



Autumn Run Report

13 to 15 September 2019

By gad, it's a dry one!

Norman & Martyn pull it off...

How much is that Bugatti in the window?

A new Sergeant is sworn in...

Just why did the beer run out before the kitty?



Friday the thirteenth it might have been, but there was no bad luck to be had this fine early autumnal day. Well at least, none that I was aware of. Wall to wall sunshine was the order of the day, as it had been for some weeks prior and, with a Midlands based run to look forward to, a short easy A-road journey to base camp was in prospect: unless, of course, you lived south east of 'The Smoke' or were Cornish resident Craig Carey-Clinch!

The last three autumn runs had all seen rain in varying quantities up to the biblical but for this year, the riding gods must have taken pity as the forecast for this bit of England was as good as it gets, perhaps a little fresh first thing but then summer garb all the way. Bring it on!



Our erstwhile organisers, Martyn and panama-hatted Norman, having arranged for the hotel staff to nail our club colours to the mast, were on hand to welcome early arrivals to the Glebe Hotel as was your scribe, camera in hand, awaiting the first poor sap to chuck it away in the deep gravel of the car park as he himself had almost accomplished shortly before...

Martyn confided that he was concerned about that gravel, only really noticing it on the last recce run, and thought it would be churlish for the Sergeant at Arms to fine anyone for 'dropping it' in the hazard. Reassuringly, I agreed - but added that fining him a £1 for each one that did would be a much better way of going! In the event, both the Sergeant and your scribe would be disappointed as everyone negotiated the 'kitty litter' with aplomb throughout the weekend.



Left to Right: Alan Halford, Tom Waterer, Ian Kerr and Graham Goodman arriving, without drama.

Having put bikes and brains in neutral and glad-handed Norman and Martyn, we then met the smiling Glebe receptionist who immediately called for a managerial decision by requiring everyone to choose their Friday night meal at the same time as checking in, it was all a bit much for some chaps to take in!

This was our second visit to the Glebe Hotel for an autumn run and the third if you count the well-attended lunch in honour of our dear friend Keith Blair back in 2016. I missed the 2015 run but have Martyn's run report to thank for telling me that the Glebe was once the village rectory, built in the 1820s, and that Barford was the birthplace of Joseph Arch who fought for agricultural workers rights in Victorian times.



Starting work as a real life Worzel Gummidge crow-scarer at age 9 and progressing through other rural jobs, Arch became a politician in later life, eventually popping his clogs in 1919. The village pub is named after him and it also houses an Indian restaurant (*Ed: Missed opportunity?*). The fact that it is a pretty village too was clearly the reason Barford was listed in 2014's top 10 places to live in the Midlands by the Sunday Times!



Another 'notable' born in Barford was Wenman Humfrey Wykeham-Musgrave, an absurdly named Royal Navy Officer who holds the unique distinction of surviving being torpedoed three times, on three different ships - the Aboukir, the Hogue and the Cressy – all in the space of an hour, back in September 1914.

His daughter, Pru Bailey-Hamilton recounted to the BBC in 2003, "He went overboard when the Aboukir was going down and he swam like mad to get away from the suction. He was then just getting on board the Hogue and she was torpedoed. He then went and swam to the Cressy and she was also torpedoed. He eventually found a bit of driftwood, became unconscious and was eventually picked up by a Dutch trawler."

His nickname was 'Kit' apparently although methinks Jonah may have been more apt. Given that the village pub is named after Arch, I would have thought that Barford was ideal for a branch of *SUBWAY* too...

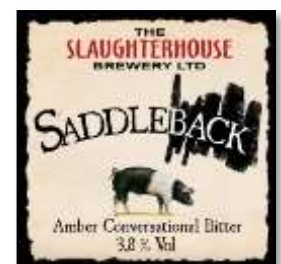
With the weather being so kind it seemed such a shame to head straight for the bar and so a good deal of bike and chum spotting in the car park was called for, that is until news filtered out that there was a particularly fine ale on offer indoors. Norman had again arranged for a supply of the local Slaughterhouse Brewery's most popular tippie, Saddleback Best Bitter, to be available. The brewery describes this as a 3.8% 'conversational ale' and so members duly scooped it and, erm, conversed!



Clockwise from top left: Rick regales his audience with the story of the actress and the Rector; Tom recounts his favourite flip-chart moments to an enthralled Nick; Martin and Graham are in serious conversation whilst Andrew tries to pick Graham's pocket.

The beer, a favourite of ex-PM David Cameron I've heard, is brewed with Challenger hops which, according to the British Hop Association, impart spicy cedar and green tea characteristics.

It was a very appropriate choice then given the 'Greeves hops', that big cedar tree in the car park and the fact that we would 'saddle up' beneath it for the run tomorrow.



Dinner was served prompt at eight and we made our way into the Bentley Suite adjacent to the bar. Expecting to see the usual chaos associated with multiple choice meals being served to chaps who, at best paid little attention to what they were doing at check-in and worst, simply couldn't remember which box they had ticked, the staff surprised in their efficiency; delivering without fuss, chicken, lamb cutlets and salmon which were the most popular main courses. Norman's accompanying wine choices were a Picpoul de Pinet Girouette 2016 white and for the 'red men' Chateau de Trouillet Bergerac 2016.

Following the Chairman's formal welcome, members were invited to introduce their guests and, in a complete break with tradition, Norman was first up listing the guests he'd invited but who hadn't come! Apparently, his younger son preferred to be in Peru, Tony Campbell - MCIA grand fromage - was much too busy by all accounts and James Hewing of the National Motorcycle Museum was at the Goodwood revival meet. Norman concluded that he was just grateful to have his friends around him.



Following the absent guest theme, Simon Hill introduced the not yet arrived Richard Burgess, a Director of SCH Moto Prep, attending his third run. Trials rider Richard was in the bar by the time we returned there thus proving he is either a conscientious worker or was just fashionably late!



Continuing, but with someone who actually was with us, Simon also introduced the ever smiling Rob Smith who would be our support driver on the run. Rob is a bit of a mean racer too judging by this pic of him cresting Cadwell's Mountain!



A new face on this run was that of Dan Sager's guest, Paul Haskins. Paul is the head man of LS2 helmets (see what I did there?) as well as being an instructor at the Ron Haslam Race School. Paul's industry experience goes right back to Davick Motique one of the original early 70s dealers for Kawasaki UK.

Our final guest on this run was the legend that is Paul Smart. Introduced (perhaps superfluously?) by Tim Maccabee, Paul still rides extensively and is a global Ducati Ambassador. As a racer Paul raced everything he could get his hands on between 1963 and his retirement in 1978. He competed on short circuits, at the TT and in Grands Prix. His win at the Imola 200 in 1972 on



the then new Ducati 750 put the company on the 'racing map' and wrote his name in Ducatista hearts forever. In a neat twist, Paul had declined a ride at the Goodwood Revival, preferring to be with us!

"That's the first time I've heard a run described in real time" was how Chairman Martin summed up Martyn and Norman's briefing that followed the guest introductions. Our organisers would be sharing run leader duties and so shared the briefing duties too. Martyn, first up, described the morning's roads and waypoints in precise detail whilst Norman waxed lyrical about the afternoon's ride through the Cotswolds, including, of course, appropriate historical references - most of which your scribe missed!

With Martyn leading the morning ride, we would first head south-west on an old Meriden test route to Alcester then on into Worcestershire and Herefordshire to Ross-on-Wye before turning east to lunch in Bishops Cleeve. Norman would then take over and lead us on a loop south of Winchcombe before heading back north from just above Cirencester, which he pronounced 'Surunster'. The afternoon 'point of interest' tea stop would be at the Bugatti Trust in Gotherington, next to the famous Prescott Hill Climb.

Two things were driven into our collective sub-conscious during the briefing: turn left at the lights in Ledbury and the enormous length of Cotswold stone walls and the gnarled old boys who built them!



Martyn and Norman take turns briefing, neither could apparently stop Nick dropping off! International Tour Guide Craig looks concerned that he couldn't find Surunster on the map.

During Norman's epic description of the afternoon ride he made mention of the particularly fine Neolithic Belas Knap long barrow which, by all accounts, we wouldn't see. This prompted the Chairman to ask if anyone else had read the report of a light aircraft that had crashed into a Belfast cemetery: apparently the emergency crews had recovered 857 bodies...

To wind up the formalities of the evening, Martin informed everyone that our erstwhile guest Paul Smart, in addition to his racing exploits, had been involved in the development of the landmark Kawasaki Z1, a specialist subject with which the Chairman could probably win Mastermind! This drew suitably appreciative murmurs as you can imagine.

With the formalities duly concluded the Chairman suggested that we should all return to the bar and "Drink until Rick looks nervous" – and thus, the room slowly emptied to carry out his wishes.

Breakfast in the conservatory from 7.30 said the welcome notes. However, no one had told the chef! It's one of those perennial event organisation perils; you build a great relationship with your venue contact who then buggers off on holiday for the duration of your 'do'.



For the 'Remainers', a continental breakfast was available from 7.30 but for the 'Breggixiteers' there was diddly squat on the hot plate before 8.00. And then, no kippers for Tom! Not the organisers fault of course, and in the event everyone who wanted breakfast was fed. Anyway, it was a lovely morning and no one seemed to care too much about this slight inconvenience.

Whilst awaiting the arrival of the cooked comestibles, chaps busied themselves preparing their kit and rides in the car park or making a last minute dash to the petrol station just down the road in Wellesbourne where the Shell site sold what must be the most expensive fuel anywhere in the UK, other than on a motorway!

Joining us for breakfast and the rest of the weekend were Peter Britton and a guest who had somehow been missed on the previous evening's intros, Nigel Bosworth. It's always great to see Peter, a member since 1970, who joined Michael Evans as a passenger in Maurice's car for the run. Nigel had missed the Friday festivities as he was at a gig supporting his burgeoning rock star son and his band 'Cornflakes at Kelly's'.



With breakfast despatched and pre-ride checks complete, we set off at 9.00 sharp; into the glorious Warwickshire sunshine for what promised to be an epic day's riding...

Mornings like this make you feel glad to be alive: perfect riding weather, wonderful roads and a motorcycle humming along underneath you. Is there anything better in this world?

Within minutes of leaving the hotel the views to our left were tremendous, the bright sun and cool, crisp air giving great visibility right across to the Burton Dassett hills to our left. I think that it was on the 2007 autumn run in Banbury where we had briefly stopped atop these hills before heading down into Kineton to visit the Royal Ordnance Corp's collection of explosive toys.

Bypassing to the north of Stratford, we passed through the pretty village of Hampton Lucy, presumably named thus as the Lucy family, of nearby Charlecote Park, had owned land hereabouts since the mid thirteenth century. The 'big house' was built in 1558 and it's said that William Shakespeare had been brought before magistrates for poaching deer and rabbits on the estate.

Shortly after Hampton Lucy we came to a junction crossing the A439 where Neil Tuxworth was on point duty. Crossing the main drag by the Mercedes garage, the road name proclaimed 'Sand Barn Lane', which struck me as very apt given Neil's racing prowess on the beach at Mablethorpe!

A quick blat down the Fosseyway and then a right turn onto the northish bound A3400 took us past Featherbed Lane, one of many all over the country, before taking a left turn onto a lane that led to the B4089 and the run down to Alcester.



Shortly after leaving the main drag we passed under the Edstone Aqueduct, a magnificent piece of early 19th century engineering. Completed in 1816, not only is it the longest aqueduct in England at 498'

(146m to you young 'uns), it is also one of the earliest pre-fabricated constructions in existence. There is a wealth of information about it on the Canal & River Trust website: click on this here link [to learn more!](#)



Passing through Alcester, an attractive town which dates from Roman times, we turned onto the A422 in the hamlet of Arrow which grew up apparently, as a cluster of farm workers cottages. Various Abbots have argued over the ownership of land in Arrow following Ceolred, King of Mercia, giving it, initially, to Evesham Abbey in 710.

Left: An Ariel view of Arrow...

Strife is rife hereabouts it seems as Thomas Shelby, of Peaky Blinders fame (he of the well dodgy haircut), supposedly moved to Arrow House after making his fortune in Brummigum. Of course, this bit is all fiction as Arrow House is, in real life, Arley Hall in Cheshire!



After Arrow the road was wonderfully fast flowing, dissecting arable farmland under a vast blue sky. There are some quaint village names hereabouts too: Grafton Plyford and the neighbouring Grafton Flyford and Flyford Flavell, Libbery and Upton Snodsbury to name but a few.

Onto the A44 following a motorhome and Ian Kerr, the rolling roadblock indicates right and we stretch the throttles, only to catch late sight of Graham Matcham waving us round the same way: Ian braked hard and I gave the ABS a thorough workout and just managed to scrape around the turn behind him!

Skirting around Pershore and through Upton-upon-Severn, where a group of chaps in gaily coloured Hawaiian style shirts proved a minor distraction, we were soon being directed into the car park of the Marlbank Inn, in the lee of the Malvern Hills. Never had 50 miles and an hour and a bit passed so quickly, or pleasantly, on a motorcycle.

Settling down in the warm morning sun with our coffees and custard creams, Craig and Tom rode into the car park quite some time after the rest of us. It seems they



too had missed Graham where the road forked and had carried on until they came to a roundabout much further down the A44. Circling it (as instructed the previous night by Martyn) a couple of times and seeing no-one marking an exit, the penny finally dropped. They weren't too bothered mind and seemed to enjoy Graham's impression of their blissful unawareness as they had sailed blithely past him!



Don't forget now, turn left at the lights in Ledbury! Shortly after leaving the Marlbank and after negotiating the tricky uphill sharp turn onto A449 just to the south of Great Malvern, a vintage Bentley became caught in the middle of our group: it was travelling at a tidy lick too, accelerating back up to 70mph very respectably between giving its crossplys a fighting chance through the bends. He was in our midst all the way to those lights, where he pulled up behind an E-Type with the lid down: it seems everyone was enjoying the last warm dregs of the summer!



Martyn had placed a lot of emphasis in his briefing on turning left at the lights in Ledbury and so it seems fitting to show you why. The lights are yards away from the actual turn and it would have been traffic bedlam had a marker been dropped at the junction itself.

We would follow the A449 to just north of Ross-on-Wye which would take us through Much Marcle. Now, other than a fine old garage building, there's not much to see as we flashed through it in a nano-second; most of the village is off to the left of the main

road. However, you may be surprised at how much has happened around this little village, which dates back to the Domesday Book...

You may have noticed a brown sign pointing the way to 'Hallens'. This manor was given by King William II to Hamelin de Balun whose descendants witnessed the Magna Carta. There is also another local 'seat', Homme House whose owner from 1574, one Thomas Kryle, was twice High Sheriff of Herefordshire. Later and infamously, Fred West was born in Much Marcle and in 1967 buried his nanny Anne McFall and their unborn child; he followed this by interring his first wife, Rena, locally in 1970.

On an automotive note, that garage, which started life as a WW1 aircraft hangar was bought by nearby Weston's - of cider and The Club 100th run tea-stop fame - in 1926 to service their vehicle fleet. They sold it on in 1990 and it now boasts race preparation as part of its portfolio of services.

Your scribe also remembers going to the Much Marcle Steam Rally sometime in the 90s along with other VMCC grass track section chums to show off our bikes, one of which was a fine Len Cole dirt-track Duggie.



Anyway, enough of Much Marcle, I bet you never thought there was so much in it! Actually, there's much more but this is supposed to be a run report not a soddin' history lesson...

The roads were now getting progressively busier so it was good to turn off the main drag for some B-road bashing. Heading east across country, up and over the M50, with the Forest of Dean to the south, there were plenty of opportunities for corner marking.

Right: Tim Maccabee leads Paul Smart and Paul Haskins.

After crossing the M5 we managed to create a right snotravle of a mess at the filling station in Bishop's Cleeve, not only at the pumps but also as we exited the forecourt stage right. Traffic both ways was brought to a standstill as 10 or 15 bikes all followed the leader oblivious to the vehicles backed up on the main road!



Within a mere couple of gear changes, we turned into the car park of the King's Head pub where we again made a nuisance of ourselves milling about the car park and blocking the car wash that operated there. Neil Tuxworth and Nigel Bosworth looked surprised as they had only just swapped bikes at the fuel stop!



Amidst the initial parking confusion though, one person had no difficulty as the above picture courtesy of Michael Evans shows, definitely a case of 'I'm alright Jack!' Also looking out for himself, Graham found that one of the kegs marking our allotted parking had a drop left in it!

Spreading ourselves around a private room, marquee and the outside tables; soup, sandwiches and chips were attacked with gusto though the cake and biscuits were largely untouched in favour of the extra chips that just kept coming.

After a very pleasant hour or so in the sun, it was time to remount and create havoc in Bishop's Cleeve one last time...



Norman led off from the lunch stop, but just why he stopped immediately after turning right at a busy T junction, within minutes, was not immediately clear. It wasn't to wait for the group to catch up; we were all right behind him, blocking the way for locals wanting to make the turn. When he then took off his helmet it all got very confusing!

Right: Easy to see how 20 plus motorcycles waiting to turn right might be a tad inconvenient to the locals!

Your scribe is not altogether sure what caused the hold-up, it may have been the old bug in the helmet thing, but luckily, the locals patiently waited as we (read Norman) sorted ourselves out and disappeared off in the general direction of Winchcombe.



During his run briefing, our erstwhile afternoon leader had hinted at the fact that we would make slower progress over some of the afternoon roads and so it proved as we headed south just before Winchcombe. Initially climbing, what the single track road lacked in speed potential it made up for in technicality, not allowing a moment's lack of concentration. And as Norman had predicted, we didn't see Belas Knap, only a brown direction sign to the car park.

As we returned to wider A roads and quicker riding around Andoversford, the route taken was a little confusing. I remember we turned off the A40 and onto the A436 where we shortly passed the Frogmill Hotel; it stuck in my mind as I had introduced a fish loving Japanese engineer to the delights of a kipper breakfast there when on an ATV business trip in 1990: he wasn't impressed!

The A436 became the A435 as we headed south towards the mysterious Surunster, eventually linking, via a back road, with the Fosseyway heading north-east to Northleach where again it was on to minor roads back up to Winchcombe.



Winchcombe is a pretty, popular village sitting on the Cotswold Escarpment and, I'm guessing, is full of rich people who 'come down to the country' of a weekend. However, it was not always so. In the 17th Century restoration period the villagers were poor and it was a hotbed of cattle rustling and illegal tobacco growing, so much so that the military had to enter the village more than once to destroy the crop.

Perhaps though there are some modern day comparisons: the cattle rustlers may have been replaced by Vegans but I'll bet there is more than one illegal 'substance' to be found in the village of a Saturday night!

Organisers of runs will know that it is very wise, unless time and distance precludes, to ride the route in advance of the Saturday run to check for the unexpected: roadworks, road closures, new Gatso cameras, that sort of thing. And Martyn and Norman had done just that a couple of days in advance: just time then for the diggers and conemen to dive in and force an on-the-hoof diversion...

You may have not noticed, and neither did I until I came to study the route in detail for this report, that the way we arrived at the Bugatti Trust differed from the map issued to us on Friday. After Winchcombe we should have ridden via Greet and Gretton but the latter had been closed off by a large hole in the road necessitating an extra couple of miles of diversion. Co-incidentally, your scribe had been marking the corner that had highlighted the change. Martyn tells me that Norman took it all in his stride though and the change of plan was seamlessly implemented – well done sir, I wouldn't have coped so well!



Prescott Speed Hill Climb was the first purpose built speed event venue to open since such events were banned on public roads in 1924. Born out of a Bugatti Owners Club committee meeting sometime around 1936, the club decided they needed a venue to race their cars and after a couple of other venues were rejected, Prescott House and Estate were acquired by the club and work began. The first event, a rally for Bugatti Owners Club members only, was held on April 10th 1938 and one month later the first speed event was held. Other than the war years, events have been running there ever since.

The Bugatti Trust, a charity set up by Hugh Conway Senior and some likeminded chaps, was formed in 1987 and when Hugh, an acknowledged expert on Bugatti History, wanted to build a centre to house his archive of 25,000 photographs, technical drawings and the like, it followed that Prescott should be the location.



The Prescott Visitor Centre was financed by the sale of one of Hugh's Bugattis but sadly, he passed away before it was completed. It was officially opened by The Duke of Edinburgh in 1990. [Ed: insert your own joke here]

Now the oracle of all things Bugatti and dedicated to the development of young engineers, the trust Chairman is Hugh's son, Hugh Junior (left) and twas he and his chums who welcomed us to tea and a guided tour of the facility.

Billed as a study centre, it is a small but fascinating place to visit and experience Bugatti engineering first hand. The star exhibit at the time of our visit was a type 59/50B, a 4.7 litre, 485 BHP supercharged single seater on loan from the national motor museum of France, and, in answer to the inevitable question, it was insured for €10m!

This particular car (right), the last of a line fitted with the same engine, is unique and is one of very few Bugattis fitted with hydraulic brakes. With the factory's top driver, Jean-Pierre Wimille, at the wheel it competed at Prescott in July 1939 where, despite its impressive performance figures and double rear wheels, it only finished second to Raymond Ray's ERA!



As you can imagine there were many photographs taken whilst we toured the centre including some excellent ones by Michael Evans, you will be able to view them on the photo-reel which accompanies this report.

The Trust's hospitality was excellent and after a very fine visit we gathered around Hugh's Bugatti, for a farewell group photograph before hitting the road...



The last leg of this excellent run would take us back to the B4632 and north eastwards to Broadway. This section of the route flirts with the heritage Gloucestershire Warwickshire Steam Railway which operates seasonal services between Broadway and Cheltenham Racecourse. If you were VERY lucky, you may have caught a fleeting glimpse of the Stanway Viaduct which carries the track over 15 arches and some 50' above the valley floor close to the village of the same name. I wasn't and didn't!

Always a key Cotswold tourist attraction, Broadway was busier than normal on this fine afternoon with classic cars parked up outside the Lygon Arms and large marquees on the green opposite. Turns out it was a food festival weekend. I did wonder as we rode up the main street, waving to the onlookers (oh, was that just me then?), whether we would tackle Fish Hill again as we had on Ben and Dan's Spring 14 Cotswold run but it wasn't to be this time; we left town following the same road as we entered.

I've mentioned in previous reports that the last section of every run seems to be the quickest; whether that is to be first to the bath water or first to the bar remains unclear to me. This run was no different and after riding along in isolation for a while I came up behind Nick and his trusty Commando. He was clearly enjoying himself with the throttle in his pocket and pushing his skinny tyres to the limit, it was fun following him. He told me later he had 'almost seen the ton' through the vibrations of his eyeballs...

Eventually, we met with A429 at the village named after our erstwhile Webmaster Alan, for the last few miles back to base camp where, we had been instructed by Norman, we were to park up in such a way as to allow the hotel management to take a group photo for their shameless self-promotion. Needless to say we didn't and they didn't come out to meet us either!

My abiding memory of Saturday's aperitif session is just how bloody hard it was to get a drink!



The 'bar-steward' appeared to do a runner every couple of seconds and no amount of pleading with him to stay at his allotted post seemed to have an effect! And worse still, the feckin' real ale had runout!!

There had been a rumour of a wedding reception taking place at the hotel on the Saturday so maybe they had hijacked 'our brew' and that was why we were having to make do with Eurofizz or something equally unpalatable. Still, like Frank, we 'manned up' and made the best of it...



Moving smoothly into the dining room at eightish, we were confronted with a different table layout; I believe that it was called 'dog-bone style'. It certainly made for a more sociable meal than the isolated tables of the previous evening and it was probably easier for the staff too who served our predetermined choices with the same ruthless efficiency as on Friday.



Being Saturday, and formal, there were strict instructions not to touch the starter until grace had been delivered by Andrew and with that done, the feasting could begin in earnest.

The menu card is reproduced at the end of the report and to accompany the choices, the Saturday wines were a white Chateau de Rhodes Gaillac 2016 and my choice, a mighty fine red Chateau Lestrille Capmartin Bordeaux Superior 2012.

Time flies when you're having a good time and it was certainly true today, not just in respect of the day's riding but also the conviviality of dinner; it was 9.30 by the time that the Queen was toasted and jackets removed and fully an hour later before the Chairman arose to deliver the evening's important notices and such like.

Andrew and Norman gave us welcome updates on our good friends Bob McMillan, Keith Davies and Peter Sheen, with Andrew also mentioning a contribution made to Bob Trigg's chosen charity and subsequent conversations he had had with Bob's son Andrew.

Norman also paid a tribute to his ex-Meriden colleague and Triumph legend, Les Williams who passed away in July. Norman and Martyn dedicated the day's route to Les as it was over some of these roads that Norman had travelled to see him.

The Chairman then delivered his summing up of the event, proposing a round of applause for the organisers. He continued that his overriding feeling was what a fantastic club we have, saying "We have people of different ages, on different motorcycles with different riding abilities and, different levels of hazard perception... And yet, everyone survived and satisfaction levels ranged from excellent to super." Well said Martin!

A fine demonstration of extreme fawning is perhaps the only way to describe the Chairman's introduction of Tim Maccabee for his first report as Sergeant at Arms. Very clearly worded to curry favour and minimise reprisals, let's see if it worked...

Aided and abetted by 'pot-man' Steve Callahan, himself of course a time-served Sergeant, Tim cleverly wove his first two fines into his introduction. Unsure how best to 'theme' his report he had decided that the best option would be to dedicate it to 'Socks for Arthur'. He then continued by relating how, on Ducati launches, he always made sure that there was plenty of beer for when the Brits arrive. Thus, **Arthur Macdonald** and **Norman Hyde** were his inaugural fines.



The Sergeant was keen to explain that he thought that he had something on everyone and how, in the style of medieval witch hunts, he not checked any rumours passed on to him and all accusations had been fully accepted. Then, he shot himself in the foot by admitting to a liking for Country Music (which of course, brought 'a hootin

and a hollerin' and a **self-imposed levy**), in particular the *Time Jumpers* whose song *Three Sides to Every Story* opines those sides to be 'your side, my side and the truth'. Needless to say he had only paid heed to the middle one!

With topics such as sartorial elegance, riding, bikes and point duty to cover, he led off with again **fining himself** for turning up in a van with three fully fuelled bikes in the back and then leaving the keys in the bikes all night. (*Ed's note: just like Margot Leadbetter's spare Christmas goose, one of these was white and 'just in case'...*)

A van was also cited in **Stephen Burgess'** charge; that he had turned up in a Mercedes car and then unloaded from the SCH van the second largest German vehicle on the run in the form of his BMW RT complete with full luggage.

Moving on to riding, Tim referred specifically to those who considered themselves to be explorers and those who go 'one step beyond' and guide others on exploration; and then nearly fall off 10 yards into the hotel car park as apparently **Craig Carey-Clinch** had done!

Referring to the inevitable journey delays that can be a frustration to us all, **Alan Halford** was penalised for complaining that he had been delayed by 50% and it had taken him, in total, 5 minutes to get here!



Nigel Bosworth had the first hat-trick of the night for: not arriving until Saturday morning, having to text on Friday for the hotel address and for forgetting (again) to return a tie that the Sergeant had lent him on a previous run in 2018.



From Friday's briefing, both **Norman** and **Martyn** were penalised, the former for the long barrow we wouldn't see and then the lovingly crafted word picture of the dry stone walls picturing which, believed the Sergeant, was the perfect cure for insomnia. Martyn's misdemeanour was for explaining that there were no 'mobile speed cameras' on the route which, as their name implies, could pop up anywhere!

Steve was ordered to hold station as **Norman** was again hit in the pocket. Citing the fact that the Sergeant at Arms is a perennial favourite ever since its introduction by him, it came as a surprise

that our organiser was asking around as late as 7.00pm on Friday for a volunteer to take on the role!

Tim warmed to his theme and said that on all previous runs he had attended, either Steve or Chairman Martin had carried out the Sergeant's role, and he had observed the latter making notes all weekend, he had felt like maybe he had been set up and so fined **Martin** for causing his anguish.

Introducing non-existent guests cost **Norman** dearly again and also caught **Simon Hill** who was then fined for allowing Rob Smith to announce his mobile number on Friday at such a speed as to challenge the faculties of our ageing membership.

On to clothing and **Arthur** was again in the spotlight for promenading the car park in Friday's sunshine with a perma-tan and sunglasses looking like a St Tropez fashionista. He was joined on the charge sheet by **Nick Campolucci** who firstly admitted to owning a Fiat Arbarth and then justifying it as an eclectic mix of Italian style and Japanese engineering, compounded his felony by sporting an Arbarth tee-shirt on the run. But the Sergeant believed that the fashion bar had been set by **Dan Sager's** Friday night attire of blazer and cravat, likening him to an estate agent on an incentive trip. Harsh!



Andrew Smith rounded off the clothing misdemeanours for wearing a tee-shirt to dinner on Friday with Tim saying "Anyone would think he was retired." (*Ed's note, in his defence, this was only because he had spotted the scribe wearing the exact same polo shirt as he in the bar and shot off to change!*)

The Chairman had referred to hazard perception in his opening remarks and the next two fines were on that theme. Firstly **Maurice Knight** was accused of nearly running over your scribe in the car park on Saturday morning and **your scribe** was fined for not noticing my narrow escape!



On to motorcycles and **Frank Finch** was first on a fizzer for turning up on a bike clearly too large for him and then trying to sell it to anyone and everyone.

Martyn followed for wearing a VMCC bib whilst riding a bike only 2 years old, although the Sergeant pondered if it may be due to Honda's 'built-in obsolescence'.

Following on the Honda theme, the Sergeant always believes in having a spare bike; referring to Margot's goose above and chucking another £1 in the pot, and knows that this was an adage followed by **Neil Tuxworth** in his Honda Team Manager role. He felt it therefore ironic that Neil had been making 'cheap jibes' about Ducati reliability all weekend and fined him accordingly. However, he then went on to fine Nigel Bosworth for riding a Ducati and *not* having a spare bike! That's extreme irony that is.

Noting that the overall bike colour scheme in the parc-fermé was white, black or grey he then found against **Martin Lambert** for riding a particularly spangly green bike and **your scribe** likewise.

Ian Kerr had let slip to the Sergeant that he had recently bought a particularly splendid Ducati ST2 and so was duly fined for not riding it on the run.

Being squeaky clean in everything you do is no guarantee of anonymity as **Paul Haskins** found out, the marketing hype of his bike runs along the lines of 'neo-sport café bike, a unique blend of sport, naked, minimalist café racer' which conjures a picture of something exotic, edgy even. But it's a Honda...

Taking some confusion over given names in his stride, together with a certain amount of heckling from his target, Tim asked **Richard Burgess** his age; he admitted to being 37, which of course set him up nicely for a charge of being middle-aged before his time by virtue of riding a GS whilst wearing full BMW gear. "Ride something edgy for God's sake!" urged the Sergeant as Richard's fine plopped in the pot.

A touching piece of 'Bromance' had been observed on the run as **Steve Callahan** had acknowledged a fellow BMW S1000XR rider, a bike describe by the Sergeant, to much derision, as a 'poor man's Multistrada', with an almost imperceptible nod of the head...



Having full off-road capability on his Triumph Tiger whilst remaining firmly on-piste cost **Arthur** another fine; not so much for the top box, engine bars, tank bag etc no, this was yet again for the white riding boots favoured by our style guru. Over a number of runs, I think that you must have paid more in fines for those boots Arthur than they cost when you bought them!

Nick Campolucci's crash bars apparently represented a zimmer frame strapped to the front of his Africa Twin so despite being on hand for the less mobile of the members, he still had to pay.

Luggage next and **Chairman Martin's** reply of "Porn!" when asked what he carried in his extra-large top box cost him; as it did **Graham Goodman** who answered "Even more porn!" when asked the contents of his capacious top box and panniers.



Point duty now and **Graham Matcham** paid the price of doing his first stint whilst still in the hotel car park. He and **Martin Lambert** were then both accused of lurking in the shadows instead of plain sight, which prompted the Chairman to enquire whether typing notes into your phone when corner marking was worthy of a fine. "I was making notes" replied the Sergeant...

Despite the challenges of spotting the hidden markers, only two members went astray, explorer **Craig** and **Tom Waterer** who paid the price for their inattention.

Entertainment value was highlighted, firstly **Andrew's** super-enthusiastic waving which was likened to him having some kind of fit and **Ian Kerr**, who has some history in the art of point duty remember, for encouraging 'diversity' with his overly camp signals. (*Ed: Mince like the Met?*)

Nick Hopkins was apparently observed, just before lunch, going for a rogue ride. He was then heard complaining about the replacement cost of his 13 year old battery which, opined Tim, may have been made necessary by repeatedly leaving his indicators on. The second hat trick of the night, get in!

This led to more indicator fines; **Norman**, repeat offender (see what I did there?) **Paul Smart** and best, or worst, of all **Kevin Howells** (aka Michael Rutter according to his helmet) who was indicating left for the whole time he was on the Fosseway, including during more than one, long, overtaking manoeuvre!

The 'miscellaneous' fines then started coming: **Nick Jeffery** and **Graham Goodman** for impersonating a Tail End Charlie by also wearing hi(ish)-viz vests. And **Graham Matcham** had horrified Tim by suggesting that Norman should go into politics, and thus lost another quid.

Suggesting that as we get older, practicality and comfort outweigh style, **the Sergeant** put his last pound in the pot for preferring an open face helmet on the run and **pot-man Steve** also had to dig deep for his new flip-front lid, which it appeared in conversation, had been bought for these very reasons. (*Ed: Did he keep his knees tucked in to complete the transformation to a sensible look?*)

Whilst some members liked to ride in Kevlar jeans, it appeared that **Martyn** preferred the everyday ASDA variety with elasticated high waist. **Norman's** man-bag and flowing scarf also attracted fiscal penalty.

Multi-tasking was rare for men said the Sergeant and so he was especially impressed by **Simon Hill's** ability to combine a love of amateur dramatics, Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance* and point duty. *(Ed's note: Simon is a dab hand at creating a bandana with his neck-tube.)*

An obscure reference to Rick Parish's Aldi top cost **Nigel Bosworth** another fine as he "surely could have sorted this out!" Yep, that one's a mystery to me too.



That personal parking sign at the lunch stop (see earlier in the report) cost **Martyn** yet another fine, as we all knew it would. And **Neil Tuxworth** was penalised for eschewing his bike's stand and leaning it against firstly a car in the car park and then later a petrol pump. This turned into a hat trick of hat tricks as the Sergeant followed up with citing him for disappearing up a farm track and, towards the end of the run, upsetting a group of cruiser riders by barging into their midst during a dodgy overtake.

The battle of motorcyclist versus pedestrian is a perennial one and **Nick Jeffery** was brought to book for trying to even the score after being nearly cut up by a jogger; he apparently rounded a car that had stopped to let a lady with pram cross the road ... on a pedestrian crossing!

Out of all the misdeeds and potentially false news in his report, by far the Sergeant's favourite concerned **Kevin Howells** who had asked Tim in the car park who would be riding the second Ducati Monster. Tim had replied "Paul." "Paul who?" was Kevin's retort. "Paul Smart" said Tim. "What kind of rider is he then?" was the hapless Kevin's question.

This led into Tim explaining what kind of rider Paul was. Despite having double the horsepower of his guest and putting a long line of traffic between him and Paul on the road, he was surprised to see what he thought must have been a local Jack-the-Lad on a stolen superbike haring up the road at warp speed behind him, only for it to be the said Mr Smart looming large in his mirrors! Competitive as ever and a real joy to have had him riding with us on this run said Tim, to great applause.



This just left Michael Evans and Peter Britton unsullied by the Sergeant's report. It was left to the engineers in the room to decide whether Peter, as a lifelong salesman, should be penalised for his chosen vocation but in Michael's case, he had confided to Tim, without knowing his role on the run, that in all his years in the press he had never ridden a Ducati, although he had ridden bikes from "all the major manufacturers" which Tim found amusing.

And with that, the Sergeant closed his book on this run to a much deserved round of applause for a very entertaining report.

Thanking Tim for a valiant first effort as Sergeant at Arms, Chairman Martin set a midnight curfew on the bar before the hotel staff came in to the room to receive our thanks for their hospitality over another very fine Club weekend.



Until we do it all over again in April, ride safe my friends!



As ever, your scribe is eternally grateful for the contributions of historical data, snippets of information, either real or imaginary, and photographs, especially Michael Evans' excellent, crisp photographs, without which the compilation of run reports would surely become a chore rather than the pleasure it actually is. Please accept my apologies if your input was twisted in any way or didn't actually find its way into my final twaddle.

My hope is that you, dear reader, derive the same warm feeling as I when remembering the weekend's fun and camaraderie and more importantly, that warm feeling is in your heart ... and not your trousers!

The next time we meet will be in Tavistock, Devon where Craig Carey-Clinch (assuming he doesn't get lost again) and Ian Kerr will reprise, with modification, the tremendous Three Moors Run.

Dates: 24th – 26th April 2020

Be there or be ... sorely missed!

The Race card

Martin Lambert (Chairman)	Kawasaki Versys 1000GT	Kevin Howells	Yamaha MT10SP
Graham Goodman (Hon Sec)	Suzuki VStrom 650	Nick Jeffery	BMW K75
Rick Parish (Hon Treasurer)	Triumph Trophy 1200	Ian Kerr MBE	Yamaha Tracer 900 GT
Norman Hyde (Organiser)	Triumph Bonneville T120	Maurice Knight	KIA Venga
Martyn Roberts (Organiser)	Honda NC750X	Arthur Macdonald	Triumph Tiger 800
Tim Maccabee (Sergeant at Arms)	Ducati Monster 1200	Graham Matcham	KTM Adventure 1090
Peter Britton (Saturday only)	<i>With Maurice</i>	Dan Sager	TriumphTiger 800 XRx
Stephen Burgess	BMW R1250RT	Geoff Selvidge (Scribe)	Kawasaki Versys 1000 GT
Steve Callahan	BMW S1000XR	Andrew Smith	Yamaha Tracer 900GT
Nick Campolucci	Honda Africa Twin	Neil Tuxworth	Honda X-Adv
Craig Carey-Clinch	Triumph Bonneville T120	Tom Waterer	Honda NC750X
Michael Evans	<i>With Maurice</i>	GUESTS	
Frank Finch	Triumph Tiger 1050 Sport	<i>Nigel Bosworth</i>	<i>Ducati Diavel Carbon</i>
Alan Halford	Triumph Tiger 800 XRx	<i>Richard Burgess</i>	<i>BMW R1250HP</i>
Simon Hill	BMW R1200GS	<i>Paul Haskins</i>	<i>Honda CBR1000R</i>
Nick Hopkins	Norton Commando Fastback	<i>Paul Smart</i>	<i>Ducati Monster 797</i>

The Route, pretty much!

AUTUMN RUN – SEPT 14th 2019

The Club

Route Marking – When it is necessary to indicate the route to be taken, the Run Leader will indicate to the rider immediately behind him that that rider should pull over into a safe spot, park and actively indicate to all the other Run riders which direction they should follow. If you are the marking rider, make sure you are not obstructing any traffic or pedestrians and are clearly visible to approaching Run riders. In due course Tail End Charlie (TEC) will arrive, indicate to the marking rider that he may proceed, and the marking rider will rejoin the Run in front of TEC.

Staying in Marking Position – When marking, you must not leave the marking position until TEC arrives and indicates you may rejoin the Run. Do not worry if it is some considerable time before TEC arrives - the system is well-proven and works perfectly if you follow the rules. If the Police require you to move, do so to a safe point as near as possible to your original position so that you can still indicate to following Run riders.

USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS:
 GLEBE HOTEL, BARFORD, 01926 624218
 COFFEE, MARLBANK INN, LITTLE MALVERN, 01684 310603
 LUNCH, KINGS HEAD, BISHOPS CLEEVE, 01242 673260
 TEA, BUGATTI TRUST, GOTHERINGTON, 01242 677201
 NORMAN 07976 635909
 MARTYN 07908 891691

The Saturday Feast

The Club
 Motor Cycle Industry
 Executive Club
 Saturday 14th September 2019

*Spicy Carrot & Coriander Soup
 with stir fried leeks*

*Sautéed Queen Scallops
 asparagus tips & tomato hollandaise*

*Fan Tail of Seasonal Melon
 strips of smoked bacon & an avocado salsa*

*Cod & Prawn Thai Fish Cake
 baby leaves with a lemon & sweet chilli dressing*

*Roast Rib of English Beef
 with Yorkshire pudding, horseradish mousse
 & red wine gravy*

*Grilled Fillet of Halibut
 with prawns & mussels in a fennel butter sauce*

*Spinach, Oyster Mushroom
 & blue cheese enchilada
 glazed with a coarse grain mustard
 & coriander cream*

*Coq au Vin
 with dauphinoise potatoes*

*Raspberry & Cointreau Crème Brûlée
 glazed with brown sugar*

*Bread & Butter Pudding
 with custard*

*Chocolate & Rum Torte
 served with crème fraîche*

*Cheese Platters with Stilton, Brie, Cheddar
 biscuits, grapes & celery*

Fresh Filter Coffee & Petit Fours