

Chapter Nine

2006

Chapter Officers

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

Membership for 2006 – 229

Two new primary officers, Pete Clifford and Nick Lacey, were elected to the positions of Assistant Director and Treasurer, whilst the introduction of one new position and one returned from 2000, increased the total number of Chapter officers from the previous year. Gillian Dutton filled the position of new Administrator (including Merchandise) and Carole Wright became the Liaison Officer, more affectionately known as 'Rita the Greeter'.

The Road Captains attended and passed a 'First at the Scene' first aid course, which we all hope, will never have to be put into operation.

The biggest and most exciting news of the year was the announcement that the Sherwood Rally would be returning at a new venue for 2006. Negotiations were completed and Sherwood 7 was to be held at Woodland Waters Country Park, Ancaster (between Grantham and Sleaford) from the 1st to 3rd September.

The riding programme was a mixture of new and favourite venues. The 'Dales' and 'Moors' were there, together with Skegness (Easter), Hoggin the Beaver III and Sherwood 7. The International Air Show at RAF Waddington was also present, but this was to be the last time



Figure 9.1 Nottingham Princess boat trip. (JH)

Nottingham boat trip and the usual Christmas functions. The area and Chapter meetings were held at the same venues as last year, Chapter and South Nottinghamshire / Leicestershire at the Hog's Head, Awwsworth, North Nottinghamshire at the Oak Tree Public House, Mansfield and Lincolnshire at the The Bridge, Saxilby.

that the Chapter (or any other biker groups) would be invited to attend as part of the attractions. New ride-outs included Eden Camp, National Railway Museum and the Manchester Hard Rock cafe. Social events included two fancy dress parties held in Mansfield, depicting a WW2 Night and Halloween, a



Figure 9.2 Carol and Keith at the Parade of Flags. (JH)

Members attended most of the UK rallies, and travelled to Killarney in Ireland for the European Rally and Monte Gordo in Portugal for the Sun N Fun Rally.



Finally, Robin Hood H-D celebrated their 3rd birthday with an American theme, and at Nottingham Castle Sherwood Chapter members joined in the Robin Hood Festival and Pageant.

Figure 9.3 Robin Hood H-D's 3rd birthday. (JH)

Events Programme

Date	Event	Type	Destination
18/03/2006	WW2 Night	Social	Mansfield
19/03/2006	Local Lincoln Ride	Ride-out	Lincolnshire
09/04/2006	New Riders	Ride-out	Mystery
09/04/2006	LOH 'Lady Pillion Riders Have a Go'	Training	Mansfield
17/04/2006	Easter Ride	Ride-out	Skegness
14/05/2006	North Yorkshire Moors	Ride-out	Whitby
11/06/2006	Fountains Abbey / Dales	Ride-out	South Yorkshire Dales
17/06/2006	Charity Run	Charity Ride	Lady Bower Dam
24/06/2006	LOH Cream Tea Ride	Ride-out	Mystery
25/06/2006	Lord Nelson Inn	Ride-out	Burnham Thorpe
30/06/2006	RAF Waddington Air Show	Weekend	Waddington
09/07/2006	Cotswolds	Ride-out	Worcestershire
15/07/2006	LOH Ride	Ride-out	OK Diner
16/07/2006	Eden Camp	Ride-out	Pickering
21/07/2006	Hoggin the Beaver III	Rally	Belvoir
05/08/2006	LOH Ride	Ride-out	Mystery
13/08/2006	National Railway Museum	Ride-out	York
01/09/2006	Sherwood 7	Rally	Ancaster
16/09/2006	LOH - Nottingham Princess	Social	Nottingham
16/09/2006	Great Yarmouth	Weekend	Norfolk
17/09/2006	LOH Riding	Training	Mansfield
15/10/2006	Manchester H-D & Hard Rock Cafe	Ride-Out	Manchester
28/10/2006	Halloween Fancy Dress	Social	Mansfield
02/12/2006	Festival Bash	Social	Mansfield
15/12/2006	Christmas Bash	Social	Lincoln

The above programme was supplemented with the regular summer ride-outs from the Lincolnshire and North Nottinghamshire meeting places.

The featured reports for this year include European and UK rallies, weekenders, and ride-outs. There are also articles on why the Senior Road Captain resigned at the end of this year, how the legend of the Gremlin Bell was created, raising money for charity by riding a horse, project work for the DIY members from Idle Hans, a message from the Hawaiian Islands for those who need to ride in the sun and lastly, one for all those ladies wishing to learn how to ride their own machine.

So, the reported activities include:

- a. Copy of the charity fund raising 'Horse Power to Horse Power' report by Pete Clifford, taken from the 0602 issue of the Q & Q.

- b. Copy of the 'Aloha from Hawaiian Islands' report by Beverly Clark, taken from the 0602 issue of the Q & Q.
- c. Copy of the 'Ladies of Harley Go For It' report by Jean Lacey, taken from the 0603 issue of the Q & Q.
- d. Copy of the LOH Cream Tea Ride-out report by Jean Lacey, taken from the 0604 issue of the Q & Q.
- e. Copy of the Lincolnshire Ride-out reports by Charlotte Tector and Steve Cranston, taken from the 0604 issue of the Q & Q.
- f. Copy of the RAF Waddington International Air Show report by Jeff Bayne, taken from the 0606 issue of the Q & Q.
- g. Copy of two Hoggin the Parc Rally reports by Dai Gunter, taken from the 0603 issue of the Q & Q and Darren James, taken from the 0604 issue of the Q & Q.
- h. Copy of the Hoggin the Beaver Rally report by Elaine and Tony, taken from the 0606 issue of the Q & Q.
- i. Copy of the 'Senior Road Captain Steps Down' report by Darren James, taken from the 0607 issue of the Q & Q.
- j. Copy of the obituary to Lance Victor by Teresa Taylor, taken from the 0606 issue of the Q & Q.
- k. Copy of the Great Yarmouth weekend report by Steve Cranston, taken from the 0607 issue of the Q & Q.
- l. Copy of the 'Legend of the Gremlin Bell' report by Jane Confrey, taken from the 0608 issue of the Q & Q.
- m. Copy of the Sherwood 7 and Fenlanders Rally reports by Dai Gunter, taken from the 0606 issue of the Q & Q.
- n. Copy of the 'My Rally Memories' report by Steve Insley, taken from the 0608 issue of the Q & Q.
- o. Copy of two project reports, 'Work For Idle Hands' and 'Rule of Thumb' by Idle Hans, taken from the 0602 and 0608 issues of the Q & Q respectively.



Figure 9.4 This sign says it all!

ALOHA from Hawaiian Islands (Oahu, Kauai and Big Island)



Just thought these pics might get you all in the mood for the summer ahead and encourage you to dust off those bikes!



The pool at Hanalei Bay Resort in Kauai (Bali Hai in the distance) paradise on earth- where they filmed Jurassic Park and Indiana Jones.

Amazing where these Harleys turn up!
Rental on Kauai-



Pearl Harbour

Hula Girls

Aloha
Mahalo

Beverly
Clark



Figure 9.5 A message from Hawaii.

Horse Power to Horse Power

Well if you can't beat them, join them! I have supported Sam in her competitive career for as long as we have been together, most weekends all year round, trying to say the right things when she comes out of the ring... and failing, enjoying the successes and the champagne, but also picking up the pieces, literally, when things don't go as well. But I have never had the desire to do it myself. I used to ride a little, some 12 years ago but never competitive. So how did I end up entering a Dressage competition at a competitive British Dressage venue? Some mad idea over a Cider I think.

This particular event is run annually in aid of Spinal Research giving hope to people with spinal injuries. The event organizers have always encouraged individuals to raise money on top of their entry fees, and many riders rise to the challenge, and there was even a prize donated by a local company for the individual raising the most money. Well, Sam and I thought it would be fun to try to see if I could ride a test and Sam said she would sponsor me if I had a go at riding one of her horses. Sam has a string of serious event horses that are owned and financed by local business people and kept at the competition yard, but she also has a few of her own horses that are kept at home, one of which was to be my horse power!

"It's Sod's Law" or squeaky as she is known at home is a homebred horse that Sam has produced and trained, Sam has had a lot of success with this mare and she is very good natured.

Now you would think it would be easy to get on and ride a trained horse... I thought so... I was wrong! Sam makes it look so effortless, smooth transitions, acceleration and deceleration with ease, brakes looked responsive, steering very light and easy... I can do this no problem... but it's a bit like getting off the old familiar Harley and getting onto a sports bike - every thing happens very quick and sometimes without you really wanting it to! Squeaky is more of a V-rod version; light, responsive, quick and sensitive to the handle, oh yes and unlike a bike, a damn mind of her own!

So the first hurdle: confidence. One thing having the confidence to get on the horse in the first place, but to

actually ride in front of a lot of professional riders and friends, well that's different again. So getting back on after a long time was not so bad, Sam had hassled me into riding out with her a few times over the last year as she had a young horse to take out and needed another horse to go with her, a few sedate rides out around the village, lovely, that got me back into it all. Squeaky is a big mare 17.1hh as they say in horse terms so in Harley terms, a bloody long way up and an even longer way to fall off; but I wasn't going to fall off; Sam said so "because something may happen to the horse!" So I wasn't allowed to fall off, but it was ok, like riding a bike you never quite forget.

What you do forget is that you cannot walk for the next three days after!

Training started odd days when there was time and Sam was around. I learnt the test movements by heart and simply practiced movement after movement. There were a few heated discussions as Sam, as competitive as ever, wanted the horse to maintain its normal standards, and I just wanted to survive the test routine; but Sam was great, and she soon had horse and rider working together not against each other.

Sponsorship, well I thought I would aim to raise a few hundred pounds, and I did, but that soon increased

greatly, so many people were so supportive, especially the Sherwood gang who sponsored in excess of £450. Many of our horse connections were very generous as well, including the local saddler, the farrier, Sam's fellow competitors who all thought it was a great challenge, and friends and family.

By the Saturday morning of the event I was just short of £1000 sponsorship, and so a quick trip to our local town was called upon and our local butcher, cobbler, and regular shops all donated willingly to make it up to £1000 - what an achievement.

Well, despite Sam being out of action with a back injury, (think she was actually just scared of the competition and pulled all her horses out!) she got my horse looking super. So off we went. The drive there in the lorry was the first time I felt a little worried, this was actually really going to happen!

On arrival, I was overwhelmed by how many



supporters were at the venue. The organiser even came to me and said that he had no idea of the support that was coming and that he was starting to keep an eye for Harley people, any one who looked lost and wearing leather jackets gave it away!

It wasn't long before I got nervous. The horse was tacked up and I slipped away to get changed and have a last moment to reflect the test and the madness of it all. Then the public mounting! And off into the school to warm up, that's when things got tenser. Squeaky was on her toes and many of Sam's fellow competitors were also warming up and the comments started to fly. Well just time for a few photos and wishes of good luck and even more support arrived including the whole family! There must have been about 30 people in all, most just wanted to see me in breeches I'm sure. Next... called up to the competition arena... feeling incredibly nervous now... why? I didn't really know... was it all the people watching? Was it the riding of the test? Was it the worry of making a fool of myself? Not sure, but it was a very powerful feeling! I rode into the arena, and tried to not look at the amount of people watching from the gallery. But I kept seeing smiling faces, even the Chapter Director braved his horse allergy to come and watch!

Suddenly the horse's steering and brakes seemed to be failing me, maybe she was due a 10,000 mile service? No time for excuses, the bell rang and I had to start. Suddenly there was no crowd, no judge just me and my test and £1000 needing to be secured by this performance.

Well the start of the test was a little tense but then it all started to feel familiar, trying to remember what Sam had been telling me, planning ahead for turns and transitions, looking up for my markers, ensuring my circles were the correct size, then BLANK! Where was I? What movement had I just done and what should I do next? For a split second my mind was blank. Sam's talked about this happening, especially when you are trying very hard. The test itself can escape you for a second, a quick look at Sam who stood in the corner "where am I" "carry on you're alright babe" whispered Sam. I actually hadn't gone wrong at all, so seamlessly, I carried on like a pro!

Ride Jockey safe Pete

Next thing I know I was travelling up the centre line to the final halt and salute to the judge, and what a cheer I got, what a feeling, I had done it and I think it was an ok test. I enjoyed the crowd's reaction... not that the horse in the next arena did! Even the judge got out of the car to congratulate me. Well, out the arena for my debrief from my trainer... she didn't say a lot... too many tears, I knew Sam wasn't as hard as she makes out.

Well it felt amazing, the money was raised... and it was all over. I had pulled off a good test, score of 63% and better than many other very experienced riders and horses. Then there was just time to enjoy all the attention, the press calls, photos and interview with the Spinal research team, test sheet and official photo to collect, and it didn't stop there, the following week the local newspapers come to take pictures of me on the horse and on the Harley, "make up please darlings"

Some super press coverage, all good for the charity's profile and the best bit - who wins the highest sponsorship raised? Me! What a bonus, and well needed after all that horsing around, it was some reward... a special double massage from a local well being centre, "Body and Soul" yep boys two gorgeous masseurs at the same time giving you that ultimate symmetrical experience... Can't wait!

Well just to say a very big thank you to everyone who sponsored me and I hope it entertained you all. The breeches have been put away for a while, but if anyone would like to borrow them for next year they are welcome, although there is rumour that another chapter member is already thinking of taking up the challenge.

And a big thank you to Sam, which without her this would never of happened, and of course the good natured and forgiving Squeaky, the real star of the show.

So come on everyone, share your non Harley adventures with us all, especially when money is being

raised for a good cause.



Figure 9.6 How Pete Clifford raised money for charity!

The first of the Hoggin the Parc rally reports, this one by a Welshman.

Hoggin' The Parc – Great Western Rally 2006

~~Harleys in the Mist, Wing Mirrors at Dawn,
The Magnificent 7 Ride Out, Hoggin' the Bog,
Rain, Rain, Gimme More Rain, The Three Amigos~~

Choosing a title for this work of art was something of a challenge. Two weeks before the May Bank Holiday Weekend and Hoggin' the Parc (Great Western Chapter's first rally) I left the mainland for two weeks of pure hard graft, leaving sunshine and temperatures in the 70s. When I got home around midnight the night before the Hoggin' the Parc event (that's the Thursday before the Bank Holiday), it was wet, cold and dreary. It was decision time! Was I going to be a wimp and not go to God's Country and visit my Celtic cousins, or was I going to grin and bare the damp weather forecasted by the lovely Siân Lloyd... oh the choices we have to make. I gave Darren James a call to check out what time he was leaving, but he'd already left with Pete Clifford and was well en route to Margam Park. I saddled up the palomino and by 2pm, was riding down the A46, and dodging showers. I arrived at Margam Park, wet through, paid my extortionate entrance fee of £45 (take note: no pin, no t-shirt, no rally magazine, and you get two Sherwood Rally tickets and a fiver change for one Hoggin' the Parc ticket) and tried to find a suitable pitch for the tent where it wouldn't float away by dawn.

Margam Park (Parc in welsh) – note the clever way the lads used the Celtic spelling for the name of their rally, very clever see, isn't it!? Now where was I? Oh yes, Margam Park was a large country dwelling with it's own castle/house that burned down many moons ago and is now in the throes of refurbishment. The grounds cover a large area and hold deer and many other wild animals, including Harley owners and sheep..! Ideal venue for a biking rally. The weather, as already understated, was extremely damp and visibility was limited to about a half-mile. Everything was wet, except inside my tent, and the campsite was quickly becoming a bog. But we were not disheartened...



Pete and Darren found me pitching my tent and minutes later we were standing at the bar inside a large marquee. After our first beer, a pint or two of Bath Ale (fantastic stuff), we had left our dampened spirits outside and were beginning to take in the usual rally party spirit. We

were soon introduced to some new Harley buddies with similar accents to my own, and before they knew it, both Darren and Pete were accepted as pseudo-Celtic swabs.

Sherwood's turn-out may not have been the best with four members at the rally, that's the three amigos (Darren, Pete and me) and Mark (a former Road Captain) who sat next to us, never said a word, then disappeared, never to be seen again – we think a mutant Port Talbot sheep might have taken him during the night and fed him to its little lambs after having her wicked way with him – well you know how these Welsh sheep can be? Anyway, the three of us were taken in as if we were Great Western members, and there wasn't one moment when we felt left out of the fold (it's all about flocks you see). Anyway, even the DJ – Rob from the Cider Rally – couldn't stop plugging Sherwood Chapter throughout the weekend, good on ya, Rob. The music was great, and the bands did a fair job in entertaining the sodden crowd. But outside, the drizzle continued and the fields got soggy.



Next morning, the weather no different, Pete and Darren decided they were going to take one of the organised ride-outs. Me, well I opted to visit my mother and dry out a little with my feet up, sipping hot tea. But the adventure for Pete and Darren continued... two of

the three ride-outs were cancelled, and the third was fully booked, well sort of – all seven riders were Road Captains, and two were from Sherwood, the other five were the ride-out's marshals! But that didn't stop the intrepid crew of seven, nay, Magnificent Seven, oh no; up into the mountains they went, through driving rain and thick fog, even putting on a brave smile for the rally photographer who waited patiently for the ride-out to arrive at the ice-cream van on a lonely mountaintop. The view was fantastic, well it would have been apart from the fog, but that didn't dampen their spirits. Pete, having gotten so excited, punched out at a passing car, taking its wing mirror clean off (well it wasn't quite like that, it was either test Pete's luck riding over large stones in the road, or take the corner wide... the oncoming car must have had similar thoughts). Lucky for Pete, no damage to his trusty steed, just nipping fingers.

And was the ride-out worth it? Well not at first, but later that evening, the Magnificent Seven were recognised during the Great Western Chapter Director's speech and both Pete and Darren were made honorary members of the exclusive 'Cangen Cymraeg' – their faces were a picture when they were asked to go up to the stage to receive their membership patches! Croeso boyos i Cangen Cymraeg!!!

Early evening, and I took a phone call from Chalkie, remember Chalkie from the Tenby ride-out a few years back, and a regular visitor to Sherwood Rallies? Anyway, he joined us and the three amigos was quickly swelled by 25% to four.

Rob, the DJ, didn't miss a trick, and once again, Sherwood Chapter must have been mentioned between almost every other tune. The bands on Saturday were 100% better than the previous night, and the party atmosphere heated up quickly. Darren's screaming hog cigarette lighter was the subject of much discussion from brother chapter members, and soon, well, the poor little thing was kidnapped, never to be squealed of again. I won a t-shirt for furthest travelled guest, clocking 239 miles; so all in

all, another good night, especially after more Bath Ale and vodka. And what topped it all off? Well, when we headed back to our tents... the rain had stopped and the stars were shining.



Sunday kicked off with sunshine at last. To the west, we could see the heavily industrialised steelworks at Port Talbot, to the north were mountains, to the south and to the east, we could see... trees. Ok, the highlight of the day was to be the ride to Porthcawl (South Wales' equivalent to Skegness), then back to Margam Castle for a parade of chrome and steel. Chalkie offered to buy us an ice-cream from Joe's Ice-Cream Parlour in the Mumbles (Swansea), an offer we couldn't resist, so we joined the ride-out to Porthcawl, and then we split after a short stay at the seaside resort and headed for the beautiful Mumbles, the home of Catherine Zeta Jones, Bonnie Tyler, and Chalkie!!! We ate our ice-cream, and then set off for home.

The ride home was a pleasant run. Steady riding on relatively quiet roads, through mid Wales, we made good progress and by early evening, Darren and I were waving cheerio to Pete as he tailed off for his luxury pad in Eakring. Shortly afterward, Darren and I parted at Newark and I headed to my squat in North Hykeham.



All three (four) of us really enjoyed the rally and had it not been for the really bad weather, the Great Western Rally would have been swelled by at least another 150 ralliers. The highlights were the fantastic welcome we had, the good music and ale, and of course, the sense that even the weather couldn't put the rally down. On the down side, well I for one, struggled on where my £45 was being spent. There were no trade stalls, and I'm glad I didn't have to sit on the toilets. Would I go next year? Too bloody right I would, provided I don't have to pay any more than £30 for a ticket. The chapter has a good rally spirit, and I can see it becoming a future success. Congratulation to Great Western and their 'Hoggin' the Parc' Rally 2006.

Dai

Figure 9.7 Great Western Chapter's Hoggin the Parc Rally report.

The Ladies Of Harley Go For It!

Back in April, just as the weather should have been improving but we were all still shivering, five Ladies of Sherwood donned their thermals and had a go!

The two heroes of Tarmac Training in Mansfield, Alan and Simon, braced themselves for their first ever all-female training session and welcomed the Ladies of Harley for their first ever ride on a motorcycle.

All were introduced to the controls and idiosyncrasies of a Suzuki 125 and within a short space of time all the ladies were riding round the training route and even got as far as changing gear. Only three out of the five fell off! It was pointed out that falling off is important, so that you know what it feels like and you can avoid it next time! Enthusiasm undented, all jumped back on the bikes to carry on enjoying themselves.



The session was a huge success and I would like to send an enormous "thank you" to Alan and Simon for donating their time and motorcycles for the morning, enabling our Sherwood Ladies to have this unique opportunity. Also thanks to Le Rock for the introduction that made it all possible.



Jean Lacey (not in the picture)

P.S. Another date for a similar session will be announced soon - look out for it in Q & Q.

Figure 9.8 Ladies who are normally pillion passengers give it a go!

Work for Idle Hands

Dave Wallington (aka Idle Hans)

You know how it is. The Harley a year old, some decent riding in the bag, a little polishing and some of the more tasteful shiny bits out of the Parts Catalogue. And now the prospect of three cold months just looking and planning, while the gritters pound past your front door. In that time you just *have* to find something on the bike that would be perfect, if only it was a bit bigger, smaller, shinier...etc, etc. In my case it was all the black spaghetti in the headlamp and handlebar area. Forty years of minimalist British and Italian bikes had given me the idea for a project-of-the-week. De-clutter the bars!

We started with the easy stuff – a relocation kit for the turn signals. This left me with ‘just’ the switch harnesses to tuck into the bars, as an encore. Anyone who’s familiar with this task will know that it’s necessary to pull the harness out of the frame to expose the connectors. H-D thoughtfully provide a loop of surplus wiring at the back of the frame tube to lead you into thinking it’s going to be easy. Just imagine, me pushing an inch of harness up the Dyna’s back passage, and running round to the front and pulling a bunch of wires out of its throat in turn, for about half an hour. This was carnal knowledge on a biblical scale!

After all that intimacy, the connectors emerged, pins were removed and the shorn wires passed into, along, and out of the appropriate section of handlebar. There’s probably another anatomical analogy, but I’m not prepared to go there.... I’d previously drilled the bars and elongated the holes to the minimum size necessary to take the wiring.

I took this opportunity to re-route all the wiring around the headstock area, to neaten things up a tad, before reassembling and testing. All was ok, and it looked a peach. But then it should have been – I’d spent two days on the job. Oh yes, and consumed just two quid’s worth of materials, viz tie-wraps and shrink-wrap tubing!

Browsing the Harley forums recently, someone with a Dyna vibration problem discovered a sizeable gap between their frame and the front rubber mount when removing the two front screws. This was presumably due to manufacturing tolerances, but it is bad news as simply tightening these two screws uses up a proportion of the available compliance in the rubber. The designed characteristics of the front mount can be regained by measuring the gap with feeler gauges and making up a spacer with two holes 1.25” apart for the socket screws. My gap was a less alarming .06”.

To ensure my idle hands made a proper job of it, I completed the following actions:-

- Supported the machine vertically, with blocks at the rear of the frame.
- Placed a jack under the engine so that the two screws could be turned with just the fingers before measuring the aforementioned gap.
- Inserted the spacer and tightened the screws up to specified torque figures.

Finally, if anyone is tempted to do this work on the mounting, I’d advise them to get the alignment checked as soon as possible by their friendly H-D technician.

All I need now is some decent weather before my hands start twitching again.....

Figure 9.9 The first of the project reports.



Figure 9.10 Looks like they are twitching. (JH)

Lincoln Area Sunday Ride Outs 2006

The ride out to Whitby that took place in mid May had reasonable weather if it had been

March. Not much else to say I'm afraid.

June brought a trip to Fountains Abbey & the Dales. With the temperature 23 degrees warmer than Whitby in May, Roger Williams celebrated



becoming a fully -fledged lead

Road Captain and did a cracking job. His newly acquired Road Captain's 1st aid skills were not needed other than requests for factor 50 sun cream.

Having set off with 11 Harleys, we gained a couple of extras en route. Riding as tail gunner, I was overtaken riding through Grassington in the Dales by Gary from Ashby -de-la-Zouche (via Glasgow) on his bronze S& S powered low-rider plus his pal on a Sportster in tow. No big deal maybe....

Twilight zone time now, as I'd last seen Gary in 2002 when he'd been on a ride out coincidentally to Grassington. I remembered way back then we had departed Grassington without him, assuming that he was doing his own thing. He must have been riding around the village for four years waiting for us to come back. Sorry we left you Gary.

Next up, Hawes became Harley town as we rode into the place followed by the St Leger Chapter who found to their mutual surprise that their sister dealership the Manchester Hatters Chapter were there too. Nice.

The Dales were magic and so was the company and here is a photo to prove it. Glen's custom 2006 Night Train in front of the group is particularly jammy.

Now the usual plug. The Chapter do some really good ride outs that would be even better with a few more people coming along. If it's a Lincoln ride out, then often we can meet you en route so just give us a call. Contact details are on the Chapter Website as well as in the Q & Q.

Steve Cranston

Fountains Abbey

Great day out, sunny weather, good company and 300+ miles of road to cover. Lead Road Captain Roger Williams, Tailend Charlie Steve Cranston. 11 bikes set off 09:30 ish Carholme Road Grandstand Lincoln.

Up the A1 from Lincoln through Ripon to the first stop Fountains Abby and the new visitor centre for lunch. Back on 2 wheels for Hawes via Pately Bridge and Kettlewell, travelling through some of the most glorious views England has to offer of Nidderdale and Wharfedale. Another lunch at Hawes with 13 in the pack after picking up another 2 in the dales. Out over the desolate Yorkshire Dales after lunch with 3 new road captains in lead, taking the form of a yew and 2 lambs that made a 200 meter dash on the correct side of the road right in front of Rodger. No matter what he tried they just wouldn't go to the verge!! Down to Settle and on to Harrogate then Down the A1 back Home. Fantastic Day out, the longer ride outs are always the best. You always get more of everything. Congratulations to Roger and Steve who seem to be giving some great ride outs this year.



Mark and Charlotte Tector

Figure 9.11 Two reports from Lincolnshire.

Lance Victor

Well, it didn't take Lance Victor long to get in with the Big Man, and demand the glorious weather for his cremation - what a lovely day - sunny warm and dry, he must have used all that natural charm!

About 75 bikes were there, from Nene, Sherwood, St Leger, Peak Riders, and even Dunedin. Lots from no chapters too, so a good turnout. The church was full. After the church service we all followed the hearse and funeral cars through Rotherham to the crematorium - a sad and sober ride out if ever there was - stopped the traffic and people stood to watch, but no waving and smiling this time as we paraded along. Quite a sobering and sorrowful time. Ah well, let that be a lesson to all - don't let the only parade you lead be your last!!

Teresa



Figure 9.12 Obituary to Lance Victor.

Waddington International Airshow 2006

As you know Waddo went very well this year and I've attached the photo (below). There are 40 Harleys in there somewhere (well more than Goldwings yippee). We donated over £60 to the charities fund. Thanks to everyone who contributed and Carol for collecting. Don't believe anyone who tells you that you don't have to wear a helmet coz you get in the sh*t with both civvy and RAF coppers!!!!!! Well I do anyway.

Y.I.Man



Figure 9.13 Waddington Air show report and photograph from Jeff Bayne (Y I Man).

WHO ATE ALL THE SCONES?

At the end of June on a lovely sunny Saturday afternoon, the Ladies of Harley Ride-out set off from Robin Hood for a ride in the countryside and a cream tea.

We encountered all the delights that the countryside has to offer; herds of cows, flocks of sheep, tractors and, very strangely, a huge gaggle of sponsored walkers holding up the traffic in Chatsworth Park. We went up hill and down dale, took in miles of gorgeous scenery and ended up at Monsal Head near Ashford-in-the-Water. There we had all a weary traveller could ever want; a magnificent view, a tea-room and a pub. After enjoying our cream tea, we set off for the 40-mile journey back and look forward to the next one.

Jean Lacey



Figure 9.14 Ladies of Harley Cream Tea ride-out.

WHEELIE GOOD EUROPEAN RALLY

Sam and I arranged to meet up with Daren and Jane at the Saxondale round about, A46 on Tuesday afternoon and had a nice leisurely ride down to Swansea for the 11 o'clock overnight ferry across to Cork, only stopping for petrol at Strencham services and then stopping to put our water proofs on at the highest and wettest part of Wales, (no surprise there then). Arriving at Swansea we decided to go straight to the docks and wait to board along with many others, so with a tinnie each straight out of the saddle bags... let the party begin. Well what a start there were so many of us boarding that by the time we got on the ferry all that could be offered to us was a piece of BT draw string! After much debate we tied our treasured two wheeled companions down, and to the bike next door, who tied to the bike next to them and so on... you get the picture, we thought this might have been the first of the chapter challenges! We had to just walk away...! We went up to our cabins, quick freshen up and yes, a cider or two. We docked in at Cork at 10 o'clock next morning after a very rough crossing and expecting to find our bikes at one end of the cargo hold, the staff must have worked bloody hard to get all those bikes upright again!

Onward bound to Cork city centre for a great Irish breakfast and then straight down the N22 to Killarney to find the little farm just after the greenhouse, opposite the two cows in the field on the left! How did we ever find it but it was exactly those directions... we found it. We all off loaded our bikes settled in and then went into Killarney to find the Murphy's bar to sample their cider (Bulmers Original) and the Guinness... very addictive! We were determined to have a go at the chapter challenge this year not that Sam is competitive or anything! First challenge - the observation run; well this was a good insight to the roads of Ireland, round the Ring of Kerry we were very good to stop at each place and gained relative information although Sam and Jane did spend a long time in a very remote internet café ½ way around and the rest of the journey seemed to go much

quicker!???? (It's a girl thing apparently, not cheating just using their heads I'm told).

Other chapter members including Shawn and Helen did well in the poker run (sorry can't remember what everyone else did), too much cider! The Chapter challenge continued on Friday, it started



really slow with, yes you've guessed, the slow race, and we won thanks to Daren's skilful balancing and Neeney Valley (official name of Nene Valley) couldn't believe their eyes.

Robin Hood's men were walking all over them and Saturday well you could of cut the air with an arrow, we had so much going for us, supporters and competitors were all wearing green hats and standing under a massive oak tree. Winning to the sweet sound of the Robin Hood theme song being sang by all the supporters. The team included, Pete src, Daren rc, Jake, Rainy Dave, Teresa, Shawn & Helen, Clive, Steve (Jethro), Sam rc, Pete ad. The games included two up picking up pigs with a fishing net or a wolf for double points as fast as you can, did I really see Teresa on the back of Dave's bike?? Tyre tossing, two-up throwing tyres over road cones, 10 tyres in all, 5 going 5 coming back as fast as you can. Can I just say that Sam's sense of balance really did help with this one especially when she threw the last tyre and said GO, we had about 30 yards to the finish line, 15 of which we did on the back wheel of the glide and nobody got a photo!

Many chants such as "you're not singing any more" and "take a look at what you could have won" were thrown in Neeney Valley's way. We won the tyre toss, the pickup pigs, don't drink and drive etc, etc.

The bike show was well represented by Sherwood with Steve's super new chop, well photographed great "babe" paintjob both bikes were robed! What with Mad dog McGuire (Dunedin Chapter director) giving out sweets for votes on his bike and the overall winner of most awards being a commercial builder! What's that all about...? come on HOG!

Saturday night 9 o'clock award time and... runners up... wait for it, "Sherwood Chapter" well knock me down! or something like that came to mind, winners, "Neeney Valley" how the *#@! Did Neeney Valley do that? Remember St Tropez when Martin (Director) of Neeney Valley threw the gauntlet down and said come and get it, well I think we did fair and square. Martin said himself he cannot understand how they have worked that one out!

So remember when you see somebody from Nene Valley shout out "Neeney Valley" if they were there they will understand, and they'll probably smile at you embarrassingly. The rest of the rally was fantastic a tiny drop of rain on Saturday morning before the parade of many stops, a figure of 8 rideout, only the Irish could come up with that one. Did you know why they say the Irish are so stupid? So us English can understand them ! Roy Wood was absolutely brilliant, how surreal, in Ireland in June, at a Harley rally singing "Well I wish it could be Christmas everyday" I'm sure the roof left the building! Others that were good were Susie Quatro and the Commitments. After that the other bands just didn't quite do it for me. Much more happened just too much to mention, Sam found a real leprechaun, learnt to play the bagpipes danced like a loon all night (as normal) while I and the Clyde valley boys drank the bar dry, and it was at least 3.30 every morning before security called us a taxi home... some party. The INEC (Irish Nation Exhibition Centre) was absolutely spot on, plenty big enough and not too spread out.

The hospitality was greet, the scenery is fantastic, the roads well what can I say, the curry house spicy and the weather nothing like the predicted forecast, and only 6½ hours riding away one overnight ferry, and 7 days of fun, I have to say for me, it was better than St Tropez. And that was bloody good.

Pete Clifford

Figure 9.15 European Rally report from Killarney, Ireland.

The second of the Hoggin the Parc rally reports, this one by an Englishman.



Whose bright idea was this? This was our first question when we arrived at Margam Country Park, Port Talbot, South Wales on a wet Friday before Spring Bank Holiday weekend. Pete Clifford wanted to blame me, but we eventually concluded that it was Dai's fault, as he was the first to mention the rally.

Pete and I had set out from Bingham at 10am in what we considered to be wet but acceptable weather conditions. I should point out that the paint on my bike was only just dry, as I had only collected it the evening before (gives credibility to American Chopper). Thanks to Kev for the long hours putting it back together and putting up with numerous phone calls etc.

Anyway, the journey started poorly, with abnormal amounts of traffic on the road till we got to the A42/M42. As we passed Birmingham, the rain stopped and riding became almost enjoyable. A quick stop at the services and it was the M5 and M50 into Wales. We had decided to ride down avoiding the M4 and skirting the Brecon Beacons. This was probably a mistake, as rain and mist soon obliterated any scenic views. A stop at a small café, that turned out to be a Wimpy, had us engaged in conversation with members of the Yamaha V Twin Club. After the ritual abuse, we wished them a safe ride to their rally (they pulled away with a slight rumble – it doesn't matter what they do, you can't beat the sound of a real Twin!)

So, a bit more riding, not lost once, we arrived at the site. We paid our entry fee - £45 – yes, £45! – and wandered over to collect our free rally packs. I won't bother telling you what *was* in the pack, but there was no t-shirt or pin. At rally HQ, a free coffee and Welsh cake was being offered. Unfortunately, all the cakes had gone. The two ladies (wo)manning the HQ were very hospitable and listened to our moaning and suggested we may wish to find somewhere dry to set up camp, as the site was becoming boggy. Boggy!! In places it was a bloody paddy field, but like hard brave bikers, set up camp we did. Thanks Pete for the assistance. I had taken my new 5 berth deluxe hotel tent - bastard to put up in the wind!

So, with tents up, the obvious place to go was the marquee for beer! On entering the marquee we were met with the sight of Great Western Chapter members hoovering the water on the floor up with a wet and dry vacuum cleaner!!

So far, you are probably thinking, I'm glad *I* didn't go. Well you couldn't be further from the truth. £45, no pin, no t-shirt, wet, muddy, no Welsh cakes and a flooded marquee sounds terrible, but, as they say, things can only get better. And it did. And it was not just the large amounts of beer and vodka consumed that made it a rally to attend next year.

Food was provided by an outside caterer who had set up a field kitchen attached to the marquee. Reasonably priced, varied and hot - although they wanted to shut at 9.30 - the DJ (Rob Paston) persuaded them to continue till midnight. We had just eaten and wandered back to the tents to change when we found Dai had arrived, so it was back to the marquee for more beer and vodka. Such is life!

Three bands and the best DJ I have heard in a long, long time. Question: Why do the majority of DJs get people dancing and enjoying themselves to then play some obscure track that clears the dance floor? Is it some special DJ code of conduct? Well, there's always an exception to prove the rule and this DJ was absolutely brilliant. Those of you who have attended the Cider Rally will know him. If you are having a party, wedding etc., this is definitely the man to have.

The bands were good, with one appealing especially to the women – a totally starkers bass player – in that weather!! The last band was still playing when we ventured off to the tents at about 12.30. Surprising how knackered you get when riding in what I believed to be poor visibility. Well, the next day changed my mind on what actually *IS* poor visibility.

Saturday morning – slight drizzle/showers. Woke up, wandered over to the now near floating marquee and had breakfast. Dai was off to his Mum's, so Pete and I had a debate about what to do? Three ride outs were planned, each leaving site every half hour from 10.30am. The original expectation of the Head Road Captain was for each ride to consist of around 50 riders. Because of the weather, the decision was made to have just one ride out, which Pete and I decided to go on.

We set off, and had done approximately 10 miles when we rode past 'Snakes Pix' - the official photographer, who takes pictures of the ride as you pass (bloody good idea). We continued on through the now torrential rain, up into the Brecon Beacons. The first stop was to be at the 40 mile marker, where the official video man was to film the ride out. I'll give you the gist of a phone call between the video man and the DJ:

Video man - "Hello - do you know if the ride out has left yet?"

DJ - "Not sure. I will ask someone."

He asks the Head Road Captain.

DJ - "Yes. Ride left at 11.30."

Video man - "How many on the ride?"

Again, DJ asks the Head Road Captain.

DJ - "Seven!"

Yes, Pete and I were 2 of the seven idiots riding in what can only be described as atrocious weather conditions. The other 5 were all members of Great Western. 3 of them Road Captains!! At this point I would like to say a big thank you to them. I'm not sure if I would have fancied taking a ride out in those conditions.

After a short stop at the forty mile point, where video and the photograph below were taken, we continued on to the half way point.

Point of interest - Pete's way of greeting the local inhabitants in their car – punching the mirror off!! Well, not quite. As we were going round a right hand bend up one of the mountains, large, and I mean large, pieces of gravel were in the road. Pete moved over (still on his side of the road, I must add) when a local inhabitant came the other way. The resulting contact between the car's wing mirror and Pete's hand resulted in the mirror disintegrating, with bits flying off everywhere. An unfortunate accident, but luck did shine that day as it could have been a lot worse. Note to Pete – consider removing Buffalo bars and replacing with less extreme Beach type???

So, arrived at café for late lunch, where food and drink was eagerly consumed and a chance to be in the dry. Well most of us anyway. Pete's waterproofing of his jacket before we left did not count for much, as he left pools of water all round his feet.

As we left the café, the sun was shining and what a welcome sight it was, too. We started the ride back, which took us over the Black Mountain. We had already encountered gated roads, where sheep aimlessly wander about; one had wandered that bit too far and the remains had to be avoided, but the scariest part of the ride was as we approached the Black Mountain summit.

Visibility was reduced to approximately 20 feet and, because of the mist, only the bike immediately in front of you was visible. Combine this with sharp bends and wandering sheep, it made for some interesting riding. A comment later from the local boys was 'You were lucky you couldn't see the sheer drops'. Thanks.



Anyway, we arrived safely back at the site and, after a warm drink, went to find the showers. I mention this because if anyone thinks there is nothing worse than temporary showers, they are mistaken. These showers were clean and hot with plenty of water.

Dai had returned and we did consider not talking to him for the rest of the weekend as he had had Welsh cakes at his Mum's and hadn't brought any back for his friends!!!! Well, maybe he had, but he hadn't brought any back for me and Pete! Does anyone know what Welsh cakes are? Pete and I certainly don't, mainly 'cos we never got the chance to find out!! So, back to the marquee for more food and beer, etc. Whilst we had been out, others had been busy, as the marquee now had a floor consisting of pallets and plywood!!

Another 3 bands and, in my opinion, 'God Save The Queen' was the best of them. When I had originally seen the band list, and saw the above were a punk band, I thought 'Oh dear, The Damned at Fenlanders again'. How wrong was I? They were brilliant, though not the highlight of the evening.

The highlight came when the seven riders who braved the conditions were asked to come to the stage and were presented with Hog the Parc pins. The seven riders are now known as The Magnificent Seven! Pete and I were about to leave the stage when we asked to stay, as we were made honorary members of Cangen Cymraeg and given top rocker patches. We will wear these with pride – thanks.

Snake Pix had the photos of the ride out, and, for the first time ever, he sold one to every rider who went.

We awoke to good weather on the Sunday and we decided to strike camp and head home early. But first, we joined the ride out to Porthcawl. I would estimate that a good 200 bikes took part in this ride out of about 20 miles, which ended in a grand parade along the sea front. As with our own local Skeggy ride, not a lot beats riding with people admiring your pride and joy – your bike, obviously!

We headed back to camp, packed up and went for a ride to the Mumbles. Dai's friend, Chalky, led the way and we enjoyed what we were told was the best ice cream in Wales – who am I to argue? It was good.

We had a good ride back, and as we retraced our journey, it became apparent that there is some beautiful scenery to be seen, as long as the weather stays fine. Had we stayed the extra night, it was a three day rally after all; there was a ride-in custom show, silly games and a further night's entertainment to enjoy.

Thanks again to The Great Western Chapter, the weather was against you all the way, but all three of us will be back next year.

Cheers,

Darren

Figure 9.16 The second Hoggin the Parc Rally report by Darren James.

Emergency Aid for Motorcyclists

Many thanks to the Chapter for giving the road captains the opportunity to go on such a worthy course. I personally have never been on a first aid course before, come to think of it I haven't been on any courses, but now I will carry my rubber gloves with me and my one way anti sick thingy and a condom just like the instructor said he does, the condom is not for what was suggested thank you. Let's hope none of us ever have to use the skills we were shown, but a very good idea.

We did entertain the trainer in our normal Sherwood fashion and surprisingly our Anne dummy had a bit of a Sherwood look about her, how strange. Sherwood Anne!

Pete Clifford

Figure 9.17 First at the Scene first aid course attended by the Road Captains.



I Love The Smell Of 'Nam In The Morning Back to 'Nam - Fenlanders' Rally 2006

It was going to be a long weekend for Del and me, setting off on the 2½ hour ride to Fakenham on the Thursday, returning home on Sunday. The forecast wasn't brilliant, but it was significantly better than that of previous years. We set off in t-shirt weather, roasting heat, brilliant sunshine and reasonably quiet roads. It wasn't until we reached King's Lynn that the weather broke. We stopped off at a lay-by on the A148 (or was it the A149?) and who should we bump into but Kev Taylor. We rode together the remaining 20 miles or so on wet roads until we pulled up at the entrance for Fakenham Racecourse.

The set-up was identical to previous meetings at the venue - a big marquee, a bar, toilets, camping field, etc, etc. The entertainment was spared no expense by the Fenlanders' crew, with quality bands playing the marquee, but it doesn't matter who's playing, no-one seems to want to know until well past 10pm, that's when the marquee begins to fill up, until then, everyone seems quite happy propping the bar up. Yes, the bands were good, but it's been a couple of weeks now, and I've slept a few hours, and I can't remember who they were, which just goes to show, if I'm Mr Joe Average, why spend above average dosh on bands when the average band gives just a good performance? Anyway, that's not for me to decide, all I can say is 'where's my pin?'

And that takes me nicely onto the Rally t-shirt - what a cracker... with the 'Full Metal Jacket' movie as the theme for 'Back To 'Nam' (Fakenham that is, after last year's change of venue to Great Yarmouth). Whoever

designed the t-shirt, I can only say, well done! It's the best rally t-shirt I've seen for a long time.

Neil Rose took a bunch of us on a special ride-out to Admiral Lord Nelson's old drinking hole, where we spent the afternoon

sipping various liquids and soaking up the sun whilst Neil did some dodgy trading with his Auntie and the local reprobates. What a nice place and the landlord was very friendly too.

The Fenlanders' ride-out took us to Cromer where we parked up near the pier. The obligatory fish & chips and a pint of shandy in the town took us into the afternoon and time to head back for the rally silly games. As usual, it was between two chapters... Sherwood versus everyone else!!! And yes, the usual suspects did us proud; even I got a wet crotch trying to catch a water-filled balloon.



All in all, a good rally, very enjoyable, good site, and well attended. A good turn-out from the Sherwood Chapter members, I didn't count us, but I reckon 20 - 30 seems about right. If you haven't done a Fenlanders' Rally, then you must place it in next year's diary as it's one 'must do' UK rally.

Dai

Figure 9.18 Fenlanders rally report by Dai Gunter.



THE LEGEND OF THE GREMLIN BELL

Many years ago, on a cold December night, a crusty old biker was returning from a trip to Mexico with his saddlebags filled with toys and other assorted trinkets for the kids at a group home near where he worked.

As he rode along that night, thinking how lucky he had been in life, having a loving riding partner that understood his need to roam the highways and his trusty old pan that hadn't let him down once in the many years they had

shared the road together.

Well, about 40 miles north of the border, in the high desert, lurked a small group of notorious little critters known as road gremlins. You know, the ones who always leave little obstacles like one shoe, boards and pieces of old tyres on the road and also dig those dreaded potholes for bikers to run over and crash, thus giving the road gremlins a chance to rejoice over their acts of evil.

Well, as the lone wolf of a biker rounded a curve that moonlit night, the gremlins ambushed him, causing him to crash to the asphalt and skid before coming to a stop next to one of his saddlebags that had broken free. As he lay there, unable to move, the road gremlins made their way towards him. Well, this biker, not being one to give up, started throwing things at the gremlins as they approached him. Finally, with nothing else to throw but a bell, he started ringing it in hopes to scare off the dirty little gremlins.

About a half a mile away, camped in the desert, were two bikers sitting around the campfire talking about their day's ride and the freedom of the wind blowing in their faces as they rode across the vast country. In the stillness of the night air, they heard what sounded to them like church bells ringing and, upon investigating, found the old biker lying along the roadside with the gremlins about to get him. Needless to say, being part of the biker brotherhood, they proceeded to ward off the gremlins until the last one ran off into the night.

Being grateful to the two bikers, the old road dog offered to pay them for their help, but, as all true bikers do, they refused to accept any type of payment from him. Not being one to let a good deed go unnoticed, the old biker cut two pieces of leather from his saddlebags tassels and tied a bell to each one. He then placed them on each of the biker's motorcycles, as near to the ground as possible. The tired old road warrior then told the two travellers that with those bells placed on their bikes, they would be protected from the road gremlins and that if they were ever in trouble, they could just ring the bell and a fellow biker would come to their aid.

So, whenever you see a biker with a bell, you know that he/she has been blessed with the most important thing in life - friendship from a fellow biker.

If you pick up a Gremlin Bell of your own, the magic will work, but if your bell is given to you, the power is doubled, and you know that somewhere you have a special friend helping to look after you.

Polishing the Bell

It has been a tradition to attach a brass bell to the left swinging arm, to remember our brothers and sisters who have gone down riding.

It's a small thing, but the reason a brass bell is chosen is that, as we ride, it gets dirty and tarnished. Every time we get down washing and polishing it, we are reminded of friends lost and our thoughts turn to the meaning of being in the wind.

As we ride and hear the bell ring, we know that our brothers and sisters are riding with us and how easy it would be to join them with a single mistake.

And maybe, just maybe, the next time a situation comes up; they will be there to help us.....as long as we remember them by polishing the bell

Jane Confrey – LOH Officer

Figure 9.19 All you need to know about the magic of the gremlin bell.

Lincoln Area Annual Weekend Away, September 2006

Northumberland, Wales, Scotland have been conquered. Where next for the annual weekend away?

Roger Williams suggested Norfolk as its somewhere with a few less miles on the clock and for one night only. At just over 300 miles it suited everyone including the two Sportster riders Jean Pettifor and my wife Nicky.

Roger plumped for Cromer as a place to stay. After trying every suitable place he eventually found a 2 star hotel in a part of Cromer called Great Yarmouth. Don't ask, it's a long story and helps to explain the demise of the British resort.

When I rang to make a reservation, the Manager said she was looking forward to welcoming our cyclists club. Before putting brain into gear I replied 'actually, we are from a bike club' (doh!) and she then asked if we were going to cycle all the way from Lincoln. It should be an interesting stay.

Roger organised an excellent route on the Saturday hugging the coast of Norfolk. Plenty of joggers about, whoops nearly hit another one, just outside Wells where we stopped for lunch. By Cromer there were lots of joggers so Nicky reported it to man stood next to a banner which said 'Stage finish' and he told her that they were running around the county border of Norfolk in a weekend. Bunch of plums, we'd easily beat them.

Roger printed in the programme for the weekend, we'd be at the hotel by 5pm and we were a whole 5 minutes late! Nice hotel on the seafront made up for the 'late' arrival. We told the receptionist we'd chained our bicycles up and 13 of us booked in. The receptionist said that there were a large group of ramblers staying and they were coming by bus. Someone said if he were a Rambler he'd keep quiet about coming by bus.

The hotel had a decent sized indoor swimming pool and I arrived first for a dip. The water in the pool was erm cool but after swimming several lengths I'd regained some feeling in my legs and my power of speech returned to coincide with Roger's arrival. After a 'its really quite warm Rog'

Steve Cranston

he dive bombed straight in, emptying a considerable amount of water from the pool and all the breath from his lungs. He went a funny shade of purple too. Hmmno ice in his Campari tonight. Better watch my back for the next 12 months.

Dinner time, and we had to compete with a dash to the tables with the rambling club. The youngest looked in her mid seventies with the oldest in his nineties, which made them all prospective Harley buyers. They got to the tables first. I think one of them gave me a hard stare and I was relieved to hear that we were heading out into town for a beer.

Once outside, we asked a gaggle of fully kitted up Police where the best place was to go for a drink and they said no where was suitable on the seafront! They directed us to where they normally

went for a drink. Made a mental note to delete the 'Great' from Great Yarmouth. Still we made the best of it and after a shortish nights sleep awoke a little dusty but relaxed.

After breakfast we saddled up and headed into the Norfolk Broads via

Wroxham and Horning. It was pleasant surprise to see Spen and Julie Crowson heading the opposite way as we headed across country to Sandringham as the sun came out. Once at Sandringham some headed for lunch and others visited the annual craft show held on the estate. I thought twice about asking at the entrance which stalls would be manned by Royalty.

The Sandringham Estate and annual craft show are both very pleasant. The nicest thing about visiting by bike is that you can buy hardly anything!

Homeward bound most of us split with a wave and only one roundabout where half the ride out went up one exit and the other half went around again (its good fun and practices leaning over into right hand turns).

Roger said we'd be back by 5pm. Nicky and I arrived back in our drive at 4.55pm!

Many thanks from us all to Roger Williams for his hard work making an excellent weekend.



Figure 9.20 Great Yarmouth weekend report.

HOGGIN THE BEAVER III

Hoggin' the Beaver just gets better and better, and it was good to see old riding buddies again. The Entertainment was good and it was a great idea to be able to sit outside and listen to the music as it was a beautiful evening and the Castle looks awesome in the evening. The rideout on Saturday was top notch with Sam leading the way to the Belvoir Castle and then into Rutland proper, on good roads and great scenery. The Crown at Tur Langton made us more than welcome with live music and a BBQ. Hope we go there next year hint!

Unfortunately on the way back to the site Elaine and myself had a spill during that unforgettable storm. And at this point in the letter, we would like to thank the people who stopped their cars and came to our assistance this being at the height of the storm. We would also like to say a very special thank you to three riders from Nene Valley Chapter who took control of the situation at no small risk to themselves, they were ill equipped for the weather conditions and suffered some discomfort to make sure Elaine and myself were as safe and comfortable as possible. They also stayed at the scene to help with the bike.

All I can say is men like you are what real Bikers are all about **THANKS**.

We would also like to thank everybody who phoned visited and helped us in the last few days not forgetting the flowers and fruit great stuff thanks.

Whoever left the red balloon on the gate I have tied it to Elaine's cast to help lighten it.

Tony & Elaine

Figure 9.21 Hoggin the Beaver III rally report.

The photograph below shows the cheque presentation being made in front of the Belvoir Castle, taken during the Hoggin the Beaver III ride-out.



Figure 9.22 Presentation of the cheque. (JH)

Sherwood Rally 7

This year's Sherwood Rally couldn't come fast enough for me. After last year's upset and cancellation, a new venue at Woodland Waters

whetted my appetite such that I had to wear a bib for all of August!!!

Much planning had gone into getting the rally right, trying to maintain the successes of the previous 6 Sherwood rallies and expectations, building on the excellent venue at Woodland Waters.

The venue was second to none, with excellent amenities – it was a pleasure to peg out the tent without hitting any stones! The staff were extremely friendly and very happy to meet us (including Jim). With over 400 pre-paid tickets sold, we were expecting in excess of 500 to attend, and we weren't disappointed. The weather forecast didn't do us any favours, but those who were in two minds and listened to the BBC's Met Office dropped a clanger... Friday was fine and sunny, Saturday started a little damp but brightened up, and then Sunday was sunny but blustery.

Compared to the rest of the country, we were extremely lucky. Visiting Chapters included Great Western, Nene Valley, Fenlanders, Hatters & Oxford Chapters representing the bulk of visitors, apart from our very own members of course.

Plenty of music, beers and good company made up the recipe for a lively weekend, and with some fancy dress from several of our members on the Saturday night, it all added to the success of the rally.

Pete Wright led the ride out on Saturday morning... the mystery ride – to Lincoln. The 80 bikes that turned out to brave the threatening clouds were escorted by our Marshals, Road Captains & Lincolnshire Police to the escorted route into Lincoln City centre and onto the Brayford Wharf. A pleasant afternoon was spent in and around Lincoln whilst, back at Woodland

Waters, the chapter marquee suffered a little mishap when a gust of wind bent one or two of its steel trusses. Thanks to Steve Cranston and Jeff Bayne for sorting out

the route and liaison with the Lincolnshire Business Improvement Group and Lincolnshire Police.

Saturday evening's shenanigans finished off the with the aforementioned live entertainment (Rain performed a brilliant set of 60's hits), presentations for the Ride In Show, the raffle and an impromptu presentation to several Welsh lads from Great Western when Darren and Pete presented a handful of patches to the Magnificent 7 (see last issue of the Q&Q



and Darren's rideout at Hoggin' the Parc).

A bright Sunday morning drove away the night's dampness... or was it the blustery wind? Anyway, it was a dry ride home for all and the end to yet another successful Sherwood Chapter Rally.

And finally, a special thanks to all the helpers and volunteers who help make Rally 7 the success it was.

Dai

Figure 9.23 Sherwood 7 rally report.

Rule of Thumb

I didn't know I had right turning difficulties, until my path crossed that of The Motor Company. The Dyna was my first ever bike with turn signals, more specifically, having a right turn switch by the throttle. Not a problem you might think; but wait, I've had a steadily increasing incidence of a numb right thumb after half an hour in the saddle. Any saddle. Don't ask me why....



Now, The Company provides us all with a throttle friction device which, when set, removes all the turning input when riding at steady-ish speeds. The (my) numbness then magically dissipates. Sorted then? Well no, not if you've already got a numb thumb trying to poke the starwheel round whilst trying not to input unintended bursts of acceleration!

There is a better way, of course. Substitute the starwheel with a short lever which can be nudged round by any convenient digit, to just hold the throttle at the desired position. Simple enough, but a few issues have to be addressed first. The existing thread in the throttle housing is too fine to allow enough adjustment in the operating arc we have available, and the alloy casting is insufficiently robust for continued use in this way.

Enter **Cruise-Mate**. This is a kit of parts containing a steel bush for the throttle housing, a new threaded pin to operate the existing friction pad and a lever to turn the pin through an appropriate arc. Simple, really, and nicely made in stainless for fifty-nine bucks by an engineering outfit in Massachusetts.

I fitted mine in an hour or so, and the end result is spot on (see photo) although care is needed to drill the existing hole out, and re-tap to 3/8 UNF. The supplier can send you a drilling jig to take all the guesswork out, as you have to do this modification with the throttle housing dangling on its wiring loom. Your spare hand will be holding the electric drill! The instructions are comprehensive, although I can assist if you want to have a bash before numb thumb syndrome closes in on you too.....

The **Cruise-Mate** initially sold itself to me based on its website presentation – have a look at www.cruise-mate.com I wasn't disappointed with the hardware either.

Idle Hans

Figure 9.24 More DIY for idle hands.

My Rally Memories for 2006

The first Le Rock Independence Rally took place on 30th June to 2nd July at Lumb Farm, Marehay near Ripley and all went well. The weather was pretty good as was the food prepared by the vendors. The bands, Little Giants, on the Friday and Armada, on the Saturday night were excellent, the beer flowed and everyone had a great time especially one rather sweaty, loud chap who seemed to be treating each day as his last (bless him), and dancing the night away with every man, woman and dog that got within range!

Some of Suzanne's relatives set up camp, arriving on some weird and wonderful machines, and there were quite a few Sherwood there too.

I'm not sure how much Kev remembers about the weekend but we told him that he had a great time so he's having another rally next year. Yeehaaa!

My visit to Hoggin' the Beaver III was brief but very enjoyable. I was ordered to park my chop opposite the welcome tent so that Sam could look at it as often as possible. Then I was asked to cook lots of food on Sam and Pete's BBQ, which was fun and finally as I was departing the Dirty Duck was forced to ride said chop, onto the dance floor, in front of the playing band, what a day! Well done Sam and Pete, we had fun and charity benefits, fantastic!

The Sherwood 7 rally at the new and excellent Woodland Waters was a success yet again, thanks to our leader and all who helped along the way.

Trish and myself enjoyed Kim and Anne's hospitality, due to the unfortunate Tony and Elaine, we shared a cabin, so that's how the other half live eh?

The ride out was wet, then it got wetter, good route, more wet. The waterfront (wet) at Lincoln was a lovely spot (wet) and as we set off on the return journey, yes you've guessed it, wet. *(Hey, it wasn't that wet, just a shower as we entered Lincoln... Ed)*

There was a nice presentation to Jane and some great fancy dress costumes, although I couldn't understand the urge to tug my forelock when I saw the Sheriff of Nottingham (BOOO).

It was the last time most of us will have seen Lance, we know he enjoyed himself on his last rally, long may his memory continue, Oh Yes! (Churchill).

The last rally of the season took me up to the Heart 'n' Soul rally at sunny Newcastle, oh yes it was. I rode up with our second in command, Pete, via a job he wanted to look at in Durham and a mobile greasy spoon that was neither greasy nor did they have spoons. We arrived before Jim and Denise, he must be slipping, set up camp and were in t'pub, along with the afore mentioned before 2pm. And so the marathon drinking session started, by 7.30 I was a mite peckish so after a medieval pork and stuffing baguette it was into the venue for more pop and meetings with old friends and new. I think I crawled into the Hilton (tent) about 2 am, 5 hours later I awoke ready to face a new day, I think?

The full breakfast in the canteen are always welcome and still feeling a little light headed decided not to attempt (a carefully chosen word) the ride out. There were more stalls this year, which was good, and I bought some cool shades.

The bike show was a farce and when my daughter Chloe showed up with her new flowery tent my street cred' was shot to pieces, (I had to erect it to a baying gallery, now that's tough), even my new shades didn't help.

One of the highlights of the musical entertainment was the Ukulele band singing old time songs, you've got to see 'em to believe 'em.

The weather was great, we even had a Red Arrows fly past, or was that for the Great North Run? Back home for dinner and a nice warm shower and time to start work on the tourer ready for next year, well, when I say tourer, well, watch this space!

Steve Insley

Figure 9.25 Remembering four rallies through the season.

Pete Wright did not seek re-election as the Senior Road Captain for 2007. The following article tells you why!

SHOCKING TRUTH REVEALED AS SENIOR ROAD CAPTAIN STEPS DOWN



It is with great regret that Pete Wright has felt the need to step down from the position of Senior Road Captain. In a tearful statement, Pete said, "I need to spend more time with my Lambretta. I will be staying on as a Road Captain and assisting my successor to ensure that U- turns remain an essential part of every ride out"

Darren James, new Head Road Captain, thanks Pete for the all his work over the last few years and hopes him and his Lambretta will be very happy together!!!

Darren

Figure 9.26 Reason for the resignation of the Senior Road Captain.

A Selection of other Photographs



Figure 9.27 We are not going to hurt each other are we?



Figure 9.28 King and maid.

The above photographs were taken at the Robin Hood Festival and Pageant, Nottingham.



Figure 9.29 Halloween Fancy Dress party.



Figure 9.30 Christmas party at Lincoln.



Figure 9.31 Watching the chapter games at Killarney.



Figure 9.32 Air guitars at Sherwood 7 rally. (DG)



Figure 9.34 Scarborough from Oliver's Mount on the North Yorkshire Moors ride-out. (VF)

Figure 9.33 More air guitars at the Hogg in the Beaver rally. (JH)

