

SPRING RUN, CHESTER, APRIL 18th - 20th. 1997

The welcome biennial calling notice for a Club Run finally arrived entitled "Back to the Lake". No need to ponder which lake for Mike Jackson has lent me the 25 year book on the club and the Lake at Vyrnwy certainly has a prominent place in the Club Folk Law. I have a personal reason for recognising Vyrnwy as it was the lunch stop in the first Club run I attended as a guest of David Dixon. On that day it was gently raining and the gleaming black massive granite stonework and the Gothic pump building on the side of the Lake has remained in my memory.

Ever thoughtful, Peter Sheen as run organiser had listed in the run description options to cope with wet or dry conditions. The dry run was up a private road belonging to the Ffestiniog Power station and PRTS thoughtfully provided a photocopy of the road taken from the air to tempt one. The wet weather fall back was to go down a slate mine.

The itinerary also informed us that dinner on Friday was in an Eccleston Suit but I as I did not have one, gambled on packing a gownless evening strap. The end of the Saturday evening dinner was to be "Nostalger unlimited" which was something new to look forward to. Noted also was the availability of a Health and Fitness Club (as at Blois)- and might this become the Club norm.? Are there implications? So much to discover.

At this point I would like to state how pleased we all must have been to know that PRTS had so recovered from his horrendous illness that he felt up to organising a run. I had forgotten how ill he had been in late 1994. He retired from the MCI in early '95 a very sick man and here he was, back in the saddle, taking on the burden of organising a run. We owe him.

And wouldn't you know it - the second member I meet on arriving was Peter, chipper and dapper as ever having just done the run to "check it out" and glowing with the fun of hanging on to some local leadfoot in a "hot hatch" up in the hills. An aperitif par excellence. Also glowing with a polished patina was Mike Evans who boasted of having escaped from Warrington (Wigan?) after a successful mission flogging them something they really, really wanted and then luxuriating in the Health Club which explained the polished gleam. However, he muttered on all evening about putting more oil in his new Beemer than seemed logical. The nice man in the shop said it would use a lot of oil when new (trained by Westminster Communications?) but putting in 2.5 litres in a three and a half litre capacity sump seemed strange.

I noted from the club records that the Post House had been base camp for the forty first run in 1983 which took place on May 6th-8th. This is much later than current runs but it was very wet that year so no advantage there. Tony Denniss debuted the Norton Rotary that weekend whereas this weekend he was on his Sprung Hub Triumph and my Guest used a rotary Norton. The hotel was probably very close to the top of Sir Rocco Forte's list of places to refurbish when the eleventh son of a Belfast carpenter nipped in and bought his empire, the rotter. Funny how the son of an immigrant Italian running a chippy in Scotland (papa Forte) had made his empire part of the establishment whereas Gerry Robinson of Granada was seen as a parvenu. Any road, the place was a bit kicked about and, as PRTS had said in the invitation, " lacking in ye olde worlde charm". True.

Tom Waterer was simply bubbling with enthusiasm for the coming ride even though he complained that the Kawasaki 250 Trailie had the worst seat he had ever experienced. Tom, it's an Enduro bike to be used by standing on the pegs through trees etc. (*You can't get the staff these days*). Still an illustration of the breadth of uses of bikes for recreation and the reason why the makers lists are so crammed with many, many models. Not that I think we need so many as we have but I cannot answer the conundrum and certainly the concept of "one size fits all" doesn't compute.

Bill Colquhoun was present and on the list of runners and riders having been in for a new big end bearing on the right cylinder (hip joint replacement). He was dead chuffed about it and looking forward to a strip down of the left cylinder for a similar lot. I reliably hear that he was offered Reynolds 531, Unobtainium or mild steel and, true Scot, went for mild steel on cost. Bill was piloting a BMW F650 made in Italy with an Austrian Engine which confounds the Aryan dream and Gotterdammerung (more later). I was chatting with the BMW people one time about this and they were expounding the success of the F650 but confessed that from 3200 part numbers less than 20 were German sourced. Common Market, German Labour Costs, Italian prowess, what a puzzle, what a solution, - why the hell have the UK got nothing on the bike?

The conscripted troops, save Bob Macmillan, assembled for a pre dinner tincture but were not impressed by the ale. *More anon*. Dennis Bates was seething when he arrived having made some weird flight plan that took him to Bristol as the M6 was closed at junction 12 due to IRA interference, or something similar. It was a most impressive entrance and his face reminded me of Ratty from *Wind in the Willows* and should have had the refrain "I'm late, I'm late for a very important date" from *Alice in Wonderland* playing in the background. Others had started the bar kitty on their own initiative so no damage was done.

The answer to a mystery mentioned earlier was that supper was in the Eccleston Suite. Chairman Mike Jackson (or should it be Chair Jackson in these PC days?) welcomed all and guests in his inimitable style and introduced a new idea. This new idea was the brainchild of Tony Dawson and consisted of a quiz sheet laid at each setting and a ball point. The prize would be a membership of the RAC and was funded by a levy on the Kitty. One had till Saturday night to complete but most people got stuck in straight away. You are a competitive lot, you know. After the initial banter and considering the fact that the table was laid in economy mode with less room than a charter airline seat, each had a real go and tried to secrete the tricky answers from their neighbours.

I am sure this quiz prompted all sorts of conversations about amazing facts. Norman Hyde duly obliged by informing me that Screaming Lord Sutch is the longest standing leader of a political party having first stood in 1964 in Stratford. The three main planks of his campaign were commercial radio, pubs open all day and lowering the voting age to 18. Food for thought.

The problems mentioned in the previous two runs of remembering ones choice of dishes was overcome here by the simple expedient of no choice. The soup was pepper soup in the absence of a menu which might have given it a posh name but pepper soup it was. The main course was chicken and I forget the pudding because Norman was prattling on about how much better the food is in France and how a week ago he was tucking into Coquilles St Jacques etc. at less than a fiver a head. He has a point. At the top end, England is world class but your average restaurant

can still be dire. Granada showed their pedigree all weekend. Truckstop is the epithet that springs to mind.

Guests were introduced and were Martin Lambert from Westminster Communications. Martin is well known to all having been on two previous runs. Apparently he commutes a 100 miles each way to work on a bike but the best bit is that he uses Mike Evans' K75. Now that is style. Mike had to go out and buy a new BMW so he had something to ride.

Dave Cameron is not only a motorcycle PC but is the moving force behind the Rotary Engine Motorcycle Club and owns a DKW, RE5 as well as the Interpol he rode. He is also a magazine columnist writing on wine.

Tony Holden was with PRTS at Shell HQ and was in charge of group and fleet lubrication. He got hooked on bikes and has been using one ever since. He started at Rolls Royce where he was an apprentice in the drawing office and has perfect copper plate calligraphy. He was the consultant that successfully introduced ISO 9000 to Starley Towers.

Richard Hopkins, brother of Nick, came from the EMAP empire as a publisher, not as a journalist, you understand, as it is open season on journos.

The guest list was made up by the urbane Geoff Selvidge of KMUK who needs little introducing.

PRTS introduced the run to all and explained the change in that the stop was in the morning rather than the afternoon which meant that only 64 miles were before lunch with 100 after. The slate mine visit was limited in numbers for either tour so make your minds up before arriving whether to walk or ride. The ride up to the power station was also included now as the forecast was for reasonable weather. Thus we got both in rather than the either/or mooted. As we would all assemble at the bottom while the gate was unlocked Mike suggested a timed hill climb and asked for those who would take part to raise their hands. Do you know that over half went for it immediately? As I said, you are a competitive lot.

Andy Smith and Dave Martin did the raffle in a *careful* manner. They went through the prizes and selected appropriately. The man from Shell was given products from another oil company, Norman Hyde got back his video as it was the party political broadcast of the Referendum Party! He was miffed and said you had to see it to understand it was a porno movie but NH is not like that - *is he?* Mike Evans' prize was still tagged with a Wigan (Warrington?) price ticket so got it back. Martyn Roberts got a book that was published in 1967 and wondered if there should be some rules for the raffle, such as date limiting books. At the end of the day the proceeds are for club funds and coming home enriched with humorous memories more important than clutching a substantial prize. So there.

A clique formed with the sole intent of testing all the wine used as raffle prizes which seems to be the recent form. The rest went to the bar for a serious bench racing session. Can't remember any anecdotes but the kitty was neutered by 11pm. Too much time spent in the Health Club?

Breakfast was enlivened by Norman and Dave Martin remarking on the truck stop breakfast buffet concept and then discovering that the food was stone cold and had to be returned to the

kitchens for a zap up to temperature. For one moment I thought Norman would discourse on French breakfasts but he remained "stumm". Bob Macmillan joined us at this point having motored up on a Honda Valkyrie from Stafford area.

All away at 9 sharp, heading out to the west under an overcast sky, the threatened rain did appear from time to time but blew over by lunchtime. The first few miles were taken very gently by Peter to let everyone settle in and we meandered through Pen-y-Ffordd then up towards Mold then west again on the A494 passing Loggerheads Recreation Centre. Now, where did that name come from? Can you imagine suggesting to your partner lets go away so we may be at Loggerheads? At Tafarn-y-Gelyn, we forked off onto a very narrow single track road which had a sheer drop on the right that was unnerving. The view across Moel Fammau Park was sensational but taking your eyes off the road was not recommended for long. Most were gingerly tackling it and you will have to believe me that at one point, I witnessed Bob Mac on the Valerie riding alongside Mike Jackson on a Yamaha Royal Staircase chatting away. Two of the biggest bikes in production side by side on a road that was tight for one. I mentioned it at the coffee stop to a few but no one believed me.

Joining the A494, we motored through Ruthin then lit off down the B5105 for a 14 mile blat to coffee at the White Lion Hotel, Cerrig-y-Drudion to be met by an Irish Host. He told all who would listen that the only worthwhile bikes were custom chops and all about his last one etc. It transpired it was based on a CJ125 which undermined his authority somewhat in this company. I think he represented Eire in the European Coupe de Bore in 1989. Here Mike Evans got the RAC man Matt to investigate the oil level in his BMW and Matt drained off the excess for him. After the initial slow start Frank Finch was finding the Laverda fun when given its head but needed to be wrung out to be appreciated.

Heading west again towards Betws-y-Coed, Frank was "wrunging" in good style and came flying by, snicking up through the box as he chucked it into a right hander. A little bit later there was a stream of mud across the road just before a left hander that must have caused some puckering of the ring piece. Keith Davies was heard to comment that he was expecting to see bits of yellow plastic from the Laverda at this point but Frank had it in control.

From Betws-y-Coed, the route dropped south to Blaenau Ffestiniog and to the first visit at the Llechwedd Slate Caverns. This is incredibly well done with everything properly laid out. I went on the train. This wound up in a cavern with figures dotted about which were lit up and recordings coming on describing how the slate was found, mined and sent to the surface. At the end of the recordings we were taken to another cavern where the guide in a fair imitation of Richard Burton fleshed out the life of a miner. He went straight for the sympathy vote, extolling the virtues of the workers and how horrid the company was. He talked of the hours, the purchase of tools from the company and the idea that the miners had to produce 133 slates to get paid for 100 because of breakage etc. A lot of us were mentally noting these very valid points for rewriting employment contracts on Monday. At the end of the mine visit, we watched a chappy splitting the slate into roofing tiles with breathtaking accuracy.

Outside Mike Jackson was giving the Valerie a blast and came back thoroughly impressed with how chuckable it is and so completely different from the Royal Staircase, considering they are for the same market. Martyn Roberts was really upset that the Royal Star had bolt on fins to make it

look like an air cooled lump. I sympathise and personally have a great deal of difficulty understanding the whole of the customising and chopping side of the industry but if that is part of our market, so be it. The irony of these bikes are that they purport to be for the macho image wind up in a sardanaplian excess of tassles and frills.

My guest was last out of the gift shop so we were late heading out to the mountain road to the lake. I shot off before him and managed to miss Bob Macmillan at the turning to the road. How on earth can anyone miss a Valerie? Not an understated bike, you must agree. (*But Norman Hyde did the same, tee hee.*)

Consequently I think I was the last up the mountain road to the feeder dam. Not the most comfortable feeling riding up a demanding road under the gaze of your peers. Too slow and you are feeble, drop it and you are a prat. Nice combination of loose gravel on the edges and moss in the middle reminded me of some of the airfield race circuits I went to in the sixties. The view was as advertised and the weather cleared enough to see for miles.

For those who were on the Birdlip Run and went to the Nuclear Power Station, this was an interesting comparison. The Nuclear lump was a fixed speed and fixed output generator but here they can open the tap and get full power from 4 turbines in 60 seconds to be used as a rapid response to fluctuating demand. The sneaky bit is using excess from the grid (or the nuclear stations) to run the turbines the other way and pump the water back up to the top. I noted that the generating output is 90MW and that the power required to pump the water back up is 75MW which seems to break the Second law of Thermodynamics. The answer must be that the pump back rate is slower than the dump rate. Which assumes the laws of physics apply in Wales.

This trip with its two visits had an interesting connection to Blois and Birdlip. The mushroom mines in Blois made a fascinating comparison with the slate caverns as they were from the same period and with the same problems of digging out a soft underground rock, processing it and using it for building purposes. Or maybe it is just a speleological bent among the Club. And then to see the answer to the inflexibility of nuclear generating neatly completed that puzzle. Oh, and we crossed Offas Dyke at the north end.

The run down the hill was more like a trickle as the moss and gravel made attacking it a bit hairy. I noted that Richard Hopkins was treating this road with respect whereas for most of the run he was *con brio* on the VFR. Have you noticed how VFR riders, if they are not too tall, really do blend very neatly on the bike? And how Pan European/BMW RT riders all have absolutely straight backs?

Tony Holden was despatched by PRTS to commandeer the road side parking at the lunch stop at the Grapes, Maentwrog. This was a fabulous pub full of character with a good selection of real ales and signs claiming it was Free House of the Year etc. A superb Shepherds pie (well, what else in sheep country) washed down with a fine ale was noted by many.

Norman Hyde took the opportunity to give the Valerie a spin after several volunteers helped him turn it round and direct him into the path of oncoming traffic etc. These seemed to open the flood gates for a go on the biggy as the peculiar thrum of the flat six was heard for the rest of the day. American specification silencers, perchance?

The routing took us south to Trawsfynydd then east on the A4212 across the foothills of Moel Llyfnant to Bala. What I want to know is, who spiked Martin Lambert's drinks at Lunch? For the rest of the run he came flying by on a selection of hot stuff such as Andy Smith's Thunderace. This is out of character when compared with other runs when he has been on the boss' K75, or is that the reason?

Somewhere along here, I think, Keith Blair was pushing on at a fair old clip as in days of yore before he took up his recent self inflicted role of acting mother hen to Nick Hopkins on the B31 and Tony Denniss on the Sprung hub. After Bala, we headed down towards Lake Vyrnwy along a very bumpy road. I followed the two oldies (bikes) on some parts of this and was amazed at the sprightly rate of progress. I was being tossed about on the Bed Pan with all its sophistication so it was with wry relief at the tea stop to hear both of them reckoning the wedding tackle had taken a hammering.

Tea taken a la terrace and the Hills were Alive with the sound of Music. A flat six 1500cc angst laden wail of Wotan reverberated about those dark Satanic Hills as Bob Mac's Americana Extravaganza laid its Summer of '42 aero engine beat on the place. A flat six **1500cc** MOTORCYCLE with a 6ft wheelbase(!!!) being described as chuckable..... A setting that invited Maria von Krapp to spring over the sward with her bairns (oops, wrong outpost) in tow. (*I think I'll have a lie down and maybe a walk later if it clears up*). Toasted tea cakes and bogs to die for, clotted cream and raspberry jam and riding a mot-i-sickle has changed much in my life. Actually, so have a lot of other things as my first commercial flight was in a plane with doped canvas biplane wings and I was sitting in a wicker chair and we took off from grass. Maybe that's the answer Martyn Roberts, things change. Hold on.

Yes *the LAKE* does invoke for all of us. A fine sight not missed by Geoff Selvidge who had the gleam of a marketing man looking for a photo shoot and Richard Hopkins who pronounced through scone crumbs that this was the upside of biking. Well spotted, RH.

Instructions were passed round that when you see the signs for Chester, go for it for 'twas open and speedy and PRTS had only 200cc in the crutch region. But there were a couple of lovely hairpins on the road back plus a wide open bit that had my guest PCDC grinning after he went back to check out Corwen Station for its architecture, which confused some - but that's the man.

Funny how we do not think about hot water now as all are accommodated. *A letter to Plumbing Times is called for*. Popped to the beauty club and got refused as an impossible case. But did 27 lengths (a quarter of a mile) of the swimming pool as proscribed on the wall and tried to claim a prize but was told to go away. Strolled to bar at the hour and chatted with Peter Meek about his lovely two owner Commando and got told how to adjust the rear shims (I work on a need-to-know basis) which involves a milk crate to support the frame and a block of tapered wood and a big merr. Yer whack the merr into the gap and measure the sideways gap and divide by 2 and then put in the shims and it works a treat. Haynes Manuals, venier shims kits, tish, bah, and humbug to all of you.

The ale question crops up again. Norman is not happy so decides that the only thing they cannot possibly cock up is serving champers so orders a bottle. Andy Smith, Blakey and moi meme are a

trifle nervous but big Norm is going for it big time as some oiks watching footer on telly are getting round the outside of some bubbles so should we. Youf cloned from the skin of Stephen Hendry arrives with ice bucket, proper glasses and proceeds to serve, absolutely to the letter, said nectar. He even held the bottle properly - as you hold a lady, a barman once instructed me, not round the neck but this one soon had a thumb up the punt in the bottom which gave scope for musing. Surprisingly, there were suddenly more thirsty travellers and a storm cloud in the form of Kitty Meister Bates who took one look, changed colour, thought a bit and accepted the bribe of a glass for acquiescence.

So up to sup with sunshine in hand to find that the party had grown but the tables and chairs had not. No space for Tony Dawson when the music stopped. Another pew was found and we dined on pork after another member of the spice girls soup recipes was ingested (pepper spice was still favourite but mushy spice got a look in). The staff were starting to get the idea and the Granada turn-round-those-bums-on-seats-fast mentality became loosened as it loped towards the genial side of eventide.

Not being a time-served lag it is difficult to imagine the club without its milestones each weekend. The Raffle, the guest introductions, the despatch rider system, the Sergeant at Arms and the role of Chairman. In my time I have enjoyed the irreverence of Norman, the enthusiasm of Alan Blake, the erudition of Nick and the sparkling wit of Mike. The electricity of the assembled waiting to pounce on the poor chairman as he stands to pronounce is palpable. Any hesitation, slip or double entendre is pounced on with glee. The hordes stand no chance with Mike as he can bat both handed and is reputed to be ambidextrous (doesn't make you a bad person). The Quiz appears to be added to the list of club shibboleths so tough titty Tony Dawson. I'll give you a tip, agree to doing it but time limit your tenure. The quiz winner was Tom Waterer and a get you home RAC prize is ironic (see later for details). By the way Tony, I mentioned your silencers in the Blois run but still you run the Gum Gum specials.

Salutations to her Majesty then the high point of the evening. A video of the 25th Run!! This was made by trainees at the marketing department of Shell. It is too easy to pick fault with it but did you notice how the bikes which were successful then have all evolved into today's hot news. The others faded away. It is almost if we are the marketing department being given a vast choice from which we tell the factories which to make. Some of the British iron is still being used on runs and are ageing better than the owners but then that is true for all of us. Peter promised it was only 20 minutes but he jests. 40 minutes I hear tell from a very reliable source. Some were getting fidgety by Mike quelled them with the threat of the second reel.

The Master of Arms was as inventive as ever and generated a cheerfully given £ 20 plus. How come we feel hurt if we are not fined? That is the only time in my life that happens. Dave Martin is getting more menacing looking, I feel (only joking, Dave). But as funny as ever . A snippet I will share. A few years back Dave came to see me just after we moved from Londinium and I had a fearsome PA, Corrine, riding shotgun on the outer office sparing me from customers and the staff (two groups of people I cannot deal with). I was waiting for Dave to turn up and an hour after the appointed time I called Corrine to find out if any message had come. I find out all that had happened was some yob on a bike turned up but she had explained I was awaiting an important client so please go away. She was not from the bike world and is no longer with me.

Dave was curt and explicit with what I should do to myself when I called him to reason. I now use reading glasses.

Nostalgia turned to be nostalgia for some (PRTS get a spell check on your boob tube) and the tyros got stuck in to the throat oil. I spied Keith Davies chatting a beautiful head of long flowing black hair in the midst of the throng only to find, as I wended round to check it out, that it was Matt our RAC Superstar. Confusing from the rear, as I said to a matelot. Maurice Knight has sold his yacht so turned out on a spankers BMW. Wilf Harrison was regaling us again on international sales and telling tales of Africans dealing in short arms as their wrists were dragging on the ground (I think it was he on the grounds of who else). Nick Jeffery explained he found the truck industry (his new *métier*) seriously amateur and lots to occupy his legal brain. When you think the entry ticket to truck ownership is £ 75K this makes the sometime chaotic bike industry look slicker than snot. He commutes on a bike and what I thought was the same GT550 is apparently another lot as he uses it all the time and wears them out. Only THE Top box stays to protect the innocent overtrousers... Alan Blake was complaining that the ER-5 grounds... and I am sure you rotten lot can complete the sentence (no prizes as it is too easy). An interesting development, this bike and the CB500R both following the GSF Bandits. Word from Europe HQ's of various of the Japanese is that bike sales are price sensitive. Well, damn my britches, I never guessed that. Dave Hill was full of the political intrigues of the corporate Suzuki with the round eyes jockeying for power and position during the post Heron sort out. It appears getting a bike to ride does not fit some corporate plan and Geoff Selvidge concurred with a similar situation at KMUK. What exactly are they for?

The night dissolved and before long it was time for the members meeting at 8.30am, another change to accommodate those that had other commitments on Sunday. The first thing on the agenda was a corrigendum from Doug Hele. A *CORRIGENDUM* would you credit it!! Somebody started this craze for corybantics with semantics. The guilty party should be named. Any how, Doug's name and standing duly restored and noted, not that there was any doubt.

Ray Battersby has stepped down under pressure from the Korean paymasters (why do they Daewoo that?) so we welcomed Graham Goodman to the secretarial seat and Peter Sheen to President and John Nelson's reward, for at least 25 years service, to Vice President.

So time to leave. But there is a sad twist. An act of kindness by Tony Denniss on Saturday night let Tom Waterer lock his bike to the Speed Twin. On Sunday Tom wanted to depart so borrowed Tony's keys. He then sped off with the keys leaving Tony stranded. Mike Jackson offered to ride his Yamaha, putting the Triumph on the trailer with Bill's BMW. They went somewhere to pick up a Matchless of Tony's leaving the Triumph. Couple of days later Tony rode the Matchless back, picked up the Triumph and set off home. On the way he stops to help a lad with L plates and a lack of petrol. He shifts his panniers back to give him a lift to a garage then sets off without moving the panniers fully forward. They fell off and irreplaceable original tools and manuals are lost. I hope there can be a happy ending but no news thus far. Pity Tony didn't get the RAC prize with its get you home function. Ironic that Tom did, n'est pas?

Our thanks go to Peter and TEC Tom for yet another fine run - and thanks to the kind folk who dropped me notes regarding bits they saw or heard so I might implicate their mates.

Members and their machines

Peter Sheen	200cc	Kawasaki KMX 200
Tony Dawson	1,200cc	Yamaha FJ1100
Graham Goodman	1,000cc	BMW K100
Keith Blair	800cc	BMW R80RT
Maurice Knight	750cc	BMW R850R
Dave Martin	1,100cc	Honda ST100 Pan European
Alan Baker	1,100cc	Honda ST100 Pan European
Peter Meek	850cc	Norton Commando
Tony Denniss	498cc	1953 Triumph Speed Twin
Nick Jeffery	550cc	Kawasaki GT550
Wilf Harrison	800cc	BMW R80
Keith Davies	1,100cc	Moto Guzzi California
David Hill	600cc	Suzuki GSXR 600
Dennis Bates	600cc	Yamaha Diversion
William Colquhoun	650cc	BMW 6560 Funduro
Alan Blake	500cc	Kawasaki ZR500
Nick Hopkins	350cc	1947 BSA B31
Norman Hyde	900cc	Triumph 900 Sprint
Frank Finch	698cc	Laverda 698
Martyn Roberts	1,200cc	SuzukiGSF1200F Bandit
Bob McMillan	1,500cc	Honda F6C Valkyrie
Andy Smith	1,000cc	Yamaha Thunderace
Mike Jackson	1,300cc	Yamaha Royal Star
Tom Waterer	200cc	Kawasaki KMX200
Michael Evans	1,100cc	BMW R1100RS
John Nelson		Passenger in RAC unit
Peter Bolton		Visited by 4-wheeler

Rescue and support RAC Unit

Hugh Palin	Member/RAC Director
Matt Lowe (<i>driver</i>)	RAC Ford Transit

Guests and their machines

Geoff Selvidge	1,100cc	Kawasaki ZXR 1100
Martin Lambert	900cc	Kawasaki ZX9R
David Cameron	588cc	Norton Interpol
Tony Holden	1,100cc	Honda ST1100 Pan European
Richard Hopkins	750cc	Honda VFR750