



THE CLUB - SPRING RUN 2013

SNOWDONIA - 19th, 20th, 21st April

Organisers: Bob McMillan & David Dew

SNOWDONIA OR SNOWDINIA?

With a favourable weather forecast, for Saturday at least, the A5 into Wales was busy on Friday: caravans and campervans on their way to various cup-a-soup parties clogged the roads and were constantly buzzed by motorcycles, lots and lots of motorcycles...

Eagle eyed Club members on said A5 may have spotted a lingering pile of dingy snow desperately clinging to the shadows under a Welsh hedgerow – a reminder that just a couple of weeks previously, this run may not even have been possible. Indeed, Run Meister Bob explained at the briefing that the road alongside the picturesque Lake Vyrnwy had only re-opened the day before, just in time for his last sighting ride!

So here we were in Snowdonia which could so easily have been Snowdinia or even Snowdoffia. And just in case you are looking back on this report in 2063, celebrating the Club's Centenary, here is a reminder of spring 2013.



Left: Snowdonia 2 weeks before the run.

Right: The Cronk-y-Voddy straight on the TT Course – 20th March 2013.



THE BEST OF BETWS-Y-COED?



I'm guessing that virtually all members and guests on this landmark run finally arrived via the same route; crossing a nondescript bridge on the edge of the village, then passing the petrol station and out-posting digs before arriving at the hotel – all in short order. Never gave the bridge a second glance I'll bet.

Left: 'Move along now, nothing to see here.'



Well, we missed a treat. Beneath the road surface lies an early cast iron bridge built by Thomas Telford in 1815 - and very ornate it is too.

That was the year of the Battle of Waterloo, commemorated by a legend on the span and the structure's name: Waterloo Bridge.



Interestingly, the spandrels (they're the bits above the legend) are decorated with a rose, thistle, shamrock and leek to represent the Acts of Union in 1801; they were modelled by William Hazeldine.

One can only speculate in this PC mad world whether, to avoid offending the potentially devolved Scots and the Welsh Assembly (to say nothing of the French), these decorations will need to be re-worked sometime soon...

IT'S ONLY TWO LAMPOSTS LONG...

After parking up at the hotel and divesting of the riding gear, a wander into the village for post ride drinkies was called for, along with guest Ian Kerr. But not until after organiser Bob had had a good old smirk at your scribe's weekend mount; a Suzuki Intruder 1800 kindly organised by members Jonathan Martin and Luke Plummer.



Right: *It's only a short walk to the bars – no, the ones in the village!*

It was not the bike itself that was causing Bob's mirth; no, it was the vision of my muscling it over the single track, hairpin bended, gravelly mountain roads apparently...

WHAT DOES THE VILLAGE HAVE TO OFFER?



The simple answer to that is, not a lot frankly.

Betwys-Y-Coed is little more than a dormitory for visitors to the Snowdonia National Park with B & B's, a couple of cafés and a chippy, a walking shop (*Ed: that's a shop with walking gear not a perambulating shop!*) and a small selection of watering holes.

Strangely, all the cafés and ice cream emporia appeared to be shutting up shop by 5 o'clock, just as the tourists started to arrive, looking for refreshment.

The historical stories of the North Walesian attitude to tourists lives on strong hereabouts it would seem, borne out by the lack of interest shown in serving 2 thirsty motorcyclists with an ale in the least scuzziy of the pubs we chose to grace with our hard-earned. It wasn't just us either, a small group of young foreign tourists was also getting the 'bums rush' as they grew beards whilst waiting for the management, bar staff, cleaners et al, to find their reservations which had been lost in the hotel's IBM labyrinth.

When the ale finally arrived we likened the experience to trying to spend money in some bike shops we could name...

BLIMEY, THAT'S A WHOLE RUN'S WORTH!

Back at the hotel, the 'Motorati' were gathering in the car park and the bar and swapping tales of their routes to the venue.

One group, led by Dave Martin, had apparently covered 400 miles already, taking in swooping scenery, lunch stop (curry of course) and afternoon tea – and at a rare clip by all accounts. The Run itself was clearly going to be something of a rest after that epic!

Nick Hopkins, who had flashed past your scribe and guest on the A5 in a 'roundabout dive' overtaking manoeuvre (spirited riding or dodgy brakes, you decide), treated his Commando to a trip up the Horseshoe Pass before arriving at the Waterloo Hotel.



One thing was certain, whichever way one finally arrived at Betwys, the weather forecast and the glorious roads and scenery from Llangollen onwards augured well for the morrow...

STAND UP! SPEAK UP!

The heckling that The Chairman has to endure these days, I ask you!

After the hubbub had ceased, and on a sombre note before dinner was served, Chairman Finch proposed a toast to absent friends, particularly Wilf Harrison who had sadly left us since the last run...

With friends remembered and grace said, we tucked in.

IT'S SOUP JIM, BUT NOT AS WE KNOW IT.

This run had an absence of menu cards and so it was left to us all to decide what comestibles we were being served. On our table a debate as to the provenance of the soup commenced: "pea and potato" said one, "no, asparagus" chimed in another. A waiter was collared and asked but he was none the wiser! I *think* we ascertained, finally, that it *might* have been leek and potato.

Following a main course of chicken and stuff (believed to be more leeks – this is Wales when all's said and done) the Chairman arose again and, as before, was on the receiving end of spirited heckling. Still, he managed to formally welcome members and guests before offering thanks to everyone involved in bringing the excellent club website to fruition.



Following the list of donations gratefully received, members introduced their guests. There were just two on this run: your scribe, Geoff Selvidge, introduced (**Left**) Ian Kerr – no stranger to previous runs but now on his first as the Manager of Police Sales at Yamaha. Norman Hyde then introduced (**Right**) Arthur Macdonald, owner of Moto Legends who distributes Krauser luggage amongst other lines.



With a dessert of Crème Brulee or Summer Fruit Compote (this was a choice, not as before, a guess!) consumed, Frank again stood to hand over to the Raffle Meister, Andrew Smith who was to be ably assisted in his task by Jonathan Martin. But before the raffle could commence, the Chairman had to apologise for an earlier oversight in not welcoming Founder Member Roger Boss, and Peter Britton to the run. Hardly surprising given the heckling!



Left: Founder Member Roger Boss looks on as President Dennis looks over past run reports. **Above:** Peters Sheen and Britton chat.

THE UNGRATEFUL IN RECEIPT OF THE UNUSABLE...

I tip my hat to the famous Wilde quotation on foxhunting. The raffle has become something of a hot potato of late. As Andrew himself jested, "The gifts reflect bike riders themselves – 30% returned and 20% from previous raffles." The minutes of the Sunday meeting reflect the members' strength of feeling on this topic – time will tell if future runs include this form of Friday entertainment or not...



Doing their level best to ‘big up’ the prizes, Messrs Smith and Martin Jnr proceeded to re-distribute various tools, books, films, foodstuffs and falling down water to the throng. As usual, some prizes found their recipients with unerring accuracy: Staffordshire cheese to Norman Hyde, a real ale named Watsonian and drinking vessel to Nick Hopkins and an LED torch to Ian Kerr who had, obviously, handed his previous one back at the end of his 30 years on the ‘Job’.



Adam Kelley was to receive a tank protector, to fit to his scooter, and Steve Callahan received MotoGP boxer shorts presumably as a flash back(!) to the wet Nairn run of 2010. Co-organiser David Dew won back the prize he brought – Nick Sanders’ book ‘Biker Britain’, which your scribe had brought as a prize way back in 2009ish. Another book ‘doing the rounds’ was the 2008 Duke Year book which, according to Smith, had already been signed 3 times on different runs: this time Jonathan Martin was assigned as guardian.

Amongst the more bizarre, Tony Dawson was presented with what was described as a “DIY gynaecology kit”, comprising a towel and a mirror (*Ed: which hotel name was embroidered on the towel?*) whilst Maurice Knight received a projector clock with built in weather station. Dan Sager and Arthur Macdonald each won an envelope, but for the life of me I can’t remember what was in them!

When everything had been distributed, Martyn Roberts sprang to his feet (*Ed’s note: not asleep this time then?*) and praised Andrew for “making the mundane memorable – priceless!”

LISTEN UP, IT’S THE RUN MEISTER.

As Mr Smith returned to his seat, and before explaining the itinerary for Saturday, Bob took time out to remember the 40th anniversary run on the Isle of Man that he had organised with Andrew in 2003.



Right: Messrs McMillan and Smith, co-organisers of the Manx 40th Anniversary Run in 2003

When Bob said the run, he actually meant the story of the recce the pair had undertaken where Andrew had managed to crash a brand new Honda VFR – riding out of Ronaldsway Airport. Cruel, but oh how we chortled!

Anyway, Bob moved swiftly on...

Kicking off at 09:00 sharp, our run was to cover 172 miles (incidentally, just 2 miles less than that 2003 run) of glorious Welsh countryside, in two roughly S-shaped legs, one before and one after lunch. Excellent maps were distributed for all to study/leave in their rooms (delete inapplicable).



Amongst Bob’s dire warnings were: goats, “potholes and crap” resulting from the winter weather and sheep. And it was to the latter that Bob referred when he asked if we knew which way they ran across the road. Nope.

Left: Which way will they go?

Well apparently, lambs always move to the ewe (me to ewe?), so know you know. What Bob didn’t explain though was which way they ran if mother and offspring were already on the same side of the road...

So, with a final reminder about loose gravel, the Run Meister duly thanked Rick Parish, Dave Martin, Greg Elson (who was due to arrive at double-oh-crack), Martin Lambert, Dave Dew and Luke Plummer for their support in organising the run and a video that was to be shot as we rode.

Right: The discreet video device affixed to Luke's Beemer



In signing off for the night Bob also announced that there was to be an additional raffle at dinner on Saturday. There would be just one prize and we would all buy a ticket for £1 with the chance of winning a free room night for two, donated by the hotel. Bob would also organise an exclusive run just for the winner if so desired. Blimey, it was to be a *real* raffle then...

MOUNT UP, WALES AWAITS...



With breakfast consumed and the warm sun shining, we gathered in the car park at the appointed hour. Both the RAC van and Greg had arrived in good time and everything was set fair for a great ride.

Left: Bob ready for the off whilst...

Right: The sun reflects with equal luminosity from TEC's bonce and the Hon Sec's helmet. Keith Davies receives a club drinking voucher (for later!)



Does it get any better than this? Mere words cannot adequately describe the scenery that unfolded before us: magnificent mountains, lakes like glass and a sky so massive that it was easy to see why Chicken Licken was scared.



Good as the A5 scenery was as we headed west from Betwys, it was after we turned onto the A4086 at Capel Curig that it became truly breathtaking...

From the road alongside Llynnau Mymbyr (the autumn quiz will be a pronunciation test based on this run) we were able to see the Snowdon Massif itself; where Dave Martin thankfully paused to take a picture.

Left: Dave's (almost: it's the elbow¹) perfect composition with the A4086 leading the eye towards Snowdon.

¹ Damn those MT-01 mirrors!

When the road reached the head of the Llanberis Pass, it became the A498 which leads down to Beddgelert. According to the official website www.beddgelerttourism.com, Beddgelert is “undoubtedly Snowdonia's loveliest village.”



Well that's as may be, but for me the most interesting fact is that Alfred Edmeades Bestall M.B.E., the Illustrator of the famous Rupert Bear stories, which ran in The Daily Express newspaper for over 40 years, lived in Beddgelert.

Whether the Queen decorated him for his illustrative prowess or for spawning the fashion that has graced golf courses the world over for years, must surely be a matter of speculation...

Turning left over the lovely old stone bridge; we left Beddgelert in our rear view mirrors and pressed on towards Ffestiniog...

NARROW ROAD, NARROW GAUGE.

After leaving the A4085 for the scenic pleasure of the B4410, we soon flashed under the famous Ffestiniog Railway.

This narrow gauge railway (23.5") was incorporated by Act of Parliament in May 1832 and was initially an horse and gravity system to transport slate from the mountains around Blaenau Ffestiniog to The Cob in Porthmadog. The loaded wagons descended by gravity and the hapless horses had to drag 'em back up the 13.5 miles of track.



It wasn't until 1863 that steam power replaced the horses and in 1864 the line became the first ever narrow gauge to carry passengers, when granted permission by the Board of Trade.

Would it not have been a happy, if not remarkable even, coincidence to have seen a train on the bridge as we passed? Well we didn't - or at least, I don't think any of our happy band did - the picture left shows what we missed.

BLIMEY! STOPPING ALREADY?

It seemed that we had only just left the digs when we were waved into the parking area for the coffee stop but a check of the watch showed that we had been riding for just short of an hour and a half! Just goes to show what tremendous scenery and good weather does for our perception of time.

Left: *Is this the most picturesque car park in the world?*

Right: *Tucking in to coffee and buns: Llyn Brening Visitor Centre...*



MORE, WE WANT MORE!

After coffee we set off south down the B4501, drinking in even more of the expansive moorland views until we hit Thomas Telford's Turnpike, the A5, at the largely unremarkable Cerrigydrudion. Queen Victoria is said to have once stopped here on her way to Ireland – we didn't, on our way to the lunch stop.



In two flicks of a Welsh Nationalist's Zippo we arrived at Bala; arriving via the A4212 before turning right (usual chaos) and leaving via a High Street (above) packed with tourists and other motorcyclists.

Bala is a stronghold of the Welsh language with around 80% of the local population speaking it as their first language. It is also one of the few places in the World where children can learn to play the harp as part of the school curriculum. It has always had strong religious connections through the Quakers, the Methodists and the British and Foreign Bible Society. And when the area had industry (other than the farming and tourism of today), it was largely knitting: socks mainly.

The town is at the head of Llyn Tegid (Bala Lake), the largest natural lake in Wales. We would return later for a tea stop at the Bala Leisure Centre (no, it has *nothing* to do with sheep – one track minds you lot!).

THERE'S GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS...

With Bala behind us we headed south west on the A494. The road runs alongside the lake for three miles or so, en-route to Dolgellau.

Now, quite close to Dolgellau at Bontddu, on the road to Barmouth (well it's not really that close but worthy of mention here as you will see), is the Clogau St David's gold mine. Gold was discovered by accident in this lead and copper mine in 1854 and it was at the heart of the Welsh 'gold rush' until 1911. Since then it has been periodically worked and provided gold for use in royal jewellery; most recently in the wedding ring given by Prince William to his new bride.

What has all this got to do with bikes I hear you yawn?

Well, back in the 90's, 4 times World Speedway Champion, Barry Briggs, bought a 50% stake in the mine and whilst it was a short lived investment, it gave him the taste for mining which he then satiated in Liberia, extracting diamonds.

Right: A page scanned (sorry Briggo!) from Barry's excellent autobiography 'Wembley and Beyond'. BB the gold miner.



YOU CAN'T BEAT A BIT OF CORRIE...

Shortly after turning sharp left at Dolgellau and topping up with go-juice at the fuel stop, we found ourselves on the A470 and the last leg up to the lunch stop at Merion Mill.

It was on this stretch of road that, for me at any rate, was the view of the run. The magnificent corrie of Penatigi Uchaf – no, don't ask me what it means, it is the only search I have performed on Google that returns the message 'Your search - **Penatigi Uchaf** - did not match any documents'. Strange that as I found it on Google Earth and, by the marvel that is modern technology, here is a 3D view of the road, the corrie and a couple of bus stops at the (almost, see top left) exact time we passed by...



AND SO TO LUNCH...



This run was certainly not short on sustenance that's for sure. As we commandeered the small café in the Meirion Mill shop, there were more than a few of us who struggled to get yet more scran down our necks, we just had to 'man up' and get on with it.

Following the food, some mooched around the shop whilst others took in the sun or just chatted, it was a very pleasant spot.



Left: *The Hon Sec catches some rays whilst...*

Right: *Royalty chats with the serfs whilst seated astride his throne. Tom bows reverently...*



UP, UP AND AWAY!

And so, replete, we eventually set off in the general direction of Lake Vyrnwy and the sky.

The unclassified road from Dinas-Mawddwy towards Llanuwchllyn rises up through Llanymawddwy (remember that quiz!) on its way to the Bwlych y Groes - the Pass of the Cross – and it is one of the highest public roads in Wales with a summit height of 1,788 feet above the briny.

Also known as the Hellfire Pass, Bwlych y Groes was used between and after the wars by Austin and Standard Triumph as a hill climbing test for their prototype cars. Later in the 70s and 80s it was also the most challenging climb in the Milk Race, round Britain cycle event.

For your scribe and the Suzuki 'longship' it was also the most challenging part of the route: narrow, bumpy and with a 1:4 uphill hairpin which was 'cleaned' with judicious clutch slip!



Right: Easy does it, wide in first and dab the clutch, phew, made it!

Just before the absolute summit we forked off right to take the branch towards the old club haunt of Lake Vyrnwy...

Left: The summit view- on a cloudy day- which we would have seen had we gone just a tad further!

AH! THE MEMORIES...

Looking back in the archives on the aforementioned excellent club website, I found the report penned by then chairman, Mike Jackson, the last time The Club visited Lake Vyrnwy for Peter Sheen's 21st Anniversary Run² in 1984. Just as you can tell a racer by his style, this report had Mike's inimitable writing style all over it – a rattling good read which I commend you to re-visit. It seems we were covering familiar ground.

At the lake, the unclassified road became the B4393 with barely a change in width, markings or surface. As we struck north to ride the lakes north-east shore, the road ran through the trees giving occasional flashes of the water below.

Eventually the white lines re-appear and the road widens, as does the view as we pass the water tower, an iconic landmark of the area.



Right: The Lake Vyrnwy water tower from the road.

It was somewhere between leaving Vyrnwy and arriving back at Llyn Tegid for tea that Martyn Roberts will have a lasting personal memory of the run, as he took a short detour off the tarmac and into the bushes for a close look at the roadside fauna. Luckily he came to rest gently against a bank and as he manoeuvred back on to the road, he was heard to say (and later be fined for) "I didn't even have to adjust me mirror!"

Ja, mien Bismarck Motor Werken ist unverwüstlich!

² This run boasted John Surtees, riding a Honda, as a distinguished guest.

WHO OR WHERE IS GWYNIAD?

In this land of unusual names, Gwyniad could easily be a county, small town or even a championship rally driver, but the answer is a fish: it's a fish. And what's more, it is native to, and only found in, Llyn Tegid where we adjourned for an afternoon brew. Your scribe is indebted to that mine of obscure trivia, Nick Hopkins, for bringing this to his attention.



Above: Llyn Tegid aka Bala Lake.



Left: A glum looking Gwyniad

Apparently it is a freshwater whitefish (*Coregonus pennantii*) and is a critically endangered species (as motorcyclists, we can resonate with that!) whose eggs and fry are eaten by the Ruffe which are found all over the UK, especially in Essex.

The conservationists have been transferring Gwyniad eggs to the nearby Llyn Arenig Fawr which presumably is more upmarket with no Ruffe inhabitants to lower the tone.

Of course, it was conversation not conservation that our merry band indulged in over tea. Mostly directed towards Martyn's spot of unscheduled trail riding. He held centre stage in the car park for quite a while as we all searched for visible signs of damage...



Left: Nope, no sign here...

Right: A-ha! The ciggy points the way to the scuffed riding breeches of our hero.

Perhaps he had been distracted whilst checking the time?



And so topped up with tea and bulging with biscuits, we set off on the last leg of this splendid run, a B road bash back to Betwys-y-Coed.

As is usual on Club Runs, the final section was ridden briskly. The first part of the route up as far as Ryhd-Uchaf was very reminiscent of the TT course as it wends its way from Quarterbridge to Glen Helen. (*Ed's note: Uchaf? That came up before, at Penatigi. Ah; my Welsh to English dictionary translates it as 'top', so now we know!*) After we crossed the A4212, the scenery changed again and we could easily have been climbing the Mountain Mile, it was wonderful stuff!

Before long, we reached the A5 and the short ride back to the digs. All in all, an excellent run and, thanks to Bob's local knowledge, untroubled by Plod who had pre-announced a biker crackdown for this weekend.



Above: Happy Bikers!

AN AGEIST SPEECH, THE QUIZ, 2 BITES AT THE SERGEANT AND A CHOIR...

Back in the dining room, the tables had been re-arranged into a much more chummy U shape from the islands of Friday night's isolation. Norman opened the proceedings by saying grace: "Lord, who turned the water into wine, please accept a prayer from men who turn it back again..." Fitting don't you think?

Our Saturday fare was to be fan of melon, roast beef and a chocolate brownie (*Ed's note: whatever you are thinking, stop it now!*) or cheese and biscuits to finish.



Now, earlier in the day, Dave Hancock had arrived with another guest, Minoru Kato who is a Director of motorcycle business at Honda Motors Europe. Dave formally introduced his guest who then broke with convention and made a short speech himself.

Kato-san observed that for the club to survive another 100 years "you should invite younger people." With our rules clear on seniority qualification and the Japanese business ethic that seniority is inextricably linked to age (not ability, look around you!³) we would appear to have a dichotomy that only the European manufacturers can resolve!!

From here on, the evening's timetable became a little fragmented as we were to be entertained by the Moelwyn Male Voice Choir from nearby Blaenau Ffestiniog whose set would be split into 2 parts thus necessitating our programme to fit with theirs. In an effort to keep you awake your attention I will ignore the usual chronological sequential reporting of events!

So after Chairman Frank had delivered another round of much deserved thanks to everyone involved in putting the weekend together we carried on...

THE SPECIAL RAFFLE – With £1 donations collected by Graham Matcham, the winner of the free weekend night, donated by the hotel and drawn by the Restaurant Manager Katie, was our President, Dennis Bates. Someone (OK, it was Smith) suggested he might just as well stay an extra night!

THE QUIZ – Organised by Martin Lambert, resulted in a tie-break between Norman Hyde and Graham Goodman who both scored 8 from a possible 10 points. The tie-break question was "over the last 5 runs, what was the average drinks bill per head?" With a guess of £38, Graham was closer to the actual figure of £36.68 than Norman's £25. As the Hon Sec and keeper of the minutes, GG clearly had an advantage with this question methinks!

The questions and answers are attached as separate files to this report.

SERGEANT AT ARMS (ERRORS & OMISSIONS EXCEPTED!)

Peter Meek – Collecting his new bike, he reversed over the Suzuki Technician who was guiding the trailer.

Dave Hancock – Introduced Peter Sheen as "the man from Castrol."

Luke Plummer – Best Dressed Man award - but only because his bike was so tall no crap actually hit him.

Keith Blair – Helping to rig the raffle with a leaking cheese (*Ed: What? Never mind, I don't want to know..*)

David O'Neill – Admitted that a Personal Trainer was responsible for his new, svelte look.

Tony Jakeman – Another admission, this time for wanting to go north to Llandudno for chips.

Martyn Roberts – Predictably, for the mirror remark after his off-piste excursion.

Steve Callahan – Went for jump leads to start Kato-san's recalcitrant Honda, Nick Jeffrey had them in his "Pizza Wagon."

³ Joke OK. It was a joke, calm down! ☺

Steve Callahan – When a group braked to pass two female joggers (think puppies in sacks...), Steve didn't and passed everyone.

Adam Kelley – A triple header this one:

1. Tried to check-in at the Waterloo rather than the outpost, claiming to have missed the email.
2. In the bar on Friday, asked "do I need my raffle prize "tonight?"
3. Asked a very nice French Lady "can you show me how to unlock my door?" (Think chestnuts, old.)

Luke Plummer – As the man responsible for the Suzuki press fleet – all the clocks were 1 hour out.

Dave Martin himself – Frightening Ben Matthews with a short off road excursion of his own.

Dave Hancock – 2 fines, firstly for not bringing his guest until the day of the run and then for said guest's Honda failing to start. (See also Steve Callahan above...)

Peter Sheen – An ex-Shell man who wore a shell suit all day but didn't pull rank at the Shell station.

Tom Waterer – Carrying a dog poo collection bag on his bike. No, I've no idea why either!

Graham Goodman – Still has 2 sat-navs but realising he needs 3 to know which one is wrong plus, continuing the dual theme, he had 2 punctures.

Graham Matcham – For carrying a repair kit that was only good for 1 puncture. (See Graham Goodman above.)

John Wakefield – For admitting he bought the same puncture kits – from Graham M's competitor.

Keith Blair – For disturbing the peace with an unwarranted alarm activation.

Dan Sager – For carrying the biggest back pack just for his over-troos.

Tony Jakeman – His number plate almost read CRIKEY as in 'Crikey! I've bought my own bike!'

Keith Davies – For sporting a goatee beard and attempting to impersonate Charley Boorman (This prompted Norman to utter "He's a twat!" – one *assumes* he meant Charley B...)

Bob McMillan - For bugging up the Sergeants low carb diet at the coffee stop, lunch and afternoon tea.

Geoff Selvidge – For riding a bike whose rear tyre was wider than some of the narrow roads.

Geoff Selvidge – For riding a cruiser but not getting into the cult like Norman and growing a beard.

Keith Blair, Andrew Smith and Norman Hyde – Overshooting corner markers.

Maurice Knight – For sporting a natty line in motorcycle footwear.

Adam Kelley – For leaving a marking post to chase Martin Lambert, who missed the turn, and was in turn chasing Norman who missed the turn, and then blaming TEC for leaving him stranded. (At least, I *think* that's how it was...)

Minoru Kato – For trying to boost Honda's sales figures by riding into Martin Lambert's Kawasaki in an attempt to take it out of the market.

Bob McMillan – For sub-contracting the run admin to wife Sandra.

Martin Lambert – For admitting that he used to work in satin lingerie and for carrying a 'man-bag'.

Norman Hyde – Who sells Acumen alarms, then buys a bike with a Datatool system that he doesn't know how to use.

Norman Hyde – For peeing in the wind. (*Ed: Is this a reference to Acumen Alarms?*)

Jonathan Martin – Insisted that he met chums in the bar at 7:00 (rather than their proposed 7:15), they arrived on time, he however, arrived at 7:15!

Dan Sager – For slipstreaming cyclists.

Jonathan Martin – Had a sat-nav mount but no sat-nav. He admitted it was only for effect.

Arthur Macdonald – To quote the Sergeant: "Being perfect is not the way to get in!"

Norman Hyde – His tie was too short and so he pulled his trousers up.

Andrew Smith x 3, Steve Callahan, Tom Waterer, Greg Elson, Frank Finch and the Sergeant himself – All won everlasting indicator awards.

Tony Dawson – Left his keys in his bike on Friday night.

Tom Waterer and Greg Elson – 20 years ago the MCA had a 'Front Brake First' campaign which Tom had obviously forgotten as he locked his back brake. Greg did the same but for much longer!

Andrew Smith, Minoru Kato, Graham Matcham, Craig Carey-Clinch – Were all recipients of Martin Lambert 'Standing on the Footpegs' awards.



David Dew – As TEC he admitted spending more time in the middle of the group and saying “they’ll catch me up!”

Geoff Selvidge – After jumping the breakfast queue ahead of the Sergeant was then non PC by asking “do you want the fine now?”

Ian Kerr – For riding more sedately than usual as he was worried about his ex-colleagues and their local biker crackdown.

Martyn Roberts – Who said at the lunch stop that the wooden bench was more comfortable than his bike.

And Finally...

Bob Trigg – Who upon rising from the bench at the tea stop, stood in the dog bowl...



With most members thus suitably chastised, the Sergeant At Arms closed his charge sheets until the autumn.

THE MOELWYN MALE VOICE CHOIR...

I previously mentioned that the choir were to perform in two sets. Before the first of these, and by way of introduction, Bob referred back to that 21st Anniversary Run at Lake Vyrnwy; his first incidentally. At that run a Welsh male voice choir had performed and thus it was fitting that we should be so entertained again to mark our 50th anniversary.



The choir’s history dates back to 1881 when they, like many others, were formed from amongst the local slate quarrymen. Musical Director Sylvia Ann Jones took over the baton in 1981 and was to lead them for our soiree, assisted by accompanist Gwyn Vaughan Jones (try to say that name and *not* hear Richard Burton!) on a keyboard.

The programme included an eclectic mix of songs sung in Welsh including amongst others: ‘Love Changes Everything’, a calypso and, of course, ‘Cwm Rhondda’. They ended with the Welsh National Anthem before moving off to the bar and continuing acapella until our kitty money ran out!

A FINAL SPECIAL THANKS TO PETER SHEEN AND GRAHAM GOODMAN...

For the suggestion and arrangement of a wonderful 50th Anniversary gift to the members; a silver, engraved notepad and pen. It was a very thoughtful and fitting way to mark this special year in The Club’s history and I am sure that like me, you will treasure yours and the fond memories of runs and friends, present and departed, that they will kindle.

And so, as the strains of the choir departed over the hill like the retreating Zulus after the battle of Rorke’s Drift, we retired to bed happy, content, and looking forward to our next trip to Cymru in the autumn.

Hwyl fawr a byddwch yn gweld wedyn!

Geoff Selvidge

August 2013

RUNNERS AND RIDERS...

MEMBER	BIKE	MEMBER	BIKE
Bob McMillan – Run Leader	Yamaha 1200 Super Ténéré	Martin Lambert	Kawasaki Versys 1000
David Dew – Tail End Charlie	Honda Crosstourer V4	Martyn Roberts	1976 BMW R60
Frank Finch - Chairman	Suzuki GSX-R1000	Maurice Knight	Suzuki GS400
Rick Parish – Hon Treasurer	Yamaha FJR1300	Jonathan Martin	Suzuki V-Strom 650
Graham Goodman – Hon Sec	BMW R1150GS	Keith Blair	BMW K75RT
David Martin – Sergeant At Arms	Yamaha MT-01	Nick Jeffery	Kawasaki GT750
Geoff Selvidge - Scribe	Suzuki M1800RZ Intruder	Dave Plummer	Honda Silver Wing Scooter
Tom Waterer	Honda XRV750 Africa Twin	Graham Matcham	BMW R1200GS
Craig Carey-Clinch	BMW R1200GS	John Wakefield	BMW R1200GS
Tony Jakeman	BMW F800GT	Peter Meek	Suzuki V-Strom 650
Andrew Smith	Yamaha 1200 Super Ténéré	Luke Plummer	BMW R1200GS
Keith Davies	Triumph Tiger 800	Dave Hancock	Honda CBR900RR Fireblade
Steve Callahan	Honda Crosstourer V4	Adam Kelley	Yamaha T-Max Scooter
David O’Neill	BMW R1200GS	Ben Matthews	Triumph Bonneville 865
Bob Trigg	Yamaha TDM 850	GUEST (OF)	BIKE
Tony Dawson	Yamaha FJ1200	Ian Kerr (Geoff Selvidge)	Yamaha FJR1300A
Alan Halford	Suzuki GSX650F	Minoru Kato (Dave Hancock)	Honda Crosstourer V4
Nick Hopkins	1971 Norton Commando Fastback Long Range	Arthur Macdonald (Norman Hyde)	Triumph Tiger 800
Norman Hyde	Triumph Thunderbird 1600	BY CAR	
Greg Elson	Yamaha XJR1300	Dennis Bates	Peter Sheen
Dan Sager	Royal Enfield Bullet Electra De Luxe	Roger Boss	Peter Britton



Left: Minoru and Dave play paper, scissors stone.

Below: Maurice and Graham chat before the off.



Left: Nick buys 'The History of Bala Sock Knitting' at Merion Mill.



Left: Only a man who travels in satin lingerie can look this smug...

Right: Graham 'one repair kit' Matcham.



Left: The Club's 'Mr Mileage' David O'Neill.

Right: Andrew, aboard Adam's scooter locks onto Keith Blair...



Left: Tony and Nick quiz Tom on which Pembroke roads will have the most grass.

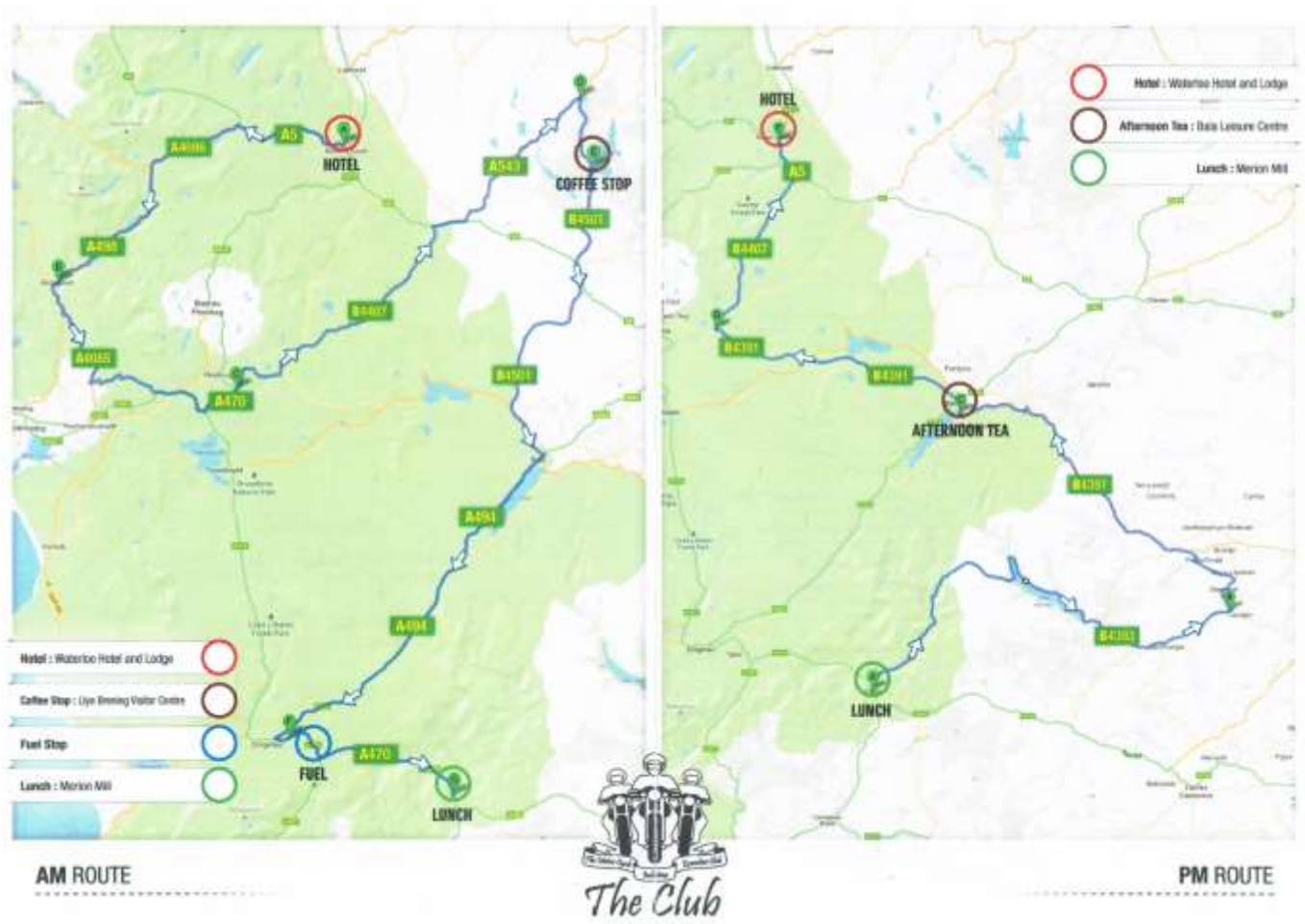
Below left: Dave watches Steve go for a bogey.

Centre: David makes his escape when DD nods off.

Right: The Chairman standing on a box...



THE ROUTE...



THE QUIZ...

The quiz paper and the answers can be found on the Club website as separate files to the Spring 2013 Run Report.