



EXHAUST



NOTES

IAM Group: 1250

November 2006

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As 90% of WaBAM's members are on the Internet, Exhaust Notes has been designed so that it can be viewed page by page when distributed electronically. This is why the format of the paper copies is unusual - turned on its side, so to speak.

*Cover concept by Martyn Jeffries. Picture copyright Dynamo Humm, Canada
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**Members should seek confirmation of event details prior to attending
since, regrettably, last minute changes are sometimes necessary.**



The Chairman Rites

Martyn Buckland

Sorry this edition of 'Exhaust Notes' is a bit later this time round – it's all my fault! I wanted to include anything worth bringing back from the IAM 50th Anniversary AGM in October – then I went on holiday (yes lovely, thanks for asking) and here we are with me wishing you a Merry Christmas!

Anyway, I'm glad to say that there is something specific to our Group worth talking about from the IAM AGM which was held at Alton Towers this time round (in the Conference Centre, not on the rides). Your Secretary, Bill Ferrol, and I attended, getting up at the crack of sparrow fart for a three-hour plus ride so it was nice that it resulted in more than just a free lunch!

As some local newspapers reported, **WaBAM** picked up an award for Group Achievement –

totally unexpected but extremely welcome. These awards are given to Groups for performance in a number of different areas – membership numbers, test applications, participation in IAM activities, etc.

What made the award so significant is that we have achieved it within 18 months of our creation, a great credit to the Group but especially to the Committee Members and Observers, past and present. We received a runner-up award worth £100 for your efforts – so well done and thanks to everyone who helped make that possible!

The conference theme was, as you'd expect, IAM: past, present and future – but mostly future. Bearing in mind that the majority of the Membership is four-wheel based, they have some considerable issues in

attracting younger members although we, the bike members, are by no means excluded from that issue. The IAM *is* changing its image, albeit slowly, and I think you'll notice a gradual transition with new initiatives in the coming year. Anyone interested in the presentation '50 Years of Success, Past, Present & Future' by Chief Exec. Christopher Bullock – and all the other presentations – can have them by way of MS PowerPoint files which we were given on a memory stick at the end of the conference. Form an orderly queue please ...

On another subject, hopefully you'll be able to see the results of our questionnaire elsewhere in this edition of 'Exhaust Notes'.

The first thing to say is that only approx' one third of the full Membership replied so I'm not sure how

representative the results are on that basis. Given that we even enclosed an S.A.E. I think that's pretty poor. It is, however, fairly indicative of the responses as a whole in as much as it would seem 'you're not bovvered'!

Very few respondents gave extreme opinions one way or t'other so we're either doing all right or the

entire Membership is on Prozac! The net result of all this is that we're not be going to do anything drastic in the near future as it seems we're generally on the right track.

Look out for a regular additional meeting though. Probably every quarter at a venue TBA (you weren't that fussy) which will feature a guest

speaker (you supported that concept). In the meantime enjoy the stuffing (on your Christmas dinner that is) and keep on riding through winter. On a fine crisp day it's some of the best riding you'll get – honest.

Happy New Year!

WaBAM Xmas Social 2006

**The Pheasant, Chippenham
(on the A4 opposite the new B&Q)**

7:30 p.m. Saturday 9th December

in the function room to the rear

Good food, music and a Video Race Night

£16 per head all inclusive

Please send your payment NOW (cheques made payable to WaBAM) to:

Steve Townsend, 3 The Butts, Chippenham, Wilts, SN15 3JT

The latest date to receive your payments must be **Monday 4th December** in order to give The Pheasant time to organise the catering.

Editor's Notes

Mike Godfrey

HQ's new 'Ride Check' idea was discussed at some length at the last Committee meeting. Punters will pay a fee and get a written report on their riding (and a discount if they sign up for 'Skill for Life'). Obviously, to do this properly, each group need a pool of experienced Observers.

WaBAM has enough Senior Observers amongst its 100-plus members for them to handle the initially anticipated volume of 'Ride Checks'. (Unlike some IAM Groups which, apparently, have **no** Motorcycle Senior Observers.) Each of our 40-odd Associates is allocated to an Observer – so we have 40-odd Observers as well. (We also have another 10 signed up to start Observer training in the New Year, using the new method and materials being rolled out from HQ).

Some other facts that stuck in my fluff-ball mind are that we now have a female Senior Observer (we don't think there are many of those in the whole country) and nine female Associates.

All of this indicates that WaBAM has (and has had) an exceptional bunch of people at the heart of its Committee, dedicated to ensuring that the means are available for everyone who wants to to improve their riding skills. It also indicates that WaBAM members are supporting them enthusiastically by putting in the effort. It's not surprising that everybody's efforts were recognised with a National Award at the IAM AGM.

**You know who you are.
Well done, thank you
and long may it continue.**

As newsletter editor, I've only played a small supporting role, which will be ending soon. Changing circumstances have meant that I haven't had the time or the opportunity to ride my bike for a while, and don't look like being able to do so in the foreseeable future. So, I've sold my it to my younger son, who introduced me to the pleasures and pains of life on two wheels rather late on by leaving his bikes at home for me to look after/sell when he went off to university. Instead of selling the 125, I decided to learn to ride it ...

Dan collected the SV650S last weekend and is looking forward to returning to biking at 30. I hope this isn't a sign of a mid-life crisis; I'll make sure there's a 'Skill for Life' pack in his Christmas stocking!

Surprise the Bride

Martyn Jeffries

July 2006. WaBAM Observer Chris Dellar is getting married in September and is plotting a number of surprises for his intended, Tina. One of these is an escort for the wedding car made up of WaBAM members. Planning progressed right up to the night before the wedding.

On Saturday 9th September, four willing WaBAM volunteers, Les Snelgrove, Bob Pearce, Rob Blackburn and Martyn Jefferies, met up on an industrial estate in Highworth to 'decorate' their bikes in preparation. Bob's wife even went along to help with this (it was a good job she was there, as Rob was using his recent first aid training to good effect). She even brought a camera along to get some pictures, going to such lengths to get that 'winning shot' that she was nearly run down by a truck! (You can



imagine what the driver had to say seeing all those bikes dressed in white ribbon.)

When the time was right, best man Andy made the call to the group of volunteers, now clad in dayglo



WaBAM waistcoats and white ribbon, so they could arrive at the church just as the bride and groom were making their way to the car.

The team surprised nearly everyone at the wedding as it formed up around the wedding car, with three of the bikes as a spearhead at the front and Rob pulling in behind the car to complete the formation. Chris had kept it very quiet, which must have been very difficult.

Les did a great job of leading the group from the church to Kemble, and even managed to find the restaurant

on the airfield without getting lost (although the distance the convoy travelled around the outside of airfield made it feel as though they had returned to Highworth). This was where Tina's next surprise was waiting, a helicopter ready to take them on to the reception.



Chris later said, "The surprises worked a treat. My wife Tina had absolutely no idea until we were almost out of the church gates and was incredibly surprised. Travelling along the A149 we noticed lots of turning heads and we felt like VIP's. I believe they were focusing on the hi-viz vests and at a glance thought we

had a police escort. Tina couldn't stop talking about it for ages, what a great surprise it was. It was only when exiting the A419 to make our way to Kemble that I said to her that if she liked that surprise, I had another in store and let her know about the helicopter."

"We both loved it, and you've given us yet another memory to add to an already memorable day."

Chris and Tina even made 'Page Three' of the Swindon Advertiser on Monday with pictures of them arriving at Wrag Barn in the helicopter.



Membership Matters

Members, Associates and Observers

Members

Membership Sec. Les reported 98 at the last Committee Meeting; four passes reported since he made the count takes us over the 100.

Associates

43 in total at the last count, all allocated to Observers. 12 potential Associates in the pipeline.

Nine Associates are in for test.

IAM HQ allocated us another Tester, Jim McCarter, and he is rapidly clearing the test backlog that built up when our regular tester's Police day jobs/training reduced his availability. The Chairman has thanked Jim for his efforts.

Observers

Chief Observer Ken Fryer has been exceptionally busy but has a grip on

Senior Observer training days and Observer training. Details will be published at a later date.

Ten WaBAM members have volunteered for the next Observer training course, which will start in the New Year using the new modular framework.

Congratulations to the following Associates on being recommended for IAM membership:

Kevin	Bristow	(Observer	Martyn	Buckland)
Don	Carmichael	(Observer	Chris	Deller)
Neil	David	(Observer	Nick	Atkins)
John	Gwynne	(Observer	Rob	Blackburn)
Mike	Jones	Observer	Mike	Doggart)
Mathew	McGrady	(Observer	Rob	Blackburn)
Andrew	Maggs	(Observer	Mike	Cummin)
Tony	Newton	(Observer	Rob	Blackburn)
Tony	Williams	(Observer	Nick	Atkins)
Steve	Yelland	(Observer	Jim	Torrie)



Adverse Camber

'A Tale for Christmas' (not a Christmas tale though!)

Martyn Buckland

As someone who has often extolled the virtues of biking abroad, I recently had the stress of taking a holiday in ideal biking country – but without a bike! Some good friends of ours who were celebrating a fiftieth birthday (there's been a few recently), decided to rent a large farmhouse in the foothills of Tuscany. The plan was to fill it with booze and like-minded people, shake vigorously for a couple of hours and see what happens. I thought I'd share my mini-adventure with you all.

Anyone who has been to Italy on a bike will know that it's not a place you bomb over to for just a seven day break. By the time you get there it's er, time to come home again – unless you're on a top-fuelled 'busa that is ... Anyway, we opted for the sensible

approach and got a plane to Pisa and then hired a large blancmange, sorry, Peugeot 807, to transport our party of seven people to the land of Sangiovese and wild boar pate.

All went well as we zoomed down the autostrada – ideal blancmange territory – until we hit the twisties. Tired of feeling fine & settled? Take



Blancmange pictured at Tuscan Farmhouse

one people carrier, fill with people and their luggage and stir for 61 bends (yes, one sad bugger counted 'em) – that'll cure it! Bloody 'ell, I don't normally suffer from carsickness but was I glad to get out of that thing?! What was more galling though was that you could picture doing it on a bike – it'd have been orgasmic!

Anyway, I was looking forward to catching the Portuguese MotoGP the following day (Rossi was just trailing Hayden at that point) as our accommodation was fully equipped with a Sky box and a home entertainment system; except that when I looked, there was an orphan SCART lead and no Sky Box – arse! It transpired that the owner, who normally lived there, was sure that we'd make our own entertainment so it'd be OK if she

took the box to her other apartment so she had something to look at whilst we were staying ... After I made a few grunting noises it was explained to me that it wouldn't be a problem as the local café had a TV and she was sure that the racing would be on, especially when I explained that there were a few local contenders amongst the riders.

Anyway, the next afternoon (Italy is an hour in front of BST) I set off, sporting my best Ducati Corse T-shirt and headed to the local bar. Although a couple of my friends are into bikes, they're not into GP so I was on my own with this one. On entering, I was confronted by a scene reminiscent of 'Apocalypse Now'. It was a (very) small bar and crammed into it were about two dozen men, dressed in camo' gear and armed to the teeth. It was the Tuscan equivalent of the local hunt – and they weren't sipping sherry either. Judging by the state of some of them, I reckon that they'd

done most of the beer and good deal of grappa, the local firewater. Worse, the TV, instead of showing MotoGP, had the Italian version of 'Candid Camera' playing. Even more to my horror, this lot seemed engrossed by it! As you can imagine, the locals ability to speak English was nil and my Italian consists of throwing an 'o' on the end of a few French words and hoping I'd get by. So, how do you ask a bar load of drunken Italian hunters (with weapons) whether they minded changing channels to watch a bike race? "Valentino Rossi – *il bravo!*" I shouted above the din to the proprietor, pointing to the Ducati logo on my shirt (I was hoping that they weren't clued into bike racing enough to know that Rossi races a Yamaha). "Vino rosso si?" came back the reply. "No, Peroni" said I resignedly. Perhaps they'd go off and kill something in a minute and let me get at the controls. 45 minutes and another Peroni later, the situation hadn't changed, apart

from the fact that the hunters were now totally sh*t-faced and seemed to be intent on some sort of '*my gun's bigger than your gun*' game. Time to go. I decided to catch up on the MotoGP result when I got home.

Back at the farmhouse, the owner, a pleasant lady called Christina (names changed to protect the guilty) was holding court and introducing us to her partner, Jean-Carlo. I asked her friend quietly whether Jean-Carlo was a business partner or 'something a bit more'. She smiled at me and said, "What do you think?". She had a point. Jean-Carlo was in his mid-forties, but without a sign of flab – wiry even – had a rugged tanned complexion and Roman nose. A sort of Robert De Niro meets Cochise. He had blonde, waist length hair tied back in a ponytail, which accentuated the American Indian look. I decided J-C was built for speed, not comfort. I tried to engage him in a discussion about Italian bikes – surely a passion

amongst all red-blooded Italian men? Apparently not. J-C drove one of those appalling three-wheeler agricultural vehicles much loved by the Italian rural community. It also transpired that this particular part of Tuscany was a bit of a hippie enclave, a little bit of Woodstock frozen in time and transported to western Italy. They eschewed any of our love of material things, especially polluting motor vehicles, and so I was immediately off J-C's Christmas card list. He explained his love of all natural things and especially trees.

Every morning Jean-Carlo would turn up with a roll-up in one hand and a chainsaw in the other. He would begin demonstrating his love of trees at about 8 a.m. by starting the chainsaw and chopping down everything in sight. "Ees ded" he would explain in halting English. "*Well it certainly is now me old cocker*" I thought.

J-C turned out to be many things. Another of his pastimes was being a

'*raccogliatrice del fungo*' – mushroom picker to you lot. Every day he would show us his prizes – extraordinary examples of fungi one had to admit. "Are these good to eat?" I would say in my loud English voice, hoping that this would make my question easier understand. He'd look at me disparagingly. "No, you die ..." He might as well have added "you tosser". Anyway, the others in our party had yet to show their hands as being bloated capitalist pigs so Christina and Jean-Carlo took them to their hearts and the week progressed without incident – despite me protesting that the swimming pool that we were supposed to be using was a death trap and the water in it had been taken over by a green algae. "The salamanders **love** it though" was the response from Christina. As we'd checked the chlorine level the previous day and found it to be 300% over-strength I shuddered to think what sort of monsters could thrive in

such an environment.

On the last night, it had been arranged that J-C would cook us all a local speciality, which as far as I could work out was spag-bol with asparagus. I suggested as much to SWMBO who said that I was jealous and not to be so close-minded.

Anyway, come the night, J-C turned up complete with a 'Green-peace' Owl sweatshirt and toting a CD collection the contents of which would have been obscure even in 1972. At least he had some food with him. We had also accumulated a formidable selection of red wines over the week, opting on the strategy of 'buy a lot and then double it'. Both Christina and J-C added to the stockpile and we set to it with gusto (no, that's not another Italian-Indian).

Things started to come unglued fairly early in the proceedings when my wife decided to go swimming. Not only was this strange as it was a) dark b) cold and c) raining but she also

decided to do it with all her clothes on. What she was *actually* trying to do was collect bay leaves but missed her footing in the dark and went straight into the pool (yes that green thing with the chlorine-loving salamanders). To say that she was a little shaken-up would be an understatement. My good friend, who should know better but never does, decided that she would benefit from a good slug of grappa. Taking the advice to heart, Gill downed it in one. Then another. I would hear little else from her for the rest of the evening.

Meanwhile, Jean-Carlo was busy throwing a variety of ingredients into the pan, including a fairly large pile of mushrooms. By the time dinner was served, a good proportion of the wine had been consumed already but just as we thought we had shot our bolt a tad early, more appeared – I know not from where (and cared even less). The food was fine. Obviously not as good as I could have done myself, but

not bad.

As we settled into the post-dinner ambience, I decided that J-C was definitely Cochise. This was confirmed as he produced a peace pipe, which was passed round the assembled multitude. "Thanks Cochise" I said (in spite of the fact that I'd given up smoking twenty years ago) "*or should that be Geronimo?*" I whispered to Davy Crockett who was sat to my right. "Who cares?" came the reply. I couldn't argue. In fact, speech was becoming difficult, full stop. After a while we joined by the Beatles and a Brazilian Drum Band who played whilst I berated John Lennon for not including Joey Dunlop on the Sgt Peppers album sleeve. He didn't seem to understand. Cochise and I became great friends and smoked more peace pipes. When it was time to part, we embraced and I vowed to return to the UK and sacrifice my bike to the Tree Gods and learn to knit with yoghurt. The room, which had now

taken on the proportions of a football stadium, resounded to the sounds of mass choirs, the Grateful Dead and a gospel singer. Fireworks went off and butterflies and doves took to the air. Excelsior! Ahem.

I awoke at about four a.m. when the dragons turned up. For the lucky ones of you who know nothing of these things, the effects of four hours of angels are easily counteracted by ten minutes of dragons. The dragons got bored after an hour and I was granted two hours of relatively normal sleep. When I dragged myself downstairs, grim and ashen-faced I was greeted by my similarly countenanced amigos. "Dodgy prawn?" they asked knowingly. "Guess so" I murmured. 'Nuff said.

The moral to this tale (I'm sure you're wondering by now) is that if you get asked to go on a holiday without your bike, ***just say no!*** Oh yeah, and I haven't touched a mushroom now for weeks

The Survey – Brief Notes

Mike Godfrey

Customer survey results should produce nice statistically meaningful shapes – ours looked like broken garden forks! I've calculated 'weighted means' to clarify the picture – which it did, but not much! Given the sample size, small deviations from the mean can't be treated as significant. I've normalised the scores so that the values could run from -100 (strongly disagree) to +100 (strongly agree), with 0 meaning 'neither agree nor disagree'.

Monthly Meetings

Yes, you thought that the monthly meetings should continue (+30) – and you're interested in 'social' meetings (+40). People didn't agree that Chippenham was too far away (-20),

but some found Saturday evenings difficult (+15).

New Regular Events

There was strong support for regular Group Meetings with a speaker or theme (+50). You were against Group funds paying for them to be held in Swindon (-30). There was a slight bias towards meetings during the week (+15) and a variable choice of venue (+15).

Group Fees

The strongest 'agree' score was for the proposition that the £12 annual subscription is good value for money (+65). There was strong support for using Group funds to pay for professional speakers (+40) and some support for charging additional fees

for social events (+20).

Other Group Services

The vote was marginally against sending hard copies of Exhaust Notes to all Members (-10), but support for the idea that the Group website should be the main channel of communication (as opposed to Email or hard copy mailshots) wasn't strong either (+15).

74% of respondents said they were aware of the Members' Forum on the Group's website. Very nearly as many of you use the website regularly as not.

There was a fairly strong vote against the idea that you didn't use the website because you didn't need to know what was going on (-35).

I Leaned Back and Enjoyed the Ride

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Bath Chronicle)

Emma Cooney

It wasn't exactly burly bikers in leather. But then Advanced Motorcyclist groups have more of a 'pipe and slippers' than a Hell's Angels reputation – images Peter Hawkes and Martyn Buckland were keen to dispel when they took me for a ride. After weeks of emailing back and forth to set a date and secure appropriately sized motorcycle helmet, jacket, gloves and boots, my face fell when a carrier bag of biking gear was emptied to reveal a boring-looking grey zip-up jacket, which bore a passing resemblance to an anorak. But the boots were pretty cool.

Apparently leather is not for everyone – both Martyn and Peter favour the lighter, warmer nylon-based jackets and trousers, which look a bit like ski wear but have

reinforced knees, spines, shoulders and elbows. Body armour, including back shields – pulled out by Martyn when we stopped for coffee half way through the trip – is also popular.

"It's not like a car – there's no sheets of metal around you to protect you," said Peter. "So you do everything you can to keep yourself safe."

I had been on the back of a bike before – but previous outings had generally included clinging to the person in front for dear life. I've also endured a hair-raising scooter ride through Bath city centre – I don't know if scooters count – but I have always fancied getting a motorbike.

After trying to hold on to Martyn, dressed in a slippery, seemingly impossible-to-grab jacket during a practice run around the Chronicle car

park, I was surprised and slightly embarrassed to find this was not necessary. The BMW 1150 GS adventure bike was built so that I could just lean back and enjoy the ride.

Martyn is chairman of the Wiltshire and Bath Advanced Motorcyclists (the dynamic sounding WaBAM for short), which was formed in April 2005, and an experienced instructor. WaBAM offers an £85 course to improve riding skills and get through the advanced motorcycling test. The course includes an informal ride with an 'observer' noting what could be improved and a debrief.

My task was to ride with the observer – Martyn – and watch the motorcyclist ahead – Peter – and try to spot the common mistakes he made without risking his life.

Hitting the top of the hill past Bath Racecourse was superb. But I was slightly distracted from my mission by the cold wind and thoughts of my warm scarf and jacket back at the office. Another distraction was the amazing views and my eyes kept roving away from Peter on the bike in front to take everything in. It certainly beat a day in the office.

Everything is much more enjoyable on a bike. In the car I am prone to a bit of road rage – not hurling abuse at anyone directly – just muttering loudly within the confines of the company car every time I get behind the wheel. But on the back of a motorbike it's all about the journey and not just about getting from A to B as quickly as possible.

"The road is the event, not the destination. Riding a bike is more fun," agreed Peter, sipping coffee in the pub at half-time. Martyn added: "There's much more contact with the environment. You're aware of the

temperature changes – even when you go through a tree-lined avenue."

Nationally the Institute of Advanced Motorcyclists has a reputation for being boring.

"Pipe-smoking slipper-wearing BMW riders – boring old farts," explained Martyn, slightly annoyed. "We're not anti going fast but there's a time and a place for everything and a lot of motorcyclists don't seem to know what that time and place is – 30mph is 30mph, possibly less depending on conditions," said Peter. "The real learning begins after you pass your initial test," he said. "The test just makes you legal – it doesn't prepare you for what life is really like on a bike."

'Skill with responsibility' is the WaBAM tagline and the majority of recruits are 'born-again bikers', returning to motorcycling after time out or after some narrow misses. "Some people have had some bad experiences and want to improve their

skills so they won't end up doing the same thing again," said Martyn, adding it was often wives and girlfriends who encouraged their partners to do the course – some even making it a condition of buying a motorbike.

The majority of riders killed or seriously injured on the road are on high-powered machines, aged from 35 to 55, and there's no other vehicle involved. The accident is normally on an open road with a national speed limit and usually on a bend.

"We are trying to bring to people's attention it's possible to enjoy yourself within the speed limits," said Peter. Contrary to its image, WaBAM also includes sports bike riders and bikers on Harley Davidsons. He added: "We're not elitist. There's a whole mix of different people. The only thing you've got in common is two wheels."

Martyn has been a biker for 36 years and reckons it is in his blood. "I got a bike for my 16th birthday. I sat

there waiting for the day polishing it and then got on and fell off." Now he tours on his BMW 1150GS. "It's built for touring," he said.

Last year he did the Western 'cowboy' states of America and goes several times a year with his wife to their French holiday home. "We did six states and 3,000 miles in two weeks. We went from 90 degrees of heat in Denver to below freezing in Yellow Stone Park," he said. "We did have to hire a car that day. The bike was frozen."

For Peter, who passed his test in 1965, it was much the same thing. "I couldn't afford a car at the time," he said. He used to ride an Aprilia Mille R, an Italian bike which does 160mph and goes from 0-60mph in three seconds. But he swapped his bike for a car when he had children.

"Parents tend to behave more responsibly. A bike is more dangerous than a car and for a family it tends to

be too much of a risk," Peter said. "When I was in the car I used to wind down the window every time a bike went past." But he added: "It's like a drug. Once it bites, it's pretty much there for life." Nowadays – his kids have grown up – he rides a BMW R1200GS, an updated version of Martyn's bike.

On the winding road, picking up what Peter was doing wrong was not difficult – he was stuck in the middle of the lane and not using the road as much as he should. When changing gear it took him forever to pick up speed or slow down.

Shouting out what he was looking for, Martyn said: "You position first for safety and then for observation. He needs to use the road a lot more and stay out on the bend to get as good a view of the traffic as possible, moving in when there's oncoming traffic." A little later, he yelled: "He's changing from 30-60mph. You would expect

someone to open the throttle and get on with it." And he added things like "Let's see if he spots the dog" about the pooch on the pavement on the other side of the road – a potential hazard I guess. It was a bit of a one-way conversation because he couldn't hear anything I said as the wind carried my voice away behind me.

I can vouch for having fun while being sensible on the road. On the way out of Bath I felt amazing and really enjoyed the ride but was slightly disappointed we didn't go a bit faster. But on the way back Peter demonstrated how it should be done and opened up the throttle when it was appropriate. On several stretches where we picked up speed I wasn't sure I liked going fast after all. I think I prefer a more relaxed pace – time to look around.

But, while my eyes were fixed on the road as we sped down a hill, it certainly got the adrenaline going.

Our Sponsors

George White Superbike Centre	1-8 Manchester Road Swindon Tel: 01793 716716	<i>Show your current membership card to obtain a 10% discount on accessories, clothing and workshop services.</i>
Artdeans Motorcycle & Scooter Centre	207 Rodbourne Road Swindon Tel: 01793 574800	<i>Show your current membership card to obtain a 10% to 20% discount on accessories and clothing. Ask for details.</i>

Events – Regular or Not

Group Rides

Now on the third Sunday of each month. Assemble at the Chippenham Little Chef (off the roundabout at the northern end of the by-pass on the A420). Meeting time is normally 09:00, unless there are specific instructions for that ride shown in the 'What's On' web page or on the calendar below. These are normally all-day affairs where the emphasis is on enjoyment.

Group and Social Meetings

WaBAM meets on the first Saturday of every month at 20:00 (8 p.m.) at the King Alfred Inn. These informal but 'official' monthly Group meetings are a great way of catching up with what's going on and meeting other Group Members and Associates.

The next big WaBAM event is the Christmas Do at The Pheasant on 9th December. It's a Race Night, as this proved so popular last year.

(More details on page 5.)

Steve's plans for future events include a skittles evening, a Golf Society day and ten pin bowling.

Cheddar Valley Advanced Motorcyclists have asked us whether we would be interested in a joint Track or Off-road Day. In the past, we've not been able to assemble a quorum – maybe joining with other groups would enable enthusiasts to overcome this hurdle.

Calendar (November – March)

Meet for Group Rides at: Little Chef, Chippenham unless notified otherwise

Destination/Venue

Leader

Time

November

Saturday	4 th	Group Meeting	King Alfred Inn	- 0 -	from 20:00
Sunday	19 th	Group Ride	Themed ride through Wiltshire	Les Snelgrove	meet 09:00

December

Saturday	2 nd	Group Meeting	King Alfred Inn	- 0 -	from 20:00
Saturday	9 th	Christmas Do	The Pheasant	- 0 -	
Sunday	17 th	Group Ride	TBD	TBA	meet 09:00
Saturday	30 th	Charity Event	Details on website		

January

Saturday	6 th	Group Meeting	King Alfred Inn	- 0 -	from 20:00
Sunday	21 st	Group Ride	TBD	TBA	meet 09:00

February

Saturday	3 rd	Group Meeting	King Alfred Inn	- 0 -	from 20:00
Sunday	18 th	Group Ride	TBD	TBA	meet 09:00

March

Saturday	3 rd	Group Meeting	King Alfred Inn	- 0 -	from 20:00
Sunday	18 th	Group Ride	TBD	TBA	meet 09:00



Group Contact

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Committee

Chairman

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