



The Club

SPRING RUN ~ Buxton, April 16-18, 1993

Principal Organiser: Peter Sheen

Why Buxton? The location was suggested by Rollo, but in the end it was Peter Sheen, who had previous experience of the area with another motor cycle club, who volunteered to mastermind the operation. As a fairly local resident, I was gofer and T.C.

Remembering Hugh Palin's dictum that, once you have chosen the area, the most important thing is the pub, we were fortunate in our choice of The Old Hall, right by the Opera House, in this lightly decayed spa town. It was good enough for Mary Queen of Scots, and it turned out to be ideal for us too. Our hosts, George and Louise Potter, as former enthusiastic participants in motor sport, had no problem with the idea of cold, wet and dirty motor cyclists, and they made us very welcome. They made up for the lack of secure parking by cordoning off the area in front of the Old Hall, and the display of bikes, including an "awesome" Harley-Goodman, looked very fine in front of the stone facade.

Members with good memories will recall that the winter preceding the Buxton run was a miserable one, which, at sea level at least, never really got cold, but refused to go away. At 1,000 feet up, things were rather different. During the period it would be churlish to mention that one of our honoured guests, now a member, out for his first serious "wobble" on a bike (an FZR1000 no less) in 28 years, had difficulty starting, only to discover that someone had invent side-stand ignition cut-outs (and disc brakes, and radial tyres, and flashing indicators, and flush toilets) while he was away.

of preparation, Peter and I were on several occasions due to meet to pre-run the projected route, and had to desist, because of ice, snow and general misery. Members will recall the trip up to Buxton on the Friday afternoon, with a vicious cold wind, and weather undecided between rain and snow.

One of our honoured guests, now a member, out for his first serious "wobble" on a bike (an FZR1000 no less) in 28 years, had difficulty starting, only to discover that someone had invented side-stand ignition cut-outs (and disc brakes, and radial tyres, and flashing indicators, and flush toilets) while he was away...

But Peter had done his stuff well. For all those unfamiliar with the Peak District, the route was a revelation. The cold and swooping moorland roads, with sudden off-camber turns, had a lot of forks bottoming. In a short day's riding, there was so much to remember. The Lady Bower reservoir, and the Dam Busters' memorial, the visit to Holmfirth of "Summer Wine" fame, where Richard Davies was able to

catch up on some sleep on the wall outside the pub, and the slow motion ride on the Liverpool train at Crich, were precious nuggets of experience, rounded off by the trip back to the hotel along the A6 (for those who were able to find it). A memorable, if cold and damp, day. As Dennis suggested, even if we had not had the riding, the steak and kidney pie with chips in industrial quantities, consumed at The Bridge in Holmfirth, would have justified the journey.

Congratulations are due to Yamaha for the durability of the battery fitted to "his" FZR. Funnily enough, the machine was later stolen, still fitted with some experimental wheels which had been subjected to 90% life expectancy testing at MIRA and are presumably due to let go at any time ...

Some after thoughts:

I must get in a testimony to the thoroughness and efficiency with which Peter Sheen plans and executes the runs which he organises. Nothing is left to chance. Thank you, Peter.

We were extremely popular at the Old Hall, and the Potters would love to see us back. I was particularly pleased by their concern to ensure that Bertie Goodman would be comfortable,

and it was marvellous to have Bertie there with us for the weekend. We are lucky that there are still so many active "high mileage" members dating back to "paper mache" helmet days.

And, a propos of the Crich Train Museum, is it not an excellent thing that enthusiastic and knowledgeable amateurs are able to achieve so much, so efficiently, almost without state assistance, if left to get on with what they believe in?

Keith Blair

April 1994