



## The Club

# CLUB RUN REPORT

September 1999.

## Blandford Forum

As the only set of wheels I had at the time of the run was a DR650SE and remembering the painful ride on it to the WSB meeting at Brands, I decided to trail it down to Dorset. That DR has the most uncomfortable seat in the whole of the bike firmament. In fact, I can find very few redeeming factors about the DR in any shape or form. I see why these bikes do not sell well in this market. Yet they do incredibly well in France and Germany which goes to show that anybody who tries to export, needs to visit the market to check out local proclivities - such as masochism.

Their peripheral vision must be crap so watch it when they are on the road is my tip.

I digress (comes naturally). I was mighty glad I was in the hearse (as my family unkindly calls my estate lump) when the heavens opened as I got to Bradford on Avon. The roads were absolutely awash with torrents of water pouring down the hills. Ah yes, 'tis the Club Run weekend! The wind was set for SW so by the time I rolled into Blandford, it had blown over to give a reasonable late afternoon. I pulled in for

fuel right behind Peter Meek on his Commando and Graham Goodman on his BMW R1100GS. I sat behind them as they filled up and joshed with each other without even noticing an estate wagon with a bike on a trailer. Their peripheral vision must be crap so watch it when they are on the road is my tip. We arrived about the same time as Maurice Knight who had set off on his BMW R850R in foul weather and had seriously thought about turning back. Luckily the rain passed and he had a fine run down, as did Doug Mitchenall on his Guzzi California.

On the short drive to the Crown Hotel from the fuel stop, Blandford looked like an unspoiled market town and therefore, this time, no chance of having a poke at architects and town planners.

Funny how many people related to my diatribe in the last report so it is not just me. The Crown had not yet acquired its new corporate brochure so I rely on the Consort Hotels' compendium for a brief history - and very brief it is.

It describes the Crown as a "classic Georgian Coaching Inn set alongside the water meadows of the river Stour". It certainly had the stature and feel of a Georgian Inn with good proportions. Mind you, as Georgian is the period from 1725 to 1825 (during which the monarchy ran out of inspiration when naming the first born sons), it covers damn nigh a third of the period from Cromwell to the present. I would guess that the hotel is early Georgian, before they accepted sponsorship from Sanderson's Wallpapers and immediately demanded 13 ft high ceilings for maximum paper use.

It is homely and not decorated to satisfy the whims of Consort HQ. One can still find the stepped platform running alongside the bannister where candles were placed for the coaching guests. The bottom one was lit and the procedure was to take the lighted one, light the next one up and then retire. Originally decorated with Delft tiles, it still had Victorian tiles which were mass produced in the same silk screen method, using blue and white pictorials by Josiah Wedgwood, thus creating his fortune. Even though the majority were cracked, it was good to see these semi-original features and not Formica.

The room allocated to me was big and spacious as befits a Georgian Inn and I assume all the others were the same (I did not go bed-hopping to verify as I promised the Judge I would refrain after the last embarrassment). I was going to go for a trimble as I love to look at the history of a town by the various building styles and periods but was waylaid by Dave Hill (ex Kawasaki), claiming his pint for helping to off-load the DR. After minimal resistance, I

acquiesced and with various others joining us, the evening settled into its gentle rhythm, as they do.

Having missed the runs last year, I remarked to PRTS how much fitter and fatter he looked (did I tell you of my time in the Diplomatic Corps?). He then amazed us all by explaining that he can drop two stone within a month by using the British Heart Foundation diet. He described it fully and it sounded just like my meagre rations doled out by the Old Trout when she is saving up for something special (perpetually) which is why I am such a scrawny specimen.

His guest was the legendary Ken Sprayson of Reynolds 531 and frames fame. When I became hooked on bikes in the fifties, his name was up there with the gods as the man who knew about handling. He was in extremely good form and had an amazing fund of stories which will crop up through this rambling. I wish now that I had asked him a question that has been on my mind since the fifties - why 531? Ken was on a model 18 Norton, having ridden down from Evesham way according to the notes on a delicately formed tray on the handlebars. There were anti-fatigue holes drilled at the end of each fold on this tray so I assume he only knows one way to do things. Beautiful, truly beautiful.

Martin Lambert riding a ZRX1100 appeared with Paul Fowler pedalling a ZR7. Are they a unit? All weekend, if you saw Martin then the invisible umbilical cord pulled Paul into camera about two seconds later. They are a good double act and spark each other off. Is it love? Maybe they are trying to adopt but that could be a

thought too far. Paul is now folded into the Kawasaki marketing net so I am



pleased he has a real job. Martin had also invited Malcolm Nash of Carol Nash fame but unfortunately he had fallen off at a Mick Boddice Race School day, badly bruising his hand and knocking his riding gear about a bit. He did this right in front of Jeff Stone from Granada Television so you can see him do it on TV. I do hope he is insured for this...

In the absence of Andy Smith from Yamaha and Bob Mac for Honda and the continued absence of any Suzuki heavy lifters since Dave Hill went Wopponese, Geoff Selvidge was holding court as Bull Moose of the majors and loving it. He brought along Les Pockett (ex Kawasaki) from DFS riding a ZX-6R so Kawasaki had its colours hitched high on the mast. Apparently Kawasaki has now accepted that senior marketing personnel can have a set of wheels on part of a contract hire plan and can ride what they sell. So Geoff sort of owned the ZZR600 he was using.

Geoff tickled his adoring audience by recounting that an underling was

despatched to MCN with the first official press pack on the ZX-12R and was met with "what that needs is a full race Akrapovich and chipping. Then it will really fly". Is there no understanding of "Genug ist genug und mier is suffiren"? Where does it stop? The bleedin' thing does 200 mph, pokes out a squillion horses, will run and run if left alone and the Press clowns reckon they can improve it. Help!! This same bunch of one inch forehead, knuckle-draggers

slagged off the ZR7 because it does not wheely or stoppy well. Funnily enough, Martin Lambert was pleasantly surprised by the ZR7 when he tried it during the ride. Guilty of reading MCN and believing it, Martin? Finally, before letting go of KMUK, Geoff said he is too busy at the moment to squeeze in the required amount of hours to keep up his PPL (Private Pilots Licence). Ah, bless.

Geoff Selvidge was holding court as Bull Moose of the majors and loving it

Simon Hill arrived on a BMW 1100RT which is all Mondrian curves and he sported a new hair cut to blend with the jelly mould image. Simon always turns up on Beemers on loan from dealers but, I believe, owns a Honda CBR1100XX. A bit like having a good hausfrau and snicket on the side except that the tasty morsel is left in the garage and the heftifrau is taken out at weekends. Simon brought along David Plummer from Moto Cinnelli on an ST2 Ducati, that nicely crafted Sports Tourer from the Duke stable.

David Strathcarron arrived in his Grinnall wearing a PVC oversuit that he reckons is a bit like "boil in the

bag" as there is no effective ventilation. The Grinnall is beautifully made and still looks really smart. About the only flaw is the lack of reverse and required parking valet services on arrival but can't have everything, I guess.

**M**y longterm mucker, Peter Vallis, rolled up on his immaculate CX650 Turbo. We went to a rally in Malvern recently for a look-see and when Peter returned to his bike, he found he had won a concours prize, it is that cherry. Pete was my sidecar passenger back in the early sixties - and we still speak to each other. I had tried to find a copy of a picture from the IoM which shows Pete pulling his head in to avoid a telegraph pole, the chair-wheel being airborne and over the pavement. Unfortunately I couldn't lay my hands on the photo. Pete talked the Cotton company into making a road-racer from their 250 moto-crosser back in 1962 and he raced it very successfully. We used to go to meetings with the chair and the 250 so he was busy on race days.

**N**ick Jeffery (ex Kawasaki), on trusty GT550 Kwacker with Pizza delivery box on back, brought along Tony Jakeman (ex Kawasaki - are you noticing something? A takeover of the industry or is KMUK's role a training school?) who works for Suzuki but I gather he is not on their payroll although he is there full time doing PR. Tony was using a Ducati ST2 with 'orrible noisy carbon cans. Tut. Nick Hopkins was TEC' and had Neil Henley from BSA group as his guest again, this time riding a TRX850 with race Microns. Tut again. Neil took exception to my opinion of the T509 in the Kettering report and clinched the argument by saying that anyone who rides a CX650 Turbo is in

no position to pass any comment which I suppose is game, set and match. Dave Hill had Dave Taylor as his guest on a BMW R1100S which is appropriate as he has moved from H-D to BMW but he graces anything with smooth moves.

**D**ave Hill was with the 3X Imports organisation (as it is now listed in the Trader Directory) during the Friday so he just blagged a bike for a short hop to Blandford. He was loaned a Guzzi Centauro V10. This had people puzzling over some of the detail all weekend. Dave complained that the side panels obstructed the footrests and he had to ride pigeon-toed to cope. All through the run, the poor guy had to explain that the V10 on the rocker box covers did not mean it had ten cylinders. Oh dear. Norman Hyde appeared in a Fair Isle pullover and a bow tie for dinner and looked like a young blade from the Roaring Twenties. However, true to industry form, he had to borrow a Honda Blackbird from a dealer in order to have a set of wheels for the run.

**D**ave Hill entertained us with his tale of changing to NTL as his cable supplier and the chaotic nature of their billing which did not meet the written promise of BT or better rates. I bet they regret having DH as a client as he is fully battle-hardened in the field of dealing with troublesome clients and was wreaking revenge on a non-performing supplier after all the years of being on the receiving end. I suggest they sue for peace - pronto. I heard later that the MD called DH and they have settled on Dave's terms. Wise move.

**M**ike Jackson was Tony Dawson's representative here on earth for the quiz which he passed round with the

caveat that he and Tony Jeffery had set one question together and all the rest were from Tony. For this, read "very hard". Still no obvious space to write one's name on the form, I note. Mike used this as a smoke screen to cover for the fact that he had not finished his run report for the Lincolnshire Wolds and continued this theme all weekend. Methinks he doth protest too much. These are ever so easy to do; anyone can do them; trust me. I had a billet doux from Mike and noted, from the heading, the initials "g o m c c" under his name. I pondered on this and came up with Grand Order of Master of Ceremonies but became stuck on the last "c". When I spoke to him next, he told me it stands for "Gnarled Old Motor Cycle Correspondent".

Since arriving and depositing my double duvet and matching pillows raffle prize, I observed that the tables in the dining room had been turned round so that no-one had their backs to the top table. The menu proclaimed that this was the Three Cross Motor Cycle Dinner Menu which was Keith Davies' subtle method of reminding us all who rules in Dorset. The subheading did mention the Club, though, so we were at the right place. Guests were welcomed by Dave Martin. The feeding frenzy began with our table being served by a lass who told us about her policeman partner and the bike he has etc but she was on the case when it came to keeping the wine flowing, in particular a Merlot that had a certain more-ish quality. I gather the rest of the staff were also on the bubble as a Club record for dinner wine was consumed, according to Nick Jeffery who was substituting for Dennis Bates as Hon. Treasurer.

Apparently they ride motor cycles, drink beer and chase women. Sounds ghastly.

Throughout the meal, we observed such sights as Batman and Robin crossing the road, followed by a burly lad tottering on high heels and wearing a fetching little gownless evening strap. Now, either Dorset is a very well-kept secret or there was a fancy dress "do" in the pub opposite the Hotel. There was a constant stream of interesting sights while we dined which acted as a cabaret but at least there was life in the town at night.

After dinner, the raffle reverted to standard format with Dave Hill and Alan Blake doing the business of matching tickets to prizes. Keith Davies then laid out the plan for the ride, which included taking a ferry across the harbour at Poole and how the boat, after our booking, would have 89 members of another Club so we must make the 1100 ferry or we would be caught up with the other group. As there was a Hell's Angels' meeting in the area, we did not wish to be mixed up with that lot, did we? Apparently they ride motor cycles, drink beer and chase women. Sounds ghastly. Nick Hopkins would be the Tail End Charlie on his Ducati ST2 as Richard Davies was seconded to a wedding on the Saturday although he did drop in on the Dinner.

There followed the gentle art of Tonsil Varnishing but not before witnessing the effect strong ale had on the locals at the fancy dress party who were, by now, coming out and trying to knock bits off each other including a couple dressed up most realistically as policemen. They were so realistic they even had warrant cards and truncheons. It nearly ended in tears before bedtime.

Hugh Palin had done the business and arranged for the RAC support again so it was good to be able to welcome Matt Lowe to another run. Matt was explaining how the integration of the Lex culture to the RAC was not proving easy which is normal in these merger deals that look wonderful on paper. If you see the magic word "synergy" in the glossy brochure on a deal regarding your company, for Christ's sake run a mile because it means painful times for the workers at the coal face, coping with the tergiversations of new management. I know, believe me. I have got the scars.

Simon Hill held court and he could be a professional comedian in the Frank Skinner, Eddy Izzard school for, as a raconteur, he is without equal. I really can't remember the details (age problems) but I do know that he built up his wall brick by brick using little *mots justes* until he reduced us to helplessness and we felt we had been hit by a dump truck. The one bit I do remember is some case he built up on the use of statistics and I was reminded that statistically it has been stated that 25% of the service men in the Navy cannot swim. On the face of it, this sounds terrible and the Reverend Tony Blair should do something about it until you consider that the sailors might well be in the Arctic when required to show their swimming prowess. Those who can swim get another three minutes of life. Big Deal. Anyway, 100% of the Air

Force can't fly. QED on the use of statistics.

Dave Martin was peckish a little after midnight so he set off with his novice Dave Plummer for a Roach Coach but Pete (my guest) and I and the rest headed for bed sometime late-ish. The masses were pleased to hear the good news at breakfast that a Greek Ptomaine Palace had been secured and captured by Dave in a daring skirmish and a Kebab was vanquished. Much relief over breakfast at such fabulous news. The Club Chairman has not lost his touch.



At the ninth hour, all good soldiers were booted and suited save one, Dave Plummer exhibiting Kebab OD symptoms, who arrived very late at his Ducati ST2 to discover he had the wrong keys and returned to his room to retrieve them. Thus the convoy set off at about 15 minutes after the hour with the usual line up for pictures and some gawking from the yeomen of Blandford. Heading East into the sun (?), we remembered the words of Keith at the Briefing to watch

out for a particular bridge for those who wanted to discover flying. My problem was that I could not remember where it was so all bridges were suspect.

The route turned north after about 7 miles and looped through Cranborne Chase and up towards Shaftesbury before turning south again at Melbury Down to pass through Blandford. Just



after Sixpenny Handley, we went down Zig Zag hill (the hill we had ridden up on another run some time ago). On this section, I appreciated the DR more than on the longer, flatter sections. Visibility was a real problem as it was overcast and a light rain was falling. Picking the lines between the gravel and the wet cow ordure became tiresome. One horrid downhill righthander that was slicker than snot caught Ken Sprayson testing the Model 18 handling to the limit and a stationary Norman right on the exit. Ken hit Norman and then went grass tracking, bending a footrest but he bounced back and continued to ride very fast for the rest of the run.

Passing round Blandford, we headed down towards Poole on a minor road before picking up the A350 to take coffee near Sturminster Marshall. I pulled up next to Mike Jackson and he asked me to instruct him on the use of the petrol tap on the W650 Kawasaki. That's right, all these years and petrol taps are still to be mastered. He just

wanted reassurance that he had got it on the right setting as the W650 was acting slightly strangely at times. He had it on "prime" setting rather than the normal "on" but I explained this was only bypassing the vacuum tap and should not make a difference. The sun had come out by now and it was very pleasant taking coffee outside. I chatted with Keith Blair about his K75RT that he had just purchased. He was most impressed with the ABS, forcibly having to test it in greasy conditions in Italy when several locals claimed Keith's bit of road. A very fit and lean Alan Blake managed to drop his ST1100 but it was saved from hitting the deck by a couple of the lads. Having just had three new valves and springs fitted to his four valve ticker, lifting that lump would have tested the plumbing and stitches.

With the slight delay at the start and quite heavy traffic in Poole, we just missed the 1100 ferry so lined up on the front row of the grid for the 1125. Bringing up the rear was the other party who turned out to be some Cloggies on modern iron, not the Hell's Angels. The chain link ferry at least had a grippy surface on the deck, not like some channel ferries which have polished steel decks covered in diesel. Terrifying! This was welcomed by those at the front who were parked on a downhill slope.

When we alighted, the toll gate was by-passed (nice touch) and because of the Cloggies, we re-grouped which meant that we did not have to set off just after them. They had the same idea and they thought we were part of their trip so for the next few miles, there were people looking at bikes to see if this was the Club Run or not. As there is

only one road until Studland, this was not too important. However, from there we rode across to Corfe Castle and some serious Cloggie- sorting took place at junctions and then up into the Purbeck Hills.

The road runs through the middle of a huge firing range with the Red Flags flying, showing it was in use. At lunch, there was a discussion about how much live ordnance there was lying around on that bit of real estate, spoiled only by caravan parks. The Army had made an attempt to clean it up a bit but admitted they could only deal with 60% and the remaining 40% was still lying there. A pity really as it looked very attractive in the morning sun. We pulled in to a lay-by for a camera shot high on a headland at Bindon Hill and looked down on the amazing coastline and sandy beach of Worbarrow Bay - and the Cloggies pulled in behind us. Dave Hill found the low end grunt of the Centauro less than he expected and stalled it three times trying to park. We took another viewpoint stop round the other side of the headland and pulled off into a parking area for a leg-stretch and a photo opportunity - and the cloggies pulled in after us. Norman Hyde suggested Nick Jeffery should go round with the kitty so see if we could get the bar bill paid for us by Johnny Foreigner. Maybe they heard him for that was the last we saw of them.

After West Lulworth, we headed back inland passing a town shown on the route card as Chaldon Herring or East Chaldon. Honestly, It is the same on my main

road map. Could be fun - "Right, son, I know you live in Chaldon Herring and you're nicked". "But I live in East



Chaldon, Ossifer!" Do they have two post codes as well? The fuel stop at Owermoigne Galton (more wonderful place names in this sceptred isle of ours) causes the old biddy on the cash desk to come unglued. Before she took a reading, the next one started taking fuel so I bet some were over- charged and some undercharged. The DR takes about ten quid's worth maximum and she asked me for twenty something. I had noted the amount so paid that. I do hope she recovers.

The route looped us round Dorchester and then South to Portesham for luncheon at the King's Arms. The grounds were very tidily kept with shrubs, ponds and ducks and what looked like a good trade. The funny thing is that I do not remember there being any flappers in evidence, only chaps. The young lads serving the lunch all had hair cuts that involved perming and colouring... Strange that. Nevertheless the lunch was declared excellent by Dave Martin. In fact, as yet again we screwed up the ordering, there

I did remark that 1200 lashes of the whip for being two minutes late on Monday might not be a great motivator



was a surplus plate of fish and chips which Dave demolished.

From Portesham, we rode west on the



fabulous road that runs parallel to the coast with a great view back to Chesil Beach. Many remarked that, after a good lunch and a pint, a quick kip in the afternoon sunshine had some merit but a gentle bumble was just as good. At Bridport, we turned north up to Beaminster before heading east across country on a section denoted on the route maps by three question marks. I still have not worked out what was the significance of these and I guess it is a bit late now. When we were due north of Dorchester at Middlemarsh, we struck due south leaving the Giant at Cerne Abbas on our right. This was super-easy riding on a minor road and a few of the sports bikes were cut loose. Just outside Dorchester, there was a new housing development proclaiming "purpose built houses". I am pleased about that. Do they mean that with all those piles of bricks, tiles, doors etc., the real purpose was to make some houses, not just some modern art they could flog to the Tate?

Afternoon tea was taken at the Military Museum of Devon and Dorset, housed in the Keep. The Keep was built in 1870 as the gateway to the barracks of the Dorchester Regiment and it housed the guardroom, cells and the armoury. It replaced the little Keep which was still visible from the roof. The museum was another testimony to the life of the peripatetic British Soldier during the Victorian era right up through various bloody conflicts to modern times. The section on discipline had Chris Ventress contemplating a new staff discipline procedure but I did remark

that 1200 lashes of the whip for being two minutes late on Monday might not be a great motivator.

I am perpetually fascinated by the fortitude of the Victorian soldier walking all over the world, building barracks and even towns, fighting battles and doing everything by hand. No JCB's on hand, no lifting gear, no power tools. Very humbling. Even more humbling was the section on concentration camps in that unnecessary Boer war. South Africa is such a huge land mass, it would not have hurt to let the Boers have the two separate republics they wanted. But we had to crush them and created the bunker mentality that led to apartheid. Pity the politicians step in and interfere with the mercantile affairs of our foreign interests and get it wrong so often. Even today, my feeling about politicians is that they are like nappies, i.e., to be effective they should be changed often and for the same reason.



From there, it was a free-for-all back up the main roads to Blandford. The police got wind of it as they had set up a speed trap on the entrance to Blandford just a bit too late and ironically caught only Matt in the RAC van. Keith D offered me a blast on the Cagiva Gran Canyon which I thought was great fun. It really has a super throttle response for a big twin which shows the effectiveness of the fuel injection. It is light and eminently chuckable and well worthy of consideration. When I returned, Keith immediately told me about next year's model which will have the TL1000 engine with 30 more horses. Typical salesman, always more next year and all it achieved was to put me off this year's model.

Ken Sprayson told yarns of his exploits in the Island and amazed us by pointing out that if a joint fractures because of fatigue, you should take mass

out not add it in as logic would tell you. One year, he was whisked away by a Japanese works team and locked in with the bikes. Every one had a broken frame and they were going spare but Ken worked out solutions and welded them in place. No more frame breaking. He was puzzled how his frame for the 500 Honda of 1967 was considered fine by Redman but not liked by Mike. I remember a meeting at the end of 1967 when Mike came round the outside of me at Clearways and squirted it up the straight. I could clearly see the front wheel on either side of the rear tyre as it tied itself in knots so I sympathise with Mike.

The ale in the Crown was excellent and the first pint went to the spot. I found out much later why the brew was called Tangle Foot!

Martyn Roberts said that Cosworth are so busy that they were

desperate for new engineers. I gave him my card - hi Martyn, remember? He took exception to my reference (in the Kettering report) to his remarks on the increase in power by fitting one of Norman's cans to his Bandit. This could not have been so as he was not there on the Saturday night, he said. Therefore it must have been Norman embellishing something Martyn had said about it going better at another place and time. A fundamental point is being made here. These run reports are based on the facts as remembered and quoted to me or witnessed by me but not necessarily exactly in the time, place and location. Apart from that, they are completely factual, though allowing for my distorted look at life and save the bit of embroidery that makes an old man happy.

The dinner menu was correctly printed with the full title of the Club, flanked by two logos showing the three androids. The right hand trio were cranking over to the left on my copy. The menus were tightly rolled up and held by tape which was impossible to undo - just like modern packaging on things such as toothbrushes. Though we were seated at a different table, we inherited the previous evening's waitress who carried on her diatribe about her man being a useless half-wit but she loves him and his bike etc., while keeping that Merlot flowing. Good girl. On both evenings, the Crown did an excellent job by serving everybody speedily from a full menu selection.

Mike Jackson went through the quiz by giving out the answers and admitting to the ambiguity of some of them. As these run reports have to pass by an editing committee and a legal

department, may I suggest that the quiz undergoes the same process? Then questions about Starley Towers (somewhat arcane a subject) can be deleted. By the way, for someone's information, there was never a famous Lampkin called Sharon (question 6). The quiz was won by one of our guests, Paul Fowler. Nick Hopkins perversely has not claimed his RAC membership from the last run as a direct result of my gentle ribbing in the report. Ah, cummon, Nick, only kidding.

Mike also used this spot to reveal the reason for the occasional fluffiness in the carburation on the W650 by producing a pair of blue shorts found under the seat which were getting sucked into the intake from time to time. Martin Lambert said they were definitely the type common in Japan and therefore factory-fitted until the label was read and stated "Made in Milton Keynes". They were the property of Chris Walker, the KMUK Ace. If he was wearing them under his leathers at Brands went he went from seventh on the grid to second by Druids, they could have introduced some new form of gaseous induction.

Simon Hill got stuck into the task of Sergeant-at-Arms with his customary flair and quirky humour, leaving the troops rolling about with laughter. What a wonderful feature of the Club weekends Norman Hyde has introduced. One is publicly pointed out as a complete gomeril and laughed at while paying for the privilege and laughing at oneself. Even protests just compound the costs and with Simon it is better to quit while well behind. Poor Matt got it for the speeding fine, Blakey for falling

off in the car park and so on but it is gentle, good gentle fun.

Hugh Palin made one of his dignified little speeches and revealed that Ken Sprayson was the inventor of the Zimmer Frame, among so many other ground-breaking achievements in the field of motorcycle engineering.

Retiring to the bar, as one does, I got into conversation with Martin Lambert, Paul Fowler and Keith Blair and the conversation turned to that recently sad city of Liverpool and comparing it with its Victorian heyday when the merchants were seriously rich. The thought was expressed that maybe the Liverpoolian mind is still based on trade as opposed to manufacturing. Hence the difficulties companies find when locating to what is still a fabulously structured city in terms of architecture, public places and transport is that no one really wants to work.

Then the subject turned to Cathedrals and the Roman Catholic wigwam.

As it happens, my brother-in-law did all the real work, translating John Piper's designs for Patrick Rentiens' studio, using the modern method for stained glass windows called dalle-de-verre. I should have remembered that Martin is the club's resident expert on glass (*vide* Kettering) and we were away. Add in Keith's keen mind on modern materials. He chipped in with epoxy-based

adhesives and sunlight degradation and we covered a lot of ground. All the while, the Tangle Foot ale was working its way into the systems.

From there, we graduated to York Minster and the rebuilding thereof where, according to Keith, the specification required proof positive of 500 years life and blending in but no other restrictions than those. In the death, the only materials with a good enough track record are oak, stone and slate as composites and titanium etc., are too modern and even stainless is a parvenu. Thence to tales of old oak beams that resist electric drills. This breadth and depth of curiosity and knowledge is the life of the Club. Shortly after, the meaning of Tangle Foot was discovered. A bed I wandered among the last of the stranglers (stragglers?) at not so late an hour. The run obviously told on us or we are getting old.

And sadly another Club Weekend came to a close. We had very acceptable weather on a most enjoyable routing and I would offer the members' warmest thanks to Keith Davies and Nick Hopkins for their efforts.

Alan Baker

**CLUB RUN - BLANDFORD FORUM. SEPTEMBER 24TH. 26th. 1999**

Keith Davies	Cagiva Gran Canyon
Maurice Knight	BMW 850R
Chris Ventress	BMW K1
Graham Goodman	BMW R1100GS
David Strathcarron	Grinnall
Keith Blair	BMW K75RT
Peter Sheen	Honda SLR 650
Ken Sprayson	Norton Model 18
Martyn Roberts	Suzuki GSF1200 Bandit
Alan Baker	Suzuki DR650SE
Peter Vallis	Honda CX650TD
Martin Lambert	Kawasaki ZRX1100
Paul Fowler	Kawasaki ZR7
Geoff Selvidge	Kawasaki ZZR600
Les Pockett	Kawasaki ZX-6R
Simon Hill	BMW K1100RT
Dave Plummer	Ducati ST2
Doug Mitchenall	Moto Guzzi California
David Martin	Honda ST1100
Peter Meek	Norton Comando 850
Mike Jackson	Kawasaki W650
Alan Blake	Honda ST1100
Nick Jeffrey	Kawasaki GT550
Tony Jakeman	Ducati ST2
Norman Hyde	Honda CBR1100XX
Nick Hopkins	Ducati ST2
Neil Henley	Yamaha TRX850
Dave Hill	Moto Guzzi Centauro V10
David Taylor	BMW R1100S
Hugh Palin	RAC Van
Matt Lowe	RAC Van

6044 Wand  
13 Parts  
1012 LITHO