

Chapter Four

2001

Chapter Officers

Director	Kev French
Assistant Director	Kev Taylor
Secretary	Dave Sanders
Treasurer	Bob Brocklehurst
Editor	Richard Eaton
Membership Secretary	Teresa Taylor
Senior Road Captain	Shaun Sunderland
Photographer	Susan Winning
Ladies of Harley	Jane Walker
Area Representative (Lincoln)	Jeff Bayne
Area Representative (Nottingham)	Russ Timbrell
Road Captains	Ian Winning
	Dai Gunter
	Ray Lewis
	Steve Pye
	Neil Rose

Membership for 2001 - 244

The committee for 2001 saw quite a few changes from 2000. Although all but one of the primary officers remained the same, most of the discretionary officers changed and several positions were not filled. The changes also included reducing the area representative locations to two, Nottingham and Lincoln. By the middle of the year, however, a new representative was also required for Nottingham, leaving Lincoln as the sole area to have an elected representative. The meetings for Nottingham remained at the Hogs Head, Awsworth whilst those for Lincoln moved to the Swanholme Tavern, Doddington Road, Lincoln. Later in the year the Lincoln meeting place had to move again, this time to the Fox & Hounds, Newark Road, Lincoln.

The number of Sherwood run events was slightly reduced when compared to the previous year. However, it was felt that more members attended a larger number of rallies organised by other Chapters.

This year's selection of reported activities includes:

- a. Copy of photographs of the committee taken from the December issue of the Q & Q. (It might be the end of the year, but this was the first issue to have a complete set of photographs).

- b. Copy of the ride-out to the Chester Harley-Davidson shop called 'Arctic Run for Sherwood's Extreme Squad', taken from the April/May issue of the Q & Q.
- c. Copy of what must be the longest rally report in the history of HOG, let alone Sherwood. Penned by Dai Gunter, (a budding editor in the making if ever I saw one), it describes the 11th European Rally at St Tropez, France. It was taken from the June/July issue of the Q & Q.
- d. Copy of the RAF Scampton Fun Day Rally report to which the Chapter was invited. It was taken from the October/November issue of the Q & Q.
- e. Copy of the advert for the 3rd Sherwood Rally, taken from the April/May issue of the Q & Q, together with some photographs.
- f. Copy of the Information Hot Line announcement, taken from the October/November issue of the Q & Q.
- g. Big Rock project work on a Super Glide, taken from their website (March 2001).

Events Programme

Date	Event	Type	Destination
20/01/2001	Post Christmas Bash II	Night Out	Nottingham
30/03/2001	Tattershall Social	Weekend	Tattershall
16/04/2001	Easter Monday Ride	Ride-out	Skegness
22/04/2001	Spring Poker Run	Ride-out	Vale of Belvoir
29/04/2001	Chester H-D	Ride-out	Chester
08/06/2001	Stratford-upon-Avon	Ride-out	Stratford-upon-Avon
15/06/2001	Knockerdown Camp	Weekend	Derbyshire
24/06/2001	Stilton	Ride-out	Stilton
29/06/2001	Waddington Air Show	Weekend	Waddington
05/08/2001	Ride-out and Boule Tournament	Ride-out	Hathern
12/08/2001	RAF Scampton Fun Day	Rally	Scampton
31/08/2001	Sherwood Rally	Rally	Tattershall
22/11/2001	AGM	Meeting	Nottingham

IT'S HERE
SHERWOOD CHAPTER - INFORMATION LINE
 Ever wanted to find out if there was a ride-out planned?
 Ever wondered if an event was still on?
 Couldn't remember where to meet and at what time?
 Just telephone the Chapter's Information Line!
01158 780907

Figure 4.1 Announcement of the Information Hot Line.

SHERWOOD CHAPTER

COMMITTEE MEMBERS & OFFICERS



Kev French
CHAPTER DIRECTOR



Kev Taylor
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR



Dave Sanders
SECRETARY



Bob Brocklehurst
TREASURER



Shaun Sunderland
SENIOR ROAD CAPTAIN



Richard Eaton
EDITOR



Jane Walker
LADIES OF HARLEY



Teresa Taylor
MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY



Jeff Bayne
AREA REP'



Ian Winning
ROAD CAPTAIN



Susan Winning
PHOTOGRAPHER



Steve Pye
ROAD CAPTAIN



Neil Rose
ROAD CAPTAIN





Ray Lewis
ROAD CAPTAIN



Dai Gunter
ROAD CAPTAIN

Figure 4.2 Officers for 2001.

The following article describes the not too pleasant ride to the new Harley-Davidson dealership in Chester.



ARCTIC RUN FOR SHERWOODS EXTREME SQUAD

It seemed like a good idea, a run up to the new Harley dealership at Chester. It would also give Shaun a chance to get some miles on his new toy.

So Shaun and Helen, Ian and Sue, Teresa, Dave and Brenda, Mike, Tim, Curly Kev, John and Oznur and myself arranged to meet on Sunday 18th Feb 10.00 am.

The meets was to be at the new services on the M1 Junction 24/A452. Saturday had been glorious, cold but sunny and dry. The same expected for Sunday.

So Sunday morning found me tootling down the A453. It also brought freezing fog! I pulled in to the services with ice forming on my gloves to find Mike, Time, Dave and Brenda waiting patiently (freezing impatiently?). I also found Teresa in her car! (wuss). Does she know something we don't? Ian and Sue arrived and it transpired Shaun and John had called in at Big Rock to get some cold weather fuel additive, Good idea. As soon as they arrived we all borrowed(!) some! Curly Kev didn't show so after some heated phone calls it turns out he's waiting at the new services on the A50 (another Ian wind up?) We picked him up on the way and headed for Chester.

20 miles down the road I decided this was not a good idea. The fog had got thicker and colder and the controls were getting hard to feel never mind operate.

About 2/3 of the way there we pulled in to the services for a hot drink and a warm. This was the point when the pillion riders, with the exception of Brenda and Oznur, decided to join Teresa in the car, only to stop her feeling lonely of course!

As we left the services Tim had to stop to adjust his clothing, this left Shaun and Ian away in front and we didn't catch up with them til we got to Chester.

The shop was the usual hectic opening affair with the biggest purchases among us being thermal inner gloves, and after a couple of hours it was time to head back. Unfortunately Shaun and Ian were parked in a different area and we lost them again. After numerous mobile messages, we met up with them at Keele services. This was also the point when a very blue Brenda gave up the ghost and joined the girls in the car, which only left Oznur on pillion, but she was probably asleep anyway! The ride back was mind and body numbing and I found myself thinking of ways to keep warm on runs like this – car, coach, lorry, train!

We said our goodbyes on the A453 and as I was heading home I mused on the days events. Us rufty tufty blokes on Harleys and the girls in the car. I think today has definitely shown who's got the balls (although very small by now!)..... and who's got the brains!!!!!!

Dave Sanders

Figure 4.3 Copy of the ride to Chester report by Dave Sanders.

BIG ROCK HARLEY-DAVIDSON BREAKS THE 100 lb. ft. BARRIER



Special Edition Dyna Super Glide Sport, Custom Built in Nottingham

Technicians at Nottingham-based Big Rock Harley-Davidson have created something special for enthusiasts in the East Midlands. They have produced a special edition Dyna Super Glide Sport with over 100 lb. ft. of torque and 87 bhp. That's a massive 46% increase over a standard model (50% increase in bhp) and puts the bike in the same league as the Suzuki Hayabusa – the fastest production motorcycle in the world with a torque figure of 102 lb. ft.

The bike is the result of the hard work of service manager, Kirk Herbert and his team of technicians at Big Rock Harley-Davidson: "It's an awesome machine. We wanted to build something that demonstrates to customers the potential a Harley-Davidson has for performance. Rear end torque is what really matters on a motorcycle for performance and so we concentrated on significantly increasing this Harley's capability in this area. Now this bike looks as good as any other Harley but will also give the sports bike crowd a run for their money."

The special edition Dyna's capacity has been raised to 1550 cc and has been fitted with a 42mm Mikuni carburettor. The list of Screamin' Eagle performance parts fitted includes an ignition module and coil, flat top pistons and a performance air filter. Experienced riders know that torque is at least as important as power output. A strong torque figure means great engine flexibility, with fewer gear changes and better ride ability. Peak torque on this bike is available from about 3,500 rpm to give a relaxed but impressive performance.

Simon Garrett, general manager, at Big Rock commissioned the project: "There is something special and individual about every Harley-Davidson, but every now and again an exceptional machine comes along. The bike Kirk's team has built is certainly that and we've built it for two reasons: the first to show our customers the extent to which you can customise your Harley-Davidson; the second to offer an exceptional motorcycle for sale in our dealership that will hopefully fulfil the dreams of one of our customers."

With parts worth approximately £2,000 fitted, the bike is now available for £12,195 on-the-road.

Figure 4.4 Copy of the report on a custom built project by Big Rock technicians.

The 11th European HOG Rally – St Tropez, France OR How To Get To A HOG Rally And Back In One Piece

I've always left it 'till the last minute when it comes to making decisions. I fancied the European HOG Rally at St Tropez, but I was working, so once again, I'd have to miss yet another rally (and I've had to miss quite a few since the 1999 season). But, as luck would have it, my work colleague's wife fell pregnant, and the baby was due around the second week of June, so he asked if I could swap shifts with him; this meant I'd be able to get off work just in time to get my backside on a ferry and motor down to St Tropez in time to catch the festivities with all the other lucky beggars who were going. One problem though, the Sherwood Chapter members who were making the trip, were travelling south too soon for me to team up with them. I asked around and it looked like I was on my own – 'no problem,' I thought, 'what's a little ride through France for a big puss like me?'

The bike was loaded up and I was on the road headed down the A1 for Portsmouth. I didn't know it, but Stewart Belman was headed north on the A1 in his truck, saw me, and rung my better half to tell her he was really fed up (mild version of his words) that he hadn't hit the road with me; never mind Stewart, there's always Italy next year mate!

Things were looking good, shades kept the sun out of my eyes, and the warmish breeze was pleasant for riding, that was until I hit the M25. The clouds opened up and dropped their load right on top of me – luckily I saw it coming and got my waterproofs on just in time. By the time I got onto the A3, the skies had brightened up once again and I was able to join the queue for the ferry with my wetsuit back in the saddlebags.

I expected to see quite a lot of Harleys in the queue, but mine was only the third with 30 minutes to boarding. In front of me was Sue Lane, ex Chapter Director of Rolling Hills, now with Riders of Bridgewater until the Bristol dealership opens. We had a little chat and found that we had similar route plans for travelling through France. We decided to keep company until she reached Orleans, her abode for the night; I had a room at the Hotel Pole 2000 in St Peray (just west of Valence). We boarded the ferry in a shower of rain, tied down the Hawgs, and I headed for a pint in the bar.

I do not recommend sleeping on a reclining seat on the ferry. It's okay for a 30-minute snooze, but that's about it! But I was lucky – the room contained about a hundred recliners, and only four were occupied, so we four slept on the floor (poetry?).

Docking at Le Havre, the skies looked like they may be holding back a drop of water for later in the day. The red sky in the morning, the old sailors warning, (poetry again?) turned out to be true later. [pic0003] By the time I rode out of the fume filled ferry hold and through the disinfectant matting, light precipitation (that's rain(y) Dave) dictated I wore my wetsuit again. The first heading on the map was Rouen. Sue Lane followed, although she had the route plan written out on her tank bag, she thought it better for me to take the lead. 'No problem,' after all, Rouen was well sign-posted. On the main drag out of Le Havre, we came to a fork in the road, Rouen to the left, Rouen to the right. Now I've always said, 'If you've a choice, always take the left.' I did, and in my mirror I saw Sue take the right fork. There were no u-turns on the motorway, so I continued. Once again, another downpour made me stop at the side of the road – an excuse to check my road map. I followed a sign for Evreux and Deux on the D154 and my ride in a southerly direction started proper. The skies started to brighten as I put more and more miles between Le Havre and me, and I was soon packing my wetsuit away and donning my shades once more. Two petrol stops, sorry, non-plomb gasoline stops later, I decided to stop to rest a while and eat. I was in a town called Gien, nestled on the banks of the Rhein; this was where I picked up the N7, which lead south to St Tropez via two thirds of France – although I didn't intend to stay on the N7 all the way. I took a leak, washed my hands and face, and as I topped off with non-plomb gasoline, I could hear potato, potato, potato along with a honk of a horn. It was Sue Lane; she pulled over and said I had taken the long (or was it wrong?) road around Rouen – 'so how did I manage to pass her?' I asked myself. Anyway, it was 3:30pm, and time to move on. After another look at the map, we were rumbling through Gien and southward for Orleans.

Sue honked as she turned into the Formula 1 motel at Orleans. I still had a couple of hundred miles to go before I was to lay my head on a pillow for the night.

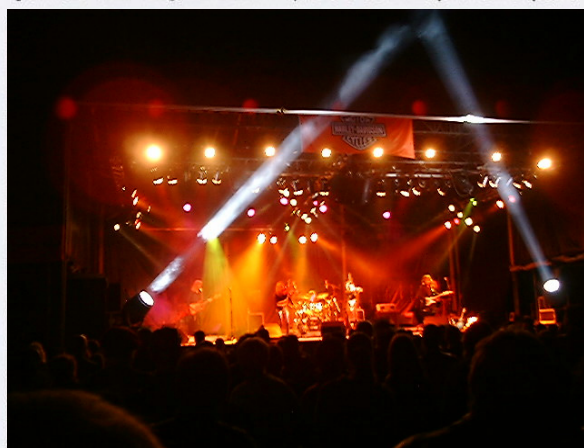
My route now took me to St Etienne, a city built between several steep sided mountains. A ring road surrounded the city, and the dual carriageway to St Etienne lead me onto the ring road. I was now following signs for Valence that was to take me on a tourist route (Bis) around the mountains south of St Etienne and onward to St Peray. Well, French roads are pretty well maintained, but their road signs are sometimes a bit too close to their junctions – as was the case on the St Etienne ring road and the road (D82) for Valence. Determined not to ride for another twenty miles on the ring road, and in true Road Captain's style and prerogative, I took the next right turn and headed up a mountain. 'Now this road must cross the D82,' I convinced myself. Was I wrong? The road took me on a wild ride over roughshod lanes and hairpin bends. What should have been a two-hour ride from St Etienne to St Peray, turned out to be four hours; but I got there!

Finding the hotel was easy; after all, St Peray has only two streets. It was 9:15pm and as I registered at the hotel, the porter said I only just made it – 'my wife is unwell, and I was just about to close registration for the night; we normally close doors at 10pm'. There were no bars, no food (not even the ubiquitous Ronald McDonalds), but for £20 a night for a clean room with en suite and 14" portable TV with no English speaking channels – hey it's France, I couldn't go wrong. I had a long soak in the bath then slept like a baby.

Thursday morning I woke up wondering where the hell I was. Ah yes, one-horse town, time to saddle up the palomino and head on outa town. The clouds had rained on the place overnight, so I wore my waterproofs just in case, and set off. I was back on the N7 again, trailing the autoroute (A7). The traffic had picked up and the going a bit slow, so I decided to slip onto the autoroute for a couple of dozen miles or so. My stomach began to remind me that I hadn't eaten since yesterday afternoon. I pulled over in a service area and gulped a continental breakfast, and very welcome it was too. By now, the sun had broken through the clouds, and it had begun to warm up nicely. I decided to stick to the autoroute a bit longer. And yes, autoroute riding is just as boring in France as motorway driving is in the UK. I picked up the coast road, and followed the long and winding road (good title for a song) for St Tropez and eventually Port Grimaud.

Okay, I arrived at Port Grimaud, who Welcomed Harley Riders, or so the banners across the road said, but where was the rally site? In true tradition, the rally site was well sign-posted – not – and I spent some time riding around trying to find it.

I joined the registration queue at 2:45pm and paid the FF350 entrance fee; like I said earlier, I've always left it 'till the last minute when it comes to making decisions, and had left it too late for pre-registration. Now I had arranged to meet my brother, Rob, at the gate on the hour of every hour – does that make sense? – as he had left the UK a day before I had, but had taken a longer route south via Italy and Switzerland. As there was no sign of him at 3pm, I took a stroll around the campsite to get my bearings and spot a decent pitch for the tent. The place was packed, and the site was looking pretty full already. I happened across Jill (Kev was snoring in the mobile home – that's a caravan to the less familiar) and we had a little chat. She told of their tale of woe starting with the first engine oil ejection over her leg just outside Retford, then the temporary fix at Big Rock, followed by the second ejection shortly after entering France, and the unplanned overnight stop while their new glide was repaired at a French Harley Dealership. Not a bad performance for a brand new Glide eh?



I returned to the main entrance and registration point at 4pm and almost tripped over my brother and the Cangen Cymraeg (Welsh Gang) boyos. The next problem was finding a pitch large enough for six tents. I found Mark and Richard, but there was room to squeeze only one tent in. But lady luck was with us; there was an area roped off, no signs of any stake of claim, so in true German tradition, we muscled in and pitched our tents, beating the Germans at their own game.

Now pitching your tent on 30°C sunshine in your leathers is not a good idea. No sooner than rolling out the ground sheet, it started to rain! So not only were we wet from perspiration (that's sweat to you Dave.....no no, sweat, pronounced *swet* not *sweet* Dave) but we got a little soaking from the rain too which stopped the minute we finished pitching the tents.

First duty after setting up camp was to find the bar. And what better a placement than on the beach. FF20 (that's £2) for a pint of ice-cold Stella went down a treat, and the weekend party had started proper. In true HOG Rally style, the live music was excellent – Quill (a sort of Corrs / Fleetwood Mac cover band) was amongst the line-up and after the sun had set, and several beers in the belly, the party atmosphere was well established.

Sorry, I can't write much more about the night's activities, but when alcohol takes over the functions of the brain, memory lapses.

Friday, and we decided it was time for St Tropez to receive our royal presence. It was down to the harbour and soak up the atmosphere. It took some time to find somewhere to park the bikes, but the pier was a good a place as any. A lazy stroll took us past some awesome boats, sorry, yachts, and some nice customised bikes. The camera came out of its case and pictures were taken.

A chap in a wheelchair looked familiar, and as I got closer, I recognised the poor geezer – Trevor. He had argued with a car and lorry and lost. His bike was wrecked and he hadn't fared much better either. He had a broken arm / wrist, suspected broken foot or ankle and cuts and grazes on legs and arms. His missus was luckier; she had flown down to Nice and missed the dice with death. Get well soon Trevor.





Back to the bikes and the harbour – several bikers had to do the obligatory tyre burnouts. One guy I watched let his tail end get a little out of control and stopped abruptly...well it was either that or he realised how much a replacement tyre is at the local HD dealership.

Heading back to the campsite, we stumbled across the Custom Chrome exhibition, and an exhibition it was too! A couple of engine blocks, three or four customised rides, half a dozen chrome wheels, a couple of fenders, and ??? that was it. Not worth stopping for. So we decided to get back to site and drink more beer.

I won't take you through the excitement of the trader's stalls; after all, they're all the same. Cheap (?) leathers, tacky knives – Leatherman and Gerber copies, bandanas, and temporary 10-day tattoos, etc., etc..

Once again, evening entertainment was good, Nine Below Zero amongst the bands on the beach. Party

couple of hundred or so who could see him. The choice of display area was very poor, but what Craig could do with a Buell and scooters was amazing; and yes, there was the obligatory rear tyre burnout.

Once again, alcohol began to haze the mind, but I clearly remember one scrawny scrapper come along on his heavily customised steed, he was totally naked, apart from his boots, and decided to do a little burnout in front of the main bar in Harley Village. To his dismay, and our amusement, his rear tyre kicked out and he dropped his prize possession on the deck, almost burning his wedding tackle in the process. The on looking crowd just stood and laughed at the lunatic; pride severely dented and bike severely damaged.

Stood close to us was a couple of Germans. We began to talk bikes, beer, and other boy's toys stuff, when out of the blue, Tomas (a well built 6-foot 4-inch body builder) started to apologise for the War. Now we were totally caught out by the remorse from this guy in his mid 30s. I didn't ask, but perhaps his surname was Himmler, Hitler or Gorbels. Anyway, his remorse was genuine, and it took us a little while to get him off his guilt trip. More beer Fritz! Okay, enough of this, time to get back to the beach! And there were Mark and Richard. Mark was well oiled, but looked reasonably good. Not so for Richard. He could hardly stand; in fact, he has the bruises on his head to prove it! Boy do these guys know how to party.

Saturday, and we decided we'd take a ride to Cannes – after all, Tom Cruise was in town, and he owed me a tenner; time for payback Tom!

By the time we came round, took a shower, etc., it was almost 11am. Thinking that Mark and Richard might like to make the run to Cannes with us, I made a house (tent) call. Richard's tent was all zipped up, whilst Mark's was all opened up, but no-one was home. I called out but no reply – 'must be either in the shower or having breakfast,' I thought. I went back 20 minutes later and saw Richard sporting his bruised head (he's fallen in a stupor after leaving the beach last night). Richard fancied the run, but Mark was still asleep. But Mark's tent was all opened up! Richard explained that Mark was too pissed to zip up last night and just fell into his sleeping bag. I went into his tent to see if Mark was okay.....he was sleeping like a baby. Turned out, he slept like a baby until 2:30pm!

The ride to Cannes was very pleasant. Nice (that's nice as in something you like to eat or drink, Dave, not Nice as in the French coastal town close to Monaco) roads, only busy in the towns on the coast, with plenty of stops along the way to ogle the bikini clad babes on the beaches.

Cannes was extremely busy, the film festival was on and the crowds were overwhelming. The main drag along the seafront was a dual carriageway; one of the carriageways had been closed off for my mate Tom to get to one of the cinemas without any hassle from the mobs.



After taking a quick lunch and a walk around the streets to buy some prezies for the wife and kids, it was time to pose up and down the promenade. The traffic was heavy – stop start queues. Fed up with this, Chalky (a fellow countryman) and I allowed the traffic to move on a couple of hundred yards before we would do the old kill-switch trick and play catch-up. On top of this, we'd sing Tom Jones' 'It's Not Unusual' on top of our voices. Now this drew the attention of a TV crew. A cameraman jump out in front of us and a frontman rammed a microphone into our faces. They wanted to know about the flags on our bikes, where we were from, and several other bits and pieces; well, at least that's what I think they wanted – they were speaking German or Austrian, and we couldn't understand a word the frontman said! But what the hell, TV stars right?!



Much later...back at the ranch, it was party time again. And in Harley Village, a crew of Italians had formed a human channel for the bikes riding through to go through (good English eh?). One of the Italians was female, and she sat on a nearby wall armed with a piece of cardboard with 'Show Your Tits' written on it. Some of the females (and occasional male) riders obliged, but the local security geezers were not happy and tried to break up the party.

More beer Fritz! And more music. This time it was Chico and the Gipsies - Gypsy Kings founder members (not a good choice for a HOG rally finale). But that didn't dampen our spirits. Craig Jones carried out a repeat of his stunt show, everyone drank some more beers, and the occasional nude female was escorted through Harley Village on the back of a Hog. Another good time had by all, topped off by a huge firework display as part of the closing ceremony.

Sunday morning and time to get ready for the ride-out to St Tropez. The organisers had closed off one of the local roads to allow us to congregate. Many had packed their steeds ready for the journey home straight after the ride-out; some were leaving in the afternoon, some staying on for several more days. But Richard and Mark, had already left. Their channel crossing was overnight, so the boys had to get through France in one day. Mark, on his Heritage, was reasonably comfortable; Richard was on a Sporty. Rumour has it that Richard had to have emergency surgery to remove his bike from his posterior – both are recovering satisfactorily.

Back to the ride-out; I don't know how many bikes turned out, but we filled the road that had been closed off, and at a guess, I'd say about half of the 8500 Harleys that had turned up for the rally had made the ride-out. I was about a third of the way in and it must have been one of the fastest ride-outs I've ever been on, and I can tell you, Aire Valley ride-outs took some beating for speed freaks. In true tradition, or maybe the organisers and local Chapter had heard how good last year's Sherwood Rally ride-out was, we were taken down a wrong road; at first I thought Ian Winning might have been leading the ride-out, but I quickly shook that thought right out of my mind. Not to worry though, there was a roundabout that brought back into the fold where we (Sherwood few who turned out for the ride) filtered in with Cangen Cymraeg. An excellent opportunity for Rainy Dave and Teresa (they were in front of me) to get a dose of the Welsh experience. Tom Jones rules on Harley ride-outs!

A couple of miles into the ride, I pulled over and took photos and absorbed the view of hundreds of Hogs riding in formation down a long straight road (although there weren't many of them – straight roads – on this ride-out).

I got back to the rally site, parked up the bike, and then went back to the main entrance to watch the rest of the ride-out returning. I watched for another hour or so, went for a drink, came back and they were still coming through the gate. Needless to say, there were all-sorts. A Boss Hoss, choppers, a Sporty dressed to look like an old Indian Chief, a Belgian babe with everything colour-co-ordinated including her fingernail polish and underwear (I got the photo to prove it too), the varying designs and styles were just too endless to list here.



It was finally time to break camp, load the bike and head north. My ferry crossing was Tuesday night, so I had a couple of days to ride through France. Once again, I was going to avoid the autoroutes. There weren't any Sherwood members on the same crossing as me, so I rode with my fellow countrymen who were on the same crossing from Le Harvre. That evening, we went to a villa just 25 miles north of St Tropez. Had a bit of a party, again, and hid from the overnight rain. Yes, the rain was back with us.

Riding the loaded bike out of the villa's driveway was a bit dodgy. The overnight rain had turned the dusty, hardcore driveway into a swamp. The bike wanted to move sideways. After a bit of a struggle, and getting as shifted up as a dirt bike rider on a race through the Welsh valleys in mid winter, we got onto the tarmac. Heading west for the good ol' N7 took a while, and to cap it off, we found ourselves riding in circles around Aix-du-Provence in the rain. After some serious curses at local traffic and one or two slinnerv white lines and manhole covers (whv do they have to put on sharp bends anyway?)

The overnight stop for the night was to be somewhere north of Clearmont which would place us about dead centre of the country. Wanting some scenery en route, we took a mountain route that passed Le Puy (wow). After an hour past Aix-du-Provence, the rain stopped, and the sun paid us a visit. Things were looking more promising again for a decent ride. Okay, we picked up the mountain road that would take over a mountain range, past Le Puy, southwest of Orleans and on to Clearmont. Halfway up the mountain, the skies were once again heralding a tale of woe; fork lightning and heavy rain that eventually turned to hail and ice-cubes. We could hardly see where we were going. Riding through a small town, the water on the road must have been 2" deep – not much you may think, but have you tried riding through a river, albeit only 2" deep for a mile or so?

Over the summit, the rain eased a little and you could see the cloud line – as if God had drawn a line in the sky forbidding any cloud north of the line. The black cloud run east-west, and north of the cloud line, the clear blue sky looked so inviting. I was determined to get out of the filth and into the sunshine ASAP. Descending the mountain took us along switchback roads, although they were pretty wide and well tarmac'd. A car had snuck in between the rider behind me and myself. Taking the switchback bends, I occasionally scraped the footboards. Well, the car driver must have heard the scraping and perhaps seen one or two sparks too, he wasn't so keen to get past and pulled back a ways.

As we came of the foot of the mountains, the sun came out, we'd left the thunder, lightning and hail behind, and it looked like that was the end of the need for wetsuits for the rest of the day. By the time we rode into Clearmont, it was early evening and we decided to look for somewhere to bed down for the night. We pulled up outside a town (city?) centre hotel that were offering abode for FF300 for a twin room with secure parking for the bikes. As a bonus, it had a nice little bar and restaurant too. We paired up and took four rooms for the night, showered and hit the bar.

The Tuesday weather forecast, although in French on the telly, showed clearly, cloudless skies and temperatures of 27°C in mid France to 24°C at Le Havre. Well fettled, we were on the road at 9:30am, headed for a road out of town that would take us north. The day's riding went without a hitch. Hot glorious sunshine, couple of café stops for liquid refreshments and a cracking meal in Le Havre whilst waiting for the check-in time for the ferry. On the ferry, I was offered a bunk instead of my reclining chair, which I eagerly took advantage of, and after a couple of drinks in the ferry's bar, I was sleeping like a baby.

So, I got home safely after just over 2200 miles of riding on the wrong side of the road, for most of it anyway. Had a fantastic time, and can't wait for next year's European Rally in Italy. The only first aid I needed was for some ear bleeding I had after listening to John and Ursula's legitimate complaints about how they had taken verbal abuse from another Chapter when John had asked the offending Chapter's members to play by the rules.

And the bike, it didn't miss a beat!

Ride Safe

Dai



Figure 4.5 Copy of the 11th European rally report and photographs by Dai Gunter.



Figure 4.6 Two additional European Rally photographs. (SW)

SCAMPTON FUN DAY.

Although the weather did its best to dampen the spirit of all who ventured onto the wolds just north of Lincoln, a great time was had by one and all. Saturday night saw most folk around the free "burn what you brought Barbie." Then into the club house for a few beers at sensible prices. £1-20 a pint and 62p for

Red wine. Evan Jack D was only 85p. Leslye did her best to drink the bar dry but claimed she wasn't "drinking tonight." Linda and Tim of "Le-boule" fame did rather well in the raffle with Tim winning the

First prize bottle of Whiskey then pulled Lins ticket out of the hat to win the second place prize of a bottle of her favourite red wine. (Makes a change from coming last.) The two-piece band "Walk Right Back" soon got the toes tapping with plenty of catchy numbers to suit all tastes with a leaning towards the Everly Brothers.

Sunday morning dawned damp and windy, but was made bearable by cheap bacon butties and fresh hot tea. Eight Harleys lined up with one lonely Norton and a very tidy little Honda ST70 in the bike show which was won by Jeff "Geordie" Baynes. Lin reckoned Colin's superb red messerschmitt deserved a prize for being the most thrilling car she has ever been in. The Falcon display was entertaining with a young Falcon called "Bogoff" doing just that. It "Bogged off" as soon as its handler took its hood off and did not return for several minutes, only coming back when tempted with chunks of dead animal. Leslye and her friend Colin battled it out on the raffle range with Leslye winning after receiving expert tuition from an R.A.F Gun supervisor. As the day wore on the rain returned so tents were dismantled and

it was time to head home. Many thanks to Jeff for arranging for us to attend this event and congratulations on winning in the bike show. Tim & Linda Holt. (Celeb & Slob)



Figure 4.7 Copy of RAF Scampton Rally report, photograph (JB) and certificate for 'Best Motorcycle'.

Sherwood's 3rd Rally



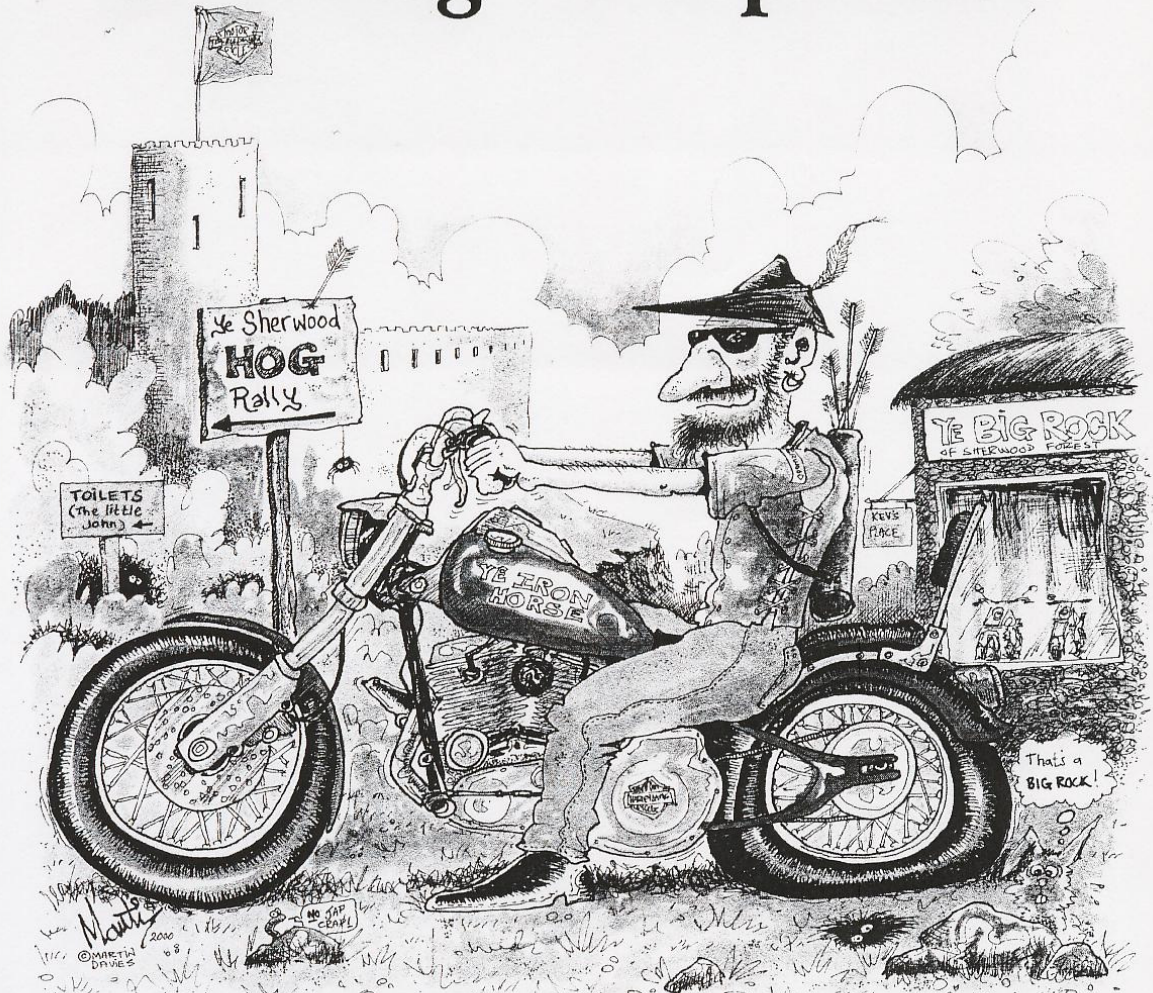
Figure 4.8 Director to party! (SW)



Figure 4.9 Members to party! (SW)

Sherwood's 3rd Rally

31st Aug - 2 Sept 2001



The Tattershall Park Country Club

Set in beautiful woods, lakes and parkland in the heart of Lincolnshire.
A153 Sleaford – Skegness road, ¾ mile from Tattershall Village.
Great ride-out to the Coast, Ride-in Show, Competitions & Games,
Trade Stands, Bands, Disco, Medieval Fancy Dress Saturday Night
BAR TILL LATE AND FOOD AVAILABLE ALL DAY.

CAMPING ONLY

Arrive after 12:00 noon Friday. Admittance after 10:00pm by prior arrangement.
Price: £15 per person before 31 July 2001, £18 after, or pay on gate.
Accompanied Under 15's FREE.

HOG MEMBERS (and invited guests) ONLY

Figure 4.10 The advert that brought the crowds!

Additional Sherwood Rally Photographs



Figure 4.11 (SW)



Figure 4.12 (SW)



Figure 4.13 (SW)



Figure 4.14 (SW)



Figure 4.15 (SW)



Figure 4.16 (SW)

Other activities that Sherwood members participated in are highlighted by using a selection of photographs on the next page. They include ride-outs to Skegness and Stratford-upon-Avon, Boules tournament, Poker Run and a Toy Run just before Christmas.



Figure 4.17 Easter Ride-out to Skegness (SW)



Figure 4.18 Ride-Out to Stratford-upon-Avon (SW)



Figure 4.19 Boule players (SW)



Figure 4.20 Action at Boule (SW)



Figure 4.21 Christmas Toy Run in Nottingham (SW)



Figure 4.22 Line up for the Poker Run (SW)