

# Chain Links

THE NEWSLETTER OF  
**THE LINCOLNSHIRE ADVANCED MOTORCYCLISTS**  
IAM GROUP 7176, REGISTERED CHARITY 1049955, SUPPORTERS OF THE BMF



**The victorious Lincolnshire Advanced Motorcyclists team at the Barrie Heath Quiz. Well done to all.**



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Group Web Site <http://www.i-a-m.co.uk>

Meetings are held on the first Wednesday of the month starting at 8pm  
in Dave Capell's Games Room at his house in Kirton Lindsey. Many Thanks Dave  
(Dave's house is next to Kirton Lindsey Railway Station)

The next issue of Chainlincs will be in December 2010.

Please provide any copy to the editor, Mick Smith, by Friday 19<sup>th</sup> November 2010 at the latest,  
earlier is better.

You can send copy by email to  
[mick.carron@btinternet.com](mailto:mick.carron@btinternet.com)



# WANTED YOU!

To help Lincolnshire Advanced Motorcyclists we need members to:

Join the committee

Sell advertising in ChainLincs or the web site

Put on a social run

Help out at an event where we have a stand publicising the group  
IF YOU CAN HELP PLEASE CONTACT A COMMITTEE MEMBER  
HELP THE GROUP SURVIVE

## CHAIRMAN'S CHAT

Hi Folks,

My 'words of wisdom' will be short and sweet this month – as Mick advises me that these were needed two days ago!

It's very encouraging to see a good turnout at the recent monthly meetings and Group Observed rides. Despite trying other formats, such as informal meetings at different venues around the county, it seems that the monthly meeting still works best as a means for members to get together.

Our attempt to introduce more 'events' at the meetings (speakers, films, talks about road safety, etc) weren't as successful this year as we'd hoped. Hopefully next year we can get a programme organised to provide a better mix of the above. Once again, if anyone has any ideas for speakers, etc please let us know.

Andy Kitchen

## EDITORIAL

Welcome to the packed October edition of ChainLincs. The third part of Jim Rendall's Pyrenees epic is included this month. Thanks Jim. I have also received a couple of items from Jeff Bayne who passed his test this summer. He put the £20 he received from the group after passing his test to a very worthwhile use. Thanks Jeff, for the articles and the great use of the £20. Thanks also to Ian Morrison for his article this time for the right reasons.

Decembers issue will be my last until May. Unfortunately work is taking me away for 3 months so Iain Johnston will produce ChainLincs for February, March and April.

Despite the input this month I will include the same reminder I always insert because I really do need your help. This is your newsletter so please think about it when you are out and about on your bike, take a camera, get some pictures and add a few words. I need your articles to make this newsletter interesting and a good read.

Mick Smith

# OBSERVATIONS

By Iain Johnston

You will recall the sad picture of Ian Morrison's white boxer on its side on the grass verge last month. At the Sunday Morning run in October Ken Braithwaite pointed out to me that the skid marks on the grass indicated that Ian had applied both brakes while on the grass and it was therefore no surprise that he had fallen over. Of course had he applied only the back brake, would he have stopped in time to avoid other obstacles? I certainly don't know.

Perhaps the moral of the story is you should be able to stop in the distance you can see to be clear, and a car coming towards you means the road is not clear. However, we would all expect the car to give us room to pass on our side of the road, wouldn't we?

Ian was out on his bike again to the Barrie Heath Quiz in Cleethorpes. He and I rode back together until we parted company at M180 Junction 4.

An excellent turn out for the Sunday Morning run by the way. Thank you all, I hope you enjoyed it.

Once again I have been out with several associates recently, three this weekend in fact. Today (Sunday 24<sup>th</sup>) was a glorious day for the most part, but it is starting to get cold. The first associate I rode out with today had recently come back from working in Algeria, and was definitely feeling the cold. So was I by the end of the afternoon, the lining now goes in to my jacket I think. I'm getting more susceptible to the cold as I get older, as do we all.

So, make sure you wrap up sufficiently to keep warm in the colder weather. A cold rider is definitely NOT a safe rider. In particular warm feet and warm hands please. They are the tools you use to control your bike and they don't work well when cold.

Enjoy Safe Riding

Iain

## MEMBERSHIP UPDATE

No new members but one test pass to report this time. Well done and thanks for the time given by your Observer. The year's total now stands at seven; let's hope we have a surge before the weather closes in.

<b>Member</b>	<b>Pass Date</b>	<b>Observer</b>
Tim Tait	2 October	Tony Keightley

Membership currently stands as follows:

Full Members	83
Associate Members	17
Group Friends	1
<b>Total Group Membership</b>	<b>101</b>

The Barrie Heath Quiz held on 14 October at The Pear Tree, Humberston was ably hosted by The Grimsby Car Group and keenly contested by teams from Lincoln and Scunthorpe Car Groups and ourselves.

Our team consisting of Dave Hall, William Lea, Ian Morrison and Rick Whiteside succeeded in winning the trophy. Well done.

The same questions were available to spectators / supporters, who formed ad hoc teams around the various tables. The two prizes on offer were both won by our supporters. First went to Kath and David Mather and John Harrison with the runners up being Iain Johnston and John Cheetham.

That is the good news; the bad news is that we now have to arrange the quiz next year. As we have won on several occasions in the past, I am sure we have a wealth of experience and unbounded enthusiasm to draw on.

Finally, thanks to Grimsby Car Group for organising a good evening's entertainment, Terry Towler for attending and presenting the trophy and the Pear Tree for the excellent refreshments.

That's all for this month, ride safe:

*John Cheetham*



At last month's meeting Lynne Watson and Rob Dickenson were presented with their IAM motorcycle test pass certificates from Andy Kitchen. Congratulations and well done to them both.

Lynne had a presentation to make herself to her observer Tony Keightley for his hours of dedication and perseverance to get her through her test. Well done to Tony as well and keep up the good work.



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## WIN A YAMAHA WORTH £11,500

My name is Jeff Bayne and Ken Pike was my observer. Having ridden bikes on the road for 35 years I thought it was about time I did some more training as it's never too late. As you can imagine it wasn't that easy a task for Ken to tell me how to ride my Harley properly!!! Yes I did say Harley. Ken was impressed with its engine breaking and the ease with which he could tell my gear changing.

I had my observed runs with Ken, a check by Andy and then the test down Sleaford way. I knew a good deal of the roads a Lincoln examiner may use but I knew hardly any around Sleaford. Anyway I passed and looking at the marks I thought 'not bad for a Harley rider, well done to me', congrats to Ken.

Low and behold I was in the top 50 and invited to Silverstone 21st September to try and win a brand new Yam worth £11,500 smackers. Now even to a Harley rider that's tempting. I've owned Honda's and Suzi's in the past but never a Yam.

Went to Silverstone via a night at the Travelodge Towcester and it was fine. Lovely weather down there for the actual day. Bacon and sausage butties on arrival, briefing then a 25 question test on Highway Code and IAM Techniques, doddle!!

Then off to practice slow riding round a tight figure of eight on a brand new 600 Yam. Test followed on an identical model but with the addition of a handle bar fairing, boll-cks. Managed to only put my foot down once. Many complaints so another test on the bike we'd practiced on. Got round no probs but confused as we were told to do it as fast as possible not 90 secs as in the written instructions!!!!

Very nice buffet lunch.

On the track with the HOG, yippee. 1 lap for famil, 1 lap with 60mph limit through a speed trap and 1 lap with a 30mph limit through the trap. Just to make it fair, your clocks were covered up and the 2nd & 3rd laps were timed with you having to do the same time for both laps (didn't matter how fast).

I got within a second on timing (good luck rather than judgement I fear) but was too slow on 60mph. Enjoyed immensely and everyone heard the HOG all the way round. (Yes strangely enough I was the only one there on a Harley).

Last test was to find faults on a 125cc bike. Scenario was that it had been delivered to you and you just had to check it was road worthy. I found 9 faults and there were 12, one I missed was a bolt that secures the front disc to the wheel missing. In fact about 40 of us turned up and only 1 person got all 12 faults.

Thought I'd done pretty good but didn't make the top 5 who are now invited to do a 2 hour road test and the best will win the Yam.

Guess I ain't ever gonna own a Yamaha.

It was a great day out and the weather stayed kind for my journey home.

Silverstone is an amazing place, thanks to the IAM for giving me the chance.

## **RIDE TO THE WALL III**

Jeff Bayne again. It was a very kind of the club to send me a cheque for £20 on passing my Advanced Test.

Problem - how can I use the money effectively? Each year my wife and I attend the Ride To The Wall (RTTW) to the National Arboretum. It is a very special run for us as her brother was killed along with the rest of the crew onboard the Nimrod which blew up over Afghanistan on 02 Sep 2006. Suddenly I thought, what about a laying a wreath from Lincolnshire Advanced Motorcyclists.

After consulting the chairman that's what I did 02 Oct 10, my wife Kath was already laying one for Lindum Colonia the Harley club.

The run attracted at least 5,000 bikes and raised an enormous amount of money for the upkeep of the Arboretum. We left (about 30 bikes) from the Lincoln Grandstand at 08.30 and returned at 5.20pm. A long day but very well worth it.

I hope you agree it was a very fitting way to use the £20.

## **THIS TIME FOR THE RIGHT REASONS.**

I have been in the last two editions of "Chainlincs" due to accidents, and dropped bikes. So, it makes a refreshing change, to try and appear in this months edition for a different reason. As we are regularly being told "It is our mag" I'm going to share a recent event I had with you. And maybe more of us will also share "events" so we don't all make the same mistake.

My event concerns the level crossing at Brigg. I pass the crossing, most days, going to and from work. I wear ear plugs to try and save as much as I can of my already poor hearing. The plugs were expensive, and were cast to my own ears to allow some background noise to filter through. However, they do not let as much background noise through as I had thought.

The scene: I am riding from Caistor to Brigg. I am approaching the level crossing in Brigg. There is no moving traffic in front of me, in either direction, or pedestrians. There is some following traffic, but a bit behind me. There is a large white van parked on my side of the road, just before the crossing, but I have a good view of the road. All is calm; I am comfortable, and relaxed.

I am looking through the crossing, past the crossing gates, at my exit left hand bend. I have forgotten the crossing. There is a playing field on my right; I've had an issue with a child straying into the road there before. I am on the lookout for children. I'm not watching my speedo, but on the occasions when I do, my speed is always in the region of 20mph or less.

In my peripheral vision, I notice a fluttering of the crossing gates. My focus is farther down the road. Bloody hell, the gates are closing! I was not covering the brakes, but now I need them quickly. I stop. I am comfortably before the gates, but not leaving enough room for a car to emerge from the junction on my left. I back pedal a bikes

length, before a following car means I can go no further back. There is now enough room for a car to emerge from the junction. Sure enough, in a couple of moments, a car does appear from the junction, makes use of the space I have left him, and I don't feel a lemon. There's advanced riding for you!

There I sit, thinking "how could I have come so close to being swept off the bike". What did I miss? I get off, look around for flashing lights, there aren't any. That's unusual. I don't hear any siren warning me the gates are closed. I realise, I have not been lead vehicle at these gates when they have been closing before. All my previous passes have either been as the gates were already shut, or gates staying open. I park up, and decide to have a chat with the signalman. Get more information, there's advanced riding for you!

He is friendly, and welcomes me up the stairs and into his station box. It's my first time in a signal box. What a nice man. He thanks me for being a careful rider. Telling me about some of the not so careful bikers he sees. I show him my ear plugs, and tell him I got a bit of a surprise when the gates started to close on me. He shows me his line of sight, in every direction he has to monitor. And reminds me he had two trains coming! He has to watch up the road I have just come down, (past the white van, blocking his view of me). He has to watch down the road I am going. He watches the exit from the "Farm shop" directly opposite him, and the junction just behind his station hut. He watches the playing field for children and the pavements for pedestrians. And he has two trains coming. He has to press the button sometime soon, and cannot possibly monitor all that potential risk at the same time.

What is all this about? Well, some of you probably use the crossing from time to time. I had not previously noticed there were no flashing lights, now you all know, you might have already known. Not only that, now you know how difficult the view is for the signalman, you might be expecting the gates to close on you. I wasn't expecting them to close without warning. I hadn't realised that I was not able to get the audible warning due to my ear plugs. I need to work harder at taking in other info before I commit to passing, and perhaps riding wider just in case. It is up to me to be able to stop in the distance I can see to be clear ahead.

Ian Morrison.

## **PYRENEES ADVENTURE (PART 3)**

**Thursday** - Oh dear, someone has pinched the mountains! I awake to the sight of grey mist shrouding the hilltops but it isn't easy getting out of bed this morning. Yesterdays' activities have reminded me that I am no longer in the first flush of youth (or second flush for that matter).

Madam Sylvies' very reasonable account settled and bikes once again burdened we set off retracing the single valley road that leads into Gavarnie. Soon we have to stop and don the wet gear as the rain is getting heavier. This is never a comfortable or elegant procedure as it is usually performed in haste by the side of the road. My choice of weather protection is a two piece affair with zips and Velcro which seems to stick to anywhere but where you need it to. Next comes a pair of dainty booties that will protect my expensive but distinctly un-waterproof boots. Finally I must try to put on my waterproof gloves. This is made more difficult by having wet hands making pushing the fingers all the way to the tips of the gloves hard work. More comical, however, is the sight of someone entering a one piece suit. The legs go in ok but getting a wet leather arm into that last arm hole is nigh-on impossible making the unfortunate would be wearer resemble a fledgling duck. Once in the gear one

must then attempt to remount a soaking motorcycle with limited seat space (because of luggage) and even more restricted physical movement due to wet leather and plastic tending to stick to each other.

Remounted we continue our journey towards the first of today's peaks, the Col de Tormalet. At 2,115 m / 6,939 ft it is the highest road in the central Pyrenees and is one of the most famous of climbs on the [Tour de France](#) cycle race having been included more than any other pass. Thankfully, as we begin to climb, the weather begins to improve and we are soon blessed with a drying surface on which to play. Being famous this is a popular piece of road and we have one or two vehicles to contend with, the largest and slowest being a huge lorry that was being tailed by a couple of motor homes. Great time to be riding a bike as, after a little patience, we soon whistled past this mobile obstruction and made our way upwards. From here we encountered very little traffic as the lorry had probably held everyone back for a while.

Kryten bustled off ahead as the twists and turns of this mountain pass grew tighter. Careful forward observation became an essential part of the experience as the drops from the side of the road got ever more severe, the surface was littered with loose gravel and random sheep would wonder across your path making deposits as they went (somehow I can't imagine the Tour de France guys having similar obstacles to negotiate). There was little opportunity to develop any kind of rhythm in such circumstances with the last couple of bends before the top being really tight hairpins.

At the summit we park up and prise ourselves out of our by now obsolete waterproofs. It's a busy place with many suitably exhilarated cyclists taking time to appreciate their achievement. There is a shop come café but it has the look of 'the local shop for local people' at the League of Gentlemen's Royston Vasey. The most striking feature of the summit is a stainless steel statue of an early 1900s Tour rider called Octave Lapize gasping for air as he struggles to make the climb. Apparently one of the things he is famous for is looking at some Tour officials and yelling, "Vous êtes des assassins! Oui, des assassins!" ([French](#) for 'You are murderers! Yes, murderers!').

Apart from the excellent views I find the summit disappointing after all the hype and am soon ready to continue. Over the other side the road was much more appealing, better surfaced, less gravel and fewer sheep. The bends seem to make more sense and the views seem more spectacular. The road plunged us down through a village, through tunnels and under concrete carports set above the carriageway to



prevent snow or rock fall blocking the route. Eventually at a garage we stop for petrol and regroup. Kryten, who normally claims to be 'riding well within himself' when part of the pack, is now well beside himself with glee (does he have schizophrenic tendencies one wonders?).

Fuel tanks replete we head onwards and once again upwards to the Col d'Aspin, another Tour favourite. Being so close to the Tormalet means this peak has far fewer people and a far more spacious air to it. Far fewer people there may have been but the people had been replaced by cows so it was wise to check your intended path. The by now obligatory photographs and mobile phone text checks followed before it was time to move on once more. Sometimes I find it strange that, having worked to discover such stunning scenery, we are not able to explore it more thoroughly. But then I remember that this is a touring trip for the pleasure of riding our bikes and the more we linger the later our arrival at our next stop will be.

The road down from the Col d'Aspin leads us through delightful forests and into the town of Arreau. We had had a blast for the last couple of hours and must have let it go to our heads as somewhere here the navigation went a bit tits-up. Playing follow the leader without paying much attention we started to head away from the mountains and into the foothills. Signs for a motorway and major town begun to appear and we eventually ground to a halt for a consultation with Monsieur Michelin. Turns out we were well adrift of our intended route, but all was not lost as an alternative plan was soon drawn up. Off on the new route and we were soon lost in a large crossroads town by the name of Montrejeau. Above our heads signs appeared to places we didn't want to go so I quickly pulled to the side of the road for another conference. With an amazing stroke of good fortune we came to rest outside of a small office the human contents of which promptly spilled out onto the pavement to view the bikes. A young lady approached and, seeing our perplexed faces looking at a map, asked if she could be of assistance, she spoke perfect English. On the map I pointed out our intended destination of the D618 Fronsac to Sainte Giron road. The lady became very excited and asked how we knew of this road as it was a local favourite full of bends and Cols. "I wish I was coming with you, you'll love it" she said after giving a detailed explanation of the escape route from the town. With a swift "Merci Beacoup" we were back on track and soon turning onto our chosen path.



At Fronsac we rejoin the fun roads and as foretold the D618 did not disappoint. This is a glorious road with barely a straight line to be found. It snakes back and forth wriggling uphill and down through forest and field. As I ride I continually anticipate this can't go on, but it does and even the odd camper van and car fail to interrupt my juvenile pleasure. I am so taken with the whole experience that, having performed a slightly unwise overtaking manoeuvre and whistled past a couple of slow moving vehicles, I fail to spot where the road turns off and we end up in a small town scratching our heads. Time for a coffee in the pretty but busy town square. After consulting the map we discover we are in the town of Aspet and locate my navigational error at junction some five miles or so back. One of the great pleasures about such a journey is that none of this matters. Sure the rest of your mates take the piss a bit but that's all part of the fun.

There's time to drink the coffee, relax, people watch and enjoy a little banter while reprogramming your on-board direction finder to the next destination.

Ten minutes later I've had a pee, locked and loaded myself back into the 'Captain Invincible' leather suit, wedged my head back into my extremely comfortable Arai helmet and we are back on the D618. Soon we emerge onto the summit of the Col' de Portet d' Aspet but we've only just restarted and so press on down the other side. All the while the D168 continues to thrill and delight, there are views and glimpses of views through woodland, there are small hamlets and isolated farms to fascinate us while all the time experiencing that deep down pleasure of riding a motorcycle with friends.

Fantastic though this is, more practical considerations begin to come to the fore, a quick glance down at the trip meter reveals we have travelled just over one hundred miles since our last fuel stop. As we are in rural France the chances of fuel are few and far between. The miles tick by and the two smaller bikes tanks begin to edge nearer and nearer to reserve. With each town that approaches springs new hope but in each town a local shakes their head or shrugs a shoulder. Things are becoming desperate as we climb up to the top of the Col de Port. From here we can make out the large town of Tarascon some distance away but the small bikes are running on vapour. Nothing for it but to head on down and hope. In the town there are no garages obvious and we pull off a roundabout to a small piece of waste land. Kryten and Festas' bikes are beyond their supposed 150 mile range and our destination town is too far away to attempt. Dan and I make one last attempt to trace the illusive fuel and I spy a signpost for a Super U. This French supermarket chain also sells petrol from some outlets and as luck would have it this was one such place. I leave Dan filling up and return to guide the others. Once on the forecourt the attendant comes trotting up telling us to hurry as she will be closing in two minutes!! Phew!

With full tanks, and having breathed a collective sigh of relief, we soon enter the town of Ax-Les-Thermes, 200miles further on our journey. After abandoning the bikes a small search party seeks out the hotel on foot. This is a fairly common occurrence I've noticed. Most of the time it is fairly straight forward to navigate great distances, the tricky part usually comes right at the very end trying to pinpoint that final missing piece. With one way systems in many towns it can often be simpler to wander about on foot better orientating yourself from street names or landmarks.

The Hotel Le Grillon is eventually located tucked a short distance away from the main thoroughfare. It is recognisable from the image I had downloaded from the internet, a crafty piece of photography that failed to reveal the large electricity sub-station humming away directly opposite. Inside the building was pleasant enough and the proprietors were friendly and welcoming. As by now it was quite late Monsieur Feuvier was busy in the kitchen so Madam Feuvier conducted the checking in. I took a deep breath and confidently delivered my stock French phrase about our booking. Rather mistakenly Madam leapt to the conclusion that I could parle Francais like a native and promptly began chattering away. It would seem that my limited grasp of the language has improved somewhat in recent times as I understood some of what she was saying and was able to fumble a response in the right place. The difficulty came when she asked if we would like to eat in the hotel that evening. The group decision was inconclusive, Kryten wanted vegetarian and Dan wouldn't eat fish and my language skills couldn't cope so I just said "Oui".

We were shown to our rooms and panic set in as we entered for there in front of us was a lone double bed, not the best sight when one is due to spend two nights with a snoring roommate. Then relief as behind the door bunk beds are revealed. We dump our gear on the floor and Dan is first into the shower giving me time to rummage through my bags for my evening ware. Buggery Bollox! All my meticulous packing the night before and I omit to transfer any pants! Do I turn the ones I'm wearing inside out or go commando? Dan emerges from the shower all fresh and clean so it's my turn. The shower is an interesting experience, I find, the doorway is so narrow that I have to apply soap to my middle age spread to squeeze into it.

Downstairs in the dining room it was beer o'clock and, as was now becoming traditional, the mobile phones were in evidence. Electronic messages were flying back and forth as we awaited the arrival of whatever it was we had ordered. Over the mediocre meal the conversation is of the day's highlights, the magnificent views, the roads and the lack of petrol.

With the night still relatively young Dan is keen to explore this new town and seek out a purveyor of alcoholic refreshment. Kryten is deep into text talk and decides to remain tout seul. Festa, Dan and I venture forth to sample the bustling nightlife of this out of season ski resort. After about thirty minutes of aimless wandering we conclude that the



town is closed on Thursdays and start back to the hotel. As we approach what appears to be an ornamental pool we notice several people sitting chatting with their feet dangling in the waters. Our curiosity draws us nearer and we see that this is a thermal pool and a place where people come to meet with friends. Soon we find ourselves sat alongside the pool, our shoes and socks off with the warm waters lapping at our calves. Looking towards the heavens the sky is clear and the stars are shining down on us. The sounds of peaceful chattering and warm water moving around our feet complete a blissful half an hour or so. But Dan is restless, time is moving on and no beer has been forthcoming. Across the square bright lights beckon through an open doorway and we are drawn in to the almost deserted bar for that all important nightcap.

On our return to the hotel Kryten had retired to bed with his mobile phone. In the room I check my phone and find a message from my wife informing me of the demise of Michael Jackson. Before donning my Wee Willie Winky hat and going to sleep I vow not to let this tragic news spoil the trip. Dan is out like a light throwing up big loud Zs drowning out the sound of the power sub-station opposite.

Jim Rendall

## **IAM RETEST FEE**

The price of an IAM retest reduces to £35 from the 1st November 2010

Having taken account of comments from our members, the economic climate and our desire to help as many people as possible reach the advanced driving and riding standard we have reduced the price of an IAM retest to £35 (down from £65).

The commitment made to reach test standard through the Skill For Life course or in house trainer routes is enormous and the £65 retest fee is a barrier to taking the retest. Our aim is to help those who have recently failed the test to quickly and easily retest whilst their advanced skills and training are still fresh in mind, and their local group is helping them with any specific issues identified during the test.

This price reduction is permanent and covers retests for cars, commercials and motorcycles. The new lower price becomes effective from the 1st November 2010 and updated letters and booking forms will be sent out to all 'test fail' candidates from that date onwards. The online price for a retest will be adjusted on the website from the 1st November.

Our desire is to see the number of retests applied for and the retest pass rate increase from now on.

Any questions then please do not hesitate to contact me.

Paul Woozley

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Institute of Advanced Motorists (IAM)

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Contact Bob Hepworth on 01724 345 275.

## **BARRIE HEATH QUIZ**

A good crowd of us turned up to the Barrie Heath Quiz at The Pear Tree in Cleethorpes on Thursday 14<sup>th</sup> October. We all seemed to be the brainiest there what with one thing and another!

Our team of Will Lea, Dave Hall, Ian Morrison and Rick Whiteside triumphed with a score of 81 points. Lincoln Car Group scored 73 points and Scunthorpe Car Group scored 77 points. For this we get the coveted Barrie Heath Quiz Trophy for a year. Perhaps John Cheetham will bring it along to the November meeting to let you all see it. Also we get the responsibility of running and hosting the quiz next autumn.

The brainiest I said, well to keep us interested the quiz master distributed answer sheets around the audience. David Mather, his wife and John Harrison teamed together and scored 85 points, the highest audience score and John Cheetham and I scored the second highest audience score (I forget the value). It really had little to do with me and everything to do with John Cheetham.

I did take a picture of Rick Whiteside proudly showing off the trophy, but I'm afraid it's not fit to publish. Rick looks like a very blurry ghost, that'll teach me not to use flash!

Enjoy Safe Riding

Iain Johnston

# CURRENT DIARY OF EVENTS

Contact point: Dave Hall 01522 828010

The Sunday morning Group Observed Runs are open to all members. Also non members considering advanced training may have an assessment ride. The prime purpose is to provide guidance to benefit associate members, although assessment rides for full members may be available depending on observer numbers. The runs last around 2 hours, usually with a refreshment stop, starting at the following venues.

Brigg Leisure Centre parking area	South side of A18
Willingham Woods picnic site	A631 east of Market Rasen
Hartsholme Country Park	South side of B1378, Skellingthorpe Road (off Lincoln Bypass)

Social runs will incorporate café stops unless an alternative is specified. Please try to arrive at the meeting point in good time and with a full tank of fuel. Please note that due to an IAM directive regarding insurance cover for affiliated groups, Social Runs are for group members only. Guests are welcome as pillion passengers.

## NOVEMBER

**Weds 3<sup>rd</sup>** - Monthly meeting at Dave Capell's Games Room, Station Farm, Station Road, Kirton in Lindsey at 8.00pm.

Evening meeting commences with the group ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

**Sun 7<sup>th</sup>** - Group Observed Run from Willingham Woods. 9.30am for 10.00am. Prompt start.

**Weds 24<sup>th</sup>** - PLEASE NOTE: No Observers meeting this month.

## DECEMBER

**Weds 1<sup>st</sup>** - Monthly evening meeting at Dave Capell's Games Room, Station Farm, Station Road, Kirton in Lindsey at 8.00pm.

**Sun 5<sup>th</sup>** - Group Observed Run from Hartsholme Country Park. Meet 11.30am for 12.00am. Prompt start.

**Weds 8<sup>th</sup>** - Committee Meeting, Offices of LK2 Architects, Nettleham. Prompt start at 7.45pm

**Weds 29<sup>th</sup>** - PLEASE NOTE: No Observers meeting this month.

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## JANUARY

**THERE ARE NO EVENTS DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY**

## FEBRUARY

**Weds 2<sup>nd</sup>** - Monthly meeting at Dave Capell's Games Room, Station Farm, Station Road, Kirton in Lindsey at 8.00pm.

There will be a talk from Andy Greenslade. Andy is former special branch and close protection officer for the royal family.

**Sun 6<sup>th</sup>** - Group Observed Run from Brigg Leisure Centre. Meet 11.30am for 12.00am. Prompt start.

**Weds 9<sup>th</sup>** - Committee Meeting, Offices of LKR Architects, Nettleham. Prompt start at 7.45pm

**Weds 23<sup>rd</sup>** - Meeting for Observers and those interested in becoming Observers. Venue TBA.

**ANYONE READY TO OFFER TO PUT ON A RUN OR OTHER EVENT TO LIVEN UP THE CALENDAR PLEASE CONTACT DAVE HALL ON 01522 828010**