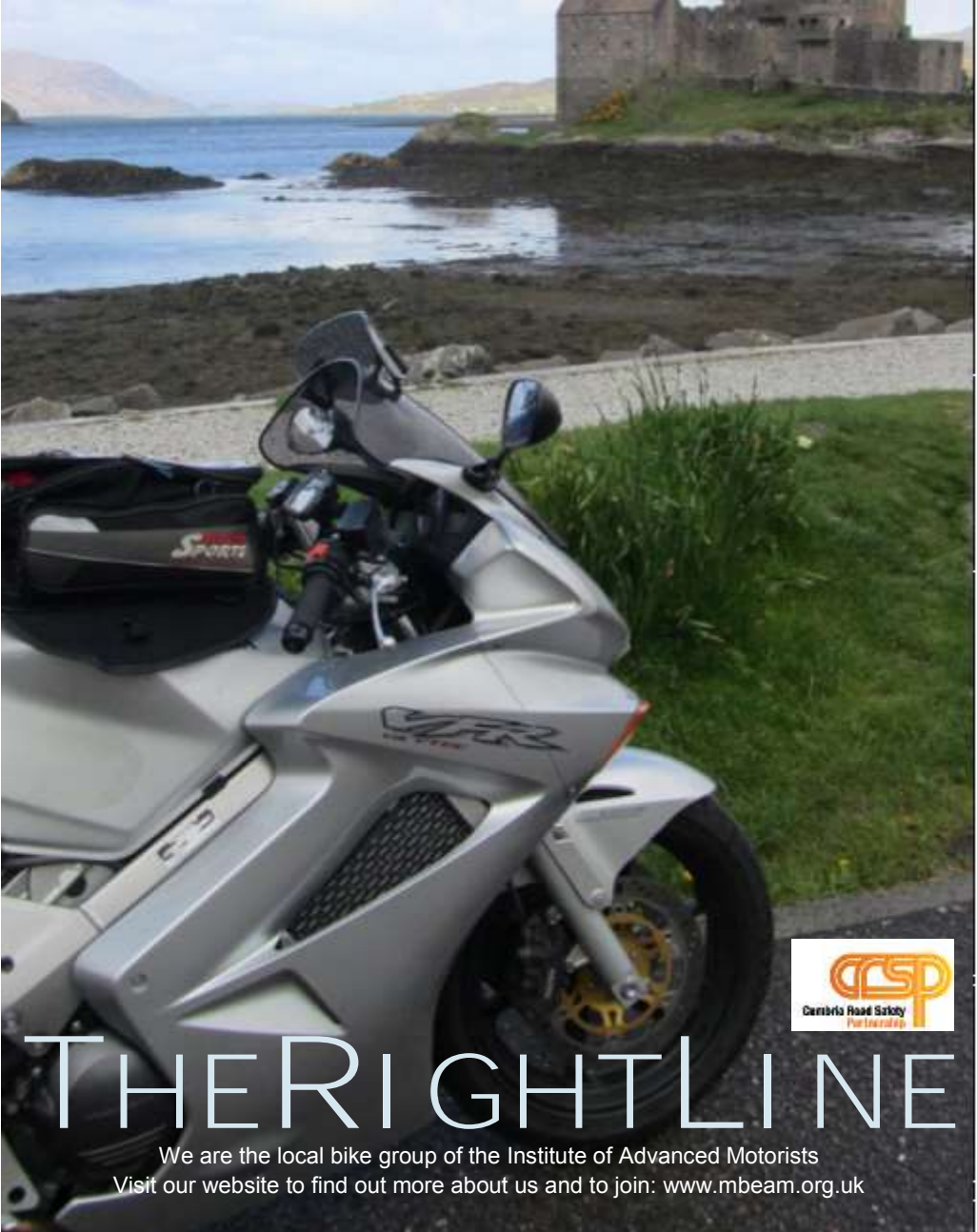




April 2014

Morecambe Bay Estuaries Advanced Motorcyclists



THE RIGHT LINE

We are the local bike group of the Institute of Advanced Motorists
Visit our website to find out more about us and to join: www.mbeam.org.uk

WELCOME

From Morecambe Bay Advanced Motorcyclists!

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We are the local bike group of the Institute of Advanced Motorists

By joining us you can participate in the "Skills for Life" training programme which can lead to Membership of MBEAM and of the IAM.

Successful training leads to better roadcraft and safer riding.

We also offer regular meets, social events (biking and non-biking), ride-outs, meals, long and short biking holidays, and full and half-day rides to specific attractions.

See our Contact Us section for details of our website and Committee e-mail addresses.

Congratulations to MBEAM Members, Bob Bryne and John Viles for gaining their IMI National Observers Qualification.

Congratulations to the following MBEAM associates who have passed their Advanced Motorcycling test

Rob Allison
Paul Broomby
John Clark
Anne Clayton
Tony Moriarty
Dave Speak

New full members

Dave Jones

Welcome to MBEAM: New associate members

Paul Brockbank
Richard Inman
Simon Lawrenson
Adrian Newman
Lynne Otway
Paul Shaw
Linda Thurman
Richard Unwin
Brian Woodall
Martin Wyatt

NEWS FROM THE CHAIR

ANDY GRIFFITHS



Hi all, I realise we're a few months into the New Year, but here's hoping you had a good'un?

Things haven't stood still with the group; new associates coming through and a couple more of the committee are moving on. A big thank you to Clive Pollard, Angela's predecessor, who, back in the annals of MBEAM history, took over when Frank Murphy (the original chair), stood down. Also, Mick Hartley and Ian Harrop have vacated the top table – many thanks for their valued input.

Don't worry, this isn't a plea for anyone to step forward! All posts are filled, thanks to those who volunteered – but anyone is welcome to attend committee meetings; input from anywhere is invaluable to keep MBEAM moving forward. New member Faith Cobaine has taken over as newsletter ed (thanks to Paul Goodwin for his sterling efforts since he took the reins). And there's another change of treasurer – no names or pack-drill yet, but

hopefully we've a choice to fill that position. I daren't close this bit without mentioning the apple pie king himself, Joe Hurst. He's the new PJ, kindly taking over as training coordinator.

Another bit of good news for the group: following the CRASH group meeting I attend, they again are financing the observers' fuel for another year. Not that we have ever (to my knowledge) asked the associates to 'donate' to the costs of observers' fuel, but

it's merely a matter of putting a sheet into the treasurer with dates, names and number of sessions and they'll be recompensed. I'm not pitching incentives for more observers to step forward. Far from it. But if you want to...

Regardless, I'll take my chair hat off for now, so enjoy the rest of the newsletter – you'll see my alter ego nutter instructor's article!

Hope you can make some of the upcoming MBEAM events.

Andy Griffiths
Chair

EVENTS



We meet twice a month from April to October and once a month out-of-season.

Venues

Committee Meetings:
Clarendon Hotel
76 Marine Road West,
Morecambe, Lancs,
LA4 4EP

Breakfast Meets:
Broughton
Broughton Village Bakery & Café, Princes Street, Broughton-in-Furness, Cumbria, LA20 6HQ

Staveley
Wilf's Café, Mill Yard, Staveley, LA8 9LR

Glasson Dock
Lantern O'er Lune Café, West Quay, Glasson, Lancaster, LA2 0BZ

Sunday Breakfast Meets start at 9.30am; we often then depart at 11am for ad-hoc ride outs. Please check the forum for any suggested ride-out routes. Ride-outs and trips are open to full members and associates. Non-members can join us by invitation only (please email one of the Committee).

More details of events are posted on the forum as they become available.

Sunday 20th April
Staveley Breakfast Meet

**Friday 25th April -
Sunday 27th April**
Borders Trip with Angela

Sunday 4th May
Broughton Breakfast Meet

Sunday 11th May
Day Ride-Out (Cumbria Ring)

Monday 12th May
Committee Meeting (7.30pm)

Sunday 18th May
Glasson Dock Breakfast Meet

**Saturday 24th May -
Saturday 31st May**
Joe's Off-Roading & Scotland Trip

Sunday 25th May
Half-Day Ride-Out

Sunday 1st June
Staveley Breakfast Meet

Saturday 7th June
Day Ride-Out (Killhope Mine)

Monday 9th June
Committee Meeting (7.30pm)

Sunday 15th June
Broughton Breakfast Meet

Sunday 22nd June
Half-Day Ride-Out

Sunday 29th June
Glasson Dock Breakfast Meet

*For full details of the above events and more see the forum:
www.mbeam.org.uk*

MEMBER PROFILE

MIKE ASHTON



How did you first get interested in bikes?

I don't remember ever *not* being interested in bikes. From being a young child seeing pictures of my grandfather with his bike, Granny perched on the pillion – even though it had a sidecar!

What was your first bike?

My first bike on the road was a Suzuki AP50 in candy red. We will pass on that one though and say it was a brand new 1980 Kawasaki Z250 scorpion in silver. I have got another one now.



What is your current bike(s)?

A 1995 Yamaha TDM 850 in green/dark blue.

I have had all sorts of bikes and can honestly say it is the best bike I have ever had.

What is your dream bike?

Bikes have to 'talk' to me and the one that has been whispering in my ear for years is a Laverda RGA Jota and it would have to be in orange!



What has been your best biking moment to date?

Two years ago in the Isle of Skye with three of my closest friends, all on 600s. We went to the Isle of Seil on the way back; there are no words to explain or describe the wonderful memories of that time. Those of you that have ridden in Scotland will know what I mean.



Where is your favourite brew stop and why?

Devil's Bridge. Good company, nice setting, proper coffee, plenty of bikes, and cars are not allowed to park there, lol!



If you could never ride a bike again, what would you do instead?

What a thought! I would buy a yacht and while away my twilight years in the Med.

Where in the world would you like to visit on your bike, (that you haven't already)?

Not been to lots of places, but the North Coast of Africa looks interesting. Could put some knobbles on the TDM and show them GS boys a thing or two, here I go again!

What has been your worst biking moment to date?

Going for a little ride and getting carried away, finding myself and Haggis Dave 160 miles away at St Abbs, near Berwick-upon-Tweed, just before dark on a very cold winter's day. The ride back through the forests around Kelso and Hawick was a nightmare. We can smile now; but at the time... OMG!



What is your favourite local road/journey for biking?

We are spoiled for choice around here for great routes and roads. Unlike some MBEAM members, I prefer the ones with tarmac on them. The North Yorkshire Moors in a group, has got to be up towards the top of the list somewhere.



NORTHERN ROUTE

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED...



DSA have changed their name but not their attitudes. 'Boy Blunder' (Toby) is getting there. Ex and current pupils are causing chaos and mayhem. Crack a cold one and enjoy - hey, it's British Summertime!

DSA...instead of the old play on words with their initials, the 'Double Standards Agency' it will now be known as the **DeVious Agency** as they've amalgamated with VOSA. Still no improvement with their service, though. I still have to grovel for tests. I rang in January to get some mod 2s...to be forgotten about until I rang again a week later to be told 'the request hadn't gone through'. New request, then nothing until February when I got one day of five tests, then the same again for March. I rang again but the guy who deals with it had gone home – at 3pm! They wonder why we have such a low opinion of them.

Toby/Boy Blunder came up with the goods recently when he went off to Cardington and

came back with another of his qualifications. So I've another reason to keep him around, except for his brew-making (heh-heh sorry matey, couldn't resist...). Yup, he's now officially got a 'C' after his number. Stop it at the back; means he can now train the trainers. Next one is for the big bikes (direct access), then I may actually get some time off – yeah right!

Due to the DVSA playing silly b*lllocks, the phone at good ol' NR HQ has been ringing itself silly with peeps wanting their tests asap. I eventually got a bit more sense out of them and managed to procure more Mod 2s. Hopefully potential MBEAM-ers ...having typed that, someone'll be upset if 'Sewer Gob' gets in touch – a pupil that made 'Potty Mouth' look like a kindergarten teacher. Yup, this little lady has a severe case of Tourette's and isn't afraid to tell ya. Not a malicious bone in her body and a really good rider, but whoever gets her had better be ready for her calling a spade a f*cking shovel. No airs and graces at all. Tell ya what: I'm used to her so guess I'll be observing this one...

A lot of you know I'm a Blood Bike rider. Sorry guys, I trashed it! Let me explain: I didn't.

Someone else did; someone who said, 'I thought the A65 was a dual carriageway'. (Her words as I slid off her car.) Heading home after a delivery to the RLI, this dizzy bint drove towards me on my side of the road. I had nowhere to go. Except into her car – literally. Seconds later, I'm doing the 'moon-road-moon-road' thing. Would've said 'earth-sky' but it was 9.45pm. Consequently, good ol' Boris, our R1150RT, became a bonnet ornament. I verbally let fly after she asked if I was okay. Even Sewer Gob would've been impressed. I walked away with a sprained thumb. No other injuries. The bike didn't fare so well. Obviously it didn't have my martial arts training so didn't know how to roll and land without hurting itself so, methinks it's a write-off. Poor Boris: RIP = Rest In Pieces :-
(

On a brighter note, the MBEAM tour of Ireland is back on this year, so check the forum for updates. I know we all lead hectic lives, so I'm giving you plenty of notice.

The code-word at the Christmas party at the Brewery went: 'September- check-it-out- book-your-ticket- and-let-me-do- the-rest.' Got a few definites already; I'll be doing the email soon. The

route is in place. 'Ah, go on, go on, go on,' as Mrs Doyle would say. Tannic acid if you want, but others and myself will be sampling proper Guinness. Frank Wood might've washed his jumper by then...otherwise he'll have to suck it to get the taste again...

Hope to see you soon on one of the rides/ breakfast meets...

Keep the rubber on the road and your helmet clean.

Andy -
Northern Route



A GOLDEN LOCAL LEGEND

MAL MARSDEN



Two-Wheeled Treasure

I wrote this article for the Goldie Owners' Club and thought local riders might also be interested in it. For those younger than me, a brief intro to the Gold Star might be useful. In the 1930s BSA made a range of simple but boring motorcycles with no heritage in racing, unlike Norton. A rider named Wall Handley took one of their old 500s and tuned it, running on methanol, and started to go fairly fast. In 1937 he raced this bike at Brooklands where he recorded a lap speed of 107.5 mph. In those days, anyone exceeding a ton won an award in the form of a Gold Star. BSA must have been awake and the following year introduced a new model called the 'Gold Star'. War then arrived and development was put on hold until, in 1949, it was re-introduced. Around this time, production racing was somewhat different to now and

was often called 'clubman's racing'. In this, the owner would often ride his bike to a race meeting, take off the silencer, headlights etc. and put racing numbers on to take part. At the end of the day, all the gear went back on the bike and the rider headed home on it. BSA was keen to get the Gold Star into competition and this was one of the sports they identified. Special gearboxes, camshafts, exhausts, carburettors and the like were made available over the counter and so the bike became fairly competitive. Both 350 & 500 models were made and you could get versions for racing, scrambles, trials and of course, road use.

The Isle of Man TT introduced a production race, called the Clubman's TT, and the Gold Star was destined to dominate the series; starting with the 350 class in 1951 when 41 out of 75 entries were on BSA and culminating with the 1956 350 race where 54 out of

BURIED BEAUTY OR BALDERDASH?

55 were Gold Star BSAs. This was of course, a boring procession for spectators and in 1956 the ACU announced the end of the Clubman's TT. Two of our local racers in those days were Alan Sheppard from Grange and Eddie Crooks from Barrow. (The TT Database has nearly all of the race results going back to very early years- <http://www.iomtt.com/TT-Database.aspx>)

BSA continued developing the Gold Star and it was hugely successful in the US, so much so that when BSA said they were going to discontinue production in the early 1960s, the main importer told BSA that it wouldn't take any more BSA bikes if they couldn't have the Gold Star. The 500 model became the most popular and it developed about 42 bhp and could probably top 115 mph and, when fitted





with the close ratio gearbox, 70 mph in first gear was possible. The name was frequently abbreviated to 'Goldie' and is often known as that today. It is still highly prized among older enthusiasts and a good one will cost you as much as a new Ducati Panigale.

Mining for Lost Gold (Star)

In the mid 1970s I had a motorcycle shop in Dalton-in-Furness and we had a Goldie in, which had been swapped for a 500 Honda. A man came in to look at the bikes and when he saw the Goldie we had a chat about it. He told me he knew where there was one which had been dumped. I was keen to know the details; he was happy to tell me. I guess in hindsight he knew that my chances of finding it were slim! Anyway, I was young and dead keen on Goldies since I'd had my first one at age 16 and thought this was worth following up. My friend Norman Hetherington was game and we decided to have a trip out to

look for this bike. We duly set off the following Sunday, in the van, to do a survey of this alleged dumping ground.

The description the man gave me was accurate and we found the site easily; getting to the bike was another matter! Fact is, the bike was at the bottom of a hole which had formerly been a slate quarry. We looked over the edge – perhaps 100 feet deep (30m) – and at one end of the hole was a pool of water that looked bottomless. There did not appear to be any chance of getting down. We had no skills in climbing or any equipment, nor any desire to fall into a bottomless water hole! We were however, told of an alternative entry, via a cave on one side. The man had told me where to find the entry so we went round to have a look...

It was about 5' high and had a small stream running out from it. Peering in at the outside you could see a small light hole at the far end where it came out to the main quarry. This

was obviously the way to get in so we made a tentative start into the darkness. The water was a few inches deep. We had wellingtons on but once in the cave, all light had virtually gone. All you could see was the small light at the end of the tunnel. A few yards in and we were both getting worried. Not being pot-holers, this was scary! Even with a torch we couldn't see into the water, the light just reflected back. We discussed the possibility of another bottomless hole in the cave, finally deciding we didn't want to find out ,so we pulled out.

We returned to the edge of the hole to see if there was any other way down. There was a large arch in the rock face on the left, next to the water, and it looked like you could see daylight in this arch. The track along the side of the quarry extended further along so we walked along here and found a cottage. Behind it was another big hole which looked as

deep as the first one! A walk around the edge, taking care not to get too close, led us to the furthest end and what looked like an animal track leading down into the overgrown wilderness. We clambered down. At the bottom a track led towards the first hole and came out in a huge arch in the stone face with ironwork attached to it. Through the arch we came out at the edge of the water hole. The water looked even more dangerous – sheer sides (! couldn't swim!). However, we saw the opening of the cave we had earlier turned back from and a track leading to the farthest end of the hole – the resting place of this Goldie! With 50 feet of water to cross whose depth was unknown, we turned back home somewhat dejected; not beaten but needing further ideas.

The following Wednesday was the local bike club meeting at the Masons Arms. Talk got round about our escapades attracting plenty

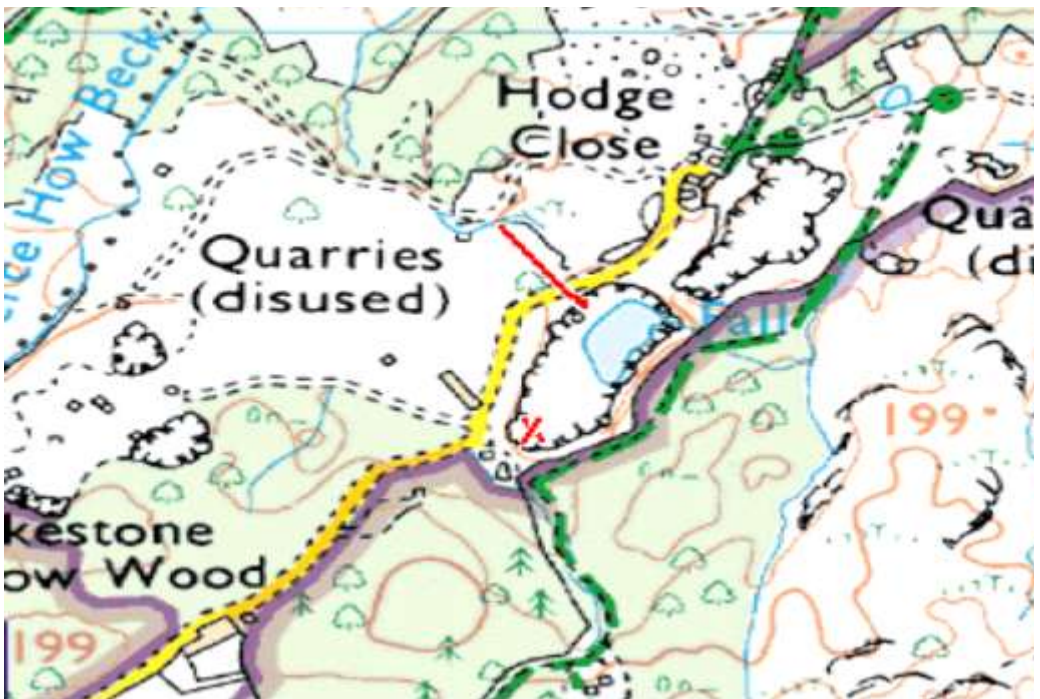


of attention and speculation. In no time we had a group keen to help in the Goldie hunt so we planned another trip. I retrieved an old inflatable dingy stored in the loft. Norman was keen on this idea so the two of us planned to carry the dingy to the big arch and use it to sail across the water. The rest of the group were going to look into the cave for any possibility of getting down from the top.

The next Sunday we all set off. Once at the top, Norman and I left the others and carried the dingy and foot-pump down to the second hole. At the water's edge we soon had the dingy inflated and lowered it into the water, tying it securely to the ironwork before climbing into it. As we were doing this, a voice

yelled from the other side – Steve had come through the cave, on his own, and had shouted to us that it was safe! He set off to walk up the path to the other end and we paddled slowly across the water. At the other side the water's edge wasn't sheer straight down so we climbed out easily, on to the path to meet Steve on his way back. He shook his head. 'Sorry Mal,' he said, 'not much chance of a find here but go and take a look'.

We followed the path to the end of the quarry hole and could now see the edge. Below was the result of probably 10 or 15 years of continual tipping. A pile of slate and rubble stood about 20m high and 20m across. Steve was right: we had no hope of moving even a small percentage of this



debris. This lonely Goldie is destined to rest in peace for a lot longer!

I have since calculated the volume of a cone this size to be about 2100 cubic metres. So assuming there is only ½ of the cone, the other side being up against the cliff face, this leaves about 1050 cubic metres. Slate rubble has a density of approx. 1.4t per cu m. The total weight is therefore just under 1500 tonnes, by my calculation. My advice to anyone who wants to take this Goldie hunt further is not to bother with picks and shovels. A JCB might be better... how you get it down there is up to you!

I have since looked up the history of the site. There are photos and information on this website: <http://www.visitcumbria.com/amb/hodge-close-quarry/> . This says the quarry, last worked in the early 1960s, is 150 feet deep (50m) with the hidden depth of water being another 150 feet. Several divers have died exploring the underwater caves. The man who gave me the information may have worked there and, perhaps whoever dumped the bike, did, too. Why anyone would dump a Goldie is anyone's guess. The site map shows the location of the cave (red line). The cross is where the Goldie is rumoured to be...

How to get there

The map reference is NY316018 on the Ordnance Survey map for the Lake District. Take the A593 (Ambleside to Coniston). Just under two miles north of Coniston is a narrow road on the right, sign posted to Hodge Close. Follow this for about two miles until it opens out into a huge car park. Hodge Close quarry is on your right. However the tunnel entrance is on your left, down a steep

slope. It runs the length of the car park. It's a beautiful place to visit and the view of the Langdale Pikes can be stunning. Take extreme care going up the last little road off the A593 ; it's extremely narrow. We saw a Tesco van near the end and there would be no room to pass if you are travelling too quickly. You take your own life in your hands if you go through the cave or across the water. If anyone is going up on a Goldie, please let me know and I will gladly come and give you a guided tour (round the top). It would make a good ride out.

If you're coming from the M6, take J35 and head for Newby Bridge (A590). Turn off right from A590 along the dual carriageway after Levens Hall onto the A5074. This is the Lythe Valley road and leads to Bowness. Follow onto Ambleside and turn left onto A593. This road leads onto Coniston (after passing the Hodge Close turn off). Follow it to Torver and onto Greenodd where you can join the A590 back to the motorway.

Good hunting and good luck!

Mal Marsden

WHAT'S YOURS CALLED?

FAITH COBAINE



Dame Edna Everage



Honda CBR400

Reading Andy's column is proof – that men give names to their bikes, too. Andy's blood bike, we now all know, is called Boris.

Correction: *was*. I suspect Andy may leap to renounce this conclusion, perhaps by claiming someone else named the bike. It's nothing to be ashamed of, Andy. Naming inanimate objects isn't new. Neither is it wholly 'girly', nor reserved for the imaginations of kids. Yes okay, if you're lonely, or on the edge of sanity it may come more easily as in Tom Hanks' character in *Cast Away* who names a volleyball, 'Wilson'. But Andy demonstrates beautifully that even roughie-toughie-Gruffalo-karate types have pet names for bikes, too.

To name an object, particularly a machine, is surely a sign of admiration, appreciation or affection? I used to work at a school where the kitchen staff called the all-singing, all-dancing dishwashing machine, Freddy. And then of course, seagoing craft are given names, not to mention that they're always 'shes' which can only be a good thing. Then there's Eddy Stobart lorries and not forgetting, Sally B, Europe's last remaining airworthy B-17 Flying Fortress.

Perhaps you think naming a vehicle is silly super-

stition, unnecessary, just plain pointless or maybe you've never given it a second thought. You may of course always name your beloved bike, even if you don't own up to it. And if not, why not?

Anyway, I'm surely not the only one to fondly reminisce about previously owned bikes; they're like old friends! We may have moved on from them but each one is part of our biking journey. I named my first-ever bike, a Gilera Cougar, Wasp. Simply because she had a nipped in 'waist' (the narrow section where the tank met the seat). Then came 'Elvis', a cool-dude, blingy, Yamaha Dragstar 250. Yes, well, swiftly moving on. 'Favrell' was next, a revvy, leaky-exhausted VFR400. Closely followed by Edna (as in Dame), a CBR400. So called because not only is each a characterful relic but their facial furniture is similar— Edna the motorbike sports the Edna Everage eponymous 'glasses' over her headlights. Whizzing into my life next then raced 'Macy', the R6, who took her name from Macclesfield, where she was born, I mean bought. And now I have 'Connie'. Not only is her name a mash of 'bonnie' and 'canny', but she was also acquired from near Geordie-land, in Consett.

Would love to know what and why you call yours... past or present...photos as well, please!

CONTACT US...

HELP US BROADEN OUR CONTENT BY SHARING YOUR EXPERIENCES

Jokes, Biking Tips, Advice
Photos of you and your bike
Road and Ride-Out Reviews
Questions, Opinions, Anecdotes
Bike, Accessory, Brew –Stop, B&B Reviews
Recommendations of Biker-Friendly Places
Member Profiles

We're always on the lookout for new stuff for the newsletter, whether it's interesting facts, experiences, reviews, rants or raves, send them in...

The views expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of the Editor, the Group or the IAM.

Any correspondence should be forwarded in writing to the secretary:

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www.mbeam.org.uk

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Follow the link on the MBEAM website

Let's be safe out there!

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Fleeces



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Please do let us know if you would be interested in any of these items.

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