



bwam

the newsletter of  
Bournemouth and Wessex Advanced Motorcyclists

### Unallocated Associates rides

Claire and Paul will be restarting these popular rides on 17th April

### GTAR's

Unallocated Associates  
an eye on your inboxes

AGM

keep

Fish 'n' chip runs  
restarting

Clubnight  
Monday 19th  
April

### Foreign travels

To get you thinking about next year.

### Subscriptions

More news on the Standing Order changes and some pointed reminders to those seriously behind, with lots of names.

#### At a glance;

#### Clubnights

- 19th April **AGM**
- 17th May
- 21st June
- 19th July
- 16th August

#### Fish'n'chip runs

- 5th May
- 2nd June
- 7th July
- 4th August

#### Members' Ride Clinics

- 3rd May
- 20th May
- 7th June
- 24th June
- 12th July
- 22nd July

#### New Members' Runs

- 17th April
- 15th May
- 19th June
- 17th July
- 21st August

#### GTARs

Unallocated Associates will be emailed one week before GTARs

more on page 2

## Chairman's chat

We have had a long hard winter this year and along with many, unless you have gone to India!, (*too right!* - ed) have had few miles in the saddle. Still, spring is here and it was great to see last Saturday 10th April over 20 people at Avon Forest with Dave & Claire driving the GTAR mornings and getting the new members involved so delivering us Observers' Associates. Thanks

It will be the AGM on the 19th so look forward to another year of Club activities. We plan to have the 2nd Sunday of the month rides covered all year so look on the website, and we also intend to have each Club night as a planned event with something organised to inform or entertain or torment you. I will also get one of my infamous Track Days organised for this year, which is a great day out where you really can push yourself and your bike to your limit - I doubt you'll reach the limit of your bike! Not one to miss, but start saving for a set of leathers as they won't take textiles.

We're going to do more of what you liked in the last year; fish'n'chip runs, new members' runs, GTARs and MRCs were all popular and all go together with the more established social riding programme to make our club the success that it is rapidly becoming. With your support the hard work of your team and our Observers will make the coming year even better than the last one.

A very special welcome to new members Alex Smith, Patricia Cherrett, Mark Seagar and Jonathan Witt and many congratulations to our only test pass since the last newsletter Mika Kallio, though modesty prevents my mentioning his Observer! Welcome also to Hillary who joins us from neighbouring SAMS. I am sorry to report John Topping's departure; John has been a great asset to Bwam for many years now and his leaving will make a big hole in our team. We thank him very much for his tremendous work and wish him well.

See you all soon Chris G

**Chris Green** (Chair)

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## Editorial

Well, what do you think of it so far, as the saying goes? This is the quiet riding season, as Chris has said above, so not too much by way of holiday reports though one or two of us have been to sunny climes - funny how our esteemed Chairperson didn't take a pop at Hon Sec! Thanks to our committee members for their reports which no doubt relate to what you're going to hear at the AGM next Monday, and to Andrew and Roger for their accounts of their exploits on the Peninsular Challenge which I've taken from the Forum.

It's been a year since I took over this newsletter from our late Martyn; I said it would be a hard act to follow and it has. I have tried to avoid it becoming too much of a one man band and if it appears to be just that then it is because the balance between vacuum and volume sometimes needs a bit of help. As Chris has indicated above, we've now got the makings of a very good club for which we need a readable and varied periodical and you will, I hope, forgive me if I continue to encourage you to send in whatever it is you want to say and it'll be included. Don't worry about the writing aspect; I'll flesh it out. If you think it, say it; if you've been somewhere good let the rest of us know about it and if you've enjoyed a club ride then say so and thank the leader - he or she needs to know too. Make this a better forum than the Forum.

Have a great next year and may the summer shine on you as the winter did on Martin and me!

**more at a glance;**

### Farts runs

10th April

7th May

3rd June

8th July

5th August

### Forthcoming rides

2nd Sunday of each month

## BWAM AGM 19<sup>th</sup> April 2010

As with all organisations such as ours there is an annual round of elections to the club committee, with some people going and some happy to stay and sometimes even a competitive vote on who should take a particular position.

All posts are up for election, so please feel free to fill in a voting slip and nominate a candidate.

The posts are shown in the table, with election forms on the following page. Also there is a nomination form for the Steve Strong Trophy, an important statement of appreciation for the efforts of the recipient from us all.

Post	Committee Recommendation	Comments
Chairperson:	Chris Green	Front' person for the club, casting vote for club committee deciding future club policy
Group Secretary:	Martin Saunders	Primary contact between club and IAM. Returning affiliation records, arranging meetings, recording minutes.
Treasurer:	Andy Mansfield	Recording and archiving club financial records, ensuring club charitable status is correctly maintained, issuing cheques.
Vice chairperson:	Vacancy	To deputise for Chairperson
Membership Secretary:	Peter Wills	Maintain and pursue membership status, liase with IAM on membership details
Social Secretary:	John / Justine?	Co-ordinate club social events and ride-outs
Associate Co-ordinator:	Claire Saunders	Introduce new members to club and link associates to observers
Publicity sub committee Webmaster:	Tony Summers & Matt Timmins	Club publicity and communication Newsletter editor John Spinks
Chief Observer:	Mark Bezzant	<b>Observers only choice:</b> deciding/organising training priorities, retesting observers, maintaining training records, liasing with IAM on training matters and senior observer tests

## Associate Co-ordinator

This years Unallocated Associates Rides can only start off better than they ended last year! The last ride in October can only be described as "very wet and very difficult riding conditions". Thankfully now a distant memory! As with all these rides there was a good turn out of Observers, Members and most importantly the Unallocated Associates who turned up at Cobham for a ride to Old Sarum. The weather was looking a bit grey as we were due to depart but we didn't let that put off. We arrived slightly wet unbeknown to us that there was worse to come on the way home. Unfortunately with the weather conditions being so bad the Associates were not really able to get much feed back from the Observers but most importantly we all made it home safely. As I say that is now a distant memory and here is hoping the rides over the coming months will be dry rides!

We shall be using the same format as last year as it seemed to work well. We will all ride out to the destination together but on the way home split into smaller groups with two Unallocated Associates to

one Observer/Full Member depending on numbers for some feedback.

I would like to think that with the introduction of these rides last year we were very successful in keeping those Unallocated Associates interested in BWAM whilst they awaited allocation to an Observer and that they were helpful from a social point of view. For these rides really to be successful we need the support from all members of the Club and to date that has been plentiful and very much appreciated. Paul Gardiner will continue to lead the rides which will be the third Saturday of the month starting at 12.30 p.m. from Cobham. Our next ride will be on the 17 April – destination to be confirmed.

Thanking all of you who have supported the rides in the past and thank you in advance to those of you who will be helping in the future.

Claire Saunders

Associate Co-ordinator



## Members ride clinics

Dave is starting these clinics again and the aim is for members to be able to take an observed ride in order to maintain their skills at the required high level. Hopefully those of you who came along last year have found them to be of value, and we Observers for our part have enjoyed the opportunity to keep members' skills up to the mark.

nr Corfe Mullen) at 6:30. Start with a cup of tea and chat. The offer of a small contribution towards petrol and running expenses would be appreciated by most observers.

Give Dave a ring on 01202 301959 or preferably email [daveorvin@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:daveorvin@yahoo.co.uk) to book in.

Dave Orvine

We shall be meeting will be at the Roadside Cafe (used to be the Little Chef between caravan sales and Esso petrol station on the A31,



## **Membership Secretary's Report**

March 1st saw the start of the new membership year for BWAM, and during the month we had a rush of subscriptions being paid by bank Standing Order, electronic direct payments straight into the club's bank account, and of course many cheques.

So a big 'Thank You' to all those who responded to my emails and letters recently concerning the new subscriptions and for making your payments. New Membership Cards are in the process of being sent out so if you haven't received yours already apologies, it won't be long in coming - there's a lot to get out!

As at the 5<sup>th</sup> April there are a small number of members who have yet to contact me in respect of their subscription, so if your name appears below then please do get in touch as soon as possible so that I can wrap this up – many thanks.

Please contact me direct at : [bwam@me.com](mailto:bwam@me.com)

Nick McMullen  
Jon Hicken  
Ian Turnbull  
Geoff Painter  
Adam Roche  
Nigel Jones  
Jane Christopher  
Trevor Dunesby  
Michael Blount  
Jackie Trowbridge  
Paul Ottaway  
Peter O'Neill  
Tim Rockey  
Julian Wilson  
David Parry  
Jon Collins  
Dave Waldron  
Bob Gould  
Dave Meason  
Adrian Lambert  
Ray Ryan  
Paul Savage  
Malcolm Merry  
Peter Seymour  
Martin Robinson  
Jo Rainsley  
Gary Watton  
Ray Passmore

Peter Wills  
Membership Secretary

### Hypnotism at the Care Home

It was entertainment night at the Care Home.

Claude the hypnotist exclaimed: 'I'm here to put you all into a trance. I intend to hypnotise each and every member of the audience.'

The excitement was almost electric as Claude withdrew a beautiful antique pocket watch from his coat. The polished metal gleamed in the light.

Claude the hypnotist said: 'I want you each to keep your eyes on this antique watch. It's a very special watch. It's been in my family for six generations.'

He began to swing the watch gently back and forth while quietly chanting, 'Watch the watch, watch the watch, watch the watch...'

The crowd became mesmerised as the watch swayed back and forth, light shimmering off its polished surface. Hundreds of pairs of eyes followed the swaying watch, until suddenly it slipped from the hypnotist's fingers and fell to the floor, shattering into a hundred pieces.

'SHIT!' said the hypnotist.

It took 3 days to clean up the Care Home.

## South West Peninsula Challenge

8 of us set out on this test of endurance yesterday morning. The ride up to Bridgewater went smooth enough where we split into 2 groups of 4 to start out on our preplanned clockwise circuit of Dorset, Devon and Somerset. Unfortunately by the first manned checkpoint in Dorchester due to a mishap we were down to 4. We decided to continue and after a swift bacon butty, Martin, Roy, Roger and myself set out for Abbotsbury, along the coast to Bridport picking up the answers to the clues as we went, then inland and west and after a spot of green laning (my sat nav said it was a road but we didnt see much tarmac!) and an altercation with a pheasant we arrived at the second manned checkpoint Princetown for a late lunch feeling smug that we were still some 30 minutes ahead of schedule. After lunch we had lost that advantage but none the less felt confident in our timings so we departed from the pre agreed route and went further west still finding the best roads of the day north and west of Tavistock. Fatigue was begining to set in as we reached the third manned checkpoint at South Molten. After further refreshment it was now 6pm and with Gold assured now all we had to do was find the answers to the remaining 4 checkpoint clues on Exmoor and the Quantocks - Easy! Not quite, as the light was fading and we hadn't bargained for the state of the minor roads on the moor. After some more green laning by headlights and after what seemed an eternity at 1mph down a hill though mud (we could have walked it quicker - and I nearly decided to!) we eventually found a road with some tarmac. Now darkness had descended and our penultimate waypoint was found quite by chance as my headlight illuminated a postbox with a footpath sign next to it (that was the clue) as Chidgley is a hamlet with no name (well none that we saw). Answer noted by torchlight we headed to the pub in West Bagborough (but only to note its name!) then it was off back to Bridgewater and the finish. Not exactly! In trying to locate the main road we found ourselves trapped by deep mud in a narrow lane. We pressed on as there was no way to turn around and Rodger showed us how to offroad on a scoot whilst Martin tried some stunt riding and showed us how to park a GS at 90 degrees to the hedge! Back on the main road we reached Bridgewater at 8.30pm and a well earned rest. Taking in the ride there and back we covered a smidgen under 450 miles in 16.5 hours! Not bad but not quite as impressive as Howard who managed to take in Lands End! Thanks chaps for a great day out and a thankyou too to Jon who organised the route but was'nt able to enjoy the day as we did. Hopefully next year!

Andrew Carr

What a day !! Thanks to Jon for all his work in organising the route and a great shame that he and the others could not complete the ride. Andrew, Martin and Roy "dragged" me round the course with some stirling navigation from maps and sat nav----- I was just glad to hang on !! I must admit that I was glad when it ended and I don't really remember much after my head hit the pillow. Next morning I left Bridgewater at about 10-30am and thought I would have a gentle ride home----wishfull thinking on my part as just after negotiating the roundabout at junction 23 over the M5 the back wheel started to wobble. My first thought was the dreaded diesel spill especially as it is roudabouts where it often happens. I pulled up on a side road to Puriton

only to find that I had a rear wheel puncture, so phoned the RAC and the waiting began. I was initially told that it could be at least 90 mins before I would be reached, however within 20 mins the RAC van arrived driven by

another Roger and he suggested that as the tread was on the limit that a new back tyre would be best. This was when the waiting began; give him due credit for persistance as he was on the phone for almost an hour trying to source a Bridgestone Hoop but of course being Sunday there was not one to be had for "love nor money ". So he decided to plug it and then a search of the van took place for the plugging kit-----it was not his vehicle so it was a case of emptying drawers and shelves but luck was on his side as a new kit still sealed was discovered and soon opened. The hole was soon found by soaking the tread with a soap

solution then watching and listening for the bubbles. The hole was plugged but I had to wait 20 mins to be sure that the sealing solution had done its job and I could then proceed on my way but with the proviso that I should not ride at more than 40mph. You try riding along the A303 and keeping to this speed !! I did manage to not go above 50mph and it did get me home without having to stop to re-fuel. Once again my thanks to An-



drew, Roy and Martin for showing me the way !! And some of the places we had to find !!

Roger



**A frog goes into a bank and approaches the teller. He can see from her nameplate that her name is Patricia Whack. 'Miss Whack, I'd like to get a \$30,000 loan to take a holiday.'**

**Patty looks at the frog in disbelief and asks his name. The frog says his name is Kermit Jagger, his dad is Mick Jagger, and that it's okay, he knows the bank manager. Patty explains that he will need to secure the loan with some collateral. The frog says, 'Sure. I have this,' and produces a tiny porcelain elephant, about an inch tall, bright pink and perfectly formed. Very confused, Patty explains that she'll have to consult with the bank manager and disappears into a back office.**

**She finds the manager and says, 'There's a frog called Kermit Jagger out there who claims to know you and wants to borrow \$30,000, and he wants to use this as collateral..' She holds up the tiny pink elephant. 'I mean, what in the world is this?'**

**The bank manager looks back at her and says...**

**'It's a knickknack, Patty Whack. Give the frog a loan, His old man's a Rolling Stone.'**

Another Blonde one

Last year I replaced all the windows in my house with those expensive double pane energy-efficient kind. Then, this week I got a call from the contractor who installed them. He was complaining that the work had been completed a whole year ago and I still hadn't paid for them.

Now just because I'm blonde doesn't mean that I am automatically stupid. So, I told him just what his fast

talking Sales guy had told me last year.... Namely, that in ONE YEAR these windows would pay for themselves!

Hellllooooo? It's been a year!

There was only silence at the other end of the line, so I finally Just hung up. He didn't call back.. Bet he felt dumb!

## ICE - does your mobile have any?

Not the cold, wet type of course. No, the ICE in this case refers to an entry on your mobile phone contacts list of the same name, **In Case of Emergency**, against which you store the number you'd like called by a third party in, as you've guessed, case of emergency. Typically this will be your home number. Given our chosen pastime the kind of emergency we have in mind doesn't exactly try the imagination too much and you may find yourself, as I have, being looked after by a total stranger and you may be in no position to give him or her the means by which your nearest and dearest can be contacted. On finding your mobile phone and given a similar understanding of its meaning your saviour can scroll your contacts list and ring the ICE number without your giving away confidential information.

Similarly Observers and Associates can make mutual entries, eg "ice john", just in case.

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## A cold ride down Arthur's way; Tintagel on Good Friday

It didn't look good; the forecast was crap and the hour was early. Dorchester TOT car park doesn't do much to lift the spirits either, though an early morning bacon sarnie does help a little. Last year's ride was a wash-out and this one was just not going to be one of those that turns out to be memorable for the right reasons either; no chance.

So what makes a ride memorable for the right reasons? Long sweepy bends amid great countryside - we had those for Mark had chosen his route well. Good coffee stops - we had those too. A ride that you settle into, one that has rhythm and flow - Mark specialises in those. A good destination - lunchtime discussion more or less decided that the destination is secondary to the ride itself and that there was, and is, little evidence that we attend because of the destination. Good food; nah, I don't think we found that unless of course you'd settled for a fry-up but, again, do we go riding for the food? I don't think so, but when we find it then it's a bonus. And I know what you're thinking; with a weather forecast as crappy as Good Friday's we must have been miserable. We had to be, cos you'd all convinced yourselves that it was going to be thus. Losers!!! Yeah, ok, it was miserable for the first hour or so to Exeter but that was only an hour out of a ten-hour day; the other nine were magnificent. With a weather front travelling eastwards and a ride going westward the ride's likely to break into the good stuff before too long and the eight bikes and brave pillion Mel were well rewarded for their support of Mark and his idea of going to Tintagel.

We didn't see much of Tintagel; certainly not the stuff you normally go there to see but, as we've said, we don't go for the destination but for the ride. We saw, or thought we saw, the coast road from Lyme Regis to Exeter, we hoped for coffee in Moretonhampstead and found it at an isolated pub on Dartmoor. We saw snow in the sunshine on Dartmoor where sheep and cattle are emerging from what has been for them a hard winter among the rocks and scrub of that desolate place. On such a day as this there is an air of expectation of better times to come. We dropped down to Tavistock and found lovely, lovely roads and scenery towards Launceston and onwards towards Tintagel on the A395; that one's a cracker! Up the coast after an indifferent lunch - pot luck doesn't always work out as intended - towards Bude from where Mark found us a peach of a ride through, I think, the A3072 as far as Tiverton and thence to Honiton and Dorchester.

No, at the start it didn't look good and those who ducked back under the duvet could almost be forgiven. The eight who turned out - funny how it's always the same faces - weren't that convinced either if truth be told, but were well rewarded by one of those truly memorable days; memorable for all the right reasons. Many, many thanks to Mark for a splendid day out.



John Spinks

## Chief Observer's rambling – reflection on the past year and focus on the next

Well, no body said Chief Observer was an easy job, mmmmm there might be a reason for that, I now realise. What an interesting year though.

The cold winter and very wet spring in 2009 definitely delayed the traditional start to the observing year, then the summer seemed little better, though a mild autumn seemed to extend the nice weekends well into November. Then it all stopped around mid December - just cold, cold, cold. The new year 2010 was the coldest & iciest I remember in the last 15 years (of riding to work), resulting in very little observing in January or February. March has turned warmer – just - and at last there are significant spring shoots of observing starting to appear. Excellent!

Observer numbers have fluctuated as they always seem to, this year's seen the very unfortunate departure of two of our most experienced senior observers, one alas I fear for good, the other, Steve Hines, hopefully just a short well earned break. On the plus side Nigel Jones has returned after a year's break and I'm glad to see his ride is as challenging as ever to keep up with, whilst being just as precise and sharp as always. Welcome back Nigel you've been missed (definitely by me).

The departure of JT (John Topping) is a huge loss to the club, however we all have to make decisions about what we do in life. Unfortunately for BWAM John has given up motorcycling for the moment and left the club which I wasn't expecting at all, indeed I was quite shocked when I heard the news only a couple of weeks ago. JT's provided many associates and observers with sound advice, good technique and a good glove whipping over the years, I know I got one about a year ago for barrelling into traffic too quickly! JT, you'll always be welcome back if you wish to return, and I wish you well for the future and your retirement – when it finally comes – don't forget once you're a gent of leisure there is always the FARTS rides ....

Additionally, we have seen Howard Avery hanging up his observer boots for now, which was balanced out by our newest observer Hilary Hardman who has transferred in from neighbouring SAM group (Solent), Hilary, welcome. Howard, thank you for your time, and I look forward to seeing you on social rides in the future. Also making a return following a brief absence is Ian Newey who is being mentored back by Dave Orvin.

Which brings me nicely to Dave, well done Dave, passed his senior observer's test, good effort mate. Senior observer tests aren't easy things, 2-3 hours in front of the regional staff examiner, only 6 year 'til you have to do it again! I had the enjoyment of adding a little polish to Dave's performance at the end, however the real praise must go to Steve Hines for his good work with Dave.

Over the course of the past year (well, 14 months AGM to AGM) we've had 11 test passes which is down on past years but we are in a strong position with a number of associates coming up for test in the near future. In addition to the normal observed rides a significant number of observers have been spending time with Paul Gardner and Claire Saunders running the unallocated associate social rides for new members, and with Dave Orvin helping on group training rides (GTARs) with associates on an adhoc basis. Claire, Paul and Dave well done, and it'll be good to see it all working again through this spring, summer and autumn once again this year. Then there are the hundreds of hours the observers put in at the weekends, during the week and in the evenings, working with their associates to improve their skills and safety, come rain, sun, wind and (this year) snow. Without this commitment their wouldn't be a club, thanks guys, you make my job quite easy, keep up the standards.

The final thing I'd like to highlight this year has been our participation in 2 Dorset County Council sponsored Ride Safe sessions. These sessions target the roads with the highest accident rates in the county in an attempt to increase local motorcyclists' awareness of the hazards of the particular area. These are now a particular favourite of mine, with the drinking tea & coffee, eating biscuits, listening to Chris Smith cover three-quarters of Roadcraft in sixty minutes, oh, and getting out with members of the public conducting assessment rides. Hopefully DCC will continue with these sessions through this year as they do help to raise the profile of the club and promote motorcycling in a responsible manner. Thanks to Martin Saunders for the organisation and Chris Smith for convincing us we wanted to do it ....

So, in addition to a few more Ride Safe sessions what should we expect in the coming year?

The return of Alec and Pearl to observing, it'll be good to see you guys back; The continued progress of the six trainee observers towards their Qualified Observer Tests; An Observer training weekend in mid-Wales with three examiners to act as demanding task masters, polishing our observing and demonstration skills; A spring time observer's breakfast to replace the Christmas one that was lost in the snow & ice; Some tinkering with the observer guidelines and possibly the reintroduction of associate guideline; And, if I can get a small team together for it, the creation of observer training guidelines to add structure to the way the seniors train and mentor the observers.

In just two days from now,  
tomorrow will be yesterday.

Oh, and I guess we'd better fit in a little observing there somewhere are well .....

Once again, thanks to all the observers, seniors and trainees for there time, effort, patience and good will. My thanks also to Martin and Chris, our local examiners, they provide the observer team good feedback not only through what they see on test but also keeping the observer's rides on the straight and narrow, helping to maintain our standard as one of better observer teams in the country.

Don't forget, you're bike is at its most stable when upright pulling a gentle load, not as some would suggest, in the garage on it's centre stand, spring has arrive, get out there ....

Ride safely

Mark

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## Whiskey With Water

Since the last newsletter there hasn't been many changes, which is good for Matt and myself and now hopefully the web site has all the information you would like to see. If not please contact Matt or Tony with your suggestions [webmaster@bwam.org.uk](mailto:webmaster@bwam.org.uk)

The [Home](#) page needs some new pictures, preferably colourful action shots of motorcycles. If you are an Observer and handy with a camera lets have some photo's.

There are a few additions to the [Observers](#) page.

You should all have membership to the Forum, if not please email Matt or Tony at [forum@bwam.org.uk](mailto:forum@bwam.org.uk) with your name, email address and BWAM Group membership number.

The [Links](#) page has been updated to include new links. Also there are a growing number of Tutorials to help members with Passwords, Logins and Inserting Pictures.

If you should wish to download an old Newsletter, you can from the [Newsletter Archive](#), also minutes of the BWAM Committee meeting can be downloaded from the [Committee Meeting Minutes Online](#) on the People page.

Tony Summers  
Webmaster

I may be schizophrenic,  
but at least I have each  
other.

The following is an actual question given on a University of Washington chemistry Mid-Term examination. The answer by one of the students was so profound that the professor shared it with his colleagues, via the internet, which is, of course, why we have the pleasure of enjoying it as well:

Bonus Question: Is hell exothermic, (gives off heat), or endothermic, (absorbs heat)?

Most of the students wrote proofs of their beliefs using Boyles Law, (gas cools when it expands and heats when it is compressed), or some other variant. One student, however, wrote the following:

'First we need to know how the mass of hell is changing in time. So, we need to know the rate at which souls are moving into Hell and the rate at which they are leaving. I think that we can safely assume that once a soul gets to Hell, it will not leave. Therefore, no souls are leaving.

As for how many souls are entering Hell, let's look at the different religions that exist in the world today. Most of these religions state that if you are not a member of their religion, you will go to Hell. Since there is more than one of these religions and since people do not belong to more than one religion, we can predict that all souls go to Hell.

With birth and death rates as they are, we can expect the number of souls in Hell to increase exponentially. Now, we look at the rate of change of the volume in Hell because Boyle's Law states that in order for the temperature and pressure in hell to stay the same, the volume in Hell has to expand proportionately as souls are added.

This gives two possibilities:

1. If Hell is expanding at a slower rate than the rate at which souls enter, then the temperature and pressure in Hell will increase until all hell breaks loose.
2. If Hell is expanding at a rate faster than the increase of souls in Hell, then the temperature and pressure will drop until Hell freezes over.

So which is it?

If we accept the postulate given to me by Teresa during my Freshman year that, "It will be a cold day in Hell before I sleep with you" and take into account that I slept with her last night, then number 2 must be true, and thus I am sure that Hell is exothermic and has already frozen over. The corollary of this theory is that since Hell has frozen over, it follows that it is not anticipating any more souls and is, therefore, extinct... Leaving only Heaven, thereby proving the existence of a divine being which explains why, last night, Teresa shouted

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"OH MY GOD"

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> This student received an A+ for his work

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## The Pheasants Tale - Chris Green

I have a long with most people been riding bikes for 30 plus years, and always part of my de-briefs when training has the comments, "we learn every time we ride". On that note a tale springs to mind. Living out in the sticks one of my daily occurrences is dodging pheasants; I have missed them by inches and have set them up taking flight thinking that was close!! With this complacency in mind it has almost become a bit of sport whilst riding home, using the phrase as people that ride with me well know "Chase the Tail" and you're sure to miss them. It has worked countless times and become a sure way of not actually hitting them.

Last autumn whilst enjoying my usual ride home down the enjoyable winding country lanes I noticed more than a few pheasants trotting across the road, with my usual game plan of chasing the Tails and making them take flight away from me, of which any Gaame keeper would of been proud, was a group of probably 12. This meant me having to take severe positioning into the nearside to allow the dozen to take off or move away from me. However there is always one pheasant that doesn't think for itself and follows others' leads, not dissimilar to us I suppose. On this occasion cracking down the nearside at the national speed limit a sight of a dozen birds taking off looked pretty grand until the one Pheasant hiding in the brush to the left of me panicked and thought he would take off too; my peripheral vision just picked up on this flight path and it soon dawned on me that I was going to head butt this one!! Never having head butted a pheasant before I assumed this would be a screw-your-face-up-quickly-and-carry-on-with-a-glancing-blow job.

I have never been hit by Mike Tyson before but now realise what it mike be like!! To say being hit this hard was no exaggeration, my arms left the handle bars and suddenly I was on my back foot so to speak in full mind set "Im coming off". The good old Pan stayed on track whilst I was pretending to be a pillion, I pulled over to see the damage and re-set myself, ears still ringing. For the next 2 days my neck was sore and could still feel on my forehead bruising throughout the week.

The morale of the story? We all get complacent and push the boundaries, the reality check of actually being hit hurts!! Needless to say a pheasant, as much as I love them on the dining table, should be treated not only with cranberry sauce but as a hazard, so on the approach to any "pheasant" all features of the system should be considered, but please be flexible as it only hurts if you dont!

**Heaven is Where:**  
The Police are British,  
The Chefs are Italian,  
The Mechanics are German,  
The Lovers are French and  
It's all organized by the Swiss.

# Dubai 2010

During our recent visit in February the first residents were moving in on the 150<sup>th</sup> floor of the worlds tallest building with 16 more floors above them. Simultaneously I was measuring up to get a spacer made to enable our resident friend to fit a wider Honda Fire-blade rear wheel into his 1200 Bandit.

The local workshop employed Bangladeshi workers whose skills outstripped their poor working conditions. They made the parts within hours and they fitted perfectly for just over £12. Contrasts in lifestyle are dramatically seen if you explore the areas of Dubai that European visitors rarely go. This was our 8<sup>th</sup> visit in the last 12 years and each time the changes are staggering, a development the size of Bournemouth being a normal yearly expansion. 90% of the population are from the Indian sub-continent and Indonesia, providing cheap labour, sending most of their earnings back home to support their families. By avoiding the Hotel complexes, eating and shopping are remarkably cheap. Four of us ate at a popular Pakistani restaurant for less than £10. A similar meal in a hotel in the tourist area would be at least 10 times this price

Motorcycling is dangerous, with accident damage aggravated by the local custom of riding with T-shirts. Helmets are normally worn, unless you have a really big bike like a Gold Wing, which is considered wide enough for car like protection!

Roundabouts cause most near misses and when accident rates exceed acceptable levels then they are removed and replaced with traffic light controlled junctions. (designed and manufactured at Siemens Poole)

Driving skills vary widely, most roads are multi-lane with lots of room to manoeuvre, using the horn in the correct way to warn of your position. Speed and power is all important, the average 'shopping trolley' being a Land-cruiser. Not surprisingly the Emirate's carbon footprint is the largest per head anywhere, with petrol at 20p/litre the car is the first choice of transport.

Motorbikes fall into three categories, Harley and Victory cruisers ridden by 40-60 year olds. Delivery Honda 250cc dreams and the most vulnerable rich younger riders who go for Sports bikes, especially favouring super-charged Hyabusa's, R1's and Fireblade's, predictably this is the group that wreck their bikes and damage their image.

Resulting from this carnage there is a plentiful supply of scrapped Japanese performance bikes that are recycled to maintain the not so damaged bikes.

The only main dealers are Harley and BMW which is a subsidiary of the BMW car showroom, any other manufacturer is supported with the ingenuity of back-street workshops such as the one we used for making up the spacers. This bodging added to the lack of the equivalent of MOT testing and no tyre tread depth laws makes for some interesting performance one-offs. Reminders of the 1960 special Triton's and Tribsa's came flooding back but with the modern 150+bhp compared with the old Triumphs 42+bhp.

Altogether an interesting motorcycle scene, which can only change like the rest of the country. Similarly the changes will be quick. The Sheik's powers are such that he could ban motorcycling should it be considered not the way to go. Fortunately there are influential Emirates involved with the mainstream motorcycling scene on Harley's coupled with the police force use of Yamaha's. Legislation to reduce the accident rate seems likely in the next couple of years.

The other factor that dictates motorcycle use is the climate, as the temperatures rise in April/May to 45+, then daytime use becomes uncomfortable.

The season for two wheels runs from October to March with few bikes being seen in the summer where transport is limited to air-conditioned vehicles. Even the bus stops are air-conditioned as waiting for any length of time out in the open can be debilitating.

Coming back in February to a 30 deg drop in temperature and gaining three layers of clothes was sobering, but at least we had the warmer weather to look forward to?

Martin Saunders

**Hell is Where:**  
The Police are German,  
The Chefs are British,  
The Mechanics are French,  
The Lovers are Swiss and  
It's all organized by the Italians.

## Farts rides

Since the last newsletter these have been adversely affected by the weather, the same as most other riding has, so not too much to report, really. On 4th March Jon and Martin took turns at the front in what has been described as

“Thanks to all who came on the ride as we seemed to have the best of the sunshine. Jon led the "roundabout" route to include Zig-Zag to Compton Abbas where we had drinks before Martin showed us a variety of lanes with what I can only describe as "odd" surfaces on a circular route to Sparkford and back to Lydlinch where we said our goodbyes and went our separate ways. I can only reiterate Jons post especially with regard to the mileage as when I arrived home I had covered approx 137 miles, so if I take this as to what can be covered in an afternoon then there is hope for me yet on the

Spring Rally 🤪

Roger”

and

“More people turned up then I have ever seen at a FARTS run before, we had an enjoyable run up to Compton Abbas, the long way round, through Wiltshire, and then an even more scenic and meandering route back again, through Somerset. 101 miles from AFP to home, and although it was a little cold at times, I enjoyed every one.

Thanks to all of you who turned up.

Jon”

and on 8th April we finally made it to Marlborough by way of the New Forest and the Wallops, which turned out to be delightful route topped off with Wexcombe Down and Great Bedwyn and a blast down the A4. Tea in the sunshine at last!

I'm very pleased to say that these rides are well supported, and not just by the old'uns either. Those of you who find yourselves with mid-week flexibility shouldn't be put off by the titling of these rides; they're neither slow nor is there any requirement to be retired. Though there seems to be a reluctance to include them in the Events section of the website they're proving to be every bit a part of Bwam as your average Sunday ride; love to see you join us one day.

John Spinks



When I were a lad, Momma would send me down to t'corner store wi'a dollar, and I'd come back wi' five pounds o'potatoes, two loaves o'bread, three pints o'milk, a pound o'cheese, a packet o'tea, an' 'arf a dozen eggs. Yer can't do that now. Too many damn security cameras.

My short-term memory is not as sharp as it used to be. Also, my short-term memory's not as sharp as it used to be.

## India by Enfield - the diy way

You know when you've made a mistake; you have that gut feeling that although you're sure you're doing the right thing you're not 100% confident that the alternative(s) will be any better. This is India, after all, and things are just not that clear-cut.

The mistake, if it was to turn out to be just that, concerned the fundamental element of our 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> week plonk about southern India on an Enfield; actually getting an Enfield. As a super-intelligent approach to sourcing one in Cochin I'd stuck "rent", "bike", "Cochin" into Google and back came, strangely enough, a firm calling itself Bike Rental Cochin. Good internet tactics or what? 600 Rupees a day - eight quid to you and me - sounded ok; yeah, we'll have some of that!

Fort Cochin is a great place to start a trip like this but, to be frank, doesn't stand 3 days of sightseeing so we decided to pay a call on Bike Rental Cochin and to check up on the bike. Yes, it was there all right and operating, like most other businesses in India, out of a shed smaller than the ones we'd put the lawn mower in. The bike was duly wheeled out for our inspection; I've not actually seen an Enfield Bullet with alloy wheels before and pretty well all the bikes I have ridden have had at least some tread on the back tyre.

"Bit of tread on the back tyre'd be good." "You want tread, you buy new tyre; this India." "Bollocks, this bike's going to Mysore and back (about 1000 miles) and I'm hanged, or words to that effect, if I'm going to spend my holiday mending punctures in your clapped out tyre!" "Only new tyre on black market; you want, you pay." "Put the proper wheels back on and you don't need black market tyres." "You want new tyre, you pay."

Well, you can see where this was going. Factor in the huge deposit of 30,000 Rupees that he wanted and which of course would be refunded less the hire fee - yeah sure - and you'll see why we got back in the car leaving our driver to tell rentabike chappie just where he could stick his bike, bald tyre and all. "Ok, what now?" That was probably mistake number one, as the new tyre would only have been thirty quid and the extra for the deposit was just under £200; annoying but hardly catastrophic if we'd lost it. We were to learn that we'd probably been rather harsh in our judgement.

But this is India. It is a truly amazing place not the least in respect of their "can do" attitude. The guy who organised our hotels and through whom I should have organised the bike (mistake number two) recommended buying one and selling it on when we'd finished with it. We'd heard disturbing stories of people getting caught by this one and, mistake number three, declined; he's probably totally honest but time seemed too short and the admin out here famous for its maddening slowness. Then up comes our driver with a suggestion; "You pay me the 600 Rupees a day and you can have my cousin's bike. He's out of the state for a while." And of course we had a look, and of course it seemed at first sight to be ok; it did have tread on the back tyre after all! 5000 km on the clock and it started. No huge deposit required either, just a 2000 Rupee bond against damage. Good deal, eh?

Come the day, several later after a magical backwaters trip and two beach bungalow nights featuring rats in the roof, cockroaches in the sink and fishermen in the adjacent village using the beach as their personal toilet, the 3pm bike deliver time became 9pm. It's very, very dark at this hour so it seemed not at all unreasonable to assume that all was well; after all the bike had just been ridden 50 miles in the dark! So we let driver chappie get off home. Yeah, right.

Loading 50kgs of luggage - ok, you get a woman to travel light! - onto a bike with only one side rack and a rear carrier proved interesting but by 8.30 we were ready to be on our way. By 8.35 we had to stop to adjust the luggage only to find that we had a dead bike. But, as I've said earlier, this is India and within 2 minutes we'd half a dozen young onlookers all of whom had mobile phones with a mechanic's number on it. Within 5 minutes one of them turned up, found a blown fuse - there's only one on these bikes - in a box that wouldn't open and 10 minutes and 20 Rupees (30p to you!) later we were away again with, of course, a bodged up fuse rewire. This is India and out here bush mechanics reign supreme.

An hour later we'd stopped at a tee-junction unsure of which way to go. Easy really; left or right. The inevitable onlookers all had ideas which ranged helpfully from - you've guessed it - left to right. Discussions terminated abruptly with Sandie pointing out that my right hand seemed to be on fire. Smoke from rapidly melting pvc was coming from the front brake stop lamp switch and its associated wiring so a good yank ripped them and the switch away - that, folks is why you wear gloves; nothing to do with falling off! - and when the smoke cleared the onlookers returned with their mobile phones all of which had a mechanic's number on them. "No thanks, this one I can deal with," and a pair of cutters and tape soon had the errant wiring and its stop lamp fault well and truly out of action. No one uses them here anyway so why cause unnecessary confusion? All this before 10 o'clock on the first day; going to be a good trip!!

If you turn right at that particular junction you are rewarded massively with the most stunning backwaters scenery. From causeways lined with palm trees the placid waters reflect rippled sunshine in the warm breeze and Chinese fishing nets set the scene of a tranquil way of life that has been handed down for generations oblivious to whatever passes for progress around it. Nothing however lasts for ever and mediocrity soon returned, and along with it a front-end vagueness that was initially attributed to the bike being severely overloaded at the back. Logic prevailed, of course, when the front tyre exhausted all of its air! Right in front of a car body-shop the mechanics of whom, of course, had mobile phones with the required numbers and within 5 minutes up turned the puncture waller on his moped with a bagful of tools. We'd worked out that the valve was faulty, having put air in earlier, so he replaced it, realigned the valve stem and pumped the tyre back up with a

I have kleptomania,  
but when it gets bad,  
I take something for it.

foot pump. Another 20 Rupees - 30p, remember - so a 25% tip seemed in order. Generous to a fault, that's me!

Nothing more untoward was to happen that day, thank goodness. Soon the Cardamom Hills hove into sight; no prizes for guessing what's grown there! The rising land gave the bike a lot of work, mostly in second or even first gear, but brought relief from the heat of the lowlands. Higher and higher, greener and greener as scrub gives way to generations old cultivations of cardamom and tea. Both like a degree of shade which extends to road travellers and the whole is exceedingly pleasant. Hardly fast and furious but visually so interesting; colourful full-sized versions of popular garden shrubs such as petunias and tamarind, bougainvillea, poinsettias and hibiscus punctuate the greenery so vividly that to rush by is the prerogative of the testosterone-fuelled philistines to be found at the head of many a tour group. Intent on being the first one in the bar, they are immune to the beauty around them. But by the end of that eventful first day I have to admit that the call of the bar was pretty compelling!

We were to continue having trouble, and having the trouble "fixed", for quite some time. The basic problem was the wiring, in that it had been so comprehensively messed with over the years. Twisted connections abounded and the rectifier consisted of four tv-style diodes boded together in a terminal strip; there was no regulator and the charge rate was consequently very high. "All Enfields like this - this India!" Fine for chugging around town, sure, but with the bike working hard all day long it wasn't long before one of the diodes popped its cloggs and with the battery having boiled its guts away long ago the bike was dying. Fast. It was 4pm and we had a tiger reserve to go through - at dusk!! They say there aren't many tigers left but we weren't too keen on putting that one to the test, so rode, popping and misfiring, in the middle of the road to keep what traffic there was behind us in the hope of help if the bike finally died on us. That moment came in a dusty main road town called Udamalapet, right outside a bike place. It was no good saying that what was wanted was a new rectifier, a regulator and a new battery. A rewire was diagnosed and yes, it certainly needed one and at only fifteen pounds wasn't going to break the bank and yes, they'd start straight away. Udamalapet isn't best known for its hotels - it doesn't have any, so we spent the night at a lodge and ate in the local caff. Room and two meals for under a tenner; that can't be bad and rough though the place was we slept really well. Next morning we were to find that they'd worked till 3am, and that everything was now fixed. Same battery, though. "Charges ok now!". "No it doesn't; it needs a regulator like I said last night". "All Enfields like this - this India". "You take it up the road for ten miles". So off he went, and of course it wasn't charging when he came back. "Needs a regulator, like I said just now. And last night. And a real rectifier, not that tv crap". With that a very dignified local turned up on his brand new Enfield Bullet and insisted that we take his rectifier; it was easy to find - beside the regulator! Didn't help to point that out, though. But what a kindness!! So with more cutting and twisting together of wires this was boded in and I set off solo, having sent Sandie ahead in a taxi for the eighty miles up into the hills to Kodaikanal where I arrived in the dark, in the rain and with - you've guessed it - a failing bike.

We had arranged to meet up with Suzie and her Blazing Trails Kerala trip there; in fact we were dislodged from our hotel by them. They were staying over for two nights and she, bless her, insisted that her mechanic take a look at the bike. Jamal worked all day on it, replacing pretty much all the electrics that had been replaced three days previously, but the difference was that he did it properly. Suzie wouldn't accept any payment for his time, though of course I saw him all right, and for the remaining four weeks of the trip it ran perfectly. Yet another kindness in a place full of kind people; just a pity they know so little about keeping bikes running!

And what a memorable trip it was! The bike troubles over, we could enjoy the place to the full. While you lot were freezing in the miserable February weather we spent time in lovely Mysore, we lingered in Ooty (mainly 'cos I got sick in Ooty!), we revisited Munnar and we relished in the lovely, lovely scenery, people and food that is Kerala. We shall go back.

John Spinks

## South America, anyone?



## Psychic Daughter

A father put his three year old daughter to bed, told her a story and listened to her prayers which she ended by saying:

"God bless Mummy,  
God bless Daddy,  
God bless Grandma  
and good-bye Grandpa."

The father asked, "Why did you say good-bye grandpa?"

The little girl said, "I don't know daddy, it just seemed like the thing to do."

The next day grandpa died. The father thought it was a strange coincidence.

A few months later the father put the girl to bed and listened to her prayers which went like this:

"God bless Mummy,  
God Bless Daddy  
and good-bye Grandma.."

The next day the grandmother died. Oh my gosh, thought the father, this kid is in contact with the other side.

Several weeks later when the girl was going to bed the dad heard her say:

"God bless Mummy  
and good-bye Daddy."

He practically went into shock. He couldn't sleep all night and got up at the crack! of dawn to go to his office. He was nervous as a cat all day, had lunch sent in and watched the clock. He figured if he could get by until midnight he would be okay. He felt safe in the office, so instead of going home at the end of the day he stayed there, drinking coffee, looking at his watch and jumping at every sound. Finally midnight arrived, he breathed a sigh of relief and went home. When he got home his wife said "I've never seen you work so late, what's the matter?"

He said "I don't want to talk about it, I've just spent the worst day of my life." She said "You think you had a bad day, you'll never believe what happened to me."

**This morning the milkman dropped dead on our porch!!**

# Why men shouldn't write advice columns

Dear John,

I hope you can help me. The other day, I set off for work, leaving my husband in the house watching TV. My car stalled, and then it broke down about a mile down the road, and I had to walk back to get my husband's help. When I got home, I couldn't believe my eyes. He was in our bedroom with the neighbor's daughter!

I am 32, my husband is 34 and the neighbor's daughter is 19. We have been married for 10 years. When I confronted him, he broke down and admitted they had been having an affair for the past six months. He won't go to counseling, and I'm afraid I am a wreck and need advice urgently. Can you please help?

Sincerely, Sheila

Dear Sheila,

A car stalling after being driven a short distance can be caused by a variety of faults with the engine. Start by checking that there is no debris in the fuel line. If it is clear, check the vacuum pipes and hoses on the intake manifold and also check all grounding wires. If none of these approaches solves the problem, it could be that the fuel pump itself is faulty, causing low delivery pressure to the injectors.

I hope this helps,  
John

— Forwarded by Steve Sanderson,  
Gilbert, S.C.

**'I asked my friend's little girl what she wanted to be when she grows up. She said she wanted to be Prime Minister some day.**

**Both her parents, Labour supporters, were standing there, so I asked her, "If you were Prime Minister what would be the first thing you would do?"**

**She replied, "I'd give food and houses to all the homeless people."**

**Her parents beamed, and said, "Welcome to the Labour Party!"**

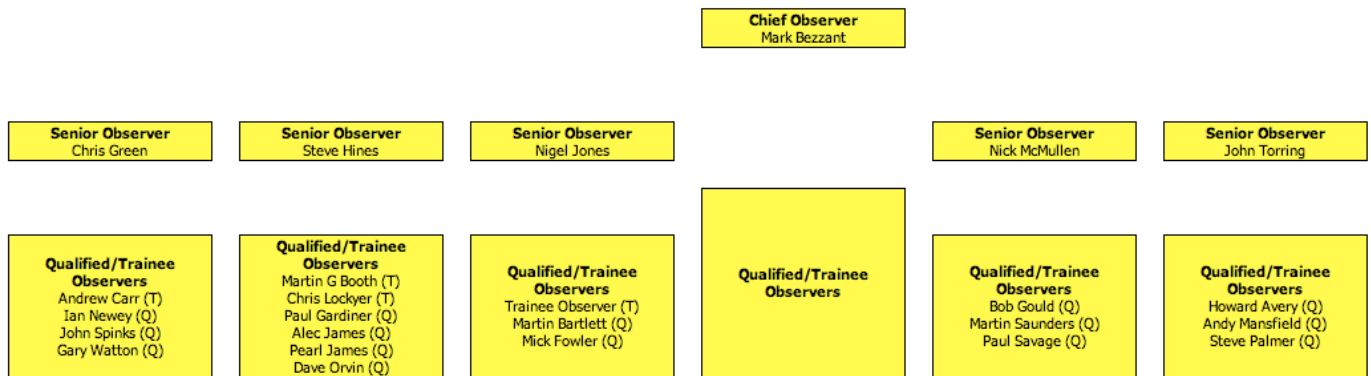
**"Wow...what a worthy goal!" I told her. I continued, "But you don't have**

**to wait until you're Prime Minister to do that. You can come over to my house, mow the lawn, pull weeds, sweep my drive and I'll pay you £25. Then I'll take you over to the grocery store where the homeless guy hangs out. You can give him the £25 to use toward food."**

**She thought that over for a few seconds, then she looked me straight in the eye and asked, "Why doesn't the homeless guy come over and do the work and you can just pay him the £25?"**

**I smiled and said, "Welcome to the Conservative Party."**

## Observer Organisation Chart



[Return](#)

### Observer Expenses

There is no charge for the guidance offered by the IAM, but significant expenses for Observers, who offer their time for no financial reward. It is polite to make an offer towards Observers' running costs so that their enthusiasm for guiding others isn't dampened by the financial drain.

The committee has agreed that Observers should be offered £10 per ride. If there are two Associates then they should offer £5 each. It is then at the Observer's discretion what to accept.

### Fuelling

Can all Associates please make sure that they have enough fuel in their bike before they begin their ride. This will avoid inconvenience to the Observer and fellow Associates on the same ride.

## Places to go

Favourite watering hole? Let us know and add to recommendations or otherwise



[www.loomies.co.uk](http://www.loomies.co.uk)



[www.bikenormany.com](http://www.bikenormany.com)



[www.holidayloire.co.uk](http://www.holidayloire.co.uk)

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written and published by our own Peter Wills



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