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SEPTEMBER 2021

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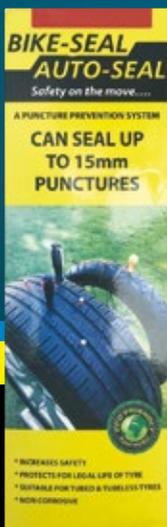
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Well, for the first time since early 2020 we had a St. Crispin's meet with a great turnout. Many who doubted its existence got to experience it first hand. If you missed it we'll be doing it all again this month!

Many of have headed off on both staycations and some on real trips abroad. We'd like to hear any good stories please! I'm at present typing this in Devon, and loving finally getting a break after all this time. Besides visiting the Eden Project for a day, I have been touring Exmoor, Dartmoor, the coast and everything in between, and finally putting some miles on my Triumph Trident, and eating cream teas!

7Ws #40 edition is finally coming to fruition after a very long wait. These weekends which are a mix of training and social are super fun, with amazing roads, great company and the chance to improve your riding under the watchful eyes of our Observers. Associates and Full Members alike can get informal feedback over the three day trip. Get plenty of rest beforehand - it's full on! And don't forget that full check to make sure your bike ready.

We could still do with some runs for the general calendar - local teams, don't keep them all to yourselves - run leaders don't be shy.

Keep the rubber side down...

Sally G.

Slipstream Editor





TVAM ROLL OF HONOUR

BETTER BIKING

NEW MEMBERS IN AUGUST

Stuart Bennett
Sharon Black
Natalie Burgess
John 'Joey' Buttfeld
Clinton Clay
Jeremy Cottam
Tim Frogley
Steve Gilmour
Samuel Gray
Andy Holloway

James Kay
Philip Lijo
David McGhee
Duncan McPhee
Robert Merry
Matthew Sayburn
Paul Smith
Ben Stoneman
Roger Sucksmith
Mark Thomas

Paul Tsarion
Ian Turner
Wallace Vincent
Crispin Walker
Steve Whitehouse
David Wilks
Dave Williams
Greg Wood
Jodi Wood

TEST PASSES

Candidate

Christopher Brown

Graham Carter

Darren Cave

Stephen Cudd

Michael Davies

Danny Ferry

Robert McIntosh

Stuart Millar

Ross Murray

Mark Robson

Luke Schofield

Leigh Tibbles

Peter van den Broek

Jonathan Walker

Mark Ward

Observer

Kevin Dunwell

Raymond McGrath

Paul Wassell

Christopher Davey

Mimi Carter Jonas

Diane Woodcock

Mick Goodall

Alan Dunne

Mimi Carter Jonas

Peter Dalglish

Kevin Buchta

Dave Parsons

Paul Naish

Kimberley Bird

Keith Miller

With a **FIRST** Pass

FROM THE CHAIR

Wow, is it September already? Summer appeared short-lived, and it does seem that when going out for a ride I now reach for the mid-season gloves and Rukka gear, rather than the summer jacket and bike jeans. Yes, Autumn is now officially upon us.

I do hope that many of you were able to get away, relax and enjoy yourselves during this second strange summer we have experienced and perhaps found new parts of the country on your motorcycle. It seems that many have headed north to Scotland to do the North Coast 500 and of course across to Wales to play on arguably some of the best roads in the UK.

August saw a return to St. Crispin's with a record number of you in attendance and how great it was to be a part of it, seeing so many happy faces, old friends and a whole host of new ones. Over 100 new members have joined in the 17 months since we were last able to meet together in our monthly Club meeting.

Officially there were 315 bikes at St Crispin's, smashing the previous Club record of 290 in August 2017. What a great job all the teams did to ensure that so many new people were welcomed warmly. A huge thank you to the local teams who arranged rides into St. Crispin's for new members and Associates, the Meet & Greet Team, Red Badge Zone and others who helped people move around the school to ensure they got to where they were meant to be throughout the morning. What a great job Amanda did of allocating Associates to Observers to enable everyone that wanted an observed ride to get one. I do not think I've ever seen the stage so packed. Thank you also to all of our helpers on the tea bar that kept us going throughout the morning. There were people out there that believed St Crispin's was a myth, yes you Mr Boulter, however that was well and truly put to bed with such a great attendance.

So, as we say goodbye to summer, it doesn't mean that we must hang up our helmets and gloves just yet. After three previous cancellations, the 40th edition of 7Ws is about to take place. In just a week's time about 80 members of the Club will be heading to the Commodore Hotel in Llandrindod Wells for this long-awaited event. It's been two years since the 39th running of the event and it is shaping up to be an amazing weekend for all that attend.

Over the last month we have seen three training runs, organised by CLAMS, RAMS & WOBMOB as well as the return of the Advanced Bike Control course at RAF Odiham. Thanks to everyone that worked to put those events on for the membership.

If any of you are planning a social ride, don't forget to send it out on Groups.io and contact Salli, our editor, so she can get it into Slipstream to advertise it.

I'm off on my hols now, so won't be seeing you this month (stop cheering). Have fun and stay safe and I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible in October.

Barrie Smith
TVAM Chair



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR...

Many thanks...

Thank you very much TVAM for the lovely gifts given to me at the St. Crispin's August meeting in recognition of my 30 years of continuous membership. I have made many friends and memories and had some amazing experiences that enriched my life and took my motorcycling skills to a high level. I am so pleased that my legacy of Look, Lean, Roll will continue into the future in the very capable hands of the present dedicated team of stalwart volunteer TVAM members. I hope all present members take full advantage of what this wonderful club has to offer and enjoy their advanced riding journey as much as I did. Ride safe.

Sincerely

Aunty Lyn (Lyn Allen)

Great read...

After some excellent coaching from Phil Bassil I passed my IAM in 2001 and it made a huge difference to my enjoyment and confidence, it also saved my life on at least two occasions.

Since then, life has got in the way quite a lot, running my own business, organising and playing for dances and gigs, having dance lessons, flying model aeroplanes, rebuilding most of my bungalow, etc., and my rides are now sadly few and far between. I've only been to St.Crispin's twice and done one social ride in all that time, but remain a member to add my little bit of support. I'm a quite fit and busy pensioner now and my beautiful Deauville, with just 5,000 miles on the clock, always heavy, seems to be getting even heavier but I love it.

My wife is currently reminding me that we have not been out on it for a while. With the backrest on the top box, pillion pal belt and intercom (guess what she uses that for), she absolutely loves it.

I digress. The main reason for contacting you was to say how much I enjoyed reading Phil Boulter's write up on his Scottish trip, it had me in stitches. What an excellent story teller he is, it's just like he's there, talking to you, and such a great sense of humour. So please pass on my thanks to him for making my sides ache and brightening my Monday morning.

Geoff Norman



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TWO WHEELS AND SEVERAL REBIRTHS

As a new member from end of last year, I'm in my fourth life on two wheels after some fairly lengthy gaps. So in all, my motorcycling has stretched across 1970-72, 1984-6, 1989-90 and from 2016 to date.

My TVAM journey started when I met what I presume was a bunch of WAGs, while on a trip out to Wantage, 2 years ago. Having arrived in the Market Square to stop for a coffee I found myself in the midst of about 25 bikers and joined their ride through Oxfordshire, and was made to feel very welcome. So, it was natural to later consider joining and the offer of a Taster Ride with Paul Wells as my Observer came up, thanks Paul! I described it afterwards as 'Epic'!

FREEDOM: SIGN HERE

To go back to my first motorcycling days, I had to get to school and back. We were living in Lower Basildon and my school was in Sonning. I bought my first bike, a Suzuki 50 M15 (2 stroke, not a moped), from the proceeds of working in my school holidays. I loved the freedom it gave me and it got me on the road at the weekends, to my best school friend Steve's house in Wargrave. He was on a chopped Triumph Tiger Cub with the registration plate, 4761 D, but it looked the part. You've got to remember this was the era of Peter Fonda and Captain America.

This freedom was to be dramatically cut short when I got back to school from a Saturday away football match. The bike was AWOL (Hell's teeth!). Not a sign, but 6 weeks later, my beautiful little Suzuki was spotted sticking out of the weir at Sonning. Joy-ridden and heavily baptised in Father Thames, by a pair of (I think the term was: greeboes), who lived on the school site. Worst of all, no fingerprints left. If your name is Thompson and you've got a twin brother, I'm after my 28 quid!

The school insurance payout helped me move up-scale slightly to a Honda 90 C200. Okay, small beer in biking terms, especially as in those days, a 250 could be ridden on L's. The next machine was a Triumph Tiger Cub with clip-ons and a very decently done cafe racer set up. White fibreglass tank and metallic green stove enameled frame. Seized on me at 60mph on the A4!

1970'S JAPANESE MIND INVASION

I can clearly remember the 6 page Honda fold-out of those years, picturing the full range from SS125 twin up to the classic super bike, the CB750 Dream. My head was turned. Superb machines and marketing, no question. BSA and Triumph were still putting out half decent bikes, like the Starfire and the Trophy, there was the Norton Commando, but the momentum had shifted to the East!

BIKER DOWN, (ME) & A CHANCE RE-UNION 10 YEARS ON

One day on my Honda, while leaving a T-junction in Wargrave, I came to blows at low speed with a yellow Audi in broad daylight, yes, a serious lack of active scanning. I was down but alright and the gent in the Audi was very understanding. His name was Bob Noble and by some incredible chance 10 years on, we crossed paths again when I got a job with an advertising agency in London, where he was the main Partner. I think we both knew... but staying schtum seemed to work best.

MID 80'S

It was to be nearly 15 years before my 2nd biker rebirth. Why such a big gap? Something to do with Mini's and Capri's. They also come off better at T-junctions!

My friend Steve (a constant lead in my biking life) was on a Honda Nighthawk. Trips to Thailand in 1981, where large machines could be readily hired and without full license and test, rekindled something. The scene was set for me taking my test on a Honda 125, around the streets of Tilehurst. This led to the Honda CB650Z becoming my first "serious" machine. I put myself through the Star Rider Course for some degree of mastery over this first 4 cylinder machine. Such a mighty power revelation after a 200cc single Tiger Cub, although I'd experienced Honda fours in Pattaya.

EARLY 90'S. MID-LIFE CRISIS? MID-LIFE CHRISTMAS MORE LIKE

In the early 90's after my next biking interval, I went out and bought a Yamaha XV750 (imported from US). Lovely machine, semi-cruiser style. Then came the next and last gap in riding, until 2016.

PRESENT DAY: EWAN AND CHARLEY SHOW US THE ONLY WAY IS UP!

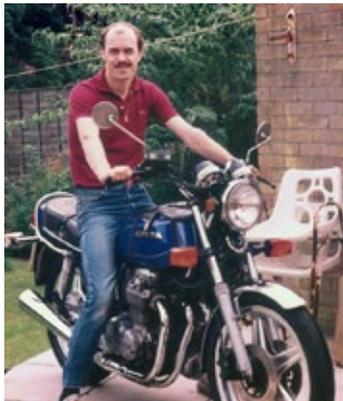
Watching those guys, I just kept smiling and Ewan's post trip reflections resonated strongly. I think it's fascinating how we've all come to being bikers, with our many varied life paths. In a club like TVAM, I can see that a membership of over 1,000 spans a broad swathe of motorbike history and is a microcosm of our favourite industry, over many decades.

My own relatively lightly trodden path has encompassed Suzuki, two Hondas, two Yamahas and two Triumphs. Perhaps the most important is Triumph, themselves reborn and unrecognisable from my early days. Thank you, Mr Bloor. My own tastes have never entered sports or adventure bike territory, so I must be stuck in retro/classic mode! I'm now on Triumph America (2014) and Yamaha XSR 900 (2017) and I love the contrast, ranging from relaxed cruising to just pure exhilaration!

I've yet to be seduced by Harley, BMW, Ducati, Moto Guzzi and Kawasaki, please forgive me, I'm working on it! I am equally fascinated by certain other brands and machines like Indian and even Benelli for the future, what a great time to be a biker! Aahh, if only the garage was bigger.

What does biking represent to me? It's the freedom, the shared culture and the semi-spiritual experience of banking round bends, akin to flying. Coming back home, still alive, but actually more ALIVE! Now I just need to learn to do it properly!

Jon Handley





It all started when I bought a KTM RC8R a few weeks ago. I'd owned one years ago and always regretted letting it go. Long story short, the mirrors give a great view of your shoulders and not much else.

In search of some neat bar-end mirrors I decided to use a quality British supplier and gave Oberon Performance (<https://www.oberon-performance.co.uk/>) a ring. I'd fitted one of their clutch slave cylinders to a KTM Super Adventure in the past.

I spoke with their Customer Services guy, David Goodyear, and he helpfully deciphered the multitude of fitting options (actually 9) shown on the Oberon website before I placed the order.

During our conversation I asked if he could arrange a visit to their workshop and so, some weeks later, a hardy bunch of TVAM riders arrive like drowned rats (the rain was biblical) at the Oberon workshop in Havant; one arrived in a waterproof tin box on wheels (lightweight!!).

Steve Street, the owner, entertained us (I use the words deliberately) for over 3 hours. He should write a book. He took us through his early years as an apprentice and subsequent years of successes and failures. His interactions with manufacturers, suppliers and big-name motorcycle manufacturers were an eye opener. He has overcome struggles to obtain British components; who would have guessed it would be so difficult to source 60mm diameter convex mirror glass.

Finally he bought up an anodising plant because his supplier became so overwhelmed with orders that quality and delivery just failed dramatically.

Steve is a true entrepreneur; biker, engineer, shrewd businessman and innovative problem solver who isn't fazed by challenges. It's a story of biker becoming accessory manufacturer with real ambition to make a difference. The ethos of Steve's company is simple, to offer parts which improve the performance where OEM parts may have failed or just to enhance a bike's look and feel. Examples include clutch slave cylinders, mirrors, footpegs and clutch/brake levers.

Steve explained that OEM parts are often poorly designed; an example being the metal to metal contact of sliding surfaces in a hydraulic component and seals which fail prematurely. He has skilfully re-designed these with more appropriate tolerances and better seal design to give smoother operation and longer life. He originally



designed and made his own seals (EPDM, frozen for machining - for those that are interested) although these have recently been outsourced.



Steve explains the anodising process



Steve Street, Oberon's owner and driving force

His interest and expertise in mechanical engineering, materials science and chemistry has led him to be the owner and driving force behind a successful and unique enterprise.



Machining completed and final clean

We had to tactfully refuse his offer of more tea when we learned he'd overrun and missed an appointment with his grandson.

Great visit and a much more pleasant, dry, ride home with a stop at The Long Barn, Alresford.

A good day out. If you're interested in the process in full you can find it at:

www.oberon-performance.co.uk/how-its-made

Neil Woodcock



BORN TO BE MILD

(continued)

Part two of the tale of my trip around the renowned North Coast 500 on a Burgman with a mate who, although he has been riding for 50 years, has never taken his test – so we continue from last month's riveting episode of our adventure...

Day four found us at the dealership and I had made a discovery. I was fiddling with my waterproof covers to my panniers when my lost gloves fell out. They had obviously got tangled up and lived there for two days. So at least I could save myself the £80 I was due to spend on new ones. Happy days.

Sadly, not so good on the screw front. I saw a guy in the showroom and explained my issue. He was a salesman and pointed to service reception, this being populated by a tall and young brunette girl apparently called Bella who oversaw that department. "Ask her for a screw," was his suggestion. Frankly, I thought my chances would be incredibly low indeed, but I have never been one to shirk good advice – but I opted to perhaps re-phrase the question.

I pointed to the offending Frankenstein-Monster-looking bolt attached to the side of my crash helmet – explained my dilemma and asked if she had anything to cure my ills. Sadly not. Oh well, at least I had found my gloves.



While getting ready to leave in the car park we got talking to a couple of foreign guys who had just been with the lovely Bella getting a radio fitted to one of their helmets. "What part of Germany are you from?" I asked – detecting the accent – I am particularly good at accents, it's years of practice. "Holland!" he said. I suspected he did not understand the question and therefore decided to leave it.



We were free to go and find our next stop which was Wick. This was to be a reasonable ride of about 110 miles up the East Coast. We were without breakfast and so we decided to have lunch on the way, stopped at a place called Helmsdale and found a little takeaway Fish & Chip shop called La Mirage. Another one to add to your list of places to visit – especially if you are at all hungry. We simply asked for 2 x Fish and Chip meals and proceeded to wait. We waited a little longer – and then we waited. After waiting some more, we finally got our meals. The meal consisted of about a week's worth of chips and these were hidden underneath the remains of two porpoises.

Did I say "each". The meals were huge – and tasted wonderful. There was no way we could finish them, but boy – what a feast. We were now at a point where it was difficult to move, but despite this we bravely managed to climb aboard and find the rest of our way to Wick.

I was due to stay at the house of someone called Elenna at the Rose Cottage in the Harbour. Despite eating the outpourings of a small country at lunchtime we were early. I sent Elenna a message asking if I could check in and she was very accommodating. We found the house so that we both knew where I was in case of emergency and told Elenna we were off to find Ian's overnight stay.

Symptom was staying with Calum in the High Street. I emailed Calum and asked if Ian could check in early. "By all means," replied Calum, "just come to check in at the Camps Bar in the High Street."

Camps Bar?

The Camps bar was a little tired, and when we met Calum, (who seemed like a nice chap), we guessed where the name of the bar came from. There was nowhere for Ian to park his bike (again – insert joke here) so he padlocked it firmly to the metal fence on the harbour wall. I helped Ian carry his bags round the back of the pub up some very questionable steps and left him to settle in. At this juncture I legged it and set off to find Elenna again.

As previously described, Elenna was lovely. She was truly short in stature (a long way



under 5 foot) – but boldly built, I think that is a polite way of putting it, and you should remember that I am also short and boldly built – albeit 5'6". Elenna was shorter – struggling to make the lofty heights of 5 feet even on short steps.

"Would you like help with your bags?" she offered, at which point I pulled myself up to my full height and sucked in one of my stomachs. "I'm fine," I said. "The stairs are rather steep," she said, but I ignored this sage advice and suggested that I would do my luggage in two short journeys.

I shouldered arms and followed Elenna to the foot of the stairs. "I'll lead the way," she uttered as we approached the aforementioned obstacle. Let me say immediately they were **not** steep. I have seen steep, and these were not it. Steep was not a word that was invented to describe these stairs. They were just like the ones I had at home.

We attained the first floor without issues and started up the second flight. I was on top form, and wishing she would hurry up, but Elenna was not to be rushed. We turned the corner and made it to the landing.

"This is a 200-year-old cottage," she told me, "therefore some of it will catch you out if you are not careful.: With this, she opened a door. I peered inside expecting to find a period, (and very tastefully decorated) room, perhaps with a nice little fireplace and sit-down windowsill.

Nope. "One more flight," she offered.

Dear reader, what I saw is best described as a ladder. The stairway was certainly not much wider than a ladder – but it was about as steep. Elenna set off, and I followed, struggling to fit inside the space and carry two panniers. As I ascended, the age of the house appeared to try to prove itself, because someone kept turning the lights out.

It ended well I am pleased to say, after finding the room, opening the window, and



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taking a few lungs-full of sea-air-scented oxygen, I recovered.

"I'll get my son to bring the rest of your luggage up," said Elenna, and I did not have the chance – nor the breath in my body, to argue. The day was not improved by me stubbing my very black big toe on the bed three times that evening!!

To be fair – apart from the altitude the room was lovely and was bettered by a wonderful breakfast the following day. Elenna was also lovely.

Ian was not so happy; his rather tired digs were not as impressive and he was incredibly happy to move on from a sleepless night in Camps Bar.

Lairg was next on the itinerary – via John O'Groats, Dunnet Head and the most northerly part of the North coast. We rode into John O'Groats in the rain, took the obligatory picture and headed out of town without delay. Dunnet Head – 11 miles away was the actual most northern point and a lot more picturesque.

Dounreay was very military and reminded us of nasty things, we hurried past. The A836, apart from this – was lovely. We covered 137 miles – much of it on the coastline and loved every yard of it.

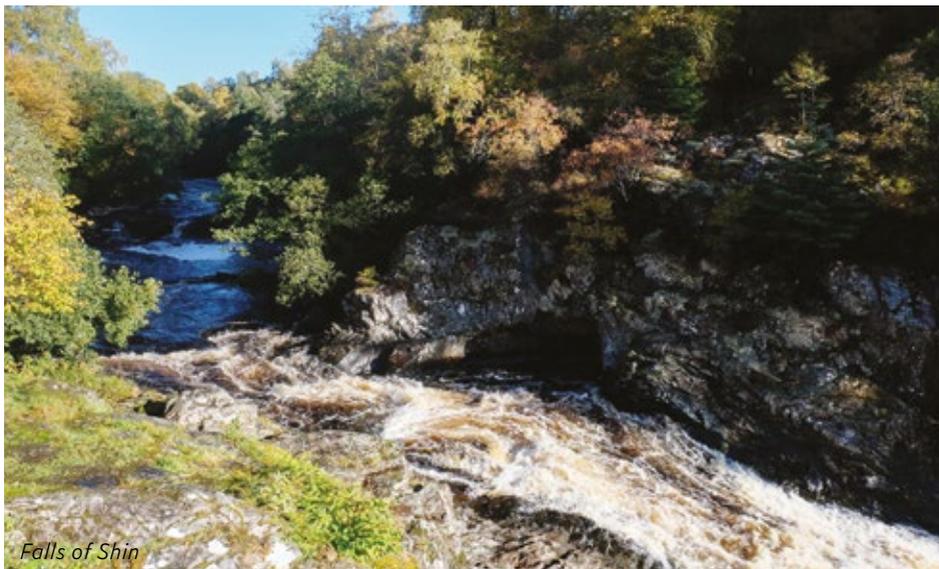
Nothing funny happened – sorry. Although there were some interesting place names. Brawl, Swordly, Farr, BettyHill (she went to our school), Coldbackie, Tongue, Tongue Burn. You could put any one of those into your own sentence, I'll wait until you are done.

OK – ready – here we go again.

We arrived in Lairg and decided that it was a noticeably quiet town. Both of us were due to dwell overnight in farms, me at the top of a valley – and overlooking Ian's domicile at the bottom of the hill. We opted to go to the chip shop for tea – arriving at 7.05pm only to find they closed at 7.00! Well why would you want a chip shop open in the evening anyway?



Dunnet Head



The Falls of Shin followed in the morning, along with a wonderful trip to Ullapool – which proved to be a reasonable stay – this even though Ian was staying in a house that backed onto Tesco, whereas I was staying in a house that looked like it came out of a showroom – it was a dream.

Dingwall, next stop – was not so dreamy. It is a dead town with one huge supermarket – the ever-popular Tesco. All the shops which sold items that were also sold in Tesco were shut and boarded up. What a crying shame.

Dingwall was to be the town which signalled the end of the Highlands for us for several reasons. Firstly – we were still a bit damp. Secondly – we were old and had covered more than 1,600 miles in 9 days. Thirdly – and this was important – each day when we woke up, we wanted clean clothes to wear. I was fine – I still had enough of everything for another 4 days. Symptom Ian on the other hand had taken a small stock-check the previous day. Clean clothes amounted to the following: 11 spare pairs of socks, enough underwear for 2 days, 4 clean pyjama tops and no clean shirts – this man cannot count!

So where were we to stay in Dingwall? Ian was with Margaret. Margaret lived on the side of a mountain. I however was due to spend the evening with stars.

One or two of you may be old enough to remember – in black and white days – a Sunday lunchtime radio program called Round the Horne. Nowadays you wonder how they got away with it on a Sunday lunchtime radio programme?

Each week Kenneth Williams and Hugh Paddick played two ex-performing “luvvies” who get little or no work and spend their lives trying to make ends meet. Their famous catchphrase was “Ooh Ello Mr Orne – My Name’s Julian and this is my friend Sandy.” Go onto You Tube and search for “Julian & Sandy – Keep Britain Bona” – you will catch my drift.



En route on the North Coast 500



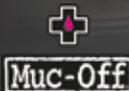
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On our final leg eve – I was due to stay with two guys who shared their lives together – fair enough I have absolutely no issue with that and why should I – but how do I expect to keep a straight face when I find out what their names are – when I am of a certain age and remember Round the Horne. One was called Julian – and the other was called Sandy – their bungalow was called “Sand Jools”.

I had a pleasant night in their rather uniquely decorated pied a terre, (the bed was the absolute best I had slept in all week!!) and slipped out in the morning before they stirred – I needed to meet Ian for breakfast.

Ian’s evening was interesting. As well as parking on a 1-in-3 slope in the driveway (if you stood on the pavement, you looked down over the roof of the house) – it was a tiny drive which proved a challenge when he came to turn his bike around. More interesting than that was what Ian described as the tiniest bathroom he has ever seen. He had to close the door of his en-suite before he could sit on the loo and there were so many doors and cupboards he wasn’t sure what was what.

Ian was sharing the B&B with another couple who were also due to stay overnight. He heard them arrive and chat to the owner – apparently the walls were paper-thin.

Ian heard every word as he sat quietly in his luxury en-suite on the “throne” trying to be as quiet as possible as he “took his ease” – (refer to comment about paper thin walls and how sound carried). Actually – it was not the paper-thin walls and sound carrying that turned out to be the problem, the issue was the door which suddenly opened from the other couple’s bedroom directly into the bathroom where Ian was concentrating on the job in hand.

Double takes were duly taken – they looked at each other in surprise – Ian covered up and drew his legs close together – the woman went bright red, and as they say in the best circles, made her excuses and left. Ian did say it put him off the job he was half-way through!

Homeward Bound

And so, it ended. We rode back in two days – stopping in Erskine Bridge at a hotel that had a lift that was slower than coastal erosion and invaded by a Japanese coach party – perhaps I will detail this another time.

We rode home from there in one day – a mistake as it happens – but we did it anyway and reached home at 3.15am after almost 19 hours in the saddle and a blown headlamp bulb as we rode through the night. Like I said – perhaps another time.

Equally – I could expand on two bald guys in an Austin 7 who popped up several times on our tour, Billy Donnelly (yes – that is really what he called himself) – an author we discovered at a roadside stop on the way down Loch Lomond, Billy then started to follow us.

Outside of that though – two old gits – one with L-plates – did the Highland 500 and made it home afterwards. 2,332 miles.

Not too shabby.

Phil Boulter



Confessions of a First Time Restorer

PART SEVEN - CLOSE AND I'M HAVING THE CIGAR ANYWAY

I can't believe that 3 months have gone by. Apologies for the lack of an article in the last 2 editions. Firstly, I was waiting for the tinware to come back, and then, I was ill with the plague – or a 'viral infection' as the doctor told me (the run-to condition when doctors haven't got a clue what's wrong with you – apologies to the doctors out there). It wasn't Covid, but it was definitely some form of absolutely debilitating man-flu/plague/wrath of the Gods that had me flopped on the sofa for 2 weeks. This didn't give me enough to write about in July and then the August edition was already full.

So, let's catch up. The engine was back in the frame and I was waiting for the tinware to come back from Mike at Triple C. I had bits I could do whilst waiting for the tinware, but not much. Assuming there weren't too many tasks that I had to take apart and re-do, that is.

The engine was nearly complete. I needed to do the valve clearances, the piston rods, the distributor and the carburettor. On the assumption that the valve clearances are correct, they were remarkably easy to do. The piston rods? I have heard of people buying an endoscope to do these before, and I can understand why. I don't have one and it took about three hours of loosening the rockerbox, swearing, moving things around, swearing, resetting the rockerbox and trying again before it was eventually correct. People reading these articles must think my language is terrible. I can assure you it isn't. Working on a classic bike just makes you swear! The two go together like Kirk and Spock.

The end can and the battery were ordered. Thinking of the electrics made me look closely at the point where the three wires from the stator connect to the loom. I was not convinced I had connected the three of them correctly. Research and advice soon yielded the information that these needed to be connected in a very specific and complicated (for me) way. And, yes, you've guessed it. The only way to check this was to take the primary chaincase cover off and remove the stator. I refer you to the penultimate sentence of the previous paragraph!

Anyway, it was a good job I had thought of this as upon removing the primary chaincase I discovered that I had it wired incorrectly. I proceeded to wire things up correctly, and a much better job was made of the soldering I'm pleased to report.

On to the distributor. Something else that I knew absolutely nothing about. I had no idea what it was even for. Research and advice from Mr. R time. I stripped the distributor and decided that the only thing that was needed was new advance springs which reduced costs significantly. They were bought and the distributor assembled. I'll find out if I was correct when I try and start the bike.

On to setting the timing. I played around, getting a feel for it and the science behind this. I understand the basics of it now and got it to a place where I thought it was correct. Again, we'd find out when the engine was started. I tightened up the Allen bolt to hold the distributor in the selected position.....and the thread on the distributor clamp gave way! Noooooooo. This clamp is buried in the depths of the engine. The thread on it had been fine when I put it in place two or three months ago. This was panic inducing – potentially a major setback on up to three months' worth of work. I hit the internet and my advice gurus to find out if there was a way around this. Unfortunately not, I needed to buy a new distributor clamp and replace the existing one in the middle of the engine. That was enough for that day. I'd had enough. I packed up, and went and sulked inside!

I had discovered another of the wonders of BSA design. The clamp that holds the distributor in position is in the depths of the engine next to the gears (an early part of the assembly), yet the retaining screw goes in through the outer timing cover – one of the last pieces to go in place. This makes distributor adjustments easy but causes problems if the clamp fails. As I said, I'd even checked the clamp before putting it in place, but obviously not thoroughly enough. So, to replace it I had to take off the newly-installed exhaust system, the pegs, the gear shift and kickstart pedals, remove the outer cover, dismantle the kickstart and gear change mechanisms, and remove the inner cover. Removing the inner cover obviously meant that one of my nemeses – the gearbox – came apart as well. I even had to loosen the engine in its frame mounts. There were very nearly tears at this point. To do all that assembly work on the engine had taken me weeks and weeks. I had to take apart 1/3 of the engine to get at that one part. Surely this could have been designed better?

On the positive side of things though, what had previously taken me weeks took me an afternoon this time. It brought home to me how much I've learned and what a difference it makes when you actually know something about what you are doing.



Exhaust downpipe

Of course, things couldn't go completely smoothly though. That would be too easy. Upon re-re-re-re-assembly another thread went on the bottom engine mount and the kickstart cotter pin broke. Both fortunately external parts. I got the relevant parts from Dave (Mr. R) and quickly had the bike back to where it had been, but with an installed (and hopefully correctly adjusted) distributor.



Restored oil tank



Restored tinware

Finally, a long-anticipated day arrived – I got the tinware back from Mike at Triple C, and, to put it bluntly, it looked stunning. What an amazing job he did. The parts look absolutely gorgeous without even being attached to the rest of the bike. I was going to have to be really, really careful putting these on the bike. The last thing I wanted was a scratch.

I could now start putting these parts on, but before I did I wanted to dismantle and inspect the carburettor. To that end I took half a day to read about and carefully examine all the individual components. I'm glad I took the time to do the reading as I needed some new parts that I wouldn't have got without the research, like a float bowl cover. A previous owner had over tightened this cover and distorted it. This would have most likely have led to a fuel leak in the future, not something you want really! Carburettor parts were ordered as well as numberplates. I also ordered something that would probably be very useful in the future, something that we couldn't find when collecting the bike – keys!

While waiting for these parts I assembled the petrol tank and the rear lighting / numberplate holder on the rear mudguard. And, again, marvelled at how fantastic the tinware looked.

The numberplates arrived and were put on to their relevant mudguards (being an old fart I refuse to call them fenders!). I then quickly had the centre panel and the rear mudguard on the bike. The carburettor parts arrived, and the carb was assembled and attached to the bike in its initial setup. This will need to be altered later as modern fuels are different to the ones used at the time the instructions were written.

The next parts were the final ones and I was starting to get excited as the end of the restoration was in sight. Or was it fear at the thought of trying to start the bike after all this time, effort and learning (and swearing).

That was by-the-by though, as at this point I came down with a severe case of the plague, and lay moaning and groaning on the sofa for 10 days without the slightest bit of sympathy. What a heartless family I have! All I got were quips about man-flu and being a wimp.

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Restored oil tank in situ



Seat on

Once recovered swift progress was made. The oil tank was fitted and connected, the remaining decal was done, and the front mudguard went on.

At this point I decided to wire up the battery and check all the electrics. This could be interesting! But overall I was pleased with my electrical efforts. I needed a new bulb for the rear light as the existing one was a 12V bulb and the bike is 6V. I also discovered that the ignition coil was dead. Like the distributor clamp I had checked this when it came off the bike and I thought it was okay, but it obviously wasn't. Two other bulbs did not work, but I realised that this was because they weren't earthed – I told you I knew nothing about wiring! That was soon sorted and once the new bulb and ignition coil arrived all the electrics worked correctly.

Only two things were left to go on the bike – the petrol tank and the seat (which I had resprayed underneath for protection).

They went on and that was it. The restoration part was complete.

Now it was time to get it running and roadworthy, so some oil went into the bike and I waited to see how much came straight back out. Three parts of the bike have oil, so I did this over three nights. This would allow me to trace any leaks. First in was the chaincase – no leaks. Next was the gearbox and, again, there were no leaks.

Finally, I needed to get oil into the oil tank and use the kickstart to move this oil all around the engine. 400 kicks or so later no oil was coming back into the oil tank. Some slight disassembly showed that oil was going all round the engine but simply not managing that final bit back to the tank and the scavenger to the rockerbox. There were no blockages. I finally decided that this was because the insides of these pipes were both very clean and very narrow. Due to the viscosity of the oil I thought that liquid to surface friction might be causing this. I removed the necessary pipes and forced oil through them. Once reattached this initial friction had been overcome and the oil came through nicely. Again, I left this overnight and there were no leaks.

Finally, fuel. I put a small amount of petrol into the tank and it came straight out again at the bottom! Some quick action with a cup collected most of this and then I had to do some cleaning up and let things evaporate. Investigation led me to

something I had heard about but hadn't twigged was applicable to my bike. I discovered a cork in the petrol tap under the tank which had dried out and shrunk over the years. Boiling it in a pan of water for half an hour and then leaving it to soak overnight in petrol and it was back to its proper dimensions. Petrol went back into the tank and the tap worked nicely. And the petrol came straight back out via the carb! This leaking from the carb was my first encounter with something that would become a recurring theme for me – I hadn't tightened things up enough. In my fear of damaging parts by overtightening them I had gone to the other extreme. Carb parts tightened and no leaks. That meant that the next stage was.....first start!

All was set. I had the bike nicely positioned. Sharon and my daughter Emily, were there to watch and film things. I gave the bike its first kickstart – nothing. Many kicks later we switched off the video as I wasn't getting anything, not even a hint of the engine starting. It was disheartening. It was at this point I remembered to turn on the ignition! 10 kicks later and the bike burst into life. Glorious, fantastic, amazing. The bike lived.

Okay I had to have the throttle fully open and oil seemed to be coming from everywhere, but the bike ran. What a feeling. And what a lovely sound.

I had expected the bike not to run for long. That was because I was going to have to do all the necessary alterations to the timing and the carb to get a sweet running engine. But I wasn't expecting oil to come out so much, especially after it not leaking earlier. The pressure of the engine running was obviously forcing the oil out. Repeatedly starting the engine led me to three leaks – the primary chaincase cover, the sump plate and most worryingly the outer timing cover. This was worrying because there shouldn't be sufficient oil in that area for a leak to occur.



New sump plate parts sorted that leak. I'd tried to get away with not replacing them and it hadn't worked. The Primary Chaincase needed a new gasket due to the number of times it had been taken off and put back on.

The outer timing cover leak was traced to the camshaft breather. Initial thoughts and advice led me to the oil pump which might need lapping. So, I did this (for a first ever time) and managed to completely overdo it and killed the oil pump (I might have sworn at this point). A new oil pump was bought from Mr. R and all was reassembled, but still the leak was there. I also noticed that oil was coming out of a drain hole in the wrong direction. The pressure is too high in the engine. Investigations into this are continuing, it appears to have people stumped at the moment.

So, we're at a kind of a weird place now. I just need to get this leak sorted then do the carb settings. Then the bike is on the road. But I've also just got Covid. Fortunately, I'm not too ill (mainly fatigue and breathlessness) as I've had both jabs but work on the bike has stopped. Realistically I need someone in the know to come and look at this leak for me before I can progress. And help me with the carb. I've reached the end of what I can learn by myself and need someone to teach me.

The restoration has been a journey. So many things - I've learned a stunning amount and done something I never thought I would be capable of, spent more on the bike than it's actually worth (without having to even buy it), found great craftspeople who I would highly recommend, received great advice and even written articles about it. But the two most important things? I've made new friends (especially Dave and Lisa Smith, to whom I owe a big thank you) and I've had fun.

Getting supplies has been interesting. In our emails something Dave said brought home the dangers of buying modern pattern parts. To quote: "The original thread on the kickstart cotter is 9/32" 26tpi cycle thread. Modern replacements are often 1/4" or even 6mm!! Horrors. As producing that size is easier and cheaper." So, you really need to be careful and buy from somewhere with a good reputation for supplying quality parts that are fit for purpose. At least a couple of hundred pounds has been spent on parts that didn't fit. Again, to quote Dave: "the old boys in the past actually knew what they were doing and made decisions based on good engineering principles." I would agree - except when it comes to chainguards and distributor clamps that is!

The bike isn't roadworthy, but it runs, and I can keep the engine going. I could take it out tomorrow, but I wouldn't get far at all, it would probably cause damage to the engine and it wouldn't be safe - so that's a no. I won't have enough to write another article. All another article would say is that the leak is fixed, the carb is sorted and it's on the road. There will always be other problems that need sorting as well, after all it's a vintage motorbike! So, I'll leave it here with a promise that I'll send Salli a picture of me on the bike on the road as soon as I can. Thank you all for reading my ramblings, I hope you've enjoyed reading about it as much as I have enjoyed writing it. Stay shiny side up.

Jon Case

Nick Robinson

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TVAM CALENDAR

SOCIAL RUNS, EVENTS AND ONLINE SEMINARS 2021

If you have a run for the calendar please send details to socialruns@tvam.org. Some rides get organised after Slipstream deadline at shorter notice, so keep an eye on the groups.io calendar for the latest. Also check with local teams.

SEPTEMBER 2021

- SUN 19 **ST CRISPIN'S SUNDAY - THE REAL THING. 9am**
Members' monthly meet at St Crispin's School, Wokingham.
Wantage & Uffington White Horse Loop (B) 10.30am departure.
80 miles with coffee and cake stop, return to ex Little Nellies, Kingsclere, early afternoon. Run leader Mark Spittles.
- FRI 24 - **#40 7Ws TRIP TO LLANDRINDOD WELLS (T,B)**
SUN 26 Riding those roads we love. Stories in next month's magazine - what happens on 7Ws doesn't stay on 7Ws!

OCTOBER 2021

- SUN 3 **GNATs FIRST SUNDAY RUN**
Join the GNATs for their first Sunday of the month run. Contact wycombe@tvam.org for meet details.
- WED 13 **RAPID TVAM TRACK DAY - BLYTON PARK - ONLY £295**
Based on combining their 'Mastering Your Machine' Part 1 and 2 courses, Rapid have put together an exclusive track day event, designed to fast-track already advanced TVAM riders through their performance riding track programme at Blyton Park, Lincolnshire. Under the expert guidance of our Rapid track coaching team, the day features 7 drills to enhance performance riding capability. Limited availability. Book your slot in the calendar on groups.io. In the event that it becomes fully booked you will be added to the waiting list. [rapidtraining.co.uk](https://www.rapidtraining.co.uk)



SUN 17

ST CRISPIN'S SUNDAY - The real thing. 9am

Members' monthly meet at St Crispin's School, Wokingham.
Chris Arnold Memorial Run (B+) led by Mark Spittles - 100 miles of Chris' favourites. 10.30am departure, finishing at Loomies.

NOVEMBER 2021

SUN 7

GNATs FIRST SUNDAY RUN

Join the GNATs for their first Sunday of the month run. Contact wycombe@tvam.org for meet details.

SUN 21

ST CRISPIN'S SUNDAY - The real thing!? 9am

Members' monthly meet at St Crispin's School, Wokingham.

 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.

**Runs for September through to the end of the year would be most welcome.
Run leaders please email them to socialruns@tvam.org**



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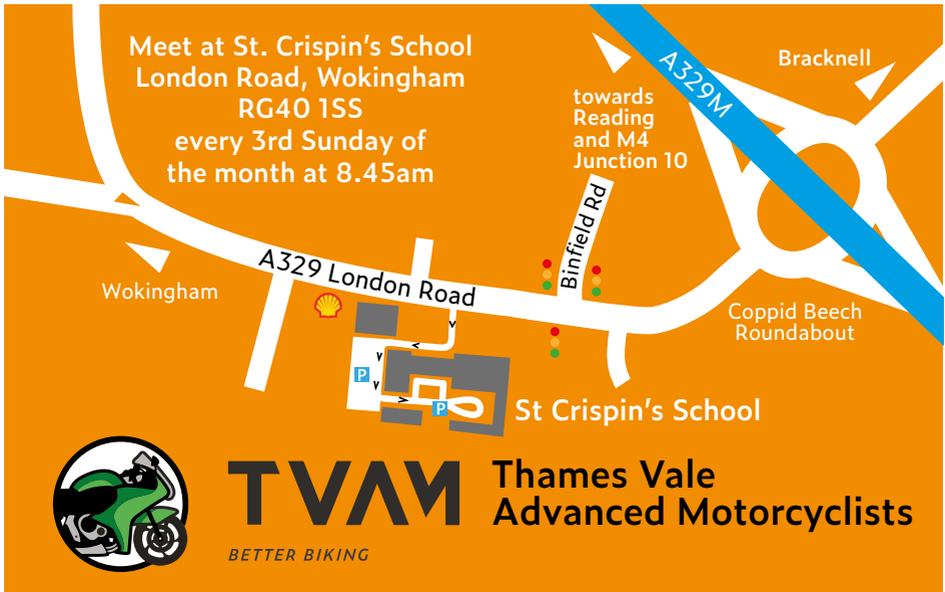







CLUB MEETS

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: Jekyll & Hyde, Hartley Wespall,
Turgis Green, RG27 OAX
Time: 7.30pm

Camberley (CLAMs)

When: 1st Tuesday every other month
Where: The Bee, School Road, Bagshot,
Windlesham, GU20 6PD
Time: 8pm (Apr, Jun, Aug, Oct, Dec)

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.
Meet 2: 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: Join us - wags@tvam.groups.io
Time: Zoom call at 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 1: Last weekend of the month - see
Slipstream or groups.io calendar
Meet 2: Wednesday following St Crispin's at
The Crown, The Street, Swallowfield,
RG7 1QY
Time: 7.30pm

OBSERVER CONTACTS

Aardvarks	Chris Brownlee	aardvarks@tvam.org
Allocations	Peter Browne	allocations@tvam.org
Assessments	Andy Wedge	assessments@tvam.org
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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
Run Reports	Chris Brownlee	runreports@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 - Wednesday 27 October, 8pm

Basingstoke (BAR)	Dennis Lutley	basingstoke@tvam.org
Camberley (CLAMs)	Jez Brown, Mike Morrison	camberley@tvam.org
Great Northern (GNATs)	Gary Jackson,	wycombe@tvam.org
Reading (RAMs)	Dana Gottschalk	reading@tvam.org
Slough (SAM)	Ally McCulloch	slough@tvam.org
Wantage & Newbury (WAGs)	Paul Gilmore	wantage@tvam.org
Wokingham & Bracknell (WOBMOB)	Andy MacWalter, Ian Gaitley	wokingham@tvam.org
Green Team	Alan Hudson	greenteam@tvam.org

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Great Northern (GNATs)	Gary Jackson	wycombe.social@tvam.org
Reading (RAMs)	Dana Gottschalk	reading.social@tvam.org
Slough (SAM)	Ally McCulloch	slough.social@tvam.org
Wantage & Newbury (WAGs)	Paul Gilmore, Mimi Carter Jonas	wantage.social@tvam.org
Wokingham (WOBMOB)	Andy MacWalter and Ian Gaitley	wokingham.social@tvam.org
Green Team	Alan Hudson	greenteam@tvam.org



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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 at the earliest opportunity, issues are planned well in advance of print date which is generally the first Friday of the month.

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CLUB CONTACTS

Honorary Vice Presidents:

Nigel Fowler 1996, Richard Tickner 2005, Nigel Taylor 2010, Charon Willis 2016

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	Adrian Ellison	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
Events & Promotions	Phil Donovan	events@tvam.org
Green Team Leader	Alan Hudson	fullmembers@tvam.org

Committee Meetings: These are held at James House, Mere Park, Dedmere Road, Marlow, SL7 1FJ

Next Meeting: (M – Marlow/Internet), 13th October (I), – all meetings normally on second Tuesday of the month at 7.30pm. If a member wishes to attend they should contact Adrian Ellison – 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
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Incident Reporting	Training Team	incident@tvam.org
Leaflet Supply	Phil Donovan	leaflets@tvam.org
Look Lean Roll		llr@tvam.org
Merchandise	(to order items away from St Crispin's)	merchandise@tvam.org
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Social Run Co-ordinators	Alan Hudson/ Salli Griffith/Phil Donovan	socialruns@tvam.org
St Crispin's Sunday Runs	Alan Mossman	sundaysocialruns@tvam.org
Tea & Coffee Bar at St Crispin's	Roger and Marianne Lindsay	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

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.

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