

THE CLUB - SPRING RUN 2017

Wilmington-on-Thetford – 21st to 23rd April

Organisers: Rick Parish and Steve Callahan

Well here we are, Thetford again...



The last time The Club graced these parts was the spring of 2006 when Rick Parish and co-organiser Graham Goodman, led us on a merry dash around Norfolk, taking in the Holkham Estate and the Lotus factory. Looking back at the report of that run there were some interesting role reversals and similarities to this event.

For both runs, we were billeted at the Bell Hotel in the centre of town and your then scribe, Dan Sager, is now Chairman and your then Chairman, yours truly, is now scribe. Steve Callahan, who in 2006 had not long joined Suzuki, was on his first run as Dan's guest. Steve is now working back in Milton Keynes albeit not with his former employer. He was co-organiser of this run.

The hotel itself had caused some problems for Rick last time around when they seem surprised that 30 motorcyclists might want feeding on Friday night. I had had a sneaky look at TripAdvisor before setting out and the recent reviews of The Bell were not overly good. With this in mind, and the news that the local Police Force was to implement a speeding clampdown over the weekend, it was clear a sense of humour was going to be a necessity for this run!

Friday night went largely without a culinary hitch this time around; the hotel left it until Saturday morning to seem surprised that we might want breakfast at 7.30 - the chef didn't arrive until 8.00 - and the only time we saw Mr Plod with his hairdryer was as we slowed for the left turn into the morning coffee stop. Even the heavy rain that marred the last part of the 2006 run held off with just a few damp roads early doors.

So what of the town itself? Dating back to the late Iron Age and early Roman period, Thetford was an important tribal centre, in particular the Icenii tribe who, whilst initially aligned with Rome after Claudius' invasion of Britain in AD43, revolted in AD 60-61 when Boudicca got her chain mail knickers in a knot and set about them, de-stabilising, at least for a time, the Roman rule. To this day, one can still feel tribal tensions whilst walking around the town centre; nowadays though it seems it is more the Sports Direct clad migrants presumably waiting for the local agri-economy to offer seasonal work.



Touristically, the town has completely thrown its tin hat into celebrating the connection with Dad's Army; the Bell Inn leading the charge by naming all the public areas after characters from the show. Co-incidentally, back at home post run, your scribe was watching 'Eggheads' (oh the joys of retirement!) where a team from Thetford called 'We're Doomed!' were asked by that idiot Jeremy Vine what Pike was wearing around his neck in the show's closing credits as he had left his famous scarf at the Bell. Turns out it was a blue tea towel; make a note of that fact for future pub quizzes!



Above: Captain Mainwaring and the Dads Army Museum. Jonesy is still in the Butchery business.

Right: Don't tell him; it's the wrong scarf!

Shy Retiring Men...



Arriving with my travelling companions, Ian Kerr and Roy Pinto, via the Cheffins auction viewing day at Ely and the quaintly named fenland village of Prickwillow, we rocked up at the Bell around 4 o'clock with a plan to stroll around the town to see what it had to offer. The plan was however scuppered when, poking our heads into the bar to see if anyone else had arrived, we espied BDN headline grabbing Andrew Smith whose imminent retirement announcement had registered at least a 6 on the Richter scale: it seemed churlish in the extreme not to accept his offer of an ale to celebrate this momentous occasion.

With Co-organiser Rick in the bar too and others joining by the minute, it was a couple of pints of 'Ghost Ale' later that our tour of the Thetford highlights finally took place.

Left: Caption contest - and any entries containing 'prick' and 'what a' will be disqualified.

Now I should tell you at this point that the Bell Hotel, which dates back to 1493, is allegedly haunted by the spirit of its 18th Century Landlady, Betty Radcliffe, hence the Ghost Ale. I'm not sure if Betty haunts one of the guest rooms or the bar itself in the persona of the large and largely humourless barmaid (is that still a politically correct expression?) who appeared in the early evening. It took some spirited teasing and 24 hours to get the apparition to smile, which finally occurred immediately post run on Saturday after an extremely brave (an understandably anonymous) member said 'I suppose a shag's out of the question?' Luckily for him, it was!

Anyway the town centre tour, when finally embarked upon, was nothing to write home about, Dads Army points of interest apart. I'm sure it was once a lovely place to visit but nowadays it is definitely suffering the ravages of modern life and it's just not a place to feel comfortable in. To give you a flavour, when I was wandering around the assembled bike park before dinner, a somewhat inebriated chap, who had been refused use of the hotel loo, relieved himself against the hedge next to the main entrance!

Put Your Puddings Up For Treacle...

For our evening meals we had been allocated a private function room behind the Walmington-On-Sea restaurant to where, after a couple of pre-prandial liveners, we retired upon the command of the regimental bar steward, shortly after 20.00 hours.



In an attempt to recreate the chaos of the 2006 Friday evening bun fight, organiser Rick had decided that everyone could choose what they wished to eat, not only at this meal but also Saturday lunch and dinner too. This considerable logistical exercise had been carried out by way of a pre-run email with menus, backed up by a sheaf of spreadsheets at the event.

With the staff calling out meals by our names and the inevitable 'I didn't order that' protests settled by production of the email replies (good planning Rick!) we were all served reasonably swiftly with only Martyn Roberts and Martin Lambert causing momentary main course confusion.

Chairman Dan's Inaugural Address...

My notes show that the Chairman rose for the first time at 20.45; quite where we were in the consumption of the meal I can't recall but no matter. After welcoming everyone to Thetford, Dan invited members to introduce their guests...



Steven Burgess was the guest of Simon Hill. Steven was on his 3rd run, his previous 2 being Avranches in spring 2004 and the autumn 2013 bash in Pembroke.

Back in the motorcycle industry after a lay-off dating back to just before his 1st run, Steven runs a company which stores, PDIs and delivers BMWs to expectant dealers.

Left: A slightly fuzzy Steven and Simon, who by this stage of the proceedings were 'feeling no pain'.

Co-organiser Steve Callahan introduced his guest Nick Campolucci who, for a short while longer at least, would head up Honda's UK motorcycle operation. Nick was also on his 3rd run having attended the two 2015 runs to Tavistock and Barford. (Ed: It's now confirmed that Nick is joining McLaren Automotive)

Right: Showing excellent credentials, a smiling Nick downs a substantial gin and tonic at the morning coffee stop. He denied it of course claiming it was just water but we know the truth!



On his first run and a local lad to boot, Andy Goodson was introduced by Andy Mayo.

Andy G is well known in the Industry as the Marketing Director of Lexham Insurance which administers a number of Manufacturer schemes, 40,000 policies and also looks after the business insurance needs of large number of dealers too.

Andy is an owner of a Yamaha RD350LC and past owner of 3 Kawasaki ZX-6s in a row as well as being a classic scooter buff.

Left: Andy sports a classic line in designer trials jackets too.

Norman Hyde introduced another Honda chap and a well-known industry stalwart in the form of Neil Tuxworth. Neil has been Honda's race boss for what seems like an aeon and has enjoyed considerable success with the teams and riders in his charge. Sometimes seen blasting around on Mablethorpe beach, Neil is an accomplished sand racer in his own right. This was his first run.



Right: Norman clearly briefed Neil on the importance of wearing a snazzy muffler.

Finally, Rick introduced his guest, Matt Truelove, the Senior Partner at Rick's solicitors. Petrol head Matt was once a director of TVR and is a serial Honda Fireblade owner.

Left: Makes a change for a legal eagle to have you by the neck rather than the goolies...



And now, live from Norwich (or somewhere close-ish)...



With the demise of the Friday raffle it has become customary for someone, usually Dave Martin of late, to be shanghaied into putting together a quiz to bridge the gap between the introduction of guests and the run briefing. And so, after a little more food, Dan again shuffled to his feet to introduce not the Sale of The Century but the Quiz of the Century – a mandatory brain-teaser that everyone had to cough up a quid to enter!

Left: Just like that, the Chairman makes Steve's face disappear along with £1 from everyone's pocket!

With 10 questions, some with multiple answers, the three highest scorers were motorcycling eggheads Nick Jeffery and Martyn Roberts, both on 9 points, and Ben Matthews on 7. My notes, sadly, do not record whether there was a tie-break or prize and so if anyone else can remember please let me know! There were appeals over one question but to give details will spoil the quiz for those of you who did not attend but would like to tackle Dave's memory tester which, as usual, is reproduced at the end of the report.

When the kerfuffle of the quiz marking and inevitable protests died down, the Chairman gave thanks for the donations gratefully received¹ and handed over to Rick for the run briefing.



The briefing commenced, confusingly, when Rick asked if anyone had noticed the discrepancy between the welcome letter and map whereby one timing was shown in 'sterling' - 1.00pm - on the map and 'euro' - 1.15pm - on the letter. I think that it was (very nearly) an accountancy joke! With heckling and conversations breaking out around the room, a strong call for order was required before Rick could continue.

Left: Rick speaks whilst we are interrupting.

With a start time of 09.00 hours firmly established our intrepid organiser went on to explain that the route would be around 155 miles; he couldn't be absolutely certain on this as some planned roads had been closed due to a local show and road works necessitating occasional diversions. Explaining that there would also be a number of tricky junctions to negotiate and two lawyers on the run, Rick added the caveat that 'we should be responsible for our own actions'. Whether this referred to everyone or Nick and Matt alone was not clear!

In summing up Rick stressed the importance of safe corner marking and asked if anyone might have problems filtering...

Right: Well Ben, can you flick it up onto 2 wheels through that gap?



With a final word that the night porter (who we would apparently learn more about on the morrow: but didn't!) would be keeping a watch over the bikes via the hotel CCTV, Rick handed back to the Chairman who directed us to the bar where an hour or more of kitty time remained.

¹ For details, please see item 5 in the minutes of the Sunday meeting on the club website.

Mutton dressed as bacon?

I know, I know, that is a bit rude but when, as instructed, we trooped into the restaurant at 7.30 expecting the full English at the very least, we were met by a rather heavily made up lady, closer to my age than that of the sweet young thing who was her breakfast co-worker (see: [sergeantatarms/fines/martynroberts](#) later), who got into a right flap as the chef wasn't due in for another 30 minutes.

It was an odd sort of thing as the place was seemingly open for continental but not cooked fodder. I guess there was a clue in that the menu card was entitled 'Rise and Dine'. And it was apparently 'management policy' that she had to have everyone's room number written down and couldn't accept that everything should be on one account. So to while away the time, we gave our room numbers then swapped tables...

As it went, cooked food was delivered for those who wanted it in time enough to don riding gear and still have time for a pre-ride natter in the car park.



Left to Right: Sartorially elegant Matt chats to Ian, A buffoon, Tony's virtual satnav and Norman's (who still got lost!)

Girding our Loins and Tanking on...

At 09.00 on the dot we moved off from the cramped confines of the allocated parking and joy, it was dry! We were to encounter damp roads up to the coffee stop but luckily we ran between the showers.

Leaving town via a short spell of dual carriageway we picked up the A134 which took us up through the Thetford Forest. It was along this long, straight stretch that I got to wondering whether it was the Iceni or the Romans who were first obsessed with the pleasures of the flesh. You see after Friday's visit to Prickwillow, the run route soon had us passing the power station at Two Mile Bottom and before we reached the mid-morning break I had noted signs for Didlington (which is apparently in the parish of St Michael's church at Cockley Cley) and Hardingham which is quite close to the village of Woodrising. I wondered why Rick liked this area so much...



On the road up to Swaffam, the main notable sight is the Desert Rats memorial, north of Mundford. The 7th Armoured division were here preparing for D-Day in early 1944, the only time they were in the UK in their entire history. Although not a Desert Rat, it reminded me of our late dear friend and Founder Member Hugh Palin MBE TD who was a Major in the Royal Tank Regiment.

Above: The 7th Armoured Division memorial and, far right, whilst Hugh wasn't, this chap was a [Desert Rat](#) you know.



Mr Watson's 'Bit on The Side', re-visited...

Reaching Swaffam, we doubled back down the B1077 to Watton and then back north again via the A1075 to just south of Dereham. From here it was another southerly turn onto a mix of B roads and those single tracked, grass up the middle lanes, so beloved by Tom that perhaps we should call them Watererways.



Shortly after Attleborough, the place where the first turnpike road was created at the end of the 17th Century and home to Ayrton Senna in his early motorsport years, we came into the village of Old Buckenham where we would take a break and coffee at the Ox and Plough, just past Kojak with his Kodak and next to the lovely old church with octagonal tower and thatched roof.



Above: All Saints church with its unusual tower and thatched roof.

Right: Hah! Missed us!

Now you may remember, if you were on the spring 2014 run in the Cotswolds, that the organisers, Ben and Dan, had arranged for an own label ale to be quaffed in the digs, and mighty fine it was too. Well Ben was able, at the Ox and Plough, to recreate the pump clip image, assisted by the young lady who dispensed the coffees.



Left: Pulling power, a Ducati Scrambler and the Incredible Hunk, a winning combination.



hence in the cover shot it is she who replaces your scribe in the picture!

Right: This was the best of the 4 shots. I suppose we were an intimidating lot!

In the cover shot, centre stage, is a smiling Martyn Roberts and on the right hand side a slightly second hand looking Tony Dawson neither of whom had joined the group at the start of the run but met us at the coffee stop. Tony was not feeling at all well and subsequently went back to the Bell and even missed dinner on Saturday night. Martyn on the other hand had simply decided on a little more beauty sleep! I am happy to report though that Tony looked much better by Sunday morning's meeting albeit he was still suffering with a very croaky voice.



With coffee and biscuits safely despatched and the photographic shenanigans complete, the sun was well and truly out and we departed the Ox and Plough. Happily, Mr Plod had packed away his hair dryer in search of richer pickings elsewhere, and was not seen again for the rest of the day.

Hook a Right at Halesworth and on to Lunch...

Between coffee and lunch, we were mainly riding B roads with another Watererway thrown in as a result of a diversion, necessitated by one of those road closures mentioned by Rick in the briefing.



Crossing mainly agricultural countryside through numerous small hamlets, the only town of note before Leiston itself was Halesworth where, continuing that earlier theme, they boast 'Hooker House' which is apparently named after Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker a famous 19th Century botanist. It is now a dental surgery; which reminds me of the young lady who nervously said to her dentist "I'm not sure which worries me most, having a tooth out or having a baby." To which the dentist replied "Well make your mind up sharpish Miss; I need to adjust the chair..."

Lunch was taken at Sally's Bake N Butty café on the outskirts of Leiston. We pretty much took over the whole place (or should that be plaise?). With Rick's instructions in mind viz; to spend more time at the David Silver museum, eat lunch quickly and get on down there, I was glad I had just ordered a cheese and onion toastie. Mrs Woman at the B N B had other ideas though and after 33 far more complex lunches were served, the toastie was nowhere in sight. Apologising profusely she delivered it just on the hour mark! I did get a free piece of cake though as compensation.



Right: Lunch was a long job, for some!

Steam on to David's Hondas...



Making our own way from the café to David Silver's Honda collection, we passed another museum called [The Long Shop](#), where Richard Garrett and Sons manufactured agricultural kit, steam engines and trolley buses between 1778 and 1981. At its height it employed 2,500 people. Richard Garrett III built the Long Shop as a production line after seeing US manufacturing ideas at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Garrett's also made showman's engines and one of these, 'Verity' (left) is still in use with Maidenhead based Carters Steam Fair.

David Silver's place is tucked away right at the back of another Industrial Estate, just beyond The Long Shop. If you are a Honda fan, it is certainly impressive, as was the selection of cake that was laid on for us.



With your scribe not being a Honda buff, it was hard to know if there were any notable models missing but with 2 large floors full of bikes; it's hard to imagine that being the case. On YouTube and David Silver's own website, there is a [short video](#) covering the grand opening with pieces to camera by James May, Freddie Spencer, club member Dave Hancock and our guest of this weekend, Neil Tuxworth.

Hi Ho Silver Away...



I'm sorry but it had to be done, it was just too good to miss. With Steve now being in the world of finance, riding a white bike and marshalling the group for the departure, the headline wrote itself!

Left: The Loan Arranger records who will be for the silver bullet later.

And finally on that seriously contrived theme, here is another pub quiz question for you, what was Tonto's horse called?²

Re-tracing our tyre tracks for a short way we headed west on the B1119 via Saxmundham, Rendham and Framlingham, where singer Ed Sheeran grew up incidentally, and a bunch of other small places to meet the A1120 which we followed to Stonham Aspal; which is notable for having 45 listed buildings. From here it was back on to unclassified roads all the way to the tea stop at the Trowel and Hammer in the 'motorcycle name relevant' village of Cotton.



L to R: a late 1922 Cotton ad; the pub was more into jazz than bikes it seemed; Ben's fairground ride.

Sadly, none of Frank Willoughby Cotton's Gloucester built machines were in evidence at the tea stop but there was a classic bike in a front garden opposite the pub as we left; it looked like a Greeves to me but might that have been a Cotton?

Again, Ben's outfit proved to be attractive to those of a female persuasion with a lady, possibly a grandmother, asking if he would give her three young charges a ride around the car park. Initially, they were not as enthusiastic about the idea as granny obviously was but after much cajoling they eventually squeezed into the single seater for a couple of laps.

From the tea stop it was a few more miles on unclassified roads before picking up the A1088 back to Thetford and the Bell Hotel and the customary 'après run' debrief in the car park with a refreshing lemonade or two.

² In the radio series (1938) it was 'White Fella' but the pinto in the TV series (1949-1957) was called 'Scout'. In Spanish Tonto translates as 'fool'. Any connection between Pintos and fools is purely co-incidental!



With road closures and diversions sending run leader Rick's satnav into recalculation overdrive; down back roads and through innumerable small villages, it is no wonder that the average speed of the run to the tea stop, according to Dave Martin's tracker, had been 31mph but the day had been a very enjoyable one despite the slower than usual pace.

Left: Matt and Andys M & G watch Rick swiftly neck a well-deserved post run Eurofizz.

Chatting with Rick in the car park about all those built up areas he explained that Norfolk County Council (like so many others these days) had been reducing speed limits across the county and so finding roads that still had the 'national limit' had proved a challenge. It had come as a surprise to find that Norfolk was so densely populated!

As a run post-script, thanks to Adam Kelley, we had been followed around the county by RAC Patrolman Simon Cooper whose only action of the day had been to repair the fly on Roy Pinto's riding suit - using a zip-tie of course.

Right: The RAC's Simon Cooper and his only 'call-out'.



Hands up when your name is called...



By dinner on Saturday, we were all getting quite used to this system of listening out for our grub choices to be called and with an aide memoire in the form of our personalised menu choices, thoughtfully provided by our organisers, delivery was swift and painless.

Before tucking in, Norman delivered grace by referring to the parable of the loaves and fishes: just two choices. With our organisers delivering many more options we remembered those who do not even have the two...

It was around half past nine that Chairman Dan stood to thank Rick and Steve for another fine run: good weather, a variety of roads, an excellent point of interest and cake, lots of cake. After wheeling in and thanking the rather embarrassed hotel staff, he then proposed the loyal toast – in Latin. Without a hint of spoonerism, we responded "Vivat Regina!"



And so, with the coffee served, and at the Chairman's behest, it began...

£1 or 50p? "Let your [guilty] conscience be your guide!"



Right: The Sergeant at Arms with Corporal Campolucci.

First cab off the rank was co-organiser **Rick Parish** for the 'schoolboy error' of forgetting the problems that all those food choices would present to an ageing membership - but this was followed swiftly by the **Sergeant fining himself** for forgetting to tell his guest the address of the hotel.

Continuing the galloping senility theme, **Andrew Smith** was fined for protesting that he wouldn't have ordered the same starter twice, Rick's iPad proved otherwise!

Your scribe was then relived of a pound for putting the wrong Bell hotel into his satnav, there being another some 15 miles distant.

In short order, and contrary to the usual 'leaving em on too long' rap, **Peter Meek, Tom Waterer, Andy Goodson** and **Keith Davies** were all fined for not using their indicators at all. But just as the usual serial 'indicator on too long' merchants thought they had got away with it, **Alan Halford** and **Andy Mayo** were brought to task for just that offence.

Martyn Roberts had apparently tried to fool the Sergeant into thinking it was a much shorter route to his room without his bags. Of course, it wasn't.

Frugality was cited as the reason that **Chairman Dan** had admitted waiting outside of the bar until everyone had got a drink in their hands whilst denial was blamed for **Matt Truelove** not admitting, at first, that he was a solicitor. It was also suggested that he should up his daily rate to avoid having to publically change his shirt in the car park, as had happened pre-run. £1 for each please Matt!

Now, unbeknown to the Sergeant, we had both a butcher and a chef in our midst when **Dave Martin** had opined that only he could tell the difference between a fillet steak and a rump and when it was delivered he wanted to complain to the chef that it was incorrectly cooked!

In another mad confessional moment, **Dan Sager** had mentioned that he was sharing a room with a man with a sore bottom, the roommate; **Ben (Doone) Matthews**, paid his £1 by way of confirmation.

A double bubble was next when **Matt Truelove** had (unknowingly) asked the Sergeant on Friday whether it was right that there were directional signs on every junction, £1 for him and one also for **Rick Parish** for not explaining the DR system to Matt properly.

A geographically based fine was levied on **Roy Pinto** for an encounter with a local resident who had asked him "Are you from Thetford?" "No," Roy replied, "India!"

Dress code was next under scrutiny with a debate as to whether **Simon Hill** was wearing white socks, grey socks or no socks at dinner on Friday, all were deemed unacceptable. This was swiftly followed by a further fine for wearing cowboy boots on the run. Simon's protest that he had lost his motorcycle boots in the divorce fell, predictably, on deaf ears.

Quotations were penalised with **Rick Parish** being fined for saying "I've got two soft ones and a hard one but I don't know what to do with them" and **Steven Burgess** for "I can cope with lesbians, it's the vegans I have real problems with." The context of both quotes remains a mystery!

Now on Friday night, **Ian Kerr** had been wearing a rather natty shirt (see left) with a crash helmet motif. Awesome as it was, it still cost him a fine!

Nick Campolucci also fell foul of an unguarded quote, "I really love this bike, at 4000rpm it makes my balls vibrate!"

Adam Kelley was next up, fined for impersonating the Manchester City football manager and talking behind his hand so the Sergeant couldn't lip read. He could!

David Martin was chastised for being too smug in his delivery of the quiz answers and for getting shirty when he had been offered his own quiz paper on Friday. He underpaid on the basis that he had been charged a pound to enter his own quiz!

The mysterious night porter referred to by Rick in his run briefing was apparently supposed to be **Peter Sheen** who was allegedly going to 'supplement his pension' by watching over the bikes for £20 and a bottle of wine. As the Sergeant had [allegedly] noticed the bikes being fiddled with in the middle of the night, Peter was duly fined for dereliction of duty.



Right: Peter at the tea stop in his much beloved MCI Sport rally jacket

Martyn Roberts was cited for commenting, totally out of character and whilst perhaps suffering from over-imbibement, on the desirability of the young lady serving our food. (*Ed: Crikey, you cleaned that up!*) For modifying his motorcycle by lowering (or was it raising?) one footpeg, **Neil Tuxworth** had a pound lifted from his pocket.

It seems that **Frank Finch** had desperately tried to avoid a fine by tea-leafing the Sergeant's notebook; to no avail, obviously!

And here's one I wish I had a picture of to share with you. **Ben Matthews** had apparently modified the club logo to attach a sidecar to one of the bikes. It was reported as being well drawn but an infringement of club IP rights nevertheless. Your scribe has no knowledge of where this logo supposedly appeared!

An odd one next and I have had to take a punt on one of the protagonists; **Matt Truelove** had apparently been caught 'cuddling up' to a Nick during dinner. With three Nicks on the run it has been assumed that this particular **Nick** was **Campolucci** as it was he who sat next to Matt during the meal.



Right: A suitably grainy paparazzi shot of the new 'best friends'.

Neil Tuxworth had again registered on the Sergeant's radar, this time for texting both at Friday dinner and whilst on point duty. It was mentioned by a Senior Executive (about to retire!) of a rival manufacturer that Neil had probably just been checking the result of the recent Le Mans endurance race. Andrew's good-natured jibe somehow escaped punishment! Spatial awareness was the charge levelled at **Nick Jeffery** who had apparently been confused during the night whilst visiting what he thought was the bathroom. It was felt that £1 would barely cover the resultant cleaning costs. And still on the subject of embarrassment, **Roy Pinto** copped a fine for that aforementioned RAC trouser repair that at least ensured his dignity remained intact.

Norman Hyde and **Tony Dawson** (in absentia) had both eschewed modern technology by using 'virtual mapping' on their fuel tanks to find their respective ways to Thetford. (*See images on page 5*)



Lester Harris, whose name is synonymous with fine engineering, paid a fine for apparently offending the eye with his chequer-plate muffer heat shield and unusual top box (*see left*). And when **Dave Martin** interjected that that was probably because the Sergeant didn't understand style, he was lamped with a £1 fine too!

Ben Matthews scored his hat-trick when it was revealed that contrary to the weight reduction policies of mainstream motorcycle manufacturers, he and Watsonian were the only ones to add a bag of building sand to their creation to try to keep the sidecar wheel on the deck.

Arthur MacDonald, who was also absent from the meal by virtue of family business, was fined £2. A pound each for each of those white riding boots he wears. (*Ed: he should set up a direct debit having been done for the same thing on the Tavistock run*).

An abhorrence of litter caused **Rick Parish** to pay a pound. He had seemingly dropped paper in the car park but as it had his name address and company details on it he could be brought to book.

Serial offender **Matt Truelove** copped his fourth fine of the night for that riding coat he had chosen to wear. His protestations at the run's end that it was pukka CE marked motorcycle gear could not disguise the fact that at the end of the day "It's a bloody overcoat innit!"

The Norton of **Nick Hopkins** cost him a fine for a persistent fuse issue he seems to have on each run.

That most heinous of crimes, standing on the footpegs, was the charge levelled at **David O'Neill**, "Even if it was just to fart" stated the Sergeant. **One of the Nicks** was also fined for this (standing on the pegs that is, not farting) but for the life of me I cannot work out which one from the recording!

The modifications carried out by Timpsons to the top of the left [premium] Daytona boot of **Norman Hyde**, to ease his gout issues, left him uncomfortably short of £1.

Graham Goodman was fined for missing his usual sheepskin seat cover; he had hidden in it his top box.

Travelling by car proved to be no guarantee of missing a fine either as **Maurice Knight** had apparently narrowly missed running Tom Waterer over in the tea stop car park!

Andy Mayo may have gotten away scot free if the club tie he wore to dinner had been the regulation shade of blue, but it wasn't so he didn't. It was opined that perhaps over exposure to sunlight had been the cause of its powder blue hue.

Finally, as can be seen from the picture on the right, **Tom Waterer** had conspicuously parked his bike in a restricted area at the David Silver museum. The fact that the owner himself had told him to park there was deemed insufficient mitigation to save him from a fine.



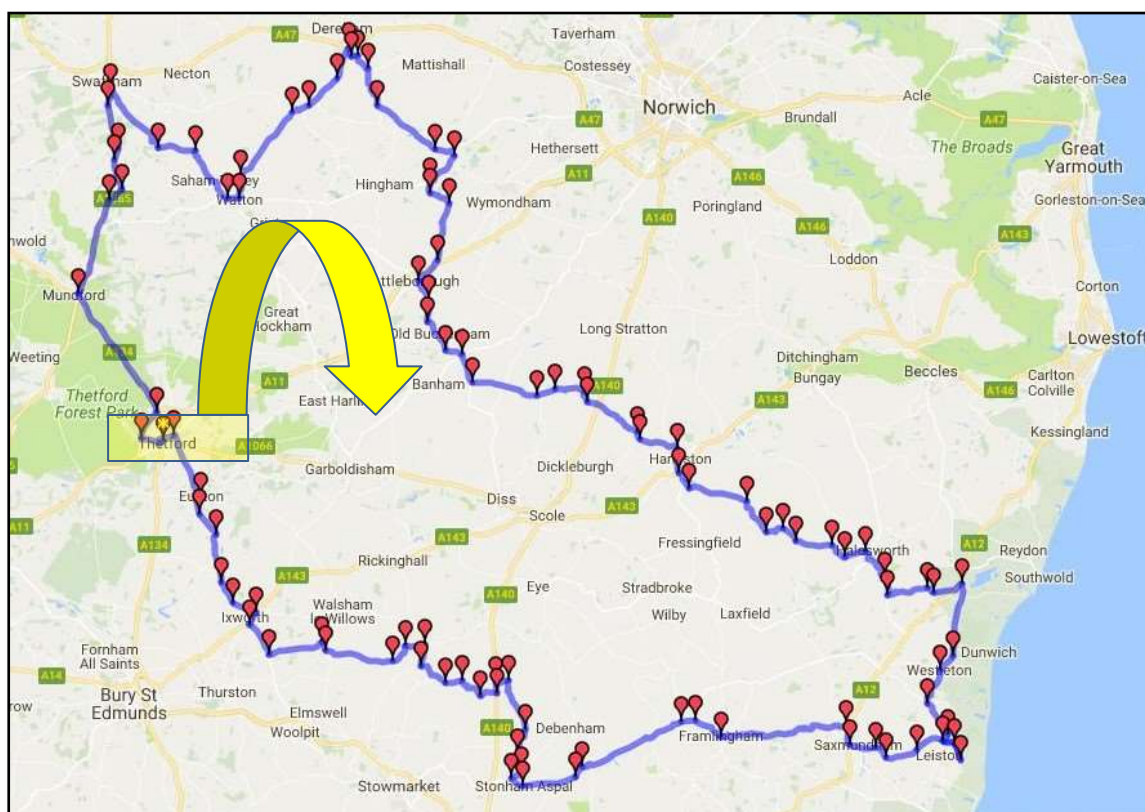
The Sergeant closed his book and sat down but as the Chairman was rounding off the evening and despatching us all back to the bar; our erstwhile upholder of club standards sprang to his feet once again exclaiming "But wait, there's more!" He had forgotten to levy a stiff fine on **Martin Lambert** who, on Friday night, had left the pot with the quiz takings in it on the table, unguarded all night. The recording of the Sergeant's announcement and Martin's riposte is a little garbled but it does sound like there is an admission of guilt as Martin says something that sounds like 'bucket'...

So with the dwindling kitty being supplemented by the £35 raised from Friday's quiz and the Sergeant's fines tally of £43.42, we followed the Treasurer back to the bar to reflect on yet another fine run. And before you know it, it will be September and we can do it all over again!

See you there!



Where we went...



What we rode...

Rick Parish (Org)	Triumph Trophy 1200	Maurice Knight	Kia Venga motor car
Matt Truelove	BMW K1200LT	Martin Lambert	Kawasaki Versys 1000 GT
Steve Callahan (Org)	KTM 990SM	Arthur MacDonald	Triumph Tiger 800
Nick Campolucci	Honda CB1100	David Martin	Moto Guzzi Stelvio 1200
Keith Davies	Triumph Tiger XRt 800	Graham Matcham	BMW R1200GS
Tony Dawson	Yamaha Tracer 700	Ben Matthews	Ducati Scrambler + Watsonian Manx SP
Frank Finch	Ducati Multistrada 1200	Andy Mayo	Aprilia Tuono V4
Graham Goodman	BMW R1150GS	Andy Goodson	Honda CBR500R
Alan Halford	Suzuki GSX650F	Peter Meek	Suzuki V-Strom 650
Lester Harris	BMW F800GS	David O'Neill	BMW R1200GS Adventure
Simon Hill	BMW R1200RT	Roy Pinto	Triumph Tiger 1050
Steve Burgess	BMW R1200RT	Martyn Roberts	Triumph Trident 900
Nick Hopkins	Norton Commando Fastback	Dan Sager (Chair)	Triumph Tiger XRx 800
Norman Hyde	Triumph Bonneville T100	Geoff Selvidge	Kawasaki Versys 1000 GT
Neil Tuxworth	Honda Africa Twin	Peter Sheen	<i>With Maurice Knight</i>
Nick Jeffery	BMW K75S	Andrew Smith	Yamaha Tracer 900
Adam Kelley	Yamaha Tracer 700	Tom Waterer	Kawasaki Versys 650
Ian Kerr MBE	Yamaha FJR1300	Guest of the member listed above.	

Dave Martin's Fiendish Quiz!

1: 1st off, a question about a motorcycle from the past. An Italian motorcycle was launched to the public in 1977, and it was powered by the engine used in the Fiat 127; of 900cc and 53 bhp. It was in production for 5 years and sold the vast number ofwait for it.....

70 (yes, seventy...an average of 14 a year).

What was the name of the marque?

- A; Dodgy
- B; Log Lucido
- C; Shifty
- D; Razza Mista



2: Here we are in Thetford, known for several things. Not least the A11 and the fact it was "born" in the 4th century, but Thetford has appeared on TV numerous times, mainly in one programme, which one?

- A; East Enders
- B; Dad's Army
- C; Real Housewife's of Norfolk
- D; I'm Alan Partridge

3: On to a question about The Club. It is documented that "All those who took part and rode on the two experimental runs held in Stratford-upon-Avon in April 1963 and in Swansea in October 1963, shall be founder members". How many founder members were there?

- A; 16
- B; 19
- C; 22
- D; 26

4: The historical Motorcycle question...

In what year was the world's first 6 cylinder production motorcycle launched to the public?

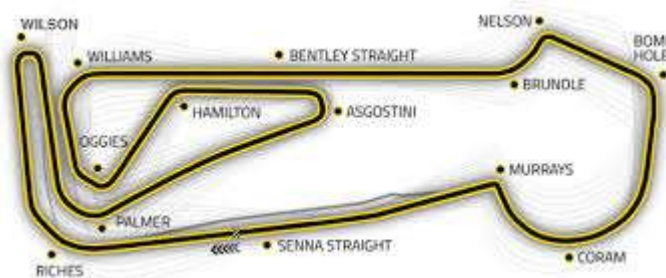
- A; 1972
- B; 1978
- C; 1979
- D; 1984

5: And ... who made it?

- A; Morbidelli
- B; Kawasaki
- C; Honda
- D; Benelli

6: One for the racing fans among us. The nearest racing track to Thetford is Snetterton, only 12 miles away. Snetterton was originally an RAF airfield, RAF Snetterton Heath, later used by the United States Army Air Force.

The airfield opened in May 1943 and closed in November 1948. The official solo motorcycle lap record (on the 300 circuit) is currently 1:47.714, a speed of 99.22 mph (159.68 km/h) set by whom?



- A; Leon Haslam
- B; Shane Byrne
- C; Josh Brookes
- D; James Ellison

7: The "Trick" (trick-ish, anyway) question. We are in Norfolk. Which UK motorcycle manufacturer was associated with – LOOSELY – the word "Norfolk"?

- A; Aurora Motor Manufacturing Co
- B; Brough Superior
- C; Meri Cycle & Manufacturing Co
- D; Swift Motor Co

8: Which club member – and he is here tonight, so we expect at least one person to answer this question correctly - is quoted as saying; "... I'd been training in the gym, taking part in track days to sharpen up my riding skills and preparing myself mentally." as reported by the Daily Telegraph?

- A; Arthur MacDonald
- B; Steve Callahan
- C; Frank Finch
- D; Dan Sager

9: The Harley-Davidson Sportster range, since 1957, has its model designator with the prefix "XL". There have been many XL versions, such as XL1000, XL883, XL1200, XL1100, XLR, XLCR, XLCH, XLS, XLH and many more.

Some, such as XL1200 (1200 cc) or XL1200C (1200cc Custom) are fairly obvious, some though, are not. What is it generally accepted the meaning of the "CH" suffix in the model designation? "XLCH" (FYI 1958 – 1971 model years)?

- A; Competition High
- B; Competition Hot
- C; Competition Harley
- D; Custom Hotrod



10; It is well known that William Rootes had a rare lapse of business judgement shortly after WWII. When he visited the Volkswagen factory in Wolfsburg to evaluate it for war reparations, he opined that it – and the Beetle – had no value at all. The Beetle went on to sell more than 21.5 million cars. Good call, William! It is also well known that what the British did get though, as war reparations, was the DKW RT125 – which became the BSA Bantam and BSA production of the Bantam 125 D1 started in 1948. But we weren't alone – the DKW was also given to other countries. Who else made a version of this bike as war reparations? (a point for each correct answer, deduct a point for every wrong answer).

- A; BMW
- B; Harley-Davidson
- C; Horex
- D; IFA (Later became MZ)
- E; Moskva – also known as Minsk
- F; Moto Guzzi
- G; Moto Trans
- H; Sanglas
- I; SHL (Poland)
- J; Yamaha



Now for the answers; no premature peeking though!

1; C - Shifty. As well as having a gear box that was foot operated, it still had an automotive H pattern (Yes, the riders foot had to move the lever left/right as well as up/down) it even had the original Fiat 127 instruments set into the petrol tank. Mainly FIAT, Benelli and Laverda parts were used, as well as the normal Italian parts such as Brembo and Magnetti Marelli. This "motorcycle" was imported into the UK by Tring Motorcycles.

2; B - Dad's Army. The external scenes for the BBC1 TV series *Dad's Army* were filmed in and around Thetford, with Thetford's flint buildings doubling for Walmington-on-Sea. The Dad's Army Museum is located in the town's Guildhall building. A statue, depicting Captain Mainwaring sitting on a park bench, was unveiled next to the Little Ouse river on 19 June 2010 (FYI Alan Partridge was filmed in many places in the East of England, but never in Thetford)

3; C - 22 – the names are on the Club web site.

4; A - 1972

5; D - Benelli with the Sei 750 (Italian for 6) – 3200 were manufactured prior to the introduction of the 900c version in 1979 of which less than 2000 were manufactured.

Honda CBX was 1978

Kawasaki Z1300 was 1979

Honda GL1800 was 1984

6; B - Shane Byrne. The previous holder was Josh Brookes at 1:47:881

7; A - Aurora Motor Manufacturing Co.. Based at 12 Norfolk St, Coventry. They started in 1902 and closed in 1905 or 1907, depending on which article you read...

8; C - Frank Finch, being interviewed by the Telegraph, in their "Typical Biker" series in May 2001, prior to the TT that was cancelled because of foot and mouth. Yes, it was the part "Training in the gym..." that confused everyone...

<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/motoring/4750030/Typical-biker-Frank-Finch.html>

9; B – Competition Hot. The XLH came about because the H stood for “High Compression” but XLCH is generally accepted as Competition Hot. ½ point if you got A as the answer.

10; There were four

B – Harley-Davidson with the “Model 125” Made from 1947 – 1966

E – Moskva (Minsk) with the M1A which started production in 1946

D - IFA, which became MZ. (They even used the DKW factory)

And

I – SHL (Poland) with the SHL 125-M02 which started production in 1947

FYI while there were about 8 copies of the DKW125. One of the most interesting was that as a result of the Allies voiding the copyright, the Japanese company Nippon Gakki Co., reverse engineered the DKW125 and started production in January 1955. Nippon Gakki founded Yamaha Motor Co., Ltd. on 1st July, 1955 and the DKW became known as the Yamaha YA-1, the first Yamaha motorcycle; The YA-1 was produced until 1958.