



THE CLUB - SPRING RUN 2014

BROADWAY, COTSWOLDS - 25th, 26th, 27th April

Organisers: Ben Matthews and Dan Sager

AS EVER, all eyes turned to the weather forecast from Wednesday onwards. Friday, Saturday and Sunday all had heavy showers and sunny periods predicted with humidity of 89%, 86% and 89% respectively. In the event, Friday was pretty much torrential rain all day and so the last thing our arriving, smiling, but decidedly moist gang, expected Saturday to turn out to be was Dusty...

IT'S HARD BEING A COWBOY IN LEAMINGTON



To paraphrase Mike Harding, 'The spurs don't fit right on your (real) tennis shoes.'

Left: Looking like he had stepped off a flight from Nashville, Norman was an early arrival having taken the wise choice of travelling by van. The provenance of the titfer was never explained.

Fair play to our organisers, they were there to greet the Members as they arrived and dripped copiously on to the floor of the Maudslay Court Rooms where a dedicated

check in had been organised. Just as well, it was a fair old trek back up the hill to Reception!



At the time, it never crossed my mind to enquire about the chap in the framed photograph seen in the shot above. No, I was more concerned about getting the gear off and drying it to avoid that *eeuughh!* moment when one dons it again in the morning.

HE WAS A DAMBUSTER

So if you did the same as me, allow me to bring you up to speed.

Squadron Leader Henry Eric Maudslay DFC was the Commander of the second Lancaster – AJ-Z 'Zebra' – to attack the Eder Dam; a particularly difficult target as it was surrounded by ridges 1000' high. Like the first attacker, Maudslay's bomb run didn't go as planned, dropping late and exploding on the parapet damaging the aircraft. 'Zebra' was subsequently shot down over the Netherlands on the return leg with the loss of all the crew. If you would like to read the rather stark account of his final mission on the Dambusters website, click [here](#).

The connection to Farncombe and coincidentally to Norman is that Maudslay was born in Leamington and moved with his family in 1937 to Foxhill Manor where we would take Saturday's dinner.

REMINISCENCES OF FISHTAIL HILL

Back in 1990, Kawasaki released its first 4x4 ATV and your scribe was co-organiser of a European press and dealer junket in Broadway. After the event, I was offered a ride home by the then UK MD, Yasuo Akisada...

Now Japanese drivers are not the best, generally they are the body shop's dream customer. Personally, I would rather ride pillion on Ozzy Osbourne's ATV (*Ed: Didn't you share the same orthopaedic surgeon? Erm, yes, as it goes*) but on this particular day, I couldn't refuse and found myself in the suicide seat of Akisada-san's Jaguar XJ-6.

Setting off up Fish Hill, Akisada gave it full waft as KMUK were, at that time, 'maximum flash for minimum cash' merchants and had only given him the 2.8 auto version. Around the sweeping left hander, tyres squealing, I thought 'Blimey, he's tramping on a bit'. As we hurtled around the right hander Akisada said "Geoff-san, probrem!" and pointed out that his right buckle Monk was nowhere near the throttle; which was jammed in the flat out position!

At the top, with knuckles white on the steering wheel, both feet on the brake and 2 inches of clear daylight between his arse and the seat, he wrestled it to the side of the road, engine screaming and I forced it into neutral and killed the ignition. We then pulled the floor mat out from where it had jammed the loud pedal down...

Shaking like a leaf Akisada said "Blakes velly hot, you smell it?"

"Smell it?" say I, "I'm bloody sitting in it!"

So on that particular day, the aroma around Fish Hill was one of burning rubber, brake pads...and fear. But it was not always so.

The hill, which rises behind the 'Jewel of The Cotswolds', Broadway, is apparently so called because Monks used to store fish there back in the 18th Century. There also used to be a pub called the Fish Inn sited somewhere along its length. Fishy whiffs no doubt prevailed hereabouts.

Nowadays of course, as a scratcher's paradise, it is more like that day in 1990!

AND WHAT OF BROADWAY SCRIBE?

Well, in addition to its biscuit tin lid beauty, Broadway was a favoured retreat of the Luvvies of the arts and crafts movement with William Morris, Claude Monet, Edward Elgar and Oscar Wilde amongst those who visited seeking inspiration.

The oldest house in the village is Abbots Grange which dates back to 1320 and was a summer holiday home for the Abbots of Pershore. However, most of the marvellous buildings were constructed in the 16th Century.

Overlooking Broadway stands a 65ft high folly, Broadway Tower (aka Fish Inn Tower) which was constructed by the sixth Earl of Coventry's family in the late 18th Century. Close by, an Anglo-Saxon burial ground was excavated in 1954 which shows that the area has been a vital East-West route for eons. They say, on a clear day, you can see 14 counties from the top of the tower: no chance today then!



MR WATSON'S BIT ON THE SIDE AND DAVE'S FIVE BOYS



With the riding kit gently steaming on various areas of the floor of the room (those Romans knew a thing or two about heating) it was time to set off to the bar for ale and gossip. Luckily the rain had eased a little; just as well, 'running up the hill' is something best left to Kate Bush. *(Ed: (groans) he's started again and it's only page 2!)*

Now, rule 1 in the 'Run Organisation for Dummies' handbook is the provision of good ales for the thirsty horde to quaff and in this respect, Ben and Dan had done us proud. Not only a decent pint but an own label to boot! We would do our level best to ensure there was none left by chucking out time on Saturday and I do believe we succeeded.

With a buffet dinner to look forward to the dining room layout was informal and the last man into the 'Reserved for The Club' area was Chairman Frank who arrived to a round of tumultuous applause and the inevitable cat-calling that has been so much a feature of his chairmanship!

It transpired that the run was coincidentally timed to Dave Martin's 60th birthday, or as near as made no difference. Now I don't think it's common knowledge that Dave is quite partial to the food of the subcontinent (!) and so to mark this momentous milestone in a life of self-abuse, our ever thoughtful organisers had arranged for a take away curry to be delivered to the Birthday Boy.



Below, left to right: Surprise, Puzzlement, Realisation, Lust and Fulfilment



So that the rest of us did not feel hard done by, curry was on offer on the buffet but of course, not to the same standard as the local Manzil Tandoori special scoffed by Dave. Steak and salmon was also on offer, all swilled down with a choice of Chilean red or white VINO COLLAPSO. For those with room to spare, cheese or Tiramisu was also on offer.

With plates emptied, Chairman Frank again rose to his full height to firstly welcome Arthur Macdonald to his first run as a member and then invite members to introduce their guests.

MEMBERS' GUESTS AND THE TALE OF TWO 'TECS'

Again, there were just two guests on this run – this probably fanned the discussion on guest eligibility that took place on Sunday morning.

Firstly, Craig Carey-Clinch introduced his guest, Steve Baker MP; Member of Parliament for Wycombe and Chair of the Associate Parliamentary Group on Motorcycling, the latter, particularly, prompting a round of applause! Indeed, Steve's Blog contains a piece about the recent publicity concerning MAG, you can read it [here](#).

Right: Steve Baker MP clearly knows how to project an image - as does Martin!



Not to be outdone by a bloke with letters after his name, yours truly introduced his guest, Ian Kerr MBE who was on his third qualifying run in his capacity of Manager of Yamaha's police and emergency services liaison. You know what he looks like by now!

With guests introduced, Chairman Frank handed over to Ben for the following day's run briefing.

Ben explained that there were 3 key things that were going to make this run a little different to the norm. First off, owing to manpower issues, there was to be no RAC van on the morrow (*Ed: Was this why Blakey chose subsequently to leave the Speed Twin under cover at the hotel?*). Secondly, there was to be a short motorway section on the route where we would cross the old Severn Bridge and he would not be able to drop off a marker (*Ed: If Blakey had ridden then, he could have pretended to have broken down: it would have been totally believable!*). And thirdly, we would be having a different Tail End Charlie for the afternoon as Dan had got to slope off to a close friend's wedding.

In respect of the TEC duties, Ben explained that Tom would take up the mantle for the afternoon which prompted some wag (OK, it was Dave Martin) to ask, "How will we recognise the difference?" After initially referring to haircuts, Ben replied, "The way you will recognise the difference will be that the second TEC will be with the rest of the pack!" This rather harsh comment brought forth gales of laughter of course!

Summarising, Ben referred back to the great views we would enjoy; if only the weather would clear!

THE END OF AN ERA?

Martin Lambert and Jonathan Martin were then called to the oche for what, it has subsequently transpired, may be the last ever Friday night raffle and it is fair to say that between them, they certainly made it a very entertaining one.



Proving that Oscar Wilde's wasn't the only 'shining wit' to grace the area, Martin disparagingly described the fabulous prizes as Jonathan drew tickets, looked after distribution and added suitable quips of his own along the way.

Left: the Raffle Meisters.

Amongst the memorable prize descriptions were references to certain Ann Summers mechanical products; before giving Nick Hopkins a shiny red thermos flask.

A bottle of vodka, "With a suitably printed Russian label, bottled in Ayrshire, the home of good vodka" was given to Dennis who remarked that, "I saw a documentary about illicit trading on TV where the Police stopped a van and seized 100 cases of this very same brand."

Picking another gift, Jonathan remarked that “I have studied this prize for 10 minutes and I’m not sure which is of the most value, the House of Commons plastic bag or the contents, ‘the House of Commons in a Box’. Then I see that the box has been signed by Steve Baker and so clearly the bag [and Dan Sager] wins!” Craig presumably warned his guest that he could expect very little in the way of deference to his position!

Treasurer Rick awoke with a shriek when his number was drawn and he was presented with a dual prize of a TT DVD and book set and an LED Automotive Circuit Tester. Chairman Frank won a Barry Sheene replica hoodie to go with the new Suzuki V-Strom 1000 he was riding.

Amongst other food and drink, Ian Kerr was presented with goat’s cheese and Keith Davies with a Ziploc bag containing a brown paper wrapped organic local cheese which Martin was convinced actually contained a wheel bearing for an Alvis. Ben and David O’Neill won the coveted port and Norman a bottle of, quote, “The cheapest blended whiskey sold in the UK.”



Right: Keith wins the ‘Pass the Parcel’ of cheese game.

Finally, an Ogri book was presented to Steve Baker (see the previous page) and a photo shoot was set up with the remark that it would be a “Lesson in self-promotion.” I’ll let you be the judge of who projected the best image!

With the curtain drawn for possibly the last time on this club institution, Friday night’s proceedings ended and the members re-took to the task of unloading Mr Watsons Bit on the Side...

BLUSTERY HEAVY SHOWERS, A WEATHER LOTTERY

The weather forecast offered at least the prospect of gaps in the rain then.

Arriving early were Peter ‘Iron Butt’ Meek and David Dew, the latter who would be only joining us for breakfast and the ride up to the coffee stop the former just for the run itself. There was dampness in the air and on the road but the rain had, for now, stopped.



With a good buffet breakfast consumed and copious quantities of Westminster coffee (in honour of our guest or just a happy co-incidence?) supped, we lined up for a photo-shoot that the hotel had requested for their publicity. Your scribe was charged with taking the shot and as I rode up the hill to find a suitable vantage point I very nearly, twice as it happened, suffered the ignominy of tall seat + steep camber = laughing stock.

Above left: Has all the elements I think: hotel name, a bit of a view and us!



Below left: Graham Goodman, Ian Kerr, Tom Waterer, Keith Blair and Nick Hopkins set off in pursuit of Run Leader Ben.

Now the advantage of being billeted at the bottom of the hill was (when the rain stopped) the view; the disadvantage was that it was a hell of a distance back to the Queen’s Highway, about a mile and a half as I recall. Still it was worth it to ride, albeit circumspectly, down a damp Fish Hill and on into Broadway High Street. As usual, we turned a few heads as we passed through.

Leaving Broadway via the B4632, we headed in the direction of Toddington, Teddington and Bredon Hill en-route to Tewkesbury.

TODDINGTON, TEDDINGTON AND TADDINGTON

What is it about place names? Back on Gerald's Sherborne run we had the Tollers, the Perrotts and of course the unforgettable Piddle Puddles. Tom's Malvern run threw up the Knighton, Kington and Kingstone triangle and now we are faced with three names that seem to be more associated with Greater London than the Cotswolds. A trawl through Mr Google revealed...bugger all! In fact they only seem to be related by the 'See Also' bit at the bottom of their Wikipedia page. And, despite trying to 'see' Taddington, the link only says it lies 'above Stanway'.



What I did find out was that Damien Hirst, he of pickled shark fame, bought Toddington Manor in 2005. The Manor (see picture left) was designed and built between 1819 and 1840 by Charles Hanbury-Tracy, Chairman of the panel who chose the winning design for the reconstruction, post fire, of the Houses of Parliament in 1834. The winner, Charles Barry simply adapted the design of Toddington Manor in his bid thus playing to C H-T's ego and inflicting the second Great Plagiarism on London.

Hirst, in restoring this fine building, has subsequently completely swathed it in scaffolding and canvas so I suppose *he* thinks he's finished!

Teddington is the most interesting of the three inasmuch as it seems to be named after a bloke who wanted to build a pub somewhere nice and settled on a plot within 100 meters of the roundabout where the B4077 (the road we were on) meets the A46. It used to be right on the crossroads until 1980 when the road was realigned after too many people were banging into each other looking, presumably, at the five fingered road sign; a listed monument.

Right: Had we looked hard left instead of right at the marker on the 3rd exit of the roundabout, we would have seen this!



During the Second World War, there was an American military base situated behind the Teddington Hands pub. It was here that, to entertain the locals, the renowned Heavyweight Joe Louis fought an exhibition match and Glen Miller played his last but one concert before boarding his flight to oblivion. It is believed to be the last pub the renowned band leader ever scooped in. You can just see the sign can't you 'Last Pub before the North Sea'!

Anyway, neither Toddington Manor nor the Teddington Hands pub was really visible as we flashed by; I just wanted to show you what you could have seen!

AN EVERYDAY RIDE PAST COUNTRYFOLK

Leaving the Todds and Tedds a tad behind, we skirted around the southern slopes of Bredon Hill, the highest point hereabouts, which boasts Parson's Folly on its Iron Age hill fort summit. This stone tower come mobile phone mast (*Ed: is nothing sacred!*), built by a John Parsons MP, apparently inspired Broadway Tower.

Bredon Hill was also the birthplace of farmer and writer Fred Archer (1915-1990) whose popular books described life on farms and villages in the early 20th Century. So was he the inspiration for the mythical Ambridge? You have to wonder don't you?

After Bredon, a straight-ish section of the B4080 brought us to Tewkesbury and our first sight of the River Severn as we crossed it en-route to Ledbury via a quick bit of A-road. From Ledbury it was back to B-road scratching down to the coffee stop at Kilcot. And so far, the rain had held off!

As Maurice pulled into the car park with his passengers, the mystery of why I hadn't seen Blakey's Triumph on the road was solved...

Right: Alan Blake caught in the act of abstaining!



COFFEE STOP GALLERY



Left: Two dodgy looking geezers, Martin Lambert and Craig Carey-Clinch. "Et tu Martin!"

Below right: Bob Trigg's shiny new Yamaha MT-07.

Below left: The iPad generation, Arthur shows Dan his holiday snaps.



Left: Maurice's other passengers, Dennis and Peter, a little behind Alan who has already legged it inside to get to the choccy biscuits first.

Right: The rest of the group are inside, probably queuing for the loo.

Just as we were called to order for the second leg to the lunch stop, it rained. After those of us who needed to, steamed up struggling into their over-suits, we departed and the rain promptly stopped!

“OW BIS OL’ BUT?”

Which translates from the local native speak as, “How are you dear boy?” I had a mate at school that was a born and bred ‘Forester’ from Coleford. Yes, after a little more B-Road fun down to Mitcheldean, we were to pick up the A4136 and ride a great road through the Forest of Dean to the superb viewing point at Symons Yat Rock.



The Forest of Dean was first designated as a Royal Hunting ground by the Saxons and it enjoyed this status for many hundreds of years. But it was the Norman Kings who introduced Forest Law and appointed the first gamekeepers, or as they called them, Verderers, as they were responsible for the flora as well as the fauna.

In 1939 it became the first park in England to be designated as a National Forest. Luckily for us and countless other visitors to the area, the government plan to sell off 15% of the Forestry Commission’s estate has been scuppered by public outcry.

The detour off the main drag up to Symons Yat Rock and the short walk to the viewing point was definitely worth the effort as we mixed with the walkers and twitchers gazing down over the River Wye, trying to spot the nesting Peregrine Falcons who call this place wum, sorry home, local speak again!



Left to right: 1- Ben looks pleased and so he might, Martyn tries to blend with the twitchers. 2 -The view of the Wye 3 - Let’s have more awe Lads, “OK. Awe, look at that view!” 4 - Arthur and Greg compare over-suits.

As we returned to the bikes the drizzle started and before we made the lunch stop we were to have the pleasure of riding through a heavy, squally deluge which was thankfully, short lived.

DEAR DOROTHY, HAVE YOU GOT A RHYME FOR EITHER TINTERN OR ABBEY?

The road via Monmouth down to Chepstow and the lunchtime nose-bag flirts with the River Wye, Offa’s Dyke (remember him?) and the Welsh Border and, the soaking aside, was another glorious wiggly ride. The highlight of which, for me at any rate, was passing Tintern Abbey.

Right: Yes, this time we did see the sight, Tintern Abbey, right by the roadside.



The heading for this section was inspired by that great Radio 4 comedy show, ‘I’m Sorry I Haven’t A Clue’. Willie Rushden it was, who in a skit about famous people and their imaginary postcards home, claimed that William Wordsworth had written them on his card to his sister Dorothy when he was re-visiting the area in July 1798.

Now the scholars amongst you will already know that Wordsworth’s output from that journey was his epic work ‘Lines Written A Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey’ which was, of course, written in iambic pentameter not rhyme, but the radio sketch was no less funny for that. You can hear Tom O’Bedlam reading the poem by clicking [here](#). Poetry eh? You can’t say this club isn’t cultured; we have culture up to our arses!

WHAT'S PLAN B?

By the time we reached the lunch stop, the wind strength up the Severn Estuary was just below a hoolie. Dan handed over his orange bib to Tom and departed over the bridge, in the direction of his friend's shackling. From the English side he called back to Ben to say the bridge was on the cusp of being closed to high-siders, cazyvans and bikes. I asked Ben if he had thought about what to do if the bridge did close. He said, "I've thought about it, yes." And promptly wandered off for lunch. No plan B then!



Left: Arrival at The Old Ferry Inn, well worth the fiddle through Chepstow.

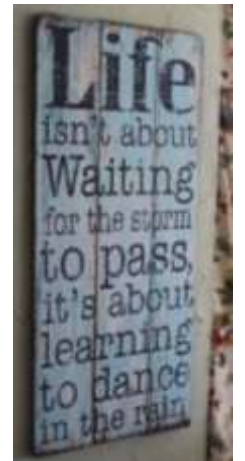
Right: Men at Work, the Sergeant At Arms and your Scribe make their notes – using other peoples' bikes as desks!



The lunch was a warming soup and sandwich affair taken in a room with a great view across the river. The décor was pure 70's chintz but I did spot a motto on the wall that the club could adopt.

Right: The truth of so many Runs!

Left: Blakey takes a snap of the view, Craig, Tom, Steve Baker and Frank.



WHOA! THAT'S WINDY!



After re-fuelling ourselves, it was time to set off and re-fuel the bikes. There was the usual 'after you, no after you' as we tried to avoid being dropped off at the car park exit but then shortly we were up on the old bridge across the Severn.

Dan had been right; it was a challenging ride over under a 40mph speed restriction. We were leaning our bikes towards the west (throttle side) in an attempt to keep going straight but when we went through the arches, the turbulence tried to slam you into the uprights on the left side. Exciting!

At the far end of the bridge we dodged straight off into the services and them that needed it bought the most expensive petrol in the UK...

Left: The crossing, captured by Dennis, from Maurice's car.

One of the advantages of the shift from race replicas to adventure sport bikes, which now are in the majority within our ranks, is the extended range that comes with the latter. However, the fuel stop at Severn View services was one of the longest I can remember despite less of us buying their liquid gold and the fact that we all arrived within a gnat's nadder of each other. Still, we had time for more chat and at least the sun was out.

Finally moving off we tackled the route up to the tea stop at Cotswold Airport. In truth, the roads to get there were entertaining, flowing B and A roads but the surrounding countryside was largely unspectacular with only Tetbury tipping its hat to the Cotswold style. On the plus side, there were thus no distractions to our riding pleasure!

KEMBLE INFORMATION: CHARLIE LIMA UNIFORM BRAVO, INBOUND



Although our tea stop is now called Cotswold Airport, it was not always so. From its opening as the RAF's base for Number 5 Maintenance Unit in 1938 until 2009, it was known as RAF Kemble or in its civvy guise, Kemble Airfield.

Your scribe remembers dropping in there in a Cessna 172 back in early 2001, before the swanky new buildings were erected, and having a bacon sarnie in a club house that was packed with old boys chuffing on their briars. Ah, St Bruno and frying bacon; second only to hot Castrol R in the memorable smells bank!



Along with the RAF Central Flying School in the 60s came the Red Arrows who called Kemble home for 16 years and, before the airfield passed into private ownership, the Army and the USAF both occupied it for periods.

Nowadays, after fighting more than one closure battle, it is a thriving General Aviation and Commercial field and home to a major aircraft recycling company. The runway is *just* long enough for Jumbos to land.



Top left: Final approach view from a little un. It must have looked bloody small from the driver's seat of the 747-400 seen above left!

Left: An ex Red Arrows Gnat welcomes visitors to Kemble and dignifies it as their spiritual home.

Below Left: Hon. Sec. Graham puts his specs on to read the welcome board. Luckily, he negotiated the three steps without injury!



This airfield also has connections to at least two of our members. I think that I am right in saying that Steve Male, who we haven't seen for far too long, part owns and flies a Jet Provost from here and Craig Carey-Clinch, via his father, has a connection with the Bristol Britannia, parked in the outfield, which we went for a look at before we left.

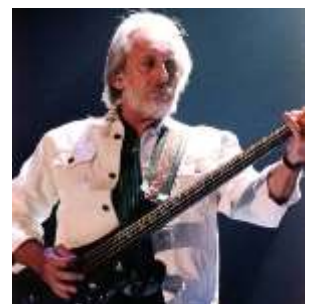
The Britannia XM496 parked up on the airfield is very special in that it was the last airworthy example (sadly, no longer) of the marque and the only fully complete ex-RAF Britannia anywhere in the world. There is a website dedicated to it and you can click through to it [here](#).

THE FOSSE WAY, STANWAY AND HALF A FISH

Normally, straight roads are an anathema to motorcyclists (*Ed: Except Rick Parish*) but there's something about the Fosse Way that makes it an enjoyable road to ride. And this was not the first time, nor will it be the last, that we have graced it somewhere along its Exeter to Lincoln length.

After skirting Cirencester we rode the Fosse up to Stow before meeting the B4077 back to Toddington. Just before that junction, on the right just visible behind the Stow Lodge Hotel, is St Edwards Church where John Entwistle of The Who's funeral was held in 2002.

Right: One for Dan, John Entwistle hits an A♭ with ease.



Shortly after passing through the pretty village of Stanway, we reached Toddington and retraced our earlier steps (almost), back to the A44 and had a short dash back up half of Fish Hill before turning into the Farncombe Estate and arriving back at 17:45. All in all we covered 175 very enjoyable miles.

“WE THOUGHT YOU WERE HELLS ANGELS BUT YOU SCRUB UP OK”



This was the reply of the Maître D when, as an early arrival along with Keith Davies and Bob Mac, I suggested to him that it was a brave move to have a bike club as the first guests in the newly restored Foxhill Manor. Another shining wit...

Top Left: Clearly the management have a sense of humour!



Below Left: To the Manor Born. Maurice's car parked in pride of place by the front door.



Above: Drinks on the terrace and, spot the upcoming fine!

It was to prove a very impressive place to take dinner but totally befitting to the stature of our club! Before all that though, we were invited to take our drinks to the sun bathed terrace at the rear of the house.



Dinner was a three course affair; smoked salmon treacle and Guinness bread (not pretentious at all that), breast of Cotswold chicken and an Eton Tidy to round it off. The wines were a Puglian Sangiovese or Cotes De Gascogne both of 2012 vintage. Keith Blair preceded the feast with his now well-known Latin grace.

Left: Adam texts the Maître D to tell him we're ready for the main course.

With our plates cleared, Chairman Frank stood to offer thanks to Ben and Dan for a great run and to admit that the lack of a quiz was entirely his fault. I cannot quite recall what poor excuse was given but Frank spared himself further heckling by swiftly handing over to Rick to read out the list of members' donations.

Before the Sergeant at Arms was called to dispense his justice, Ben rose to explain that our good friend Andrew Smith had been due to attend the run but had had to pull out due to ill health. Nick Jeffery then informed members that Ray Battersby was also poorly and recovering from a major heart operation. Two menu cards were circulated and everyone present signed them to wish our chums speedy recoveries...

“GENTLEMEN, THIS IS A THANKLESS TASK AND NOT ONE I RELISH”

Said the Sergeant at Arms, Steve Callahan, as he opened his report and promptly fined himself for the remark. He swiftly followed this up by increasing the fines from the usual 20p to 50p and then proceeded to charge most miscreants £1 or often, multiples thereof! He is indeed a class act!

Right: Craig may laugh but his turn would come. To Steve's right, Ian Kerr counts coppers.



The Sergeant's report was, as usual, a rowdy affair and he was assisted in his task of relieving the members of money by Jonathan whose was the second name on report for forgetting his jacket! Such was the degree of noise that your scribe failed to accurately record every fine levied (*Ed: Stick that in your book for the Autumn Steve.*) However, here are a few that made it from his notebook to mine:

Bob McMillan was hit for again having the temerity to ride a Yamaha. Again his fine was paid by Adam.

Rick Parish apparently left his key on the table in the hope that it might encourage female companionship. It didn't.

Frank Finch predictably, was fined for his late arrival (*Ed: Or was it a grand entrance?*) on Friday.

Norman Hyde's sartorial elegance was cited twice, on Friday for his Lawn [sic] Tennis sweater and again for the paisley scarf that fluttered in his slipstream on the run.

Martin Lambert was fined "£1 for all the shit you gave me whilst standing here". (*Ed: Vindictive bugger this one!*)

Peter Sheen had recounted a story about going on a 4-weekly shop and when he left the store, Fortnum's one assumes, remembered he was on his scooter and not in the car. It took 30 minutes to load his victuals safely.

Maurice Knight was reprimanded for parking his car outside the rooming block, ignoring the car park.

Steve Baker was hit for four, starting with his getting on the top table whilst a guest, then for looking way too cool in reactalite sunglasses – that didn't work in dull weather. Then another £1 for using an alarm disc lock when his bike was blocked in by a number of others and finally, for not supporting British Industry and riding a BMW over a Triumph. Of course, there were remarks about receipts and expenses before our good natured guest asked the Sergeant to fine Craig £1 for telling him the fines would only be 20p. That's politics though isn't it Steve? Full of rescinded promises!

Norman Hyde was again in the frame, this time for not knowing the length of his bike and trying to stuff it into gaps that were too short. Many times; many, many times.

Graham Goodman was apparently sideways "Down the hill". Slippery things, fish.

Tom Waterer's early career as a male model was outed, in absentia, by Ray Battersby who had supplied the Sergeant with evidence in the form of an advertisement believed to date back to 1969.

Arthur Macdonald whilst on point duty, had left his left hand indicator on a right hand turn and had completely missed Maurice's car which then went straight on!

Alan Blake – it had to happen – whilst some members brought their bikes in vans, Alan rode to the venue in the rain, parked his bike under cover and then did the run in Maurice's car before riding home in the rain on Sunday.

Ian Kerr was also fined for being too cool and riding his bike up into the back of his van without hitting his head and thus ruining the expected fun of the onlookers.

Ben Matthews and Dan Sager were jointly clobbered for ignoring all the other potential fuel stops on the route and choosing the most expensive petrol in the UK. This one was particularly popular!

There were of course the usual fines for indicators, dodgy overtakes and the like and some that were just too rude to record here!

Right: Back to Friday night and the Sergeant at Arms opens his book.

To round off the Sergeant's report, your scribe recounted how Bob McMillan had borrowed £1 from him to buy his raffle ticket on Friday and then, unexpectedly, paid it back on Saturday. In another rush of blood he had accused your scribe of not knowing the way up the hill to the Manor and then apologised when subsequently proved wrong. So out of character were both of these events, I put both the repaid £1 and another one of my own into the pot!

It will be interesting to see just how much Steve's rampant inflation managed to inflate the pot from the Sergeant at Arms. Perhaps Rick could calculate the 'per capita' income over the last few runs and report in the autumn?

Wrapping up the formal proceedings at the Manor, Chairman Frank remarked that it was good to see that the Senior Members travelling by car had not escaped the Sergeants clutches. He then ran down a comprehensive list of thanks for all the work put in by everyone, before during and after the event, to make a successful run. Finally, as has become customary, he then invited the Maître D, Rodney, and his staff to take a round of applause for their efforts on the night.

We then repaired back down the hill to the bar and it got messy, very messy indeed!



I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF

Or where to look!

The bar at Farncombe is shared by all the rooming blocks and groups on site. You could call it a Common Room if you like and late on this Saturday night it certainly lived up to its name.

You see, also on site were a group of ladies of a certain vintage who were there for 'Sing Like Dusty' lessons: no, I kid you not. By the time we got back to finish Mr Watson's finest, the ladies were in full voice – and Dusty wigs – treating the bar to 'I Only Want To Be With You'. It was like the Chorus of Cats; sorry that should read, like a chorus of cats.



Well you can imagine, within a nano-second certain members decided that the ladies' rendition would be far better for the addition of a bass-baritone section and joined in. Then it was decided, predictably, that the bass-baritone section would look better in the wigs, the Dustys agreed and carnage ensued...



Clearly our members have the I'll Try Anything spirit but me, I thought; What Have I Done To Deserve This and Wishin' And Hopin' that if I Close My Eyes And Count To Ten, Anyone Who Had A Heart would stop this or, at least, make sure it happened In Private, I wondered whether I should Stay Awhile but How Could I Be Sure they would stop? We were In The Middle Of Nowhere and so it seemed unlikely. Little By Little, it became more raucous and so I said I'm Goin' Back and hoping that if the police were called they would say Nothing Has Been Proved.

Phew!

Sadly, sorry, that should read gladly, I have not been able to trace any pictures of the ladies themselves and even if I had I would not have included them to protect the guilty! Suffice to say, there were some *very* large hangovers being nursed at Sunday morning's meeting.

I think I had a very lucky escape!

So let's look forward to September up in Geordie and Jock land and just hope that we don't meet the Cheryl Cole appreciation society! See you then.



GALLERY – With thanks to fellow snappers Dennis Bates, Tony Jakeman and David O’Neill for their contributions to this report!



Friday night in the bar, Dennis had brought a copy of the Autumn 2001 report which Keith shows off.



Left: Before the off, Jonathan takes an early evaluation of Peter’s V-Strom whilst Alan’s Triumph refuses to break cover. Bob tells a joke whilst Ben and Rick are a picture of flouro conspicuity.

Right: Goon With The Wind – Martin strikes a pose atop Symons Yat rock. Dave and Steve pose whilst Keith and Tom, discuss the merits of open face helmets. Craig and Graham politely ignore a Member of Her Majesty’s Government checking his flies.

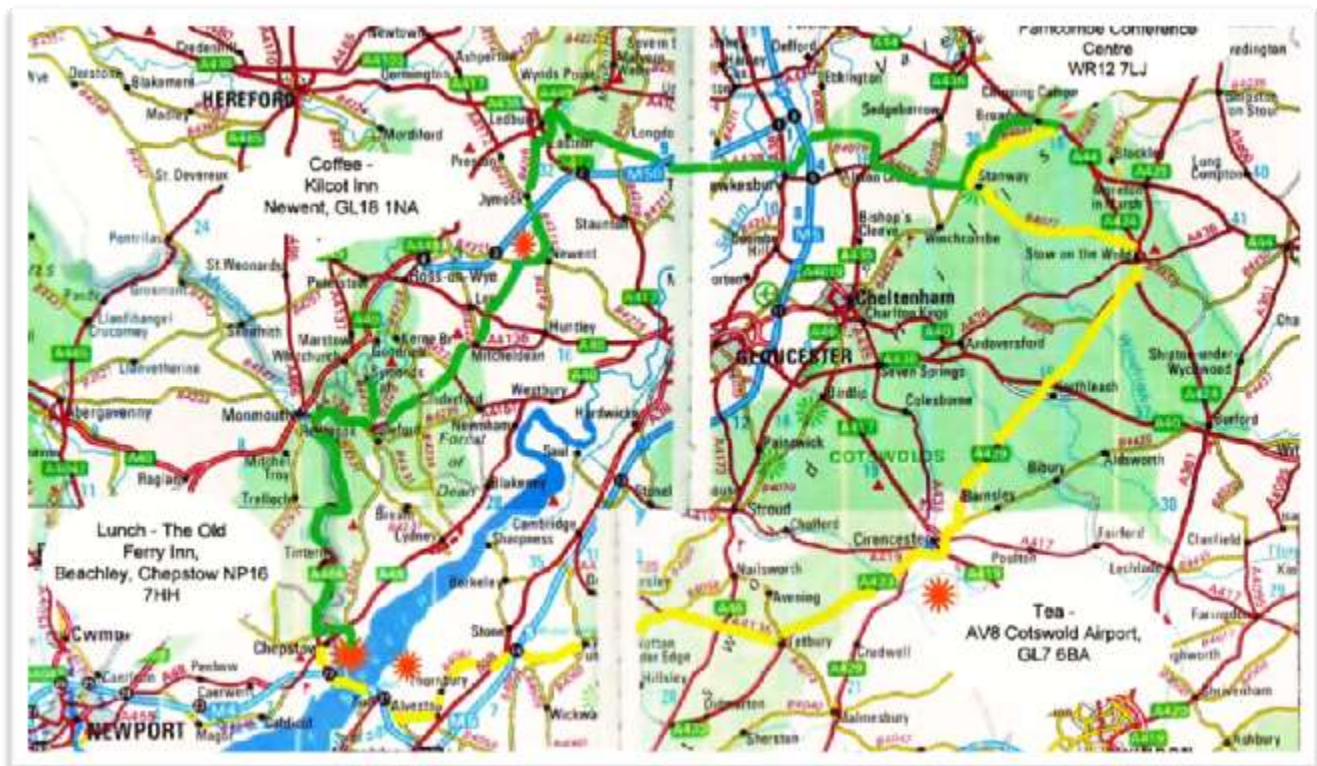
Below: Three more views of the lunch stop.



WHO CAME ON, OR IN, WHAT

Adam Kelley	Yamaha XT1200Z Super Tenere	<i>Ian Kerr - Guest</i>	Yamaha Fazer8 ABS
Alan Blake	Honda Accord / Triumph Speed Twin	Jonathan Martin	Suzuki V-Strom 1000
Alan Halford	Suzuki GSX650F	Keith Blair	BMW K75RT
Arthur MacDonald	Triumph Tiger 800	Keith Davies	Triumph Trophy SE
Ben Matthews	Yamaha FZ1 Fazer	Martin Lambert	Kawasaki ZZR1400
Bob McMillan	Yamaha XT1200Z Super Tenere	Martyn Roberts	BMW 600 R60/6
Bob Trigg	Yamaha MT-07	Maurice Knight	Honda Accord
Craig Carey-Clinch	BMW R1200GS Adventure	Nick Hopkins	Norton Commando Fast Back Long Range
Dan Sager	Kawasaki Versys 650	Nick Jeffery	Kawasaki GT750
Dave Martin	Yamaha MT-01	Norman Hyde	Triumph Bonneville
David Dew	Honda Crosstourer	Peter Meek	Suzuki V-Strom 650
David O'Neill	BMW R1200GS	Peter Sheen	Honda Accord
Dennis Bates	Honda Accord	Rick Parish	Yamaha FJR1300
Frank Finch	Suzuki V-Strom 1000	<i>Steve Baker - Guest</i>	BMW R1200GS
Geoff Selvidge	Suzuki V-Strom 650	Steve Callahan	Honda CBF1000
Graham Goodman	BMW R1150GS	Tom Waterer	Honda Africa Twin
Graham Matcham	BMW R1200GS	Tony Dawson	Yamaha FJ1200
Greg Elson	Triumph Thruxton 900	Tony Jakeman	BMW F800GT

THE ROUTE CARD



FARNCOMBE ESTATE PLAN



SATURDAY NIGHT MENU

