

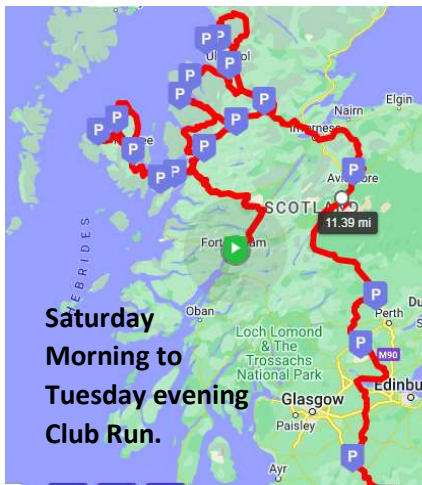


The Club

Saturday Run - 17th September 2022

Complete Run – 15th – 21st September

Organisers – Andrew Smith & Bob McMillan



**Saturday
Morning to
Tuesday evening
Club Run.**



Loch Bad a' Ghail



Glencoe on a sunny day!



**Andrew Smith
Principal Organiser**



Ben Nevis Hotel

We're at the Loch Fyne restaurant at Cairndow, on the Friday morning on the way to Fort William.

"Who's writing the report?", Dave Martin asks Andrew Smith

"I was hoping you were going to..."

Meaning, of course, "You are". Hook, line and sinker – Doh!

Our usual wordsmith, Geoff Selvidge, couldn't make the Scottish run due to family commitments and it must be said that Geoff does an excellent job. It's only when one is charged with writing such reports that you realise the time and effort that Geoff puts into his "compte rendu".

Thank you, Geoff – hurry back!

This club run, 2022, was first mooted by Andrew – assisted by Bob Mac – to coincide with the 20th anniversary of the first ever Scottish run in 2000. The 2000 Club Run was also first suggested by Andrew Smith. For those of you have never read the first report, written by Alan Baker (unfortunately no longer with us) then do. His power of observation and articulacy were phenomenal. Even if you have read it already, read it again – it will be referred to in this missive. Then Covid stepped in to scupper the initial plans for the 2022 run. An interim Scottish trip, again organised by Andrew, was attended by a dozen or so riders and it highlighted a few items of interest;

1; The Ben Nevis Hotel and Leisure Club had definitely gone "downhill" in the past 20 years. It was OK but had lost a lot of its former glory, it was now "tired". Run organisers take great pains to find a balance between an acceptable quality of hostelry and a sensible price & the Ben Nevis does do that, just not quite as well as it did 22 years ago.

2; Brexit had definitely caused staffing problems with everywhere we went,

and

3: It became obvious the staff of hotels, café's, restaurants etc didn't know their own Government's rules on Covid re social distancing etc.

But the interim run was a great "long weekend" enhanced by Andrew's ability to find the worst road to take the group to a dead end. 😊 In fairness to Andrew, when we got to the end of this particular dead end road, there was so much traffic there, also all lost, that it was virtually impossible to turn a bike around, never mind a car. I suspect some people are still there, now mummified.

Enough of history – onto the 2022 run.

The Thursday night stop – historically at Kirkby Lonsdale – was at The Inn at Brough this time. 20 of the group met there. With a 5 star review on booking.com and being "biker friendly" it was a very good stop-over. Excellent accommodation, good menu and well stocked bar it was a great place to meet up for the start of the trip. (<http://www.theinnatbrough.co.uk/>)

Someone has spent a lot of time researching the history of Brough, on the hotel web site, & it is worth reading – it is really quite interesting. Too much to just copy and paste here – so read it here <http://theinnatbrough.co.uk/8-news-blog/30-a-brief-history-of-brough>



Biker friendly? Why did the hotel let these reprobates in?

Rick with his new best friend – a selfie stick.

Frank hogs the photo – again!

Steve Callahan overdoes his “trying to be one of the boys act” by being flamboyant which means “tending to attract attention because of their exuberance, confidence, and stylishness”, though the use of the word “stylishness” is questionable when used in conjunction with Steve Callahan. Tim Albone, as always, smiling. Guest Darren Weston looks at guest Andrew Pirt while Rick Parrish politely listens.



Friday, 16th September 2022

Friday morning and we're led away by Adam Kelley, with Jonathan Martin as TEC, with the slog North that is the M6. Once past the Erskine Bridge, just north of Glasgow, "Scotland motorcycling proper" begins. We're on our way to one of our favourite dining options – the Loch Fyne Oyster Bar at Cairndow in Argyll. Andrew was waiting, and a private dining room had been arranged.

The route from Brough to Fort William, 272 miles in 5 hours 32 minutes of riding.

Times change – 30 years ago everyone would have had a pint of some kind of alcoholic beverage for the lunch stop – the nearest thing to alcohol at lunch now is Ginger Beer.





Adams birthday!

Adam celebrating his birthday – 55 years young.

Of course, seafood was on the menu, with fish and chips being favourite – Martin Lambert enjoyed a Tarbet Lobster which he said was the best he'd ever had. Dave Martin chose the crab – you need tools, you understand, to eat a crab.

(Andrew ate most of the chips!)



Dave reckoned the thickness of the shell for the crab claw was more robust than most helmets on the market today!

A stop-over at Glencoe to admire the views.

Andy Mayo poses by one of the U-shaped valleys prevalent in this part of the country. The significance of the valley being U-shaped is high – it was formed by a glacier but there haven't been any glaciers there for 20,000 years. Glaciers have been melting for a very long time – way before humans were on this planet. Glaciers worked their way south as far as the Massif Central. So, while humans are speeding up global warming, it can't be stopped – it's happening. There's been at least 14 ice-ages in the earth's history, so at least 14 global warmings. It isn't new. There have been times in the planet's history when it was just one block of ice, and times when there hasn't been any permanent ice at all. James Lovelock, who first postulated the Gaia theory (that the world is a living organism) and made "Global warming" in the news, is on record as saying, *'Enjoy life while you can: in 20 years global warming will hit the fan'*. We might as well all drive Ferrari's, Porsche's and Lamborghini's. Keep on motorcycling while you can, burn the petrol, before the greenies think electric vehicles will save the planet. They won't, they're not green in the slightest.



But the sky was blue, the roads dry so all was well.



As we have space here, and for no other reason, here's a tribute to Prince Harry, a sticker seen at Glencoe, because Harry is having a fairly tough time at the moment!



No wonder he looks grumpy. His 41 year old Black Princess – is nothing but bloody trouble!



We all know what the roads are like in Scotland. Words are superfluous. Twisty & good surfaces. To say more would be repetitive. Here's a section from the Spring 2000 report, which says it all;

After a few miles, the local traffic just died away and here we all were on superb roads. It will be unfair to keep on remarking on the roads on this run as they were so completely different from anything down south, just take it as read. Suffice to say they were in beautiful condition, open round most of the bends and stonkingly enjoyable. ... A new entertainment came upon us. Whilst we had been generally bend swinging, we now encountered "Z" bend signs of incredibly precise definitions e.g., Z bends for 310 yards, Z bends for 420 yards etc. They must have a surveyor who determines which bend is worthy of a sign and how far in advance the warning must be placed. ... Instead of shutting off, the reaction should have been "you'll enjoy this bit".

Arrival at the Ben Nevis Hotel and Leisure Club in later afternoon. Allocated parking at the front of the hotel and we all trooped off to our respective rooms. After the three S's, off to the bar to talk about the days riding, weather, jokes, mistakes, bikes. Then to the Friday night meal in a private room. The heating here was somewhat questionable – 3 x 2 Kw fan heaters do not heat an area that would seat at least 150 people. But the beer and wine flowed & everyone was cheery.



The menu was very good and included items such as Mushroom and Tarragon soup, Prawn and Melon salad, Roast Gammon, Chicken Supreme and Salmon Fillet. It all went down well.

The "Piping in of the Haggis" is usually part of the Club's tradition on Scottish runs. This run was no exception. The *Address to a Haggis* is the most important part of the official proceedings relative to Burns Night, which is held on 25th January. Apparently there's so few bag pipe players now that they can't all perform at the Burns Nights parties, so these evenings are now still held into March. Robert Burns is believed to have composed his verse, *To a Haggis*, spontaneously when asked to say grace at a dinner in Edinburgh. It became tradition to recite this in front of a haggis when Burns Suppers in the bard's honour began to be held in the early 19th century. However, The poem itself is so long no-one could imagine it was a spontaneous work of art. The original poem is indecipherable to an English speaker and a translation of the poem is shown below. (*It still doesn't make any sense - Ed*). The chef of the hotel, the only Scotsman who worked there (!) recited the full Scottish version and in his broad accent, some members thought he was speaking in Welsh. The piper who accompanied the speaker was a stand-in – the originally-booked piper had cancelled, and the hotel arranged for a replacement; a fifteen-year-old from the local school and what a grand job he did.

The haggis, as a species, survived the natural disasters which wiped out the dinosaurs, and the risks taken by today's Haggis Hunters to catch the Haggis are incredible.

Address to the Haggis (English version) - 1786

Good luck to you and your honest, plump face,
Great chieftain of the sausage race!
Above them all you take your place,
Stomach, tripe, or intestines:
Well are you worthy of a grace
As long as my arm.

The groaning trencher there you fill,
Your buttocks like a distant hill,
Your pin would help to mend a mill
In time of need,
While through your pores the dews distill
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour wipe,
And cut you up with ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like any ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm steaming, rich!

Then spoon for spoon, the stretch and strive:
Devil take the hindmost, on they drive,
Till all their well swollen bellies by-and-by
Are bent like drums;
Then old head of the table, most like to burst,
'The grace!' hums.

Is there that over his French ragout,
Or olio that would sicken a sow,
Or fricassee would make her vomit
With perfect disgust,
Looks down with sneering, scornful view
On such a dinner?

Poor devil! see him over his trash,
As feeble as a withered rush,
His thin legs a good whip-lash,
His fist a nut;
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit.

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his ample fist a blade,
He'll make it whistle;
And legs, and arms, and heads will cut off
Like the heads of thistles.

You powers, who make mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill of fare,
Old Scotland wants no watery stuff,
That splashes in small wooden dishes;
But if you wish her grateful prayer,
Give her [Scotland] a Haggis!



Then onto the re-introduced raffle. (re-introduced by the new Chairman, Ben Matthews) With Adam Kelley and Jonathan Martin acting as compères it was a great success. All sorts of prizes – waterproof roll bag, Carb cleaner, chain spray. The list goes on and on. On the whole, the raffle was fairly honestly awarded, but the usual swaps were made afterwards.



Dave Martin was emptying out his house, ready for a move, and brought some old “Motorcycle Mechanics” magazines, worth quite a bit today, and a group of members rapidly assembled to spend a happy hour reminiscing about the “good old days” when everyone had to be their own mechanic, when tyres were made of Teflon and brakes made of wood and when engine oil was an “elixir” for the garage floor (even when the engine didn’t have any oil in it).

Dennis Bates used to comment about how the BSA Gold Star was such a good-handling motorcycle, but any motorcycle with only 34 BHP on tap handles well. Harley does rose-tinted spectacles I hear.



Smiling faces – and this prize wasn’t up for a swap!

Guests were introduced.

Stephen Burgess introduced his guest Chris Lee, who works as General Manager at Stephen’s operation in Northampton. Chris has been into motorcycling for 22 years with no deviation into any other industries.

Nigel Bosworth brought Max Barnes (listed as Matt Barnes on the listing from Andrew) and is described, by Nigel, “as a very good MX rider in his younger years” (*which would imply Max isn’t any good now!* – Ed). Max now runs his own Riding School.

Rick Parrish’s guest was Andrew Pirt, a garage owner from Dorking, a keen motorcyclist and 2CV racer!

Martin Lambert presented Joan Marti Utset, who owns a company called CROM and works for Kawasaki arranging Press Introductions across Europe, as well as events in Asia and USA. For those of you thought Joan is Spanish – NO! He’s from Catalonia. He’s Catalan. Independence rocks....

Andy Mayo gave introduction to Richard Sluggett, who owns an automotive business in Devon and owns several Kawasaki Z1000's.

Lester Harris had brought along his son Lucas. Lucas used to work for KTM but he has left the motorcycle industry to do other things. He is a keen motorcyclist though, 16 years racing Motocross and he also enjoys long trips – latterly Spain, Peru and Colombia.

Steve Callahan's guest was Darren Weston. Darren is a blacksmith by trade and is now MD of Burvills Ltd, specialising in the manufacture of balustrades, balcony railings, metal staircases, steel gates etc.

David Luscombe, guest of Kevin Howells, earns his living at Datatag in business development and the training academy.

Neil Tuxedo (aka Tuxworth) brought Matthew Stone as his guest. We haven't seen Matthew for some years, so it was good to welcome him back again.

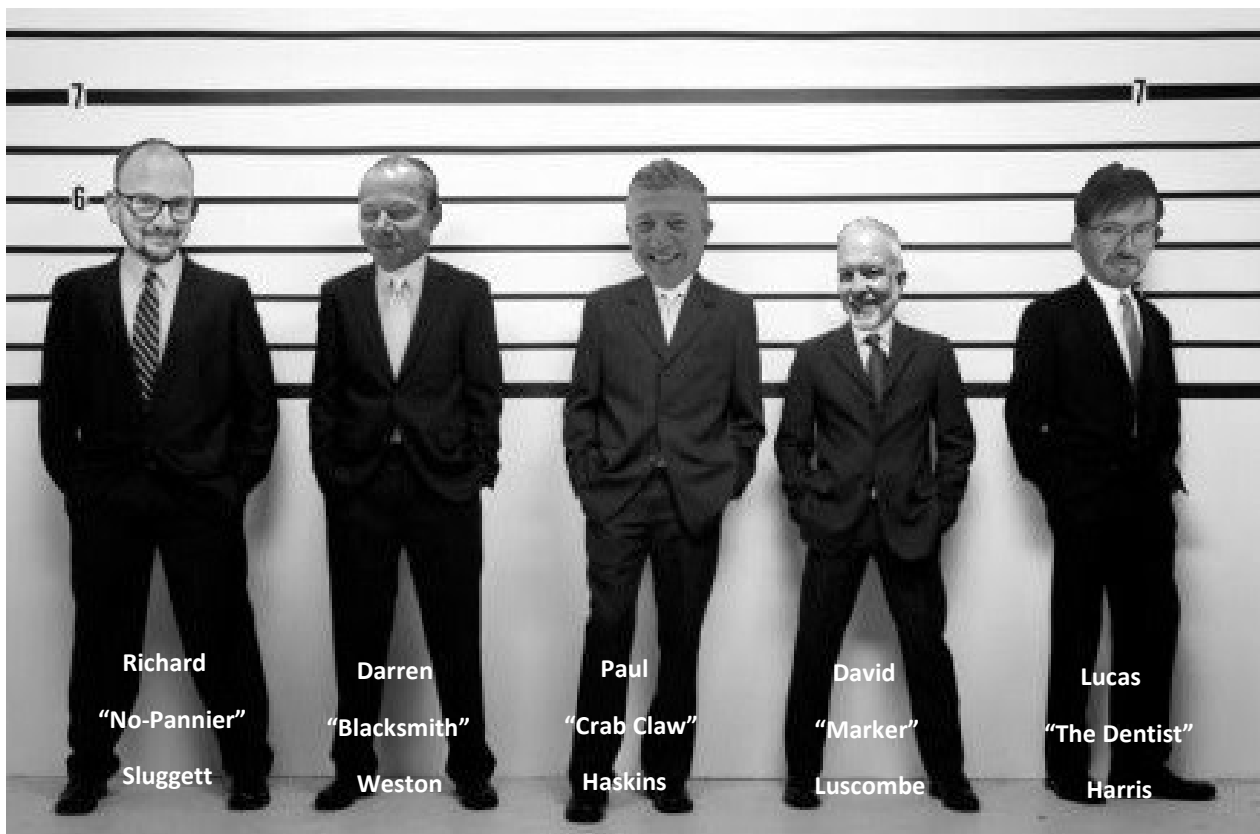
Dan Sager's guest was Paul Haskins, UK Sales Director of LS2 helmets on his third qualifying run.

Our two RAC helpers were Steven Graham and Jamie Hill

Andrew then told us where we would be riding on the Saturday. A first for the Club though – no map! Just a list of phone numbers and post codes etc ; "Follow the chap in front and if you get lost set your sat-Nav for the next stop". Actually, this makes sense – in direct contrast with the first Scotland run in 2000, where Alan Baker reports: "*Andrew and David had provided a twin-sided, full colour map of the run including enlarged sections where appropriate plus all telephone numbers. I assume that means we all ride with mobiles these days.*" Today, yes, everyone has mobiles and SatNavs – though that doesn't mean everyone knows how to use them!

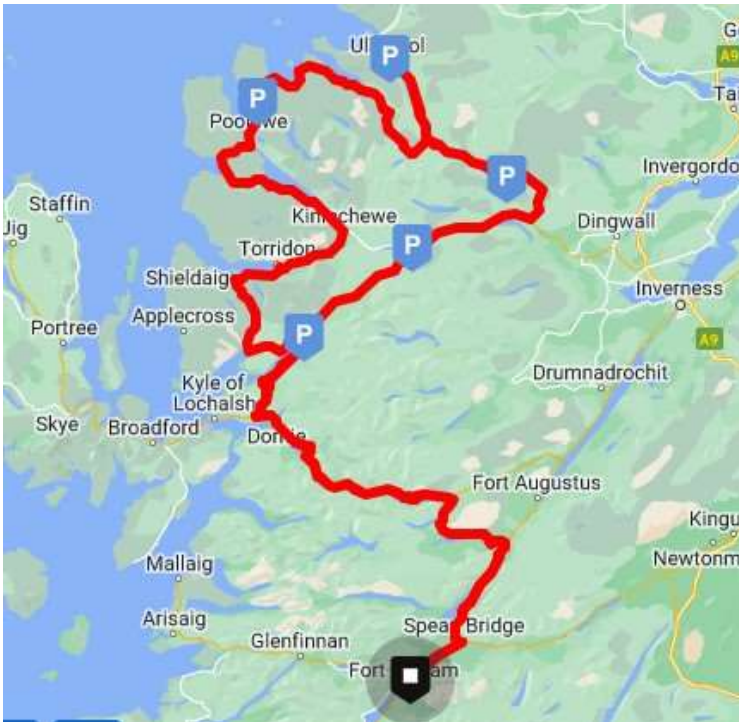
There was a short and long-distance option for the run on Saturday, the long option easily beating the previous Club run record, at Ballachulish, of 305 miles.

The Guest's Rogues Gallery - name the guilty person!



Saturday, 17th September 2022

In the absence of supplied and approved maps, here's a track of Saturday's lo-o-o-ng route



Out of interest, the track records the total distance as 336.8 miles with a riding time of 6 hours 58 minutes.

The route was anti-clockwise and the second P on the map was the morning coffee stop. (P means a stop of more than 5 minutes) suitably timed for when the cake-ometer started to get close to zero...

The morning coffee stop was at the Ledgowan Lodge Hotel – a place we have used several times on Scottish runs, though the first time it was used as part of a run (as opposed to being used by Andrew and David – and wives – on a reccie) was for the Nairn run in 2010.

The same owners of the Ledgowan are still there, and Craig continues to look after us. Craig said they had been there 19 years and overall, it was a solid commercial business, though of course Covid caused several problems. On being asked if he did many lunches (one would expect a coach load a day in the tourist season) he said no, he USED to, but since the roads in the area had been improved and coach tour timetables had altered, they had lost most of the lunch business. But – they now get more coaches for tea/coffee and cake than ever before, so they work less and earn more. You never know what's around the next corner, regardless of what industry you're in. Every "silver lining has a cloud around it", as they say – or is it the other way round? Zoom in on Boz in the photo below 😊

The complete Lodge is rentable during winter months - see www.ledgowanlodge.co.uk



From the Ledgowan we rode North, just past the Aultguish Inn (the lunch stop on the 2000 run) and we stopped just after the inn at the dam for a view point. From there to the lunch stop at the Royal Hotel, Ullapool for soup and sandwiches – double helpings all round! Prior to lunch, we all filled up at the petrol station just outside the hotel entrance. Fuel was included in the cost of the day's run but still Arthur MacDonald said "I'm not going to fill up, I don't need to" "It's included, it's 'free'".

Nick Hopkins was parked on the other side of the road, Loch side, when his bike went down, opposite from the side-stand. Nick says "it was the long prop stand that caught me out in Ullapool, pushing downhill at the petrol stop it touched the kerb and flipped the bike over and away from me. Luckily only very minor and easily straightened damage."

From Ullapool to the west and around Loch Ewe, where we stopped to view the Loch. The loch is famous for – more recently in history – being the assembly point for Arctic convoys during WW2. This library shot from t'web does more justice to the scenery than any photo received from the Club guests and members...



BUT! Stephen Burgess, Simon Hill and Andrew Smith decided to investigate further with the intense examination of a MAP! One of Simon's famous phrases is "A group of experts rapidly assembled". With that in mind, the conversation went something like this;

Stephen. "I don't know what I'm looking at. And I was in the Boy scouts".

Simon. "My father always said the only thing that worried him in WW2 was the sight of an officer with a map. It's not a spreadsheet, so I don't understand it"

Andrew. "Dunno" Captains of Industry, eh! 😊



And south, back toward Fort William with a tea stop at Strathcarron (for 32 minutes). Of course, cake was available as the cake-ometer had reached rock bottom again. Great fun to see the local Post Office sorting area in the tearoom. Just to reminisce, a photo of our dear departed friend and fellow club member, Lord "David" Strathcarron. David joined us for the 2000 run. The 2000 run was April and the weather was cold, snow and frost. David had summer gloves on and at a mid-am stop he was freezing. Dave Martin, ever the gentleman (*Ha-ha - Ed*) stepped in and gave David Strathcarron his electrically heated gloves. What DM didn't point out was that he'd kept the wires to the gloves on his bike! A nice touch though.

A picture of Lord Strathcarron in 2000 on the right.



Back to Fort William, arriving at around 6pm. Happy faces all round!



Arthur MacDonald with his normal ear-to-ear grin. Says it all doesn't it!



Chairman Ben with his new Moto Morini X-Cape. Now made in China so it should hold itself together, unlike Italian Morinis!

Of course, everyone ended up in the bar and then to the dining room. Ham Hock and Pea Terrine, Salmon and Prawn salad (both marked GF – what a modern world) and onto Roast Beef or Roasted Cod among other choices. Chairman Ben made a speech thanking those involved and Andrew in particular – and wishing Bob Mac a speedy recovery.

One of the highlights of these runs is the Sergeant at Arms. The S@A was initially trialled by Norman Hyde (unfortunately not attending this run due to a health problem) at the Pembroke run in Spring 1987. The Run included a trip around Skomer Island, and Bob Trigg was fined for not knowing the difference between a Cormorant and a Shag.

Some will remember Martin Lambert's role as the S@A at the Ballachulish hotel when he donned a policeman's helmet for visual effect. However, some people commented that Martin hadn't take the role seriously (it isn't meant to be serious chaps!) so this time, with Martin again as S@A, Martin had promoted himself to Judge! Which, of course, meant he was also jury. There would be no appeals in this court room. Martin must have had a serious vendetta against some members and guests. The list of misdemeanours was long, so long they are not all repeated here, below, but you get the gist!



Straight for the throat – his own guest. Martin had arranged help for Joan – such as a taxi from the airport, a meeting place, a loan bike – but then Joan didn't tell Martin his ETA.

Max Barnes who changed his name from Matt but didn't tell anyone and then turned up somewhat overdressed in a Bike Shed t shirt – and then a Langan t-shirt on the Saturday.

Andrew for asking Martin to be S@A then spending ages persuading Martin not to do the role.

Boz for turning up on a bike with a 90-mile fuel range when the fuel stop was at 107 miles

Jonathan Martin – for calling Joan “Joanne” and then finally giving up and saying “let’s call you John”. *Obviously short for “Johnny Foreigner” – Ed*

Boz wearing ripped jeans, like a teenager

Boz (again) for turning up in a van.

Rick Parrish. Some people, when they stay in hotels, “inadvertently” take towels and dressing gowns away in their luggage as souvenirs. Rick had stolen an entire heated towel rail and mounted it on his Triumph as a rear rack.

Joan asking if Tim Albone was David Martin’s son...

Andy Mayo – wearing flip flops on the Thursday evening.

Frank Finch was offered a nightcap on the Friday night, but ever the blagger, said “no thanks, but I’ll have it tomorrow!”.

Darren and Steven for chamoising their bikes at 7 in the morning.

Stephen Burgess for sitting in the same seat on the Saturday as he did on Friday. “It’s not a coach trip”

Nick Jeffery. At the services, on the Friday AM, didn’t use the toilets but used a tree.

David Martin – “I slowed as much as I could, but no fucker overtook me and I thought I’ll have stay at that bloody junction”.

Stephen Burgess checking his oil at the first fuel stop – well Stephen’s “batman” did anyway.

Andy Mayo for an illegal number plate

Alan Halford, Andrew Smith and Graham all had hairnets instead of seats.

Graham Goodman and Lester Harris both overshot Loch Fyne. (*Loch Fine... Geddit?*)

Adam Kelley told Andrew he would organise the RAC, but then went on holiday instead.

David Martin had cleaned his bike and changed the status from the normally utterly filthy to merely grotty

Rick Parrish – THAT selfie stick!

Loch Fyne – and Joan was going to order a burger.

Lucas Harris – For having mirrors on his bike that must have been stolen from a dentist

Boz (*again – by now he's on the phone to his banker in the City*) for saying to Andrew “Are you leading the way tomorrow?”

Dan Sager rode his RE Continental for a whole hour to Ben Matthews', then put his bike in the back of Ben's van.

Mr “Meerkat” Andy Mayo for spending 90% of his riding time looking left or right and only occasionally looking ahead.

George Michael turned up at breakfast in a Club Tropicana T shirt that must have been 40 years old – no, wait, it was Matthew Stone!

Ben Matthews- sitting in the Ben Nevis hotel, in the shadow of Scotland's most famous mountain, asks “Is Ben Nevis close to here?”

Neil Tuxworth – couldn't get a bag of crisps at 11pm as the bar was closed, so went to his room and couldn't get the WiFi to work and ended up calling the receptionist a !&%\$ (*A word similar to King Cnut* *) Also, see ** below

Frank Finch getting the RAC to check his tyre pressures. (*That's another annual service done FOC!*)

Graham Goodman – “How is your on-bike camera?” “Very good, I have a 128 gig memory card at home but I can't remember where it is!”

Nick Jeffery. An immense slice of cake, the size of a brick, at the Ledgowan Hotel and then he delicately balances a biscuit on it.

Graham Goodman nearly joined Dignitas at the dam by pulling out in front of a van

Stephen Callahan “attempted” one of his not-unusual outrageous overtaking maneuvers but had to cut right across Simon Hill to ward off death. Simon called him several “choice” words, similar to our friend Cnut*.

Nick Hopkins bike fell over – general feeling was he'd had too much of it and just threw it away!

Joan missing a couple of “dates with death” by looking the wrong way

Darren Weston for wearing a corset. As Sgt Wilson said in Dad's Army – “It's a gentleman's abdominal support”

Rick Parrish asked Martin if he was S@A and believed him when he said No.

Matt Stone. “Sartorial elegance” or the lack of it anyway. Wearing his jacket on Saturday night made him look like a magician from a rusting booze cruise ferry.

Andrew Pirt – squeaky clean all weekend then came to the Saturday dinner with a dishcloth for a tie.

Apparently, a new club record for fines – 120 Guineas!!!

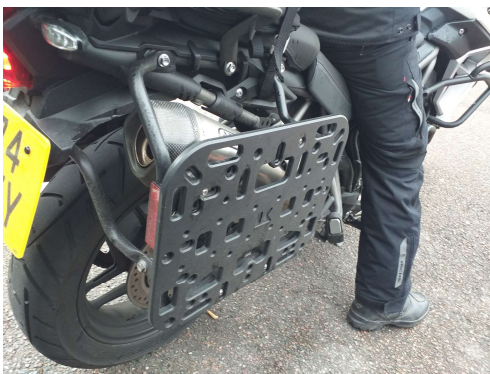
For those of you not too sure, or can't remember, what Matthew Stone was wearing on the Saturday night, here is a picture of said "booze cruise", Matthew - "Liberace" - Stone.

Matt muttered something about some legal bollocks about using his photo. "Sue me" – well, sue the committee anyway.

(With thanks to Andy Mayo for providing the piano)



Andy Mayo had "loaned" his guest, Richard, a pannier and said, "but I did charge him handsomely for the use of my left-hand pannier!" How do two chaps get a long weekend's worth of clothing etc in just one bike worth's of panniers. 'Specially the Yamaha – tiny panniers... But it makes you think about luggage on a motorcycle – the variation of types/styles and fittings.





Rick's "Heated Towel Rail",
"Frame strengthening" rear rack.



It's more than just luggage though they are very different. Look at the two bikes above – The Royal Enfield (with the mirrors stolen from a dentist) and the Norton. 50 years apart but basically the same. Have motorcycles progressed really? Both air cooled twins and Nick Hopkins rides the Norton as quick as anybody on these runs, even with tyres that have a knife edge contact patch because they are so skinny. If Norton (and the others) had bolted their bikes together with as much care as Nick took when he rebuilt his, the "British" motorcycle industry, in its original form, might still be around. Strange how Bert Hopwood, in his book "What ever happened to the British motorcycle Industry" didn't mention, not once, about the quality of British motorcycles in the 60's and 70's.

Instead the industry died, with good reason and now most British names are not British any more. BSA, Norton, Royal Enfield, Brough Superior to name a few - all owned by overseas companies.

Another rpoint about "have bikes improved"; Dave Martin said that his Guzzi normally gets 250 miles to the tank before he starts looking for fuel but, on these roads, at the speeds being ridden, resulted in the throttle being wide open most of the time & his Guzzi was so inefficient at high speeds he was only getting 150 miles to the tank. On the "Instant Fuel Consumption" display on his dash he saw 11 mpg more than once. So, in an effort to meet emission regulations, the Guzzi drinks 5 times the fuel an old bike would. How is that "green". It isn't, is the answer. It's all bollocks.

Run Wot you Brung; A list of who rode what – with comments from riders

Andrew Smith – Run Organiser - Yamaha Tracer GT 900

Martin Lambert – Judge at Arms - Kawasaki Versys 1000SE

Guest - Joan Marti Utset - Kawasaki Versys 1000S

Ben Matthews – Club Owner (aka Chairman) - great value for money, Moto Morini X-Cape, we have 3 colour options in stock, with finance available if required

Rick Parrish – Club Treasurer - Triumph Trophy with adapted frame stiffening technology

Guest - Andrew Pirt – Triumph Tiger 800

Graham Goodman – Club secretary - BMW1200GS

Adam Kelley – leader on Friday - The best bike on the UK market now, Tracer 9 GT

Jonathan Martin – TEC on Friday - The best bike on the UK market now, Suzuki VStrom 1050XT

Tim Albone. Yamaha FJR 1300

Stephen Burgess R1250RT LE

Guest – Chris Lee – BMW 1250GS Exclusive

Dan Sager – Royal Oilfield Interceptor 650

Guest - Paul Haskins Ducati Multistrada 1200.

Simon Hill - BMW R1250GS, along with almost every other old git!

Arthur MacDonald - KTM 1290 Superduke GT. It has orange wheels, you can't miss the fucking thing

Kevin Howells - Yamaha MT 10 SP

Guest - David Luscombe, BMW GS 1250.

Steve Callahan; BMW S1000XR

Guest - Darren Weston - Ducati 950S Multistrada

Nick Jeffery; - TEC for most of the total run - BMW K75S (non-smoking version)

Nick Hopkins - 1971 Norton Commando 750 Fastback LR (Long Range)

Lester Harris - BMW F800R

Guest - son Lucas Harris - Royal Enfield 650 Interceptor.

Andy Mayo - 2022 Yamaha Tracer 9GT

Guest - Richard Sluggett - Kawasaki Z1000

Alan Halford - Triumph Tiger 900

Nigel Bosworth - Ducati Streetfighter V4S

Guest - Max Barnes –BMW GS1250

David Martin – Scribe - Moto Guzzi V85TT

Frank Finch – Yamaha Tracer 9 GT

Neil Tuxworth – Honda NC750X

Guest – Matthew Stone – Behemoth CHIPS-style BMW

* Speaking of King Cnut, he really was a busy chap. King of England from 1016, King of Denmark from 1018, and King of Norway from 1028 until his death in 1035. He died in Shaftesbury and was buried in the original Winchester Cathedral known as “Old Minster” which was demolished & Winchester Cathedral was built on the original site. The previous occupants, including Cnut, were set in mortuary chests there. During the English Civil War in the 17th century, plundering Roundhead soldiers scattered the bones of Cnut on the floor and they were spread amongst the contents of the other chests. After the restoration of the monarchy, the bones were collected and again replaced into chests, although somewhat mixed up. King Cnut was succeeded by Harthacnut – “Arthurcnut” or if you prefer; “Half-a cnut” – and as he was King Cnut’s half brother, appropriate! Think of it, Half-a-cnut 😊 The story of Cnut and holding the waves back is allegedly first reported in the 12th century but as the process was a failure, Cnut was supposed to have said “Let all the world know that the power of kings is empty and worthless”.

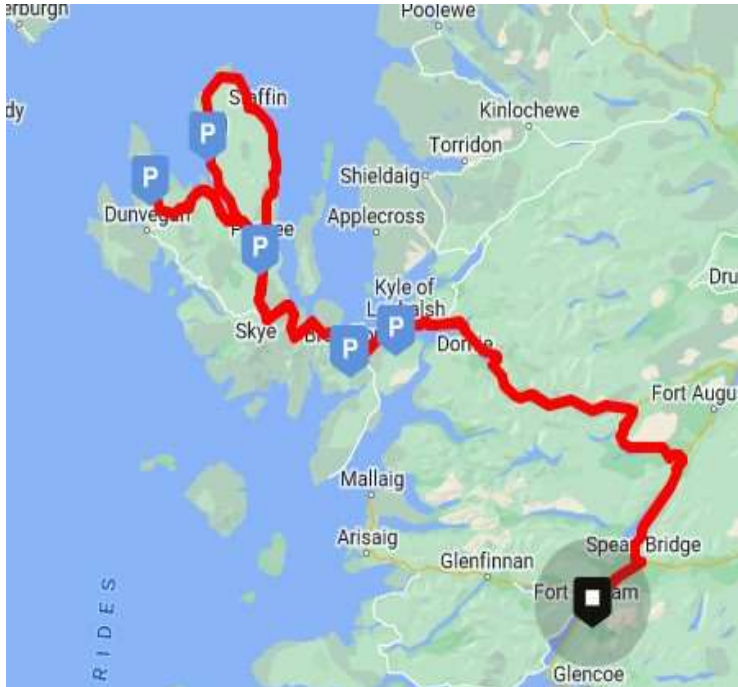
Now you know. Allegedly.

** Neil Tuxworth’s side of the fine is even funnier. Here’s his story, verbatim.

“Well what happened was I called down from my room and said I was with the motorcycle touring group but could not get on to my computer. He said “you need to go on safari” and I thought he was being sarcastic and not answering my question (please remember at this stage that the only safari I knew anything about was looking at wild animals in Africa!) I then again said all I want to do right now is get my computer working to which he replied “go on safari” he did not explain to me that this was some kind of computer system to be able to log on to your computer! When he simply repeated the same answer again, I thought he was just being sarcastic and told him he was a pillock and I put the phone down. The Manager then complained to Andy that I had been rude to him and Andy spoke to me and explained what “safari” on a computer actually is! I did feel pretty stupid but please understand I do not use a computer much and had never heard of this “safari!” Anyway I am now a bit more up to date with computer lingo but still have no idea why a computer item is actually called “safari!””

Sunday, 18th September 2022

Roughly half of the members/guests of the Saturday main run were now heading home. The rest – mainly retired – stayed for the full Monty. Today's run would be to the Isle of Skye. Once again, we had to ENDURE that terrible road which is the A87. The route today took us 299.9 miles and 6 hours 10 minutes in the saddle. (Why not add a "dead end" Andrew and make it 300 miles plus?)



The first stop was at the Deli Gasta, on Skye. The cakeometer was getting low again. Andrew had forewarned the café to make sure the cake-tanks were full.



Outside however, was a truly horrible sight.

A sight worse than a wild Haggis!

Frank Finch decided to have a change of clothing in the street. What do the locals now think of motorcyclists? Some excuse about a wet shirt...Frank in a wet t-shirt contest? Urrggghhh What Frank will do to get in the pictures.

Alan Halford commented that the speedo on his SatNav showed a different speed to his bike's speedo and he wasn't too sure which one was the more accurate.

Here's the tech side; In general, GPS speed display is accurate to within 0.013 mph in any 3 second period so if you want accuracy, use the GPS display. The speedo on your bike (or car), to be legal, should be accurate to -0%/+10% by law. So, for example, at a genuine 30mph the speedo should read between 30 and 33 mph. Look at it another way – at an indicated 30 mph, your true speed will be (in round figures) 27 – 30 mph. Plus the speedo has to allow for tyre wear and subsequent altering circumference. Now you know. Believe the GPS. There is never an excuse for speeding – you shouldn't be riding in a 30mph limit at an indicated 33 mph.



From the cake stop, we're on our way to the Stein Inn – the oldest Inn on Skye. The sun came out – along with the fish and chips and the moules frites! The inn was definitely Olde-Worlde and the view from the Inn to the Loch was stunning as well, as shown by a (as usual) smiling new-member Tim Albone, showing off his brand-new motorcycle wet weather gear.



Back to base. What a day – as a mention, everyone had done 3 times the **total** mileage of the runs from early in the Club's history. Try to imagine doing this riding, these mileages at these speeds in all weathers on a 1965 Triumph Twin (Though Nick Hopkins manages on his 1971 Norton – though he did build it properly. Nick didn't break down this run which is a first). The Club run report for Ferndown, Autumn 1977 (the first run reported in its own right), says *"The day's total mileage came to almost 100 – one of the longest Club runs yet"*. Now we do 100 miles between cake stops.

Sunday evening and off to the Spice Tandoori in Fort William. The menu listed a dish, unknown to curry regulars - the Aam Achari – a curry neither Martin Lambert nor David Martin had heard of & was tried by them. It tasted of chillies, chillies and a few more for extra bite & flavour. It beat David Martin, but Martin "Iron-Mouth" Lambert didn't rate it as being too hot. What a man.



Matthew Stone's body language says ;

"I'm bored with this".

Nick Jeffery looks stern while Nick Hopkins has an empty plate despite complaining about his meal all night

Monday, 19th September 2022



Some more members and guests left early for their long slog “darn sarf” and the rest carried on for another day of riding – and eating.

The route was 265 miles and 5 hrs 42 minutes riding time

Along the A87 (again – one can never get enough of that road) for another stop at the Ledgowan Lodge hotel in Achnasheen for yet more (you guessed it) coffee and cake.



At the thought of more cakes, Martin Lambert's grin shows his excitement

Monday 19th was a day to remember. A sad day for the country as a whole because it was the funeral of Queen Elizabeth 2nd. This meant it was also a bank holiday which brought it's own problems. More later... Kevin Howells used his phone to connect to live coverage of the Queen's funeral, which played while we had coffee and cake in the Ledgowan.

After the Ledgowan, we headed west then north to a petrol stop at Gairloch Garage. We stayed there for 1 hour. Why – just for petrol? - you ask. You asked for it...

Problem number 1. Matthew Stone slipped on some diesel while manoeuvring the behemoth of his white, CHiPS style BMW. The bike went down – away from the side stand onto its right-hand side with Matt underneath it. After the crane had arrived and the bike was upright again, it was discovered the RH rider's footrest was broken. Snapped off at the pivot. A group of experts rapidly assembled and a fix was thought of – fit the RH pillion footrest in its place. Dave Martin appeared with a multi tool and effected the repair and here is a picture of the said tool. The hammer part was used to assemble the replacement footrest in place.



Problem number 2; Two Dutchmen were at the station with a very large hole in the rear tyre of the Ducati one of them was riding. Martin Lambert “leapt” to their assistance by bringing his Snap-on tool kit out of the Tardis of his Kawasaki. The cheese-heads had already tried to fix it but didn’t have a big enough plug. Again, a group of experts rapidly assembled but Martin persevered and saved the day.



One must wonder if Mike Jackson’s idea of using concrete tyres and the council lays a rubber road has merit. But as Rick Parrish points out, what do you do when the road gets a puncture?

Problem number 3; Because it was a holiday, everywhere was closed so refuelling had to be done using an automated, credit card only, payment-at-pump system. Neil Tuxworth was quite concerned about such technology... “I have a credit card” he says “but I’ve never used one of these pumps before”. First time for everything... The rest of the conversation went something like this;

“Does it take AMEX?”

“No-one uses Americans-in-Distress today”

“I do, I get cash back”

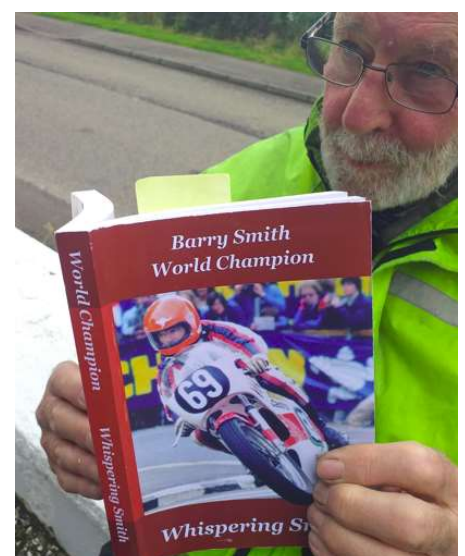
“Dunno – try it”

“Does it give receipts”

“Dunno – try it” (Actually the option was fill up or start walking in a few miles, so the asking of these questions was somewhat superfluous anyway.)

One of the group, an unknown saint, helped Neil.

Not-a-problem number 4; Nick Jeffery couldn’t cope with all the stress, and wandered off, sat on a wall and read a book.



Lunch was taken at the adventurously named “The Chippy” in Ullapool. One of the few places open. And then a loop back to the hotel in Ullapool – the Royal Hotel. The hotel menu, while fine, was uninspiring so a wander into town and try and get fed at the “Ferry Boat Inn” but after a long wait, back to the Royal Hotel and eat there (Just in time before it closed) – & actually it was very good.

Tuesday, 20th September 2022

Neil Tuxworth’s claim to fame! Some chap on a coach trip, also billeted at the Royal Hotel overnight, recognised Neil Tuxworth while Neil was loading his luggage into his bike, in the car park in the morning. Such fame – makes it all worthwhile.



Anyway, we’re heading south, back home



Total distance 328 miles and 8 hours 10 minutes in the saddle.

Morning Coffee was taken (at the first P on the map) at “The Old Bakery Coffee Shop” in Carrbridge. A fuel stop as well.

The ellipse will be explained later

What isn’t particularly clear by the map on the left, is the route we were led on by Andrew, so here it is below zoomed in....

In the large scale map below, start at the top, as if you are heading south from Ullapool, turn right (west) to the “P” for coffee. 30 minutes later exit the “P” and turn right, then right, then head east for 4.5 miles, head south then west for 4.5 miles and re-join the original road in Carrbridge, 222 yards from the café! It was a great road though, intentional or not.



We didn’t know this loop had been introduced at the time!



Dave Martin said to Andrew the night before – “Don’t go down the A9 Andrew, it’s just one long speed camera.” So, after the coffee stop, we joined the A9. Well, off and on. As mentioned before, Andrew has a desire to find a pot-of-gold at the end of a dead end and he thought he would try it again... You can just see this diversion on the main map above, just below the most northerly “P” and inside the ellipse. Courtesy of Google, here’s the junction and you can see the “Dead End” sign. There wasn’t a pot of Gold at the end, just a farm, 5.3 miles away!



Further south, some of it on the A9, which really is THE most boring road on the planet, and to Little Dunkeld for fuel and lunch. The lunch was a quaint locally run café, staffed by 100 wasps and frequented by a lady who gave us advice of which road to take to go south. “This bridge or this bridge?”, “Which one should we cross?”, as we poured over a map. The helpful advice was either both or neither, depending upon at what time in the lady’s conversation you were listening. Andrew, ever the gentleman, was delightful in how he spoke to her.

You can see the route we took – a bit ziggy-zaggy – but eventually we arrived at The Buccleuch Arms Hotel in Moffat (look at <https://www.buccleucharmshotel.com/>). Another “Biker-friendly” hotel that Andrew’s research had unearthed. The side entrance led to bike parking to the rear, some in secure bike sheds. Great food, spotless rooms, a quirky bar and an entertaining host. Go there!

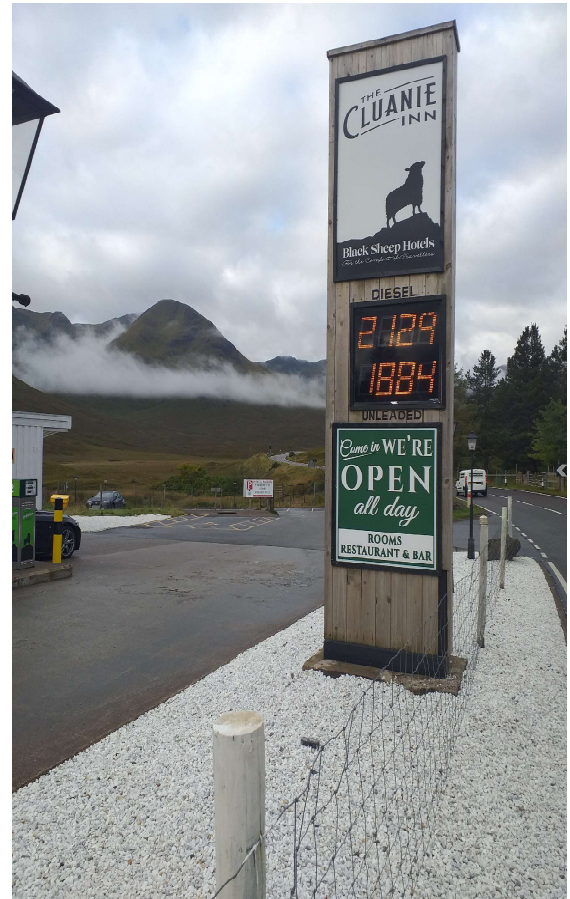
A smiling Rick, knowing his bike was secure.



In the morning everyone is ready to leave. Alan Halford banged his head badly on the top bar of the opening to the security garages – the Yellow & Black striped tape wasn’t enough of a warning. Nick Jeffery, pushing his BMW backwards out of a garage hit the rear of the bike on a tree trunk, or post, and over they both went. They went separate ways so at least the bike didn’t fall on Nick. Both, glad to say, were unharmed.

And that was it – the end of a fantastic “long weekend” and on our way home. Nick Hopkins says; *“For the record I covered 1792 miles in total using 28 gallons of petrol. I was a bit surprised when I realised that we actually covered around 150 miles on Skye, the island is quite a bit larger than I thought. Another surprise was finding petrol there at 157.9 pence per litre when down here there isn’t much around at less than 165 pence. (See the photo on the right, fuel on the A87 toward Skye, was at £1.884 per litre – Ed) Just as well actually, all told I spent more than £200 on the stuff”*.

Dave Martin’s tracker on his Guzzi shows the total trip for him, from Dorset, at 2171 miles with 1 day, 19 hours and 44 minutes riding time in total (43.75 hours) which is a 50mph average. Not a high speed for all the hard work! Everyone must have done something similar in terms of mileage or average MPH. This is a testament to modern motorcycling – Edward Turner and Bert “I never made a mistake” Hopwood (among others) could only dream of such reliability, especially at such a pace. Another Club record for mileage on the Saturday run – at 337 miles – the target to exceed now. Either way, a long way to go for cake!



Being a member or guest of this Club is a real privilege. An honour. The work the “core” of “The Club” (Committee, Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer, Organisers, Scribes, Webmaster, Archivist and S@A et al) put in a tremendous amount of time and personal expense to ensure we continue to have enjoyable weekends like this. Long may it all continue.

Also, let’s not forget the Tail-end-Charlies, that thankless task which is so important to the security and safety of the run. Nick Jeffery was TEC for the latter half of the run.

Finally, a massive – MONUMENTAL - thank you to Andrew and Bob Mac who must have put their heart and souls into the organisation of such a complex and extended event – and everyone else who helped in arranging this Scottish “weekend”.

The next Scottish run is slated to be in 2025 and aimed for 400 miles in a day!

The Club’s next run is 14th - 15th April, organised by Dan Sager & Graham Matcham in Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire. Hopefully see you there!
Get well soon Bob, we’ll see you in Wiltshire.

Your Scribe (with thanks to all the photo takers, contributors & Andy Mayo for the Photoshopping)