



The Club



Autumn 2023
15th - 17th September
Louth, Lincolnshire

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One of the eternal joys of motorcycling is being at one with nature: the sun on your back, a quiet well surfaced road stretching into the distance like a rhythmic gymnast's ribbons, and the smells, oh the smells: the heady scent of the oilseed rape in spring, freshly mown and twizzled hay in the summer ... and cow shit in the autumn. Yes chums, it was muck spreading time. I can still catch a whiff as I write these words!



Friday dawned sunny and unseasonably warm. The early morning mist hung low in the fields as the Thames Valley dropped away in my mirrors; the rush hour was just about over.

After a quick squirt of go juice in High Wycombe, the ride to Louth began in earnest. Early in the ride, somewhere up above Nick Jeffery's neck of the woods, a Virgin hot air balloon hung in the still morning air. I contemplated stopping to get a picture of it but you know how it is on such a lovely morning, the riding outweighed the stopping 2:1 so you'll have to make do with this stock shot instead!

The route I had planned minimised the tedium of motorways in favour of a cross-country amble via Northampton (where I bought my previous Triumph in 1970), Leicester to pay my respects to departed parents, Melton Mowbray and thence via Grantham and Sleaford to Louth. It was my old stomping ground as a young, fresh faced Regional Sales Manager for Kawasaki in 1979.

Now, I crave your indulgence for a wee while whilst I discuss pork pies. You *will* thank me later. Melton Mowbray is, in most peoples' minds, the only place where 'proper' pork pies are made: I beg to differ...

Back in 1824, in Leicester, Walker and Son butchers shop started selling Walkers Pork Pies; they became an institution at Christmas time, enjoyed by many in the City as a Christmas Day breakfast. The queues to buy them on Christmas Eve morning would stretch right around the block as this picture from the 1950s shows. As a snotty nosed kid I was sent off on my pushbike to join the queues for our pie.



What made them so special you ask? Well, the pastry was crisp, with straight fluted sides, a world away from the saggy-sided Melton pies. The filling was spicy, and there was a minimal amount of that horrible jelly. It just wasn't Christmas morning without a Walkers Pork Pie and a slice of bread and butter for breakfast. Oh, and a teaspoon of Johnnie Walker's finest in your tea!



Although the pictured shop is sadly no more, the good news is Walkers Pork Pies are still available, albeit with a slightly altered recipe to suit modern tastes and (no doubt) food standards. Look out for them on the deli counter at Waitrose or Tesco. And no, in case you are wondering, this Mr Walker is not the Henry Walker (although he was also a butcher) who founded Walkers Crisps in Leicester in 1948. The only (very, very tenuous) link is that from the pictured Walkers shop door, you could just about bounce a pork pie off Gary Lineker's dad's head as he tended his fruit and veg stall in the market across the road!

With the day warming up nicely, Margaret Thatcher's home town of Grantham came and went and the countryside became as flat as a witches tit with massive skies above, punctuated by fluffy white clouds. The roads were flanked with drainage dykes that in places were pulling the tarmac towards them, judging by the subsidence and big cracks in the surface: I certainly wouldn't want to be riding that route on a foggy night!

Such was the riding pleasure that just a brief stop, somewhere around Sleaford, was taken for a brew and a splash of the boots. Being perfectly honest, I was looking forward to arriving at the venue early so that I could sample one of the promised hot tubs before some other sweaty biker tainted the waters. The anticipation was so great I eschewed the photo opportunity presented by the Cadwell Park entrance and a scenic research tour of Louth town centre...

My dismay when allocated a room in the main hotel was so palpable that Gary Hartshorne, who was checking in at the same time, offered to swap his lodge bunk; a kind gesture that I declined of course. My disappointment was short lived however when I found that my bathroom had one of those whirlpool baths: a proper result! After a 20 minute simmer I pulled on my best drinking trousers and sallied forth in search of ale!

The Brackenborough Hotel has a very pleasant outside seating area and this was where our burgeoning group chose to roost. It was also a good place to sit and watch subsequent arrivals huff and puff their luggage laden selves wearily up from the (very) distant bike park to the reception desk, only to find they were billeted in the lodges, right back next to the bike park!

Our organisers, Neil and Nick took station in this area early doors and though Nick drifted off somewhere, Neil held court to an ever changing table right up to the dinner gong.



It was a very pleasant setting and with the convivial company and the excellent riding conditions during the day, a good many of us were feeling that we had already done the run just getting to this point.

Now, mention must be made here of sockless Arthur Macdonald. This is a style, I am reliably informed by Dan, known as the 'Mince Trotter'. Indeed, further research has uncovered a story on the Metro website about a pub in Edinburgh that has actually banned it, reporting: *The decision drew support from drinkers, with Robert Rothwell commenting: 'A gents [sic] loafer without a sock – the mince trotter – should be*



a lifetime ban.' The Metro story (29 Jan 2020) is hilarious as it also covers the banning of 'Jobbie catcher tracksuits'. The whole report is so laugh out loud funny you might want to read it too; here is a link to it [Metro](#)

The pre-event communication from our organisers had been excellent; indeed the weekend schedule was circulated by email a full 3 days ahead of the event rather than the usual practice of a welcome letter issued on arrival. The instructions were militarily precise: 19:00 Enter dining room, so we did, right on schedule.

With Chairman Ben and Hon Sec Graham in absentia, it fell to Vice Chair Martin Lambert to preside over the proceedings. Normally, Graham is the prompt on the top table making sure everything stays on track and just how well he does this only becomes apparent when he ain't there! There was a little bit of faffing about needed whilst Martin got all the ducks in a row but he managed the situation admirably and his welcome and the introduction of all but one of guests was completed with 5 minutes to spare before dinner was served. I'll come to the 'one' later!



In a repeat of the spring run there were to be 10 guests for the weekend and again, as in April, one of them was of the female persuasion. This confused your scribe as the attendee list obtained ahead of the event (it helps to know who should be there to gather info on steed and where needed, a picture etc.) was all blokes. Had one of them decided to 'identify' differently?

Anyway, here are the guests in the order they were introduced...

Roy Aaronson – Introduced by Ian Kerr, Roy has been in the business for over 30 years; working for BMW, then running a dealership and now the owner of a successful parts importing business. Roy is a potential future member.

Bill Taylor – Introduced by Nick Campolucci, Bill runs BikeTrac and joined us for his 2nd run, the first being Tavistock in Spring 22. Bill is also a potential future member.



Gary Hartshorne – Introduced by Frank Finch, Gary is the Senior Product Manager of Bridgestone’s Northern European operation. On his 3rd run; his 1st being County Wexford in Autumn 16 and 2nd Bradford-on-Avon this year, Gary is now a member.

Top: Gary with Frank. Bottom L-R: Roy, Matthew and Steve

Mark Fenwick – Introduced by David O’Neill, Mark heads up the Hoco Parts UK business and was on his 2nd run after joining us earlier in the year in Bradford. Mark is another potential future member.

Chris Lee – Introduced by Stephen Burgess, Chris runs SCH MotoPrep which provides Technical services, storage and bike preparation for a number of manufacturers, most notably BMW. This was Chris’ 3rd run and will be proposed for membership next spring.

Sarah Clipstone – Introduced by Nigel Bosworth, as Head of Quality Control at SCH MotoPrep, Sarah checks and passes some 65 bikes a day for release. She joined SCH in 2017 and has been riding for 30 years.

Steve Lomas – Introduced by Neil Tuxworth, the amiable Steve is a retired pro speedway rider and now owner of wire wheel building company Five-One Wheels. This was his 2nd run and Steve is also a potential future member.

Matthew Stone – Also a guest of Neil Tuxworth, Matthew is of course ex Honda and according to Neil, was a great help to him at Honda Racing. Matthew has attended a number of runs over the years as a ‘non-qualifying guest’.

Richard Sluggett – Introduced by Andy Mayo, Richard was on his 2nd run, his 1st being the Autumn 22 Scottish run. Andy nominated Richard for an early fine as his bike had broken down on the way to Louth (*Ed: There is more on this later!*). Clearly a ‘good sort’ he had prioritised the run over his wedding anniversary on the morrow.

With the food due to be served on the dot of 7.30 all guests, bar one, were introduced. Martin mused that with so many introductions it may be easier on future runs for members *without* guests to introduce themselves!



During the consumption of an excellent fish supper, Lester Harris finally rocked up with son and guest Lucas. When Martin stood again at 9.15 he welcomed them with the advice that, in racing, the most important thing was to be on the grid first and thus they would start the run from the back of the grid! He diplomatically avoided the reason for the tardiness of their arrival but your scribe can reveal it was as a

result of Lester’s research into whether his BMW F800 would run on diesel fuel without any engine modifications. It seems it wouldn’t and so some flushing was required: of both the fuel tank and Lester’s face!

With no time for Lester to properly introduce Lucas, I am indebted to Dave Martin’s bio from the Fort William run which explained that Lucas used to work for KTM but has now left the Industry. He is a keen motorcyclist who enjoys long rides; recent trips include Spain, Columbia and Peru.

Top L-R: Mark, Lucas and Richard. Bottom L-R: Bill, Sarah and Chris.



Before asking Neil and Nick to deliver the run briefing, Martin again turned to Andy Mayo saying “After giving us the pointless information that your guest broke down on the way here, you failed to tell us what he does for a living”. After a perfectly weighted comedic pause, Andy replied: “He’s a mechanic!” When the gales of laughter died down, Neil cracked on with the run briefing. But before getting to the nitty gritty, he first offered us a little information about the town of Louth; well I say town, it was more about the people who live there...



Other than the church of St James which has the tallest spire of any Parish Church in England there’s not much else to write home about it seems, unless you count a medieval town layout and a cattle market. Makes you wonder what the attraction was to the ‘glitterati’ who Neil listed as: actors Jim Broadbent and Julie Christie, singer Barbara Dixon, astronaut Michael Foale and Roy ‘Chubby’ Brown of whom he said “You couldn’t wish to meet a more polite, charming man.” Daniel Craig is apparently looking to buy a house in Louth and Jeffrey Archer was the town’s MP before his ‘indiscretions’ oh, and Alfred Lord Tennyson went to school in Louth. (Ed: There was one glaring residential omission; Graham Fellows - aka ‘Jilted John’ - who had the classic 1978 hit [‘Jilted John’](#) which espoused that ‘Gordon is a moron’. Just saying!)

Continuing, Neil mentioned the strong motorcycle competition connection to Louth. The late Freddie Frith lived in the town as does 9 times Women’s World Trials Champion, Emma Bristow MBE. Honda’s racing team is also based here as is FHO Racing and Simon Buckmaster’s PTR World Supersport team. Your scribe recalls that Steve Plater is also a Louth resident. Anyway, enough of that, on with the run brief proper!

Neil kicked off by telling us that the complete route would be 229 miles with some good free flowing roads to enjoy; after first negotiating a pot-holed road through a farmyard that is! Riding through the two largest counties in England, Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, we would cross the Humber Bridge (free to motorcyclists) and head for a coffee stop at Seaways Café, a popular biker haunt. After passing through Thornton-le-Dale of *Bangers and Cash* fame and Goathland (aka Aidensfield) where *Heartbeat* was set, we would end up at Oliver’s Mount for a ride around the circuit and lunch in the restaurant there.



The afternoon leg would involve a second crossing of the Humber Bridge before taking us through some lovely Lincolnshire villages, a splash through a ford and then back to the hotel. Neil sounded some words of caution here though. Apparently you have five times more chance of a fatal RTC on the roads of Lincolnshire than anywhere else in Western Europe! Thus the local Bobbies are very strict on speeding; there were a few cameras en-route and a particularly sneaky one in the last five miles. All very comforting I’m sure...

Before handing over to Nick to re-iterate the drop off system for the benefit of the guests, Neil mentioned that Norman had complained about a lack of cheese with the meal (Ed: surely that was about to come with the raffle!). That oversight had been corrected for Saturday dinner thanks to the kind (read, arm-twisted) sponsorship of Norman himself. There must be a moral in that somewhere!

The raffle table (almost) groaned under the weight of the various prizes donated. Less in evidence this time around were the recycled Christmas books of the spring run (by the way, if anyone got the Beano album this Christmas, your scribe will happily ‘win’ that at the next run!) and even the odd bottle had found its way back into contention. Your genial raffle ‘host’, Andrew, described them variously as stuff from service stations, sheds and garages and previous employment - Nigel Bosworth!



Martin had also espied one member removing the first aid and breathalyser kits from his particularly well laden Triumph Trophy that had been ridden to the event directly from Paris. Of course, no names, no pack drill, I couldn’t possibly reveal who that might have been cos he’s a treasure!

With trusty Lieutenant, Frank to assist the distribution of the various maintenance products, books and general tat, Andrew was also pleasantly surprised to find some really useful items donated too; we must be slipping! Anyway, here are some of the more notable prizes...



Describing one prize as being tastefully wrapped in the donor's hotel room bin liner, Andrew nevertheless gave the gift a big build up saying that the donor was a leading authority on the item, even writing books about them.

This prize, of a Real Tennis handcrafted ball, was won by Nick Jeffery. If you are interested in what makes them so special here is a [short video](#): the tome, *Tennis the Leamington Way* by our own Norman Hyde is (probably) a longer read!



Another prize 'bigged up' by the Rafflemeister was a Yamaha jacket with a reported retail price of £75, this was unerringly won by Yamaha owner Frank, whilst a prize donated by Arthur was won by Arthur who exclaimed 'I f*cking brought that!'. Martin Lambert was *much* less polite about the Dainese lanyard he won...

Your Scribe notes that Andrew's own number came up at least 3 times during the prize distribution (and called out as such by the person on his table who had the next number) but in fairness he only took the one prize!



The last prize of all was a 3 part gift of an urn for your Granny's ashes, a napkin (or letter or toast or tortilla) holder and a Kit Kat chunky. For the life of me I cannot fathom the connection; answers on a postcard please!

Anyway, as you can imagine, this received the full Andrew treatment. 'The person who brought this wants shooting' he opined before saying that the label on the underside of 'this hand-crafted Lincolnshire pot' reads 'Ming Dynasty, only maybe'. And that had been cut out of the box it came in and stuck there!

The lucky recipient of this wonderful prize (admitted to by donor Neil) was Stephen Burgess who expressed his good fortune by exclaiming "Oh no!" I think we should look out for this prize making a comeback in the spring!



With the raffle done and dusted –Martin wound the evening up relating the story of a fired Regional Manager at Kawasaki. This had been sparked by Neil mentioning the two trips over the Humber Bridge. Apparently, this employee used the bridge regularly and on one day had used it to visit 4 important dealers on the other side of the river. Unfortunately the hapless fool had put his expense claim in showing the timed toll tickets – 20 minutes apart! If only the double-crossing idiot had gone by bike they might have got away with it!

With the announcement that breakfast would be served at 07.30 for a 09.00 prompt start, the bar stool racing could re-commence, at least until 23.30 when the Club ticket closed.



Being an early riser, your scribe likes to have a wander around the car park before breakfast to see who maybe coughing over their first coffin nail of the day (usually Graham Matcham!) and get some anticipatory, atmospheric snaps.

This time I was rewarded by a misty sunrise and 15 minutes of pure entertainment watching Steve Callahan titting about trying to fit 2 bungees to his bike to secure his overtrousers. I kid you not friends, 15 minutes it took him, with a running commentary about how it was the wrong kind of rack, wrong kind of bungee and how his obsessive attention to detail meant he couldn't walk away until it was 'just so'.

It was a gift that kept on giving: being only surpassed by watching him hopping about on one leg trying to don em at the coffee stop later... (*Ed: See cover page!*)

Back in the mess hall, it became apparent that the details agreed between our organisers and the hotel conference planner i.e. breakfast at 07.30 had not reached the kitchen. It's a problem that seems to come up time and time again. Hotels are geared to early breakfasts on weekdays but not weekends where usually, the guest is expected to lie in. The basics were there; knives, forks, spoons, wheaty-flakes and juice but sadly no cooked comestibles.



Now if you recall there was a corner of the dining room that resembled a padded cell and it was from there that finally, a rather po-faced Chef emerged shortly before 08.00 with the eggs, bacon, baked flatulence and some rather splendid Lincolnshire snorkers. Like a feeding frenzy in the shark tank, we filled our plates and tucked in!

And they're off! Said the brass monkey as he sat on the circular saw. At precisely 09:00 hours, Run Leader Nick led a snaking line of bikes across the hotel car park gravel and out into the wilds (sorry, that should read Wolds) of Lincolnshire. Of where we were going, we only had a vague idea; you see the very detailed planning had stopped short of providing a route map!



Now, if you are owt like me, your recall of Neil's brief consisted of: farmyard, bridge, Heartbeat, Oliver's Mount, bridge, and certain death. I had thought to set my TomTom sports watch to record the route and my TomTom twat-nav likewise. Sadly, like some EVs, the watch ran out of charge before I got to where I was going and in trying (unsuccessfully) to upload the route from satnav to PC, I deleted the feckin thing. So I am indebted to Alan Halford who not only successfully recorded the route but also put it up on the Club website: is there no end to the man's talents?

The farmyard road was uneventful, little in the way of road 'contaminants' (*Ed: or cow sh*t to you*) and no unfettered sheep dogs rushing out into the road to round us up. After a very brief dalliance with the A631, we were riding unclassified roads heading northeast, in the general direction of the Humber Bridge.

Early on we flashed past a small memorial to the men and women who had served at RAF Kelstern during both wars. An RFC base in the Great War, its role was the interception of German airships and, in WW2, it was a Bomber Command base. You can read a detailed history of its service [here](#). The road we took was closed during the war as it dissected the airfield.

These images courtesy of Google Maps and Earth show the memorial and you can just make out the lines of the airfield peri-track and runways. The road is the grey line from bottom right to centre left of the picture.



After Kelstern, the first town of note is Caistor which is 22 miles into the Viking Way, a 149 mile long distance walking trail that starts in Barton on Humber and ends in Oakham. Local tradition has it that one of Jesus' Apostles, Simon the Zealot, was crucified around here on the orders of a Roman procurator in May AD61. Why he should have been here is unclear – maybe he was looking to buy a house in Louth too?

Scooting (no, that's not a reference to Neil's weapon of choice) around Humberside Airport it was onto the dual carriageway of the A15 for the run up to the Humber Bridge. You may be forgiven for thinking that Barton on Humber just marks the southern end of the bridge but no, it's a remarkable town for three reasons.



First off, it is home to one of the country's biggest bike nights which regularly attracts around 1,000 bikes in July. Secondly, it was the manufacturing base of the now defunct bicycle manufacturer Elswick Hopper. As plain old Elswick, they built motorcycles for a short while between 1903 and 1915 – that's one on the left at a Barton Bike night.

Oh, and thirdly, my cousin George lives there!

So let's talk about the Humber Bridge; it's a magnificent edifice and when completed in 1981, it was the largest single-span suspension bridge in the world. It held that accolade until 1998 when the Akashi Kaikyo Bridge opened in Kobe, Japan – a project in which Kawasaki Heavy Industries was a major player.

Suspension bridges are measured and ranked by the length of their central span: the Humber Bridge is 1410m compared with the Akashi Kaikyo's at 1991m. The Akashi Bridge has itself been usurped by the confusingly named 1915 Çanakkale Bridge which opened in 2022 and has a central span of 2,023m. The 1915 part of its name is to honour the Ottoman naval victory over the navies of Britain and France in the Dardanelles campaign of World War 1.

Right - top to bottom: the Humber Bridge, Akashi Bridge and the 1915 Çanakkale Bridge.

Travelling between Kobe and the Kawasaki factory in Akashi, the JR train offers a wonderful view of KHI's handiwork and always made my chest swell with pride whenever I saw it. It withstood the Great Hanshin Earthquake of January 1995 thanks to the 'anti-seismic' design and was finished, on time, in September 1996.

Anyway, some other interesting facts about the Humber Bridge are that although the act of Parliament to build it was enacted in 1959, work did not start on it until 1972, it then took 9 years to build. At times during its construction there were 1,000 workers on site – and my uncle was one of them.

The towers are 510 feet high and are an inch and 7/16ths further apart at the top than the bottom to allow for the curvature of the Earth! It carries 33,000 vehicles a day which equates to almost a quarter of a billion vehicles since it opened. I'll leave it to Rick to calculate total revenue!

The weather took a noticeable change as we left the bridge behind us and the funny thing is, it did the same on the way back. In Lincolnshire it was bright and pleasant but in Yorkshire it was overcast and miserable – a bit like Geoffrey Boycott's face after being bowled out on 99 (*Ed: Probably on day 3 having gone in on day 1!*).

The A164 is an unremarkable, mainly straight fast road that eventually meets the A1079 which forms the western bypass for Beverley. West abeam the racecourse and town centre, the A1079 turns west for Bishop Burton and the road becomes the A1035 which we followed for a wee while until turning onto the B1248 in the general direction of Malton, coffee and a much needed wazz!



Shortly before arriving at the coffee stop we meet the A166 at the quaintly named village of Wetwang. The road signs tell you that the A166 goes to Stamford Bridge. Your scribe is indebted to Club Doyen, Norman, who wrote and informed me thus: *Wetwang: This could mean a field concerned in a legal action (Ed: vaett-vangr in Old Norse); a wet field (opposite of nearby Driffield) or even 'a moist penis'. With regard to this last one, I noticed a road there called Pulham Lane!*

Stamford Bridge: Site of famous battle where Harold II (Godwinson Earl of Wessex) beat the invading Vikings under Harald Hardrada. Having achieved this, he received the news that William the Bastard had landed near Hastings so his army had to march a huge distance, so not surprising that they were beaten.

Now, I'm not sure about Norman's last description of how Wetwang came to be named so I'll just park that! There have however, been two 'Battles of Stamford Bridge': the first one, to which Norman refers, in 1066 (*Ed: is the road number A166 merely serendipitous I wonder?*) and a second one at Chelsea's Stamford Bridge ground in May 2016 when Spurs conceded a 2 goal lead to draw 2-2 with Chelsea and thus hand the Premiership title to [the magnificent] Leicester City.

The match descended into scuffling which resulted in a record 9 yellow cards for Chelsea, 3 for Spurs and a 6 match ban for Spurs midfielder Moussa Dembélé for serious violent conduct: something the BBC should have replicated when Gary Lineker appeared on Match of the Day in just his shreddies to celebrate Leicester's glory!



Seaways Café is at Fridaythorpe which at 550' above sea level is the highest village on the Yorkshire Wolds. To put that into a southern perspective, that a gnats wang higher than 'Chicken Shit Gap' where the M40 descends onto the Oxfordshire plain in the opening credits of the Vicar of Dibley. Popular with bikers in this part of the world, I'm guessing it was named because on a clear day one can enjoy spectacular views over to the east coast. Of course this day wasn't and we couldn't!



Queuing up for our brews someone said that they thought it was like the rush hour to which Dan replied "We are the rush hour". Now as an aside, Dan and your scribe are YouTube sensations (!) on The Missenden Flyer channel in a mini-series called 'Biker Scran with Geoff and Dan'. For some reason which is completely unfathomable, these videos can attract over 40,000 global views to watch 3 blokes eat chips and talk bollocks, as a result, Dan and I occasionally get recognised in biker caffs: disappointingly this time we weren't! Ah well...



After a pleasant pit stop and with the sky looking quite leaden we prepared to head off. It was at this point Callahan decides he needs to don his over-strides. This should be fun thinks I, grabbing the Kodie Brownak and sure enough, Steve didn't disappoint with a fine show of hopping and staggering about. I have called the resulting collage 'The Three Ages of Man's Struggle with Overtrousers'...

From Seaways it was back onto the B1248 heading for Malton. There's plenty of history hereabouts what with the Romans then the Jutes, Angles and Saxons and finally the Vikings marauding the area. We have already mentioned the fearsome Harald Hardrada but from the mid-9th Century, the Vikings had been running amok.

Just to the east of the road, before Wharram-le-Street (so called as it stood on a Roman road) are the ruins of the Medieval village of Wharram Percy and a little further north of W-I-S, St Nicolas Church in North Grimston has a font that dates back to Saxon times. I suspect that if you are a history buff you could spend a pleasant few days rootling around the area. That is, provided you don't stay topside of Malton and Norton!

It seems every run has its traffic bottleneck these days and on this one it was the junction by the level crossing in Norton-on-Derwent. Back in September 2016 the local paper, *The Press*, carried the headline 'Plan launched to tackle bad traffic in Malton and Norton' it particularly cited this junction and the lobbyists were proposing a change of priorities to ease congestion.

Clearly nobody in authority listened as it was gridlock on this particular Saturday: trucks, buses, cars, road works, and a Lidl on the junction didn't help; neither did 33 motorcyclists arriving together and 'filtering' indiscriminately. The image right (Aug '23), again courtesy of Mr Google, just doesn't do it justice!



Leaving the carnage behind it was onwards to Thornton-le-Dale, gateway to the North York Moors and now a tourist magnet thanks to that Bangers and Cash TV series which is centred on Mathewson's classic car auctions in the town. You could just about catch a fleeting glimpse of the showroom as we turned right off the Pickering Road to head up to the moors.

The weather really started to close in now, clogging visors with first mist then fog and drizzle thrown in for good measure. Visibility dropped to around 100 metres or so and the temperature dropped by 8° and hovered around the 14°C mark. It certainly took the shine off what would have been in good weather a very scenic route.

A section of the A169 led to a loop west to take in Goathland, or as it is better known to fans of the TV series *Heartbeat*; Aidensfield. I confess to being one of those, watching purely for the old cars and bikes you understand.



The show first aired on 10th April 1992 and ran for 18 series until the last show broadcast on 12th September 2010. In all, 372 episodes were made and yes, I have seen em all - 3 times; sad I know! The show was/still is so popular that it is on a constant series loop repeat on ITV3 on weekday lunchtimes.

Approaching the village, riding through it and leaving it behind, I was mentally ticking off the various locations of illicit trotting races, armed security van heists and of course the shops, pub and garage. There were even sheep grazing on the village green for authenticity.

The garage still maintains the frontage it had for the show but inside (I came here in 2014 en-route to the autumn run) it is just a tatty souvenir shop...

A little to the south of Whitby the northernmost point of the run was reached and leaving the well surfaced, flowing A169 trunk road, we turned back on ourselves to ride a minor road to Littlebeck. The unusual combination gradient sign by the roadside hinted at the fun to come!

It was a single track, gravelly, roller coaster of a road with a few hairpins thrown in for good measure, usually damp ones where the trees overhung them. The gradient was between 1:3 and 1:5 and it was a tad over 2½ miles, but seemed a lot longer, before we got back on to a decent surface again for the run down into Scarborough.



Coming into the environs of Scarborough, Nick led the peloton around a short back-double to avoid some of the busy streets and we joined the Oliver's Mount circuit at the Mere Hairpin. This being a public road circuit one has to keep a sharp eye to the potential of someone driving 'the wrong way' around it. I seem to remember there was at least one such vehicle doing that!



The plan was to do a lap and a half of the circuit before stopping at the café by the Monument for lunch. By virtue of missing out the kink before the start line, I came up to the Mere Hairpin again with Boz a little way ahead. Good-oh thinks I, I can see what lines a proper racer takes. Of course when I got to the bend he was long gone!

It's a proper scary place to be fair and hats off to anyone who races there, let alone wins as our own Neil Tuxworth did, more than once. I asked Neil over dinner on Saturday night how come Barry Sheene had raced there but always refused the TT saying it was too dangerous. It apparently came down to large brown paper bags stuffed with used notes...

After a period of uncertainty pre and post Covid the circuit is hosting six events in 2024 including a hill climb and a round of the GB SuperMoto series alongside the Spring Cup, Barry Sheene Festival, Cock o' The North and the Steve Henshaw Gold Cup.

Parking in our usual haphazard way and dodging the 3 youths lapping on their L plated 125s, we clumped through the café and down a floor to a reserved area and tucked into an excellent buffet of sandwiches, pork pie (or a close derivative) and a scone first spread with jam then piled high with squirty cream, topped off with a strawberry.

After washing all that lot down with a brew the pack was called to arms again by Neil, stickler for time that he is, who was ushering everyone back to the bikes to press on - with barely a chance to admire the view over Scarborough.

After another half lap of the track, we departed whence we came, via the Mere Hairpin and on to the next leg of the run.



Between Scarborough and the return crossing of the Humber Bridge, it was a mix of A and lovely B roads until we reached the point, just north of Bainton where we would retrace the morning's tyre tracks into Lincolnshire. There were a lot of high hedges meaning that we could concentrate on the tarmac without the distractions of good views, pretty villages and that sort of thing.

The only town of note before Bainton was Driffield. Now, if you remember, Norman had opined that the name of Driffield derives from 'dry field' but in the Domesday Book of 1086 it was referred to as 'dirty (manured) field'. Clearly Norman's version is preferred as it calls itself *'The Capital of the Wolds'* and in 2019 was in the Sunday Times *'Best Places to live in Northern England'* list.

The town dates back to Anglo Saxon times and in August 1940, RAF Driffield was raided by the Luftwaffe resulting in 14 deaths and many casualties, including the first WAAF death of the war.



One thing caught your scribe's eye; the annual New Year Scramble. It's nowt to do wi motorbikes though. The tradition dates back to the Eighteenth Century where children run through the streets chanting *"Here we are at oor toon end, a shoolder o' mutton and a croon ti spend. Are we downhearted? No! Will we win? Yes!"* The local shopkeepers throw sweets and coins at them as they go.

Picture of the 2023 event courtesy of the Driffield & Wolds weekly.

All this matters not one jot or even a remote tittle however as we by-passed the town to the west and didn't see any of it, I just thought you would like to know!

After re-crossing the bridge and admiring the expansive views both ways (not to be Spurned), it was a right turn at the first roundabout to head west a short way to South Ferriby; so called because it was the southern end of the ferry that crossed to North Ferriby on t'other side of the Humber. Here we turned south onto another great B-road heading towards Brigg. Dodging to the east of the market town of Brigg we left the B1206 behind and joined the B1434 in Wrawby.

This next bit is for Dan mainly. Just to the east of Wrawby is a major railway intersection, aptly called Wrawby Junction. It controls the routes from Lincoln, Scunthorpe and Retford as they head toward the docks in Grimsby and Immingham. It had a Grade 2 listed signal box which opened in 1916 and was operational until December 2015 when York Operating Centre took over control of the junction. With 137 levers it was the largest manual signal box in the world to be operated by a lone signaller: which may not have been such a good thing...



At Wrawby Junction on the 9th December 1983, a freight train collided at low speed with the side of a 2 car type 114 diesel multiple unit, the lead carriage of which derailed and turned on its side killing a passenger. The accident was deemed to have been caused by a signaller failing to secure a set of points that he had operated manually after an equipment failure.

The freight locomotive involved, a Class 47 diesel electric built by Brush in Loughborough, carried the number 47299 but had been re-numbered from 47216 two years before the crash on account of a Psychic's premonition that a loco numbered 47216 would be involved in a fatal accident: ooo-errr!



It really was a lovely ride with the sun shining again, a great biking road down through a handful of small villages until just north of Market Rasen where, after a short stretch of the A46 trunk road, we turned east into the Wolds proper and on to the tea stop in Tealby.

Left: the outline map of the Wolds zoom to 200% to see it better!

Since lunch, the route had covered just shy of 80 miles in a little under 2 hours and so tea and more buns were most welcome: the loo was too!

Our tea stop was the delightful Kings Head pub in Tealby. Now, that reminds me of sitting in the garden of the Kings Head in Little Marlow with a couple of chums after spending a day in Hinckley doing the Triumph Factory Experience. Tony's mobile trilled and it was 'The War Office' enquiring as to his whereabouts. "I'm at the Kings Head having a beer with Geoff and Joe" he said; to which his long suffering wife asked where that might be. "Three feet from his arse" was his [very brave] response...

Anyway, the Tealby Kings Head dates back to around 1367 and is said to be the oldest thatched pub in Lincolnshire. The village itself is notable for past residents Charles Tennyson, later Tennyson d'Eyncourt, the uncle of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Bernie Taupin, Sir Elton John's song writing partner, also lived here.

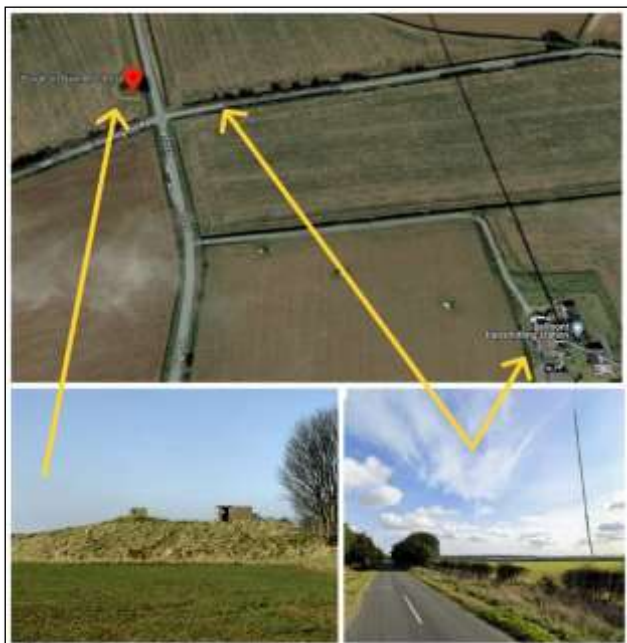
In 1807 a ploughman working for George Tennyson nearby, uncovered an earthenware pot containing some 6,000 silver coins. The find became known as The Tealby Hoard. 604 coins were retained for collectors and reference and 5,127 melted down at the Tower Mint. The Tealby pennies have been historically important in showing the development of Medieval coinage in England.

Whilst our merry hoard basked in the afternoon sunshine sipping tea and the like, your scribe was busy collecting the last details of who was riding what, oh and posing for the odd picture!



The last leg of the run, back to the hotel was the shortest at around 35 miles. I say around because when I checked Leader Nick's Calimoto route against that recorded by Alan Halford they disagreed on the direction we took after tea. I expect plan and actual differed slightly, much like sales targets, so let's take Alan's as definitive!

Heading off down a single track road to the western edge of the Wolds Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty, our route followed the AONB boundary all the way down to South Willingham where again we turned eastwards in to the heart of the Wolds. Shortly after making this turn we arrived at an innocuous looking junction where the B1225 crossed our track.



Glancing to the left you probably missed the low mound with a structure atop, I certainly did! In fact it is a Bronze Age Round Barrow and the structure is the entrance to a Royal Observer Corps observation post which was operational between 1959 and 1991.

Over 1,500 of these were built during the Cold War for the purposes of early warning of an attack and the monitoring of any subsequent nuclear fallout. Given it is 12 feet or so underground it must have been a bit spooky for the night duty officer in the middle of burial ground!

If you would like to get a feel for what it was like inside, click on this here [linky thing](#).

Diametrically across the junction stands the Belmont Transmitter which stands 351m high and is used for broadcast and telecoms. It came into service in December 1965.

Although it doesn't look it, the immediate surrounding land is still a potential battleground. Literally an aircraft recognition manual lob to the east is Biscathorpe, nerve centre of the S.O.S. (Save Our Streams) Biscathorpe campaign to stop oil drilling next to a local chalk stream. The application by US Company Heyco was initially rejected by Lincs County Council in late 2021, but this was overturned on appeal by a Government appointed Planning Inspector in November 2023 as being "in the public interest". And here's the rub, not only is it a 'small' resource at 3 million barrels but it could well be exported. You really couldn't make this shit up!

Leaving all this behind we carried on following a track that now I look at it on Alan's recorded route, looks like the outline of India. Somewhere around Mumbai comes Cadwell Park and in West Bengal we had our last excitement of the afternoon, splashing through the ford at Little Cawthorpe.

I confess I couldn't really remember where the ford was and had to double check with Run Leader Nick to pinpoint it...

The road leading to it, aptly called Watery Lane is another single track affair betwixt some very desirable properties and now I



think on, I do recall the pleasant duck pond as we turned into it.

The ford itself was thankfully a small one and no one came to grief, at least if they did, it didn't get reported to the Sergeant at Arms.

The ford looking back up Watery Lane – Image © J Hannan-Briggs Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 2.0 license

Just before you enter the water, there is a pub on the left, the Royal Oak

which is known locally as 'The Splash'. In the garden of the pub there is a carved, almost life-size sculpture dedicated to the Honda race team, presumably because of the proximity to Louth. According to *Grimsby Live*, Ryuichi Kiyonari was adopted by the Little Cawthorpe villagers – for reasons they don't explain, so please ask Neil!



Arriving back at the Brackenborough just about 5.15pm we could reflect on an excellent ride, a ride of two halves weather wise; brighter south of the Humber and grey and dour to the north. Far be it from me to suggest that this might match the demeanour of the locals! (It certainly does my cousin George who identifies as a Yorkshireman!)

Overall we had had a great mix of roads and, other than that junction in Norton, little in the way of traffic congestion: our organisers Neil and Nick had planned very well, it was smiles all around back in the parc fermé.



For those in the lodges I guess it was 'last in the hot tub is a cissy' unless that is, the call of the amber neck oil was more alluring. Your scribe, of course, eschewed the early call of the hop and went straight to the bed chamber to freshen up for the evening festivities – okay, okay, to report safe arrival back at HQ, as per standing orders...



Now, it's confession time, your scribe was lax in: a) not getting any pre-dining room images and b) not noting all the menu choices for Saturday dinner. What I can tell you though is that my choice of soufflé, beef and ice cream was excellent! There did however seem to be some confusion initially as to who had ordered what...

One image I was delighted to capture though was that of Hon Sec Graham, who joined us for Saturday dinner. As you will remember, 'Old Greyboots' got punted off his BMW earlier in the year and was proper knocked about so it was great to see him back smiling in his rightful place at the top table.

With the starters and main course despatched in timely manner, Acting Chairman Martin rose to deliver the notices...



After first thanking Neil and Nick for the most excellent run, he then formally welcomed Graham whom he likened to Barry Sheene after his 1975 Daytona get-off. This was met by a huge round of applause and rightly so. Graham in turn thanked everyone for the messages of goodwill he had received during his recovery.



Martin then went on to mention Tony Dawson, who as we know is not at all in the best of health. Reciting Tony's immense contribution to the British Motorcycle Industry over the years he distributed a message of goodwill for each table and asked that everyone, member or guest, signed the sheets which Nicks Hopkins and Jeffery would be delivering to Tony after the meeting in the morning.

Then Chairman, Tony Dawson inspects the cockpit of a Fairey Swordfish at RNAS Yeovilton, Spring Run 2012.

Moving on, he thanked Stephen Burgess for the very kind sourcing and sponsorship of the spanking new club lapel badge which Stephen had been discreetly distributing during the weekend.



Norman was then asked to propose the Loyal Toast to the King, to which Martin added a second toast to our Absent Friends, long and not so long departed, all of whom had contributed to make both The Club and the British Motorcycle Industry what it is today.

With the formalities complete, the desserts were served followed by the cheese and port so generously sponsored by Sir Norman Stilton-Hyde. Blessed are the Cheesemakers...



It is customary for members and guests to formally thank the staff who look after us on club runs and so our servers were duly wheeled out to take our most generous applause – in lieu of the (I imagine) more welcome purple drinking voucher in their back bins. I wonder if the hotels we stay at add an element of service charge to our account, hmmm.



The last huzzah of Saturday night's dinner is of course the Sergeant at Arms report and members and guests were given a five minute warning to gather their loose change or, in the case of Nigel Bosworth, to telephone his banker!

The Sergeant on this run was again Steve Callahan and he was ably assisted in collecting the forfeits by Nick Campolucci. Opening the proceedings with a welcome to Gentlemen and Lady for the second time this year, the Sergeant then asked all members to turn to the right to check that their fellow members were sporting appropriate neckwear with no counterfeit club ties on show...



With that exercise complete, he duly fined a protesting Andrew Smith for wearing the wrong club tie at the spring run. Luckily, your scribe had foreseen the protest and gathered suitable evidence at the time.

However, owing to now unrecalable circumstances, I left my camera inexplicably in the bag throughout this run's report and took no pictures at all! So for the Sergeant in Telford, put me at the top of the charge sheet, I promise to have a crisp Lady Godiva waiting for you...

In his role as Sergeant, Steve has always managed to find at least one 'Group Misdemeanour' and this time was no exception. Apparently Paul Haskins, whilst on point-duty had observed everyone, including ex-traffic Bobby Ian Kerr, go the wrong side of a mini roundabout.

With only two charges made, Andrew was again on a fizzer for the third. The Sergeant opined that the AS of his cherished number plate meant 'Arrogant Sod' as ignoring all the direction signs to the club parking area, he parked outside the hotel reception causing confusion. And in a double whammy, he copped for his mince trotter look on Friday too!

Unusually Alan Halford received a fine; he had overtaken the Run Leader! And to add to his woes, he along with Martin Lambert and Stephen Burgess were fined for parking on a caravan base. As the evidence right shows, Steve Lomas also parked his Guzzi there but got away with it!



David O'Neill had decided not to take his spectacles to breakfast as the Sergeant had his. Thus he was fined for asking Steve where the [non-existent] marmalade was.

Nick Hopkins had apparently panicked when there was no RAC cover on the run, not that he needed it. £1!

Dan Sager had announced, for no apparent reason, that "Some of us live on a higher plain" (*Ed: or was it hire plane?*)

Frank, Andrew and Martin were all spotted overtaking against a solid white line, more than once. Tut tut! Frank was also penalised in a 'pot and kettle' kind of way for suggesting that the Sergeant's barnet could do with a re-thatch.



Guest Roy Aaronson was caught on camera taking his panniers to his bike pre-departure, when asked by the Sergeant why, he replied "I've got my inflatable friends in them."

Nigel Bosworth had also apparently overtaken the Run Leader and was fined for it which led nicely to the man himself Nick, who had asked Steve at Friday dinner, "What do we do about a Sergeant at Arms, do we have to ask somebody?"

Norman, unusually, was chastised for his attire of a T-shirt at Friday dinner (*Ed: in fairness it did have a picture of himself on it!*) and for carrying a man bag. "A man bag?" asked Steve incredulously. "Of all the people!"

Stephen Burgess was described as 'The Enemy Within' for 'infiltrating' his people everywhere in the club. The Sergeant also opined that the lapel badges were in fact covert microphones saying "Only Martin had the good sense to leave his off." (*Scribe's note: Stephen, if they didn't pick up everything you needed, I can supply the complete recording, I'll put it in the usual dead letterbox...*)

Following a £1 slip of the tongue by Steve, Neil (not Nigel) Tuxworth was fined for selling the lodge accommodation as single rooms when they were caravans with a shared bathroom.

Now Matthew Stone is a gentleman who is known to favour avant-garde shirts, he paid for it this time, a pound.

Martyn Roberts apparently sells his old bikes on to his son when he's used and abused them, which was deemed a tad unfair and similarly cost him £1!

Rick had called Steve pre-run asking him to take a guest on his behalf as he had asked too many. Having agreed to this Steve then did his homework ready to introduce the guest only to find on arrival he wasn't coming! Rick duly paid the price but in fairness, that should have been doubled as my records show Rick didn't bring a guest at all!

Andy Mayo and guest Richard Sluggett were both fined for sartorial indiscretions having worn shorts on Friday night. Richard also paid for that breakdown en-route to Louth.

Rick's Triumph has come in for some stick on recent runs owing to the addition of the 'diving platform' to its rear end. This time however it was for the table and chairs supposedly secreted in its luggage and the umbrella that definitely was in evidence.



Lax corner marking caught out Alan Halford and guests Roy, Matthew and Chris Lee who were all accused of keeping their arms by their sides leaving the pack to guess which direction to go. Whilst Matthew kept grumbling, the Sergeant remembered that he forgot to fine Mark Fenwick earlier for also crossing a solid white line.

Michael Evans has driven his Tesla to recent runs and whilst Steve conceded that some of us may drive a hybrid car we are all petrol heads at heart. But the real reason for the electric car on this run, suggested the Sergeant, was that Mike could re-charge it for free at the hotel; well for £1 anyway!

On the subject of hybrid vehicles, it was pointed out to Lester Harris that hybrid didn't mean putting diesel into a petrol bike. Son Lucas was deemed equally culpable for letting him do it!

Nick Jeffery went straight past a waving Andrew on one corner to which Nick said "I did wave back!" I seem to remember I was behind Nick at that point.



Steve Lomas was another to fall foul of the 'loud shirt' rules, his too being thought a 'trifle sudden' by the Sergeant at Arms.

Begging Sarah's forgiveness for not knowing the correct personal pronoun to use, the Sergeant said his attendee list (hurriedly put together from the dinner list) said 'Max Barnes, now Sarah Clipstone'; so she was fined for confusing him. He then asked if she would like to confess to anything else, which she did, owning up to also crossing a white line – and thus copped for £2 more, a pound for the offence and the second one because "We don't like honesty here!" He also tried to fine her for not putting a food order in to which she replied "It wasn't my fault" and promptly dobbed in her boss Stephen!

The penultimate fine was levied on Neil for the who's who of Louth he had delivered afore his run briefing on Friday. Which just left a final call to confession and stepping up for absolution was Norman, who confessed to 'over-shooting'. However he didn't say what and thus left everyone's mind boggling!

With the Sergeant closing his book having raised a handsome £98, Acting Chair Martin announced the evening at an end - as chums, I must announce that my time as Club Scribe is also at an end.

I have thoroughly enjoyed writing the run reports since autumn 2010 but the increasing demands on my time together with, I must confess, some periods of 'writer's block' (hence the tardy arrival of this report) convince me that the time is right to let someone else put their stamp on the job.

Thank you all for the contributions you have made during my tenure and the kind words on the results. I look forward to Telford and, freed from the pressure to record everything, I'm just going to enjoy the 'craic'. This really is a very special club...



The Runners and Riders...

MEMBERS	BIKE		GUESTS	BIKE
Alan Halford	Triumph Tiger 900 GT		Bill Taylor - NC	Yamaha Super Tenere 1200
Andrew Smith	Yamaha Tracer 9 GT		Chris Lee - SB	BMW R1250GS Triple Black
Andy Mayo	Yamaha Tracer 9 GT		Gary Hartshorne - FF	BMW R1200GS Adventure
Arthur Macdonald	KTM 1290 Superduke		Lucas Harris - LH	Royal Enfield Interceptor 650
Daniel Sager	Royal Enfield Interceptor 650		Mark Fenwick - DON	BMW R1250GS Exclusive
David O'Neill	BMW R1250HP		Matthew Stone - NT	BMW R1250RT LE
Frank Finch	Yamaha Tracer 9 GT		Sarah Clipstone - NB	BMW R1250GS Exclusive
Geoff Selvidge	Triumph Tiger 900 GT Pro		Richard Sluggett - AM	Triumph Street Triple R
Ian Kerr	Yamaha Tracer 9 GT		Roy Aaronson - IK	BMW R1250 GS Trophy
Lester Harris	BMW F800		Steve Lomas - NT	Moto Guzzi V85TT
Martin Lambert	Kawasaki Versys 1000			
Martyn Roberts	Honda NC750X		CLUB OFFICIALS	
Michael Evans	Tesla Model 3 Motor Car		Martin Lambert	Vice (Acting) Chairman
Neil Tuxworth	Honda Forza 750		Rick Parish	Hon Treasurer
Nick Campolucci	Honda Africa Twin		Graham Goodman (Part)	Hon Secretary
Nick Hopkins	Norton Commando Fastback LR		Alan Halford	Webmaster & Chairman Elect
Nick Jeffery	BMW K750		Nick Jeffery	Committee
Nigel Bosworth	Ducati V4 Streetfighter		Martyn Roberts	Committee
Norman Hyde	Triumph Trident 660		Nick Hopkins	Committee
Paul Haskins	Ducati Multistrada 1250		Geoff Selvidge	Committee & Scribe
Rick Parish	Triumph Trophy 1200			
Stephen Burgess	BMW R1250 RS Sport		RUN ORGANISERS	
Steve Callahan	Honda CBR1000 Café Racer.		Neil Tuxworth	Nick Campolucci