

Chapter Eight

2005

Chapter Officers

Director	Dave Sanders
Assistant Director	Dai Gunter
Secretary	Teresa Taylor
Treasurer	Gillian Dutton
Editor	Dai Gunter
Membership Secretary	Teresa Taylor
Senior Road Captain	Pete Wright
Dealer Representative	Richard Stevens
Photographer	Jean Lacey
Webmaster	Dai Gunter
Safety Officer	Neil Rose
Ladies of Harley	Jean Lacey/Jane Confrey
Area Representative (Lincolnshire)	Jeff Bayne
Area Representative (North Notts)	John Allsopp
Area Representative (South Notts/Leics)	Neil Rose
Road Captains	John Allsopp
	Tony Brailsford
	Pete Clifford
	Steve Cranston
	Martyn Flear
	Dai Gunter
	Darren James
	Neil Rose
	Dave Sanders
	Roger Williams
	Ian Winning
	Sam York

Membership for 2005 – 320

There were several changes to the committee, including Dai Gunter taking on a third role as Assistant Director. A new position of Dealer Representative was filled by Richard Stevens, while Neil Rose took over as the Area Representative for South Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire. Jean Lacey and Jane Confrey became the new Ladies of Harley. Two new road captains, Darren James and Roger Williams, were elected to the 'riding' team.



Figure 8.1 Rob the Rocker logo.

The year got off to a good start when, in early January, the Chapter bought the copyright to the 'Rob the Rocker' logo from Martin Davies. It was not long before pins and patches of Rob appeared for sale in the Chapter merchandise, with tee shirts becoming available in June.

During March, eleven road captains attended a course at Riders Edge in order to tone their skills in readiness for the new riding season. Using what they had learnt from Riders Edge, the road captains from the three areas organised midweek rides, whenever possible, so supplementing the usual range of Sunday ride-outs.

The one sad note was that, due to a change of ownership at the Tattershall rally venue, and through no fault of the Chapter, the Sherwood 7 Rally had to be cancelled. In order that the traditional weekend was not left blank, Sam York and Pete Clifford agreed to move the Hoggins the Beaver Rally to that date.

Towards the end of the year, during the 'quiet time' for riding, the Ladies of Harley added to the programme by organising a series of social events.

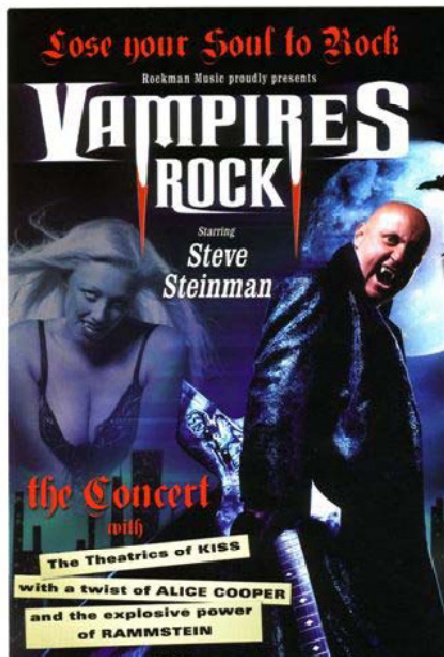


Figure 8.2 LOH social evening advert 1.

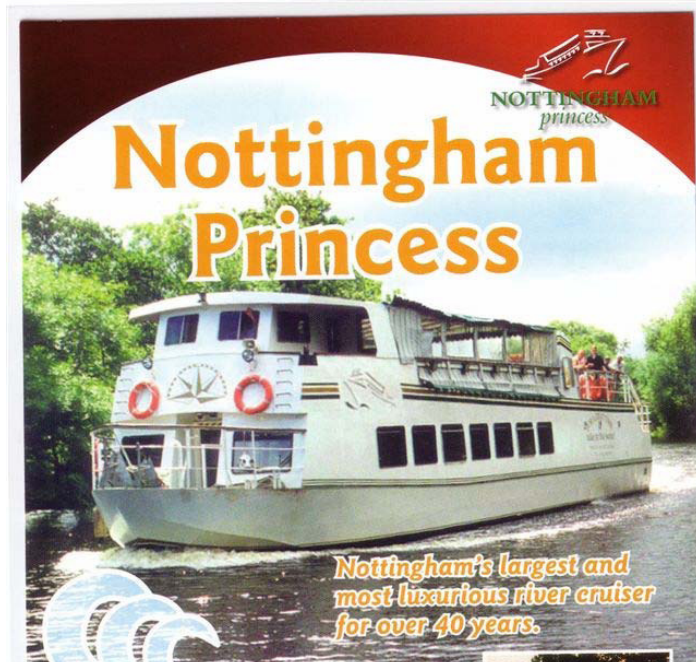


Figure 8.3 LOH social evening advert 2.

Events Programme

Date	Event	Type	Destination
19/03/2005	New Members Ride	Ride-out	Mystery
20/03/2005	Egg Run	Ride-out	Nottingham
28/03/2005	Mablethorpe	Ride-out	Mablethorpe
24/04/2005	Grimes Graves, Norfolk	Ride-out	Thetford Warren
28/04/2005	Easter Monday Ride	Ride-out	Skegness
07/05/2005	LOH Dinner	Social	A1 Diner
08/05/2005	Derbyshire Reservoir Run	Ride-out	Woodhead/Torside
14/05/2005	LOH Cream Tea	Ride-out	Mystery
21/05/2005	Welsh Camp	Weekend	South Wales
25/05/2005	Lincoln area	Ride-out	Faldingworth
28/05/2005	TT's Tea Ride	Ride-out	Staunton Harold
08/06/2005	Lincoln area	Ride-out	Torksey
19/06/2005	Whitby	Ride-out	North Yorkshire Moors
22/06/2005	Lincoln area	Ride-out	West Stockwith
25/06/2005	LOH Ride	Ride-out	Mystery
26/06/2005	Three Countries Ride	Ride-out	Wales/England/Scotland
30/06/2005	LOH Dinner	Social	A1 Diner
01/07/2005	Scottish Weekend	Weekend	Scotland
02/07/2005	Waddington Air Show	Weekend	Waddington
06/07/2005	Barton Bike-Nite	Ride-out	Barton-on-Humber
09/07/2005	Hoggin the Beaver II	Rally	Moved to September
17/07/2005	Beatles Museum	Ride-out	Liverpool
20/07/2005	Lincoln area	Ride-out	Brandy Wharf
03/08/2005	Lincoln area	Ride-out	Tealby
13/08/2005	Beer Festival	Social	Lowdham
14/08/2005	Boules Tournament	Activity	Hathern
17/08/2005	Lincoln area	Ride-out	South Ferriby
21/08/2005	Stratford-upon-Avon	Ride-out	Warwickshire
27/08/2005	Ace Cafe / Hard Rock Cafe	Weekend	London
31/08/2005	Lincoln area	Ride-out	Willoughton
02/09/2005	Sherwood 7	Rally	Cancelled
02/09/2005	Hoggin the Beaver II	Rally	Belvoir
11/09/2005	Jodrill Bank	Ride-out	Cheshire
02/10/2005	New Members Ride	Ride-out	Mystery
07/10/2005	Motown Nite	Social	Nottingham
28/10/2005	LOH - Vampires Rock Musical	Social	Nottingham
29/10/2005	LOH - Day in London	Social	London
17/11/2005	AGM (Hogs Head)	Meeting	Nottingham
19/11/2005	LOH - Nottingham Princess	Social	Nottingham
02/12/2005	Christmas Bash	Social	Lincoln
03/12/2005	Christmas Bash	Social	Mansfield
17/12/2005	Christmas Party	Social	Nottingham

The area representatives for South Nottinghamshire / Leicestershire, North Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire continued to hold their respective meetings at the Hog's Head, Awsworth, the Oak Tree Public House, Mansfield and The Bridge Inn, Saxilby. The monthly Chapter meetings also continued to be held at the Hog's Head.

The selected reports include comments on six Chapter ride-outs, two UK rallies, two European rallies, one long weekend, one training course, one charity and two social events by the Ladies of Harley. The 'Three Countries' ride is a real 'Iron Butt' type outing as it involves having breakfast in England, lunch in Scotland and tea in Wales; all in the same day!

So, this year's selection of reported activities includes:

- a. Copy of the Sherwood Easter Ride-out report by Nick Lacey, taken from the 0503 issue of the Q & Q.
- b. Copy of the Make-A-Wish charity report by Chris Smallbones, taken from the 0503 issue of the Q & Q.
- c. Copy of the Three Countries Ride-out report by Dai Gunter, taken from the 0504 issue of the Q & Q.
- d. Copy of the European Rally at St Tropez report by Jean and Nick Lacey, taken from the 0507 issue of the Q & Q.
- e. Copy of The Gathering Rally report by Wilson & Marie Ramsay, taken from the 0504 issue of the Q & Q.
- f. Copy of the Fun N Sun Rally report by Steve Insley, taken from the 0505 issue of the Q & Q.
- g. Copy of the Riders Edge Training course report by Dai Gunter, taken from the 0502 issue of the Q & Q.
- h. Copy of the 'Senior Road Captain's Scribblings' describing ride-outs to the Ace Cafe weekend, Oxford H-D open day, Hoggin the Bridge and the one for the New Riders by Pete Wright, taken from the 0507 issue of the Q & Q.
- i. Copy of the Hoggin the Beaver II Rally report by Sam York and Pete Clifford, taken from the 0507 issue of the Q & Q.
- j. Copy of the Ladies of Harley Autumn Specials report by Jean Lacey, taken from the 0507 issue of the Q & Q.
- k. Copy of two reports on the long weekend in Scotland. The report 'Big Thanks for the Wee Trip to Scotland' is by Gill and Kev Taylor, whilst 'The Big Wee Trip to Scotland' is the creation of Steve Cranston, both being taken from the 0505 issue of the Q & Q.

Sherwood Easter Ride-out - Nick Lacey



It was a grey and miserable morning as we all gathered for the ride-out, but it takes more than lousy weather to dampen the spirits of Sherwood Chapter.

57 bikes in all turned up including visitors from Peak Riders and St Ledger Chapter. Off we set with SRC Pete Wright at the helm. All went smoothly under the expert guidance from our acclaimed Road Captains – ‘Best of the Bunch’ according to the gurus at Rider’s Edge. Apparently they already knew it all and Rider’s Edge couldn’t improve them a bit!

We called at Tattershall to grab a welcome coffee and thaw out a bit, as well as pick up a few more bikes. Off we set again into the mist that seemed to get ever thicker the nearer we got to East Coast. Junctions and traffic handled to perfection by our leaders, we arrived at that ‘Monte Carlo of the East Coast’ – Mablethorpe. What a place! A beautiful beach and little else.



We arrived in style, onlookers agog, and lined up in the car park of the Fulbeck Hotel where the staff made us very welcome. Time for lunch, a walk along the promenade, an ice cream, a chinwag and then we returned home. The further we got from the coast the more the weather improved and in fact it was blue skies and sunshine as we rode into the drive! That’s Easter weather for you, and at least it didn’t chuck it down.

Another brilliant day out with Sherwood Chapter.

Figure 8.4 The Easter ride-out report.

MAKE-A-WISH

Tour of 42 Cathedrals in England

Dear Sherwood Chapter

I would like to give my sincere thanks to those who helped us out on Sunday 1st May, by turning up for a photo shoot and send off on behalf of the Make-a-Wish Foundation. For those who do not know this Charity, it is a charity that helps to grant wishes for children who are 'terminally ill'.

Lincoln Area Sherwood Members were kind enough to give their spare time to the sending off from Lincoln Cathedral of two gents, Tony Smith & John Hudson, whose aim it is to visit all 42 Cathedrals in the England in eight days, in a Peugeot Camper Van.



Many Special Thanks to Jeff, Mark and Spen from Lincoln who took part, as well as a member of the Honda Goldwing Club who also came along. I've enclosed photos that my sister sent to me, which were taken at the send off; these will appear in the Make a Wish magazine.

Once Again Many Thanks
Chris Smallbones (F)



Figure 8.5 Make-A-Wish charity report.

BREAKFAST, DINNER & TEA WILSON'S 3-COUNTRIES IRON BUTT RIDE-OUT

The alarm woke me at 6am. A fine start to the day with sunshine casting shadows on the bedroom wall. Within twenty minutes, I had toileted (don't want to go into too much detail there), gotten the Harley out of slumber, and was thumping down the A46 for Newark, then onto Ollerton and the Breakfast meeting. It was a cool start but the forecast was promising and already, the sun was about 15 degrees above the horizon.

There had been some confusion over the meeting place for breakfast - 'The Limes' had told Wilson, just days prior to the event, that it was doubtful that the café would be open at 7am on a Sunday, so an alternative venue a couple of miles down the road from Bilsthorpe was chosen. The greasy spoon roadside café put on a great plate of grub with a huge tumbler of orange juice for less than £4. Wilson, concerned over others who might be waiting at The Limes, had arranged with Pete Wright to stake out the café, just in case... but there were no worries - The Limes was open for business, so those that arrived at The Limes ate there.

A little after 8am we were on the road headed north for Gretna. With the sun behind us, we were filling up with gas by 10:15 at Scotch Corner. After a quick break for John Jackson (coffee stop), we thundered west on the Route 66... wait a minute, slight faux pas there, it was the A66! Anyway, the temperature was rising nicely and the scenery was fantastic as we crossed the northern Pennines, intimidating dark clouds on our right shoulder. Turning onto the M6, we were north-bound again, leaving the dark clouds behind us, sun on our backs and fluffy white clouds patching the rich blue sky.

We pulled into Gretna Green Services at 11:30am to fill up again, and then rumbled into town for lunch. What a nice little place it is. The Old Smithy tucked away in a corner and several eateries and drinkeries (made up word, 'cos it sounds good) and lots of white walls. After a rest and something to eat, we posed for a picture or two, donned our helmets, and headed south.



About halfway between Gretna and Chester, we pulled over for another JJ-Break and some gas. It was just as we were preparing to head south again when Kev Taylor noticed his rear tyre had begun to split. Concerned, Kev decided to head home, taking it easy. The rest of us careered south, turning heads on the motorway and intimidating old lady drivers.

We picked up the signs for M56 and Chester/Queensferry, over a rather modern bridge at Connor's Quay and into Flint where we stumbled across a well known brand of hamburger outlet. Ronald wasn't there, just as well as the place was full of Welsh Scousers! We

munched a burger or two, rinsed our greasy fingers in the posh toilet and hopped back on the bikes for the last leg.

We picked up the Chester road, deciding to take the southern by-pass through town. All was well until we came across a road-block - the big red bus wasn't going anywhere after piling into something (we couldn't quite tell what it had hit). Now Wilson, not being of royal decent, was scuppered. So, taking on the mantle of Road Captain, I led the crew through Chester's winding roads and back onto the main drag east where Wilson took over once again as lead scooter.

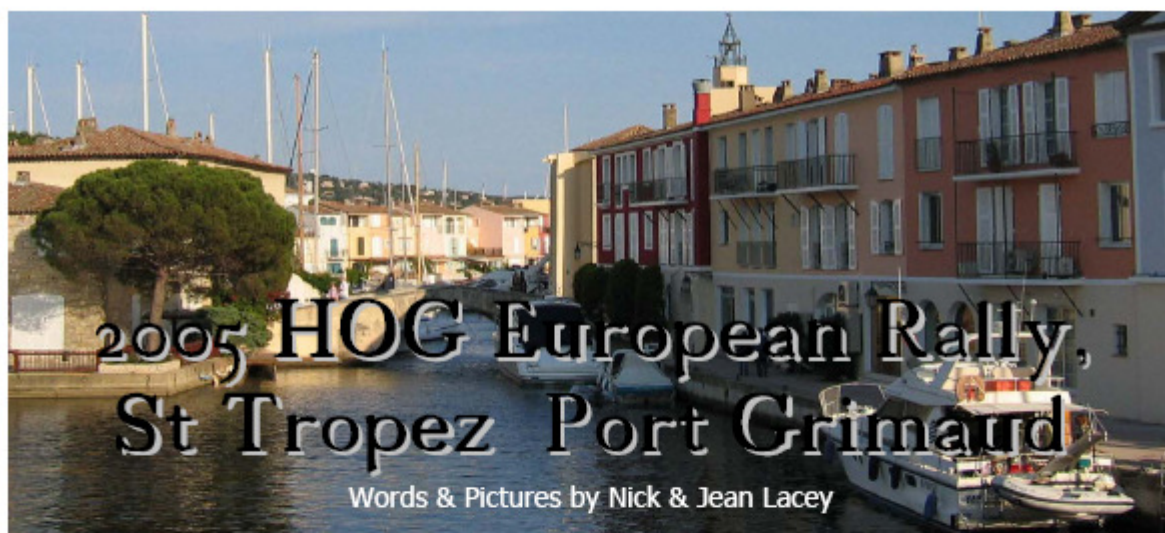
The final stretch home took us through some nice countryside in the evening sunshine. We pulled over at a cracking little pub on a hairpin bend (just about) where we wet our whistles before filling up for gas for the last time before cruising through Matlock. I arrived home around 9:30pm with 510 miles on the clock. A fantastic day of riding aided by the weather and the company.



Big thanks to Wilson for organising the ride and to those who came along to make it a great day out.

Ride Safe, Dai

Figure 8.6 Three Countries report - breakfast in England, lunch in Scotland, tea in Wales.



After last year's "entertaining" ride to Portugal we thought we'd be OK this year and planned to meander down through France to the 14th EuroHOG, stay in the luxury of an oversized cabin and tootle back through some of our favourite Frenchie spots.

So at least we started with the right idea.....

Grim (nee Grin) Factor had overwintered with her boyfriend and was a transformed bike raring to go, sporting new bars, exhaust and wiring. Then about three weeks before the off, the swinging arm broke!!!!!! After a Herculean effort down at the Le Rock Custom Shack, Kev managed to get the bike back on the road 24 hours before we set off. Phew! I cunningly took the precaution of lending Kev my Softail as his bike was not going to be ready and loaded the luggage. Meanwhile Jean smiled sagely and stuffed her lovely panniers full of hot n sunny wear.

So off we set after work on the Wednesday, Grin going like a goodun and I even started smiling.....all the way to junction 20.....when...barrp..splutter...barrp, stop. It died. A quick call to Kev and after stripping the carb on the side of the road (well you have to do something) International Rescue turned up with the trusty Softail in the back of T'bird 4. A quick changeover of luggage and we're off again leaving poor old Kev wondering how he's going to get to St Trop.....

Needless to say Mrs Smug and Mr Angry arrived for the Tunnel a few minutes late for their 11:30 train...at 01:25 which was the time the next one departed. So after coughing up an extra £30 each for missing the train we had the pleasure of waiting 2 hours in the deserted terminal. Eventually we arrived at our Calais hotel (we'd told them we might be late) at 05:30 a.m. They threw us out at noon....



After a leisurely ride on Thursday afternoon we set off in determined manner Friday to catch up some lost miles. Some way down the Autoroute I noticed my indicator was not working and somewhere near Lyon we pulled off at the services for a fill-up and hopefully just a new bulb. Fortunately my diagnosis was correct....but unfortunately.... the enormous services and hotel area had a powerful French phone mast. I got

my bike going but Jean's just wasn't having any. So I rode mine to a parking space and left it running with Jean standing by. Then (and bear in mind it was 30 degrees plus) I pushed the Sporty in the end about 800 yards before I could disable the alarm. It wouldn't have been so bad but Jean had thoughtfully had the optional alarm sounder (as opposed to those oh so threatening flashing indicators) fitted just before we went. Needless to say nobody paid any attention to a yob pushing a Harley with the alarm going off in a motorway services, of course if I'd had a van nearby it'd have been different.....

Next we had a night in Rien at a hotel where the delightful (and full breasted) receptionist gave me a very knowing look after I used my best French to ask for a room for what I later discovered was "my husband and I" (well I was wearing leather). She warned me that there was a wedding reception on so the hotel might be a little noisy but we stayed as it was the only bed available.....they arrived at midnight, disco'd till two and then went home....strange.....



We eventually arrived to typical French chaos at the rally site - it took 2 hours to get registered and shown to our cabin! Now call me picky but having booked a 4 berth for the two of us we were anticipating something a bit bigger than our tent, but you can't win them all. At least we did better than the 4 large foreigners who arrived with a golf cart full of luggage (the

men rode, the ladies flew). We also noted the LUXURY of the very comfortable palaces arranged by Rainy.

We arrived a few days before the start of the rally so were there for the build up - it makes you appreciate just how much it takes to put an event on (hint: volunteer to help with our rally). Every day more and more Harleys arrived and weirdo's left for the comfort of suburbia.

Port Grimaud is lovely, a 1960's creation that looks 300 years old with waterfront bars, cafés, boats, etc. The beach looked lovely (or was that the occupants), the weather was superb and everywhere you looked were the most amazing bikes.

In addition to the stage on the beach they had a Bedouin style disco tent complete with rugs and the sea lapping in one corner. The Custom show (Grim'd won if it hadn't broke down y'kno) held in the old village up the hill had some pretty amazing

creations on a Harley theme including a bike with a very unhappy live goldfish in the tank.

A few of us set off for Monte Carlo and since its not that far we thought we'd ride the coast road. Now I'm not saying the traffic was bad but after 4 hours we'd got 60 miles to Antibes or somewhere, which just about sums up the riding on the South Coast. Giving up we had a quick Big Mac (or as the French call it, un Big Mac) and turned back, taking to the motorway to speed us to our evening revelry. Needless to say 2 of the four ran out of fuel. I found Jean in a rather nice restaurant overlooking the harbour.....sorry love....

Next day we took the ferry across the bay to St Tropez itself, which to our complete amazement (or at least to those competing in the Rolex Yacht Race Week) was stuffed with Harleys, including a very hot Tin Man in his full suit of armour.

The rally ended in spectacular style with a superb firework display over the sea and a skinny dip for one notable Sherwoodette.

Exhausted and ready for some peace and quiet, we headed north for a slow ride home. Our first stop was at the medieval town of Forcalquier and a hotel we'd visited 12 years before on our "flight from Italy". We arrived to find the new owner sporting a Harley tee shirt and telling us he'd had a bunch of Dutch in on their way to the rally a few days ago. It's a small world when you ride a Harley, which sums up the travelling experience.

The next day God decided to pressure wash France which made for some interesting riding, wet socks and killed my mobile phone. Still the bike needed a wash.

After a spot of Champagne tasting at another biker B&B in...errr. Champagne, we staggered home, desperately in need of a holiday to get over what was one of the best road holidays we've ever had, despite the shaky start. And.....in all those miles neither Jean's XL1200C or my FXSTI missed a beat. So why have I got a custom???



Jean & Nick Lacey

Figure 8.7 St Tropez/Port Grimaud European Rally report.

Wilson went to The Gathering Of The Clans at Ayr Racecourse, and here's his story...

Dai, my Celtic friend,

Just a few lines you may want to include, or not, in Q&Q. As I write this I'm drinking Belgian dark beer that I first tried in Brugges with Stewart Belman and Californian Rosé, also I'm listening to Rory Gallagher singing pistol slapping blues. Marie's out with some friends from work, youngest lad is at Isle of Wight Festival and I've just sent off for tickets for Geordie Rally. You may think I'm rambling but I'm just setting the scene.

Me, Marie and John Jackson went up to Clyde Valley's 1st Rally. Left Ollerton in brilliant sunshine, stopped for fuel at Scotch Corner, met some Fenlanders members who thought about turning back because it was a bit cloudy. Anyway, got to Ayr Racecourse about 3:30pm. Weather was cold and very wind but the welcome was so warm. Put tent up without any problems... did we f**k! I rode my bike onto campsite, me, Marie, tent, airbed, sleeping bags, etc, - first time I've used the Harley as a scrambler. John, being clever, parked his bike at secure bike area and carried his kit to site. Why did he erect his tent inside out??? Anyway, me and my backrest got on the bike and went to see my parents – it's now raining; John went to the bar in search of Sherwood members but unlucky at this moment in time.

Had dinner at Mum & Dad's – oh boy! Get back to racecourse, park bike in secure area, find John in bar, get my first pint at 8pm. John's had a few!! Bumped into my friend Ian Winning and his lovely wife Sue. Ian did not travel up with us, preferring to put his trust in his new Sat Nav toy (not a cheap one neither) – “so easy to use” says Ian, “just tap in Nottingham to Ayr and ‘hey presto’, before you know it we’re in ‘Eccle-f*****g-Fecking” (Ian's words, not mine). “Rode for 20 minutes, only saw sheep.” You can't beat a little bit of local knowledge, Ian.

Racecourse venue is very good – take note Sherwood Chapter. An acoustic duo to start us off, local talent were okay.

Big contingent from Ireland; only counted 6 from Sherwood – I'm sure more than 6 attended our rally. Clyde Valley Director thanked us for making the effort to attend; very keen to get our opinion. Next band on were very good – don't know what they were, I'd had a few pints of the black stuff by then!

Met another Sherwood member, Leicester area, short, long beard, rides a Sportster but too pissed to remember his name. Fed up dancing to ‘I Will Walk 500 Miles’, so we headed to the tent, wind so strong that back of tent is touching front. Couple of tent pegs missing, so I ‘borrowed’ some from nearby tents – tough shit!

Saturday morning, mouth like a shag pile carpet, stagger to porta-loos which were spotless. Me and Marie go to grandstand for breakfast, Princess Royal Suite no less! Tea, coffee, orange juice, cereal and a full Scottish breakie, aye, tattie scones for £3½. Retire to lounge for extra coffee. Usual stalls to see – tattooist, body piercing, shiny bits, West Coast Harley had a few ‘custom’ bikes – one called ‘Back In Black’ an AC/DC tribute – fantastic, check it out.

Ride-out – slight rain or as locals call it, ‘smurr’. Still, 80+ bikes line up. Ian gets bollocking from local plod for riding to Tesco for petrol without helmet, plod also thinks he shouldn’t ride on pavement – different laws in Scotland, Ian! Ride-out leaves racecourse – nice to see a good few lady riders. A nice selection of custom bikes too. One guy riding with the widest bars I’ve ever seen. When he parked it up, he puts an old tennis ball on the left hand grip to stop your eye being gouged out! Strathclyde Police were at every traffic light and major junction, Road Captains did a great job, ride-out went on the coast road as far as Electric Brae – one to remember for those of you going on Steve Cranston’s Scottish Weekender, and back to Wellington Square for bike show.

It was when I parked up in the Square that I noticed a small problem with my bike. Bare wires hanging from the rear fender. Problem solved after a visit to the local Honda dealer for some electrical tape. Everybody knows a bobtail rack isn’t the biggest in the range, so my idea of tie-wrapping a BBQ rack to the bike wasn’t a good one. One large tent, double airbed and two sleeping bags all held down with ratchet straps needs a bit more thought.

John Jackson couldn’t manage the ride-out – he was a bit fragile. My tip for rallies John – eat something! Back at the rally site, Me and Marie went into the aforementioned Princess Royal Suite for some food – fresh salmon salad for Marie, chilli for me and a chicken breast stuff with asparagus in a red wine gravy for £3.75 each – best rally food I’ve ever had. John, feeling a little better had two bowls of soup.

First band of the evening was ‘Independence’ – Scots band, singer okay, more “I could walk 500 miles” – boring! West Coast Harley members making full use of the kilt. Lady members raise £800 for breast cancer awareness, silver quaichs, friendship cups for best bikes, farthest travelled – Bournemouth, and most attended club – Providence Chapter.

Last band was ‘Sex Godz’, good band, good singer but a gay band at Harley Rally!? I don’t think so. But band musically good. Everybody having a good time, dance floor packed, Ian strutting his stuff. Blue Angels MC in attendance, no tents, no sleeping bags, introduce myself, Sherwood HOG welcome at their club house, warm welcome and guaranteed bike safety, I won’t call them liars!

500 more miles walked... f**k the Proclaimers! And so to bed. Ian, Sue Marie and myself put the lights out and made our way back to our tents not before I had a ¼ pounder and jumbo sausage. Met a Geordie Chapter member new to HOG, nice guy, will have a drink with him when we go to Heart & Soul rally.

Sunday morning, sun shining, we get big breakfast, pack up tent and set off for home. Ayr to Dumfries, good weather, good road. Dumfries to Scotch Corner lovely road, traffic light, sun shining. Fuel and food at Scotch Corner. Home for 4pm. Great run home. All in all a good rally, very friendly, lots of B&Bs opposite racecourse. Good rally pin, will attend next year. Dai, edit this as you want, will close as no wine left (*Not a chance Will!*)

Wilson & Marie

Figure 8.8 A report on the Clyde Valley Chapter’s ‘The Gathering’ rally.

Fun 'n' Sun

By Steve Insley

I left home at 8 o'clock on the Sunday morning to meet up with two mates to catch the ferry to Santander, but there was only one rider at the services just south of Bristol! The other one, from Newcastle, had clipped a car on the way down, near Doncaster, broken his wrist and bent his pride and joy. What a start! There was nothing we could do and we had a ferry that wouldn't wait. After a cool but dry start the weather then turned against us, it rained so hard that we could barely see the road. One car driver couldn't and managed to spray the road with gravel after hitting the central barriers.

Finally we arrived at the Portsmouth. The 18 hour crossing was quite calm, though I felt very queasy at one point, nothing 12 hours on the bunk wouldn't cure.

Finally, Spain.

We headed south across the mountains towards Burgos then on to Madrid, the difference was unbelievable, hot sunshine, clear roads and you could see the scenery!

The second night was spent in Cordoba, a beautiful old city made up over the centuries with many different influences. We made time for a good look round, enjoying the local food and wine, a great trip if you like olives and fish.

Then on to Portugal and Monte Gordo and the Fun 'n' Sun Rally.

We had a brilliant time, made new friends, tried new food and some more wine. We even watched, from a barstool, in disbelief as Liverpool won the European Cup.

And I finally got to carry a chapter flag at the front of a parade, even though I had to be an honorary Geordie to do so, Dave Babcock's bike had packed up in Madrid, so he asked me to step in, bonus! Ah well after 4 days of frivolities it was time to head for home but not until we had gained a third rider, a very nice chap from near Stockport, called

Granville. His pillion had to fly home after his elderly mum was taken ill.

We rode up through Portugal, staying near Lisbon and at the old capital of Coimbra.

Myself and Graeme, my original riding partner, had quite a heated debate over breakfast as to the best route to take to get to Spain and Salamanca. Graeme wanted to



take the motorway and I wanted to take the scenic route through the mountains, after all that's what we were there for.

Granville became mediator and sense prevailed, we took the mountain route, which incidentally was awesome and even Graeme, eventually, agreed. Salamanca was, in our collective opinion, the best place we had visited. The architecture was fantastic. The cathedral was

massive and beautifully and ornately decorated with wood and stone carvings and lots of gold. The craftsmanship was awe inspiring.

We stayed at Burgos on the way back and saw El Cid's statue, didn't resemble Charlton Heston much!

The return ferry crossing was even better; the Bay of Biscay was like a mill pond, more sun, and more beer!

The M5 on the other hand was a nightmare of road-works, rain and cars stopped when I wasn't looking for a split second, never

mind, should have the RK back soon, 2 out of 3 ain't bad! What a great trip and what a beautiful part of the world, some of the mountains reminded me of Yosemite and the hot cloudless skies of Nevada and the ride home, yahoo!



Steve Insley

Figure 8.9 Report on the Fun N Sun rally at Monte Gordo, Portugal.

Sherwood Chapter Goes To Riders Edge

It was a cool but sunny Friday afternoon when I parked my wheels on Darren's drive – we were sharing a car to Builth Wells for the Road Captain's training at Riders Edge. We met with the rest of the troop at Garth Lodge (our aboard for the night) where we were treated with typical Welsh hospitality, plenty of cheap beer, good food and adequate snore-filled rooms. There were eleven of us, joining in the singing by the end of the evening (ah, Wales, the land of song... God's chosen Acre...) and even Jim, the local farmer, thought we were a great bunch of boyos, even though most of the team were Saesneg (English).

Saturday morning was sunny after the brief snow shower passed through whilst we ate breakfast. I was glad we had a classroom session in the morning to give the sun a chance to warm up the place. Whilst in the training centre, we bumped into Marj Ragg, our new HOG UK boss. We had a nice conversation, and I think I managed to temp Marj into joining the Chapter (well, she said she would anyway, then she said she'd probably join all the UK Chapters).

After some posing for group photographs, we selected our rides for the afternoon's ride-out session in the bright, but cool, sunshine. Our instructors were very good, making sure we practiced what we were told during the classroom session. They even set little tests en route to check if we had listened, and they had to admit, we couldn't be caught out; so all you new riders reading this, you can rest assured that you'll be looked after by your Road Captains when you next join us for a ride-out.

After a couple of hours of second man drop-off, hand signals, formation riding techniques, the buddy system, and road etiquette, we stopped on the edge of the Brecon Beacons National Park, overlooking Builth Wells – what scenery. It was our last stop before heading down the mountain and back into the Welsh National Showground, where Riders Edge is based. A fantastic day and well recommended for those who feel the need to add a little extra to their riding skills – there's various courses available from basic CBT through to advanced instruction.

Ride Safe,

Dai



Figure 8.10 Sherwood road captains at Riders Edge.

Figure 8.11 A report of Sherwood road captains attending a course at Riders Edge.

Senior Road Captain Scribblings

Ace Cafe Weekend

Well the weather was very kind for us. We visited Dealerships on the way down, Silverstone and Oxford.

The hotel was only 200yds from the Ace café.

That evening some of us decided to go to the Hard Rock café, that was good riding through London and at night. I had heard there been a fire at the Hard Rock. This was at the same time as the London Bombs, so there was not any mention in the press of the fire and what damage was caused, we it must have been a good fire because it was gutted and being re-built on the inside. It's now finished and back in full swing.

So we had to find somewhere else to eat Darren had seen an eating complex just off the North Circular so some went for Chinese, some for Mexican, and some for Pizza Hut.

Having eaten we went back to the Ace Café for a couple of drinks (ha ha) the bar closed at 11 and we only had time for one, but we made up for it at the hotel bar as most did not leave till 2.30am.

Sunday we had breakfast then went to the Ace Café watched the local idiots doing wheelies, front wheel stops and burnouts.

We left about 1.00 and went to the Stadium Dealership on the way back.

A good time was had by all and thanks to Darren for organising the hotel and the ride down.

Oxford Harley Open Day & Hoggin' The Bridge.

They advertised the Oxford Open Day as a not to miss event, well if you did not go you missed nothing (what a bag of rags). Enough said.

Hogging the Bridge – Saturday - Again the weather was kind, those of us who went, set off early, which gave us time on the Saturday to pop into Bristol and cause mayhem in their city centre trying to find the Hard Rock Café again was good fun. The staff at the Café was very welcoming as not many Harleys visit.

Sunday - Well organised, as are most events by Bridgwater Chapter, they even had the town of Chepstow open with a band on the Main St with stalls etc. Over 2000 bikes turned up for the ride a bit shorter than last year.

New Members Rideout

Not surprising, more road captains than members but still an event full day, I've never seen the ride so compact! Thanks to those that turned up.

Ride Safe,

Pete Wright
Senior Road Captain



Figure 8.12 An example of a regular Quill & Quiver item by the Senior Road Captain.

Hogging the Beaver II

Well we enjoyed it! And by the response we have had from so many so did every one else. Sam and I have always been proactive people and we always try and put back a little of what we gain, we have enjoyed the bikes and the club so much over the last four years that we felt last year we would try and contribute and put something back into the club.

So, as asked for by the committee and the shop, could we come up with ideas for events, well what do others do, they do rallies... but we have got one of them (well we thought we did), ok what else happens, charity events such as Hoggin' the Bridge, Hoggin' the Humber, Hog In The Bog... well that's easy then Hogging the..... Major Oak !..... The Trent..... no its just not got the Sam & Pete ring to it and yes you know the answer Hogging the Beaver! Do not ask how that came about.

So a lovely little event in 2004, mostly friends and family, but it was a great success and it made £300 for charity, and every one went away with memories of a Vale of Belvoir rural ride out, as well as a great evening with good pub food, beer, band and what ever else they were lucky enough to gain; oh yes and a tee shirt to mark the occasion.



So where does it go from there? Well nowhere really, we didn't want it to lose its identity... small charity fun event and all that. So

plans were going really well early 2005 and we had lots of ideas; Sam's attention to detail on so many aspects were hinting at it being a good event. Then the bomb shell hit ... no Sherwood Rally! Gutted! But life must go on; after some thought it only made sense to put our heads together and salvage what we could from the loss of the rally and combine our efforts to help soften the blow.

Many plans and ideas were already in place for Hogging the Beaver II having a weekend of it not just a one night stand! A longer ride out with a lunch stop, entertainment for both nights, as well as all the little extras that make it special. So a change of date luckily wasn't a problem with us or our landlord, pheww...

Beaver Pins and tee-shirts already on the way, those who pre-booked tickets were given the option to pull out if they wish or simply rearrange their holidays, cat sitters, grannies 80th etc, so they could still come although most were planning to do the Sherwood rally as well anyway.

So bring on Hogging the Beaver II... With a comedian on the Friday night to kick things off with, and a mega Beatles band (Rain) kindly donated by the Sherwood Rally for the Saturday night, as well as our loyal Barry from Jester Band (kev French's band) as our committed disco. Oh, and not forgetting the all weekend entertainment, our very own Mick Jagger, (Dave, brother to Dex), who gave the whole event the atmosphere that a true Harley gathering deserves, from chill out music in the afternoons to continuous entertainment into the early hours of the morning.



The ride-out went really well, Sam our lady Road Captain lead the way again and the fantastic team of Road Captains and Marshals ensured she didn't go the wrong way! Super ride through some of the most beautiful areas of the Vale of Belvoir ending up at a very accommodating pub in Oakham, The Grain Store, where band and buffet were waiting as well as just enough parking for 59 Harleys, thanks to our own trusty biker wannabe Steve who was in his Car! Steve went ahead and ensured no one would park in our way, not sure what he said about us but Oakham was cleared!

After a full lunch and a few soft drinks, it was off again following the Beaver back to the castle and a stunning ride through the grounds and up to the castle front door for a photo shoot. Last year's cheque was handed over much to the delight of the Cancer Research representative, Carol, who was much more intent on getting on a Harley than collecting any money.

It was quite a feeling to have everyone congratulating you on the ride out, giving money for charity and being at one of the most beautiful venues with the most incredible views around. Sam and I were both feeling somewhat overwhelmed and if I dear admit somewhat emotional!

Well then it was back down the road for more beer, music and of course, for the bike show with a twist. All the bikes were presented but unlike other events, the bikes were judged by every one on site. Everyone had a nomination sheet and they choose the best bike for each category. The votes were added up and then in true *Reality TV* style, the winners were announced later that

evening. Really good to let every one have a part to play.

We had some great raffle prizes donated with many thanks to Robin Hood our own dealer as well as Kev French from Le Rock and all the other members who generously brought prizes as well. Our raffle ticket sellers were out of this world, every one was forthcoming in buying endless amounts of tickets or maybe they just couldn't resist the gorgeous girls thanks Shirl, Lesley, and Jane. But the real icing on the cake was the auction. Sam and I cannot thank Jeff the Geordie and the beautiful Lesley enough, they were better than the comedian on Friday night (sorry that wasn't really difficult). But what a double act, they took the very generous items from Le Rock (bike services and jacket) and Steve Shaw (Personalised Leatherwork for your bike) and auctioned them off. Wow the crowd went mad, I have never seen anything like it, they alone managed to raise £420 in 15 minutes and even more amazingly, got our Director to part with £100, could have been something to do with people not being able to understand the auctioneer, nice one Jeff!

Well a very big thank you to everyone who helped and especially for the many kind words of encouragement and support though what, at

times, was a little stressful as all these things can be. Sam and I thoroughly enjoyed it and got a real kick out of seeing so many people enjoying themselves. I must say a very big thank you to the shop for there contribution, an incredible sum of money was donated for the tee shirts and we are very grateful for their support. A big appreciation to the Castle, The Duke and Duchess of Rutland who invited me for tea and was most impressed by the charity work that the chapter do (and my Hogging the Beaver tee shirt, I think he thought we couldn't spell!). Also to the other chapters who were lucky enough to chat Sam up for tickets at previous rallies in the year, especially Fenlanders' Yankee John and Badger and the Beast from Nene valley, (nice belt) as well as the guys from St Ledger, Chapel Ash and the Birmingham Hog boys with there own Pins! And all the others from as far as the south coast to the northern boarders.



Well I do not know what else to say, everyone who came was amazing, the atmosphere was electric yet chilled, hogging the beaver maintained its intimacy, its charm and character and yet we increased the numbers from last year and raise a staggering £1500. £1000 will go to charity and the rest will be invested into next year's Hogging the Beaver III.....the invitation only event !

Pete & Sam



Figure 8.13 Report of the second Hoggin the Beaver rally.

The Ladies of Harley Autumn Specials

VAMPIRES ROCK

A select group of 12 Sherwood members met at Nottingham Arena to enjoy the Rock Musical "Vampires Rock", mostly dressed appropriately for the event. Frankenstein, his bride, his monster and a mystery ghoul all had a great evening of loud and authentic rock music with a ghoulish theme.

LONDON THEATRE TRIP



13 Sherwood members were up at some unearthly hour on the following morning to get the coach to London. We arrived in the city centre just in time for lunch at the Hard Rock Café, where the staff were completely unfazed when we turned up and asked for "a table for 13, please". After a hearty lunch we strolled through London to the Dominion Theatre to find we had superb seats for the show. The Show itself, "We will rock you", was first rate. Fabulous costumes, brilliant acting and singing and of course the fantastic music of Queen. Then time for another hearty meal and back on the coach.

Now what is it about being on a bus that makes you want to sing? George started it all, boasting his prowess at karaoke. Then Dai took up the challenge with the first few notes of Tom Jones' "Delilah". Before you could say "Herman's Hermits" we were all joining in and sang through our whole repertoire, including "Tie a yellow ribbon round the old oak tree", "American Pie", "I will survive" and inevitably, something by Herman's Hermits. The two Janes hold the current record for knowing the most words to the most unlikely songs e.g. from "The Sound of Music" - not what you'd expect from HOG members! Finally we rounded off with an almost word-perfect and full-length rendition of "Bohemian Rhapsody" - a fitting end to a great day.

Suggestions for names for the Sherwood Choral Group are invited. For example, the "Sherwood Singers" or the "Sherwingles". Bookings are now being taken.



Jean Lacey

Figure 8.14 Report on the Ladies of Harley events.

BIG THANKS FOR THE WEE TRIP TO SCOTLAND



The big wee trip to Scotland turned out to be a cracker with long rides through stunning scenery, just what the bikes are for. Add great food, excellent company and throw in a few beers for good measure and I would expect no less. On the whole about as much fun as you can have with your clothes on. A scenic ride up on Friday with no rain set the tone for the weekend. A quick shower and change then out to sample the delights of Gatehouse of Fleet. Fed and watered, ok venison casserole and beer and off to bed for a good nights kip although at 11:30 pm and it was still daylight.

Saturday morning started out a bit misty but it soon burnt off to reveal the stunning scenery along the coast road from Stranraer to Girvan. Unfortunately there was no fast cat to race up the loch. That's the ferry to Ireland and not a pussy with its tail of fire. The evening's entertainment was in the Bank of Fleet Hotel. A Piper started the proceedings followed by a superb 3-course meal of traditional Scottish fare. I finished off with that well known highland delicacy, deep-fried battered mars bar. YES a DEEP FRIED BATTERED MARS BAR with cream and

chocolate sauce. Honest it was fantastic. It's not really a heart attack on a plate.

Marie and Gill started the dancing off and would not take no for an answer. Mervyn was asked to get up and have a jig about but decided to sit it out, ie flung himself down on the floor in protest. To no avail as Gill dragged him out on the dance floor by one ankle. Looked more like highland wrestling than dancing. Marie then belted out a couple of numbers on the accordion and was better than the guy who was playing all night. Sunday and another stunning ride followed by food and beer. Is it possible to ever get tired of it?

An hour's rain on the way home on Monday failed to put a dampener on the weekend. An excellent weekend, well organised routes and informative little talks at points of interest.

On behalf of everybody there I would like to say a BIG THANKYOU to Steve and Wilson & Marie for organising a most enjoyable weekend. Also thanks to Marie and Gill for the entertainment on Saturday night. Another Scottish weekend next year? Yes please. I can say no more.

Kev & Gill Taylor

Figure 8.15 An Englishman's account of the weekend in Scotland.

The Big Wee Trip To Scotland

Following Jeff Bayne's tour of Northumberland and Dai's Welsh weekend, the Scot's quarter were handed the batten for this year by Kev Taylor. With a fair number of Sunday and Wednesday rideouts on the plate, Wilson Ramsey stepped in to share the work involved.

Only one place to go for me and that was to Dumfries & Galloway. Wilson being Ayrshire's winner of the 'Bonnie Baby of 1955' (sole entrant) meant he also knew a load about South West Scotland. Roger Williams assisted with Tail End Charlie duties and 'awa' 14 bikes and 22 folk went.



1st July. Ride-out number 1 - To Scotland

Introductions made, we left Blyth Moto Services on the A1 at 10am. Route included a scenic run through North Yorkshire via Ripon, Leyburn & Richmond then onto A66 West to Penrith. Rode north on the A6 before joining the A75 on the Scottish Border and west to Gatehouse-of-Fleet. Sunny warm day and 265 miles covered by 6pm.

Friday evening, we made base camp, having booked majority of accommodation available in Gatehouse-of-Fleet, our bonny village base. Those on a full board deal ate well at The Bank of Fleet Hotel and the remainder enjoyed food at The Ship Inn. Good spirits. I slept soundly.

2nd July Ride-out number 2 - Galloway "Golden" Coast & Hills Run.

Misty mountain hop more like tae start with. Locals came to look at the bikes, very friendly and the Town Crier came out to announce to all and sundry (us!) what was

happening for the weekend. We headed along A75 to the harbour village of Portpatrick on the west coast. By Portpatrick, the weather brightened up and we had a magic tartan ride on the A77 up the coast. Views of Ailsa Craig, Arran and Kintyre were matched with one of the best roads in Scotland.

After Girvan (lunch stop) we stopped at the 'Electric Brae' on the A719. Aside from good views, Electric Brae is difficult to describe except to say it is an optical illusion caused by the convergence of hills and roads. Place a ball on the road and it will roll magically 'uphill' and vice-versa.

At Ayr, headed east to New Cumnock (Wilson and Marie Ramsey's 'hame town'), cross-hill and heather back to Gatehouse-of-Fleet. 190 miles for the day.

Saturday Evening - Scots night and entertainment at The Bank of Fleet. Great food and good company with a local piper to pipe us in and Accordion band fir 'ra dancin', Evening ended at 1am. Shang a Lang! Many thanks to the Chapter for the donation of £100 towards entertainment costs.

3rd July Ride-out number 3. - Border Reivers Run.

Lead by Wilson, I was grateful for the rest. First stop, Devils Beef Tub, high above Moffat to show the English visitors where the Scots used to store their cattle that we 'borrowed'. After lunch in Moffat, we headed onto the scenic A708 to Selkirk and back southwest on the excellent A7 to Hawick.



We stopped at Hawick's main car park just as a 60th

Anniversary VE/VJ day outdoor church service was finishing. We respectfully cut engines quickly, however too late, as the Presbyterian Minister conducting the Service turned to look, and I don't think we brightened up his afternoon. Local 'Polis' directed us to the other end of the car park with a 'nae bother pal' wave. We watched a

pipe band, then headed back to our 'home' via Lockerbie and Dumfries. 220 miles covered. Best ride-out of the trip.



Sunday evening- Chilled with a meal and at The Bank of Fleet/Murray Arms, the latter where Robbie Burns stayed. Completely knackered, I went to bed early.

4th July Ride-out number 4. – Independence Day Home Run

10am over to Castle Douglas & Dalbeattie to Dumfries. Our first rain of the trip on the M6 into England. A65 through the Dales onto Harrogate. We came across a G8 protest at the American radar station at Menwith Hill near Harrogate which was entertaining.

South back on the A1 gave us an extended 275 miles for the day.



Conclusion

950 miles of magic rideouts, excellent company, and a high standard of safe riding shown by all. The locals in Gatehouse stopped me a couple of times in August to say how impressed they were with us, and to confirm that Wilson & me will be allowed to visit Scotland again.

Steve Cranston

Figure 8.16 A Scot's account of the weekend in Scotland.

Selection Of Other Photographs



Figure 8.17 Ride-out to the Ace Cafe (JH).



Figure 8.18 During the Cider Rally (JH).

Figure 8.19 Ladies at the Lincoln Christmas bash (DG).



Figure 8.20 Ladies at the Nottingham Christmas bash.