



Great Malvern, Worcestershire

21st, 22nd, 23rd September 2012

THE CLUB'S 100TH RUN: A TIME FOR REFLECTION

Organisers: Tom Waterer, Nick Jeffery & Norman Hyde

This Run Report is dedicated to Peter Agg and Wilf Harrison; dear friends who sadly left us in 2012 to 'recce' the Club's Celestial Run, at which a 100% turn-out is eventually expected...

THE MATHS WERE PUZZLING...

At least, to a barnpot like me. This was the 100th Run since the Club's formation in 1963 (and they said it wouldn't last) but we don't celebrate fifty years until 2013. So, if 2012 was the forty-ninth year, this should have been the 98th Run – if you see what I mean.

But of course, 2013 marks the 51st year of The Club's existence. It all became clear when I consulted my record collection and listened to the B side of Jimi Hendrix's 'Purple Haze', a track called '51st Anniversary', which opens with the line "For 50 years they've been married..." "Ah, alles ist klar" as our German chums would say.

Now, if only he had released it 4 years earlier, in 1963...



THE SCRIBE'S WORK WAS MADE EASIER...

By the excellent materials supplied by the organisers: the route was outlined by Tom in the calling papers and, as well as the usual map, programme of events and menus, there was a special 'programme' produced to guide us through the Friday and Saturday night biographies of Founder Members.

All of these documents have been scanned (except the calling papers) and are attached. Both Friday and Saturday night's speakers were videoed and hopefully we will be able to view these on the Club's excellent new website in the fullness of time. (I hope so as I didn't scribble it all down!)

SO LET'S CRACK ON...

This was the second visit to Great Malvern, the previous being in the Spring of 1978, 34 years ago. Both runs billeted at The Abbey. You will find a report on this run, written by Peter Sheen, on the Club website.

That particular weekend was apparently quite gloomy and so the expansive views we enjoyed in 2012 were nowhere to be seen that Spring as the members and guests present covered a route of some 90 miles around the local roads.

Of the 19 members and 3 guests who attended in 1978, six were here this time too, either as riding members or to join us for dinner on one of the two nights. These were: Peter Sheen, John Nelson, Mike Jackson, Roger Boss, Bob Trigg and, elected as a member on that run, Nick Jeffery. Apologies in 1978 included Keith Blair who did make this re-run and Gerald Davison who didn't and sent apologies again.

Peter's report shows that the Club's ideals are still being observed to this day: the appreciation of good beer, members overshooting lunch stops, spirited riding and the blagging of bikes from whoever has the biggest press fleet!

GREAT MALVERN...

I arrived in good time so that I would have time for a decent stroll around the town to report, as is customary, on the sights and attractions that later arrivals may not have the time or inclination to see for themselves.

The town, which clings to the side of the hill for dear life, developed around the 11th century priory which was a Benedictine monastery. This of course reminds me of the story of the two pregnant Nuns walking down Great Malvern High Street. When they both realised that they were 26 weeks into their gestation, the second Nun remarked that "it didn't seem like 6 months since Benedictus..."

BLUE PLAQUES ARE EVERYWHERE...



The first of these was attached to the impressive portico of the hotel itself, which as you can see, announced that Hailie Selassie had 'often stayed here', before and during the early years of World War 2.



Just a short stroll out through the nearby arch and down a street behind the hotel was another blue

announcement, this time about the Priory itself. Given what we found out about William the

Conqueror's navigation skills (see Autumn 2011 report), it's a wonder he ever made it this far!

Strolling up the hill towards Bellevue Terrace and then onto the main road, I found what must be the perfect sight for certain of our membership; a Real Ale pub, an Indian Restaurant (of dubious appearance, but since when's that been a problem) and a Chinese eatery all within chucking up distance of each other and the hotel.



The Chinese eatery is called Hung's Kitchen. Your scribe was not sure if this was his name or a reference to the way the town clings to the hill.

The Proprietor stood, scowling, in the doorway. I resisted the temptation of asking him if he was Well...

PURELY FOR RESEARCH PURPOSES...

I found myself entering the real ale pub, principally to see if any errant Committee Members were hiding in-situ. It was another blue plaque building called The Unicorn. Presumably it was the mythical beast name that attracted C S Lewis?

On the day, there were no Club members to be seen, nor scholars, authors or hill-walkers – just the village idiot who at least recommended a good ale to try, Ringwood Best Bitter, which given its Hampshire origins was a guest ale. Whilst my brew was being served I asked the girl behind the bar when the pub was built, she told me it dated to 1659. As she plonked the foaming ale on the bar I glanced at my watch, 1658: spooky!



The town itself is an interesting place, alleys and snickets abound with plenty of hidden surprises in the shops. With so many walking routes close by, including the Worcestershire Way, it is a place to return to when wearing different boots methinks...

THE MEMBERS GATHER...



And one of the early arrivals was Steve Callahan who chose to pose next to a wheelie bin before riding down to the car park.

Left: Dusty Bin arrives, with Steve Callahan in the background.

Wandering back into the hotel, a few grumbles could be overheard as members found their allocated rooms already occupied by other members. Your scribe has to confess to being the cause of this as when I arrived, my room was not ready and so I was allocated John Wakefield's room and thus it was he who found another gentleman's kippers in the grill – sorry John!

The hotel bar looked out onto the rear car park and this seemed to be as good a place as any to observe the members rock up.



With ale in hand, we were able to watch, unseen, a hapless Charles Smart hiding his Triumph Exploder behind a wall whilst trying to coax its recalcitrant cooling fan back to life – he failed. Something the observers and the Sergeant at Arms (later) found really quite amusing!

Left: Charles Smart fiddling with his Trumpet.

THERE'S ALWAYS ONE...

Or, in this case a damned sight more than one. With the organiser's programme of events clearly stating that from 18:00 on we would meet in our private bar for dinner at 19:30 – suited and booted on a Friday for this auspicious occasion – around half the gathered membership could be found in the hotel bar, well after 19:00. One surmises that they were there for the sole purpose of greeting the late arrivals...

Just in time, we gathered in the Shaw Suite for dinner. As we played musical chairs to find a suitable seat, Old Mike Jackson, on seeing the screen and video equipment, asked Norman "Where are we sitting?" to which Norman replied "Section D". "Ah, that will be D for Dinosaur then." was Old MJ's riposte.

As the Chef shouted "Service!" to the waiting staff and plates of starters were gathered up for delivery, the door burst open and Andrew Smith made a dramatic entrance to take up the only vacant seat around the table.

I felt sure that his late arrival must have been down to him having a problem with his luggage...

Right: A Yamaha Genuine Accessory Fazer 800 Top Box...



MEMBERS GUESTS...

After dinner and with no raffle at this Run to allow time for the programmed reminiscences, the Chairman rose to ask Members present to introduce their Guests.

Norman introduced his son, Alex, a Vet by profession and added that Arthur Macdonald, ex of Bridgestone and now Importer of Krauser amongst other brands, would be joining us on Saturday morning. Rick Parish introduced Jon Taylor who was the founder of the IAM and Dave Martin introduced his son Jonathan, Suzuki's UK Sales Manager, who was now on his third qualifying Run.

Chairman Dawson then introduced John Noble as his guest. John was responsible for the Yamaha engine preparation on Tony's 1989 Championship winning race bikes.

Finally, Nich Brown introduced Paddy Tyson who is MAG's Campaigns Manager and a respected long distance motorcycle traveller. He is apparently also an MZ buff although for this Run he was to be Honda mounted: OPEC scaled down production estimates at the news...

With the guests introduced, the Chairman proposed the toast which was "The Queen". This time, he at least made sure that we had drinks...

NORMAN REMEMBERS...

1963.

Norman was MC for the evening's entertainment, which was to be Members recollections of our Founding Fathers. He kicked off though with his personal reminiscences of the foundation year, 1963. Here are some of them...

In 1963, the only place you would see a fat woman or heavily tattooed man was at the fair.

In 1963, Alex Douglas Hume was Prime Minister and Harold Wilson was Leader of the Opposition.



In 1963, Christine Keeler was sent to prison for the Profumo affair.

Right: Christine Keeler in iconic pose

Left: The Bogey Man



In 1963, Doctor Beeching proposed the rail cuts and the Great Train Robbery took place (the Ronnie Biggs one, not the Dr Beeching one).

In 1963, the Dartford Tunnel West was built, linking the cultural centres of Thurrock to the north with Dartford to the south. *Scribe's note: the traffic volume using the Dartford Crossing in the mid 60's was 6 million vehicles per year. With the addition of the East Tunnel (1980) and the QE2 Bridge (1991) it has now risen to over 50 million vehicles per year. Just thought you'd like to know that...*

In 1963, the average pay was £1,085 per year and £3,100 was the average house price. More importantly, a Triumph Bonneville cost £318 which was 15 weeks pay. Now dear friends, the modern Bonnie will cost you 20 weeks pay or, more realistically for the market demographic, 59.5 weeks of State Pension.

That's progress for you...

OUR FOUNDING FATHERS...

Now I could have written a book about this part of the proceedings – if I had had a recorder with me and a lot more time. As it was, my scribbling became unreadable after a very short period of time before petering out altogether and so you will have to rely on the programmed list (reproduced at the end) and the movie version when it comes out. Sorry.

What I did manage to record was Old MJ (again) prefacing his recollections with the story of Neil Armstrong's allegedly muttered words when re-entering the Lunar Lander in 1969: "Good Luck Mr Kasper." Which he explained as follows:

Neil Armstrong was the first person to set foot on the moon. His first words after stepping on the moon, "That's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind", were televised to Earth and heard by millions. But just before he re-entered the lander, he made the enigmatic remark: "Good luck, Mr Kasper."

Many people at NASA thought it was a casual remark concerning some rival Soviet Cosmonaut. However, upon checking, there was no Kasper in either the Russian or American space programs. Over the years many people questioned Armstrong as to what the "Good luck Mr Kasper" statement meant, but Armstrong always just smiled. On July 5, 1995, in Tampa Bay, Florida, while answering questions following a speech, a reporter brought up the 26 year old question to Armstrong. This time he finally responded. Mr Kasper had died and so Neil Armstrong felt he could answer the question.

In 1938 when he was a kid in a small Midwest town, he was playing baseball with a friend in the backyard. His friend hit a fly ball, which landed in his neighbour's yard by the bedroom windows. His neighbours were Mr and Mrs Kasper.

As he leaned down to pick up the ball, young Armstrong heard Mrs Kasper shouting at Mr Kasper. "Sex! You want sex?! You'll get sex when the kid next door walks on the moon!"

NASA, of course, reveals this as nothing more than an anecdote, a joke that has fallen into folklore. But, if you are interested and have time on your hands, you can review the whole transcript of that epic Apollo 11 Moon landing by clicking here [One Small Step](#). Thought not...

IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE JOURNEY UP, THE RUN, THE HEAT IN THE ROOM...

I refer here to the fact that some of the Members found the biographies quite hard going, interesting as they absolutely were. On both Friday night and Saturday night, eye lids around the table could be seen drooping and then snapping back wide open again before drooping again.

On Friday though, one Member found he just couldn't fight it any longer and finally slumped forward on to the table, doing a very good impression of a multiple MotoGP Champion...



Valentino Rossi



Martyn Roberts

The final Member to give his recollections before an adjournment to Saturday was called, was Peter Sheen who gave his biographies of the first Chairman, Arthur Bourne, and Norton's Sales Manager, Bill Smith.

Now, looking at the excellent 'programme', listing the Founder Members with accompanying early photographs, it struck me that under Club Rules, Arthur Bourne, as Editor of The Motor Cycle, should not even have been a Member much less Chairman and so I quizzed PRTS about this later. Apparently, it was AB himself who proposed that there should be no media or dealers attending runs to 'ruin the conviviality'.

Can you imagine that happening nowadays? No, neither can I!

NORMAN'S FRIDAY NIGHT RACONTEURS, FOR THOSE MEMBERS WHO WERE 'LOOKING THE OTHER WAY'...

You know who you were but, if you are not sure; I have photographs, lots of photographs!



Left to Right: Mike Jackson, John Nelson, Peter Britton, Peter Sheen and, of course, your MC Norman!

TOM SETS UP HIS FLIP CHART ...



What I really mean here is that whoever was sitting next to Tom, nudged him awake to brief the group on the morning's ride...

Emerging from the arms of Morpheus, Tom explained that the Tail End Charlie was to be Nick Jeffery who was to be riding a Yamaha Super Ténéré; presumably to get his own back for all the bikes he loaned - with his Kawasaki hat on - in 1978!

Tom explained the route and warned us all not to trust his indicators, should we find ourselves as number 2 on the morrow. He thus publically set himself up for a suitable chastisement and fine from the Sergeant at Arms*.

With the RAC Patrol phone number safely written down and the exciting prospect of a sunny 140 mile run during which, at the fuel stop, we could buy the UK's most expensive petrol, we retired to bed, bar, curry house (delete inapplicable).

** In the final analysis, Tom had so many misdemeanours this one was forgotten!*

HURRAH! THE DAY DAWNS BRIGHT...



Purely for John Wakefield's benefit: this is the dawn view you would have had if I had not nicked your room.

What a view! What a sunrise! It brought back memories of that old Kawasaki strapline 'Mounting Excitement'.

I couldn't wait to stuff breakfast down my neck and get at the riding; I am sure I was not alone...

Right: Waiting for the off. Ben Matthews strikes a 'Man at C&A' pose whilst Graham Matcham and Tony Jakeman contemplate how easy it might be to nick the lead off the Priory roof.

In the background, Martin Lambert scratches his brain...



THERE'S COLD IN THEM THAR HILLS...

And so we set off, on a nice B Road trot up through Bromyard and Tenbury Wells to a single track road up to Titterstone Cleve Hill and, by 'eck, it were a bit parky like! We rode through patchy mist with occasional glimpses of expansive views but when we finally arrived at parking area, it were grand! (*Ed: enough of this Yorkshire bakers' twaddle...*)

At 533m above sea level (that's 1,749 feet in old money), the hill is the 3rd highest in Shropshire, missing out by a mere 3m and 7m to the 2nd and highest hills – Stiperstones and Brown Cleve Hill respectively. The 'top' has been shaped by centuries of habitation and quarrying. It was a hill fort in the Bronze and Iron ages and evidence of the later mining for coal and quarrying for dolerite can still be clearly seen in the disused buildings.

In the nearby village of Cleehill, through which we passed en-route, is a pub called The Kremlin, which is the former quarry master's house. It dates back 100 years and it reputedly got its name because the next highest building due east is its namesake, in Moscow.



It was named by the Landlord who took over in the late 80s because Radio Moscow used to come through the TV, the phone and even the jukebox when no other music was playing. It was apparently beamed in from a mast on top of the hill which had a clear 'view' all the way to the Urals.

Given the shite music that was around in the 80s (Morrissey and the Smiths are *not* the greatest living musicians Mr Lambert, so there) the regulars must have been mortified when the mast was moved and they lost the connection...



Above Left: The peloton arrives on the hill top.

Above Right: Nick Jeffery demonstrates the Hokey Cokey to Tom.



Left: Keith Davies contemplates 'The Cloud'. Relics from history can also clearly be seen...

After harassing a couple who were clearly surprised to see a gaggle of motorcyclists arrive to spoil their peace, group photos were taken (as I believe were a couple of surreptitious wazzes) and we all mounted up for the ride down to Ludlow and coffee at the Charlton Arms.

IF DIBNAH HAD INVENTED BARBEQUES...

It would surely look like the one at the Charlton Arms!

Bearing more than a passing resemblance to Stephenson's Rocket, Old Fred would have been proud of the creation – cast iron wi' a bloody great chimbley, tha'd-a got a good head-a steam up wi that un!

(Ed: He was a pie-eater from Bolton you tit, not a Yorkshire tyke, now get on with it!)

Ahem. Anyway, whilst your scribe was fascinated by this al fresco device, Tony Jakeman was clearly contemplating whether to take up fly fishing when he finally winds down into his retirement.



Your scribe, in his youth, dabbled (or should that be dappled) with this genteel sport. The cast is everything and takes some time to perfect to avoid whip-cracking the fly off the leader on the backswing.

With just a few sorties under my belt, I gave up fly fishing for good having only caught a 7lb Bluebottle...



A more pleasant spot to take refreshment would have been hard to find on this sunny, September Saturday and all were in good spirits, well almost all.

Tail End Charlie, Nick, was a little disgruntled at the fact that the establishment had clearly not believed it when they were told that 40 chaps would be arriving for coffee – at the same time. The beverage supplies and drinking receptacles took some time to arrive in sufficient quantity and, as usual, this was not lost on the Sergeant At Arms!

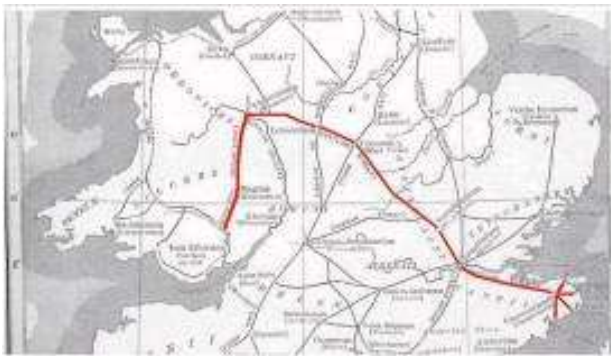
Whilst most members enjoyed the coffee and the location, for others it was a time for minor adjustments as John Wakefield pressed our RAC chum into action to check his tyre pressures.

After the refreshments, adjustments and some spirited bike swapping, we negotiated the tricky right hand turn out of the car park in search of the Welsh border. (If you are unsure exactly where that lies, it's the big orange line on the route map!)



IT'S OK CHAPS, WE WON'T BE BEHIND ENEMY LINES FOR LONG...

We departed Ludlow via the A4113 and with the sun shining and dry roads, the pace picked up and we were having a grand old time as we passed through the old Roman town of Leintwardine, or Bravonium as they called it. It is claimed that the High Street is on the same line as the Roman Road that the English called Watling Street.



If, like me, you thought that Watling Street, by and large, followed the line of the A5 north-westwards from London up to Shrewsbury, you will be confused by this.

Actually, the more I researched, the more confused I became too! There are quite a few of them. The answer seems to lie in the fact that in Ancient British, Watling Street translates as 'the paved road pertaining to the people of Wæcel' where Wæcel would seem to be a variation of the Old English word for a foreigner.

So, as the generally accepted Watling Street reached Wroxeter, just short of Shrewsbury, it swung sharply south-south west into Wales where, undisputedly, they are foreigners.

Anyway, we shot through Leintwardine totally oblivious to all this and on into Wales!

Arriving on the outskirts of Knighton we hooked a left on to the B4355 which, confusingly, is sign-posted to Kington. A short way down this lovely road we briefly kissed Offa's Dyke (stop it!) but for the life of me I don't remember seeing it; staring at Google Earth hasn't helped either.

As an aside, I wonder what the Founding Fathers would have thought, back in 1963, about technology like Google Earth. And for that matter, what comments it would have brought forth had it been mooted as 'the future' over dinner in 1978! Tomorrow's World stuff isn't it/wasn't it?

However, before you could say "Is that smoke coming from our holiday cottage?" we were back in England and barrelling on to lunch at the Boat Inn, Witney-On-Wye.

CAN I PLAY TOO PLEASE MISTER?

After first harassing the local filling station; where the proprietor, 'he who would not be hurried'



painstakingly sorted out the confusion that we (no, Norman as I recall) caused, we rode on into the Boat Inn. It was just like The Wilde One.

"Some cause happiness wherever they go; others whenever they go..."

Circulating the pub forecourt a couple of times we parked, as you can see, to ensure that no one else could!

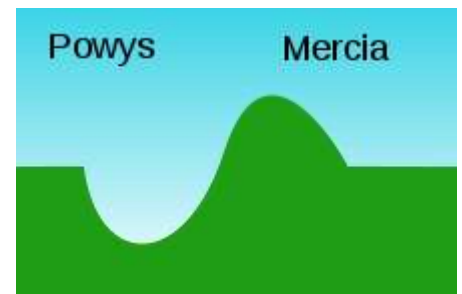
It was whilst I was listing the runners and riders in my notebook that I realized that Bob Trigg was missing: curious I thought.

As the throng wandered back from lunch, Bob rocked up. It seems that he had had an attack of the gippy tummy first thing and so had ridden from the billet direct to the lunch stop. Fair play to the Chef though, he sorted Bob some suitable sustenance to get him through the afternoon.

Now, when we had arrived, there was already a Hinckley Bonnie parked up on the car park. It seems a local had got wind of our visit and he wasted no time in asking if he could tag along with us to the tea stop; he even offered to take a turn on point duty as he knew our system. In a display of salesmanship that would have been a masterclass to most UK bike retailers, Norman immediately engaged our new chum in conversation about the Hyde collection of go-faster Triumph goodies – there's no such thing as a free ride!

DID THE MERCIANS DO IT TO CONFUSE THE WELSH?

The origin of Offa's Dyke apparently lies in eighth century when the King of Mercia – Offa – had the earthwork dug out and the soil placed on the Mercian side. It seems old King Offa was a bit aggressive and historians are split as to whether the Dyke was meant as a defensive mound or a show of strength to the Taffs.



I think he went one stage further, although research has not supported my theory. I believe he wanted to thoroughly confuse the Welsh should they get ideas above their station: why else would there be 3 settlements called respectively Knighton, Kington and Kingstone within a mangonel shot (well almost) of each other and so close to the border? Anyway, we rode through them all, punctuated by lunch of course.

DRINK UP THY ZIDER...

And so it was a great ride on a warm and sunny autumn afternoon as we skirted around Hereford and Ross-on-Wye en-route to Much Marcle and Westons Cider Mill.

After parking up the bikes we made our way to the very pleasant tea rooms where refreshment was taken along with a fair few ice-creams.

Ten or so of the group, your scribe included, paid the entrance fee and took a tour of the cider mill whilst others just basked in the afternoon's warmth.

And very interesting it was too, both for the members and the tour guide who learned some new lines that included references to Gary Glitter. I was a little too far away to make out exactly what those references were but it was all rather jolly!





Left: The guide explains that Henry Weston set up his business here in 1880.

Below: The apples are delivered here, but they have to watch out for unscrupulous farmers who add bricks to their loads to increase the weight!



Left: Apparently this is called an 'agitator'...



Following the tour, our now educated band of brothers was led into the gift shop where several of the company's wares were sampled. Being the tight-arses we are none were purchased – unless a raffle prize at the Spring Run proves me wrong...



Of course, we cannot let all this pass without reference to the Patron Saints of cider: Adge Cutler and the Wurzels and their wonderful branch of music: Scrumpy and Western.

It was after a gig in Hereford that Adge (*sitting at the keyboard left*) lost his life in May 1974 when he fell asleep at the wheel of his MGB and rolled it on a roundabout near the Severn Bridge.

Music lost a giant...

After the tour, the short ride back to the Abbey was most notable for the heavy traffic we encountered. We were spurred on though by the thought of the refreshing drinks waiting at the end...

Right: Your scribe would like it known that the Batman helmet is not his!



Just before we sign off on the day's activity and pass on to the account of the evening's entertainment, a special mention should be made of one of our members: Peter Meek.

Owing to a shortage of rooms, Peter took the decision to ride up from home in East Grinstead on the Saturday morning. He then rode the run and after a short refreshment break, where offers of room sharing were considered and politely declined, mounted up and shot off home again - racking up 500 miles in the day on his trusty Yamaha Diversion!

I give you: The Club 2012 Iron Butt Champion – Peter Meek!

OUR FOUNDING FATHERS PART 2...

We gathered in the Shaw Suite for pre-dinner drinky-poops at the appointed hour. Now, either as a result of the speakers' reminiscences taking up the traditional scooping time or simply the effect of an ageing membership not being able to 'cut the mustard' anymore, our Hon Tresh Rick was able to report on Sunday that the bar bill at this run was the lowest in recent history.

You can see how that pleased him...

Right: The Tax Man counts the cash whilst his guest Jon Taylor tries hard to spend it by drinking a vat of wine in one go.



Following an excellent dinner, Chairman Dawson rose to propose the loyal toast and then welcome Roger Boss back to a Club Run after a long absence.

Tony then handed over to Norman who started by reminding us that 1963 marked the year that Roger's company, Royal Enfield, became the first to offer a 750cc twin with the launch of the Interceptor. Funny how many rumours abound in RE circles that the model could soon re-appear from India...



Our sadly missed friend Wilf was the first to speak and he told tales of Bert Perrigo and Bob Fearndon before handing on to Peter Sheen who continued with Norman Aubrey, David Cooper and Hugh Palin MBE as his subjects.

Finally our MC, Norman, passed the gavel to Roger Boss who regaled us with stories of his time at Royal Enfield and his recollections of Vic Mountford.

Whilst Roger was speaking, there was an interlude as a result of the hotel fire alarm sounding. We all dutifully trooped out to the front of the hotel before being allowed to return a short time later with no sign of a fire.



Roger took it all in good heart and continued with his part of the proceedings after the enforced break. There was apparently no truth in the rumour that the alarm was deliberately planned as a wake-up call to those members who were 'physically drained' after the day's riding...

As our speaker finished, Tony rose with a flourish and gaffed "Thank you Peter" to roars of laughter!

Left: Thank you Peter, erm, I mean Roger. Chairman Elect Frank Finch is clearly wondering how he will follow that...

With the programmed speeches concluded, Tony handed over to Dave Martin to deliver the rulings of the Sergeant At Arms, which follow (errors and omissions excepted!).

THE SERGEANT AT ARMS JANKERS PARADE...

Ray Battersby – for pointing at Roger Boss and asking “Who the bloody hell is he?” (*Your scribe has subsequently been told by the SAA that it was actually Charles Smart who asked the question but as Ray is Club Archivist he fined him instead. Ray didn't complain, he just paid up!*)

Nick Hopkins – for taking sandwiches to bed at the last run.



Wilf Harrison – was fined on behalf of **Mike Jackson**, in absentia, for his appearance at Friday's dinner. Mike was not wearing his club tie and was 'dressed like Laurence Llewelyn-Bowen.'

Left: Spot the difference. See, you can't...

Charles Smart – as head of Triumph 'self-generating' warranty department by coming to a run on a bike that doesn't work.

Tony Dawson – for a breach of health & safety regulation when standing on a table to change a light bulb.

Tom Waterer – for not including the hotel post code on the calling papers thus totalling disorientating the Sat-Nav freaks.

Craig Carey-Clinch – a supposed high mileage rider who brought his bike on a trailer.

Alex Hyde – for taking his jacket off on Friday and **Norman Hyde** for shopping him.

Norman Hyde – for **John Nelson's** speech that revealed that Edward Turner was more into bridge design than motorcycles; which accounted for the Triumph frame.

Jon Taylor – The IAM man stood in the middle of the road whilst on point duty.

Tom Waterer – for picking a fuel stop where only half the pumps worked.

Norman Hyde – for wearing a Norton branded Arai helmet and putting a Hyde sticker over the Norton logo and **John Wakefield** for letting him do it!

Keith Blair – for complaining that the Sergeant and son Jonathan, when walking side by side, blocked the hotel corridor...before banging his head on the door frame.

Geoff Selvidge – for admitting that he needed a riding jacket with ABS – additional belly space.

Charles Smart – for arriving without a club tie and having to buy one.

Norman Hyde – for making his own club bow-tie (see Bogey Man picture!).

Martin Lambert – for dropping his bike (*Ed: wish I'd seen that...*).

Martyn Roberts – for his Valentino Rossi impression on Friday.

Tom Waterer - for falling asleep not once but twice during the speakers. And again, for failing to put a marker on the first T-junction of the run.

Keith Davies, Adam Kelley and John Wakefield – all for standing on the pegs of their adventure bikes and **Norman Hyde** for trying to do it on his Triumph Speedmaster.

Graham Goodman – for having a Sat-Nav for each eye.

Andrew Smith for nearly taking out Graham Matcham and then blaming him for over cautious braking.

Alan Blake – for wearing white gloves that made him look like Mickey Mouse.



Right: Alan Blake

Nich Brown – for wearing sunglasses that made him look like a Charley Boorman impressionist.

Alan Blake – for not fixing his mag, again.

Craig Carey-Clinch - for trying to convince everyone that the oil leak on his Triumph came from the tank and not the engine.

Arthur Macdonald – for wearing a 1960's style Carnaby Street suit. (*Ed: Surely he should have been applauded given the occasion?*)

Martin Lambert – for getting the poor woman out of her car at Clee Hill to take a group picture and **John Noble** for not being there to do it instead.

Ray Battersby – for hitting the horn button on his tank bag every time he turned the bars.

Jonathan Martin - for borrowing Ben Matthews' Royal Enfield and then destroying the exhaust and having to borrow money to pay his fines having spent his last £3.50 on a double espresso.

Arthur Macdonald - for wearing performance clothing that looked like a bin bag.

Ben Matthews – for not wearing a jacket to Saturday dinner.

And finally

Tom Waterer – for bad planning: the morning stop having coffee but no cups and the afternoon stop having cups but no coffee.

Having divested members of their small change, the Sergeant At Arms duly closed his book on the Autumn Run and went back to sleep...

SO, THAT'S THAT FOR THE CENTENERARY RUN...

All that remained of the formal proceedings was for the Chairman to thank the organisers for a truly excellent run - and so said all of us – and to thank the membership in general for making his time in the chair so rewarding.

In the wettest summer since Noah built his ark, the motorcycling gods had surely shined down to make this 100th gathering of The Club a ride to remember. We can only hope that they treat 2013 similarly as we celebrate our 50th birthday...

See you in Snowdonia!


Geoff Selvidge
January 2013

RUNNERS AND RIDERS...

MEMBER	BIKE	MEMBER	BIKE
Tom Waterer – Run Leader	Triumph Tiger	Martin Lambert	Kawasaki Versys 1000
Nick Jeffery – Tail End Charlie	Yamaha 1200 Super Ténéré	Martyn Roberts	Triumph Trident 900
Tony Dawson - Chairman	Yamaha FJ1200	Steve Callahan	Honda CB1000R Extreme
Rick Parish – Hon Treasurer	Yamaha FJR1300	Peter Sheen	With Wilf Harrison in car
Graham Goodman – Hon Sec	BMW R1150GS	Keith Blair	BMW K75RT
David Martin – Sergeant At Arms	Yamaha MT-01	Frank Finch	Honda SP-1
Norman Hyde – MC	Triumph Speedmaster	Ray Battersby	BMW R1150R
Geoff Selvidge - Scribe	Yamaha FZ1 Fazer	Graham Matcham	Yamaha Fazer 1000
Craig Carey-Clinch	1969 Triumph Bonneville	John Wakefield	BMW R1200GS
Tony Jakeman	BMW C650 GT Scooter	Peter Meek	Yamaha Diversion 900
Andrew Smith	Yamaha FZ8 Fazer	Nich Brown	Yamaha XTZ660 Tenere
Keith Davies	Triumph Explorer 1200	David O'Neill	BMW R1200GS
Nick Hopkins	1947 BSA B31 350cc	Adam Kelley	Yamaha 1200 Super Ténéré
David O'Neill	BMW R1200GS		
Alan Blake	1952 Triumph Speed Twin	GUEST (OF)	BIKE
Charles Smart	Triumph Explorer 1200	Jonathan Martin (Dave M)	Suzuki V-Strom 650
Ben Matthews	Royal Enfield Classic 500	Paddy Tyson (Nich B)	Honda NC700
Wilf Harrison	Car	Alex Hyde (Norman H)	Triumph Bonneville
Bob Trigg	Yamaha TDM 850	Jon Taylor (Rick P)	BMW R1200GS
Nick Hopkins	Norton Commando 750 LR	John Noble (Tony D)	Car
Alan Halford	Suzuki GSX650F	Arthur Macdonald (Norman H)	Triumph Tiger 800


Friday night dinner only: John Nelson, Peter Britton, William Colquhoun and Mike Jackson
Saturday night dinner only: Roger Boss

WHAT WE ATE:



The Abbey Hotel

Welcomes



The Club

Celebratory Dinners
Friday 21st September 2012

The Club 100th Run Menu

Starter

Chicken and Wild Mushroom Veloute

Chefs Ardennes Pate Served with Ciabatta Crostini and Red Onion Marmalade

Salad of Smoked Trout Niçoise Boiled Egg Fine Beans House Croutons Finished with Traditional French Dressing

Main Courses

Pan Fried Supreme of Chicken Wrapped in Back Bacon served with White Wine & Spring onion Cream Sauce

Tomato & Goats Cheese Tart (V)

Desserts


Fresh Fruit Salad

Lemon and Vanilla Crème Brulee Topped with Caramelised Demerara Sugar

Tart Au Chocolate Served with Decadent Dark Chocolate Sauce


Tea Coffee & Mints

Please let your server know of any dietary / allergies that the chef may need to be aware of



The Abbey Hotel

Welcomes



The Club

Celebratory Dinners
Saturday 22nd September 2012

The Club 100th Run Menu

To Start

Homemade Tomato Soup

Starters

Chefs homemade smoked haddock and Parmesan tart with crisp Mizouno leaves and balsamic dressing

Fan of honeydew melon with blackcurrant sorbet and fruit puree

Main course

Oven roasted leg of lamb cooked with fresh garden rosemary and topped with a rich red wine sauce

Tuscan vegetable tart topped with cherry tomatoes and creamy Brie

Desserts

Summer fruit pudding served with mascarpone cheese

Followed By

A selection of British Cheese served with grapes Celery and Biscuits Served with a glass of Port

Tea/Coffee served with chocolate mint crèmes

Please let your server know of any dietary / allergies that the chef may need to be aware of

THE CENTENARY RUN PROGRAMME...

ATTENDEES

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| ✓ Roger Boss | ✓ Andrew Smith |
| ✓ Nick Jeffery | ✓ Adam Kelly |
| ✓ Tom Waterer | ✓ Tony Jakeman |
| ✓ Norman Hyde | ✓ Martyn Roberts |
| ✓ Alex Hyde | ✓ Steve Callahan |
| ✓ Arthur Macdonald | ✓ Keith Davies |
| ✓ David Martin | ✓ Ray Battersby |
| ✓ Jonathan Martin | ✓ Alan Halford |
| ✓ David O'Neill | ✓ Wilf Harrison |
| ✓ Nick Hopkins | ✓ Charles Smart |
| ✓ Ben Matthews | ✓ Frank Finch |
| ✓ Tony Dawson | ✓ Graham Matcham |
| ✓ John Noble | ✓ Peter Sheen |
| ✓ Craig Carey-Clinch | ✓ Alan Blake |
| ✓ John Wakefield | ✓ Paddy Tyson |
| ✓ Graham Goodman | ✓ Nich Brown |
| ✓ Bob Trigg | ✓ Peter Meek |
| ✓ Martin Lambert | ✓ William Colquhoun |
| ✓ Geoff Selvidge | ✓ Mike Jackson |
| ✓ Keith Blair | ✓ Bob Reynolds |
| ✓ Rick Parish | ✓ Peter Britton |
| ✓ Jon Taylor | ✓ John Nelson |

The Motor Cycle Industries Executive Club

Stimulating discussion and a closer understanding between manufacturers and importers of motor-cycles, scooters, mopeds, sidecars and three-wheelers, by meeting and riding together socially.



The Club

CENTENARY RUN
ABBEY HOTEL MALVERN
21-23 SEPTEMBER 2012



FOUNDER MEMBERS

	INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION	SPEAKER
Norman Aubrey	Industries Association	PETER SHEEN
Bob Bicknell	James	NORMAN HYDE
Jack Booker	Enfield	ROGER BOSS
Roger Dixon	Enfield	NORMAN HYDE
Arthur B Bourne	Hiffe Press (The Motor Cycle)	PETER SHEEN
Eric Bruckway	Douglas Vespa	MAURICE KNIGHT*
David Cooper	Industries Association	PETER SHEEN
Robert Farnon	BSA	WILF HARRISON
Bertie Goodman	Velocette	MIKE JACKSON
C.F. Goodman	Velocette	NORMAN HYDE
Bert Greeves MBE	Dineses	MIKE JACKSON
John Hickson	BSA	PETER BRITTON
H Geoffrey Jones	Villiers	NORMAN HYDE
Doug Mitchemall	Avon Fairings	MIKE JACKSON
Vic Mountford	Enfield	ROGER BOSS
Hugh Palin MBE	Industries Association	PETER SHEEN
C.W.T Parker	Triumph	JOHN NELSON
Bert Perrigo	BSA	WILF HARRISON
Mike Riley	DMW	DENNIS BATES*
Bill Smith	Associated Motor Cycles	PETER SHEEN
Edward Turner	Triumph	JOHN NELSON
Jack Wickes	Triumph	JOHN NELSON

* read by Norman Hyde

THE SECOND RUN 25/27 OCTOBER 1963

There are no known pictures of the first run.

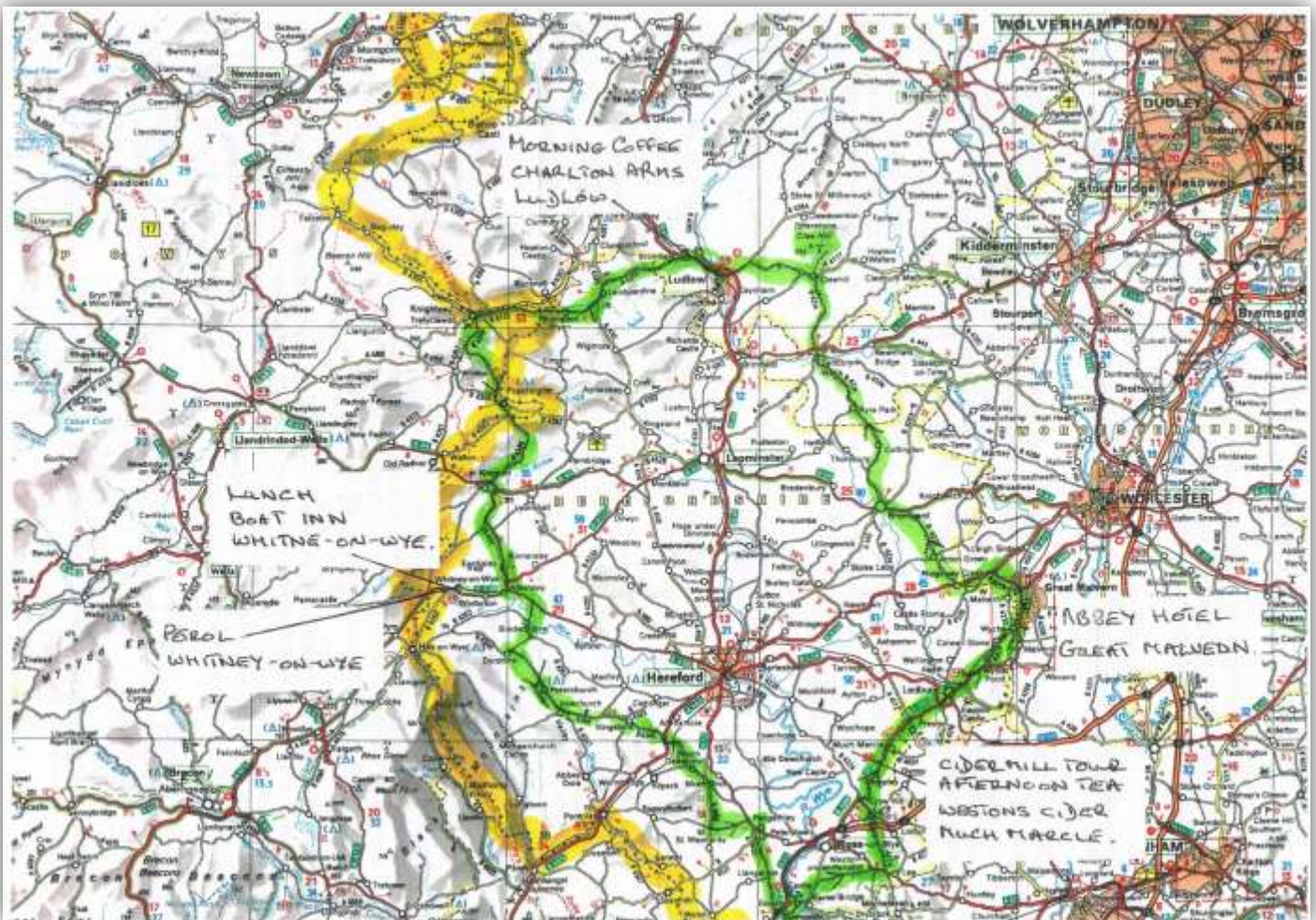


Arthur Bourne, editor of The Motor Cycle, with Peter Goodman on a twin-headlamp Velocette Vogue



Left to right: Bert Greeves, Hugh Palin, Eric Bruckway and Roger Boss

THE ROUTE...



The green line is the route and the yellow line the Welsh/English Border.