

~~The other main topic discussed at the meeting was slightly more frivolous, and concerned whether lady Members (or Guests) would ever be considered, especially in view that Kawasaki's current senior Sales person happened to be a female. At the same time somebody from the back piped up to ask whether one could share with the Member or Guest of one's choice, or pay extra for a single room. It struck me at this point that a future occasion might arise where a Member had obtained leave from his wife (with some difficulty, and only on the basis that he was spending 2 bachelor nights away) to find himself sharing a room with a female motorcycle executive. The mind boggles, but these situations could do wonders for new Membership applications! Babs Ryan, of course, needn't take these remarks lying down!~~

~~With these thoughts the meeting was wound down, and we all went home.~~

## 2. THE SPRING RUN AT MARLBOROUGH APRIL 26-28TH 1985

Many of us will recall that sunny Sunday morning at Lake Vyrnwy, during the Members Meeting, when Gerald Davison politely held up his hand and volunteered to organise a different kind of Run, 51 weeks hence, by utilising some of Honda's off-road resources and initiate Club Members into the black art of, er, ATV control. In the event Gerald was away, first in Japan and then soon after in America, and had to miss this week-end. Fortunately, for the rest of us, Roger Etoell, was poised in the wings and he worked like a Handsworth rioter to ensure that everything was allright on the night!! Base hotel was the olde worlde Castle and Ball, bang in the centre of Marlborough; and in spite of their 10 room expansion programme running some weeks in arrears they somehow shoehorned us all in under the beams and rafters. Several Members complained that if they wore a crash helmet to bed it was virtually impossible to hear the early morning call. Someone else, with a white helmet, who was sharing a room, left his bone dome upside down under the bed and found it full of scotch mist, or something similar, in the morning!

As is so often the case the events of Friday evening slipped by all too rapidly, with barely enough time for everyone else to meet each other! I must record that it was particularly pleasant to see Frank Perris join a Run after 3 or 4 absences. Along with Bob Manns he is, byfar, the most successful rider (of recent decades) in our midst and it stimulates to see people of this calibre cock a leg over. Although Bob Manns hasn't been able to attend a Run for several years it would be very fitting indeed if he came to Richmond, having won a dozen or so silver Spoons up on t'moor in so many infamous Scott Trials.

Anyway, by 8.43 Saturday morning we duly pobbled out of the hostelry and up over the downs. Our slightly potty leader, perhaps because it was the last Run for some time with which he would be able to interfere, took it upon himself to take the party on a cultural tour of the Wessex Downland area incorporating such artefacts as: The Ridgeway, Avebury Stone Circles, The White Horses, Silbury, The Wansdyke, Stonehenge and Devizes and District Municipal Sewage Works! A rich mixture, if you see what I mean. Nevertheless, all this prehistoric stuff contrasted well

enough with the high tech. 3 wheel state-of-the-art devices, ex the Hammatsu Highlands, that were yet to come. En route to the farm-where-it-all-happened we partook of some stately coffee in a lovely old crumbling hotel at Market Lavington, right on the edge of Salisbury plain. I still find it hard to believe that this hotel sports an unprotected/unsecured Constable painting on the wall in the Drawing Room. The proprietor was completely unperturbed when I said I was bringing 31 motorcyclists, and that they would be munching biscuits and slurping coffee in the room right next to his priceless painting. Mind you, he did raise one eyebrow and ask whether, amongst the 31 people, there would be any "motorcycle dealers?" So you see, all the troubles and bad images are with the dealers and not with the executives or the consumers! It was at the crumbling Hotel that we were joined by Mike Paul, fresh down from London that morning, and as you might imagine with Mike's sense of theatre he made a superb entrance on his throbbing XL, pausing only to wheelie across the crisp aristocratic gravel ..

Around 11 o'clock, under a brightening sky, we arrived at the hillside farm in Coombe Bissett where we were greeted by a fleet of Honda ATC's, in varying capacities, and backed up by an instruction crew who were to show us enormous patience. Within moments our party were clambering over or setting off upon these red monsters - with differing degrees of success. The carrier Members, amongst us, were at great pains to point out that it was too hot, or too cold, or that they should see a man about a dog, or whatever, and would be unable to ride the 3 wheelers until "later on". Competent motorcyclists such as Bob Trigg, Steve Hackett, Les Williams, and the chronicler of this Newsletter, all inspected that Coombe Bissett hillside from a nil altitude position, and became quite bruised in the process. Now and again one of the Honda staffers would take off round the 1000 yard circuit they had mapped out ..... and illustrate how easy it was when you knew how! It had been announced on the previous evening that our ATC morning would finish up with a timed lap of the circuit, so by midday some of our young lions - such as Tom Waterer, Bob Norton and Tim Wassell - were actually getting to grips with these 3 wheel contraptions in no uncertain manner. Not quite as fast but much neater were erstwhile sidecarrists Nick Jeffery and Wilf Harrison. Came the timed lap and Bob Norton vanquished all and sundry, even getting within a couple of seconds of the best of the Honda pilots. Then Tim Wassell grabbed a 200cc solo trials model and with barely 10 yards practise reeled off a lap 2 seconds quicker than the best of the Honda charioteers!! Stirring stuff but, before anyone annihilated himself, we deemed we should repair, to the pub for lunch ..... A short ride took us to a 1.30pm rendez-vous at Broadchalke's Queens Head. Needless to say we quaffed deep and long and it was a soporific Club crocodile that eventually set off around 3 pm towards Amesbury, to the Antrobus Arms, from whence a much earlier Run was based in, I believe, the late 60's. A generous Tea did nothing to liven people up, although the promise of a "scratchers" route back to Marlborough did just about have the desired effect on 4/5th of the group; or should we say those people who put the prospect of hot bath water at a lower level than the thrill of an extra few miles! The scratchers

route wound its way along the perimeter fence of the high security Boscombe Down airbase complex where, inevitably, a cluster of Peace Women have set up their stinking camp in a corner of the base, a place that now positively festers with their occupation. I know for a fact that even our most virile Member would not be wanting a "piece of this action" at any price. I wonder what Derek Strachan, as a Ratepayer, would have had to say about this unfortunate rag bag of humanity. Whilst this polythene palace was an interesting sideshow it did not spoil the enjoyment of the final canter back to Marlborough, a distance of some 39 miles from Amesbury without a stop. It became chillier and chillier as we approached home base and some 10 minutes or so after the last machine had been rolled onto its centre stand the heavens let go with sheets of freezing rain but which, on the hills from where we had so recently descended, were in the form of hail stones the size of cam chain rollers!

The Saturday banquet was a most pleasant affair, the hotel folk having improved the Dining Room lay-out beyond belief from the previous night. The ambiance, and the nectar, flowed in abundance and after that second liqueur those Honda bruises seemed very much further away. I think we were all extremely relieved to have Bob Trigg in our company, because he had experienced quite an awkward "get-off" in the morning (albeit at walking pace) and he had had to be patched up by the professionals. I am sure that if a future Run has a theme of skydiving or pot holing as its main activity we will not bruise or lose any more than we did on this occasion!! There was, of course, no truth in the rumour that this was a ploy by Honda to eliminate - at a stroke - all the sales and design depts of certain rival manufacturers. No truth at all.

It should be stated at this point that Honda's very deep subsidy in connection with this weekend, was just as generous in terms of personnel and machinery as it was in the subtle application of funds, where required. (I sincerely hope that nobody senior at Honda has subsequently had to leave the company.....) Whilst it might have been tempting to make something of a commercial out of their involvement Roger Etccl's good taste ensured that the Honda corporate message remained discreetly buried. Mind you, after I had crashed into Nick Jeffery (having completely lost control of my ATC) I was able to verify that YOU DO MEET THE NICEST PEOPLE ON A HONDA! I know that I echo the thoughts of everyone at Marlborough when I extend a Jumbo Thankyou to Gerald and Roger and Honda (UK) Ltd for making it all happen.

There were one or two other high spots and thankyou's that should be set down before ruling a line under this very successful Spring weekend in Wiltshire:

We had superb support from the following sponsors who, as ever, chipped in so willingly on the "consumption" side of things:

MORNING COFFEE	- Hugh Palin and the RAC
FIELD EVENT, LUNCH & ROOM SUBSIDY	- Honda (GB) Ltd
AFTERNOON TEA	- Peter Fraser & Andover Norton
WINES & LIQUERS (Friday and Saturday)	- Suzuki, Wilf Harrison, McWine and Paul.

It must also be said that Messrs Yamaha and Kawasaki still see fit to ensure that nary a soul from their organisations attend our affairs,

despite repeated overtures by certain Members to persuade them otherwise. Whilst the door will never be closed in this direction I feel the loss, in the present situation, is greater on the side of Yamaha and Kawasaki than it is for The Club!

A few of us who have worked for British motorcycle companies and yet also admire those products from Japan were a little perplexed by the resilience and fortitude of Maurice Knight - who turned out on a handsomely restored CSR. Knowing that your typical Plumstead product vibrates just a little more than, say, a KATANA, and consumes just a little more lubricant than, say, a GAMMA there must have been a good reason for Maurice to be so mounted. Well, yes there is. He is a substantial shareholder in Britoil!

Fred Green organised and erected a comprehensive display of Club Run pictures, right through the last 21½ years, including the inaugural Run. He had provided many amusing captions which lay well alongside the sepia tinted pictures of gents in Stormguards riding rigids. One has seen some of these pictures at odd moments before, but to have the whole selection displayed in this manner was a real bonus, and it provided a lot of "Look at old so and so" and "who on earth was that" type of talk - and pointing of pipes - by older and younger Members alike. Thankyou Fred for such an interesting erection.

Finally, my personal thanks to the members at Sunday's meeting who endured my 9 minute monologue of what has taken place whilst I have been at the handlebars. Now that my time as Chairman is done it all seems quite enjoyable, and not nearly as bad as the anticipation. Let me thank you all for so much good humoured support and for your tolerance - I am looking forward to rejoining the ranks of the back benchers at Richmond.

### 3. ~~SPRING RUN 1986~~

~~I am pleased to report that when volunteers are sought for future Runs there is never an embarrassing silence. It is even more encouraging to report that some of this volunteering is by "new blood" Members with suggestions for weekends in virgin territory. Such is the case next Spring when Tom Waterer will assume command for a Spring Run based in the North Somerset/Exmoor area. (Thanks to the M5 this delightful countryside is no longer at "the end of the earth.")~~

~~Tom will announce outline details in Richmond but you will all be midly amused to hear what happened, at the Marlborough Members Meeting, when it was confirmed that Exmoor was to be the venue. Well, many of the people in the room were still a mite stiff and bruised from the effort of controlling, or attempting to control, an ATC on the previous day. At this point Tom proposed that, as part of the itinerary, the Club would likely visit an Activity Centre. You should have seen the Member's faces! Activity - in any form - was just about the last thing anybody needed just then, especially as people associated the word "activity" with Honda 3 wheelers!~~

~~Nevertheless, this Run breaks completely fresh ground in an area where the backroads (actually, there aren't many front roads, down in those parts) are very suited to the type of motoreycling that The Club enjoys.~~