South Cheshire Advanced Motorcyclists Newsletter

Est. 1994

June 2021

In this month's edition:

- Chair's and President's messages
- Gear Torque - members review new equipment and accessories
- A cautionary tale from Howard Payne, on why his Honda now has cameras - back and front…
- Six of the best - part two
- Items for the newsletter wanted

From the Chairman

Well thank goodness the relaxation of the Covid restrictions has meant we could resume the normal group training sessions and group rideouts. We just need some decent weather now. Just a reminder, if you use WhatsApp we have a group to use to organise your own rideouts, if you'd like adding to the group please drop me a text and I'll add you.

The Spring course is going well and have now been joined by the guys from the postponed Autumn course. We've now completed four sessions, so the test will soon be here, the standard is very high and I'd anticipate some good results.

In other training news, the Continuous Development program we introduced last month has attracted its first participants doing both levels 1 and 2, also one of our number is taking the plunge and going for his Masters. I won't put extra pressure on him by naming him here, although I don't think he'll have any problems, best of luck anyway.

As I write this I learn that Richard Downes has successfully completed his National Observer assessment today with Steve Ellis. Very well done, Richard.

Now that we can meet up in beer gardens, let's have a suggestion for a suitable venue for an evening social meeting, ***drop me a line with your ideas***.

Lastly, I'm sure you will know Chris Steel hasn't been too well recently. I'm glad to say he's on the mend and will hopefully be back on a bike soon. Take things easy, Chris.

Dave

President's Page

Well Last month was a traumatic month for me, on Tuesday 4th in the afternoon I was on holiday at home working at my computer, when my right hand felt strange. I did not pay much attention to it at the time. The following morning I noticed that when I was holding something in my right hand, every so often it would fall out - more plates required...

Realising that something was obviously not right I tried to see a doctor (more chance of finding Lord Lucan). Having spent 90 minutes on the computer trying to book an appointment, I took myself off to Northwich Infirmary. Having been assessed, they rang Leighton to discuss my symptoms. Leighton thought I had had a stroke.

I was dispatched via ambulance to see them where, having had numerous tests and scans, it was established that I had had a minor stroke. I was kept in Leighton for three days and, after many more tests, I was discharged with medication - some of which I am on for life. My cholesterol is high so I have to reassess my diet. As a result - no more Broxton burgers - more salad and fish.

I always thought you had a violent headache prior to a stroke, but no. A piece of fat attached to an artery or vein detaches and travels round the bloodstream and in most cases ends up in the liver where it is dealt with. But in my case it was too large to pass through the part of my brain it was in and stopped - hence the strange feeling in my right hand.

The doctor showed me the MRI scan of my brain, and the white spot that indicated the stroke. It seemed quite big to me, but he reassured me that it is very small, and with medication should breakdown, dissolve and move it on.

Having been on the stroke ward and seen the severity of some of the patients symptoms, I have been incredibly lucky, this has been my wake up call. I am not trying to alarm anyone, but I would say to you all think about healthy eating, or at least all things in moderation. Living on my own it was always easier to buy ready meals as opposed to healthy stuff.

I wish to thank all the members for their good wishes, and to thank all the staff at Northwich Infirmary, and Leighton especially ward 6 for the treatment I have received. Too many people nowadays are quick to criticise the NHS, but when you are ill you receive the attention you need.

I am hoping to be back on my bike by the time you are reading this and look forward to catching up with you in person. I wish to thank Ian Cunningham for chauffeuring me around during my lay off, greatly appreciated Ian many thanks.

I have submitted part two of Norway 2007 for your enjoyment, or not?

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

Chris Steel

President

Gear Torque

Howard Payne reviews the CONSTAND - a lovely bit of German engineering

With swopping my bike to a Honda CB1000R which has a single sided swinging arm and no facility for a centre this put my DOLLY out of work. As I need to swing the bike in the garage I thought it was to have to be an ABBA Stand. However, these are not manouverable so, with a little moor research, I found a CONSTAND made in Germany. I ordered one quickly as there was a lot of discount and being a Yorkshireman I couldn't resist. It is fair to say it is an absolutely superb bit of kit. Extremely easy to use and very smooth to manoeuvre.

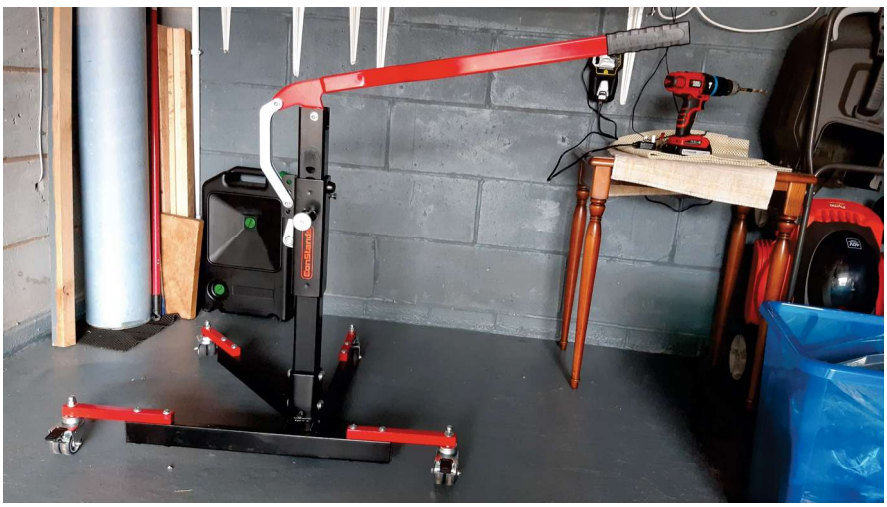
Ride safely

Howard









The value of cameras on your bike

Howard Payne's cautionary tale…



It was back in October 2019 that the true value of cameras truly hit home. It was Tuesday morning so our usual weekly IAM ride-out for all of us fortunate enough to be retired when I got knocked off.

To set the scene a Jet filling station on my left with an entrance and exit. Traffic lights ahead for a right hand T junction at red the left-hand lane was full of queuing traffic. I was in the right hand lane cruising slowly up to the lights; there was no traffic in front or behind me.On my left between the two entrances to the Jet Station was a single decker bus so I could get a partial view of one entrance but the other one was completely shielded by the bus.

No doubt you can guess what happens next? Yes a Nissan Navarra decides to exit in front of the bus just at the exact time I arrive. So he knocks me off!!

Hindsight is wonderful thing and perhaps I should have anticipated some idiot would try and exit fully "Right" and completely blind in front of the bus!!

Then the fun started, No MOT, daddy's vehicle, no address, and wrong insurance company. It has taken until May 2021 for the final piece of the jigsaw to be put in place. They were very poor and really slow to deal with and as mentioned it has taken until now for them to finally complete all the dues. It was really stupid that they made the most ridiculous total loss offer for a very minor amount of damage? I advised them to put their offer where the sun doesn't shine and claimed from my own insurers and got the bike repaired.

Oh another word of warning NEVER let the insurers take your bike away - stick it out and use a repairer of your choice. They took mine away to Surrey eventually sent it back in January. I had to send it back as they were unable to see a bent fork!!!!!!!!!!!!

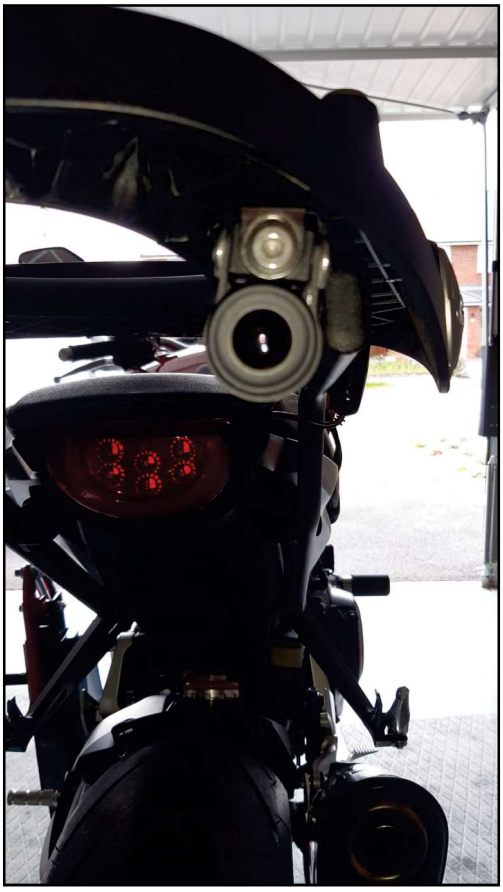
If anybody wants to know the name of the repairers get in touch. The real sting in this tail was when I decided that a new bike would help my mind in this lockdown and I bet you can guess LV had recorded my bike as a total loss MIAFTR. Boy that really went down well with me. I soon sorted that out though!

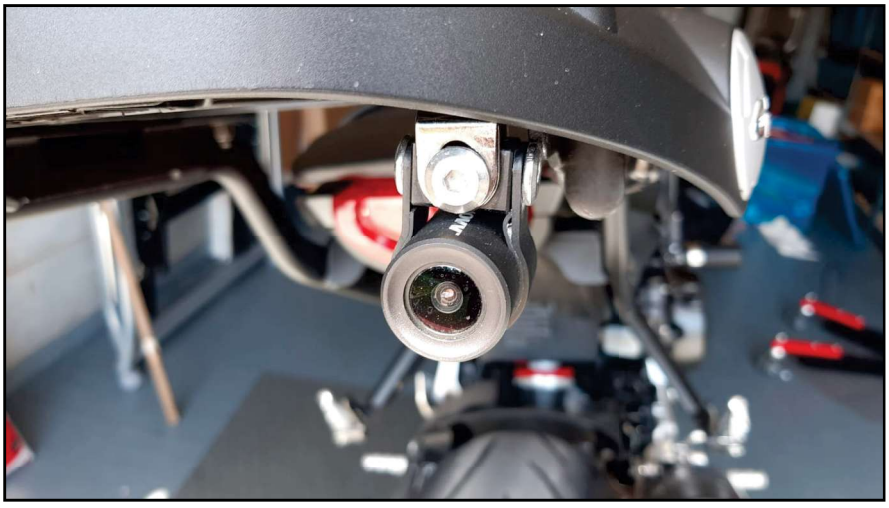
At the time of the accident I had no cameras on my bike. However the Jet stations caught it all on their CCTV which they allowed me access to and that confirmed my statement of the accident when I forwarded it to the TP'S insurers.

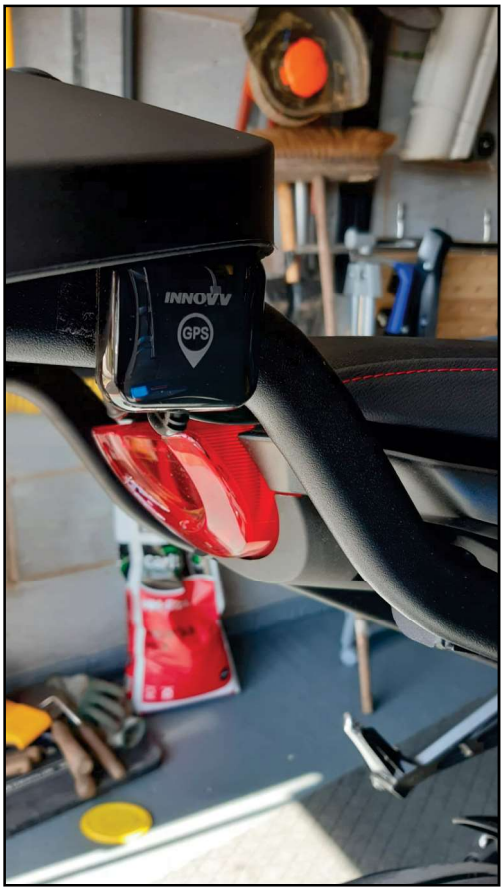
The result was I permanently installed front & rear cameras to the bike as we all know nothing should be fastened to your crash helmet no matter what it says on the box of these gadgets. You will not find a Helmet manufacturer saying stick a camera here! Remember what happened to Michael Schumacher.

Howard Payne.





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GPS



Six of the best, part two

Having changed into something more comfortable, we set off to explore our floating surroundings, we went “Top Side” as they say in the nautical world, and went to the sky bar, original if nothing else, it was at this point we realised that the bar prices were Norwegian prices, bloody expensive to translate into English, so much for duty free, we stood on the deck, with the sun shinning and watched the scenery slip by, as we made our way down or up, which ever, the Tyne and headed for open water, and the North sea, John and Dave arrived and tried to make us jealous by informing us they had a balcony, which transpired to be a port hole, having had a drink, and seen land disappear into the distance we went to explore the internals of the ship.

John never one to miss an opportunity found the duty free shop and went and bought some chocolate, (always eating fat git) we had a choice of restaurants and decided to dine in the steak bar, mainly due to the fact the main restaurant was fully booked, obviously most people had been before and realised that getting in early guaranteed a seat, it was like the Serengeti when the rains come and everything that walks, runs, crawls or slithers makes a bee line for the water hole, not to worry Don went and booked a table and came back with a bleeper, we would be bleeped when a table for six became available, so we went and had a drink in the inside bar, complete with entertainment in the shape of bingo, the bingo caller had all the personality of a dead flip flop, but then again we could hardly go down the street to the next bar could we. Having wandered around for what seemed like ages we ended up back at the bingo bar, fortunately bingo had ended and preparations were underway for the evening entertainment, the ships group “Titanic” or something equally reassuring, just as we were about to settle down to the entertainment Don’s bleeper erupted and we made our way to the restaurant.

This was the life, six of us seated at the table, we enjoyed a drink whilst looking at the menu, I am not going to bore you all with what we had, suffice to say it was good, as was the company and the surroundings, John Bailey used the bill as a way of getting some krona’s, he paid on his credit card and we gave our share of the bill to him in krona’s, all that was left to do was go for another turn round the deck and then back to the bar, where we reflected on the days events and looked forward to the forthcoming eight days, having unwound it was time to endure John Brady’s snoring, we turned in and settled down, the cabin was roasting, well it was too me, having listened to John Brady snore like a storm drain for what seemed like, and probably was, hours I eventually drifted off.

Saturday morning and I am not sure what time it was when we woke up, but Don had been up for an hour, taken a brisk walk round the deck and informed us that the breakfast lounge had a herd of locust’s going through it, John Brady not one to ignore the possibility of missing food, was showered and dressed in record time, it was a pay once eat as much as you can arrangement, so needless to say John Brady was going to get his monies worth, as we entered the restaurant our waitress from the night before rushed up saying something like, “thank god I found you, I have been looking all over for you”, she thanked John Bailey for his generous tip when paying the bill, but did he mean it, upon close inspection the bill he signed for was for 20000 Krona or £1,700.00, it should have been just over 2000 Krona or £170, she had obviously put the decimal point in the wrong place, but fair play to her, she had realised her mistake and done the right thing, could you see that happening in the UK, I doubt it, once John’s heart rate had come back down we settled down to breakfast, there was no rush as we were not arriving at Haugesund till 11.30. I am one of those people who thinks that as the boat left British waters, they should provide a resemblance of a British breakfast, cheese and rolls is not for me, all was not lost as there was some form of scrambled eggs and bacon, the toast you had to do yourself on what can only be described as a conveyor belt and heat element thing, having passed the

bread through twice, and it was just beginning to turn brown, I left it at that, we had found a table for six but while we were getting our food a little old lady had sat herself down, never mind, John Bailey and Dave Nixon sat on the adjacent table and Dave Nixon started to chat her up, the old smooth talking Casanova.



Having stocked up for the day to enable us to get some mileage between us and the port there was nothing more to do until we arrived in the port, so we just watched the world go by, we were going to be the second stop, I did not realise that the ferry was calling at Stavanger first, as we arrived in Stavanger the port was having some form of navy day, there were warships from various countries tied up, what little we saw of the port from the boat it looked a nice place, very picturesque, and Norweigan. Next stop was ours, it was eventually time to get changed into our riding kit and assemble on the car deck ready for a quick get away and start covering some miles, we had 213 miles to cover to get to Gol which is where our first night in Norway was going to be spent.

The bow doors opened and as usual the motorcyclist's were last off, we left the boat and proceeded to leave the port, well no, 300 hundred yards later all the motorcycles were stopped by two police officers, who started to breathalyse everyone of us, apparently Norway has a zero tolerance to tourists coming into their country worse for drink, so the remedy at Haugesund is to breathalyse everyone, well motorcyclist's anyway, I can't see them doing everyone it would take hours, it is easier to pick on the minority, eventually a very attractive police woman asked me to blow into her tube, yes I could think of a smart answer but she had a kloch pistol, with fifteen in the magazine and one in the spout as they say, so "No problem officer" was all I had to say, for once I managed to keep my mouth under control, just as well we had not been on a bender or else we would have to stay in the police building until we passed the test, having all survived the test we assembled outside the port gates and Ian Cunningham programmed his sat-nav to take us to Gol, the adventure had begun

Chris Steel

TO BE CONTINUED…

Items for the Newsletter

Items from members are invited. Please send written pieces as the body of an email and any photos as attachements to: ***southcheshirebikenews@gmail.com***

The deadline for submission is the last day of any given month, for inclusion in the following month's Newsletter.

Thanks to all who have contributed to this month's edition.

Ed