

# WORCESTER & HEREFORD ADVANCED MOTORCYCLISTS



NOVEMBER 2019



## CHAIR'S FOREWORD

The Bike Show has been and gone. I agree with Tony and others who thought the CCM stand was one of the highlights along with BMW's demo arena. The IAMRoadsmart team was recruiting well from their stand and we've already had new associates as a result. Welcome!



I was looking at mid-range bikes:

The new Africa Twin of course – but why does the new screen only pair with Apple phones?

The lovely 950S multi

and others.....

Meanwhile Gill was scoring the pillion seats for comfort, secure grab handles etc and (unfortunately) the £23k BMW RT won the day for overall comfort and that insignificant button on the side which activates the seat heater!

The next highlight has got to be our Xmas dinner – see the website for booking details. As I write this I understand around 40 have already booked. Partners welcome! Dress – smart casual.

Winter ride outs are usually less well attended than the summer events but don't forget they can often be great rides. They usually offer slightly more challenging conditions as we have to negotiate leaves, floods and the inevitable "mud on the road" but with less traffic and shorter queues at breakfast stops they are worth considering. They improve your skills and when the warm weather returns you will feel the improvements in your confidence and riding abilities! So wrap up warm, plug in that heated clothing and enjoy!

**iam**  
RoadSmart

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## CHAIRS FOREWORD CONT'D

National Memorial Arboretum 17<sup>th</sup> November – a complex but lovely route that avoided Wolverhampton & Cannock and on arrival quiet moments, grubby bikes from minor floods and a good breakfast!



### Biker Down

I first attended a Biker Down course a few years ago. They had just come on the scene so the syllabus was still being developed but still a valuable few hours spent at Staverton.

Today I attended Biker Down at Worcester fire station. It was great to meet others from WHAM! What was different? First and foremost was my need to refresh my knowledge and understanding. Second was to see how the course had developed in the intervening years: it has, but in reality it only needed a tweak here and there.

We sat through 3 modules, the first delivered by a Police biker who focussed on the ABCDE of what to do if you come across an accident. Simon then covered speed and a few other issues some of which arose as a result of audience questions.



This was followed by two paramedics who demonstrated first aid current practice and, although this was not a first aid course, it gave some important advice. We also practiced safe helmet removal and tried 2 minutes of CPR - which is hard work at 120 beats per minute.



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## CHAIRS FOREWORD CONT'D



Finally, we covered SMIDSY and how to be seen, finishing up with some advanced biking (familiar to some of the audience).

*Thank you SRP, the Police, paramedics and Worcester Fire Station!*

Overall an essential course for all bikers: free, well delivered and I left with a new first aid kit and other goodies. If you haven't been.....then book a place in 2020!!!

Ride Safe.

Ant Clerici

WHAM Chair

## PETE & JAC ROGERS—THE ORIENT EXPRESSO TOUR 2018



23-25 May

The twin islands of Cres (pronounced rather bafflingly as “Tresh”) and Losinj (pronounced “lozenge”, which I *can* cope with) had their ancient midriff conjoin cut by the Romans to allow trading ships – small ones, we concluded when we saw the ten metre bridge over the passage – to pass between the two islands. Both islands are pretty and unspoiled, with good roads linking superb little port towns scattered along the coasts, and just enough sea breeze to peg back the intense heat of the sun at this time of year. It is a rocky landscape, with bronze-headed euphorbia lining the roads, and enough olive trees on Cres to form a sizeable cash crop. We saw four pairs of the precious griffon vultures which have recently been the subject of intense conservation efforts here. We were told that the raising of sheep had once been the main industry on Cres, but the re-introduction of wild boar for hunting (of which we saw enough evidence to make our one longish hill walk somewhat uneasy) has diminished the farming. Both islands now depend largely on tourism, but are by no means over-developed or spoilt. We found the people friendlier than on the Croatian mainland, and prices lower too.

## PETE & JAC ROGERS—THE ORIENT EXPRESSO TOUR 2018



We were lucky with our ferry, arriving at the [Jadrolinija ferry](#) just before it pulled out of Breskova. It was a very short crossing, less than the time it takes to order and drink a tiny espresso. As we pulled away on the Tigger heading to Cres town, we noticed the temperature had risen already. It continued to rise during our stay on these islands, topping at 28 in Mali Losinj as we waited to move on again by ferry. We were grateful now we had chosen to travel in May, as the evenings were still cool enough to make sleep comfortable without the dratted air con.

A quick historical note: we were intrigued by the strange languages and very different looks of the people here and in Slovenia compared to neighbouring Italy and Greece. It turns out this region had long been settled by Mediterranean people in Roman and more ancient times, but after the break-up of the Roman Empire in the sixth century AD Slavic peoples from a long way north and east moved here, bringing their own languages and distinctly different looks with them. We saw many fair and red-haired people, taller and stronger of features. We judged them to be larger, generally more placid, and certainly more courteous and slower drivers on the whole than we had met with in Italy. It turns out these South Slavs are indeed closely related to Russians, Poles, Czechs, etc, and until relatively recently could all understand each other's languages. Despite many centuries of rule by Venice and Austria, and even though former Yugoslavians are split from their fellow Slavs by countries like Austria and Romania, they apparently retain a pan-Slav identity which has shaped their subsequent history, and indeed led to the formation of Yugoslavia. In Pula I found a park which memorialises the national Croatian heroes of WW2, including an impressive bronze bust of Marshall Tito himself. He seems still revered in his former empire, despite the tragic civil wars that followed his death.

But enough history for one day...

We based ourselves for two nights in charming little Cres town, staying in the slightly rundown but well-located [Floreus guesthouse](#) , a cool oasis at the heart of the labyrinth of marble-paved alleys and tiny squares that make up Cres old town. Cres is one of the most charming places we have ever stayed,



## PETE & JAC ROGERS—THE ORIENT EXPRESSO TOUR 2018

Full of unexpected shady alleys and delightful twists and turns. Stunning Venetian architecture sits cheek-by-jowl with people's washing strung across alleys. It's a place that feels real, gorgeous but not picture-postcard. Good seafood restaurants line the picturesque harbour, while the chitter of swallows and screams of swifts echo through the mellow evenings.



We spent one morning hiking some miles up into the hills along a dusty track, not quite reaching the longed-for beach. We did have a lovely picnic lunch, apart from the ant stings suffered by the Pillion on unmentionable parts of her derriere while sitting on a rock. The plant life was undistinguished, but we were astonished by the insects. Clearly May is the month to be a caterpillar in Croatia. Big, hairy and mostly bright orange in colour, they were everywhere, abseiling with abandon on their own silk lines from the surrounding trees, making so much noise it sounded like rain in a jungle. They landed in their hundreds, shrieking with delight, plopping to earth right around us, wriggling across the path in all directions, even through puddles, in contradictory and urgent efforts to survive till butterfly-dom. Many were successful in this endeavour; we had to bat away clouds of little dark butterflies as we walked.

Then it was goodbye to Cres, and a ride of an hour or so south to meet the Jadrolinija ferry that would take us *very* slowly from Mali Losinj to Zadar on the mainland. We spent a pleasant afternoon in a cafe at Mali Losinj, drinking coffee and avoiding the 27 degrees of heat and blinding light – not complaining though! When it came time to board at 3.30 pm, I stood by the port barrier, with our tickets, while the Rider brought the freshly-washed and fuelled Tigger round the town's one-way system. Of course we missed each other. Then a panicky phone call from the Rider, who had been told by the port officials he and Tigger would be boarding first, brought me running, laden with helmet, leathers, tank bag, etc. It was me who was waved on board first, while Tigger and Rider were held back until a Very Important Ferry Officer finally allowed them to board. And even then the Rider dived with death, narrowly avoiding being mown down by a White Van who The Very Important Ferry Officer then told to board, and who forgot to look first.

It was all Serbo-Croat to us, and, as it turned out, set the tone for the whole disorganised crossing.

More of that next time ...

### Winter's Here

Well, winter's most definitely here; on last Sunday's morning run as we approached Shobdon Airfield you could see the snow on them there Hills. However, that's no reason not to ride, in fact as we always say, those who ride through the winter and get out on their bikes on a regular basis tend to make much better riders. Obviously at this time of the year you sometimes have to take a different approach to your riding, one of the main concerns is your road position, where you would like to be, isn't always where you can be. One of the biggest problems we have at this time of the year is a huge great dollop of mud in the middle of the road, combine that with water, wet leaves and mud (and worse) left by farm traffic, all of which combine to make for some very slimy conditions on the roads.

So, you seriously have to think about which line you're going to take, because you may not be able to cross the road in order to take up the correct position on the next bend. Sometimes you're actually better taking a position on the nearside, although this may not give you the optimum view, remembering of course that your safety is paramount.

It's a decision you have to take on the day as you ride. If you go to the offside and something big comes towards you, then you may be forced to cross the very mud you're trying to avoid but don't want to go on, so sometimes a nearside line is the best and only option.

I actually enjoy riding at this time of the year; I know that sounds a little bonkers but you can get some really cold clear crisp days. Now at this point I will say that I absolutely refuse point blank to ride if the temperature is on or below freezing, in which case simply turn over and stay in bed. But if you wait a little, then the weather normally warms up as the day goes on, and if the roads have dried up a bit, then it's really good to get out and blow the cobwebs away.

The other advantage is that all the boys on the plastic fantastics, who only ride during the summer when it's nice and warm and sunny, have put their bikes away for the winter, so you won't have to deal with them when you get to the cafe, and you'll stand a much better chance of getting that big breakfast that you've promised yourself, which is of major importance, particularly to me. *(Alex never misses an opportunity to slip a breakfast reference in! - Ed)*



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## CO'S COLUMN—ALEX HOYLE

Also, in this day and age with the advent of heated grips, heated gloves, heated vests and jackets, even heated socks, and trousers, what next you ask, perhaps heated underpants, well maybe that's just too much, there's no excuse for not getting out, because you can stay warm and cosy on your bike. Obviously you need to make sure that your bike is in tip top condition, and that your tyres have a good level of tread on them, also, when you get back at the end of the day and wash your bike down, don't forget to use MPOWDERS as a means of checking over your bike and making sure that everything's in good working order.

I know sometimes riding in winter can be a little daunting, but quite simply the more you do it, the easier it gets. In actual fact if you've got good tyres with good levels of tread, they have a tremendous level of grip even in the wet. Most of us never ride our bikes anywhere near the limit, and even though it may be wet on the road, there's no excuse.

So, give it a go, if you don't practice it, you'll never get any better at it.

Happy Christmas, hope to see you all at a breakfast stop sometime in the near future.

Alex Hoyle Chief Observer



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# NEWS—RICHARD HEWITT

## Test Passes in November—

1. On November 3rd Robert Woodlock passed with a First (!) with Del Britton as his Observer. Observer Andy Lamb commented “Only two '2s' recorded, one for slightly late indication approaching 'around about', the other for a 'shoulder check' that wasn't required.”
2. On November 7th Peter Rogers passed after training with Tony Reusser. Examiner Marcus McCormick commented “Peter achieved 16 - 1's = commended, and 8 - 2's = satisfactory. This is a commendable result given the blinding low winter light and road surfaces mentioned in his test report.”
3. On November 23rd Paul Morgan passed with a First with Will Morgan as his Observer. Examiner Tony Smalley made no comments and so the Ed assumes Paul was so good Tony was lost for words... :-)



Pic left shows Rob Edwards receiving his Local Observer test pass certificate from Alex Hoyle.



Pic right shows Rob presenting Chris Walden with his test pass certificate. Chris was Robs very first associate and so well done both.



Above: Peters Pass!

## NEWS—RICHARD HEWITT

The WHAM Christmas do remains up and running on the WHAM website. Your fellow WHAMMERS have been booking themselves, both solo's and with partners, through the website and there's spaces yet for more members to join-in. Venue is the popular Falcon in Bromyard on Friday December 20th.



Your committee is now considering what events, rides, routes, holidays and all things WHAM related to do during 2020 and so please do email the Ed with any and all wants, likes, ideas and suggestions so that we can make 2020 as enjoyable as possible.

# OFF-SIDING—DEL BRITTON

'Off-siding' is the term that is given to riding on the opposite side of the road - over the white line to gain an extended view. The Police have long-since stopped teaching the practice in their riding schools. IAM too have not practiced this technique for many years since the risk far outweighs any advantage.

Imagine this scenario:

You are travelling along a country road at a modest pace - 25 to 30 mph say.

There is a Golf GTi coming towards you - it is driven by a 19-year-old farmer's son, who has driven that road every day of his life - school bus, bicycle, moped, & now in mum's borrowed car. Even if he's travelling at the same modest pace (perhaps unlikely!) you are now closing at between 50 & 60 mph. As the Golf comes around what to him is a "blind right hander" – yes, too quick probably - he sees a motorcycle coming towards him on "his side of the road". In an instant his reaction is to brake, and at the same time steer away from the motorcycle i.e. towards his right, just as the motorcycle rider swerves back to his left i.e. they're both on the same bit of road.

The risk is all so unnecessary; the extra vision gained is negligible. Unnecessary risk and with the potential for a fatal incident – and we all know who is hurt in any motorcycle accident.

If the road you are riding on, such as a country road, has no white lines use the centre of the road as your guide. If the corner is entirely "open" (so you can see there is not even a snake-on-a-skateboard) then "straight-lining" or "trimming" the bend won't entail risk.

Avoid off-siding to extend your view at any speed – the risk/reward calculation simply doesn't work. Remember to live by the IPSGA system to make your riding plan.

Insufficient view?

If safety says there is no better position: "Slow down and Carry On!"

## THE TAIL ENDS— BY MR ALAN RIDER

They say that with age the memory starts to struggle.

Well, since most of our members are, to me at least, yet to reach their prime, they will not yet be blessed with two-second fish brains and will effortlessly remember that the idea of purchasing a motorcycle was front of cerebral porridge for Alan last month. And while we're on the subject of fish, fishing or 'angling' is one of the largest 'sports' in the UK according to the Angling Trust with more than 3 million huddled figures, silent as death and similarly motionless, all day, by oft vomit hued, impenetrable depths. Makes me think that 'fishbrain recall' may well be true, because if it was longer, the slippery little chaps would remember the trauma of being caught, given amateur dental surgery, held captive and then breathlessly weighed before being mercifully released. Compare that with us. Our sport doesn't involve catching anyone, racers and lunatic fringe, often on Tuonos, excepted. We number about 1.5 million according to the Daily Torygraph. About half the number of fishers. But on the upside, I bet we each spend a stuffed top box more money than they do. And that's where the whole bike purchasing thing becomes painful.



So let us join your wanna-cut-a-dash Alan as he embarks on his task.

You'd think, would you not, that deciding what I like is easy. Not so for your scribe. My desire to be 'different', 'special', 'savvy' (from the French 'savoir' :to know, would be my guess) competes full-on with my utterly pathetic and disappointingly average physique. And as you know, again from last month assuming you heroically consumed the entire edition, I am anxious about being able to handle it.

This led me to seek a powerful, yet lightweight bike. Perhaps a Tuono. (I hear you gasp! Alan'll never handle that, you say) "Hello, can I help you?" Says recumbent, desk protected sales person. Explanation of Tuono fantasy. Always keen to shortcut trial and error, I ask: "So, how long have you been selling motorcycles?" "Fifteen years" was the reply. I press on "so what is your take on the Tuono, what's it like to ride?" "I don't ride motorbikes, never have" came the unexpected and disarming reply. Hmm.....

Next dealership. "This looks like a suitable machine" I confidently pat the seat of a seductive, litre-ish, twin. "This bike has ALL the extras you could want", I'm told, "worth every penny. We don't get many with all these extras you know. Invaluable on a bike like this, can't do without them". Feeling my wallet tighten like a terrified sphincter facing Bray Hill, I move to a second machine. Same brand, same model, same year but less money. "What about this one?" Salesman lovingly caresses the tank like one might covet a gold bar: "Lovely bike this one. Great value."

"Doesn't have the extras of the other one" says I.

"Whole heap less to go wrong" offers Salesman with a positive tank smacking move.

Oh 'eck!

Troubling too for poor Alan is the question of after sales care.



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Salesman dies and arrives at the Pearly Gates. Says to St Peter “Okay, have I been good or bad, is it good news or bad, where am I headed?”

“Doesn’t work quite like that” says St Peter. “You see you get to choose?”

“I do?” exclaims our salesman. “Well in that case I’ll choose Heaven, what’s it like?”

“Okay, it’s pretty good. We have a golf course and I know you like golf”

“I do. That’s handy, bit of a passion you know. Play it all day given the chance. Sounds ideal.”

“Well, I’d better tell you the problem is the Saints. They have first call on the course. Then there’s the Apostles. What with that lot having priority, you might get a round.... possibly on a Wednesday night, in the dark. Now’t much else to do for you in Heaven...generally a bit boring”

“Oh! That’s not so good. I’d better take a look at the other option then.” .....

“Hello, I’m the Devil, welcome to Hell. Take a seat. Here, have a coffee and some nibbles. Now, how can I help you?”

“Oh lovely. Thank you. Do you have a golf course.”

“Absolutely!. Lovely 18 hole job. Super scenery and beautifully tended.”

Salesman beams with delight. “Will I get to play?”

“Of course! Anytime, no restrictions and free drinks at the bar when you’re done.” Devil rocks back in chair with satisfaction.

“Sounds like it’ll suit me.”

“Sure will” says Devil.

Salesman trots back to St Peter.

“Strange as it may seem, St. Peter, I’m choosing Hell”.

“Okay, off you go, it’s through that door again.”

“Ah! Hello again. We’ve met already, have we not” says the Devil. “Follow me, it’s down this corridor”.

Salesman follows Devil through a very, very, unusually heavy, studded door and is startled to see other salesman types being dipped in boiling oil, stabbed with spikes and doused with manure, with much howling and misery.

“But this isn’t what you promised me, Devil” our horrified salesman gasps.

“Ah, but that’s when you were a Prospect. Now you’re a **Customer!**”

Have a great day!

Joke courtesy of & © Geoff Burch Management. [www.geoffburch.com](http://www.geoffburch.com)



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