

# CAMunicate



The Newsletter  
of  
Cambridge Advanced Motorcyclists

[www.camsiam.org.uk](http://www.camsiam.org.uk)

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### Editorial

The big event this month is the **Charity Ride** that will navigate the County boundary of Cambridgeshire and raise money for Headway, the brain injury charity. If you have not already done so then you need to get your application in so you can receive your ‘rider’s card’ with all the check points and ‘rules of the game’. A separate article in this issue explains more about the ride, the Headway organisation and how to ensure you are part of this most worthwhile fund-raiser.

A significant article in this CAMunicate is the account of Paul Norman’s trip to the Mostar Bridge in Bosnia & Herzegovina. The primary purpose of this trip was to raise money for the new Teenage Cancer Ward being developed at Addenbrookes; but it was also an opportunity for adventure and Paul’s diary makes it apparent that there were plenty of interesting experiences and sights. So congratulations to Paul for completing the trip and for raising some funds.

The July All-Day-Ride took us down to Tintern Abbey in the Wye valley where we encountered sharp bends and sweet rodents – the article tells you more. The August ride had the Humber Bridge as its destination and the account of this day will be included in the November issue of CAMunicate.

As it’s now September, and though the weather is currently pleasant, we can expect that gradual deterioration of conditions as winter starts to draw in. In preparation for this a new training course has been devised that will provide some pointers to **Riding in Hazardous Conditions**; when the visibility decreases and road traction lessens. Advanced motorcycling should include the ability and experience to ride safely in inclement conditions as, whilst most of us would not actively seek to do so, when things worsen sometimes it is just unavoidable. Dates will be released via the website.

In a similar theme during November the **First Aid & Accident Management** course will be run again. This provides an initial overview of appropriate actions to take when faced with a road traffic accident involving a motorcyclist and it is a most worthwhile skill-set to have.

For those of you considering a track-day then you will find Adrian's account of his day at Cadwell Park interesting and motivational – unless you are the fellow rider he put a pass on in the hairpin. (as per Rossi on Stoner at Laguna Seca)

To keep you inspired and informed there is a book review of Ted Simon's travels on a motorbike in the 1970s.

So, thank-you to all of you who have contributed to this latest edition, please keep the articles coming. As soon as one edition of CAMunicate is completed the challenge to fill the next one commences

## Headway Ride – September 28<sup>th</sup>

Working on the logic that if a message is repeated often enough most people will eventually hear it may I bring to your attention the Headway Charity Ride that will take place on Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> September.



So for those of you who have been out of the country or just not reading your e-mails, seeing the posters in various bike shops or listening to the word on the streets let me tell you a little bit about what is going on with this event.

And take note of Lord Kitchener off to the left; this charity event needs your support if it is to follow on from the successes of 2006 and 2007.

The involvement of the Cambridgeshire Advanced Motorcyclists group with the Headway charity originates with the unfortunate accident one of our group members had several years ago and the help that Headway has provided her. Headway is an organisation that promotes a wider understanding of all aspects of brain injury and provides information, activities, support and services to people with brain injuries, their families and carers. Information on the work of Headway can be obtained via

[www.headway-cambs.org.uk](http://www.headway-cambs.org.uk) .



A sobering statistic is that around 1.4 million people per year attend A&E in the UK following trauma to the head and of these around 135,000 will be admitted due to the severity of the damage; a major cause of which are road traffic accidents

The format of the day is fairly simple in concept; it's a fund raising motorcycle ride that loosely follows the boundaries of Cambridgeshire.

Money is raised through both a fee for involvement and by sponsorship. No costs are deducted from donations as the organisation and staffing of the event is carried out by volunteers from both Cambridgeshire Advanced Motorcyclists (CAM) and Peterborough Advanced Motorcyclists (PECAM) so all the money raised goes to Headway.

Additionally making a gift aid declaration on the entry form enables some of the income tax paid on your donation to be recovered from the government so the £10 donation becomes worth £12.80 for Headway.

The route is not defined; there are three manned checkpoints and you should start and finish at the same one and visit the other two. There are additionally three interim check-points that are unmanned and require you to note on the control card an answer to a question that relates to the location.

The route you take to link all these together is up to you and will depend on the type of roads and riding you prefer; the check-points are open from 09.00H through to 16.00H and routes are generally about 160 miles so you need to plan accordingly.

For those that prefer to ride in a group there will be several organised ride-outs, at least one by each of CAM & PECAM. If you complete the route, collect a signature from each of the manned control points and answer the questions relating to the intermediary points then you can claim a certificate. Whether you do complete or not you are likely to have had a good days' riding and made a useful contribution to a local charity.

For those wishing to participate the procedure is very straight-forward; send an e-mail to [headwayride@btinternet.com](mailto:headwayride@btinternet.com) asking for an application form and one will be returned to you by e-mail. Alternatively you can download it from the website at [www.cambisiam.org.uk](http://www.cambisiam.org.uk). The application form needs to be completed and posted with your entrance fee, £10, to the address on the form; you will then receive your 'Rider's Card' that details the control points and interim locations. If you have an opportunity to get sponsorship, perhaps from family or work colleagues, then use the sponsorship form that will be sent out with your application form or again can be downloaded from the website.

The challenge for 2008 is to attract more riders and to raise more money than was achieved in either 2006 or 2007. And as both years were considered a success this will not be easy; previously the event has attracted over 100 riders and raised in excess of £3000.

Many of those reading this article may already be involved in some aspect of this Headway Charity Ride; perhaps as a participating rider or helping with the organisation of the day. If you are not yet involved have a look at your diary – what better thing could you be doing on a Sunday in September than riding the roads of Cambridgeshire in the name of a good cause.

### **First Aid Course – November 1<sup>st</sup>**

Insurance is not really popular as for most of the time it feels like money going out for nothing and when things are going well you might wonder why you bother but when the kitchen is awash with washing machine flooding and the floor is starting to lift it suddenly become most worthwhile.

First-Aid might fall into a similar category; everything we do is focused on minimising the chance of needing it but then when it is required it's good to have around. And just like insurance it needs to be kept up-to-date for it to be worthwhile; accordingly we will be running the 'First Aid & Accident Management' course again this November. Even if you attended the course last year you should consider attending again as the skills become rusty and the benefits of appropriate immediate action are immense – on occasion lifesaving.

There is another subtlety to this as First Aid is unlikely to be self administered so there is an altruistic angle – you're not specifically doing this for yourself but making an informal pact with those you ride with that you will train to help them and they will train to look after you. So make sure you can deliver on your side of the bargain.

To put things in perspective the course is not about becoming a paramedic – it's about doing a sequence of simple things that buys time so the experts can get to the scene and deliver proper medical care.

The course will be provided by Vic Smith, an ex front line police traffic officer who now runs his own training organisation; his background enables him to draw on years of personal experience with direct relevance to motorists and motorcyclists.

The course will cover the commonsense actions that can be taken to make an accident scene as safe as possible and to minimise any deterioration in the condition of the injured. The style of presentation is relaxed with lots of interactive discussion and practical demonstrations

Once you have completed this first-aid awareness course you should feel more informed about the actions to take that will be appropriate and beneficial should a road accident be

encountered. The key messages are 'prevent the situation getting worse' and 'buy time' to enable the medical experts to arrive on scene. This course provides you with the practical 'know-how' and basic skills to achieve this

## **Ride to The Mostar Bridge, Bosnia & Herzegovina**



By Paul Norman

This is an account of my motorcycle trip to The Mostar Bridge that I undertook between the 8<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> June to raise money for the Teenage Cancer Trust at Addenbrookes Hospital, Cambridge.

Thank-you to all of you who have been so generous in donating money.

### **Day One Meet the group**

Cambridge to Pont-a-Mousson, France, 404 miles

At 5.10am it was chilly as I left home and headed out towards the M11, not much about apart from the odd lorry. I was feeling quite nervous about what lay ahead, the day was here, no turning back. It started to drizzle at the Dartford Bridge and I was glad of my fleece as I headed down the M20 to Dover.

It was 7.10 am, a group of Motorcyclists were parked near the ferry terminal and as I dismounted one of them walked over to me and said "You must be Paul" (bikers are easily identifiable by their bikes!). That was my introduction to Pete Milburn, who is "British Bike Tours", and was going to be our leader for the next two weeks. We all shook hands instantly forgot everyone's name and boarded the P & O ferry.

After a hearty breakfast on the ferry we soon hit the Autoroute in northern France and it wasn't long before I realised the pace wouldn't be for the faint-hearted, traveling at good lick from the off. Before the trip, amongst other things, I purchased a magnetic map holder to go on the petrol tank, and within 1 hour of Calais it had blown off the bike narrowly missing one of the group behind me, whoops! That wasn't the only incident of the day, Terry ("Sparks") managed to launch his mobile phone off his Z1000 on to the road at an undisclosed speed, he never did find the pieces .



Later that day we stopped at Verdun the large French 1st World war cemetery. On the way to it we passed preserved trenches in the woods reminding us of the history of this particular part of France.

We were now in the Lorraine area and made the Hotel in Pont-a-Mousson (no bar - it was a priory!) by early evening just before the first of many major thunderstorms .The group had an obligatory gelling session in a bar in town followed by a meal in a traditional French

restaurant, shame on the guys who wanted their menus in English!! So we bedded down for the night, my room-mate for the trip, "Scottish John" or "Big John", a burly guy from Ayreshire riding a BMW R1200RT with every gadget known to man on it including what appeared to be a CD player that could only play Amy Winehouse.

### **Day Two Look out for bicycles**

Pont-a-Mousson to Nonnenhorn, Germany, 285 miles, 16-21 °C

An 8.30 start was to set the trend for the whole trip; a quick last push down the Motorway to Epinal and then into the Vosges mountains of Alsace. The scenery was great and it wasn't

long before we were climbing up into the lower level ski areas getting our first taste of the twisties.

Chris ("Sump oil" on account of the amount of oil his BMW R1200GS used), decided that cyclists on these twisties were easy pickings and subsequently got run off the road by one. The tell tail grass hanging from his brake pedal told the story. We were all of course mature and adult in the way we sympathised. I soon realised that I could be the next object of ridicule as I scraped my boot going around a pretty ordinary bend. Pete later on hearing us tell our stories looked as if he'd heard it all before.



So coffee in a ski resort and lunch in the German Black Forest mountains. How much worse could it get? The afternoon saw us border hopping again, something some of us would do more than others as I found out on the penultimate day. This time into Switzerland for an ice cream break (already a pattern was developing) at the famous Rheinfeld waterfalls across the Rhine near Basel. From the Rheinfeld we went back into Germany around the northern side of Lake Bodensee and onto our next hotel in Nonnenhorn on the eastern side of the lake. We again missed a huge thunderstorm by the skin of our teeth. A German mixed grill and a beer followed closely by bed ended day two.

### **Day Three Stelvio**

Nonnenhorn to BozenjItaly, 263 miles, 6-21 °C

Today was to be the most technical day for riding. Pete, who had led a similar tour last year, told us that four bikes were dropped on the same day last year all on the Stelvio Pass. The problem is the hairpins are so tight and steep that if you stop behind a vehicle or have to put your foot down at all you just fall off. That inspired confidence in us all, mind you I think Alan ("John Doe") on his Blue Fazer and Colin ("Uncle Albert") on his SP2 had done it before. So off we went into Switzerland and into the mountains, that is to say until I was told we were actually in Austria !



The morning riding was stunning and we had soon crossed Austria into the far south western corner of Switzerland and across the border into Italy at the foot of the Stelvio Pass.



The Stelvio Pass is the highest paved mountain pass in the eastern Alps at 2757m and boasts 60 hairpin bends of which 48 are on the north side (The going up side for us) The climb went well and we all arrived at the snow covered top with our honour intact. When I looked back down at where we'd just come from it was a great feeling.

Next it was across the valley and up onto the Gavia Pass. Gavia is not as well known as Stelvio but the fact that the BMW owners club won't take their members up it makes it worth it. Gavia goes between Bormio and Ponte di Legno and is pretty rough in places, often

single track with no barriers. We stopped on the other side to view some of the most stunning scenery yet.

A very happy but tired group arrived at the hotel in Bozen, Italy and settled down to beer spaghetti and pizza.

#### **Day Four      The Dolomites**

Bozen to Postojna, Slovenia, 235 miles, 8-24 °C

Today was the day that Quentin on his VFR and Andy on his R1200GS (The African Twins), decided that they would continue the tour at their own pace and meet up at the hotels at night. Now we were riding as a group of 8. Unfortunately Quentin was reversed into whist stationary in Italy and damaged his panniers and clutch lever. Andy was to rejoin us later in the tour.



*The Dolomites*

Out of the hotel and up into the Dolomites. These mountains are different to the Alps with Limestone and granite crags and structures giving a likeness of the American Rockies.

Again today we had more twisties to ride and passed through more ski resorts. The weather had generally been OK up to now with odd showers on the previous day and it started off well on this morning. By lunch time however it started to become more showery and mid afternoon when we came down from the

mountains onto the plain we hit a big thunderstorm. Such was the variability in the weather that we were soon riding through Italian vineyards and 24°C heat. It was in these vineyards that Colin along with Alan (Vicar of Dibly, to be explained) with the black Fazer, thought the best way to dry out would be a burst of speed. Colin on his SP2, which could be heard from across most borders, timed his burst of speed to pass a gobsmacked Italian policeman on a straight country road like Valentino Rossi. After the "are you taking the p\*\*s" look I think he went back to eating his sandwich in Rosco.P.Coltrain style.

The village near the Slovenian border was obviously celebrating some pageant of sorts with purple and white garlands and ribbons decorating all the buildings and street corners. We crossed into Slovenia one of the newest members of the EU and headed down the motorway for a short distance. Chris got wheel wobble over 100mph so got left behind temporarily but soon caught up when the rest of us came off the motorway and were held up behind a Slovenian bus which enjoyed trying to stop us getting past. It was soon the end of another day.

#### **Day Five      Into The Badlands**

Postojna to Korenica, Croatia, 163 miles, 10-14°C

Postojna is famous for its huge cave complex covering more than 5 km which we visited in the morning. We rode on an open train 1 km into the mountain where the temperature stays at a constant 8°C. Scottish John who was sat in front is 6'4" tall and how he didn't get his head bumped on the tunnel roof on that journey we shall never know. Still, the visit was worthwhile and it gave us a break from riding.



*Postojna*

The day was cold and once we got going it started to rain. It wasn't far to the Croatian border which was a small crossing in the mountains. Our passports were checked for the first time since Dover and we moved across

in the wet onto roads which were no better than dirt tracks in places with water everywhere. There seemed little point in stopping even if we could find a cafe which I don't remember seeing any anyway. We just wanted to get to the next hotel, have a hot shower and get into some dry clothes.

That afternoon the route took us through some very remote areas which had obviously been badly affected in the Balkans war in the early 90's. Some houses were just ruins and one I remember in particular was badly shot up, the front door open and a rotting wooden chair sat empty in the doorway. We were near the town of Slunj which was a stronghold of JNA (Yugoslav People's Army) and before we came back onto the main road we passed a compound in the woods of what appeared to be mothballed or disused military vehicles. This was sobering.

On a lighter note, for us anyway, Alan had his Vicar of Dibly moment when riding through the Croatian back roads. In the pouring rain we went through a badly flooded part of the road. He nearly disappeared out of sight, bike and all, in a deep hole. How he managed not to fall off we will never know but he just rode out of it dripping and looking a bit shocked but in one piece.

At around 5.00pm we reached our hotel/hostel very wet, tired and hungry. Tomorrow would be a rest day.

**Day Six**      **Rest Day**  
Plitvacka



***Plitvicka Jereza National***

Alan (Blue Fazer), Chris and I took off 15 miles up the road to Plitvicka Jezera National Park which is a UNESCO World Heritage Site, the only one of its type in the world consisting of a long valley of naturally made lakes and waterfalls stepped up in the limestone. It was a truly awe inspiring place and one I would revisit given the chance.

Scottish John meanwhile decided to make a day trip to Zagreb 87 miles north of us; he obviously wasn't saddle sore enough yet. The rest of the group pottered, dried clothes, drank

some beer and were later joined by a group of Italian Bikers who rather put us old gits to shame by performing the odd wheelie up the road.

The moment of the day came in Pete and Colin's room. Pete had his crash helmet on the window sill (I think you know what's coming), Colin somehow managed to knock it off the ledge, Pete dived out after it but it was too late and the helmet slowly rolled down the roof and onto the concrete below. The helmet was outwardly OK but needed to be changed at the earliest possible moment. Pete meanwhile had managed to bruise if not crack some ribs when he tried to dive through the window. He was still sore after we got home. Colin felt pretty bad about it, sympathy was short lived and we all rubbed it in as you do.

**Day Seven**      **First Sight of the Adriatic**  
Korenica to Trogir, Croatia, 236 miles

The weather was rubbish again; in fact it was blowing a gale as well as pouring with rain and only 5°C. The first hour would have had us see some more spectacular scenery which would have ultimately given us a view from the mountain side across to some of the Adriatic Islands. As it was we were all just hanging on for dear life to stay upright and the visibility was non existent. But we persevered and finally hit some sunshine near Sibernik on the coast.

The afternoon's riding was fantastic with lovely roads and sweeping bends. The mood was good when we pitched in at our next hotel in Trogir near Split.

"Trogir", our wise leader said, "warrants a night out and we haven't far to go tomorrow". So taxis were ordered and we set off into town for a fish supper of Grupa, Sea Bass and Squid. A few games of pool in a bar interspersed with one or two beers and some rather odd tasting local spirit shots and we were ready for bed. Back at the hotel Pete's key card wouldn't let him into his room, so as the hotel was only small and the desk completely unmanned at night, Pete and I in a reasonably sober state decided to sift through all the cards in the desk to find the master-card. After several trips running up and down the stairs we found one that opened his door and all was well. The taxi back was minus Alan (Vicar of Dibly) and Colin who said they were just coming. Well they missed the last taxi and walked into the hotel at 5.20 am, a British Bike Tours record. We clocked the route the next morning and they had walked 9 kilometers ! That was unfortunately just the beginning of a bad day for Alan.

### **Day Eight Coast Road to Dubrovnik**

Trogir to Dubrovnik, Croatia, 167 miles

We had a slow start to the day after the fun and frolics of the previous night where we had all let our hair down (some had hair still). Alan (Vicar of Dibly) decided on a later start than most and said he would catch up. I volunteered to tail-end as back marker and soon discovered I was definitely off the pace dawdling behind and not feeling quite the ticket.

We stopped for a break about halfway down the coast to Dubrovnik where we found out that Alan's late start was to be later than he thought. He had a flat battery and it was Sunday. Nobody gets too excited on a Sunday in Croatia, and after he couldn't find anyone with jump leads he phoned the UK breakdown number. It was by now afternoon and nothing much had happened, eventually one of the locals turned up with jump leads and he was away after canceling the breakdown which probably hadn't even set out. The battery however was finished so he had to ride to Dubrovnik without daring to stop. The Croatian police were also out in force on what seemed to be every corner. What they do is that when they feel like stopping you, especially if you are on your own, they just step out into the road holding up what can only be described as a lollypop the size of a toffee apple saying "stop" on it, quite comical really. Well, they stopped Alan, for no reason other than to flex a few muscles. Alan of course was still with his flat battery and refused to switch the engine off on his Fazer. He thinks he eventually got the message through and was allowed to continue. He made it to Dubrovnik later in the evening remarkably cheerful we thought.

While this was going on, after lunch we had to make a detour inland a few miles to one of the larger Bosnian border controls. This was to get issued with third party insurance passes for when we crossed into Bosnia on Tuesday. To do this you have to pass through the Croatian check point and then into no-mans land where there were an array of porta-cabins, lorries, coaches, security men and police who looked at you as if you are an inferior species. The atmosphere is quite intimidating and the process cannot be hurried. It is done in their own time. We hung around in what were quite hot and humid conditions for about half an hour when a lady in an old hatchback turned up and unlocked one of the cabins. Pete spoke to her and she said it would cost 10€ each plus something extra for her. We got our certificates issued and Pete paid her the sweetener and this is how things are done out in the big wide world.

Back on route we arrived in Dubrovnik at 5.00 pm.

### **Day Nine Rest Day in Dubrovnik**

Croatian belly was by now working its way through us and today was my turn. Alan sorted a new battery out but then had to ride up to the border to get a pass for himself. Pete bought himself a new crash helmet and as he had also ridden most of the previous day with no brakes was able to put new pads in which he happened to be carrying with him.

Feeling better in the afternoon I headed off into the old town with Pete, Colin and Chris for a bit of a wander. We stayed there for the rest of the day and ended up watching Croatia play football in the European Championships on a big screen with the locals. The atmosphere was great and not at all aggressive.

## Day Ten Mostar

Dubrovnik to Mostar, Bosnia to Trogir, Croatia. 205 miles.



We soon passed through the quiet border crossing in the mountains overlooking Dubrovnik into Bosnia. The landscape was pretty arid and rocky and I noticed two dead snakes on the road not far from the border. Animals in the road seemed to be my main memory of the morning, apart from Bosnian police everywhere. We passed two groups of wandering cows in the road and a herd of goats which we had to avoid. We also passed a marked minefield beside the road. We had been warned about these and told not to stray off the roads for any reason.

Mostar is in a valley overlooked by hills and mountains and we soon arrived in the town centre littered with Mosques on one side of the river and an Orthodox Church on the other. There were still many buildings which were as they had been left after the war, just empty structures riddled with bullet holes and gaping larger holes. I felt uneasy about photographing them so didn't, but the memory will always be a picture in my mind.



My main aim was to get the all important photos of me and the bridge which had been the focus of the whole trip for me. The guys were great and took several photos for me and when I walked onto the bridge for the first time I felt a wave of emotion, all the fund raising over the last six months, the planning and now actually to have ridden all this way 1850 miles.

Lunch was in a Muslim run cafe and consisted of what appeared to be goat's meat balls in a type of doughy wrap with chopped onions and chives, a local favourite!

The heat was intense in Mostar, 33°C to be precise and we were quite glad to get back to the bikes, having first left them in the charge of a paid minder. Mostar was soon in the distance and before long we were back into Croatia and had successfully avoided any police stops in Bosnia. Low and behold ten miles into Croatia, Pete, Terry and Scottish John got pulled for the "minor infringement" of crossing the white line. At first the policeman wanted 500 Kunas (about £50) each for all ten bikes, even though he had only caught three. Amazingly Terry & Pete managed to haggle with him and they got it down to 300 Kunas in total which he put in his back pocket. For the next five or six miles all the local traffic kept beeping us, news obviously traveled fast and the drinks were going to be on our policeman in the local bar that night.

## Day Eleven Dash to Austria

Trogir to Jezerko, Slovenia, 351 miles.

Today saw Andy back with us; Quentin went off on a lone quest to find nice ladies in the Dubrovnik area and may even still be there! Meanwhile 100 miles of motorway had to be ridden as we needed to make good progress to get to the hotel on the Austrian border by tea time. Again we rode through torrential rain in the morning but by the time we stopped for lunch it was dry again. The Vicar of Dibly decided to go off on his own for the day to visit Vukovar on the Serbian border, the site of some of the most horrendous loss of life in the Balkans War. It was a long way for him and he didn't reach the hotel until very late having traveled over 600 miles.

Colin's speedo stopped working but there were no other incidents and we took a route that led us past Ljubljana, the Capital of Slovenia and on up into the Southern Alps on the Austrian border. The hotel was in the best setting yet, truly a view to die for.

## Day Twelve BurgerKing in Germany

Jezersko to Augsburg, Germany, 389 miles

We set off on a clear bright morning and were soon back on the twisties into Austria. Today Pete was going to take us on a detour to the GrossGlockner Pass in the Austrian Tirol. We arrived at the pass after having lunch in an Austrian cafe where the waitress managed to serve nearly everybody with the wrong meal and when Colin, a vegetarian, was given a toasted cheese & ham sandwich; she even offered to take the ham out!



GrossGlockner was an easy pass for us, still with hairpins, but much wider and so with our increased confidence we overtook nearly everyone and everything on the way up and on the way down, it was especially gratifying to overtake the German bikers. The peak, which we viewed from the top, is 3720m high and towers over a glacier below.

That was the last time we were to be in the mountains and we were soon down on the plain into Germany for a 200 mile ride around Munich to Augsburg. We lost Terry outside the

town and when he arrived at the hotel he told us he had managed to talk a police motorcyclist into leading him to us. Nice one Terry.

That evening the Germans were playing in the Euro quarter finals and we couldn't find a restaurant which would serve food. We ended up having a BurgerKing, our worst meal by far, and having to be in Germany when they won the Euro quarter finals in a competition we couldn't even qualify for, was not good. The town went mad when they won, so we kept our heads low and looked forward to being in France.

## Day Thirteen I shouldn't be in Basel

Augsburg to Pont a Mousson, France, 368 miles.

The bike was now starting to look very scruffy, a bit like its owner in fact who had run out of clean clothes two days before.

We set off down the Autobahn in the direction of Stuttgart and then into the Black Forest for some final good riding. Today it was my turn to lose the group. I missed Colin who was marking a junction; basically I was going too fast and saw him too late. I turned round and came back to the spot where he was but he was gone. So, I turned on to the Autobahn that they went down with a view to catch them up. I rode faster and faster and further and further down the Autobahn but not a sight of them. Eventually I arrived at the Swiss border in Basel where it was apparent I had gone horribly wrong. The motorway border in Switzerland charges 40€ road tax to enter the country but I did not intend to pay that just to turn around and ride right back out again. I pulled over to the right into a customs check bay and explained my predicament to a Swiss policeman that basically I was lost and that Switzerland was not where I wanted to be. He was pretty understanding towards a dumb English biker and had a look at my map with me.

We decided that I should head for Mulhouse so he stopped all the traffic, waved me across the carriageway and sent me back up the Autobahn the way I'd come, job done! I now knew where I was going and headed into France in the direction of Epinal. I then stopped for fuel and lunch and to text the guys that I would see them at the hotel. I quite enjoyed a sedate ride back through the Vosges to Epinal and then headed off towards Nancy. There I managed to go right into the city centre in the rush hour where the bike started to cough and splutter. The only way I could keep it running was to rev the engine all the time. I was getting some very funny looks. Fortunately the problem went away on its own and I arrived at the hotel back in Pont a Mousson, half an hour after the others.

## Day Fourteen The Final Curtain

Pont a Mousson to Cambridge, England. 410 miles

Scottish John decided to leave early to catch an earlier ferry. The rest of us set off after breakfast to head for home. Twenty minutes into the day, Terry ran off the road into the grass whilst trying to adjust something on the side of the bike, it was a very near miss. After we'd passed near to Verdun again we caught the Auto route and arrived in Calais without further incident at about 13.15H. Pete tried to get us on a much earlier ferry but unless we wanted to pay £60 each we would have to wait so having been through passports and queued at the boarding gate we were ushered into a parking area for an hour after which we

### Ferry Home



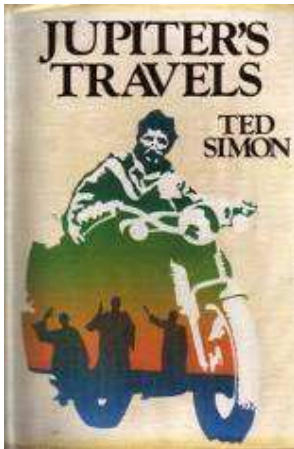
would have to repeat the process again. Meanwhile, The Vicar of Dibly (again!!) and Chris, somehow managed to get separated from us and ended up at the foot of the ramp of the earlier ferry with no tickets or check-in labels causing a minor security incident with lots of waving of arms and blowing of whistles! They also managed to go through the same passport control three times.

So that's it then, 3400 miles, the end of amazing trip with a great bunch of guys.

A final note: While we were waiting for the ferry, a rather loud, well spoken, full of himself biker in new gear walked up to me and said "so where've you been then, been far?" "Bosnia" I replied. He went "Oh" and walked off without saying anymore.

Paul Norman

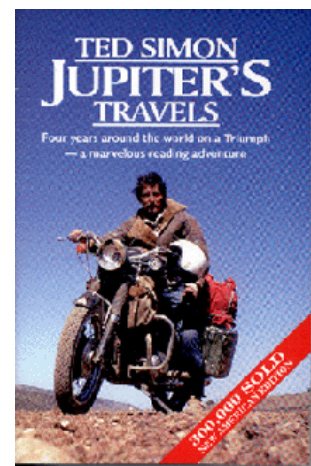
## Book Review - Jupiter's Travels



This book describes Ted Simon's round the world trip which he started in 1973 and completed four years later. Unlike the Long Way Down or Long Way Round trips Ted made his trip alone – he just went. It is therefore a more thrilling story and an approach which allows him to stop to experience an area which takes his fancy or else to overcome whatever obstacle comes his way whether by breakdown or as a consequence of the vicissitudes of the weather. Of course he has highs and lows such that he finds himself both in prison and in a prince's palace. The book is rich in its description of the journey, the people he met and the places he visited. It really is the story of a great journey well told.

The book also describes some of Ted's battles with his inner self. I felt that the self-reflection was entirely appropriate when he found his freedom denied shortly after landing in South America but his self analysis about which he wrote while in India I found palled. I would much rather have been told of his surroundings than the state of his mind. Obviously being alone he had only his mind for company a lot of the time and it is only to be expected that dealing with it was an integral part of the adventure and therefore the story. We all want to know what drives us to do things in our lives so it is only right it should be covered.

Though the book is over 30 years old it is still an exciting read with vivid descriptions. Whilst it has reinforced my own preference for restricting my motorbike touring to places with surfaced roads, medical attention not too far away and a room with a bed and shower each night I can only read with awe the experience of those who cast caution to the wind and just



go. Unless you are about to depart on a similar trip (in which case you might be well advised to read it to pick up a few tips) this is about as close as you will come to such an experience.

*Paperback, 447p, £9.00*

David Parnell

### **Tintern Run - A tale of white mice**

A teacher that took me for English at some early stage in my education had a favourite exercise that involved picking several unrelated themes and then requiring that her students weave these together into a structured essay. She prided herself in finding obscure ideas to challenge the imagination of the pupils and she would therefore have appreciated the component parts of this account of the all-day-ride of the 20<sup>th</sup> July 2008. The list included; an obsolete Victorian railway station, deer-park, white sugar mouse, ruined 12<sup>th</sup> century Abbey, the number 340 and a long-day.

The destination was Tintern Abbey on the banks of the River Wye close to the English – Welsh border and the journey we took to get there traversed a Deer Park, a Royal Forest, picturesque Cotswolds villages and used roads ranging from dual carriageways to narrow single tracks. The group of eight, seven bikes plus one pillion, started the ride at eight-thirty from Tesco Milton and eventually went their separate ways around eight thirty in the evening having completed the best part of 340 miles.



On leaving Milton we headed southwards down through the villages of Cambridgeshire and Bedfordshire towards Milton Keynes – the roads were familiar as our Sunday rides often extend into this area. The park-lands of Woburn Abbey are home to several herds of deer and these could be seen from the road as we rode through – unfortunately there was no opportunity to stop as the track was narrow and posts in the verge discouraged parking on the grass. As we emerged from the deer park we pulled

over opposite the church on the outskirts of Woburn village and had a stretch.

The next point of interest was Aynhoe House located very close to the centre of the town of the same name and just off the main road. This Jacobean mansion was built in the 1660s and whilst the building has been enhanced through the centuries parts of the garden are close to original.

The morning break was taken at 'Ma Larkins Café' just outside Chipping Norton; this was clearly a popular biker stop as the car-park was packed with a wide variety of bikes and we spotted a Northants IAM Observer out with his Associate. The cafe was a very welcome loo break and the opportunity to get a quick coffee. Adrian ordered a bacon roll on the justification that he had missed breakfast; but as this failed to arrive by the time we came to leave it had provided all the expectation of a tasty snack but none of the associated calories.

From Chipping Norton we continued through the beautiful Cotswold villages and the overwhelming impression was of 'chocolate box' prettiness. The towns were generally constructed of honey brown stone and the clear heritage of centuries of building and care was visible in the architecture. No evidence of social deprivation in this area.

By using the Gloucester ring-road we were able to drop into the upper part of the Forest of Dean which is one of England's few remaining ancient woodlands. Our route followed the steep sided Wye valley and the road was a series of challenging sequences of blind bends under an overhanging tree canopy that frequently completely obscured the sky

It was early afternoon when we reached our lunch stop at the Old Railway Station at Tintern. This Victorian country railway station on the now long gone Wye Valley Railway has been converted into a café and several nearby 1950s era railway carriages housed an exhibition area. The grassed platform area and shading trees provided a welcome break and the substantial sandwiches were just what we needed to set us up for the afternoon.



Lunch time entertainment was provided by white

mouse aficionado Louise Gains who happened to be sharing one of the tables with part of our group. It seems that her quest for artistic expression involves encouraging people to include a white sugar mouse in a photograph which she then displays on her website with some humorous caption or text

Clearly it would have been rude not to have contributed to this endeavor and white mice were duly photographed on a bike exhaust and in helmets – images can be viewed on

[www.mousespottersguide.com](http://www.mousespottersguide.com)

With the candy rodent safely returned to Louise we headed the few miles to Tintern Abbey for a couple of quick photos before beginning the return section of the ride.



The Cistercian abbey of Tintern is an impressive monastic ruin that when complete must have been a tremendous structure. It was founded in 1131AD in the reign of Henry 1 and was added to and updated in every century until its dissolution in 1536 by Henry V111. The site was busy as this is one of the key tourist sites of the area so we assembled near the car-park, took a few pictures and got on our way.

The return route took us over the Severn Bridge and through more attractive villages and market towns to Malmesbury, Farington and eventually to Abingdon to the south of Oxford. Notable in this section of the route was a very narrow, steep, overgrown track that passed through Stancombe Park and linked the A38 with the road to Malmesbury – this was barely wide enough for a car and there were few stopping places. Mid afternoon in Abingdon implied a stop for tea and we parked up and walked to a nearby riverside pub for refreshments.

The final section passed through Thame, Aylesbury, Leighton Buzzard and on to Letchworth – we were back on home territory. In truth the last few hours were a steady slog through reasonable traffic and I think tiredness was starting to sap the enthusiasm. The towns and villages were as pretty as those encountered on the outward journey but seemed less memorable as stiffening shoulders and legs started to become more noticeable. The group stopped and said its goodbyes at the junction of the B1042 / A1198 to the north of Royston.

For those with an interest in Garmin statistics I rode 346 miles in 9 hours at an average speed of 38mph. The fairly low average speed was a function of some of the small lanes we occasionally used and the preponderance of 40mph and 50mph speed limits. The consequence of this was that over the day I returned 50mpg which is most respectable for my model of bike.

So that was how an old railway station, deer, 12<sup>th</sup> C ruins and a white mouse all played a part in our all day ride to Tintern.

## **Assessment Day –September 14<sup>th</sup>**

### ***How did you find out about Cambridge Advanced Motorcyclists ?.***



People join our club through a variety of routes; 'word of mouth', follow on from BikeSafe, exhibitions, referrals from IAM advertisements etc. One of our more successful methods of attracting new members has been the Assessment Days and the next one will be on the 14<sup>th</sup> September.

For those of you who may not be aware as to what these sessions are about the following few paragraphs provide some explanation. Armed with this knowledge can you please spread the word about this event and encourage any motorcyclists

you know to come along – and hopefully to become members.

The Assessment Day is an opportunity for riders to have a no-cost, no commitment observed ride and the club will be making available a number of its experienced riders to do this. The ride will be of about thirty minute's duration and at its conclusion the Observer will provide verbal feedback on the skills and style of riding of the participant. It is hoped that the rider will then conclude that advanced training via Cambridge Advanced Motorcyclists would be a good idea.

Whilst this activity is primarily focused on non-members if as a member you feel like an assessment might help develop your riding style then you are most welcome. Anyone who would like to have an observed ride but cannot make the 14<sup>th</sup> should contact Ian Beeby on 01223 833860 and he will sort out an alternative arrangement.

The details for the day are;

Location	BT Long Rd. Site Carpark, Long Road, Cambridge, CB2 2HG
Date	Sunday September 14th
Time	From 10.00H to 13.00H

Please help to publicise this event – if you need any leaflets etc to give out then contact any of the committee.

## **Spot the Camera**



There are some cynics about who believe that speed cameras might be more about revenue than safety; a claim that is rigorously denied by the government. It is interesting however to note that since the costs and revenues were decoupled there have been murmurings from the ranks and in July a local council indicated that it no longer considered speed cameras to be the most effective use of its road safety funding.

So how has this revelation become apparent; well up until April 2008 if a Road Safety Partnership (local government, police and private sector) installed a camera they paid the associated costs out of the revenue from fines and banked the profit. Central government, always keen to grab a fast buck from the hard pressed tax-payer decided it wanted a share of this lucrative pie and changed the rules so that it made an annual grant of a road safety fund to the local organisation for them to pay for road safety measures in their area. Any fines arising from transgressors are piped directly into the Treasury coffers.

In accord with the theme of central government targeting, the local organisation is responsible for road safety in its area and needs to make investment decisions based on reducing accidents. Swindon Borough Council decided that the £400,000 it spends annually on speed cameras was not the most effective use of its funds and is considering withdrawing from the Wiltshire and Swindon Safety Camera Partnership by September. This is apparently based on their local research and is supported by the government's own statistics. Of course there are those that take a counter view and are organising a campaign entitled 'Hands Off Our Speed Cameras' - bound to be a popular movement !.

If this is the start of a trend then it has a long way to go as there are about 6000 speed cameras in England & Wales and almost two million speeding tickets are issued to motorists each year, a rise from the level of 712,000 in 1997. At £60 per fixed penalty notice the current level of enforcement generates an estimated £115.2m a year – enough to pay lots of MP's expenses.

To keep your observation skills honed the link below will take you to a web-site where you can practice identifying speed cameras – remember as you play that these are not really 'speed cameras' they are 'safety cameras' and all these locations will have been identified as locations with a high accident risk. (??)

<http://www.speedcam.co.uk/game.htm>

And as the Home Office said in a recent press-release 'The best safety camera is the one which takes no fines at all, but succeeds in making everyone slow down' – how hidden cameras act as a deterrent is a bit subtle; I guess £115.2m annual revenue is easier to understand.

### Track Day at Cadwell Park



When it was suggested to me a track day would improve my riding around corners I was not convinced. Was it just a case of keep doing them and they will miraculously improve or go to the track, scare myself half to death and nothing will ever be that bad again. Anyhow, I decided it would be a 'good craic' even if I was the last one around the track and it really is pointless wondering what something would be like if you are not prepared to try it!.

12th June 2008 was memorable for two reasons, firstly as my first track day and

secondly for raining continuously for most of the day!

It was an early start - 4.15 to be precise. I had to work first and left the house at 5.45am and managed to get all the way to Papworth Everard where I had to stop in a most attractive bus stop to put on my water proofs. Embarrassingly I had to ask a passer by to help pull them over the hump on my leathers. I managed to reach Cadwell at approx. 7.45am when I realised I had no petrol. 10 mins later I was back at Cadwell again having filled up at a nearby village. That part of the journey was not too bad as I only got lost the twice....

Cadwell Park, what can I say? I was rushed to sign in and then pointed in the direction of the noise testing area. The guy directed me in to stop and asked me to "start it up mate". Cheeky bas\*\*\*d- It was already running! Obviously there were no problems with passing that test then.

I met up with Mark who had prompted me into going and his mate John. They were both in the intermediate group and I was in the novices group. We had a talk about what was going to happen throughout the day and I was given a most attractive new boy yellow bib to wear to warn others of my inexperience on the track. Fantastic.

There were three sighting laps of the track in the pouring rain. Now it was time to split into our groups and the novices were out first. There was a sea of yellow vests (OK then, 8) and I was off. 'Oh fu\*k, hairpin'.

Caution, caution, as I lined up first, I was first out onto the track and there was no way I was going to be overtaken before the first bend as I never would have lived it down. Off I went and 20 minutes later the chequered flags went up and I had accomplished my first session with only two super-motos having passed me.



Absolutely fantastic and I was so pleased still to be in one piece. I watched Mark and John shoot past in their group and was blown over by the advanced group's ability.

My second session (still wet) was even better than the first- no super-motos and so no overtaking me! I felt great and my confidence was growing with my speed. Flat out in first, flat out in second, changing up to third and opening it up only to have to slow for a bend. I got pulled in after this session for a rap on the knuckles for apparently overtaking on the hair pin. In my defence I was told to leave 6ft between bikes and I had but obviously had terrified the person I overtook. I apologised both to the marshals and to the rider (and her husband...)



Lunch time came and the day started to brighten up. Oh no, I didn't mind the rain and now the other riders would probably be going faster and I was right. I now had people overtaking me and had to concentrate really hard on what I was doing. I had an instructor take me out after lunch and he was pleased with the way I was riding around the track. This was one of the bonuses of being in the novice group as it was free of charge.

It was exhausting and to travel the 110 miles home afterwards trying to stick to the speed limits was hard. The trouble was I felt like I was doing 30mph whilst doing 70mph. It takes a little while to adjust to road from track.

All in all, what a fantastic day and I would recommend it to anyone.

Petrol	£35.00
Track day	£89.00
Yellow 'wally' vest	£ 5.00
Refreshments	£10.00
Total price	£Priceless

Adrian Peters (Yamaha 600s2 Fazer)

## Committee Feedback

Since the last issue of CAMunicate Committee meetings have been held on the 28<sup>th</sup> July and the 18<sup>th</sup> August.

Discussions included;

- Review of the current management of the membership data and how it might be improved. Peter Cox outlined an Access Data-base approach. The specific club requirements will now be investigated and documented.
- The web-site is a key part of the club's way of communicating – the committee will review and identify any areas which might be improved.
- Alternative venues for the 2009 Skills-Day
- Progress report on the Headway Charity Ride organisation
- Forthcoming events (First Aid, Assessment Day, BikeSafe)
- Observer development programme
- Treasury & Secretary reports

If there are issues that you would like to be considered by the committee at a future meeting can you please send an outlining e-mail to David Parnell at [dgpoforwell@btinternet.com](mailto:dgpoforwell@btinternet.com)

## Test Passes

There have been no notifications of test passes this month – if there are any Associates who did in-fact pass during July & August then congratulations and apologies for not including your name. If you contact me then I will ensure you are included in the next issue.

## Diary of Events - 2008

Date	September Events
5 <sup>th</sup>	Theory Session
7 <sup>th</sup>	Sunday Group Ride
14 <sup>th</sup>	Assessment Day
21 <sup>st</sup>	Sunday Group Ride
21 <sup>st</sup>	All Day Ride
28 <sup>th</sup>	Headway Charity Ride
29 <sup>th</sup>	Committee Meeting

Date	October Events
3 <sup>rd</sup>	Theory Session
5 <sup>th</sup>	Sunday Group Ride
15 <sup>th</sup>	Observers Evening
19 <sup>th</sup>	Sunday Group Ride
27 <sup>th</sup>	Committee Meeting

Date	November Events
2 <sup>nd</sup>	Sunday Group Ride
16 <sup>th</sup>	Sunday Group Ride
24 <sup>th</sup>	Committee Meeting
30 <sup>th</sup>	Observers Ride

Date	December Events
7 <sup>th</sup>	Sunday Group Ride
21 <sup>st</sup>	Sunday Group Ride

Date	January Events

Date	February Events

To obtain the most recent information on club events, times and meeting places please check the web-site.

## Useful Information

### Observer's Contacts – details removed for public version

Name	Location	E-Mail	Telephone
Brian Farrow			
Chris Curryer			
David Bradshaw			
David Heales			
David Parnell			
David Schindler			
Ian Beeby			
Mac Lewis			
Peter Allder			
Stephen Bradshaw			
Steve Alsop			
Teresa Bradshaw			
Terry McKenna			

If an Associate has not heard from his or her Observer then please use the list above to make contact. Any problems then please get in touch with Steve Alsop or Ian Beeby and they will sort things out for you.

### CAMunicate Contributions

Please send all contributions for CAMunicate to David Nobel at the e-mail shown below.

Alternatively if you have some ideas that you think would make a good article but would prefer not to write yourself then call me to discuss.

Name	Location	E-Mail	Telephone
David Nobel	Cambridge	<a href="mailto:david.nobel@ntlworld.com">david.nobel@ntlworld.com</a>	01223 510559

### Group Contact

If you require information for a friend about the Group's activities or have other queries please contact:

Ian Beeby  
**Secretary and Treasurer**  
55 Station Road Whittlesford CB2 4NL  
01223 833860  
[ian.beeby@btopenworld.com](mailto:ian.beeby@btopenworld.com)

or visit the website on;

[www.camsiam.org.uk](http://www.camsiam.org.uk)

**OK – now you have finished reading CAMunicate how about enrolling for the Headway Charity Ride on the 28<sup>th</sup> September – you will enjoy it.**