



# SPRING RUN 2015

*THREE MOORS FROM TAVISTOCK*

*17/18/19 April 2015*



**Organisers: Craig Carey-Clinch and Graham Matcham**

***It started out as a discussion about politics and ended by considering the benefits of Tena for Men (of a certain age) who undertake long motorcycle journeys. There was a link between these two diverse topics if you will just allow me a few lines to explain...***

Your scribe, guest Roy Pinto and Ian Kerr arrived at the Bedford Hotel early with a plan to explore Tavistock's Pannier Market, an idea that appealed to another early arriver, Keith Davies. On the way in to this charming centre for local trade (sadly, no motorcycle luggage evident), Keith chatted with, and accepted a flyer from, the UKIP representatives who were just packing up their stall. It was this that sparked off the initial topic as we drank tea at an 'all year round' outdoor Café in the market's outer cloisters.



Not long into our brews and the aforementioned discussion, we were joined by organiser Craig who is, of course, the Motorcycle Industry's political expert; it was a lively debate. Soon, the group were also joined by Peter Meek and as he declined to sit, this was the cue for the conversation to veer towards the subject of his Suzuki and the on-going comfort of its saddle.



Now Peter has struggled for some time with 'iron butt syndrome' when undertaking long rides and he explained that he had finally found some relief by wearing, quote, 'those cycling shorts with the nappy like lining' under his riding breeches. This naturally led to a suggestion that 'Tena for Men' would achieve the same end whilst also negating the need for comfort breaks between fuel stops.

And so dear readers, there's the link, seats: political and motorcycle. It's all rather logical really!

***Left: To clarify, this is NOT Peter Meek; perfectly engineered as he undoubtedly is...***

## **TAVISTOCK, AN ANCIENT STANNARY**

Tavistock grew up around the Benedictine Abbey that was founded in AD 974 and is termed a 'Stannary'. No, that's not the place where stair-lifts are manufactured (although looking around at some of the locals it could well be), a Stannary<sup>1</sup> is a tin assaying and marketing district, Tavistock is one of three; Ashburton and Chagford being the other two. Apparently during the 'Tin Rush' of the mid-12<sup>th</sup> Century, Europe's largest source of tin was discovered nearby on the SW edge of Dartmoor.



According to the writer W.G. Hoskins who penned the tome *Devon* in 1954 (I was already an excellent reader at age 2) 'Tavistock is the product of its two owners', the Abbey from the 10<sup>th</sup> to the 16<sup>th</sup> Centuries and the Earls and Dukes of Bedford from the 16<sup>th</sup> to the 20<sup>th</sup> Centuries; the latter of course giving rise to the name of our digs, The Bedford Hotel.

A statue of Francis, the 7<sup>th</sup> Duke of Bedford stands in the adjacent Bedford Square looking straight up the Plymouth Road at another Francis, and Tavistock's most famous son, Sir Francis Drake who was born here in 1540.



***Left: Francis the 7<sup>th</sup> Duke squares up to the distant Sir Francis, the Plymouth bowling champion, pictured right.***

<sup>1</sup> If you are remotely interested, the word Stannary has its roots in Medieval Latin; *stannaria* meaning tin mine.

For the further interest of at least two of our members, the police station that resides behind The Duke's statue in the square, is claimed to be the second oldest in Britain. Built in 1847 at Francis' instigation, an officer of the newly formed Metropolitan Police was asked to travel to Tavistock to advise on setting up a local force. The Met duly sent Harry Coatebene, a descendant of one of the original Bow Street Runners...

### **BRAHN BOOTS? AT A FUNERAL?**

The pre-run briefing notes had mentioned the fact that The Club would have the run of the hotel for our chosen weekend so it was a little puzzling to see the car park rammed with cars when we arrived. Of course, there was a designated parking area for our steeds, albeit a rather cramped one.



Upon checking in, all was revealed. There were apparently 2 Wakes in process at the hotel that afternoon. It must have been the Mourners' worst nightmare, 30 motorcyclists turning up all bubbling over with enthusiasm for their ride to the venue and excited about the one to come in the morning. To compound the matter one of these two wheeled hooligans (i.e.: your scribe) was wearing brown shoes as he walked amongst them!! To understand the magnitude of this unfortunate breach of etiquette, please [click here](#).

Outside in the car park members were beginning to gather and park up wherever there was a space, with 32 riders, a couple of cars and an RAC van and trailer we took a fair amount of space.



It has become customary to feature Nick Jeffery and his pristine Kawasaki GT750 in run reports and this will be no exception. Nick was very excited by his latest modification to that cavernous 'top box': extra bungee points each side so that he could carry even more luggage when he travelled to the airport.

*Left: The modifications to Nick's top box, one adds value the other not – you decide!*

*Below, L – R: Members meet and greet; the welcome return of the RAC and the Sergeant starts work early.*



With a cool breeze and the odd spot of rain in the air, members repaired to the bar fairly swiftly to settle the dust before dressing down for dinner.

## HAS THE NEW CHAIRMAN GONE STARK, STARING MAD?

Friday night dinner was described on the menu sheet as a '2 Course Hot Fork Buffet'; whether that meant that the food was going to be hot, or the cutlery, was unclear. The courses were Beef and Jail ale stew or a vegetarian Thai curry. Grace, remembering absent friends, was delivered by Nick Jeffery and we tucked in.

Friday night buffets were pioneered at Keith Blair's Whoop Hall run in the spring of 2011. I recall there was the odd muffled tut-tut at the time but we have repeated this 'free-form' nosebag since and it has been readily accepted. However, here in Devon, we thought that new Chairman Matcham had introduced a Friday sobriety regime too as there was no wine on the tables. Enquiries of the serving staff merely brought forth shrugs, confusion and wine lists, and more tut-tutting! It turned out that the hotel had overlooked the order placed by organiser Craig. Just as well we were told as the new Chairman would have quickly gained the nickname Kiljoy<sup>2</sup> otherwise!



During the bun-fight, Graham rose to announce that not one but two quizzes would take place over the weekend; one tonight and a second one on Saturday<sup>3</sup>. He added that there was also to be a 'Chairman's Raffle' where all the prizes had been sourced by him (allegedly) *and* there would be no ticket cost. What innovation!

Quiz papers were distributed and heads scratched whilst we chomped on Eton Mess (although I recall it was actually quite tidy) or Chocolate Orange Tart.

When it became time to mark the first of the weekend's quizzes, it was a five way tie. My notes show it was (I think!) between Jonathan Martin, Keith Blair, David O'Neill, Bob McMillan and Nick Hopkins who all scored 9 points. A game of '[heads and tails](#)' was undertaken to find the overall winner; it descended into confusion as the last two men standing both chose the same (wrong) option!



The Chairman presided and presented the prize to a clearly bemused Nick.

Martin's fiendish quiz paper is reproduced at the end of the report so that if you were absent, you can see if you could have bettered Nick's score and won the bottle of port; had you have been there of course.



With the Friday quiz dealt with, attention turned to the raffle which was, of course, presided over by Andrew Smith. By way of a forward, Andrew explained that this raffle idea had come out of the post mortem of the 'unrigged' autumn 14 raffle where all the prizes had been won by the committee. Now, as then, the tickets would be free.

*Left: Bob Trigg looked pleased to get his ticket and even more so later when he won a black box containing binoculars.*

With a flourish the cloth covering the table, loaded with all manner of bike related goodies, was whipped away and the Raffle Meister began handing out the good cheer with his customary observational wit. Amongst the prizes there were some duplications: books, torches, chain maintenance items and selfie sticks. This led to Andrew speculating whether there had been B.O.G.O.F offers at the Chairman's store of choice and for one or two recipients querying the claimed average £11.50 value of the prizes!

It was great fun though to watch Maurice win a selfie stick and Keith Blair to win chain lube for his Beemer.

<sup>2</sup> Ed: See what the scribe did there? Blithering idiot...

<sup>3</sup> Martin Lambert was thanked for his authorship despite his being *in absentia*.

## GENTLEMEN, YOUR GUESTS PLEASE

Recent runs have seen a dearth of guests but that was set to change here with not one but five names for the older members (I include myself here) to struggle to remember. Dear old Mike Jackson once explained to your scribe that the medical term for this all too common phenomena is 'Namnesia...'

Now, where was I? Oh yes, the guests.

When called by the Chairman, the members introduced:

*Nick Campolucci* – a guest of Steve Callahan. Nick is the General Manager of Honda's motorcycle operations this despite a poor memory, having left his key in his bike when he arrived.

*John O'Neill* – guest and son of David, a fully trained Arai technician and graphic designer by trade. He would be riding David's old luminous GS (as opposed to the new luminous GS).

*Andy Mayo* – Managing Director of Motorcycle Trade Expo and guest of Frank Finch. Andy was on his second run, the first being autumn 2010. He "Has nothing to do with British Dealernews" said Frank.

*Roy Pinto* – like Andy Mayo, Roy was on his second run, his first being spring 2012. Roy is a veteran of Kawasaki, Harley-Davidson, Triumph and Zero and a guest of your scribe, Geoff Selvidge.

*Chris Hodder* – introduced by Craig Carey-Clinch as the new 'Tom Waterer' at the MCIA and the man charged with sorting the wheat from the chaff of EU technical claptrap.



**Left to right:** - Nick Campolucci, Chris Hodder, Andy Mayo, John O'Neill and Roy Pinto.

*A.K.A. Mr Happy, Mr Confident, Mr Serious, Mr Must Re-spray That Bike and Mr Great Face for Radio*

With the guests introduced, Chairman Graham moved on to propose a toast to friends who had not been able to make the run because of illness, either to themselves or their loved ones. We duly raised a glass to Ray Battersby, President Dennis Bates, Peter Sheen and Tony Jakeman. We wished you and yours speedy recoveries and hope to see you all again soon chaps.

## SQUADRON LEADER CRAIG WARNS OF LIVESTOCK INTERACTION



Craig's run briefing started out with news of a good weather forecast for the morrow; tempered with a reminder of the Met Office's 'barbeque summer'...

Judicious planning and five reces had succeeded in producing a route that would link the moors of Bodmin, Exmoor and Dartmoor with only one small modification needed as a result of a recent road closure. With the winter having wreaked havoc on some of the minor road surfaces we could look forward to a good selection of gravel and pot holes mixed in with fast A-roads, open moorland and big, big skies.

Re-counting that day's final recce, Craig's warning of above average interaction with livestock, specifically geese, small birds (various), cattle, sheep, ducks and a demented cat (not the Beast of Bodmin, that hadn't been spotted) resulted in a number of '*fnarr fnaars*' amongst the members!

With a fuel stop at 110 miles and only one empty tank (you know who you were Keith Davies) in the room, the organisers said they had a contingency plan for anyone not having the range to get there. Craig then went on to introduce Mark our RAC support, with specific references to Bonneville riders.

**Right:** Mark, our breakdown support and Greg Elson, who has hung up his RAC footing coat and gauntlets and retired to a life of idleness.



As a postscript to Craig's mention of recalcitrant Bonneville's, your scribe had been chatting to Mark in the car park and asked him which bike he felt most likely to require his attention. Looking around, he pointed unerringly at Craig's machine<sup>4</sup>!

In rounding up his briefing, Craig reminded us of the blanket 40mph on Dartmoor and how he was sure we would all observe it. *Ed: I didn't see a mention of flying pigs in the livestock listings. Just saying...*

With a call to arms at 08:30 in the morning, the evening's formalities closed and we retired for nightcaps and bed to dream of pot holes and possible livestock interactions.

### REDGATE, JAMAICA INN AND A BROWN WILLY...



After a plentiful breakfast, the car park saw much activity as we prepared for the off at 8:30. However, it seemed to be all puff and wind as at the appointed hour, only the Leader, Tail End Charlie and Blakey's Saab were lined up ready to go as can be seen in the picture left. Some gentle chivvying eventually got us lined up however and we set forth from the hotel in the general direction of Drake's statue.

The welcome letter had said that we would cross the River Tamar and head on up to the top of Bodmin Moor passing through the historic mining town of Minions. What was not mentioned, and is not so well known, about this village is that it was also the birthplace of one of our members.



**Right:** Minions(and sheep) **Far Right:** Bob McMinion



After passing the skeletons of Minions' mining past we soon came upon the hamlet of Redgate where we, naturally, turned right to head up towards Bolventor and the high point of Bodmin Moor. Like its namesake in the parish of Donington, the Cornish Redgate has seen fierce and bloody battles and allegedly, that's how it got its name as the blood was so deep as to reach the bottom bar of the gate. Hmmm, where's the salt?

The road from Redgate up to Bolventor and the Jamaica Inn was barely more than a single track which, for the most part, tracks the course of the River Fowey which rises on the eastern slopes of the highest point on Bodmin Moor before scampering the short way down to the sea at the delightful village of Fowey<sup>5</sup> on the south coast of Cornwall.

<sup>4</sup> For the record, Craig's Bonne behaved impeccably all day!

<sup>5</sup> The best way to visit Fowey by the way is by motorcycle as there is bugger all car parking, other than a long walk away.



There's not much to tell of Bolventor other than it is the hamlet which is home to the world renowned Jamaica Inn (**left**); supposedly one of the most haunted places in Great Britain and of course, the inspiration for Daphne du Maurier's novel of the same name with it's tales of swashbuckling smugglers and derring-do.

Built in 1750, the inn's name is said not to derive from the smugglers bringing rum from the West Indies but from the local Trelawney family, two of whom served as Governors of Jamaica in the 18<sup>th</sup> century. Interestingly (to me anyway!), Squire Trelawney in *Treasure Island* is said to have been named after Edward Trelawney, one of the aforementioned Governors from 1738 to 1752.

If you had wondered about the reference to 'mumbling' in our organisers' welcome letter, it turns out to be a very clever reference to the appalling sound quality of the BBC's adaptation of *Jamaica Inn*, broadcast in 2014. A little digging by your scribe has revealed that they used out of work ITV actors who had previously starred in a margarine commercial and thus couldn't tell talk from mutter...

So, what of the brown willy?

Sticking up just four miles North West of the Jamaica Inn is the highest point on Exmoor, a 419 metre high hill called Brown Willy (I kid you not, look it up on a map). When researching this natural edifice your scribe came across the following text in Wikipedia: *'the first part of the hill's name is a common Brythonic element meaning "breast, pap; hill-side, slope, breast (of hill)", which is frequent in Welsh place names...'* Reading that, I just had to keep digging!



Apparently the name has evolved over a number of historic spellings, probably originating from the Cornish '*Bronn Ughella*' meaning 'highest hill'. There was a campaign to revert to the original name on the grounds that it would be '*slightly more attractive to residents and tourists than Brown Willy*'. The locals objected and the Daily Telegraph supported their plight with the headline '*Hands off Brown Willy!*' And so it remains.

**Left:** Brown Willy, it's all about the shape not the size...

## A COMMANDO BREEZES IN TO RAF DAVIDSTOW AND A MOST UNUSUAL MUSEUM

A short stretch of the A30 dual carriageway took us to Altarnun (also featured in *Jamaica Inn*) where we branched off onto another minor road to leading up to RAF Davidstow Moor where coffee and buns awaited. The narrow road, open moorland and strong, gusting easterly wind made life interesting!

This RAF Coastal Command station had had a short but hectic three years of operational duty, opening in 1942 and closing at the end of the war in 1945. In between times it hosted 11 Squadrons of the RAF and one of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Duties were principally air-sea rescue, anti-submarine patrols and support to the Normandy Landings in 1944.



**Right:** A Commando arrives, carrying Nick Hopkins on his back.

Nowadays, Davidstow is home to two museums; the RAF Memorial Museum and the Cornwall at War Museum. Some flying activity still takes place, principally microlights and powered gliders.



Our arrival was met with a groaning table of provender and NAAFI style tea and coffee which were consumed with gusto before exploring the delights of the museum.

**Left:** *It could be a transport full of Paratroopers...*

Organiser Craig had whetted our appetites for the museum by saying that the Officers Mess display was somewhat unusual; he was not wrong! Generally, museums struggle to avoid stuffy, lifeless displays, not this one. Going into the Mess, we were confronted with a mess dinner in full swing, albeit the guests were a little 'wooden'.

**Right:** *Gin fizz Marjorie?*

Interesting as this was, it was a display outside the mess, up higher, that caught your scribe's attention. Did you see it?



**Left:** *What the deuce is this all about?*

A puzzling exhibit amongst the artefacts I think that you will agree.

Later in the day it came to me. It was, I think, a clever visualisation of a scene from the film *The Battle of Britain* where Squadron Leader Colin Harvey (Christopher Plummer) had had afternoon delights, followed by a row, with his missus, Section Officer Maggie Harvey (Susannah York), over her refusal to request a transfer to be closer to his posting.



The sharp eyed amongst you will notice a couple of small discrepancies to the movie I'm sure, but I think I'm on the right track don't you?

**Left:** *A still from the film Battle of Britain (1969).*

There were many other interesting exhibits at this tribute to the part played by all three services in the war but for me, this was the oddest!

## HARRY FLATTERS UP THE A39 CHAPS, EXMOOR AWAITS

Page 7 and we're still on the first moor! Get a move on scribe and you boy; yes you, no nodding off at the back!

And get a move on we most certainly did. With just short of 70 miles to cover to lunch in Lynmouth, it was just as well that the A39 is a fast road.

We scudded past turns for Bude and the lovely village of Clovelly; crossed the River Torridge at Bideford and the River Taw on the outskirts of Barnstaple, before negotiating the town and leaving on the now narrower A39 which twisted and turned as it climbed up to the edge of Exmoor before dropping down to Lynmouth on the coast.

**Right:** *Parked in the park in Lynmouth.*





## LYNMOUTH, SO PICTURESQUE NOW...



**Above L-R:** Looking across the Lyn to Lynmouth, The Rock House, Ben perfects the art of the standing sleep!

We arrived at the Rock House lunch stop via Lynmouth Hill which connects Lynmouth by road with Lynton above it. Rounding the last two bends we were treated to a fabulous view across the bay to Foreland Point, blue in the midday light. Having parked up, we were treated to a soup and sandwich lunch and had sufficient time on hand to explore this compact little resort that was once the centre of world news.

Riding down into the pretty sun bathed town, it was hard to envisage that on 15th August 1952, the town was the scene of one of the worst natural disasters of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. Following a month of above average rainfall, that particular Friday saw torrential rain all day which only worsened as night fell. Five inches of rain fell in just an hour and the East and West Lyn rivers could no longer cope and during the night, boulders weighing many tons together with uprooted trees and debris from wrecked bridges were washed down into the town to where the two rivers converge, just across from where the Rock House now stands. Carnage ensued and 34 people lost their lives with the flood also destroying 93 buildings, 28 bridges and 132 vehicles, many of which were washed out to sea, along with the harbour wall.



By the morning of 16<sup>th</sup> August, with the water subsiding, the three roads connecting Lynmouth with the rest of the world were impassable and the town was a wreck. The only way for rescuers to get equipment into the town was from Lynton via the Cliff Railway. To see a short Pathé News film of the tragedy, [click here](#).



**Above:** This was the bottom of Lynmouth Hill in August 1952, after rescue work had started.

**Left:** Google Earth clearly shows the East and West Lyn rivers, converging right in the centre of the town.

**Right:** The cliff railway, looking down on Lynmouth from the Lynton station.



## SOME MORE WIGGLY BITS AND THEN WE STOP AGAIN

With lunch, and ice creams (for some, thanks Ben!) consumed and sightseeing complete, we mounted up and re-crossed the river to leave Lynmouth initially by the A39, which immediately starts to climb up a very narrow Watersmeet Road alongside the East Lyn river, to connect us with the B3223 which tracks on up to the top of Exmoor.



The first couple of miles to the turnoff is wooded but then, the minor road rises up on to the moor and follows the ridges giving an exhilarating ride punctuated with a couple of hairpins in close proximity; passing through Simonsbath (pronounced Simmons bath by the way) before the white lines peter out and it narrows again before dropping down through a wooded valley into Dulverton.

*Left: Coming into Dulverton alongside the River Barle.*

Dulverton is a sleepy, time-warp sort of place; its name was first recorded in 1084 and it grew up around the local wool trade. Nowadays, it is home to the Exmoor National Park Authority and is a popular base for exploring Exmoor. I particularly liked the 50's era direction signs as we tipped into the main street.

*Right: Just needed a liveried RAC patrolman saluting us...*

A stretch more of the B3223 on the other side of the town centre linked with the A396 and the dash down through the Exe valley, via Tiverton, to the Bickleigh tea stop where we would refresh before tackling the vastness of Dartmoor.



## A BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER?

A lovely, if busy, spot is Bickleigh Bridge where we joined not a few other visitors and relaxed over a brew.

I'll refer you again to our earlier chum W. G. Hoskins and his 1954 work: 'Devon' who says of the village:

*"BICKLEIGH lies astride the middle valley of the Exe, here of perfect pastoral beauty with rounded green hills rising to 700 ft. or so on either side. Bickleigh Bridge, a noted "beauty spot" (but unspoilt), dates from the late 16th century. In 1809 it was severely damaged by floods and was rebuilt."*



*Left: The Club spoiling unspoilt beauty...*

Researching Bickleigh, your scribe has found that it is claimed by locals that Paul Simon's seminal track 'Bridge Over Troubled Water' was inspired by a visit to the village in the mid 60's. His singing partner and co-producer of this landmark album, Art Garfunkel, has poo-pooed the claim and, in the absence of a definitive answer from the composer himself, the controversy goes on.



Whatever the truth this was their last studio album together and a global best seller.

On a similar theme, one of our group was trying hard to avoid pouring oil on what may or may not have been Paul Simon's troubled waters...

You may remember from the Autumn 13 report that Adam Kelley's satnav had been held ransom in the sum of two fork oil seals as Dave Martin's bike had burst its fork seals and a warranty repair (on his then 8 year old bike) had been refused by Yamaha.

Well earlier, at the coffee stop, it was spotted that one side of the much travelled MT-01's forks had let go again. By the tea stop a carefully thought out repair had been effected.



**Near right:** *It's a (mild) gusher!*

**Far right:** *Warranty refused again due to an unauthorised repair.*

## BEWARE THE HAIRY HANDS!

It was quite a wrench to don the riding gear again for the last leg of the day; lazing around next to the Exe had had a soporific effect on some of our group as the photo reel will show. But we had Dartmoor to look forward to and so we mounted up and turned left out of the Fisherman's Cot over a River Dart (not *the* River Dart) in the direction of Crediton and the 'Gateway to the High Moor', Moretonhampstead, where the B3212 took us out into the wild expanses of the moor...

*Thar be piskies up to Dartymoor  
And 'tidn't no good you say thar baint  
I've felt um grauping at my heart  
I've heard their voices calling faint'*

Now your scribe had visited this particular area of Dartmoor before and was thus familiar with the potential dangers to motorists and motorcyclists that lay on this road. If you are not dear reader, then lower the light, put '*Dark Side of the Moon*' on the record player and read on...



*It was around the year 1910 that a weird and horrific saga began on what is today the B3212 road; in the vicinity of Postbridge and Two Bridges. It became known as the mystery of the Hairy Hands. A hairy, monstrous and unknown force would time and again violently lash out at unwary passing drivers and which, in one case, reportedly even resulted in a tragic death for an unfortunate road-user. In June of 1921, Dr. E.H. Helby, who was at the time serving as the Medical Officer at the nearby Dartmoor Prison, died on this stretch of road when he lost control of his motor-cycle and sidecar, in which were seated his two children. Helby had just about enough time to warn his children to jump to safety – which they did – before he was thrown from his motor-cycle and instantly killed...*

Oooooo-errr!!!

The Legend doesn't say which way Dr Helby was travelling on the fateful night however and so it is also possible that he had got pissed in the Two Bridges Hotel and lost it on the left hander...



Anyway, with Two Bridges safely behind us without incident, we could relax on the last section of the run, by now the B3357, travelling west across Dartmoor and into Tavistock.

Just before the quarrying hamlet of Merrivale, to the left of the road below the ridge, is a Bronze Age monument and stone circle but only very tall GS riders, stood tippy-toed on their pegs, would have stood a chance of seeing it. Ah well!

**Above:** After Merrivale - Nick Jeffery leads Peter Meek, Nick Hopkins and Graham Goodman over Pork Hill.

And so it was that 34 weary but very happy riders turned back into the Bedford Hotel car park and with magical efficiency, made several pints of lager and other alcoholic beverages disappear!



**Above:** The 212<sup>th</sup> mile...

T'were a grand days riding, just a smidgen over 200 miles and a great mix of fast A roads, sensational scenery and (very) minor roads, some of which, with their seasonal added hazards, could have been contenders for sections on the Lands End trial. Well done Craig and Graham!

With the warm sun casting long shadows over the hotel lawn it would have been very easy just to sit, sup and relive the ride, but with the bar so very far away and some of the more strong minded members already drifting back to the group in their evening finery, it was a cue for the rest of us to do likewise.

## DEVONSHIRE PUDDING? SUET YOU SIR!

Saturday' proceedings took place in the Gallery Room, an odd space with a large glass wall that only overlooked a slate roof. It must have appealed to someone I suppose.

Keith Blair delivered his now customary Latin grace *'Benedictus, Benedicat per Jesum Christum Dominum Nostrum'* which, if you remember, translates as *'Blessed is He and May he bless this food through Jesus Christ Our Lord'*. With the formalities over, the lights turned green - sorry, that should read, the soup turned green - and we tucked into a Pea and Mint Velouté.



According to the menu, our main course would be Roast Sirloin of Dartmoor Beef served with Devonshire pudding; that's the large brown lump in the top right of the picture left.

Thinking back, I don't recall it tasting any different to the Yorkshire variety but I guess it must have. Recipes for this local alternative are sketchy but apparently it is a suet crust baked in the oven, sometimes with added herbs, so now you know.

During the meal, the Saturday quiz was distributed, this time authored by Dave Martin. Before asking Dave to reveal the answers, Chairman Graham thanked Craig and in particular his wife, for doing most of the donkey work in organising the run. Accepting with good grace, Craig in turn, acknowledged the invaluable help that Dave Martin and Rick Parish had given to him as a first time organiser. Applause!

David's quiz proved as tricky as Martin's had the previous night and as he started the adjudication there was a question as to why Jonathan's paper already had the answers on it; a joke of course but it was typical of the badinage that the quizmaster had to battle through to find the winner.

In the end it was a three way tie between Keith Blair, Alan Halford and Arthur MacDonald. A half-hearted attempt was made to decide an outright winner using the head or tails method but I think in the end, the prize was shared between them!

## THE SERGEANT AT ARMS WAS WIRED

And it cost your scribe a pound! But more of that shortly...

Introducing the Sergeant at Arms, Steve Callahan, the Chairman praised the members and guests thus: *"You are all members of the motorcycle industry and have behaved impeccably, showing courtesy to other road users and observing national speed limits but where you wavered, one of us was watching..."*



The Sergeant kicked off by saying (as he has on previous runs) that the job is not one he relishes, indeed he further opined: *"I am just an instrument to deliver the news"* – that's an instrument, not a tool as someone unkindly suggested!

**Left:** *Is this the expression of someone who doesn't relish his job? I think not!*

Because court reporting is an important job and your scribe admits that on occasion he has struggled to note down past charges accurately, the Sergeant was equipped with a microphone and digital recorder this time. That resulted in the first fines of the night...

**Geoff Selvidge** – for being too lazy to write down the charges, plus a further 50p for dissent!

Getting the easy stuff out of the way first, the Sergeant, assisted by Jonathan Martin, relieved **Nick Hopkins, Andy Mayo and Dan Sager** of 50p apiece for excessive use of indicators whilst doubling the fine for a hapless **Graham Goodman** who used his 'as a Hi-Viz device' and kept 'em on for 40% of the ride. **Andrew Smith** happened to mention to the Sergeant, during a conversation about the 'smart little panniers' on his MT-09 Tracer that it didn't matter, he always mailed his gear in a box. (Ed: He should know better, he's been stung for this before!)

**David Martin** was berated for the fact that because he never, ever, washes his bike he failed to see the previously reported oil leak: cue grumbles, warranty, grumbles etc.

**Bob Trigg's** MT-07 hyperbole was hauled up short by its 15 litre tank and 100 mile range. The Sergeant was disparaging! He was equally so when taking £1 off **Rick Parish** - 50p for having two satnavs and 50p for having one of them gaffer taped to his Triumph. Rick's plea that it was Triumph's fault only resulted in a fine for **Keith Davies** on the grounds of 'misrepresentation' when the bike was sold!



*Left: Rick's latest Oxford product and above right Bob coughs up.*

**Chris Hodder** had told the Sergeant that the plethora of stickers on his bike were 'holding it together'. However, he missed the seat apparently – 50p.

**Peter Meek** had fitted a clever little mod to his V-Strom in the form of an additional footrest to the left hand side; in order to assist his wife in getting on and off the bike he said. His story to the Sergeant though that 'she has two left legs' was deemed unacceptable!

*Right: Rather natty though don't you think?*



**David O'Neill** was charged double, once for his new bike's 'legendary colour scheme that can be seen from the moon' and secondly for forcing his son to ride his old one in the same livery.

**Nick Campolucci** had, as reported earlier, left his key in his bike on Friday but his statement that 'we all have to do our bit to get the registrations up Steve' cost him a double-bubble £1 fine.

**Craig Carey-Clinch and Graham Matcham** were jointly accused of non-communication [with each other] resulting in the 2 quizzes; each having asked a different person to compile one, and of course over the wine issue of Friday which had apparently 'left Maurice horrified'.

**Keith Davies** was rightly panned for not having a full fuel tank but **Bob McMillan** had said in the Sergeant's earshot, 'me neither but who cares' this resulted in the riposte 'I do, 50p'. For the record, **Frank Finch** was also cited for the same misdemeanour and thus causing a hold up on Saturday morning. And whilst on the subject of fuel, Steve later fined **Simon Hill** for taking an unscheduled fuel stop towards the end of the run. His offered mitigation that it was 'all down to price' fell on deaf ears.

**Craig Carey-Clinch** was again in the spotlight for failing to overtake a Police car that was travelling at 35mph on a 40mph dual carriageway for fear of getting nicked for his illegal, black rear number plate.

**Ben Matthews** had apparently made some ill-advised comments about the pungency of the lavatory on Friday night and thus had to spend 50 pennies.

**Nick Jeffery's** cavernous top-box was instrumental in a fine as he was carrying not one but two spare coils for his GT750, just in case.

**Steve Callahan** then fined himself for minesweeping his chums' beer to wash down a late night kebab on Friday. This also spawned two other charges...

**Andrew Smith and Dave Martin** had allegedly been responsible for Steve eating said comestible by *'sitting in the reception wafting their kebabs to tempt others'* and perversely, **Jonathan Martin** was fined for not eating one!

**Roy Pinto** had gone into a flat spin at the coffee stop when he couldn't find his keys, because they were still in the ignition.

**Craig-Carey Clinch** had dobbed himself in for a dodgy overtake whilst the **Sergeant and Andrew Smith** had tried to get away with overshooting a corner on the basis that no one saw it. However Andrew admitted that Graham Goodman had seen it but *'knew that I was going to see my Auntie'*.

**Rick Parish** was fined for claiming that Frank Finch *'entices me into bends then effs off and leaves me to it!'*

**Keith Blair** had taken far too long over an overtake, boring his followers and to add to the charge had turned to thank the overtaken driver, narrowly missing an oncoming car.

**Dave Martin** was accused of being a roadblock when he stalled son Jonathan's GSX-S1000: cue grumbles, bike's fault, grumbles, in-line fours, grumbles. His fine was rightly doubled.

**Geoff Selvidge** forgot the first rule of target fixation and hit the patch of mud he was desperate to avoid.

**Simon Hill** had apparently dropped his satnav before leaving for the run and then dropped his bike trying to pick up the satnav.

**Adam Kelley** was wearing a tinted visor but it was the reason for it that cost him; he didn't want to be seen riding one of three identical pre-reg bikes on the run: cue grumbles, demonstrators, grumbles.

**Arthur MacDonald** was fined for sartorial indiscretion and wearing white boots.

**Tom Waterer** had been spotted paying a little too much attention to the pretty waitress at the tea stop and **Maurice Knight** had similarly been witnessed, barging into a queue for beer.

**Alan Blake** was seen, albeit not by the Sergeant, executing an *'awesome four wheel lock up'* in his car.

With that, the Sergeant closed his book. But it wasn't all over. There was a bit of 'handbags in the tunnel' as **Simon Hill** tried to prompt a last fine for **Bob McMillan** who had apparently quoted (justifiably he claimed) the Highway Code to him. Steve sorted it by fining them both which brought his 'takings' to £31.70 (*Ed: Who put in the 20p?*), spot on his batting average.

## ANOTHER SPLENDID RUN

With the Sergeant at Arms court martial complete, it only remained for Chairman Matcham to thank everyone for their company on another great day's riding and lead off to the bar.

Let's hope the weather is just as kind for the autumn when we invade Shakespeare's County.

See you in Barford!



PS: There are many more pictures on the Club's YouTube channel so [click here](#) for the photo reel, I hope you enjoy!

See below for the attendees, route, menus, quiz answers etc.

## MEMBERS AND THEIR GUESTS

Keith Blair	BMW K75RT	Maurice Knight	With Alan Blake
Alan Blake	Saab 95	Arthur MacDonald	Triumph Tiger 800
Steve Callahan	KTM 990 Adventure	David Martin	Yamaha MT-01
<i>Nick Campolucci</i>	<i>Honda Crossrunner 800</i>	Jonathan Martin	Suzuki GSX-S1000
Craig Carey-Clinch	Triumph Bonneville T100	Graham Matcham	BMW R1200GS
<i>Chris Hodder</i>	<i>Yamaha Diversion 600</i>	Ben Matthews	Triumph 955i Sprint ST
Keith Davies	Triumph Bonneville	Bob McMillan	Yamaha Super Tenere XTZ1200E
Greg Elson	Triumph Thruxton 900	Peter Meek	Suzuki V-Strom 650
Frank Finch	Suzuki V-Strom 1000	David O'Neill	BMW R1200GS Adventure
<i>Andy Mayo</i>	<i>Aprilia Tuono V4</i>	<i>John O'Neill</i>	<i>BMW R1200GS Adventure</i>
Graham Goodman	BMW R1150GS	Rick Parish	Triumph Trophy 1200
Alan Halford	Suzuki GSX600F	Dan Sager	Kawasaki Versys 650
Simon Hill	BMW R1200RT	Geoff Selvidge	Suzuki V-Strom 650
Nick Hopkins	Norton Commando Fast Back LR	<i>Roy Pinto</i>	<i>Triumph Tiger 1050</i>
Nick Jeffery	Kawasaki GT750	Andrew Smith	Yamaha MT-09 Tracer
Adam Kelley	Yamaha MT-09 Tracer	Bob Trigg	Yamaha MT-07
Ian Kerr MBE	Yamaha MT-09 Tracer	Tom Waterer	Kawasaki Versys 650

*Italics – Guest of the Member listed above.*

For the record and gratification of those to whom it is still important, the brand market shares were (alphabetical where tied):

- 1<sup>st</sup> = Triumph 21.2%
- Yamaha 21.2%
- 3<sup>rd</sup> BMW 18.2%
- 4<sup>th</sup> Suzuki 15.2%
- 5<sup>th</sup> Kawasaki 9.1%
- 6<sup>th</sup> = Aprilia, Honda, KTM, Norton and Saab 3.0%

## THE ROUTE





# MENUS

 <b>The Club</b> <u>The Bedford Hotel</u> <u>Friday 17th April 2015</u> <u>The Motorcycle Industries Executive Club</u>  2 Course Hot Fork Buffet  <b>MAIN</b> Beef & Jail Ale Stew Or Vegetable Thai Curry  <b>DESSERT</b> Strawberry Eton Mess Or Chocolate Orange Tart, hazelnut praline	 <b>The Club</b> <u>The Bedford Hotel</u> <u>Saturday 18th April</u> <u>The Motorcycle Industries Executive Club</u>  Pea & Mint Velouté, truffle cream  ****  Roast Sirloin of Dartmoor beef, braised shin, roast shallots, Devonshire pudding, roast potatoes, watercress & jail ale gravy  ****  Lemon Posset, honey granola, Cornish strawberries, sorbet, vanilla foam
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## QUIZ RESULTS – Upside down so that you can’t cheat! Quiz papers on The Club website Martin Lambert’s Friday Quiz

1. 30% 2. Daphne du Maurier 3. Rutter – 8, Haslam – 6, Easton – 4, Grant – 2 4. Water 5. Famous Names a. Ernest Monnington Bowden b. Leon Cibie c. Samuel Smith 6. Picture Round a. Walter Villa b. Luca Cadalora c. Alex Criville d. Ralph Bryans 7. Indian 8. 1935 9. Honda TT finishes a. Lightweight 125: 1 <sup>st</sup> , 2 <sup>nd</sup> and 3 <sup>rd</sup> – 1 point for each b. Lightweight 250: 1 <sup>st</sup> , 2 <sup>nd</sup> and 3 <sup>rd</sup> – 1 point for each
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## Dave Martin's Saturday Quiz

- 10; B: Johannes Güttemann  
founder of NSU in 1873. Georg Wessbinder was founder of the Abensonne motorcycle company – only made for two years 1933/34 and its claim to fame was coupling of two 98cc Villiers engines to make a 196cc twin-cylinder engine
- 9; A: Norman Hyde Answer is Norman Hyde who was Chairman for 5 years – 2 “stints” – one of 3 years and one of 2. Mike have been chairman twice, 2 years each term and Peter once, for 4 years.
- 8; C: Froede  
Walter Froede was the head of the German company NSU's motorcycle racing program; at the time, NSU was the largest builder of motorcycles in the world. The engine is tilted over to the left, and the piston is shown at TDC. The rotary valve was driven at a constant 1/4 of crankshaft speed. Although initially successful in racing, it was not repeated, probably due to the demise of NSU.
- 7; D: Leopard  
young male leopard, but also found that the cat had not died in Britain and that the skull had been imported as part of a leopard-skin rug. The back of the skull was cleanly cut off in a way that is commonly used to mount the head on a rug. There was an egg case inside the skull that had been laid by a tropical cockroach that could not possibly be found in Britain. There were also cut marks on the skull indicating the flesh had been scraped off with a knife
- 6; C: Torsion. Never used by Honda again – which says it all really! Any comments Bob?
- 5; C: Suzuki – 28% increase. (Honda 16, Yamaha 20, Kawasaki 14%)
- 4; C: Francis Drake Born at Crowndale farm in 1542. Drake carried out the second circumnavigation of the world in a single expedition, from 1577 to 1580. Elizabeth I of England awarded Drake a knighthood in 1581. He was second-in-command of the English fleet against the Spanish Armada in 1588. He died of dysentery in January 1596<sup>15</sup> after unsuccessfully attacking San Juan, Puerto Rico.
- 3; Our hotel – The Bedford – was named after  
Any/all of them – they're all the same chap! One point for each one.
- 2; A: Motor Racing. Including three formula 1 races and also famous for the first win of the Lotus racing marque.  
Question 8 of the Pembroke run.
- 1; B 348 – 303 anti-submarine and 45 Airborne early warning. Sold to Royal Australian Navy, Indonesian Navy and German navy as well as the Royal navy.

## PHOTO GALLERY

Please click on the link below (the blue type bit!) to take you to the club's YouTube channel and the pictures!

YouTube link: [Three Moors Run – Spring 2015](#)