



THE CLUB - AUTUMN RUN 2014

SEATON BURN, NORTH TYNESIDE - 12th-14th September

Organisers: David and Jonathan Martin

THE INSPIRATION for this run was to re-visit an area where our dear departed friend, Wilf Harrison, had based the spring run of 1994. This run was therefore dedicated to the many happy memories we all have of Wilf.



There is a brief report of the '94 event on the club website. Brief because the scribe – Ray Battersby – was only volunteered to do it, by Mike Jackson apparently, after the day's events had paled into a fug of cheese and port on the Saturday night! If this wasn't challenge enough, Ray had travelled the route in the RAC van (owing to a prior session of 'hands-on' accident investigation), wedged between Hugh Palin and a driver who couldn't find the gear knob with any degree of consistency. His brief recollections are, therefore, understandable!

I, on the other hand, have no such excuses...

Left: Organiser in Spring 94, Wilf Harrison, pictured at the Centenary Run in 2012.

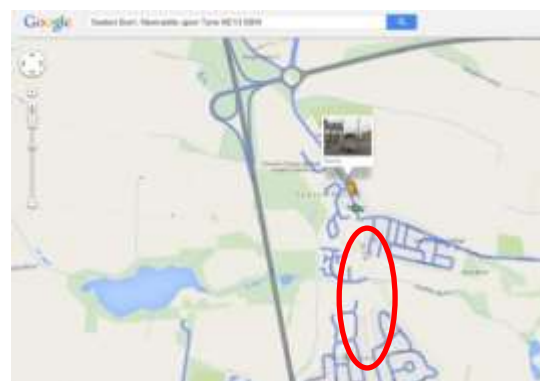
In preparation for this weekend, Dave Martin had asked Wilf if he could recollect the route that he had led the members around in '94. A short while later, by that quaint old throwback that is the postal system, the original Ordnance Survey map that had been secreted in Wilf's loft, beautifully marked in his own hand, dropped through Dave's letter box. Regrettably though, we were unable to follow the original route owing to changes enforced by more than one dodgy hotel necessitating a totally different starting point.

THIRD TIME LUCKY

The original plan for this run was to base in Morpeth but the chosen hotel bumped us out because a more lucrative wedding booking subsequently appeared, the cads! Now your scribe visited Morpeth earlier this year and I can only say we had a narrow escape. It might have been the damp weather and a dark night conspiring, but I could find nothing of virtue there at all! Dave and Jon's plan B was also scuppered when the second choice hotel went into liquidation forcing our organisers into a major rethink.

And so we found ourselves based at the Holiday Inn, Seaton Burn, in the Metropolitan Borough of North Tyneside. Whilst such an establishment may be nowhere the top of the wish-list for prospective run organisers, this particular stopover, conveniently situated next to the A1, offered a level of value for money our membership demands but, these days, is so hard to find. More importantly though, they genuinely wanted to make sure we had a good time despite their also catering for a large Asian wedding celebration over the same weekend: more of this later!

Seaton Burn village is just south of the hotel and the A19/A1 junction. It grew up around the colliery that was established in 1844. And that seems to be it! My AA Concise Atlas doesn't show it and Google Street View found some of the village so nondescript that it didn't even bother to record it – see right!



Seaton Burn's only claim to fame appears to be that the actor Robson Green, he of 'Soldier, Soldier', 'Extreme Fishing' and crooners 'Robson and Jerome' fame, went to the local community college. Had the college worked harder on him, they could have saved the world from R and J's version of 'Unchained Melody'. Now I think on, that could be Dave Martin's signature tune...¹

I did though find evidence of a couple of local pubs perpetrating to serve real ale and was also party to a later admission that certain members were planning a raiding party had our organisers not arranged for a supply of same at the Holiday Inn, which they did, thus foiling the conspiracy. So Nick Hopkins, your secret is safe with me...oops!

So, the difficulty of locating Seaton Burn on a map is fitting given that the same challenge awaits anyone trying to find Wilf's '94 base of New Coundon. Perhaps this contributed to the lower turnout, which was a shame given how hard Dave and Jonathan had worked to deliver a memorable run despite the setbacks, and at a price that frankly, was incredible value considering the all-inclusive nature of our weekends.

¹ The chain on Dave's MT-01 broke during a summer excursion to visit Colditz Castle.

IT'S JUST LIKE BEING ON HOLIDAY

It cannot have escaped anyone's attention that the membership of our erstwhile club is, well, getting on a bit. Like the motorcycle market itself; attracting youngsters seems somewhat problematical. However, it does mean that those of us with a little more time on our hands can extend these trips to further flung destinations into short motorcycling holidays.



For my part, I left early on Thursday and took in the delights of the Yorkshire coast, including a lap of Oliver's Mount. After overnighting and a fine fish supper in Whitby, I arrived at the digs via Goathland (aka Aidensfield of Heartbeat fame) and the North York Moors National Park, lovely. It later transpired that Tony Jakeman had also decided on an early start and had billeted himself just down the road from Whitby, in Bridlington. If only I had

known of Tony's plans, I wouldn't have sat like Billy No Mates in a dodgy quayside pub!

Topping up the fuel tank at the services next door to the Holiday Inn, I bumped into another early arrival, Frank, who was justifying his trip expenses by making a local dealer visit that must have lasted all of 15 minutes! (Ed: getting ready for a career in politics eh Frank?)

And so, as the members started to arrive in this corner of the hospitable North East, we settled down to a drop of Black Sheep, convivial company and the prospect of dry weather and the great roads between here and Scotland. Ha-way the Lads!

Right: Nick shows that frugality in all things is how you get to own a Brough – 'there's farsans of miles left in that bungee...'



A SPORTSMAN COMETH, DISASTER AVERTED AND SERVICE BEYOND THE CALL

Dinner was served in a private room albeit a little later than planned. Apparently the catering staff were busy creating curries various for the aforementioned Asian wedding celebration; which turned out to be not the celebration of the event itself but merely the betrothal party. We are indebted to Keith Blair for soliciting this information - as he busily built up a contact list ahead of a forthcoming visit to the sub-continent.



A late arrival was Norman who had come straight from a Real Tennis match that he had arranged locally. Looking ever dapper in his whites, he proceeded to occupy seats on two different tables to elicit more grub.

Left: Jonathan politely ejects Norman for not wearing a tie - around his neck.

During dinner, your scribe was witness to a strange occurrence when an errant waiter was clearing away the empty beer glasses only to have his arm grasped forcibly by Nick Hopkins, "Not that one bonny lad" he growled. I was puzzled as it was bereft of ale...

Turns out our chum and real ale aficionado had brought, from his private collection of vintage drinking vessels, his own scoop; a pot which carried the George Regina crown certification mark² and was accredited to the local brewing icon Sir John Fitzgerald. Whilst old Sir John has long since departed this world his legend, via a local pub chain carrying his name, lives on; as thankfully, owing to quick thinking, does Nick's glass!

With our beef in broon ale (what else??) dinner despatched, Chairman Frank rose to invite the introduction of guests, the run briefing, a new type of raffle and general notices; amongst which were mentions of our long distance members David O'Neill and Peter Sheen, the latter whom it was pointed out, held the triple distinction of being the

² More unnecessary interference from the EU via the Measuring Instruments Directive (Directive 2004/22/EC) ended the crown certification of beer glasses. They couldn't force us to drink metric though, hah! "Up your bottoms we are saying!"

longest serving Chairman, the most prolific run organiser (seventeen) and the only President to have organised a run; which was the first based in Kirkby Lonsdale. So Peter has been a trend setter too. Applause!

Ahead of the run briefing members were asked to introduce their guests. There was only one. 'Twas David Taylor (remember him?) who rose to introduce Dale Robinson who would be arriving in the morning, Dale is a builder friend of his who had joined us once before, on the Goodwood run in the autumn of 2009.

Dale apparently had to make the difficult choice of what to ride, him being a multiple bike owner and all. From his fleet of a Yamaha RD400, Triumph Speed Triple, Suzuki 'Kettle', Hondas RC30 and RC45 and a couple of Harleys, the Triumph was selected. Shame, I can't recall a Harley on a run since Peter Agg wrestled his Road King (or was it an Electraglide?) over Hardknott Pass on the aforementioned Presidents Run of 1999.



Right: Smiling guest Dale Robinson.

And so on to the run briefing, which was delivered by Martin the Elder who started out by saying there would be two points of interest on the route: the roads and the lunch!



Our routing would take us initially north west over the border to a coffee stop at Melrose before turning north east to the coast at Eyemouth where we would invade a golf club for some exceptional scampi and then skirting Berwick, we would head south west to tea at Kielder Castle before completing a figure of eight by returning to the hotel via Otterburn. We were to leave at 08:30 prompt to allow time for a group photo at the Scottish Border for what may have been the last time ahead of the possibility of Alba's Independence and the future requirement to present a passport to gain admittance.

Left: Martin the Elder being brief.

We were briefed that at the golf club we would park on the grass (the verge not the greens) and use the Lady Members' changing rooms to stow our gear (a number of predictably smutty, unrepeatabe remarks ensued) and when we arrived at Kielder Castle we would ignore the no entry signs. What rebels we would be! However, it was the complete lack of any mention of a number of speed cameras en-route that would bring a certain *frisson* to the following days ride..!

IT IS A RAFFLE JIM, BUT NOT AS WE KNOW IT

Recent Members Meeting minutes have documented a shift in opinion over the Friday night raffle with some members being unhappy with the quality of some of the prizes donated whilst others felt that it is the Raffle Meister's disparaging descriptions of the 'tuttier' elements donated which made the draw the high spot of the weekend's entertainment. After all, every raffle has a booby prize; ours just had more than one!

So, in the spirit of experimentation and change, a new idea was trialled whereby £7.50 (less than the generally accepted £10.00 value of the prizes donated at past raffles) was built into the cost of this run with the idea that a draw would be made for a prize of a free run. In the event, t'committee decided to change that to three prizes: 1st prize £100, 2nd prize £60 and 3rd £40 to be used against a future run. During dinner, Graham Matcham issued all present with a free ticket and we sat back in expectation.

Frank had asked Chairman Elect Graham to draw the winning numbers but he declined by saying that there was one person synonymous with the raffle, and duly asked Andrew Smith to do the honours.

Andrew was first asked to recall the best prize he had ever awarded; which was the infamous box of Cadburys Roses which had found its way back to the donor, Tom Waterer, who had been spotted by Andrew furtively sliding it on to the prize table. Left until the last prize of the night and described with pointed invective directed at the (supposed) unknown donor, Tom accepted it with silent good grace!



This, of course, sparked off quite a few other memories from the floor...

Frank recalled a Norman Hyde works exhaust that had been won by Alan Baker of Motad fame. Norman then remembered a prize consisting of two parts that he had donated and how Tom, as a Raffle Meister, had mistakenly separated them resulting in David Strathcarron winning a stick of rock – with anything but silent good grace!

For me, the best recollection came from Graham Matcham who had once won a motorcycling book prize donated by Mike Jackson. Flicking it open he found it was a long overdue Hampshire County Council library book!



As the mirth died down the winning numbers were drawn and first out of the hat for the £100 was Andrew himself. His offer to put the prize back in the pot was shouted down but he insisted on donating 50% of his winnings to the Woking Cancer Charity.

Left: A bemused Andrew draws the winning number – his own!

Second prize was won by Rick Parish and the third was unclaimed and re-drawn to be subsequently won by Dave Martin – to complete the committee's clean sweep of the prizes!

When initially introducing the draw, Frank had mistakenly called it a 'ruffle': given the outcome that might have been a Freudian slip - if thinking about it in terms of members' feathers. However, the official record shows that all three winners donated 50% to Andrew's chosen charity and the other 50% back to Club Funds. Our hats are collectively raised to you gentlemen! Only time will tell if the experiment will be repeated...

With the raffle and all notices completed, members began to drift barwards for customary nightcaps. On the Chairman's table though, one person was busily a-plotting and a-planning...

A LONG WAY TO COME TO READ THE PAPER

It is a testament to the camaraderie of The Club that Peter Sheen would make the long journey north by train and then be content to stay at the hotel during Saturday, studying the broadsheets as there was no RAC van or member in a car to hitch a ride with.

But one man's misfortune is another man's opportunity as they say.

Tony Dawson had sustained a minor wrist injury carrying out grand-parental duty, if I recall correctly. And whilst he set off from Sheffield on his bike, it quickly became apparent that the discomfort was too much to endure. His initial reaction was to cry off but he was persuaded that as he had his bag packed, he should take the bike home and come up in his van. Being presented with his opportunity, Peter lost no time in volunteering and preparing for his role as Tony's navigator.



Right: "Time spent on reconnaissance is never wasted" said Peter.

Now another well-known saying is 'You can take the boy out of racing but you can't take the racer out of the boy'. And so it proved on Saturday as Tony did a passable impression of ex-truck racer Steve Parrish to keep his vee-dub pretty much in the peloton. Tony's skill (*Ed: luck?*) at keeping the van pointing forwards however was, according to Peter, all down to him leaning out on left handers. Peter further added that *'it's great to be driven by a motorcyclist'* confirming what we all know – bikers make better drivers!

THE FOG ON THE TYNE IS ALL MINE

The early start on Saturday meant that a certain amount of humidity hung in the air; there was a bit of fog around too - but mostly in the heads of certain chaps who had over-imbibed the night before on that cloudy Germanic abhorrence, wheat beer!

Right: There's a certain self-satisfied smugness about Frank's gait!



Setting off at the appointed time of 08:30 we initially followed minor roads to the largely unremarkable Ponteland, just to the south west of the hotel. There we turned right onto the A696 and the fun really started!



This road is very quick all the way up to its confluence with the A68 just beyond Otterburn, and then on to the border at Carter Bar where we were to stop for the obligatory photo calls.

With little in the way of population to distract us from the tarmac ribbon, we soon settled into a rare clip and your scribe is left wondering whether any of our number fell foul of the first speed camera, just beyond a pub with a namesake on a certain island in the Irish Sea...

Left: It's just like the TT; a speed trap at the Highlander.

Pressing on, there was no time to contemplate whether the establishment of the MOD ranges at Otterburn - the only place in the UK where the M270 Multiple Launch Rocket System can be fired – owed anything to the major stuffing inflicted by the Scottish Army over Sir Henry Percy's English mob there in 1388 when over 1,000 Sassenachs were captured or killed. If the independence vote had gone the other way, it may well have become strategically important to avoid history repeating itself!

A NITWIT TAKES A SELFIE

The sparse moorland of the southern part of the Northumberland National Park gradually gave way to the rising hills of the Cheviots, the park's northern border. Right by the roadside we passed the Catcleugh Reservoir which was constructed between 1899 and 1905 and is a major engineering feat connected by tunnels and aqueducts with others to the south, to supply the Geordie lads with their drinking watter.

Before you could say 'Gee-uz a bottle o'dog pet' we were being waved off the road to the photo stop at Carter Bar. Looking at the time at which your scribe's camera was called into service, we had covered the 50 or so miles to the border in well under an hour.

The group shot was set up and the results can be seen on the front cover of this report but of course, as is the modern fashion, mobiles were also pressed into service – thankfully without those silly telescopic 'Selfy Sticks' favoured by tourists.

Right: Rick proves the theorem that there's always one...



Snapshots taken, we re-mounted and set off down the northern slope of the Cheviot Hills but, before we had a chance to get into any sort of rhythm, we were straight into a right, left, right set of bends sufficiently challenging to have been treated to a shell grip coating. Needless to say at least one of our number was seen 'hanging off' (he didn't fine himself for it later) whilst Tony, and fellow charioteer Peter, tried 'hanging out' the back of his van.³

Right: Mmm, a dose of the bends.



And so we carried on to Melrose via Jedburgh...

Left to Right: Jed Water, Jedi, Jeunes Lanceurs.

³ The more observant reader may notice the absence of Tony and Peter from the group photograph; this was so that Tony could get his van further up the road and create mayhem when the group caught him at the bends!

COFFEE WITH SIR WALTER

Our coffee stop was at the Waverley Castle Hotel in Melrose which, according to the snappily titled Royal Commission on the Ancient Historical Monuments of Scotland, was the earliest mass concrete construction in Scotland, when it opened as a hotel and spa in 1871.

On the front lawn was a concrete statue of Sir Walter Scott (he of Ivanhoe fame), oddly facing, not the hotel as you would expect, but a point somewhere to the east. The inscription on the base read '*presented by Mrs Merryweather of Clapham Common and 63 Long Acre, London*'. Curiosity has of course got the better of your scribe and so far, I have found out that the addresses both relate to the Merryweather Fire engine company whose 19th Century factory was at 63 Long Acre. Quite what the connection between her and Scott was I have yet to ascertain. But if I find out, I'll let you know!



Right: Sir Walter uses an early I-Phone to call the Fire Brigade

Anyway, as we took refreshment, it was a good time to look at the bikes we had all rocked up on.



With a couple of new bikes on the run as well as some 'old favourites', your scribe carried out a bit of a survey to find the oldest, newest, highest mileage steeds on display.

Having discarded his well-travelled Yamaha FJR, Rick was riding a new Triumph Trophy – bought from the still smiling Keith Davies – but he had just been pipped to the newest bike on the run by Norman's 50 mile old Triumph Bonneville.

Oldest bike on parade was Nick Hopkins' 1971 Norton whilst Graham Goodman's BMW GS (71,000) trumped Nick Jeffery's Kawasaki Kencast (55,000) in the highest mileage stakes.

Main pic left: Nick's still sprightly Commando

Right top to Bottom: Norman's well run-in Bonne (well it was by here), Rick's new Trophy and his attempt to disguise it as an Adventure Sport bike!

WHEN THE BOAT COMES IN...

We shall have the finest scampi in all of Scotland. But first, we have to get to Eyemouth.

Leaving Sir Walter behind, we navigated the urban landscape through Melrose and Galashiels to pick up the sinuous A7. Looking at this section of road on a map, it could easily be mistaken for a river such is the way it meanders northwards to Stow. It was a pleasure to ride.

Just by the ruined church of St Mary's in Stow we turned onto the B6362, a single track road linking Stow with Lauder where, standing majestically in Market Place is the old Toll House (*pictured right*).

Dating back to 1735, local traders and travellers on the road to and from Edinburgh paid their dues here. Later, the ground floor became a jail whilst the upper floor was the court. Witches were apparently regular detainees in the cells. By 1840 the last prisoner had been set free and it became the Town Hall.



And so we made our way north east with lovely B roads linking fast A roads, all the way to Eyemouth where we parked up as instructed on the grass behind the clubhouse and infiltrated the Lady Members' inner sanctum.



Left: Parking at the Tradesmens' entrance. Centre: The scampi comes from here. Right: And is scoffed here!

I not sure how many of the golfers in the clubhouse were aware of our visit, or knew our mode of transport, but there were a few strange glances our way as we crowded the bar seeking liquid refreshment. Being the gentleman that your scribe is renowned to be (ok, ok, I am only kidding myself) there was finally just me and a senior lady member at the bar. She looked my riding kit up and down, slightly disdainfully I felt, and said, 'Lovely day for golf..!'

Having hyped this scampi as much as I have, it's an oversight to say the least that I neglected to take a picture of the bloody stuff when it was delivered! That said, ask anyone who was there and they will tell you, it *was* pretty darn special: hand peeled by the chef himself, lightly dusted with special seasoned flour and flash fried to perfection. There were even a couple of chaps who had ordered an alternative dish, but changed their minds when they saw it. I have a vague recollection they shoved a slice of cheesecake in front of us for afters but who cares!

Replete with scampi we set off (with an understandably tiring Andrew Smith as a substitute Tail End Charlie) for the next food hit which would be taken in the heart of the Kielder Forest.

125 YEARS TO GET THE EQUALIZER

A short stretch of the A1 took us south, skirting Berwick and on over the Tweed to pick up the A698 which we would follow all the way back to Jedburgh. Flirting as it does with the border, which hereabouts is situated midstream in this, the most famous salmon fishing river in Scotland, it was not long before the road passed another famous battle landmark; the quaintly named Twizell Bridge (*below right*) which was built in 1511 and crosses the river Till. You may have missed it as we flashed past.

In 1513 the English vanguard used the bridge en-route to comprehensively stuffing the Scots at the Battle of Flodden Field. The Scots under James IV, who had been coerced by the French into attacking the English from the north whilst the Froggies themselves were busy battling Henry VIII's boys on home soil, broke out of a deep defensive formation in their own half allowing the English to go down the wing and get around the back of the defence and, after a goalmouth scramble, to get the equalizer; 125 years after Otterburn.



If you are interested, a blow by blow account of the match can be read [here](#) where there is also an ode setting the scene by our old friend Sir Walter Scott which starts thus:

*From Flodden ridge,
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmoor Wood, their evening post
And headful watched them as they crossed
The Till by Twizell Bridge...*

After Twizell, we re-crossed the Tweed by way of the Coldstream Bridge (*right*) and if I remember correctly, there were a couple of chaps fishing downstream of the bridge.



Right: NEVER wade higher than your neck in a fast flowing river or you will certainly bungle the cast...



Apart from the obvious, of Coldstream being the home of the oldest regiment in the Regular Army (the Guards were formed in 1650), it is also the final resting place of Sir Alec Douglas-Home (*left*) who was the British Prime Minister between 1963 and 1964. He was in office just 362 days making him the second shortest (in term, not stature) PM of the 20th Century.⁴

During Sir Alec's short tenure, Resale Price Maintenance became law; thus he left a legacy of discounting that has plagued bike manufacturers relationships with their dealers ever since.

Continuing on the A698, criss-crossing the Tweed and on through Kelso, we finally meet up again with the A68 at a place called... no, I don't believe it, Bonjedward! Is there no escaping these spiky haired imbeciles?



Heading south for just a couple of miles, we then started the lower loop of the route by picking up a pleasant B-road down into the Kielder Forest where tea and cake awaited.

HAD ENOUGH TO EAT YET?

Ignoring the no entry signs as instructed, we parked up at the rear of Kielder Castle where the view across to the pine clad hills opposite was impressive – as was the display of homemade cake that was laid out in the private room reserved for us on the first floor.



After noshing on Victoria Sponge, your scribe went out to soak up the views. Looking at our insect splattered bikes triggered the memory of the year that Kawasaki caused a storm at the NEC Show when a poster called 'Fly Killer' was fixed to all the lamp posts leading to the halls. By the end of the first weekend, they had all been nicked. If only the bike had been as popular as the posters!



Left: Fly Killer and Fly Kielder

Exiting this picturesque spot between the dazzling white houses that line Castle Drive, we picked up the lovely unclassified road that runs south on the west side of Kielder Water. A combination of high banks and forestation meant that we were only treated to fleeting glimpses of the 200 billion litres of water that make this the largest artificial lake -by capacity - in the UK. Still, at least we could concentrate on the road!

Looping back around Bellingham, we were soon back at Otterburn and retracing our earlier tyre tracks, back to the Holiday Inn for baths, beer and swapping stories about how fast we were...

⁴ In case you are interested, the shortest was Andrew Bonar Law who managed just 211 days in the hot seat before being succeeded by Stanley Baldwin in May 1923.

PEASE PUDDIN' AND STOTTIE CAKE

Ever our gastronomic guide, Dave had confided in me during the day's ride that he had been a little disappointed with the fayre served on Friday as the hotel chef had promised to lay on local delicacies. Indeed, he had been delighted to have been asked to do so.

Dave needn't have worried though as on Saturday's menu we were treated to some of Newcastle's finest scran; pease pudding and stottie cake, followed by a horsepower sapping leek and suet pudding served with beef and brown ale.

Right: Only a factory race kit would counteract the effects of the main course.

For those unsure, Pease Pudding is a hummus like concoction with a split pea base whilst 'to stott' is Geordie meaning 'to bounce'; because if the stottie is dropped it would (in theory) bounce. For sure, with this lot consumed, some bikes would be hitting the 'bump-stot' on the way home!



To ensure much needed resting time betwixt starter and main, Frank arose to thank Dave and Jonathan for an excellent run and to chair a short debate on the actual mileage covered. With 248ish seeming to be the most popular estimate, that was adopted and he handed over to Martin to introduce and distribute the quiz papers.



Expounding that those present would be on their honour not to cheat in the quiz, Martin went on that Frank had a World War 1 officer's revolver on his person and should anyone be caught using the internet to elicit the answers they would be required to 'do the decent thing': and shoot Frank!

With Martin hoping – in the nicest possible way of course – that regular quiz winners would stumble at his latest brainteaser, he passed out the papers and we considered our answers as we munched through the main course.

BENEFACTORS THANKED AND A PERPETUAL PRIZE-WINNER

Before the quiz answers were revealed our Hon Treash, Rick, thanked members – not all present – for their donations which, he acknowledged, were welcomed with thanks by run organizers and the committee alike. The donations for this run totaled £180 and Rick announced the benefactors as:

*William Colquhoun
David Dew
Nick Jeffery
Luke Plummer*

*Keith Davies
Frank Finch
Graham Matcham
Geoff Selvidge
Andrew Smith*

*Tony Dawson
Nick Hopkins
Rick Parish
Peter Sheen*

Like Rick, your scribe hopes that the above list is definitive but if I have missed anyone, please accept my apologies!

And so we welcomed Martin back to centre stage to reveal the answers to his fiendish quiz. From the 10 questions set, there were a possible 19 points to be won and as many of you who didn't make the run like to have a crack at the quiz, the question sheet can be found on the website and the answers are on the very last page of this report.

Martin had mentioned at the outset that he hoped a new face would rise victorious this time around, well, with metronomic regularity, the winner on 13 points was Nick Jeffery; so no, no new face. Well done Nick, again!

THE SERGEANT'S RECORD HAUL

This was Sergeant at Arms Steve Callahan's third tour of duty, taking over as he did at the Pembroke Run in autumn 2013. Bringing a level of organisation to the role rarely seen in recent history, Steve lists every participant in his book to try to ensure that everyone is collared for something.

Your scribe is aware of one escapee this time but there may have been more...



Using this highly structured approach, coupled with the fact that he is rarely seen off the bike without said book and pen in hand (as the above pictures show); he has grown the income derived from fines from an average around the £21 mark to £31 with this run bringing in £40.30! Given that the Sergeant is a man of Kent and that in Anglo-Saxon times, taxation was first accredited to King Æthelberht of Kent; one assumes there must be shared lineage!

Anyway, with an inflationary element having been brought to the often arbitrary fines levied there follows a selection (not all charges by any means!) of the more memorable misdemeanours:

David O'Neill was first up. Usually the furthest travelled, this time it was just 9 miles, from the ferry.

David Taylor in a similar vein had (allegedly) invited his guest based on his location – 7.5 miles away – so that he could stay at his house on Thursday night.

Rick Parish had sold his faithful Yamaha for a truculent BMW GS which was then adjudged not up to the task and so he had had to buy an additional bike to do the run.

Geoff Selvidge it was claimed, had given new member Ian Kerr the wrong dates, thus ensuring he couldn't attend.

Adam Kelley was accused of imitating a mouse whilst the cat was indisposed and taking gross liberties by setting his email out of office message to 2015. Computer issues were, as ever, offered in mitigation. It did no good.

Peter Sheen had mistaken Keith Davies for Alan Blake, who wasn't even attending. Peter offered lack of spectacles in mitigation – see Adam Kelley.

Keith Davies was walloped for having a beard that was way too manicured – see Peter Sheen and think Alan Blake!

David Taylor had in turn, made a spectacle of himself by sporting a pair of glasses with 'rather sudden', fluorescent coloured frames. He claimed they were Italian Designer, Dave Martin claimed they were school lost property bin.

Nick Hopkins who was named as the Sergeant's 'number one snitch' was fined for just that. (*Ed: a bit of an own goal that one perhaps?*).

Jonathan Martin, who had forgotten his jacket at the spring run, forgot his tie at this one. We can only speculate about what he may forget next...

The Chaps who had been asked to loan Jonathan a tie - but had failed to deliver - were fined (about three I think).

Tony Dawson was the subject of a rather complex charge, the gist of which was that he had abdicated his responsibility for navigation to Peter Sheen whilst he concentrated on overtaking as many bikes as possible on the run.

Bob McMillan gave some cock and bull excuse about an intruder to get out of being fined for passing the run leader, further claiming the lack of yellow jacket to identify him contributed to the admitted pass. (Dave Martin said it wouldn't fit his 'incredible bulk'). See Adam Kelley, Peter Sheen.

Rick Parish was further chastised for bungeeing a water bottle to his new Triumph Trophy in a futile attempt to disguise it as the aforementioned GS.

Norman Hyde had turned into an unofficial fuel stop causing everyone behind him to detour across the forecourt and back out onto the road to the bemusement of other customers.

Graham Matcham had his ego dashed by the Sergeant spotting that he had put his name on his bike, racer style.

Martin Lambert had tried to ease the loneliness of point duty by chatting up a passing young mother whilst her kids looked on, frightened.

Tony Jakeman, perhaps in a similar but different way to Martin, had been spotted pursuing ornithological interests on the run.



Geoff Selvidge, who had been fined on a previous run for wearing 'Simon Cowell' riding breeches that were too high on the waist and thus short in the leg, was done this time around for trouser legs that were too long and told that he 'wouldn't grow into them'. Pfffft!

Adam Kelley was fined for a gastronomic offence in that he didn't know that scampi was a shell fish. (*Ed: easy done Adam, there are the mollusc shellfish which include the Langoustine, lobsters and crab; then bi-valve shellfish which are your oysters, mussels and the like*).

Then the Sergeant levied three 'Master of Disguise' fines:

David O'Neill who rides a bike 'that can be seen from the moon', was wearing a camo helmet.

Bob McMillan who had put Honda stickers on his Yamaha.

Frank Finch who had tried to big up his lid by applying energy drink sponsor stickers to a plain black helmet.

And the final two:

Norman Hyde who had executed a dodgy overtake around a right turning car, in a 30mph limit, causing the driver to severely berate the next motorcyclist he saw, which just happened to be a fellow club member.

And **Andrew Smith** who apparently had looked 'a lot less tired' than the Sergeant himself.

Oh, and the one who escaped was Graham Goodman who had been seen indicating left and turning right and was heard to say as Steve sat down, 'I was lucky to get away with that!'

FRANK'S PERSONAL MAFEKING

With the Sergeant's book closed for another run, Frank stood for the last time in his Chairmanship to reflect on his two years in charge. He clearly wanted to ensure that those who would miss the official handover at Sunday's meeting would not miss his glee!

First off, Frank gave an update on Ray Battersby who was now recovering from serious health issues and who had sent an email to report; *'Still on the mend, feeling like a nearly new Harley that had been taken to the dealer for a new oil pump but returned with a damaged wiring harness, leaking hydraulic hoses and various dents and scratches.'*



Apparently, Ray's oil pump is now working properly but the complications had left him feeling understandably low. It was hoped that a menu card signed by members would cheer him up.

So thankfully, Ray Battersby was now recovering and as evidenced by his attendance on the run, Andrew Smith was now back to his best health. But during Frank's term of office, we had sadly lost two members, David Dixon and Wilf Harrison. Frank thanked Graham Goodman who, as ever, had swung the machinery into life to ensure that The Club was well represented at the celebration of their lives.

Taking the chair after the Centenary Run at Great Malvern, Frank reflected on the four runs he had overseen: Bob Mac and David Dew's Snowdonia gathering, great scenery and a male voice choir; Pembroke, where Tony Jakeman and Nick Hopkins had entertained us with the Museum of Internal Fire. The choir re-visited thanks to the fabulous Dusty ensemble at Ben and Dan's Cotswold run and, of course, the terrific roads we had enjoyed this time.

The last four runs had certainly fulfilled the club objective of *'stimulating discussion and a closer understanding ... by meeting and riding together socially'* and with a good bank of runs to come, this looks set fair to continue.

On the constitution and membership, Frank opined that the last two years had seen the country coming out of recession resulting in a revival of the bike market, albeit with a changed profile. The club's challenge is now to reflect the change through inviting potential members from the emerging manufacturers and suppliers.

Frank thanked the committee for their valuable support of his chairmanship and made a special mention of Dave Martin by saying *'the amount of work you put into this club is astonishing.'* Applause!

Graham Goodman was thanked for keeping him on the straight and narrow as was Rick for his treasury and Nick Jeffery for the hours spent poring over legal documents when required. The other supporting committee members were also heartily thanked.

Outside of the committee, Frank acknowledged the efforts put in by Martin for his quizzes, Greg Elson for still pulling whatever strings he could at the RAC, Geoff for the run reports, Steve Callahan as Sergeant at Arms and of course, Ray Battersby as the club archivist. All were sincerely thanked.

When Frank had first been invited to a club run it was as the guest of Peter Sheen at an Alan Blake event in Wales. It was pouring with rain but as he was still an active TT competitor at the time, he thought he would have no difficulty in keeping up with and passing the assembled 'old duffers'. Apparently Dave Martin and Rollo Denbigh on their Harleys with skinny tyres had put him straight on that!

Finally, Frank reflected on Tony Dawson's smile when passing over the gavel, which he paraphrased from a conversation he had had with Tony's predecessor, Andrew; *'It is a great honour to be given the Chairmanship but a greater relief to pass it on!'* Over to you Graham!

I am sure that you will all join me in thanking Frank for his able stewardship of our great club, which as he said himself, *'gives me a reason to ride.'* In an age of ever spiralling costs it's easy to overlook the value that a club run delivers in respect of both the camaraderie and by keeping us riding...

LAST MAN STANDING

Well sitting really.

Peter Sheen's name has come up many times during this report and there is no doubt that when looking back on the club's history, no one has been more responsible than he for making it the great institution that it is. Retiring to the bar he was determined to maintain his 'stalwart' status by being the last to bed.

Despite an alleged disagreement with the bar staff over the number of times the optic needed to be pushed to deliver a 'friendly one', he achieved his objective as Frank's blurry shot right records.

Well done Peter!



SUNDAY MORNING MADRAS



Remember, the mention of the Asian wedding celebrations? Well the plus side of sharing the hotel with them was that there were two concurrent breakfast buffets on Sunday morning.

It goes without saying that Dave and one or two others were tempted!

And if you pushed off early, you missed the large scale send-off of the happy couple which with full-on Bollywood style blocked the car park for a good twenty minutes!

And so we said *Auf Wiedersehen Pet* to Newcastle and 2014. All in all, it was a good year for riding. Let's hope that 2015 is as kind when we take on the Hairy Hands of Dartmoor, the Beast of Bodmin and the ghost of Exmoor's Caractacus Stone in the spring.

Gan canny bonny lads!



WHO RODE WHAT

Keith Blair	BMW K75RT	David Martin	Suzuki V-Strom 1000
Steve Callahan	Honda CBR600RR	Jonathan Martin	Suzuki V-Strom 1000
Keith Davies	Triumph Trophy 1200	Bob McMillan	Yamaha Super Tenere XTZ1200E
Tony Dawson	VW van	Graham Matcham	BMW R1200GS
David Dew	Honda Crosstourer	David O'Neill	BMW R1200GS Adventure
Frank Finch	Suzuki V-Strom 1000	Rick Parish	Triumph Trophy 1200
Graham Goodman	BMW R1150GS	Luke Plummer	BMW R1200GS
Alan Halford	Suzuki GSX600F	Martyn Roberts	Triumph Trident 900
Nick Hopkins	Norton Commando Fast Back LR	Geoff Selvidge	Suzuki V-Strom 650
Norman Hyde	Triumph Bonneville T100	Peter Sheen	Tony Dawson's VW van
Tony Jakeman	BMW F800GT	Andrew Smith	Yamaha Super Tenere XTZ1200E
Nick Jeffery	Kawasaki GT750	David Taylor	BMW R1200GS
Adam Kelley	Yamaha Super Tenere XTZ1200E	Dale Robinson (G)	Triumph Speed Triple 15 th Anniversary
Martin Lambert	Kawasaki Z1000SX		

THE ROUTE



13 September, 2014

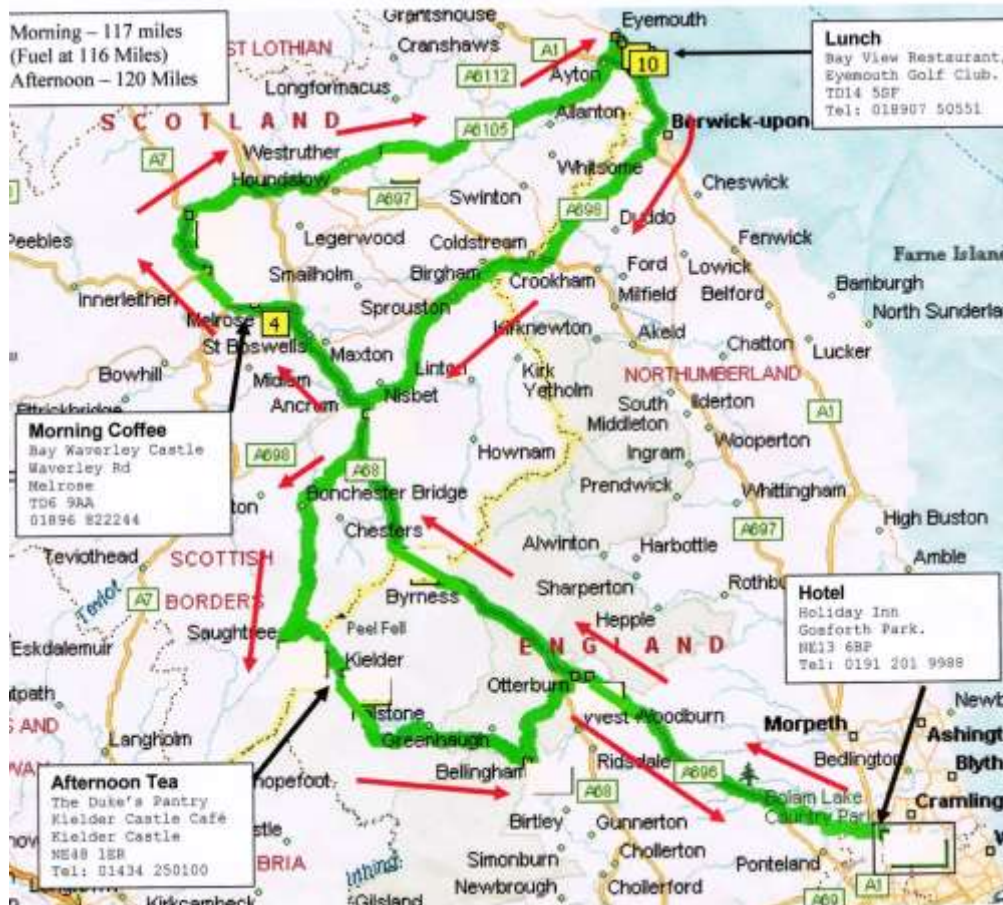
Holiday Inn, Gosforth Park, Great North Rd, Seaton Burn, Newcastle-upon-Tyne
NE13 6BP
Tel: 0191 201 9988

David Martin; 07813 044607. Jonathan Martin; 07710 582373

The morning run will include a club photo (subject to weather) at the England/Scotland Border. We shall ride past the Jim Clark museum in Duns but unfortunately do not have time to stop there. Jim Clark was the Formula 1 world champion in 1963 and 1965.

Afternoon Tea in the Kielder Castle Café. The castle was the former hunting lodge for the Duke of Northumberland.

Kielder Forest - At 250 square miles it is England's largest forest and the largest man-made woodland in Europe. But Kielder is not just about trees. At any one time, because it is a working forest, a quarter of the area of Kielder is open space, including England's largest area of blanket bog. Kielder is also England's home to the biggest remaining population of red squirrels in the country. Kielder water is the biggest man-made lake in the UK (by capacity - Rutland water has a bigger surface area). Kielder Water is also the site of England's largest hydro electric plant which can generate 6MW.





Holiday Inn Newcastle upon Tyne

Welcomes

*Autumn 2014 Run
Newcastle-upon-Tyne*

Friday 12th September 2014

Leek and potato soup with chive snippets

*Carbonade of beef with brown ale
mashed potato and roast roots*

Apple and rhubarb crumble with ice cream

Coffee and Chocolate Mints

Some of our dishes may contain nuts or nut traces, dairy products, yeast, maize, sesame seeds, soya and eggs together with other standard additives which may act as allergens. Please ask if you require details of any ingredients used and we will be happy to supply details. If you have a food allergy, please notify your server before you order so that we can arrange with our Chefs for a suitable alternative.



Holiday Inn Newcastle upon Tyne

Welcomes

*Autumn 2014 Run
Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Saturday 13th September 2014*

Ham and parsley terrine with pease pudding and stottie cake

*Leek and suet pudding filled with steak and brown ale pan
haggerty and seasonal vegetables*

Newcastle pudding and custard

Cheese and biscuits with port

Coffee and Chocolate Mints

Some of our dishes may contain nuts or nut traces, dairy products, yeast, maize, sesame seeds, soya and eggs together with other standard additives which may act as allergens. Please ask if you require details of any ingredients used and we will be happy to supply details. If you have a food allergy, please notify your server before you order so that we can arrange with our Chefs for a suitable alternative.

THE QUIZ

Please see the separate document on the club website, in the Run Report section. Please note that on the quiz sheet, there are two questions numbered 6!

The answers for 1 point each were: (No Peeking 'til you've done it!)

- 1) Publius Aelius Hadrianus Buccellianus
- 2) 25
- 3) A – Norman Hossack, B – Tony Foale, C – Jack Difazio
- 4) Kenneth Tynan
- 5) Tadcaster
- 6) Denny Hulme, Nikki Lauder, James Hunt, Damon Hill (1 point for each)
- 7) A – Dominique Sarron, B – Gary Hocking, C – Ivan Mauger
- 8) Honda
- 9) N.U.T (Newcastle Upon Tyne)
- 10) Largest manmade forest and largest artificial lake (1 point for each)
- 11) Tiger

GALLERY

Please click on the link below (the blue type bit!) to take you to the club's YouTube channel and the pictures!

[Autumn Run Photoreel](#)