

RIDERS

... magazine of the KAMG



ISSUE 228 • November 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
- 31 Contacts

NEW FEATURES:

- 8 What Type Are You?
- 12 Peterborough
- 14 Un Jour en France
- 15 Perpignan, Preston and Places in Portugal
- 18 Westward Ho!
- 20 French Thoughts
- 24 The NC500
- 28 Oliver's Mountaineering



Proper tourer – Page 10



Cover – Page 24



Page 14 and 21

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

This coming Sunday

Nov 27th Group Run to Winchelsea

DECEMBER

Sat 10th Christmas Toy Run
Mon 12th Committee Christmas Dinner
Fri 30th Group Run – Penshurst/Rolvenden round trip

JANUARY

Thurs 26th Group Night
Sun 29th Group Run (see Tracker)
Tues 31st Trainee Observer Meeting

FEBRUARY

Tue 7th Training Team Meeting (TSC)
Sat 18th IDCAM
Thurs 23rd Group Night
Sun 26th Group Run (see Tracker)

Always check dates on Tracker to ensure that there have been no last minute changes.
During the Winter months please also remember the 3 degree guidelines.

+44 (0) 1892 457 373

www.motoport-mc.co.uk



Nick Farley, Editor

EDITORIAL

Scan and Process Information Overload?

I am a bit hacked of this month because after driving and riding in the congested south east since 1960, including commuting daily to London for thirty years, I have just picked up my first speeding ticket – 36 in a 30. I'm not complaining, I was doing 36, the evidence exists. Fair cop.

It was a camera cop and it was on a road that I don't know, and obviously I missed the sign signalling the change of limit. But it set me to wondering if we are simply being asked to process too much information today, when we are riding on roads that we don't know. When riding on roads that you do know, you have much more brainpower to use on the traffic because you know exactly what lane to be in, what the speed limit is, where the trouble spots are and what direction you're going in and what turnings you are going to take. On roads that are new to you, you know none of this, so you are having to devote a much greater chunk of your available brainpower to looking for information and much less to traffic, or, alternatively, and much more likely, you will still need the maximum amount of brain cells coping with traffic (because traffic can hurt you) and that doesn't leave enough brain cells to cope with the new-to-you speed limits, lane markings and other road signs that on familiar roads you don't have to worry about.

When I first started using the roads, traffic was much lighter, the 40mph limit had only just been introduced and was rarely seen, and frankly we were not exactly stressed while driving or riding. But perhaps today, we are sometimes asked to register and process too much. Just a thought. (See also page 21)

*hit Happens

As you know by now, life is not always an endless round of eating Victoria sponge cake in the sunshine on a Steve Riches tour; no, sadly it's not, sometimes the ordure hits the fan of fate and rotten stuff happens, and some of it has happened this month. As a result, you must now prepare yourselves for a year in which your life will descend into a maelstrom of disorder and chaos. Expect to find yourselves forever in the wrong place at the right time and in the right place at the wrong time. Expect there to be an empty space on the kitchen wall, in the workshop or on the office noticeboard, an empty space that is lighter in colour and less greasy than the surrounding wall; it is the space that exactly at midnight on December 31st tradition demands you hang the new gloriously colourful, endlessly interesting, magnificently wrought KAMG calendar, except that this year you won't be able to do that. Unlike in years past you will not be able to rush home from the New Year's Eve party eager to plan 2023's activities on the KAMG calendar because there is no glorious (etc) KAMG calendar in the middle of this magazine.

Whoa, steady there, brace up, be brave, we shall get through this. There's always next year, even though we shall have no way of knowing that it is next year. The thing is that the glorious (etc) calendar added 16 pages to the November magazine and increased the printing and postage costs, so it had to go. It's a sad note to end the year on, but, if you can, do try to have a moderately decent Christmas and New Year.

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

The first signs of winter are upon us, which has changed the riding outlook, with wet fallen leaves now and the prospect of sub-zero temperatures fast approaching. However, it doesn't seem to have dulled the spirit of the hard-core riders within the group as we continue to organise ride-outs and make the most of the occasional sunny days.

Looking through the group statistics, it's good to see that 11 months after the end of the last Covid 19 lockdown, the observers and associates are getting out, and observed rides have returned to a normal level (at the time of writing, October 28th), with 625 observed rides having taken place so far in 2022. The success rate of test passes is quite impressive too, with a fabulous bunch of F1sts and Masters awards to add to our tally. The IAM have given us statistics to say that KAMG has achieved more Firsts than any other group and that we have by far the highest ratio of Masters to members of any group in the UK. So, it's very satisfying to know that our core objective of training is working exceptionally well. I am sure that we are all proud of our record and the hard work and dedication of the training team. We have invested

more funds this year in training, and with our healthy bank balance, we intend to increase this still further, and the committee is hard at work as usual to set out next year's agenda of events for us all to enjoy.

The subject of the expenses contribution made by associates to their observers is about to be reviewed. The £10 contribution was set over 10 years ago and is in desperate need of being raised to ensure that observers are less out of pocket than normal. We all appreciate the time and effort that they put into each observed ride, but we sometimes forget all of the other work and expense that they put into their own training and development, expense which comes directly out of their pocket. I have consulted many associates and every single one of them is willing to contribute more to the observers, so this will be addressed before the spring.

Finally, as this is my last opportunity to write in the magazine before 2023, let me be the first to wish each and every one of you a Happy Christmas and a super New Year.

Dave



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



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

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.



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**



TEST PASSES

Since the last edition



Damian Hatcher receiving his Advanced Rider FIRST qualification from Tina Underwood



Helen Wass receiving her Advanced Rider qualification from Matthew Barnes



Steven Potter receiving his Advanced Rider qualification from Dave Willson



Noel Jackson receiving his Advanced Rider qualification from Matthew Barnes



Sandra Rutherford receiving her Advanced Rider qualification from Tina Underwood

RIDER TYPES

As seen through the singular and subjective eyes of Geoff Curtis



GS riders

These are all wannabee Ewan McGregors, although most never leave the Tarmac, apart from the occasional gravel car park, where their chunky tyres really come into their own. GS riders all carry around empty, tin-can style, luggage to maintain the look of someone who is just about to ride off round the world, and they will often be found in a group comparing upgrades over the years.

Sports bike riders

The more mature ones are Valentino Rossi wannabees and will be seen in immaculate leathers complete with shiny knee sliders that never actually reach anywhere near the Tarmac, and they will be on pristine bikes hanging out at a café not too far from home. They're generally seen only on summer days with a clear blue sky for fear of rain spots on the paintwork.

A separate type are the younger sports bike riders denoted by their lack of protective gear, no appreciation of risk and few brain cells, they are often to be seen with their mates cutting through the traffic at high speed without a care in the world, seemingly confident that their fleeces, jeans and trainers are all they need. This type hibernates from October to May.



A knee slider that obviously hasn't slid

Cruiser riders

These too are wannabees: they all wannabee Peter Fonda in 'Easy Rider' and can be seen tootling down to the bike-meet not too far away from home to see their fat, hairy, tattooed mates. In their mind's eye they have a permanent image of themselves riding Route 66 or in The Rocky Mountains.



Easy Rider

Replica riders

These fall into two groups: the first are owners of a modern version of a classic Triumph or Norton etc. Riders of this first group are something of a strange breed: they buy a bike which looks vaguely similar to one they drooled over as a boy, but couldn't afford, and now that they do have the money, they don't buy the real thing, but instead buy a modern imitation with all the benefits of the latest technology, even down to having fuel injectors that are made to *look like* carburettors. Sadly, these looky-likey machines have as much heritage as the latest sports bike and are devoid of character.

The other group of replica riders are the race rep riders. These are fascinating characters to study. They are beautifully turned out on bikes decorated perfectly with sponsors' logos like the real thing, and they sit astride them in the finery of their matching 'sponsored' leathers. Once dismounted they can be seen strutting around and will tell anyone who cares to listen all the statistics relating to their machine – its horse power, weight, 0-60 time and so on...



The 60 year old real thing ...



... a three year old replica.

Big comfy tourer riders

These love the freedom of the open road riding over vast distances, and they are happy as long as they don't have to filter because their chosen steed is like an armchair on wheels complete with side tables, something akin to a well-padded moon lander. The more extras the bike came with plus the accessories fitted later, the better they like it, because they love comparing all the features that their bike has with rival brands, and then telling the unfortunate riders of less well-equipped bikes how they can draw current from the battery to boil a kettle.

Custom riders

The word 'rider' here is something of a misnomer because they enjoy tinkering with their machines more than riding

them, assuming the bikes are even fit to ride when they've finished chopping them about and decorating them. The extreme example of a custom bike is one that has artwork as fine as the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel while having the wheelbase of an HGV. These bikes are very difficult to spot on the road as their natural habitat is a raised platform at a show. However, be careful not to be seen gawping by the owner because he will bore you to death with all the details of the 'build' as he'll call it, droning on at length about how difficult it was to obtain some part or other, how a particularly tricky part of the work had to be done by a specialist chap that he knows, and how much it cost, blah, blah...

Scooter riders

Mainly men of a certain age who have not grown up but are in touch with their feminine side. Enough said.

Sports-tourer riders

This is an interesting cross-breed; a bitsa, if you like. They can be seen wistfully looking at a GP bike being put through its paces on track but they acknowledge that their ageing bodies can no longer bend enough to mount a



Enough Said?



Are custom riders' bikes fit to ride?

sports bike. They yearn for adventure, yet adventure with a degree of comfort. Their adventure must be sanitised and carefully planned to avoid all the nasty gravel, dirt and ruts. Their bike of choice commonly has a screen adorned with stickers from distant places visited (though there will be nothing too remote) in similar fashion to the more agricultural type tourers where stickers can cover nearly the whole bike. (See Proper Tourer below.) This group wants weather protection but they decry full screens as that would be too full-on tourer-like.

Step-through riders

Those who can't make up their mind what they want from their riding. See also 'Scooter riders' above.

The proper tourer

This type makes up only a small fraction of the biking population and is characterised by having a solid, often ageing, touring bike of a certain make, with many miles on the clock. Unlike the first category above (GS riders), they have a fine appreciation of the capability of their mounts and will be untroubled by gravel, sand, mud and deep fords. They will visit remote places and challenging terrain perhaps by shipping their bike there or having one hired ready to collect after their flight to another continent. They ride, as often as not, without the back-up of a small team of support staff, or camera crew. Their bike will proudly display evidence of their derring-do, being plastered with stickers from places that ordinary people never knew existed, together with battle scars from the inevitable offs

on the unmade byways. These brave souls epitomise the spirit of freedom and adventure on two wheels. Take a bow.

Double front wheel machine riders

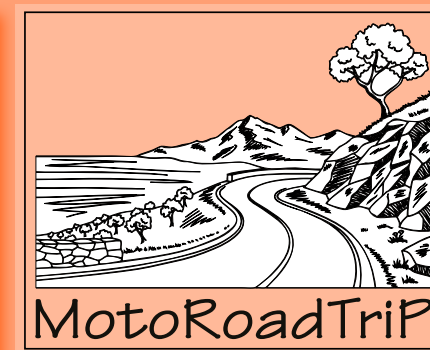
These either lack confidence in the front end of a two wheeled machine or simply wish to continue delivering pizzas throughout the British winter.

The restorer

Please stand in respect at this point. The restorer is not to be confused with the customiser. Not for them the garage that repairs classics for lots of money; no, they will labour long and hard, shedding blood, sweat and tears bringing a barn-find back to its former glory. These are a very special type of rider who only come out once a project is completed. Then they emerge from their lair, blinking in the bright daylight after months of gloom, victoriously wheeling out their shiny restored classic. As often as not though, it fails to start and they quickly scuttle back in before the neighbours see them, like a groundhog going back to hibernation for a bit longer. However, a little more fettling on something overlooked usually does the trick and the open road beckons. Their unbridled joy is short lived though, because the next project awaits. So, their brief love is sold to provide funds for the next wreck. These wonderful workshop heroes are keeping some splendid machinery on the roads and huge thanks are due to them. So, wherever you are, I salute you.



We stand as requested for a beautifully restored pre-war Benelli.



Rutland Water

29th April until 1st May

A 3 Day Tour around Rutland Water and Melton. A great relaxed tour of wonderful countryside. A great first tour suitable for all skill levels associates, full members and pillions. Under 500 miles of which 25 are on motorways.

North Coast 500

13th May until 21st May

A Nine day Adventure including Loch Ness, Cairngorms, Applecross and Glen Coe. This is a 2000 mile tour of which 232 is on the motorway. With every night in a different hotel. Suitable for experienced riders.

Wales

12th June until 16th June

A 5 Day Mid week tour of Wales. A couple of days around the Brecon Beacons and then a couple around Snowdonia. The tour is 1000 miles based in two hotels with only 50 miles on the motorways. This is a medium level of tour.

Southern Scotland

1st July until 8th July

A Eight day tour of Southern Scotland and Northern England. The Tour includes a visit to Beamish Living Museum. The tour is 1600 miles of which 230 are on motorways. This tour is suitable for all levels of riders.

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

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





PETERBOROUGH IN SEPTEMBER

Peterborough is once again attacked by KAMG raiders – and Ian Foulkes was in the party

It was my observer, Paul Aspinall, who first suggested that I should go on the Peterborough Weekend in September this year and although I looked at it on Tracker, I was unsure whether I would be ready for that level of intense training by September and I did not want to embarrass myself or feel that I was a burden to other riders. However, as my Green Badge journey progressed, I decided to think again about Peterborough only to discover, by the time I had decided to go, that the event was fully booked. However, after a quick email to organisers Steve Riches and Colin Underwood, I was added to the 'reserve' list, and fortunately someone did drop out and I had my place.

The night before we left, I did my POWDDERRSSS check and discovered a loose nearside mirror; I tightened it up (or so I thought), but by the time I arrived at Thurrock Services (the first RV), my nearside mirror was practically facing the floor. Fortunately, my 25yr old Suzuki Bandit came with, and still has, a complete tool kit, so with a bit of help from Paul and 14mm spanner, the problem was quickly resolved.

All the bikes were scrutinised by a member of the KAMG safety team and after the obligatory briefings we were assigned to our first observers in a ratio of 2:1 – two students to one observer. I confess that when I discovered my first observer was to be the legendary Ian Walker – the KAMG Chief Observer – I was more than a little nervous, as his standards and critique were bound to be extra robust. However, I need not have worried as he quickly put me and my student buddy, Giles, at ease, and gave us a clear brief on how he would conduct his observer duties and what he expected from us. I should say a few words about Giles before I go on (I know he won't mind): Giles passed his GB in 2014 and was back for a review and refresher on his BMW R1200, having not experienced an observed ride for several years. Despite the outward appearance of a country vicar, it turned out that Giles rides his BMW like Satan, as we found out on the first observed ride, when despite the narrowness of the early lanes, he was off into the distance at the earliest and every opportunity. With Steve Riches words ringing in my ears, as the third rider I just rode my own ride at the back and caught up Ian and Giles whenever we reached a 30mph zone or at key road junctions. 'Spirited' would be how I would describe Ride 1.

After a much needed stop for coffee at Ongar Garden Centre, we set off on Ride 2, with me in the lead.

Fortunately, the roads opened up a little as we headed out into the Cambridgeshire and Suffolk countryside. Narrow, closed lanes with high hedges are my absolute *bête noire* as Paul will testify, but I relaxed into my ride and concentrated on applying IPSGA to the best of my ability. The 37 miles flew by, and we soon arrived at Clare Castle Country Park, which was our lunch stop, and after another coffee and a sandwich it was time for my debrief from Ian. His feedback on my ride was spot on: although my ride was safe, and I was clearly applying IPSGA, I needed to add a little more 'sparkle' to make it a good ride. At this point I was starting to suspect a conspiracy at work as this is eerily similar to the feedback I get from Paul. Lunch finished, it was time to swap observers and John Gardiner took over the responsibility of guiding Giles and me to our next stop. With Giles in the lead for Ride 3, it was clear he had very quickly assimilated the feedback given to him by Ian in the morning and although still spirited, from the third rider position I could already see that he was more comfortable having an observer behind him. With some more great roads covered as we skirted around Newmarket, we had our final coffee stop of the day near Ely. Then it was time for my second observed ride of the day, and under John's watchful gaze we headed towards Peterborough, the location of our overnight hotel. The countryside in that part of the world is flat and roads are often higher than the surrounding countryside so while making good progress is entirely possible the short wheelbase and 25yr old suspension of the Bandit was not the best at coping with the lumps and bumps of Fenland roads, so discretion became the better part of valour. I will also confess that as my normal leisure riding tends to be less than a couple hours in the saddle in total, by this stage of day fatigue was definitely becoming a factor, so although I enjoyed the ride, I was a quite glad when John came swooping past me with a quick thumbs up and we headed towards the hotel car park, joining the throng of bikes already secured for the night. Tina, kind soul that she is, had provided an immediate sugar hit in the form of donuts and after a quick change into more relaxing attire John debriefed me in the bar over a welcome beverage with Giles listening in.

With dinner choices all pre-ordered, delivery was slick and accurate and amongst the bike chat, the world was put to rights in many conversations around the room. Sleep eventually beckoned and after a phone call home it was time for bed.

A damp start welcomed us on Sunday morning as the cold night air condensed dew on almost every saddle, but after kit was stowed and bikes checked, we had the group photo taken – which will doubtless accompany this article – followed by a reminder of the safety brief from Steve. Accompanied by our third and final observer, Ian Broughton, Giles and I headed out once again with Giles in the lead. The first ride on Sunday took us from Peterborough south towards Huntingdon for a ride of around 45 miles. Giles was clearly into his stride and as both he and the other Ian were on 1200cc machines they effortlessly pulled away when conditions allowed leaving me with the 600cc Bandit screaming like a banshee at 8000rpm making progress on my own ride as per the guidance from Steve. My third observed ride was a relatively short leg of 33 miles to Pearce's Farm Shop in Hertfordshire where we had lunch and Ian gave me a detailed critique of my ride – sparkle figured again – and he asked me a few questions on IPSGA to test my knowledge of the system. After lunch and in need of petrol I decided to leave the party at this stage, missing out on the group ride back to Weald Country Park. As I headed down the

A10 and then on to the M25 towards the Dartford Crossing I had much to reflect on after a very busy and challenging weekend. I know that I need to add sparkle, I now just need to do it consistently as I edge towards my GB test.

Would I recommend the weekend to other associates? Absolutely. The chance to have other observers view your rides is priceless, as their collective consistency means that they can confirm and reinforce your strengths, but as everyone picks up on different things, they can also provide new perspectives, hints and tips on those things that perhaps are not so good. Each observed ride is uploaded to the KAMG Tracker, so you have a chance to reflect on the points after you have recovered from the weekend.

Events such as the Peterborough weekend don't just happen, they take a lot of planning, preparation, and organisation. So, my thanks go to Colin Underwood and Steve Riches, and their cast of supporters including all the observers and especially to Tina and Nicola for providing logistic and safety support, which all combined to make it such a fantastic time.

KAMG PETERBOROUGH TRAINING WEEKENDS 2023

Sunday to Monday 26th to 27th March 2023

Saturday to Sunday 6th to 7th May 2023

(Note - Saturday May 6th is Coronation Day)

Saturday to Sunday 23rd to 24th September 2023

Note the first 'weekend' will be on a Sunday and Monday.

The other two courses will be normal Saturday/Sunday weekends, but note that May 6th is Coronation Day.

There is limited space on each session. If you wish to reserve a place, please send your preferred choice in the order that you would like to attend and we will do our best to accommodate you.

Contact: Colin Underwood – Mobile = 07860 127419
Email – cunder7678@virginmedia.com

Steve Riches – Mobile 07786 592845



Kawasaki

ROYAL ENFIELD

INDEPENDENT aprilia AT BOWENMOTO

SYM KEFWAY

Established 1986

BOWENMOTO ^{BM}

PASSIONATE ABOUT BIKES

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



UN JOUR EN FRANCE

Karen Grimes sees a German rocket launcher, eats ice cream and watches a wedding in France.



When the opportunity came up to have a day trip to France, I decided to put my name down, as I'd never ridden in Europe before. Then, once I had committed, the nerves kicked in. What do I need to take? What to expect at the terminal? How will I cope with riding on the other side of the road? Yet, not once did I question whether my friends in the group would judge my riding. As the day approached people were sharing hints and tips with each other. Joe and Tina did a great job providing pegs for everyone's tickets to be attached to their screens. Simon had to put up with my army check list, making sure that I had packed everything, and that I had checked my bike and checked everything that I was taking, and all for about the fourth time, before I finally relaxed.

It was cold at 4.30 in the morning and I wished that I had put my jumper on. Oh, how I love the British weather. A meet-up with a few of us put my mind at ease so that I could enjoy the day from start to finish, and after a short chilly ride, we met the others at the petrol services. Everyone filled up, had a warm coffee and then we were off... well, not quite, as I had a little issue with my bike. Never mind, Colin was quick to move my bike for me, making it look as light as a feather, and after showing off how prepared he was, he decided to check my battery first, as I had power but nothing else. I think I impressed him as I got my little tool kit out, removed the seat and exposed the battery. Short story: Colin fixed my bike, my anxiety level went back to 'low', and off we all rode. Then, when we arrived at the terminal, a few of the group talked me through what I needed to have to hand and what to expect, and I felt comfortable as they all kept me in sight and in contact with repeated thumbs up. Next thing I knew we were riding on to the train and our bikes were stationary. Once again, there was chit chat with

most of the group checking to see how Maria and I were finding our first European trip so far. To be honest, it was a breeze, but only because everyone was so supportive, kind and patient.

We arrived in France and stopped at the agreed services, where we grabbed another coffee and Colin bought some French pastries. Apparently, Colin doesn't normally put his hand in his pocket.

Richard and Helen took me under their wing and talked me through riding on the other side of the road and what to look out for. I kept repeating 'give-way-to-the-left-and-ride-to-the-right', and treat everyone as if they ride like Colin, which means expect the unexpected. (Sorry Colin, I was asked to put that in.) (See also page 21 'Priorité a Droite'. Ed) By now the weather was warming up, the skies were clear and the roads were too. It took me a little while to adjust, but the leadership of Colin helped me relax and cope with the marker system, and after a good ride on some twisty roads, with some beautiful scenery, as well as a couple of flies in the mouth, and we were at *La Coupole* museum, the place from which the Germans planned to launch their V2 rockets in the Second World War. All 18 of us arrived safe and sound thanks to the back marker, David H, who did a smashing job ensuring that no one got lost.

The museum was very educational and left us all thinking how grateful we are for what we have today and the times we live in. There were impressive items displayed that really brought to life both the accomplishment of the launching of the V2, but also the lives lost among the slave labourers that built the bunker. The auditorium was a place to gather our thoughts and watch a few film clips of how the huge bunker was built.



The group standing under a manned version of the V1. The manned version was test flown but never used, unsurprisingly. The V1 (the 'Doodlebug') was pulse jet powered, whereas the V2 was rocket powered, and a V2 launched vertically was the first 'vehicle' to leave Earth's atmosphere and reach space.

We were now ready to eat so we headed off to Saint-Omer for a spot of lunch, where a few of us tried out different restaurants while others managed to be late back from lunch. I mean when in France if you get the opportunity to be treated like royalty on a horse and cart, then take it. We all ate, drank and chatted away; something that, as a group, we do very well, swapping stories about the ride, sharing laughter and, of course, a bit of banter.

Eventually, we saddled up and off we went into the sunshine again for some more amazing roads and picturesque villages. I was buzzing. I never thought I'd be in France, on my bike, and be so relaxed as I took in all my new surroundings. After another scenic tour led by Colin and with David H keeping us in check at the back, we

cruised along the seafront, through some fantastic bends and stopped at a lovely and lively village in Boulogne Sur Mer for waffles and ice cream. And while enjoying our ice creams and waffles we watched the village celebrating a wedding. The cobbled streets were full of beautiful French people, probably wondering who these bikers were.

After a little help from David A to get my bike off the path, we were set for our final destination. Off we rode, feeling on a high, with me reflecting on the company and great conversations I had had during the day getting to know the group more. Then before I knew it, we were back at the terminal, bikes roaring as we all rode into Lane 2 together. We took this moment to stretch out, or in Tina's case lie down. But this was a short-lived respite as the barrier lifted and we all made a rush to get on our bikes. To be honest it was everyone for themselves and Tina was left on the floor. Once on the train we all shared laughter as we talked about the day, and when we sang 'Happy Birthday' to Trevor we were, thankfully, underground, which saved us from bursting anyone's ear drums.

My first Europe trip was a success, and it was one that I would never have made if I wasn't in this group. Everyone has always been non-judgemental, they have been supportive, encouraging and for me it's a group of new found friends. Finally, a special mention to Colin and David H as the leader and back marker respectively. Thanks too to Simon for coping with my numerous panic messages and thanks just to everyone in general for making this experience one to remember and one that's encouraged me to do more European trips in the future.

Rutland, Skye, Norfolk & Suffolk, Lakes & Dales, North Coast 500, Vianden, Picos Mountains, Normandy Beaches, Yorkshire Moors, Wales, Arctic Circle, New York, Paris, Peckham.

Joe Mair now wants some trailblazers for Perpignan, Preston, Perranporth and places in Portugal

OK so I chucked in the last few just to get your attention, but the rest are all places to which various KAMG members have organised trips in the recent past. And that list is by no means exhaustive. I regularly chat to members who tell me about a trip they've been on to some far-flung corner that I had no idea even existed. Some of these tours are for a weekend and some for a few days, but many are for considerably longer – you pays your money, you takes your choice.

I have no idea how many members have enjoyed these trips over the years, but it is certainly many hundreds, possibly thousands, and I've never heard anyone say they didn't enjoy them. In fact, these trips achieve one of the highest approval ratings in our surveys and are some of the most popular things that we do as a group. In this issue alone there are reports of three trips: a training weekend, a day trip to France and a nine-day adventure around Scotland.

But what's the catch I hear you all collectively shout? Well, firstly, members sometimes find it difficult to sign up for trips: if you don't get to Tracker in time and sign up when they are announced then many are over-booked before you get there. So, the solution is clear – to keep more members happy, we need to organise more tours. And that's where (I hope) you come in.

Don't get me wrong, organising a tour for a dozen or so people is a very time-consuming and expensive exercise, it's not just a question of creating a route on MRA (My Route App) and inviting the troops along; no, there are hotels to be booked, tea and lunch stops that can cope with the numbers to be found and organised (no 'greasy spoons' with pot-holed car parks please), and on multi-day tours you will need more stop-offs, more routes, more of everything. And you will need a safety plan to cope with emergencies and some form

of communication protocol. Then, once you've planned all that, you'll almost certainly need to do a recce run to check that it all works.

So, are you up for the challenge? It's hard work, but tremendously rewarding if you can pull it off. However, if everyone sits back and leaves it to others to do then we won't have any tours for people to enjoy. If you could organise a trip, you will find that there are lots of members who have run events that would happily give you some advice and general pointers to what you need to do.

It's said that everyone has one book in them, and I think that's probably right, but I also think the same is true about a tour – everyone has one place that they know and love and to which they could introduce others. So, if that's you and you fancy having a go at running a tour for KAMG members, please contact Simon Adamson (simon@sdsafety.com) for a chat about how to get started. You never know, next year it could be you leading a group of grateful bikers around the countryside, or mountains, or.....



KAMG Planner 2023

You may find this planner useful for organizing all your trips for the forthcoming year (see Page 15)

January	February	March	April	May	June	July	August	September	October	November	December
1 Su New Year's Day	1 We	1 We	1 Sa	1 Mo Early May Bank Holiday	1 Th	1 Sa	1 Tu	1 Fr	1 Su	1 We	1 Fr
2 Mo Substitute day	2 Th	2 Th	2 Su	2 Tu	2 Fr	2 Su	2 We	2 Sa	2 Mo 40	2 Th	2 Sa
3 Tu	3 Fr	3 Fr	3 Mo 14	3 We	3 Sa	3 Mo 27	3 Th	3 Su	3 Tu	3 Fr	3 Su
4 We	4 Sa	4 Sa	4 Tu	4 Th	4 Su	4 Tu	4 Fr	4 Mo 36	4 We	4 Sa	4 Mo 49
5 Th	5 Su	5 Su	5 We	5 Fr	5 Mo 23	5 We	5 Sa	5 Tu	5 Th	5 Su	5 Tu
6 Fr	6 Mo 6	6 Mo 10	6 Th	6 Sa Kings Coronation	6 Tu	6 Th	6 Su	6 We	6 Fr	6 Mo 45	6 We
7 Sa	7 Tu	7 Tu	7 Fr Good Friday	7 Su	7 We	7 Fr	7 Mo 32	7 Th	7 Sa	7 Tu	7 Th
8 Su	8 We	8 We	8 Sa	8 Mo Extra Bank Holiday 19	8 Th	8 Sa	8 Tu	8 Fr	8 Su	8 We	8 Fr
9 Mo 2	9 Th	9 Th	9 Su	9 Tu	9 Fr	9 Su	9 We	9 Sa	9 Mo 41	9 Th	9 Sa
10 Tu	10 Fr	10 Fr	10 Mo Easter Monday 15	10 We	10 Sa	10 Mo 28	10 Th	10 Su	10 Tu	10 Fr	10 Su
11 We	11 Sa	11 Sa	11 Tu	11 Th	11 Su	11 Tu	11 Fr	11 Mo 37	11 We	11 Sa	11 Mo 50
12 Th	12 Su	12 Su	12 We	12 Fr	12 Mo 24	12 We	12 Sa	12 Tu	12 Th	12 Su	12 Tu
13 Fr	13 Mo 7	13 Mo 11	13 Th	13 Sa	13 Tu	13 Th	13 Su	13 We	13 Fr	13 Mo 46	13 We
14 Sa	14 Tu	14 Tu	14 Fr	14 Su	14 We	14 Fr	14 Mo 33	14 Th	14 Sa	14 Tu	14 Th
15 Su	15 We	15 We	15 Sa	15 Mo 20	15 Th	15 Sa	15 Tu	15 Fr	15 Su	15 We	15 Fr
16 Mo 3	16 Th	16 Th	16 Su	16 Tu	16 Fr	16 Su	16 We	16 Sa	16 Mo 42	16 Th	16 Sa
17 Tu	17 Fr	17 Fr	17 Mo 16	17 We	17 Sa	17 Mo 29	17 Th	17 Su	17 Tu	17 Fr	17 Su
18 We	18 Sa	18 Sa	18 Tu	18 Th	18 Su	18 Tu	18 Fr	18 Mo 38	18 We	18 Sa	18 Mo 51
19 Th	19 Su	19 Su	19 We	19 Fr	19 Mo 25	19 We	19 Sa	19 Tu	19 Th	19 Su	19 Tu
20 Fr	20 Mo 8	20 Mo 12	20 Th	20 Sa	20 Tu	20 Th	20 Su	20 We	20 Fr	20 Mo 47	20 We
21 Sa	21 Tu	21 Tu	21 Fr	21 Su	21 We	21 Fr	21 Mo 34	21 Th	21 Sa	21 Tu	21 Th
22 Su	22 We	22 We	22 Sa	22 Mo 21	22 Th	22 Sa	22 Tu	22 Fr	22 Su	22 We	22 Fr
23 Mo 4	23 Th	23 Th	23 Su	23 Tu	23 Fr	23 Su	23 We	23 Sa	23 Mo 43	23 Th	23 Sa
24 Tu	24 Fr	24 Fr	24 Mo 17	24 We	24 Sa	24 Mo 30	24 Th	24 Su	24 Tu	24 Fr	24 Su
25 We	25 Sa	25 Sa	25 Tu	25 Th	25 Su	25 Tu	25 Fr	25 Mo 39	25 We	25 Sa	25 Mo Christmas Day
26 Th	26 Su	26 Su	26 We	26 Fr	26 Mo 26	26 We	26 Sa	26 Tu	26 Th	26 Su	26 Tu Boxing Day
27 Fr	27 Mo 9	27 Mo 13	27 Th	27 Sa	27 Tu	27 Th	27 Su	27 We	27 Fr	27 Mo 48	27 We 52
28 Sa	28 Tu	28 Tu	28 Fr	28 Su	28 We	28 Fr	28 Mo August Bank Holiday	28 Th	28 Sa	28 Tu	28 Th
29 Su		29 We	29 Sa	29 Mo Spring Bank Holiday	29 Th	29 Sa	29 Tu	29 Fr	29 Su	29 We	29 Fr
30 Mo 5		30 Th	30 Su	30 Tu	30 Fr	30 Su	30 We	30 Sa	30 Mo 44	30 Th	30 Sa
31 Tu		31 Fr		31 We		31 Mo 31	31 Th		31 Tu		31 Su

WESTWARD HO

Patrick Flood went west to ride some 'boreens' (?)

The harbour at Aberaeron



After an horrendous ride out of London in the July heat, followed by filtering through heavy traffic on the M25, I finally joined the M4, turning off at Swindon, and then, riding via Cirencester and Gloucester, I joined the A40 at Ross-on Wye. This took me to Trecastle in Powys, where I turned on to a very scenic road that passed the Red Kite Feeding Station in the Brecon Beacons National Park, although, sadly, there were no kites in view. I ended the day at Llangadog in Carmarthen, and stayed at The Red Lion hotel, a former coaching inn dating back to 1832, where my accommodation was a fourposter bed in a spooky-looking room, and I was hoping there would be no ghostly apparitions in the night. Fortunately, there wasn't and I ended up having a good night's sleep.

Next day I stopped first at the West End Café in Llandovery for a good breakfast. Then took the Cilycwm road, which became a single track leading up to the Llyn Brianne Reservoir. Then on through forested areas eventually crossing a small bridge and finally stopping at the Soar-Y-Mynydd chapel. This Calvinist Methodist chapel's claim to fame is that it is the remotest chapel in Wales, and it's well worth a look if you're in the vicinity. After that I got petrol in Tregaron and then took the A485 for a quick stop on the seafront at Aberystwyth. However, it was very crowded and I decided not to park and left for a stop at Aberaeron's

Red kites feeding in the Brecon Beacons, unseen by Patrick.



scenic harbour for a cup of tea before finally heading to Fishguard to stay with friends for the night.

In the morning I filled up the tank at the local garage and met up with the four other lads in the party, and all five of us boarded the ferry at Fishguard and headed straight for the onboard restaurant, landing in Rosslare three hours later. We had no problems going through customs, and once clear we headed south on the N11 towards Wexford, but turned off to stop for coffee at the Woodenbridge Hotel. We reached our destination at Glenmalure later than expected, and with last orders for meals in the Glenmalure Lodge being at 8pm, there was no time to change, nevertheless we had a nice meal and a few beers. It was there that we met up with our ride leader Gary and his brother Fred, whom I had met previously. Gary has organised many boreen* runs. Eventually we retired to our accommodation for the night, the Coolalingo B&B, which was just a short walk away.

It was now the fourth day of the trip and the start of the boreen run. We left Glenmalure taking the road to Laragh. We went up into the Wicklow mountains on the back roads through the Luggala Estate including the mountains of Luggala and Knocknacloghoge then on past Lough Tay. This area is where they filmed Braveheart and the King

The group at Kinitty



Burren National Park

Arthur and the Vikings series. We reached the town of Athy for lunch at the Auld Shebeen Bar, where we all had sandwiches and soup to keep us going. Then, as we reach Vicarstown, we followed a route running parallel to the Grand Union Canal that seemed to go for miles ending with a steep left turn on to a B road that took us past the outskirts of Portlaoise and on into the Slieve Bloom Mountains following a switch back mountain road, which levelled out with a fine view over the area. We stopped to take some photos and make our way down towards Kinnitty and the Ardmore House B&B, our stop for the night.

We took some group photos in the morning, before saying goodbye to our host Christine, and we left Kinnitty heading for Banagher beside the River Shannon. Some of the tracks we followed through the forests had large deposits of grit on the edges on some bends, which ensured that total concentration was maintained. I had noticed too that when passing farmyards, we would be alerted by the sound of a dog barking followed by the dog itself rushing out of the yard and trying to catch up to the nearest rider. While this was a source of amusement when looking from behind, it was not so funny when it was your turn to be chased.

After a lunch stop at Woodford, we passed Lough Graney, when the heavens opened, but thankfully cleared up ten minutes later. This route took us into the Burren National Park a vast area of glacial-era limestone, rock formations and archaeological sites. We stop for photos at Lackareagh and stop again for the obligatory photos outside Father Ted's house. Eventually we arrive in Lisdoonvarna our final destination. Gary asks us all if we want to ride the scenic coast

A boreen near Glenmalure County Wicklow



Lough Tay

road to Ballyvaughan and back before getting to the B&B. We all agree and are treated to a very scenic coast road to Ballyvaughan, where we stop for a short break. On the way back we encounter Corkscrew Hill, a steep and winding zigzag road uphill. Unfortunately, two cars are in front of us with the first car driving as slowly as he could. Finally, with the road straightening, we manage to leave them behind and have a great run back to Lisdoonvarna, arriving at our B&B in good time. We celebrated with a meal and a few beers in the town to mark the official end of the two-day boreen run.

Back on normal B roads in the morning we leave Lisdoonvarna before stopping in Portumna, where we say goodbye to Gary and Fred, who head back to Dublin. We five carry on through Birr and Roscrea, with a stop in Rathdowney, where one of us finds an ice cream parlour, which was a treat for everyone before we headed to our last night in Ireland at the Abbeyleix Manor Hotel.

On the last day of the trip, day seven, we head back to Rosslare via Carlow, Bunclody, and Enniscorthy stopping at Kilmore Quay. As the ferry was not until 6pm we needed to kill a bit of time, so we had a walk around the harbour area followed by fish and chips in a local restaurant. Finally, we boarded the ferry in good time and arrived in Fishguard at nine o'clock. I stayed with my friends in Fishguard again and head home the next day.

**A 'boreen' is a narrow road. The word is derived from the Irish word 'bóithrín', meaning a narrow, rough, rural road. It is also occasionally used in names of narrow country roads with a strip of grass running down the middle.*

THOUGHTS WHILE RIDING IN FRANCE



It was the Tour de France on the telly that finally decided it. There was France in all her sunlit glory and there was I sulking and moaning about the loathsome Monsieur Macron and vowing not to spend a brass farthing in France this year. Stupid, petty me. If ever there was a case of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face, that was it. Damn it, the nose in question is in its 80th year and the chances of its being able to lead another assault on the magnificent mountain hairpins and the super smooth roads of France next year are fast diminishing. The BMW, with two hefty panniers, a bloody great top box plus (the admittedly sylph-like) Lady Pillion, is quite a weight to heave 2500 miles across Europe for two weeks. Yes, I know, I know, that when you're roaring along the open road the laws of physics say that the bike will feel balanced and as light as feather, but there are other laws of physics that kick in when you

are stationary, and notable among these is gravity. Gravity can be a real pain the arse when the temperature is 35°C and you are stuck in a non-filtering situation on an uphill gradient. We get no younger, so *carpe diem* and it was off to France while it was still possible, and rowlocks to Mr Macron. (He doesn't like us you know, and I don't like him right back, in spades.)

I won't bore you with a day-by-day travelogue; it is enough to say that France supplied all the usual stuff – miles of beautiful deserted roads, plus endless fantastic scenery, warm weather and wonderful food. We had a great time. I've said it before, but it is worth saying again: when God went through his creation check-list at the end of the week and he got to the box that said 'motorbike country', he ticked off France, which is very fortunate for us, because it's on our doorstep.

However, there are perhaps a couple of things that you have to be wary of in French motorcycle heaven and one is the difficulty, sometimes, of getting petrol. It is surprisingly easy these days, in France, to run out of petrol because there are fewer and fewer petrol stations every year. I can speak with great authority here, having run out of petrol twice in the wilds of that country, despite my bike having a range of about 250 miles. One of those times was in a set of narrow-laned motorway roadworks, when I had decided against my normal practice to make a short hop on an Autoroute. The result of that little petrol starvation hiccup was almost fatal, and I was very lucky indeed to survive it. Today it is very easy, when riding on the beautiful 'D' roads, or even on the major 'N' roads, to ride for 30 miles or more without coming across a filling station, and increasingly the only available petrol in the countryside will be from an unmanned self-service pump hidden in a small village, and this self-service pump is just as likely to eat your credit card as to give you petrol. One such pump this year, grabbed the Lady Pillion's card and flatly



The roads in France are good, but descending the 1 in 4 track leading to the farmhouse where we stayed was tricky. Going up was slightly easier.



The excellent emergency petrol 'can'. Google 'Fuel Friend'. There's a wide variety of prices.

refused to give it back, nor did it give us any of the much-needed *essence* either. Eventually, we roused an old lady and she, in turn, roused an older gent who fortunately retrieved the card with robust pliers. On past trips I have had one of these village pumps refuse two of my cards before it accepted the third, luckily. In France these days I always travel with spare petrol in a 1½ litre plastic 'can' that gives me an emergency 15 miles in which to find a petrol pump. Many of today's sports bikes have a pretty feeble range. So, beware.

Another thing to beware of is the *Priorité a Droite* rule (priority to the right). Karen Grimes, on page 14 in this issue, says that in traffic in France you simply reverse what we do here and give way to the traffic on your left, which is absolutely true... most of the time, but not always: sometimes quite the opposite is the case and you give way to the right. It is widely thought that *Priorité a Droite* has gone away, but it hasn't and it is still the fundamental protocol to be observed on French roads. There was a time when *Priorité a Droite* was the only rule in France and I well remember that it used to cause havoc amongst we visiting Brits because it meant that jolly Frenchmen happily pulled out of side turnings into the path of confident English chaps who believed, wrongly, that they had priority because they were on the main road. It also meant that if you were on a roundabout you had to give way to traffic joining the roundabout! How's that for Gallic lunacy? However, there are now, fortunately, many

exceptions to this idiotic rule that are well signposted, not the least being the sensible and blindingly obvious rule that those already on the roundabout have priority over those entering it. But the confusing, and counter intuitive, *Priorité a Droite* still applies more often than you might think, particularly in rural areas where *monsieurs* and *mesdames* still blithely, and legally, pull out from side turnings expecting you to give way to them. But, fear not, you will always be warned with good road signs where this is likely to happen.

Speaking of road signs, it struck me particularly this year, that the French road sign placements are much better than ours. There is a sensible consistency about their use of signs that we seem unable to replicate here. The positioning of the French speed limit signs seems to



This sign seen on French rural roads does not mean 'crossroads': it means that a junction is near and you do not have priority – the Frenchman on the right has priority.

me to have an understandable and consistent logic that ours lack. Don't get me wrong, the French authorities like a speed limit as much as ours do, and there is a bewildering range of limits from 20kph to 130kph, but it is the consistency of their speed limits and their sign placement that are both logical and understandable, whereas ours are not. This means that it is never a problem in France to 'feel' what the speed limit is even though you are continuously riding along new roads and through new surroundings and may have missed seeing a sign as you concentrate on direction signs or other accident-avoiding, attention-grabbing stuff. That simply isn't true in England, where local councils arbitrarily

sprinkle varying speed limits about with seemingly no thought or consistency, and which frequently bear no obvious relationship to the road or prevailing traffic conditions. How often do you ask yourself why one stretch of road is limited to, say, 30 when elsewhere similar roads are 40 or even 50? That doesn't happen in France.

There's a newly introduced 30 limit on the north side of Headcorn. This is on a long stretch of straight road that for donkey's years was a 40 limit (and, based on similar roads, could easily have been 50). Why has it now become 30? What is the logic that led to this change? That sort of inconsistency means that when we are riding or driving in unknown territory in the UK, we have to spend a disproportionate amount of brain power wondering and worrying what the speed limit is. I know that we smartarse KAMG types are trained to look for speed limits and be aware of them, but you know, and I know, that when you are in a strange environment and simply coping with the differentness of it, ensuring you're in the right lane, maybe looking for direction signs, conscious too that the locals, who know where they're going, are trying to hustle you along, perhaps in the dark, it is all too easy to miss a speed limit change. You have all done it, and you cannot rely on your zillions of miles and years of experience to guide you, because the bloke who decides the speed limits in Huddersfield is following a completely different set of rules from the lady who does it in Gravesend.

The French speed limits are not unlike ours: the speed limit in towns and villages is 50kph (31mph) and that limit applies the moment you pass the village name sign at the entrance to the village, and the limit ends when you pass the village name exit sign. What's more, you will be slowed before you reach the 50kph limit with a 70kph sign (44mph). The French equivalent of our national limit is 80kph (50mph), although occasionally on some roads the limit is 90kph (56mph), but this is always well signed and obvious. (The mph equivalents shown here have been rounded to the nearest whole number.)



This means that although you are on the main road you do not have priority over traffic emerging from streets on your right. Beware.



Park pretty much where you like...

There's also a pragmatism about the French attitude to their roads and to parking, that I like. This pragmatism was never more clearly demonstrated than in the pretty village of La Bouille that we visited this year. La Bouille is on the Seine just west of Rouen. The Seine, as you know, is a wide

busy river used continually by huge barges and large sea-going ships, and apart from three, enormous, billion-euro bridges that cross the river near its mouth at Le Havre, there are no bridges until you get to Rouen. Obviously it would be impossible to throw up dirty great

expensive bridges every few miles along the river to serve the small villages and towns on either side of it, so, what to do? Well, little ferries are the answer. Sensible little ferries. Fast, constantly running ferries. And above all, *FREE* ferries. Ferries that are treated as roads. Ferries that act, in effect, like small floating bridges, and all for a minute fraction of the cost of building an actual bridge. You turn up, drive on and three minutes later you drive off on the other side. No booking. No paying. No waiting – at least, no waiting for longer than ten minutes and then only very rarely. The ferry at La Bouille that we used, could take 12 to 15 vehicles, depending on their size, and it ran from 6.30am to 10pm non-stop, every day. It was not the only such ferry either, there are several of these mini-ferries crossing the Seine at other little villages between Le Havre and Rouen.

La Bouille, incidentally, is the perfect staging post if you have crossed to Dieppe and are heading south, and there is an excellent small hotel in the village called *Hôtel Bellevue*. It is one of those increasingly rare things, a French, family-run hotel. There used to be many of these, but in the face of the competition from the (relatively) cheap chains, such as Ibis and Campanile, they are disappearing. If you can find one, I do urge you to use it. The Bellevue is a delight. It is not luxurious, but it is comfortable; it overlooks the Seine; it has a very good restaurant, and it has lock-up parking for *motos*. We stayed there on the outward journey and on the return, and we shall certainly stay there again.

The little ferry at La Bouille already hard at work as the sun rises

We used the Newhaven/Dieppe crossing this year, rather than Dover/Calais, and the morning sailing from Newhaven lands you in Dieppe at about 3pm. Then it's a 60-mile breeze to La Bouille and the Bellevue, where you arrive in perfect time for the fortifying six o'clock gin and tonic followed by an excellent and leisurely dinner. What's more, La Bouille is perfectly positioned for the launch south next day. To get to La Bouille from Dieppe, aim for Sahur on the D351, rather than fighting in and out of Rouen. At Sahur you will pick up the three-minute ferry crossing to La Bouille. I hadn't used the Newhaven/Dieppe crossing for about forty years, but it is a good idea and I recommend it. It seems very popular with bikers too and on the return journey there were about 50 bikes on board.

Another example of French traffic pragmatism is their lax but realistic attitude to parking. It's not quite as lax as it used to be 'in the good old days', but parking for we *motards* is pretty easy. Anywhere that there is a space big enough for a bike is OK.

Maybe it's in the square between the council's flower tubs, or outside the church, or perhaps just on any random bit of pavement, it all seems to be accepted and no one turns a hair. A parked motorbike means that there's a rider nearby spending money. Of course this doesn't apply in Paris where anybody who is not pedalling a bicycle or riding an e.scooter is unwelcome. A bit like London.

One final non-bike thing, which is worth recording, and which I found surprising, concerns the death of the Queen. We were in France in September when she died and I was really surprised and gratified to see how the French people and the French media treated this news. I hadn't realised just how well regarded she was in France. There were special souvenir editions of the French newspapers and many shops had small displays in their windows. All of which reinforces my love of France. It's a country to be enjoyed, particularly on a motorbike. If you haven't had the sheer raw pleasure and excitement of scorching along for mile after endless mile,



Two special editions of French dailies. Liberation devoted 17 of its 28 pages to the Queen.

through breathtaking scenery without having to think for a moment about holes in the road, you haven't lived. Try it, just ignore Monsieur Macron. *NF*

ultimateTM
Hearing Protection Systems

Custom Hearing Protection for Motorcyclists

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

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.

The North Coast 500

Steve Riches leads a nine-day adventure

In 2015 a marketing company drew a 516-mile circular route on a map of the Highlands and turned a bunch of roads into a marketable product that starts and ends in Inverness. It's Scotland's answer to Route 66. It's the North Coast 500. They produced a website, leaflets, TV and radio adverts all over the place and even proper brown tourist information signs. What a grand job they did. It worked so well that by 2020 three factors were putting the whole area under strain: first, this route became one of the most desirable driving routes in GB and the world; second, a staycation boom as a result of Covid meant there was a massive increase in the number of British tourists heading north to sample the wonderful scenery, instead of going south in Europe for the sun and sand; and third, there was a huge growth in campervan sales and hire.

Motorcycles ridden well are liked by most people on the NC500. If you talk to the locals, they moan about the caravanners, who stock up with produce from the big supermarkets and leave their waste, but who do not buy from the local communities. Whereas, as a coffee bar owner said to me, "motorcyclists only have room to bring their wallets," and they are welcome. Thank heaven. So welcome then to the North Coast 500 Adventure – it's so much more than 2000 miles of stunning roads.

We started as per normal in Essex. Tina told me those are the rules and I wasn't arguing with her. It was the same at the first stop; I was told breakfast had to be banana milk shake and American pancakes with banana and strawberries. Who was I to argue? After an extensive search on my list of favourite stops it had to be the OK Diner at Tickencote on the A1 in Rutland. What a surprise! From there it was on past Rutland Water, then through the Peak District and Chatsworth house with its famous Emperor fountain. The fountain is called the Emperor as it was built for an anticipated visit to Chatsworth by Tsar Nicholas I, but he didn't come and never saw it. It can fire water 300ft in the air and is powered by water falling from a lake 350ft above it at the top of a hill behind the house. Spectacular.

We carry on through the Peak District over the Snake Pass to Glossop in Derbyshire. Unfortunately, this is



where Martin Brown's new BMW gave up the ghost. Halfway through the first day of an nine-day adventure and the sick BMW is on the back of a truck slowly working its way to Manchester BMW Motorrad. We met Martin back at the hotel in Yorkshire that night, but he was bike-less and was going home next day in a hire car. This was his third failed attempt to ride the NC500. He's booked for next year.



Next day, and down by one bike, we headed to Masham in North Yorkshire for our first stop. Masham is a market town famous for the Theakston Brewery and more recently for Paul Theakston's independent Black Sheep Brewery. After a second breakfast and another tea we are off again, heading north through Northumberland and the Kielder Forest up to Carter Bar, to take the obligatory photo at the stones. Then a few more miles of twisty roads and a coffee stop by Jedburgh Abbey. This Abbey was finished in 1296, but in retribution for William Wallace's deeds, it was pillaged by the English only one year later in 1297. We refrained from pillaging and finished the day's ride in Edinburgh. A beautiful city, but there was no time to look around, as we had to find the hotel, secure the bikes and



head in for a shower and dinner. Unfortunately, at just after midnight some muppet decided to have a crafty fag and set the fire alarms off, just so that we could spend the next hour and a half standing outside in the cold. At least our group had the sense to have clothes on, unlike some other guests.

Day three was a bit of a damp day, which actually made the first stop at the Forth Bridges far more atmospheric. The famous rail bridge was built in 1880s and became a UNESCO World Heritage Site in 2015. After taking photos of it and the modern road bridges, we carried on north to the Cairngorms, where it was only 4°C. We stopped for hot drinks at Glenshee ski centre and then rode down through Grantown-on-Spey to the village of Findhorn for lunch. This is an idyllic location on Findhorn Bay. Lunch was provided at the Kimberley Inn where we had great food and a warm welcome – actually it was so warm that the chimney caught fire and on leaving we met the fire engine on its way to put the fire out; at least we hope it did or we can't use the Kimberley for a stop next year. After that it was only a short ride to our overnight stop in Inverness, where we were now officially going to start the North Coast 500, even though we were already 700 miles into our adventure.

The fourth day was as an additional day that had been added to the tour, which means that we had time to do a loop of Scotland's most famous body of water, Loch Ness. Although to ride around Loch Ness is over 50 miles, it's not the biggest loch (by surface area that's Loch Lomond), it's not the deepest either (that's Loch Morar), but it does contain the most water. In fact, Loch Ness actually contains more water than all of the English and Welsh lakes put together. We passed Urquhart Castle on our right before leaving Loch Ness and heading north on a sunny September morning, and as we got further north the traffic slowly reduced and we rode a fast road up the east coast before taking a little diversion to Cocoa Mountain in Dornoch for a bit of a chocolate fix. Cocoa Mountain has two chocolate cafés, and we visited both of them on this trip. From Dornoch it was on up the north east coast, with great views over the countryside and the

North Sea, finally stopping for late lunch at the wonderful River Bothy Café. This tearoom used to be the laundry for the local landowner and is situated on the north bank of the Berriedale River on a little turning off some very technical Shellgripped hairpins, so it's easy to miss, but it's well worth turning back and going there.

After lunch it was more riding and more North Sea all the way to John O 'Groats. If you have never been there... well, to be honest, it's a little tired, but it's a rite of passage for many. Then it was up to Dunnet Head, the furthest north you can go on mainland Britain. It has a lighthouse and a view point overlooking the North Atlantic Ocean and the island of Hoy, which is part of the Orkneys. The lighthouse was built by Robert Stevenson and has been there since 1831, nearly 200 years. After Dunnet Head it was a case of keeping the sea to our right as we headed west to Thurso for our next overnight stop.

It was now day five as we left Thurso and the roads were getting better as we rode west along the north coast passing Dounreay (a big white ball by the coast). The scenery was getting even better too, but the wind was blowing a gale and the roads were one track with occasional passing places, it was quite a challenge. Then, due to a motorhome incident, one of our party ended up in a ditch with wheels skyward, but thank heaven no one was badly hurt and the bike was an indestructible GS. We have a quick stop at Smoo Cave then it's Durness and a stop at the second Cocoa Mountain. We're now travelling south; the scenery is getting even better and the roads are amazing, but still only single track in places. We were heading for the iconic Kylesku Bridge, where we stopped for photos and for lunch at the Kylesku Hotel. After Kylesku the NC500 divides: you have a choice either to turn right along the B869 (recommended) or carry on the A894. We took the B869. Look at a map and you'll see why it is highly recommended even though it takes an extra two hours. Both routes unite again at Ardvreck Castle, which was built by the MacLeods in 1490, and not surprisingly is now showing signs of its age. It's then on to a much-needed night stop at the picturesque fishing town of Ullapool, nestled on the shores of Loch Broom.

This one needs painting . . .

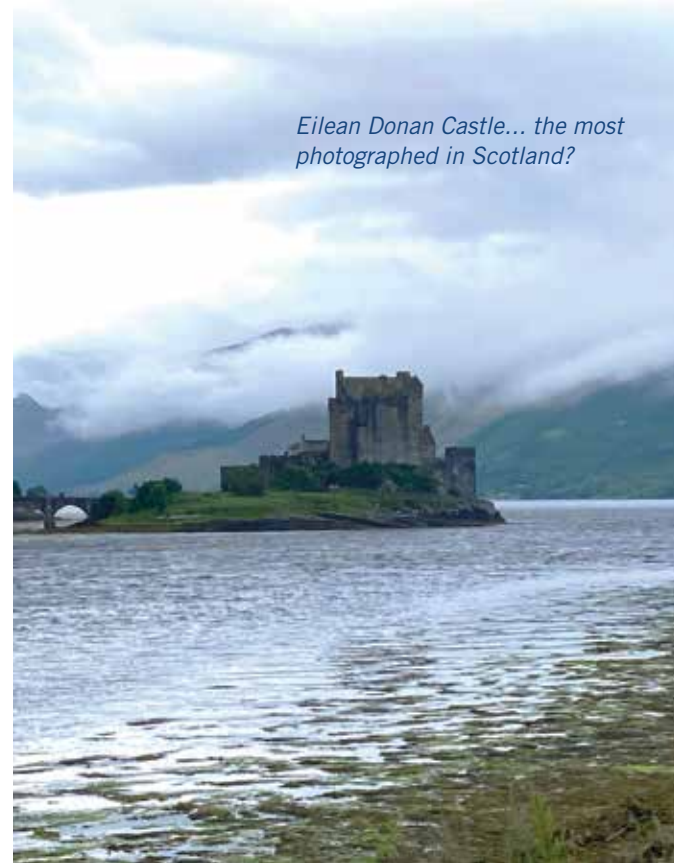


. . . these two don't



The route for day six was to take us from Ullapool to Fort William. What a great ride, the roads and scenery are spectacular as are the stops and eating places with sea food that is second to none. The route would include Poolewe and my favourite ride in Britain or anywhere else – Shieldaig to Applecross. It is outstanding. But first it was Poolewe, which has a small café, the Bridge Cottage Café, that is exceptional. The ride south from there was through lush scenery with Loch Maree to the left. It's a fabulous, quiet part of the Highlands with flowing fast 'A' roads leading into Shieldaig, which is beautiful. It was once a major part of the herring fishing industry, but as the herring disappeared so did a lot of the workforce. Then from Shieldaig to Applecross is a one-track road with passing places. It ducks and dives past lochs and over hills with parts like alpine passes while others look like remote moors. Applecross is soon visible over the loch with The Walled Garden, a great place to eat, before Bealach na Bà, and a magnificent stretch of tarmac rising to over 2000 feet above sea level. If you are a motorcyclist, they say you have to do it, so we did it. Then we carried on down the pass through Lochcarron to Fort William, which was still two hours away, stopping on the way for photos at Eilean Donan Castle, probably the most photographed castle in Scotland.

Fort William is a great place, but it was a little busy as we left on the seventh morning of our adventure. The ride south from there was controlled by posted speed limits for a few miles but it opened up as we approached Glen Coe and Rannoch Moor. Glen Coe is one of the most beautiful and other-worldly places in Scotland and many films have been shot here, and you can see why. Then Glen Coe leads on to Rannoch Moor, which is one of the last remaining wildernesses in Europe. Its then past the well-known Green Welly shop and café and onwards to



Eilean Donan Castle... the most photographed in Scotland?

the Dunoon Ferry. I use the Ferry to avoid the nightmare of leading people through Glasgow. Lunch was at Nardini's in Largs, which is an Art Deco ice cream parlour with a 200 seat Italian restaurant, and it's Joe Mair's favourite place. Largs (in Gaelic means the Slopes) is a popular seaside resort with historic Viking connections. In Largs it seems very busy for a while, but soon we're into the Galloway Forest. The forest is claimed to be the largest forest in the UK and has been granted 'Dark Sky' status. Dumfries and Galloway is an area I have always rushed through to get to the highlands, but not now; it's a wonderful place to ride a motorcycle, flowing, sweeping roads with hardly any traffic taking us into Dumfries for a well needed break.

The adventure is not over yet and next morning, we blast down the A75 for a while, missing Ecclefechan. I love the name, but it's not worth a visit. Then on through Gretna Green, Longtown and a bimbles around some lovely flowing 'A' and 'B' roads riding in and out of Scotland and Northumberland many times before we enter the Kielder Forest, leaving Scotland for the last time on this tour. A quick tea stop at Kielder Water and we were off through the North Pennines. It's like a moto gymkhana on the road, what's not to like? We consider whether its worth going to Barnard Castle to get our eyes tested, but decided not to. Then it's into the Yorkshire Dales National Park for some more great countryside and flowing roads and a reminder to avoid the drystone walls. Finally into our hotel for another well-earned rest.

The last day, and it's out of The Dales and heading for the east coast, which is our way home, we pass the industrial port of Goole, which is on the Humber although we couldn't see the river because the sea defences are quite high. Then, as we rode through the very flat Lincolnshire Wolds, you can see why the sea defences are there. First stop of the day was Doddington Hall, an Elizabethan manor house with an outstanding and accommodating

café. Running south skirting all the populated areas leads us through many counties including Rutland for lunch and finally through the beautiful old timber-framed houses of Stamford before, unfortunately, we were back on the A14, M11, M25 and home.

We've covered 2000 miles in nine days. We've stayed at a different hotel every night. We've ridden the NC500 in Scotland, a country of more than 30,000 Lochs and 282 Munros (mountains over 3000ft) where 15% of the

land is described as moors, and where the area covered by the North Coast 500 is around 50% moorland and wilderness. In fact, this area is more like the Arctic than Europe. If you ever go to Norway above the Arctic Circle, you will see the similarity. It's been a great trip. It was not always easy, but it's been an adventure and the rewards have been spectacular. And most important of all, we have learnt to plan our packing so that we are able to walk from our bike to our room each night in one trip, and in the morning to make the return journey in one trip too.



Steve will be organising a KAMG 'Ride to the East' (that's Norfolk and Suffolk, not China) on October 7th and 8th next year, and his other tours, open to all, and including another NC500, can be found in the MotoRoadTrip ad on page 11.



Scooters, Super Sport, Adventure, Sports Tourer, Sports Heritage. MOTs, Servicing, New & Used Sales.
We've got it covered.



19-20 Wellington Parade, Blackfen Road, Sidcup DA15 9NB
020 8303 1811 sondelyamaha.com
sales@sondelyamaha.com

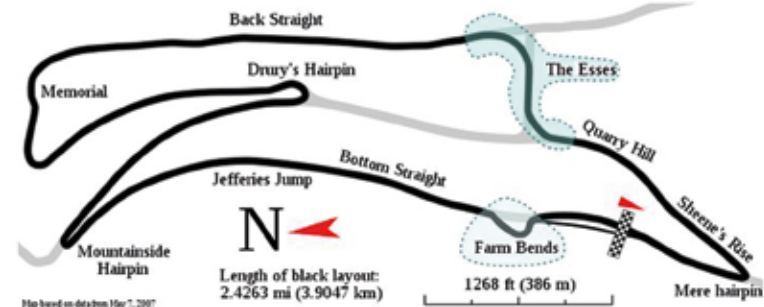
Sondel Sport - Premier Exclusive Yamaha Dealer, full range with demonstrators



Bring this ad to Sondel and get 10% off all REV'IT! clothing.



OLIVER'S MOUNT



There has been street racing in Scarborough since 1946, but Geoff Curtis has only just got round to seeing it, and he liked it.

Think of Scarborough and images of beaches, sea breezes, sunshine and ice cream might spring to mind. Alternatively, one might think of scurrying storm clouds, bracing winds blowing straight off the North Sea with horizontal rain. No matter which, you are probably not immediately likely to see racing motorcycles in your mind's eye. However, four times a year the town rings with the sound of screaming engines from its highest point, Oliver's Mount. Dominating the whole area is a hill of which Oliver can certainly be proud, although a mountain it is definitely not.



The eyes have it

Perched on this pinnacle there is a little gem of a street circuit, and it's the only street circuit on the British mainland. The term 'street circuit' is probably misleading as one might think of Monaco and bikes flashing by buildings on city streets; that's not the case here. The only 'buildings' are the pits, while the rest of the track is actually a collection of fairly narrow leafy lanes. Think rather of unclassified roads with a good surface. Just under two and a half miles of ordinary public roads are closed from morning to evening to allow practise and racing to occur. This means that outside these hours, one can have a tootle round oneself to find out exactly how difficult and technical the circuit is, all the time obeying the 30mph repeater signs, of course.

Practise took place on Friday September 16th while I was enjoying my ride north, meandering through the Peak District and the Dales after trying to avoid the many city centres in the Midlands and also avoiding using any motorways. Then, come Saturday morning, on a full English breakfast, I was puffing up a long steep climb to the circuit, having decided to leave my bike at the B&B and walk so as not to be in leathers all day. After three miles with the hill at the end, I was fully aware that I am not as fit as I was.

The morning practise session was in full flow as I took my place along the fence a little up the track from Mountside Hairpin. This is tight, in fact tighter than any hairpin I have ever encountered in the Alps. The apex is handled at around 5mph, and it comes at the end of a long, straight-ish, downhill section, where over 130mph is achieved. This means that the braking zone before the corner is pretty exciting, with rear wheels snaking and skipping, gearboxes whining and front brakes complaining. Fortunately, for any riders who miss their braking point, there is the option of a run-off area into an access road here, rather than an unyielding grass bank, a hedge or the trees that surround the rest of the track.

The whole circuit is accessible by footpaths with three footbridges providing crossing points from the outside to the inside of the track, so I was able to work my way around the circuit during the breaks as the day's racing progressed. I felt obliged to watch the second race at the next good location called Jefferies Jumps, although for me the name is spelled the wrong way. This is a gentle downhill sweeping curve with a series of undulations, where, with the right rider, the more powerful bikes become airborne.

Farm Bends is the next section, and is a tight little chicane where the track goes down into a dip then up again, and where the flip-flop change of direction makes it even more entertaining for the spectator. Flashing past the pits on the start finish straight is followed by more heavy braking into Mere Hairpin, which is often the scene of a first lap melee as riders jostle for position, banging fairings, which can result in the end of the race for the unlucky ones.

Tearing up the steep hill, called Sheene's Rise, the riders then come to the Esses, which is my favourite section, a right hander leading quickly into a left that can be viewed from either side of the track. My preferred location was on the outside of the second part, giving a good view of knees down all the way round, or with the sidecar passengers overhanging the grass verge. The Esses lead on to the back straight (which is not quite straight) and gives the spectator the opportunity to really appreciate the speed of the machines as they pass on the other side of the hedge just a few feet away.

Walking through the small wood at the highest point on the circuit rewards you with a view of the castle, or what's left of it, in the distance, against a backdrop of the sea beyond, plus of course, another flip-flop section as the racers pass the Memorial. Again, viewing here is only a few feet away from the track, arguably closer than at the TT races. Then hard acceleration from the Memorial leads to Drury's hairpin, which is not very tight and gives plenty of opportunity for early acceleration into the steep wooded descent back to Mountside Hairpin, where I began.

The marshals are all volunteers at Scarborough, some of whom have been doing it at this and other circuits for



'Mere Hairpin, often the scene of a first lap melee as riders jostle for position, banging fairings, which can result in the end of the race for the unlucky ones.'

decades. Consequently, many are quite 'mature' and my special thanks must go to a charming old lady marshal at the Memorial who allowed me half way up her stand so that I could get a good video shot of the approaching competitors.

Other characters I met over the weekend included a former racing sidecar driver who gave me a good insight to the world of motorsport and the costs and sacrifices that must be made by most of the competitors. For example, the Birchall brothers, the sidecar world champions, have two outfits: one which is quite robust for street circuits, and another, lighter one, with less ground clearance, for the luxurious flatness of grand prix circuits. To be the best, you must buy the best and each outfit costs around £100,000, and it will only be competitive for a couple of seasons. Yet prize money at Oliver's Mount is hardly enough to cover the costs: for instance, the winner of the main race gets £1,500 and prize money goes down to just £100 for fifth place with the 'lesser' races having even fewer prize-winning positions or much reduced prizes, until the winner of the lowliest class, in monetary terms, the 750cc 4-stroke singles, gets just £100 and there's nothing for the rest. What can that winning rider buy with £100? Perhaps enough oil for one meeting.

Although all the riders have similar running costs, those without many wins under their belt, and no big name to attract sponsors, must scrabble around to find local sponsors to help with their costs; sponsors such as the baker who donated the price of half a dozen tyres. Also, the big names are paid appearance money, while the lesser mortals have to pay to enter at the rate of £150 or more per event depending on the class. Families will forego holidays in the sun and any kind of treat while living on a strict budget in order to put all the cash they can muster towards supporting their racer. This is true devotion to the sport they love.

Very close to the action



In order to have winners, there must necessarily be many more who are not winners, but who take part knowing full well that they stand no chance of reaching the dizzying heights of the podium. They are there for the sheer joy of racing and doing the best they can riding whatever they can afford. The crowd was particularly appreciative of one back-marker, mounted unusually on a naked machine, who, each time he pulled away from the Mere Hairpin, would pop a wheelie up the hill over a slight undulation, just because he felt like it. Applause greeted him every time he came round. That's entertainment folks.

Late on Saturday afternoon I left with a big smile on my face with the prospect of another full day to follow. My only regret was not knowing in advance that had I ridden to the circuit I could have shelled out £50 and taken part in a memorial parade for the late Steve Henshaw, along with about a dozen other ordinary mortals, to raise money for his charity. This was three laps straight after lunch behind a pace setter to prevent riders from overdoing it and causing a scene in front of the thousands in the crowd. I'm tempted to return next year.

On Sunday, I took a different walking route, having studied a street map, thus saving twenty minutes and a steep gradient. A heavy shower during the lunchtime interval (it's very civilised at The Mount) did not dampen proceedings too much as the strong wind soon had the track drying nicely. The prestige event, the Steve Henshaw Gold Cup (won seven times in a row, 2003 – 2009, and then again in 2012, by Guy Martin, who is still the most successful rider in this event) took place on a damp track, though it was drying on the racing line in places. Despite Davey Todd having dominated the earlier super sport races, Adam McLean came out on top in this one. And after a long day with proceedings delayed by the weather and also a red flag and a trip to hospital for checks on one unfortunate rider, it was time to head back to town for a few more pints of the excellent local real ale called Monkey Wrench, which I can recommend.

Come the next morning, I didn't fancy a quick one-day motorway slog, so home was reached after two days taking a more scenic route via the Lincolnshire Wolds. Although this part of England is rather too flat for my liking, there were some exceptional sections and I had picked quite an interesting route thanks to a website called bestbikingroads.com, which I use for all my tours.

'There is a green hill far away', says the hymn, and although Scarborough's hill is a long way to go for a weekend's racing, I would say it was well worth it.

Knee down at the Esses





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.

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



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



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



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



COMMITTEE MEMBER
Roger Lancaster
07740 779224
0755311@gmail.com



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



**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

