



**Southern Sporting
Motor Cycle Club**

CONTACT

SEPTEMBER

2014

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Dates for your diary

31st August	Short run for small bikes to Newlands Corner
14th September	TBA – Club Captain is away (anyone else want to lead it?)
28th September	Haines Museum – Sparkford, Somerset
12th October	Hayling Island – Ship Inn
2nd November	Bonham's London to Brighton Veteran Car Run
28th November	Motorcycle Show, NEC Birmingham
13th December	Christmas Dinner & Dance, The Park Hotel, Teddington



2014

BMF Discount Code

The discount code for members of

**Southern Sporting
Motorcycle Club**

is

SSM14H529

— This number may be used by your members

To receive discounts on advanced tickets to all BMF shows.

To receive discounts on insurance, travel and breakdown cover and other BMF member benefits.

To ensure that your members get the most out of your affiliation to the BMF please circulate this number to all your members as soon as possible.

President's piece

The road trial went well. First were Heather and Mick with a score of 82.5. Second Estelle with Dave on the back and Lorna following, score 80. Third Kim and Tony in Kim's Jag losing points for going too fast, score 75. Fourth Ian and Amoret with 72.5 points. All arrived back in one piece but there were arguments!

NEC Birmingham has been arranged for Friday 28th November – see Ian for details.

Christmas party is being held at The Park Hotel in Teddington just down from the Adelaide – see Amoret for details. The club is going to pay £2.50 per person so the cost will be £30 each. The day is Saturday 13th December.

No committee minutes this month as there was no meeting, but the decisions for the NEC and Christmas party were made at the pub whilst were corate.

John Mason – President.

Editor's piece

It might seem ridiculously early to be thinking about Christmas, but we're keen to get something booked, so have decided to hold the Christmas bash at The Park Hotel in Teddington on Saturday 13th December 2014. The full price of tickets is £32.50 per person (but you'll be charged £30 as the club is subsidising the £2.50), which includes three course dinner and a disco until midnight. We'll need to give the venue menu choices and full payment three weeks before, so by mid-November we'll be asking for final numbers. So save the date!

There's no committee minutes included in this month's Contact, as there weren't enough members available in order to hold an official meeting. Although I can confirm that the committee are not getting complacent – the website is currently being redesigned, the Club Captain has had his head in the road map and the Christmas Party is booked!

Amoret Whitaker – Editor

Glorious Goodwood, Ladies Day – SSMCC style!

The weather forecast was showing sunny intervals, with a little light cloud. I had no idea how many bods were going to turn up, so I decided that it was time to drag the Big Black Bike out of its slumber at the back of the garage. So that's what I headed off to Newlands Corner, in deepest Surrey, on!



At 10.30 there were 14 bikes and 16 eager people awaiting instructions. A quick conflag with the “ex” Club Captain had us proceeding in a southerly direction in two groups. The route I had planned took us from Newlands Corner, along to Shalford, down the A3100 towards Godalming, picking up the A283 towards Petworth. Along this road, we went through, what I would call some wetter than normal light cloud!! I'm glad to say it was only a few spots in the end ... so much for a dry day forecast!! At Petworth we headed west along the A272 towards Midhurst, then headed south on the A286. Near Goodwood Race Course, the two groups met up, Mr Pearce phoned the advanced party (Mrs Pearce and Nicole!) to check how packed the cafe was or not! (It wasn't!!), so we all arrived at the Goodwood Aerodrome together. I had planned to arrive after midday (which we did!), so that we didn't clash with the “Goodwood Breakfast Club” event happening that morning.



When all 14 of us arrived, it caused a little confusion with the stewards, as to



what to do with us!! We must have looked hungry, as they took pity on us and sent us through the tunnel and on to the Aero Club Cafe, which was nice! Now there were 18 people and 16 bikes. More than half the group were ladies, hence this articles title, hee, hee, Dave was in seventh heaven!

Lunch was consumed and we watched various Helicopters and Aeroplanes doing their thing, whilst we all sat in the sunshine.

The ride back took us up to Midhurst and we carried on along the A286 towards Haslemere, where we cut across to Hindhead and stopped at the Devils Punch Bowl Cafe for tea and ice cream.

From there we headed off home. A mention must go to Graham Dunbar, who rode all the way from Newbury to join us, on his fully functioning motorbike, although he did arrive at Goodwood with less bike than he started with!! Well done to the “125” ladies and thanks to Karen and



Nicole Pearce for “reserving” the tables at the cafe.

I had some very positive comments about the Goodwood Aero Club Cafe, so we’ll try and make it a regular stopping point in the future.



See you round on one wheel or another!!

**Spannerus Grossus – (Club Captain) –
Torque Wrench & Polishing Cloth.**

Donnington Park with Flossie: Part 1

“Ut wisi enim ad genus vel”

(To Learn or To Race)

It's the chicken or the egg scenario. If you want to ride on one of Britain's many race tracks, what do you do first? If you've never been on a track, like me, do you go to a school and learn a track and get tuition at the same time, or do you head straight to a novice track day and hope the “bollocks and bravado” from your fellow race goers won't cause you to end up in the gravel (kitty litter, as it's commonly referred to) staring at what was your pride and joy, which is now the wrong way up and in more pieces than when you bought it.

I'm opting for track school and after much online, forum reading and unbelievably, many positive reviews from Trip Advisor, I have booked Ron Haslam's Honda Track school based at Donnington Park. The track is a 130 odd miles up the M1 from Isleworth and two hours later I'm nervously parking up behind the paddocks. There are two courses available but they have to be completed in sequence, so I'm here for the Premier course. This is an afternoon, comprising class room tuition and three track sessions. You'll normally get two pupils to one instructor, riding the school's own Honda CBR600rr's. If you've completed this course, you're eligible to take on the Elite course which is one to one instruction with telemetry (track timings and various graphs and charts) and the use of the school's CBR1000rr's Fireblades, more of the Elite course next month.

Back in the race school's reception, I'm prompted to sign in and then if I need to, head to the changing rooms to try on helmets and leathers. These are thrown in with the price of the day, but I've purchased my own as I want to focus clearly on the circuit and not the irritations of an ill-fitting suit. Once my fellow students are all finally resplendent in their race suits, we are ushered into a classroom to talk about the track, how the afternoon will progress and what we'd like to achieve. For me, I've always had a problem with really leaning into right hand turns and as this circuit is nearly all right handers, I'm sure I'm going to get over this fear pretty quickly.

Lecture over and now it's out to the pit lane to meet the instructors. Myself and fellow student Ian are paired up with our instructor, a young BSB racer called Taylor. Gazing out on the pit lane we spy a row of CBR600's. These are standard road bikes with sports touring tyres. They have the lights, mirrors and switch gear removed but the cockpit is instantly recognisable as a road-going CBR. Our first session is track and bike familiarisation. We will do a few slow laps and then generally build up the speed to give Taylor an idea of what sort of level Ian and I are at. We follow Taylor to the end of the pit lane and Geoff, our pit lane master, lets us loose and we are away.

The first two laps are sedate for a race track but it's all about planning and observation. We are looking for coloured cones marking braking areas, apexes and areas where we should get as close to the curb as possible for the best racing line. At this point, I'll admit to having watched hours of You Tube footage of the circuit, but actually riding it is very different. There are long sweeping bends and tight hair pins to negotiate and at the end of the first session, I've mapped out the circuit perfectly in my head but its machine control that's letting me down. We pull into the pits for questions and debriefing.

Back in the pit lane, my fellow student is already asking if he can go in a faster group. I knew I wasn't going to be the fastest out there but this ego knocking comment proves to be a godsend for me. As luck would have it, there are a few spare instructors and Ian and Taylor head off to chat and I'm presented with Owen, an older club racer who starts straight away on what I think I'm falling down on. I ask about gear changes and I'm told that the whole circuit can be done in just 2nd and 3rd gear. I must leave the clutch alone for up changes and just come off the throttle when going up the box. When it comes to braking, the standard fit ABS will do all the work so leave the back brake entirely alone and just grab a handful of the front. With this track biased machine control in mind, we



Taking a wide line at the Melbourne Hairpin

start Session 2. Within the first few corners, it's evident that the instruction has soaked in and the corner exit speeds are far better than earlier. Sweeping up the hill to a series of shallow bends, I'm reminding myself that I need to hang off the bike further and the circuit is now appearing to me like the footage from an on

board camera from a MotoGP race. I have to remember to breathe on the straights before rolling into turns as the concentration is just immense and the adrenalin is sky high. Luckily, I get a break here and there where Owen ushers me to a slower side of the track to let the Elite course Fireblades come past. With Session 2 complete, we are back in the pit lane and I am elated that my progression has really jumped. Owen is full of praise and asks me what I think I need to improve on. With machine control sorted, I need to master corner entry speed and position, especially on the two killer hair pins at Donnington, the Melbourne Hairpin and Goddards.

Session 3 gets underway and this is all about cornering. I'm reminded that a fast lap is all about being smooth through every corner. There is no let up here and we are at full chat within the first lap. The circuit is really flowing now and I'm loving every minute of

it. Suddenly, we are catching groups further up ahead and their instructors are waving Owen and I through as we nail it from turn to turn. I have noticed that changing down for the slow corners is causing the back end of the bike to slide around rather unnervingly. This, I'm told, is because the 600's don't have slipper clutches fitted and this will happen. Session 3 is over and we are back in the pit lane. For most people, that would have been the end of the day ... but I overhear a conversation about an extra session if instructors are free and you've got more cash. As soon as our final debrief is over, I'm sprinting in my leathers to the front desk. There are two of us who want to go out again. The rest of my group are handing in kit and grabbing teas from the café. Maybe it's enough for them but I'm bang up for more.



Back in the pit lane and I'm reunited with Taylor. He's looking forward to us heading out on this last session to see how I've improved since the start of the day. He's got an idea of how much I've progressed because he's had to pull Ian, the supposed faster student from earlier, over a couple of times to let Owen and I storm past.

Session 4 goes like a dream. I should be tired but the can of monster caffeine drink has kicked in and we are flying. While I'm still bias to the odd left hander, The Foggy Esses are a dream to ride through and I've got most of the corners nailed. With heavy rain on the horizon and the sun dropping, it's finally the end of the day and we enter the pits for the last time.

This was a great day out with a top school and really capable instructors. I would thoroughly recommend this course to anyone with a full license and the inclination to go out on a track.

Details of the Circuit and Ron Haslam's Honda Race School can all be easily found online.

Coming Next Month..... It's Part 2 at Donnington with Floss and the Elite course.

Bits and bobs

Watch out for motorbikes being nicked!



This stolen motorbike was recovered within hours when a keen-eyed biker saw someone breaking the steering lock, and riding it away. Despite the engine being immobilised, a scooter rider was able to push it along with one foot. Apparently this method of nicking bikes is quite common.

So if you see a scooter and motorbike being ridden side by side like this, make a note of the licence plates and let the police know.

The full story was reported as it unfolded on Facebook, posted first to The Ace Café, and then to London Bikers, and you can read the discussion on Facebook at the link below.

https://m.facebook.com/story.php?story_fbid=766745173367129&id=168882873153365&p=10&refid=52



Lorna's new bike!

Make: Honda
Model: Hornet 600cc
Colour: Metallic Black
Year: 2004

Well done to Lorna for passing her bike test through Direct Access!



Biker Thought for the Month ...

Bikes don't leak oil, they mark their territory.

Road trial

On a rainy Sunday morning, a few of us headed down the A3 to meet up at a Café in some woods, where we were greeted by a man rudely disturbing the peace by playing the bongo drums out of the boot of his car. We'd been instructed to turn up in cars rather than on bikes, and I think that was a wise decision, given the on/off showers we had for the rest of the morning. Despite this, those of us in convertibles were trying to be positive by starting off with air conditioning *au naturelle*, but this didn't last long. A trio of members did, however, brave the elements on bikes – Lorna on her recently acquired “big” bike and Estelle with Dave as pillion. The rest of the gang who took part are shown in the selfie below!



Spanner and I were setting the pace by going first, racing out of the car park, only to realise that we'd already missed the first clue which was *in* the car park (Note: always read the instructions *first*).

The next clue, situated in the train station car park required a slight detour and a three-point turn (as Spanner didn't want to get out of the car in the rain), losing us valuable time. From thereon, there was a fair bit of screeching (both from the navigator and from the car brakes) as we veered down tracks which became alarmingly narrow and gravel-filled (and yes, I did bottom out at one point) and annoyingly inhabited with cyclists who seemed to get more numerous and less fit as the morning progressed. Throw in a couple of horses and a large tractor along the route and we weren't exactly going at break-neck speed.

My navigator had done this before, so he was very competent at following the cryptic directions (S.O.= straight on; G/T=green triangle etc.) so we managed to stay *en route* and not get lost. The clues were all number-based (e.g. the numbers on a sign, gradient of a hill, speed limit outside a school, number of trees outside a new development, collection times on a post box, etc.) and were fairly easy to get, although each time I sped past one, I was instructed to keep going rather than adding on mileage by reversing back, so we managed to miss a few.

Kim had entrusted the controls of her very expensive Merc (?) to Tony Coe (I guess she hasn't seen him ride a bike as he's always miles ahead of everyone else), so it wasn't long before they came speeding up behind us. I decided to pull over as, a) I knew it would confuse them into thinking we'd stopped to get a clue, and b) I thought it would be easier to follow them and see where *they* stopped for clues!



Much to Spanner's relief, we finished the route, ending up at Newlands Corner café, where John, Joy, Tony and Kim were already nursing hot teas. Heather and Mick took a suspiciously long time, obviously taking it all far too seriously. And

finally the bikers arrived, just as we were getting worried and about to send out a search party. We'd all assumed that Lorna would have hated the steep hills, narrow roads, gravel and rain (often combined together), but she was full of beans, as was Estelle. Dave, however, was looking thoroughly fed up, soaking wet, with a headset that had stopped working, a soggy answer sheet, a pen that didn't work in the rain (Note: use a pencil next time!) and steamed up glasses.

The results were made official a day later: 1st place Heather and Mick (which means they get to organise next years); 2nd Estelle, Dave & Lorna; 3rd Tony & Kim; 4th Ian & Amoret. Thanks, John for organising it!

Amoret - Editor

Caption competition

Winning caption:

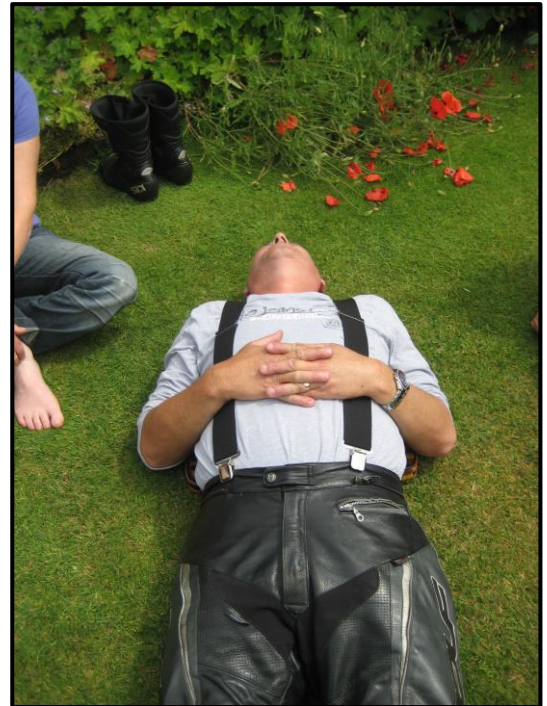
Snowy and the flowers succumb to the hum of ripe feet!

Best of the rest:

After the second helping of trifle Snowy quietly drifted into a jelly infused coma, bless!!

The removal of Chilly's boots causes both Snowy and the local flora to pass out.

Snowy decides to "play dead" to avoid doing the washing up.



Was it an overload of Sheila's trifle OR the mystery foot that overcame Snowy?



September's picture

Tony and Graham – in their waterproofs after the wet ride down to catch the train over to France.

Send your suggested captions to me at: a.whitaker@nhm.ac.uk