



# TREADS

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The APRIL 2021 Newsletter of AAMC

## **EDITORS BITS – Stu Bullock – 07711898178**



Welcome to the April TREADS edition. I am hoping you all are well but at the same time, extend best wishes for a full recovery where it is required.

It appears there has been a lot of bike buffing and bike kit sorting in recent weeks. It also seems that some riding kit has shrunk during lockdown. Cheap fibres must be to blame.

Recently, one of my family members was pulling away from a motorway slip road green traffic light onto the roundabout in his new car, when a guy came from his right, jumped the red light and ploughed into his driver's side front. Fortunately, no injuries.

At the scene, the other guy admitted his fault and made some comments, but afterwards denied he was at fault. It looked like the insurers were heading for a 50/50 closure. Taking advice, my family member contacted his insurer and insisted they act, first by addressing the on-scene admission and obtain overhead CCTV camera footage. Job done, renewed admission of fault and car repaired under a no-fault insurance jobby.

Lesson? Contact the Police in such circumstances and don't be pressured into moving the vehicles. Even if they take no further action, Insurance companies will accept their

record of admissions of fault readily. Take lots of photo's, including that of the driver. Don't be pressured into acting quickly. Your interests come first.

## **WELCOME – Simon Gough**

This month I would like to wish a warm welcome to new member Andy who lives in Weston-Super-Mare and rides a BMW S1000XR, a triumph T120 and a Honda VTR1000f. We look forward to seeing you on a Club ride or at an event as soon as we can safely re-convene.

## **TREADS - NEXT PUBLICATION DATE**

We endeavour to issue Treads on a regular basis during the third week of the month. Therefore, if you have any items to be published in the next TREADS, can you please ensure that they reach the editor at the latest by;

**MONDAY 17 MAY 2021**

Submissions accepted:

- In MICROSOFT WORD format. (May be edited to fit available space).
- Photo's as separate JPEG files, not embedded in the text.

**We publish articles for the benefit of members – none are an endorsement or recommendation unless explicitly stated. You must make up your own mind if you think something is suitable for you.**

## **THOUGHTS FOR THE MONTH**

The main function of the little toe on your foot, is to make sure all your house furniture is in place.

I used to have a DO NOT DISTURB sign. During lockdown I changed it to ALREADY DISTURBED – PROCEED WITH CAUTION.

During the middle ages, people celebrated the end of the Black Death plague with free wine and orgies. I just wondered, after Covid.....

I told a friend that, during lockdown I have become addicted to buying old Beatles records. He said. "Sounds like you need help". I told him. "Thanks. I've already got a copy".

## **LEGAL QUESTIONS – Andrew Dalton**

***Disclaimer:** The legal advice and statements contained within this/these article(s) is correct at the time of printing. Andrew Dalton is a trial lawyer, with White Dalton Motorcycle Solicitors.*

### **Q1. Outrageous, or Outstanding?**

**My son was pulled over for an alleged 65 in a 30mph zone. The police officer arranged to see him at home. My son was very nervous as he is just about to start his Army recruit training.**

A single police officer parked outside my house in a marked vehicle, which was embarrassing. My son asked for his dad, my ex-husband to sit with him. The police officer was a massive, threatening man and very military in his style. He was curt but polite with me, and sat down at my kitchen table with my son and my ex. The officer told me that he would be using "blunt and coarse language" with my son.

My son asked me to leave, but I recorded the conversation on my phone, through the door, which wasn't difficult. The officer was incredibly rude and loud. One of the more repeatable things that he said to my son was: "I am fed up

of scraping dickheads like you off the road with a shovel, and into a bag."

About the only swear word that he did not use was the C word. The officer told my ex-husband that he would not write my son up for dangerous driving as my son had "passed the attitude test", and he was not prepared to damage my son's military career. My ex is also ex-Army.

I want to complain about this officer, even though my son does not want me to do so. The officer's language and behaviour were outrageous. My son knows that what he did was wrong, but he wants to let sleeping dogs lie. However, I did not bring my son up to be shouted and sworn at. Should I ignore my son and make the complaint?

### **Answer**

Leave it alone. The police officer exercised his discretion. 65mph in a 30 is double the speed limit and is usually a dangerous driving charge, which would stop your son joining the Army, or at the very least significantly delay it. I have listened to the audio, and I can promise you that your son will hear a lot worse than what the police officer said to him during his first two days of basic training. The police officer certainly spoke fluent NCO. You do not get to be that effective at swearing without at least two stripes on your arm.

So, if you ignore your son's wishes, and my advice, what happens?

The officer may be disciplined by the Police's own Professional Standards Department for his ingenious use of the English language, but the message got home to your son. The police officer may well be able to say that in his discretion he thought the best way to talk to a young lad was to be brutally blunt to him as to the consequences of his actions. That could well fall within his range of discretion.

Even If the PSD take the view that the use of language was excessive, the most likely thing

that would happen to this officer would be that he would have to go on a half-day training course, so that he does not upset somebody else's mother. However, there is a very significant drawback to your son. If you complain about the officer, the complaint will go to the Constable's Sergeant, who may well decide that writing up your boy for dangerous driving is the correct thing to do.

So, the officer, who in my opinion did some good, old-fashioned coppering may have a half-day at a swearing re-education camp on his disciplinary record, but your son's military career might well be ended. So, tread carefully. If it were my son, I would be pleased that the police officer took the time and trouble to deliver a truly spectacular rollocking, rather than just nick my son for dangerous driving.

Your son does not want you to do this, because it could really mess up his life, and as I am sure his dad and your ex-husband has said to him, he will hear a lot worse when he is going through his recruit training. Honestly, just leave it alone.

Andrew Dalton.

**Q2: We all want the best outcome in court, but judgment can just as easily go against you.**

I was involved in a motorcycle collision, which finished up in court, I had solicitors. The case was that I was knocked off my motorbike as I was filtering past cars.

One car turned right into an industrial estate and knocked me off my bike, I broke my leg in the collision, and it is still not right.

Anyway, I was sued by the other driver. They told me to offer 50/50 blame, which I reluctantly did. The car driver managed to get two witnesses to say I was filtering far too fast, which is bullshit, and my barrister, who looked about 12, did not call these witnesses out for what they were... liars.

The judge found I was 80% to blame, can I sue my solicitors or my barrister? Or should I appeal against the biased judge? (My solicitors are not prepared to appeal on a 'no win, no fee' basis and have told me I need to front up close to £2,000 to send my child barrister off to the High Court for permission to appeal – not even an appeal.

### **Answer**

The short answer is none of the above. When a case goes before a Judge, it is the judge's job to hear the evidence and make 'findings of fact'. Or in English, what happened. He was not there. He does not know what happened, so he relies on people who were there, that is the witnesses, you and the other car driver to say what they saw. He then makes a finding; it might be wrong. Judges are not perfect and they rely on imperfect witnesses, but the judge did his job.

Your solicitors and your counsel (who I have checked and he is indeed young and a little bit baby-faced, but he has been qualified for five years) took your case to trial. The judge accepted the evidence of two witnesses that you were travelling on the outside of traffic too fast, and he is allowed to exercise his wide discretion. So long as he does it properly then you cannot successfully appeal, it is for this reason your solicitors are not prepared to put your appeal on a no win, no fee basis. Possibly you might get leave to appeal, but I think even this is doubtful, and I think your chances of getting home on a full appeal are about nil.

As to your barrister calling the witnesses 'liars'- something you think he should have done. All professional advocates in court have professional conduct rules which forbid them from alleging dishonesty against a witness unless the advocate has proper grounds for suggesting it.

He can suggest a mistake, over statement, over estimation of your speed, or the witness is just plain wrong, or he could not have seen what he said he saw, but he cannot call a witness a liar because you think the witness is a liar. Apart

from anything else, the judge will tear the barrister's head off and spit down the hole.

So, you went to trial and did less well than you had hoped. It is sad, but it is the nature of a trial. One of you was going to end up unhappy, I am saddened that you have an injury which is still not right, but you are going to have to put this down to experience. The judgment was based on what the judge found and his division of blame was definitely on the tough side for you, but it falls within his range of lawful decisions.

I acknowledge when you contacted me you gave me a number of cases which you thought the court should have taken into account. The cases which you mention, all of which are very familiar to me, are not a huge amount of help to you. I do not blame you for doing your own research into the law, and the authorities that you have discovered are not irrelevant authorities.

They all concern vehicles turning across the path of filtering motorcyclists and the usual rule is that, absent inappropriate speed from the motorcyclist most concluded at 50/50. It does not mean, however, that the judge must find 50/50.

Your solicitors made a 50/50 offer. The defendants chose to reject it, and it turns out that they were right to reject it. Your solicitors have done nothing wrong, and neither has your barrister. I think you had a tough day in court, but I am afraid tough days in court happen.

You would be wasting your money and the court's time in seeking leave to appeal. No appeal court will overturn this decision which, to use the language of the law, 'falls well within the wide ambit of discretion allowed to the judge'.

**Andrew Dalton**

## **LOCKDOWN RAMBLINGS – Extracts from a 1976 Motorcycle Diary part 2 – Nigel Dean**

Recently, in a drawer full of rubbish, I discovered the typed-up diary of a motorbike trip I made as a teenager. It's April 1976 and I am preparing to embark on an ambitious "round the world" motorcycle trip. I had just turned 19, I thought I knew everything, but in reality, I knew '...eff-all about eff-all'.

My bike was a green Honda CB250 from about 74 or 75. A top box but no fairing or panniers; not even a windscreen. So, with my Travellers Cheques in my pocket, my strategically folded OS map in the top of my tank bag, I was off:

Motorcycle Diary - SPRING 1976

BRISTOL- RABAT-BRISTOL (Part Two)

DAY FIFTEEN - Tuesday, May 4

Est. days mi.- 237

Est. total mi.- 2045

Cordoba to Algeciras, Spain

Pick up brass tappet cover in the morning and mechanic fixes it to the bike. Felt quite proud that MY Honda now has a HAND MADE part. It looks identical except for the colour. Mechanic gives the engine a steam clean with what smelled like kerosene. Very helpful! He didn't want any payment at all even though I left my bike in his crowded garage for three days, and he had stripped it of tank etc as necessary, which takes time. In the end he took the 1000 pts for the fabrication of the cover and 100 pts for himself. Not bad. Took him for a drink and gave him the broken tappet cover for a souvenir which he took with a laugh. (In Spain, everything is started, done, finished, or celebrated with a drink at a bar).



Honda CB250 - (Not the original bike, mine was green)



Went around to the hotel and packed up, then around to Lauri and Pepe's where we shook hands and said goodbye, and then I was off. Stopped to get a few bits and pieces for lunch, checked tire pressures in case heat had pushed them up a bit, which it had. Couple of pounds, that's all.

Flagged down by motorcycle cops who go around in pairs and stop by the roadside, one on each side, and stop cars and other vehicles, like me, at random. Wanted to see my passport, that's all, then off again. Nice scenery between Cordoba and Utrera. Rolling green hills.

Typical Spanish Spaniards, leading typical Spanish asses. Like out of a kid's picture book. There was one house with a great nest on the gable end of the roof with what looked like a four or five-times life size vulture perched on top of it. Strange. Thought I'd save a bit of time and maybe a bit of money by taking the motorway from Utrera to Cadiz. About 60 miles long. Soon discovered, to my dismay and great expense, that the Spanish word "peaje" that was plastered over signs all up the motorway means "toll". And an expensive one at that. Two in fact, although if I'd known about the second, I'd have gotten right off after the first. Cost about 90p to save 30p and a few minutes of time. This put the day's budget, (which is getting pretty tight, at this stage of the game), right up the chute. Bread and butter for dinner, (and peanut butter, as it turned out).

Non-eventful ride till Tarifa where my first glimpse of the Mediterranean was numerous shades of turquoise framed by creamy white sandy beaches and a cloudless blue sky. Beautiful. Pushed on to Algeciras where my first glimpse of Gibraltar came at the summit of the second of two small peaks, just south-west of Algeciras. Didn't look right though; wrong angle, but stupendous all the same.

There it was, one half of the Pillars of old Hercules, with its brother, although in a bit of a mist, almost a spitting distance away.



Quite a sight. Cursed not having camera. (Got quite used to it now. Don't think of it much, although sometimes it brings me down.) Went straight to ferry docks to do some enquiries. Left bike outside doors of building where I asked the doorman to keep an eye on the bags on it for me just as I went inside for a minute. He would have none of it. Made me move it around the corner to a place where bikes are supposed to park, where he nor I could watch it, meaning I'd have to detach everything and lug it around instead. Swore strongly at doorman wishing he knew what I was saying. (although I think he had a pretty fair idea.)

Got room for the night, dumped stuff, and went back to docks to book ticket for tomorrow. Cheapest was to Ceuta, about £8 return for me and bike, 2nd class. Rode around to as close to jolly old England as I could by motoring to closed border post between Gibraltar and la Linea. Seems silly to stop traffic because you could swim to the rock, no trouble, or row a boat. I suppose there must be some reason though, political most like. Back to room to wash socks and stuff. Feeling quite a celebrity the last few days.

Bike always draws a small crowd when parked and many wave as I ride by fields etc. Bike starting to complain. Slightly, only slightly rougher, probably getting a bit out of tune. Decide to ride slower and longer rather than hammer it all day as I was doing. Didn't take it over 6000 rpm today. That's about 55 to 60 cruising. Saving petrol as well. (Except when being hammered by motorway tolls).

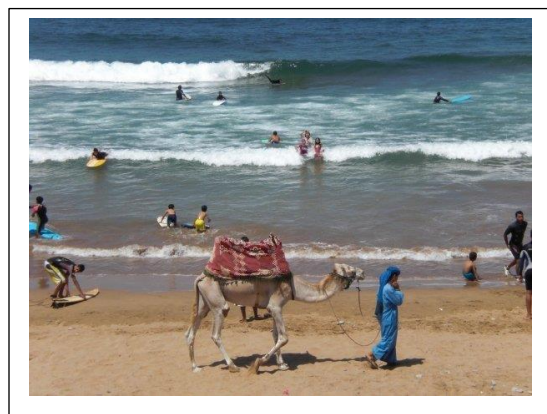
DAY SIXTEEN Wednesday, May 5  
Est. days mi.- 193  
Est. total mi.- 2237  
Algeciras, Spain to Fes, Morocco

Up at about ten. Had to kill time before one o'clock sailing. Bought a couple of oranges for breakfast and sat on a bench on the promenade overlooking the harbour for a while, reading and lazing about in the sun. Went to the ferry docks at about ten past twelve and lazed about in the sun again until it was time to board. Talking to a bunch of guys from GB in a VW minibus. One guy complaining about everything; food, boats, etc. Honda Gold Wing on board ferry as well. Spanish couple. No crash bars with all that expensive engine poking out. Had a cheese sandwich and a few beers with a Londoner who's lived in Spain for the last two years.

Drove off ferry and into the most unorganised border/customs post arrangement I've ever seen. About six different hold ups. Finally on Moroccan roads as Ceuta is Spanish territory. Pass a few tourist spots, and nice beaches. Head for Tetouan. Very picturesque scenery. Almost grandeur but not quite. Starting to cloud over. There's always some kind of animal to be seen. Dog, burro, goat, sheep, bull, oxen. Saw my first camel; a few in fact. The most placid animal ever invented. Moroccan potholes are just as big as Spanish ones but more frequent. Big ones that you drive into and spend the next half hour trying to find the way out. Stopped at Chechaouen mainly to get gas.

Stopped at bank to change money and drew quite a crowd. Someone asked if I "... wanted to score some stuff, man?" No, I said, eagerly taking in my first impressions of normal Moroccan life. Someone else offered me "... two kilos ..." to buy the bike, an offer which I politely declined. Now two kilos of what I just COULDN'T imagine. Road got narrower and narrower the farther I got. Lots of life on the roadside. Farmers, cattle, sheep, everything. A few very rough bits where they were improving (?) the road. Starting to rain. Put rain over-trousers on. Notice "Pepsi" and "Fanta" signs in the most unlikely places. Suspension sure took

a hammering today. Very bumpy road. Sore bum and back. Sleep well tonight. Arrive Fes and it starts to bucket down. Trying in vain to find hostel.



Finally, some kind soul (or so I thought) said he'd lead me to it. Took many narrow, and I mean narrow, lanes till we got to who knows where. Something wasn't quite right. He said put the bike in the yard so we pulled it through (with great difficulty) the gate. He took me inside where I discovered this wasn't the hostel after all but his house where he said he'd be glad to put me up for the night. Told him no and that I wanted the youth hostel. After a lot of arguing and threatening by both of us, he showed me the way out. Through the lanes again and back to where I was over an hour ago. Trouble is I still had no idea where the hostel was and it was dark and pelting with rain. Asked a few here and there but not until I asked a traffic cop did I get a satisfactory answer. Still couldn't find it. Went back to cop twice to ask repeat directions till finally he sent along someone in a car to lead me directly to the hostel. Very helpful.

Finally arrive dripping wet and fed up to my eyeballs where I'm told by the warden that I can't stay for some reason or another. Almost had to walk in and lay myself down on a bed to make it understood that I was staying there-for the night no matter what. He finally gave in. He turned out to be alright in the end but I still don't know what made him try to turn me away in the first place. He's going to study English in London in October. Money more than half gone. Have to turn around within the next couple of days.

## DAY SEVENTEEN - Thursday, May 6

Est. days mi.- 130

Est. total mi.- 2367

Fes to Rabat, Morocco

Left Fes about ten-thirty. Drizzle. Miserable weather making me miserable. Filled up at gas station where guy kept filling and poured about seventy gallons on the floor. Drizzle all the way to Meknes where it pelted down. Stopped at cafe for coffee and a cheese sandwich. Better road today than yesterday. Smoother.

Off again when rain eased up a bit, but it started very hard again soon after so I stopped at another cafe for a coke. Waited for about an hour but no let up so I set off regardless, hoping the rain would let up soon. It did after a while but not before I got completely drenched. Rain trousers OK but gloves got it the worst. Soaked through. Dried up before Rabat and drove into Rabat on dry roads. After asking the way many times and going down many a wrong street, I finally found the hostel. Dumped my stuff and went out alookin'. It seems the Moroccans sell everything by the roadside. Outside of Rabat and in the most unlikely places in the middle of nowhere there's this guy selling colourful hats. Then there's a phase over the next mile or so of guys selling colourful hats. No stalls or anything. Just the chappy sitting there on the roadside in the ditch, mud, or whatever, just selling.

There was a phase of guys selling what looked like nuts in a bag, and live turtles hanging from the end of a stick. Rabat: - fascinating city. Big "medina" or marketplace in the centre of a modern city. Stalls galore of market sellers selling everything. Food, meats, veg, spices, souvenirs, leather goods, clothes, records, radios, everything. Fascinating just walking around and bartering with the dealers. Antique (supposedly) stuff like guns and doorknockers. (Although you get the feeling the stuff is circa two or three weeks ago. Like to buy a kaftan but a bit too expensive. Buy a leather belt and wallet instead if I can knock the price down enough. Lots of characters about.

One guy eating hot snails from a bowl full of spicy broth. Offered me one. Very hot and salty. A bit gritty. Couldn't eat too many. Had a massive ring donut which was good. And a kebab. Damn not having camera although I'd have probably spent so much on film that I'd never have got home. Spend tomorrow in Rabat and then turn around and head for home via as much as can see as possible with what dwindling funds I have left. Did some calculating; If I limit myself to one £5 cheque a day (including gas), I would have to get home in fifteen days. I marked off the last three (£15) as ferry and petrol money from the ferry home.

## DAY EIGHTEEN - Friday, May 7

Rabat, Morocco

No mi.



Spent most of the day walking around the Medina. Ate a big donut and kebabs. Had a bit of trouble cashing cheques. Got a leather belt and a leather wallet for 10DH, about £1.25. No kaftan; too expensive. Talking to some Swiss guy who's been all over the world. Trying now to get to Brazil via Dakar by boat. Drizzle and rain all day. Not much else. Head for Tangier tomorrow, then Ceuta and ferry the next day.

## DAY NINETEEN - Saturday, May 8

Est days mi.- 258

Est. total mi.-2625

Rabat, Morocco to Marbella, Spain



Up and tried to cash cheques. No luck because banks on strike. Luckily found hotel with exchange. Bought big donut for breakfast and had boots polished in case of rain. Got all decked out in rain gear and sure enough.....sunshine all day. My first day of sunshine in Morocco was my last day there. Drove up through Kenitra and Larache, then to Tetouan and up the same road to Ceuta that I first drove down three or four days ago. Bypassed Tangier due to time and money situation. Passed same camels as before. Must be put on for the tourists. Saw no other camels through Morocco. Arrived in Ceuta to miss boat just leaving and had to wait two hours for the next one. Almost got into fight with ferry captain. Bags of room on car deck but he said wait for next one. Tried to push me around. Oh, well. Hot tempered Spanish.

Waited for next one and met a couple of Swedes who had taken the day to Ceuta and left their bikes in Algeciras. They were travelling with a girl from Toronto who joined up with them in Sevilla or Granada. We met again on the ferry and had coffee and decided to ride up to the hostel in Marbella together. One had a BMW 750 and the other a Suzi 500. The girl rode on the BMW. We left Algeciras under cloudless skies at about 11pm and drove into pouring rain about half way along. (of course, because I didn't have my rain gear on.) Arrived at the hostel about twelve midnight. Stroke of luck it was open. Warden waiting for busload of people coming from the ferry. Bunch of Aussies in hostel. Aussies everywhere on trip so far. Great bunch.

Every one I've met so far had been stone drunk or crazy or both, but having a great time in spite of anything and everything. Today, in the sunshine, could have ridden forever. Just great. Wished I could have stayed in Morocco longer and gone further south. Have to wait till next time.

DAY TWENTY – Sunday, May 9  
Est. days mi.- 143  
Est. total mi.-2768  
Marbella to Granada, Spain

Up and had breakfast of usual big cup of coffee, bread and sweet marmalade. Funny method of waking you up in this hostel. Suddenly a P.A. system was blaring out old jazz tunes at full volume in the halls. Quite a good way to wake up. I thought I was dreaming at first. Exchanged addresses with Swedes and loaded up, adjusted chain, and took off. Stopped at "Supermercado" to get stuff for lunch. Drove along "Costa del Sol" to Malaga and then to Motril. Christ you can keep it. Who would want a holiday there I don't know? [*Author's note; I now own an apartment on this coast!* 😊) Beautiful scenery spoilt by masses of large-scale constructed junk. Totally Americanized "Snack Bars" and "Steak Houses". I would have thought people would want their real Spanish counterparts than cheap American transplants. Oh well. To each his own. Turned inland at Motril because coast road was bad and getting worse. Drove along some of the twisty-est roads I've ever been on. That's why mileage is so low for today. It took so long to do a mile or two.

Really fabulous scenery in Sierra Nevada. Snow-capped peak, "Mulhacen" on my right at about 11,000 feet. Tried a few hotels before I found one not "completo". (No hostel) Took wander around the city of Granada. Very nice. Mostly sunshine, and very warm today, except for some cloudy patches later on in the day.

DAY TWENTY-ONE - Monday, May 10  
Est. days mi.- 261  
Est. total mi.- 3029  
Granada to Almansa, Spain

Had to fight for my breakfast. Sat down to bare table in empty dining room while the receptionist-cum-manager shouted "JUAN!!" throughout the building. Finally, a woman (his wife I suppose) fixed me up with some breakfast as I heard "JUAN" echo through the stairwells for the umpteenth time. The infamous "Juan" wandered down the stairs about 15 minutes later. Only a kid.

Packed up my stuff and set off. Had a bit of trouble getting out of Granada in the direction



that I wanted but it was soon signposted. Stopped at gas station in outskirts to fill up and get a can of oil. Expensive stuff in these parts. Two litres of what wasn't the best on the rack was about £1.50. Pricey stuff. Strapped the can on the back and set out looking for a nice out of the way place to dump some old motor oil. Finally found a disused part of ground-up old road with numerous big, black patches. Popular pastime this roadside oil-change. Drain plug was tight but when it came off what come out was blacker than the ace of spades. Took the top off the new can and dabbed a bit of badly-needed lubrication on the poor old chain. Poured two litres minus a teaspoon into the sump, (and on the floor, and on the exhaust-pipe), and set off feeling much happier and a lot less guilty. I'd left the oil change and the chain far too long.

In the last two days I'm sure I've ground more rubber off the sidewalls of my tires than Barry Sheene does in a racing season. Never seen so many switchbacks and hairpin turns. The kind where you know, halfway through, that you're going too God-damn fast, and gritting your teeth waiting for the tires to slide out from beneath you, or hoping to God there's no gravel in your line of fire. It's exhilarating all the same.

Dodge the rain clouds most of the way today. Lucky most of the time. Hardly caught a spot of rain. Really brightened up in the afternoon. Sunshine, glorious sunshine, as the saying goes. Drove past a sign advertising the "Gran Hotel Bristol". Strange. Bikes really filthy. Needs a good, thorough cleaning, although I don't suppose it'll get one for a little while. Found a room at a hotel in Almansa. Very good for the price.

DAY TWENTY-TWO - Tuesday, May 11

Est. days mi- 207

Est. total mi-3236

Almansa to Monreal de Campo, Spain

Lousy day today generally. Woke up with a touch of headache and a sore throat. Every bump in the road seemed amplified 200 times and it seems the only roads I took were bumpy

ones. It figures. Stopped somewhere out in the wide-open spaces and just sat, listening to the amazing silence. Went over a few passes of over 3000 ft and onto a sort of plateau. A bit chilly. Again, bikes mixture is wrong due to altitude making it very sluggish. Stopped sooner than planned because roads and headache weren't getting any better.

Had a supper, got some headache pills from the desk and went to bed about six. Dead to the world till about six the next morning. Rolled over and got up about ten a.m. feeling better. Weather was good yesterday and good scenery, but I wasn't taking too much notice.

DAY TWENTY-THREE - Wednesday, May 12

Est. days mi.- 235

Est. total mi.- 3471

Monreal de Campo to Huesca, Spain

Feeling a lot better. Asked someone where "banco" was to change a cheque and he made me follow him. Led me right to it. Pity they couldn't cash them after all. I'd have to go to the next town where they have a branch of a bigger bank. Motored to Alcolea where the police station was to enquire about the slim chance of my camera turning up. Very difficult to tell him about it in the first place. He said no, no sign, but to try Arcos police station, luckily in my direction.

Got to Arcos where I had the same language problems until we found a sort of English-speaking PC. With a Spanish-English dictionary. But no luck. Left my name and address and a description of the camera. He said he'd write me if anything turned up.

Beautiful scenery to Zaragoza, then on to Huesca. Passed a GB stickered minibus and beeped my horn. Not long afterwards the engine went completely dead, very suddenly. Fiddled with fuses and all o.k. One had just worked loose. Mini bus pulled up and out hopped an English guy, but I told him everything was all right. He looked like Jimmy Page. Pulled into Huesca and got a lousy room. All that was available; everywhere else full. Should see

France tomorrow. Beautiful weather today. Sunshine and cloudless sky all day. Very hot.



DAY TWENTY-FOUR - Thursday, May 13

Est days mi.- 240

Est total mi.-2711

Huesca, Spain to Toulouse, France

Left Huesca under cloudless sky, though not so warm as yesterday. Started climbing almost immediately. Could catch glimpses of the snow-capped Pyrenees in the distance. Passed two dams holding back magnificent turquoise lakes. Took wrong road by accident but luckily it was in the right direction. It took me through the best scenery so far. The road wound through this rugged gorge then climbed higher and higher. (Getting colder and colder). Beautiful views across fields and little villages dwarfed by looming, snow-topped mountains.

Picked up main road again about 30 miles from the French border. Still climbing. Streams, and small rivers trickling by, clear as crystal. A few waterfalls. Getting mighty cold. Go through tunnel. I must have aged about ten years. It was about 3 miles long and dripping wet. Axle deep in water that I couldn't see because there was very little lighting inside and my light was no good because my eyes were still geared for sunlight. As if it wasn't already cold enough outside the tunnel, inside the temperature was about ten degrees lower. I froze. All things considered it was a good laugh really.

Crossed the border and said bye-bye to the bumpy Spanish roads and hello to the smooth

straight French ones. Man, I was rolling along like a happy billiard ball on a million-dollar table. I could feel my back and my bum heave a sigh of relief in unison. On to Toulouse, where the hostel is packed full of Kanuks. They didn't believe it when another one rolled up. (me). At first, I was wondering what was going on, cause when I pulled up, they all started rolling about on the floor laughing. They must have seen my CDN stickers.

Mostly Canadians, couple of Americans, a Japanese, and a lone Londoner. Good bunch, one of the best so far. Went down to a local bar where there were some more Canadians, one of whom was in a "bottoms-up" drinking competition with a local French kiddie. They would each get a drink (pernod and water), link arms, (like they do in the movies with champagne), shout "bottoms-up!", and down the drink in one go. Repeat procedure. This went on for about seven or eight times much to the delight of the local crowd and the visiting hostellers. They must have put an end to over a Bottle of Pernod and as they were both pretty far gone before they started, so it turned out to be quite a show. Soon the French guy passed out. God it was bloody hilarious. The Kanuk came up flying colours. He had a free celebration drink from the barman, played an exceptionally good game of pinball, under the circumstances, and went back to the hostel, ably guided by two of his mates who weren't much better off than he was. The amazing thing was that he had to be up the next morning to catch a train at 6.30, (which he did). Couldn't sleep because of incredible bout of snoring going on in a few bunks around me. Never have I heard anything like it.

DAY TWENTY-FIVE - Friday, May 14

Est. days mi.- 275

Est. total mi. - 3986

Toulouse to Clermont-Ferrand, France

Not much today. Just a good long ride through nice, lush, green rolling hills of the French Dordogne region. Very warm today. Sunshine all day. Had to take detour through some bad

stretches of road but luckily it didn't add too much to my journey. It's a pity I have to rush these last couple of days, but I want to get to Germany if I can. Should do it in a day or two with any luck. Hostel tonight packed full of kids. Little French horrors of about nine or ten. All screaming their continental heads off. Thousands of them. Talking later to an Aussie teacher teaching in Marseilles. He's in France for a year, teaching English and brushing up his French.

DAY TWENTY-SIX - Saturday, May 15

Est. days mi.- 297

Est. total mi.-4283

Clermont-Ferrand to Chalons-sur-Marne, France.

Was going to ring Mike (*brother, stationed in RAF base in Germany*) today to warn him of my arrival but I completely forgot that it was Saturday. The telephone number that I've got is his office. OH, well. Just have to plead my way through the gate. See what happens tomorrow.

Bloody long ride today although it didn't seem it at the time. Could have gone on forever. Long straight roads helped, but after a while you start itching for one of those sharp Spanish right-angle bends where you leave your foot pegs behind. Stopped for gas first thing this morning and this French twit drove over my helmet. (*reading this back now, why on earth did I put my helmet on the ground!?!*) I'd put it down after taking it off to sort out the money. I pushed the bike along a bit, turned around to the sound of an expensive motorbike helmet being squashed under a Fiat. The guy backed away as I shouted and yelled at him. This crunched it up a bit more. I retrieved it to find a great gouge in the forehead and one side of the chin-guard completely broken away. It was quite funny really, thinking about it as I rode away. The guy spoke only French and I think he said that I could tape it back together. I found this bloody hilarious for some perverse reason about ten minutes later as I drove off and almost fell off laughing about it. I don't suppose it's much use as a helmet now but it sure keeps the bugs out of my teeth. I have to clean the visor off every

now and again or I'd be staring permanently through a yellow-green blurry, streaky haze with black spots. Nice.

Joined up with the Loire river again for the second time this journey. Looked about the same as before. Said hello, shook hands, and parted company at Briare, where I headed north and it headed vaguely west. Talked to a couple on a sparkling blue Honda Gold Wing at a cafe. Nice, but I'd still rather have a BMW 900. Lots of them about as well.

Arrive hostel to find it empty except for a Scottish guy who is more difficult to understand than the French. Tried to phone home about the Stones tickets but I couldn't penetrate the French telephone system. Lost a franc doing that, as well. Sunshine and warm all day. Hope it keeps up. Gave bike a hose over this morning. Looks a bit better, but there's still three hundredweight of crap plastered from tip to tail.

Drove through a small town and passed a parked car with a dog, just a pup, dangling out of the open window by its neck. Poor thing was struggling like hell. Jammed on the anchors and went back, pushed him through the window, and back into the car. This guy looking out of the window of a nearby house was wondering what was going on, as the dog was hanging itself from the opposite side of the car.

DAY TWENTY-SEVEN - Sunday, May 16

Est. days mi.- 260

Est. total mi.- 4543

Chalons-sur-Marne, France to Wildenrath, Germany

Long ride again today. Touch of trouble finding my way out of Chalons but OK after that. A bit overcast today. Very ominous looking clouds but no rain. (Tell a lie; there was one single, solitary drop that splashed dead centre on my visor). Drove up through Luxembourg and Belgium. Very close to the route that we took to Monschau last year. Helped a fallen BMW 600 rider to pick up his bike. He'd lost it on a lethal-looking oil slick on a slip road near Aachen. Lots of bikes about today. Lots of groups. Find my

way to Wildenrath fairly easily. Just got on to 221 outside Wassenbourg. Stopped at gate to get through security check and get pass. All the Deans O.K. Saw the new BMW. Very nice. Rang up home and discovered that we were successful with the Rolling Stones tickets. Hilarious to watch the telephone gobbling up money. Have a few drinks at the Officer's mess then back home.



DAY TWENTY-EIGHT - Monday, May 17  
No miles

Wildenrath, Germany

Nothing much. Give bike a really good clean. Weather very hot. Very nice. Sunshine all day. 70-80 degrees. Stifling in the evening. Watch some T.V. for the first time in ages. English and American shows with German and Dutch subtitles.

TWENTY--NINE – Tuesday, May 18

Est. days mi.- 40

Est. total mi.- 4583

Wildenrath, Germany

Not much. Drove to Monchengladbach and browsed around the shops. Listened to the new Stones record until they kicked me out of the shop for not buying anything. Sounds pretty good. Had a McDonalds. Really warm weather today as well. Shaved off my excuse for a beard. Just grew it because it was too much bother to shave, especially on a holiday.

DAY THIRTY - Wednesday, May 19

Wildenrath, Germany

Est. days mi.- 40

Est. total mi.- 4623

Not much today either. Just sort of getting back to normal after a month of irregular food and long daily rides. I've eaten more in the last three days than I've eaten in the last four weeks.

Weighed myself this morning. 8 st. 12lbs. (124lbs) and that was after three solid days of eating and beer drinking. Started off the trip at about 9 st. 10. Rather an expensive way of losing 12 lbs. Went to Roermond and browsed around shops. Listened to rest of Stones album in another record shop. Went into that Watney's pub that I went into last year. Had a half of Watney's Red Barrel. It was lousy. Head off home tomorrow via Brielle, Holland, where I'll stop in on Guy and Pam to say hello then catch ferry from the Hook of Holland to Harwich. Then it's just a matter of tootling home through Hemel Hempstead and Oxford. Lousy weather today. Rain.

(NOTE ••• This is where the actual diary ends. I got fed up with writing the bloody thing. Slept on ferry overnight and arrived home Friday, May 21st in the afternoon. Est. mi. from Wildenrath to Chipping Sodbury-300. Est. total mi. for trip- approx. 5000.)

THE END – Nigel Dean.

### **VIEW FROM THE SADDLE –Stu Bullock**

During this time, I've had a lot of time to think about family and friendships and how those links are important to social animals like us humans.

In December 2020, my Brother passed away after a short illness and it was really strange to have to fit into the Govt guidelines and reduce contact. Everyone concerned fully understood and we all found new ways to keep in touch for the grieving process, giving each other much needed support.

Sue and I were lucky enough that our three children also gave us much needed help and support, in one case from Sydney Australia.



Where physical contact was not possible, 'phones, tablets and laptops came into play, along with a number of conversations across our front drive. Everyone has gone out of their way to maintain regular contact, especially our 4 grandchildren, 3 of them in Australia, with health and time issues overcome with thought.

We have never liked supermarket shopping and so the online shopping was just a revelation. We fully intend to continue shopping that way in the future

We found ways to keep in touch with friends by 'phone with conversations and texts, which is essential for mental welfare. One of my family had to isolate for a long time and how alarming it was to see his mental health deteriorate, despite masses of support from family and friends.

We have looked forward to the restrictions easing, thankful for getting our two jabs and hoping we don't get another spike of Covid from Europe. Being positive isn't always easy but we have found that keeping regular contact with family and friends helps to keep a positive outlook. I even found adding the brief details of Club rides into TREADS diary page gave me a positive outlook and helped with looking forward to being less restricted.

We have certainly planned to meet up with those closest to us, get away to different scenery and that has helped retain a positive outlook. So, here's to seeing as many of you as possible, as we explore some old haunts and hopefully some new ventures.

### **AND FINALLY – Ed**

Keep the club rides coming please, as well as letting me have the finer details of the club rides mentioned below.

Best wishes and good luck to you all.



### **AAMC CLUB EVENTS – WHOOPEE.**

Club events are being planned from **17<sup>th</sup> May 2021.**

Please send your club event dates and descriptions to *Helen* and a club events calendar will then be published.

Where club events are detailed, it would be sensible to contact the ride leader to confirm final details and let them know you are attending.

Keep an eye on the Club WhatsApp page for last minute changes or additional rides.

- Please be sure to arrive at the starting point promptly, with a full tank of fuel.
- Each club run will have a **ride leader**, who leads the group, and a **sweeper**, or 'Tail End Charlie', who stays at the rear of the group.
- At any junction, deviation or situation which may cause confusion as to the route to be taken, the leader will signal to the rider immediately following to pull in and stop at the point of route deviation, commonly referred to as being '*dropped off*'. This person should indicate to following riders the correct route to take.
- The '*dropped off*' rider will rejoin the ride after the **sweeper** has passed, and then pass the **sweeper** when it is safe to do so. (ONLY if the **sweeper** indicates to do so should the '*dropped off*' rider rejoin the group in front of the **sweeper**).

- Overtaking within the group is permitted, provided it is carried out safely and with courtesy and consideration for **ALL** road users.
- Please advise the **ride leader** well in advance if you plan to bring a *guest rider*.

## **MAY.**

Sunday 30. Simon Gough. 01179 734120

## **JUNE.**

Wednesday 16. Fish and Chip evening run. Simon Gough. 01179 734120

Wednesday 23. Aust Services, 9.15am for 10am start, Worcestershire direction. Nigel

Sunday 27. Nigel Dean. 07736 275406

## **JULY.**

Sunday 4. Andy

Sunday 11. Cross Hands Hotel, Old Sodbury, 09.45am for 10am start to Crofton Pumping Station. Rob

Sunday 18. Cheddar Main Car Park, 9.15am for 9.30am start to Exmoor. Nigel

## **AUGUST.**

## **SEPTEMBER.**

Sunday 8 to 18<sup>th</sup> Club bash to France/Spain. Simon Gough. 01179 734120

## **OCTOBER.**

## **NOVEMBER.**

Sunday 7. Final organized club ride of 2021. Simon Gough.

Saturday 20. AAMC Plug and Grub annual dinner. Helen

## **Non-Club Events –**

### Adventure Bike Rider Festival

25-27 June 2021

Ragley Hall, Warwickshire.

### Shelsley Walsh Classic Nostalgia

Date: 17-18 July 2021

Event address: Shelsley Walsh, Worcester, WR6 6RP

Website: [www.classicnostalgia.co.uk](http://www.classicnostalgia.co.uk)

Entry Price: £20 per adult advance ticket price, or £25 on the gate.

Times: 8am each day, till approx. 5pm

Contact number: 01886 812211

### Wells classic Motorcycle Club

The tenth Tortoise and Hare Run, Sunday 17 July 2021.

Details and booking:  
[wellsclassicmotorcycleclub.weebly.com](http://wellsclassicmotorcycleclub.weebly.com)

### Tewkesbury Classic Vehicle Festival

Date: Sunday 22 August 2021

Event Address: Tewkesbury School, Ashchurch Road, Tewkesbury GL20 8DF

Website: <https://tewkesburycvf.org/>

## **BMF DISCOUNT CODE.**

### **Code for 2021 - CLB21TAH**

Club members can use the above in conjunction with the Club Name, to receive discounts on advance tickets to all BMF rallies and events; discounts on Insurance and other BMF member benefits.