



www.cadam.org

# ON 2 WHEELS

CHELMSFORD & DISTRICT ADVANCED MOTORCYCLISTS NEWSLETTER

ISSUE 9 • JAN – MAR 2008

You watch where  
you put that hand!

I don't need to  
watch, I do it  
all by feel

- IF IT'S TOO BIG,  
IT'S NOT CLEVER
- HOPP, SKID & DUMP
- THE BOSS IS BACK
- THE ITALIAN JOB



**WIN A WHEELY  
KIT BAG**  
SEE PAGE 3

Affiliated to



Group Number: 7251

## The CADAM Committee

### Chairman:

**Tye Boughen**

Email: [tye.boughen@cadam.org](mailto:tye.boughen@cadam.org)

### Treasurer:

**Stephen Falls**

Email: [stephen.falls@cadam.org](mailto:stephen.falls@cadam.org)

### Club Secretary:

**Jonathan Harman**

Email: [jonathan.harman@cadam.org](mailto:jonathan.harman@cadam.org)

### Membership Secretary:

**Paul Reeve**

Email: [membership@cadam.org](mailto:membership@cadam.org)

### Social Secretary:

**Stephen Falls**

Email: [stephen.falls@cadam.org](mailto:stephen.falls@cadam.org)

### Chief Observer:

**Ian Maxwell**

Email: [ian.maxwell@cadam.org](mailto:ian.maxwell@cadam.org)

### Associate Representative:

**Richard Rhodes**

Email: [associate.rep@cadam.org](mailto:associate.rep@cadam.org)

### Advisor/Group Liason Officer

**Karyn Ellis**

Email: [karyn.ellis@cadam.org](mailto:karyn.ellis@cadam.org)

### Webmaster:

**Dave Coe**

Email: [webmaster@cadam.org](mailto:webmaster@cadam.org)

### Editor:

**Mark Anstey**

Email: [editor@cadam.org](mailto:editor@cadam.org)

### Public Relations Officer:

**John Stevens**

Email: [john.stevens@cadam.org](mailto:john.stevens@cadam.org)

**Jane Wilson**

**Richard Belcher**

## Our Aims

Chelmsford and District Advanced Motorcyclists (CADAM) is one of many groups across the country whose aim is to improve motorcycling road safety by helping people prepare for, and pass, the Institute of Advanced Motorists (IAM) Advanced Motorcycling Test.

Our group is affiliated to, but not subservient to the IAM. However, because we share the same aims, we often seem to speak with one voice.

CADAM is run by volunteers and serves the districts of Essex in and around Chelmsford. As well as helping people to pass the Advanced Test, we run the group as a club, so that once you have passed, you will still want to stay on and take part in our other activities. We provide:

**Structured instruction** to prepare for the IAM Advanced Motorcycling Test. You can choose a course that runs on Saturdays or one that runs on Sundays. These courses are designed to take even relatively inexperienced riders and raise their riding to IAM test standards.

When on a club run, be it an evening or a weekend event, speed limits must be observed. We have no exemption and advanced riding does not need to involve higher speeds. When approaching hazards appropriate care must be taken. On clubs runs you are running as CADAM and under the IAM banner. Do not bring this into disrepute.

**Ad-hoc instruction** for those who cannot attend training at weekends or for those who wish to have additional, top-up training prior to their tests.

**Machine control** days to increase your machine handling skills. These sessions are held off the public road, so we can explore the capabilities of your machine and its rider in safety.

**Social runs** over challenging routes (no motorways, thanks!) to interesting places.

**Weekends away** to ride some new roads, normally out of reach of Essex.

**Monthly group meetings**, often with a talk from a speaker on an interesting topic to do with motorcycling.

**On 2 Wheels:** This newsletter, keeping you up to date with what's happening.

**Want to know more?** Call our general enquiries number 07790 656 687 - or just turn up at a meeting and introduce yourself to a committee member! Future events listings and directions can be found on the inside back cover.

Also the Marker system will be used. Anyone not familiar with this system please speak to one of the run organisers who will run through this for you. Thanks and Safe Riding

**Tye Boughen, Chairman CADAM.**

**Format requirements:** Hi res PDFs, Tifs and JPGs.

**Small ad sales:** Free to Associates and Full Members. Please email [mark.anstey@cadam.org](mailto:mark.anstey@cadam.org) for further details.

Printed by M&B Print Services. Dunmow. 01371 873 921

**Advertising Rates:** Please contact [mark.anstey@cadam.org](mailto:mark.anstey@cadam.org) for rates.

• WIN A WHEELY KIT BAG • WIN A WHEELY KIT BAG •

## From the Editor [editor@cadam.org](mailto:editor@cadam.org)

I am sure that there are still a large number of our members who have yet to discover the forum on the cadam website. It really is a great opportunity to keep up to date with what's going on as well as often being a great source of banter and entertainment.

There was an entry a few months ago, by Colin Ashburn I believe, that told of on the spot fines for a number of his biker mates riding in France. It seems that it is a legal requirement that vehicles carry a warning triangle, fire extinguisher and first aid kit. This is not a well known fact and so for anyone venturing onto the continent in the next few months, avoid a fine by carrying these items. The local police it seems, are keen to impose these fines; a good revenue on the unsuspecting. That said, I also recall that in Colin's entry he stated that the policeman was lenient on the guys for not carrying the triangle as he wasn't sure where it would be stored on a bike!

Another subject for 'humerous' retort over the last few weeks followed John Stevens' entry that he had 'Bugged the Busa!' The humour aside though, I am sure that we are all relieved that other than some bruising and repairable damage to the Busa, that there was no serious damage to John or the bike. Again though, the forum was a useful tool for highlighting the often neglected or missed dangers on the road. Whilst the morning of the social ride was several degrees above freezing, it is suspected that John encountered a phenomenon referred to as a microclimate. I looked on Wikipedia for a definition and found the following: A microclimate is a local atmospheric zone where the climate differs from the surrounding area. The term may refer to areas as small as a few square feet (for example a garden bed) or as large as many square miles (for example a valley). Microclimates exist, for example, near

bodies of water which may cool the local atmosphere, or in heavily urban areas where brick, concrete, and asphalt absorb the sun's energy, heat up, and re-radiate that heat to the ambient air: the resulting urban heat island is a kind of microclimate.

Extremes can of course occur and on the morning in question a combination of cold breeze, damp conditions and heavy shade caused an unexpected area of ice, which John unluckily found to his cost. Fortunately, his sideways actions alerted the guys behind, who stopped without further incident. I have just seen on the Suzuki website that in recognition of John's 'acrobat microclimate antics', they will be producing a one off special badged the **Hiyabounca!** As way of further highlighting this very real danger, keep an eye out for a 'microclimate' somewhere in this issue. Spot it and email me it's position and page number, and all entries will be entered into a draw to win a Wheeled Kit Bag\* worth £100 donated by [Motorcycletyresuk.com](http://Motorcycletyresuk.com). Entries by March 31st please and entitled 'Microclimate'.

Russel Davis has posted a link to an article on a road surface dressing known as Stone Mastic Asphalt (SMA). I remember seeing a programme on this stuff once - a potentially lethal top dressing which despite it's ban elsewhere, is used to cheaply repair roads in the UK. It is an oil-based substance which remains slippery until it is worn off the surface of the road by passing traffic (which can take up to 2 years, or not at all in the case of the area between the wheel tracks of 4 wheeled vehicles, where we bikers often ride. There isn't the room here to go into it, but it may be a good subject to cover in the next issue? In the meantime, check out Russel's link.

Cheers and safe riding,

**Mark.**

PS. May I wish Mark Anderson, one of Cadam's founder members, a speedy recovery after his accident. Get well soon.

\*Only 1 entry per reader. Winner to collect kit bag on May club night, sorry no budget for post!

- Intensive Courses
- Instructor Training (week days)
- Emergency Services Assessments
- Slow Speed Skills

Call FREE on

0800 169 1185



# If it's **too big** it's **not clever!**

It ain't what ya got – it's the way that ya use it, says the song. So before you change your bike to a bigger, more powerful model, think about your own power. Think about what you can handle – and I say this as one who (nearly) knows his limits, but it has taken me sooo long to learn them. Looking back, I was most competent (and probably most safe) when I had a bike that I could thrash to its limits, knowing that I was in charge, and I was not going to be surprised by my machine.

Rarely, if ever, have I seen anyone improve their riding by getting a more powerful bike – and that includes me. This is a given. The more power you get – the more you will struggle to control it. I once took an FAM member for a 15 mile ride on his own machine, a Suzuki GS 500 and without using more than two thirds of the available revs, this machine, with two blokes on it, was more than adequate. The riding position was such that a good view over the traffic was afforded (so very, very important), and the bike was light and easy to handle. It was also naked, in my view a definite advantage; with no screen you can feel the speed.

The biggest reductions I see in confidence and skill levels are when new full members of the IAM (or a new rider fresh from CBT restrictions) decides that s/he is now ready for the bike of his/her dreams. Too often this involves a

complete change in riding position, seat height, wind resistance and power. Often it has more to do with what the rider perceives the bike will do for his/her riding and what s/he thinks s/he will look like on it than what s/he is capable of doing with it.

Consider may just be the most important word in motorcycling, we must consider everything we do, nothing is automatic:

- Consider what you want from a bike.
- Consider what stage of learning you're at before committing to a bike that eats people
- Consider your physical condition - height, weight, disabilities, stiffness, suppleness, age, eyesight, INSIDE LEG... and give yourself a chance! You definitely need to be able to touch both feet on the ground comfortably – I mean it, tip-toe won't do! And you definitely need to be able to pick it up if you drop it! If I made the laws this would be absolute.

Continued on page 6



## Bounty Hunters



Back in September, when the sun shone, a small group of intrepid treasure hunters pitted their wits against the most cryptic of clues to seek their

prize! Congratulations to Chris and Gina McEvoy for winning the highest score to receive a giant wheely kit bag courtesy of [motorcycleryesuk.com](http://motorcycleryesuk.com).



[www.cadam.org](http://www.cadam.org)



Excessive weight and seat-height are the biggest sappers of confidence in motorcycling. No confidence = no progress, sweaty armpits, and FEAR.

I spend a lot of time with other instructors of advanced motorcycling, police examiners, etc, and our most common topic of conversation is what we are talking about here. We can all easily tell when a rider is struggling with a bike which is too powerful or heavy for them. "Why do they do it?" is the topic. We usually agree that far more fun is available on a Kawa 305, CB500 or a Fazer 600 and even then we're talking quite a lot of power compared with what we were used to in nineteen-hundred-and-frozen-to-death.

It's the same as buying a sports car – say a Ferrari or a Super Seven or similar. Lovely idea, until you get in and try to go anywhere. All of a sudden you find your superfast motor's progress severely restricted by the fact that you

can't see where you're going! How could you, when your arse is on the floor and you're surrounded by hedges?

And the same thing applies to bikes – s/he who sees most goes quickest! And if your arse is in the air and your chin in the front wheel you need to be an absolute expert to keep up!

So think about what you want from your motorcycling. Think about why you're doing it. Surely we do it for pleasure. Most of us do 99% of our riding at less than 80 mph on ordinary local roads, so why buy a bike for 1% of your riding?

Reconsider, plan for the future and you may be lucky enough to have one! I want you to have fun without fear.

Be skillful.

[Mart@HoppRiderTraining.co.uk](mailto:Mart@HoppRiderTraining.co.uk)

only to be surrounded by 15 or so leather-clad men and one woman.

It only seemed a moment ago when we were at home. I was throbbing with excitement at the prospect of the day's training. David had got his leg over and we were as one, to face whatever was thrown at us. The weather was warm and sunny, but at the moment the grass was damp against my body.

Oh, I am getting ahead of the story! May I introduce myself? My name is Lucinda, misspelt from once seeing a people-carrier called a Lucida. I prefer Lucinda, anyway. I'm a big, beautiful, blue Honda Pan European ST1100 motorcycle, eight years old, and still in my prime.

That is what was worrying me as I lay flat on the grass, with all those men looking at me. What were they going to do, as already they had knocked off my near-side mirror module and thrown it into the grass. Where was David? Help!

I was keen to attend the Martin Hopp Day, as my partner was losing confidence on the road, and threatening to replace me with a lighter model,

typical man, I say! I wanted to show him that everyone was quite correct in saying that I was better than him, but I wanted to give him a chance to improve. By the end of a very eventful day, he had improved, and road work since has been more of a pleasure. I hated taking charge of any situation, but that Sunday was a blessing in disguise, as it got more painful, yet more exciting as the time went on.

Back to the grass dilemma... David was being taught to pick me up by himself. I've already said that I'm a big girl, but I bristled when Martin called me a big 'lump'. No need to insult a full-bodied girl, anyway David loves a girl with curves!



# Hopp, Skid & Dump

Martin Hopp Training Day. 9th September 2007

Diary entry...

I know I'm big, and I know I am beautiful in most eyes, but I didn't expect this! I had been volunteered to lie in the long grass at the airfield by my partner, David...



So, with a little help from me, by not laying too flat, I managed to help David get me upright, (with a bit of ripe language being muttered behind the facial hair), repair my mirror, and let him accept the applause. Those blokes sounded alright, after all.

We then had to ride tight circles on full lock only using rear-brake, throttle and clutch, and how I suffered! I was getting fairly hot under the clutch when I decided I'd had enough, stalled the engine, and dumped David on his backside. I had great pleasure seeing him roll down the runway and pick himself up with a very red face. My colleagues in the same group had the same idea, as in the group of five bikes, we managed to dump three riders at the same time. "That'll learn yer" we all thought (you didn't know that there is a telepathic link between us, did you?)

Back to more circles, and David was still ham-fisted enough for me to be really p\*\*\*\*d off, and dump him again. (Apologies, not very lady-like language, but a gal can only take so much rough handling).

When will he ever learn!

The next session was riding between small rubber cones arranged in a line, so I could zig-zag at ever decreasing distances, at slow speed. I was getting the hang of this, except when David got a bit too confident, when I showed him how to run over every cone with my back-wheel. I came to realise that with care, I could rearrange all the cones just by clipping them with the edge of the rear rubber, making it harder for everyone else. It then became a competition between we 2 wheelers to see how far we could get them out of line. Might as well make Martin and his team do something instead of just standing there telling my David what to do!

I can always remember the next stage. Riding fast zig-zags just by moving myself, and keeping David upright, throwing myself side-to-side in a quick rhythm. That was great fun, just like dancing, but without having someone tread on my tyres. I may be big, but I certainly can shimmy with the best of them!

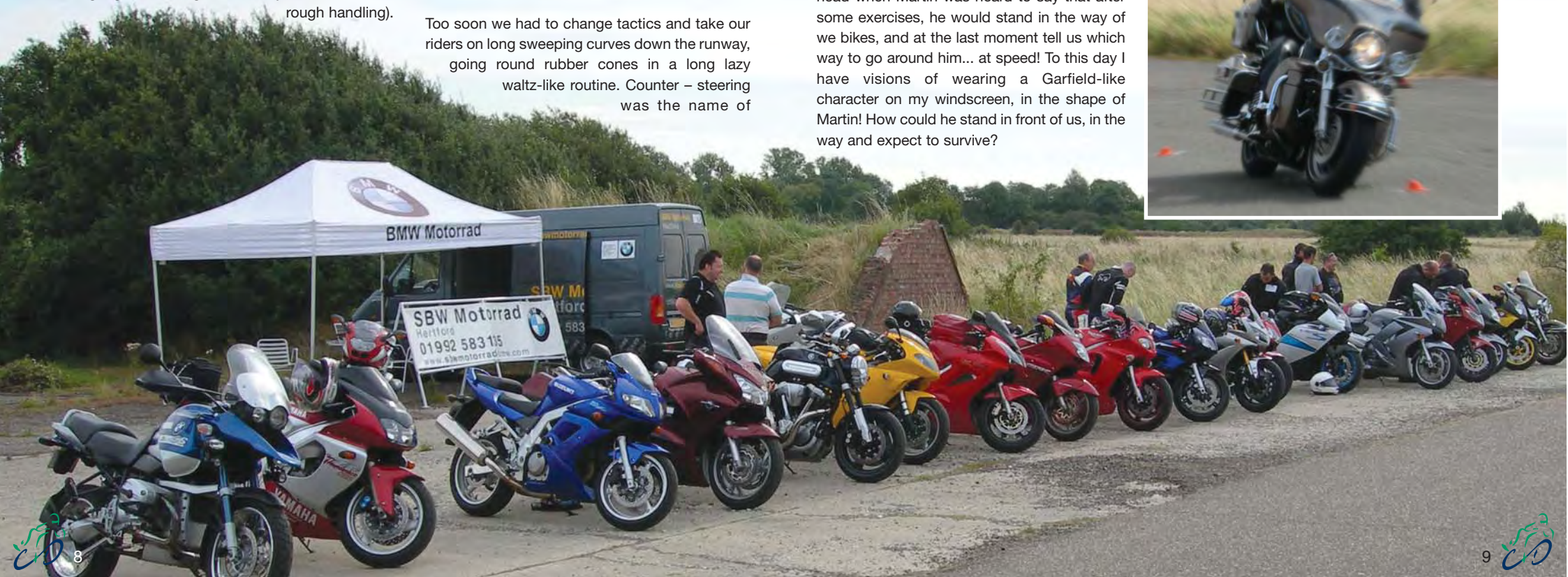
Too soon we had to change tactics and take our riders on long sweeping curves down the runway, going round rubber cones in a long lazy waltz-like routine. Counter – steering was the name of

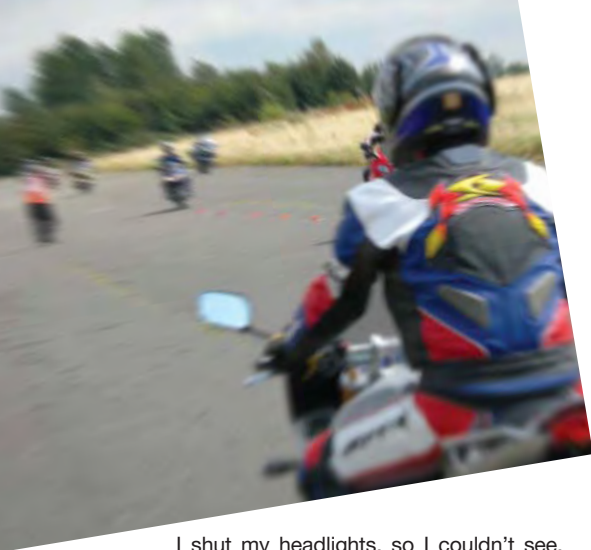


the game, and we loved the leaning to get to the next cone, and the pattern of movements.

I was beginning to enjoy this new-found freedom of being thrown around safely, and to hear the laughter of all the riders, and the animated chatter.

The business of throwing me around came to a head when Martin was heard to say that after some exercises, he would stand in the way of we bikes, and at the last moment tell us which way to go around him... at speed! To this day I have visions of wearing a Garfield-like character on my windscreen, in the shape of Martin! How could he stand in front of us, in the way and expect to survive?





I shut my headlights, so I couldn't see, and left it to David. His fault if we ended up having a new mascot on my front mudguard. Come to think of it, that could be a new trend; instead of having notches, we could collect instructors!

Martin survived to live another day, as 14 bikes and riders flashed past him at speed. Good for you Martin, to have the courage of your convictions. You wouldn't get any of us bikes doing that, we're so much more sensible! We don't want our carefully applied make-up disturbed, our headlights splattered, and our screens dimmed. We are a proud race, and leave the riders to get as much muck on them as possible. They seem to enjoy the mud baths!

I have forgotten to say that all these activities were demonstrated by Dave and Jon, Martin's two assistants on their BMWs. They WERE GOOD! I even had Dave, the South African, on my saddle to show me what to do, to give me some idea of what was expected. That man was awesome, so gentle with me, and, and... getting carried away again, sorry!

After a well-earned rest to cool my clutch-plates, we did some experimenting with rear-wheel skids, and front-wheel lock-ups. Having been recently shod with nice new shoes, I wasn't keen on this aspect, but dutifully raised some smoke and wondered if I was going to fall flat on my flanks. Didn't happen, I'm pleased to say, but my tyres did ache afterwards for a while.

Last part of the day was emergency stopping on

one and two brakes. The G-forces involved in maximum braking made my headlamp bulbs feel as though they were going to pop out. After a lot of stops, I could feel the heartburn building up, as all my innards were being pushed forward. How David was feeling I have no idea, but I did notice him wiping clean his nose and moustache after a particularly quick stop!

At the end of the day, the riders all got together for a good chat, a last drink and bite, whilst we bikes had a quiet doze to get the energy to go home. One or two of us were having a restless sleep, as some riders wanted to mount us, to see if we were comfortable. "Gerroff!!" could be heard under our collective breaths... "Don't fancy that one" and "God, what a weight". We all wanted our partners back... we knew their faults and could live with them.

EXCEPT... the number of faults had lessened by the time my tyres hit the road tarmac. I, Lucinda, of sound body and engine, had learned a thing or two today, and David was more confident and a lot happier riding me home, despite being tired. We were both becoming more of a team, knowing what we were capable of doing with each other, and having enjoyed the company of other like-minded bikes and riders. We had all come a long way today, and not just in miles. My clutch plates still ached, but it was a happy ache! David's clutch hand was aching, I heard him tell Bruce, who also had the same problem. Everyone had a smile on their faces, and we bikes had a better spring in our forks.

Fun? You bet your tappets it was! Thank you to all those who organised the event, to give the bikes a chance to learn, and especially to Martin and team, but watch out next time, Martin, I may find I like the idea of a new mascot on my screen!

Home now, and waiting for a good wash and polish. Tired, happy with the world, and can't wait for the next training course, if the ol' b\*\*\*\*r has enough money!

**HRT (Hopp Rider Training), certainly works for a girl of a certain age!**

**End of diary entry.**

(Lucinda was ably helped to type by David Garrad!)

## One for the Album?

Congratulations to the following, receiving their IAM awards from Chairman Tye Boughen:

Chris McEvoy



Richard Hyland



Alan Coldwell



Colin Ashburn



Solveig Hart



Dave Coe



The road sign says Tintagel 6 miles. This, the birth place of King Arthur born to the beautiful Queen Igraine and protected from evil by the Magician Merlin.

# The Boss is back

The Cornish tarmac unrolls before me like a giant Andrex bitumen loo roll. It climbs, sinks, left and right; like a hungry sidewinder on the hot desert sand. Up ahead, two figures ride another bike. A twist of the wrist and I am looking at the back end of a GL1500. One of Honda's finest (if you like em big). The big Honda lifts her skirt and starts to hustle. It's progress thwarted by a brightly coloured pick up. The big Honda scuttles past, like a crab on a beach at low tide. An approaching

nearside junction tells me to be patient. As the brightly coloured pick up crosses the mouth, I make my move. The Honda and I gracefully dance towards Tintagel until she winks at me from the nearside and the pilot beckons me past. I wave and once again am all alone. I did not want to pass this big lady. It's nice to follow a well trained pilot, shame our acquaintance came to an end as soon as it started.

I glance in my mirrors to see Tintagel reflected as distant memory. I have reached my destination: Boscastle.

Sadly, not even Merlin himself could have predicted the charcoal and leaden filled storm skies of August 16th 2004.

Today, the vast blanket above is pastel blue. The drop into Boscastle is akin to an Alpine pass. 180 degree hairpins and spectacular cliff views accompany you to the bottom of this steep sided valley. I almost miss the penultimate hairpin, as all thoughts are violently interrupted by a lady

walking towards me in a camel coloured sweet wrapper with plunging neckline. I caress the box and tickle the clutch and behold another spectacular view. Her dress hugs her curves better than my BT014s. I think of my empty 2nd class seat – and that pigs might fly.

I ride over the small hump bridge and trickle along the Main Street into the car park. Here I park next to a tired looking Bandit and an equally unloved XJR. I am immediately joined by an early K100RS and a Japanese photocopy of a Harley.

Part of said car park is sealed off due to the ongoing restoration work, yet there is no let up in arrival of coaches, cars or bikes.

The river beckons. I walk down Main Street. I am standing where it happened that dark afternoon. Here, cars were not moved by combustion, but the torrential currents of nature. It is difficult to determine why Mother Nature would want to cause so much damage to this serene and tranquil place. I reach the hump bridge and the river. The sea is calling me. The presence of salt strong upon her breath. I hold her hand and we walk towards the Celtic Sea. Her big Sister the Tide is not at home. Her crystal waters are shallow as we reach the harbour wall. Here she leaves me and runs to her Sister, her diamonds shimmering green; bathed in the Cornish sun.

I walk back along the narrow harbour wall, wide enough for one. People nod and get out of my way. To them I am dressed in black and carrying a smoking M16; not my tank bag.

I climb the sharp, ragged cliff. Its many faces of granite drizzled with gold and orange swirls. I reach the highest point and being closer to the sun, regret wearing black. From the top of this raw and rugged valley, Boscastle unfolds to the south like a pop up picture book. I turn to the north. The breeze brushes my face as I stare down at the mischievous green waters of the sea as she claws at the rocks below, trying to reclaim more precious land. The scavengers of the sky soar below me. For once I have the upper hand.

I retrace my steps. Only it is harder going down into the valley floor. I walk back along the river, past the Witchcraft Museum to the hump bridge and Main Street. Here I order some locally

cooked pasties. Traditional and cheese and onion. Now I know why everyone is eating them. They taste so much better when eaten at source.

My thoughts of Cornish pasties are forgotten as the sound of thunder rides past. A mint blue Norton Commando, followed by a Triumph of equal vintage pass. Their exhaust note bouncing off the stone walls of the buildings on either side of the street. As I follow their wake, a flock of Goldwings enter Main Street like hungry gulls; from the opposite end of the village and queue to enter the now saturated car park.



Resting on its side stand, outside one of several restaurants, el fresco; is a modern Triumph on an old theme. A Bonneville wearing a fresh coat of polish. White tank with purple flash and purple side panels. Seems like this bike has come home.

Time is marching on and so must I. I secure the tank bag and push the BMW off its centre stand. I am greeted by the wail from the alarm. I find the fob and silence is restored to Boscastle. Engine started; first gear engages with 'that' awful clonk and then nothing – BMW's finest 4 cylinder has silently died on me. I dismount

reactivate and deactivate the alarm and start the cockpit drill all over again. If everything in life was as simple as Boscastle.

Looking around Boscastle, there is still evidence of what happened nearly three summers ago. New life has also been breathed into this place, yet the air is still full of that old Cornish ambiance. It's way of life still preserved in most part. The fact that it is so popular is testament to that. The Boss is back.

Jonathan Harman

# The Italian Job

## Aprilia RSV1000R

I guess we all stroll past the motor bike shops and think I fancy that! Well, I didn't fancy the latest edition to the family and have always been, way too wary of those exotic Italian jobs. As we all know they are very prone to breaking down and spend more time in the garage than on the road.



So how did I succumb to being one of those that has far too much money to take bikes seriously and invest in the very thing I would have advised anyone that asked not to bother with? It is simple really the deal and the machine itself were just too good an opportunity to miss. My local Dealer Newcombe Bros. have always sold me and many others Kawasaki's. They are fast, reliable and of reasonable quality and relatively cheap compared to the deals on other bikes. Newcombe's have as far as I am concerned have always (last 6 years) been a Kawasaki Agent.

The owners told me that with the advent of cheapies everywhere else and Kawasaki not giving all agents the same deal meant that Newcombe's' decided to change dealerships and ended up doing Moto Guzzi's and Aprilias. The deal on offer in February was a brand new 2006 RSV1000R for £7,000 on interest free terms. They also gave me £4,000 for my

Kawasaki. My new Aprilia is an eye catching bike and as a few people have told me, resembles a projectile slightly more than a motorbike. After five ZX6R's on the trot it needed to be very convincing to make me want to rant and rave about its virtues. Well I am not going to start extolling it as the most

wonderful piece of machinery that I have ever owned. It is a little early in the process.

I do 400 miles a week going into Canary Wharf and back every day hail rain or shine 48 weeks a year. The forty miles each way is a good mixture of urban and extra urban riding. However the main virtue for every bike that I ride is that it has to be able to slip between the traffic. Once in traffic, it also needs to be nimble and have exceptional brakes. Car drivers on the A12 inside the M25 are exceptionally good at forgetting Mirror, Signal, Manoeuvre and usually do, Manoeuvre, Mirror, Brake, Swerve then shake fists at you for giving them a shock that you were there when they didn't look.

I don't really need to tell everyone about Italian Styling; it speaks for itself and is breathtaking compared to the rest. However there are some things which I have found useful. It is possible to buy the mirror without having to buy the whole unit. Also the mirrors twist into a retracted type position when knocked. This is helpful if your machine falls over as instead of snapping off they just fold in. The indicators are fitted in the seat and wing mirrors getting rid of those unsightly stalks the Japanese have been fitting to their bikes for years. The riding position is compatible with the Japanese sports bikes although the ride height seems to be a little higher off the road.

The exhausts are back to being external rather than under the seat and this is one of the features that I find disappointing. They are on the large side and get very hot. Once you have stopped and are doing things around the bike the heat from them can be a little overpowering. Additionally as this is a V-twin the rear cylinder outlet is situated very close to the thigh - calf V. On warm days the heat in this area can be tremendous. The heat builds and at traffic lights you can't wait to set off again to cool down. Being an all year rider this has the opposite effect in winter when it is helpful to have the heat wafting around.

All the parts, as you can imagine, are a little on the expensive side. However this is exaggerated on something like a clutch lever which cost a trifling £75. The reason assigned to this is that it is the RACE version, the none race version is



£35. The bike has a hydraulic clutch which gives rise to more of those reliability problems. Having had the bike since February I have already had to bleed the clutch once and it is due again. There is no adjustment and once the air gets in the clutch is virtually useless. It is a good job that the rest of the gear train is so precise that you can get by without if absolutely necessary (a bit hairy if you didn't have a two stroke and get used to starting a bike with the clutch in and the front brake on).

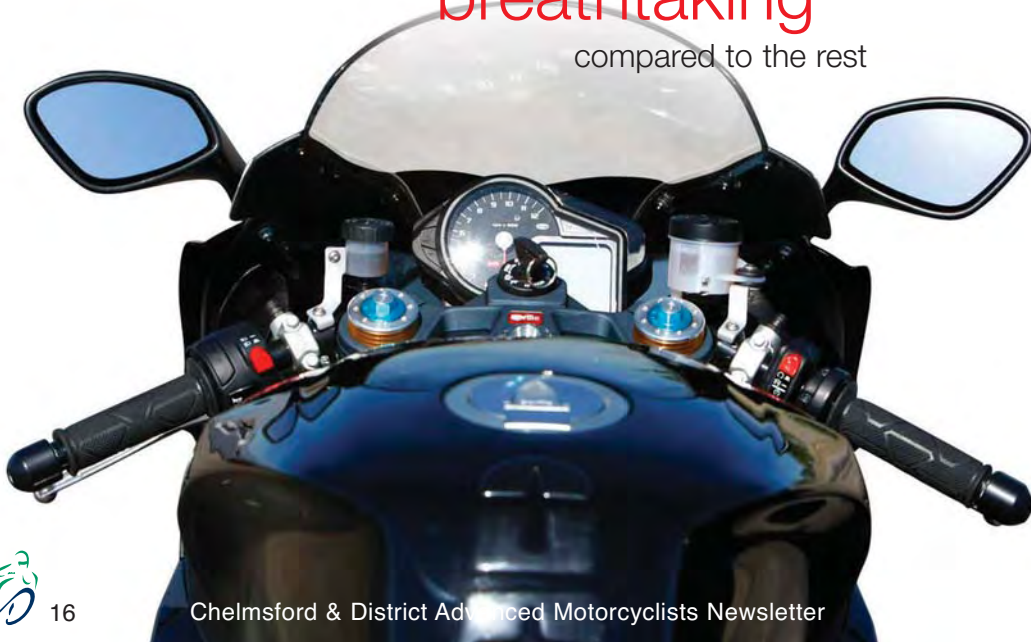
The ride experience is pretty similar to that of the Kawasaki's. People tell me that it has tremendous squirt out of corners. I have found that the gears are quite long. This means that as well as being quick you aren't jumping for the clutch as often as you would on the Japanese versions. The problem with long gears I find is that you are always going around in lower gears and that feels as though it isn't fuel efficient. I had a race school day at Donnington Park with Ron Haslem and riding the Aprilia on the open road is similar to riding the Fireblade round Donnington. You don't really need 5th and 6th gear unless you are looking to lose your licence and you can't get the Fireblade into 5th or 6th unless you are afraid

to accelerate out of the bends at Donnington.

The Petrol consumption is around 9.5 miles to the litre. This is not too far from the 10.5 I used to get from the Kawasaki and that was only 636cc. The reason that I give fairly accurate figures is of course the fact that it is between 150 and 160 miles to do two trips to work and back. The tank on the Kawasaki was only 16 litres but is helpfully, 17 litres on the Aprilia. This means that as long as I don't mind riding with the fuel light on (it starts blinking at me at around 130 miles) then it still does the return twice comfortably.

One of the good features of the bike is that the side panels are mainly quick release clips rather than the hex bolts fitted by Kawasaki. Although I don't spend too much time taking my bikes apart the Mechanic at Newcombe's was always telling me what a maintenance nightmare the hex bolts were. It has bobbins to lift the rear end off the ground as opposed to the rear swinging arm cradles that you use on the Kawasaki. These I find much more tricky to use and will possibly cost me a new rear stand for Christmas as the adapters for the Micron rear stand that I use to adjust the chain are less than satisfactory.

Italian Styling; it speaks for itself  
and is **brehtaking**  
compared to the rest



Indeed I have already dropped the bike on the floor trying to get it on the stand.

The main reason for this is that the adapters swivel and you can't hold the bike adjust the hook and press the lever all at the same time. The other little groan that I have is that to adjust the chain I had to go to Halfords and buy a 32mm socket to release the rear wheel nut. On the Kawasaki the tool kit had a ring spanner included for the job. As this is the one piece of maintenance that everyone who rides needs to be able to do the Italians didn't get this right. All of the surface finishes are of a higher standard than the Kawasaki and this means that cleaning and looking good are lots easier.

The cornering feels sure and steady although the jury is out on Metzler tyres as I have been an avid fan of Bridgestone BT010 front and BT020 rear combination which gave me 6500 to 7000 miles between changes on the previous bikes. I picked up my first flat tyre for five years on the Metzler which resulted in a premature change of the rear (4000). I am not a fan of tyre repairs and as tyres are the main support of the bike damaged/repairs has never been an option for me! For a change I am trying a Dunlop rear and

will probably fit the matching front at the next service which is in 1000 miles time at 6000 miles. This being better than the Kawasaki's 4000 miles between services. However, I don't as yet know what this service will cost.

So having rattled on for ages about the things that either make life and motor cycling easier what is the verdict. Generally the Kawasaki was easier to ride and easier to maintain for me. The Aprilia is however one of those bikes that people will have a second glance at. It rides great and sounds like the 'thumper' it is. It is exhilarating to twist the throttle to the point where your licence is at risk and generally, is ahead of the pack. I am enjoying the ride position and although I haven't taken it on my round trip to the Lake District (650miles) it doesn't feel worse or better than the Kawasaki at present, so feel free to ask, once the trip has been done.

I am going to persevere with it to see if it grows on me but at present I would say the odds are 60/40 in favour of me trying the ZX10R.

Keith Jones



## Rumble in the Jumble



December club night saw elbows sharpened in anticipation of a bargain and a slap up buffet after for the shopping weary. Thanks to all who donated and bought.



motorcycletyresuk.com

Harold Court Road, Romford, Essex RM3 0AE

AVON  
TYRES

BRIDGESTONE

Continental®

DUNLOP

METZELER  
MOTORCYCLE TYRES

MICHELIN

PIRELLI

'Motorcycle Tyres UK Ltd' provides the World's leading motorcycle tyres for both mail order and a professionally fitted While-U-Wait service.

**01708 386 931**



**2CT**

Two Compound Technology

## Michelin Pilot Road 2

The Best Selling Sport Touring Tyre 2007  
Prices from **£175.00** per pair  
Please call for a fitting quote



**£150ff\* tyres**  
\*Any pair of tyres, any make, any Thursday.  
Fitted to the bike only.  
Offer valid till 28/02/2008  
**CADAM & IAM**  
Members Only  
(Proof Required)

Motorcycle tyres UK Ltd, Unit 5, R/O Tudor Court, Harold Court Road, Romford, Essex RM3 0AE.  
Tel: 01708-386931 Fax: 01708-386932 E-mail: sales@motorcycletyresuk.com

Registered No. 6248079 England. 92 Station Lane, Hornchurch, Essex RM12 6LX

## How to Find Us



**Club Nights:** The Sports Pavilion, Chelmsford Police HQ, St. Margaret Road. 7.30 for 8pm start unless stated otherwise.

Please refer to CADAM Events panel for dates. Apologies, but we will need to collect £1.00 subs from each member present on club nights to cover the cost of hiring the hall. Guest speakers and the occasional raffle are being planned for some of the evening meetings. For more details or suggestions for future events, including speakers, please contact any of the committee. Thank you and we look forward seeing you soon.

## CADAM Events 2008

Visit the Forum and Events Calendar on [www.cadam.org](http://www.cadam.org) for more details on all of the events listed. Check regularly as events are regularly added or amended.

To join in with the Social rides you must have done an initial assessment ride. If you haven't these can be easily arranged with Ian Maxwell: [ian.maxwell@cadam.org](mailto:ian.maxwell@cadam.org). Alternatively, see one of the Committee members or Observers on club night. Please don't put it off, we look forward to seeing you on a ride out soon.

- Feb 12 Club Night. 7.30pm for 8pm
- March 1 SERV Launch. Join around one hundred bikes as they visit several hospitals in the area to launch SERV. More details from Tye Boughen. Boreham McDonalds, timeTBC.
- March 11 Club Night & AGM. 7.30pm for 8pm
- March 22 Easter Egg Delivery Run.  
CADAM will be delivering Easter Eggs to the women and children seeking refuge from domestic violence in Basildon. First we will be going to a supermarket to collect the eggs and then on to the refuge day centre to present them. We will be finished by about 1300, followed by a rideout for those interested. Further details TBC. Contact John Stevens.
- April 8 Club Night. 7.30pm for 8pm

- April 27 Bikesafe Launch at Burnham-on-Crouch. We will need help setting up and manning our stand, at Millfields, Burnham. Please make yourself available. Details TBC.
- May 2 - 5 Weekend trip to Dieppe. See forum or John Warren for details ([john@warren18.freeserve.co.uk](mailto:john@warren18.freeserve.co.uk)).
- May 11 200 MPH Club/ Straightliners at RAF Woodbridge. An opportunity to safely and legally explore the acceleration and top-speed capabilities of your bike, or just come along and watch. Contact John Stevens for event details.
- May 13 Club Night. 7.30pm for 8pm
- June 10 Club Night. 7.30pm for 8pm
- July 8 Club Night. 7.30pm for 8pm
- July 29 Martin Hopp training day at Cadwell Park. Speak to John Stevens for more details.

CADAM Advanced Passes	Observer	CADAM Advanced Passes	Observer
Dec '07 Alan Coldwell	Tye Boughen	Dec '07 Solveig Hart	John Warren
Dec '07 Richard Hyland		Dec '07 Dave Coe	Mick Willis

