

Chapter Five

2002

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)	Jim Oliver
Road Captains	Aron Burghart
	Steve Cranston
	Dai Gunter
	Ray Lewis
	Steve Pye
	Guy Raynor
	Neil Rose
	Mark Waller
	Ian Winning

Membership for 2002 - 244

The committee that finished 2001 were all re-elected for 2002, with the number of road captains being significantly increased. At the same time, the Nottingham area was able to elect their new representative, Jim Oliver. Chapter meetings (including the Nottingham area) were, once again, held at the Hogs Head, with Lincoln area meetings continuing at the Fox and Hounds.

There was a health events programme, containing a mix of new venues such as Warwick Castle, Northumberland and the British Motorcycle Grand Prix, with a return to some favourites like Skegness and the Waddington Air Show. This year was also boosted by a number of rides from the Lincoln area, under the guidance of a newly appointed Road Captain, Steve Cranston. There were some long Sunday rides, together with shorter Wednesday evening rides that linked with the Lincolnshire Bike Nights. (Every Wednesday they go to a different place in Lincolnshire, between the months of March and October).

Members also continued to give generous support to other UK and European HOG rallies.

Events Programme

Date	Event	Type	Destination
26/01/2002	After Christmas Party	Social	Nottingham
16/03/2002	Ace Cafe	Ride-out	London
18/03/2002	Lincoln Area Ride-out	Ride-out	Askem
01/04/2002	Easter Monday Ride	Ride-out	Skegness
06/04/2002	Tattershall Social	Weekend	Tattershall
01/05/2002	Lincoln Area Ride-out	Ride-out	Heckington
05/05/2002	Newmarket	Ride-out	Newmarket
12/05/2002	Scarborough	Ride-out	Scarborough
15/05/2002	Lincoln Area Ride-out	Ride-out	Caistor / Brigg
29/05/2002	Lincoln Area Ride-out	Ride-out	Vale of Belvoir
07/06/2002	Gateway Weekend	Social	Ashbourne
09/06/2002	Warwick Castle	Ride-out	Warwick
12/06/2002	Lincoln Area Ride-out	Ride-out	Empingham
16/06/2002	Black Hole Run	Ride-out	Castleton
16/06/2002	Lincoln Area Ride-out	Ride-out	Cleethorpes
29/06/2002	Waddington Air Show	Weekend	Waddington
04/07/2002	4th July Day	Ride-out	Sleaford
07/07/2002	Ace Cafe	Ride-out	London
10/07/2002	Lincoln Area Ride-out	Ride-out	Louth
14/07/2002	British Motorcycle Grand Prix	Ride-out	Donington
19/07/2002	Northumberland Run	Weekend	Wooler
24/07/2002	Lincoln Area Ride-out	Ride-out	Kneesall
07/08/2002	Lincoln Area Ride-out	Ride-out	Folkingham
31/08/2001	Sherwood 4	Rally	Tattershall
04/09/2002	Lincoln Area Ride-out	Ride-out	Newark
08/09/2002	Boule Tournament	Activity	Hathern
15/09/2002	Lincoln Area Ride-out	Ride-out	Grassington
06/10/2002	Lincoln Area Ride-out	Ride-out	Cleethorpes
03/11/2002	Lincoln Area Ride-out	Ride-out	Humber Bridge
21/11/2002	AGM (Hogs Head)	Meeting	Nottingham

This year's selection of reported activities is larger and more varied than in previous years. It includes:

- Copy of the Big Rock H-D shop 'Open Day' report, taken from their website.
- Copy of the 'After Christmas Party (Medieval Banquet)' report by Teresa Taylor, taken from the February/March issue of the Q & Q.
- Copy of the 'Northumberland Tour' report by Dai Gunter, taken from the Rally issue of the Q & Q.
- Copy of 'A Grand Day Out' report by Steve Cranston, taken from the September/October issue of the Q & Q.

- e. Copy of 'I've Put You Down for This...', a report for MCN by Sherwood Chapter member Sharon O'Leary after carrying out the bike tests herself (on behalf of MCN), taken from the September/October issue of the Q & Q.
- f. Copy of a moving tribute and farewell to Sherwood Chapter member Cilla Jackson by Leslye Henstock, taken from the April/May issue of the Q & Q.
- g. Copy of 'Our Hero' by Dave Sanders, taken from the June/July issue of the Q & Q.
- h. Copy of the report 'Big Rock's 1000th Customer', taken from American V magazine.
- i. Copy of the 'Sherwood Rally' report by Dai Gunter, taken from the September/October issue of the Q & Q.
- j. A memory teaser for Carole Wright – her 2008 memories of the 2002 European Rally in Venice! There are also several of Carole's photographs of the event.
- k. Copy of the 'Fenlanders Rally' by Ian & Sue Winning, taken from the Rally issue of the Q & Q. The photographs were also taken by Sue, but are an addition to the report.

Big Rock Open Day

Over 500 people crowded in around Big Rock on a sunny Saturday in March for the first special Open Day of the year.

With Burt's Barbecue carbonising cows at a fair old lick, and the HOG guys leading test-rides across the range around the local bye-ways, there was a great laid-back feeling to the day which the sounds from the 'Not-dead-yet Elvis' disco did nothing to hamper..

Presentations of awards for best modified to Gunar Coe's



Figure 5.2 Paul Parkin and his FXDX

Sportster and High Mileage and most squared off tyre to Paul Parkin's FXDX were followed by a parade of Motor Company fashions for 2002 and it was all over far too quickly.

The delayed arrival of the eagerly-awaited Firebolt was a disappointment to many, but provides a perfect excuse to do it all again!



Figure 5.1 Gunar Coe and his Sportster

Figure 5.3 Big Rock H-D Open Day report taken from the Big Rock Website.

SHERWOOD MEDIEVAL BANQUET

Now hear ye, hear ye, and shame on ye, those of you that didn't attend the post-Christmas banquet at the Sheriffs Lodge, Nottingham! For you are the losers, and indeed may you well feel chagrinned, for you indeed did miss a great night out (and subsidized too!). A mere 50+ members, including some new faces (and some dressed in suitable attire) came to witness the fun, frivolity and free booze and see members of the chapter made oafs of - not much difference there then.

The troupe did indeed put on a splendid show, and all were multi talented in the ways of music and merriment and jokes aplenty. Poor maiden Suzanne "volunteered" to go on stage very early on in the evening whilst jests and japes were made of her and her head put into a guillotine (brave or foolish maiden is she?). A lack of chivalry was apparent on the part of her good gentleman escort during this ribaldry and methinks he was keeping his head down, rather than losing it, as would have poor Suzanne except by some clever wizardry that allowed the guillotine to pass through her neck harmlessly.

The jokes flowed almost as constantly as the refreshments, and the food was soon upon us, although a lack of utensils save a knife meant the entertainment continued whilst trying to eat! The serving wenches were a jovial bunch and joined in the fun, forcing meatballs upon our platters even when we had had plenty. The potatoes and hens cooked to perfection over a flaming fire. It did prove difficult to eat salad with merely a knife, and the serving spoons and forks were quickly stolen by the faster and more devious (and hungrier) members amongst us.

A sword fight did ensue (no, not chapter members fighting over the cutlery!) and then the brave bare-chested jesters showed how easy it could be to burn down the rafters with a magnificent display of fire-eating, the heat of which could be felt many feet away.

A display of mind over matter then followed, and again volunteers were sought - the choice of Kev and Kev bought much laughter from actors and audience alike - (as usual!) and they did help by standing (and in Curly Kev's case jumping) upon the bare torso of the jester whilst he lay on broken glass. No blood was drawn in this instance.

And so the evening did come to an end, with some joyous music and audience participation in dancing and singing before dispersing back into the modern world, full of praise for actors and evening.

Teresa

Figure 5.4 Report on the 'After Christmas Party'.

A Grand Day Out- Lincoln to Grassington 8th September

Summer came to the UK in September and provided the driest riding conditions for the year. A good time therefore to fit in a full 300 mile rideout.



Figure 5.5 Archive picture of Carholme grandstand. (DG)

Eleven bikes made the early 9am start from the Carholme racecourse grandstand. Hats off, as always, to those from Nottingham and Mansfield who joined us. A mention for Gary who came some way from Ashby de la Zouch to run in his newly finished “special” complete with 1800cc S & S motor and six speed box- braw magic stuff. Dai, mentor and fellow RC gave able support as tail gunner as well as friendly

guidance to a newcomer to rideouts (see you again Merv’).

Up to York on the A19, my mistake as every caravan and van had the same choice of road as us...ho hum. Anyway it matters not - Dai was smiling, it must be ok. Things became very pleasant after Otley as we entered the Dales and the traffic died off. Moor roads are a personal favourite and with blue sky and good cambers, we began to drink in the champagne quality air as we rose to heights where only hardy heathers survive and then back down to green fields, surrounded by well maintained dry stone walls. So good, I nearly wished I were English!



Figure 5.6 Dai still smiling after Wales are ‘gubbed’ by Scotland at Cardiff. (DG)

Grassington village is just off the Dales Way and as well as being picturesque has plenty of places to eat. Good lunch – Dai still smiling, it must be ok. We then set off (sorry guys- we did wait) for an afternoon riding through the rest of the Dales, north through Kettlewell, skirting Aysgarth, an ice cream stop in Leyburn and then south through Masham, Ripon and Knaresborough. All five star stuff if

that’s your bag - it is mine!

By 5pm we reached a log jammed A1 and diverted via York, split for home, arriving back as darkness fell. That night I slept in Harley heaven.

Cheers - Steve Cranston Road Captain

Figure 5.7 A ride to the North Yorkshire Moors and South Yorkshire Dales.

I've Put You Down for this...

That was the title of the E-mail I got from the other half, attached was an advert from MCN asking for New Riders to come and test ride 4 bikes that in their opinion were "ideal first time bikes". I laughed it off and deleted the mail. About an hour later I got a text from said other half asking me to ring some bloke. Thinking it was a wind up (surely he wouldn't do this to me) I rang the guy and was very cagey thinking it was one of his mates from work. Alas not, they wanted me to go to Peterborough and have a play with some machines, they hadn't had any lady riders apply and sounded desperate, "why not" I said, made the arrangements for the following week and hung up. Then immediately thought sh#t. I'm not the most confident rider there ever was, I'm 5ft2in and have an inside leg measurement of ... well not very long. I'm at home on my Harley cos Kev lowered it with hugger shocks, and every other bike I've attempted to ride and sat on - I've realised I'm too short and just got off. Great!

All weekend I worried and dreamed about lying on my back in a gutter with a big bike across my legs and being sued for damages. I kept thinking of excuses not to go but thought it might be fun and now couldn't back out as they sounded so pleased a girl had rang. I dismissed the idea (from guess who) to wear my little Lycra Rossi vest top on the grounds that I wanted to look like a biker not a groupie. So after I'd searched my whole flat for something that didn't have HARLEY emblazoned all over it, I wiped the cobwebs off it and left.

It was a crap ride down through that awful sticky mist that only seems to appear when you've got an iridium visor on so every 200 yards your gloves turn into wipers. When I got there I was met by the reporter along with the other five riders (which happened to include 2 other lady riders!!). He took us through the offices to get a cuppa before we started, and take some background details from us.

Inside the building was amazing, it had all sorts of sports bikes just hanging about in corridors or in any spare space, ones in glass cabinets with signatures on them, and ones just leaning against the walls. The whole place smelled of leather and everyone was creaking about in bike boots and had their helmets in any spaces not already taken up by bikes.

One of the girls had a moped from being 16, she'd decided a few months ago to go for her full test. She seemed to know quite a bit about bikes and sounded well up for it. The blokes sounded like they'd been born with bike keys in their hands and were getting all techy. I explained I'd been dragged kicking and screaming to my CBT and hated every minute of it. I'd had a bad experience with lessons (mainly some guy being very condescending and trying to get me to do ridiculous things to put me off riding), before finding out I could learn on a Harley up north. The other girl had passed a year ago on an ER5 but still hadn't bought a bike. She'd hired a CBR600 and R6 to play on and said she wouldn't be seen dead on anything not of equal street status. The full Dianese jacket and trousers with matching Sidi Vertebra boots spoke volumes along with the matching boyfriend who followed her every move.

After the introductions and hot sweet tea we made our way outside to the bikes. They were all lined up ready for us, and everyone started walking round and giving their first impressions while the reporter frantically scribbled on his notepad. They'd chosen a Harley, BMW, Honda and finally a Yamaha erm... scooter!

They asked four of us to choose a bike to start with while the other two waited patiently for their go (along with Dianese boy). They took us on a route of about 5 miles on a selection of dual carriageways and through a little village. Then said "you know the route now, go play". We took it in turns swapping over after a few goes until lunchtime. Strangely enough I ended up with the Harley first, funny that, no one wanted it at first. After a couple of hours they took us to a quaint

little village pub for lunch and we discussed what we'd been on and how we'd found them. Everyone had their own opinions and Dianese girl wasn't having any of the Sportster stating a **cruiser** is really not the type of thing she wanted to be seen out on and so wasn't sure if she'd try it, Dianese boy agreed. By this time the sun had broken through the clouds and I was no longer regretting choosing the iridian visor.

After lunch the photographer took us to a wicked piece of road with twists and turns and I totally forgot I was supposed to be a Harleygirl as I whooshed past him on the Honda trying to look like I was banking it as he snapped away.

Just before the Harley was loaded onto a transit after conking out with the needle stuck on 50mph when one of the lads took it for a spin, Dianese girl had plucked up the courage to have a go. Funnily enough as she got off laughing her designer glasses off saying she'd loved every minute of it, Dianese boy agreed as he had followed her on every inch of road all day!!

Obviously everyone had their own opinions on the day, but here's some of what I thought..

Bike Number One - **Harley 883 Sportster** "Champion" I thought, I've just left mine in the car park. If I can't get along with the others I can play on this all day. My final verdict "Welcome Home Shaz" Definitely my no. 1.

Bike Number Two - **Honda CB500S** Bit worried about this one, I'm a hog not a sporty. I was very apprehensive as I climbed on but everyone was watching me so I had to pretend I was fine and just pull away all confident like. Then I realised I hadn't checked where everything was so kept tooting the horn instead of indicating, the main thing I noticed was that all the dials stay where they are as you turn the handlebars, I found this very bizarre as I'd only really ridden my Sportster before. Once I got used to it I loved it, I was tanking it round bends the lot and the route they took us on was ideal countryside for playing. I'm afraid to say I didn't want to get off this one. My final verdict "Great starter bike, really easy to ride and doesn't half go". A very close no. 2 (Oh dear)

Bike Number Three - **BMW 650CS** Oh my god, what on earth is this? It looks like half of the fairings have been left in the garage, it has straining handles on top of the tank with a shelf like thing for your sandwiches and cuppa I suspect. They asked for my first impressions and I just laughed, all I could manage to say was "nice headlamps". I gave it a go and initially I thought it was a bit high for me (5ft2in, short legs and all that) but I soon got used to it. Then I noticed as you open it up it starts banging like a wooden spoon on a Tupperware dish (they didn't print that bit). My final verdict "When I first saw it thought it was crap, then after riding it I realised I was wrong, it wasn't crap, it was sh#te" (funnily enough they didn't print that bit either). My no. 3

Bike Number Four - **Yamaha Tmax 500** it's a scooter for goodness sake, looks like a double decker bus and is so wide I had to get it on a 45 degree angle just to get one tippy toe on the tarmac. My final verdict "I'm not riding that" and I didn't. By default no. 4 (only because there wasn't a tractor about).

All in all it was a really good experience. I'm pleased I had the chance to play on other bikes. It's given me a bit more confidence and I've now got a track day at Donny booked - God help them.

Oh, yeah - and the Harley - last seen being dragged into a trailer. RIP.

The article was in the September 11th issue and worth a read if you can get hold of a copy.

Sharon O'Leary

Figure 5.8 Sherwood Chapter member's opinion sought by a national motorcycle newspaper!

OUR HERO

To most of you our director Kev French is also Big Rocks Technician/mechanic. To those of us that went to Venice he is also an Ambulance driver and rock star. (As well as being able to do major on a Fatboy with a Swiss army knife).

The story starts on the way to Italy when curly Kev's starter motor went the same way as most '99 Softail starter motors and he had to bump start it every time he stopped. Sharon's now got muscles she didn't know she had!

On arrival at the campsite Kev's bike sat there until the parts arrived and our Hero asked for whatever tools people had on their bikes. Tim Holt told us to help ourselves. I know why! His toolroll is fastened to the bottom of his down tube, behind his forks, when I opened the roll I dipped my hand into 4 inches of water! (Did anybody tell you it rained in Italy?) "Don't worry," said Tim "the tools are in a plastic bag". Yup! And the plastic bag was also full of water!

Together with my few bits for bolting on whatever falls off and Kev's Sainsbury carrier bag full of bits, our hero successfully repaired Kev's starter motor to the amazement of some Germans in the opposite caravan who watched the whole process with open mouths until well after 11 pm.

The story continues when Dave and Brenda Haywood got T-boned by a Pratt who got bored waiting to turn left and decided Dave's Evo was an easy target.

Luckily apart from a bent bike the only damages were bruises and shock, but the police, the photos and even an admission of guilt from the driver didn't help Brenda's nerves when she saw the damage to her visor (which luckily was down)

In steps our hero again and makes Dave's bike rideable. He and Suzie also took Dave and Brenda to the Hospital for a check over, as the police suggested and spent all afternoon waiting.

To say Dave was in shock must be an understatement. What else could explain his appearance that night dressed only in a leather thong and Sherwood hat (not a pretty sight as the 'photos will show)

Fortunately Dave and Brenda's confidence returned in time to ride the several hundred miles back home without incident.

The rock star part came more of a surprise to our hero as his birthday fell on the Thursday of the Rally. Bob Brocklehurst had a word with the band playing in the American bar and our hero was escorted to the stage. Unfortunately I didn't get a 'photo of the look of Horror on his face wondering what was going to happen. He relaxed when he realised he was

going to play with the band. Old hat for Kev and he gave a rendition of Jonny B good that had Sherwood and the rest of the marquee boppin. Our hero left the stage to the shouts of "more" and not just from Sherwood.

The outcome of this jaunt is that Kev French played before an international audience, Curly Kev got his starter motor fixed on the cheap, Dave and Brenda's Softail gets a new paint job (+ crash helmets, leathers, etc., etc.), and Tim's tools ARE waterproof.

Dave Sanders

Figure 5.10 An article that shows the many strings (or is it arrows?) to our Director's bow.



Figure 5.9 Director Kev leads from the front!

CILLA JACKSON – LADY OF HARLEY

At 10.55 am, on Thursday 4th April, St Michael's Church, Langtoft, Near Stamford, was full of quiet people. The sun was streaming through the windows, and the only sounds came from the organ, and the birds singing outside. In the distance, a low, soft roll of thunder could be heard, which continued for the next five minutes. The congregation rose to their feet, as this purr of Harley engines had brought Cilla for the last time, to her beloved church. Slowly the members of her family filled the reserved pews at the front of the church, and the final space in the rear of the church was filled with leather clad Harley men and women.

The Reverend Janet Beadle, (also a close personal friend) then proceeded to deliver the most moving and personal tribute to recognise what Cilla had meant to each and every one of us. Through her carefully scripted words, she skilfully took us through our feelings of shock and grief at the loss of Cilla, who died at home on 28th March after a short battle with cancer. Wonderful, natural, heart-felt tributes were made by a personal friend and her sister-in-law, whilst other friends read Cilla's favourite poems and passages from the bible, all of which Janet and Cilla had read together throughout Cilla's illness.

I have known Roger and Cilla Jackson for some ten years during which time Roger and his son Peter have been regular faces on national and regional rallies.

But it was Easter Monday 1978 that Cilla did her first rideout and I remember her tapping me on the back, in the main street in the middle of Skegness. She had come with Roger on the Harley, and she had the biggest smile on her face. Janet also described the first time that Cilla had gone "Really fast at 20 miles per hour on the back of the bike - and how she could not breathe".

When Roger and Peter first attended Harley Davidson Rallies without her, she used to say to me "Look after my two men, I know they will be safe if you are there". I thought perhaps motorbikes were too dirty and noisy for Cilla, but I was wrong. Eventually, after she had learned how to breathe in an open-faced without suffocating (!), I realised that she was simply waiting patiently for her son Peter to finish with the pillion, before claiming the seat for herself.

I admired Cilla. She always saw the best qualities in everyone, she was non-judgmental. And she always brought a touch of class into any occasion. Janet mentioned Cilla's maiden rally on York Racecourse, (Aire Valley 1978) when she produced a huge picnic hamper containing champagne, fresh strawberries, and chocolates from Fortnum and Mason.

All these thoughts came flooding back to me as Janet spoke about all aspects of Cilla's life, and everyone realised how much laughter and joy we shared with her.

The most moving tribute of all came from Roger. He bravely stood, with his children, Joanne, Amy and Peter around him and talked about "his friend, lover, soul-mate, mother to his children, his wife". He commented that never once had Cilla complained or become angry about her illness. She never said "Why me?" but only "I'm sorry for putting you all through this". A true lady.

And after we had all cried tears, and laughed at the funny times, we slowly made our way out of the church into the glorious sunshine, where we were met with the sight at least 25 HOGS, twinkling and gleaming in the procession.

The police stopped the traffic, and the magnificent Harleys led, and surrounded Cilla, to her final resting place in the churchyard in Thurlby. It was the most wonderful send-off anyone could have wished for.

Roger and his family are most grateful for all the support and messages they have received over the past weeks. The Harley riders, representing Sherwood, Fenlanders, Rolling Hills, Thames Valley and their local group and friends, are to be congratulated and thanked for making this occasion so very special.

The financial donations received in lieu of flowers on the day, have already raised half the money required for Cilla's pet project - to floodlight the church. Anyone wishing to make a contribution, or just wanting to drop Roger a message, can do so (41, East End, Langtoft, Near Market Deeping, Peterborough).

For the future, Roger is continuing to build his own Harley, which unfortunately he did not manage to complete in time. He intends to do as many rallies as possible this year and looks forward to seeing everyone.

For now, we send Roger, Joanne, Amy and Peter our love and deepest sympathy to respectfully mark the sad loss of Cilla, a very special Lady of Harley.

Leslye Henstock

Figure 5.11 A Lady of Harley remembered in the special HOG way.

Big Rock celebrates milestone with major announcement

Big Rock Harley-Davidson, the Stapleford-based Harley-Davidson dealership for the East Midlands, yesterday celebrated past achievements and made a major announcement for the future. Just as it awarded its 1000th motorcycle customer with a commemorative plaque and leather jacket, the dealership announced that it will be moving to brand new premises in Nottingham city centre at the beginning of next year.

"It's great news for the future of Big Rock and Harley-Davidson in the East Midlands," says dealer boss Burt Perry. "Although we've been very successful in Stapleford with over 1,000 Harley-Davidson customers, we need more space for sales, service and administration. The new site will be in Nottingham city centre and will provide us with facilities that will enable us to become one of the biggest dealerships in the country."

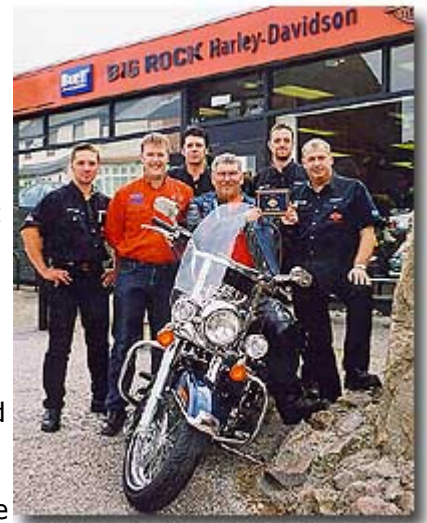


Figure 5.12 Big Rock team with their 1000th customer

It's been rapid progress to the 1000th milestone. The Carnell-owned dealership was launched in November 1998 and has been one of the most innovative and successful dealerships in the UK. Big Rock has twice won awards for being the best Buell dealer (Harley-Davidson's sister performance brand). It was the first to build performance Harley-Davidsons and runs a full race programme.

The lucky 1000th customer is 46 year-old Dan Manchester from Shipley View, Ilkeston, who purchased a new Road King.

"I was astonished when I was told the news," said Dan. "This is my third Harley-Davidson from Big Rock and I am also an active member of the Big Rock-sponsored Sherwood HOG Chapter, so I know the staff here really well and am delighted they have been so successful."

Dan knows his bikes. His first was a Matchless 250 single in 1973 and he has since ridden "all sorts" and had a stint as a motorcycle instructor in the early '90s. "I have been hooked on Harleys ever since I purchased a Sportster 1200 from Big Rock last year," he continues. "I am now on my third Harley and can't get enough of the lifestyle; it's the best thing I've done in years. I regularly visit Matlock for bike meets with my wife as pillion and we are both planning to ride to Barcelona next year for Harley-Davidson's 100th anniversary celebrations."

Fittingly, it was Patrick Yates who has been with the dealership since its launch, who made the sale. "Dan must have had at least 1,000 cups of coffee from me whilst in the store talking about bikes," said Patrick. "He's a good customer and we enjoy having him here. He's bought an excellent bike - just what he needs for the all the miles he covers."

Figure 5.13 Big Rock celebrates with its 1000th customer. This article appeared on the Big Rock website and in the American V magazine.

Sherwood – Chapter IV (Tattershall 2002)

Friday

I arrived early on Friday afternoon; the sun shining and a warm breeze promised good weather for the weekend. Already, there were about a dozen or so tents pitched at the bottom of the field where I picked my spot and raised the flag of the Promised Land. With more guests arriving, we were treated to an impromptu air show from the RAF – tornadoes, harriers, hurricanes, spitfires, a French display team and a couple of bigger troop carriers. Most of those around me were impressed when I told them we (that's the royal we), had arranged with the RAF for the display to coincide with the arrival of the 4th Sherwood Chapter Rally (some people will believe anything you tell them). With sweat on my brow, I hammered the last tent peg into the hard stony ground. About 20 feet in front of me, Tom and Diane were trying to figure out how to erect his new tent. I bet they were glad there weren't many around to extract the urine!

With the obligatory bottle of pop dished out at the gate, I quenched my thirst for all of 30 seconds and was left with a horrible sherbet taste in my mouth. As if on queue, I was greeted with a big smile from Colin (Fenlanders Chapter) and a message that there was a cold beer waiting for me at his pitch across the park. My brother arrived along with some friends and, after the obligatory salute of the flag, they borrowed my mallet... and I wandered off to meet Leslie and Dick with Colin. Ah, that Stella Artois went down a treat! And, to top it off, I was doing my bit for Chapter liaison with the Fenlanders and Taffia.

By evening, we were all ready for a beer or two. After scrubbing up a little, we headed off for the clubhouse to sup and be merry. Everyone was enjoying the party atmosphere – even the mediocre cabaret band had the dance floor busy. The atmosphere was so hot some people had things other than beer and dancing on their minds.

Friday night was buzzing, and we were all looking forward to Saturday. After topping off the beer with a greasy cheese burger, I hit the sack in the wee hours.

Saturday

Just snoozing, becoming vaguely aware of where I was, the site heralded the day with theme tunes from 'Oklahoma', 'Big Country', and a shedful of other theme tunes that would have been at home on BBC Radio Four. The only problem was that



Figure 5.14 Ride-out to Skegness. (DG)

it was only 8:00am!

There was a strong rumour that the ride-out was going to Skegness, but I strongly denied the rumour to those who asked if there was any truth in it. “Of course not, we’re off to Nottingham Castle to pick up Robin and the Sheriff of Nottingham”, but no one believed me! At the tail end, the scenery was terrific as almost 200 bikes filled the roads in staggered formation through Horncastle, Alford and into Skeggy. And, amazingly, no one got lost either. After parking up the scooters at the pier, we wandered off for a bag of chips. In the chippy, I lost myself doing my bit as Road Captain for the ladies behind the counter - ushering the punters into the shop, filling up all available space. Well, we had to make room for Geoff (Wardrobe) Bayne and Co...



Figure 5.15 Medieval bouncer! (DG)

On return to the campsite, I did my five minutes on the gate where people were still arriving late into the evening. When I got back to my tent, I noticed a bit of a kafuffle not twenty



Figure 5.16 Tin Rat in action. (DG)

yards away. Some model had got her kit off for a photographer, so, as I had my tool in hand, I strolled up and took a picture too. “Good innit?” I asked the Photographer – he just nodded in reply. The clubhouse was bouncing again. Some of us even read the advert for the Rally and brought fancy dress! As there were many guests without arm bands – we’d run out on the gate, I assisted the bouncer with admissions – yes, I was the loon dressed up as Little Dai and my staff (that’s a big stick Rainy Dave) Big John.

The band were made up of five guys, no long hair, well past their teens and with no ‘rock star’ chips on their shoulder – but boy, could they play a tune!? Tin Rat must be the best band I’ve seen at the Rally so far. In fact they’re the best band I’ve seen in a long time. Superb singer, excellent drummer and bassist, but topping it off were the two guitarists – duel lead riffs, note for note solos and facial expressions from a Friday the 13th horror movie. ‘Let’s have them back next year’ I reckon.

As the impromptu bouncer at the clubhouse, I got to meet almost everyone at the bash. Many people I knew, but there were many I didn't, and it was really great to hear them talk about the Rally and how good it was – and the ride-out was excellent too. One committee member from Rolling Hills wanted to express his gratitude, so when I told him mine was a Worthington Smooth, he promptly replied “no, no, I was thinking more along the lines of an official letter from our Chapter to yours – hmmph!

The cherry on the cake was the fireworks display at midnight. The Sherwood Chapter rocker was lit and a barrage of rockets were unleashed at the lakeside. A group of use had practiced our ‘Whoos’ and ‘Arrrhs’, and a bunch of kids sitting on the roof of one of the playground toys where echoing our every vocal. Even Lesley Henstock Whoo’d and Arrrh’d in tune.



Figure 5.17 The finale to the firework display. (DG)

Back inside and the band played on after the raffle drawer. Lucky for Sam, she won the star prize – company for the lonely nights in the shape of an inflatable doll (not quite the Barbie of old eh Sam?)

After wandering around and mixing with the hoi polloi, it was time to rendezvous at the greasy burger bar, where the Taffia sat down and sang a song or two (or did we?) and then fell into the sack.

Sunday

Sunday was not a good day! After breaking camp, I hastily broke camp and left the site with a brief cheerio to those I saw along the way. Work beckoned and I had a 13:25 train to catch at Newark. I tell you, it was not a pleasant experience listening to the sound of potatoe, potatoe, potatoe roaring through Newark as I waited for GNER coaches to arrive.

Another great Rally for me and friends with all commenting on the Saturday night entertainment, ride-out and the site in general. Once again, the weather was on our side and that just iced the cake.

Looking forward to next year's Rally,

Dai

Figure 5.18 Copy of the report on the 4th Sherwood rally to be held at Tattershall Park Country Club.

Northumberland Tour

Success for the Wardrobe Man, Mr Geoff Bayne



Figure 5.19 A1 south of Scotch Corner. (DG)

Saturday saw a brighter sky - well, the clouds were less threatening anyway. We headed out at 10am for the ride to the Northumberland coast via several scenic routes and places of interest. Geoff took the lead and a Geordie Chapter member, Lol, took the tail end of the group. Geoff, dressed up in his waterproofs, told us to keep an eye on him, as he'd point out places of interest along the way. The problem was that no-one could see Geoff as his wet suit was RAF issue camouflage and he blended in so well with the countryside!



Figure 5.20 Bamburgh Castle. (DG)



Figure 5.21 Jeff's Mum. (DG)

We stopped at a Bamburgh Castle and found we'd lost a few bikes en route. When they finally turned up, we discovered that the Geordie Chapter had their own way of doing the 'Second Man Drop-off System'. Lol, the Geordie chap, had decided he fancied showing some of the tail enders what Holy Island was like.....hmm. Our next port of call was Alnmouth. It was a busy little market town, and finding somewhere to part the scooters wasn't easy. So, we parked up in the Market Square. The only problem was that there was a market in the Square, and one of the stallholders didn't take too kindly to our presence. He made a right arse of himself

in front of the locals, who, incidentally, were in agreement with us! A little more grease and Geoff would be able to re-do his wheel bearings! Next stop was Hermitage Castle, just outside Amble, where we met up with Geoff's Mum & Dad again. The main part of the castle is pretty well intact; I was just wondering when they'd get the roof finished. On to Newcastle and Just Harley's. The JH's café was a welcome stop and the idea of coffee tables outside the shop allowed HD riders to meet and chat over a coffee or tea (hint, hint, Big Rock).



Figure 5.22 Alnmouth Market. (DG)



Figure 5.23 Hermitage Castle. (DG)

Four Geordie riders joined us for the journey inland toward Wooler. They did an excellent marshalling job for us as we negotiated the busy Newcastle roads. But, all good things had to come to an end; we saw the last of the sunshine on a mountainside between Rothbury and Wooler. By the time we stopped to don out 'wets', we were soaked once again. Back in Wooler, we all met up after hot showers, etc., and headed off to the Ryecroft for a meal with the rest of the crew. As soon as we paid the bill, we were back in the Black Bull where the atmosphere was more

conducive to the loud rumblings of Harley-talk and rain clouds. After several beers and little-uns, I found myself (and I must admit, I was not alone) well oiled and hitting the disco (which was quite conveniently situated at the rear of the 'Bull' and next door to our 'cottage'). After ten minutes or so of boom-boom-boom, it was back to the cottage for a little more peaceful chat and to finish off my drink.

Sunday morning and the sun showed its face between fluffy grey and white clouds. The early morning rain was beginning to dry on the roads, and as Del was working on Monday, we had to leave. This was also true for Wilson & Marie, Glyn & Chris and Richard & Sue. After the group had departed for their ride-out, escorted by a couple of Geordie Chapter, we headed south for home. There's more to tell, but time is not on my side, and War & Peace comes to mind, suffice to say, Colin was glad his battery terminals were loose, Leslie & Co were glad they'd brought flippers and why is everyone called Kevin?? Oh yes, and there was something about a large phallic symbol that Stuart was placing in his mouth, but I don't much recall anything more than that... oh, apart from the fact that he was going to meet with some chap the following night to compare phalluses. I'll leave the rest to your imaginations!

Dai

The 10th Fenlanders Rally

Well last Friday we packed our new tent and went on our way to the 10th Fenlanders rally, this year held at a new site, Fakenham Racecourse.

We checked in about 6ish. To be greeted by lots of friends (well two) and people waving Quill and Quivers wanting MY autograph and pictures of the new tent, being rather shy as you know and not wanting any fuss I declined and set about putting the said tent up watched by about 200 people (perhaps not that many probably 20)

Much to everyone's dismay the tent was erected in record time, they don't call me 'Quick Erection Winning' for nothing you know!

Everything unpacked I headed to the bar and much to my delight they had Guinness on draught.

HEAVEN, I had a quick couple then Susan and I went off into Fakenham along with Mike, Marty, Steve and Sally and after what seemed like hours found the "FAKENHAM TANDOOL". The R had fallen off the sign!

A nice meal ensued then back to the site for more Guinness and dancing, well I drank the Guinness and Susan danced to the early hours. Midnight actually!

Next morning started early, if you don't count the Toy's Karaoke until 4 o'clock, at about 6.30. I never knew they had 2 6.30's in a day!

Saturday morning at a rally and what could be better than Marty Coleman making delicious bacon sandwiches, great

An air display about 11.30 was followed by the ride out to Hunstanton, which was superbly marshalled as usual by the Norfolk Police.

We decided to stay and savour the delights of Hunstanton, (cold Guinness and chips with curry sauce) and missed the ride out back, so Derek, Pete and Tattoo Cazza and the 2 of us went on a coast ride to Sheringham and Wells Next the Sea. It was in Wells when Derek (I know a quick short cut) Walker got separated from us and arrived back at the campsite ½ an hour later. He says he stopped off at the local supermarket for 20 minutes but we didn't believe him!

Saturday afternoon would not be complete without silly games and Marty (Warm Night) Coleman won the Miss Fenlanders Wet T Shirt competition by a mile. It was nothing to do with me her husband told me to do it, HONEST

Saturday evening copious amounts of red wine, Guinness and whatever else was alcoholic saw us watching the Glam Rock Band, we had a birthday cake to celebrate Val's **th. Birthday then Mike Coleman came onto the dance floor barefoot inviting everyone to jump on his bare feet and see if they could hurt him. Several dozen tried and every one made him grimace.

So after a long and tiring day, off to bed, with Mike still bare foot outside his Motorhome absolutely comatose. As good friends we all had a vote and the unanimous decision was to leave him there!!

Mike must have woken up about 5 o'clock because he was heard banging on the door for Marty to let him in. The state some people get in, you never see me with excess alcohol at a rally when I have to ride home next morning.

Sunday morning, sore head, it was time to pack up and head home,

GREAT RALLY. GREAT FRIENDS, GREAT WEATHER.

What more could you ask for. Roll on next year



Figure 5.25 Smile for the camera. (SW)



Figure 5.26 Cheers! (SW)

Ian and Susan Winning.

(If you don't know us I was the one in the fez and the wife was the one taking photos of everyone.)

Reference 5.27 Copy of the Fenlanders rally report + additional photographs.

European Rally - Venice 2002

(or what I can remember after six hard years of rallying!)

Wow, what a Euro Rally it was, our first! We spread it over two weeks.

We left Dover and arrived in Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and on to Venice. The sights we saw in those countries were unbelievable to us. It rained solidly from Belgium to Italy, but we really didn't care as it was so exciting.

The rally lasted four days. The weather was not a problem to us as we stayed in a caravan with Posh Paul, Dee and their son Andy. There were good bands and plenty of stalls to give it a great atmosphere. Dave (Brenda's hubby) really let his hair down, dancing with a thong on; he was a great sport, especially after he and Brenda had been involved in an accident on their bike, which was not their fault, but that is another story. They were both OK, but not the bike.

There was so much to take in, like all the lovely paint jobs on the bikes. To me it was all new and I couldn't believe the things that were on the bikes. Now it is just taken for granted, although we still see the odd 'special'.

The highlight for me was going into the town centre at 2 o'clock in the morning. There must have been at least 300 bikes, many doing wheelies and doughnuts. The noise was incredible, with everyone having a great time. There were 5 star hotels there but no one complained. Could you imagine that anywhere in England? There was no trouble and no police to move us on; I could not believe what I was seeing and will never forget that night.

On the way home we stayed at Faaker See in Austria. Bernie, the owner of the hotel we stayed in, has a Harley so he took us for a ride, from Austria into Slovenia, then Italy, then back into Austria. The scenery was fantastic. Our room in the hotel overlooked the lakes, which were so beautiful that they did not look real. It was like looking at a painting.

After leaving Austria we went to Munich, in Germany. Whilst there we went to the Hard Rock cafe, and spent an evening in a beer keller. We then moved on to Belgium, and finally crossed the Channel to return home.

After all this time it is still my favourite rally!!

by

Straight Roads & Rita the Greeter alias Pete and Carole Wright.

Figure 5.28 This tests how good your memory is!!

The following photographs were taken from Carole and Pete's album, showing the ride to Venice and the area.



Figure 5.29 Arrival at Dover for the crossing. (CW)



Figure 5.30 Relax by the water edge. (CW)



Figure 5.31 Riding through the mountains. (CW)



Figure 5.32 At the rally site. (CW)