

RIDERS



ISSUE 217 • February 2020 • Registered Charity No. 1060837



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Nick Farley, Editor

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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 group runs.

Magazine design and layout by John Gardiner.

EDITORIAL

Speeding Pork Pies

Elsewhere in this riveting issue you will find an account of Pork Pie IX, and in the last issue there was the story of Pork Pie VIII ... no, no please don't switch off otherwise you will miss some interesting stuff about speeding, I promise... anyway, apparently it wasn't Pork Pie VIII at all – no, it was just a plain old everyday trip to Scotland and I shouldn't have graced it with so grand a title as Pork Pie VIII. Sorry about that. You can see where my confusion arose because in the May 2019 edition there was the story of Pork Pie VII and so naturally when a crowd of bikes followed Steve Riches out of Thurrock Services in June I assumed that, as usual, they were in a numerical quest for pork pies that would logically have been VIII, but it wasn't, it was just a dull old, common or garden ride to Scotland. I don't know what has happened to Pork Pie VIII because this issue tells the story of Pork Pie IX. Somewhere there exists, therefore, the lost story of the eighth quest for pig and pastry, but never mind, don't look for it, we have moved on.

Anyway, part of ninth the trip (see page21) took the merry band of riders through West Yorkshire a place where I find myself riding a couple of times each year when visiting my daughter, and despite the scenery and a truly great BMW agent (Allan Jefferies) it is quite the most awful place to ride (or to drive, come to that), because it's the most speed camera infested place on the planet. There are more speed cameras in West Yorkshire than in a speed camera factory. Some are in rows of three only about a hundred yards apart. I have moaned many times about this to people who live there and now we have the proof: last year West Yorkshire police issued 181,867 speed camera tickets. That's 500 a day, and it's 160,000 more than Kent. If you approach W Yorks by riding through Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire (24000 and 12000 tickets respectively) you immediately become aware of the increase in the number of cameras as you ride across the border and into a veritable orchard of yellow camera trees. Of course, I'm not advocating a ban on speed cameras, but it does seem daft that there should be such a huge discrepancy between counties. Next time you are seeking pork in West Yorkshire be very careful.

AGM

The AGM will be held at the group night on March 26th. All the existing committee will stand down as required but most are standing for re-election including the three who are also the trustees of the KAMG charity – the Chairman, the Treasurer and the Secretary. As always new committee members are welcome, so please come forward if you want to play a part in running the group. At this AGM you will also be asked to vote on a proposal to increase the KAMG membership fee from next year – April 1st 2021. Please read Joe Mair's piece on page 28 which is an excellent account of what the group does and why the committee thinks there needs to be an increase in the membership fee.

VIEW FROM THE CHAIR . . .

Happy 2020. Wow! I can't believe it's now the end of February. We have already begun the year with many ride-outs in the rain and wind, and whatever else this winter has thrown at us....so now bring on the spring and some cracking riding weather. I have a new set of leathers that need a good airing and I cannot wait for holidays with biking friends, training weekends with both old and new members, and to expand our group in as many ways as we can. I am passionate about biking and road safety and love to enthuse other riders to keep on passing on these amazing skills to others, and at the time of writing this I am due to attend the MCN Excel motorbike show to promote IAM/KAMG and safer riding.

We have a large mix of members who are not all the same and my vision for KAMG is to include as many different types of riders as we can. Over the time I have been in the chair I have realised that we may not all get along all of the time, BUT as a large group of individuals (now over 400) we all have a place at KAMG and things to share with each other. We all have a common interest in two wheels, so with this in mind I am looking forward to a great 2020 biking year. We cannot please all the people all of the time but Hell we will give it a good shot.

Tina Underwood

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

March

- Sun 1st Social and training ride
- Mon 9th Committee meeting
- Mon 16th Observer Team Meetings week
- Sat 14th IDCAM
- Sat 21st Machine Control Day
- Thurs 26th **AGM and Group night**
- Sun 29th Social and training ride.

April

- Wed 1st **Reminder: KAMG membership renewal due today**
- Sat 4th Pork Pie X starts
- Mon 6th Committee meeting
- Thurs 16th Fish and chip run
- Sat 18th IDCAM
- Sat 25th Day trip to France – contact Joe Mair
- Thurs 30th Group night

May

- Sun 3rd Social and training ride
- Fri 8th Three day ride to Rutland Water

- Mon 11th Committee meeting
- Thurs 14th Training sub-committee meeting
- Sat 16th IDCAM
- Sun 17th Green Badge ride-out
- Thurs 21st Fish and chip run
- Thurs 28th Group night
- Sat 30th Tour of Scotland starts
- Sun 31st Social and training ride

Contacts:

IDCAM – contact Matt Barnes at mbarnes7@me.com
Machine Control Day – contact Jim Pullum mcd@kamg.org.uk
Day trip to France – contact Joe Mair group-secretary@kamg.org.uk

All dates and times are subject to change but are correct at time of going to press. Please check on Tracker before attending any activity for up to date information. All social and training rides will leave from Leybourne Lakes car park, ME20 6AD, and all rides will leave at 9am. It's not essential but it would be very helpful if you could register on Tracker if you intend to go on a Social and training ride so that the organiser can notify the destination café of expected numbers.

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

A HOT TIP

Dave Willson
remembers when he smoked Woodbines with very cold hands



I feel that I might be preaching to the converted, but are there any group members that don't have heated grips, and if not why not? You see, when I started motorcycling, heated grips, and for that matter heated jackets, heated gloves and heated seats hadn't been invented. Back in the 1970s you had to be a double hard bastard to ride a bike. Back then nobody had heard of PTSD, you just had to have a cup of sweet tea and a Woodbine and get on with it. Motorcyclists in the seventies used to sprinkle rusty nails on their Weetabix - three Weetabix obviously. They do say, too, that Chuck Norris is so hard that when he does a push up he doesn't go up, he just pushes the earth down. Well, in the seventies Chuck Norris would cross the road in fear if he saw a biker coming.

But I digress. Much as I used to enjoy the sheer bliss of sitting at a red traffic light with my hands wrapped around the engine block feeling the warmth penetrate through the gloves, the joy was only fleeting and thankfully time and technology have moved on. Having bought a secondhand bike three years ago without heated grips and having endured two winters of frost-bitten torture, I decided to do something about this and purchased a pair of Oxford HotGrips. Up until recently, fitting heated grips was a nightmare because if you wired them directly to your battery and forgot to turn them off when you finished your journey, you'd come back to a flat battery. At least you

wouldn't get cold hands if your bike wouldn't start, but it wasn't ideal. The way to avoid this was to wire them directly into the ignition, yet most people, myself included, would be horrified at the thought of cutting into the wiring loom. Not wanting to pay a mechanic extortionate amounts to fit them meant that, unless your bike came with them as standard, most people just suffered with frozen hands. Well, the revolutionary design of Oxford's control switch means that you *can* now connect them directly to your battery. The intelligent switch monitors current draw from the battery so that it knows when your ignition is turned off, and if you should leave the grips turned on, after five minutes it automatically turns them off.

I'm not going to give a blow by blow account of how to fit them. A trained monkey could do it, but here are a few tips that I hope will make the job even easier. Incidentally, if you do want a good tutorial for fitting them I can recommend 'Delboy's Garage' on YouTube. In fact, he is my point of reference for all maintenance jobs. He produces a good series of clear, well-explained videos. Take a look. The first job is getting the old grips off. Just slip a thin-bladed screwdriver between the grip and bar as far as you can and then squirt, yes, you've guessed it, WD40 into the gap. Now work the screwdriver around pushing it in a bit further, then a bit more WD40, and off it'll slide. Someone once told me that you only need two tools in your toolbox - WD40 and

gaffer tape. If something moves that shouldn't, gaffer tape it; and if something doesn't move that should, WD40 it. Although GT85 smells a lot nicer. When it comes to fitting the new grips Oxford do provide a tube of superglue, but the throttle side was such a tight fit I ended up using WD40 to get it on, and, unless it becomes loose over time, I don't think any glue will be needed. However, the left side was quite loose and slid on easily. I've got chrome handlebars so didn't hold out much hope for the superglue and I was right but I resorted to a trick I was shown years ago - hairspray. No, I don't mean give up and go and see a musical. I mean liberally coat the inside of the grip with hairspray. When

wet it acts as a lubricant and when dry it makes quite a good glue. To be honest it doesn't matter that much if the left grip rotates a bit, but I like things just so. Not much to say about routing the wires. Connecting them together is foolproof, only certain sockets will plug together, and you just need to find a nice route under your tank to the battery, ensuring that nothing snags or rubs and that you've left enough slack when turning the bars from lock to lock. I don't know how long Oxford think a bike is but they give you about eight feet of wire. However, with the cable ties provided you can tuck it all away neatly under the seat. In fact how difficult this job is will only depend on how much fairing, side panels and stuff you need to remove to get your tank up.

One last important thing to note: there are adventure, sports, touring or scooter versions of these grips and they are all different lengths. I opted for the touring version and didn't realise there were different length options until I was too far into the job to change them. They were about 5mm too short but it wasn't a problem, it just looked odd, which meant that I had to move all my handlebar furniture a bit. So, why did I fit them myself? Well, these grips retail at just under £80 but J&S are doing them for £50, and if you go and see Tony at Maidstone you can get them for £45. Some dealers are quoting £170 to £180 to supply and fit heated grips. Enough said. At least Dick Turpin had the decency to wear a mask.



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CUT THE GRASS ON SUNDAY



It's a really hot sunny day and we're miles from civilisation somewhere in the middle of the Kent countryside. Sheep graze unconcernedly in the fields around. We are seated in comfortable deck chairs clutching huge doorstep ham and pickle sandwiches – ham and pickle sandwiches playing at

the very top of their game, I may add – and there is the pleasant anticipation of the enormous ice cream that will soon follow. In short, there is very little wrong with the world as far as I can see. But what sets the seal on this bucolic idyll is the sight and sound of a howl* of motorbikes being ridden ridiculously fast, just a few feet in front of us. This is a proper grasstrack racing day.

I went to a couple of grasstrack meetings last summer. I hadn't been to a grasstrack meet for a few years and I had forgotten just what a great way it is to spend a sunny Sunday. There's nothing quite like grasstrack racing: in its relaxed rural atmosphere I always think it's the motorbike equivalent

of village cricket, but with a bit more movement... actually quite a lot more movement. But how many Test cricketers do you see on your village green? None. Yet, at your local, rural, grasstrack you will see world champions. It's the polar opposite of all that poncey posturing, preening and parading that marks the other end of the motorsport spectrum. At a



Typical 500cc grasstrack bike. Italian GM (Giuseppe Marzotto) engine. No brakes, but gearbox and rear suspension make it quite different from a speedway bike.



Mum and the family dig mud out of the tyres between races



1000cc sidecars

500cc solos



Mr Parmenter in action



grasstrack meeting there are no grandstands, there are no premium seats and there's no extra charge to walk around the paddock. You just turn up, choose your spot, and lay out your seats and your picnic beside the trackside ropes. That's it. You can sometimes even drive your car right up to the ropes to watch while, only a few feet in front of you, proper hard-core blokes, and indeed the occasional hard-core lady, race motorbikes around a

simple oval track in a grass field. No one ever arrives in a helicopter.

Superficially, grasstrack is like speedway, but unlike speedway, where there are only four riders in each race, there can be 12 riders in a grasstrack race. The bikes are roughly similar and neither speedway nor grasstrack bikes have brakes, but grasstrackers usually have two gears while speedway bikes have only one.

At the Astra club's meeting last September there were 37 races – yes 37 – of which 16 were for sidecars, and at the Frittenden meeting in October there were 48 races. 48! Sidecars are a major attraction at grasstrack racing and they go round in both directions –



Sheep graze unconcernedly in the next field...



... and not everyone watches the races

MEETINGS IN 2020

Frittenden Club – Location: Sandhurst Bridge Farm, TN17 2ED. First race 12.30pm.
 24th May 'Battle of Britain'
 26th July Open meeting
 27th September 'Frittenden Flyer'

Astra Club – Location: Smersole Farm, Swingfield, CT15 7HF. First race 1pm.
 Sept 13th 'British Masters'

that is to say, clockwise and anti-clockwise, but not in the same race, of course.

Grasstracking is a really great day out, and after the racing is over, and if you are in no hurry, you can help pull up the hundreds of stakes that support the ropes round the track edge, which all adds to the low-key, 'village fete' atmosphere. If you have never been grasstrack racing you must give it a go this year. If, like me, you haven't been for some time, then catch up with it again this year. It's a fantastic way to watch someone else cut the grass on Sunday. Super noisy mowers too. Break out the ham and pickles and go.

NF

* 'howl' - collective noun for a group of grasstrack bikes.



Picture by Darren Nokes



Grasstracking is for proper blokes like Mr Parmenter from Essex.



Two European Champions side by side at the Astra meeting last September, Andrew Appleton and Zach Wajtnecht. Picture by Darren Nokes



Picture by Darren Nokes



Picture by Darren Nokes



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IDLE MOMENTS

A blipping saga by Geoff Curtis

A number of you will remember my faithful old retainer Fifty Shades of Blue (*Geoff's old blue Honda Blackbird. Ed.*) which stayed with me for touring while other nimbler bikes, used for fun on B roads, came and went. In the end, the poor old thing had to be sent to the breakers; another electrical problem finally exceeding the limit of my patience. Its replacement is a K1300S from that prestigious maker BMW, and it's my first venture into the dark side. It's a spritely thing, half the age with a fraction of the mileage of the Blackbird (4,600 over ten years compared to 96,000). At the end of November 2018 it was my first purchase via those nice chaps at Fastlane Moto in Tonbridge who have serviced all my bikes for many years. However, with modern bikes can come modern problems and before I get into my stride, I would just like to say that I hold nothing against anyone mentioned herein. I'm sure that everyone gave the best advice and service they could, based on the circumstances and the information available. But...

In was in January 2019 that the fun and games began: the BMW was not happy to tickover, especially after using engine braking to hold speed on a hill, and I was having to manage the problem by holding a little throttle at junctions or by blipping it. Back to Fastlane then, for diagnostics, but nothing showed up and Stuart happily checked and adjusted the throttle cables to eradicate any excess slack and there was no charge. Fastlane are very good like that. However, the problem persisted and I concluded Fastlane had given it their best shot but cannot be experts in all

makes and models and I took the bike off to Cooper's BMW in Tunbridge Wells. They advised that K&N air filters, as fitted to my bike, if not cleaned periodically and at least annually, could become gummed up, due to the oil drying out and thus cutting down air flow. Despite its many years with its original owner, my bike had done little mileage between MOTs so this would likely be the case. Having an owner's handbook which assumes no self-respecting BMW owner would wish to dirty his hands, and not wanting to start dismantling a bike with which I was unfamiliar, I was happy to have Cooper's carry out the work of replacing the air filter. Unfortunately, BMW agents are not allowed to supply non-BMW parts, but they said that if I bought a new K&N filter and took it in, they would fit it. I turned up with the part in mid-February for fitting, but BMW had a change of policy and were now not allowed to fit non-BMW parts despite my pointing out that they supply and fit the Akrapovič exhaust option for customers who choose it and they did agree to go ahead. The mechanic who did the job then said, "Where's the other one?" "Eh?" said I. "There's one each side in its own airbox on this model," said he. "Oh" said I (a man of few words on this occasion). "Don't worry," he carried on, "buy the other one and fit it yourself, it's easy," and he showed me that you only need to whip off a couple of panels, open the clips of the airbox and swap the contents. Simple. And this I did. The cost so far was around £100 for the pair of filters plus £60 for Coopers to fit the first one. Did it fix the problem? What do you think? It was all right for a while but then the irritating stalling returned.

Back to Fastlane in mid-April for more diagnostics that again showed a blank, but no charge again. Another one of their regulars, Brian Giles, who runs his own BMW motorcycle service and repair business, happened to be there for an MOT for a bike he was working on. Discussion ensued and he kindly offered to put my bike on his diagnostics and see if anything was amiss. Near the end of the month he hooked my bike up to his more sophisticated equipment and discovered that the sensors of the engine management system were out of alignment, this being due to the bike having been out of action for so long prior to my purchase that the internal battery had lost all charge and the computer had lost its memory. Brian reset the sensors and then went through the calibration routine and generously refused to accept payment (though I did drop round a big box of chocolates next time I was passing). Did this fix the problem? For a time, yes, and I relaxed at junctions with the expectation of the engine continuing to run. A tour to Wales with my club was uneventful and I was looking forward to many more care-free miles in Norway in June. (*See 'Dead Parrot Tour' in August 2019 Riders*)

My first stop on that epic tour was Osnabruck and all was well until, having come off the motorway I joined rush-hour traffic. Filtering was not possible with my panniers, and I needed to stop. My temperature and that of the bike were rising in the sunshine and as I braked after trickling to the end of a queue the engine died. Two feet behind me was an articulated lorry and close to my right was Armco, so no pushing off the road to safety. My temperature rose further then as I hastily found neutral and pressed the start button. Fortunately, as on every previous occasion, the restart was immediate and I went into problem management mode once more. I must admit this caused me some consternation with the prospect of over four thousand miles ahead of me in Norway before I got home. My pessimistic thought was, "what if the problem becomes worse while I am miles from anywhere; should I abandon my tour?" This was only a momentary thought however, as I remembered how much was invested in non-refundable advance bookings for accommodation and ferries and I had a much more positive thought, "To hell with it, on to Norway!"

Due to other events, it wasn't until August, over five thousand miles later, that I visited Brian again and had a full ECU software upgrade, which cost £80. There had only been a couple of revisions over the years, as it turned out. Did the upgrade work? Not on your Nelly! Having done some research on owners' websites, and due to the volume of comments there, I tended to think that the problem must be

the throttle position sensor. Knowing the dubious nature of online advice, I rang Brian and he agreed that this would be the sensible next step and that Fastlane could easily do this for me (he's a busy man, much in demand). Fastlane were happy to add this extra task to the standard service they were to carry out late in August and ordered the part (see picture). This cost £128 and is apparently a bugger to replace due to its location and the fiddly BMW clips; labour charge £200. Problem solved at last at great expense? I wish.

I managed to book my bike in with Cooper's again for more diagnostics before my next foreign tour, which was to Spain in September, but this work could not be carried out as their computer was 'down'. (Why didn't they use the telephone to let me know?) Off I went to Spain via Dieppe to play in the Pyrenees and I can tell you that sharp, steep, downhill hairpins taken when coasting with no engine assistance while restarting, are no fun at all.

Once back in England I went to Cooper's for the diagnostics. My luck was in, they could hook it up if I just waited for them to finish another bike. With my wife expecting me in Crowborough a bit later to view a house, I said I would wait a little while. My waiting time having long expired, I went in to reception to say I had to go and would return later. As it happened, a mechanic was behind service reception with the young lady and he said something along the lines of, "A K1300S is it? With an idling problem? No need for diagnostics then, it's the idle control valve we need to order. It's a common fault." So off I went. I arrived too late to see the house, but I was not entirely upset because the part would be fitted on Thursday the same week; priorities, priorities. The idle control valve was fitted at a cost of £108 for the part plus £95 for labour, plus VAT of course, and would you know it? Having been in situ for about 150 miles, it has solved the problem, apparently. Hoorah! Furthermore, I don't believe it's just my imagination that the engine's whole performance is smoother. . . . *or is it?*

Timeline

- 30.11.18. - Bike purchased
- January '19 - Problem arose and throttle cables checked and adjusted
- February '19 - Air filters replaced
- April '19 - All ECU sensors reset and calibrated
- August '19 - ECU software upgrade
- August '19 - throttle position sensor replaced
- October '19 - idle control valve replaced
- Total cost £812 (so the bike was not a bargain after all.)



LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

John Ward reports that he and son Alex have advanced



I'm now 63 and my motorcycling journey started over 30 years ago as a cost saving initiative for the North Kent to Central London commute. True all-weather riding and, as those of us in the 'commuter club' will testify, the commute can be either the best or worst part of your day, dictated by a combination of weather and traffic. Alex, my son, aged 31, had dabbled with motocross and mopeds from the age of 14, but really joined the two wheeled party at the age of 21 when he bought a 1998 Yamaha Thunderace. Ever ambitious, Alex jumped from a 250cc enduro bike to an old 1000cc sports bike. What could possibly go wrong? The early riding days for him were mainly for fun at weekends on sunny days, but this has since evolved into commuting and all the pre-IPSGA bad habits that go with it. In recent years both of us wanted to expand our horizons beyond rides to the Bike Shed in Shoreditch for breakfast (lovely eggs benedict, by the way), so we started looking into different ways of improving our riding. After a two day Triumph off-road Adventure Experience in the Brecon Beacons, a

John & Alex on the Triumph Offroad Adventure Experience

one day Metropolitan Police BikeSafe course, and an invitation to one of the KAMG Group Nights courtesy of Colin Billings, the easy decision was made to sign up and for both of us to go for the coveted IAM Green Badge. Colin has been a friend of mine since we were both in short trousers and in fact I sold 16 year old Colin his first bike, a Puch Maxi. We also went together to the Biker Down course run by Kent Fire & Rescue in Rochester in April 2019.

On the BikeSafe course the observing officer was very complimentary about Alex's and my riding. So, with overinflated egos, we both attended our respective IDCAMs and came crashing down to earth with the realisation that there was much room for improvement. Naturally, as father and son going through the process at the same time, there was a healthy rivalry about who would pass first, who could get the least points, and if either could achieve the mythical First. As it transpired, regarding the First... neither. But aside from learning IPSGA, TUG, OAP, and more acronyms than you can

shake a stick at, the overwhelming thought on being awarded the Green Badge was just how many people had been so generous with their time (and patience) to bring us up to standard. I thoroughly enjoyed the experience and want to say a big thank you to my observer, Craig Ayres, who has invested a great deal of time and effort into dragging me through this. I thought I was a decent rider, having commuted to and from London for about 25 years in all weathers, with scant regard for speed limits and treating speed cameras as a challenge to get past without being caught. However, at the end of my first observed ride, I felt that I was a dreadful rider, a risk to myself and all other road users. Over the following months, Craig worked hard to build up my skills and confidence. I'm absolutely certain that I'm a much better and safer rider now and I definitely make better progress, even though I no longer challenge the speed cameras. I think I had 11 observed rides with Craig and a few with other observers (Martin Ford and Steve Riches, as well as an LOA ride

Alex on his Yamaha WR250

with Ian Walker). Getting different perspectives and feedback on my rides was a really useful exercise. What next? I'm not sure yet, but many years ago I knew a guy who did Blood Bike rides in Somerset and I'm interested in finding out more about that. Time will tell.

When Steve Riches asked Alex why he wanted to become an advanced rider he responded with a fairly blank expression and really had to think about the actual reason. He said that he'd been riding on the road for ten years and aside from the occasional bum-clenching moments that we have all had, it was finally a brush with Folkestone Magistrates Court over a hefty speeding ticket that made his mind up about improving his observation and slowing things down. So the answer to Steve's question was that he wanted to slow down. The skills Steve has taught him about riding in the 30 and 40 limits, and being more aware of the potential hazards around him, has dramatically restrained his riding; however, the same positioning and observation

techniques have given him better use of speed, improved safety, and more fun in the national limits

Both of our tests began as nerve-wracking experiences, but the nerves faded and the fun set in upon meeting our examiner Steve Bradbury and heading off from the Shell petrol station opposite the Audi garage in Bexleyheath. We are both glad to have passed first time and in case anyone was curious about the outcome... the older generation proved that you can teach an old dog new tricks and got the better score.

(In getting this father and son team to Advanced Rider status, both would like to thank the following specifically for their commitment, time and advice, not to mention their patience: Craig Ayres, Andrew Barnes, Colin Billings, Ian Broughton, Martin Brown, Martin Ford, John Holland, John Lemon, Joe Mair, Steve Riches, Ian Walker, and their examiner Stephen Bradbury. "Listing these names shows how many dedicated KAMG ambassadors are willing to help



Alex on his Thunderace before he was 'advanced'.

associates achieve their goal, and each of these members is a real credit to the group and its ethos," says John. And what makes this all the more impressive is that John achieved this despite suffering from multiple sclerosis, and without his Harley Davidson breaking down. Ed.)



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TALES OF A PETERBOROUGH TRAINING WEEKEND

Three Advanced Test passes, including two Firsts, plus the usual cake and coffee overload

Pat Leeds

I've just returned from a very enjoyable training weekend to Peterborough although before I went I have to admit to some apprehension on my part about what the weekend would hold. Lots of bikes, riding in a group is not my idea of fun. Usually I ride with my hubby and/or son and that suits me just fine. Well, I've had to change my mind.

Arriving at Thurrock Services at 8.00am on Saturday, we were greeted by a sea of bikes and my heart sank. But after a safety briefing and being given the order of the day, husband went with his group and I with mine, and the groups set off at two minute intervals so that we could all ride our 'own' ride to Peterborough. Each group consisted of three bikes – bike one was being observed and was followed by an observer, with bike three following both and having the perfect opportunity to take in the observer's ride and that of bike one. We followed a lovely route through Essex on A and B roads including a bit of town work, and after a very quick 90 minutes we stopped for coffee and feedback at a garden centre. Having been the last group to leave Thurrock, we were greeted by all the other bikes when we arrived and that was the first time we had seen them since we set off. The debrief of bike one's ride was accompanied by a welcome pot of tea, and I found I learnt a lot by being bike three, not only from following the observer, but also from the debrief of bike one. It was interesting to see what was commented on and noting how my own decisions could be made better. Refreshed, we left the garden centre in the same groups of three. This time I was bike one and was being observed as we continued on lovely open roads, with long sweeping bends, hairpins and hills, and through delightful villages with the usual hazards

of parked cars and oblivious pedestrians. Lunch stop was very welcome and my turn for a debrief. The afternoon was a repeat format of the morning, but this time with a different observer. By the time the hotel in Peterborough came in sight, I was tired from two observed rides in one day, four sets of feedback, and applying the feedback points to my own ride. After my debrief at the hotel over a deliciously welcome cold beer, there was just time for a quick shower and change before the group met in the bar for pre-dinner drinks. It was a lively evening in good company with good food and to end the day, a good sleep.

On Sunday morning we woke to a damp day. Hey ho! There was one observed ride in the morning followed by a group ride to Thurrock Services after the lunch stop. That was another new experience for me and I was a little apprehensive about how the marker system would work with so many bikes; but no problems – of course it worked. We all rode our own ride and with the marker system there was a rider to mark every junction we needed to take, no one got lost. Nor were we all bunched up like a ducklings behind mother duck; we were spread out over roughly 10 minutes, all riding within our own comfort zone. Thank you to Tina, Colin and Steve for a very enjoyable weekend. It was a great route and I learnt a lot.

John Hampton

Saturday, September 14th, dawned bright and clear and at around 8am I headed to the rendezvous point at Thurrock Services. The A2 and M25 were quite clear of traffic but there was just a slight, early morning chill, or, I wondered, was that just me knowing I was at last going to take my IAM Skills for Life advanced motorcycling test sometime

during the day? On arriving at Lakeside I counted around 30 bikes of all types and sizes, and parked my Honda NC750S (DCT) amongst them. Heading over to where the group were gathered, I saw the legendary Steve Riches and Colin Underwood (*Legendary!?* Ed.) take up position on the steps, 'Roman Forum style', to address the riders for the weekend. Explaining how the weekend would pan out, we were all handed well-prepared folders by Tina Underwood and colleagues showing our allocated observers, riding partners and the various stopping points over the two days. It all looked particularly well organised to me.

The weather was warming up nicely as we headed off and I was feeling optimistic. Once we reached the Norton Heath Café, off the A414 near Chipping Ongar, for a stop, I was told I was meeting Trevor Shearsmith, my IAM examiner. I was feeling some trepidation at this point, but I needn't have worried, as Trevor introduced himself and went through the process of how the exam ride would progress. A decent bacon and sausage sandwich and a large coffee certainly helped proceedings at this stage. With the sun shining and getting ever warmer, I thought just how good the conditions were for a mid-September day's ride (especially a test.), and I started the NC750S having completed my POWDERR checks. Trevor was on his Honda Africa twin also a DCT, and we headed off. Long, well-surfaced, dry roads greeted us, with wide corners and sweeping bends. I actually started to enjoy myself (a bit) and pushed the DCT along considerably harder than it was usually accustomed to on my daily commute into and out of traffic clogged central London. All the many practice rides I had had with Colin over the years (yes, it's that long folks), and other kindly observers, started to pay off and I used this experience to my advantage. Everything seemed to flow well and, using IPSGA to the full, I spotted and stopped for a huge tractor in the middle of a countryside road a couple of hundred metres after I had seen a 'tractor' warning sign. Had Trevor arranged this in advance? No, surely not. Some nice overtaking opportunities also arose and I was surprised at how well everything was coming together: could this finally be it?

Well, I can say with much satisfaction, after the test ride finished, that it was indeed 'finally it'. Trevor looked quite content when he got off his bike and just before we walked towards the garden centre where the other riders were having lunch, I was told that I had passed. Fantastic news indeed. And to top it all as we were having a post-test coffee, he proudly announced that I had been awarded a 'First'. I was over the moon and, as others commented later, I continued with a smile on my face for the whole weekend. And when back at work too, it's fair to say.

I would thoroughly recommend to anyone considering taking the IAM test to do so and to persevere with the observed rides and training. Weekends like the one in Peterborough really help. Although it takes dedication and some time to achieve a test pass (as in my case), it really is worth it in the end. I am now the proud owner of my certificate which arrived recently in the post and occupies pride of place in the living room. Many thanks again to Colin Underwood my ever patient observer, and congratulations also to my two (former) associate riding colleagues, Royston Bakewell and John Spencer, who also achieved test passes over the Peterborough weekend. Safe and enjoyable riding everyone.

Royston Bakewell

Joe Mair, my observer, suggested that it would be a good idea for me to go on the Peterborough Training Weekend and recommended that I took my Advanced Test during the weekend. I was the first to be observed after leaving Thurrock Services and it proved to be an interesting ride with 'closed roads', diversions and a rail crossing where we waited for six trains to pass! Then following the break for tea I changed around with John, my partner associate, and I became 'Tail end Charlie' watching him and the observer until lunchtime. After lunch we swapped observers and set off for part two and repeated the observed runs. Eventually we arrived at the Premier Inn at Peterborough tired and in need of a drink or two. It was up bright and early on Sunday, except I don't do mornings, so for me it was ugh and early. I decided not to go for the full English and had something lighter, scrambled eggs on toast with plenty of coffee. I started off on my test and all was going well until we hit a national limit, I accelerated and the bike slowed. The right hand rubber grip had come unstuck from the throttle, I quickly realised what had happened and continued the ride gripping the throttle tightly. For the first 20 to 30 minutes I was a little nervous but after that I settled down and enjoyed the ride. At the end of the test we pulled in to a café for a debrief and after a few questions I was told that I had passed the test with a few '2s'. So my plan for next year is to go for a 'First', if Joe is willing to take me on again. I would like to say congratulations to the other two associates who both passed their tests with a 'First', and thank you to Joe, Trevor and everyone involved in the weekend for making it relaxed and enjoyable. Would I do it again? Yes, and I would recommend any associate to do it, as riding on unfamiliar roads sharpens up your observation.

The 'legendary' Underwood and Riches addressing the troops 'Roman Forum Style'!!

John Hampton a happy man with a 'First' and a thirst.



Peterborough Training Weekends are spent eating cake.



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PORK PIE IX - AND IT'S 'JUDGEMENT DAY'

Martin Brown reveals all, except a pork pie



Tis the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness. Autumn, that is. But that's not quite what first sprang to mind meeting on a cold damp Thursday morning at Thurrock Services last October when, amid the curious glances of car drivers, our band of intrepid motorcyclists gathered in the early morning gloom. 37 riders and a few pillions duly set off north at eight o'clock with a holiday spring in their step and no regard for weather warnings whatsoever. Unfortunately, we then spent the next hour covering a measly 15 miles due to a couple of pesky lorries coming together and dispensing a load of very heavy looking stuff on the carriageway. Once we had filtered our way through that, things speeded up a bit and even with more slow riding practice on the A14 we managed to hit our first stop at Russell's Garden Centre a few minutes early. After leaving there the roads opened up even more and we managed to make some nice progress up into Lincolnshire. However, the rain was now coming down in earnest. By the time we arrived at 'Spuds and Berries' for our late lunch stop the amount of water pouring off everyone's gear made a trip to the bathroom a major slip hazard, to say nothing of all the chairs that took a soaking from nearly 40 soggy bottoms.

Undeterred we pressed on as there was only an hour or so to get to our hotel. We arrived at around 6pm with our dinner booked for 7pm. However, those with knowledge of Premier Inns will be aware that they sometimes struggle with big group bookings and this evening was no exception. I think I had gone to bed by the time Sylvain got his dinner. To be fair they did improve and by the last night the service was much better and the food was surprisingly good throughout. Friday was our first day proper and we were off to the Lakes. The weather warnings were getting worse, but we went anyway. The first part of the day was a glorious run up from Skipton following the A roads north through Kirkby Lonsdale and Ingleton, skirting past Kendal

and then hanging a right at Ings just before Windermere. From there we followed the lovely winding road up to Kirkstone Pass via Troutbeck and down again through Hartsop and Patterdale for a tea stop in the beautiful town of Glenridding. If you haven't been put it on your "to do" list. There is even a boat trip available. As we left Glenridding the predicted rain arrived. Gosh it was wet. We slipped our way north again around the shore of Ullswater and followed the contour lines on lanes around the hills as we swung back south past Thirlmere with the peak of Helvellyn looming on our left.

As we came through Grasmere and up Red Bank the rain seemed to get even heavier. We slid and slithered our way down through Elterwater to our lunch stop at the Three Shires Inn in Little Langdale where we had a very welcome bowl of hot soup and some sandwiches. Unfortunately the rain was now so hard we were forced to cancel the planned ride up Hardknott Pass and took the short (two hours) ride back to Gargrave. Needless to say everyone was thoroughly soaked by the time we got back. However, a couple of people got even wetter – at the start of the day we did have an unexpected pillion as Jack's bike developed a fault and wouldn't start. Yes, that is the Jack who works for BMW. It turned out to be a sidestand switch issue, which meant that the bike thought the sidestand was down even though it wasn't. Back at the hotel, Jack (with the help of Adam) spent a rather soggy hour or so trying to bypass the issue (ahem...cut the wire) so he would be ok for Saturday. But when Saturday dawned the weather was no better. Today was a split decision for many as England were playing New Zealand in the rugby World Cup semi-final. Accordingly, we divided into two groups – the 'Rugby Remainers' and the 'Wensleydale Wanderers'. The rugby was fantastic, but towards the end of the game we got a message saying that it was 0.5 degrees and snowing in Wensleydale, so no more



The Ribblesdale viaduct



riding, and they were coming straight back. This message meant that the 'remainers' had to decide what to do. Some of us assumed that it meant that the day was over and retreated to the bar, then lunch and an afternoon nap. No riding for us today. Others however were more optimistic and arranged to go out at two-ish if the weather improved.

As it turned out the message was a bit misleading and the weather did improve as the day wore on. Despite much water across the A65 towards Skipton and many small (and not so small) floods, the wanderers made it to Hawes and the Wensleydale Creamery ("good cheese grommet"). The route then took them past Cracoe with a quick fuel stop at Threshfield. A nice run along the Wharfe Valley past Kilnsey and Kettlewell turning left at Starbottom and over the fells to Hawes. The road is small and tight, and it changes direction quickly with sudden rises and falls. This is where it was 0.5 degrees and snowing. The Wanderers got very wet and cold, so thank heaven for Grommet's Cafe to warm them up and have some cheese. Erika and Tina were super happy as they wandered amongst the 20 or so cheeses in the sample room, the rest of the team just dripped on the floor and warmed up. Unfortunately, Simon had a staple go through his rear tyre on the route up. He pumped it up and headed back to the hotel with Paul for company (Steve's pump in his top box). The route back was out of Hawes along the B6255 to the Ribble Viaduct then turn left to Settle. The rain had stopped but it was the end of Simon's ride as once back at the hotel he had to get the bike recovered and make his way home bike-less. The main group followed later on the same route (in case Simon and Paul had a problem) and what a ride, great roads and snow on the tops. There was the usual photo opportunity at the viaduct and we then had an hour in Settle for a quick look around and a coffee in the Ye Olde Naked Man Cafe before heading back to the hotel.

By now the weather was much better and some of the rugby remainers rejoined the main group. Tina wanted

another knotted dog (the previous one having apparently run away from home), so for those who wanted more miles it was off to Grassington to go shopping. Just down from the hotel, the previously mentioned small flood was now much deeper. It was around two feet or more and four cars had succumbed to the water and were no longer able to move under their own steam. We all managed to get through without incident despite the cars coming the other way going too fast and throwing gallons of water into our faces (luckily visors were down). We made it to Grassington and with the dog purchased we rode back past the Strid and Bolton Abbey, then to the hotel by a different route as there were now two-hour delays through the flood, which had not receded.

The attentive reader may be wondering what has any of this got to do with 'Judgement Day'? Well, Thursday evening was the start of the 'Judgements'. A prosecutor and judge were appointed (Colin Billings and Trevor Shearsmith, respectively). The prosecutor then went from table to table asking people to admit to 'offences' or not. If you admitted an offence the fine was a bit lower, but if you had to be forced to cough then the maximum levy was applied. Snitches were everywhere. Offences ranged from speeding or crossing solid white lines (or both usually) to the more spurious such as 'eating someone else's dinner'. You know who you are... Tim. Many were fined for watching the rugby, and one person for driving a car. Others copped it for not going out at all on Saturday. All in all we had a great laugh at each other's expense and raised around £350, which was donated to the Air Ambulance in memory of John Booker. Well done all.

Sunday was our ride home day and the weather was by now glorious. Reversing the route up we had a lovely ride in all the Autumn colours and revelled in the sunshine and blue skies. I, for one, am looking forward to next year's adventures already.



Somewhere in the north...



... somewhere else in the north, possibly.

SMART MOTORWAYS AND E-SCOOTERS ... AGAIN

Did you see the BBC Panorama programme about SMART motorways on January 27th? If you missed it you must catch up on iPlayer. It will scare you. Not because of the obvious crashes, but because of the interviews with two Ministers of Transport. The first one was Mike Penning, who was in charge when this whole crazy SMART motorway scheme was launched, and you will not be surprised to hear that none of this cock-up was his fault. No sirree! He says that he was quite clearly told that everything would be all right. He was, apparently, clever enough to get himself a job as a Government minister but not quite clever enough to work out for himself that stationary vehicles in a live lane of a motorway might be a danger, so he had to ask someone else what they thought, and they said that everything would be all right Minister and he shouldn't worry about it.

He's no longer Minister of Transport but – and get this – he is actually chairing the all-party group that is looking into the SMART motorway fiasco. He is, in effect, the judge at his own trial. And guess what? He's found himself innocent. The lunatics are actually running the asylum. His investigating group has published a damning report on his SMART motorways. But, please remember that it's not his fault. It's somebody else's fault. Penning said the report's findings would be "of little succour to the families who are without loved ones today because of design faults in all-

E-scooters are the future – they just need to be legal

Adam Norris made his fortune in pensions. Now he is betting we'll follow the French and get on green wheels, says Robert Watts

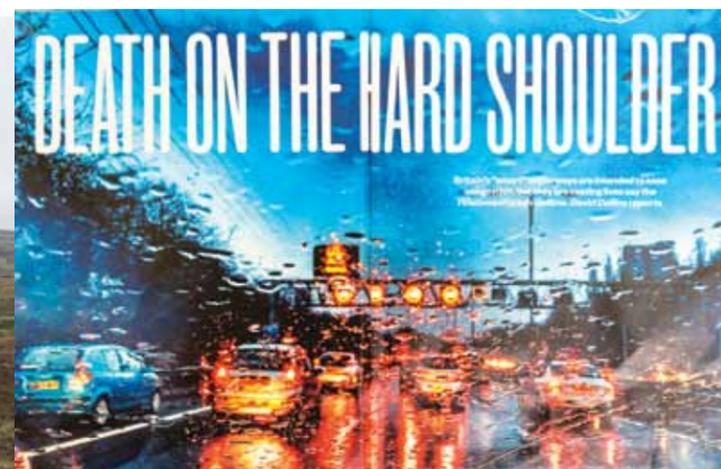
Glamorous it was not. He recalls 12-hour sessions pounding away on a trainer, without even a TV to relieve tedium. Worse still, this was a time when professional cycling was awash with drugs and blood doping. Three cyc-

Sunday Times Business news

lane-running on SMART motorways". How's that for nerve? He sanctioned them in the first place and now he's feeling sorry for the families affected. He says the roll out was "conducted with a shocking degree of carelessness (his?) – smart motorways today do not resemble the designs I signed off as roads minister. And Highways England appear to have casually ignored the commitments they made to the House of Commons in 2016." But, Mike mate, did it not occur to you that any scheme that allowed broken down vehicles to be stationary in a live motorway lane was dangerous? Clearly it didn't, but how very clever of you to blame someone else for your inability to see the glaringly obvious.

News Police 'misled' over smart motorways

Sunday Times magazine feature



'Without the technology we were promised, it is a recipe for disaster ... they can be a death trap'

Daily Telegraph headline

Imagine poor old Mike's surprise when people were being killed in his 'all right' SMART world. His surprise that it has all gone hideously wrong, is amazing to see on Panorama. Anyway, he's collected a knighthood as recognition of his unparalleled ability to listen to and act upon stupid advice. More frightening is Grant Shapps, the 12 year schoolboy who is the present Minister of Transport. Our lives are literally in his barely formed young hands now and that is a very scary prospect indeed. He, it seems, thinks that pretty much the only thing wrong with SMART motorways is that the 'refuges' are too far apart and if they were only 600 metres apart all would be well, and damned if young Grant isn't going to buckle down and see to it that this is put right.....eventually.... in a few deaths' time. But this means that he thinks, like his predecessor, that it's perfectly OK to have stationary vehicles in a live lane as long as there is a refuge only 600 metres away, and that it's also perfectly all right not to have a clear route for police and ambulances to reach accidents. Who is advising these people? The AA was against SMART motorways from the start, and its warnings were ignored. Did the IAM say anything?

Riders wrote about this issue last May, and since then (but not because of our small, barely heard voice) first the *Daily Telegraph*, then *The Sunday Times* and other newspapers have written about it, and now even the London-centric BBC has noticed that there's a problem and has had a superficial (Jeremy Vine) Radio 2 phone-in on the subject, as well as the more serious Panorama TV programme. But it's all too late; SMART motorways are here to stay, so prepare yourself for an endless stream of high-ranking politicians and officials blaming other high-ranking politicians and officials for what, to any ordinary person, was very obviously a stupid idea from the beginning.

Perhaps not quite such a problem yet, but it is brewing nicely, is the e.scooter thing. Should e.scooters be legal? That is the question, and once again anyone with a brain cell knows that to allow them to be used on UK roads without very strict regulation is very dangerous. As we

Daily Telegraph



Jeremy Clarkson *Sunday Times*

have said in *Riders* before, there are already too many people on the roads who are not required to be qualified and not required to be insured or to be identifiable in the event of an accident. To add to those millions yet another group that could be the biggest and most dangerous group of all, is folly. If the riders of e.scooters were required to take a test and to be insured, and if the 'vehicles' were registered and identifiable, and if their riders were regulated in the same way that other powered road users are, a case can be made for them. But that's not what's happening. There is a strong commercial lobby pushing to allow these scooters on to the road with only a minimum of control or regulation and there is no obvious counter lobby at the moment. These scooters are already causing problems across Europe where they have been allowed to operate unregulated, and it looks as if we are walking knowingly into that same set of problems.

The committee of KAMG has written to the IAM to ask it to use what influence it has at government level to counter the commercial lobby that is trying to persuade a seemingly compliant government to legalise these scooters without there being any proper regulation and without rider testing or the need for insurance. It may already be too late. We can't expect any help from the BBC as I suspect that half its staff are riding to work on

IAM website!!!



e.scooters now. What is very worrying is that despite KAMG's strongly worded letter, the IAM circulated in its newsletter of February 13th a pro-e.scooter blog by its 'Head of Driver Advice', Peter Rodger. This blog was all about e.scooters and what fun they are, and in it he asks if they are the transport of the future. Thanks IAM! These scooters are illegal, but as Peter Rodger says, "e.scooters are a fairly common sight (in London), sometimes just lost amongst the other two-wheeled traffic," and, "... in London the legal position is quite a long way behind the curve," implying that the legal position should catch

up with reality and allow these scooters to use the roads and cycle ways. Surely, rather than implying that these scooters should become legal simply because already lots of people are riding them illegally, the IAM should be campaigning for the legal position to prevail until a set of rules and regulations is drawn up after consultation with people who have a better grasp of what is acceptable than the same scary mob who led us headlong into SMART motorway madness.

NF



FOR THE RIDE

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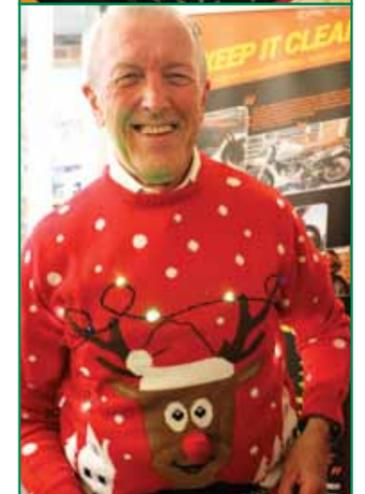
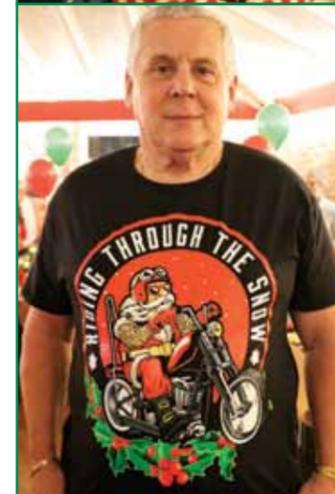
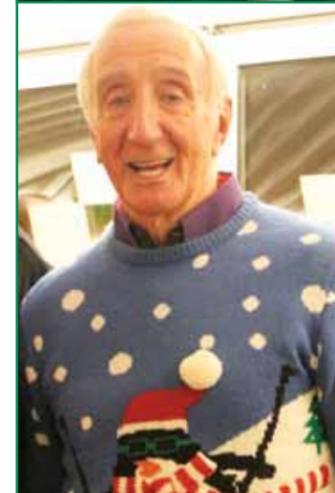
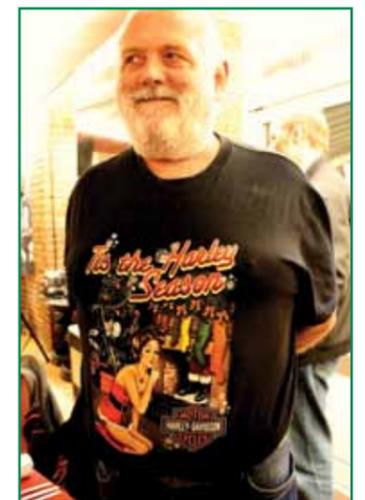


THE FIRST KAMG CHRISTMAS DINNER

It has often been suggested that we should have a KAMG Christmas dinner, but it is an idea that has always been considered an expensive risk. However, last Christmas we bit the bullet and on November 28th the first KAMG Christmas dinner finally happened and the Kentagon was transformed for the occasion. Our new posh PA system was in place and two very special guests were there to put it to the test – former British Superbike Champions and MotoGP riders Niall Mackenzie and Neil Hodgson, and there was a beautiful and incredibly detailed cake made by Sue Aspinall showing the pair of them racing, with Mackenzie on his Yamaha leading Hodgson on his Ducati across the icing tarmac. The whole evening was a huge success and will, I am sure, be repeated this year. World Superbike Champion Neil Hodgson even generously donated one of his trophies to be raffled and the money raised went to 16 year old Henry Boswell, a friend of Carol, the Kentagon maître d'. Henry has cancer and has recently had one leg amputated. £606 was raised.



Niall Mackenzie and Neil Hodgson, as I'm sure you already know, have started their own specialist motorcycle insurance company and they are obviously keen to attract Advanced riders. Why not give them a call. Tel: 0333 0053 100. www.mackenziehodgson.co.uk



KENT ADVANCED MOTORCYCLISTS GROUP (KAMG) AGM NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by order of the Group Committee that the Annual General Meeting of "KAMG" will be held at 20.00 on Thursday 26th March 2020 at The Kentagon, Brands Hatch Race Track to enable the Trustees of the Group (Registered Charity No: 1060837) to present their Annual Report and Accounts for the year ending 31/12/2019 for approval by the Group full members and to conduct an election.

Secretary's Name Joe Mair Date 31st January 2020
Address – As Per Tracker Group Number K 2095

All Group Full Members, associates and Friends are invited to attend but only Group Full Members may vote.

A member entitled to vote at the General Meeting may appoint a proxy to vote in his/her stead. A proxy need not be a Group Full member.

CURRENT OFFICERS

Chair	Tina Underwood	Will Stand
Vice Chair	Dave Murphy	Will Stand
Secretary	Joe Mair	Will Stand
Treasurer	Paul Jessop	Will Stand

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

The committee must retire annually and may offer themselves for re-election:

PROPOSAL FOR AN INCREASE IN MEMBERSHIP FEE



In the last year we've carried out over 750 observed rides, two training weekends, six tours across seven countries, twelve social and training runs, two day trips to France, four fish and chip runs and too many ad hoc bimbles and days out to count. We've had eleven group nights including a summer barbecue, demo nights, and speakers including a WSB champion, BSB champion, ex-met police forensic officers, and for the first time we had a Christmas party. The Observer corps has held two conferences and numerous area Training Sub-Committee meetings to drive our training programme.

We've trained six new Local Observers and raised our Advanced Rider pass percentage rate to over 90%. A grand total of 29 members have gained their green badge, four more have become holders of a Master's badge and we are officially rated by the IAM as 'High Performing'. More importantly, we plan to do it all again this year.

We have only achieved these results through the support and dedication of all the volunteers from our Chairperson right down to every single member who pays his or her membership fee and keeps the Group going.

Please remember we are a charity and technically our membership fee is actually a charitable donation. Last year we saw a shortfall in our retained funds and with the ambitious plans we have for more training, and proposed bursaries for young riders in the coming year, it is likely we will again spend more than our forecast income.

So, as a result I am appealing to you the members to consider an increase in our annual membership fees. The current rate of £25 has not changed for nine years and has been adequate, but inevitably costs increase on a yearly basis and we are now in need of an increase.

The committee has agreed that this is an issue that should be put to the membership to decide, with our recommendation that the fee be raised to £30 with effect from next year (April 1st 2021). We will be holding a ballot at the AGM and all votes will be anonymous to prevent any peer pressure being applied one way or the other.

There will be an opportunity to debate this proposal prior to the vote at the AGM, and I hope that you will support it.

Joe Mair – Secretary



Go on... take the long way home



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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 associates@kamg.org.uk. Observers should confirm their willingness to help by registering on Tracker and they will be kept informed about the needs for any particular session.

MACHINE CONTROL DAY

Our machine control days are organised by Jim Pullum. If you have not yet signed up then do it now – simply log on to Tracker and register your participation.

mcd@kamg.org.uk

Held at: Car Park D, Ebbsfleet Station
International Way
Gravesend, Kent DA10 1EB

March 21st

June 20th

August 15th

Arrival time: 08:45 for 09:00 start

Finish Time: approx 13:00 Hrs



CONTACT PAGE

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



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Terry Friday
0844 585 7786



CHAIRWOMAN

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