



South Cheshire Advanced Motorcyclists Newsletter

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- Six of the best - part 4 - Chris Steel's Scandinavian adventure continues to unfold
- Where Eagles Dare - Howard Payne's tour through southern Germany - expect the unexpected...

Chairman's message

I can't believe another month has gone by so quickly! The Summer course is now well under way and we've already had some excellent passes from Associates from the Spring course, so well done to Colin Jump, Graham Stott, Dave Hooper, Jorge Ferreira and Rob Williams. Well done to you all and to the Observers who helped out!

Another excellent result was from Chris Cullen who was successful in passing the IAM Masters with a Distinction. Brilliant result, Chris.

Congratulations also go to Sean McCarthy and Mark Rogers who were successful in requalifying as National Observers. All in all it's been a good month then, here's to next month.

Dave Cox
Chairman

Fees

Fees review outcome - action maybe required, from members with standing orders

Members may recall that the committee decided not to collect subs for the current year at the usual February/March time but would review the position later in the year. At the July committee meeting it was decided that no subscriptions would be payable until the new year (January).

The subscription year will also change to a calendar year i.e. January to December replacing the present somewhat fluid year. **If any members have standing orders could they be changed to reflect the new position please?**

Geoff has emailed the few people that paid earlier in the year who agreed that the payment would be a donation.

President's Page

Well this month has seen me returning to some sort of normal. I attended the first session of the Summer Course. It was nice to feel involved with training again. I have also done a couple of one to one sessions, so I am beginning to feel useful again.

I have also had some social riding with Ian and John, so the cobwebs have been well and truly blown off, and it is game on for the Summer of 2021...

I am still upset at having to miss my annual trip to Spain - for the second year - and next year is not definite as I write. I think we are going to have to live with covid for many years, having an annual jab similar to the flu jab. We will get through this epidemic, exactly what the new normal will be like though, who knows? However, I do know that we will continue to ride and enjoy our motorcycling.

We are arranging a couple of course promotion events at J&S, Northwich in August. Once confirmed I will ask Geoff to let all know, so if you wish to come down for an hour or so, great to see you.

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

Chris Steel
President

Upcoming events and attractions...

Sun, 29 Aug, 10:00 – Mon, 30 Aug, 16:00

Capesthorne Hall

Congleton Rd, Siddington, Macclesfield

Don't miss the last Cheshire Classic Car & Motorcycle Show of the year, taking place on Sunday 29 August 2021 & Monday 30 August 2021 at Capesthorne Hall, a stunning location to house a fantastic two

[Read more on Classic Shows](#)

Follow this link to see other events around the region

<https://www.bennetts.co.uk/bikesocial/events/events-list-august>

Keep in mind that some events may be cancelled - keep your eye open for emerging details - in view of the pandemic.

SIX OF THE BEST PART FOUR

By Chris Steel

We had breakfast at 8 o'clock, with a view to a 9 o'clock departure. Being on holiday, we never thought about it being a Monday morning, doh!! We loaded up the bikes and set off straight into the Trondheim rush hour, every set of lights was against us, and this was where our Achilles heel manifested it's self; we should have agreed to stay tight together by riding offset and in a group. Instead, we were strung out like a fishing net - half of us got through lights the others didn't, having navigated ourselves out of the city and regrouped we set about the three hundred miles to our next hotel in Moiranna.

The sun was up, the temperature was in the twenties, no work to worry about, just beautiful scenery and no rush. Perfection.

We stopped for fuel and decided to crack on until lunch time and get a major part of the mileage done, because if we continued stopping at every picturesque scene we would never have got there. We made good progress and by midday we were ready for some lunch.

As with all things, you just decide on what looks good, we saw a log building with tables and chairs outside and pulled in, the sun was now about 25 degrees we ordered pizza and sat outside.

While the food was being prepared Brady decided to top up his engine oil, he proceeded to deposit most of the bottle on the car park. We were wondering where he was and went to find him, as we

rounded the corner he was busy finding gravel and moss in fact anything he could find to cover and absorb the spilt engine oil. We had visions of some little old dear pulling up after we had gone, opening her door, getting out, taking one step and whoop's one broken hip.

Our food arrived and it was then that we realised we should have ordered two pizzas and six sets of cutlery. The pizzas were monsters, obviously the locals have to keep their strength up for moose s****ing. Unable to eat all the pizza Brady thought it was a waste and asked for a pizza box. He placed the remaining pizza in a box



and made some comment about a snack for later and went to put it in his top box. It would not fit unless he folded it in half, so Ian Cunningham who had the full size top box on his BM was conned into transporting it for John.

We had a nice lazy lunch, sunbathed and watched the river run past our spot, although we still had some 120 miles to go. No one was too bothered about getting on with it, we eventually took the decision to move and agreed that we would keep on until we needed fuel and then afternoon tea.

I cannot stop going on about the scenery it was just stunning, every bend and another great view. We stopped for fuel and then set about finding somewhere for coffee, we only had about another fifty miles so time was on our side. We saw a small café with a large ice cream sign outside. We pulled in and went inside. John Bailey asked for an ice cream, "We don't sell ice cream," was the reply, a bottle of Fanta then, thanks. Inside the café was a table with a large number of chain saws on, and various

other wood cutting related items. I was somewhat reminded of duelling banjo's in the film Deliverance.

Having said that we all had a drink and inspected all the various imitation brass animal figures that the proprietor obviously made to sell to tourists to boost his income.

Fortunately, we had no room for such sophisticated tat. We finished our drinks, John Bailey led the final leg as he had the hotel in his sat nav, my heart just jumped for joy. We made the final push for Moiranna and the hotel Meyergarden, the remaining miles just flew by, and at last John's sat nav took us to the hotel all be it

the wrong side. We went round the block and booked into the hotel, we were going to be there for two nights.

The following day was our day off so to speak, the day we were going to the Arctic Circle. It was nice to think that for once we could just jump on the bikes and go, as opposed to packing up, loading and then going. Ian removed the pizza from his top box and gave it to John Brady, who promptly stuffed it in the dust bin by the hotel entrance, so much for a snack later, all it had done was stink up Ian's top box.

I was again billeted with Ian, the hotel again was nice and we opted for the one price eat as much as you can dinner, Dave Nixon noticed on the hotel notice board that the local lions group were having a meeting, as he is a grand wizard in his local lions he arranged a meeting with his Norwegian opposite, Grand Whale or what ever. Somehow I became the official photographer, and recorded the meeting for prosperity, having done the official business we went and had dinner.

After dinner we went for a walk round town, and maybe a drink in the local hostelry. It did not take us long to realise that Moiranna does not have a lot of, well anything. Ian explained that once it was an industrial town but the industry had mainly moved, so some thirty minutes later we were back in the hotel and having a drink. We looked at the map and Don had worked out a route for the next day,



taking in the Arctic Circle and back to the hotel, a nice sixty or so mile jaunt. We retired for the night full of excitement at the prospect of entering the Arctic Circle.

Tuesday 5th June not quite D day but A day. Having had breakfast we set off for the Circle, as we climbed the temperature dropped and the snow depth increased, even though it was June, the Arctic has snow all year round, the only difference is in summer you can move around quite freely, in winter



nothing moves due to snow block. We arrived at the visitors centre just inside the Arctic Circle, the actual pole is still over a thousand miles away - not even Brady was going to make it.

The visitor centre was very informative, as well as selling mementos and tat. The road we had come along to the centre was made with forced labour during the war. Many people had perished by being forced to work on the road, similar to the Burma railway, surrounding the car park there was an area where relatives of the people who had made the ultimate sacrifice had come and made a little pile of stones in remembrance

of their lost relative. Very moving. It gives you time to reflect, and be thankful that everything we have today is because of the sacrifice of others.

Having bought the T shirt, as they say, we continued on our circuit of the Circle. Our route was supposed to be a round circuit, however when we came to the junction where we had to turn right the road was closed. So we had to re-route, this added considerable mileage to our day, so from being the shortest day mileage wise, it became the longest. Having said that, it was not unpleasant it was another good day in fact.

We ended it with a short ferry trip. This was an introduction to ferries, as our route so far had been travelling up the centre of Norway. Tomorrow we turn left and head for the coast, and then return down the coast to Bergen - Bergen was four days away at this point. Once again we reminisced over dinner about the days events and thought about the next city on our tour - Steinkjer.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Chris Steel

Where Eagles Dare

Howard Payne recalls an eventful visit through historic southern Germany to Berchtesgaden

After or during the previous year's tour you start thinking about the next year's tour. So it was for our 2018 tour. The Hull-Zeebrugge ferry was always our favourite as it gives a quick get away from the port. Alas we have now had this route cancelled.

For us there were three objectives when we planned the trip first Hitler's Eagles Nest outside Berchtesgaden, over the Grossglockner into Italy back over the Timmelsjoch then the Furka and Susten passes.

The first destination was Pension Islekhöhe in the little village of Krautscheid a name not to be forgotten! The next day a long ride taking on the glorious B500 from Baden Baden to Fraudenstadt now it has a speed limit (sad face) as we discovered on a later trip.

Anyway this is a tale of mishaps, we managed to have numerous shall we say incidents!



When we met up for the run to the ferry I asked for everyone's fuel range? The reply from one member was "no idea"! Looking at his bike the only luggage he had was a tank bag for a ten day trip! I was a little surprised!

After departing Zeebrugge we took to the motorway in order to escape Belgium asap. We were using the second man marking system which works very well as long as every rider is using his observation skills! Alas one went sailing on past our marked exit. We waited and tried to phone him and yes you have guessed his phone was turned off!

By lunch time we eventually got him back with us. We were making good progress when at traffic lights we noticed the same guy's rear tyre was completely flat and he was totally unaware of this.

No problem we pulled him over and again you have guessed, he hadn't brought a puncture repair kit and had absolutely no idea how on earth to use one. So we got him going again!

Then when we had just completed the B500 and decided an ice cream and refuelling was a great idea. Anyway, unfortunately the same member decided to drop his rather full tank bag back down onto his fuel cap with the Honda HISS key still in the cap! The result being the key was twisted and at 90°. No problem we said use your spare key. I haven't brought one with me it is hung up at home!!! So again he was totally helpless. It was getting near closing time when a locksmith was located who managed to very gently straighten the key enough to use without it breaking in half which was very lucky as the other option was to have the spare key sent out from the uk and he would have had to stay put.

Surely that would be the last problem he would have but no he decided to remove his jacket and ride in just a "T" shirt. He then got stung on his neck, resulting later in his hand swelling to twice its size. He

refused to seek medical help and would only take paracetamol so for the next five days we had to put up with the situation and it is fair to say we were running out of patience by then.

Whilst we were in Austria he had been caught for speeding at 150mph and he had received a letter from the Austrian Police. The 150mph had to be wrong as his old bike probably would not do 150mph. I remember seeing said policeman biker sat at a corner on the entrance to a village with his camera in his hand. He was clearly visible, you could see him from far away as it was a good straight road on approach. How that issue was resolved is unknown to us.

The Eagles Nest visit was amazing and is worth an article on its own. The run home to Zeebrugge was eventful also one of the guys dropped his Multistrada breaking the front brake lever and foot-peg he got recovered into Zurich where the local Ducati dealer robbed Peter to pay Paul and got him back on the road and catching us up in the evening. Then another of us dropped his BMW making a U Turn, no breakages only a few scratchers luckily.



After all that we made it back to the UK safely.

Howard Payne.

Should we ever complain about chippings - this is a lesson in understatement...

