

SPRING RUN 1990

KIRKBYMOORSIDE, NORTH YORKSHIRE

Having metaphorically drawn the short oil pipe I sit here with trembling fingers poised above the word processor knowing that I cannot hope to emulate the finely honed skills of our resident reporter, one Jackson M, in absentia. However, nothing ventured...

Run organiser Wilf Harrison had been rewarded with such a fine turn out that a mere handful of guests could be included which, disappointing though it must be for the unlucky ones, must be a splendid reflection of the superb choice of location and organisational reputation that Wilf enjoys. In fact such was the demand for places that an 'overspill' contingent had to be accommodated down't'road.

The assembly bar resounded with tales of journey derring-do, battling with strong winds and stationary motorists, but none could match that of Bob Trigg. Apparently there he was quietly minding his own business on the motorway when some large lump of errant caravan scythes through the air towards him. Fortunately the damage was confined to the nether regions of the FZ750 he was (just) on but there but for Lady Luck go we all.

Mine hosts of the George and Dragon were George and Ann Ward, with all who met Ann clearly left in no doubt that the enterprise was most capably and commandingly run. There apparently is no truth in the rumour that the Hotel name was only recently changed to more appropriately match the characteristics of 'mine hosts'! A superb meal and welcoming fireside bar restored the depleted energy levels and so to bed.

Saturday dawned fair and the melange of machinery was massaged into life. All that is but for Nick Hopkins' Aprilia Rotax. Possibly coming out in sympathy with locally-based allegedly-gone-bust Aprilia importer (quote from MCN "we haven't really gone bust, it's just our phone hasn't worked for the last 3 months") Nick's bike failed to start 'off the trailer' or to respond to all the ministrations of the UK Rotax Engine Expert, namely, himself. No matter, for the duration of the run Nick ensconced himself in the top box (sorry, Travel Case) of Serjeant-at-Arms Martin's Harley TourGlide - freshly returned from a trip to Egypt where it appeared to have left most of the contents of its mufflers.

Simon Goodman had used the opportunity to put a few miles under the wheels of a pristine Thruxton which seemed to have a bottom gear higher than all the Nipponese multis top gears. Bets were placed on how soon the 6" nail trick (aka clutch adjustment) would be required. Paddock spotting also chanced on David Arnold's very original Royal Enfield Super Meteor that actually appeared OILTIGHT. The more cynical

suggested that this might be because it had no oil in it, but time would reveal all...

The DR system of marshalling was again in operation to no mean effect and the first few miles were conducted at a brisk pace through rolling countryside. Then coffee at the Hackness Grange Hotel, in the company of somewhat bemused weekenders and ducks. But then, misery of miseries, the weather did its damndest to become as unpleasant as possible. Thick mist (or was it low cloud), rain and general unpleasantness were thrown at us with, particularly for those of the glazed (that is, even when sober) perspective, visibility becoming a little problematic.

Only one person appeared to be enjoying himself - our very own DG, Peter Sheen, who, not content with riding a machine with a seat height that must have put him above the clouds, reinforced his superiority by having a BMW heated visor as well, thus maintaining perfect vision compared with us mere mortals stumbling along in our fogged up condition.

What a pity to miss out on such superb views as I know the area is capable of giving. I suspect that not a little relief was felt by many at the prospect of lunch at the Royal Oak Hotel, Great Ayton, and right royally they did us too. A fine hot meal and most welcome.

The departure from the hotel was made for me by SG starting the Thruyton and then, shall we say, 'clearing' it a little. You could hear the windows rattling for miles and a flurry of perturbed parents locking up their female offspring!

And then up the road - mild disaster. The DR system which had worked flawlessly since its inception broke down when he who had been deputed to wait for Tail End Charlie to arrive unfortunately chanced on the wrong TEC, moving off before 'the rump' arrived. As this was at a rather critical junction the result was that a fairly substantial 'tail', with Charlie as well, went off exploring. Not that some of those of the inclinations of Messrs Blake, Smith, Hyde, Martin, Roberts et al probably objected to an opportunity for a mild 'scratch' to find the correct route....

Meanwhile, back with the advance contingent and what should have been a pleasant wait at Scawton Moor, with a great scenic view over Ryedale. Unfortunately the mist still prevailed and the other side of the road was about the limit of perspective.

Having given up the wait the front half then proceeded to the Eden Camp Second World War Theme Park - a highly entrepreneurial use of redundant military buildings, complete with special effects, barbed wire and observation towers.

Then back to base with all due speed for, as we all know, LOBTBGACB^{*}, except, wonder of wonders, this was the exception.

Our hosts did us reet grandly for dinner as well - and the assembled talents of our esteemed Chairman and Serjeant at Arms Martin regaled us with convivial tales, poked mild fun at various members and generated

income for Club funds. The highlights were the Special Chairman's Award to Alan Blake, who as some members may know really takes his responsibilities in testing his company's products to the limit (and even beyond). The award is a tasteful erection comprising a creative use of kiddy-bike type stabiliser wheels with a notional motorcycle. Long may he not require them. Our DG, surely the Best Dressed Man in Motorcycling did not escape notice either as, not content with his BMW heated visor, also had been observed to be sporting £75 shades as well, meriting a small contribution to funds.

So ended a super weekend, for which the weather, although trying its utmost, could do nothing to dampen the marvellous atmosphere. Many thanks again to Wilf and his helpers for their perfect organisation, to the various contributors, present and absent, to sponsorship and funds and to all who made it such a wonderful weekend - and not forgetting George and

* - Last One Back To Base Gets A Cold Bath

POSTSCRIPT - TECHNICAL TOPICS AND DISCONNECTED JOTTINGS

TECHNICAL TOPICS

I cannot help reflecting on the mix of machinery that now attends runs. For those of an analytical bent I proffer the following as my attempt at doing a Vic Willoughby:

Honda	5	British	5
Yamaha	5	Italian	4
Suzuki	2	Japanese	14
Kawasaki	2	German	5
BMW	5	American	1
Moto Guzzi	2		
Harley Davidson	1	Singles	4
Aprilia	1 (NS)	Parallel twins	4
Morini	1	Flat twins	1
Triumph	2	In-line 3	1
Norton	1	V-twin	4
Velocette	1	V-four	3
Royal Enfield	1	In-line four	11
		Twin rotor Wankel	1

DISCONNECTED JOTTINGS

o How wonderful to see three members who have not been for a run or two:

John Nelson on his trusty Tiger

Bertie Goodman looking fighting fit and in fine form

Ken Craven who, foolish fellow, volunteered to keep the sidecar wheel down on an industry joint venture - Bike by Moto Guzzi, courtesy of importer Keith Davies, and Sidecar by Watsonian-Squire.

o One of the joys of the weekend to me is to be able to keep in touch with the latest industry creations and this was no exception. Two of my try outs:

The Honda ST1100 V-4 EuroTourer. Now if only it had a proper clockwork clock, rather than the new-fangled digital one fitted, the Rolls Royce slogan could surely be reinvented. As it is, how about 'The noisiest thing on an ST 1100 at 100 mph is the sound of the bugs hitting the windscreen....' And it must have The Best Mirrors in Motorcycling.

And the Yamaha FZR1000 Genesis Exup - what can one say about a 170 mph bike (well, that's what our chairman said it does - I wonder how he knows) with superb handling, stability and brakes, surprising comfort, yet pulls from below 1000 rpm in top?

o Changing the subject completely, a strange sense of humour these northerners have with their name signs. Who else noticed J O King, on a CNT adjacent to the hotel?

o Rumour has it that the 6" nail trick was observed to be perpetrated on the Thruxton at least once. However, the Enfield ended the run in exactly the same oil-tight condition it started. Could it have been mist lubricated for the greater part of the day, I wonder?

o Lastly, those members who observed the slightly wayward and arm-muscle developing antics of the Guzzi outfit at around 30 mph may be pleased to know that after due 'sorting' it has been transformed - now geared more appropriately with a 15" rear wheel, steering flutter eliminated by a change of front tyre etc. Many thanks to Keith Davies and Watsonian for making it all happen.

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