

The Tidings

THE NEW GROUP FOR 1997

All Ahead for 1997

R After consultation with I.A.M. head office, the surrounding groups of Cleveland, West Yorkshire, Scarborough, and East Yorks., no objections have been received to the setting up of a new motorcycle group in and for the York and North Yorkshire area.

We are pleased to report that full support is being given by the Committee of the existing York Group of whom of course we are currently part. It is also clear from the returned mailing slips that all of you currently being contacted by us either taking part now or in the past, want the new group and have signaled intended membership.

It is a difficult but exciting time at the start up, and specific decisions have to be made with regard to make up of the initiating organisers, and a fuller report is given later in the rag. The current Senior Observer, Peter Gledhill has in fact been in a position of trying to be all things to all men, responsible of course for the last two year's expansion but specifically for final training, creating in turn the situation where a new group is able to be considered at all.

So for a steering committee, prior to inauguration discussions have been held with I.A.M., and with the those giving help from the beginning of the current success.

We must also look at the fact that this will be a Group on it's own, and not a section. This gives quite specific responsibility within the I.A.M. and as a Charity. The advice, experience and skill from within - certainly in the set up and first year will be invaluable from those now suggested

With next year so close let's take our heritage!



WHO SAID YORK HAS ONLY VIKINGS?

We will keep all informed as to date of the Inaugural Meeting intended sometime at the end of March 1997. Subscription levels and the like will be notified on separate mailings once the nitty gritty has been finalized to be put to the said inaugural meeting.

In the meantime at least two winter events are planned.

More later, but remember, THIS IS TO BE YOUR CLUB. YOUR CONTINUED SUPPORT IS VITAL.

RIDER OF THE YEAR FOR BB

Bernard Bugler Bags The Title

R On a cold, rainy day typical after such a good season, Bernard turned up at Orchard Road for the event on his new Beema Beasty.

Having previously signaled intentions to compete together with Ian Buckle, neither were caught up in the silly confusion about turn up on the day policy. More about *that* later.

Always a difficult situation to be assessed by a man in a car when on a motorcycle, but making the best of a bad job, rides were made, in one case by judicial use of mirrors and waiting for the car to catch up. No points lost for observation, eh?

Bikers and those riding at all for fun or work have a particular sense of humour, and it was not lost when at the dinner it was announced that Bernard had won the Rider of The Year Trophy for the first time, and Ian well deserving of the Alpha 64.

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Bernard's Bash.

How does BB do it?

Yet again a selected Sunday turned into a beautiful, not so warm yet a perfect for bikers day.

Upwards of fourteen of us met up at the usual watering hole on the A64, to be given our instruction sheets. Suitably refreshed and whipped into action by our leader for the day all mounted steeds with eager anticipation. Yet again it was not lost on all how much planning goes into the sorting out of routes. However, even as a courier I have not yet worked out how to read a route and ride as well!!! Good job that as last year we all stuck closely together and enjoyed the first half of the trip.

Why must there always be those who want to impress the unimpressable? Those of us in convoy near the Timble Inn were treated to an example of how not to win friends and influence people by three souls on machines who, (properly dressed in teashirts/jeans and trainers in unequal proportion between them) decided to show their handling skill on blind bends, over blind summits and generally overtake on the inside.

Future members? With some pretty wick people among our own lot, all making the same judgments I think not at the moment. Further on they were at the roadside waving to us, studiously ignored is the term.

Just up from Pateley Bridge came the first stop. Excellent coffee and some admiring glances and complementary conversation from passers by and others there. Good opportunity to spread the word not to be missed. Over the tops and some pretty hairy moments for the unwary as blind summits approached too quickly were unforgiving on the hidden turn after often evenly spread with gravel.

But at last we were in the lower Wensleydale and East Witton.

The Blue Lion, made us very welcome. Well known in the area for it's cuisine, we were again not disappointed with what seemed to be a waitress (down

boy ...) for each of us and considering we were served as a body of people in and among a normal Sunday lunch, well done to the staff. They even had custard on offer!

With thanks duly given to Bernard for another smashing day's ride, we finished coffee and as machinery groaned upon being re-mounted made our individual farewells.

HARRY'S CHALLENGERS!

During the year Steve had received a letter from Suffolk and Essex Advanced Motorcyclists Groups.

Sponsored by well wishers for every mile up to Yorkshire, they intended to ride to Guiseley and after having the mileage covered verified attempt to consume the traditional Yorkshire delicacy fried in Beef Dripping to great effect.

Our job? To meet them, do the business and not to be out done gobble our own fill too.

Using the normal Saturday meeting as a starter, it was decided to have another full run together. Where is it, muttered those not familiar with West Yorkshire. Who's the Courier then screamed the chorus!!!

Ooops said your leader. How does one create a two hour run out of a 40 minute trip? Answer, use every by road available form memory, take the lead, ride to the book (who, me?) and enjoy the morning. It was a very nice trip, taking in Knaresborough, Harrogate, Beckwithshaw, Huby, Poole and Otley Chevin after a riverside dawdle actually alongside the busy Bradford - Harrogate Road.

Meeting the lads was a pleasure. They had a press photographer among them, and as enclosed produced a useful spread.

More under events later, but we have a pencilled date to go to Suffolk to enjoy an overnighter late June. Lets look forward.

Tuning Your Tyres

Many years ago I bought a superb GTR1000 from Castleford.

From the first moment out I had difficulty. On a straight road it would leap at the smallest surface ripple, and if I took hands off (yes, officer it is a good test) the handlebars would begin what would become, if left, an horrific tank slapper.

What it meant was that I could never relax on it, each moment of any trip was total effort.

To give the dealer credit he changed the front tyre, showed me tricks with the suspension settings, and even offered to change the machine. Being stubborn, I did not want to be beaten. I was at the time becoming involved with despatch, and what a fountain of knowledge those guys were. I have mentioned this before but I did listen. What I learned in their esteemed company has paid me back many fold over the following years.

Let a tyre down here, blow one up there, and wonder of wonders, the problems although not cured, made life easier and enjoyment of the bike increased.

Later on, Kjerstin and I got a Virago 550. Lovely on the half hour test ride but the first couple of hour job and ouch.

The seating position on a chopper tends to throw the weight on to the spine base, and although later I suffered, KJ did after an hour.

Softening the rear shocker, made some, but not a lot of difference.

Enter the now remembered advice. from the early despatch days. The book said 35psi for the rear. Dropping this to 20, not only was the problem solved, but the bike handled even better. One guy at 5* Express despatched one with

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Taking the temperature after a mile or 100 on a motorway trip we still had a very cool tyre two up.

Those knowing me from the first in 1993, will remember that hideously looking but potent piece of machinery, my ex Hampshire Police R100RT, 'Hammy'.

The bike is still around, but under deposit from a happy purchaser. It was not all BMW technology that made it such a superb all weather bike to ride. Doing so much mileage as a courier, I couldn't afford to fit new tyres so I bought bulk used from Motorworks at Honley. What that did was to eventually get me a tyre combination that fit everything. No one not doing the miles could afford to swop so many combinations, and I settled on Roadrunner rear, and Super Venom front. 30Psi front and 30Psi rear, all conditions and the thing never slipped in 4 years, one or two up. Loaded with luggage and wife, in consideration of my 17stone frame, I did condescend to put 35Psi for a holiday.

So before you decide to become disenchanted with a steed, think not only of tuning suspension, but the tyres.

I would not in this article advocate arbitrary running around with flat tyres, nor would I presume to contradict manufacturers opinion. But if you can sensibly play around, to fit yourself, why not possibly make life, handling, and thus your bike, better?

The New Steering Committee for

'York Advanced Motorcyclists.'

Peter Gledhill. Brought the motorcycle section from a declining part of a whole to concentrating on car related driving development to a thriving group, successful, growing, its own magazine and meeting point, events calendar, and so far 100% pass rate.

Steve Cave. A lynch pin between the bikes and cars, Secretary for the

whole group, he has collated all information for both sections and has excellent secretarial skill, and as with Peter and Teri, computer power for use and benefit to and of the group.

Bernard Bugler/Ian Buckle. Both these guys are long standing I.A.M members at York, and provided tremendous observer and practical help to the Section at the start of Peter's involvement. Highly skilled all weather riders both can offer continued help and years of experience.

Kevin Fullwood. Taking to the initial course like a duck to water, Kevin became the first 'newcomer' to earn observer status. Being available at all times, always keen to help, his unswerving support for us all is well deserving of a place on the new organisation.

Teri Hurley/James Coates. Expressing a desire to join our group as full I.A.M. members from the start, and first introduced to the those present at our dinner, Teri has been a mainstay of the old York Group for many years. Her experience and connections at Head Office are already helping smooth the way with the procedures and right paths to follow. For membership and treasurer positions, her knowledge is invaluable.

James edited the old York Newsletter and produced a lovely book type format to which we aspire again. His access to relevant machinery for production, and duplication can only help us begin and to the future. With a willing 4 x 4 perhaps on our future outings an in house coffee stop may be on the cards?

I have to explain, - and it has been asked of me - why the organizers so described have simply arrived so to speak.

It must be said that any new venture has to have a start somewhere. When first mooted, I accepted the invitation to join in because I believe we need a new group and it will benefit all who have come along, have supported me, and stayed to encouraged others maintaining the spirit of camaraderie we have. Within York Group, and particularly under the concept of the current Chairman

John Potter, I have been granted the ability to create a group within a group. My personal objectives were in 1994 to create a spirited forward thinking successful body, to encourage a 'club' atmosphere, and to do this in as informal a way as possible. Because of YOUR co-operation and support I have been able to do this.

But it has become clear that our joint success has created a need not for a meglamaniacal personal success story, but a democracy. Back to square one. A committee. A new bigger club.

Members of the first 'committee' needed to have skill not only to carry out the creation of the group under guidelines but be known to the I.A.M. Headquarters as those involved historically and with a track record within the organisation.

So to those who would wish to take part within such committee and put their views forward, **please for the moment support us**, give us your ideas, let us get things up and running for the first year and for the year end, 1998, put yourselves forward for committee. We will be a full club from March 1997 and I think all will agree that despite my solo remit up to now I have always said this is your club. Lets look forward together.

THANKS BARRIE.

Non who came to Barrie Robson's open day can fail to thank him for the opportunity to ride so many fine examples of the BMW range.

We should also thank BMW U.K., who provided the machines.

A full day when yet again the weather was kind, and over which food, drink and fuel were consumed in quantity, but for which all were truly grateful.

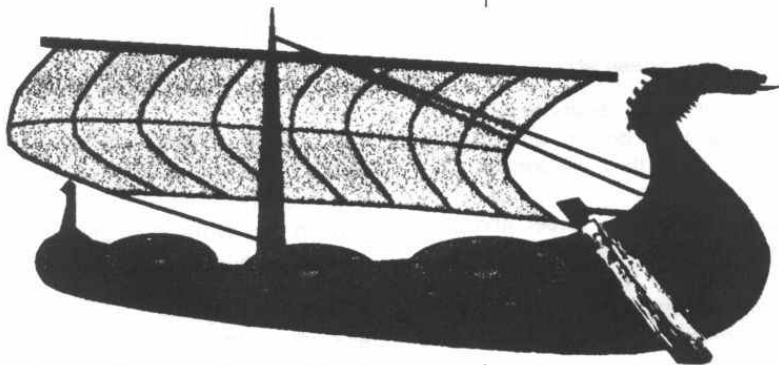
Barrie has also very kindly agreed in principle to host the Rider of the Year competition from his premises in 1997. Our wholehearted thanks to you and crew.

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DON'T BELIEVE ALL YOU HEAR OR SEA!!!

There are times when playing with electronic imagery brings about circumstances that really annoy differing people who in normal course of events come across situations or pictures, and even words that grate across the visual and audio senses, and indeed facts. Writing this I plucked out the Viking ship merely to try and add interest as part of the theme, and the following story came back to mind from many years ago which taught a valuable business and general lesson actually illustrated by this ship.

I can never forget either the first time I was sucked into American sales literature with a special fuel additive on one of my first sales jobs. Keen to make an impression I was a true believer on the Sales induction, and armed with absolute faith in product and marketing bull went forth to sell.



After a few weeks, and to be fair some success, I called at a clothing manufacturer now closed, and assured the Chief Engineer, (a Mr. Lockwood) that he could save 30% of his

fuel consumption, - if he used super - duper additive!

Still friendly at that point he said 'well, I am 88% efficient, you know.' Never mind, I said, you'll still save up to 30%.

To watch a man's face turn purple with rage at my now obvious stupidity, was a sight to behold. viz. How could someone save 30% when 88% efficient?

Make sure of facts before opening gob was the lesson.

I drove out of the mill yard with him still shouting obscenities and me muttering words to myself rhyming with clucking bell, there is - a/ a big lesson and b/ there goes a potential friend and customer.

I should have been able to do all these things after my Service, but enthusiasm and trust in those around me without researching their own veracity gave me a nasty situation.

Take this Viking ship. The steering board is on the left. Well, 'starboard' or right side of a ship is from the Norse, or Scandinavian languages for the side of the ship from which it was steered. ie; the RIGHT.

Port or left, comes from the side against the dock at which the ship could lay without such damage to the steering.

So those using Clip-art on my Microsoft programme watch

out. It is pretty obvious that the designer of the clipart picture wasn't quite briefed properly, eh?

Not much point to this scribble really except another situation in life that within the modern world where to fake it before one makes it seems to be the name of the game without thinking where is it going to lead.

Interesting aside though, eh?

PIPES
OF
PAN!!

We are pleased that Uncle Tony Robson has at last taken up his long promised post as the AA Roadwatch Motorcyclist for Yorkshire.

I was driving home from Leeds one night the other week and saw him in all splendor upon the impressive Honda Pan European finely liveried in the Vodaphone AA colours.

We do of course offer Tony our heartfelt envy and congratulations in getting the post!!! However, upon taking the compulsory Advanced Driving Course upon taking up the situation, he obtained a CREDIT on passing. Tony is exceptionally qualified on multi wheeled vehicles, but came to us for his bike training.

Now offering us his unqualified support to the new bike section, he has already recommended several new members for next year, of whom some are West Yorkshire officers.

He has also put together some very interesting articles and for the next issue we can look forward to some pretty witty ditties we are sure

WELL DONE

More on The Rider of The Year.

Considerable criticism has been placed at our door over the confusion at the turn up and go situation at the Rider of the Year. Firm comment has been passed that it has never happened. Not strictly true.

Peter Gledhill became involved with York Group in 1993. At that year's competition he was invited to 'turn up'- he did so and won the trophy. 1994 produced a similar situation.

For the 1995 competition, no one knew who was going to turn up, despite advance requests, so the organizers, put in an accommodation so that the figures given to the Police were generous, thus enabling those waiting to see what the weather had in store, (such as the appalling prospects this year)-would hold.

Over the years, and indeed as far back as 1990, folk have been accommodated by just turning up despite the general rules not being so generous.

So to all our members who felt misguided, let me make my personal position clear.

Despite all the clear newsletters about the competition sent to all, when writing them, I had no knowledge that the previous precedent - which included my own 2 wins and those of competitors last year, was not being upheld this year.

As the information had also been sent to the relevant Officers of York Group, by me, and no contradictory phone calls had been made, then I had no reason to change the view of many previous year's status quo.

Had such phone call been made, prior to the event, to allow me to then alter the information that would have changed the

perspective of our several years precedent, consequential rumblings would have been unnecessary.

Who's havin' the last prawn then?

The night started early.

Although most arrived at the appointed time, it rapidly became clear that the figures attending were going to be more than expected from at the time when the numbers for Bishop's River were finally booked for the dinner.

It made for a very full cosy atmosphere, but the meal was really split into two.

To give them credit, a meal of that nature takes some organising, and yet although the starters were brought out and sampled almost together between several tables including those slightly differing requirements for the vegetarians, there seemed to be a long gap before main courses began to appear.

However, it was the catalyst for some ribald humour and conversation notwithstanding that we had perhaps to wonder whether we had misunderstood the nature of a feast and had actually found and come to a neuvelle cuisine, Chinese style

But we were not to be disappointed. Large platter after large platter came to fill the heaters. More than enough for all. The food standard was very high, from the chicken mixture, sweet and sour Cantonese style, excellent char su served as cuts of lean pork fillet, platters of king prawns, satay pork and yes, the lugworms!!!

For the ribald among us, this most excellent spicy beef was enough to bring back sea-fishing memory. No doubt at all that despite being served to an almost mouth watering excess this most delicious serving did look like the aforesaid bait. At least that's what

Ian and I thought as we eventually battled for the last King Prawn at one saucer distance! Got to admit defeat on that one but took revenge on the beef that was truly scrumptious.

For the presentations, we were not to be outdone by a group on an adjoining table, who sensing a moment of glory that would include us, decided to sing happy birthday to the celebrant within seconds of my standing to begin our proceedings. A good job I am used to entertaining clubs and the inevitable heckler, but being fair they did eventually join in our enjoyment and duly applauded upon Bernard and Ian receiving the trophies.

With fond farewells then, fully replete, we all finally parted at around the five minutes to midnight touch looking forward beary eyed to our last official run of the season 11.00hrs the next day.



Oi, Yes - YOU, - TWIT!!!

More twittings

were, I suppose inevitable after the phrase was siezed upon from being used in an earlier missive.

It is true that Peter's comments about this syndrome are very true. I've had first hand experience this year in fact when on holiday at the inevitable pilgrimage, I. O. M.

Those reading this who have to ask where *that* is, roll over and sleep NOW. However, on holiday at this year's TT week, (lucky buggler did I hear) with Vaughan Westbrooke, we would as you might expect meet up with every type of eccentric biker one could wish for and why not? At the **CREB**

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we got chatting to a nice likable fellow riding (although not whilst actually in the bar you understand) a BMW K1100 LT. Naturally, on Beema's ourselves we asked him if he was a member of that owner's club. He said not, but we asked him if he would like to come along anyway to the club's IOM meet at a pub near Peel.

The weather was very good, and so was the ride down with Vaughan becoming better all the time as a rider - its a good feeling on the Island anyway. Down at Peel, we found a good pub lunch and the three of us were happily chatting about of all things, the I.A.M. for which he was in full support including by this time the BMW owner's club. We suggested to our new mate that he could do no worse than investigate the I.A.M. for himself of course.

Then it happened! The TWIT came. 'I'm going to sit down and join you - just watch me'.

I suppose even on race weeks leather attracts leather, but sadly not always repels, when later I wished the stool sat upon by said chap would collapse quietly into the cellar carrying forth its incumbent!

Our discussion was continued when 'Ron' introduced himself. Politeness obliged us to move from 'yer know mate,' to more formal use of names, and a more intimate involvement with said 'Ron'. We had quietly made mental note that above all else he had a memory failing, amply portrayed by the large badge fastened to his leathers by pin proclaiming to the world his name was, in fact, 'RON'. Definitely not a weekend for business meetings, the original conclusion was upheld, (pardon, eh? Who are you?).

Carrying our conversation along the I.A.M came up a few times.

"I wouldn't join that bunch of cissies they talk a load of twaddle" said 'Ron'. Saying nothing to him, the lead balloon had just hit the floor, momentarily giving further cause to wish him in the cellar when we restarted our conversation.

I suppose a lesser man might have given up attempts to interrupt, but being the stalwart he was, our Ron didn't. Mid sentence the loud voice burst forth across our path. "Do you know anything about counter steering?" We said, or rather I said that we were familiar with the mechanics of it, and it certainly had its

uses. "I use it on every corner" said he. "Always beat fellow club members to the café, even have my second cup before they arrive. One's a Police rider, like a ruddy cissie he is, I put my bike 6' across the road before anyone else".

Hell, I thought, this guy's a nutter. Thinking hard about our own runs to Chop Gate!!! Does he know Helmsley?

Must like drinking on his own. Why is he here then, eh? Vaughan and I looked at each other with the unspoken unison more akin to spaghetti movie gunslingers than peace loving bikers that we are. Twit got it with both barrels.

Notwithstanding my own multi-wheel history, he was told politely, firmly and with modulating rise in both tone and volume that skill with responsibility, creating a high degree of safety for those around one and the rider himself bore little resemblance to what amounted to racing on a public highway, practicing speedway techniques knees clipping cat's eye perhaps, just to have a cup of coffee before his mates which story really, really impressed us. To such an extent we (pointed out) wouldn't ride within 10 miles of him. By this time at mega watts of vocal power. I think he got the drift that we didn't like his attitude, possibly his company, and certainly he might be a teeny bit wise to join the P and O club with due urgency.

Taking the heat out of the situation, Vaughan asked him what he rode.

Gently coming down from the stun grenade, he uttered nice noises about a vague R65 'at home' and admitted he was on the I.O.M., on TT week with----- a Camper van and 50cc Jawa!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Whether we were then in turn stunned, or whether it was look out for the candid camera, we don't know, but as 'Ron' excused himself for the boy's room, we sprinted to the parking area afore his return whereupon the bizarre situation hit us and mirth was uncontrollable.

The fits of laughter were reinforced when shortly thereafter we spied the lurking camper in a nearby lay-by.

He had been very serious.

There was THE JAWA. Mentally surrounding said vehicle brought back memory of Billy Liar as imaginary

hand-grenades were hurled en masse at the thing.

We never saw him again.

Tony Robson.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

I HOPE YOU ALL ENJOY THIS, the POSSIBLY LAST DIATRIBE DIRECTLY ISSUED FROM ME. The first steering meeting for the proposed new group was held on 13th November, and the next more crucial meeting is scheduled for 8th January 1997.

Two events are in train for February and March, one of which will be a winter warmer of a dinner hopefully named as the inaugural dinner for the new group sometime late March.

The very best of congratulations to those passing this year, and best wishes for those I know are coming up to test.

THANKS TO YOU ALL FOR THE SUPPORT AND LOYALTY FOR MY EFFORTS. I HOPE YOU CONTINUE TO COME ALONG UNDER A COMMITTEE. LETS KEEP IT A CLUB ATMOSPHERE.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND SUPER NEW YEAR.



Peter Gledhill.

Any enquiries please to the above or Steve Cave