



*The Club*

## *Spring Run Report*

*22 to 24 April 2022*

*Tavistock & the Three Moors*

*Craig Carey-Clinch & Ian Kerr MBE*

**Time and tide** wait for no man they say; especially a tardy scribe. For reasons that I won't bore you with, together with a large pinch of 'PPMA', I am very late reporting on our spring get together, which means that some events have overtaken me; none the least of which is the now publicised demise of Moto-Corsa, in the form it was in April. I have considered re-writing the opening words of the report but thought, no, that's how it went on the day so let's tell it as we saw it then...

Riding the same route, with the same stops as we did back in spring 2015 does beg the question of how to approach the reporting of this event. Digging the hole as deep (for myself) as I have over my tenure in the job; principally in the quest to find amusing piffle with which to (hopefully) entertain you, what's left to say about the places on this route? Not a lot really. You might like to reacquaint yourself with them by re-reading the previous report on the club website, a sort of two for the price of one offer!

So, with the popular trend of 'retrospection' that we see in our industry I thought perhaps we could look at the main points of the 2022 run and compare them with the 2015 original – in much the same way that our 'beloved customers' come to shows armed with dog-eared manuals and such like to look at, say, the new Royal Enfield or Gold Star and bemoan the inaccuracy of retro progress: you know the type...

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**The plan was** to travel down to Tavistock and arrive early enough for a local recce, much as our late friend Alan Baker used to do. David O'Neill was tipping off the ferry in Harwich at double-oh-crack, in time to get to Maidenhead for a 9 o'clock brew and then he, I and Roy Pinto would set off in the general direction of Gillingham and an early lunch, as invited by Dave Martin, at the Moto-Corsa emporium.



That part of the plan went swimmingly well and the grub in the Café Corsa lived up to its billing; well, with Dave in charge how could it not!

*Left: You can take the man out of England but you can't take the Full English out of the man.*

We had decided, in view of David's very early start and the 120 miles that he had already done before getting to my drum, that we would forgo the pre-arranged Club lunch booking in exchange for pressing on to Tavistock so that David could have a much deserved pre-prandial nap.

So after scran and a quick look around the excellent M-C store we spent a few minutes with the gathering Club Gourmets. As they were ordering lunch we left the car park heading south for the A30 which would take us via Sherborne and the 'pretty way' to Exeter, thence across Dartmoor to the hotel. According to 'My Route' software, the 103 miles should take a little over two and a half hours, with an eta Tavistock around 4ish.



We should have heeded Dave's sage (local) words, "That's bollocks!" He opined it would be well over 4 hours that way; but you know what blokes are like when discussing routes...

The wheels fell off our plan a little way south of Moto-Corsa with a 'Road Closed Ahead' sign. The diversion arrow pointed left but it would be many miles and plenty of head scratching before we saw the next one, even the satnavs were confused!

Eventually we got on the right road but an unscheduled diversion for an ice cream in Sidmouth followed by 25 miles behind a learner PSV driver's rolling roadblock, and the planned route going through the centre of Exeter at school chucking out time, conspired to ensure that by the time we got to the Bedford Hotel, Dave's group - who came the quick way - were well into their second pint. The inevitable p\*ss taking was, I suppose, richly deserved!

**Turning into the hotel car park** the first thing that struck me was that this time around they had allocated the Club a lot more spaces than on our last visit, it was also obvious that the '3 Amigos' route had ensured that we were amongst the last to arrive! The club banner was proudly welcoming members and guests and it was a delight to see Maurice's car parked up by the door: well, I say parked, but looking at the picture now, it was more like abandoned!

*Right: The Club welcomes careful parkers...*



Our organisers, Craig and Ian, had been doing a great deal of room juggling prior to the event to ensure that everyone got the kind of room they wanted and check in was as smooth as Silky the silkworm's silk pyjamas. Thanks guys!

After running the gauntlet of the aforementioned barracking, it was up to the room, stow the gear, then a quick shower and back down to the bar to partake of a drop of golden neck oil. Although the club had all of the rooms booked, the hotel was still open to non-residents and there was another celebration going on in a separate room; all helium balloons, high heels and squealing. (*Ed: Where was Rick at this time?*)

**Now there was a time** when Club bar chat was primarily bike related, you know the sort of thing: 'What are you on this weekend?' 'How far you can get to a tankful' and 'what's the performance like?'



Chatting pre-dinner, the answers to those three questions were variously: 'Warfarin'; '4 pees a night' and 'not for a long time...' As my old Dad used to often say, "It's no fun getting old son!"

*Left: Some welcome you with open arms whilst others...*

Current ailments aside, it was great to catch up on two and a half year's missed gossip and find out what everyone was up to these days.

It was also good to see Peter Britton on a run again, and Craig's wife Barbara who it transpired, was the real brains behind the run organisation! She would rightly be joining us for dinner too.



*L-R: Peter Britton chats with Webmaster Alan; Rick corners Barbara and, right, which served more time in the bike industry? Maurice's Suzuki jacket or Bob McMillan!*

Just before 8 o'clock, the dinner gong sounded and we ambled the short distance into the dining room for the usual shuffling dance around the tables to sit next to our favourite wine bottle. This was a vast improvement over 2015 where, if you recall, there was no wine on the tables! A day without learning etc...

**The outgoing (in every sense of the word) Chairman, Martin Lambert** formally welcomed members and guests and, with perhaps the merest hint of relief, also welcomed our new Chairman, Ben Matthews, before also welcoming Barbara Alam, Craig's wife.

Barbara's motorcycling CV is impressive. As well as being fundamental to the run organisation (as she was in 2015 if I remember correctly), she is Secretary to the All Party Parliamentary Motorcycling Group and a Tour Guide with Globebusters Motorcycle Expeditions.



Right: Barbara and Craig, Tour Managers, courtesy of the Globebusters website. The sticker on her screen commemorates 'Ace to Ace' – London to Beijing.



With the initial formalities complete, a very orderly table by table approach to the buffet servery was commenced...

The menu, which welcomed 'Motorcycle Industries Executive Club' [sic], proclaimed the main course to be Glazed Pork Loin with a Wild Mushroom Sauce and potatoes. So after a few spuds and a couple of slices of pork were plopped onto the plate, the last serving station confusingly offered a veggie curry with rice rather than the 'seasonal veg' one normally expects with meat and tatties. Shoulders were shrugged and the offer accepted, it all goes down the same hole as they say.

Back at the table, Nick Campolucci cautiously accepted some responsibility by way of his prior request for vegetarian, allergen free fare. No matter, the grub was good and filled a hole!

**With nosebag complete,** attention turned to our guests on the run.

First up, Stephen Burgess introduced his brother Michael. Michael is a coppersmith by trade and a dab hand at motorcycle restos apparently. Included in his stable is an ISDT Greeves. Now the elder Burgess sibling reportedly hadn't ridden in 40 years: well it certainly didn't show!



Nick Campolucci then introduced the genial Bill Taylor who has made a living in the security business being the Sales and Marketing Director of BikeTrac. Prior to being involved in the MBO of BikeTrac, Bill had been with Road Angel and, to complete the security hat-trick, he is also a time served doorman! He was also once apparently a wedding dress manufacturer but we best draw a veil over that...

If you were on the last Barford run you will remember Paul Haskins who was, as this time, brought along by Dan Sager. Paul is ex-Lloyd Lifestyle and now a Director at LS2 helmets. Indian mounted Paul (when was the last time one of those was on a run?), is also a Ron Haslam race school Instructor.



Last, but certainly not least, Dave Martin presented the ever smiling Tim Albone who was on his third qualifying run. Tim is in the engineering business, a fine metal fabricator and sub-contractor to more than one motorcycle manufacturer.

A regular on Dave's summer tours, Tim is of course now a club Member having been proposed, seconded and accepted following the Sunday Members' Meeting.

**Gary Lineker once said of the inevitability of the World Cup** ‘Then England play Germany, it goes to penalties and Germany win.’ So, let’s talk about the quiz...

Co-organiser Ian had put together a 25 question quiz, and with a noddy bike to his former occupation, promptly issued £2 fixed penalty notices to everyone present. The reason for the charge (other than the blatant profiteering of Treasurer Rick!) was that the Lynmouth Council had, since our last visit, imposed a parking fee in the area next to the Rock House where we would take lunch on the run. So the FPNs were to cover both the quiz entry contribution to the beer fund and the parking fees.

I’m guessing that most of us found the quiz quite challenging: most but not all of course. With all the inevitability of a penalty shootout against the Germans, Nick Jeffery again got top marks with 18 correct answers and carried off the star prize of ... a horse brass!

As ever, the quiz and answers will be at the end of this report for the entertainment of those who couldn’t join us. If you score (no cheating now!) more than Nick’s winning 18 points, please contact your scribe as this will be worthy of a headline in the Chronicle!!

**With the quiz done and dusted**, it was over to Craig to deliver the briefing for Saturday’s run. He opened by thanking the hotel for honouring our original booking, despite 2 postponements, and also thanked Ian, Nick Hopkins and Barbara for their invaluable contributions to the organisation. (Applause!)

Explaining that we would ride great, but poorly maintained roads, Craig went on to say there would be some sections with potholes, especially after lunch; perhaps inferring they could be more of a suspension hazard when riders were stuffed full of fish and chips?

With an 08.30 start to allow sufficient time to visit a different museum on the site at Davidstow, the total run length will be +/-201 miles, dependant on the line you take through the corners! For some, as you will read later, there would be a few extra miles too!

Briefing complete, it was only left for Chairman Martin to thank Barbara “for being Craig’s right hand” and for us all to return to the bar (or bed as applicable)...

**Kerplunk, twist twist, repeat** was the best description of the starting procedure for Norman’s 1969 Triumph Tiger 100. Not especially what you want after a hearty breakfast though, I mean you wouldn’t want either the bike or rider to ‘backfire’ inappropriately now would you!



Norman had proudly said the bike always started first kick, which was probably why he nonchalantly strolled out ‘just in the nick of time’ for the scheduled start.

Except it didn’t!

With carburettor tickled, choke full on and Andrew to

lend a steadying hand, our hero kicked; and kicked again, and again, finally handing over to Andrew’s sturdier leg for quite a few more swings. Eventually the ageing Trumpet roared into life under Andrew’s boot. When I asked him later what the problem had been, he told me “it helps to have the ignition on!”

And so, under a grey sky and with rain spots floating down, our convoy turned left out of the hotel car park and on to Drake’s statue and the wilds of Devon and Cornwall. It was 08.28.

**The rain amounted to nothing** as we left Tavistock in the mirrors and settled down for the ride west to Bodmin Moor, the first of the 3 moors we would ride on the run. Arriving in the village of Minions we passed the burnt out shell of the Cheesewring Hotel. Now, as bad days at the office go, it couldn't have been much worse for the owners of this establishment.

Looking forward presumably to a profitable Christmas 2021 after the ravages of Covid restrictions, the Fire Brigade were called at 08.21 on Christmas Eve to reports of a 'residential fire'. Arriving to find thick smoke and a swirling wind, the Firefighters were forced to tackle the blaze from outside the building as the internal structure was already failing. It took six pumps all day to bring the fire under control, eventually declaring it out in the early hours of Christmas Day. I can't even begin to imagine how the owners Marcia and Gary must have felt...



It's a strange name to be sure - the Cheesewring - and if you are wondering where it came from, as I was, it refers to a close-by rocky outcrop (tor) of the same name (aka Stowes Hill). These precarious looking piles are actually a natural feature formed by weathering. The way the granite slabs are stacked apparently resembles a press that was used to make cheese, so now you know.

With the sad demise of the hotel, I guess there are now far fewer people starting their trek to the rocks from Minions...

Minions is also close to the Caradon mining district which was a hotspot of tin mining for hundreds of years; before a rich deposit of copper was discovered in the 1830s. With many mines using Caradon in their names to lure unwary investors, the copper was worked out by the 1890s when the mines closed. As we headed up to Bolventor and the Jamaica Inn, some of the remaining buildings could be seen surrounded by beautiful yellow gorse.

Turning right at the T junction opposite the famous Jamaica Inn, we are soon passing by a turn to Altarnun which features in Daphne Du Maurier's classic tale of smugglers and ne're-do-wells, it being the home of the supposed Vicar of Altarnun, Francis Davey. Davey it turns out is the ring leader of the local baddies and not a real Vicar at all. All of which reminds me of a joke. A man of the cloth goes to see a lady of the night and as they get down to the business in hand she says to him "Are you a real vicar?" "Of course" says he "Why do you ask?" "Well" she replies, "With balls like that you should have been a Canon!"

Anyway, onwards from Bolventor to the coffee stop at Davidstow Moor. Along the way we came across a Highland Beastie with mahoosive pointy handlebar like horns, stood on the side of the road looking intently at the passing bikes and, it seemed, trying to work out which one of us to charge in retaliation for disturbing his morning's peace. Thankfully we passed unscathed!

**More cheese Gromit?** Arriving at the old RAF station of Davidstow Moor, the ambient temperature hovered around 6°C. Next door is the Davidstow cheese factory, whose wares carry the Royal Warrant of our dear Queen. Whilst most of us went in search of coffee and biscuits, Roy Pinto disappeared off and came back with a couple of truckles of said comestible which were promptly stowed in his luggage.



Back in 2015 we went to a different part of the site which, if you remember, housed those curious dioramas, including the mess party and that re-creation of the naughty Battle of Britain film scene. Well this time, a knowledgeable retired RAF chap with a smart red, white and blue, pointer stick was just busting to get us into the more conventional museum and tell us all about what the station got up to in the war years. He might as well have tried herding cats...

**If it moves salute it, if it doesn't paint it** was, I believe, one of the first things drilled into new recruits during the years Davidstow was operational. The modern day equivalent may be 'if it doesn't move, appear out of the ether banging your gaily painted pointer on whatever is being looked at and explain *in great depth* the background to the exhibit'.



The Tour Guide (I really should have asked his name!) clearly 'got some in' at Davidstow because there was nothing he didn't know about the station and the people who served there and I imagine that a guided tour from him would be fascinating to the point of exhaustion!

For an easier dive into the history of the place, click on this here linky thing <https://davidstowmemorialmuseum.co.uk/>

We enjoyed the plentiful tea and sugary snacks for just long enough for the rain to start again, although it was not enough to wet the roads and soon petered out.

**This is going to get interesting** thought I as we swung our way up the A39 in the general direction of chips. A large group of riders was emerging from a minor road to the left and mingling with our strung out pack. Sure enough, a little ways up the road, there was a corner marshal waving riders down a side road to the right. Cautiously, I rode right up to the GS mounted chap and thought, yep, that's David Taylor and chased the others down the minor road.

Marshalling at the next T junction was a chap on a KTM that I didn't recognise. Pulling up behind him I enquired "Are you with The Club?" "No" he says. "Oh, so where are you heading?" I asked. "Fuck knows!" he replied; thus proving what a marvellous protocol the dispatch rider system is! During this discourse, I saw (I think) Tom Waterer and David O'Neill both following this alternate pack...

Think on chums; when the organiser giving the briefing says "and then we follow the A39 all the way to Lynmouth"; resist the temptation to turn off it. And, if like David O'Neill, you are the only bloke with the route plumbed into your satnav, it pays to throw it a glance now and then if you want to avoid arriving late for lunch *and* a hefty fine at dinner!

Having back tracked to the A39 to find Ian Kerr and the RAC van waiting patiently, your scribe set off like a rabbit on a promise, stopping at each corner marshal to explain the delay to progress. There was a camper van (*Ed: Grocklebox colloquially*) trundling northwards that must have wondered who the dickhead on the bike was that overtook him at least 5 times...

During this last section before Lynmouth, I saw Norman pull into a layby closely followed by Dave Martin. It seems the Tiger was running a bit erratically which was apparently something to do with the yards of extra throttle cable between the twistgrip and carbatooter. Whilst classic bikes do have a certain charm, I for one do not miss the constant worry of will they get you to where you want to be! (*Ed: well, that remark will certainly get Nick Hopkins spluttering!*)



Rocking up at The Rock in Lynmouth, a quick head count was done to see if we had lost (or gained!) anyone in the A39 kerfuffle. Sure enough David's flouro BMW was the only one missing. He did eventually arrive, but not before the Sergeant at Arms had listed him!



**On a damp grey day** the fish and chips at the Rock certainly hit the spot; that is when the staff eventually pinned down where we were all sitting. Last time we were here we formed a shuffling queue for soup and sandwiches before mingling with the other customers. I wonder if some lucky tourist won a free fish lunch on The Club?

Like a recurring theme, the rain started as we left Lynmouth via the Watersmeet Road; this time it was heavy enough to wet the road which added extra frisson to the subsided, shiny, potholed, gravel strewn tarmac which follows the course of the West Lyn River. If I remember correctly it was in similar poor repair the last time we rode it.

Leaving the wooded A39 via the B3223 we climbed up on to Exmoor proper heading for Dulverton via Simonsbath, which is the principal settlement of the Exmoor Parish. It boasts a population of 156 – and just 3 surnames. (I made the last bit up!) Legend says it got its name after a Celtic robber named Simon, who was terrorising the locals, was converted by a ‘Cornish Holy Man’ and baptised in the River Barle: hence Simon’s bath.

After passing through the Exmoor gateway town of Dulverton we hit the traffic hold up which is Tiverton, which has more than a fair share of roundabouts and red lights! Whilst sat at one of them your scribe was transfixed by a large lady (and I use the term loosely) who clearly had no shame. She was a horror show in pink, with a skirt up to her armpits and kinky boots. I *think* her tattoos were spelt correctly but couldn’t be



sure. The things you see when you haven’t got a harpoon eh? Unfortunately for me the Sergeant at Arms was immediately behind me and clocked me desperately trying to turn my head to get a better look without toppling off the bike!

So regular were the waymarking points as we progressed through the town, Run Leader Craig had to wait quite a while to allow for the pack to catch up before we could head on out to Bickleigh and take tea at the Fisherman’s Cot.

**Picturesque as the Fisherman’s cot** is nestling next to Bickleigh Bridge over the river Exe, it was only built in 1933. It served as a fishing lodge to the nearby Bickleigh Castle which, by then was a large estate with a collection of buildings various. The castle itself was destroyed during the Civil War, in the spring of 1646, when it was attacked by General Sir Thomas Fairfax’s New Model Army.



Fast forward to 1933 and the estate was under the ownership of Lt Colonel Jasper Henson, a World War 1 veteran of the Royal West Kent Regiment, aka The Queen’s. He was responsible for a great deal of sympathetic restoration work on the estate which is nowadays a wedding venue. (*Ed: I wonder if any of Bill Taylor’s dresses have been worn there...*) The Cot is now a chain pub owned by Marstons.

Whilst trying to find room for yet more confections, Norman spotted a heron stood in the river, waiting for an unsuspecting meal to swim by. No prizes for guessing that he named the heron Suzuki!

**And so, groaning under the weight** of the plentiful provender consumed since breakfast we set off on the last leg of the run; via Crediton and then west to pick up the A3124 down to Moretonhampstead where we could join the B road crossing of Dartmoor. It’s a lovely road but the 40mph limit is tedious and so it was treated with a certain amount of contempt, especially as it was the second time your scribe had ridden it in 24 hours...





In the glorious weather we enjoyed in 2015, the end of run beer was taken in the Bedford Hotel garden. This time around the mizzle that waved us off first thing was there to welcome us back.

I thought it would be nice to compare pictures of the post run refreshments from both the years. Look carefully and see how things have changed in just 7 years. In 2015 it was a congenial chat in the sun and in 2022, well, see for yourself!



One thing that hadn't changed mind was Andrew's jumper: I do declare it's the same one in both pictures!

I think it's high time that the Sergeant at Arms re-introduced fines for using a mobile on a run. Oh wait, that is the Sergeant at Arms! Ah well, I guess as Canute found, it's impossible to turn back the waves...



**Another trend your scribe spotted** whilst scribbling notes on who rode what was the growing number of personalised registration plates that members are sporting on their mounts. Is this a reflection of more 'private ownership' rather than the borrowed press bikes of past years I wonder?

It may be in the case of Nick J that the plate on his 'new' K75 is merely serendipitous, but it did help to distinguish it from his previous K75 that had a very similar colour!

**It used to be called a motor trade dinner** back in the late 70s when I joined Kawasaki. Prawn Cocktail, Sirloin Steak (well done though fella) and Black Forest Gateaux. Saturday's dinner certainly tipped its hat in that direction: Bedford Prawn Cocktail, Roast Dartmoor Beef and a favourite of Mary Berry, Lemon Posset.

However, just like Friday, the (again misspelt) menu left one scratching one's head a little. You see the description of the Prawn cocktail didn't mention prawns at all! To paraphrase Star Trek, 'it's a cocktail Jim, but not as we know it!' I recall that there may have been prawns mixed in with the crabsticks but of the burnt lemon mayonnaise I have no memory. Still it tasted good and after all, we are more interested in Michelin tyres than Michelin stars!



**Chairman Martin called on Andrew and Norman** to propose the toasts. Andrew firstly remembering Absent Friends, notably Honorary Member Ken Sprayson and of course Peter Sheen, both of whom had passed the chequered flag since last we met. Norman followed with the Loyal Toast where he dutifully recited all (and I do mean all!) of Her Majesty The Queen's many titles.



I noted that at some point here either Martin or, I suspect, more likely Norman, quoted the famous exchange that supposedly happened between Nancy Astor and Winston Churchill: although quite why it came up I cannot recall. It goes thus:



*"Mr Churchill, if I were your wife I would Poison your tea."  
"Madam, if you were my wife, I would drink it."*

Whether this exchange ever happened is a moot point. According to Boris Johnson's book *The Churchill Factor* it was more likely made up by the Chicago Tribune for its Joke of the Day column in 1900. Nevertheless there were many documented witty exchanges between them.

If anyone can remember why this quote was mentioned (or indeed by whom) then please let me know!

**The Chairman then rose for his final address** but before getting on to that proper, he firstly led members in wishing Neil Tuxworth a very happy, landmark, 70<sup>th</sup> birthday. Cheers Neil!

Following this, Martin acknowledged the member donations received for this run and thanked the donors. He also thanked Nigel Bosworth and Stephen Burgess who had sponsored the evening's port and cheese respectively. Thanks chaps!



With some members having to depart early on Sunday, Martin wanted to sign off his chairmanship whilst all were still present. He kicked this off by suggesting that he had enjoyed the role so much that he had especially arranged the pandemic to extend his time in office!

*Left: Sorry about the blurry picture Martin, my camera was welling up!*

He went on to acknowledge the help and support of the Committee and the hard work of everyone involved in organising (and juggling) this and future runs during this most difficult of times. (Applause!)

A special mention was also made of Peter Britton and Maurice Knight who between them had clocked up over 180 years on the planet and were still going strong. (Much applause!) Very well done gentlemen, it's always a great pleasure spending time with you. Their run had, sadly, been cut short as the combination of Michael Evans' whispering Tesla and the bend swinging nature of the route had brought on an unexpected (and never before experienced) bout of motion sickness in Peter, necessitating an early return to base.

**And so, with the Hotel Staff coming amongst us with the port and cheese**, it was over to the Sergeant at Arms, Dave Martin, to deliver his report and judgements on the day's misdemeanors. He was assisted in this shameless act of money-grabbing by Frank 'The Winkler' Finch and the customary ice bucket.

Dave claimed this was his first Sergeant at Arms report in 4 years. But as we hadn't had a run for two and a half of those this was clearly just a 'political statement'!



First on the charge sheet was *Graham Matcham* and *David O'Neill* for sporting external sun visors on their Arai helmets expecting the sun - that didn't come.



This was smartly followed by *Roy Pinto* who, stated the Sergeant, "Ignored every speed limit on the run, in fact tried to double them."

*Tom Waterer* had been getting carried away by Norman's Triumph and was overhead saying "Ooooh, that's a lovely clutch."

*David O'Neill* was back on a fizzer again, "He came all the way here on a Dayglo BMW but the frame was still in primer!"

A group named as "Giants of the Industry" comprising: *Craig Carey-Clinch*, *Stephen Burgess*, *Geoff Selvidge*, *Graham Goodman*, *David Taylor*, *Nick Campolucci* and *Nick Hopkins* all divvied up for still having GB stickers on their bikes, which said the Sergeant, since Brexit, should now be UK stickers including the previously ignored

Northern Ireland. Now, as scribe and thus the defacto spokesman for this harshly treated group, I suggest we were actually all prepared and ready for when it changes back after Scottish independence!

*Kevin Howells* was fined for mistaken identity; he thought your scribe was the Sergeant and so cosied up to Dave. Big mistake, huge!

For sartorial indiscretion, *Bob McMillan* copped it for not having his shirt tucked in on Friday night. (Ed: Oooh, picky! I thought Friday dress was casual?)

Now *Maurice* likes to call a spade a spade but it was to prove his downfall as he was reported as saying "The bloody standard of language in this club is f\*cking disgusting" and that after greeting the Sergeant with "How are you you old b\*stard?"

Forgetting the first question to be asked in The Met's 'collaring a slag' crib sheet, *Ian Kerr* copped it for not making a space for 'Name' on the quiz paper.

*Arthur Macdonald* had dobbed himself in for not getting fuel on Friday night, as requested by the organisers. (Ed: and standard protocol!)

The mismatched luggage on *Craig's* bike cost him, as did the misspelt menus – 'Executuve Club' and 'Birisket' – although *Ian Kerr* shared that particular penalty.

Now the fount of all Kawasaki knowledge, *Martin Lambert*, was fined for giving the wrong answer to question 16 of the quiz. Your scribe is keeping quiet on this as he got away with it!

Before the Sergeant could extract yet more Euros from *David O'Neill*, the Chairman thanked the hotel staff, who were clearing the tables, for their excellent care of us over the weekend.

Back with *David*, who had to cough up for that episode of following the wrong group, despite being the only man on the run with the route in his satnav. He put his hand up to the 'schoolboy error' but tried to plead mitigating circumstances which elicited the stony-ground response, "Yeah, whatever!"

Following on from *David's* charge and on the same topic, *Tom Waterer* had been cited by more than one member as the instigator of the confusion with the other group. He also pleaded mitigating circumstances as "the person on point was a clone of *David Taylor*." *David* was thus also fined. Now, if you were paying attention earlier in the report, you will know: a) Tom was wrongly accused, b) your scribe dodged another bullet and c) it probably was *David* on point duty directing the right riders on the wrong route!

*Tim Albone* tried to curry favour by saying to the Sergeant, "Don't fine me we're roomies" a failed ploy.

*Dan Sager*, a man normally with his finger on the pulse, had somehow managed to get confused when booking a place for his guest *Paul Haskins*. Instead of the simple guest booking, he had booked twenty nine £10 donations and generated twenty nine invoices!"

*Norman* had apparently been recounting the 1951 Le Mans race where he had driven a Menage-R Trois with a couple of young ladies, he was clearly very advanced for 6 years old eh?

*Dan Sager* and inbound Chairman *Ben* were cited for coming down "in a van with a caravan on the back." (Ed: I think the Sergeant needs to go to Specsavers!)

*Craig* was penalised for putting both *Maurice* and *Peter Bolton* in upstairs rooms.



*The two Nicks, Hopkins and Jeffery* had had to make an early pit stop to refuel on the way to the hotel with Dave's Gourmet Group but had failed to get the ales in for the others who filled up on arrival. On the subject of refuelling, *Roy Pinto* had to cough up for being unsure of the route back to the hotel after riding the few hundred metres to the petrol station in Tavistock! The Sergeant then named his source, your scribe, for dobbing Roy in!

The perennial indicator misdemeanour caught out *your scribe* (as usual), *Frank Finch* and *Neil Tuxworth*. *Norman*, who has several previous convictions, thought he would be clever and come on a bike without indicators. He still had to cough up though.

*Nick Campolucci* grassed himself up for standing on the footpegs but then, thinking he was safe from further punishment, did it again, right in front of the Sergeant and for quite some distance!

Predicting the drought which was to come, *Kevin Howells* had locked his helmet upsidedown on his bike at lunchtime to collect the rain.

*Tom* was back in the sights for partaking of a pre-fish and chips snack by way of a slice of lemon drizzle cake. (Ed: did he eat it or squeeze it on the fish?)

Now it seems a group of 'members of little faith' had organised a sweep on just where on the route *Nick Hopkins'* Norton would 'expire', but as it didn't and nobody won, Nick had to cough up apparently!

*Rick Parish* suffered whiplash whilst trying to eyeball a girl (perhaps called Shelley?) in leather trousers. *Your scribe* was also similarly cited for the incident with the 'Vicky Pollard' lookalike in Tavistock!

Inevitably, *Norman* was fined for his boast of the trusty Triumph's first kick starting reliability. "Not with the ignition switched off it won't!"

Back to standing on the footpegs, *David O'Neill* and *Graham Goodman* had also transgressed and were duly relieved of their cash.

As the Run Leader, *Craig* had confessed to coercing members into breaking the Dartmoor speed limit and was thus forced to chuckie up. Leading by example is not always the best policy!

You would think that helmet manufacturer *Paul Haskins* leaving his helmet in a bar would lead to it being nicked: it wasn't! And sensing our guest was on the ropes, the Sergeant pressed his advantage by nicking him for being tieless and having to blag one from reception and for having a loose indicator on his Indian.



Here's one I wished I'd caught on camera, *Neil Tuxworth* coming into the bar pre-dinner looking like Jimmy Krankie. Now the Sergeant made a passing remark about Jimmy Krankie and Nicola Sturgeon, something which apparently riles the Nationalists north of Hadrians Wall. But have a look at the screen grab left, when one searches for images of Jimmy Krankie. Now you know why you never see them in the same room together!

*Kevin Howells* had been grassed up for passing the Sergeant a touch too closely out on the road; so close in fact that: "if it wasn't for the combined bulk of me and the Guzzi, the wind would have blown us off course." Compounding the crime, Kevin later approached Dave and said "You do know it wasn't me on my bike." Double whammy for Kevin! Well actually, triple whammy, for coming to a formal dinner in "trainer snowshoes."

*Nigel Bosworth* copped a fine for wearing a Tim Maccabee 'hand me down tie' and also had to pay up for Tim's absence. To quote the Sergeant "As a consultant he should be here!"

*Ben Matthews* and *Andy Mayo* removed their jackets before the loyal toast: standards gentlemen please! *Steve Callahan* was sporting new spectacles and this had led to a split opinion amongst members as to whether his new persona more closely resembled Harry Potter, Alan Turing or Alan Partridge.

A rubber strap with a Triumph logo had been found and as, according to the Sergeant, they cost about £30 there was a rush to claim it for a £1 fine. Look for it on eBay soon!

*Nigel Bosworth* was (surprisingly) fined for having the widest 'chicken strips' on his (widest) tyres - and with his racing background too, shocking!

*Nick Jeffery* was accused of having a boat engine in his BMW as it emitted a smoke screen on each start up.

And of course, the final charge was aimed at *Norman*, the originator of this most popular run feature, for being the only person to ignore the No Entry sign at the fuel stop. Norman duly quoted Douglas Bader whilst paying up: "Rules are for the obedience of fools and the guidance of wise men..."

With that the Sergeant closed his book on another successful weekend's work!

**Well Gents, that just about wraps it up.** Another great weekend, riding great roads with with great friends, and all the better after such a long enforced lay-off. Thanks again for your excellent organisation Craig and Ian, and all your helpers!

Martin signed off his extended chairmanship and welcomed Ben to the role to guide us through whatever challenges will face The Club in the next couple of years and we, finally, welcomed Tim Albone as our latest member. The future run calendar is looking good so there is plenty to look forward to.

As ever, my thanks go to all who provided snippets of info, photos and general tittle-tattle without which the scribe's job would be so much harder. Regrettably, I can't be with you in Scotland but I'm sure that a wonderful time will be had by all. Ride safe chums and I look forward to hearing all about it in due course.

Until next time, TTFN!

*Geoff*

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## The Runners and Riders

Martin Lambert (Chairman)	Kawasaki Versys 1000S	Kevin Howells	Yamaha MT10SP
Graham Goodman (Hon Sec)	BMW R1200GS	Nick Jeffery	BMW K75S
Rick Parish (Hon Treasurer)	Triumph Trophy 1200	Nigel Bosworth	Ducati Streetfighter V4S
Craig Carey-Clinch (Organiser)	Triumph Scrambler 1200XC	Maurice Knight	<i>With Michael Evans</i>
Ian Kerr MBE (Organiser)	Yamaha Tracer 700	Arthur Macdonald	Triumph Tiger 800
Dave Martin (Sergeant at Arms)	Moto Guzzi V85TT	Graham Matcham	KTM 1050 Adventure
Geoff Selvidge (Scribe)	Kawasaki Versys 1000GT	Dan Sager	Royal Enfield Interceptor 650

<i>Nich Brown</i>	<i>DNS – Covid positive!</i>	David O’Neill	BMW R1250HP
Steve Callahan	BMW S1000XR	Andrew Smith	Yamaha Tracer 900GT
Adam Kelley	Yamaha Tracer 900GT	Norman Hyde	1969 Triumph Tiger 100
Tom Waterer	Honda NC750X	Ben Matthews	Yamaha MT09 Tracer
Nick Campolucci	Honda Africa Twin	Neil Tuxworth	Honda NC750X
Roy Pinto	Yamaha Tracer 900	Peter Britton	<i>With Michael Evans</i>
Bob McMillan	Honda Africa Twin 1100ES DCT	Tom Waterer	Honda NC750X
Andy Mayo	Aprilia Tuono V4		
Michael Evans	Tesla Model 3 motor car	<b>GUESTS</b>	
Frank Finch	Yamaha Tracer 900GT	<i>Bill Taylor</i>	<i>Yamaha Tenere 1200</i>
Alan Halford	Triumph Tiger 900	<i>Paul Haskins</i>	<i>Indian FTR</i>
David Taylor	BMW R1200GS	<i>Tim Albone</i>	<i>Yamaha FJR 1300</i>
Nick Hopkins	Norton Commando Fastback LR	<i>Michael Burgess</i>	<i>BMW GS850</i>

### The Quiz – answers after the route map below...

1. What did BMW make before motorcycles?
2. In 1926 Ducati was founded, but what did it produce?
3. In which year did they produce their first Motorcycle?
4. Which bike did they design for the American police force of which only two now exist?
5. Moto Guzzi is located close to the shores of which Italian lake?
6. Where does their emblem come from?
7. Alfonso Morini’s first bike in 1946 was a copy of a well-known model. What was it a copy of?
8. MV Augusta started out building what?
9. MZ was formed from which innovative East German manufacturer?
10. The founder of that original company was of what nationality?
11. Giancarlo Morbidelli formed his race team having established his main core business. What is that business?
12. Morbidelli merged with another manufacturer to produce race bikes. What was that brand called?
13. Who was the oldest Motorcycle manufacturer in Japan until it was bought out in 1961?
14. In which year did Soichiro Honda found his company?
15. One of his first bikes was the Benly. What does this word mean in English?
16. When was Kawasaki Established?
17. When was the first bike with Kawasaki on the tank produced?
18. What was the name of the Japanese Harley Davidson Copy built in the 1920’s?
19. What were the first products manufactured by Suzuki?
20. Torakuso Yamaha founded Yamaha in the late 1800’s, but what did they make?
21. What year did they make their first motorcycle?
22. Which company is credited with the first V8 motorcycle?
23. In what year was the governing body of world motorcycle sport formed? It was first called the Federation Internationale des Clubs Motorcyclistes (FICM) it is now the Federation Internationale Motorcycliste (FIM) after it was changed in 1949.
24. Name the British rider who is one of only two riders who have won three races at one GP meeting?
25. Name the British World Champion who won the title without winning a single race?

## The Route



## Quiz Answers

1. Aircraft engines. Started in 1913 became BMW in 1917.
2. Societa Scientifica Radio Brevetti Ducati or Ducati Patented Wireless Company. The only company in Italy to manufacture Wireless Equipment
3. 1948 the 'Cucciolo' having bought out the rights to the engine from SIATA
4. The four-cylinder Apollo
5. Lake Como at Mandello del Lario
6. It is the Airforce eagle used in memory of one of the founders Giovanni Ravelli a pilot who was killed very early on in the company's history.
7. The DKW RT125
8. Aircraft later moving into helicopters.
9. DKW
10. Danish. Jorgen Skafto Rasmussen
11. Woodworking tools
12. MBA. It was a combination of Morbidelli and Benelli-Armi the firearms side of Benelli.
13. Meguro who were founded in 1937.
14. In October 1946 he founded the Honda Technical Research Institute in Hamamatsu.
15. Economy
16. 1878 as Kawasaki Dockyard in Tokyo by Shozo Kawasaki
17. 1962 after they closed their subsidiary Meihatsu and bought out Meguro. It was the B8, a 125cc two stroke single
18. Rikuo
19. Textile machines, it was not until the early fifties they started on small motorcycles Michio Suzuki was the founder.
20. Organs/Pianos
21. 1955
22. Curtiss in the USA who produced a seven foot long 4000cc V8 which made 40 bhp at 1800rpm and weighed in at 275lbs and it had shaft drive . At Ormond Beach Florida in 1907 he rode it to a speed of 136.36 mph to become the fastest man on earth at that time!
23. It was founded in Paris on 21-22 December 1904
24. Mike Hailwood who did the 125,250 and 500 at the British GP in 1961, and then did it again another four times. The only other rider to do it was Jim Redman at the 1964 Dutch TT.
25. George O'Dell won the sidecar championship in 1977. (In 1982 Werner Schwarzel did the same again in the same class.)