



# THE CLUB - AUTUMN RUN 2013

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*PEMBROKE DOCK – 4th, 5th, 6th October*

Organisers: Tony Jakeman and Nick Hopkins

## WE MAY BE OLD BUT...

The Club I mean, not the membership per se.



With age, in general club terms, usually comes stuffiness and resistance to change but not our club, no sir. We embrace progress and laugh up the exhaust pipe of technophobia. Our website not only handles on line bookings, we can even check the local weather forecast for the venue on run day, marvellous – but therein laid the dilemma; to ride to the venue or take up the offer of a dry seat in your scribe’s guest’s van...

The problem was not the Saturday you see but the iffy forecast for Friday which, combined with the prospect of an almost door to door motorway trip in potential rain, reduced my willpower to the breaking strain of a Kit Kat. The van won.

Mind, despite the somewhat wussy approach to get to Pembroke, we were able to muse on some of the quaint welsh town names we saw along the way: Tumble, Upper Tumble, Cross Hands and Cwmgwilli for instance, the pictures they conjure. Contrast these with the romance of Port Talbot which, were God to give Wales an enema, would surely be where he shoved the pipe.

## SOMETHING ELSE TO WHET THE APPETITE

Co-organiser Nick sent your scribe an interesting article ahead of the run which made me think that we could be in for some good local fare at dinner.

Apparently, a couple of local lads had had a bit of luck within casting distance of our digs. The story, courtesy of the Mail Online, read as follows:

*“A rare sturgeon, barely seen off the British coast in a century, has been landed by two boys fishing with a cold sausage as bait.”*

Another local angler identified it and told the lads, as a royal fish, it should be offered to the Queen. But then, in a moment of indecision, he changed his mind and said that as a protected species it should be returned to the sea, which the boys duly did; only to watch it float away, belly up, as it had already “ceased to be.” Predictably, conservationists were a bit miffed, as were we, caviar was probably not going to be on the menu!



Concluding the story, The Mail quoted a gentleman from the Institute of Fisheries Management who opined *“It could have come from an East European caviar farm.”* Clearly then it was a case of wrong place, wrong time. Our hapless piscatorial visitor had arrived 3 months early; the borders were not opening to Bulgarian migrants until January 2014!



## MOST PICTURESQUE CAR PARK #2

Now if you remember, in the Spring Run report (You DID read it didn't you? Harrumph!), I asked if the car park at the Llyn Brening Visitor Centre, where we stopped for morning coffee, was the most picturesque in the world. Well if it is worthy of that accolade, the Cleddau Bridge Hotel must run it a close second.

*Left: Yes, this was the view from the car park!*



A small (*Ed: but perfectly formed*) sign directed arriving members to the rear of the hotel. It was missed by some but the majority managed to find their way to the

parc fermé and as is customary, hung around to welcome those who followed.

*Right: Tom tries Tony Dawson's FJ1200 for size whilst Craig and Steve pull silly faces.*



It is always good to see Old MJ on a Run and especially this one as Mike turned up in Pembroke still recovering from an accident he had sustained whilst helping the Brough Superior speed record team in the USA at the end of August.

It seems a cheap RV had been hired by the team and the fixtures and fittings – notably the steps down from the door – probably pre-dated the Rollie Free HRD speed record of 1948. Anyway, Mike had taken a tumble exiting the vehicle and damaged his leg necessitating a short stay in hospital t'other side of the pond. In his usual droll style he said that *"reports of the seriousness of my injury have been greatly exaggerated."* Clearly though he was taking no chances, sporting four pairs of spectacles with which to watch his step!

*Above: Old Four Eyes, no, better make that ten!*

## FRIDAY NIGHT BUN FIGHT

Grace was delivered by Nick Jeffery who remembered "absent friends" including of course David Dixon who had sadly left us since the spring run...

The menu from Friday's feast is reproduced at the end of the report, along with Saturday's race card. Of note was the first course of Lamb Cawl, an intriguing nomenclature which surely warranted further investigation.

Cawl, pronounced kowl (as in motorcycle plastics of the same sound) is a (possibly: the) national dish of Wales that dates back to the 14<sup>th</sup> century. Its origins are as a winter dish, scoffed locally in south west Wales and simply put it means soup or broth in modern Welsh. It looked a bit like the picture above right.

Interestingly, in Welsh, *gwneud cawl o [rywbeth]* ("make a cawl of [something]") means to make a mess of something. I ask you to hold that thought; we'll come back to it in the morning.

With the cawl despatched we were then called to the buffet to fill our troughs. Now, it could be deduced that our organisers had tried to alleviate the customary late evening trip to a local balti by having curry on the menu. Those who would have been involved could be easily identified by their numerous return trips to the buffet station. You know who you were!



## WHO IS THAT CHAP OVER THERE?

Chairman Frank invited members to introduce their guests. In order of introduction they were:

Ian Kerr MBE, guest of yours truly who was on his second qualifying run and is Yamaha UK's frontman for their Police and Emergency Service sales. Since the spring run, Ian has been awarded the MBE for his services to motorcycle safety.

Arthur Macdonald was introduced by Norman Hyde. Arthur was on his third qualifying run and was to be proposed for membership at Sunday's meeting. Arthur's lot too had changed since April as he had taken over the part of Norman's business that deals with Hinckley Triumphs and other modern machinery.

Simon Hill introduced his chum Steve Burgess who had been on Simon's Avranches run in the spring of 2004. Another intergalactic BMW jockey, Steve has a background in shipping motorcycles around the globe but most importantly is a chap who *"buys motorcycles with his own money."* This came as a shock to many as they hadn't been this close to a 'live one' in years!

Finally, and after the dessert had deserted, Norman rose again to welcome his second guest, the ex-Honda magnate, Mark Davies. No stranger to previous runs, Mark had somehow slipped through the membership net during his time with the Big H. Now Chief Executive of the Llanelli Scarlets, he arrived late after putting the hot dog van away at the end of the afternoon's home match.

To aid future recognition:



*Left: Spare an (ex) copper gov? Ian Kerr jaws with Bob.*

*Right: Mark Davies gazes wistfully out to sea at Angle Beach.*



*Left: Still smiling after Norman's fleecing, Arthur Macdonald.*

*Right: Simon with guest Steve Burgess at the Internal Fire Museum.*



Between the main guest introduction and Norman's encore, President Dennis gave an update on the condition of Irene Yedd who was still quite poorly after a stroke and a fall downstairs. Irene, who had been pivotal to the modern success of the Motorcycle Show, was recovering and had received many visits and messages of support. A card was circulated and signed to wish her well in her continued recovery.

## LET THE RECYCLING BEGIN

With usual Raffle Meister Andrew Smith in absentia, his understudy Jonathan Martin stepped up to the plate, assisted by Adam Kelley.



*Left: Raffle Meister Jonathan tries to interest Dan in joining him and Adam in their tribute act: Martin, Kelley and Betty.*

*(Ed: For those of you with no idea what our idiot scribe is talking about, click [HERE](#) )*

Jonathan opened the proceedings by bemoaning the fact that there had been (almost) a complete lack of bribery, from person or persons undisclosed, to pervert the course of the raffle. This was followed by some merry badinage between our presenters as they kicked chunks out of each other's adventure sports bikes accessories, market shares and propensity for cash back promotions. *(Ed: Just play nicely boys.)*

Anyway, we were treated to the usual exchange of books, DVDs, hooch, comestibles and gifts from local petrol stations amongst which a new category of 'coals to Newcastle' was born. David O'Neill was presented with a tyre pressure gauge; to put into stock with the other 5,000 he has at HocoParts and Tony Jakeman was presented with a Charley Boorman DVD; after loaning him the bloody bike he shot it on!

Nick Hopkins won beer, as usual, whilst Lord Cheese of Leamington was disappointed to see the block of Snowdonian Cheddar go to Steve Burgess *(Ed: A lucky escape Norman, it was bought by the donor whilst on the Spring Run!)*. Norman won a nine beam LED torch instead; great for octopus hunting apparently.

Amongst the other peculiarities, Dan Sager was presented with an umbrella – but no dolly to shade him on the grid, whilst Keith Blair won a book – in German language. The latter was the only prize that was pre-determined apparently (really?).

The grand finale was a shiny boule set<sup>1</sup> won by John Wakefield who was spotted on Sunday morning adjusting the rear pre-load of his Beemer to compensate for the weight in his top box!

With the thoughtful prizes suitably re-distributed, Jonathan and Adam stood down and Chairman Frank handed over to Run Leader Tony Jakeman for the briefing.

## WE LEAVE AT DOUBLE-OH-CRACK

Stated the Run Leader; or at least, that's how I translated an 08:30 departure. The reason for the earlier start was to negotiate the toll booths on the Cleddau Bridge. With 31 motorcycles, a car and the RAC van to process immediately after leaving the hotel, we needed a military type precision departure. Your scribe also needed to be right at the head of the line to photograph the others coming through.

On the day we were close with both, but no cigar.

*Right: Tony the Run Leader, who remembered to bring the jacket, acknowledges Tony the RAC man who took the picture.*



<sup>1</sup> Martin (Lambert), your idea of a crystal chandelier raffle prize is looking better with each run!



Our organisers had done a great job with the run briefing documents, which are reproduced at the end of the report. There was an excellent hand drawn map which has again raised the bar for future runs. *(Ed: That's what you get from two retired organisers with time on their hands.)*

All Tony had to add to the notes was that we would have an early bottleneck at Haverfordwest and two points of interest, an early one for coffee and a bonus at lunchtime. There was fuel at 95 miles and an optional short cut back after tea for those too weary to complete the full 163 miles.

*Left: Tail End Charlie Nick took time out to shoot a brochure cover for Andover Norton's parts catalogue.*

## EATING OR FETTLING, WHICH COMES FIRST?



After breakfast at 07:00, clear skies and a bright, crisp morning greeted our happy throng as we made our way to the car park to get ready. Mind it did have its drawbacks...

*Left: The forecast was good.*

*Right: The effects of high humidity and a cold morning.*



Now a funny thing happened on the way to breakfast, I dropped down to the car park to see who was stirring and found Dennis wrestling with Maurice's bike on the trailer.

It seems that one of the tie down straps, the one Maurice had installed according to Dennis, had jammed itself betwixt the carrier rail and the top of the rear shock and no amount of pulling and cursing would free it. Craig Carey-Clinch came to Dennis' rescue using tools from Peter Meek's well stocked top box to slacken the shock top nut the gnat's cock it needed to extract the strap.

Maurice, meanwhile, was oblivious, tucking into his egg and bacon whilst his 'Batman' struggled to unloaded the steed. Shades of the early years, Edward Turner and the Chauffeur?



*Above right: Maurice's GS with recalcitrant strap removed – gwneud cawl o clymu I lawr!<sup>2</sup>*



*Left: After the usual jostling for position and general titting about, we finally departed and crossed the bridge.*

<sup>2</sup> To make an arse of tying down

## BLIMEY, I NEARLY MIST IT!

The first 20 minutes of the ride proved to be challenging for some of us as we struggled to keep our visors clear. I just kept following the guiding rear tail-light of the bike in front and shortly after Haverfordwest, we reached the village of Bethlehem (see what I did there?), one of only 16 settlements in the world that share the name.

In 1588, William Morgan translated the bible into Welsh and with it, the Aramaic name for Christ's birthplace into Bethlehem. During the Welsh Methodist revival of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century the village adopted the name that had previously only been bestowed on the local chapel (*Ed: Pronounced; cha-pel*). Good job they did otherwise we might have ridden through Dyffryn Ceidrich, as it used to be called, oblivious.



Every year the village holds a Christmas market and people travel from all over the world to post their Christmas cards at the local Post Office and get their special postmark.

It was a grand ride climbing up through the Preseli Hills via Woodstock Slop, another quaintly named hamlet which sadly, I could find absolutely nothing out about and on past Cardigan to the coffee stop at the Internal Fire Museum.

## DIESEL DO FOR THE COFFEE STOP

If like me, you imagine collectors of stationery engines to be those chaps at county fairs watching old Villiers and Briggs and Scrapper engines pumping water from one bucket to another think again. The Internal Fire Museum is awesome for the sheer size of the engines it houses. It is true that many of them were built to pump water but lots of water; from reservoirs to cities. (*Ed: Just a matter of scale then?*)



Many of the exhibits were running including the Allen S47, which was one of a set of three that used to keep Leatherhead supplied with Adam's Ale. In its working life it had clocked up 300,000 hours, that's just over 34 years in old money.

*Left: The Allen S47 running. A video will be available on the website so get your egg sandwiches, pipes and stools ready.*

We spent a fascinating hour marvelling at pumping engines, generators and telephone exchanges topped off by the star of the show, the 'Pocket Power Station', supplied to SWEB and installed at Princetown on Dartmoor. Using a Bristol Proteus engine it was the first aircraft engine gas turbine in the World. Deafeningly loud to those indoors, spectacular for those who went outside to see the 3 foot flames exiting the exhaust!

*Right: The Pocket Power Station: cheap to run it ain't!*



## THE TABLES TURN

We back tracked from the museum, around Cardigan and back over the Preseli Hills, soon taking a right turn on to the B4313 to head out towards the coast and Fishguard. It was a lovely B-road, just the sort that Club Runs are made of.

After fiddling through some narrow little streets on the edge of Fishguard, we were soon heading south west along the quick A 487. We were close enough to the briny to fill our helmets with the wonderful smell of ozone but the terrain blocked the view until we got our first tantalising glimpses, just before Tony took us on a loop road towards it and Abercastle.



Now help me out here. I remember riding past the cottage pictured left but I am sure it was painted pink. I remember thinking that maybe Barbara Cartland had lived there. It was certainly striking!

Shortly after the cottage, the road became so narrow that you felt that if you stuck both elbows out you could drag the hedges on either side; I could only imagine how Tom must have been beside himself; if only there had been room.

You may be wondering why I titled this section as I did. Well as many of us had been treated to Norman wazzing past us on these excellent roads it was great to go past him – having a wazz on the side of the road. To finish first, first you have to finish!

It was a fabulous section with some great scenery that soon had us rocking up at the lunch stop in the UK's smallest city, St David's.

## WHEN DOES A CHURCH BECOME A CATHEDRAL?

That was the question posed by someone to anyone who would listen, as a group of us gazed down at the magnificent cathedral of St David. Well simplistically chums, the answer is, when the incumbent Bishop decides to take it, usually the largest church in the diocese, as his seat.

This particular ecclesiastical monument has been built, destroyed, built again and extended in stages since the 6<sup>th</sup> Century. It was attacked by Vikings between 999 and 1080, visited by William the Conqueror in 1081 (*Ed: Was he still looking for London?<sup>3</sup>*) and had its precious metals nicked in 1089. The present cathedral was started in 1181, substantially damaged by an earthquake in 1247/8 and again by the Parliamentarians in 1648. Since then it's been pretty quiet!

So it has seen metal theft, Hells Angel and skinhead attacks as well as natural disasters. There's nothing new under the sun!



*Left: What is everyone looking at?*

*Right: Tony Dawson (in white jumper), schlepping back up the hill, that's what.*



<sup>3</sup> See the report for autumn 2011!



Most of the group took time out to walk around the corner from the lunch stop, buy ice creams and visit the Cathedral. One or two even went all the way down for a look inside and reported back on how impressive the interior is. If, like me, you just stood at the top and gazed down, then the cathedral website, [www.stdavids cathedral.org.uk](http://www.stdavids cathedral.org.uk), is a must visit, to see what our indolence precluded.

### THREE CASTLES TO TEA



No, not fag breaks; in fact, it wasn't even three castles. But we did pass two castles and a hill fort so that's near enough.

After stopping to juice up the bikes shortly after St David's, we were set fair for the third leg of our adventure which, according to the excellent route card, was to be 37 miles and 60 minutes long. I can't say that I even thought about checking the accuracy of the notes!

The A487 follows the coastline between St David's and Newgale before turning inland to Roch and on to Haverfordwest. Sadly the high hedge to the south of our easterly direction (that's the throttle side) precluded a consistent view of the sea but we were rewarded midway to Pen-y-cwm when we dropped down through a narrow High Street to the pretty inlet and harbour at Solva.



Right: An aerial view of Solva and its Iron Age hill fort



After Pen-y-cwm, we had another one of those 'wow' moments as we descended Newgale Hill, rounded the hairpin bend and followed the Blue Flag beach for a short stretch.

Left: Hairpin coming up: push the bars into the turn enduro-style and stare at the apex. Round it! Oh, and a nice 'contre-jour' photo Mr Google.

Within a couple of gear changes we were passing Roch Castle, an imposing edifice which was built by a Norman Knight, Adam de Rupe in 1195 and has been home to conquerors and courtesans. It was a Royalist stronghold in the civil war but was abandoned shortly after, falling into serious disrepair.

Anyway it is now an upmarket hotel and business retreat but reading the history section of the hotel website I found the following:

*...the Castle of Roche was the family seat, and a member of the family was visited with the hereditary title of "Comes Littoris", or "Count of the Shore".*

*A legend recounts that Adam de Rupe erected his abode on a rock as a result of a prophesy that he would die from the bite of a viper. His precaution was in vain, as he met his fate when a viper, carried into the castle in a bundle of firewood, bit and killed him.*

*Adam de Rupe is also known for having founded the Priory of Pill, South of Haverfordwest. He endowed the priory with four parishes...*

Is it just me or does that all sound ever so slightly, well, smutty? (Ed: No, it's just your one track mind).



*Left: I'd like to have met the Estate Agent who sold Roch Castle as it was in 1885.*

*Right: The castle as it is now. I bet that took more than Nick Knowles, an army of locals and 5 days to sort!*



The third castle on the way to tea was Carew Castle. Again it was built by the Normans but on a military site dating back 2000 years. Within a lobe of a baguette is also the only tidal mill in Wales, no longer working but still intact.

*Left: The narrow bridge on the approach to Carew Castle.*

Legend has it that in the 17<sup>th</sup> Century, Sir Roland Rhys, a former Pirate, kept a Barbary ape called Satan with him in the castle. Now Rhys was more than a bit of a curmudgeon and he would host banquets just to shout insults and laugh at his guests (*Ed: A bit like Friday nights on a Club Run then?*), Satan was an accomplished mimic and apparently 'aped' his Master's behaviour.

Well it all backfired a bit on old Roland who, after a skinful of mead one stormy night, goaded Satan into mauling a passing tradesman near to death, which he duly did. But old Satan then turned on Roly, ripped his throat out and jumped on the fire in a last act of self-immolation. The ghosts of both are said to haunt the castle even now and footsteps, objects flying about and the mad cackle of an ape are often reported...

## **RARER THAN ROCKING HORSE COMPOST<sup>4</sup>**

*A Norton owner!!*

No, not a classic Norton, although the owner of the Bramley Tearooms husband did have one of those too, this was a Donington built, modern Norton!

With stories of Norton's financial woes rife, one can only wonder at how our tea-stop host had managed to prise this one out of Stuart Garner's creditors' hands.

*Right: Whilst Nick Hopkins turns his back on the imposter, Bob sits and stares in disbelief.*



And to dispel any thoughts that this Norton may just have been an expensive garden ornament, supplied in kit form with the pistons to follow, said host chimed it up and joined us for the remainder of the run.

<sup>4</sup> *Ed: You wouldn't believe how long it took to get the idiot to call it compost!*

## BIKE AND MAN STILL GOING STRONG!

Following our convivial tea and cake, we set off from the Grandiflora Garden Centre and associated Bramley Tea Room, Norton in tow, to revisit part of Hugh Palin's 1981 Tenby run: an excellent report of which was written by Dennis in 2012 and now sits on the club website. No mean feat to recall an event that occurred 31 years earlier!



Re-reading that report your scribe came across the picture left, captioned *"Sales Director for Suzuki at Crawley, Maurice Knight rides the product."*

Resplendent in a Heron Suzuki riding suit, it is clear that Maurice's 1981 mount was exactly the same bike he was riding on this run! Who was it who said that Japanese bikes had 'built in obsolescence?'

So Jonathan, if you still have a GS400 showing up on your asset list you know where to send the invoice...

## THE RISE AND FALL OF REGINALD DAWSON

After leaving the tea stop and negotiating a short stretch of the A4139 we came to the 'point of short return' where, to the best of my knowledge, no one bailed out for the quick ride back to an early bath. And so we turned left for a glorious ride around the Pembroke Peninsula. The B4319 rose and fell, twisted and turned as we rode first south and then due west until we met the sea again shortly after Castlemartin.

The beaches here are as good as any you will find anywhere and popular with the surfing fraternity. Riding along, 'Little Honda' by the Beach Boys came into my head and by way of reminiscing, I found this [YouTube clip](#) for you to enjoy. It's 60's cheese but memorable for the young lady on the left of the screen who clearly needs her re-bound adjusting!

Arriving at Angle Beach we dismounted and drank in the view, whilst Tony Dawson, for the second time that day, went for a solitary stroll - this time to where the sea gently lapped the shore. We waited with baited breath to see whether he would strip off, pile his clothes on the beach and swim off into the sunset...

*Right: Reggie Dawson's 'Long Walk to Sea-dom'*



After a very pleasant sojourn by the sea, talking ~~bolle~~ rubbish and watching the sun head for the horizon, we rode back to the hotel to scrub off the day's dust and get suited and booted for dinner.

*Left: Another fine contre-jour shot, this time by Adam Kelley, captures the glory of Angle Beach.*

## PUT IT ON MY SLATE PLEASE DAVE...

Crikey I thought; times must be hard, as our first course of game terrine was served up on a piece of Welsh roofing material. I hoped that the main course of roast beef wasn't going to arrive the same way or the gravy would have gone everywhere!

*Right: Nouvelle Cuisine, Welsh style*

With another fine meal dispatched, Chairman Frank rose to announce that there had apparently been a raffle prize left over from Friday and, due to the absence of any tickets, he was going to auction the prize which was "a Tom Tom navigation system, believed to fit a Yamaha Super Tenere."



With all but a few of our group looking bemused, a bid of two oil seals for a Yamaha MT-01 was quickly accepted for the sat nav. Whilst a small clique roared with laughter, a second lot of an ignition key, also for a Yamaha Super Tenere, was sold for a £1; curiouser and curiouser.

All was revealed when Frank explained that in a moment of inattention, Adam had left the articles attached to his bike whereupon they had been kidnapped to fund the repair of leaking oil seals on Dave Martin's 8 year old bike – which Yamaha had apparently refused to cover under warranty!

## SAND CAST DOUBT ON THE QUIZ

With Martin Lambert in absentia, it fell to Tony Dawson to adjudicate on the quiz. Almost immediately, there was controversy: question 2 asked which production method had been used on the Honda CB750 K0, to which the answer was, Permanent Mold Cast. With a large portion of assembled group believing it was a sand cast process, it fell to Martyn Roberts to explain that sand casting pre-dated the K0 model, with the sand cast bike being simply known as the CB750. And who were we to argue with that!

*Right: On Google Images this picture is captioned as a Honda CB750 K0 Sandcast – over to you Martyn!*



With a possible 13 points up for grabs, more controversy followed when it came to light that Tom Waterer and Tony Dawson had tied on 10 points each. With Tony's protestations that he had no knowledge of the answers being drowned out by jeering and cat calls, he withdrew and awarded the prize of a Yamaha hat and cufflinks to Tom.

## THANKS AND THE IRON BUTT AWARDS

With order restored, Chairman Frank thanked Tony J and Nick H for an excellent, well organised run. The points of interest were praised and the Chairman remarked on the demon driving of Bill Colquhoun who had chauffeured Dennis, Mike J and Peter Sheen around all day. Special mention was made of our long distance members: David O'Neill who had once again ridden over from the Netherlands, Peter who had joined us from Majorca and finally Simon Hill who had trekked over from Thailand – not by bike he hastened to add!

With the raffle team, Greg Elson (in absentia) for the RAC cover and the hotel staff all thanked we moved on to the Sergeant at Arms...

## STAND TO! HERE'S THE NEW SARGE...



As Scribe, one is often mistaken for the Sergeant At Arms; it's something to do with the notebook you see. Equally, it is important for the scribe to know who the Sergeant actually is, if only for self-preservation!

At the coffee stop, Steve Callahan, the new Enforcer impressed all with the efficient way he went about his task: a note book already prepared with all the run participants listed - just so as no one would be missed.

*Above: Whilst others tuck into tea and cake, Sergeant Steve takes his task very seriously.*

*Right: Be afraid, be very afraid! The first sighting of the charge sheets came at the coffee stop.*



Now, before Steve could convene his maiden court of no appeal, Norman arose to give a brief history of this most popular of Club Run attractions, which has its history in the Round Table. When Norman had initially proposed the idea of fining members for their misdemeanours, it had been met with some resistance by the then older members. Nevertheless, a trial run, with no fines, was instigated at Hugh Palin's Tenby Run of 1987.



Apparently, on that run, tea was taken on board a rowing boat trip to Skomer Island (*Ed: Just off the coast, North East of Milford Haven, in case you were wondering*) where the salty old sea-dog of a captain thought he would get one over his passengers by explaining that whilst they may have thought the holes visible in island were rabbit burrows, they were in fact puffin burrows. Whereupon, to prove his point, a "long eared furry puffin" (*see left*) emerged from one of the holes!

With amazing mental acuity for a man of his advanced years (*Ed: That one's for you Bob!*), Norman went on to recall how Bob Trigg became the first member to be fined: for not knowing the difference between a cormorant and a shag. It was a somewhat coarse story and so you will have to ask Norman or Bob himself if you want to know more!

After a brief introduction, Norman handed on to Steve who read out this run's charges:

**Norman himself:** for the previous, shameless self-promotion.

**Steve himself:** for being so excited at being given the office and having the opportunity to get his own back on Dave Martin – vengeance!

**Craig Carey-Clinch:** for sporting obscene (apparently) stickers on his machine.

**Keith Davies:** for getting immense pleasure from "dribbling a little one out" when visiting the gents.

**Graham Goodman:** for leaving his keys in the ignition whilst eating his lunch.

**Simon Hill:** for missing Jonathans frantic waving and overshooting a junction. Mitigation claims that Jonathan "was wearing black on a dark corner" were overruled.

**Steve Burgess:** for standing on the pegs of his BMW – the fine was not for the act but the fact that it was the “wrong sort” of BMW.

**Tony Jakeman:** a double bubble; firstly for putting the hotel fax number instead of the phone number on the calling email and secondly, for failing to place a marker at the tea stop.

**Adam Kelley:** for the second time, not wearing a tie.

**Bob McMillan:** after more years than anyone could remember at Honda, he was now riding a Yamaha. His fine was sportingly paid by Adam Kelley, to great applause!

**Peter Meek:** for knocking glasses over and spilling the drinks. He pleaded ignorance to no avail.

**David O’Neill:** for making use of the RAC man’s free air.

**Rick Parish:** for wearing the same shirt for two nights.

**Geoff Selvidge:** for having the audacity to criticise the Sergeant for wearing his shirt out.

**Ian Kerr:** the Sergeant, understandably, had little on Ian but fined him anyway for the unsettling crime of having letters after his name. These clearly confused Jonathan too who tried to collect the fine from John Wakefield!

**Peter Sheen:** was going to be fined for “looking so young and debonair” but in fact the Sergeant felt that catching him in the gents “shaking hands with the unemployed” was a more worthy charge.

**Andrew Smith (in absentia):** twice; for booking on the run but then not coming and secondly for missing the chance to catch up with Mark Davies as promised. Adam Kelley again dipped into his pocket.

**Keith Blair:** for not wearing socks on Friday night. Keith had to stand and demonstrate that he was ‘with hose’ to avoid a double up for Saturday too.

**Tony Dawson:** who apparently had gaffer tape securing the front mudguard of his FJ1200. Whilst he was handing over the fine, he was also cited for asking Graham Goodman “is Frank here tonight?” Amusingly, Frank was sat next to him!

**Frank Finch:** for his double entendre on Friday when suggesting that “Adam and Jonathan will come amongst you” to collect the raffle dibs. He was also stiffed for sporting Cal Crutchlow style stickers on his lid. (*Ed: With Frank’s speed and finesse could it be that Cal has Frank Finch stickers on his?*)

**Nick Hopkins:** apparently mistook the Sergeant for a waiter on Friday night by virtue of his white shirt.

**Norman Hyde (again):** for over exposure in the countryside when stopping for that wee. And again, for selling his business to Arthur Macdonald, and again for having his own name on his helmet. (*Ed: Bet you’re wishing that you hadn’t suggested this in ’87 eh Norman?*)

**Dave Martin:** for having the only bike that got progressively cleaner as the day wore on, because of the leaking fork oil opined son, Jonathan.

**John Wakefield:** after years of preaching Arai, was now wearing an alternate brand.

**Mark Davies:** another double whammy, lives closest, arrives last and standing on the pegs of his Transalp.

**Martyn Roberts:** donned his “plastic pants” at the tea stop as an offering to the Sun God to stay out for the remainder of the ride.

**Tom Waterer:** For failing to sleep well as a result of drinking too much...tea! Oh, and for standing on his pegs too.

**Dan Sager:** for making disparaging remarks about the performance of Royal Enfield machinery, now that the distributorship had changed hands.

**Graham Matcham:** his ‘Continental’ co-ordinated bike and riding gear is just way too colourful and the bike had knobblies; ker-ching, ker-ching!

**Nick Jeffery:** oddly, was fined for not coming on his pizza boxed GT750 and copped for another 20p for requesting that the panniers remain on his loaned V-Storm 650 and then didn’t use them.

**Norman Hyde (yet again):** for not explaining the rules to Arthur and his not bringing a raffle prize as a result.

**Jonathan Martin:** for trying to borrow gloves.

**Dave Martin along with Jonathan:** for every pound that Dave loses, Jonathan gains two! There followed some manly banter between Father and Son that was a little too rude to recount here but resulted in Dave paying up again for “taking too long to re-mount.” I leave your mind to boggle at that!

**Nick Hopkins:** the David Dew TEC award for overtaking the last man.

**Yes, it's Norman again:** left his keys in the bike all night – and it was still there in the morning!

**President Dennis:** the Sergeant rather disingenuously, pointed out that Dennis had more hair growing from different parts of him than the top of his head.

**Bob Trigg:** had his indicators on for a full 20 minutes.

**Rick Parish:** who stood on the bridge after we set off and asked “Shit! Who's Tail End Charlie?”

**David O'Neill:** sightseeing and almost collected 3 chums in his top box.

**Bob McMillan:** showing signs of his age, couldn't find his way out of the loo on Friday night.

**Tony Jakeman:** for confusion and poor lane discipline on the bridge, first thing.

**Adam Kelley:** for trying to look fast by removing the hero blobs from his footrests.

**Craig Carey-Clinch:** for sporting orange sunglasses. (*Ed: I'm sure that's not the first time he's been fined for that!*)

And finally...

**Maurice Knight:** who on arriving at a red light where others were chatting, waiting patiently, decided to make progress by blathering on through.

With that the Sergeant's book closed on another run with him thanking all for their generosity and lack of self-control...

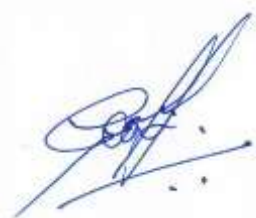
### **A SPECIAL TRIBUTE, A SPECIAL CLUB**

In closing the proceedings for the night, Chairman Frank acknowledged the effort that all concerned put into making The Club what it is today and, on behalf of the Committee and Membership, proceeded to present a special award to Dave Martin and Ray Battersby in recognition of the tremendous work they had both put into making the club website the terrific resource that it undoubtedly is.

With Ray not attending, Dave made an acceptance speech with typical modesty and also acknowledged all the sterling work that over the years, others had put in to making this a great club: Tom Waterer who stood as Hon Sec for a long time before Graham Goodman took over to continue in Tom's tradition. Dennis, 30 years as Hon Treasurer and Peter Sheen who holds the record for most runs organised at 20.

He ended by saying that as a club we are truly blessed with great friendship and great comradeship. And so say all of us!

So, with but a short time left on the kitty, we repaired to the bar to contemplate the dark (and as it turns out, bloody wet) winter months until we re-convene in the Cotswolds in April. I'll see you then!



**Geoff Selvidge**  
**February 2014**

## THE ATTENDEES AND THEIR RIDES

Dennis Bates -President	Skoda Octavia Tide	Adam Kelley – 2ic to Raffle Meister	Yamaha 1200 Super Tenere
Keith Blair	BMW K75RT	Maurice Knight	Suzuki GS400
Steve Callahan – Sergeant At Arms	Honda Crosstourer	Dave Martin	Yamaha MT-01
Craig Carey-Clinch	BMW R1200GS	Jonathan Martin – Raffle Meister & 2ic to SAA	Suzuki M1800RZ Intruder
William Colquhoun (Driver)	Skoda Octavia Tdi	Bob McMillan	Yamaha 1200 Super Tenere
Keith Davies	Triumph Tiger 800	Graham Matcham	BMW R1200GS
Tony Dawson	Yamaha FJ1200	Peter Meek	Suzuki V-Strom 650
Frank Finch - Chairman	Yamaha Fazer 1000	David O'Neill	BMW R1200GS
Graham Goodman – Hon Secretary	BMW R1150GS	Rick Parish – Hon Treasurer	Yamaha FJR1300
Simon Hill	BMW K1600GT	Martyn Roberts	Triumph Trident 900
<i>Stephen Burgess (guest of SH)</i>	<i>BMW K1600GTL</i>	Dan Sager	Kawasaki Versys 650
<b>Nick Hopkins – Tail End Charlie</b>	<b>Norton Commando Fastback Long Range</b>	Geoff Selvidge - Scribe	Suzuki V-Strom 650
Norman Hyde	Triumph Bonneville	<i>Ian Kerr MBE (guest of GS)</i>	<i>Yamaha Fazer 800 GS</i>
<i>Arthur Macdonald (guest of NH)</i>	<i>Triumph Tiger 800</i>	Peter Sheen	Skoda Octavia Tdi
<i>Mark Davies (guest of NH)</i>	<i>Honda Transalp 700</i>	Bob Trigg	Yamaha TDM850
Mike Jackson	Skoda Octavia Tdi	John Wakefield	BMW R1200GS
<b>Tony Jakeman – Run Leader</b>	<b>BMW F800GT</b>	Tom Waterer	Honda Transalp XRV750
Nick Jeffery	Suzuki V-Strom 650		

## GALLERY

With thanks to Tony Jakeman, Adam Kelley, RAC Patrolman Tony Daniels and all who contributed the pictures contained in this report.



*Left: Frank Finch, the new owner of the ex-Graham Matcham Fazer 1000, both are laughing but who laughed last?*

*Below Right: Ready for the off*

*Below Left: Norman and Martyn persuade Tom to grow a beard*







Left: The Skoda Wrecking Crew, driver William, Peter Sheen and Old Mike Jackson. Peter is also caught chatting to 4<sup>th</sup> member Dennis outside the Internal Fire Museum- Below



Left: The Martins, Dave and son Jonathan

Below: Bob Mac mistakes your Scribe for the Sergeant At Arms



Below: Beemer me up Scotty! The Galactic Starship with Captain Steve Burgess on the flight deck



Right: Caught in the act! Tom stands on the pegs as he departs the Bramley Tearooms.





*Top Left: The coast road beyond Castlemartin*

*Below Right: A fine portrait of the Hon Sec, Old Grey Boots*

*Below Left: Chillin' at Angle Beach*



## THE MENUS

### Friday's Feast

*Lamb Cawl Served with Cheesy Croutons*

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*Hot Buffet comprising of:*

*Chicken Curry*

*Beef Bourguignon*

*Fish Pie*

*Served with Rice and a selection of  
Vegetables*

\*\*\*

*Bara Brith & Butter Pudding Served  
with Fresh Cream*

*Tea, Coffee & Mints*

### Saturday's Scrان

*Game Terrine Served with Chutney &  
Toast*

\*\*\*

*Roasted Sirloin of Beef Served with  
Yorkshire Pudding, accompanied by a  
selection of Roasted & Fresh Vegetables*

\*\*\*

*Red Berry Pavlova*

\*\*\*

*Assortment of Welsh & Continental  
Cheeses*

\*\*\*

*Tea, Coffee & Mints*

# THE ROUTE CARD

## THE CLUB RUN, PEMBROKESHIRE, 04-06 OCTOBER 2013

<b>A</b> CLEDDAU BRIDGE	HOTEL	Pembroke Dock SA72 6EG	Tel: 01646 685961
Leg 1: 46 miles/70 minutes			
<b>B</b> INTERNAL FIRE MUSEUM	COFFEE	Tan-y-Groes SA43 2JS	Tel: 01239 811212
Leg 2: 47 miles/80 minutes			
<b>C</b> THE OLD CROSS HOTEL	LUNCH	St Davids SA62 6SP	Tel: 01437 720387
Leg 3: 37 miles/60 minutes			
<b>D</b> BRAMLEY/GRANDIFLORA	TEA	St Florence SA70 8LP	Tel: 01834 871778
Leg 4: 20 miles/30 minutes			



*The Club*

### RUN ORGANISERS

Tony Jakeman 07443 463342  
 Nick Hopkins 07887 585234

RAC TONY DANIELS m 07966-610081

