



**Autumn Run 2024**  
20<sup>th</sup> to 22<sup>nd</sup> September  
**Organisers**  
Tim Maccabee  
Steve Callahan





**Speaking of Nick Hopkins**, he was one of the victims of the various thunderplumps<sup>1</sup> that affected our travel to Warwick. Leaving home on his trusty BSA B33, within 10 miles he was caught in a heavy downpour that soaked straight through his riding gear and filled his shreddies. Turning around, he parked the bike up and came in his car!

Global travellers Craig Carey-Clinch and wife Barbara Alam (Nick H's guest) were also, unusually for them, forced to scurry for cover en-route. By the time they arrived the nosebag was well underway. But at least they made it! Paul Haskins didn't rock up until Saturday morning but in his case, it wasn't down to the weather, more a dodgy Ducati refusing to spark up. He had to resort to a different mount that, if my memory serves, needed an overnight battery charge. His Saturday arrival was heralded by a cloud of delightful 2 stroke smoke from his classic Yamaha 350 Elsie.

**Pre-dinner drinks were imbibed** at the Eagle, Tim's other pub (did you know he had two?), next door to the

Globe Hotel. It's a cosy establishment for sure and certainly wouldn't make the short list as a venue for the annual Warwick cat swinging championships. In fact, had it been raining and we had all crammed inside instead of spreading outdoors, synchronised breathing would have been the order of the day!

*Left: Taking alfresco aperitifs on a pleasantly mild, rain free evening.*

*Right: it may be small inside but there's a good ambience and the ale was top quality.*



Following the welcome letter to, erm, the letter, our organisers called time on the pre-prandial scoopage and we duly trooped the 20 yards across to the Globe restaurant where the evening's activities would take place. It was a funny old do really as we were in a section just off the main bar where the hotel reception desk was sited and so various bemused people came and went, either checking in or trying to get a table for dinner.

**Chairman Alan wasted no time** in standing up and welcoming everyone and inviting members to introduce their guests who were:

**Bill Taylor** – the owner and Sales & Marketing Director of BikeTrac. Invited by Nick Campolucci, Bill was on his 3<sup>rd</sup> qualifying run and is now a Member.

**Steve Campolucci** – Nick's brother, who is an Environmental Telematics Engineer by trade. Your scribe has no idea what that is but it sounds bloody impressive!

**John Diaz** – the guest of Steve Callahan, John is Steve's Financial Adviser.

**Ben Hall** (aka Little Ben) – was introduced by Ben Matthews (aka Big Ben). Little Ben is the General Manager of Watsonian Squire and on his 2<sup>nd</sup> run.

**Steve Lomas** – Steve is the owner of Five-One Wheels and was the guest of Neil Tuxworth. This was Steve's 3<sup>rd</sup> qualifying run.

**Jack Taylor** – was introduced by Andy Mayo who stood in for the delayed Paul Haskins. Jack is the General Manager at R&G Products.

**Eddie Roberts** – Frank Finch's guest is steeped in racing heritage both as a rider on roads and in GPs and, after retiring, Global Racing Manager for Pirelli. Eddie is now the owner of Krämer Motorcycles UK and Ireland.

**Barbara Alam** - Nick Hopkins guest: Barbara's introduction would come later due to the aforementioned flash-flood delay. She is a Tour Guide with Globbusters, the Secretary of the All Party Parliamentary Motorcycle Group and works with husband Craig in Rowan Public Affairs.

*Clockwise from top left: Steve Campolucci, Bill Taylor, Eddie Roberts, Steve Lomas, Jack Taylor, Barbara Alam, Ben Hall, and John Diaz.*



<sup>1</sup> **Thunderplump:** C19th dialect for a torrential downpour that soaks you to the skin in seconds...



**The food at the Globe** was excellent with choices to tempt everyone. A special mention should be made of the enormous portion of fish (*Ed: Is that a whole cod??*) as should the enormous appetite of guest Jack Taylor. With Jack's sponsor Paul in absentia, this human anaerobic digester requested all of Paul's food be delivered to him *in addition* to his own. With Bill, Stephen Burgess and your scribe looking on in open mouthed amazement, he scoffed the lot; all 3 (read 6) courses!



With dinner proceeding nicely, Tim was called upon to deliver the run briefing. After telling us of the fire that had destroyed Saturday's dinner venue, the Masonic Lodge, in 1695; the market in the town in the morning and that there was live music, which would probably be loud, in the Globe on Saturday night he went on to the route, which had been titled 'The Warwickshire Wobble'.

It became clear to your scribe during the briefing that Nick Hopkins' soaking and subsequent switch to 4 wheels may have been fortuitous. Nick is known to like his ales and as Tim explained that both lunch and afternoon tea would be taken in breweries, the opportunity to ride shotgun in the RAC van would present a chance for our hero to get happily trousered without consequence whilst sampling their wares!

**With the briefing complete**, Andrew Smith took centre stage to administer the raffle, ably assisted by Nigel Bosworth. Andrew had voiced some concerns over the seeming lack of raffle prizes but as the re-distribution of ephemera wore on he had worried needlessly. In fact there was one 'prize' left over – Neil Tuxworth's laundry which had been hanging on a lamp to dry. The Rafflemeister suggested that a special raffle would be held later to win the shirt. It didn't happen and the hotel management offered it back to those of us resident at Sunday breakfast; it may still be there!



The usual guidelines for raffle prizes are 'around a tenner and something you would be happy to win yourself'. With this in mind, there was one prize that stood head and shoulders above the guidelines: it was a BMW branded tracker box. The winner of this prize was Neil Tuxworth; not a bad exchange really for a previously worn corporate shirt. Tux was very happy and straight away consulted Ebay to find out what his prize might be worth. He excitedly told everyone it was well in excess of £100!



At this point dear reader, you and I may have been tempted to open the box to check on the condition of the contents but as far as your scribe can ascertain, Neil didn't do this. In fact, by all accounts, he didn't open it until he got home thus depriving the donor, Stephen Burgess, of the pleasure of seeing his face as he found ... the 'probably ming' vase Tux had donated in Autumn 23! Stephen confided that he had had the Devil's own job finding a suitable box in which to return it!

Your scribe understands that some weeks later, a still disgruntled Neil was trying to find out if Andrew had had a hand in the 'stitch up'. As if! (*Ed: Cadburys Roses anyone?*)

**Somewhere in all of these goings-on** quiz papers were exchanged for golden sovereigns. More of a general knowledge test than the bikecentric quizzes we are used to. The eventual winner of 2 bags of Twiglets was Norman: unsurprising really as one of the questions was about him and virtually all of the remainder concerned the local area and its history! Steve Campolucci won a non-existent wooden spoon which, had it existed, would have been worth more than the Twiglets...

With formalities completed, donations acknowledged and apologies for absence given – Tim Albone primarily who had been forced to withdraw at the 11<sup>th</sup> hour after contracting Covid – the room gradually emptied as members and guests drifted off to their various billets, or back to The Eagle, for a nightcap and to pray for a dry run on the morrow.

**In good time for a prompt 09:00 departure** the car park at Alderson House became busy with men (and lady) preparing themselves for the day ahead's ride.

Steven Jones our RAC support arrived in good time. Steve was the guy who was with us in the Spring too and looked after Steve Callahan's bike after his unfortunate RTC. If he comes again in the spring, should we propose him as an Honorary Member I wonder?

Also arriving early were Greg Elson on his recent acquisition, a 'modern' BSA Gold Star, and Paul Haskins on his stroker.

*Clockwise from top left: the Chairman welcomes Steve Jones and then prepares his bike. Tail end Charlie for the 1<sup>st</sup> section Steve; he and Tim would swap roles 4 times during the run. Always youthful looking Greg Elson and Andrew asks Paul if his LC 350 is still on Yamaha's asset list!*

With clocks showing 08:59 and engines running, we waited for the flag to drop. And waited, and waited some more. Steve Callahan's guest, John Diaz was AWOL. He had apparently lost the key to his ZZR1400. One hopes he is more careful with Steve's spondulix! Anyway, with key finally located, Tim led the way out of the car park and down the High Street to leave Warwick past the East Gate.



**Our route initially headed south** towards Banbury. Our President, Norman, has provided your scribe with a great deal of history and other information on our route and I will append this at the end of the report for those interested in learning more.



After a short section of the Fosseway the first place of note en-route was the village of Kineton. Kineton dates back to Saxon times and was of course a busy old place during the English Civil War. Longer serving members may recall our afternoon tea stop visit to MOD Kineton, a few miles to the east, in the Autumn of 2007.

Sadly, there is no report for this run on the club website but if you recall, the base is a major ammunition depot and we were given a tour of the museum and tossed a depleted uranium anti-tank shell by the tour guide whilst he explained how it could pierce a tank's armour, fly around inside and vapourize the crew. Fastest game of 'pass the parcel' I've ever played!!

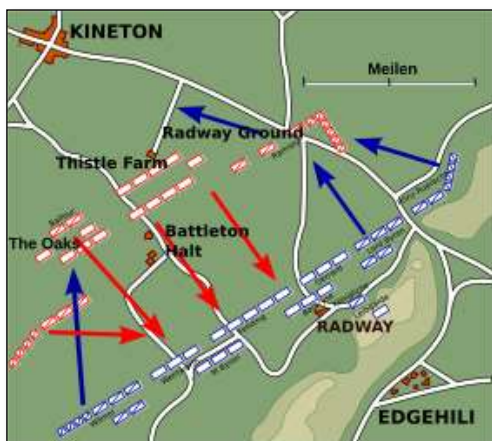
A few rainspots dotted the visor as we passed through Kineton and I guess a few of us were hoping that this wasn't a harbinger of a wet Sun Rising Hill, which would soon be climbed.

This stretch of the A422 has been used as a test hill for bikes and cars since they were first built. Of course this means that the 16% gradient (1 in 6.25 in old money) has claimed more than its fair share of casualties as enthusiasm exceeds ability...

Nowadays, with so many rider aids: auto gearboxes, quick shifters, twist and go, together with the massive leap in braking, handling and tyre technologies, it's hard to imagine what it was like to tackle the climb 100 years ago. Well, by the power of the interweb we can get a taste. The hill is part of the VMCC Banbury Run route and here is some on-board footage shot from a 1926 AJS 350 side valve competing in the 2016 event, enjoy! [Climbing Sun Rising Hill](#)



**After Sun Rising Hill** our route left the A422 to follow the Edgehill escarpment, which overlooks the site of the first major battle of the English Civil War which took place on 23<sup>rd</sup> October 1642, t'were a Sunday.



This was the first real confrontation between the Royalists - in blue in the map left - captained by King Charles and the Parliamentarians captained by the Earl of Essex and playing in red. There had been an earlier skirmish, more of a pre-season friendly really, on the 23<sup>rd</sup> September at the Battle of Powick Bridge.

You may remember riding past the Castle Hotel in Edgehill. This is where King Charles had apparently raised his standard, surveying the battlefield below: sort of watching from the stands.

With both teams being short on match fitness, an uninspiring draw was played out and the Royalist continued to march towards London where they lost their next match to lower league opposition in the form of London's defending Militia. What had initially promised to be a short season eventually lasted 4 years. They say you learn from history but fast forward to 1914 and they said *that* would be 'over by Christmas' and it lasted, yep, 4 years...

**Beyond Edgehill, the weather improved** and we caught sight of the old Current Bun putting his hat on. The route turned towards Banbury on the B4100, which between 1744 and 1871 had been a turnpike. It was reclassified as the A41 Trunk road in the 1920's and remained so until the M40 opened in 1990 when it was 'de-trunked': oo-err missus! This was the old pre-M40 route I had ridden up the day before.

Turning off the old turnpike at Hanwell, just north of Banbury, we were about halfway to the morning coffee stop. The weather had been kind thus far and there were some great views to be had from the good riding roads. I remembered some of them from that Banbury Club Run of 2007. If my increasingly puddled memory serves, President Norman rode a prototype DOHC Triumph Bandit 350 on that run. The one pictured right is at the National Motorcycle Museum.



The Bandit and its sibling, the BSA Fury, were Edward Turner's last huzzah; much maligned by Bert Hopwood (probably because the 'suits' had brought ET out of retirement to design it) and extensively modified by him and our dear departed member Doug Hele. Neither bike made it to market...

Anyway I digress.

By the time we rocked up at the coffee stop at Weedon Bec the sun was well and truly out and it was turning into a very pleasant Saturday indeed.

**The Ordnance Depot** at Weedon Bec was built between 1805 and 1806 as a central storage depot for weaponry and gunpowder as part of the anti-invasion preparations during the Napoleonic Wars. It was supplied via a branch off the Grand Union canal and later the railway. It ceased all operations in 1965 and disposed of by the MOD in 1984.



Mooching about the site it reminded me, eerily, of Auschwitz Birkenau. The large buildings of the former and the infamous entrance route of the latter. It fair made me shudder...

The buildings on the site are all original and Grade II listed and are used by a variety of businesses as storage units, offices and workshops, there is even accommodation on site too.

*Top: Looking back at Birkenau entrance Below: The Depot E & W gates*

**Tucked away in the back row** on the north side of the site was our watering hole, The Coffee Depot which is an eclectic emporium of antiques, shabby chic merchandise, old bikes and a café; holistically known as 'Industry and Supply Co'. "Coffee and cake is on the club tab and owt else you pay for" announced Tim on our arrival.

Whilst the refreshments hit the spot the lavatory was shit the pot. "It wasn't me" said your scribe to Barbara who was the next unfortunate in line. Luckily she was used to unsavoury plumbing on her Globebuster trips...

Someone spotted a portrait displayed high on a wall, there was much excitement as it was felt that the subject was our own Boz. I'm not sure; to me it looked more like Michael Kitchen of Foyle's War fame. I'll let you decide dear reader!



Following Steve, who had now assumed the role of Leader, out of the Depot there was a young lad on a noisy Suzuki Enduro bike who joined our snake as we rode out. I did wonder if he was going to stay with us but he peeled off at the first junction.



**Leaving Weedon Bec behind** we were on familiar roads. A shortish stretch of the A5 north before turning off east and crossing the M1 just by Watford Gap services to head off in the direction of Market Harborough and thence to Melton Mowbray: roads that we had ridden on the spring run in 2019 from Sywell.



When the M1 first opened in 1959, the northern end was what is now junction 18. There were no crash barriers and the hard shoulder was soft; most importantly though there was no speed limit, happy days!

I recall my dad taking me down to Watford Gap service and us being overtaken by an E-type going Harry Flatters in the 'fast lane'. Apparently the Rolling Stones used to thrash up the other way after the pubs shut in the Smoke cos the services were open 24 hours!

*Left: The M1 in 1959 and just for Dan, a train cos he likes trains...*

Passing through the village of Welford did you see Postman Pat and his black and white cat on the verge at the bottom of the High Street? Did you remember passing him on that Sywell Run? Well, here's a thing, the one pictured right that we passed this time is a different one to 2019.

A landmark in Welford since 1990 when the original was carved from a dead tree, the first one succumbed to old age and rot in April 2019; just after we rode past. Must have been the wake turbulence from the Ducati Diavel that Boz was riding that day that finished him off!



Husbands Bosworth (that name Bosworth is common as muck around here), Lubenham and Foxton - all familiar stomping grounds to me and my old Triumph Tiger 90 in the late 60s – came and went and then we hit a sticky right turn onto the A6 just north of Market Harborough. The traffic both ways showed little respite and it was a case of shut your eyes and trust in the Lord! I'm guessing it took a good 10 minutes to get us all across.

The section after crossing the A6, up through The Langtons and Tilton on the Hill towards Melton Mowbray is what Estate Agents call 'a very desirable area' for well-breeched people wishing to escape 'cosmopolitan' Leicester. We had ridden this stretch the reverse way when returning to Sywell in 2019.



**With the ‘cakeometer’ in the red we rode into Melton for lunch;** the traffic was in a right snotravle and waymarking became approximate to say the least! Somehow though we all made it into the cattle market and parked up beside the Round Corner Brewery and adjacent café.

The weather was still being kind and lunch was an alfresco affair consisting of a large wedge of Melton’s finest, chips and homemade chutney washed down (for them’s that risked it) with a drop of ale. It was all rather filling!

The merriment was punctuated by a couple of appearances of a chap called the ‘Samosa Wallah’ dressed in traditional silk Kurta and Pajama and driving a liveried Tuk Tuk. His samosas are apparently legendary and his website proclaims: ‘Very, very tasteey’ [sic] and ‘No guarantee of weight loss!’



If only the Club curry guru, Dave Martin, had been with us to test his claims...

After lunch Andrew waved a cheery farewell and left for home and the prior family engagement he had forgotten about when booking himself on the run! A case of PPPPPP eh Andrew? For the rest of us it was ‘Go West Young Man’!



**Leaving Melton was initially as fraught as arriving.** The traffic was still heavy and the right turn at the first lights nearly caught out some unwary riders; what looked like a ‘one way green’ turn wasn’t, witnessed by the oncoming traffic rushing towards them! Still, safely around and clear of town we could settle back and enjoy the fast flowing road ahead.

After passing through Asfordby and under the A46 Fosseway at Six Hills, the next village of note was Wymeswold and your scribe spotted the innocuous frontage of the Hammer and Pincers on the right as we passed through. Nowadays it’s a posh restaurant but it wasn’t always so.



Back in 1969 it was the local Rocker hangout and every night it was full of ‘Greasers’ and me and a chum used to ride out there occasionally. My D7 Bantam was a bit limp-wristed though for the clientele and so I took to going in the chair of my mate’s BSA A7 (a cut down Watsonian Double Adult Ben!). One thing hasn’t changed through the years though: the menu nowadays offers a ‘seasonal amuse-bouche’ and in ‘69 it was a smack in the gob served in the car park!

Shortly after Wymeswold we passed through Normanton Hills, the most northerly point of the route, and began arcing southwards again. A quick left and right on the busy A6 trunk just beyond Zouch (the alphabetically last named settlement in Britain) took us onto a good B-road down through the heart of the Leicestershire and South Derbyshire coalfield which is (*Ed: Surely, was?*) centred in a 10 mile square on Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

Now you may be thinking that the Zouch of Ashby-de-la means the same as Zouch village but no. Zouch is a small canal village and the name is derived from the Old English word for poor ground. Prior to the Norman Conquest, Ashby-de-la-Zouch was just plain old Ashby until it came into the possession of the La Zouche family during the reign of Henry III. On the other hand, you may not give a toss!

**Dropping down past Measham and Twycross** the weather, like the poorly German butcher, took a turn for the worst. By the time we rode into Atherstone it was fair bucketing down, just in time for the cobbles of Market Street! Luckily though it was but a short distance to the afternoon tea stop by which time it had pretty much stopped raining.

*Right: Atherstone is a pretty little town centred on its market place. Image courtesy of Mr Google of course!*





**Rick had a face like a wet weekend:** you see his faithful Triumph Trophy, the one with the fairing the size of Jodrell Bank, had experienced terminal rear suspension failure and so he was riding a Tiger 800. Usually in inclement weather he lords it about the car park saying "I got a spot of rain on my visor, I'm going to complain to Triumph". Well today he got the full drowned rat experience! That's karma Rick, karma!



*Right: There's no such thing as bad weather, just inappropriate clothing!*

If your scribe might make so bold; Nick H's gear that gave up the ghost so early on Friday and Rick's soaked clobber both appear to be of 'a certain age', perhaps there's a deal to be done somewhere?

**Going in to the Church End Brewery in search of tea and buns**, there were 2 queues, a near queue and ... another one. The near queue was for hot beverages which for some unknown reason hadn't been pre-prepared; the orders were dealt with individually and were taken with eyes rolling to the ceiling and a huff. It seems that the expectation was we would all want to sample their wares, which were dispensed with far more urgency. Some, of course, did.



Whilst visiting the 'facilities' I espied an artwork that depicted a special ale for the King's Coronation. I have to say that whilst I enjoy a wacky beer name as much as the next man (remember 'Mr Watson's Bit on the Side' - Spring 14), I thought this one (picture left) a tad disrespectful, I don't know about you.



Church End would be the guest brewer of choice for the evening's event at Alderson House with ale carrying, to me anyway, a far more acceptable name...

**There were two highlights on the last leg** of the route. At least I *think* there were two. One was of course the ride through Meriden, of which more in a mo. The other was a brief stop to allow a herd of cows to cross the road.



I didn't make a note of the latter on arrival at the Brewery which leads me to believe that it was after tea, especially as milking time is usually around 4pm. However Nick Campolucci's picture left is timed at 3.06 which would be before tea. Perhaps someone can put me straight on the mystery?

Anyway, the enforced stop lasted about 10 minutes and as we waited, you could almost hear the climate changing as the passing beasts let off, erm, steam...

Meriden is of course famous for being the reputed centre of England, there's something else too; no wait, it's on the tip of my tongue, I'll get there, bear with. Ah yes, the Cyclists War Memorial, that's it. We passed it on the green.

I can find no reference as to why Meriden was chosen specifically for its siting, other than Coventry's cycle factories being close by and that centre of England claim that had been refuted in 1920, the year before the Memorial was unveiled.

Given the number of Triumph Model H's utilised in the First World War and Triumph's contribution to the Second World War effort after relocating there in 1942, it's strange there is no Dispatch Rider equivalent. I'm not decrying the cyclists' sacrifice in any way but the stone marking the site of the old Triumph factory is quite insignificant by comparison.



But then again, maybe I'm just the teeniest bit biased...

After Meriden, it was pretty much a slog through ever increasing urbanisation to get back to Warwick. I was treated to the sight of Gary Hartshorne stood on the pegs of his GS through most of Balsall Common, including the roundabouts and, of course, I let out a muffled titter (*Ed: Insert old joke about man with scarf here!*) riding through Haseley Knob – schoolboy humour I know but Roy Pinto will appreciate it!



With nothing more than a couple of sprinkles of rain during the last leg, we rode back into the Alderson House car park at 1700 hours.

Well done Tim and Steve for excellent timekeeping and a great day's riding!



**We dodged the heaviest rain during the ride** but it caught up with us on the way to the Old Post Office for our pre-dinner libations. I was strolling down with the Bridgestone Boys past and present, Arthur and Gary, when the heavens opened. Being once a Boy Scout I had a brolly with me, *Be Prepared* and all that, not so my sharp-suited companions. Sheltering a while under the West Gate we made a last dash to avoid any more wasted drinking time.

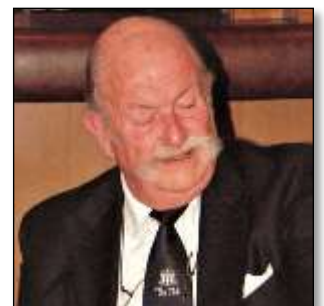
Steaming gently in the back room of the pub, others including Tony Jakeman who had arrived in time to see the group safely back, Neil Tuxworth, Steve Lomas and I think the Campolucci Brothers (*Ed: Were they in the Sopranos?*) enjoyed the cosy atmosphere. Alas, not for the first time on this run, my camera stayed firmly in my bag when it should have been busy and so there is no photographic evidence. I must be slipping in my dotage...

With Neil nervously looking at his watch we departed for dinner shortly before 7pm, thankfully the rain had stopped.

**Alderson House** is the meeting place for the Freemasons in Warwick. Not being part of the Fraternity, your scribe had never been into a lodge before and so it was quite interesting looking at the portraits and paraphernalia inside. One particular portrait of a past Grand Master had caught Dan's eye: "Come and look" says he, "I'm sure that's Peter Britton".



What I know about Freemasonry can be written on the back of a 1<sup>st</sup> class stamp with a 2" border around the edge and so I have no idea if our dear friend Peter is, or ever was a Mason but I'm sure he would be well qualified. The likeness was uncanny but it wasn't him as the Manager confirmed to us.



I believe that Peter had been invited to join us for the run or at least dinner but he hadn't been able to make it which was a real shame.

In the main function room, Chairman Alan welcomed Members and Guests which was echoed by the Alderson House Manager, Peter Round. Organiser Tim then said Grace and we tucked in.



Now as can be seen from this picture left, some Members were letting standards slip. Removing jackets before 'The King' is a heinous crime in itself but, Mr Haskins, casual attire!? And at a Masonic Lodge too!



Paul pleaded his improper dress was because his suit was locked in the panniers of his Ducati; the one with the flat battery. Electrically locking panniers on a bike, really? And, a man of his standing who has only 1 suit to his name? It didn't wash with me, or the Sergeant at Arms...



**Just who was the Sergeant at Arms** on this run had been a closely guarded secret. Normally, the scribe would be party to this info because after all, a 'court report' is an integral part of his job. My enquiries though on arrival on Friday as to whether Mr Callahan would be multi-tasking were met with: "I couldn't possibly say"...

It was Saturday lunchtime when I finally worked out who it might be. There are usually only 2 people scribbling notes on runs, one is the scribe and the other is the Sergeant and I had espied a suspect sitting alone with pen in hand: gotcha!



Dan Sager takes to officialdom like a duck takes to orange sauce. He is, as many know, a Station Master on the Chinnor and Princes Risborough Railway and so the role of Sergeant at Arms is right up his sidings. Aply assisted by Corporal Nick Campolucci he wasted no time in getting stuck in...

"Standards have to be maintained and standards have NOT been maintained!" he roared! "Have we had the Loyal Toast?" he continued. "I can see bare-shirted men!" And **Arthur, Corporal Nick, Gary, Kevin and Paul** were first to deposit their £1 fines. (Ed: Nick C had put his jacket back on by this stage then, showing due deference to the Sergeant but not the King!)

The Sergeant had feared that he would have insufficient 'material' to produce a meaningful report but he had worried needlessly. Following Ben Matthews and **Ben Hall** out of the filling station on Friday night, 'Little Ben' had left his indicator on for over half a mile and thus paid the penalty for 'excessive winking'!

Fines were to be levied in three categories said Dan: Machines, Dress and Behaviour. The fourth category of 'Bastards' had been dropped. Continuing: "**Mr Haskins**; a Ducati, it has an electrical problem, this appears to have come as a surprise to you!" Paul was thus the first machines fine.

Referring next to Paul's alternative mount of the Yamaha RD350LC the Sergeant opined "It's a 1981 motorcycle and it is mint, is it not? **Nick Jeffery**, you are riding a 1991 motorcycle, it looks less than mint, £1 please!" "And it also has the number plate 'NEW', that's another pound." Staying on number plates, **Steve Callahan** also copped for a pound for being: "The man who put the FUN in number plates."

**Nick Hopkins**, predictably, was fined for starting out from home on his bike but then swapping it for the car and **Tony Jakeman** "Lovely to have you back Tony but you missed the entire run!"

**Rick Parish** and the 'diving board' on the back of his Triumph Trophy have given the club much enjoyment (and fine revenue) up to now. Him not being on it this time had had the Sergeant scratching his head until: "It transpires that it's knackered the suspension on your bike!" Ker-ching!

Guest **Steve Campolucci**: "You're an Engineer, a man with an eye for detail, a man who knows how to do things properly. Attaching your indicator with insulation tape does not meet the standard."

A double Ben, triple whammy was next up as **Messrs Matthews and Hall** were fined for a) Ben M's BMW not being a Royal Enfield, which he sells: b) Ben H riding a Royal Enfield Guerrilla "That's a bloody stupid name for a motorcycle" and: c) not having sidecars attached when "Watsonian are the oldest sidecar manufacturers in the world." In fairness **Dan** blamed their PR man, which of course is himself! That little salvo netted a fiver in total.

The squeaky brakes on **Nick Jeffery's** BMW and **Dan's** own Enfield generated £1 each as did **Andy Mayo's** (loud) disc lock alarm!

Moving on to dress, **Paul Haskins** was again in the spotlight: "You had an extra 24 hours to sort out your wardrobe but you have come as an extra for It Ain't Half Hot Mum!"

Organiser **Tim** was fined for his red shoes on Friday: "It's not a Wizard of Oz tribute." Oh, and his Ducati bum bag.



**Steve Callahan's** Hi-Viz vest caught him out; it being branded Honda whilst he was riding a Yamaha. (Ed: *The Sergeant missed a double there; Steve has worked for Suzuki and Honda but never Yamaha – no brand loyalty.*)



**Ben M** and **Rick** were reminded that waterproof jackets are only waterproof if you don't remove the waterproof liner...

Style was the downfall of **Frank Finch** for having red side arms on his specs to match his bike and a style faux-pas caught out **Nick Campolucci** who, being 'stylish Italian', should know better than to tuck his jeans into his riding boots!

**Neil Tuxworth** has had more than his fair share of fines for riding a 'scooter', "So I'm not going to fine you for that but wearing Sidi Vertebrae boots with chrome side panels on a scooter I am going to fine you for!"

**Kevin Howells** rode in an Arai helmet, full Alpinestars textiles and ... "Ridiculous paddock boots!"

Rounding off the 'dress section', **Norman and Nick J** were accused of mounting 'Gilet Jaune' protests by wearing Hi-Viz vests when they were neither Run Leader nor Tail End Charlie. And finally guest **John Daiz**, who sported a balaclava under his helmet, was firmly told, "Gimp headgear is not acceptable on a run."

Kicking off the behavioural section **Tim Maccabee** was asked, "What is the average age of people here, 60? 70? Probably taking statins?" "Yes, probably" replied Tim shovelling more earth out of the hole. "So giving them pork pie and chips for lunch is probably asking for trouble!"

The normally impossible to fault **Chairman, Alan**, was accused of luring the Sergeant to the Old Post Office for a drink on Friday night then glancing at his watch and leaping up and running out saying "Oh my God we are going to be late!" Leaving Dan to be late!

The Sergeant admitted to guest **Jack Taylor** that knowing the etiquette when your inviting member [Paul Haskins] doesn't turn up can be tricky, "But you don't need to eat his food too, two dinners Jack!"

**Nigel Bosworth** is always fair game and he was fined twice, first for giving a 'fairground pillion ride' to someone around the car park and then for impatiently bumping the back of Kevin's bike at a junction when he had a car in front of him. And all in plain sight of the Sergeant!

**Neil Tuxworth** paid for forgetting his raffle prize, giving a lame excuse and donating his shirt instead.

**Steve Callahan** and his guest **John** were again fined: Steve for dropping Ben M off on the wrong corner and John for that delay on Saturday morning.

**Craig and Barbara** who "Have led parties of Explorers all over the World and are experienced motorcyclists that none of us can match; had to stop on the way up because it rained a bit!" **Craig** also paid for thinking that Melton cattle market was a football ground when chatting with Dan over lunch.

Barbara had gambled on the rain holding off and wore non waterproof trousers. That's not a fine in itself; you win some etc. **Steve Lomas** had though "Shown a gentlemanly concern for Barbara's wet trousers by trying to wring them out; whilst she was still wearing them!"

**Kevin Howells** was commended for observing a 30mph speed limit but not for the emergency stoppie he performed from his 90mph trajectory!

**Gary Hartshorne** [of Bridgestone] was following an 'over enthusiastic' Ben Matthews who had nearly hi-sided on some wet leaves; he then pulled alongside him and said, "It'll be them Continental tyres mate!" He also copped it for that long 'stood on the pegs' episode after tea.

The final two fines were levied on **Eddie Roberts**, a rider safety officer, for excessive 'winking' and **Adonis Arthur** for stripping down to his long-johns at the coffee stop!



**The Sergeant closed his book** shortly after 9pm, to a much deserved round of applause at which point, the Alderson House staff were called for the customary thanks and their round of applause. Normally, I would have a snap of that but although I did take a photograph, I was asked to delete it later by the Manager...

So with Chairman Alan bringing the formal proceedings to a close it was back to the bar to see if any of that Fox's Hat ale remained in the barrel before heading back to our respective billets.

**It is fair to say** I think that there had been some apprehension in the club ranks ahead of the weekend. With three hotels, parking remotely and a run in a busy Midlands area it is perhaps understandable that the number of members attending was slightly down. However, Tim and Steve had done an excellent job and everything went pretty much like clockwork.



The route too was excellent with few hold-ups to slow our progress. Great roads, good views and it was considerably less wet than expected! All in all a great weekend, thanks chaps.

I would also like to personally thank everyone who has contributed material for this report; your help is much appreciated! Look out for the photoreel on the club website!

**Next up is Tavistock** under the auspices of newbie organisers Andy Mayo and Roy Pinto. We of course know the Bedford Hotel well as this will be our third visit to the venue. It will be interesting to see the route the boys have picked which I believe has been modified from our previous runs in the area. And don't forget, it's slightly later than normal: 9<sup>th</sup> to 11<sup>th</sup> May. Let's hope the weather is kind to us again.

I'll see you there!

*Geoff*

### Attendees and their mounts...

<b>Alan Halford CHAIRMAN</b>	Triumph Tiger 900 GT	Rick Parish - TREASURER	Triumph Tiger 800
Andrew Smith (TO SAT LUNCH)	Yamaha Tracer 9 GT	Stephen Burgess	BMW R1250RS
Andy Mayo	Yamaha Tracer 9 GT	<b>Steve Callahan - ORGANISER</b>	Yamaha Tenere 700 T7
Arthur MacDonald	KTM 1290GT Superduke	<b>Tim Maccabee - ORGANISER</b>	Ducati Multistrada V2S
Ben Matthews VICE-CHAIR	BMW S1000XR	Tony Jakeman (SAT DINNER)	By Train
Craig Carey-Clinch	Triumph Scrambler 1200XC		
Daniel Sager	Royal Enfield Interceptor 650	Tim Albone	WITHDRAWAL - COVID
Frank Finch	Yamaha Tracer 9 GT		
Gary Hartshorne	BMW R1200GS Adventure	<b>GUESTS (Member)</b>	
Geoff Selvidge - SCRIBE	Triumph Tiger 900 GT Pro	Barbara Alam (Hopkins)	BMW F650 Twin
<i>Greg Elson (RUN ONLY)</i>	<i>BSA Gold Star 650</i>	Ben Hall (Matthews)	Royal Enfield Guerrilla 450
Kevin Howells	Yamaha MT10 SP	Bill Taylor (Campolucci)	Yamaha Super Tenere 1200
Martyn Roberts - COMMITTEE	Honda NC750	Eddie Roberts (Finch)	Yamaha Tracer 9 GT+
Neil Tuxworth	Honda Forza 750	Jack Taylor (Haskins)	BMW S1000XR
Nick Campolucci	Honda Africa Twin	John Daiz (Callahan)	Kawasaki ZZR1400
Nick Hopkins - COMMITTEE	Isuzu D-Max RAC special	Steve Campolucci (Campolucci)	Kawasaki ZX-9R
Nick Jeffery - COMMITTEE	BMW K75S	Steve Lomas (Tuxworth)	Moto Guzzi V85TT
Nigel Bosworth	Ducati V4 Streetfighter		
<b>Norman Hyde - PRESIDENT</b>	Triumph Trident 660		
Paul Haskins	Yamaha RD350LC		

NEXT PAGE – PRESIDENT NORMAN'S ROUTE REFLECTIONS...

## Our President Norman Hyde reflects on the route...

### 1) Warwick eastern town gate

East Gate is a Warwick landmark; a 14th-century gateway topped by a 15th-century chapel standing at the junction of four major roads. It was built to allow access through the medieval town walls of Warwick. The gate consists of a twin-arched gateway topped by a chapel dedicated to St Peter, and adjoins a section of surviving medieval wall.



**2) As we left Warwick** we crossed the river Avon, then on our left were the buildings & fields of Britain's oldest boys' school. It was the third oldest until Canterbury & Tonbridge added girls as pupils.

It is believed that Aethelflaed, daughter of Alfred the Great started the school in 914 as part of her creation of the burh or borough of Warwick.

The earliest appearance of Warwick in history is in the Saxon Chronicle under the year 914, and this has long been taken as the date of the foundation of Warwick School.

Very little documentary evidence exists before 1545, when King Henry VIII established, i.e. presumably re-founded, the "King's New School of Warwick". The premises were then in the Guild Hall, and later the Lord Leycester Hospital.

Between 1697 and 1879 the school was run in the old college of the Vicars Choral in St Mary's churchyard, and was predominantly a boarding school. The education, typically for the time, emphasised the classics above all.

**3) Fosse way.** The Fosse Way was a Roman road built in Britain during the first and second centuries AD that linked Isca Dumnoniorum (Exeter) in the southwest and Lindum Colonia (Lincoln) to the northeast, via Lindinis (Ilchester), Aquae Sulis (Bath), Corinium (Cirencester), and Ratae Corieltavorum (Leicester). The word Fosse is derived from the Latin fossa, meaning 'ditch'. For the first few decades after the Roman invasion of Britain in 43 AD, the Fosse Way marked the western frontier of Roman rule in Iron Age Britain. It is possible that the road began as a defensive ditch that was later filled in and converted into a road, or possibly a defensive ditch ran alongside the road for at least some of its length.

**4) Sun Rising Hill** as one of Warwickshire's trickiest hills has been used for car & bike testing since vehicles were invented, with unfortunate deaths. Sun Rising Hill is still part of the Vintage Club's Banbury Run.

*Right: Image of a motor car accident on Sun Rising Hill, Edgehill, June 10th 1907. Three men looking at wrecked car. (Warwickshire County Record Office)*



**5) Edge Hill** has also given its name to a battle from the Civil War. This was the first skirmish between the Royalist and Parliamentarian forces and took place on the 23rd October 1642. The Royalist force was based at Edge Hill with the Parliamentarian forces on the plain below. The Royalists attacked from Edge Hill and the battle took place across the land in the photo *left*. Much of the land where the battle took place is today owned by the Ministry of Defence and so is not easy to visit.

### 6) Edge Hill Tower, now known as the Castle Inn at Radway

The Castle at Edgehill is steeped in local, English history – overlooking the site of the Battle of Edgehill, which took place on 23rd October 1642. The tower was built 100 years later by Sanderson Miller and is said to mark the spot where King Charles I raised the standard before the two sides clashed. The tower, also known as the 'Radway' or 'Round Tower', was intended to replicate Guy's Tower at nearby Warwick Castle.



**7) King John's Lane** is a green lane running parallel to Sun Rising Hill. It was used for many years for trials sections by the local Leamington Victory motorcycle club when chaired by Bob Halford, Alan's father. Trail Riders fought & won a legal battle against the county council, who then put up no entry signs at both ends in a flagrant denial of justice. It is assumed that King John's Lane was an Early Saxon Mercian boundary.



**8) Wormleighton Manor** is a manor house in the civil parish of Wormleighton in the historic county of Warwickshire, England. It belonged to the wealthy Spencer family during the 16th and 17th century. Much of the house was burned down by Royalists during the English Civil War in 1645 and abandoned by the Spencer's in favour of Althorp in Northamptonshire, which contains some materials salvaged from Wormleighton. Today, all that is left of the manor, which was once four times the size of Althorp, is the Wormleighton Manor Gatehouse and Tower Cottage which is a Grade II listed building and the northern range of the manor.



**9) Husbands Bosworth** is thirteen miles south of Leicester on the borders of Northamptonshire. Its name is derived from the Old English personal name Bar; the village during the Middle Ages was therefore called Baresworth or Boresworth and occasionally Borisworth. The prefix 'Husbands' was not established until the late 16th and early 17th century and is believed to have been adopted in order to distinguish between the village of the 'husbandmen' and Market Bosworth, whose substantive name derives from a different root. (first name Bosa)

I wonder whether our Nigel comes from 'Bar' or 'Bosa'?



**10) The Grand Union Canal** is a union of lots of smaller canals. In 1810 an Act of Parliament authorised a new section to be built from the Leicestershire and Northamptonshire Canal at Foxton to the Grand Junction Canal at Buckby. It meant that for the first time boats and cargos could travel from the River Thames at Brentford to the East Midlands, including the coalfields of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire.

Foxton locks (*left*) were opened on the 9 August 1814. Surprisingly, today, they're essentially the same as when they were built.

### 11) Melton Mowbray

**Authentic Melton Mowbray Pork Pies** - The whey produced when making Stilton cheese fed a large pig population in the Melton area, so pork was plentiful.

**Stilton: the King of Cheeses** - As well as pies, Melton Mowbray has a long and traditional association with cheese. Though the exact origins of Stilton are much disputed, there is little doubt that by about 1730 its production was widespread in the Melton Mowbray area.

**The Eleven Kings of King Street** - For three hundred years from the late 1100s onwards, the Great North Road from London to York and Edinburgh (now the A1) was diverted through Melton Mowbray and so contributed significantly to Melton's early prosperity. During that period, eleven Kings of England visited Melton Mowbray,

**Melton Cloth** - Melton is the traditional centre of English fox-hunting, and black and scarlet hunting coats are traditionally made from Melton cloth, due to its weatherproof qualities. Also used to cover real tennis balls!

**Painting the Town Red** - In the early hours of Thursday, 6th April 1837, Henry Beresford, 3rd Marquess of Waterford and his fox-hunting friends, drunk after a day at the races, arrived at the Thorpe End tollgate.

Having been challenged to pay their toll, they seized some paint and proceeded to paint the toll keeper, a local constable, and a good deal of the town red.

**Melton's Historic Markets** - The Tuesday markets are the third oldest markets recorded in the country and were registered in the Domesday Book in 1085. The Livestock market is the largest town centre livestock market in the country and has been in existence for over 1,000 years.



**12) Twycross** It is named 'Twycross' because its centre lies at the intersection of three roads. The A444 connects it to Burton-on-Trent and Coventry and the B4116/B4114 to Birmingham.

*Many thanks Norman for your extensive research!*