



Suffolk Riders



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Chairman's update



September saw us back in the community centre for our group night following the last 4 as ride-outs. About 20 members attended, and after presenting some of the year's test pass certificates, I gave some important news and a request from RoSPA HQ that we must formally report any 'incident' occurring on a club-organised

outing. We also talked briefly about breakfast runs as they had typically been poorly supported during the course of the year. After this discussion, September's breakfast run was well supported with 15 turning up to ride to the Old Barn at Wadenhoe (*see October's issue for a report Ed.*). Phil Sayer then talked a bit about this year's trips and went on to talk about what might be organised with regards to trips next year. Ideas of Ardennes, Spain & Norway were tossed around to gauge interest. I shared that I am organising a trip to Berlin at the end of April for a factory tour of BMW Motorrad, details of which can be found below, and am also looking into a fly-ride break in Romania to ride the [Transfagarasan Highway](#) and the [Transalpina Highway](#), details to follow.

This year has seen the group grow more than previously ahead of the Copdock Show. In previous years we have relied heavily on recruiting members at Copdock to keep the numbers up after the end of the year. However, with the website, social media and running the Reiten rides, we have reached a wider audience which has seen our membership steadily increasing throughout the year. So kudos goes to Colin, Ben, Sam and the guys running the Reiten rides for keeping our numbers rising, and all the tutors for coping with the increased number of associates, thanks all!

September Events

Club night.

The evening was billed in the club's diary as Phil Sayer covering last year's foreign trips and next year. So after Jon J cleared the announcements and presentation of certificates (*see new [Roll of Honour](#) page on website, NB if you don't want your picture posted please contact me Ed.*), it was over to Phil. Both of this year's European trips came from comments by members along the lines 'I fancy go



to', then Phil Planner set about organising trips to France/Spain and Czech Republic.

So what about 2020, and do you have a bucket-list place you would really like to visit? The further away, the longer the stay. Jon J suggested a 'fly-ride' trip to Rumania, where there is a BMW hire company (no BMWs for Ray S.) and told us that he is organising a trip to the BMW factory in Berlin, probably in early spring. Someone suggested that there could be a follow on to the Baltic States (Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia). Phil said he had an itch to travel north, toward Norway. Martin D fancies the [B500](#) in Germany (*I fancy that, if I could get permission Ed.*). Rather than rack my brain for all the suggestions we heard, let me put the question goes back to you; why not tell Phil of your predilection - contact [Phil Sayer](#).

Update – Berlin tour.

I have sent a request to BMW for a group of 25 to tour Berlin Motorrad factory on Monday 27th April 2020. I now realise this is a group-night but I was looking at a Monday after the Easter break and before the May Bank Holiday. I may change the dates if this becomes a problem. Suggest sail Harwich-Hoek on Friday 24th April, ride Sat & Sun and do the tour on Monday. Ride back Tuesday & Wednesday (and possibly Thursday). When I have confirmation of dates and a feel for whether or not there will be push-back on group night clash, I will send out info to the group. I have had a positive response so far without any firm plans..... *Jon J*

Group Training Ride.

Sunday 22 September dawned fine and dry, so I got up bright and early to prepare for the latest Group Training Ride to Sizewell. My wife, who is seldom surprised by anything these days, found me in the

kitchen carefully wrapping my nether regions in aluminium foil prior to departure. "What are you doing?" She demanded, "I need that for tonight's dinner."

"Taking precautions." I responded. "One can never be too careful; I'm going to Sizewell."

"Not like that I hope and anyway, we've a big enough family as it is."

With a parting shot of "That's as maybe, but there are certain things that shouldn't glow in the dark," I rustled my way off to get my bike.

Arriving in what I thought was good time at Tesco's Martlesham I was mildly surprised to see a long line of bikes already there. I was, as always, made to feel extremely welcome and noted, thankfully, that I wasn't the only associate. I was duly placed in a group where everyone was called Steve, except for Dave, which was confusing. He'd turned up in a fetching shade of fluorescent pink. "It's not pink" he said "it's crushed raspberry". Someone, must have been Steve, said it matched his eyes.....

At this point Steve, who had enough panniers to sustain a short trip to Kazakhstan and back, was seen to reach inside and produce his lead lined jockstrap. He too had come prepared. The route was confirmed (about 40 miles) which made the 'non-pannied' folk feel smug and then we were off. I went first on account of the fact that I don't have a satnav and can only remember the first part of any route and Dave was at the back spreading peace and harmony in a subtle pink hue to all passing motorists.

Up to Woodbridge, across Wilford Bridge, past Sutton Hoo and down to Alderton. First debrief. Constructive and helpful as always and some good tips for me to work on (especially around only putting one foot down at lights) and a good discussion on what white lines in the middle of the road can indicate. There was a conspicuous absence of these at this point but imagination is a wonderful thing.....

A further reminder to watch out for tractors and to be aware that the route was starting to get sandy and we were off again. Steve (and Steve) went off like a rocket, clearly keen to get his radioactive breakfast and I was left to follow the Pink Panther. Steve didn't get far before Farmer Giles with a trailer load of carrots slowed us down. Another debrief, at which point the 'fast group' went past in a blur. Steve looked envious, I looked relieved, Dave looked rosy. Change of front man and we were off for a glorious ride through Rendlesham Forest, up to Snape and then to Aldeburgh. We dropped onto the coast road which was fantastic in the sunshine, avoided copious European tourists in camper vans making the most of the exchange rate and on to Sizewell Cafe. The food arrived suspiciously quickly given where we were and disappeared just as fast.

All in all a very enjoyable morning. The tips and training for a novice like me is invaluable. I learn something every time and enjoy my biking more as a result. Thank you to all those who put these rides together. I am sure that I speak for all the associates when I say; thank you.

Adam Eaton



Breakfast Run: Last man standing riding.

Me: I thought I'd go on my first ever breakfast run on Saturday.

Her: That sounds nice dear, where will you go.

Me: It's called the [Iron Horse Ranch House](#), a sort of motorcycle themed café, at Market Deeping.

Her: {in a high-pitched loud voice} Market Deeping!!!! That's a hundred miles away!!! You're not going to ride a couple of hundred miles for breakfast? {said with a dash of incredulity in her voice}.

Me: that's the idea, you ride with experienced members and see how they use their machines on the road for real, no feedback, just watch and learn.

Her: you must be raving mad; you all have just lost your marbles.



So there I was at Tesco, Bury St. Edmund, in plenty of time, along with 8 other mad bikers. A beautiful morning what could go wrong. The bloody satnav is not working properly, I can see the route but no sound in my helmet. Bluetooth is up the shoot. While everyone is chatting, I try to reinitialise the [Sena 10U](#). I'm still working on it when the last man leaves: no I'm the last man. I can live with it and sort it out later. We chunter down the A14 in the semblance of a cohesive group, before heading off into the fens. What do you get in the fens? Big bloody agricultural machines, from huge tractors to baling machines and combine harvesters. At a set of traffic lights I

get caught behind said baling machine and the group is gone, disappearing over the horizon in a haze. I must be several minutes behind the leaders, so I make a (bad) decision to catch them up. Why? The café won't move. Pleading the 5th Amendment (or the UK equivalent) I won't say what speed I reached during this chase, but I just managed to catch the group as they entered Market Deeping.

We have the de rigueur group photo before trooping into the café, passing a brand new Indian Scout parked in reception. The table is booked (bike memorabilia all around the walls and a Ducati in the window), orders placed at the bar and we begin to chat. It's not long before some asks "Where's John Morgan?" I'm not certain how long it was before John arrived, but I'm reasonably sure I had finished breakfast. "Decided to take an alternative route." Loud hoots of disbelief and John just sat there with a smile on his face. *(NB I hope his navigation skills improve before he goes on his Scotland trip. Ed).*

Breakfast over and I can hear decisions being made on where to go. The group is scattering and I decide to join those going to [Sportsbikeshop](#). I've bought a lot there so jumped at the chance to visit. It's not far (I'm riding third from the front this time). Bikes parked, clothing divested, and walking toward the front door, when John Morgan arrives. "Decided to take an alternative route." Loud hoots of disbelief..... Was it interesting? Marginally so. Racks of clothing and not much else. You can search for items on screens aka Argos, but I couldn't think of anything – until I got home.

Her: did you have a nice time dear?

Me: most enjoyable, but if I'm last bike out and loose the group, I'll never chase again – total madness. *Ed.*



A Tutor's Tale

2019 Tutors Weekend 'Up North'

As tutors it is all too easy to ride lots of miles with students - usually out of position and with an impaired view, and often 'off the pace' - and lose sight of our own best riding method. The weekend 14-15 September was arranged to help our tutors stay in peak practice, and to build team spirit (*and I thought it was just a jolly! Ed*). The plan drawn up by Ian Gilder and John Jenkins took in lots of great roads that most of us were not familiar with, as chances for us to reinforce those skills and to ride as a team.

Day 1.

Not all the tutors could make the weekend, and the 9 of us who could, met on a cool, dry morning at Bury St Edmunds, and refuelled ready for departure at 0930. As arranged, we split into 2 groups, one led by Tony Butler and 'group B' with John Jenkins. From Bury we would cover another 250 miles, and took turns to lead sections that offered different challenges and varied in length from 30 to 70 miles. The other riders were Stephen Worrall, Phil Sayer,

Ben Firbank, Paul Newman, Jon Jamin and Stephen Russell.

A couple of minutes apart, off we went... for 'group B' Stephen Worrall lead the first leg, into



Cambridgeshire and a few miles of Norfolk across the flatlands of the Fens where deep waters were being channeled by deep dykes, to Downham Market, where the chosen stop to debrief and swap places was in a car park - much as we do on members' monthly Training Rides. We compared notes on hazards such as lines of sand in the road, maintaining safe gaps with other road users, and the flow in our 'stick' of bikes.

Enjoying more warmth from the sun, we crossed into Lincolnshire for a quick coffee and chat at Sutterton, on the A17. Another change of lead, and off again via Kirton Holme - Coningsby - New York (- Revesby - Horncastle; everyone enjoyed the last two enjoyably twisty stretches, as often seen in bike magazine test reports. We were almost on time and both groups had lunch at a garden centre, with lively banter as we reviewed progress. But no rest for the wicked - we had many miles to go, and needed to be moving on...

Now the weather was lovely at 22°C and John Jenkins took the lead on another favourite, the B1225 High Road to Caistor, and with sun visors down, a fuel stop at Brigg, where the groups met again before the Humber Bridge. On a fine day you can see the big suspension bridge from nearly 10 miles away, and it sometimes seems to only creep closer. Unluckily for us, this effect was due to 2 miles of the approach road having been reduced to single-lane working, so we got in extensive filtering practice, which was trickier for those with 'adventure-sized' panniers.

Once back onto dry land we entered South Yorkshire (= county No 5), skirted Hull and passing Beverley, headed across country via Wetwang (where team A passed us while we debriefed) and Malton, to re-group in the picture-

postcard village of Hutton-le-Hole, nestling at the foot of the North Yorkshire Moors. Sitting outside a stone-built tea room, tea and scones



were the popular order, and this was a great spot to sit on a differently-shaped seat. We talked over observation, overtaking and restraint and could have sat much longer in the sunshine.

A couple at the next table were out for their first ride after restoring an Enfield single which



was older than those of us who grew up on Japanese bikes. Others who had owned British iron in their youth enjoyed the nostalgia from an era when every rider did their own maintenance and before crash

hats became compulsory, and shared experiences of the alloy main stand - a notorious weak spot - apparently now being cast anew and stronger in a small UK foundry.

Leaving the stone-built village behind we climbed onto the desolate yet beautiful moors, with the temperature dropping as fast as the population figures. Back on wide open roads we had chances to take enjoyable sweeping lines in between light gaggles of touring traffic. One of us discovered that the sheep don't

always cooperate in use of the road space, picking a really awkward time to cross the road: having tested the horn (warning) and then resorted to brakes (that darn sheep would not budge!) and given the following riders a chuckle, normal service was resumed on our way to Guisborough and Stokesley, off the northern edge of the National Park. Our next leg included the A170 and descent of Sutton Bank to refuel in Thirsk, and on to Northallerton where we would be stabled for the night.

After a day of concentration we unloaded bikes, checked-in to our rooms, rang spouses and inevitably checked-out the small bar. With the group gathered back together, we walked into town



to eat at Tejanos Mexican restaurant, which was tricky to find as it was poorly signed and over a shop, accessed from an alley.

Sat at one large table we re-told stories from the day; dredged dirty jokes from tired brains and then ate heartily. Meals were followed by coffee on the rooftop terrace; and for the smokers, just a few steps up the alley to a 'puffers zone'. I liked the food enough that I will be going back, and made a sat-nav 'favourite' to find the place.

Sleep came quickly to most of the weary group - except for the sounds of nearby steam trains and chainsaws - which were soon traced to the nasal habits of various members of the team! Thankfully we had not all been placed in adjacent rooms...

Day 2.

Sunday morning dawned cool and silent in thinning mist and several took the chance



before enjoying a cooked breakfast (when in Rome, do as the Romans do) and grumble about the snoring (always coming from the next room, of course) to load bikes up for the day ahead. Today we

would ride another 315 miles to reach Bury.

Sunday's route was distinct from the day before, with great tracts of hilly and twisty riding. First, west across the increasingly sploshy Dales to Hawes and the impressive Ribbleshead Viaduct; then turning south-west



into Lancashire, where the rain relented, and threaded our way East of the great urban sprawl of Manchester & Stockport, where I grew up.

We noticed that occasionally one or more of our sat-navs would interpret a pre-set turn differently from what others displayed - such as taking a small turn just before the larger junction preferred by others - and put it down to variations in map updates or routing preferences. So we simply stuck with the leader unless the following riders all saw a clear deviation: after all every sat-nav is a small computer, and who expects *them* to always agree?

Passing through smaller towns, we stopped at Colne for coffee, swapping seats with Tony's incoming group as we left. Navigating between Rochdale and Halifax we rode under a braided section of the M62, heavy with traffic, and happy not to be using motorways. Now we rode through the Holmfirth - Mytholmroyd area known to millions of TV viewers



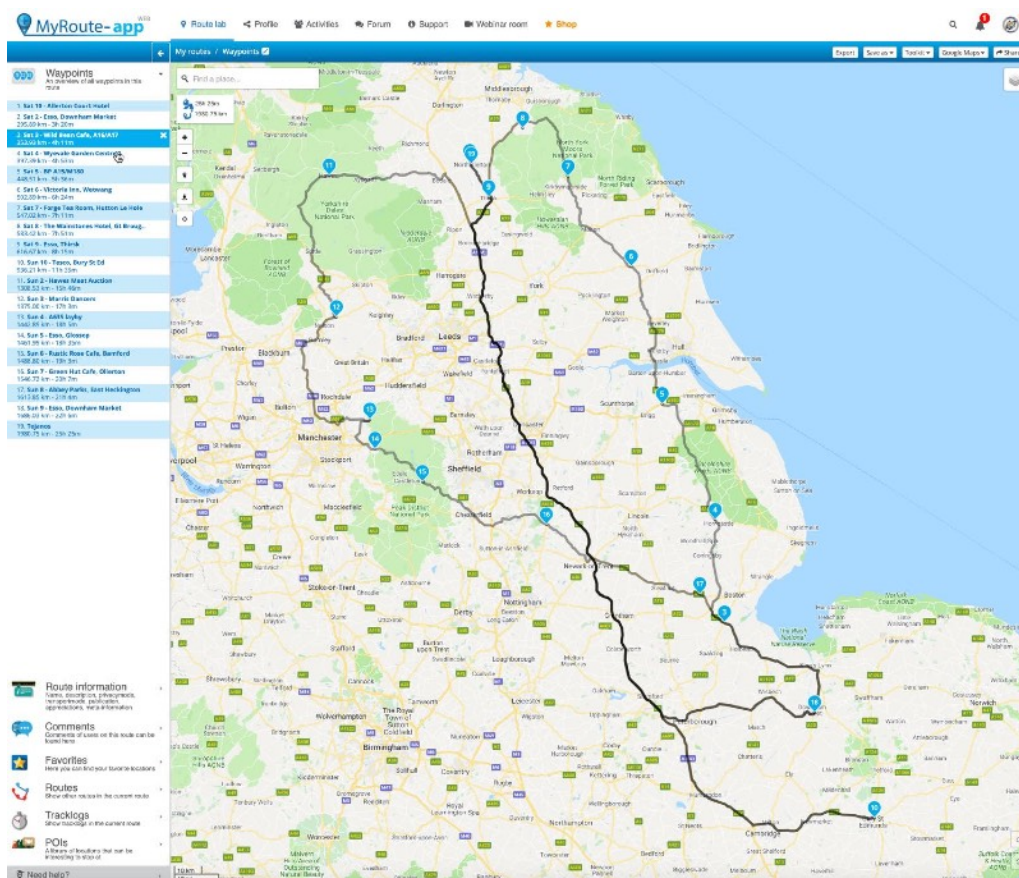
as the home of Norah Batty Compo, Cleggy and Foggy and where the working mens clubs and washing line-festooned back yards of stone terraced houses were still in view.



Next we tacked back and forth across the Peak district of Derbyshire, a land of reservoirs and grouse moors, by towns named Upperthong, Arkwright and Glossop, and the damp Woodhead and Snake passes. Over a late lunch we agreed to save time by shortening our recap stops, and turned east to travel through Nottinghamshire, reaching Ollerton at 4.30. Not far now into Lincolnshire and home! When we returned to Bury, we had ridden through a broad selection of English landscapes, roads, and conditions and done much practice of cornering, overtaking, debriefing and smiling.

Bring on 2020! *John Morgan*

If you would like to use any of the routes chosen for this year's tutor's weekend, they are in a folder on the club's MyRouteApp marked 'Tutors'. Download available to all 'friends' of the club. Click here -> [Tutors' Routes](#)



Recruitment

TTT Motorcycle Village:

Had their 1st birthday party on Saturday the 31st Aug. Benn Platt, the manager asked us if we would put a man on our recruitment stand: our intrepid Tim Elms duly obliged.

It beautiful day and a good turnout. There was a fair bit of interest with quite a few leaflets disappearing and several interested punters, most of which were unfortunately Essex based, but you never know. Having said that, after a good chat I think we may be gaining another group member from the west of the region whom is already a RoSPA member and passed at gold level. *Tim Elms*



Member's Forum

Off the beaten track - an adventure on the TET

I thought that I would tell you a little about my most recent off-road trip in France & Spain along a section of the [Trans Euro Trail](#) (TET).

Yes, I know that we are a road riding club, but I try to be an all-round motorcyclist and have, at some time or other, taken part in motocross, enduro, trials, navigation & road book rallies, track days and extensive road riding.

This years off road epic was a follow on from last years trip when my old school friend Lindsay and I followed the TET from Calais to Carcassonne.

This year the plan was to continue south into Spain, then west along the Pyrenees via Andorra towards Pamplona, before leaving the TET route and returning to Carcassonne along some familiar tracks.

Using the same bikes as last year, me on a [KTM 250exc-f](#) & Lindsay on a Husqvarna FE250. Both are 4-stroke competition spec enduro bikes and are essentially the same machines in different colours. They are lightweight, close

100kg, superbly manoeuvrable with fantastic suspension and have about 45bhp, depending on mapping.



La Cite
Carcassonne

We departed from 'La Cite', the famous castle overlooking Carcassonne, on the 4th September with perfect weather of clear skies and not too hot.

Most of the terrain on the first half of the day was familiar, as I had ridden it a couple of times previously. A quick stop in Tuchan for 'Le Plat du Jour', then some lovely scenic trails towards the Gorges de Galamus.

Frustratingly, we had just ridden from the Malapere wine region through the Corbieres, Fitou and finally into the Cotes de Roussillon.....and not a drop had passed our lips!!

We followed some lovely gravel tracks around the Pic de Canigou, one of the highest mountains in the Pyrenees at 2785m, before deciding to finish for the day, after 300km, at a campsite in Amelie-les-Bains.

Lindsay's Husky had developed a couple of slightly leaking fork seals, but it didn't seem to be causing any problems.

We had a bit of a wild night as the campsite were having a 'moules frites', disco and foam party



evening!.....so it would have been rude not to join in. It was a first for me.

Day 2 started early, and with a slightly fuzzy head.

We were heading south and within an hour so of leaving France. The climb up to the border, at 1300m (4300ft), was a long and relentless rocky climb through the forest, before finally emerging at the top and entering Spain.

The views from here across towards Cadaques & the Mediterranean were so refreshingly clear.

Not much later we encountered an absolute pig of a climb. It felt like it was miles long, although in reality it was probably only a couple of kilometres. It was like a section of the Scottish Six Day Trial, endless football sized boulders on quite a steep climb. I was determined to do it 'clean' because A) it was a challenge & B) because I was sure that if I had to stop I would never get going again!!

At the top my arms felt like lead & we both needed a sit down.

I just love this part of Spain, no matter if I'm on the road or trail. The scenery is just so BIG, everything is just bigger and so much higher than we are used to in the UK, and so impressive. There were tracks here that had a sheer rock face on the one side and a 500m sheer drop on the other. Certainly pays to focus the mind and concentrate on every aspect of the track surface.

One mistake here could be very expensive, painful and very inconvenient.

So far we had not seen anyone else on the trails, apart from an old guy in that famous French all-terrain vehicle, the Renault 4.....these things seem to go every where. Who needs a Land Rover?.

Nearing the end of the day I picked up a flat

rear tyre in the middle of a forest. Having hit so many rocks quite hard, I had expected a 'pinch' type puncture, but no it was an ancient 3" nail.

After a swift trailside repair we were off again. It was getting on a bit so we set up camp at Vilallonga-de-Ter. We had only managed to cover 200km but it was on much more technical terrain.

No foam parties tonight!

Day 3 It was extremely cold in the morning and overnight the 'Catalan Nail of Doom' had struck again & the rear tyre was flat. The nail had pierced both sides of the tube which had gone unnoticed during the previous repair.

Within a kilometre or so we were on one of the prettiest and most scenic tracks so far. The riding was not too difficult, so we could take more time to admire the views. This lovely track seemed to go on for miles.

Lunch was a picnic of chorizo, bread and cheese in a trailside shrine with the most wonderful views. So peaceful without the quick revving 250s music in your ears.



There were some tricky little trails after lunch, before we encountered our first, of four, groups of trail bikes coming towards us. The first group were English!. The other groups were from Sweden, Denmark and Germany.

They were competing in the, Austin Vince run, off road navigation challenge called 'The V.I.N.C.E'.

We had taken part in this enjoyable event in 2016, finishing in a respectable third position.

The last challenge of our day was to scale Pic Negre, which is a 2700m (9000ft) peak near to where the Andorra, France & Spain borders meet.



It was very bare and wild up there, and was quite steep in places. Our little 250cc machines were a bit out of puff on such steep going at this altitude. This was one of the very few times when I felt the need for more power.

After the summit there is a slight descent where we found the infamous VW bus that has been deposited up there. Its now covered in graffiti and surrounded by rocksit won't be



moving on for some time.

We had hoped to overnight in a Refuge at 2100m, but we couldn't find it anywhere. We'd previously found it on Google earth, but with Andorran Telecom refusing to give me any data, we had to give up and head down to our alternative of Camping Frontera Park just south of the Andorran border.

We had made good time and had covered a decent amount of ground this day. Another 280km on the clock.

Once the tents were up, and we were clean!, we went in search of a nice restaurant & the family run Masia d'en Valenti was certainly that.

A tasty and interesting four courses later, we wobbled back to base.

Day 4 Was planned as a rest day, to do a bit of bike maintenance and await the arrival of two friends from the UK.

Sergio, from Portugal, and Aurelio, from Spain, were two friends from the Essex TRF who were driving down to meet us for next few days of riding.

A local guy, Gez Pedro, from the TET Facebook page had been following our endeavours and asked to come down to meet us for a coffee.

I rashly assumed that he was Spanishhe was actually a Geordie, so there was still a language barrier.

We had planned to get the Husqvarna's leaking fork seals replaced at the KTM dealer in Andorra, but with a bit of lateral thinking, had come up with a better plan.

Alex, Lindsay's son, had removed the forks from their other Husky and delivered them to Aurelio to bring down with them in the car.

Once the lads arrived it was a ten minute job to swap the forks over.....what it is to have a spare

bike laying around. After a few cold Estrellas in the camp bar we again headed towards the culinary pleasures of Masia d'en Valenti.

We slept well that night. *(sounds great fun, if only I read this when I was 20years younger! Ed.)*

To be continued..... *Steve Valentine*

Technical Corner

Garmin – Straight Lines

I was on a group training ride with a couple of members who use a Garmin satnav (Zumo 396). Having downloaded the route from the club website, they were confronted with a set of straight lines between the start and finish. Not trusting what they saw, asked me to lead the group using my TomTom.

To understand how Garmin uses data, I borrowed a Zumo 396. Let me say I'm no expert, but have a reasonably technical mind. The following is my understanding of the how the Garmin takes in, displays and uses .gpx files (e.g. from the club's Routes and Waypoints page). You may not be surprised to know that for all practical purposes, it is the same as TomTom.

First let's begin with what a .gpx file looks like - it is a text file with simple coding that can be read by a computer program! Currently, there are two formats GPX1.1 and GPX1.0 and both contain a 'route' and a 'track'. A good description of each can be found [here](#). In essence a route is a list of waypoints (recorded as a name and GPS coordinates), in the order to be visited; a track uses the list of waypoints, but with another list of GPS coordinates to describe the road (track), as calculated by the application used to generate the file, e.g. MyRouteApp. Additionally, the GPX1.1 format includes 'extensions' which allows a satnav (or other GPX reader) to control things like colour, type of terrain (e.g. fastest, shortest, windy, hilly), etc.

By way of example, I'll use route No. 31 in club's [Routes and Waypoints](#) page (Beacon Hill to Bungalow Diner). By default MyRouteApp calculates the 'track' using the 'fastest' option.

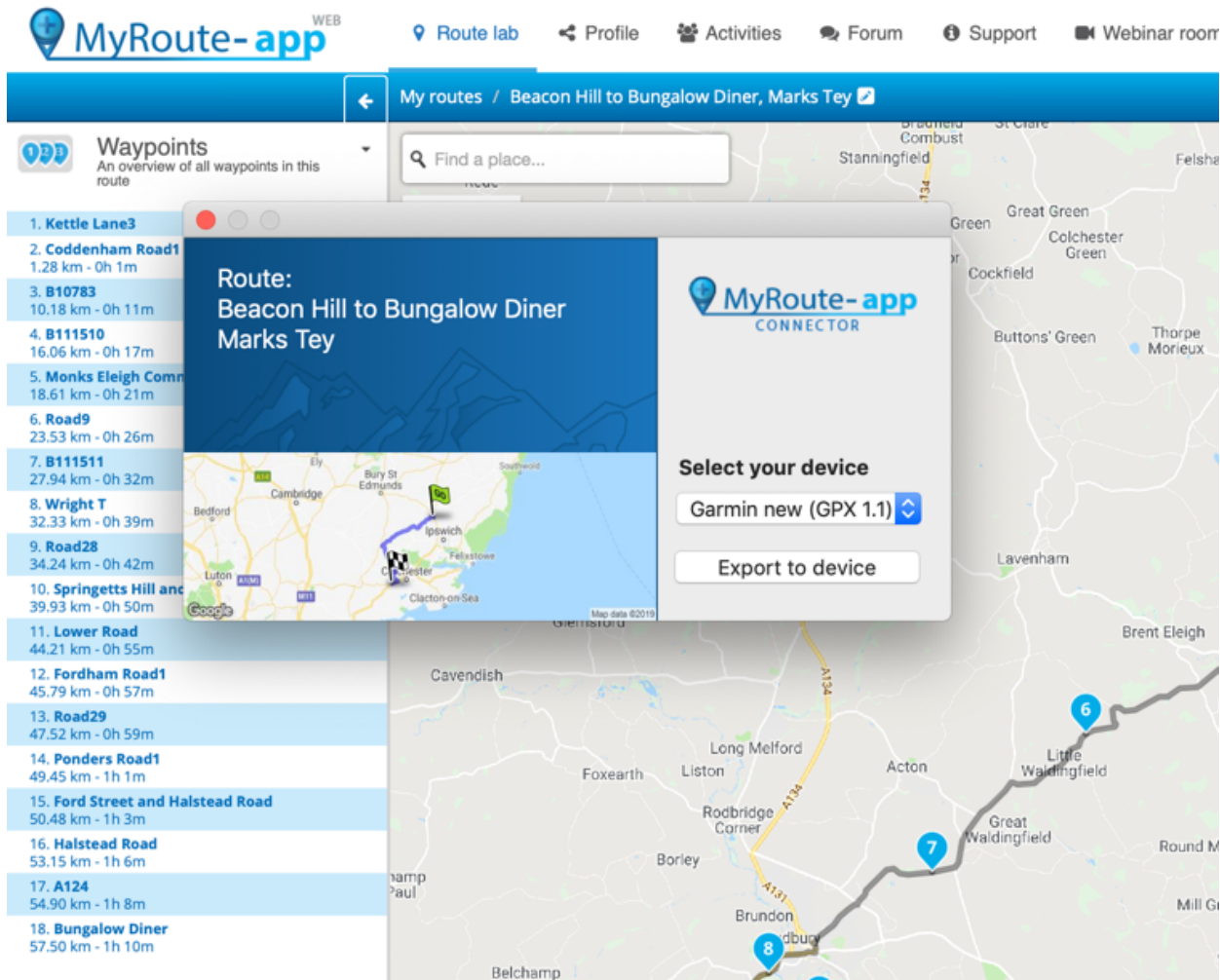
There are two ways to load the GPX file created in MyRouteApp onto the Garmin:

- 1) 'Export' using MyRouteApp's inbuilt 'Connector'.
- 2) 'Save as' .gpx 1.1 (route, track, POI) or .gpx 1.0 (route, track, POI), and load it into Garmin's BaseCamp, and from there into your device.

To download the GPX file using either of these two methods you must have the Garmin connected to your computer via the USB cable. I found that the correct cable is critical (of 3 that I have, only one was suitable), so use the USB cable provided by Garmin, or check the connection, e.g. using Garmin Express, or see it in your list of network items. NB if you have Garmin Express you can set a

preference to start up when your computer detects a Garmin device. Be patient, I found that it will take in excess of 2 minutes for to be recognised by a computer. When the Garmin device knows that it's talking to a computer it will ask you to agree to the connection.

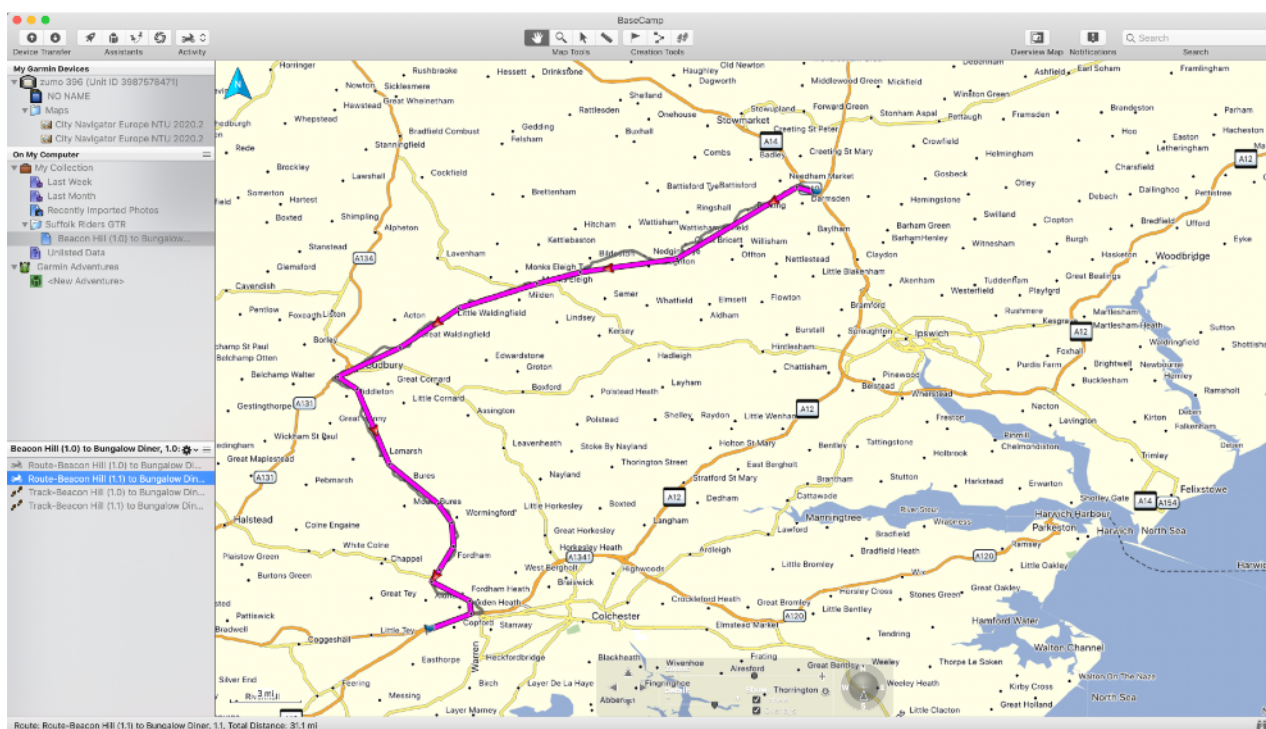
In MyRouteApp, click on 'Export', click 'Open route', click 'Allow' (to open "Connector").



In the example I've selected 'Garmin new (GPX 1.1)'. One could have chosen the 'Garmin old (GPX 1.0)', but there is no difference between the two for the route and track, and you would lose the extra information included in 'extensions'. Once you have clicked on 'Export to device' the GPX file is transferred to the Garmin's internal storage, but it is not yet available to the map reading software. You must now disconnect the USB cable. On a Mac you must/should 'eject' the Garmin first; I couldn't find the equivalent on Windows, so just pulled the plug out - worked fine.

Finally, restart the Garmin and it will ask if you want to import a new route, touch 'Yes' & voila (at last), the route is now available to use!!!!

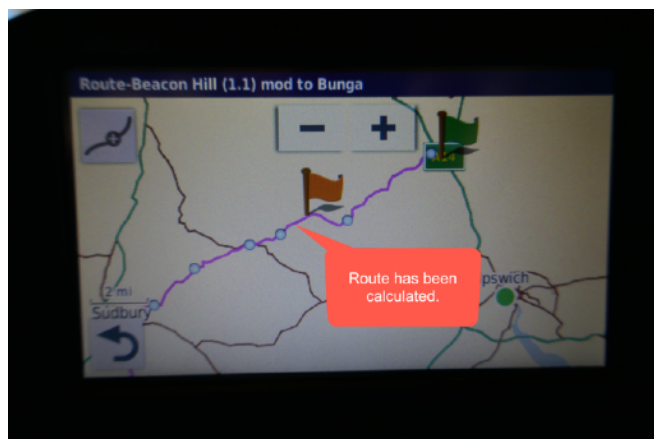
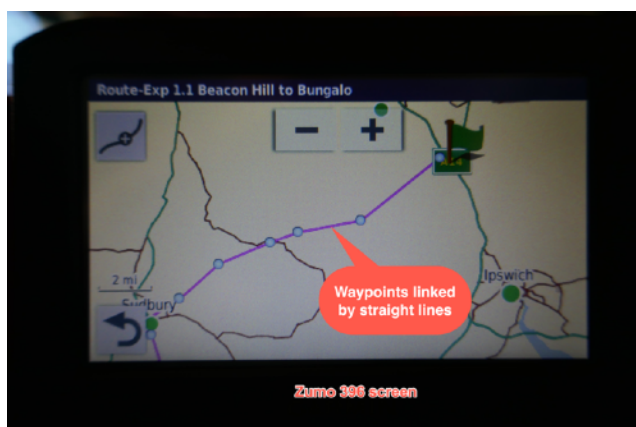
The second option of loading into BaseCamp gives you the advantage of being able to edit the route before putting onto your device without using MyRouteApp. Some people swear by BaseCamp, however, I found it just so 'clunky' compared to MyRouteApp (only my humble opinion); and of course it is free with your Garmin.



This figure shows both .gpx 1.1 and 1.0 are identical, lying over each other.

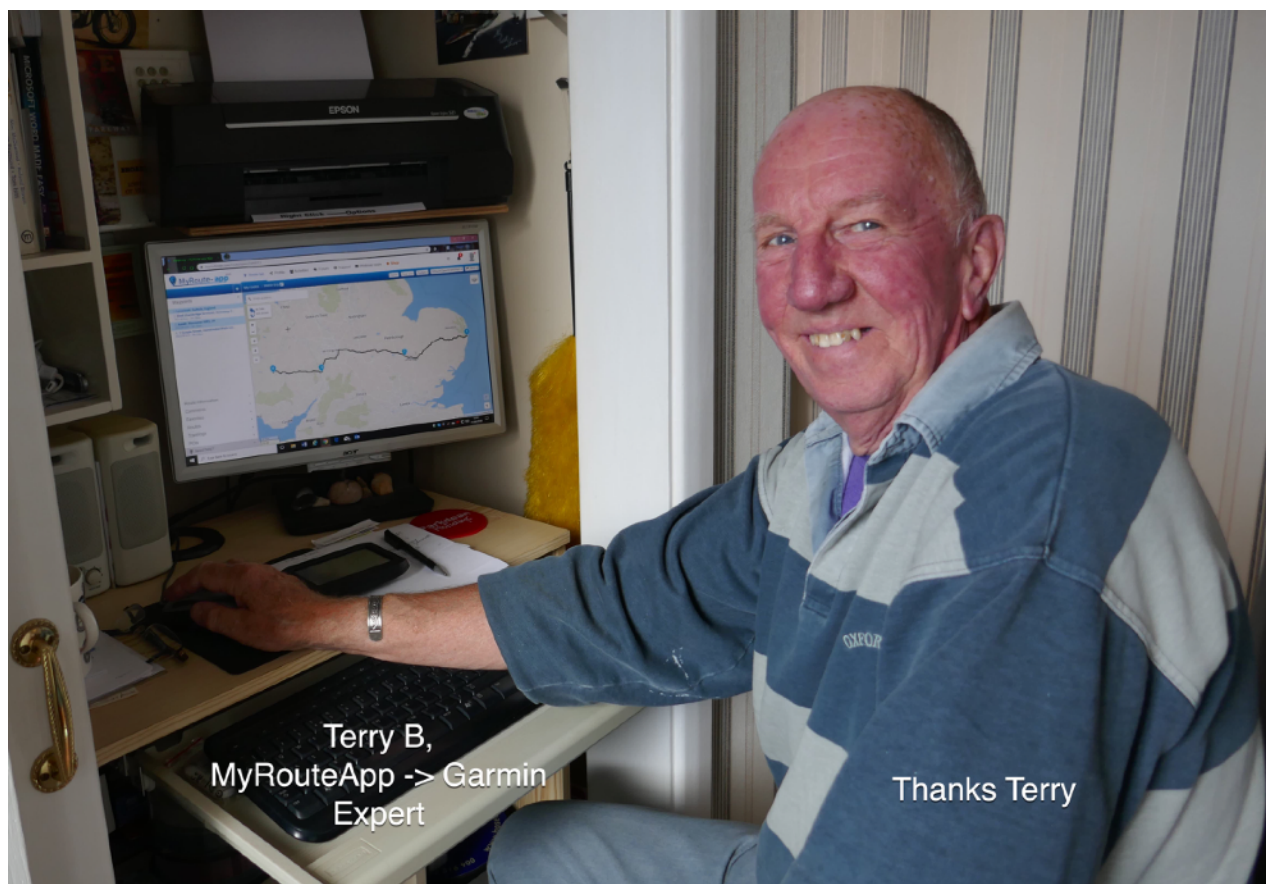
Assuming you are happy with the route, it is now time to use it for real. Tap on the 'Where to' button, then the 'Trip planner'. The top right of the screen now shows two buttons 'Map' and 'Go'.

Tap 'Map' and there you see the dreaded straight lines, linking the waypoints. Depending on your preferences (fastest, shortest, curvey, etc.) when you tap 'Go' the devices will spend a few seconds calculating the route and - no more straight lines -



off you go!!!!

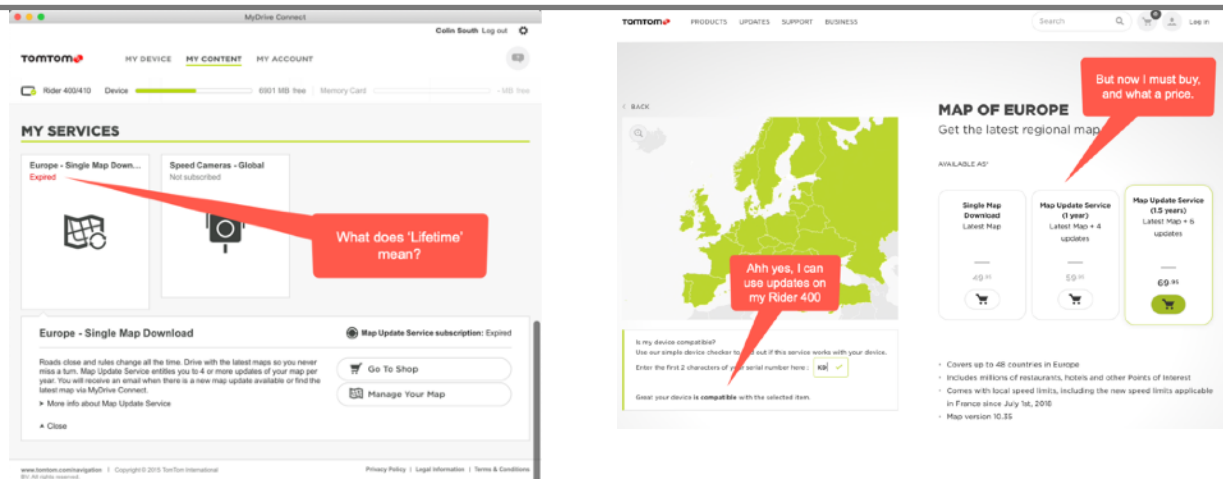
I'd like to thank Terry Beales for loaning me his Zumo 396. Terry is now a fully paid up member of the Garmin appreciation society. Having taken the course, passing with a gold, he will happily answer all questions on Garmin satnavs with Microsoft Windows! *Ed.*



TomTom is a really s!&y, immoral company (imho).*

In my review of the Breakfast Run I mentioned that I was having trouble with my (TomTom) satnav. A day or so before I had an email to say there was firmware update for the Sena 10U communication device, so I updated. I did a quick check that it still talked to my phone and TomTom Rider 400. It did, but what it did not know until the Breakfast Run was that it would drop the connection after several seconds. I must admit it drove me round in circles for an hour before I decided to restore the old firmware. All worked well so I then reinstalled the new firmware and Bob's your uncle, all was fine. During this period I logged into my TomTom account, where, to my surprise, I saw 'Map update expired.' Hang on a minute, me

thinks I bought the Rider 400 on the 20th Sept. 2015, with a 'Lifetime Update' of European maps. Me thinks wrong! A quick search showed that TomTom have decided to change the definition of Lifetime from that stated in the Oxford English Dictionary to "[lifetime means the useful life of a product](#)." as defined by TomTom of course. So my Rider 400 is now, by TomTom's definition, no longer useful; however TomTom are happy to sell me updates!!!! Is that immoral? I look forward to the day the chaps at MyRouteApp or some other entrepreneurial company build a turn-by-turn navigation system for the mobile phone, then TomTom can go to hell where they belong. Rant over. NB having seen Terry's Garmin, if I have to update I will certainly give it serious consideration, as it has a facility not available on TomTom, the ability to insert a 'Stop' waypoint within a route. - Ed.



Tyre Change.

I don't wish to teach Grandma to suck eggs, so if you know when your tyres need changing, please ignore and move on.

The legal limit of tyre tread depth in the UK for motorcycles over 50cc is 1mm across $\frac{3}{4}$ of the width of the tread pattern and with visible tread on the remaining $\frac{1}{4}$.

I have had the the depth gauge out in the past, but to check my rear tyre, of which only about 20% is visible, I need to roll the bike to expose more tyre, or put it up on a jack – a real pain. Then I came across a very easy method. Many manufactures incorporate a 'Tread Wear Indicator,' (TWI) '[dimple](#)' inside part of the tread, typically centre and edges. You should see the TWI sign on the rim where the tread meets the wall. When the dimple is aligned to the top of the tread, change the tyre. Simple. *Ed.*



Safety

Spotted by John J, the article on [this webpage](#) shows 'an improvement in driver behaviour' where average speed cameras were installed in an urban area - the first in the UK. There is also an app, which can run on a smart phone or satnav, indicating the position of speed cameras, for an annual subscription. If you spot a safety article which you think might benefit members, please forward it to the editor.

Members in the news



Ian and Natalie tie the knot after a 24 years.

We wish them hearty congratulations and a long & happy life together.

PS Ian also bought a new [bike](#) to add to his collection.



Ninja H2R





Jon J and Rachel picking up their new GS.



Catherine V, gets a new toy.

October Events.

Important.

Please note that the latest information on future events can be found on the club website's [Events page](#). You should always check there before attending any event.

Group Training Ride - Sunday 20th October, 9:30am.

Beacon Hill lorry park to [the Café at Urban Jungle](#), Suffolk. Suffolk Riders are going 'wild' with the October GTR, at least as far as the cafe is concerned. The ride is the 'urban' bit, the cafe is the 'jungle'; rumour has it that an aptly named tribe of pigmies got lost in there! Never rely on your GPS.

A waypoint and gpx file, **No.37** are on the club's [Routes and Waypoints page](#). If you intend to ride, please inform the Stephens by email (training-rides@suffolkriders.co.uk), so that they ensure enough tutors are available. This is a really excellent opportunity for associates (and members like me) to garner a few extra pointers on their riding technique.

Breakfast Run - Sunday 27th October, 9:30am.

John Kerry is organising this month's run from Tesco Copdock to the [Wings Café](#), North Weald, Epping, CM16 6DD. NB there is the possibility of seeing aircraft take off and land.

A waypoint and gpx file, **No.38** are on the club's [Routes and Waypoints page](#). If you intend to ride, please contact [John](#) to let him know.

The usual caveat: the onus is on the individual to decide whether or not to participate if the weather is inclement. There will be no follow-up emails cancelling the run beforehand so make your own mind up whether you feel the conditions are suitable

Group Night – Monday 28th October, 19:30

Darren from [MCT Suspension](#) returns to tell us more about the magic he can work on your bike. Also, the results of the Summer Competition will be announced. Keith G. will be showing us some/all of the entries.

Been somewhere nice?

A BRIDGE TOO FAR

Bridgnorth, in fact a ride to [The Food Stop Café](#), which is at Quatford on the A442 between Kidderminster and Bridgnorth.

It was a motorcycling mate from the Black Country who reckons the Food Stop as one of the best motorcycle cafés in the country. Good enough for me to find out for myself.

An agreed date of 7th September with my mate Dave come rain or shine. Mentioning this to Tim Elms, Brian Carter and Robbie Melton I soon had 3 riding companions. Leave Bury St Eds 7.30am, ETA Food Stop 11.30 with a tea and wee stop en route.

Quick start A14 – A428 – A421 to Milton Keynes. A5, giving the Super Sausage a miss in favour of [Jacks Hill Café](#) TOWCESTER.

At this point the ride gets a motorcyclist's dream with the unclassified roads across Greens Norton – Blakesley – Maidford – Priors Marston to Southam, joining the A425 to the Fosse Way to Wellesbourne. To bypass Stratford-upon-Avon go via Charlecote Park on unclassified to join the A46 to Alcester then the A4090 road Droitwich to join the A442 Kidderminster and through to Quatford.

Was it worth it? Well the ride was good,

meeting up with Dave and we all enjoyed his company. Breakfast was cheap, not the best, but adequate. It is a real bikers café. We rolled in on time with 184 miles showing on my trip from Bury.



Which way back? Dave suggested he would lead us back via Bridgnorth and put us on the road to Evesham and home via A44. Love those bends past Broadway leaving the A44 at Chipping Norton and across country to Buckingham and then back by A421 – A428 – A14. Quick, if a bit boring, but great riding, good company, brilliant day.

Keith Gilbert

Recommendation for those heading off to Spain next year:

Rioja region -

[Casa Somera at Viniegra de Abayo](#) - lovely lady, bed, breakfast and dinner including a nice bottle of Rioja red - 37 euros. That's for September, maybe more in high season. En suite and clean. Website available. *Keith G.*



Tim and Shiona



Casa Somera at Viniegra de Abayo

The Last Laugh Word

Our first issue of the Newsletter produced a few plaudits, all complimentary to varying degrees; one member answered the question 'what do you like, dislike or stick to emails'; two volunteered to edit an issue (next year – thank you very much). It was also discussed at Club Night producing a number of requests for email 'reminders'.



As I read the contributions that come in, I'm continually impressed by the skill and range of activities carried out by members. On the last breakfast run there was one bike with a 'Blood Biker' sign on the back so, hopefully, we will have a contribution from a member who undertakes this role.

Those who remember Stephen W's bike not starting during August's group training ride may recall he thought it might be 'fuel contamination.' He was absolutely correct: he told us that some idiot had put diesel in the tank, and when he catches up with whoever was responsible, there will be hell to pay.

There will be quite a few members at the Copdock Bike Show, and from past experience I know there will be lots of photo opportunities. Could someone pen an article for those who cannot attend? I'm on holiday in Malta, going back to where I lived for a couple of years as a child. Talking of holidays, I'm away in

November in Bhutan, so hopefully someone will step up for the role of editor, if there is to be an issue on the 1st December!

Lastly, I have known from a lifetime in academia that we only improve if we are able to stand on the shoulders of giants (*IsaacNewton*). We are so lucky in Suffolk Riders to have access to such giants in the form of tutors, who freely give of their time and effort to help us. Perhaps one of them would pen an article to tell us what motivates them, e.g. to give something back? *Be safe. Ed.*