



# The Club

## AUTUMN RUN

FARINGDON, OXFORD

23 - 25 September 1994

The Valley of the White Horse was the setting for this run. Organised by Mike Jackson and 'soon-to-be-retired' Alan Blake, it was based at the Sudbury House Hotel in Faringdon. A modern hotel which had an ample supply of hot water and cold beer, matched by the richness of the red wine. In fact the drinking side of the weekend gave cause for the treasurer to comment on how much money had been spent behind the bar, including the wine, and the kitty suffered accordingly. Simon Hill later commented that the amount of alcohol consumed was in direct proportion to its quality, and that is how it should be. It is doubtful that David Hill would agree though, with alcohol scoring one point and one day of riding against him! Enough, however, of the festivities of the weekend and on to the riding of the motorcycles.

An early start for this run, the two work-horse co-organisers making sure that their entourage were more or less on time, and we rode off for a quick butchers at the White Horse. The weather can, at best, be described as cool. Somewhat changeable, it never actually poured down, though precipitation did not avoid us completely. After the White Horse an hours' ride to Bill Faulkner's private museum of 'things with wheels'; push bikes, motorcycles, cars, tractors and traction engines. All this accumulated wealth from a Yamaha dealership! Alan Baker was seen to be admiring the expansion chamber on the 2-stroke tractor, and maybe we will see it in next year's Motad line-up for FS1E's. Weren't we spoilt! Coffee and bikkies on never emptying plates, Bill and Maureen really looked after us.

Riding further north, as far as Bourton-on-the-water, we picked up the Fosse way and enjoyed some rather spirited riding, even managing to find the few bends that do exist on this old Roman road; they really did make good roads. Lunch at the Fossebridge Inn, which gave us time to relax by the stream, enjoy a ploughman-s and for those with a strong constitution, some apple crumble.

Finally refreshed, some more spirited riding to the little known Science Museum at Wroughton, taking in a bit of Akerman Street as well. What a wonderful place for lovers of things mechanical. Really a store-house for the Science Museum in London, it hold piles and piles (sometimes literally 'piles') of restored and non-restored mechanical items from the world in which we live. Cars and bikes were well represented, but so were agricultural machines and trucks of all sorts. Some of us, I am sure, could happily have spent all day here. The staff had opened the museum especially for our visit, and plied us with more tea and biscuits. The hospitality shown to The Club by everyone we meet is always outstanding. Martyn Hughes of BMW commented that his hands were blistering from his heated grips; so obviously the day was not really that cold.

Then home, riding along another Roman Road, The Ridgeway, for a mile or so. This was the third Roman road of the day, so much history is hard to absorb in one day. Finally, the despatch rider junction marker system failed and a group were left stranded just a few miles short of the hotel. A review of various maps, including the one supplied by the organisers resulted in the decision that we couldn't read the organisers map and that the other map, found in a Honda pannier, was out of date. We had run out of Roman roads by then! This group split into two, rather like a nuclear device, and went separate ways, but everyone arrived back for more festivities. David Hill was nowhere to be seen.....

What a wonderful day.