

# SLIPSTREAM

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR TVM MEMBERS

*NOV/DEC 2022*

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## FROM THE LAPTOP



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Winter's coming! Hopefully we will have some good autumnal days before the cold and damp weather sets in. Having just had a long weekend in Mallorca, there is definitely a chill in the evening air here.

The US is calling and I head off there a couple of days after our November meeting. This is the last *Slipstream* of the year as I spend December contacting present and interested advertisers to try and meet the budget for next year. I think paper costs rise monthly but we are committed to bring you 36 pages of articles and information to keep you in touch, provide some interesting members' narratives, support our advertisers, and let you know what's going on in the calendar. As always please get in touch with your tales from the road. Thank you to all those who have written pieces this year.

This month we start a fascinating story of one member's foray into Ukraine over the last year to take aid and support to the people there. It's quite an in-depth background piece this month so sit back and take some time to read it. More in the January issue involving Titus' two-wheel assistance.

In the meantime, take care as the weather cools, have a great festive season and see you next year.

Enjoy your riding. Rubber side down!

*Slipstream* Editor

*Slipstream* Editor





# TVAM ROLL OF HONOUR

BETTER BIKING

## NEW MEMBERS IN OCTOBER

Mark Andersson  
Mark Baker  
Graham Emerson  
Anthony Griffin  
Stewart Gubbins

Ashley Hughes  
Chantelle Louw  
Khalid Mahmood  
Stuart Saunders  
Michael Smith

Gerd Van Aaken  
Harvey White  
Erica Young

## LATEST TEST PASSES

### Candidate

Jacqueline Carli  
Andrew Church  
Graeme Curran  
Mary Hatton  
Richard Lindsay  
Jess Luscombe  
Emma Stoffer

### Observer

David Robinson  
Kimberley Bird  
Steve Selby  
Dave Parsons  
Malcolm Smith  
Dave Parsons  
Ian Bessant

With a FIRST Pass

With a FIRST Pass

## NEW RUN LEADERS

Luke Graham  
Dave Grieves  
Bob Griffin

Peter Lawman  
Robbie McIntosh  
Adrian Wood

*Test passes and  
new Run Leaders  
badges awarded  
at the October  
monthly meet*



## FROM THE SADDLE

This will be my last "From the Saddle" article for *Slipstream*, as I'll be standing down as Chief Observer at the TVAM AGM in January. TVAM rules mean that the key committee positions can be held for a maximum of five years, and the St. Crispin's meeting, and AGM, on 15th January will mark the end of my fifth year in this role. That maximum tenure of five years means that people can't stay in key committee roles for too long and ensures the ongoing input of new people, fresh ideas and renewed impetus. There are too many IAM RoadSmart groups where such time limits are not in place – and it often shows in the lack of dynamism, excitement, and growth in such groups. We do have a candidate for the role of Chief Observer and if you're interested in standing for this, or any other role on the committee, then do have a word with our Chair, Barrie Smith, who will explain what's involved and how to submit a nomination.

We completed another of the flagship 7Ws training weekends to Llandrindod Wells in October and despite a doubtful weather forecast most riders got away with no significant rain over the weekend. We have evolved 7Ws to offer the best training and riding experience for Associates and Full Members and we will continue to monitor and evaluate the feedback we receive for the ongoing development of the weekend. 7Ws will continue its focus of being a training weekend with priority for Associates and we also have, of course, the 3Rs training weekend with priority for Full Members. These weekends offer fantastic opportunities for observed rides on some of the best roads available; the development of riding skills is clear to see on the weekends, as well as being great fun. We are very grateful to the organisers, and particularly the participating Observers, for making these weekends possible.

TVAM continues to develop its relationship with Rapid Training. As well as carrying out the TVAM 'Aardvark' training for Observers, with a ride out for each Observer every two years, Rapid Training can also offer TVAM members bespoke training, their flagship Bikemaster and Roadmaster courses as well as their various accompanied tours. Rapid Training offers substantial discounts on their courses to TVAM members, for which we're very grateful. If you'd like to take advantage of these discounts then make sure you use the appropriate link, which you can find on the TVAM Groups.io wiki page; <https://tvam.groups.io/g/allmembers/wiki>

Autumn riding offers a different experience. Roads are often quieter, the scenery can be spectacular and learning about your riding in more challenging conditions can reap big rewards in terms of skill development. Don't let your skills fade over the autumn; enjoy the riding and keep up the practice to stay sharp and build confidence.

It's been a pleasure and a privilege to act as the Chief Observer for the largest and greatest IAM RoadSmart group, and the best bike club, over the past five years. I'll still be around, of course, and I'm looking forward to spending more time with you all – out on the bike.

**Chris Brownlee**  
**TVAM Chief Observer**



# MOTOJUMBLE

## TVAM Members' bike gear sale on Sunday December 18th at St Crispin's in main hall

Do you have any bike clothing, luggage or accessories that you don't use any more? Maybe you have it at the back of the cupboard, planning to put it on Ebay one day...

We are holding a table sale. This is a great opportunity to sell those items, clear some space, make some cash and raise some money for the Thames Valley Air Ambulance.

You can have a table for as many of your own items as you want. Alternatively, you can bring items for a shared table which Amanda Coneley will manage. All you need to do is clearly label any item with your name and the price. Suggested donations of £5 a table, or 10% of item sold from the shared table (min £1) will go to the Air Ambulance.

There are a limited number of tables available. Tables need reserving by Friday 16th December via Amanda Coneley on [amanda.coneley@hotmail.com](mailto:amanda.coneley@hotmail.com) or 07973 779957. You need to be there by 8.30am on the day.

### Top tips

Items that sell well include branded luggage, such as Kriega. Good quality, clean bike gear, including gloves & boots. Accessories and parts for specific bike models don't tend to sell. No helmets will be accepted on the shared table. Items in poor condition don't sell – if you wouldn't buy it yourself, it's unlikely anyone else would!

**Any queries just contact Amanda**



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# Royal Berkshire to Ukraine Caper 2022



Karl, our lady in Reading and the author (and Karl's faithful van)



Polish road signs showing the country's support and solidarity with Ukraine



Seeing our number plate, a man asked us if we would carry the man sat on the Armco barrier across the Polish/Ukraine border (photo taken 12/03/22). 'He's a British soldier, come to fight,' the man said. We had no space but this soldier almost certainly ended up at the Yavoriv military base. The next night that base was hit by 30 cruise missiles - over 60 Ukrainian soldiers and up to 180 foreign volunteers were killed. Three days earlier the BBC reported that a 19 year old Coldstream Guard had gone AWOL and was believed to be heading for Ukraine. This is possibly the last photo of him.

All the Ukrainian names have been changed. I deliberated about keeping original names. The Ukrainians I met deserve to be recognised – but then I imagined a Russian hit squad driving around with this book, shooting everyone I'd mentioned in it. The truth is, almost everyone mentioned here is already visible on Social Media but – I decided not to take the risk. And so I changed all the names.

## Part 1: Arriving in Ukraine in a van

My name is Titus and recently I made 7 trips across the Ukrainian border carrying aid. The first two trips were with a mate, Karl, in his van. We didn't know it at the time but, along with toiletries and rucksacks and medicines, we carried pre-programmed laptops for Special Forces based around Kyiv – and, of course, a myriad of things specific to women and children. I should mention that before we set off, I went on Facebook and asked if any of my Facebook chums fancied chipping-in for the petrol. I thought it would be cool if I got, say, a hundred quid... but, over the next couple of months or so they gave me £10,000. Initially, we drove from Reading (10/03/22) to the Ukrainian border in a fairly direct route. My Facebook money paid for the ferry and a couple of cheap hotels but what I remember most about this trip was as we came closer to the Ukrainian border all the 'normal' traffic had disappeared...

The number-plates of the vehicles around us started to tell a powerful story. Spanish, Polish, Swiss and German (etc, etc), vans (some with red crosses on their bodywork) full of boxes. Almost the Spirit of Dunkirk. Europeans heading out into the unknown to try and help. I still get a lump in my throat remembering it all.

But arrival at the (Krakovets) border (12/03/22) brought us back to reality with a thump. There was a fair queue on the Polish side which actually didn't take as long as it



looked like it might...

As we progressed, there were queues of people, quite orderly but – a lot of people – a lot of refugees. I didn't think being caught taking photographs was probably a very good idea so I snapped a couple of surreptitious ones – but they don't really capture the atmosphere. Both Karl and I were quite shocked. I can't think of words to explain our emotions better. There were endless coaches queued up – full of people.

... but, in contrast, the Ukrainian side was a cacophony of border guards who seemed not to know what was going on – nor how to deal with it all (all the non-Ukrainian speakers, foreign vehicles, cargos packed beyond any reasonable efforts to examine them – and a building impatience). It all starts, the Ukrainian side, with us being issued with a little square of paper, then you dump your vehicle and fight through the throng to try and get seen by Passport Control – and then customs. Passport Control is fairly simple but the customs ladies didn't seem to understand anything and kept directing us to other customs points in alternative lanes – identical customs points!

Then we met some young Germans (with a van full of bandages) who had already been misdirected back and forth around the border area for, unbelievably, some nine hours – but immediately after Karl and I had joined forces with these young Germans we were directed from one customs point to the one opposite – who directed us straight back to the first – and I promptly lost my temper – and I started shouting at the poor young customs girl. This could have gone one of two ways but a man suddenly appeared from the gloom of the back of the customs hut and in acceptable English explained that we had a form to fill in – and he even gave us the form! And then, quite quickly, we (and the Germans) were processed, our little squares of paper were correctly stamped – and we were out the other side. Back in the UK we'd been told that border personnel were expecting us – and a corridor had been generated to allow us straight through – ha ha. So what we'd faced was very different to what we'd been led to believe!

It then transpired that our Ukrainian contact details were completely irrelevant, our main contact (Olek) wasn't in Lviv (as we'd been told) but some 120 miles south-east in Ivano-Frankivsk. However, we phoned him and he gave us



*Queuing commences for the Polish side*



*Heartbreak through a coach window*



*This is on the Polish side...but within yards of the actual border...*



*While hanging around a petrol station for hours on end, waiting for a phone call to hear if the Anglo/Dutch team had managed to cross the border, we welcomed the arrival of this beautiful Jawa 350 kinda' made it all worthwhile.*

a number in Lviv – so we now drove the 40 miles west. I think, as we set off, Karl and I sort of looked at each other. We were, for us, truly entering the unknown.

There'd been talk of Russian 'hit squads' crossing the western border and targeting aid carriers. We were now officially in a war zone, it was dark and I think we were both expecting Russian missiles to start crashing in around us at any moment! Was that car in front of us Ukrainian or Russian? But Karl is a big, strong lad and I'm stupid enough – if anything scary turned up – we'd have fought to the death! But it was all fine and, in short time, our new contact in Lviv, a chap called Vladislav, came out and found us at a junction – and we followed him home. Turned out Vladislav, also a member of the military reserve, had quite an aid organisation he'd set up and was part of an unusual group. The lady, Anastasia, in Reading, who had organised our original cargo was a scientist and we now learned that not only was Vladislav a world leading expert in LASERs but our contact in Ivano-Frankivsk was head of the physics department at the local university there!

Karl and I were given sofas to sleep on and Karl (who by day is a skilled builder) made me laugh when he pointed out that the one he'd chosen was under a beam which, if we got missed, would probably be the last thing to collapse! Then, in the morning, after unloading our van, Vladislav asked if we could liaise with an Anglo-Dutch team who had a cargo for him but were having problems crossing the border. So, after half a day of hanging around an Okko petrol station – and general inaccurate information, we found ourselves crossing into Poland in the dark via Shehyni – and behind a German VW Caddy with an 'Animal Rescue Unit' sign in their rear window.

So Karl wandered over with €100 for them and came back saying the van was just stuffed with animal travel-cages full of dogs and cats. Clearing the border (which was operating more smoothly than the Krakovets one), we met up with a member of the Anglo-Dutch team and were taken a half hour drive to a large farm building (with a small Ursus tractor and other such stuff in it – and, nearer the big double doors, a mountain of aid items) where we loaded their cargo of toiletries and food and sugar

and baby milk (and all sorts) into our van – but then we had to spend the night in Poland – and all the hotels near the border were full of refugees – thus we were taken about a sixty miles west (to Łańcut) to find lodgings. As for the Anglo-Dutch team not being able to cross the border; the deal is that crossing is quite simple (once you know about that form which must be filled in) – provided you



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have your vehicle papers and passport (and the owner of the vehicle is present). Strangely, a lot of people forgot their vehicle papers and the Anglo-Dutch team had hire vehicles – so the only proof they had that they might have any rights to the vehicles they were in – were Visa receipts! And, indeed, that night in Poland I met another team, British, who had come over in a convoy of about four big pick-up trucks full of relevant stuff – but no one had thought to bring the V5s – and so they had also been turned back. As time passed, I learned that Vladislav was quite an important guy and shortly after our first arrival he had been part of a team lobbying the border authorities to make it easier for aid carriers to get through and, on about my third or fourth entry, not only was that form discontinued but the whole entry procedure became much more relaxed.

I was chatting to one of the Anglo-Dutch team and he said he was staying in a Polish refugee camp somewhere – and he said to me, “We have people there who have no idea where they are going to go. And I mean NO idea...”

The day after this (14/03/22), Karl and I took a cargo down through stunning countryside to Ivano-Frankivsk where we met Olek and his beautiful family – and his students unloaded our van. Olek’s wife made us some lovely food and their two young daughters were a joy. But they (wife and children) are planning to flee to Portugal, obviously leaving poor Olek behind. “What’s the education like in Portugal?” Olek’s wife asked me and I was forced to admit that I knew absolutely nothing about the Portuguese educational system! But it made me laugh; an academic fleeing war, unwillingly abandoning her husband, maybe about to lose everything – but all she is worried about is the education of their children. Of course she is worried about more than that and ‘made me laugh’ is a figure of speech.

And then, when we got back to Lviv, Karl said he had to go home. I thought about this for a while – and then I said I’d stay. More money was coming in from my Facebook chums and I reckoned I could use it more wisely if I remained on scene. But I stood there with mixed emotions as I watched Karl drive away.



I assisted with local movements of aid around Lviv (as a sort of driver’s mate) but (18/03/22) a few days after Karl had gone, I was lying on my bed (ex-Karl’s sofa – under the beam!) looking at my watch, it was approx 0600, when there were three enormous explosions as (apparently) four cruise missiles hit a Mig repair plant at the airport, 1.13 miles from us. We were all quite shaken after this incident and from then on we started going down into the cellar during the numerous air raid warnings (we could hear the air-raid sirens but we also had apps on our phones). Here it is translated by my Google translation app...

As the explosions tore through the air I leapt from my bed and looked to the three other



people in the house. Natasha emerged from her room in a stunning disarray of underwear and copper coloured hair while Vladislav woke up and said, "What was that?" like maybe someone had dropped something unimportant in the kitchen – while Estas went to headless chicken stations. There is a large table near the entrance which looks like, for the last hundred years, every time anyone has walked past this table – they've dumped something on it. And now Estas was hurling junk from the tabletop around the house like a madman. Turns out, there was a fire extinguisher under the table that he was after! The silence and, if you like, the immediate return to normality after such an experience is almost unnerving. Estas stood there with his fire extinguisher, Natasha and Vladislav still trying to catch up with what exactly had happened (Vladislav was probably thinking about LASERs). Initially, I just stood there wondering if another missile would suddenly plough into our house, vaporising us all – and then I went and put the kettle on. And then it dawned on me, we ought to go and have a look outside! Outside, everything was normal except over to our right was an incongruous plume of piebald smoke slowly rising above the thin strip of sunrise orange.

At the request of the group in Lviv, I bought them a €2,000 van (which Vladislav arranged Polish professors in Poland to purchase). Actually, he threw one arm in the air and shouted gloriously, "I shall get the Polish professors to buy it!" and when I said, "For goodness sake don't allow an academic to buy a vehicle..." he simply laughed at me. Later the same day as the cruise-missile strike, 18/03/22, I travelled out of Ukraine, back through Krakovets...

Karl and I had witnessed some pretty upsetting sights at this border and my trip on foot wasn't any better. You see groups of women and children (frequently with dogs) approaching the border dragging those granny type shopping trolleys... it is often obvious how the adults are working to keep the children's spirits up. Sometimes cars pull up near the border; everyone gets out, there are hugs and then the man gets back into his car and drives away. Males between the age of 18 and 60 aren't allowed to leave Ukraine.

Then I had to catch a refugee bus, which was quite an



*News reports are a bit conflicting but Googling missiles for this date suggests a number of missiles came in that Monday and as well as a number of seriously injured, up to about 7 people were killed in the Lviv area that day.*



*Down in the cellar during an air raid warning!*



*Natasha, Vladislav and Estas – whatever they are called, they are responsible for many tons of aid reaching people and places who were in desperate need. Real unsung heroes.*



*En route I passed around 25 pairs of crutches someone had hung on the fence.*

experience. You see, I'd been given a complex set of instructions as to which bus I was to catch and, I can safely say, I hadn't understood a single word of it. Initially, it had been said that a Polish professor would pick me up at the border but, it makes sense, the border, with thousands of refugees flowing through it, isn't really geared up for people dropping and collecting other people, willy-nilly. So, I had been told to walk through the Ukrainian side, into Poland – and catch a bus. Sounds simple but somewhere in the Polish to Ukrainian to English translation it had got some knots in it! Waving goodbye to Vladislav at the border, I set off – working on the theory that something would probably ping out of the ether and help me! I hadn't bothered telling Vladislav that I had no idea what he was talking about because I was pretty certain any further explanations would make it all worse. The Ukrainian side was okay; I queued with everyone else, some people were clearly upset, some were laughing. Some had small dogs sticking out of rucksacks, children looked at each other (sometimes making friends), a lady ambled through this slow-moving crowd giving out chocolates – and there were free drinks and simple food. I tried to give the food lady €20 but she seemed quite snotty and refused it. I didn't really understand this but I tried the same thing on the Polish side and she refused the money too, but she was quite friendly and simply said they weren't allowed to accept donations.

Having cleared the Ukrainian side one enters Poland and groups of firemen were there to help those that needed help. They carried luggage and talked to the children and did all those things that bring a lump to your throat. And then we all filed into a huge red tent which would protect as many people as possible if it rained. But I remembered this section from when Karl and I first came through. It had been



*Refugees on the bus*

absolutely packed with refugees and we'd been quite shocked. Funny to think that I was now a part of it. Still, all for a good cause. The Polish side is straightforward so, in short time, I now needed to work out what an earth they'd been talking about re the bus... But, fortunately, and quite quickly, I spotted a Polish military officer. "Do you speak English?" I asked him, hopefully. And he did – so I phoned my Polish professor contact and, Hurrah!, the Polish officer understood exactly what I was supposed to do – and, literally one minute later, I was on the correct bus. The Polish officer understood that I wasn't the brightest star in the firmament so he simply said, "Sit there until the bus stops again – and then get off..." I thanked him profusely and did exactly that.

This bus wasn't too bad (by this I mean than on a future occasion, when I was





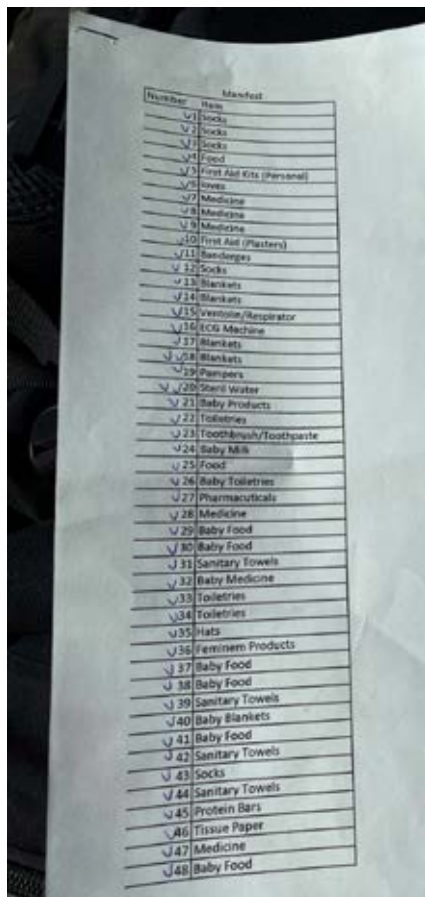
*Our beautiful, if slightly knackered, Peugeot Boxer van!*

as I stepped down, was a man whose name I thought I had embarrassingly forgotten (but now I'm sure it is Wojciech S – and he is a lecturer of electrochemistry!) – and we immediately drove a hundred and fifty miles to an industrial area of Kraków where my new van awaited. En route we chatted. Turned out his wife had cats and he had a Moto Guzzi! Then he stuffed me in my 2002 Peugeot Boxer 2.8 diesel van (which I hadn't paid for yet!). I put over €100 of Diesel in it and then, having synchronised satnavs, I drove it another sixty-five miles to the Silesian University of Technology in Gliwice. Here, while his students filled the van, I went on-line and paid for it (well, really that was my Facebook chums!).

Heading back toward Lviv, the van had certainly lived and the ignition key (the only key) only operated the driver's door and I also discovered that the fuel tank leaked if you filled it over half full. But anyway, I pulled in at Tarnów, just over a hundred miles from the border, looking for a hotel... Now I've had a number of rows with hotels and campsites over the last (Ukrainian) period. To start with, most of them want an arm and a leg in exchange for bed and then everything in them shuts early. So, at the place I found in Tarnów, Hotel Kardamon, which was advertising itself as a hotel/restaurant, the restaurant shut at 2100 – which was exactly when I arrived. "Can't you make me a sandwich?" I asked hopefully (and politely) but from their response you'd think I'd attempted to have unnatural sex with their statue of the Madonna. And then they pulled the 'can't speak English' trick. Now, I've stayed at that hotel a number of times since this first visit (and I quite like the place now) – and they speak English fine! So... returning to this first visit en route from Gliwice to Lviv, I asked where I might get something to eat – anything to eat

again on this bus, there were some heart-rendering emotional breakdowns which I will never forget – for the rest of my life) and it dropped me about four miles west of the border at a tremendous refugee reception centre (which might have previously been the 'trade and storage centre' called Hala Kijowska in Młyny).

However, I didn't get to see this refugee centre this visit because, waiting for me



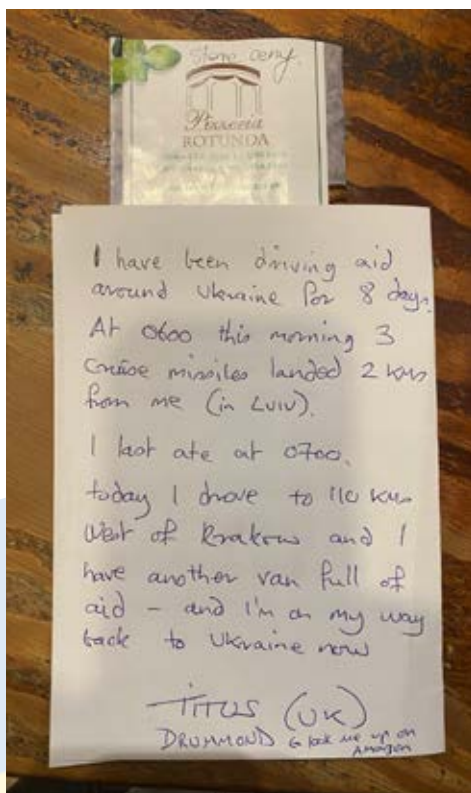
*The first 48 items (from 167) I carried from the university. Gives you an idea, the sort of stuff aid people were bringing in*

– and they (in their not-English) recommended a pizza place in town, which said it delivered. So the girl behind the bar/reception-desk phoned the pizza place for me – and discovered they now no longer deliver. Just great, isn't it! Anyway, the pizza place said they closed at 2200 so I jumped back into the van and, it was hard to find, but I found the place before 2130 – and in I went. And, after denying they spoke any English either, they told me they were shut. I had a slight sense of humour failure (you could probably hear the explosion back in the UK) but I showed them their time table that clearly stated 2200, I pointed out quite loudly that we'd phoned them only a few minutes earlier and then, working on the theory that if they couldn't speak English, they might be able to read it – I wrote them the following note!

The three ladies behind the counter each, obviously unable to understand a single word, read my note. Discussed between themselves – and then they made me a pizza and, if I remember correctly, they wouldn't take any money. Back at the hotel, I sat down in my room and opened a package the Polish scientist had given me. It contained six tins of Okocim beer and, as they say, all's well that ends well! But, going back to my row with the hotel; aren't these organisations supposed to help a traveller. Isn't that what hotelling is all about – surely it's not just about money?

Arriving back in Lviv the next afternoon (19/03/22), a member of the Koyot Special Forces, who had driven across from Kyiv to collect their laptops (and all the other gear we could stuff into his car), turned up. I've intermingled with Special Forces all over the place and I've been involved more than once but I felt, under the circumstances, meeting this particular Koyot was a special privilege. And the day after this I made a second run to Ivano-Frankivsk where I was once again fed wonderful food and I was fascinated by the apparently ancient lift in Olek's building. I believe it originated from the Republic of Belarus but it has always (for years) spoken in Russian. However, shortly after the Russian invasion, engineers arrived and changed all its messages to Ukrainian!

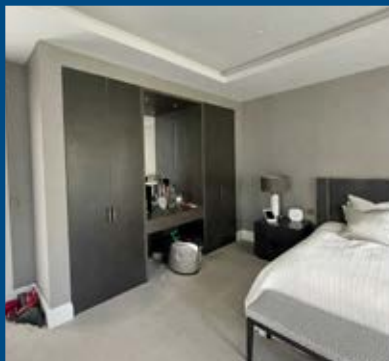
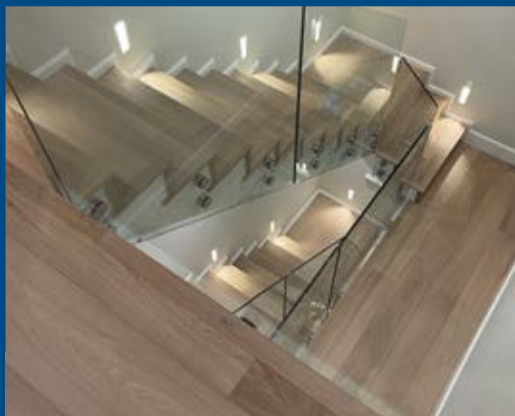
For the next couple of days I helped loading and unloading vehicles. I met all sorts of people who were fearlessly making exceedingly risky runs into scary parts of Ukraine.



This note, in the light of day, might seem rather childish but, hey, it worked! And I had had a long day...



# WHEN IT COMES TO QUALITY



SERGIU PLAMADEALA (TVAM MEMBER) 07476 433363 [INFO@SP-CONSTRUCTION.CO.UK](mailto:INFO@SP-CONSTRUCTION.CO.UK)



*We bought €1,000 worth of food – doesn't look like much! It ended up going to Poltava*

Vladislav and I visited relevant stores trying to buy warm military-equipment but everything was of poor quality and I was quite disgusted that none of the shops would offer me any discount. Vladislav and I bought some limited kit from a sort of paintballers shop called Scout Tactical but I wasn't very impressed with much of the kit – and they were out of most stuff anyway. What did shock me slightly there were the couples wandering about with the girls seeming to be saying things like, “Ooh, that's a nice knife; you should get one of those...” and looking admiringly at their boyfriends who were buying cheap Chinese compasses and torches and all sorts of stuff that was just emptying their wallets. But I suppose they were all entitled to these moments; feeling the thrill of patriotism and of love and of togetherness... So Vladislav and I went home; I bought €1,000 worth of food for the city of Mariupol – but now besieged by Russian forces it was impossible to get the food in. Then, out of the blue, the mayor of the city of Poltava phoned Vladislav saying they were desperate for food, so it was quickly dispatched to Poltava. Vladislav has no idea how the Mayor of Poltava knew to phone him, let alone got his number. I filled up everyone's cars with fuel, bought them (the aid team) a pile of food and on the 22nd of March I got Vladislav to drop me back at Krakovets. I'd done good justice to the money from my Facebook chums but more was still trickling in – and I was developing a plan. But I had to get back to England first.

I was now an expert at getting through the borders and they'd also seemed to have relaxed a bit but my second trip on the refugee bus was considerably more distressing than the first because there was a child who just screamed and screamed. His mother was in a similar state and completely unable to do anything for the boy and she also had a second, younger, child to tend to. Everyone wanted to help but neither the



child nor his mother were consolable and, bearing in mind that most of the other people on the bus were also fairly traumatised... what can I say. I wanted to hug them, tell them it was all going to be okay... but you can't. It doesn't work like that. I think I'm crying writing this...

Previously, I hadn't entered the refugee reception centre but now I went in. There were countless food stalls (everything free) operated by countries from around the globe, even Japan, but, I noticed, no representation from the UK. I was offered food a number of times but, even though I was hungry, I felt it would be terrible of me to take any – so I didn't. There was a map of Poland taped to a pillar and showing the main Polish towns and cities. Below, in a number of languages, it said, 'Pick a town and get on a bus – when you arrive there, people will help you'. I took a photo of the poster and immediately two armed security guards leapt on me – furious. They grabbed my camera and made me delete the photo... and, to be honest, left me a bit mystified.

Numerous camp-beds, many almost randomly scattered around the place, many occupied by really exhausted people. People who, surrounded by excited children and frightened adults – surrounded by authority issuing instructions and announcing bus departures. Surrounded by people spotting friends, crying – a jabbering cacophony. These people slept through it all. I managed to identify a bus running to a nearby railway station, called Radymno, and I noted that the poor mother and children so distressed on the previous bus were also getting on this one. So I tried to stick with them. At the railway station, I carried their luggage from the main building to the platform. I confirmed train times and got water for the children. But there were quite a few other mothers and children and they were working together now – and this, I think, helped. There were also Polish firemen around the station who were carrying luggage and children – and getting train times – and generally making their brigades proud. I didn't mention (actually I added it later!) but many of the meeters and greeters the Polish side of the border were also firemen. On the train itself, travel was free for those with Ukrainian IDs (so I had to pay!) and opposite me were a quite young Ukrainian couple. Turns out the guy had been abroad, on holiday, when the Russians invaded – and he'd had the sense not to go back. He'd come today to the refugee reception centre to meet his girlfriend but now, of course, he was reaping the benefits Europe was offering those of his nation. In a way, I feel a bit ashamed, but something of his attitude stuck in my craw...

Overall, everything I saw in Poland, re the refugees, was absolutely awe inspiring. Well done Poland.

I spent that evening in Kraków drinking beer, mostly in a brilliant pub recommended by my Belgian policeman friend, Jörg Molleman, called Pub Propaganda, which had great atmosphere and even better beer. And then just like that, I was at Heathrow – and home.

So, that's the background. Now we reach the part you are all waiting for. Aid runs to Ukraine on a motorcycle!

**Titus Drummond**

**Editor: Sorry folks you will have to wait til January for the next bit!**

# KYO 192K WHERE ARE YOU?

## ADVENTURES ON A NORTON COMMANDO

**Nigel Downing**



### Part two

#### Continental Tour: The Hard Way Round

Story so far: Back in the far cry years of university days, Nigel Downing had just about got used to the bike of his dreams, a Norton Commando 750 Roadster Mk II. His friend, François was preparing to join him on a Continental Tour...

François had found a BSA A10 650cc twin needing some serious TLC. It even had gravel in oil tank, put there by some vandal. Being up for anything he decided to rebuild it himself, all the while being a petrol attendant at this local garage. Yes, way back in dinosaur time people filled up your car for you. So, with barely enough time to finally bolt on his newly painted fuel tank, we left for Dover and the ferry. The plan was to camp. I stuffed a rucksack and strapped it to the rear luggage rack. François did the same with his kit and we split the tent between us.



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*As featured in RIDE and MCN*





Having crossed to France we camped the first night in a field. Next day we took the Route nationale down towards Spain. The experience of my crash was still raw, and François was riding too fast. I told him so. He knew otherwise so I let him go. After a while, just outside Foix, I noticed ahead a pall of dust hanging in the air. A bend later I found him, picking himself and the bike off a large flat patch of dirt on the side of the road. He was OK. The bike was in a mess with bits hanging off, but rideable. The gendarmes arrived, tut-tutting as they do. They had soon forgotten François and were admiring my Norton. "Magnifique! Mais ça rend aux reins du marmalade!" I will let you translate.

As the trip ensued more and more bits fell off the BSA. We lost the headlight and the horn fairly early on. At one point the crank case gasket popped out. François removed the remaining parts and tightened down the bolts to slow the spray of oil (along with the miasma of unburned fuel from the exhaust, due to a broken piston ring) which was covering my visor as I followed. Eventually, we made it into and out of Andorra, along the south coast of France, into Italy and thence to Switzerland – a safe haven. My Dad lived in a mountain village there and we had a few days' rest, some decent food and nice beds to sleep in. The local garage also gave us workshop space and facilities to work on the bikes. François did the best he could, and we headed north once more.

The final day – we were making good progress (well, you know what I mean) across northern France when suddenly, with either a bang or a whimper, the BSA gave up the ghost. "Cylinder gasket," pronounced François. "And there is nothing I can do about it. I need to remove the tank and don't have the tool." I remember sitting beside the road in the sunshine deliberating for a long time. Eventually, François suggested I tow him! Well, that was short-lived. Finally, we decided to abandon the BSA. We found a friendly farmer who took it into his barn and prepared to ride two up on the Norton. That meant piling all of François' kit on top of mine, doing something with the rear suspension (I think!) and pumping up the tyres. Such was the load that we occasionally bottomed out when the road was rough.

We continued north, took the ferry and headed for home. I remember clearly riding hard through driving rain on the M20 at 80mph, desperate for the journey to end. I dropped François off and made my way back to university, first stopping off at a service station nearby to re-adjust the tyre pressures. As I crouched down by the left side of the rear wheel I saw, to my horror, a sidewall gash running the entire



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circumference of the wheel, down to the fabric of the tyre. Where did that come from? Closer inspection: the rear mudguard was offset to the right, such that at the limit of the suspension's travel the mudguard's sharp rear edge had been gouging into the sidewall of the tyre. Later it turned out that the crash had pushed the rear loom to the right, taking the mudguard with it. Norton Andover had missed that one when they had repaired the bike for me!

I decided to ride on (I mean, how totally daft can you get?) and thank God, bike and rider arrived back in one piece.

I leave the reader to compare the foolishness of youth way back then with the discipline of today's advanced riding. François and I still laugh about the fun we had, the crazy decisions, and frankly at what we got away with, but deep down we know how lucky we were.

And the bikes? Two years later François took his Mini Van to France. He recovered the BSA. That faithful and generous farmer had died, but an employee handed it over. The bike was sold on to a friend, for yet another rebuild. I had soon to leave for a research project in West Africa and sold my beloved Norton to a friend. As soon as I returned to university, I visited him to buy it back. But, sadly, he had sold it on.

Some years later, I tried to track down my Norton, but no luck. Often, I wonder, KYO 192K, where are you? Rusting gently somewhere? Long gone for scrap? What I would give to have you back!



# Nick Robinson

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## Run Leader Back Marker Course (RLBM)

by Adrian Wood, Luke Graham and Robbie McIntosh

Mentor Alan Mossman

So how did we come to sign up for the RLBM course and what was it like? Well, spoiler alert – it's fantastic and we'd recommend it to you all. Read on to find out more....

Like everyone, we three have quite different riding histories, but RLBM was rewarding for each of us and together we probably represent many riders' backgrounds.

Adrian has been an advanced rider for more than 20 years, is hugely experienced and a blood bike rider. He has also organised and led friends on social runs in the past and more recently with WAGS.

Robbie rode fast bikes (badly) when young then came back to riding fast bikes (badly) in his thirties, then after a 10 year+ layoff came back again just as badly in 2020. TVAM probably saved him, and finally becoming a safer and smoother rider has given him a whole new purpose and enjoyment on his bike. He wishes he'd joined up 20 years earlier.

Luke by contrast, despite riding an old man's motorbike and enjoying a pint of real ale (not whilst riding), is our child prodigy. Clearly a prodigious talent as he passed his advanced test just 18 months after passing his basic test and has never looked back, organising and leading numerous rides with friends to Wales and France.

Robbie and Luke came across the RLBM system on limited social runs at the time when there was no St. Crispin's, as they were training during the COVID lockdown periods. Then, when St. Crispin's started again they discovered there was a course to learn these skills. The three of us had been riding together socially so we decided to sign up.



In terms of our bikes, Adrian did the course on his lovely big green ZZR1400, Robbie wanted to do it on his lovely big orange KTM RC8 but it was broken. Robbie loves Adrian's bike because he's colour blind and can't tell the difference between orange and green but doesn't want TVAM training leaders or examiners to know that. So Robbie finally did it on a red (still can't tell the difference) Aprilia RSV1000R.

Adrian and Robbie admired Luke at the start of the course for his free-thinking choice of bike as he started out on his Triumph Tiger. However, by the time we finished, just like 7 of 9 in Star Trek Voyager, Luke had been assimilated by the Borg and he traded in the Trumper for a big TVAM tractor. Although, in fairness, it is a very lovely grey colour scheme BMW GS. So, with diverse bikes, experiences, riding and training journeys each of us still enjoyed the whole process of the RLBM course and found it highly rewarding. Robbie was worried about doing it on a sports bike with no satnav, as he doesn't use one, but Issy was very reassuring as she also rides a sports bike with no satnav and she runs the course. So don't worry if you're in that camp as it really doesn't matter.

### So what was the process?

Well, on 1st March 2022 we did the first classroom session with about 15 or 20 of us on Zoom; with Issy, some training team, some mentors and the other course trainees. It was 2 or 3 hours with a break, and we dived straight into discussing the elements that make for a good ride, to ensure ride quality, enjoyment and marker safety. After this everything we did was face-to-face within the small groups we worked in and with our mentor.

The course comprises these 3 elements:

- 1 theory from classroom learning and the very good accompanying RLBM course handbook
- 2 practical aspects of putting the theory into riding actual routes, and then
- 3 working with the mentor we were allocated, on embedding and developing the classroom learning and putting everything effectively into our route planning, then into practise on the road.

We looked at route planning with road maps and navigation tools available online, discussing ways to refine and double check roads and junctions, and how to identify and plan around hazards. We went out on practise runs, learning and applying the art

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of marker placement or release and together we planned routes that we would be evaluated on.

It's quite strange writing about this in a modular fashion because it didn't feel like we were learning in chunks. It felt very fluid and that we were just having fun whilst ensuring we were going to have some successful ride outs, we were of course absorbing important learning points.

The process of building a good group ride is firstly to plan the route, then recce, then execute. The course really demonstrates the importance of doing enough recces to ensure all marker positions would be safe in the real world. This also helps observe any real time changes on the route.

RLBM makes us safer and more competent run leaders and back markers, but it also makes it safer for our markers. The process of evaluating all junction and road types in a learning environment and considering issues arising for your markers on the open road before you go and put that into practice, is clearly valuable.

The course also embeds the preparation for what to do should you have any kind of incident – damaged bike or injured rider, or lose riders from the route, rather than having to deal with these without preparation should they arise, as a stressful situation on the road.

We would definitely recommend RLBM to anyone who wants to lead rides and/or back mark. You would also benefit from the reflection on the issues around group runs if you just enjoy learning, and/or going on group runs. You don't need to have the badge to run your own social rides, although it is preferred; but you do need it if you want to run or back mark a St. Crispin's ride, which is helpful to the club and enables us to give a little back.

We were given the marvellous Alan Mossman as our mentor who is experienced, knowledgeable, wise and a very patient and supportive mentor. Robbie had his long-term broken-down bike issue, and we all had some family and work distractions plus the summer holiday period, but Alan's gentle but very effective encouragement and support kept us going in the right direction and on towards a very rewarding completion.

We did our validation ride around the lovely countryside of WAGland on 24th September, and we will have a final classroom session to debrief this, relate back to the learning, and tie all course elements together – and hopefully a small celebratory toast.

Finally, a huge thanks to Alan for his mentoring and the marvellous 12 TVAM riders who very generously came out with us on our validation ride.





81 Russell Street, Reading, RG1 7XG

**0118 950 0300**

Mark Wilson

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## Gavin Grewal **Legal Eagle** answers your questions



The *Slipstream* legal corner is brought to you by Gavin Grewal of White Dalton Motorcycle Solicitors. Gavin is a qualified Solicitor in England and Wales and a passionate biker. He currently rides a ZZR1400 and a GSA1250. Gavin also works as a Roads Policing Officer having racked up 12 years' experience with two different police forces. TVAM members are invited to put legal questions (bike related of course!) which may be answered in future articles to [gavin@whitedalton.co.uk](mailto:gavin@whitedalton.co.uk)

### **Parallel Legal Systems**

It is common misconception that a criminal conviction in a court will result in an 'automatic finding of wrongdoing' in a sister court. That is not entirely true.

A driver of a motorcar pulled out into the path of a motorcyclist. This resulted in a serious collision in which the biker was badly injured. The car driver was prosecuted for Careless Driving. He pleaded not guilty but, after a trial, was found guilty before the Magistrates. His licence was endorsed with 9 points, signalling their disapproval of his poor driving (as a note, Careless Driving may be punished by endorsing the licence with 3 to 9 points, or a period of disqualification – Generally, the higher the points the more appalling the driving).

The motorcyclist brings a civil claim in which his solicitor pleads the conviction as evidence of the motorcar driver's wrongdoing. This is interesting as a general rule under *Hollington v F. Hewthorn & Co* [1943] KB 587 is that findings of courts and tribunals are not admissible in subsequent proceedings.

There is an exception to this general rule and that can be found at S.11 of the Civil Evidence Act 1968; this trumps the common law principle and allows the motorcyclist to raise a presumption that the car driver is to blame for the accident, by reason of his criminal conviction.

The burden is on the car driver to prove he did not commit the offence. This is not a re-hearing, or a 'second bite' at the cherry as the bar is very high and it would not be open to the driver to reargue his case in the civil claim as to his bad driving. I suspect, running the same defence he ran before the Magistrates' will result in a summary judgment application, which if successful, would mean the motorcyclist wins his claim outright in the civil court. If there is new evidence, this might allow a re-hearing in part but there is a very thin line between a re-hearing, on the same issues, and an abuse of process. The new evidence must 'entirely change the aspect of the case'. This rarely happens, as any potential defence is usually explored in the criminal courts, as opposed to 'coming to light' in the subsequent civil proceedings.

It should be noted this only applies to decisions in the UK courts. Convictions in foreign courts are not admissible in English proceedings.

It is still open for the motorcar driver to argue 'contributory negligence', that is to say the motorcyclist did something wrong which would result in a finding of blame. The most common argument is in relation to excess speed. However, the burden rests with the motorcar driver. It is not enough for the car driver to 'allege' excess speed; he must prove it by evidence.

I recall taking a note in a criminal case where the car driver said, 'I just did not see the biker...'. Fast forward to the civil claim, the car driver alleged 'the biker was speeding down the road'. That was given short shrift, as he cannot say he did not see the biker yet at the same time give evidence as to the biker's speed. This also explains why it is sensible for a solicitor to attend the criminal hearing to take a good note; there is no recording made in a Magistrates' Court trial. You cannot ask for a copy of the transcript. It does not exist!

The same applies in reverse. I act for a biker who, very sadly, was convicted of the death of his pillion passenger by Careless Driving (read Riding). The car driver involved in this accident was acquitted of the same charge. Civil proceedings followed the event in which the Law Reform (Contributory Negligence) Act 1945 was used. Paragraph one of that Act allows the court to apportion blame between the parties, notwithstanding the fact the biker is the one who has the criminal conviction. Such blame may be apportioned as the Court thinks is 'just' and 'equitable', having regard to the parties' respective share of responsibility. A decision is expected in this case very shortly; I do not identify the case by name so as not to breach any client privilege. In any event the principle of open justice applies. Meaning anyone can attend open hearings in their local court and also apply to access key documents in court cases. I would really recommend going along to your local court to see how justice is served in this country.



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# TVAM CALENDAR

## SOCIAL & TRAINING RUNS, TRACK DAYS, TRIPS & EVENTS 2022

If you have a run for the calendar please send details to [socialruns@tvam.org](mailto:socialruns@tvam.org). Keep an eye on the Groups.io calendar for the latest news. Also check local teams.

### JOINING LOCAL TEAM SOCIAL OR TRAINING RUNS

Many of the local teams now post their runs here. Many rides use either a database or an RSVP on the Groups.io calendar to allow you to sign up for a ride, and it's now much easier to subscribe to a local team to participate. From the **allmembers** area click in the menu on **Subgroups** and look down the list at **Subgroups You Can Join**. Click to join, then you can access their calendar and run database to sign onto the run.

You can adjust subscriptions from that group afterwards to receive fewer or more notifications or unsubscribe from it. Easy peasy!

### NOVEMBER 2022

SUN 20	<b>ST CRISPIN'S SUNDAY - 8.45am</b> Members' monthly meet at St Crispin's School, Wokingham. Observed rides for Associates and Social Runs for Full Members.
SUN 27	<b>RAMs FOURTH SUNDAY RUN</b> Details to be posted on Groups.io. Contact Dana or Ben with any questions at <a href="mailto:reading@tvam.org">reading@tvam.org</a> . Sign up on RAMs database.
SUN 27	<b>WOBBMOB MONTHLY SOCIAL RUN</b> Full details on WOBBMOB Groups.io calendar two weeks before the run. Sign up on WOBBMOB database.

### DECEMBER 2022

SAT 3	<b>SAMs FIRST SATURDAY RUN (B)</b> Meet at Jenner's Cafe, Ray Mead Road, Maidenhead, SL6 8NP at 9am to join SAMs run. See calendar on Groups.io for any changes.
SUN 4	<b>GNATs FIRST SUNDAY RUN (B)</b> Join the GNATs for their first Sunday of the month run. See GNATs database for run details and to sign up.
SAT 10	<b>RAMs SECOND SATURDAY RUN</b> Details to be posted on Groups.io. Contact Dana or Ben with any questions at <a href="mailto:reading@tvam.org">reading@tvam.org</a> . Sign up on RAMs database.
SUN 18	<b>ST CRISPIN'S SUNDAY - 8.45am and MOTOJUMBLE (see p6)</b> Members' monthly meet at St Crispin's School, Wokingham. Observed rides for Associates and Social Runs for Full Member

**Reminder that there is no Slipstream published in December so we would be grateful for notification of any runs, courses, events or trips to put in the calendar for 2023.**

**Please email them to [socialruns@tvam.org](mailto:socialruns@tvam.org) or [slipstream@tvam.org](mailto:slipstream@tvam.org)**

FRI 30

### LAST BREAKFAST RIDE OF THE YEAR (B)

Morning Ride of 120 mile round trip with breakfast stop somewhere. Depending on weather return to Basingstoke for 2pm latest. If it's icy or snowing – stay in bed. Meet at McDonald's, Basingstoke Leisure Park, Worting Rd, Basingstoke RG22 6PG at 9am for a 9.15am departure. Run Leader Mark Spittles 07753 931570. Limited to 10 riders – see calendar Groups.io for booking your slot.

## JANUARY 2023

### SAMs FIRST SATURDAY RUN (B)

Meet at Jenner's Cafe, Ray Mead Road, Maidenhead, SL6 8NP at 9am to join SAMs run. See calendar on Groups.io for any changes.

### GNATs FIRST SUNDAY RUN (B)

Join the GNATs for their first Sunday of the month run. See GNATs database for run details and to sign up.

### RAMs SECOND SATURDAY RUN

Details to be posted on Groups.io. Contact Dana or Ben with any questions at reading@tvam.org. Sign up on RAMs database.

### ST CRISPIN'S SUNDAY - 8.45am

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - 12.30pm

Members' monthly meet at St Crispin's School, Wokingham. Observed rides for Associates and Social Runs for Full Member. Followed by the AGM. We encourage all members to attend.

Social Runs

Trip

Events

Track Day/Training Run/Training Trip

### TVAM Run Ratings

- A: Skilled/progressive for confident riders on all types of road.
- B+: Progressive pace for the confident, focused rider.
- B: Medium paced, relaxed ride.
- C: Suitable for first timers or those looking for a MORE leisurely pace. No overtaking within the group.
- T: More formal training run – observed/social ride with an element of coaching.



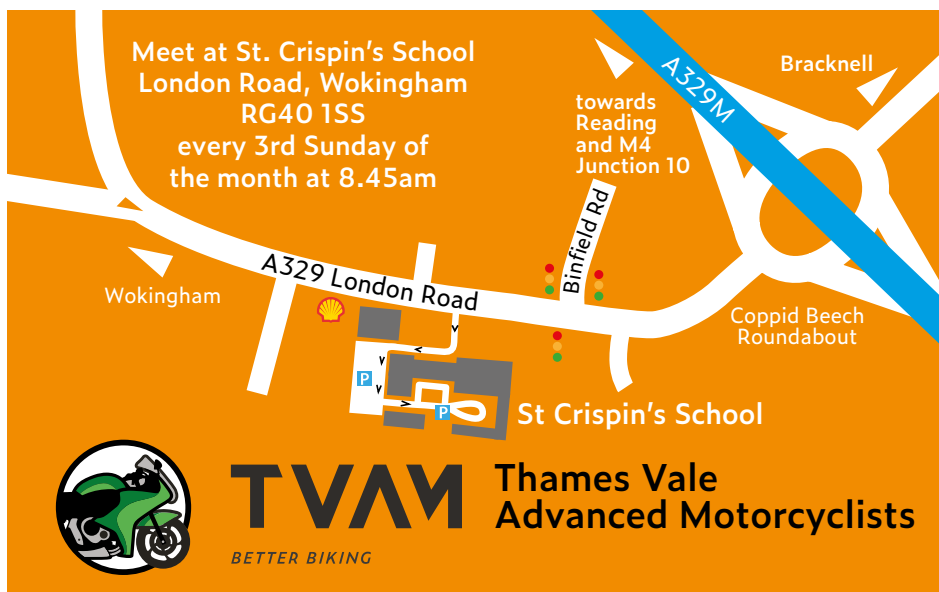
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## CLUB MEETS

We meet from 8.45am on the 3rd Sunday of each month at St. Crispin's School, London Road, Wokingham, RG40 1SS. We welcome any wanting to come for an observed ride, or to see what we are about and just grab a coffee and a bacon roll – and you can join here!



## LOCAL TEAM MEETS - contact your local team for online meeting times.

To join a team other than your own, go to Groups.io all members and see Wiki – Join a subgroup

### Basingstoke (BAR)

When: First Monday of the month  
Where: Iron Bull Roadhouse Cafe, Water End  
Park, Old Basing, Basingstoke, RG24 7BB  
Time: 7.30pm

### Camberley (CLAMs)

When: 1st Tuesday every month  
Where: The Windmill, London Road, Windlesham,  
Surrey, GU20 6PJ  
Time: 8pm

### Great Northern (GNATs)

Meet 1: After each St Crispin's for coffee at  
The Farm Café, Ashridge Manor Garden  
Centre, Forest Road, Wokingham,  
RG40 5QY  
Meet2: Wednesday evening rides throughout the  
summer months – register with GNATs  
on Groups.io  
Meet 3: Rideout first Sunday of the month.

### Reading (RAMs)

When: First Monday of the month  
Where: Fox and Hounds, Theale, RG7 4BE  
Time: 8pm – ride beforehand  
see RAMs group in Groups.io for details

### Slough (SAM)

When: First Saturday of the month  
Where: Jenners Riverside Café, Ray Mead Road,  
Maidenhead, SL6 8NP  
Time: 9am

### Wantage & Newbury (WAGs)

When: Second Wednesday of the month  
How: Ye Olde Red Lion, Chieveley, RG20 8XB  
Time: 7.30pm

### Wokingham & Bracknell (WOBMOB)

When: 3rd Tuesday of the month  
How: Join us – wobmob@tvam.Groups.io  
Time: Zoom call at 8pm

### Green Team (Full Members)

Meet: No meetings at present time.



## OBSERVER CONTACTS

Aardvarks	Chris Brownlee	aardvarks@tvam.org
Allocations	Peter Browne	allocations@tvam.org
Assessments	Andy Wedge	assessments@tvam.org
Bike to bike radios	Chris Brownlee	bike2bike@tvam.org
Cross Checks	Simon Whatley	crosschecks@tvam.org
Cross Check link		www.tvam.org/cross-check-request
Observer Health Checks	Andy Wedge	observerhealthchecks@tvam.org
Observer Interest	Andy Wedge	observerinterest@tvam.org
Observer Training	Chris Brownlee	observertraining@tvam.org
Test Passes	Peter Browne	testpasses@tvam.org
Trainee Observer Coordinator	Hev Smith	tobcoordinator@tvam.org

### OBSERVER FORUM (mailing list):

Observer Group <https://tvam.Groups.io/g/observers>

## LOCAL TEAM CONTACTS

### TEAM LEADERS (teamleaders@tvam.org): Quarterly meetings – Zoom – 7.30pm –

Basingstoke (BAR)	Graham Carter	basingstoke@tvam.org
Camberley (CLAMs)	Jez Brown, Bri Walmsley	camberley@tvam.org
Great Northern (GNATs)	Gary Jackson,	wycombe@tvam.org
Reading (RAMs)	Dana Gottschalk, Ben Graham	reading@tvam.org
Slough (SAM)	Chris Davey, Ally McCulloch	slough@tvam.org
Wantage & Newbury (WAGs)	Paul Gilmore	wantage@tvam.org
Wokingham & Bracknell (WOBOB)	Andy MacWalter, Ian Gaitley	wokingham@tvam.org
Green Team	Nick Edgley	greenteam@tvam.org

### SOCIAL CONTACTS (socialleaders@tvam.org):

Basingstoke (BAR)	Mark Spittles	basingstoke.social@tvam.org
Camberley (CLAMs)	Caroline Harvey	camberley.social@tvam.org
Great Northern (GNATs)	Gary Jackson	wycombe.social@tvam.org
Reading (RAMs)	Dana Gottschalk, Ben Graham	reading.social@tvam.org
Slough (SAM)	Chris Davey, Ally McCulloch	slough.social@tvam.org
Wantage & Newbury (WAGs)	Paul Gilmore, Mimi Carter Jonas	wantage.social@tvam.org
Wokingham (WOBOB)	Andy MacWalter and Ian Gaitley	wokingham.social@tvam.org
Green Team	Nick Edgley	greenteam@tvam.org



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*Slipstream* editor and designer: Salli G – [slipstream@tvam.org](mailto:slipstream@tvam.org)

Editorial team: Kathy Wright, Nick Tasker, Robin Hennem and Paul Harris

**Copy deadline: 3rd week of the month. To ensure your article or information is included please inform the Editor to book space - [slipstream@tvam.org](mailto:slipstream@tvam.org) at the earliest opportunity, issues are planned well in advance of print date which is generally the first Friday of the month.**

Advertisement sales: [advertising@tvam.org](mailto:advertising@tvam.org).

TVAM enquiries: 0118 402 4800 TVAM Website: [www.tvam.org](http://www.tvam.org)

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## CLUB CONTACTS

### Committee (committee@tvam.Groups.io): Who are they? Photos on Groups.io

Chairman	Barrie Smith	chairman@tvam.org
Chief Observer	Chris Brownlee	chiefobserver@tvam.org
Secretary	Ian Gaitley	secretary@tvam.org
Treasurer	Bjorg Arnadottir	treasurer@tvam.org
Membership Secretary	Dave Simmons 0118 402 4800	membership@tvam.org
Slipstream Editor	Salli Griffith	slipstream@tvam.org

**Committee Meetings:** These are held at James House, Mere Park, Dedmere Road, Marlow, SL7 1FJ  
 Next Meeting: (M – Marlow/Internet), 14th December (M), – all meetings normally on second  
 Wednesday of the month at 7.30pm. If a member wishes to attend they should contact Ian Gaitley –  
 secretary@tvam.org before the meeting date.

### Special Roles:

Advanced Bike Control	Chris Caswell	advancedbikecontrol@tvam.org or abc@tvam.org
Advanced Plus (previously EAR)	Andy Wedge/Chris Brownlee	advancedplus@tvam.org
Advertising	Salli Griffith	advertising@tvam.org
BikeCraft	Di Woodcock	bikecraft@tvam.org
Bike Maintenance	Phil Ryan	bikemaintenance@tvam.org
Café and Stopover Database	Chris Brownlee	cafedatabase@tvam.org
Events	Barrie Smith	events@tvam.org
Events Diary (non-run events)	Salli Griffith	eventsdiary@tvam.org
Girl Torque	Salli Griffith, Dee Smith	girltorque@tvam.org
Groups.io Support	Andy Wedge, Chris Brownlee	Groups.io@tvam.org
Incident Reporting	Training Team	incident@tvam.org
Leaflet Supply	Barrie Smith	leaflets@tvam.org
Look Lean Roll		llr@tvam.org
Meet & Greet Team	Catherine Russell	meetandgreet@tvam.org
Midweek Runs	Alan Hudson	midweekruns@tvam.org
Offroad Riding	Mark Barrett	offroad@tvam.org
Pillion Rider Course	Alan Hudson	prc@tvam.org
Red Zone	Mel Hakhnazarian	redzone@tvam.org
RideOn	Training Team	trainingteam@tvam.org
Run Leader & Back Marker Course	Alan Mossman, Issy Griffiths	runleaderbackmarker@tvam.org
Social Media	Kyriakos Chrysostomou, Aaron Braich	socialmedia@tvam.org
Social Run Co-ordinators	Salli Griffith	socialruns@tvam.org
St Crispin's Sunday Runs	Alan Mossman	sundaysocialruns@tvam.org
Tea & Coffee Bar at St Crispin's	Carole Hooper	coffeebar@tvam.org
Toy Run	Steve Harris (volunteers for Dec Toy Run)	toyrun@tvam.org
Track Skills Days (Training)	Dave Hepworth	circuitsskills@tvam.org
Webmaster	Steve Dennis	webmaster@tvam.org

### Website:

TVAM Website [www.tvam.org](http://www.tvam.org)

The website gives you access to the web shop for booking courses, trips, training and track days.

### TVAM Groups.io

Groups.io is the system used by TVAM to share details of news, events and much more.

<https://Groups.io/groups>

You will automatically be added to the system when you join TVAM so you can get involved in the conversations with other members. There are local team and special interest groups available for you to join also. Get involved and find out what's happening.

**Correspondence Address & Telephone:** 23 Comet Way, Woodley, Reading RG5 4NZ. 0118 402 4800

### Registered Office:

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