

Whoop Hall Hotel, Kirkby Lonsdale
Cumbria

8th/9th April 2011



***'THE CURIOUS CASE OF THE VANISHING
VIADUCT...'***

By: Baring Conan-Ball

WE SHOULD HAVE A PLAQUE...

Rotarians have one, Lions have one; hell, even the Cyclists Tourist Club have one! Mind *they've* gone all posh and just refer to themselves as the CTC now...



And, if The Club were to produce a plaque, then surely Whoop Hall would be a worthy recipient of the first one.

At this point Dear Reader please refer back to the front page and feast your eyes on the picture. A sight that few have seen, the Whoop Hall sign against a backdrop of clear blue skies! Scudding grey clouds, horizontal rain yes but clear blue and warm enough for tiffin on the lawn, definitely not.

Anyway, back to the plaque. I think, and I stand to be corrected (form a queue now, come along) that as we collectively rocked-up (see, streetwise too, innit!) at Whoop Hall on a gloriously sunny early April Friday, it was the fourth time we had billeted here.

Looking at the Mark V Member list and straining the grey matter, I can recall this to be the second run based here – Spring 2001 being the first - plus, we have used the hotel twice more as an overnight stop en-route to Scotland.

Some of you will at this point, I guess, already be rushing to shout “Yes, but what about Spring 1998?”. That was a Kirkby Lonsdale base but down in the town centre, scouring the interweb, I think that that was at The Royal Hotel (bit of an oxymoron as I remember) for Peter Sheen's Presidents Run. Indeed that establishment too was also used as a stop-off en-route to Jockland for the Fort William Run of Spring 2000. In my extensive research of this topic (!) I turned up this picture of historical importance:



Note a youthful Smith, sozzled Goodman and a very rare shot of Lord Hyde of Leamington Spa – sans barbe!



So it can be argued, surely, that Kirkby Lonsdale is at the very least, the northern base of The Club if not its spiritual home. Three Runs in the area plus 3 en-route stops put KL well in front of other 'Pretenders' Lake Vyrnwy (3) and Blandford Forum (3).

That is why Chums, I feel a plaque is in order.

WOT? THE RUN'S CANCELLED??

Of course it wasn't but had Keith Blair - our erstwhile organiser - have made that announcement, I honestly think there would just have been a collective shoulder shrug and the statement "Ah well, we had a lovely ride up".

I come back to previous weather on visits to this corner of England: cold, wet and even icy. To have such great riding conditions brought out the adventurer in everyone. I don't think there was anyone who rode straight there on the motorway.



Shortly after I arrived (in good time on this occasion!), Keith Davies and Gerald Davidson rolled in having also taken time to travel across the Forest of Bowland and the Dales National Park.

Nick Jeffery had also teamed up with Tony Jakeman to enjoy a leisurely ride up and together with Andrew Smith, initial quantities of Black Sheep were quaffed to settle the road dust.

Some though, simply took tea...

With the weather this good (common theme developing) everyone arrived in good time and there was merry banter all around the car park. This was only punctuated by the distinctive 'cour-eee' sound of Curlew or Curlew (what *is* the plural?) unseen. Now me, I wouldn't know a Curlew if it walked up and presented me with a bill, but Keith Blair told me it was the call of the Curlew and as we know, he knows *everything*, nuff said...

So for those, like me, who don't know their Curlew from their Curlers, here is a picture of said bird – and a sad bird with some curlers.



Stay with me, there is a reason for this picture...

THE DINNER GONG SOUNDS...

That made a pleasant change from the smoke detector...

Now, there were a couple of firsts on this run. Friday's Dinner was one of them, I'll come to the other later. Keith and partner in crime, Chairman Tony, are clearly strategists. They had worked out: Friday night + M6 = Late arrivals. Or, put another way, $F=M6^2$ - where the square equals the wheels. So they evolved a plan (see what I did there?).

In place of the usual 3 course extravaganza being disrupted by latecomers (yes, it was me last time), a well stocked buffet was prepared by the management.

This served two purposes: firstly, those assembled could pander to their Blumenthalesque tendencies and put pasta and smoked mackerel on the same plate as sticky toffee pudding and gravy and secondly, it ensured that those blessed with larger appetites could alleviate the need to go searching for late night kebabs (you know who you are!).



Editor's Note 1: I have a vague recollection that late night kebabs featured in a little late night horseplay when staying at the aforementioned Royal Hotel in town all those years back. Perhaps Dave Martin can remember more?

Editor's Note 2: This could win you a pub quiz but at the very least, it will give you happy memories of said late night snacks.

The inventor of the Doner Kebab - a Turk by the name of Mahmut Aygun - died of cancer aged 87 in Germany in January 2009. Known as 'The Kebab King' he came up with the idea sometime around 1970. It apparently took 3 days to cremate him...at 5rpm.



APOLOGIES, GUESTS, RAFFLE, ROUTE AND A DIRE WARNING...

Following the excellent buffet, the evening continued under Chairman Dawson's stewardship with the list of apologies: William Colquhoun, David Dixon, Peter Sheen, Chris Warner (who had sadly suffered a stroke), Dave Plummer, Dennis Bates, Ken Sprayson (who felt his Norton was becoming challenged by the pace of latter-day runs), Martin Lambert and Simon Hill.

There were two other apologies which raised eyebrows and muffled titters. Bob McMillan had injured his back loading his bike on to the trailer to come to the Run; presumably it was the Valkyrie? And Tom Waterer who was announced (to cries of "fnarr fnarr" and "lucky bugger") as "Being in Jordan" - see previous page...

Maurice Knight, always sympathetic to others' misfortunes, asked when the list ended, "Did they send any money..?"

The Guests were then duly introduced. In announcement order these were:

- Phil Bargh, a guest of Nick Hopkins who was scheduled to arrive in the morning
- Adam Kelley of Yamaha, on his second run and a guest of Andrew Smith
- Tim Maccabee of Ducati, on his second run, this time as a guest of Norman Hyde
- John Wakefield of Phoenix Distribution, invited by David O'Neill for his third run

- Ben Matthews of Watsonian Squire on his third run, invited by Dan Sager
- Peter Vallis who was a guest of Nick Jeffery and had also been on a run before

Peter Vallis also passed on the very best wishes from Mary, the wife of our late and much missed friend Alan Baker, Club Scribe par excellence and one to whom all who have followed in the role seek to aspire...

The Raffle draw was made by Andrew Smith, ably assisted by Frank Finch. He reported that there had been the customary offers of bribery and a growing trend to recycling. Picking up one prize he testified that David Strathcarron had previously won the item!



Amongst the usual collection of thoughtful, not so thoughtful, promotional and last ditch prizes, the following stood out:

A Yamaha MotoGP celebratory book to Steve Callahan of Honda. Cheese for Norman Hyde, a Stanley Knife for Graham Matcham "To slash non Avon tyres" and perhaps most apt, a golfing sun visor complete with hair for Frank Finch who proudly wore it for the remainder of the evening and much of the following day.

In a rather dark, grainy photograph, Run Organiser Blair models Finch's natty new headgear...

Finally, Keith Blair stood and introduced his Tail End Charlie – Chairman Tony Dawson – and proceeded to outline Saturday's route which would take in North Yorkshire, County Durham and Cumbria.

Specifically, we were to leave Whoop Hall to the South East turning shortly North East onto the B6255 towards Hawes where we would stop en-route for a photo opportunity at the Ribbleshead Viaduct. Hmmm.

From Hawes, it was to be a sharp left onto the A684 for coffee at Farfield Mill, just before we hung a right at Sedbergh to take the A683, A685 and B6276 to Middleton in Teesdale where we would turn to the North West via the B6277 and the most Northerly point of the route at Alston.

Lunch would be taken at the previously visited Hartside Café (those on that Run will remember I am sure, Nick Jeffery's running maintenance to his Brough), a biker haven on the A686. Then we would 'descend' into the Lake District with a fuel stop at Rheghed to ride alongside the North Western shore of Ullswater meeting the A591 at Windermere and on to a tea stop at Staveley where a fabulous cycle shop could be explored.

After tea, we would skirt Kendal to the south and fiddle back up a bit to find the B6254 and the last leg back to Whoop Hall. Or, thrash back along the dual carriageway to be back first for the hot water, rich teas, first pint of Black Sheep (delete inapplicable).

With this trouser bulging excitement to look forward to, Keith then went to great pains to point out the hazards to be encountered en-route: gravel, cattle grids with tyre width traps for the unwary, gravel, sheep, gravel, tightening radii corners, some more gravel and a sprinkling of speed cameras.

He ended his Health and Safety bulletin with the simple word "Enjoy" upon which there was a stampede to the bar to calm collective nerves!

THE DAY DAWNS BRIGHT...

And, as is customary, the parc fermé was a hive of activity from early doors. Against a backdrop of WD and HO Wills finest (we do miss Old MJ's rough cut shag wafting about) bikes were discussed, prepared and fuelled.

Here are some images for you to get the feel...



*Left: Dave Martin's new V-Max
Go on, guess how much the panniers cost (another recurring theme)...*



*Right: David O'Neill's Fire & Rescue
Beemer and below Dave Martin's
matching helmet!*



*Left: Phil Bargh's beautiful
Slippy Sam replica*



Right: Peter Vallis' very (very) clean Honda Obrut



*Above: Nice but is it a V-Max?
Tim Maccabee's much in demand Ducati Diavel*



Right: Caption Contest #1



*Left: Norman Hyde's latest innovation, the magnetic
Sellotape map holder. The screen will feature later in
Sergeant at Arms...*

FAGS AND CAMERAS TO AUTOMATIC, READY FOR DEPARTURE...

And so, dead on 09:00, the 34 eager riders were lined up and ready to go...



Hey! Wait for me!

I distinctly remember seeing the time - 09:10 - on the Fazer clock (another first by the way, me on my *own* bike!) as a rather impressive erection came into view: a magnificent viaduct. I thought "Blimey, that was a bit quick!" But, as we glided serenely by and said erection subsided in the mirrors, I began to salivate at just how stupendous the one we were going to stop at must be...

So, for those like me who would like to see 'what we would have won' had we stopped, allow me to take a time out from the route to cover the Vanishing Viaduct...

24 ARCHES, 440 YARDS LONG AND A GRADIENT OF 1:100...

From which Watson, we deduce that the up trains took slightly longer to cross it than the down ones; the northern end being 13' higher than southern end.



The most famous viaduct on the Settle - Carlisle Railway, Ribbleshead stands 104' above the valley floor at its highest point and has foundations 15' deep. The viaduct was designed by John Sydney Crossley with building work commencing on the 12th October 1870, it took 4 years to complete. 1,000 Navvies worked on the project with sadly, 100 not surviving due to industrial accidents and smallpox.

In 1964, several new cars, on a freight train being carried across the viaduct, were caught in a crosswind and blew off the train, crashing to the valley floor below – it is, apparently, still the highest recorded terminal velocity for a Hillman Minx...

The image above is quite similar to that we could have taken...erm, had we stopped!

COFFEE, CAKES AND LOVELY, LOVELY GIRLS...

The consequence of not taking the photo stop at Ribblehead was that we arrived unfashionably early at the morning coffee stop, Farfield Mills, one mile short of Sedbergh on the A684.

Farfield is a restored Victorian woollen mill which stands on the banks of the River Clough (presumably stimulating sniffy southern schoolboys to ask "Is dat why dey made cloff 'ere den Miss?"). It's a lovely spot on a nice day.



After parking up and bubbling early misdemeanours to the Sergeant at Arms, who had already spotted a couple of hapless fools parking in the wrong place (see fines later), we wandered off to find the comestibles.



Above: A rather pleasant terrace gave the option of taking coffee outside with a view of the river or, inside, with a view of the delightful serving girls who rather captivated some of our members...

*Left: Caption Contest #2.
What could Wilf have said to result in the Waitress' startled expression?*

A PUB WITH NO BEER...

Having only covered just over 30 miles since setting off from the Whoop, the next leg up to the lunch stop was eagerly anticipated. A fiddle through Sedbergh then on to the A683 and A685 to Brough and then B roads on up to the northern point of Alston.

On the first section, just beyond Sedbergh and close to the picturesque Cautley Spout series of waterfalls, we passed a very strange tavern, the Cross Keys Temperance Inn.

The Cross Keys, originally a farmhouse, had become an inn during the eighteenth century. However, due to the growth of Methodism in the nineteenth century, it became a Temperance establishment with 'nee ale'.

Its last owner, a Mrs A E Bunney bequeathed it to the National Trust in 1948 on the condition it remained alcohol free.

It is believed the National Trust have considered a name change to 'The Chocolate Teapot'...



THIS IS WHAT WE WANT...

Sunny and warm with a twisty ribbon of road to ride. And, unusually for a Club Spring Run, that was exactly what we were getting!

The A683 is really closer to a B road in that it is quite narrow with the hills gently sloping upwards on either side. The road often runs through wooded 'tunnels', marvellous. You can recreate the magic via the wonders of Google Earth and Street View, albeit in a Winter setting.

After merging onto the A685 the road gets a little faster and the views change to the expansive. With Leader Keith's reminder ringing, that following his recent unfortunate brush with the authorities he would be travelling within the speed limits, we had time aplenty to drink it all in.

Kirkby Stephen came and went. It is largely an expanded ribbon development with a few bits of industrial activity thrown in. Brough then hove into view where we turned right after passing under the A66 and on to Middleton-in-Teesdale, the road rising gently and passing the Selset and Grassholme Reservoirs.

Now I liked Middleton-in-Teesdale, very quaint. The town expanded in the early nineteenth century when the London Lead Company re-located its northern headquarters there from Northumberland. Much of the architectural heritage of the time remains in the buildings.



Right: Middleton-in-Teesdale town centre

The road gently winds its way out of M-I-T (getting bored with spelling it out now!) with views over the River Tees and continues climbing between the rolling hills. There just aren't enough superlatives for the riding enjoyment to be had on this road; I won't even try...

Eventually we reach the most northerly point on the route and what a delight! Alston is apparently the highest market settlement in England – over 1,000' above sea level, and remote too; 20 miles away from the next significant town.



Like Middleton-In-Teesdale (OK, so I relented), Alston grew in importance as a result of local lead mining activities.

Nowadays, with its natural stone buildings and steep cobbled streets, it is a tourist trap and on this sunny Saturday, we picked our way carefully amongst them.

Left: Alston Town Centre, the picture doesn't do justice to the steepness of the streets.

With a 16th Century pub and listed local specialities of Cumberland Mustard and Alston Cheese, this 'Cotswold of the North' is definitely worth a return visit, especially if you like trains: Alston is the starting point of the South Tynedale Railway, England's highest narrow gauge railway.

Had we have had our usual Run weather – precipitation – the steep cobbled streets of Alston could have proved very interesting indeed!

A [DINING] ROOM WITH A VIEW...

Shortly after creating mayhem in Alston with our 34 bike convoy, we arrived at the Hartside Top Café. The last time we were here, it was misty and wet as I remember and I think that we came at it the other way on the A686. What I cannot remember is which run it was; I have a feeling it was Autumn 2003 when we based at Penrith, perhaps someone can enlighten me?



Left: Arrival at Hartside Top Right: The view from the car park

Anyway, in another 'Highest in England' vein, Hartside Top is it as far as cafés are concerned. It is certainly a very popular biker haunt and on this particular Saturday, they were there in their hordes, some very interesting stuff on the car park.

For the computer savvy amongst you, there are a few on board bike YouTube clips to be found showing the approaches to this eatery. I found them as I was searching the web for a picture of the view from the car park, it being too hazy to do it photographic justice on the day. In doing this I came across probably the most annoying website ever. Click here and see if you agree: www.transportcafe.co.uk/hartsidetop.html. Karen Carpenter must be turning in her grave...

Having parked up loosely together – we had spread out a bit on the approach – we proceeded to barge our way into the queue for food and hog the job whilst we deliberated over our choices. We were as popular, I fear, as Bobby Crush on an oil-rig (only Club Members of a certain vintage will understand that one). Did they not know who we thought we were?

After lunch (mine was a particularly fine parsnip soup) and a mooch around the car park, we did our best to muster for the ride down into the Lakes. I think we found everyone, nobody complained of being left behind anyway, and we set off down the A686.

THE LAKES, RED SQUIRRELS AND ICE CREAM...



I have always loved the Lakes, primarily as a walker. There is many a Fell that I have tramped up and down. However, on a nice day, there is nothing more tedious than following a Kia or Hyundai being driven by a man in a cap down a narrow twisty road – and they were all out today!

Still, despite the heavy congestion on the A592, the ride along the shore of Ullswater is wonderful, so much to see: the lake, the lower slopes of Helvellyn, signs warning you of Red Squirrels crossing - David O'Neill, Frank Finch and John Wakefield waving ice creams at their over-heating chums from the side of the road. What? Wait a minute...

Of course, had I the presence of mind to stop and photograph the unusual road sign and the sniggering trio, this part of the report might have been more interesting. As it was, searching the interweb for a decent Lakeland Red Squirrel sign has proved fruitless – the gleesome threesome, however, got their comeuppance at the hands of the Sergeant at Arms later! Hah!

From the crowded banks of Ullswater, we passed the hotel that featured in the TV programme 'The Lakes' – a serial drama that was mostly about hotel staff bonking as I recall – and continued south on the A592 passing the head of Kirkstone Pass and the historical Kirkstone Pass Inn.



The Inn can trace its history back to 1496 when it was believed to be attached to a monastery. It touts yet another 'highest' claim to fame, this time the highest Inn in Cumbria (and 3rd highest in England but I am too 'googled' to find the other 2) at 1500' above sea level. What I can tell you is that it has a great log fire and excellent real ale, pre-requisites after a hard winters day's walking!

AND SO TO TEA - AND THE SPRINT TO THE FINISH...

It seems to be becoming a bit of a ritual; getting to the tea stop and then enquiring whether we *really have to* follow the prescribed route back to base or whether there is an alternative 'throttle in the pocket' blast to the first ale. Perhaps it is the burgeoning length of latter day runs. I think in this case, it was more to do with the warm weather and heavy traffic we had to deal with in the Lakes.

Anyway, at least 3 different parties set off on different routes after tea, cakes, ice creams (not for the 3 little piggies mind!) and for some, a wobble around the car park on a belt drive treader requisitioned from the famous bike shop!

I am assuming that Leader Keith did just that, lead I mean, via the B6254. I have to assume because (shame on me) I tagged onto the group that took the quick way via the dual carriageway. Silly really as Dave Martin was up front and my slightly tired 18,000 mile Fazer 600 was no match for his new warp speed V-Max. Ah well, 'Only the Lonely' is my favourite Roy Orbison tune...

GO ON, GIZZA GO ON YER BIKE MISTER...

Back at the barracks, two bikes were taking centre stage and they couldn't have been more diametrically opposed. Firstly, Tim Maccabee was being mobbed for a ride on the Ducati Diavel, everyone came back wide eyed, even Nick Jeffery who had had three goes just to launch it off the car park!

The other bike was Dan Sager's mount, the Royal Enfield Classic 500 in Artillery matt green. Amongst all the (impressed) testers of India's finest, special mention must be made of Keith Blair.

Keith, whose riding clobber was perfectly colour co-ordinated to the Enfield, studied the bike carefully and asked searching technical questions before saying, "So, it's just like a proper bike then, 1 down and 3 up"... whilst pointing at the brake pedal.



"I'll take one in large please"..

SHOWER, SHAVE AND A SHUFTIE AT THE FOOTY RESULTS...

The above all duly ticked off, we gathered for pre-dinner drinkies, outside. Outside! Can you believe that? And not yet mid way through April! As Norman said to me over dinner "Global Warming, I want none of it – shan't be here to suffer the consequences anyway, bring it on!"

A couple of photos for the record...



Above: Pre dinner drinks al fresco

Left: Frank sports his raffle prize – the new tifter

Saturday's repast was the usual post run format of 4 courses (5 if you include coffee) with 'responsible' quantities of Vino Collapso.

The choices are reproduced on the right by the power of scannery...

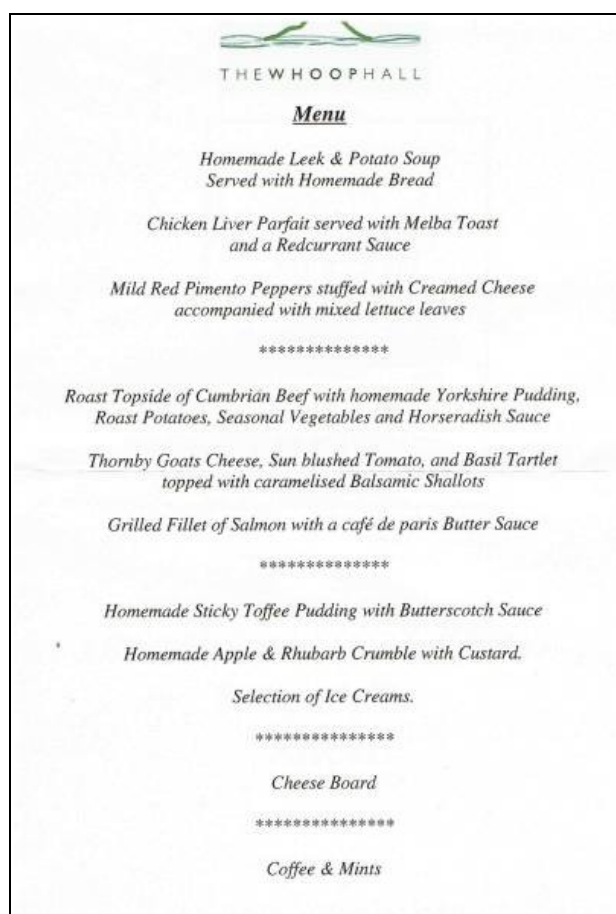
The wines, in case you are interested, were:

- ✓ Dolcetto D'Alba 2008 (Red)
- ✓ Pino Grigio (White)

I seem to remember (it does get harder by this stage of the evening) that there was a general insistence that the cheese board should precede the dessert in polite company– but I cannot be sure...

As the meal wrapped up, Frank Finch distributed the new style, multiple choice quiz which was designed to ensure that everyone (not just Nick Jeffery) had a chance of winning the star prize of Whisky filled Chocs.

It seemed to work, the winner was David Taylor with 7/10. For those of you who like to do the quiz in absentia, it is reproduced (with answers) at the end of this tome.



AND SO THE CHAIRMAN ROSE...



As is customary, to thank the Run Organiser - Keith Blair - for a wonderful Run. He spoke for everyone in saying that the great roads and stupendous scenery had more than compensated for the extra traffic that had been endured. Hear, hear!

Given that the Chairman was Tail End Charlie he couldn't very well thank himself for the valuable part he had played and so Martyn Roberts took the opportunity to do just that.

Furthermore, Martyn also said that this Run ranked right up with the best he had ever been on since his first in 1982; in fact, it could even be the best...

Editor's note: I think that Martyn may have some connection with 'the north' and so may be just the teeniest bit biased. Just saying... :-))



In responding to the plaudits of all, Keith responded, typically and with humility, by paraphrasing Newton: "I stand on the shoulders of those before..." He went on to thank the Committee and everyone who had offered helpful advice. He rounded off by proposing a toast to The Club.

DEMANDING MONEY WITH [THE USUAL] MENACES...

Following the entirely justified and well applauded congratulatory speeches, the Chairman introduced the Sergeant at Arms, Dave Martin, and his 2-IC for the collection of fines, Andrew Smith.



Now, at a wedding reception, the Bride and Groom are always the first to dance and so, here are the fines in the order levied:

Keith Blair – Having chosen a speeding awareness course over 3 points, was fined for the terror he must have inflicted on the tutors and others on the course by his very being there.

Dan Sager – For rather disingenuously asking if Nick Jeffery had re-sprayed his GT550 blue. And

Nick Jeffery – for not re-spraying the blue GT750 he now owns.

Norman Hyde – For having an illegal windshield on his Speedmaster: it was sooo tall and no windscreen wiper.

Ray Battersby – For wearing his wife's boots.

Keith Davies – For being first at the buffet on Friday and first back for seconds.

Geoff Selvidge – Apparently your scribe's riding breeches are rather high waisted and resemble those worn by Simon Cowell. (Harrumph!)

Dan Sager – For not being able to count when commenting that Ben Matthews had arrived on 2 wheels – it was 6, he had a car and trailer.

Andrew Smith and Frank Finch – For not rigging the raffle to ensure that the Sergeant's raffle prize would fit his £500 panniers (it didn't!). *Editor's note: Told you it was a recurring theme...*

Graham Goodman – He was overheard doubting the parentage of whoever had won the Bells Whisky in the raffle.

Rick Parrish – Wore his riding gloves at breakfast to handle cold plates.

David Taylor – Referred to his Suzuki Scooter as a Burgervan 'Executive', which apparently doesn't exist, not as an Executive anyway. And for riding it whilst wearing BMW kit.

Nick Jeffery – In a cavalier attitude to safety, had removed his side stand safety switch.

Frank Finch – For not paying for the new jacket he was wearing, it had apparently been 'blagged' from the Sergeant.

Nick Jeffery – For allegedly suggesting that between David O'Neill and the Sergeant, they could make a complete Dayglo motorcycle.

Graham Goodman – For taking two, yes TWO pictures of the girls at the coffee stop. *Editor's Note: There was only 1 on the CD Graham, I feel swizzled!*

Maurice Knight – Who, when asked where he had been after fixing his mirror, replied simply: "Bollocks".

Geoff Selvidge, Adam Kelley, Wilf Harrison and Tim Maccabee – Indicators!!

Steve Callahan – For having no tax on his Honda and sporting a Ducati badge.

Greg Elson: Having an Akrapovic end can on his ZRX which necessitated having to give it 12,000rpm to get away from every traffic light and roundabout (where there was an audience).

Graham Matcham – Commandeered the RAC Patrol to find a fault and jump start his Fazer - after leaving the ignition switched on.

Nick Jeffery – Three attempts to ride the Ducati Diavel.

Adam Kelley – Attempted to fit the LH pannier to the RH side of his Super Tenere.

Tim Maccabee – Using Ducati corporate wear to polish the Diavel.

Martyn Roberts and Ben Matthews – For parking in the roped off area at the morning coffee stop.

Chairman Dawson – Following the wrong bike when Tail End Charlie.

David O'Neill, Frank Finch and John Wakefield – For the Ullswater ice cream waving episode. The plea of "It's just desserts" was ruled in-admissible. *Editor's Note: There was no plea, it was just too good an opportunity to dig up an old joke...*

Adam Kelley and Steve Callahan – For overtaking the Leader and not realising for 12 miles; they were also fined again for thinking he was that fast!

Tony Jakeman – For leaving his marshalling post.

Tim Maccabee – When on Point Duty, and the clue is in the name, it means point and not "just stand there".

Craig Carey-Clinch – Was seen to be using his phone to Google the answers to the quiz.

And Finally...

Tim Maccabee – A Product Placement fine for having 21 Ducati logos on his clothing!

To rousing applause, the Sergeant at Arms returned to his seat and the wine flowed like glue until the Kitty closed at 23:30.

In closing this report and creating a link to the list of Runners and Riders, I did mention right at the start that there was another 'First' on this Run and it concerns the bikes ridden.

For the first time in anyone's memory, there were no Supersport bikes on the Run. Not one, bugger all. Is it a sign of changing times in the Motorcycle Industry or are we all just getting old? I will leave you, dear Reader, to be the judge of that one...

See you at Brands in the Autumn!



Geoff Selvidge

THE RUNNERS AND RIDERS...

Run Officials first, the rest in the order they abandoned their bikes in the car park and headed for the bar...

MEMBERS	
Keith Blair - Organiser	BMW K75RT
Tony Dawson – Chairman & Co-Organiser	Yamaha FJ1200
Rick Parish – Hon. Treasurer	Yamaha FJR1300A
Graham Goodman – Hon. Secretary	BMW R1150GS
David Martin – Sergeant at Arms	Yamaha V-Max
Andrew Smith – Raffle Meister	Yamaha FJR1300A
Frank Finch – Quiz Meister	Honda CB1000R
Geoff Selvidge - Scribe	Yamaha Fazer 600
Ray Battersby	BMW R1150R
David O'Neill	BMW R1200GS
Alan Halford	Suzuki GSX650F
Maurice Knight	Suzuki GS400 De Luxe
Wilf Harrison	Honda CB500S
Craig Carey-Clinch	BMW R1200GS
Keith Davies	Triumph Tiger 850XC
Norman Hyde	Triumph Speedmaster
Dan Sager	Royal Enfield Classic 500
Martyn Roberts	Suzuki Bandit 1250
Peter Meek	Yamaha Diversion 900
Steve Callahan	Honda CB1000R Extreme
David Taylor	Suzuki Burghman 650 Executive
Ben Matthews	Yamaha XJR1300
Graham Matcham	Yamaha Fazer 1000
Nick Jeffery	Kawasaki GT750
Greg Elson	Kawasaki ZRX1200R
Nick Hopkins	Norton Commando Fastback (Long Range)
Bob Trigg	Yamaha TDM850
Gerald Davison	Triumph Sprint 1050
Tony Jakeman	BMW K1300GT
GUESTS	
Peter Vallis (Nick Jeffery)	Honda CX650 Turbo
Adam Kelley (Andrew Smith)	Yamaha XT1200Z Tenere
John Wakefield (David O'Neill)	BMW R1200GS
Tim Maccabee (Norman Hyde)	Ducati Diavel
Phil Bargh (Nick Hopkins)	Triumph Trident 'Slippery Sam' Replica

Frank Finch's Club Quick Quiz – Spring 2011

Name.....

1. In the 2011 UK Consumer Superbrands survey, what was the top automotive brand?

- MERCEDES-BENZ HARLEY DAVIDSON BMW DUCATI ROLLS ROYCE

2. When was the 70 mph National Speed Limit permanently introduced in the UK?

- 1964 1965 1966 1967 1968

3. What was the best selling new motorcycle in the UK in 2010?

- HONDA CBF 125 BMW R1200GS (incl. Adventure) YAMAHA YBR 125
 YAMAHA YZFR 125 HONDA CBR1000RR

4. In October 2010, a new world auction record was set for a motorcycle when a 1929 SS100 Brough Superior went under the hammer. What price (including premium) did it achieve?

- £186,000 £236,000 £286,000 £336,000 £386,000

5. CAN-bus is a vehicle bus standard increasingly being used on cars and motorcycles to allow microcontrollers and devices such as ECUs and ABS to communicate with each other without a host computer. But what does CAN stand for?

- CONTROLLER AREA NETWORK CARRIER ACCESS NETWORK
 COMPUTER ACCESS NODE CONTROL ACCESS NETWORK
 CARRIER AREA NODE

6. Donald Campbell, who died at nearby Lake Coniston, and his father Sir Malcolm Campbell, were both famous land and water speed record holders. How many records did they achieve between them?

- SEVEN ELEVEN FIFTEEN TWENTY-ONE TWENTY-FOUR

7. Ian Hutchinson won five solo races at the Isle of Man TT in 2010 riding Honda machinery for Clive Padgett's race team. What brand will he be riding this year?

- Yamaha Suzuki Ducati Kawasaki Honda

8. Who has been the longest serving (term of office) Club President?

- Maurice Knight Peter Sheen Doug Hele Hugh Palin Bill Smith

9. What is the capacity of the only engine in the current Norton motorcycle range?

- 858cc 961cc 998cc 1050cc 1098cc

10. Transport for London has initiated a contract to install city-wide electric vehicle charging points. Due for completion in 2013, how many charging points will there be?

- 250 400 650 1000 1300

DON'T PEEK AT THE NEXT PAGE UNTIL THIS ONE IS COMPLETE!

QUICK QUIZ ANSWERS:

1. **MERCEDES-BENZ** – Ranked 1st followed by ROLEX, BBC, Coca-Cola then Google. The only other automotive brands in the top ten were BMW at #7 and Jaguar at #10
2. **1967** - The 70 mph limit was introduced as a temporary measure in December 1965 by the Minister of Transport Tom Fraser. It was confirmed as a permanent limit in 1967, by which time Barbara Castle (a non-driver) had become Minister of Transport
3. **BMW R1200GS** - Sales of the R 1200 GS and R 1200 GS Adventure combined made it the best-selling motorcycle in the UK, with 2,420 bikes sold – an increase of 13.3 per cent from 2009
4. **£286,000** – An anticipated new world record of around £380,000 for a 1925 prototype Brough Superior Alpine Grand Sports ridden by George Brough himself to win the eight day Austrian speed trials failed to materialise at a December 2010 auction in New York
5. **Controller-area network** – Check to make sure David Martin got it right!
6. **Twenty-one** – As a keen motorcyclist, Sir Malcolm Campbell also won three Gold Medals in the London to Edinburgh motorcycle trials (1906/7/8)
7. **Yamaha** – Hutchinson will be riding a factory specification YZF-R1 for the Shaun Muir Racing team which is spearheading Yamaha's drive for victory as it celebrates its 50th anniversary at the 2011 Isle of Man TT
8. **Bill Smith** – Served as Club President from 1985 through to 1990. Maurice Knight was a close second having given sterling service to the Club between 2003 and 2007
9. **961cc** – All three bikes in the Commando range feature an air cooled, pushrod, twin cylinder engine, with two valves per cylinder. Power output is 80PS
10. **1300** - This will not only represent a huge jump from the 250 currently available, but when complete, London will have more charging points than petrol stations