



**SOUTH CHESHIRE ADVANCED  
MOTORCYCLISTS**  
August/September Newsletter 2023

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*The newsletter is now a bimonthly publication. The next one will be issued in November*

## News and Diary Dates

Keep abreast of upcoming activities and dates by regularly checking the Facebook page of the South Cheshire Advanced Motorcyclists Group.

### Social Rides every:

**Sunday 9.00am** Costa, Grand Junction, Crewe. Dave Coomber's Sunday rides will continue in Sept, Oct and Nov. Currently, rides start at 9am. From the 29 October, when the clocks change, the social rides will commence at 10am.

**Tuesday 9.30am** Coffee and Ride, meeting at Costa, Jack Mills Way, Shavington, Crewe.

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### Forthcoming Social Events

**Socials** will continue on the second Monday of the month at the Duke of Gloucester, Beswick Drive, Crewe, CW1 5NP, from 7.30pm throughout the year. Come along for a chat.

The talk by Simon Carter and Barry Urand planned for **Monday, 9 October** has been postponed while Simon has a new knee fitted. But please still come along for a social evening. The Pirelli talk will now take place on **Monday 5 February 2024** (the first Monday in the month).

**Christmas dinner**, Duke of Gloucester, Friday 15 December 7.00pm (see Appendix for menu).

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For further information on social events and Tuesday rides contact Howard Payne: [howard.payne163@gmail.com](mailto:howard.payne163@gmail.com)

For information on Sunday social rides contact Dave Coomber, Ride Coordinator, tel. 01270569439

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**Look smart!** Embroidered SCAM leisure wear.

<https://customsportskit.co.uk/other-clubs/south-cheshire-advanced-motorcyclists/>

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**For Committee contacts** and newsletter back-numbers see:

<https://www.southcheshiream.org.uk>

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## Lighter metal

The silly season is upon us and why should we be any different? Having spent a good few days' riding on the right-hand side of the road in mainland Europe, except for those few horrifyingly forgetful moments, it starts to feel natural. Why don't we changeover as a nation? The main benefit would be a free hand for motorcyclists to wave a greeting to fellow riders going the opposite way. It would also remove the additional cost of converting left hand drive cars to right hand. None of the arguments are particularly convincing but it would create heated debate and deflect concern away from a crumbling economy and crumbling concrete. It is feasible. Sweden managed to change road sides very early morning on 3 September 1967 after a ten-minute halt.

The original choice of driving on the left was apparently to allow the sword yielding arm to defend from oncoming traffic bearing ill will. As a left hander my sword arm would only become available if we drove on the right. So why do mainland Europeans drive on the right? In France a decree of 1792 ordered traffic to keep to the "common" right and Napoleon later enforced the rule in all French territories. In defence of the left-hand side, there is apparently evidence to suggest that the Romans drove carts on the left and the soldiers are known to have marched on the left. Traffic congestion in 18th century London led to a law being passed to make all traffic on London Bridge keep to the left in order to reduce collisions. This rule was incorporated into the Highway Act of 1835 and was adopted throughout the British Empire (Ellen Castelow, Historic UK).

To summarise, we drive on the left for armed defence (by right handers), having adopted a Roman precedent and most importantly because the French chose the opposite side.

*Editor*

## Chairman's Report

Hi All,

Where did the summer go? What a wash-out the summer has been, until



recently! I had a very wet motorcycle trip to Ireland – more about that later in this issue.

Despite the inclement weather lots has been happening at SCAM with multiple test passes – all thanks to our hard-working Observers and the commitment of our Associates.

This year was a first for SCAM as we introduced one-to-one rider training only rather than ‘Group’ training. Personally, I was reluctant to take on the new system as I enjoyed the social side of the group training. In addition, I believe having a different Observer at each session offers benefits in that the Associate is subjected to a broader spectrum of experience and expertise. Nevertheless, I took on a new Associate in the Spring and somewhat surprisingly thoroughly enjoyed it and the bonus is we have also become good mates. Paul is now up to test standard so good luck to him in the forthcoming advanced test! Despite this I am pleased to announce that from next year group training will be reintroduced but anyone who cannot attend the group training sessions, or prefers one-to-one, will be offered the alternative. This is great news as it offers the best of both worlds to Associates.

Can I also give a big vote of thanks to all the members of the SCAM Committee who work tirelessly behind the scenes to ensure everything runs so efficiently.

There is a lot happening within SCAM now, Sunday morning ride outs, Tuesday ride outs and monthly social get togethers, some with guest speakers. Hopefully, we can catch-up in person at one of these events in the very near future.

Ride Safe.

*Phill Hamilton*

## **Message from the President**

The year appears to be flying by, September already. I have been busy recently with three Associates in training. At the time of writing two have successfully qualified and joined the ranks of Advanced Motorcyclists, congratulations to Andrej Visic and Steve Jones, I still get immense satisfaction from seeing riders



benefiting from the skills learned from the IAM Roadsmart programme.

On other matters, I am thoroughly enjoying my new GS, and have put over three thousand miles on it since May. It is lighter and more user friendly than the Adventurer and it has restored my confidence in the machine.

I had a fabulous trip to Spain with Ian Cunningham in late June early July (see article). It was good to get away after a three-year delay due to Covid and two successful knee replacements.

Dave Cox has joined the IAM as a regional co-ordinator. I wish him well in his future endeavours and many thanks for his contributions to the well-being of the group. Neil Jewell has taken over the reins of Chief Observer, so thank you Neil and wishing you well in the role. Having spoken to Neil, I know he has a plan and vision for the future, so we are in good hands. I have said many times before, it is only with the dedication of the members that we achieve the goals that we achieve.

That is all from me for this month, short and sweet, so until next month, safe riding.

*Chris Steel*

## Social Scene

**SCAM Christmas dinner** – save the date, Friday 15 Dec, Duke of Gloucester 7.00pm. The menu is attached as an Appendix. Howard will be collecting orders nearer the time. More details in the next newsletter issue.

### **Social Second Mondays**

Social meetings are held every second Monday of the month, unless advised otherwise, starting at 7.30pm at the Duke of Gloucester, just off the big Crewe Green roundabout, Beswick Drive, Crewe, CW1 5NP. Some meetings will be purely social and others will include an invited guest speaker.

These meetings are invariably well-attended and a hotbed of lively discussion on



all club matters, topics including riding, bikes, IAM and total nonsense.

## **Forthcoming speaker events**

### **5 February 2024 (first Monday)**

Howard has arranged for Simon Carter & Barry (Baz) Urand from Pirelli to come to our meeting and talk tyres.

### **11 March 2024**

Simon Weir, ex Ride Magazine and author of Biker's Britain route guides.

### **Date TBA**

Jamie Whitham will make a return visit due to popular demand.

## **Features**

### **My Spring on a Bike**

I was 15km into the ride, the narrow roads were awash and I was crouched against the roadside bank waiting for the bang and sure enough it happened.

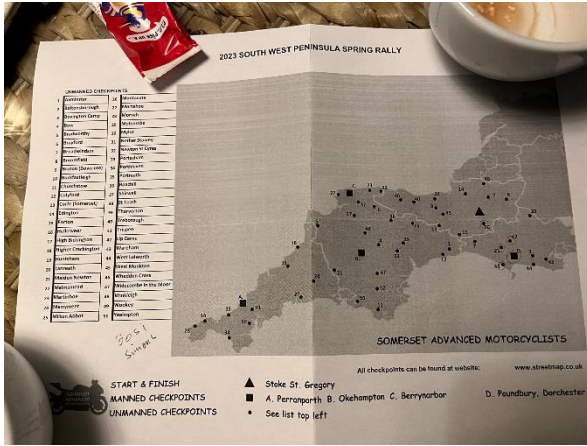


How had it come to this? Well, during the Covid years I had an aborted attempt to participate in the Southwest Peninsula Rally (SWPR) organised by Somerset AM group. This was the first opportunity to finish the job off. I had ridden down to Long Sutton, near Taunton, and stayed around the corner from the event HQ.

Prior to the start the car park was full of bikes, 300 entries apparently, and a sight to gladden the heart of any BMW salesman. In the hall HQ, copious quantities of bacon, sausage, eggs and tea were being consumed.



At 8 o'clock prompt the registration opened and we were signed out on our various missions. So, what is the SWPR? It is a motorcycle scatter rally that works like a treasure hunt. There are four categories, Bronze, Silver, Gold and



Land's End. Simply you get a sheet with 50 locations on it, you choose which ones to visit and in which order. In addition, there are 4 manned check points plus the Land's End Hotel which acts as a 5<sup>th</sup> manned point. The Awards are determined by the number of places you visit: Bronze - 1 manned and 5 unmanned; Silver - 2 manned and 10

unmanned; Gold - 3 manned, 15 unmanned and finally Land's End - Gold plus the Land's End Hotel. At the unmanned checks there was a simple information control. The finish time was 11pm. It all seemed totally contrary to a safe day out, so I was enthusiastic.

So back to the bang. I was squeezed up against the bank with nowhere to go, on a narrow lane, with a car approaching. Sure enough, crash, bang, scrape and "Stupid motorcyclist, why did you come round the corner in the middle of the road???" Time for calm reflection. Firstly, I was stopped, secondly if I'd come round the corner in the middle of the road, maybe the impact would have been in the middle of your bonnet and not a rather nasty looking scrape down the rear door? Details were exchanged, we both went our separate ways and the insurance company went knock for knock, literally insult added to injury! Ah well, nobody died.



The rest of the day was much less exciting. I couldn't get to one of the checkpoints at a church because a cop car was blocking the road. His replies were guarded but hinted at something sinister like a scene from Midsomer Murders. The weather was foul for 12 hours with puddles deep



enough to wash my feet off the foot pegs several times and visibility over Exmoor being non-existent. Eventually, I reached Land's End and it stopped raining, oh joy. The north Cornwall coast was spectacular and I wearily set a course back to the HQ with all points collected. After 14 hrs and more than 450 miles I rolled back into the car park, tired but happy only to receive a round of applause for completing the Land's End Challenge. Oddly enough, not many others had bothered. It is a very friendly event and in good weather would be a delightful way of seeing a lot of the south west. I would do it again and would be happy to discuss with other members who are interested.

After the SWPR I was looking forward to a much more inviting prospect, a week of trail riding in the Peloponnese on the Greek Odyssey. I'd done this event before and it is excellently organised with hotels each night, baggage transfer and great riding. What I had not bargained for was foul weather and Covid. The latter meant that I spent the week in isolation and was able only to ride the first



and last day, the former provided me with four days of riding between the event hotels in pouring rain along main roads. They say that experience is what you get when you don't get what you want, and it was an experience. The last day was probably the most technical riding of the week and I was happy to be able to ride

the 200km of beautiful trails and no rain! The team was fantastic keeping my spirits up and even offered me a free entry into their next event. The event is non-competitive and suitable for riders of moderate off-road experience. Clear advice is given regarding by-passes of the harder sections. Lunch time snacks were usually provided and half board is included in the price. On the trail you are tracked with GPS, and they have a sweeper rider with bike/rider recovery also available. Navigation is by either GPS or roadbook.

So that was my Spring on a bike. It did not quite work out as planned but was memorable all the same. Let us see how summer pans out.

*Fruit (Andy Fewtrell)*





## Ireland, July 2023

There is something about a ferry trip that makes it more of an adventure somehow. Our annual bike trip to the Emerald Isle was virtually upon us. Everything was prepared: bike showroom clean, kit all 'Tech' Washed and re proofed, boots polished, daily routes in the sat nav.... The excitement was building in anticipation of the fast, sweeping, often deserted roads that we have experienced so many times before, plus a few pints of the black stuff at night–heaven.

Five of us this year, myself, an associate member Mark, a full member Stu, a recently retired GMP motorcyclist Nigel and Steve who only tends to ride his bike when we go to Ireland.

Leaving Chester at 7.30am en-route to Holyhead, a customary stop was made at Tesco's in Bangor for the full-cooked. Were all booked on the fast ferry to Dublin. Two of us got searched at the ferry port – first time ever. I was asked to open my panniers but she never looked inside the pannier bags – bizarre! Just over two hours later we arrive and the sun is still shining – who needs the Picos!! We decide not to take the motorway to the Wicklow Mountains but instead to ride through Dublin City - as it is shorter and without tolls. Welcome to Hell! Tram lanes, bus lanes, one-way systems, and the heaviest congestion you can imagine.



I am not sure how we all ended up momentarily in a tram lane but we did – I blame it on the sat nav! Keeping five of us together was a challenge but we managed it somehow and eventually made it to the foothills of the Wicklow Mountains - heading for our first hotel stop “Woodenbridge” in County Wicklow, using rural roads via Sally Gap

and the Glenmacnass waterfall. We hit the hills and the rain hit us! Torrential at times that restricted our vision with an eerie thick mist – was this really July as the temperature had also dropped to single figures. We passed but never saw the waterfall.



Day 2: Started gloriously with the sun shining. This was to be our longest day of the trip. Travelling to Glengarriff Harbour in County Cork via Waterford, Clonakilty, Kinsale & Bantry Bay- a few hundred miles following the coast and taking about seven hours, or so, non-stop. Early afternoon, the heavens opened as forecast and the roads began

to flood. I have ridden in some awful conditions but this was up there with the worst. The inside of my helmet had got wet and this made the misting much worse than usual. Even Nigel (the ex-bike Cop) said it was the worst riding conditions he could remember. We pulled over for a break and decided to go directly to our hotel but this was still four hours away!! We eventually arrived dripping and sodden at our hotel around 4pm. The hotel staff must have felt sorry for us as they offered to put our clothing in a 'warm' room. After a hot shower, the world seemed a better place and we all met for a well-earned pint or two with an amazing steak meal. One thing about Ireland is the food – it is divine.

Day 3: We were heading for Kilrush in County Clare via the Killarney National Park (amazing), the Dingle peninsular (stunning) and Tralee - including a short ferry trip to our overnight stop in Kilrush arriving at around 5pm. Some of the trips best riding was experienced on the road from Killarney to Dingle – stunning scenery with a fast rural 'National' road, although some of the bends never seemed to end! In Ireland they use lots of road signs to warn you of a bend and sometimes you question if they really need so much signage for a particular bend. At other times there are no signs ahead of the most severe bend you can imagine. You need to use your 'limit points' in Ireland *'to be sure*





*to be sure*! At midday I received a text from the next hotel: there is no hot water would you like to cancel? Well, the chances of getting another hotel with five rooms in high-season would be virtually impossible at short notice – so cold showers tonight! The cold shower was followed by a tasty Chinese meal and some traditional Irish music in a local pub. Incidentally, there was no water at all in the morning – but that is another story!

Day 4: We were heading to Tullamore in County Offaly (mid Ireland and handy for Dublin the next day) following the coast via the Cliffs of Moher, Doolin (stunning roads and scenery) & Ballyvaughan on the N67. Some fabulous riding today although the traffic was heavy around the tourist sites such as near the cliffs. Nigel gave me a break from leading the group today and it was great to follow such a seasoned professional. His observational and thus his anticipation skills are so impressive as he smoothly uses every available inch of the road. He was also a qualified Police VIP Motorcycle Escort in London – the guys with the whistles that can come to a quick stop with both feet on the ground and both arms extended to stop the traffic – remarkable and highly skilled.

Our final night was spent in Tullamore before a leisurely wet ride to Dublin Port to catch our afternoon ferry to Blighty – to be welcomed in Holyhead with even more rain! Thank goodness for Tech Wash and the reproofing! Between the showers and even during the showers it was a great trip that seemed to end so quickly. When it is good in Ireland I don't think there's anywhere better and I've been going for around 20 years. When it is bad there is nowhere worse – so go prepared and you'll be fine. Sláinte

*Phill Hamilton*

## **The Dynamic Duo go to Spain - Part One**

Having been grounded for three years due to Covid, I was beginning to climb the walls at not having been touring Spain on my motorcycle. This year saw a reduction in numbers making the trip to Spain, two of the gang, Dave and Jonny B have retired and decided to give up touring, John Brady, having had some recent medical treatment was advised not ride or drive for any long distances,



so that left just two, Ian Cunningham and myself. Although reduced in numbers, we were not reduced in enthusiasm and adventurous spirit.

Having booked the ferry a few months back, we needed to decide where we were going to visit. Ian being rather good at booking hotels looked at the map and decided we should base ourselves in Ainsa in the Pyrenees. I downloaded some routes onto my sat nav from an article in one of the motorcycle publications. Ian went onto booking.com and sorted out an overnight hotel en route to Ainsa, a hotel in Ainsa for four nights and a hotel in Hondarribia for our final weekend before catching the ferry home.

I had been receiving emails from Brittany Ferries informing me that they had upgraded the fleet and that they have gone green to help save the planet. I was intrigued as we had been using the same vessel for some seventeen years. An engine change on a ferry is a major undertaking to the point where it is cheaper to build a new one, so how has it been achieved. I soon worked it out when I received an email with my ticket attached. The journey times had been expanded so we would save fuel by going slower and delaying our arrival in Santander by two hours. At least the polar bears can breathe a sigh of relief.

The day finally arrived and it was time to meet Ian and ride down to Plymouth. We had all day, so we took the scenic route down the A49 to Hereford, then to Tintern Abbey for a coffee stop, across to Monmouth and Chepstow and down the M5 for a fuel and food stop at Cullompton. Finally, it was down to Plymouth on the A38. We made good time and were early for boarding. Our machines were strapped to the deck in the bowels of the boat. Ian and I went and found our cabin after the usual hunt. We showered and changed and met at the bar for a drink and to book our evening meal in the restaurant. There was a magician, entertaining children in the lounge. Over a few more drinks, we reviewed the day's ride. The weather had been great, the traffic not too heavy, apart from round the Bristol area, and the A38 was its normal boring self. Those of you that have done that route, will know what I mean.

Having had a pleasant meal in the restaurant we went back to the lounge where the children had gone and there was a singer entertaining the grown-ups.



Monday morning, we were still afloat. Breakfast was followed by tedium. In what seemed like an age, we docked in Santander. It was the usual long wait while all the decks above ours were disembarked, then the motorcycle stampede began. It really is every rider for themselves, those of you that have experienced it know what I mean. Nevertheless, having been disgorged from the bowels of the boat, it was nice to feel the sunshine on our faces. Since we left the EU you have to go through passport control, a further delay while each rider had to remove their helmet and have their passport scanned. At least the Spanish port authority had prepared well and had twenty booths in use so the delay was not unduly long. Having negotiated that hurdle, Ian and I consulted the navigation system to find the route to our overnight halt, a hotel in Puenta La Reina. Our navigation system informed us it was 171.5 miles and would take two hours thirty-six minutes. Having to add an hour for Spanish time, it was getting on for four thirty already and given the fact that we might need to stop for fuel and a coffee en route, meant a cavalry charge was the order of the day. It was all main roads so making progress would not be a problem; the Spanish



motorways are deserted compared to ours, even at rush hour. They can be likened to the M6 toll road at three in the morning. Ian led the way, I just followed and enjoyed the sun and scenery. We stopped en route, for a coffee and found our hotel after a small detour. The nice clean hotel, in a rather quiet town, offered a fixed menu for dinner with wine, so it was basic but palatable. The wine arrived in a carafe

with more fingerprints than a crime scene. My starter, which I thought was vegetable soup, turned out to be more like a hot pot without the meat. Not to my taste but not to worry, we were only there for the night. The





main course was pork, which was tasty. We had a coffee on the terrace in the warm evening air and planned our route to Ainsa for the next day. Our navigation system informed us that it was 127.9 miles and two hours forty-six minutes in duration, so we could afford to take in some detours. Anyway, that was a decision to be taken in the morning, now it was time to turn in and think about what excitement was in store the following day.

To be continued.

*Chris Steel*

## **Austrian Alpine tour**

Top Gear is to blame. The amazing sweeping hairpins on Austria's highest mountain lured four of us under the Channel for the adventure of a lifetime. RideWithUs provided Le Tunnel booking, a ten-day route, bed and breakfast and evening meals except on Mondays.

Day 0 – Three of us trundled along the M6, bumping through Birmingham to Rugby services- uncrowded and clean, then via the A14 to the M11 for variety and on to the lairy M25 stopping at a busy and tired Thurrock services. We arrived at our hotel in a wet and windy Folkestone for an average dinner and an overnight before Le Tunnel. Howard had set off later and joined us at Folkestone.



Day 1 - The train ground to a halt as the lights flickered when we were part way across. The technical problem was swiftly resolved and we surfaced safely in France. Weather conditions were not inspiring as the four



riders headed for Bastogne on autoroutes, rerouting to avoid a closed road admirably led by Howard.



Day 2 - By this time, my formerly trusty waterproof over trousers were no longer functioning as intended. A fortuitous BMW dealer provided facilities and sold me a new pair of high quality over trousers. A mix of motorway, country roads and the magnificent B500 through the Black Forest kept us clear of rain and beneath ever brighter skies. A lunchtime stop in Bitche was a culinary disaster; we made the mistake of stopping just before 2pm when most cafes close leaving little choice but to take the only option, a fast-food emporium. In direct contrast, the hotel Hasen in Herrenberg was excellent with underground parking for the bikes and a sumptuous dinner selection that defeated us all.



Day 3 - We stopped at the border with Austria to purchase a 10-day vignette for use of motorways. We missed the threatening weather and the day grew increasingly warm. Ice cream at Diesdamkopf was most welcome. We survived our first wiggly roads dotted with hairpins. The ride across grassy alpine meadows and past classic timber buildings was blissful. Our overnight was at the hotel Auenhof at Lech am Arlberg and was located alongside a river with delightful mountain views. Bike parking was kindly provided in a nearby garage by a well-wisher we met after a beautiful four course meal.

Day 4 - A dull start. The windy narrow roads were heavy with traffic due to a tunnel closure on the autobahn in the valley. Once reaching the accessible motorway we had a good blast. We turned off for a pass that was closed due to



roadworks and had to backtrack to the autoroute by which time our GPS's were as confused as we were. When the going got tough, Howard pulled out his maps and clarity reined.

The Gerloss pass was busy in spurts as we passed a few challenging hairpins and the road quality steadily deteriorated. Wet and bumpy though it was we made reasonable progress. The route took us along a picturesque, interminable valley to reach Kaprun which was to be our base for three nights. On checking in, we received a motorcyclist's welcome pack and a Summer Card which gave us free entry or discounts to a wide range of local attractions. The bikes were parked under car ports and a fully equipped, tented bike washing area was also provided.



Day 5 – The day we had planned and dreamed of was upon us, so was the cloud but the Grossglockner high alpine road had to be done despite the weather. We retreated into our own thoughts and set off at intervals. I ascended in mist, overtook the occasional car and found the wrong top where the team regrouped before

progressing to another alleged top - a cafe in which we were ostracised into the back room. Our ride continued across the mountain and climbed even higher with occasional glimpses of the scenery and the terrifying exposure. We had planned a circular route. Fortuitously, on descending the massif we came



across a delightful lunch stop. Routing took us back to Kaprun via another mountain road with increasingly heavy rain, except when sheltered in the numerous tunnels including a 5.28 km toll tunnel. Despite the paucity of views





we had accomplished the avowed mission and felt smugly satisfied.

Day 6 – It rained. Richard took a morning ride. Others explored shops, a water-dashed gorge and a mountain ascent in a ski lift, all free using the Summer Card supplied by the hotel.

Day 7 – A short run day. I started in the lead until I missed a tunnel and had to do a go around before regaining position. A motorway section led us into the hills. A sunny cafe and vantage point brought a splendid view over the valley and a coffee. We once more disappeared into the woods on superb roads accompanied by more rain. After crossing a reservoir, we came to a lovely narrow forest road guarded by a toll booth. We took a break near a wooden covered bridge and plundered the provisions in our top boxes. Arriving at our hotel in Oberammagau, we went through a shambolic check in. Dinner out at an Italian style restaurant was most satisfactory. The gift shops with their creepy artefacts were fascinating. The hotel was lashed by rain and wind throughout the night.

Day 8 - Awoken to a cold morning by church bells at 6am. We rode for a few hours until Ed remembered that he had left his papers at the hotel in his new favourite destination. Ed and Richard returned to collect the papers and to enjoy a wholesome lunch at the same restaurant. Myself and Howard continued. The day became brighter and warmer. A hot dog lunch replenished our energy reserves. I managed to fall off my bike when my engine stopped on exiting a fuel stop, sustaining only minor damage to machine and rider. Our route onto the B500 was barred but Howard found a neat diversion. Tunnels, gorges and dainty



little towns and villages peppered our way. We had the same data in our respective GPSs but rarely was there any commonality. The last 50km was magical along a quiet bendy forest road. The whole group united for a splendid five course meal at the hotel Ochsen in Hofe. The bikes were stabled in a locked



garage. My foot was quite painful but recovered somewhat after a long and restful sleep.

Day 9 - To Vianden in Luxembourg. There was no room in the inn for Richard due to double booking by a flustered but non repentant patron. Richard stood his ground, was given a spartan room, and the problem passed to the next arrival. We had stayed there the previous year and was expecting similar first-class treatment only to be disappointed.

Day 10 - Ride to Le Tunnel. Some rain in the morning in the Ardennes was eventually left behind for the boring motorway slog towards Calais.

Howard rode straight home, Ed had a break and continued home later. Richard and I stayed in Maidstone at a trendy pub and set a route home via Motolegends, in Guidford, to experience their trade mark customer service which we can confirm as exemplary.

The distance travelled was approaching 2,400 miles.

*Editor.*

*Many thanks to this month's excellent contributors. Please keep writing about your adventures and misadventures! Editor.*

## For Sale

### **For sale: BMW MOTORAD BATTERY CHARGER PLUS**

Allows for charging and maintenance of all BMW 12v batteries with a capacity of 6 to 60 Ah

As new in box, with instructions, surplus to requirements

£50

Ian: 07545656078



## Appendix

### Christmas Dinner Menu

Duke of Gloucester, Friday 15 Dec, 7pm.

2 COURSES / 3 COURSES £22.95/ £25.95

#### TO START

SPICED PARSNIP & APPLE SOUP WITH WARM BREAD AND BUTTER \* (VGA)

BAKED GOATS CHEESE ON BUTTERED CRUMPET WITH RED ONION MARMALADE (V)

PRAWN & AVOCADO COCKTAIL WITH MARIE-ROSE SAUCE, LEMON AND GRANARY BREAD \*

DUCK LIVER PÂTÉ WITH APPLE & CIDER CHUTNEY AND TOASTED BLOOMER BREAD

#### MAINS

PAN FRIED FILLET OF SEABASS WITH POTATO GRATIN, BUTTERED GREENS AND PRAWN & PARSLEY CREAM SAUCE \*

FESTIVE ROAST TURKEY WITH PIGS IN BLANKETS, SAGE AND ONION STUFFING, ROAST POTATOES, SEASONAL VEGETABLES, YORKSHIRE PUDDING AND TURKEY GRAVY \*

SLOW COOKED BRITISH BEEF CASSEROLE IN ITS OWN RICH BRAISING SAUCE, SERVED WITH CREAMY MASH, SEASONAL VEGETABLES AND YORKSHIRE PUDDING \*

GARLIC & THYME ROASTED BUTTERNUT SQUASH WITH MEATLESS FARM STUFFING, ROAST POTATOES, SEASONAL VEGETABLES AND ONION GRAVY (VG/NGCI)

#### PUDDINGS

CHRISTMAS PUDDING, BRANDY SAUCE AND WHIPPED CINNAMON CREAM

BAKED DARK CHOCOLATE CHEESECAKE WITH MULLED BERRIES AND WHITE CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

APPLE TART TATIN, FRESHLY BAKED AND SERVED WITH VANILLA ICE CREAM (VGA)

BRITISH CHEESE BOARD WITH BISCUITS, APPLE, CELERY AND PLUM PUDDING ALE CHUTNEY