



You come across the strangest sights. A Dutch-registered Honda, an Englishman (David O'Neill) reclining in a French field and a sign which tempts the salesman in him. How much a pound (sorry, kilo?)

Map experts will note that Montrichard was on the route, but David is pointing to the left. Quite correct for 'twas a better (motorcycling) road chosen by our Leader



The Western extremity of the 160 mile course. Chris Ventress (BMW K1) in classic style cranked over on the fast right-hander before an appreciative Ray.....



....who had a novel method of directing members (apart from the nameless one who overshot). To Chris Wade (850 Yamaha TDM) the instruction was clear, peel off right.

Raison d'etre

08.45 hr and we should have been away. Still, most were present. Frank Finch and Peter Sheen admire Richard Davies' Guzzi. Wilf wipes his glasses while Maurice gives his usual warm smile before donning helmet. Tall figure at the rear with white helmet is Bill Colquhoun. Silver-haired Ludi Beumer in smart black and red riding suit, talks to nattily dressed Keith Davies. The Hon Sec is lost in admiration for one of the parked bikes.

The facade of Hotel Mercure contrasts in its modernity with the main part of Blois- all ate eighteenth century or earlier. Across the road runs the River Loire almost 400 yards wide.



Time to move on; Dave Martin, the man with the unenviable all-day job--official back marker--happens upon the scene and waits patiently on the Honda Pan European while the Hon Treas. concentrates on the job in hand.



Waiting for the lights in the centre of Tours are Bob Trigg on a yellow-faired TDM850 and Peter Meek astern on a similar model. Nick Jeffery pilots the blue BMW RT1100LT luxury tourer



Nearly back at base after 160 miles. Maurice Knight (BMW K75) zaps past the camera on the southern approach to the bridge over the Loire. The white van on the bridge pinpoints the row of trees which front Hotel Mercure, The Club's HQ.

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Morning coffee



Heading for the coffee break about 20 miles out at Dhuizo sees Bob Trigg marking the corner at the "Centre de ville" for Triumph-mounted, Peter who rode with a damaged throttle hand, the result of a sailing mishap.



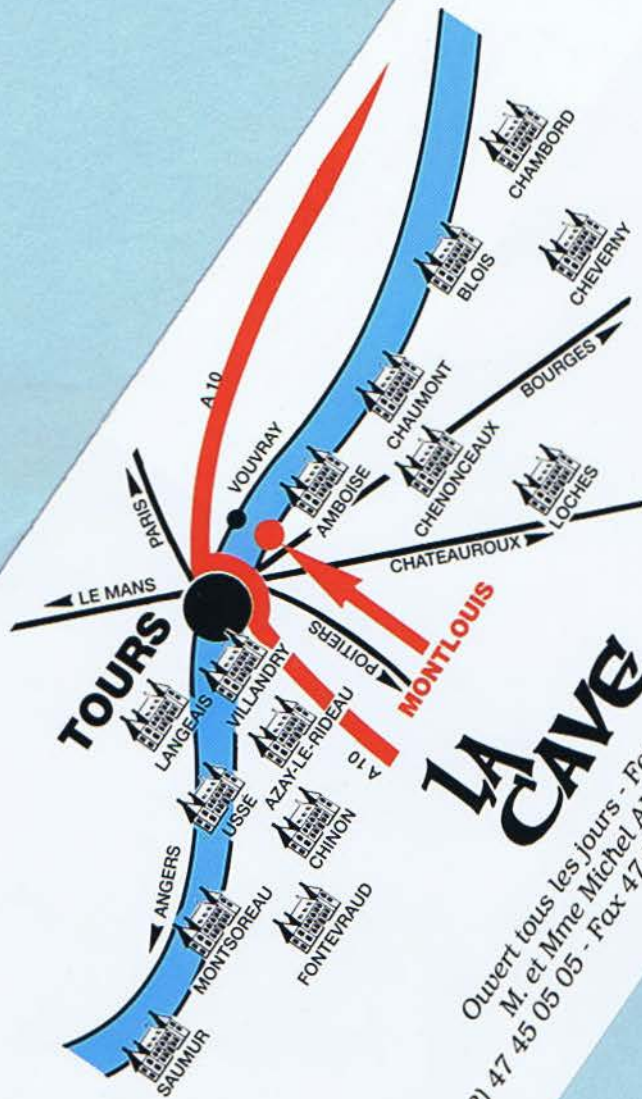
Not far to St. Romain-sur-cher now. But what's this? Surely not one of *les flics*? No, it's Richard Davies in the full gear just back from a Moto Guzzi seminar in Italy and whisked out to France almost without a break to indulge in the pure pleasure of ton-up motorcycling.



Geoff's or Frank's GpZ1100 Kawasaki nearest the camera among a clutch of bikes outside the cafe *Le St Romain*. Talk of the *flics* was real, as they were 100 yards further on waiting on the opposite side of the road as *The Club* departed at (modest) speed.



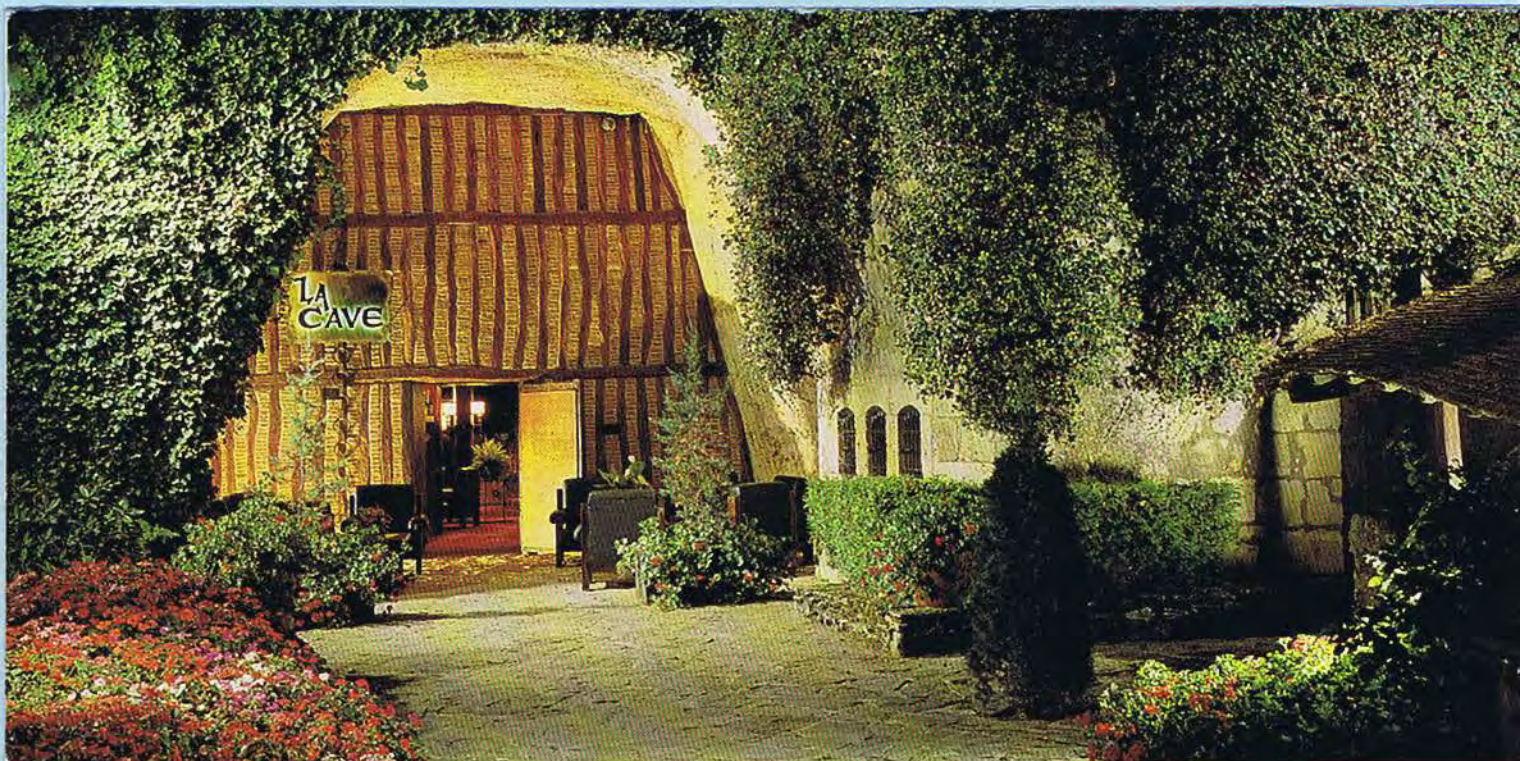
The general view of the cafe and the melee outside, only rivalled by the gaggle of members across the road



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The other raison d'etre



La Cave externally was as impressive as its interior. Members mill about.



La Cave: all it was anticipated it would be and more so. Six thousand francs for lunch was a bargain. The red wine--what else--kept coming, the pate was delectable, the chicken exquisite and ah, ze apel tart!!! How those who had devoured bagettes at morning coffee coped may never be known!
 Tony and Wilf natter in the background. Peter, Keith, Yvon and Ludi hold an international conversation.



William, Hugh, George at the left. In the foreground is guest, Nigel Brown, then Norman, Tony and (concealed) David Strathcarron.



More happy lunchtime faces. Is Alan Baker offering to make a silencer for Nick's BSA should the occasion arise? Chris (behind) could supply cables and Keith Blair in the background does beautiful non-slip clutch plates for old Brits. Tony designs wheels, perhaps the BSA is in need? Maurice, who has restored a 'Fanny B', could well be interested in these sources.



Yvon, Ludi then David O'Neill, the latter quite obviously shooting the dirt on another member to Dave Martin, *alias* Sergeant-at-Arms.



After lunch trying to get groups to pose was difficult. Dennis tries his luck with Simon, Geoff and Richard while the waiters and waitress look on in amusement at these crazy (mostly grey haired, n'est ce pas?) "Ros beouf's".

Postures and poses



Conversation piece.

Tony Dawson:

"I'm going grey, it's very distinguished".

Frank Finch:

"I'm thinning a bit due to the rush of wind through my helmet as I lap the Island".

Keith: "Stop bragging.

I've plenty of chevous mais un probleme avec un chevoux".



It may be 08.45 and a bit hours on Saturday, but there's always time to check things. Peter Sheen takes the mobile telephone number of RAC driver, George Whisker. In the event the 'phones were out of range.



Honest chaps, hand on thingummy, it wasn't me!. No, it was him. Oui, ce'st moi!



The rescue and support team from left to right: Hugh Palin, George Whisker--he of the natty shorts--Yvon (Rac France: Lyon) and motorcycle patrolman, Jim Coreless on his second Club Run.



Yamaha product development engineer, Bob Trigg, pockets something, possibly a new whiz idea gleaned from the BSA or perhaps it was a tip from Nick whose everyday life is the manufacture of official Norton spares.



George and Yvon. George demonstrates the amazing pocket location finder--a piece of standard RAC equipment. Ah. Oui! We are in St. Roman-sur-cher, n'est ce pas? I think so as that's the place sign down the road. Only this thing doesn't work, too well! Lets use the map.



It's great sunning ourselves but let's do something else.....



Like you admiring the way I clean my helmet. (Dave Hill. "What are those two up to?")



Look, fella's we're having our picture taken. Hon Sec. Ray Battersby, Nick H and Nick J go all shy for the camera.



Free tickets to the Motor Cycle Show for life if you are correctly able to say what caused Graham to pull this one. (Well, perhaps not!)