

WORCESTER & HEREFORD ADVANCED MOTORCYCLISTS



APRIL 2019



VICE-CHAIR'S FOREWORD

This month I'll be mainly deputising for Ant as he swans around Australia. No, start that again. ...as he fully enjoys his retirement and tours around Australia with his family.

Well, the weather seems to be with us this year (so far so good); the usually popular (despite Bank Holiday family pressures) Easter Sunday ride was well attended and as Alex notes later on in his column, the roads were excellent and team WHAM were doing their ever so skilful best to enjoy the day.

I think few of you know my Sunday rides are usually cancelled on Saturday afternoon when beer beckons. Yet, on the rare occasions I'm out I'm always struck as to how bloody good we all are. As an example; what about Martin Ward on that Rocket? Ever followed another one being ridden so well and progressively? Thought not.

I was at the IAM spring regional conference a week or two ago and went with questions about whether there was minor conflict regarding WHAM as a bike club and WHAM as a charitable road safety training outfit. I came away full of enthusiasm after hearing first-hand, delivered ably by Robbie and Amanda (both ex-coppers and passionate motorists), that the IAM understand we also want to enjoy ourselves and have fun whilst being part of the core IAM delivery function. It's a shame we all couldn't be there as their programme of initiatives for 2019 really do seem to support the idea of fostering strong functioning groups; some support also comes with cash attached.

Another thought that dawned on me was that us WHAMERS make a difference every time we sling a leg over our saddles and ride out. What the public see is good practice. It's markedly different following, or being passed by, a considerate advanced rider and the research says this does encourage more people than we think to also do the right things.

So. take a pat on the back and enjoy the programme of events unfolding on the WHAM website for 2019. Ant will be back next month to regale us all with daring-do whilst down under.

Rgds
Richard H



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THE ROCKET 3 AND I—MARTIN WARD

This business all started for me when my wife said she fancied riding out with me more but didn't feel safe on the back of my GSX1400 without a backrest, and what about getting a Harley or something like that so we can go touring. The Harley Able Son was out of the question, and so I bought a used Honda VTX1800, complete with Sissy bar, backrest, and luggage rack. It was an instant success with her, and we went everywhere on it. I struggled with riding it at speed though, and had some serious issues with it's handling.

I discovered that all cruiser bikes have a seat that's turned up at the back, and you have to wear boots with a pronounced heel so that you can jam your boots into the feet-forward footpegs, and wedge your backside into the seat upstand to anchor yourself on the bike for any type of "spirited" or over 50mph riding. Not being able to grip the tank with your knees made things difficult if you didn't do this, and at anything over 50-60mph the feet forward riding position made your



toes stick up and the wind blast tried to blow your feet off the footpegs ! To achieve any serious speed you had to tip your toes forward to try and make them more streamlined. All very tiring, and more than a bit naff. With no flyscreen the wind blast at anything over 50mph was "unpleasant". No wonder Harley riders plod along the motorway at 55mph !

I did a few improvements, namely fitting a Cobra exhaust to replace the silver dustbin of a standard silencer - which I specially imported from California. It was beautifully made, looked and sounded great, but still couldn't make up for the appalling handling. It was long and low, and just didn't want to lean. It was like a Kelly doll (remember those?) - kept wanting to pop upright ! It had to go. I came across my first Rocket in June '07, a '54 plate - 2½ years old with 8,000 miles, and I immediately changed the Honda for it; It was a bit of a culture shock, the early Rockets were still feet-forward, but not as pronounced as the Honda - but it went round corners, had brakes, and with the "Torque of the Devil" - went like the proverbial rat up a drainpipe. I joined the Rocket 3 Owners Club, with the express intent of getting technical help - and immediately discovered that there are only two tyre manufacturers (Metzeler and Avon), and that whatever brand you go for the first thing you have to do to improve the handling was to increase the front tyre pressure from 34psi to 40psi ! I was very sceptical, but tried it - and what a revelation ! - it was so much sharper.

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I continued to add accessories, I had immediately fitted a sissy bar & backrest with luggage rack, and fly-screen - which was small but a massive improvement at speed. I fitted lift-off pannier bags, and we started touring in Europe. The next modification was to strip out the entire air induction system, and fit triple K&N filters. The air box where the filter went then became very valuable storage, accessible under the seat. This was a big improvement in the amount of air going in the engine - but the induction roar was deafening. I got better earplugs.

It was on this bike I joined WHAM (I was already an IAM member with the car group), and did my advanced test. I also did a track skills day at Silverstone, which was very disappointing because I thought we were going to have a go on the big circuit - but it was the little faffy Stowe circuit, like a go-cart track. I didn't get out of 2nd gear for most of the day - and gave up at lunchtime & went home !



Overall, I still wasn't happy with the handling of the earlier "classic" Rocket, and rather than spend a lot of money on suspension upgrades I decided to upgrade it to the newer Rocket Roadster model, and I thought I'd go for a new one. Wrong. They only made them in small batches - and at this time there were none available. I eventually found one with 900 miles on it that had been seized by the court in a nasty divorce. 3 years old, like brand new, and 30% cheaper than a new one - Result!

The Rocket Roadster is a whole different animal. Footpegs lowered, and further back - you can actually stand up in the footpegs now, the handling is MUCH better. In June '19 I'll have had this one for 6 years, and be celebrating 12 years of Rocket ownership. I've done a LOT to this one, too much to mention here, but I've got it working how I think a Rocket should be. In my time with this one we've toured Spain (twice), Portugal, last year Germany, and are going to Portugal again this year. It's currently done 45,000 miles - and as most of you are familiar with it, I won't say anymore - other than to say it IS a "bit nippy" There are challenges with riding a Rocket however, and after 12 years I'm getting better at it, but still learning all the time as you'd expect. I've found that the best way to handle it is definitely try to lean as little as I can get away with. Transferring weight to the inside footpeg and/or moving my upper body slightly at the same side seems to produce a little weight transfer that allows me not to lean so much. The Rocket is 350kg dry, and with 6Ltrs of oil, a full tank, and me in all my gear is getting on for half a tonne. It generally doesn't want to change direction easily, and takes some stopping, but you soon get used to it, and the more upright I keep it, the more control I seem to have of it. Handling the Rocket involves managing two things at the same time, where to place the front tyre, and the engine revs/torque - which determines how much grip there is with the rear tyre.

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When turning in to a corner, all I'm looking for is the best place to get some grip. I always aim for the correct line, but sometimes have to compromise more than I'd like when the road is dirty. With half a tonne pushing, that front tyre has got a lot of work to do to get it turned. I've upgraded the front suspension to Hagon progressive springs, and the hydraulics re-valved, and use heavier oil. This makes it dive less, and with 40psi in the front, the tyre holds a better shape when put under the cornering stress. If I've got the right line, it all goes swimmingly. If the road surface changes or gets dirty, it starts to drift slightly, and have to stand it up a bit and have another go. Sometimes it must look from behind like my line through a corner looks more like a threepenny bit ! Scarred road surfaces really have a big effect on the front end, the "chatter" whilst leant over really unsettles the front tyre, and again it starts to wash out if I'm not careful. The biggest detrimental effect on the front end though is the engine. Turning into a corner as it leans, you have to apply some power of course to maintain speed. With the Rocket this is very limited, so I tend to go into a corner - apply some power, but not too much, and actually slow slightly around the corner until I see the exit point. Any more power makes the weight transfer so noticeable it takes the weight off the front tyre, I lose grip and it then runs wide with apparent understeer. If I get it right, getting on the power early - the moment I see the road opening up, makes the bike stand up and shoot forward. This is something the Rocket is good at, exiting a corner. Mentioning no names, I once had someone ask me, "Why is it when by bike handles so much better than yours, I follow you into a corner at 20m distant, and when we leave the corner, it's 30m !"

Managing the torque delivery sounds silly, but it really is an important issue on a Rocket, especially now I've had it custom-tuned on the rolling road by TTS Performance at Silverstone. I'd already fitted the full Dave Platt de-cat exhaust, and Ram-Air induction, and they've just made it run perfectly. I'd experimented with other maps/tunes, one was very extreme - big horsepower, but it was almost unrideable.



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The fuel to air ratio is now perfect and it's very smooth. It makes big torque from 2000rpm to 5000rpm and redlines at 6000rpm. Because of the weight, very low-speed manoeuvring is tricky - having to dip the clutch and cruise round on the tick over for the most part. At tick over it still makes more torque than a Fireblade at full blast ! Just ease the clutch out and it doesn't stall, it just takes off ! This does mean you have to be very careful around corners, a pot-hole can jar your throttle hand mid-corner, and I don't want to think about that. I tend to keep my index finger on the brake lever (like Mr Rossi) as a reference point, and find it helps me be a lot smoother.

Making good progress rarely involves more than 25% throttle opening, 30-50% can be "interesting", and generally only used for overtakes. I generally only need 50m or so, and have to be very careful to do it quickly but not end up with too much speed at the end. It's very easy to do 45-70mph in a second or two, when you only wanted to get to 60mph. On a wet (or even damp if it's cold) road, anything more than 30% (or so) of throttle results in the rear wheel spinning up. This can be a bit disconcerting, especially if you're not quite upright at the time. I had it happen one in Hereford during the potato harvest when the roads were dirty. I overtook a tractor, cars were approaching some 200m away, I carefully moved out, gently applied some power, and the rear wheel spun up and stepped out badly on the dirty road surface. I shut the power off, it straightened up and did it again successfully. I have to admit the incident was 9.1 on the sphincter scale for me, but discussing it afterwards - it was 9.2 for Adrian Wheeler who was behind me !

I've already mentioned putting some power on when turning in, that has to be done carefully - but another issue is engine braking. Most of the time I'm riding a wave of torque at 2-3000rpm, and when you shut off at those revs there isn't a lot of engine braking going on, and so I tend to use the brakes a bit more, especially trailing a bit of rear brake into the start of the corner which really seems to settle the balance of the bike during the turn-in. Sometimes when I don't want to brake too hard, I'll blip the throttle and change down on the way in, to get some engine braking. The problem with that is that with the higher revs, comes more horsepower - and you really don't want that when you're trying to gingerly feed some power in to reduce the slowing effect of leaning. The engine braking is good, but the extra horsepower makes it harder to corner. A friend of mine in the owners club does a bit of Drag Racing, and although I've never done it myself - we've had many conversations about the technique and how best to utilise a Rocket on the strip. On the road it's torque you need. On the strip, it's all down to sheer horsepower. I've experimented occasionally with the second 50% of the throttle, and the upper half of the revcounter. It's not for the faint-hearted, and definitely only on warm dry days when the bike is in an upright condition.

Perhaps I've made the Rocket sound like a nightmare to ride, but it really isn't. The weight is only an issue at very low speed or when parking, and you soon get used to it. The "quirky" handling issues are all actually quite progressive and I've learned how to deal with those over the years. The most impressive thing I get from riding a Rocket is the grin. I was out on it last Sunday from 8:30 till 1:30, and the grin was with me till 9:00pm, even after 12 years with a Rocket and bottle of wine ! There's just NOTHING like it !



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SAFER ROADS PARTNERSHIP

As part of 2019's programme of events our local Safer Roads Partnership have moved up a gear or two in terms of the presence they *can* make at events around their patch. As you will see below they've prepared quite a machine (Kawasaki ZZR1400 no less) to act as a conversation starter at bike events around the counties they cover. Word has it the bike will be piloted, and yes I do believe that is the right word, by an experienced Police officer and I'm sure it will draw in riders wherever it goes.

Here's a word of advice; if you do find your ride tagged onto by a very brightly coloured yellow missile, it will probably be this one...

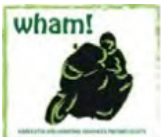


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CO'S COLUMN—ALEX HOYLE

Firstly, another big thank you to Tony for last week's WHAM Easter route, as always, he chooses some of the very best roads to ride, and last week's route did not disappoint. 10/10 for Tony.

Just a few observations from leg three of the Easter route which left Crossgates and went up the A483 to Llanbister, at which point we turned off on the B4356 to Crug and Monaughty. Now if you've never done this road, do give it a go some time, in either direction it's a fantastic road.

So, we leave Crossgates and I'm leading the group on my trusty GS1200, which in WHAM seems to be the preferred weapon of choice.

Anyway, we no sooner get going than some chap wearing jeans and sneakers on a sports bike comes flying past me, I'm not sure but I think it may have also been on double white lines.

O.K. this pees me off a little bit, but as a group CO I temper my enthusiasm and let him go, except that when we arrive at the tight and twisty bits, I notice that I'm starting to run into the back of him.

At this point I'm shouting at him in my helmet to get over to the left-hand side of the road to open up the right-hand bend. Of course, this does not happen, he goes in too close to the white line, and too fast, which means he now has to slow down if he's going to make the corner. Now guess what, this also happens on left hand bends as well. I and the other guys in my group are all out, or near the white line, to improve the view around the left-hand bend, while Mr Sports Bike is hugging the inside of the kerb. So just as before he has to jump on the brakes, just at a key moment in order not to crash out.

To be honest, what was unusual about all this unfolding in front of me, was that because I spend most of my time riding with advanced riders, I very rarely get the chance to see poor or bad riding.

I think what all this says about the advanced riding that we all do, is that it does teach you about the correct way to take a corner. Now obviously on a race track, the racing line is the way to go, and this tends to be the complete opposite of what we teach.

However, in the real world we don't ride on a billiard smooth race tracks, with nothing coming the other way, even if Mr Sports Bike thinks we do.

Now perhaps as CO I should not say this, but as it got more tight and twisty, I really, really, wanted to overtake him, but with the turn off for Llanbister fast approaching I had to give it best.

So, in conclusion the IAM or advanced line is the best way to go, it allows you to ride safely but also at a good speed, where as if you ride like Mr Sports Bike rider, it can, and will, compromise your cornering and your overall riding ability.

As one of my associates said to me after he had passed his test, I feel like I am riding slower, but I know I'm getting there faster.

Alex W Hoyle

CO Hereford



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PLASTIC RACER TO 1960'S CAFÉ RACER

From full-on plastic racer to 1960s Replica Café Racer - Part 3 – Tinware, daylight robbery, electrics and trimming



I have recently finished giving new life to a 1968 Puch VZ50R – yes, the race lookalike version of the Maxi and am in Terry Doman's D&H Motorcycles in Green Park Bath. Now I don't actually need an MoT but I am here because I quite like the comfort of someone else's opinion of what I have done in terms of

safety and Terry is one of those rare creatures who has performed competitively over the rough stuff on 2 wheels for years and knows what makes 2 wheels tick. In passing, I jokingly ask if he had a rear mudguard out the back that looks like the one on the 2012 Bonneville standing outside. 'Actually, I have the mudguard from that machine as it was scratched when new and was replaced under insurance leaving me with the old one'. £30 later and some



searching by Terry and it was mine. All I had to do was drill 2 new holes to secure it beneath the seatwell and fashion a hanger to bolt it beneath the humpty part of the seat. The latter was cunningly contrived by chopping off the hanger that supported the R6 rear bodycone off one of my collection of damaged subframes, rotate through 180 degrees and lo and behold – purpose made for the job. Note the wing nuts and spring



washers as the whole mudguard needs to come off when removing the rear wheel. Another piece of robbery came when came the technicality of how to secure the seat base on to the sub frame. Once again out with the stainless sheet, fashion 2 brackets drill and polish them. Fitting them to the subframe came to me by again looking at what I had, namely 2 little drilled and tapped lugs on the trashed subframe. So, I chopped them off and Denis TIG welded them on to the sub frame in what seemed to be pre-prepared areas. Whilst there I also chopped off the brackets for the exhaust hangers from the old subframe and had Dennis TIG weld these on as I would be needing bracketry for the rear indicators. See pic for more polished stainless steel. So, you will see I have no compunction about robbing what I have loafing about, what I object to is robbing skilled and obliging trades people. Almost to a man they under charge for their services. They tend to think in terms of rates per hour rather than value/pleasure to their



customers. So, I often find myself saying 'Not enough have some more'. When these guys go, that's the end of it. So, look after them whilst we may, say I. Having got the rear mudguard – with exactly the shape and 'period mood' I needed AND made for modern fat tyres, I now needed one for the front. Chatting to Rob Jones the NGRRC racer and



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motorcycle mechanic from Radstock he suggested I should try Parsons down in Radstock. What a find. Here I bought a couple of nice big speedo and rev counter dials for £10 (in the end I couldn't get these to fit with my screen so I abandoned the idea) a slightly split front mudguard (see donor bike pic) for £10 and permission to rifle at no cost through their bin of old wiring looms to search for some wires and connectors I would be needing.

I say again; don't attempt these jobs without brothers with kit. Off to brother Roland at Yattendon Classics and Garage again for me to use his engineer's vice to re-fashion the mudguard hangers, and him to weld up the split,



knock out some dents flatten off the chrome, fill and etch prime. When restoring Mark2 Jags he is often asked to abandon the rear wheel spats in favour of the 'Coombs look alike' open wheel arches which he finishes by forming 15mm copper tubing round a 40-gallon oil drum to give the profile, brazing into the

arch and lead-filling. Why do I say this? 'cos he had some odd lengths of 15mm copper tube and that's what I used to decorate the front mudguard. It does nothing structurally but adds to the 'look' – note the length of insulating tape cut to 10mm to get me excited about the coming decals! Then the finished article.



We are getting there, it breaks my heart, but it is time to spend some real money, I have made the seat out of thin air and have had all my parts off and on more times than I care to mention, but now it's time to go to Cyril and Gary at the Trimshop, Bonneybrook Farm, Siston Common for trimming. it is going to be £200, but well worth it. The pic shows Cyril – a halfway decent base guitarist, by the way – looking to achieve that essential horizontal line. Note on the finished article that thin red piping along the humpty bit. This will fit with the tank decal. I am told that John



constable often put a small amount of red into his paintings to give them 'lift' so who am I to argue?

Finally, a pic of the finished rear number plate bracket. BSA type recently made in Madras and rear light, a 1950's BSA Bantam replica.



PLASTIC RACER TO 1960'S CAFÉ RACER

From full-on plastic racer to 1960s Replica Café Racer - Part 4 – Decals, paint, finishing, money and legality.



Well, I have to say it's all gone rather well, even to the extent that I needed to do some clever stuff with the front indicators as the headlight cheeks, angled in to receive the headlight bracket would have thrown the front indicators off-line like a person with cross eyes. Luckily just outside Dennis' workshop in the dirt lay a short length of squared aluminium that looked like it was once part of a folding chair. Just what I needed, aluminium polishes up easily and the square section when 'wedged' gave me just the profile I needed to

straighten the throw of the indicator bullets. Pics show the wedge being formed and in position against the headlight cheek. Sticking with indicators and the wider matter of wiring, I was more than fortunate in that the wiring loom was mostly still there, but chopped off.

All that was necessary was to discover which wire did what, splice in extensions, add bullet connectors and we were in business.



I had been playing with decals for some time, using Lee at signposts/DigiPrint, Bath as my interpreter and ultimately producer. In the end, 'Racer' was enlarged and 'Café' reduced producing a very pleasing declaration from what the machine was originally derived. The '6' in red was picked up neatly by the red piping on the seat. The silver and black colour scheme was a direct theft from the early Nortons to give the machine apparent recognition.

So, having bought the paint – not cheap at £76 pounds - and having had it painted and decals fixed it was off to Terry at D&H Motorcycles for an Mot. It nearly passed. Terry required an additional top bracket on the headlight which he correctly considered wobbled too much and there was that issue with the rear brake lever touching the exhaust pipe. Both were fixed and we are legal but sticking for moment with the exhaust. When I was rear ended racing at Donnington I thought my exhaust was too mangled for re-use and a colleague in the garage sold me one he had for £20. In the event I didn't use it on the track,



PLASTIC RACER TO 1960'S CAFÉ RACER



sticking with my original. However, for present purposes I blew the dust-off Patrick's and perfect. It was too low, however, to pick up the standard exhaust hanger from the sub frame. Back to my collection of old R6 subframes and yes, a bit of bracketry that survived my foraging which, with a bit of re-engineering acted as a perfect hanger extension that in

turn gave the more horizontal line to the exhaust that I would have needed anyway.

Finally, costs I'll cheat - a la Wheeler dealers - time comes free! I have to say that I thought I had brought the whole project off for pretty well nothing but when added up that turns out not to be the case, with 'sundries' let's say £600 - Don't care just love it!

Sub frame	30
Denis	40
Rear Mudguard	30
Front ditto	10
Dials	10
Number plate	13
Front light	40
Rear light	12
Number plate hanger	13
Indicators	16
Paint	76
Decals	26
Painting	25
Horn	5
Seat	200
MoT	29
TOTAL	£575



THE END

BIKERS SUPORT FOR SOLDIER F

Thousands of bikers flooded the streets of [central London](#) to protest against the prosecution of a soldier who served in [Northern Ireland](#) during the Troubles.

Organisers claim as many as 11,000 bikers met on Park Lane on Friday, before riding through London to Parliament Square and on to Trafalgar Square.

The protesters, many of whom are armed forces veterans themselves, oppose the prosecution of an unnamed soldier, known only as Soldier F.

Soldier F is to be charged with murdering two people after troops opened fire on civil rights demonstrators in Londonderry in January 1972, on what became known as Bloody Sunday.

Some relatives of the 13 killed have campaigned for their prosecution, while others argue that Soldier F should not face trial.

The protest, which also saw around 80 bikers ride to the Stormont parliament building in Belfast, was conceived in March when Harry Wragg, 56, posted a video on Facebook, calling for Soldier F not to be prosecuted.



NEWS—RICHARD HEWITT

Unfortunately without pictures (Observers, please send the ed pics of your associate on his last ride with you for us to subsequently celebrate here when they've passed...) at the beginning of April Paul Davies passed his advanced test with Chris Brown as his Observer. Well done both!

Normandy - October 2019:

We've 21 people going so far (that's riders and pillions) . I've still a few spaces left and so if you're interested please see me or indeed look at the event page on the WHAM website.

For those that have paid their deposits I thank you for your room requests and can confirm I am working with the venue to confirm these back to you just as soon as possible.



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THE TAIL ENDS— BY MR ALAN RIDER



I should warn readers this article has no flash photography but does have language some may find offensive.

I somewhat shamefully recall attending an event featuring a multitude of individuals obsessed beyond any measure of reason with two wheeled powered bicycles at Cheltenham Racecourse a few years ago, a decade plus in truth, called BikeSafe. Allegedly, and I'm assured truthfully, UK-wide events co-developed and delivered by one ex Police Officer Martyn Hillier QPM*, well known to my readers as one of WHAM's local IAM examiners. The organisers had enlisted some more amazingly enthusiastic members of our Police Service. Nowadays regrettably a rare sight on the streets of our beleaguered, trying-to-Brexit country, these very well-natured and upstanding upholders-of-the-law were eager to provide on-road tuition to closet wannabe-racers like myself.

Given the missive to "do your own ride" and, though for the life of me I fail to remember precisely how such was verbally delivered, the inference I took was that the national speed limit didn't really apply on this occasion. Up Cleeve Hill on a surface that resembled how worn out Roman roads must have been when their local council was likewise denied central funding from Londinium, we crested the mount and swept downhill towards Winchcombe. Now my reader will know of the sweeping left-hander with questionable camber and with a turning to Postlip Hall on the apex. Seeking to impress said guardian of the law, himself following a prudent and respectable distance behind me, I made a point of twisting my helmeted bonce noticeably to the left, ostensibly looking downhill and across the sloping greensward of fields to discern what distant traffic might be climbing towards said hazard, *but actually* to impress with the scope of my otherwise myopic observational ability. Come the debrief, and confidently expecting rapturous commendation, perhaps even approaching the dizzy heights of RoSPA Gold nomination, I waited in confident anticipation. But so swiftly banished to be replaced by a humble, downcast sort of shuffle.

"So, that look to the left was for my benefit I take it."

Or to put it in the vernacular "don't mess with me, you tit!"

Obviously, at that particular moment, my right boot strap needed serious adjustment.

THE TAIL ENDS— BY MR ALAN RIDER

The point of this particular script is that there can be quite a bit of the ‘art-of-the-con’ in *being* observed.

This art may be entirely unconscious for those in questionable trades like banking, estate agency and fast food outlets promising organic curry sauce. But for the majority of twits like your scribe, absolute dedication, focussed research, insightful forethought, planning and downright luck are effort worthy in mastering this art form. The latter good fortune playing to my advantage on my IAM test. Mounted stylishly in leathers enviably colour matching the wafer-thin Italian paint job of my near suspension-less machine, I accelerated vividly up the hill that ultimately connects Seven Springs with the A40 near Ando-



versford. Spying the hugely disrupted road surface suffering from repeated intrusions into its sub-structure, and myself not yet blessed with the, debatable, gift of offspring, I sought to protect my skeleton and its precious equipment from terminal damage by moving close to the nearside. Come the debrief, commendation was swift and sure: “Nice positioning Alan, loved the way you moved to the nearside with those cyclists coming down the hill, excellent observation!” Polite silence seemed appropriate.

So, what other expressions of this ancient art of deception might we contemplate. Beautifully timed twitching of the left foot perhaps, thus satisfying your observer’s craving for gearchange evidence despite your mount’s ‘do-anything-in-5th-gear’ capability. And on that same point, why not instigate confusion by staying high but *not* running wide. Smirk worthy! Then again, judicious and blatant, yet oh-so-delicate application of t’rear brake on wet roads, *even though* your brakes are linked, is a very sophisticated con, thus demo-ing grip control on a planet beyond masterful. Guaranteed to gain accolade. What about those Jurassic observers’ need to witness strategic shoulder checks. Employing an unmitigated and unnecessary surfeit of these is readily explained away thanks to that involuntary twitch everlastingly bestowed on you from the womb of your reluctant mother. Definitely too politically risky to challenge - excellent! Worst of all, dare I suggest it, yet deeply satisfying, is the utterly outrageous and heinous crime of striding purposefully to your propped steed, swinging leg astride cowboy fashion, seating butt firmly whilst simultaneously swiping prop stand away and urging starter motor engagement. Sure to frustrate the hell out of observer. Pure heaven!

Warning do not try these antics at WHAM! 😊

*Queen’s Police Medal awarded for outstanding service to motorcycling safety.



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