SEPTEMBER - 2010

BikeBytes

The Monthly Magazine Of The Scottish Motorcycle Club

Welcome

Another month and two new members! A warm welcome to **Frank Dolan** from Livingston who owns a blue Triumph Tiger 955i and, with wife Lorraine, came along as a guest on the Cream Bun Run 3 and was persuaded to join that very day. Our second new member is **Peter Allan** from Edinburgh. Peter joined us on the Five Counties run on a Bandit he's using while his Yamaha R6 is straightened out after being reversed over by a car. We look forward to seeing you both on future runs.

Coming up:

Sunday 5th – Janet & John's run to the Alford Motorcycle Convention. Meet at Kinross Services at 8.15am.

Wednesday 8th – Club night. Black Bitch Tavern, West Port, Linlithgow at 8pm.

Saturday 11th - Ken Glendinning's Leuchars Airshow run. Meet at McDonald's car park at Newbridge roundabout, Edinburgh at 8.45am.

Friday 10th – Sunday 12th - Janet & John's Ullapool via Inverness weekend. Meeting at Stirling Services on Friday at 5pm. (If you want to go but haven't already booked, please contact Janet or John).

Sunday 26th – Judy's Easdale run. Meet at Loch Lomond Homes & Garden Centre on A811 just East of Balloch at 9.45am.

Sunday 3rd October – Ken Eddie's Tay - Forth run. Meet at Kincardine Bridge services at 9.45am.

More details on these and future runs can be found at:
www.scottishmotorcycleclub.org.uk

Steve MacKinnon
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Editorial

Thanks for all your comments about the German Tour diary that I started last month…..unfortunately, there's more! Let me know when I'm really boring you please?

I've probably mentioned this before, but some of my relatives are, or have been in the past, into trials riding.



Now, to me it looks like serious masochism for a 'normal' rider, but I can't help being impressed. Steve Colley, who was performing at Kelso, is a skilled trials rider and former world champion.

The balance that you have to be able to maintain is quite exceptional. The trials bikes are impressive too….lots of torque , hardly any air pressure on the tyres…..but I wouldn't fancy riding one too far. You'd have to do it all standing up! My brother-in-law assures me that he used to ride from home in Edinburgh to Fort William for the Scottish Six Day Trials (SSDT), actually on his trials bike. Aye, times were 'ard in them days!

That does bring me on to the SSDT though….Like most motorcycle events, it's very rarely covered by any of the mainstream media, but it's a world event and attended by tens of thousands of people every May.

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I'm not sure why motorcycle events have such a low profile in the UK…it's certainly not like that in Spain or Italy, where on-road, track or off-road, two-wheeled events are huge viewing events.

In this country, Superbikes or MotoGP draw big crowds (60 – 100k), but are usually only to be found on BBC3 or Eurosport…or MotorsTV. Seems strange when a football match attended by 10 to 20 thousand people (if they're lucky) is on BBC1 at peak time.

I suppose other sports are in a similar position in relation to football. Scotland punches well above it's weight in a lot of sports, but 'Joe Public' usually isn't aware of them.

Anyway, next May (2nd to the 7th) is the centenary SSDT (organised by the Edinburgh and District Motor Club) at beautiful Fort William and I'll be there (the Canadian relatives are coming over…..and taking over it seems). Why not pop up and have a look at the most famous trials event in the world? You don't have to take it up…just watch all the loony competitors doing ridiculous things on motorcycles!

Ken Glendinning

TRYING OUT AN INTERESTING BIKE

Honda's Automatic DN-01



Scooters have come a long way over the years with the maxi scooter evolving into a near, but not quite, "proper motorcycle".

Although classified as step through motorcycles, some still view them with distaste and readily dismiss them.

Even Honda seem not to relate the DN01 to a scooter and their desire to promote the Honda DN-01 as a sport/cruiser hybrid neglects to mention that there is also an undeniable scooter influence, and Honda conspicuously avoids any mention of the word "scooter" in its literature, except when the subject of the transmission comes up.

I really do like maxi scooters, for many reasons, not least because of the fluidity and ease of use primarily down to variomatic drive system e.g. no clutch, but also the comfort, the storage capacity and the wind / weather protection however their power and performance just does not satisfy.

During a club visit to Two Wheels, a while back, I spied one of these magnificent yet strange machines - it really did catch my attention as I thought it could, in theory, meet all of my expectations but it was way too pricey for me and so I dismissed it out of hand at the time.

I never really gave the DN01 much thought after that until one day, in May this year, whilst visiting Two Wheels with my Deauville to discuss ongoing problems with it I noticed that a used DN01 had come into the showroom.

The guy had bought it new only a couple of months earlier did a couple of hundred miles on it and then decided to trade it in for a very nice used BMW which coincidentally was still in the showroom as he was picking it up that day.

I asked why he had traded it in so soon and Two Wheels said he just liked change and did so many times (Way worse than me they said).

The original price was around the £9,000 mark but because they seemed not to be selling too well Honda had dropped the new price, quite significantly, to around £8,000. The used DN01 one was selling for not much more than the £6,000 mark.

Knowing my appreciation of this type of machine Two wheels offered me a test drive and of course I could not refuse so I arranged a demo for later on that week.

The fully automatic, constantly variable transmission in the Honda DN-01 and belt less computer-controlled, hydro-mechanical wonder appealed to me very much indeed.

Very basically, the transmission utilizes oil pumps to transfer the power from the crankshaft to the drive shaft, with the action of these pumps determining the engine-speed-to-velocity ratio.

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Dubbed the HFT (Human Friendly Transmission), it allows the rider to twist the throttle from a stop to top speed seamlessly and silently. Honda has included a clutch-less thumb-shift option that orients the HFT to six preset ratios; however, the magic of the transmission is in its transparency of operation, not its ability to mimic a gearbox. More useful are the Drive and Sport modes for the 680cc liquid-cooled V-twin motor (Same engine and final drive as the Deauville NT700), which allows the rider to tailor acceleration to his needs.

In the Drive mode, the Honda DN-01 is a casual cruising machine. While throttle input has instant results, the rate of acceleration is moderate-it matches the feel of the bike nicely. This works great for most in-town riding, as the bike is still easily capable of pulling away from automobiles from a standing start.

When switched to Sport, the bike accelerates decidedly more rapidly-but just as smoothly running higher in the rev range. In fact, it is deceptively quick, as you do not get the traditional indicators of shifting and engine speed increase that signal a quickening velocity.

The HFT is highly efficient, so the straight-line performance is more impressive than one might expect. Once up to speed on the freeway the DN-01 could very easily exceed the speed limit and comfort is enhanced by switching on the fly to the Drive mode, as it virtually banishes the already minimal vibration. On the downside, despite the fairing, the wind pushes the rider back, making it a bit tiring to hold onto the bars for long straight-line stretches.

Out in the country, the cruiser aspect of the Honda DN-01 reveals itself, as does some of its sporting character. The relaxed riding position is such that, if you manage to block the large tank and fairing from your mind, you do feel like you are on a cruiser, albeit one that is unnaturally quiet and smooth. It is effortless to glide around back roads-you aren't shifting, so it feels like you have a power band as wide as an interstate.

The DN-01 turns in confidently much better than its seating position and length would foretell. Unfortunately, the reclined seating position does not encourage aggressive riding, and limited ground clearance of the feelers on the spring-loaded floorboards seals the deal-it is sporty for a cruiser or a scooter, but it will not convince any sport rider that it is a sport bike.

With the seat height of just over 27 inches (two inches lower than a Suzuki Burgman 650), it is certainly a superb city bike. It looks long, but the Honda DN-01's wheelbase is only a half-inch longer than the Burgman's. However, there is one unforgivable deficiency that compromises the Honda DN-01's urban effectiveness-a lack of storage. There are no scooter-style compartments, and the shape of the tank and hindquarters makes the addition of bags impractical.

Prior to my test ride I had been really looking forward to it with real anticipation that it really would fulfil all of my biking needs.

On the day however, after only travelled a few miles, I found the seating position to be very uncomfortable indeed and the windblast / turbulence became very tiring and annoying once out on the open roads.

Although the technological advances of the transmission are remarkable, the bike super smooth and exiting unfortunately I was disappointed that it was not the bike for me and with some dismay I was glad to return the bike to Two Wheels, get back onto my own bike and head for home.

George Kay

Touring Germany (continued from last month!**)**

Saturday 20th May

Well, first full day and it's pouring down – bit of a taste of what was to come really.

Klaus has a huge library of tour routes for the Mösel and nearby areas and he provided a suitable introductory route which would see me cross and re-cross the river a few times and would take in some very interesting roads on the way through the beautiful countryside.

I started to enter some waypoints into the Garmin GPS, then gave up after a while (it had stopped raining) and decided to just ride instead. This did get me 'lost' a few times, but the GPS got me back on track easily.



What wonderful roads, a 1st or 2nd gear hairpin bend seemingly every few hundred yards near the river. It was raining heavily though, so I was taking it easy.

I had my rain suit over my riding gear, but stupidly, I hadn't put the rain cover over the tank-bag. After a while, I noticed that everything inside was damp when I went to rake about

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for something. At this point, about half-way through the route, I decided to head back to the hotel to dry out the contents of tank bag as I was only a short distance away.

As I pulled up outside the hotel, the sun came out!!!

So, I left everything from the tankbag spread throughout my room to dry off, the rain suit hanging in the hotel hall and headed out again to make the most of the sun.

It started raining after about 4 minutes! I stopped in Cochem, just up-river, for some Kaffee-und-kuchen and , luckily, found somewhere to eat that had an outside covered area. Just as I sat down, the heavens opened!. Thunder and lightning followed and the downpour was relentless. My coffee and cake lasted quite a long time.



After about an hour or so, the rain lessened to a heavy drizzle so I decided to head off again and remembered that Klaus had recommended the Valwiger Berg to Valwig road, so, programmed into the Garmin, that's where I headed.
Once I reached Valwig Berg, I wondered what Klaus had been raving about, but once I headed off in the direction of Valwig, I understood - Hairpin after hairpin and very steep slopes going down over what seemed like a sheer cliff above the very picturesque little town beside the river.

I had stopped to take some pictures and then, a little further on, found a gravel view point, which looked quite level, just at an ideal spot. I parked the bike as normal and took my camera to the edge, noticing that, even on the steepest slopes there were still vineyards everywhere.

It had been pretty windy during the day to compliment the rain, but it varied depending on which side of the valley you were on. It was pretty calm near the river itself, but here it was very blustery and it was difficult to hold the camera steady.



I took a couple of piccies though and, just as I turned back to the bike, a strong gust of wind blew right at us and I saw my lovely Tigger topple over onto it's left-hand side!!

Of course, it wasn't nice smooth tarmac, but a mixture of gravel and larger stones and there was a horrible crunching noise as it hit the deck – and my heart sank!

I quickly picked up (as quick as you possibly pick-up a tall traillie) and put it on the centre stand to check the damage and it was about as bad as I'd feared. The left-hand pannier lid (why had I left the panniers on the bike?) was very badly scratched. The front fairing had some deep scratches over a small are from a very badly placed stone. The left-hand crash bar was scratched, though this had stopped any damage to the tank or engine. The left-hand hand guard and mirror were scratched and the front indicator was smashed.

I can only assume that the side-stand had been resting on some loose gravel or stones and the wind had been enough to move it over. It's a tall bike and does catch the wind a bit.

I was bl**dy angry with myself and, with the rain coming down heavily again, I decided to head back to the hotel.

On the way back to the hotel, the heavens opened again and I was completely soaked into the bargain. Textile Gore-tex riding kit can only take so much I suppose and it's not guaranteed to be 'monsoon-proof'!

Believe it or not, just as I arrived back at the hotel (at around 5:30pm) the sun came out again!! I was in no mood for anything else though and, after hanging up my kit to dry in the hall, I left my wounded poor Tigger dripping in the garage and headed off to find a cat to kick on my way to the bar (no animals were hurt in the corse of this tour!)

Dinner that night was fantastic again, but I didn't enjoy it as much and the beer wasn't helping. So, with all the other groups of guests blethering away, obviously talking about how much they'd enjoyed their day, I sulked off to bed!

I wished that I'd bought a bottle of whisky on the ferry…memo for next trip!

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Sunday 21st May

Next morning though my mood had lifted a bit and I determined to enjoy my holiday. My indicator was still blinking, albeit with a bare bulb held in with a tie-wrap, so Tigger was bruised and bettered but still perfectly capable of providing some fun.

I asked Klaus about nearby Triumph dealers to see whether they might have a replacement indicator, but, since it was Sunday, we couldn't check. So, Klaus suggested a sort of 'Bike Supermarket' called 'Bikeworld' at the Nurburgring.

I knew that this was reasonably close-by (about 35Km), but I'd already decided that it wasn't my cup of tea. However, I decided to head for there armed with a few other suggestions from Klaus.



The Nurburgring Grand-prix circuit looks very impressive, but you don't get access to that. The public access Nurburgring is the Nordschleife and, you can turn up in anything that you like, buy a ticket (€16 for one lap) from a machine like a multi-storey paypoint and take-off onto the track.

The start was a mass of bikes (most of them British), cars of all sorts (most of them British), souped-up BMWs, Lotus's, Didge Vipers, Jags, somewhat modified Smart Roadsters….lots of 'Boy-Racer' cars…oh yes…and one bettered old Trabant!



You can't see much at the start are (apart from the cars and bikes themselves) and there didn't seem to be anywhere to watch the action around the track. The start was packed though and lots of people were obviously there just to see the vehicles and take their pictures.

After a short while, I decided to look for the 'Bikeworld' place which I found in a nearby Industrial Estate. They sold lots of sports bikes (Suzuki and Yamaha) and lots of flashy sports add-ons, but there was nothing that I was really in the market for so I decided to ride my bike instead.

Oh, did I mention, that all the way out to the Nurburgring, it had rained heavily! I was ready for it this time though, with the rain suit sealed up tight and the cover securely over the tank-bag. The sun came out at the 'ring though and it was to stay warm and dry for the rest of the day – miraculously! Just as I was coming into Adenau, I noticed a lot of bikes parked outside some snack bars and decided to stop for a quick lunch – sausage and bread…very German! Although I had tried to learn a bit of German prior to this trip, I had failed miserably to get beyond the usual basic pleasantries. However, I seemed to be getting something right as I could now work out what was what on a menu and order things in passable German.

The reason that this place was so busy though, was that it was one of the places that you could enter the Nordschleife and also somewhere that you could see a bit of the course. The Nordschleife is 'technically' a normal road, so doesn't have any real spectating areas, though you can hear it for miles around as it makes its way through the hills and forests.

I joined a large number of other bikers and spectators and watched some of the crazy 'ring enthusiasts.



There were bikes of all sorts going very fast and picking the best racing line down the 500m straight downhill to a tight, sweeping left-hand bend, followed by a tighter still, up-hill right hand bend. There were lots of Porche's, BMWs, Mercs and other cars obviously designed specifically for this sort of thing – with roll bars and helmeted drivers. Many though, were just ordinary cars, including one VW estate with a family inside and a young boy in the back eating an ice-cream!

Oh yes, and vans….small vans, transit vans and tour buses!

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It was quite disturbing to see a bike going flat-out, knee-down around the left-hander, only to be confronted with the rear-end of a large tour bus doing less than 40kph. I bet it was a heart stopping moment as he sat the bike up quickly and braked hard.

The fastest, and noisiest, around the circuit seemed to be the large, white BMW 'Ring-Taxis', on which you could book a ride at the start area. Obviously, they had experienced 'ring drivers and went nearly all the way round the little section that we were watching at an extremely high rate of knots and sideways….with lots of Holywood style tyre screaming.

I watched a number of touring bikes going round the circuit in a fairly relaxed way and wished that I'd bought a ticket after all….just so that I could say that I'd done it. However, there were a lot of crazy people on the track and this early in my holiday, I didn't want a serious crash calling a halt to everything…..so I left.

Klaus had mentioned that there was a very large (>100m) radio-telescope at Bad Munstereifel About 40km North of the Nurburgring, so I entered the town name in the trusty Quest 2 and off I went.

As I was arriving in Bad Munstereifel I was thinking that a 100m plus radio telescope shouldn't be too difficult to spot, but, I travelled through the town and couldn't see anything. Consulting the Garmin though, I found it in it's database (Find Nearby Attractions) and it led me out into the hills for about 14km to Effelsberg. Only when I was about 1.5km away did I see the top of it…I was beginning to doubt the faithful GPS. It is situated in a deep valley to screen it from terrestrial noise sources and it was very cunningly concealed.



There's a car park at the top of a 750m path to a viewing spot near the telescope which had a small visitors centre, running an automated DVD presentation on the work of the telescope. Although astronomy really interests me, the presentation was in German, with no sub-titles or English leaflets and was way beyond my feeble language skills, so I didn't watch all of it.

However, at the top of the fairly steep track (boy, am I out of condition!!) there was a small snack bar, so that was an ideal place for a reviving Kaffee and 'Mars' bar (sorry for the pun!).

After that, I headed for Klaus's other recommendation, the picturesque small village of Gillenfeld, about 60km to the South-West.

One thing that had struck me during the day, was that there were no speed cameras on the rural roads, only in towns. There were lovely straight, beautifully surfaced roads that would have been festooned with cameras in the UK. The average traffic speed in Germany is higher than the UK, but there's less tailgating and most drivers are polite and forgiving of any errors – totally different to the UK.

By the time I was on the last bit of the journey back to the hotel it had started to rain again. No problem though, I'd had a great riding day and I gave Tigger a quick wash down and an affectionate pat on the tank as I left him in the hotel garage.

At dinner that night, Bettina introduced me to a Mosel red wine, which wasn't half-bad! I'm not a white wine drinker and had thought that asking for a red wine in the Mosel would get me thrown out! However, this dry red (what is the German obsession with sweet wine?) was quite nice and I decided to have a bottle, which lasted my excellent dinner, the writing up of my diary and a fair section of my paperback reading material…oh yes, and a chat with Klaus about my proposed route down to my next hotel in the Schwarzwald (Black Forest) the next day.

The day ended with a relatively clear red sky and, with the old shepherd's tale re-assuring me, I decided that I wouldn't take the GPS suggested autobahn route, but take a more scenic way down South – I had all day Monday after all!

Monday 22nd May

One slightly strange thing about my room was that it didn't have any curtains and I couldn't see any blinds or other way to keep out the light from my velux window. When daylight woke me at around 5am or whatever, I saw that it was quite foggy outside. I re-assured myself that this would remain until the sun was higher and burnt it off and went back to sleep.

However, when I surfaced later (around 8:30am…well, I am on my holidays!) it was to the sound of heavy rain 'stoatin' off my velux window!!!

Not much I could do about it though as I had to ride South today whatever the weather, so I got up and had my breakfast. Klaus and Bettina were quite overworked this morning as one of their staff had called in sick and another was on holiday, so I was commiserating with them. That's how you're treated at their place, just like one of the family! I did offer to stay and help them out instead of riding through more rain, but they refused as the hotel was full for the rest of the week. If you want to book here – do it well in advance as it's got a great reputation throughout Europe.

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So, after a quick check over Tigger and packing up the panniers, top-box and tank-bag, I headed off. Now, I had always knew that the Tiger's panniers leaked a little in very heavy rain. That's OK, very few things are completely waterproof…however, I thought that with the Triumph inner-bags, everything would be dry as a bone – how wrong can you be!



Since the rain had lightened a little, I decided to go with my original plan of using the 'wee' roads South and started with a bit of the route that I had missed on my first day in the Mösel. The hairpins were very enjoyable for a wee while , but, as the rain got heavier and firstly my visor started to mist-up and then my left hand mirror, obviously loosened by the drop, decided to move around, I was beginning to get grumpy. I had considered fitting a 'Fog City' visor insert in my new Schuberth helmet before the trip and now I really wished that I had.

I found a small garage in a village and asked in my pidgin German and sign language if they had a spanner that I could borrow. They tried everything in the shop and nothing fitted, but, when the mechanic (or is it vehicle repair technician these days?) came out, he fetched the right size and sorted me out in no time. With a few words obviously about having a great trip, he refused any payment and sent me on my way.

It was at this point that the lining in my right glove became detached from the rest of the glove and it took me about 15 minutes to get it on properly. Meanwhile the rain was getting heavier!

I persevered for a while with my scenic route, but, after a while I was forced to put on the rain suit and after another 15-20 minute struggle with my glove, I decided to abandon the nice countryside and head for the main autobahn South. I had checked before leaving and had programmed a series of Triumph dealers near my routes into the GPS and there was one in Bad Kreuznach, so I would head there and see whether they had a replacement indicator and maybe a new pair of gloves.

The rain eased up a little as I pulled up outside the dealer…..that Garmin is wonderful. They couldn't help with the indicator though and they even telephoned the other Triumph dealers near my route to the Schwarzwald – no luck! They did sell me nice new pair of Triumph waterproof gloves though and some stuff to coat the inside of my visor, which worked really well.

I decided to save lunch for later and make use of the relatively dry spell to take a little detour from the autobahn South. Of course, it started to rain again very soon and this time it was heavier than ever. I put up with it for a little while as I could now at least see through my visor clearly, but, after a while, I just selected my final hotel destination on the GPS and it took me quickly towards the autobahn.

The rain got heavier and heavier and, by the time I reached the autobahn, it was bouncing about a foot off the ground. The thunder and lightning started soon after this and, just when it couldn't possible get any heavier…it did! I was starting to get wet beneath my rain suit and riding jacket as the rain was wicking down my neck buff and under my jacket…that stuff can only take so much I suppose and the rain was finding any route in. My bottom half was still dry though…thankfully!

I stopped for fuel when the lightning storm was really strong and found other bikers sheltering beneath the canopy. I stood for about 15 minutes, but, as the rain was still bettering down and the lightning was pretty close, I decided to stop for a bite to eat.

The rain didn't slacken at all, though the lightning stopped, and it was as dark as around 10 at night. Oh well, I had to press on, so I suited up and left the cleaner mopping up the small pond that I'd left under my seat – he refused to let me help.

One thing that I noticed in all the countries that I visited – everyone is extremely pro-biker and extremely sympathetic to your condition. I wish that the UK was like that!

Soldiering on South, it continued to chuck it down like Noah should be banging the last few nails in his Ark. I had one chuckle though as I was overtaking a truck and in the middle lane doing about 85mph. I was overtaken by a BMW 1200GS doing around 120mph, ridden by a young guy in a flapping pink shell suit and trainers……I suppose he was in a hurry to get home!!

I was starting to feel cold and wet virtually everywhere; my feet were starting to feel wet, my waterproof boots had obviously had enough. The only part of me that didn't seem wet was my backside! I left the autobahn and noticed, thankfully, that it would only be about another 50 minutes till I reached the hotel.

About 50km north of the hotel, the rain eased to a heavy shower and the roads started to get really interesting. Properly in the Black Forest now, I had hairpin bends, steep flowing corners and it was great fun and, for a while, I forgot how wet I was. The landscape was fabulous – very like the North-West of Scotland, but with more trees and very cute, alpine-style, houses.

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Thankfully I rolled into Oberwolfach at around 8pm, looking forward to a hot shower. At least, or so I thought, that I had some nice dry clothes to change into.

The Gasthaus Zur Linde, where I had arranged the accommodation, was closed though, and, although there was a blackboard with a telephone number outside, I was far too wet and exhausted to bother phoning. I had passed a signpost as I entered the village for the bed and breakfast, so I headed for there, checked in and squelched my way up to the room….the owner didn't bat an eyelid!

Stripping off and hanging all my soaking wet gear on any suitable point, I opened the pannier bags only to discover that the rainwater had penetrated one of them. My night-time trousers and quite a few of my shirts had wet patches all over them. So, I spent the next hour drying out enough clothes with the room's hairdryer so that I could go out for something to eat.

I quickly found a restaurant and a very nice lady fed me Weiner-Schnitzel and beer until I nearly fell asleep in my plate.

To be continued….again!

Ken Glendinning



One solution for 'Helmet Hair'?



Ehmm…what can you say…PINK!

Run reports

Lot's of reports online and photos in the gallery!

http://www.scottishmotorcycleclub.org.uk/

Articles for BikeBytes

Send any articles, pictures, funny stories or anything vaguely motorcycle related to:

bikebytes@scottishmotorcycleclub.org.uk

BikeBytes Crossword

This month's crossword quiz is a mixture of motorcycle, Scottish History and current affairs questions.

Answers next month…..Best of Luck!

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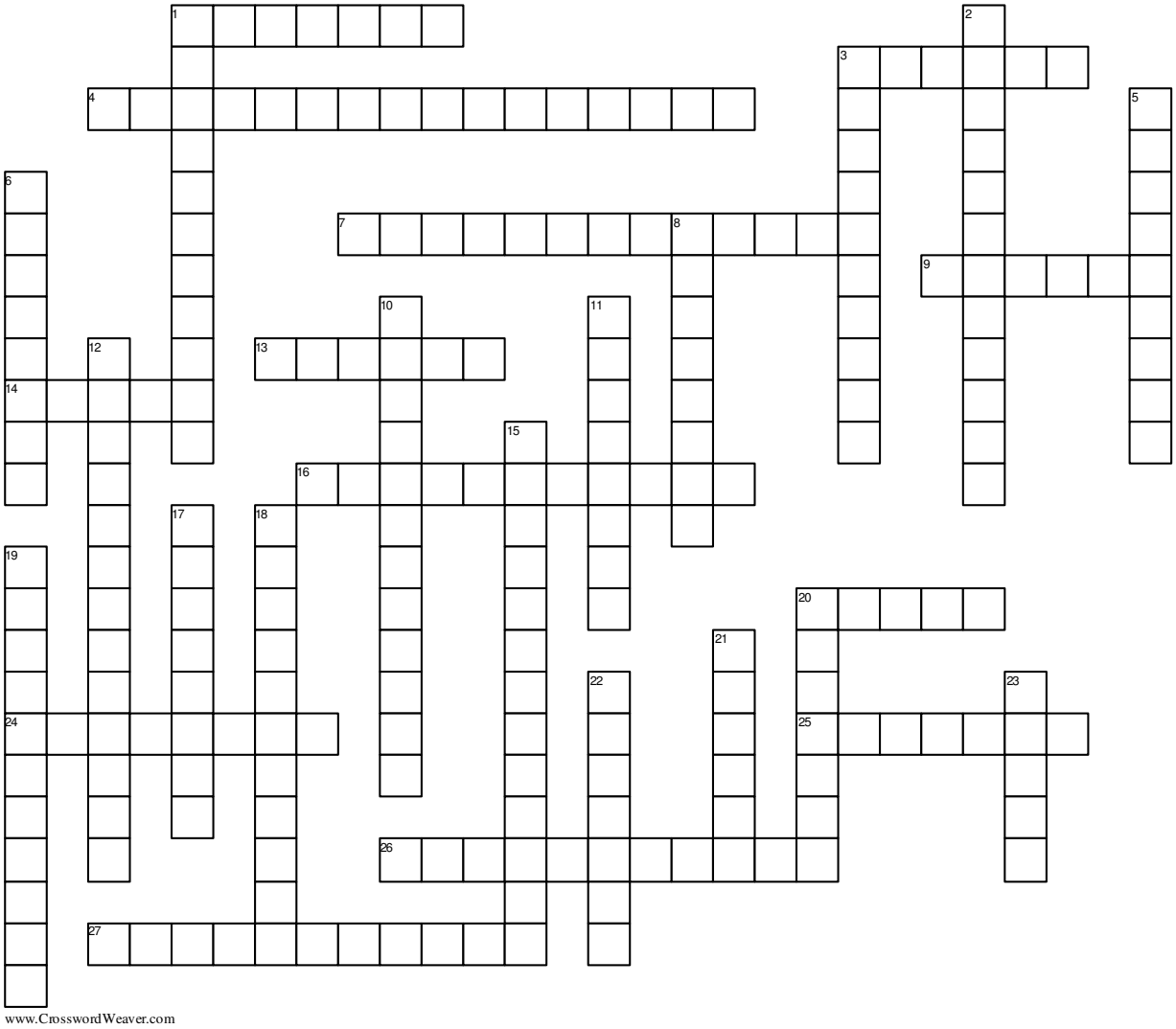
September Crossword Quiz



ACROSS

1 This weather phenomenon replacing another at this SMC run destination (7)
3 They still make a Raptor (6)
4 First King of early Scotland (7,9)
7 Bonnie Dundee died here (13)
9 Evel's real christian name (6)
13 Pulling out of WSB (6)
14 Easdale is famous for it's ? (5)
16 John Cope lost badly here (11)
20 Electric race series (5)
24 Ancient name for Scotland (3,5)
25 World Touring couple (7)
26 The birthplace of Thomas Telford (11)
27 Mountain celebs (11)

DOWN

1 Why would I need a steering damper (4,7)
2 Trike riding Clyde welder (5,7)
3 The butcher of Culloden (10)
5 Honda CB250 (9)
6 This famous American motorcycle company founder had a Grandfather from Brechin (8)
8 Probably the most famous MV rider (8)
10 Expensive late 17th century failure (6,6)
11 This SMC run destination's harbour was designed by Thomas Telford (8)
12 A Scot founded this City institution (4,2,7)
15 This Scot served in the US and Russian Navies (4,4,4)
17 Head of State visiting soon (8)
18 Patron Saint of Glasgow (2,9)
19 Ethan Hunt rode one of these in Mission Impossible 2 (5,6)
20 Unmasked at last (or should that be 'un-visored'?) (3,4)
21 Who made the Katana? (6)
22 Mike Hailwood's nickname (3,4)
23 James Toseland's band (5)

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