pour with rain just as the Unlimited racers were being called to the start line. Wayne should not have been in that race and in any case ‘his’ bike, which didn’t actually belong to him, was by now locked in the owner’s van, “We had to break into Peter’s van to pull the bike out – basically, we stole it. I rode straight on to the front row of the grid and nobody said a thing. The green light came, I rode off into the distance and won by a country mile.”

There’s plenty of that sort of thing in this super book and when you have devoured it, it will be a great one to browse through with your kids or grandchildren in the future as you proclaim, and prove, that the stars of your day were much better than whoever it is that they will be worshipping in a few years’ time. Highly recommended.

NF

MotoGP: The Illustrated History by Michael Scott

Published by Carlton. Price £25. ISBN 978-1-78097-787-4 www.carltonbooks.co.uk

See competition on page 25.

BARBOUR ON TRIAL



There was a time, long, long ago, when men were men, and wimmin.... well, they did the washing up. And it was in that golden far distant time that the mighty Barbour brand was born. Heroic men, clad in Barbour, would go off for the day, or even for several days, on lumbering great trials bikes to throw themselves at the wet and cold scenery in such faraway places as Scotland and Yarksheer, and even sometimes in deepest Kent, all safe in the knowledge that while they were out being men-like, the washing up was being attended to satisfactorily at home. In 1957 97% of all competitors in the International Six Days Trial wore Barbours. Even when I was riding to work in

an international, up-market, high-fashion brand desired by and worn by the rich and famous. In fact, if you were to suggest to a modern Barbourista, as she stepped down from her Range Rover, that her coat was actually begat by some hairy, roll-up-smoking motorcyclist in the 1940s, she probably wouldn't believe you. Back in those days, when men were mannish, Barbour's range consisted simply of a jacket and a pair of trousers, but today it covers all sorts of stuff from the out and out fashion items to the prosaically practical, and I am delighted to see that they still make the standard Barbour International jacket which was worn

Barbourella?



Cool jacket, uncool tyre

London in the 1970s a Barbour suit was still the bike-wear of choice for the man who was keen to keep dry(ish) in the face of teeming winter rain.

But that was then and now is now and all is very different: men apparently are quite likely to stay at home loading the dishwasher and changing nappies (really?) while it is women who are outside sporting the Barbour gear, and they are not doing it by lying underneath a collapsed BSA in some wet Scottish hell-hole either; they are doing it by sashaying up and down fashionable Bond Street while buying another handbag, because Barbour is now

by every trials rider worthy of the name, including, of course, Steve McQueen when he represented America in the 1964 International Six Days Trial in East Germany. (He rode a 750cc Triumph and crashed out on day three while avoiding another rider, since you ask.)

Barbour is very proud of its biker heritage and places heavy emphasis on its Steve McQueen range and its clothes bearing the Triumph logo too, and so it was that a few weeks ago I was there when the company returned to its trials riding roots to launch its latest range of fashion and biking gear. The venue for this event was Tricks In

The Sticks, a trials riding school in Sandhurst near to Tenterden, just down the road from The Oakdene – well OK, it's not *just* down the road but it's not that far. <http://www.tricksinthesticks.co.uk/>

To this junket Barbour had invited journalists from all over Europe who were not only going to see and drool over the clothes but were also going to learn to ride trials bikes - proper, grown-up, Beta trials bikes - a scenario big with the promise of disaster as some of these scribes had only ridden mopeds or scooters before, and others had never ridden anything other than a bicycle. Amazingly, one chap who had never ridden before was attempting wheelies by the end of the morning. It is one thing for Barbour to claim a motorcycling heritage but this was

a brilliant way of demonstrating the truth of that claim and it will be a day that those press bods won't forget, I guarantee. We may have got a few biking converts too.

When Barbour was first establishing its brand either side of the last war, motorcycling was seen as what poor people did when they couldn't afford a car. To the ignorant adult masses of that time it seemed inconceivable that anyone should actually choose to ride a motorbike simply because it was good fun. Nowadays it is a measure of motorcycling's modern image that it can be seen as the perfect medium for the promotion of what has become, despite its utilitarian beginnings, a high-fashion name but one that is still providing us with very good bike gear. <http://www.barbour.com/uk>

Not all wimmin were washing up: below is the great Olga Kevelos who not only raced a Manx Norton and cars, she also appeared on the BBC's Mastermind, and she was a successful trials rider too, wearing a Barbour, of course.



Steve McQueen, Barboured, Triumphed and be-fagged. International Six Days Trial 1964.

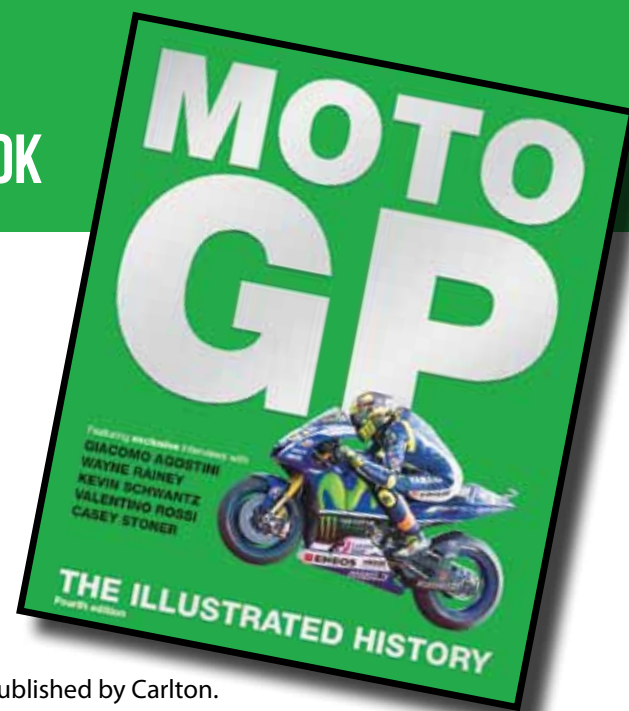


Journalists are usually stirring the s---, so it's nice to see one falling in it.

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Rossi blamed Gibernau for telling tales, dubbing him "a spy". He would never speak to him again, he said, adding: "He will never win another race." He was right.



"I'd done it so long ... how much longer? I was sort of fed up with racing anyway, but it was hard to retire."

"I never really thought much about the danger. I tried very hard not to make any mistakes."

"Racing becomes everything. When I realized that it was me and my livelihood, my name, my reputation out there, it was 24-seven 365-a-year trying to figure out what to do and how to be better. You're just obsessed with it."

"This is crazy," Hocking would tell Redman, Hailwood and the Australian Tom Phillis. "We're all friends, and we're going to kill each other."

"...the sensation that you get on a motorcycle is very special. It's one where body language and all the rest of it have so much influence. It becomes extremely personal."

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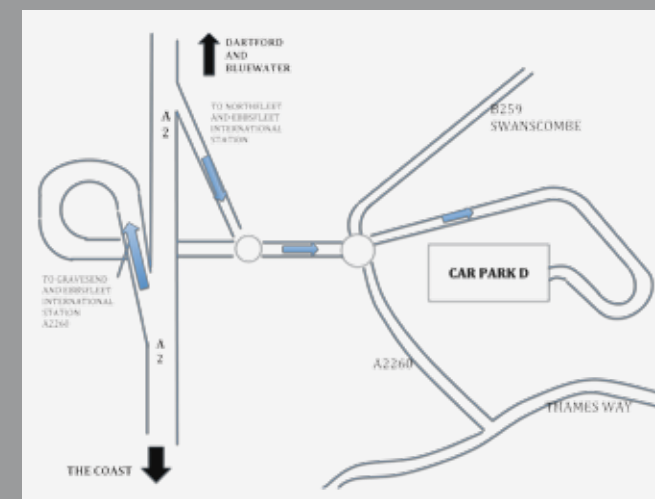
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Finish Time: approx 13:00 Hrs

Saturday, 9th April 2016
Saturday, 18th June 2016
Saturday, 30th July 2016
Saturday, 1st October 2016



THE LONDON MOTORCYCLE MUSEUM

It is usual, I know, to recommend rides that take in fast roads, sweeping bends, spectacular scenery, and not much traffic, and which finish up at some splendidly greasy caff, so it is with some trepidation that I am recommending a ride across London. This is a ride that will be slow and upright and will be marred by irritating people who are on bicycles, on scooters, on pavements and on mobile phones, and often on two of those things at the same time. However, if you are not actually trying to be anywhere at any particular time and if you only do it once in a blue moon, riding in London is good fun. Not in the rush hour, to



The Triumph barn

a deadline, in the rain, in winter, it's not, as I well know, but we're talking mid-morning in the dry here.

Now a ride out as we all know needs a purpose no matter how thin and weedy that purpose is; a proper ride needs to be going somewhere; you can't just bumble into the middle of London, ride about a bit and bugger off. Fortunately we do have a sturdy purpose and a proper destination: we are going to The London Motorcycle Museum.

Let's suppose, coming from Kent, that you go through the Blackwall Tunnel and then The Limehouse Link, round by The Tower and along Lower Thames Street until eventually you emerge on to The Embankment underneath Blackfriars Bridge. Here you will find a single gasping, crawling line of traffic which you can filter slowly and as you do so you will catch glimpses of a beautiful, great, wide, smooth, empty road on your left and you will wonder why we aren't using it. Well, I'm afraid we can't use it because it is a Boris 'cycle lane'. 'Cycle' and 'Lane' are misnomers, I admit; it's wide enough to be the new runway at Heathrow and there won't be a cyclist anywhere in sight. Meanwhile decent people like us who have chosen an engine to move themselves

about will be in a fuming, static, single file one yard to the North of it. Thanks Boris. But enough of this non-green negativity; long before sundown you will find yourself in Parliament Square and then it's Buckingham Palace where, if you time it right, you will have a front row view of the Changing of the Guard while sitting on your bike. (11.30am)

You roar off wondering why all the soldiers are different sizes these days when once they were all the same height, but these uncharitable thoughts are interrupted as you apply max concentration for the whizz round Hyde Park Corner, always good fun, and then you positively blast up Park Lane where it's a 40mph limit going North and not everyone knows that. Park Lane will spit you out on to the Bayswater Road going west and finally after dribbling up



Derek Minter's trophies

Westbourne Terrace you will find yourself on the Westway: ah, The Mighty Westway, with its great wide lanes of emptiness heading to the distant horizon and along which you must crawl at 40mph with your obedient Green Badge glistening virtuously in the morning sun as everyone shoots by and thinks you are a dickhead. Why don't they ever get nabbed? But we're nearly there. You simply sit on this road, the A40, for a few miles until you reach Greenford and then you are looking for Oldfield Lane South, number 29 to be precise. The postcode is UB6 9LB. You've found it? Good. Swing through the entrance and there's bags of parking.

The London Motorcycle Museum is not a big place but it is a real gem, absolutely jam-packed with interesting and exciting bikes; it looks right and it smells right – you know, that oily, spanner sort of smell. If you are a Triumph freak you will find one barn that is virtually all Triumphs. And I had never seen another example of my very first bike, a Flying Flea, but here they've got two. This museum is



Royal Enfield Flying Flea. These were paratroopers' bikes and were dropped with them

staffed by volunteers and is open on Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays from 10am to 4.30pm. You won't be able to wrap yourself around a bacon buttie when you get there but there will be coffee and snacks. What more can I say other than you've got to go. You'll love it and it's the perfect excuse for a ride through London. Just remember that Park Lane Southbound on the way home is 30mph like everywhere else.

NF

THE LONDON MOTORCYCLE MUSEUM
29, Oldfield Lane South, Greenford, UB6 9LB.
www.london-motorcycle-museum.org Tel: 0208 575 6644



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OBSERVER ASSOCIATE CHARTER

What is expected of the Observer / Associate partnership

THE OBSERVERS

➤ Have made the effort to train, not only for the test, but have also taken part in Observer Training courses. They are a valuable asset to the group and give of their time freely, except for a contribution from the Associate towards their expenses, as determined by the Committee and the IAM.

THE ASSOCIATES

- Are expected to have equal commitment, with the goal being the Test.
- Are to be available for observed runs once every two weeks (ideally), as continuity cannot be maintained with regular gaps of three weeks or more.
- Should make their monetary contribution before setting-off.

➤ Must establish the date(s) of the next run(s) at the debriefing, and they must PRACTISE between these dates.

➤ Must make an effort to STUDY the THEORY by reading the relevant literature; for example 'How to be a Better Rider', 'Highway Code', 'Roadcraft' etc.

➤ Cancellation of a run due to the weather will be at the discretion of the Observer. If, after a period of one month, an Observer has not heard from the Associate it will be assumed that interest has been lost and the Associate's name will be placed back at the bottom of the waiting list.

➤ A review of the Associate's progress is mandatory, requiring a Check Run with a Senior Observer after six runs or six months. When the Observer feels that the Associate is riding consistently to the required standard a Pre-Test Assessment will be arranged with a Senior Observer. The Observer will give as much help and encouragement as possible but the onus is on the Associate to endeavour.

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IDCAM

INTRODUCTORY DAY COURSE IN ADVANCED MOTORCYCLING

The revised style IDCAM has been running for some months now. Attendees book in at 8.45am and have their documents and bikes checked over. A short classroom presentation about KAMG and Advanced Motorcycling commences at about 9.00am. An assessed ride follows with a short debrief before a coffee break. A classroom session about the System of Motorcycle Control takes us to lunch time. We also fit in a Highway Code quiz and the POWDDERSS check of a motorcycle,

so it's quite a busy morning. After lunch, attendees go out for a second assessed ride with an Observer, finishing at a mutually agreed location.

If you would like to attend as an Associate contact Tony Young associates@kamg.org.uk. Observers should confirm their willingness to help on Tracker and Tim Johansen will keep them informed as to our needs for the session.



**CHECK THE KAMG WEBSITE
FOR NEXT AVAILABLE DATES
OR CONTACT TONY YOUNG ON
associates@kamg.org.uk**

SOCIAL AND TRAINING RIDES - GUIDELINES

START from the OAKDENE Café layby with a FULL petrol tank and an EMPTY bladder!

There will be a green badge holder at the front and rear of each group of 4 riders, who will depart at 2 minute intervals.

It is an opportunity to ride with others who have passed their IAM test and then socialise with club members at the finish point over a cup of tea or coffee and breakfast.

Rides start at 10.00am in December, January and February and at 09.00am for all other months

For the safety of participants, if the temperature at the start point drops below **3°C**, the ride will be cancelled.

PLEASE CHECK THE KAMG WEBSITE OR TRACKER SYSTEM FOR THE ROUTES OF ALL FUTURE RIDES.

The up-to-date routes can be downloaded to your Sat Nav or printed out if you prefer. They will also be advertised in the RIDERS Extra E News published and sent out to all members monthly via Tracker.

ASSOCIATES NON GREEN BADGE HOLDERS

- Maintain highest riding standards at all times
- Read the road ahead, NOT the vehicle in front
- Always keep the rider behind in your mirrors
- Maintain your allocated position unless otherwise directed
- Ride to YOUR capabilities not the rider in front
- **YOU are responsible for your ride at all times**
- **Carry your KAMG membership and ICE cards**

GROUP LEADERS GREEN BADGE HOLDERS

- Make sure all in your group are logged with the run organiser (for insurance purposes)
- Please follow the prescribed route not your own
- Confirm destination and route to group
- Explain run guidelines
- Explain stopping procedures
- Allow a quicker group to pass if necessary
- Select a 'Tail-End Charlie'
- Consider change of associate order at a midway point
- **Adjust speed as appropriate for the group and ride to the SLOWEST rider**



Carry your ICE (In Case of Emergency) card with you, as you may be asked to produce it. When going on a group ride, the ride will terminate at the destination. If this will leave you in unfamiliar territory and you would like an accompanied ride back to the start,

please make this known to the run leader or your group leader before the ride starts. **It is a condition for all club runs that you MUST be a member of the IAM for Insurance purposes. Not a member, then you are not insured.**

CONTACT PAGE

President: **Terry Friday**
Vice President: **Dave Murphy**
Honorary Life Members: **Rod Collins • Kevin Chapman • Terry Friday
John Leigh • John Lemon • Mike Knowles
Brenda Vickery • Ian Burchell • Sue Mills**



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