

RIDERS

... magazine of
the KAMG



ISSUE 227 • August 2022 • Registered Charity No. 1060837



KENT ADVANCED MOTORCYCLISTS GROUP





Go on... take the long way home



GERBING

gerbing-mc.co.uk

DIFI

difi-mc.co.uk

DRAGGIN

draggin-mc.co.uk

DANE

dane-mc.co.uk

BAYARD

bayard-mc.co.uk

THIS EDITION INCLUDES . . .

REGULAR FEATURES:

- 4 Editorial
- 5 View from the Chair
- 7 Test Passes
- 27 KAMG training activity
- 30 IDCAM and Machine Control
Day schedules
- 31 Contacts

NEW FEATURES:

- 8 The Three Amigos ride again
- 13 Redressing the Balance
- 14 It's a Marathon, Not a
Sprint . . . Or is it?
- 16 Yorkshire Dales and Moors
- 18 Peterborough Training
- 20 The Sammy Miller Museum
- 24 Come Rain or Shine?
- 25 Potholes and Cyclists Stuff
- 26 Are you Losing Track(er)



. . . some of the party opted for a boat trip – Page 16



Cover – Page 20



Come Rain or Shine – Page 24

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

This coming Sunday

Aug 28th Group run to 'Airport Lounge Café' somewhere?

SEPTEMBER

Sat 3rd IDCAM
Sat 10th Machine Control Day
Sat 17th Day Trip to France
Sun 25th Grass Track Racing at Frittenden TN17 2ED
Thurs 29th Group night

OCTOBER

Sun 2nd Group run to Crabble Mill
Sun 2nd Pioneer Run, Shoreham Airport from 10.30am

Sat Oct 8th IDCAM
Sun 16th British SuperBikes Brands Hatch
Thurs 27th Group Night
Sun 30th Group run Lydd Airport
Sun 30th Ardingly Classic Show and Jumble RH17 6TL

NOVEMBER

Sat 19th IDCAM
Thurs 24th Group Night Christmas Dinner
Sun 27th Group run to Winchelsea

Contact details for group runs, IDCAMs and Machine Control Days are on pages 30 and 31 of the magazine and on Tracker. Always check dates on Tracker to ensure that there have been no last minute changes.

+44 (0) 1892 457 373

www.motoport-mc.co.uk



Nick Farley, Editor

EDITORIAL

THE DAY OF RECKONING?

"I see no reason why cyclists should break the road laws, why they should speed, why they should bust red lights and be able to get away with it."

Believe it or not these are the words of our esteemed transport secretary, Grant Shapps, who has finally woken up to the fact that maybe, perhaps, just possibly, it might be quite a good idea if cyclists had number plates and insurance and were actually booked for speeding and ignoring red lights – and yes, I know it's only a tiny minority of 49% who do this, but it is irritating to the rest of us who have to comply with the traffic laws. Much of our irritation stems not from the fact that they break the law, but from the way that their anonymity allows them to get clean away with it. Well, perhaps that's going to end, but I'm not holding my breath. Of course, the world and his many wives, the KAMG and the AA and the Road Haulage Association and perhaps even the IAM, did suggest that this would be a good idea two years ago in the submissions that we all made to the consultative process that preceded the issuing of the (very badly thought-out) new *Highway Code*.

Do you think it possible that Grant didn't read any of those wise submissions? Oooh, what a seditious thought. No matter, he appears to have come to his senses now. We'll wait and see if anything actually happens. Meanwhile the Department for Transport still hasn't made up its mind about whether e.scooters should be legalised despite having run 'tests' in just about every town and city in the country for the last three years and it still hasn't worked out that these completely new vehicles, along with the other completely new vehicle, the pedal-assisted-electric-bicycle, need new laws to govern their use: the existing laws simply don't fit. (See page 25)

NEW KAMG LEAFLET

Enclosed with this issue of *Riders* are some copies of a new KAMG recruitment leaflet for you to distribute to your non-member mates, or to leave somewhere conspicuous in any café, pub, church or dentist's waiting room that you happen to be in. We are also hoping that dealers will include these leaflets in the paperwork that accompanies each bike sale. If you need further copies or know of other places where they would act as a useful recruitment medium, please let a committee member know.



The views and opinions expressed in this magazine are solely the views and opinions of the people who write the articles, and those views and opinions should never be taken as, nor be presumed to be, the official view of, nor views supported by, either IAM RoadSmart or the KAMG.

Every article that appears in this magazine has been written expressly for this magazine and has not appeared in any other print or electronic medium before, and none of the material in this magazine may be reprinted elsewhere without the express permission of the KAMG.

Everything is done to ensure the correctness and accuracy of the editorial content of the magazine, but neither the editor nor the KAMG accepts liability for information errors, omissions or typesetting errors.

Riders is the place for every single member, or associate member, of KAMG to say what he/she thinks about anything and everything connected with riding and driving and the KAMG. Every article submitted will be published (provided it is legal) and no opinions or views will be changed or cut out. The magazine is apolitical, but criticism or praise of politicians of any political colour is welcome if the criticism, or praise, is about the politician's actions or views on road safety, roads or some other aspect of transport.

Please submit articles for publication, or letters to the editor, to the email address of the editor (see page 30). Please send pictures for publication as separate file attachments to an email if possible, rather than embedding them in the email content, and ensure that the pictures are of the highest resolution possible. Please do not send information or pictures via Facebook.

MAGAZINE DESIGN AND LAYOUT
BY JOHN GARDINER

VIEW FROM THE CHAIR

What a great summer it's been. Despite the scorching heatwave in the middle of July, when only the mad were out riding their bikes, it has been a busy and vibrant season for KAMG, with a dozen or so ride-outs including a couple of successful UK tours and the popular Vianden tour that, coupled with IDCAMS and Machine Control Days, have been keeping the group very busy. We have also achieved a good number of Green Badge, Fellows and Masters passes too. KAMG has the highest proportion of Masters rider members of any UK group by a large margin. The high standard of rider training and fun social activities should make us all very proud of being members of such a successful group.

There are a few changes afoot. Ian Walker's tenure as Chief Observer comes to an end next April and Colin Billings has stepped up and has volunteered to take over this role. In preparation Colin has taken over as Deputy Chief Observer from Martin Ford, with immediate effect. Colin has been our IDCAM presenter for a few years now and as a national observer and Masters-level rider he will take to the role like a duck to water.

Another change higher up the IAM chain is that Stuart Haythorn, who is our Area Delivery Manager at the IAM,

has decided to retire. Stuart has been very active with KAMG and we have enjoyed a great working relationship with him, but from 22nd August Katrina Lowe will be taking on the position from Stuart. Katrina has a long and distinguished career as a Metropolitan Police driver and rider and we wish her well in her job and look forward to meeting her soon.

A few months ago, KAMG sent out an online survey to all members. Around half of the membership took the time to complete the survey and the response was very interesting. The committee has trawled through the vast amount of data and is now working with the members who have volunteered to help. These working groups will strive to bring the good ideas on stream in the near future. However, some of the ideas will take many months to make happen. Nevertheless, we will be pushing forward as fast as we can. All the committee's volunteer members and I endeavour to run a transparent and progressive committee to make KAMG an exciting and active group, but we cannot do this alone. Please let me know of any ideas you have so that we can all continue to improve and enjoy the many things that KAMG is able to achieve.

Dave Murphy



Precision Engineering
and Gear Cutting Specialists

ENGINEERING

www.randnengineering.co.uk

We are a leading manufacturer that specialises in Milling, Turning, Grinding, Gear Cutting, Gearbox Refurbishment, Toolmaking and Plant Repair

Based in the South East of England for over fifty years, we manufacture parts from drawings as well as worn and broken samples

Our customer base varies greatly from the Historic Motorsport to the Paper and Print industries.

We have worked with various vintage motorcycle clubs including BSA and Rudge, also undertaking work directly with owners on many makes of bike including Douglas, Norton, AJS to name but a few

We can cater for bespoke one off jobs right through to large production, ensuring each customer receives the excellent level of customer service and quality given by R&N Engineering

Please contact a member of the team to discuss your requirements on: 01474 823771
Or email sales@randnengineering.co.uk



Over Fifty Years of Engineering Excellence

R&N Engineering



FOR THE RIDE

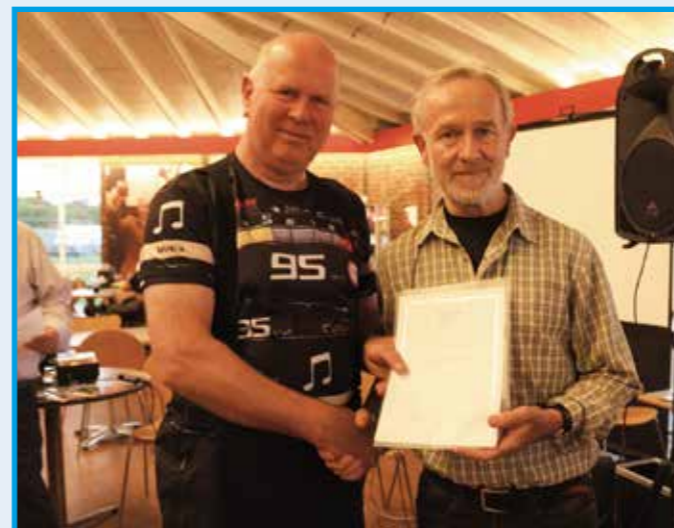
- New and used bike sales in store and online delivery available
- Demonstrators available
- Motorcycle servicing
- Motorcycle MOT testing station
- Motorcycle parts and accessories
- Motorcycle clothing

Sanderstead Station Approach
Sanderstead Road, South Croydon
Surrey CR2 0PL
Tel: 020 8657 0121 www.carlrosner.co.uk

CARL ROSNER MOTORCYCLES
South Croydon

TEST PASSES

Since the last edition



Brendan Burke receiving his Advanced Rider qualification from John Holland



Dave Wass receiving his Advanced Rider FIRST qualification from Matthew Barnes



Terence Merry receiving his Advanced Rider qualification from Andrew Barnes



Richard Atkin receiving his Advanced Rider qualification from Ian Walker



Vladimir Olaru receiving his Advanced Rider FIRST qualification from Shashi Chauhan



Adriano and
Albertino Abreu
Mangers of Mickey's on
Bluebell Hill.
Open 06:30 till 21:00
for 6 days and Sundays
close at 20:00



Old Chatham Rd, Aylesford, Maidstone, Kent ME20 7EZ
T: 01634 682928

Email : mickeysdinerbluebellhill@hotmail.com

www.mickeysdinerbluebellhill.com

THE THREE AMIGOS RIDE AGAIN

Geoff Curtis, Dermot Horan and Martin Brown last rode round Scotland in Covid face masks, now Martin Brown tells of their latest free-breathing exploits in Europe



Dermot declaring Corsica 'an undiscovered jewel'

Covid? What was that then? Basically, a two-year block on our fun. Anyway, a couple of years after Geoff was unceremoniously dumped off his bike by a goat in Corsica, (*See November 2020 'Riders' on the website*) the crazy fool decided that he wanted to go back. This time though he was taking the precaution of going with a couple of 'heavies' as his TAGS (Tactical Anti-Goat Squad), aka myself and Dermot. (Hmm, he chose poorly.) So we did a bit of planning, booked some ferries and hotels, and off we went on the 22nd of April.

As usual on longer distance trips the first two or three days are all about the transit routes and getting the miles done. Day one took us from Calais to Nogent-sur-Seine and was quite uneventful apart from an unwanted hour of hard-core filtering when we inadvertently ended up on the Paris Périphérique, which seems to be the French equivalent of the M25.

Next day, from Nogent to Roussillon, got a bit more interesting. The morning was fine and dry and we had

some quite nice roads. However, rain was forecast and it arrived at around lunchtime. The rain also managed to combine with a recalcitrant sat-nav that threw a wobbly when we came across a road on our route that was closed. The nav then kept telling me to make a U turn, go back, blah, blah, blah... We got over this by stamping on it. No, not really; I mean by just entering the hotel address and starting again. All good. So off we go, but the rain, which had eased off, decided to come back with a vengeance as we approached Lyon. The last hour of this leg was mostly on three lane motorway with tanking rain, wind, spray and a#@y Gallic drivers. However, no one died and despite the hotel owner having to break out his mop after we created an artificial lake in his reception from the water streaming out of our super-saturated gear, he still seemed quite pleased to see us.

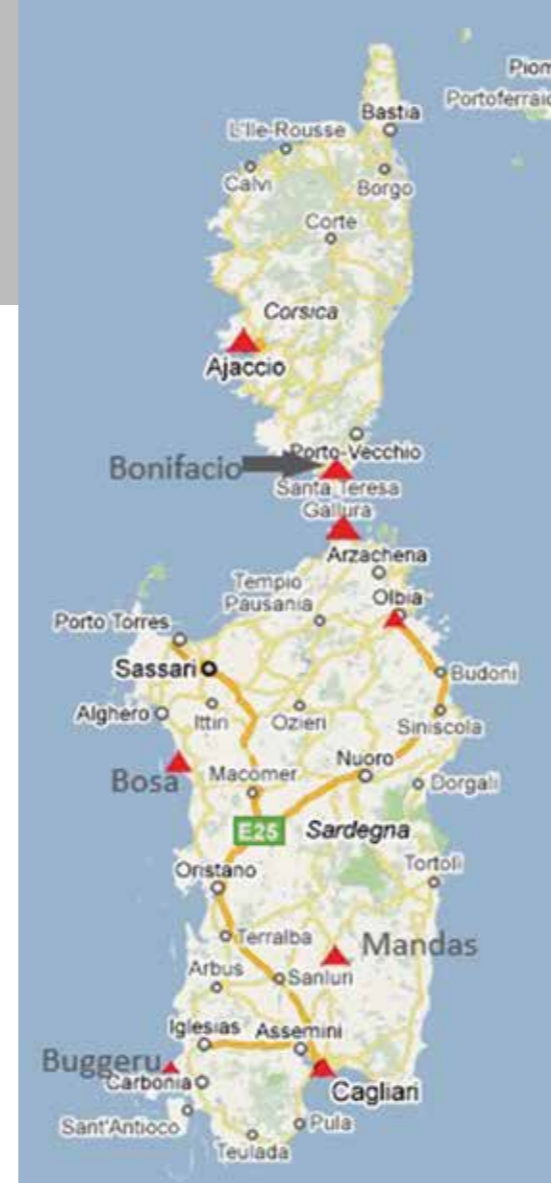
Day three took us from Roussillon to Toulon to catch the ferry to Corsica. We made this quite a direct route to make sure that we reached the ferry in good time. We needn't have bothered: we sat for ages gently simmering in the Mediterranean sun before finally boarding at around 8.30pm. A full-on bun fight for beers ensued. It was a very busy boat with people and their dogs everywhere, and even one family who had their cat with them. All this for an overnight sailing. I wonder how much dog poo got trodden in.

At 6am on the fourth day, April 25th, we docked in Corsica and eventually got off the ferry, but not before the crew had some fun with us that consisted of them chivvying us up to leave and then, just as we rode across the deck, lowering the ramp to let the upper deck leave first, blocking us in until they had got all the cars off before us. Grrr.

Anyway, off we went for our first day in the Corsican mountains. If you didn't

know already, Corsica is surprisingly 'mountainy'. It was also freezing up there at stupid o'clock in the morning. We went up through the clouds of cold fog into the snow line on roads that should have had glorious views. Unfortunately, for the first couple of hours it was quite tricky even to see the road let alone the views. However, as the morning progressed and we dropped down again, the sun came out, the roads dried and we even managed to dispense with a layer or two. The roads are excellent (mostly) with lots of lovely twisties and panoramic views of snow-covered mountains. And, yes, we did see goats, pigs and even cows roaming around, but this time there were no attack-goats present, so we all managed to arrive at that night's hotel unscathed.

Next day beautiful sunshine and blue skies greeted us with pretty much perfect riding temperatures of between 12 and 19 degrees, depending on how high we were. We started the day on the same bit of road that we had travelled at the start of the previous day, but



this time there was no fog. We were heading for our next ferry which was to leave from Bonifacio in the south at around 5pm. Our route took us once again up into the mountains and again the ride did not disappoint with lots of sweeping and tight bends and the usual panoramic views. Even the very far-travelled Dermot was impressed and declared Corsica, "an undiscovered jewel".

As we descended through the pine forests, we lost most of the views but it was glorious riding. We stopped about half way down for a coffee in a small village and watched a cow amble down the street to have a nose about before ambling back out again. The pace of life is generally much slower in the villages. As we left the village the forest thinned and we rode down through a spectacular valley with steep drop-offs into a deep gorge with a fast-flowing river that was clearly being fed by snow-melt off the mountains. We followed this down to its end and then followed the coastal road to our destination. The small ferry port at Bonifacio is approached down a very steep slope that is guarded at the top by what looks like a very old citadel. The main part of the harbour also looked quite inviting although, unfortunately, we did not have time to explore the town. Perhaps another day.

After the short crossing from Corsica, we docked in the port of Santa Teresa Gallura on the northernmost tip of Sardinia in plenty of time to get to our first Sardinian hotel, where, like most of the places we had booked, the rooms were excellent and the food was very good.



Evening in Bosa, Sardinia

When we left the next morning, the weather was quite cool, but it very quickly became clear that as the morning progressed, the mercury was rising fast and very soon it was in the mid-20s and quite toasty. Luckily the roads were mostly clear and we could keep up a brisk pace to get some air flowing around our more vital organs. The ride took us from Santa Teresa to Bosa and whilst not as mountainous as Corsica it still involved lots and lots of fast flowing twisty roads with numerous switchbacks through some lush scenery that was quite reminiscent of Scotland. The roads were generally good although we did encounter some broken up surfaces, which caused a slowing of our progress. We also encountered roadworks and road closures, but with a bit of imagination we managed to get through them all without major disruption to our timings and we arrived in Bosa in good time for dinner, where, with the benefit of having Geoff's sister with us, we again managed to get rather

above average food and service. Note to self: if you can have someone with you who speaks the lingo, take them. It makes a huge difference.

It was now day seven and we were riding from Bosa to a place called Mandas, which is a small town in central Sardinia well off the usual tourist routes. It is well placed to serve passing motorcyclists and our route to it took us up the Punta La Marmora, the highest mountain in Sardinia. The day started well but then the curse of the sat-nav struck again and we found ourselves doing a lot of U turns and a couple of loops of the same road until we figured it out. Eventually we found the correct road and it was certainly worth it. Mostly good tarmac, sweeping bends that often tightened up as you went round them, and there was very little traffic to speak of. We climbed steadily up to the summit on what was claimed to be a metalled road, yet as we got ever higher it became evident that the 'road' was in fact just a very lumpy, bumpy and gravelly track.

Dermot and I, mounted on Bavaria's finest, were making our way up, but we very soon realised that Geoff was nowhere to be seen. We carried on for a bit longer before it became clear that the engineering marvel that is an H2 supercharged Kawasaki is no match for Sardinian cart tracks, especially considering the cost of all those plastic panels. It was obvious that Geoff was not following us, so we turned back and found him sitting happily on a rock puffing on his cigar while waiting for us. Time was marching on so we decided to leave the



Left – Lo-vis and Hi-vis



... empty beach where I just had to have a paddle.

track behind and make our way back down the way we came up. The ride down was just as exhilarating as the ride up and we arrived at our night's hotel tired but happy, especially when the proprietor appeared with some cold beers on the house.

Day eight we spent in Mandas as a rest day. The town itself is very old and faded but our accommodation was a beautiful 17th century coaching inn and just the job for a bit of off-bike recuperation. Mileage on day nine was light, but the roads were sublime. Miles of twisty, hilly switchbacks with spectacular views of the hills and with vistas across the Mediterranean. We stopped at a place called Buggerru (no sniggering at the back), where we enjoyed a coffee overlooking a couple of miles of pristine, empty beach where I just had to have a paddle.

We arrived in Cagliari, the southern-most port of the island, quite early but unfortunately our hotel was not quite as picturesque as the one at Mandas, being close to the airport and an industrial estate. Never mind, the

room was comfortable and the food in the restaurant was really good.

We knew that the next day ride from Cagliari to Olbia was always going to be a long day covering 200+ miles through hills and mountains, with all their twisties, and it proved to be everything we expected it to be. Particularly as we had more navigational issues that caused a number of U turns and recalculations of the route. That said, though, the roads were once again sublime. Literally mile after mile of sweeping bends up and down hills, with fabulous vistas and technical sections that switched back and forth so that we were regularly scraping boots and footpegs on both sides. We did see quite a lot of goats too, but luckily none were of the 'attack' variety so we got through unscathed. The road we used was mostly the old and new stretches of ss125 along with some really knadgery bits between the two. The 125 runs up the east side of Sardinia and must be up there as one of the best biking routes anywhere*. We had four fantastic days in Sardinia. Yes, it was

tiring, but what rides, and finally, on arrival in Olbia, we dragged our weary bodies on to another overnight ferry to take us to Civitavecchia on the Italian mainland.

Day 11: Civitavecchia to San Marino. We were again woken at stupid o' clock to get off the ferry and were 'forced' to be en route by 7am. We didn't bother with breakfast on the boat and instead found a nice café after around 30 miles. A quick toastie sandwich and coffee and we were off again. We didn't plan this day, we simply put the destination hotel into the nav and said, "avoid motorways". Brilliant.

We had unexpected twisty roads again. Just over 200 miles but also more sweeping roads through typical Italian countryside. Views of perfect Tuscan villas on the hills with their cypress-lined approach roads were common. We did have one navigational issue where the sat-nav took us about 10k down a narrow track only to find that a bridge across the road had completely collapsed and we had to turn back. The traffic, although it was busy in the towns, remained light on most of the route with our only significant jam being caused by a flock of sheep.

We stopped for lunch in a beautiful mediaeval town called Anghiari with its citadel sitting above us as we ate. We thought we had ordered pasta with mushrooms, but it turned out to be pasta with liver. Oops. It was very nice though. After lunch and a lot more miles of twisty roads we eventually

arrived at our appropriately named Hotel Rossi in San Marino. Phew.

It was now the twelfth day and we had to get from San Marino to a spot closer to France to begin our ride in the Alps. This meant that it was another 'transit' day with lots of motorway miles. Not fun, but necessary. However, before we set off, we had a nice hour or so going up to the spectacular cliff top citadel where a very nice uniformed guard was good enough to let us through the gate into his 'patch', from where we had great views across the province.

We had to reach Savona on the Riviera di Ponente from where we were going to start our assault on the Alps. Unfortunately, whilst there may well be exotic parts to Savona, we didn't see them. Our entrance to the city was spoiled by more filtering in oppressive heat and rush hour traffic, when we least needed it. Our hotel was part of a shopping centre near to the busy port and as we arrived quite late and left early, we did not get to experience it at its best. Worse than that the hotel didn't even have a bar.

The next day, however, was our first proper day in the French Alps, travelling from Savona to Barcelonnette. It started with around 60 miles of dull motorway to get us to Menton on the Côte d'Azur from where we would start

the magnificent Route des Grand Alpes towards Barcelonnette. As we started up the first col - the Col de Castillon - the weather was fine and bright with the temperature in the mid to high teens. We gradually gained height on mostly empty roads with stunning views of the mountains towering above us. The road switched back and forth making concentration essential on a fully loaded GS. We stopped roughly halfway up to visit a famous little chapel, where we had a slurp from our water bottles and chatted to couple of hardy cyclists, who were also making their way up to the top. Then we set off towards the next ascent, the Col de Turini, and again flip-flopped our way to the top, and as we gained height we could feel the temperature dropping.

At our lunch stop at the summit we spent some time considering our next options, as our sat-navs were saying, "turn back". We decided to press on down the other side of the col and near the bottom we took a quick stop to assess the position again. We knew that some of the higher passes were still closed this early in the year, but we were hoping that the one we wanted to use would be "ouvert". As Dermot and Geoff tried to sort out the navs (we had ticked the box that said "avoid seasonal road closures"), I decided to find someone who could tell us whether the pass was open or



Cool and Hot

not. I managed to flag down a passing road maintenance van and when I mentioned Barcelonnette there was the unmistakeable sound of sucking air through teeth. "Non." The pass we wanted was "fermé". However, between my pidgin French and their pidgin English I managed to ascertain that there was ONE pass open. I got the gist of the directions and off we went.

We came into a town called Guillaumes, where we finally saw a sign for Barcelonnette. We filled our tanks at possibly the most expensive station in France (2.38) had a coffee and cracked on. It was only 50k to our destination, how hard could it be? Quite hard, apparently.

As we climbed higher the temperature started dropping fast. Quite soon it was only 4 or 5 degrees and we started seeing snow, and within a short time we were above the snowline. Eventually we made it to the top of the Col de la Cayolle at over 2300 metres and it was quite clear that the pass had only been open for a few days, so we were lucky to get through. We crept down the other side carefully as it was wet, slippery and gravelly and we finally made it into Barcelonnette. Phew! We had two nights booked there as our next day was a rest day, and it was a very timely rest day as the heavens opened and it poured for most of the day. Barcelonnette is a lovely town surrounded by mountains on all sides. It must be very busy in the main season as there are lots of restaurants and nice shops in evidence. All in all, it was a good place to rest.

We'd now been away for two weeks, and our fifteenth day was to take us from Barcelonnette to Sallanches, but we had found that most of the high

Technical section of the Route des Grandes Alpes





Nuova-125

passes were still closed so we opted to take a route on lower roads avoiding motorways and tolls. In the morning we had many miles of good sweeping roads, coupled with lovely views of the mountains, where we could be, shall we say, "on the pace". Unfortunately, as we came into the afternoon, we started hitting town after town with lots of traffic, roundabouts and lights that always seemed to be red for us. Eventually we got fed up and jumped back on the motorway for the last hour or so of the day. It was a shame, but we consoled ourselves with the thought that if we had gone up, we would have spent all day in the rain.

Sallanches to Troyes, on day 16, was a transit day to get us within striking distance of the tunnel for our last day. But transit day or not I have to say that riding in France when you can avoid the motorways is a pleasure, although we did inevitably have to do a lot of motorway riding that day too, but even then the motorway services seem much nicer than ours.

Finally, it was Troyes to Calais. The last day. Again, quite a bit of motorway but we also managed to fit in some nice roads coming up through the Champagne region, which is an area I would very much like to go back to and explore in more detail.

What then, is the summary of this epic trip? We covered around 3000 miles in France, Corsica, Sardinia, Italy, San Marino and the Alps in about 2½ weeks. Highlights? Both the islands are fantastic riding destinations. Personally, I preferred Sardinia, which is a bit bigger and has some amazing beaches as well as some mountainy bits. Riding through Tuscany was beautiful; San Marino really needs more than one day; the Alps were a challenge, but the alpine views and the roads were amazing.

Favourite place? Hard to pick one, but I am going for two: the two places we stopped for rest days – Mandas in Sardinia, mostly because of the lovely hotel, and Barcelonnette in the Alps. Barcelonnette is a stunningly picturesque town with lots of lovely places to eat and drink. It also has some really nice shops if you happen to be travelling with your better half. Favourite route? I'm not even going to try. All the routes were fantastic. If you haven't tried overseas travel yet, what are you waiting for?

**The ss125 is the road named the Orientale Sarda, and it is reputed to be one of the best driving/riding roads in the world. Quite a claim.*

REDRESSING THE BALANCE?

In the last edition of Riders there was a piece about an unfortunate motorist who had fallen foul of the West Yorkshire constabulary, when he was deemed to have ridden too close to some cyclists. The Riders' editorial stance over the last few years has been, perhaps, less than 'friendly' towards cyclists and so Graham Hills decided it was time to redress the balance...

There have been a variety of articles commenting on cyclists in *Riders*, and elsewhere, and having just seen a comment made in reply to a post on the KAMG Facebook page that said: "80% of videos [sent to the police] come from bicycles . . . (who are) surely the greatest offenders?!", it has prompted me to write this.

Times change. Over the ages, roads and tracks have always carried different types of traffic, from walking humans and animals to – since the invention of the wheel – various wheeled vehicles. Any one of those types is annoyed by all of the other types, and worse, sometimes by the same type. We've all been there: slow car, bicycle, horse, cart, bin lorry, walking in a crowd, they all get in our way. At present the powered vehicle rules and most drivers think they have a divine right not to be impeded in any way by slower forms of traffic. This, of course, is why we have to be good at overtaking safely on our motorbikes.

In the past, horses proliferated, then early bicycles, and then of course the powered carriage. All caused conflict on crowded, muddy, unpaved streets. It is different now, but the same human traits persist, and this causes complaint and conflict.

Rules, of course, are necessary and all forms of transport over the ages have pushed against those rules, and at times ignored them. But in the end the rules are there. Rules is rules and we have to obey them. Or be good at not getting caught...

I am not the only cyclist, or ex-cyclist, in KAMG, but I suspect that we are in a minority. Currently, powered transport dominates our roads, but it has to pay for that privilege, while the cyclist doesn't pay anything. This is a common complaint, but we would all do well to remember that nearly all cyclists also have cars and so do pay road tax. In our household we have two motos, three cars and 12 bicycles. Fortunately for other road users we can only use two of those bicycles on the road at any one time. We also have only limited energy to propel them.

In an article in *Riders* (page 11 May 2022) the car driver that was prosecuted was simply a case of an over zealous copper, in my view. Common sense would suggest that, at most, a word in the driver's ear would have sufficed. The driver, of course, was identifiable by his registration number, the cyclists were not. We could, as a society, choose to address this anomaly but currently we haven't. And cyclists do stupid things. However, they are the vulnerable road user, so we should respect them. Their 'vehicle' is more difficult to control and more susceptible to bad surfaces than drivers in their 1½ tonne plus missiles. But the human element kicks in and, partly because there are a lot of cyclists on the roads, the driver has to get past quickly at all costs. Horses? Same issue in some ways, but almost completely mitigated by the very few that are now on our roads.

The views expressed here are, of course, my views and we will all have a different take on this subject. However, I have ridden well over 100,000 miles on bicycles in London, in the south east, in Yorkshire and in Europe, I have driven since 1976, I've raced cars and bicycles and I've ridden motos for 20 years. So I have seen a lot from these different perspectives.

Is a cyclist going through a red light any worse than a motorcyclist or driver using a bit of extra speed on a country road? And do all cyclists break the law all of the time? Of course not. It is a minority that create the impression and all are then tainted. I would venture to suggest that there are way, way more drivers speeding than cyclists jumping red lights. 35 mph in a village – is that OK? But we are back to the human element here – the cyclists are making progress illegally while we are stuck in a queue at the lights. Infuriating!

Back to the initial comment, I have complained to Tunbridge Wells Borough Council a number of times about bin lorry drivers and their total contempt for my safety when on a bicycle on country roads. I don't cycle much now but even if I just

do a 20 mile ride it is rare that there is no driver that compromises my safety to some degree; on just about every ride there are one or more incidents. That is why most videos sent to the police are from cyclists. Are cyclists really the 'worst offenders'? They are vulnerable; some go through red lights, the vast majority do not. And they do have a right to be on the road, whether we like it or not. And there you have it: a completely unreconcilable situation. Maybe all traffic should be limited to 3mph and the concept of a Global World disappear – it would be kinder to our environment.

TONY JARVIS Wants to redress the redressed balance . . .

I'd like to give some feedback on the piece on transgressions by drivers and motorcyclists against bicyclists. (*Riders* May 2022) I've had numerous confrontations with this particular species – *Lycranutta Spectacula*. The new *Highway Code* is catching out many average motorists. My former employment was as a TFL bus driver and therefore it involved me crossing swords with LS on many occasions. Number one priority in an argument with LS is stressing to them who is going to be in the first ambulance once the collision occurs. They just don't get it. The car driver (in the picture) hardly did anything wrong at all; however, because of the new laws brought in to protect more vulnerable road users, he was caught out. The point made in the article about not being 'over' the white line is fine for general discussion in the pub, but once in court that changes: the line doesn't need to be crossed, only touched. That prevents argument about how far over the line the driver was. No sir, you touched it. The fine incurred plus costs would have made it more unfair or disproportionate to the offence.

It would be interesting to hear what anyone else thinks about cyclists, the law, the new Highway Code, the way cyclists behave, the way non-cyclists treat them and anything else even faintly connected with the world of lycra. Ed.



Instagram **bowenmoto**
Facebook **@bowenmoto**
www.bowenmoto.co.uk

01634 811757

All aspects of Motorcycling, including Service and Repairs, MOTs, Parts and Accessories, Clothing, Helmets, New and Used Motorcycle sales



IT'S A MARATHON NOT A SPRINT . . . OR IS IT?

Martin Brown pushes from his shed to The Bike Shed and then sprints over a disused coal mine . . . possibly.

When I wrote the last episode of this tale, the Bike Shed Show was looming fast and I ended up being in my own shed at 5.30 in the morning and often until 11 at night. The building process was also hampered somewhat by my foolishly falling down the stairs and breaking two ribs. Grr. I was on the final assembly stage and I had to enlist some help as my ribs would not allow me to do the heavy lifting like getting the engine into the frame, but it was eventually accomplished without any more injuries. All the other parts were ready to go in, but there was still a crucial process to be done. The paint.



I decided to make it look really ratty rather than full metalflake etc. I had already done the oil tank and rear mudguard, but I still needed to sort the tank and the frame. There is a product out there called 'rusty paint', and I thought I would give it a try. It is a thick gloopy paint that you put on with a roller. It contains actual metal in the mixture that is 'activated' into becoming rust to whatever level of rustiness you require. The reality is that when, like me, you are using a colour as well – BSA blue and red – the process is more involved and takes quite a bit of fettling to get the required effect, but I think the final result was worth it. What do you think? Many people at the show simply didn't believe that my fuel tank is actually made of fibreglass. After finishing the tank, I turned my attention to the front number cowl and the frame, which got the same treatment. The exhaust I just left outside so the rust on that is real.

To get the full impact of my idea I needed to do some graphics. I had the name of a chap called 'John the Brush' whose day job usually involves painting and signwriting



entire barges. He had done some pin-striping and lettering for a friend of mine and so we arranged a date just before the show and he popped down for the day. The first part of the morning was spent discussing my ideas and how these could be achieved. He then cracked on and by the end of the day the result spoke for itself.

The final assembly was only sorted literally the night before the bike had to be taken to Tobacco Dock. My friend Rob had his custom Honda Innova at the show so, using his trailer, we went up together and dropping the bikes off on the Friday morning was pretty seamless, but I was quite relieved that I didn't have to ride it in, because there is still some fettling to do in order to get it to actually work. In fact, one 'friend' suggested that all I had done was make a model of a bike.



We were quite excited to see where the bikes ended up: mine was put on quite a prominent corner of 'Shed Row', while Rob's Innova was down near the entrance where everyone came in, so no complaints there. Both bikes got a lot of attention

It has been my intention from the start to race this bike in anger as well as exhibit it, and I am hopeful that this

so-called 'model of a bike' will be running full bore in time to race at the Heritage Sprint at Betteshanger in August. This promises to be a great weekend with lots of sprint races in different classes, plus static displays and demonstrations. I have a feeling that you may be reading this after the event so hopefully you will have visited and seen the 'Rust Racer' up close and personal. The challenge is on.



YORKSHIRE DALES AND MOORS

Catherine Hills discovers the pros and cons of touring on a sports bike

I ride a Triumph 765 Street Triple and my husband Graham rides a Suzuki 1000 GSX-S. Given that the majority of people on Steve Riches' MotoRoadTrip tour to the Yorkshire Dales in July had various types of 'Adventure' bikes, complete with hard panniers and top boxes, I wondered how we would manage with our limited luggage options. My only previous experience was the Norfolk two-day trip, which I did without Graham, when I had plenty of packing room with just a tank bag. Anyway, how much room does a pair of Converse trainers, some underwear, a fleece, jeans and a few T-shirts take up? After packing up various combinations, a deal was struck – Graham would take some soft throw-over panniers (thanks John Gardiner), which he could leave at the hotel, and I would take my tail pack as a day-bag. Who wants to be laden down with bulky panniers, especially with all the filtering to come? However, when we met the others at Thirsk, I thought I noticed a number of second glances from some riders and I was asked if I was actually going on the KAMG trip. As expected, we had the only bikes with soft luggage.

The first 100 miles of the trip on motorways was not much fun on a small bike with no screen and we were both relieved when that part of the trip was over. Breakfast at the OK Diner near Peterborough could not come soon enough, but then we were soon having fun on the smaller roads, where our bikes excelled. Lunch on the first day was at the Edensor Tea Cottage café on the Chatsworth estate in the Derbyshire Peaks, where we were given a very warm welcome; but I wondered whether the staff were trying to tell us something when they put us in the pig sty?

The second day found us in Goathland near Scarborough, which, after first having satisfied those with an ice cream addiction, became the scene of a world record attempt on



The inevitable group picture of high vis people standing somewhere in front of something

the largest number of people that could be squeezed into a phone box. I'm sure the riders involved would not mind my saying that it was never going to happen, despite Steve Riches best efforts. I think the KAMG record was just five.

Later we stopped for lunch in Whitby and some of the party opted for a boat trip, while others were bizarrely drawn to visit a goth shop and were late for the afternoon meet up. However, a little bird told me that a charity shop purchase was actually to blame. Sadly, Brendan Burke was not tempted to buy any goth wear so no compromising pictures here.

The third day started a little chilly so we were both layered up when we set off, but the sun was out in force when we stopped for a coffee at Pateley Bridge. This is where sharing luggage had its drawbacks. I decided to strip off (just one layer) only to find that my tail pack was full to

bursting with Graham's clothing, so I had nowhere to put my stripped-off layer. Grr. Chic Ferguson kindly offered some space in his cavernous panniers otherwise I was in danger of roasting – that was the first 'fail'.

Next it was the mandatory lunch stop at the Wensleydale Creamery, where the cheese addicts had their fill. Then, following Steve out of the creamery, there was much waving of arms from him and Tina, and thinking that they wanted me to mark the junction, I stopped and waited. More waving of arms followed. Yet more waving and pointing followed until I finally realised that they were indicating that there was a petrol station round the corner. D'oh! Only Graham and I needed to fill up though – the second 'fail'.

I knew we were due to ride past the Tan Hill Inn, which is located in Swaledale and is Britain's highest public house at 1,732 feet (528m) above sea level. Shame we didn't stop, although the mist had come down, so there was not much of a view anyway. It was a bit of a shock to see the sign announcing the 25% climb up Tan Hill complete with hairpins, and again I was grateful that I wasn't loaded down with luggage. I thought, OK just relax and keep the revs up, just keep the revs up... but Graham obviously didn't have absolute faith in my riding either as I spotted him looking anxiously in his mirrors. However, the potential embarrassment of dropping the bike was enough motivation for me to get up cleanly. Phew.

Unfortunately, after passing the Tan Hill Inn the road surface became really bumpy, especially for our sports bikes. For me, at times, it felt like being on a bouncy castle, but it was not good news for Graham and his recent motorcycle accident injuries. He had to wave other riders past and take it at a steadier pace until the road improved – third 'fail'.

On the fourth and last day it was the drive back t'south and this is where the lack of luggage was a huge bonus. The M11 was closed between J7A and 7, which required much filtering up to the closed junction, then along a diversion before getting back on to the motorway. As Graham said, another benefit of small soft panniers is that it doesn't matter if you accidentally clip a vehicle whilst



Graham making progress

filtering! But apart from their restricted luggage space, smaller petrol tanks and stiffer suspension, our bikes were absolutely perfect. I realise that this was only a four-day tour and a longer trip (especially a wet trip to Scotland) would be more challenging, but I guess it comes down to personal choice. Do you want a sensible, comfortable bike or a less practical one that is SO much fun on the twisties? Well, we won't be changing our bikes. However, Graham's backside might wish that we had room in the garage for a more comfortable addition to the fleet.

We both really enjoyed the tour, and Graham took the full opportunity to re-live the 10 years he spent living in Yorkshire after his time at Leeds Uni, but luckily he and I don't have comms or I suspect there would have been constant commentary along the lines of "I remember when....".

A Filtering PostScript

Whilst doing all the filtering on this trip I began thinking of how different road users reacted to me on my bike and the various levels of co-operation they gave me.

The worst, by far, were male drivers in 'prestigious' saloons, with special mentions going to the driver of a blue Audi that tried to close a gap on me, a black Porsche that tried to squash me against a coach on a roundabout, and a silver Merc that deliberately moved into lane 2 to prevent us filtering on his side of road.

Then came the coach drivers – who mostly couldn't give a ****.

Followed by car drivers in general and particularly mid-size family-car drivers – those who were not half asleep or being hassled by their kids

Van drivers were good, particularly those in company vans, who probably had half dozen bikes in their garage at home.

But the best were all the vehicles exiting Brands Hatch – go SuperBikes!

The 25° ascent of Tan Hill



The pig sty



Having first satisfied those with an ice cream addiction

A KAMG record





PETERBOROUGH TRAINING WEEKEND MAY 2022

Howard Williams has been a member of KAMG for 30 years, he's been an observer for 27 years and a national observer for 23 years, yet he took part in the Peterborough weekend, not as an observer but as, what he calls, a "trainee".

Finally, the much anticipated day had arrived. It was even warm and sunny. My wrist, which I had done my best to break on some steps (and no, I haven't got to the falling over stage yet), had improved and could now reliably twist to go and squeeze to stop, so it was not going to stymie my third attempt at joining KAMG's famed PTW. The early start (well, it was early for me), found our group of three friends making steady progress towards the stationary traffic that normally marks the Dartford Tunnel, except that today it didn't and we nipped straight through the pipe and were at Thurrock Services in no time, and on time.

It was impossible to miss the car park full of bikes and riders and all those familiar faces, and once parked it became apparent that this was a highly organised affair. We were divided into groups of three – two 'trainees' with one observer. Martin Platt was my fellow trainee. Our bikes were checked (I'll spare you the acronyms) and then we were shepherded to the briefing. Somehow a coffee was grabbed while this was going on (thanks Tony), and then it was back to the bikes, as we were one of the first groups to leave having been honoured (or should that be having drawn the short straw?) to ride with Steve Riches as our observer. And who should be there with a green flag getting us under starter's orders? The amazing Tina. She wasn't going to let a dodgy knee keep her away.

Steve sensibly led the way out: he probably knew there was a good chance of my leading our trio back through the tunnel if he hadn't done so, but once we were on our way, he waved me past to sample the delights of the roads of Essex as we made our way to the first stop at Ongar Garden Centre. This first stage felt at times like the narrow roads of west Kent with broken surfaces and blind bends; so of course, I felt at home and thoroughly enjoyed those 37 miles in spite of having Eagle Eyes behind me, and it was no surprise to have a sprinkling of '2s' on my run sheet to confirm that they – the Eagle Eyes, that is – missed nothing and I would have something to aim for on my next ride.

Over a coffee, that expert debrief was over and done in short order, and then we made our way back to the bikes for Martin's turn under the microscope while I relaxed, comparatively, at the back on our way to the lunch stop in the sun at Clare Castle, near Sudbury, another 37 miles. After an hour of relaxation, it was my turn to be the victim again, leading Ian Walker as our observer this time, with Martin in tow as we headed for a garden centre near Ely, 31 miles away. Another debrief, better this time (what, no 2s?), probably Ian being kind, but the roads were nicer and Steve's words were ringing in my ears. Our overnight hotel and Peterborough beckoned as I took it easy behind Martin and Ian for the last leg that day, finally meeting up again with the whole group and a very welcome beer. The hotel, a Premier Inn, coped well with us, the food was good, the room comfortable and the prices reasonable. The bike park was a sight to behold and the company of 46 bikers at dinner was memorable. After a day like that a solid sleep was guaranteed.

We assembled in the morning for a quick briefing followed by another observed ride each for Martin and me, this time with one of KAMG's very own Examiners and Masters trainers, Colin Underwood. These rides finished at the last venue and from there the full group of 46 or so bikes rode to the finishing point at Brentwood, quite a sight and quite a feat of management.

It had been another warm sunny day on superb roads with lots of 'national limit' stretches winding their way through splendid scenery and picturesque villages. If you think I'm getting carried away, don't take my word for it, just sign up for one of these trips yourself. The whole event was superbly managed from beginning to end, combining thoroughly enjoyable riding with excellent training thrown in; with the bonus of four (or was it five?) test passes being gained by associates in the group. My congratulations to those successful candidates and to KAMG, it was an event to be proud of.

NB: The next Training Weekend in September is already fully subscribed so watch for the dates next year.



We offer ceramic coatings which offers an extremely durable hard glass coat which can protect for up to 5 years against minor scratches, acid rain, bird droppings, corrosive traffic film, tar and harmful UV rays. These coatings offer excellent durability, with a high level of deep gloss & reflectivity with self cleaning properties, making future washing of your vehicle, faster and easier. Also available on matte and satin finishes too.



Professional Motorcycle Valeting Service

- First Class Service • 5* Reviews
- Years of Experience • Competitive Prices
- Fully Mobile Or Free Collection/Delivery*
- Covering Kent, Essex, South London & East Sussex

07340 213 456

  @ridesqueakyclean

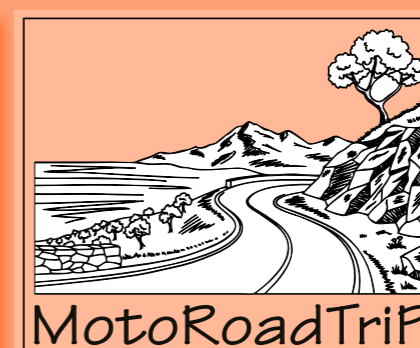
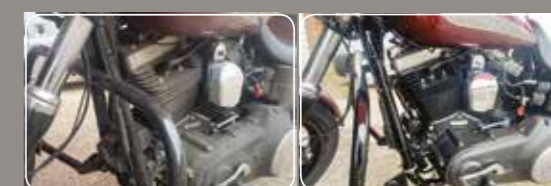
www.ridesqueakyclean.co.uk

Here's a few reasons to use RSC from our customers:

"Incredible results, don't think I've ever seen my bike as clean after he was finished. Great attention to detail and Dom put so much effort in to get the best results, will be recommending to every biker I know and won't use anyone else now!" **George**



"Fantastic service. Would highly recommend. Dom took the challenge of cleaning our Harleys after a very wet trip back from Scotland. They came up a treat!" **Sarah L**



Southern Scotland

14th to 21st May 2022

An eight day adventure to Southern Scotland and Northern England. This tour is suitable for all who are able to ride 1600 miles, solo or with pillion.

Skye

11th to 18th June 2022

An eight day Adventure to Skye, Western Ross and Skye. This tour is suitable for experienced couples. A 2500 mile tour.

North Coast 500

2nd to 10th July 2022

A nine day adventure of the iconic NC500 including Loch Ness, Cairngorms, Applecross and Glen Coe. This is a 2000 mile tour with every night in a different hotel, suitable for experienced riders.

North Yorkshire

21st to 24th July 2022

A four day adventure around Yorkshire. A ride to Yorkshire via Snake Pass, a day around the Dales, a day around the Moors and a ride back. This is a 3 night in one hotel 850 mile tour.

Wales

5th to 9th Sept 2022

A five day, mid week adventure around the Brecon Beacons and Snowdonia. The tour is in two hotels and 1000 miles.

I will be running other trips during the year, please see the web site for further details and availability

www.motoroadtrip.co.uk

07786 592845

steveriches12@gmail.com

THE SAMMY MILLER MUSEUM

This is an unashamed exhortation to go to the Sammy Miller Museum. Go now; waste no more time. If you have already been, then go again, and after that go yet again.

When I was a motorcycle-mad school-boy, Sammy Miller was a works rider for the Italian FB Mondial grand prix team and in 1958 he came third in the 250cc world championship. There were four championship classes in those days – 125, 250, 350 and 500cc – and many riders rode in more than one class at a grand prix. Mondial was a relatively small Italian manufacturer and its grand prix bikes, in the days of full ‘dustbin’ fairings, were pieces of sculpture. One of the 1957 world championship winning Mondials is in the museum. It is simply a work of art that would stand as such in its own right anywhere. It seems only incidentally to have anything to do with being a motor-bike. It could be in the Guggenheim. Perhaps it should be. And remember



Art? Yes. One of the beautiful 1957 250cc World Championship-winning FB Mondials. Sammy Miller came third in the World Championship that year on one of these. Full fairings were banned the following year because they were thought to be dangerous.



1964 Honda OHC 305cc twin

as you look in wonder at it, that it is a metal fairing and was presumably made by a bloke with a hammer and an English Wheel.

A good ‘dustbin’ was said to add 10 to 12mph to the top speed of a bike, but bikes with full ‘dustbin’ fairings were supposedly difficult to handle in crosswinds and they were banned in 1958. Nevertheless, they were truly beautiful to look at and we boys gazed in awe at the black and white pictures of them in the weekly motorcycle mags. It is odd but it wasn’t until I first saw a Gilera four at the Miller museum a few years ago that I found out that it was actually red; I had only ever seen black and white pictures of it and I had imagined it was blue; largely, I think, because I definitely knew that the MVs were red and therefore the Gilera, in my mind, had to contrast. It was quite a shock too, to find that the fabled Guzzi V8 was green.

Sammy Miller’s greatest fame, of course, was as a brilliant trials rider,



More museum sculpture. I know it’s just a front brake, but imagine designing something that functional and that beautiful. This is the state-of-the-art Fontana brake as fitted to the 500 Linto racer of 1969. Such talent. We may have better brakes today, but they are ugly lumpy things; they work but they don’t look like this. When you wanted to stop on a racing bike in the sixties you needed big brakes. Virtually all road bikes of the time had simple single-leading-shoe brakes. Racing bikes usually had twin-leading-shoes, but the Fontana had four leading-shoes. Imagine the pull on the brake lever that needed.



What might have been. The ground-breaking 250cc BSA MC1. Great British engineering stifled by cowardly British management.

which seems to be in such contrast to high speed road and track racing that it is difficult to imagine how the same chap could be a champion in both disciplines. It was Sammy who first realised that the secret to trials success lay not in great power but in light weight, and it was his work on lightening his 500cc works trials Ariel, and later in developing the Bultaco Sherpa, that changed the course of trials riding and the shape of trials bikes. At 88 years old, Sammy is still riding and, more importantly for us, he is still turning up every day to work at restoring yet another bike in the workshop of his astonishing museum.

The museum has bikes from every era and from every corner of the world. It truly is the most wonderful place to visit and it’s a place where you will lose yourself for hours. It needs more than one visit... many more. You will run out of time and stamina long before Sammy runs out of bikes to show you. For me, as a teenager in the mid to late fifties, it is the competition bikes from that time that have the most meaning and I now drool over the reality of what until recently have only ever been monochrome magazine pictures.

All my mates worshipped at the altar of Triumph in our balmy (and barmy) adolescent days, there was nothing from Japan back then. However, and unbeknown to us, significant wheels were beginning to turn in the far east at that time, and that activity is strangely marked today by the presence of an FB Mondial in the official Honda



800cc flat four, shaft drive Zundapp



1957 250cc flat twin, two stroke, shaft drive IFA

HQ collection in Motegi, Japan. It is there because, back in 1957, when no one outside Japan had even heard of Honda, the adventurous Mr Honda asked Count Boselli, the owner of the multi-world-champion winning FB Mondial company, if he could buy one of Mondial’s fabulous racers, and Count Boselli gave him one! It was that bike that showed Mr Honda what he needed to do to build a race-winning bike, and everything followed from that. Mr Honda didn’t forget that gesture by Mondial and many years later he allowed them to use his Honda engines in some of the FB Mondial production bikes; the only time Honda has allowed this.

Despite our youthful obsession with fast Brit bikes, we were also aware of the existence of snazzy Italian stuff, although we never actually saw any of it. There were many reasons why the British motorcycle industry started to fade away in the late fifties and early sixties, but some reasons are obvious and the evidence in the museum is stark: just look at the 1958 Ducati 200cc Elite in the museum, and then compare it with the nearby Ariel Arrow, which was the hot Brit 250cc lightweight of the time. Which would you rather have had? Well, the chances of getting the Ducati were somewhere between remote and non-existent, so you would probably have had the virtually brakeless Arrow. And look too at the beautiful 1964 305cc Honda, which had a claimed top speed of over ‘the ton’. Whether that was true or not, it was a bloody sight faster than any Ariel, BSA, Matchless, AJS or Triumph 350, let alone any British 250. And its spec with twin leading shoe front brake and OHC twin cylinder engine was considered positively space-age for a road bike at the time.

The sadness of all this is that here in the UK we did have the design and engineering nous and the

manufacturing know-how, but what we didn’t have was the management or directorial balls to use them. Take, for example, the BSA MC1 of 1954: this was a bike that might well have beaten the world in the 250cc class in the mid-fifties. At that time, we had no 250 of any significance, and the height of Brit racing engine sophistication was the Manx Norton engine, which had begun life way back in 1927. BSA built its double knocker, four valve, horizontal 250cc single, and put it in a revolutionary frame with unorthodox front suspension. The word is that they rather skimmed on the brakes, and the gearbox was a bit iffy too, but those faults could easily have been fixed. The great Geoff Duke had ridden it in tests and pronounced it a go-er. It was entered for a race at Silverstone with Geoff as the rider, but the BSA directors insisted that it be withdrawn as they were not sure that it would win! That’s straightforward lack of directorial balls. Sadly, only one example of the MC1 was actually built and you can see it at the Sammy Miller Museum and wonder at what might have been.

The Norton racing display at the museum again shows more example of Brit ingenuity that was stifled by pedestrian management. In 1951 Geoff Duke had won the 500cc World title on a single cylinder Manx Norton. In that year he won four of the eight grand prix and was on the podium in the other four. But despite that World title Norton’s race department in the nineteen fifties was restricted by the company not being able to afford to develop a multi-cylinder engine and there was the consequent need, therefore, for the race department to wring the maximum performance from their rather long-in-the-tooth and, let’s face it, rather slow 350 and 500 Manx engines. However, the lack of a ‘twin’ or a ‘four’ didn’t stop them improving the cycle parts



The Lowboy from 1960

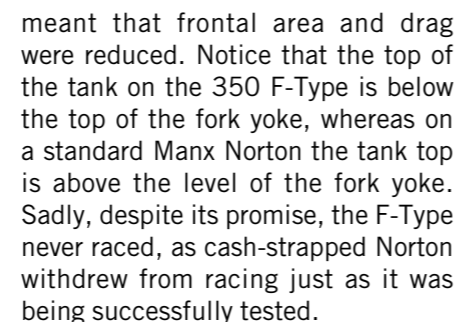


The Norton kneeler 1953



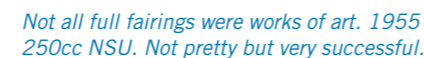
1956 350cc F-Type

Three Nortons side by side in the museum, all developed to cheat the wind in an attempt to equalise the struggle with the more powerful Italian fours. The kneeler was first in 1953, the F-Type followed in 1954 and the Lowboy dates from 1960. It really is low too. If you look closely, you will see that there is no top yoke to the forks and the bars are so low that they are hidden by the fairing. It was all too little too late. Norton continued to make a limited batch of standard Manx 350 and 500 bikes for sale each year until 1962.



That was a great shame because on the right track even the standard, ordinary Manx Nortons were a match for the mighty Italian fours that although fast, did not handle as well as the lithe Nortons. I remember

The most exciting bike in the museum is the fantastic 1955 V8 Moto Guzzi. Just imagine what it must have been like to ride this in the fifties. 78 bhp from a 500. That wonderful fairing was designed in Moto Guzzi's own wind tunnel, an unheard-of technical benefit at that time. The Guzzi 'dustbins' were always spectacularly beautiful. Yet despite designing and building this fabulous and complex 500cc bike, Moto Guzzi won the World 350 championship for five years in a row – 1953 to 1957 – with a lightweight single cylinder bike.



of their bikes and devising ways of creating better handling and less drag in order to compensate for their lack of horsepower. Duke won his title on the universally revered and much imitated 'featherbed' frame, which almost overnight changed the standard for bike handling, both on the race track and on the road. But not content with that, Norton tried to reduce the frontal area and the drag of their machines with three bikes. First there was the kneeler of 1953, which used a modified featherbed frame. (Very modified!) It broke the hour record at Montlhéry and was successfully raced as well. Then, in 1955 Norton built the radically different 350 and 500 'flat' singles that were like the BSA MC1 and the 350 world champion 350 Moto Guzzis. A 350 Norton F-type (F for flat) is in the museum and a beautiful thing it is too. Its large saddle tank and low slung, flat, single engine kept the weight low down, which improved the handling, and reduced the tank height, which

seeing John Surtees bring the big MV 4 to Brands Hatch and race against Brands specialist Alan Trow on a Manx Norton on the 1¼ mile circuit (this was before was long before it was lengthened in 1959). Trow won. Surtees, who knew Brands as well as anyone and who had won countless races there on everything from Vincents to NSUs, simply couldn't use a higher gear than third of the MV's available five round the short twisty Brands track. It was defeats such as this that persuaded Count Agusta to refuse to allow his MVs to race in non-GP races.

An interesting path to wander down in the museum, because all the raw material is there to see and to feed the thought, is the way in which the success of one particular bike in a country affects how that country's other manufacturers develop. In Britain, for example, as the museum

vividly illustrates, there was a huge diversity of engines and answers to the technical problems that faced any designer of motorbikes between the wars, and then the success of Edward Turner's vertical twin Triumph just before WW2 spawned a host of vertical twins after the war. Every British manufacturer of note had a vertical twin in its range – Ariel, AJS, BSA, Matchless, Norton, Royal Enfield and Triumph all had big vertical twins as their star turns. In America it was big V twins that were and still are peculiarly American – Harley, Indian, Buell, Victory – while

in Germany the lead given by BMW in the post WW1 years meant that the German manufacturers all seemed to think that shaft drive and horizontally opposed engines were the way to go. There is a line of them in the museum – BMW, Zundapp, Hoffman and IFA. Large and small capacity, two stroke and four stroke, all flat twins, or fours, with shaft drive. All German.

It is impossible to cover the sheer staggering scale of this museum, as my feeble entreaty here to visit has demonstrated. The breadth and depth of its coverage defy description. Remember

too that every machine in the place is a runner and every single one gleams as if it were minted yesterday. It is a truly amazing place. I have written about just a tiny number of the bikes that specially interested me, and I know that your interests will be different depending on your age and your enthusiasms. But in the certain knowledge that your 'thing' is motorbikes I know that you will absolutely love it at the Sammy Miller Museum each of the many times that you will eventually go there.

Thanks Sammy Miller.
NF



The German manufacturers' devotion to the 'boxer' layout and shaft drive is well illustrated in the museum.



Ultimate Ear Protection is the leading UK manufacturer of custom made hearing protection for motorcyclists. Founded in 2001 by a motorcyclist, Ultimate now deliver hearing protection solutions to British superbike racers, Formula 1 teams, the Ministry of Defence and leading worldwide brands Heinz and Coca Cola to name a few.

Custom Hearing Protection for Motorcyclists

PLEASE USE THE COUPON
KAMG10 AT CHECKOUT
AT ULTIMATEEAR.COM
FOR 10% OFF OUR
ENTIRE RANGE OF
PRODUCTS AND HALF
PRICE (£15) IMPRESSIONS
AT OUR OFFICES IN
SIDCUP, KENT

COME RAIN OR SHINE

National Observer Roger Lancaster wonders why there were only twelve riders for the monthly run in July

Rain was forecast for the July Training and Social Ride. It was only a 40% chance and it was warm, so I guess it didn't really matter. Neither should it, because, as above average riders, or working towards that goal, we should all be able to demonstrate a safe, smooth and progressive ride come rain or shine. That's the great thing about these monthly rides that take place on the first Sunday after the Group night: they're an excellent way of learning about the standards of riding that we should be achieving, or the standards we should be maintaining if we already have a green badge.

On Jul 31st about twelve riders gathered at the Leybourne Lakes car park, just off the A228, for the ride to Saffron Walden. Twelve is well down on the pre-Covid numbers for these rides, especially as it's the summer, and not Scotland, where it was as low as 8°C only a couple of weeks ago when my wife and I were holidaying on the west coast. Nev Smith is the lead organiser for the Training and Social Rides, assisted by Simon Adamson and Craig Ayres. Nev divides up all riders into groups of four. The lead rider is either an observer or a full green badge member. If an associate is riding as one of the four, an observer will either lead or be the tail-ender. This is to ensure that the ride complies with the standards of mentoring that an associate member will experience during any rides with his or her observer.

Prior to the weekend Nev publishes the destinations of the rides on the KAMG's 'Tracker' system and they're also on our group's website. The routes are published too on Tracker using the *MyRoute* app, which is downloadable on to your personal device. Even I managed that so there's hope for all.

My sat-nav had the route for 31st July's destination – the Mocha Cafe, Saffron Walden – but I nearly didn't bother with my sat-nav as I know the route well. Having said that, the sat-nav took me on a new section of road within Saffron that avoided a possible long wait at a set of traffic lights. As ever, though, you need to beware the idiosyncrasies of the sat-nav – mine initially wanted to take me from the start all the way *back* to Tonbridge on the A228. Knowing that was nonsense I ignored it and stayed on the M20 westbound for the M25. After a brief time, my device corrected itself and behaved. It's always wise to have a clue about the route before setting off, and not to rely solely on your sat-nav.



Leading a group ride isn't everyone's cup of tea, especially when you're aware that your riding will be under scrutiny for about 90 minutes. On the other hand, volunteering to be at the rear is always welcome, especially if there's an associate in the group of four riders as then a few pointers can be discussed about how their ride could be improved. The guy at the front won't see much of this but will be concentrating on the route, on his own riding and ensuring the group is safely together. A mid-way stop may be deployed if the leader suspects there's some tiredness creeping in or to give rider number three a chance to ride behind the leader.

Many Full Members have told me about their positive experiences of riding on the KAMG's Training and Social Rides when they were Associate Members: it was when doing this that 'the penny dropped' for them. These rides allowed them to see the style of riding that they should be adopting even though their observer may already have done a short demo ride during observed rides. (See also page 29. Ed.)

The social part of these rides is good too. Nearly all rides end at a café that provides anything from a full breakfast to one or both of my favourites – a bacon sarnie on white or a Bakewell tart. I leave the consumption of doughnuts to observed rides. Additionally, meeting other members steers you toward friendships and possible riding buddies for the future.

I really do commend these rides to all members. And don't forget, we all have to ride home afterwards, which is just as much fun. You can ride on your own or return with others, but you'll never be left on your own if you're not confident about knowing a route to your return destination. And did it rain on the 31st? Barely. It was classed as 'not recordable' by the Met Office; it was literally a few seconds of fine drizzle. Why would we care, anyway?

POTHOLES AND CYCLISTS AND STUFF

I haven't had a gripe about potholes for a while so while you are all cast down in a pit of depression as you anticipate a cold and power-cut winter, I thought I'd heap this old misery on you as well. But it is not just gratuitous misery-making on my part, there's actually a little tiny morsel of cheer in the subject because, believe it or not, potholes are bringing motorists, motorcyclists and CYCLISTS together for the first time in living memory. Ring the church bells! Yes, these normally warring groups are united in their keen-ness to see potholes repaired. Of course, their newly found mateyness will avail them little, and even as I write this, I can see the shadow that is cast over the landscape by the enormous 'middle finger' that the staff of County Hall are running up the flagpole to let us know that we can forget any move on their part to repair Kent's potholes. Never mind, let us cling to this brief *entente* between the powered and the self-propelled brigade; it is rare that our views coincide.

A survey recently conducted by Opinium Research found that 78% of motorists would much rather the government filled the bloody potholes than built new cycle lanes, but here's the thing – 71% of cyclists thought so too! What's more, 63% of cyclists thought that they, cyclists, should have third party insurance.

Unity between cyclists and the rest of the road-using world is a rare thing and we must nurture it, and the survey gives further grounds for this with drivers and cyclists agreeing that increased regulation of electric bikes is necessary, with 66% of drivers and 63% of cyclists saying that electric



bikes require separate laws from push bikes. What does the IAM think about this? Hmm, I wonder.

What makes this pothole thing so frustrating is the fact that we can do absolutely nothing about it. We just have to sit and suck it up. There is no one we can scream at, chuck rotten fruit at, write to, vote out, thump, kick or sue; we just have to sit there and put up with it and listen to the KCC's road bloke smugly and proudly boasting that he doesn't pay out much in compensation to the poor sods who

dare to present a claim for damage or injury. He causes the damage and we pay to repair it. It is estimated by data from JCB (who have designed and built a one-man-operated pothole repairer in response to this situation) that as many as 4000 cars *a month* are seriously damaged after hitting a pothole, but much more frightening is the fact that in the decade ending 2018 (the last period for which I could get figures) 24 cyclists were killed in incidents that were attributed to poor road surfaces. 24!

NF



ARE YOU LOSING TRACK(ER)?

You cannot venture far in the world of the KAMG without someone sooner or later saying the magic word "Tracker". It is a mystical word for a mystical place, and knowing how to use it opens the doors to the inner workings and secrets of KAMG. Much happens behind Tracker's private 'Members Only' doors. You can register to go on rides and tours and sign up for barbecues and training weekends and all sorts of stuff, but you can only do this if you know how to do it, and several people have asked if I could explain this magic medium in the magazine. I sympathise, because for a long time I was mystified by Tracker and annoyed by frequent commands from someone further up the food chain to check something on Tracker, or register on Tracker or fly to the moon on Tracker, and I didn't really know what they were talking about. Tracker seemed to be one of those pieces of technology that was way above my head. I later found out that actually it's a bit pedestrian.

OK, this is what you do: first, go to the website www.KAMG.org.uk. Click on the 'members' tab and then click on 'tracker' on the dropdown menu. You then click on the 'find me' button and that should result in a username and password being sent to your email address. Using those you can login to Tracker, where you will find a calendar with events on it. Click on the one you wish to register for and Bob is your avuncular relative. That's it. That's all Tracker is. It's a pretty dumb thing and lies there inert and silent unless you prod it. You can't ask it to notify you of some upcoming event. You can't, for example, say please let me know the nano-second the date of the next Vianden run is released, nor will it pro-actively tell you that there's a fish and chip run on the 11th August, which is why I missed that one. It expects you to knock on its door regularly to ask it if it has a fish and chip run in the offing, and if you don't check it constantly... you lose track! Boom, boom! And I must admit that I do lose track.

NF

KAMG TRAINING ACTIVITY

The group's high level of training activity has been maintained in the last year with 702 observed rides having taken place in the year ending July 31st. However, it is important to note that it is not just associates that are being 'observed': 46 existing green badge holders have also been 'observed' in the last year, either to gain a higher qualification or to ensure that they are still riding to green badge standard. Existing green badge holders account for a quarter of all observed riders and 21% of all observed rides.

In a motorcycle magazine that I read recently, some chap had written to the editor saying how much he had learnt from following a mate, whom he acknowledged was a better rider than he was. Exactly!

I often think now, and certainly I thought when I was first an associate, that you learn much more by following and watching than you ever do by being followed and observed. The standard of riding of the copper I followed on my 'BikeSafe' day, was a revelation. And one of the reasons why the Peterborough training weekends are so valued and so well received by associates and green badgers alike, is because you follow and observe as much as you are followed and observed. Following any other rider, of whatever ability, is an education, which is why it is puzzling that the monthly social and training rides seem to be so poorly supported. (See page 24) Perhaps, as a group, we got out of the habit during the Covid restrictions.

NF



Mobile Motorcycle Tyre Service

B O O T ' S
T Y R E S

A professional, fully
equipped and insured
Mobile Motorcycle Tyre
Service based in Kent

Motorcycle Tyres,
Brakes, Chains,
Sprockets and Bearings
supplied and fitted
at your home or
place of work at your
convenience

www.bootstyres.co.uk

Mobile: 07743 333483

email: bootsenquiries@outlook.com

Observed Rides Analysis				
July 31st moving annual totals				
	Number of observed rides	%	Number of observed riders	%
Associates	485	69.1	105	58.3
Green Badge holders*	152	21.6	46	25.6
Observers & Trainee observers	65	9.3	29	16.1
TOTAL	702	100	180	100
* includes Fellows, Masters and AYSGB-ers				

A2 MOTORCYCLES



We have a fresh new look!

A2 Motorcycles are a Yamaha
Premier Dealership located in
Gravesend, Kent.

Selling large quantities of used and new
bikes, we are a leading supplier of new
Yamaha models, available to view and
test ride from our showroom.

Our sales team have over 30 years
knowledge within the motorbike industry
and will always offer a friendly personal
service, finding you what bike will be best
suited to you.

Part Exchanges are welcome as well as
competitive 'YOU Yamaha Motor
Finance'.



You can find us at;

A2 Motorcycles Ltd, 50 Singlewell
Road, Gravesend, Kent, DA11 7PW.

MON, TUE, THU & FRI

8.30am – 5.30pm

SAT: 9am – 5pm

Closed WED

sales@a2motorcycles.co.uk

info@a2motorcycles.co.uk

01474 320200

www.a2motorcycles.co.uk



**MOT'S
£29.65**

We also offer repairs, services and
MOT's on all motorbike makes and
models. Our technicians have many
years of experience so you can rest
assured that your bike is in the
best of hands!

Call 01474 320200 to book, Saturday
appointments available.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME ONE OF THE BEST QUALIFIED RIDERS ON THE ROAD?

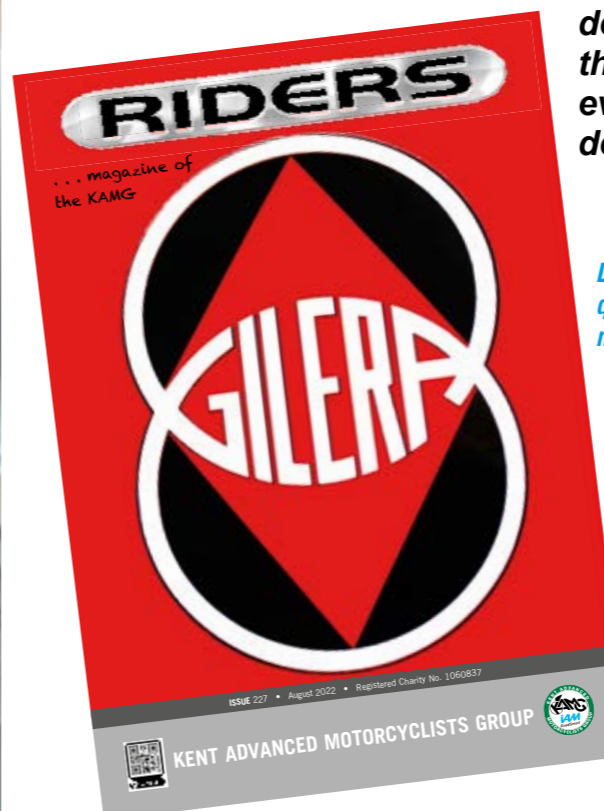
*Or perhaps you are
already a qualified
Advanced Rider, but you
want to keep your skills
honed and up to date. In
either case KAMG can
help.*

*KAMG was the first
motorcycle-only club
to be affiliated to the
Institute of Advanced
Motorists 42 years ago,
but today it is*

*much more than an
advanced training group,
it is also a motorcycle
club with a wide-ranging
social programme
including ride-outs,
barbecues, club nights
and regular tours abroad
and throughout the UK.
Our members are men
and women who range
in age from late teens
to 'old-age'. Some ride
only three thousand
miles a year while others
do fifteen to twenty
thousand. KAMG is for
everyone... even if you
don't live in Kent!*

*If you like what you see
in this magazine and
would like a 'Taster Ride'
or simply to find out more
about joining KAMG,
contact David Howard,
the Membership
Secretary at
membership@kamg.org.uk
or go to the website
www.kamg.org.uk*

*If you like bikes, KAMG is
the place to be.*



*Latest RIDERS
quarterly
magazine*

*New website for
all up-to-date
information*



IDCAM

INTRODUCTORY DAY COURSE IN ADVANCED MOTORCYCLING

- September 17th
- October 8th
- November 19th



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 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 or contact email below:

mcd@kamg.org.uk

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

Sat 10th September

Non-KAMG members will be asked for a small fee of £10.00 contributing to the running costs.

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: Kevin Chapman • Terry Friday • Christine Botley
Members: John Leigh • John Lemon • Mike Knowles • Brenda Vickery • Ian Burchell • Sue Mills • Tina Underwood



PRESIDENT
Terry Friday
0844 585 7786



**CHAIRMAN AND
VICE PRESIDENT**
Dave Murphy
0844 585 7781
chairman@kamg.org.uk



VICE CHAIR
Tina Underwood
0844 802 7091
vicechairman@kamg.org.uk
07718475004
Tunder2122@aol.com



GROUP SECRETARY
Martin Ford
0844 585 7796
group-secretary@kamg.org.uk
dco@kamg.org.uk



TREASURER
Paul Jessop
0844 802 7093
paul.jessop@fil.com



CHIEF OBSERVER
Ian Walker
0844 585 7791
chiefobserver@kamg.org.uk



**MEMBERSHIP
SECRETARY**
David Howard
0844 585 7792
membership@kamg.org.uk



**MACHINE
CONTROL DAY
MANAGER**
Paul Aspinall
07912 659431
paul.ridekamg@gmail.com



**ASSOCIATE
CO-ORDINATOR**
Joe Mair
0844 585 7789
associates@kamg.org.uk



**GROUP NIGHT
EVENT ORGANISER**
Simon Adamson
0844 585 7793
groupnights@kamg.org.uk



**GROUP RUN
ORGANISER**
Nev Smith
0844 585 7782
runleader@kamg.org.uk



**ASSISTANT
GROUP RUN
ORGANISER**
Craig Ayres
0844 585 7782
runleader@kamg.org.uk



REGALIA MANAGER
Paul Ashwin
0844 585 7795
regalia@kamg.org.uk



**WEBSITE AND
E-NEWS EDITOR**
Niels Reynolds
0844 585 7785
publicity@kamg.org.uk



MAGAZINE EDITOR
Nick Farley
0844 585 7794
nickfarleygazka@gmail.com



**IDCAM ORGANISER
AND DEPUTY
CHIEF OBSERVER**
Colin Billings
07770 301675
colin@theoldstablesfirtree.co.uk



**COMMITTEE
MEMBER**
Catherine Hills
07866 676019
catherine.hills@hotmail.co.uk



**COMMITTEE
MEMBER**
Roger Lancaster
07740 779224
0755311@gmail.com



**COMMITTEE
MEMBER**
John Gardiner
07899 898744
sujon.mg@gmail.com





**BMW
MOTORRAD**

VISIT OUR **ONLINE VIRTUAL SHOWROOM.**

**YOU CAN NOW BROWSE AND RESERVE YOUR PERFECT
APPROVED USED BMW BIKE ONLINE FOR JUST £99.**

VISIT: [VINESGROUP.CO.UK/BMW-MOTORRAD/USED-BIKES](https://vinesgroup.co.uk/bmw-motorrad/used-bikes)

Your deposit will be adjusted from the price of the
vehicle if you wish to complete your transaction.

VINES OF GUILDFORD MOTORRAD

21 Moorfield Road, Slyfield Industrial Estate
Guildford, Surrey, GU1 1RD

01483 207000

[WWW.VINESGROUP.CO.UK/BMW-MOTORRAD](https://www.vinesgroup.co.uk/bmw-motorrad)

MAKE LIFE A RIDE



@VinesBMWBikes

