



# THE CLUB - AUTUMN RUN 2017

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*Sheffield & Peaks from Tankersley*

Organisers: Tony Dawson (sub - Tom Waterer) & Nick Hopkins

## TONY TAKES THE BYPASS AND MISSES THE TANK...

According to our welcome letter, the Tankersley Manor Hotel is locally known as 'The Tank' and its proximity to junction 36 of the M1 makes it the ideal base for a run: easy to get to and banging on the door of the excellent Peak District roads to the west. However, as Robert Burns famously wrote: '*The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men, Gang aft a'gley*' and in lead organiser Tony Dawson's case, this was a major malfunction of his personal oil pump, just a month ahead of the run he had so carefully planned, which left him confined to an hospital bed after a re-routing of his internal galleries.

In fact, our Routemeister had been proper poorly leading up to the run weekend and was well off his tucker until Norman and Andrew turned up at his bedside on Friday afternoon. The threat of further visits unless he ate was all that Tony needed to rekindle his appetite and he was later reported as having consumed a bacon cob (*Ed: crusty roll, barm, batch, bap, stotty: dependant on your heritage*) and a bowl of soup to hasten his recovery and stave off more nagging...

*Right: Tony, pre-overhaul, peers into the cockpit of a Swordfish - Spring 2012*



So off the bench came Tom Waterer as a substitute tail end charlie which allowed Tony's Co-organiser, Nick Hopkins, to go 'up front' and lead the line on his trusty Norton. This ultimately led to one member asking "When was the last time a run was led by a British bike?" Ahem, spring this year when Rick had us following his Hinckley built Triumph Trophy around East Anglia - but I think we knew what was meant!

By the time your scribe arrived at the venue in the company of David O'Neill and son John, virtually everyone else had arrived and the hotel was heaving with a wedding party in an advanced stage of refreshment and the players and officials of Bury FC who were playing Rotherham on the following day<sup>1</sup>.

Anyway, after trudging all the way to the most remote room in the hotel laden with panniers, tank bag, helmet etc I made the schoolboy error of taking half of my luggage and the key card into the room and then, whilst still in the corridor retrieving my lid and tank bag, hearing the extra-strong closer slam the door behind me. This is the second time this has happened to me, the first was in an hotel in Hexham, many years ago, when unfortunately I found myself stark naked in the corridor with a Women's Institute meeting taking place across the hall from reception. But that, as they say, is another story!

So following the long round trip back to reception for a second key card and suitably showered and changed it was off to the bar in search of gossip and ale...



<sup>1</sup> They lost 3-2 after conceding in the 89<sup>th</sup> minute. The Manager, Lee Clark, was sent to the stands at half time...



Above: Captions for these two pictures should be written on a £20 note and sent to your scribe please

### DINNER IN A FISH TANK - TAKE 1...

The hotel called the dining space the 'Brasserie Conservatory' but to me it resembled an aquarium as we were separated from the rest of the diners by a pair of glass doors and, to get to it, we had to parade past hordes of (mainly) glammed up ladies in posh frocks and ridiculously high heels who were nudge-nudging, giggling and pointing as we passed; and there's me thinking it was only blokes who did that.



The meal was a simple but nourishing three course affair: mackerel pâté, supreme of chicken and sticky toffee pudding swilled down, of course, with red and white vino collapso. The menu card together with its ostentatious wine tasting notes is reproduced at the end of the report.

*Left: With no 'top table', the blazered Chairman Dan had to slum it with the hoi-polloi!*

Anyway, somewhere around 8.30, Chairman Dan rose from his chair to invite members to introduce their guests...

Norman Hyde was first up, cocking a snook at the generally accepted 'one member, one guest' protocol with the words "I've gone for quantity not quality!" How to make one's guests feel especially welcome eh?



Both of Norman's guests had been on previous runs, firstly Tim Maccabee (*left*) who is the Managing Director of Ducati UK and Scandinavia. This was his third run; his last was way back in the spring of 2011 at Kirkby Lonsdale.

Norman's second guest was Neil Tuxworth (*right*) who first joined us in the spring. Neil heads up Honda's racing department and I did him a grave disservice when reporting that run by referring to him as "an accomplished sand racer ..." Neil is, in fact, a motorcycle racing god.



In a racing career that started in 1969 he has won road races at national and international level including wins at the British Grand Prix in 1975 (Production), Ulster Grand Prix in 1976 (125cc) and the Indian Grand Prix of 1985 (350cc). He was runner up in the 1977 F2 World Championship and 3<sup>rd</sup> in 1978. He has had 6 podiums in 68 TT races and won the Manx Grand Prix in 1985; he was also 4th in the 1976 Barcelona 24 hour as a Honda works rider. Add to that hundreds of wins in scrambles, grass track, speedway and ice racing, numerous 1<sup>st</sup> class trials awards *and* over 2,500 wins on the sand, I rather understated it, sorry Neil!

Whilst I'm in apologetic mood, and taking the introductions slightly out of order, let's jump to Simon Hill who, like Norman, had two guests on the run. The first was Stephen Burgess whose name I unforgivably misspelt in the spring report when referring to him as Steven and causing him a certain amount of grief with Mrs B! Stephen's company manages the storage, PDI and delivery of BMW motorcycles.

Simon's second guest, Rob Smith, was actually introduced by Run Leader Nick Hopkins, the reason being that Rob was with us as the much valued run support. With no RAC cover possible on this run, Simon had generously offered the services of his man Rob and the SCH customer service van.

*Right: Rob (left) and Stephen politely acknowledge yet another Simon Hill witticism*



The final guest on this run was John O'Neill (pictured left), son of David and a Graphic Designer by profession. He's pretty good at it too having designed the Team AkzoNobel ocean racing yacht graphics.

*Right: Is it just me or is that design colourway reminiscent of late 80's motorcycles?*

John has joined us before, in Tavistock for the spring 2015 Three Moors Run.



With our guests duly introduced, our collective trotters went back into our respective troughs until it was time for the Chairman to stand once again and announce the run briefing.

### **A BRIEFING THAT WAS ANYTHING BUT BRIEF...**

Before handing over to our surrogate run leader, Chairman Dan remarked that this had been a run of changes brought about, of course, by Tony's untimely 'clutcher'. He further remarked that being the good Yorkshireman that he is, Tony had negotiated a triple heart bypass for the price of one!

After passing on Tony's good wishes for a fine run, Dan handed over to Nick for the briefing and whilst we listened intently to that, a menu card was passed around for all present to sign as a 'get well soon' memento for Tony.

*Right: Nick stands to deliver the most comprehensive briefing in club history*



Now Nick Hopkins is a man of detail and we were treated to an almost mile for mile briefing of Saturday's route. This would include a trip through 'Last of The Summer Wine' country, a climb to the top of Holme Moss and riding part of a test route used by Chapel-en-le Frith's John Hartle when practising for the TT. We would ride the Snake Pass and the Winnats Pass and most of this would be on roads as smooth as Silky the Silkworm's silk pyjamas thanks to the re-surfacing work done before the Tour De France 'Grand Départ' from Yorkshire in 2014.

Maps and contact phone numbers were circulated with the instruction not to use TEC Tom's number as his phone had only recently been rescued from the washing machine and was not yet properly dry! With the way the weather was to pan out in the morning, Tom was probably not the only one with a moist communicator come tea-time.

And so thoroughly briefed, it was time to repair to the bar. However, Martyn Roberts was to give us a scare as he had 'dropped off' at the table and was reluctant to wake up. When he did come around, somewhat disorientated, he had to be helped to his room and 'de-briefed'! (*Ed: He was right as rain in the morning.*)

## IT'S SATURDAY, IT'S RAINING; IT MUST BE A CLUB RUN...



In the spring, we had been lucky to dodge the early rain showers and have a dry run but we had no such luck this time! By breakfast time it was raining and as we made our way to the parc fermé under a steely grey sky (well we were close to Sheffield) there was a steady drenching precipitation.

The rain did stop five minutes before the off but as Nick's Norton was braap, braaping out of the car park it started again and, as if to say it was only kidding before, it increased from piddling to stair-rodging down.

*Left: Knowing that Nick's Norton is not too fond of the damp it was declared a hazard. Below, Keith seems happy enough but Andrew's legs have already shrunk. Arthur does a 'big mac'.*

## LAST OF THE SUMMER? WHINE. Tankersley to Holmfirth...

Leaving the hotel by way of the adjacent A61, the first part of the route was a meandering mix of wide three lane blacktop and minor tree lined roads that skirted the northernmost Sheffield suburbs of High Green and Chapeltown. Eventually heading west, the first town of note was Oughtibridge where the River Don was crossed.

Initially just a ford across the river, a bridge was built in 1150 that was managed by a chap called Oughtred whose nickname was apparently Oughty, hence Oughty's bridge and whence came its modern name of Oughtibridge – pronounced Oo-tee-bridge by the way. A settlement grew up around the crossing as a focal point for the local farming community.

Leaving Oughtibridge behind, we flirted briefly with the Peak District National Park before turning right in Worrall, now a residential village for Sheffield's commuters. Little Mesters operated here in the late 18<sup>th</sup> century supplying items to Sheffield's cutlery industry. These Little Mesters were self-employed workers who rented space in a larger factory to carry out a particular phases of the manufacturing process.



*Left: From the arid environment of Maurice's motor, Ray B captures the conditions on the road up to Worrall*

Loxley, where Robin Hood was supposedly born, was next up and here

we turned to head for the National Park via Stacey Bank with glimpses of the lovely Damflask Reservoir to our left.

*Right: Damflask Reservoir courtesy of Mr Google, obviously*



From Stacey Bank on up to the junction with the A616 at Langsett the views were wonderful; even in the conditions in which we were riding. In fact, the dark brooding clouds and clarity of the visibility between downpours added to the drama of the landscape. Around the pretty village of High Bradfield the view across the upper Loxley valley to our left went clear through to the Dark Peak.



Crossing the dam at the head of the Langsett Reservoir and passing the magnificent castellated towers of the old water board buildings (pictured left); we turned left onto the A616 which would take us out of the National Park again and on to Holmfirth for warming coffee.

I must confess here that 'Last of The Summer Wine' is one of my favourite classic sitcoms, indeed, I have been called 'Foggy' (Ed: read into that what you will!) many times: many, many times. However, the descent from the moors into town on this particular wet Saturday was a real mare and enough to try the most ardent fan hoping for a glimpse of a famous TV location. (Ed: Ah, that'll be the whine then)

We came into town on the B6106 which is a single carriageway road, as you would expect, on a bus route (double-deckers mind) and as it comes into town there is unrestricted parking on one side and high, solid walls in parts on the other and a few slippery manhole covers too. As if this wasn't bad enough, there are a couple of feeder roads coming into it plus right turning traffic into Town Gate all in the space of the last thirty metres. The result of all of this was a mile and a half of barely moving traffic town bound, past which we had to filter. Easy for some but not for those who had left the pannier cases in situ, Rick, the O'Neills and your scribe to name but four!

Of course, we did our best to add to this complete snotravvle by posting corner marshals on the junctions to create additional hazards and confuse the local populace. Bob got the plum job though being posted to direct us left onto the Woodhead Road; he was on the bridge over the stream in front of those famous cottages, which he managed to get a snap of.



Right: "Get off me step!" Where Nora chased Compo with her broom!

From here it was but a short distance to our coffee stop, Compo's Café, which, as far as one can tell, played absolutely no part in any of the 295 episodes that were made between 1973 and 2010. It did however contain quite a few location photographs of the cast amongst which we sat and gently steamed ...



L-R: Run Leader, TEC and the Chairman; Compo's Cafe; 'Who nicked the Jammie Dodger then?'

During the coffee and biscuits, your scribe, Ian Kerr and Secretary Graham discussed the relative waterproofing merits of motorcycling garments. Questions such as, why is it that one's trews always leak at the crotch increasing the possibility of contracting 'trench-cock' on long rides? And, in Graham's case, why does it take three days for his waterproof mobile phone pocket to drain of its collected rainwater?

These questions remained unanswered as we re-mounted for the next leg of our journey. Still, the rain had stopped, for a while at least...

### IN THE TYRE TRACKS OF GIANTS 1 - Holmfirth to Castleton...

We headed down the road from Compo's to pick up the A6024 which leaves the environs of Holmfirth to the south east and re-enters the national park just by the village of Holme where the road starts to climb more steeply and sinuously up to the summit by the Holme Moss mast.

*Right: On the road to Holme, we passed the 'Stumble Inn' although judging by those steps, it should be re-named the Stumble Out!*



Holme is a relatively unremarkable place but a schoolroom had been built there in 1694 which was financed by way of a charitable legacy bequeathed by one Joshua Earnshaw on land given by James Earnshaw. It got me wondering whether there was any family connection with the bike dealers of the same name in Huddersfield, about 8 miles away as the crow flies...



Just to the north of Huddersfield is the town of Cleckheaton where Panther motorcycles had been built by Phelon and Moore Ltd up until 1968. Runmeister Nick had provided us with a reproduction of an article (courtesy of Mike Jackson) from a September 1958 issue of 'Motor Cycling' where an enormous Busmar 'Astral' sidecar had been fitted to a prototype Panther 120 and tested on the roads up to Holme Moss and around Saddleworth Moor; both apparently performed well.

*Left: Judging by the trials section front tyre and the road surface, our ride up to Holme Moss was somewhat smoother than the tester's, albeit in similar weather conditions!*

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Reaching the summit of Holme Moss at 1,700' above sea level we pulled into the car park, next to one of the most powerful radio transmitters in the country, for a group photograph (for most), bladder relief (for some) and running repairs (for one) and a look at the surrounding landscape.



*Clockwise from top left: The view over Holmfirth towards Huddersfield; Ray's stream of consciousness; Tail End Charlie Tom; the extra-large car park; Dave wasn't in the group picture on the cover – he was having his handlebar clamps tightened; Maurice marks his territory!*

After the short maintenance and photo break it was on across this wonderful moorland road to Woodhead where we picked up the B6105 that crosses the head of the Woodhead Reservoir and skirts the shore of Torside Reservoir before turning pretty much due south to Glossop where excitement was surely building at the thought of riding the upcoming Snake Pass.

Leaving Glossop in the mirrors, the Snake Pass, aka the A57, links the town with the Ladybower Reservoir and still is the shortest route between Manchester and Sheffield. Designed by Thomas Telford, the road was financed by the Dukes of Norfolk and Devonshire to the tune of £18,625. It opened in 1821 with the catchy name of the *Sheffield to Glossop Turnpike*. The road's later name derives from the Snake Inn, which in turn is derived from the serpent on the Coat of Arms of the 6th Duke of Devonshire on the pub's then sign. In the early noughties, the Snake Inn changed its name to the Snake Pass Inn and it's still there, halfway along the pass, in the middle of nowhere.

Initially fairly straight and fast the road soon becomes very wiggly, just after it passes to the north of the aptly named, for a popular bike route, Featherbed Top. Sadly, this peak is a bit of a non-event being the high point of a moor rather than anything as pleasing on the eye as its namesake Norton frame. Also sadly, there was an artic going the same way as us and the resulting tailback of cars together with the stream of oncoming traffic meant there were few places to overtake and really enjoy this terrific road. Hey Ho!

*Right: Here's one I took earlier, on the preceding Wednesday, at the point where the Snake Pass gets really interesting.*

Traffic aside, it was still a wonderful ride on the road voted 'Best in Britain' by Caterham drivers when surveyed in 2008.





At the end of the Snake Pass the road crosses the Ladybower Reservoir, which is split from the higher Derwent Reservoir behind it by the Derwent Dam which is, of course, famous for being visited by the Club in Spring 1993 on a run organised by Peter Sheen; oh, and apparently the Dambusters practised low level flying here in 1943 ahead of 'Operation Chastise', their raid on the dams of the Ruhr valley...



*Right: The Derwent Dam and memorial to the lost 'Dambusters'*

Back in 1993, it was presumably possible to ride the road alongside the Ladybower to get to the Derwent Dam as the report of the run mentions visiting the memorial, but nowadays, the road is closed on Saturdays and Sundays and so your scribe visited in the week preceding the run to get the above pictures. As serious and poignant as the setting is, looking at the dam I couldn't help but remember one of the funniest TV adverts of all time; it was for Carling lager: [click here](#) for a memory!



The Ladybower reservoir is shaped like an inverted T and after crossing the thin bit we took a right and headed down to Bamford and the Hope Valley where the A6187 would take us on to the village of Hope. Here we took a wonderful loop of mainly single track road which would bring us above and around Lose Hill, Mam Tor and the Blue John Cavern and then down into Castleton, via the short but magnificent Winnats Pass, for lunch at the Bull's Head in the town. And blimey, we even rode the pass in sunshine!

*Clockwise from top left: The Winnats Pass from Maurice's car; arrival at the Bull's Head with the pass in the background; Bob and Simon tuck into the soup; Maurice and Ray in the food queue*

With the weather taking a turn for the better, Rick and your scribe decided to leave our lids on our bikes (locked on of course, you can't be too careful!). Wrong! By the time we had finished lunch it was hissing it down again; luckily our helmets were the right way up and hadn't shipped too much water.

Before leaving the Winnats Pass, I thought you might be interested in this rare on-board footage I found of the [descent into Castleton](#). The filming isn't rare of course it's the fact that it's a one-sided conversation between husband and wife where you can only hear the man! (*Ed: I disassociate myself from that remark.*)

## **IN THE TYRE TRACKS OF GIANTS 2 - Castleton to Beeley...**

Leaving the Bull's Head full of warming soup and butties, we were now one man down as Arthur MacDonald had sloped off to attend a wedding and, no doubt, to avoid paying fines later!

We departed as we arrived via the Winnats Pass to then pick up the Sheffield Road into Chapel-en-le Frith via Slackhall. According to Tony Dawson, this was a favourite road of local Chapel man and Norton Grand Prix racer, John Hartle, who thought it resembled the character and elevation of parts of the TT course.



Hartle (*left*) always raced with the coat of arms of his home town on his helmet together with the motto ‘*Cava et Spera*’ or ‘Caution and Hope’: fitting for our ride on the day because as Rick had observed at the lunch stop, the wet conditions had made us cautious avoiding the indignity of being caught out by the trickiness of some of the morning’s roads.

Born in 1933 JH honed his skills racing his friend and workmate, Peter, around the streets of Chapel, the latter’s only ‘win’ coming when Hartle crashed avoiding a pedestrian. His first major race was at Scarborough and sadly, it was at Oliver’s Mount that he lost his life in 1968 when he collided with bridge supports after avoiding another rider.



A Blue Plaque (*right*) commemorates his short life on the site of his former home in Manchester Road, Chapel-en-le Frith.

Chapel is also famous in automotive circles for being the home of Ferodo brake linings, although the name is now just a trademark of business owners Federal Mogul. The factory is to the north of the town which we by-passed to the east to take a short stretch of the A6 down to Dove Holes to continue on an unclassified road through Peak Dale, only memorable for an abandoned BMW outfit in the undergrowth.

Passing through the area of Special Scientific Interest at Millers Dale we were working our way through a nice mix of A and B roads to the most southerly point of the route at Hulme End. Just after this hamlet, a road ran off to the left up the Manifold Valley and the club had passed this way before, I suspect that it may have been on the autumn 1968 run which was Ashbourne based.



You see, just up this road, is the hamlet of Sheen and buried in the club website is this photo of ‘Sheen at Sheen’. Sadly, there is no run report on the site so Peter will have to confirm the date more exactly.

The sign has since changed but the wall and barn are still there: at least Mr Google shows they were in 2009...



Regrettably, time didn’t allow the group to make the trek up the valley to re-create the photograph of Peter; the call of afternoon tea and cake necessitated another short diversion instead.



The tea stop was scheduled in the village of Beeley and to get there we first had to negotiate the centre of Bakewell. Coming into town on the A6 the River Wye is just off to the right but we had precious few glimpses of it.

Turning right at the memorial to the Great War (there’s a separate one dedicated to WW2 in the park), we crossed the river and on to another road with a tenuous motorcycle link. We were, in fact, cutting a corner out of town by way of Station Road which ultimately narrowed to little wider than a posh house driveway before turning a tricky right hand, uphill, hairpin bend beyond which, the road became Handley Lane and so thus we had had our own ‘Handley’s Corner’.

We were now firmly in 'Chatsworth Country' and just after the village of Pilsley, where many of the estate workers live, we took a short detour down the B6012 for tea and cake at The Old Smithy in Beeley.

Beeley is just a mile and a half south of Chatsworth House, the seat of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and the village itself formed part of the estate for 200 years after its acquisition by the 3<sup>rd</sup> Duke in 1747. Many of the ducal properties have now been sold off apparently. Chatsworth House itself is probably one of the most popular locations for TV and film period dramas in the UK.



*Anti-clockwise from top left: The Old Smithy; Old Smithy; a very pleasant tea; luvrly cake!*

### **THE LAST LAP - Beeley to Tankersley...**

The day's route was largely broken into three loops as can be seen (*right*) by the trace from Dave Martin's tracker. We were now heading north from the small 'appendix-like' diversion at the bottom right. I think that the marked 'Ps' on the map are Dave's stopping points rather than Ray and Maurice's comfort breaks!

We passed through Owler Bar, Hathersage Booth and Hathersage itself before back-tracking the A6013 alongside the Ladybower to meet the A57. A short spell on the main road led us to a final testing stretch of 'Watererway'<sup>2</sup> that linked up with the day's first loop, just by Wigtwizzle; an odd name that has defied all my efforts to find its origins!

Beyond Wigtwizzle, there were occasional glances of the Broomhead Reservoir off to the right before we met the A616 which would take us back to 'The Tank'. The sun was now shining but whilst on this last leg we passed an almighty crash scene where all 3 emergency services were attending to the casualties, which fortunately this time did not include motorcyclists. Tired but happy, we returned to the hotel shortly after 5 o'clock.



<sup>2</sup> See Spring 17 report

## DINNER IN A FISH TANK TAKE 2 – Three cheers for Tony, a female interloper, we are gentlemen not savages...

It has always been acknowledged that a very important (some might say the *most* important) aspect of club runs is the quality of the ale on offer. We are not talking here of keg bitters, euro-fizz lagers or designer beers made in someone's back kitchen that they have renamed a 'micro-brewery'. No, proper English ale, pulled from the cellar by (preferably) a lusty barmaid using a hand pump; served full of taste, at the correct temperature and sparklingly clear.

I tell you this, friends, to put into context a remark I overheard in the bar before dinner...

The ale on offer was Farmers Blonde from the local Bradfield brewery whose ales are all named on an agricultural theme. So, the conversation went thus, "Hold your beer up to the light again"; which then solicited the remark "Sir, your horse is in fine condition!"

Well I didn't think it was a bad brew but there you are! Anyway, after an aperitif or two it was time to 'walk the plank' again and head back to the fish tank for dinner. The table informality of Friday night had been replaced with a more formal top table arrangement. However, one of our guests had clearly been led to believe it was even more formal than that...



*Anticlockwise from top left: That's a better layout, the Top Table party, Neil Tuxedo*

Ahead of our repast of a ham hock and pea press, seared fillet of sea bream and a raspberry cranachan (Pretentious? Moi?), Norman was called upon to say grace which he started with "Lord who brought the sunshine to Yorkshire..."

Between courses and using the medium of modern technology, i.e. Andrew's mobile on loudspeaker, a live link was set up to Sheffield Infirmary where we were able to give our thanks to Tony for all his hard work in planning this wonderful run. A rousing three cheers was delivered to a clearly emotional but laughing Tony. Thanks again old chum and we will see you back on your bike in 2018!

Around 10.00pm, Chairman Dan rose to thank Nick and Tom for the excellent way in which they had taken charge of the run and he then went on to liken the day to a product of the Great British Bake Off: moist with creamy moments and a sweet finish; very poetic. He then intended to introduce that most popular of figures, the Sergeant at Arms.

And that's when the wheels fell off...

No sooner had Dave Martin stood with book in hand and Andrew Smith by his side than the door burst open and an uninvited guest entered. Not just any interloper though; this was a WOMAN! The collective thumps of jaws hitting the parquet could be heard all the way back to reception! Now you would think that with two such consummate charmers as Martin and Smith in charge the situation would be defused in an instant; but no. Paraphrased (for sensitive ears) the conversation went along the lines of:

"Have you come to join us?"

"Do you want me to?"

"Have you got any money? This is where we take money from people."

"And you'll need a tie."

"You better give me one then!"

At this point there was a muffled (predictable) response but it was unclear who made it and mayhem broke out which took a good five minutes to calm.

*Right: Not even the body language of the surrounding members could put her off!*

And so, unable to persuade the lady to leave, the Sergeant commenced his report....



Age before beauty, **Maurice Knight** was first on a fizzer. When he went into his room on arrival there were two people in bed. When asked by the Sergeant if they were having 'humpa-rumpa' Maurice replied "I don't know but one of them screamed."

**Martin Lambert's** name was next up but as he had already left, for work reasons, your scribe was called upon to pay his fine because "You used to work with him!" Martin had apparently said that he hadn't attended for four runs but he was at Thetford in the spring and so his memory lapse cost him/me!

**Simon Hill** was fined for only half introducing his guest Rob Smith. His mitigating plea cut no ice...

**Rick Parish** had been caught on his mobile phone and had offered the Sergeant £20 not to fine him. Clearly Rick, paying a fine of £10 would have been a fine discount (see what I did there?).

**Chairman Dan** was then fined for knowing he would be fined for something only he (Dan) knew about. No, I have no idea either!

The Sergeant then stated that **Steve Callahan** (our usual SAA) had had to withdraw from the run so he, Dave, had stepped up to the plate saying that he had some scores to settle, at which Steve had apparently 'gulped' and so was thus fined. But as Steve wasn't there and there was no audible rattle of Andrew's tin, one can only assume he paid by telepathy.

**Nick Hopkins** was penalised for saying there were some interesting turns in Bakewell (*Ed: Did he mean turn-overs, apple, jam and the like?*) some were left and some were right. Fined for obvious waffling!

**Tom Waterer** had then said the last twelve miles of the run were stunning and **Nick H** had said the last ten miles had speed cameras (he denied this) and as there were average speed cameras both were fined.

**Martyn Roberts**, "Probably the most respected engineer here," couldn't open a red wine bottle on Friday night. Ker-ching!

*Right: Martyn exhausted by the effort!*



Now Martyn had been enjoying himself rather enthusiastically on Friday and because of his struggle with said red wine bottle, **Nick Jeffery**, himself no mean engineer, opened it for him; and paid the price for advancing Martyn's inebriation.

When **Tim Maccabee** last joined us in Kirkby Lonsdale in 2011, he had been fined for sporting 26 visible Ducati logos about his person. This time he was not reprimanded for this but, in a lax moment, he had confided to the Sergeant that his underwear was carrying the company crest; oops!

**Tail End Tom** copped it for disseminating misleading information in respect of the run length. He had said it would be about 150 miles when in fact it was 163 thus putting those with 155 miles range in jeopardy!

**Neil 'Tuxedo' Tuxworth** was hit with a double whammy, firstly for the black tie and secondly for saying that the hotel was "A bitch to find" and then "Oh you've got a sat nav have you?"

Make that a triple whammy because **Neil** had apparently crashed out a la **Martyn R** too early on Friday so both copped for that too.

**David O'Neill** had discovered a slow puncture in his front tyre when coming off the ferry and had to buy a new tyre, even though he had a 1,000 of them in stock back in the Netherlands.

**Nick H** and **Tom** were both fined for telling us where not to park at the tea stop rather than where we could and furthermore, **Nick** was hit again for his indicators that might have worked but didn't unless you were behind him for four minutes when they stayed on but sometimes flashed.

**Rick Parish**, an accountant and the club Treasurer remember, admitted that he didn't know how many people were on the run and didn't have the confidence, by all accounts, to lie!

**Tom** (again) was wearing a high viz vest to denote his role as Tail End Charlie, that carried the words 'Wouldn't you rather be on a motorcycle.' His fine was thus more of a campaign levy really.

**Martyn Roberts** who, as previously reported, had rather 'gone for it' on Friday was fined for having discovered a miraculous hangover cure that he wouldn't share with anyone else!

**Stephen Burgess** had thrown away his room key at the coffee stop.

**Nick Hopkins** (the Sergeant was reminded that he and Tom were the organisers) had dropped a marker outside the hotel where you could only go one way and not dropped one a few corners later when there was a choice.

**Ian Kerr** had effectively hidden in some bushes when on marker duty and caused **Graham Goodman** to go straight past but Graham was also fined as he was the only one who did!

**Nick Hopkins** wasn't having a good night. He was again fined, this time for pulling out in front of an artic then, realising no one had followed him, pulling into a lay-by where the artic and several members passed him necessitating an overtake of the artic and a chase to get back in the lead.

**Rick Parish** and **Norman Hyde** were both penalised for leaving their bikes parked slap bang in the middle of the hotel heli-pad.

**Nick Jeffery's** K75 apparently put out a destroyer smoke screen when started: but only sometimes.

**David and John O'Neill**, penalised for riding virtually identical bikes and thus confusing the Sergeant and his spotters who could not say who had done what to whom.

*At this point, our interloper decided that she had heard enough and left us in peace! The Sergeant, barely pausing for breath carried on with:*

**Simon Hill** had gone back to the hotel early.

"**Norman**, your new bike does not have self-cancelling indicators!" **The Sergeant** then fined himself twice for leaving indicators on and also **Tim Maccabee** for the same crime.

**Neil Tuxworth** had missed two turns, one at lunch and one at the tea stop, coins for both please!

**Tim M** again, primarily for telling the Sergeant that his room was cosy and warm when the Sergeant's was freezing cold and he himself was doing penguin impressions.

**Chairman Dan** on return to the hotel, offered to buy Nick H a beer so that he would get some change, which Andrew duly robbed him of.



**Your scribe** was fined for being “too perfect” and giving the Sergeant no cause to levy a fine.

**Alan Halford** had been diligently marking a junction when Martin Lambert had stopped and told him to ‘eff off’ as he didn’t need to mark that junction. Alan didn’t move but was fined anyway!

**Rob Smith** who had, if you remember, rendered technical support to the Sergeant’s Guzzi at Holme Moss was fined for being in the warm and dry all day, but the Sergeant paid it for him; at least he would have done had he any change, which he hadn’t, so he didn’t!

The ‘Pissing in the Wind’ awards and commensurate fines went to **Ray Battersby** for his strong showing at Holme Moss and **Maurice Knight** for his ‘brewery dray horse’ impression at the same place.

In a similar vein (fnarr!) this one is a little, erm, delicate. **Peter Sheen** who had not being able of late to match Maurice’s performance in the fire hose stakes, confided that he had been fitted with a catheter. Whilst he was concerned by this his (significantly younger) partner was not and said, “It’s not been that stiff for years! There are NO secrets in this club!

**Simon Hill** appeared to think that the BMW ‘PRS’ accessory stood for Pissed Rider Stabilisation; and claimed that it worked very well.

Then we had to cast our minds back to spring 1999 when **Ray Battersby** had attended Martin Lambert’s equally wet Kettering run on a bike he had borrowed from one Stephen Burgess; and promptly slung it up the road. He hadn’t put two and two together when seeing Stephen on this run!

**Bob McMillan** had, uncharacteristically, done something that in the past, he had criticised Gerald Davison for; waiting until oncoming traffic was right on top of him before pulling out to overtake.

**Tim Maccabee**, oddly, was fined for seemingly forgetting (despite a couple of prompts) that at Ballachulish he had refused to wear a tie. Well that run was spring 2008; I struggle to remember what I had for lunch!

**Nick Hopkins**, yet again, must have known about the day’s weather as he had put fish on the menu.

Insubordination in the face of unreasonable demands caught out **Graham Goodman** and **Maurice Knight**, Graham for not getting a sandwich or a beer for Maurice and Maurice himself for expecting him to.

**Bob McMillan** and **Simon Hill** had been shopped by Maurice for having their ties ‘loose’ all evening but it transpired that so too had Maurice! Three more coins hit the pot, although the last one was under duress!

**Chairman Dan** was the last on charge as his sartorial top pocket ‘kerchief didn’t match his club tie.

With that, the Sergeant closed his book on what had been a very profitable report as, in addition to a heavy load of coin, Andrew remarked that there was a £20 note and a £5 note in the pot. We will await the accounts of the run with interest for confirmation of the final figure.

All that remained, other than another brief interruption from the lady with the glass-cutter voice, was for the Chairman to call for the loyal toast and authorise the removal of jackets to enhance the enjoyment of the bonus cheese and port. There was a request from the room to also slacken ties (probably one of the three reprobates mentioned above) which was declined by the Upholder of Club Etiquette, aka Norman Hyde, on the grounds that “We are gentlemen not savages!”

And so, with the formalities of this excellent run duly complete, we retired to the snug for a last lap of bar racing and nightcaps whilst looking forward to our next adventure in a strange land called Shropshire.

Make a note of the date: 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> of April 2018 at the Albrighton Hall Hotel where we will attempt to ‘Tame the Shrewsbury’.

Stay safe friends!



## WHO RODE/DROVE WHAT...

<i>(Tony Dawson -org)</i>	<i>Hill-Rom 900 Hospital Bed)</i>	Nick Jeffery	BMW K75S
<b>Nick Hopkins - org</b>	<b>Norton Commando Fastback</b>	Ian Kerr MBE	Yamaha MT-10
<b>Tom Waterer - TEC</b>	<b>Kawasaki Versys 650</b>	Maurice Knight	Kia Venga motor car
<b>Dan Sager (Chair)</b>	<b>Triumph Tiger XRx 800</b>	Martin Lambert	Kawasaki Versys 1000 GT
Ray Battersby	<i>Maurice Knight's car</i>	Arthur MacDonald	Triumph Tiger 800
Craig Carey-Clinch	BMW R1200GSA	David Martin	Moto Guzzi Stelvio 1200
Keith Davies	Triumph Explorer XKX	Bob McMillan	Honda Crosstourer DCT
Graham Goodman	Suzuki DL650 V-Strom	David O'Neill	BMW R1200GS Adventure
Alan Halford	Suzuki GSX650F	<b>John O'Neill</b>	<b>BMW R1200GS Adventure</b>
Simon Hill	BMW R1200GS	Rick Parish	Triumph Trophy 1200
<b>Stephen Burgess</b>	<b>BMW K1600GT</b>	Martyn Roberts	Honda NC750x
<b>Rob Smith - assist</b>	<b>Ford Transit van</b>	Geoff Selvidge	Kawasaki Versys 1000 GT
Norman Hyde	Triumph Bonneville T100	Peter Sheen	<i>Maurice Knight's car</i>
<b>Tim Maccabee</b>	<b>Ducati Multistrada 950</b>	Andrew Smith	Yamaha Tracer 900
<b>Neil Tuxworth</b>	<b>Honda Africa Twin</b>	<b>Guest(s) of Member listed above</b>	

## SCOFF AND SCOOP...



**The Club**

**AUTUMN RUN 2017  
TANKERSLEY MANOR HOTEL  
SHEFFIELD**

DINNER MENU – FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 8th

\*\*\*\*

Smoked Mackerel Pate with Beetroot Salad and Horseradish Cream

\*\*\*\*

Supreme of Chicken with stir-fried Wild Mushroom, Spinach & Pine Nuts, and Balsamic Jus

\*\*\*\*

Sticky Toffee Pudding with a Toffee Sauce and Vanilla Ice-Cream

\*\*\*\*

Tea or coffee

\*\*\*\*

Wines: Red – Cuvee des Vignerons rouge (France) a characterful red from a blend of Carignan, Grenache and Merlot grapes making rather more than a simple Vin de Pays.  
White – Cuvee des Vignerons Blanc (France) a blend of Colombard and Ugni grapes making a refreshing wine with floral and citrus fruit aromas.  
(with no apology for having (shed the above business) directly from the hotel wine list!)

DINNER MENU – SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 9th

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Ham Hock & Pea Pesa with Spiced Apple Chutney and Melba Bloomer

\*\*\*\*

Seared Fillet of Sea Bream with Aubergine and Chorizo Caviar, fondant Potato and roasted Baby Fennel

\*\*\*\*

Raspberry Cranachan – Raspberries with whipped Cream, toasted Oatmeal and Mint Syrup

\*\*\*\*

Tea or Coffee

\*\*\*\*



## ROUTE AND CONTACTS...

### AUTUMN RUN 2017 – MAP & USEFUL INFORMATION

Run Leader – Nick Hopkins 07887 585234

Tail-end Charlie – Tom Waterer 07768 636374

Run Rescue – Rob Smith 07799 813819

(1) Tankersley Manor Hotel – 01226 744700

(2) Morning coffee – Compo's Cafe, Holmfirth 01484 686040

(3) Lunch – Bull's Head, Castleton 01433 620586

(4) Afternoon tea – The Old Smithy, Beeley 01629 258927

