

Chapter Ten

2007

Chapter Officers

Director	Dave Sanders
Assistant Director	Pete Clifford
Secretary	Teresa Taylor
Treasurer	Pete Wright
Editor	Dai Gunter
Membership Secretary	Teresa Taylor
Senior Road Captain	Darren James
Dealer Representative	Richard Stevens
Administrator	Gillian Dutton
Photographer	Charlotte Tector
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)	Glenn Page
Area Representative (South Notts/Leics)	Neil Rose
Road Captains	Jeff Bayne
	Ian Bennett
	Pete Clifford
	Steve Cranston
	Martyn Flear
	Dai Gunter
	Glenn Page
	Neil Rose
	Dave Sanders
	Roger Williams
	Pete Wright
	Sam York

Membership for 2007 – 310

As the majority of the Chapter officers were willing to stand again, there were only a few changes in personnel at the start of 2007. Pete Wright moved on to become the new Treasurer, which then allowed Darren James to step in as Senior Road Captain. Charlotte Tector was elected the new Photographer, and Glenn Page took on the responsibility of the

North Nottinghamshire area representative. Later in the year, Sue Thomas took over as Secretary, leaving Teresa Taylor to concentrate on Membership Secretary.

The addition of three new Road Captains brought the number up to a healthy thirteen in total.

As the North Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire area representatives had organised their separate Christmas functions at the end of last year, the Chapter function was held over to the start of this year, taking the form of a Medieval Banquet in Nottingham. The events programme then took on a familiar look, with regular Sunday ride-outs and four Saturday Ladies of Harley Cream Tea rides between May and August. After years of visiting Skegness, the Easter run found a new destination at Stratford-upon-Avon. It has inevitably been named Hoggin the Bard!



Figure 10.1 Hoggin the Bard at Stratford-upon-Avon. (PA)

Following the success of the Sherwood 7 rally last year, Woodland Waters was retained for this year's Chapter rally, whilst Hoggin the Beaver IV was again sold out, so maintaining its tradition of raising a lot of money for charity. The Mansfield area also continued their charity theme of Fancy Dress Parties, and the charity auction ride-outs went to the Derbyshire Peak District. The Chapter also presented a cheque to the Nottingham Hospice for £2,000.



Figure 10.2 Stoke Bruerne Canal ride-out. (VF)

Whilst the South Nottinghamshire / Leicestershire and North Nottinghamshire areas continued to hold their meetings at the Hog's Head, Awwsworth and the Oak Tree Public House, Mansfield respectively, the Lincolnshire area moved their meetings to The Centurion, North Hykeham, Lincoln. Chapter meetings were now drawing larger numbers, so with the Hog's Head being considered too small, the hunt was on for a new venue. On 4th October, Chapter meetings moved to the Festival Inn, Trowell.

As in previous years, the Lincolnshire and North Nottinghamshire areas ran their midweek ride-outs through the summer months.

Events Programme

Date	Event	Type	Destination
27/01/2007	Medieval Banquet	Social	Nottingham
25/02/2007	Archery	Activity	Lower Kirklington
17/03/2007	Mods & Rockers	Social	Mansfield
25/03/2007	New Riders	Ride-out	Newmarket / Ely
01/04/2007	Mad Fools Ride	Ride-out	Mystery
09/04/2007	Hoggin the Bard I	Ride-out	Stratford-upon-Avon
22/04/2007	Grand Union Canals	Ride-out	Stoke Bruerne
28/04/2007	Charity Run 1	Charity Ride	Derbyshire
13/05/2007	Stilton	Ride-out	Stilton
19/05/2007	LOH Cream Tea	Ride-out	Mystery
21/05/2007	Nottingham Hospice - Charity	Presentation	Nottingham
10/06/2007	Twycross Zoo	Ride-out	Twycross
16/06/2007	LOH Cream Tea	Ride-out	Mystery
17/06/2007	York	Ride-out	York
24/06/2007	Norfolk	Ride-out	Holkham
08/07/2007	Carsington Water	Ride-out	Derbyshire
13/07/2007	Hoggin the Beaver IV	Rally	Belvoir
21/07/2007	LOH Cream Tea	Ride-out	Mystery
05/08/2007	LOH Cream Tea	Ride-out	Mystery
11/08/2007	Summer Party	Social	Bolsover
18/08/2007	Boule	Activity	Hathern
25/08/2007	Ace Cafe	Weekend	London
31/08/2007	Sherwood 8	Rally	Ancaster
08/09/2007	LOH - Nottingham Princess	Social	Nottingham
15/09/2007	Yorkshire Dales	Weekend	Kirkby Moorside
22/09/2007	OK Diner	Activity	A1 Area
29/09/2007	Charity Run 2	Charity Ride	Derbyshire
30/09/2007	Manchester H-D & Hard Rock	Ride-out	Manchester
29/11/2007	AGM (Festival Inn)	Meeting	Nottingham
08/12/2007	Christmas Bash	Social	Mansfield
15/12/2007	Christmas Bash	Social	Lincoln

The featured reports for this year include another technical article from Idle Hans, descriptions from several European rallies, our own Sherwood 8 and Hoggin the Beaver IV rallies, the Nottingham Hospice presentation and a wide range of ride-outs. A special for this year is the Robin Hood Harley-Davidson staff appearing as decorations on a Christmas tree. It should be noted that, although the photographs have changed, the Idle Hans project report has the unusual distinction of appearing in two separate Quill and Quivers!

The reported activities include:

- a. Copy of the project 'Relocation, Relocation, Relocation' report by Idle Hans, taken from either the 0702 or 0707 issue of the Q & Q.
- b. Copy of the 'Hoggin the Bard' ride-out report by Pete Clifford, taken from the 0703 issue of the Q & Q.
- c. Copies of two Nottinghamshire Hospice charity presentation reports by Dawn & Glenn Page and Jane & Alan Hassett, taken from the 0704 issue of the Q & Q.
- d. Copy of the Eurofest at Port Gimaud / St Tropez report by Teresa Taylor, taken from the 0704 issue of the Q & Q.
- e. Copy of the European Rally at Fuengirola report by Janis & Steve Kinsey, taken from the 0705 issue of the Q & Q.
- f. Copy of the Hoggin the Beaver IV Rally report by Dai Gunter, taken from the 0705 issue of the Q & Q.
- g. Copy of the Cream Tea or not a Cream Tea report by Mark Limer (Lofty), taken from the 0707 issue of the Q & Q.
- h. Copy of the Sherwood 8 Rally report by Dave Thomas, taken from the 0707 issue of the Q & Q.
- i. Copy of the 'Harley Riders Take to the Road' report (Sherwood 8 Rally), taken from the Grantham Journal.
- j. Copy of the 'Cowboy's Way Round' report by Loran and Rob, taken from the 0707 issue of the Q & Q.
- k. Copy of the Robin Hood Harley-Davidson staff Christmas tree, taken from the 0708 issue of the Q & Q.
- l. Copy of the '2007 – Reflections of a Chapter Member' report by Steve Cranston, taken from the 0708 issue of the Q & Q.
- m. Copy of the Faaker See Rally report by Steve Insley, taken from the 0708 issue of the Q & Q.
- n. Copy of the 'Riding the Dream in Portugal' report by Shirley and John Whitworth, taken from the 0802 issue of the Q & Q.



Two excellent examples of what Chapter members have created!

Relocation, Relocation, Relocation.....

Idle Hans

It's now early January. Last year's riding on the Dyna was great. Need more luggage capacity than the weekend bag on the sissy and a haversack for this year's trips. I need some real bags, of course. Mmmm, first I must find some bags that won't disturb my rear turn bullets.



They're two of the nicest bits on the back of a modern Harley. The non-fleshy bits anyway. After extensive searches in those big books and the net, aha! Slant style bags should just miss 'em, so I'm off down to Beeston. Our Richard listens patiently, but says it can't be done. As he glides off to a bigger and better customer loitering near a Heritage, over the shoulder comes his last words.

"Relocate the turn signals!" Glumly, I order the leather slants anyway.

A week or so later, I'm scampering down to the workshop with a massive box, containing empty leather and some bent bits of bar. I offer up, see the rear mountings go right where me bullets are, and whimper. I swear I can hear Richard chuckling in the distance. Some of the bits in the fitting kit try to lure me into sticking my turns outboard of the bag frames. No chance, as I'll have to snip the wires every time I convert the Dyna back into bagless bar-hopping mode. Why? The wiring passes down the middle of the mounting bolts, that's why! Back to the Queen's Road sanatorium, stump up for a proper relocation kit, and try to get out with without Rich seeing me. I fail of course. Blast! This kit, which is nicely engineered and finished, repositions the signals either side of the number plate. A day later that's exactly where they are. The bags are slipped into position and all is perfect. Er er nooo. Those relokes, as good as they are, just don't suit my Dyna. They look the afterthought that of course they have to be. And that's not the look I'm going for on *my* scooter. Several deep breaths later, the whole caboodle is off again and back into my ever-increasing spare parts inventory! Only thing for it is to stuff some holes into Willie G's fender and mount the bullets, with their nicely tactile winglets, just aft and below the fender strut. It might just work.

Ok, I measure a hundred times, and cut metal once. Just as my apprentice master said forty-three years ago. Some stainless backing plates ensure there'll be no cracks in the lava red sunglo stuff and hey presto! Not *quite* as good as stock, but the compromises are minimal. Richard was right, of course, but I'm sure he didn't visualise the Idle Hans Relocation Package as a solution!

Don't think, dear reader, this is a "Technical Tips" type of article. It's more a man and machine thing. I do it because I can, etc. As anyone who's read Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance will already know by now.....



'Wilco' Dave Wallington

Figure 10.3 Another DIY job from Idle Hans.

Clifford's Columns

Hogging The Bard – Sherwood Chapter Easter Ride-out



To be or not to be... has Skeggy had its day?

What a fantastic full day out, starting off at the Friendly Farmer at Newark, then onto Saxondale to do the first of two pick ups. As we approached Saxondale roundabout it didn't look very promising with not many bikes at the petrol station. So off up the hill on the A46 and just over the brow of the hill in the lay-by, and all parked so very neat ready for the off, 25 or so more bikes to join in. Then it was off to Leicester Forest East services for me, Sam and Glenn to get everybody ready to join on to the ride. Rainy Dave, went on to sort out parking, and Dai and Del of course, to do a bit of photography en route. Not many people in this car park either, so round to the filling station it was and wow! What a sight, at least 80 bikes all lined up and ready to join in and Hog the Bard. One hundred and thirty six bikes in all on there way to Shakespeare's birth place and so far nowhere to park. What a brilliant sight in the mirrors, as far as I could see back down the motorway, and then to do a drop off and watch every body go by, I should have had a video camera. A brief stop at Draycote Water, and it was nice to see our Chapter Director doing what he does best, (well done Rainy). Darren thought it was about time to see if there was anywhere to park in Stratford so he rang the boys in blue, answer: at the Leisure Centre.

So on entering Stratford things got quite busy and slow moving, but we stuck in there and along came this very nice traffic warden and he said, there's no

chance at the Leisure Centre, but, he didn't tell us, you can park in front of the Holiday Inn and you won't get a ticket, so the Holiday Inn it was and it all worked out very well indeed, every body parked together, you could have mistook your bike for someone else's, in fact somebody did, but that's another story and we still cant believe it happened. What a fantastic day out, Stratford was heaving, with bikes every where, it must have virtually been at bursting point; I bet Will never saw it that busy. All fed and watered and off it was to fill up with petrol and then the ride home. With just a few people going home on their own there was still plenty of bikes for the ride home. I swapped bikes with Sam, and eventually after about thirty metres she'd got a smile back on her face, it rather suited her, the Softail that is. Eventually reaching Nottingham, Peak Riders and St Ledger went on up the motorway and we started to thin out very quickly and down to about the last fifteen bikes on we went to Hooters, just to see how nice the food was of course, the food taken care of, it was time to get the waitress's on the bikes for some photos and they obliged, I think Dai has got the photos (Ed?... yes I have thank you), and then it was time to go home; Sam, Dai & Dell and myself went off towards Southwell finally saying bon-voyage to the Welsh crew who were off to France for a week's holiday. Good food, good company and a good laugh, a nice ending to a very good day out.

Stratford-upon-Avon next year? Give thy thoughts no tongue...! Well done to every one and a big cheer to Darren for getting it together.

Ride safe
Pete

Figure 10.4 Report on the first Easter Monday ride-out to Stratford-upon-Avon - Hoggin the Bard - as recorded in Assistant Director Pete Clifford's regular Quill and Quiver contribution "Clifford's Columns".

The following is the first account of the cheque presentation to the Nottinghamshire Hospice.

Hi All

For all of those who could not make it you missed a day to remember for those who were there, you know what I mean. On Monday the 21st I attended a presentation of a cheque for £2,000 from the Sherwood chapter to the Nottinghamshire Hospice. This mainly down to the great work by our own Glen (Woody) and his good lady Dawn, Great work both of you.

We were asked at the previous meeting if anyone who was available could turn up on their bikes for this occasion and let the patients and staff see the bikes and have their photos taken on or next to a Harley.

Well come the day, Jane and I Put on your leathers and headed off to the hospice not sure what to expect and hoping the rain would hold off. When we arrived there were a couple of other members already there. After the usual greetings we waited for the others to arrive and soon we had 7 bikes there (Hey not bad for a Monday).

We were asked if we could line the bikes up and then join them in the main room where the rest of the staff and patients were waiting. I did not expect what happened next, as we walked in the room everyone there applauded us those who could stand did and those less fortunate applauded from their arm chairs or wheel chairs. It left me feeling humble with a lump in my throat and at the same time proud to be, not just another biker doing his bit for charity but also a member of Sherwood.

They also had a BAR-BQ on which we were invited to join in. We then went back to the bikes where photos were taken and two people were taken out for a ride (thanks Pete & Dave) Pete of course got the young lady and we thought he had gone for the day. That roundabout sure is magic. I know Glen & Dawn are already busy raising more money for this great local cause with raffles and so on. If anyone can help or has any good fund raising Ideas please speak to them, I sure they will be glad of any help they can get.

Finally a big thank you to Glen & Dawn from Jane and myself for allowing us to be part of the occasion.

Alan & Jane



Figure 10.5 The Nottingham Hospice report by Jane and Alan Hassett.

Eurofest 2007 - Port Grimaud, St Tropez (via the Cider Rally)

It wasn't the most direct route to the Shuttle at Folkestone via Weston Super Mare, but as usual I humoured Dave and we set off with two weeks' worth of luggage to the Cider Rally. It was dull, dreary and rather cool on the Friday but the rain held off and we arrived at Sand Bay only a few hours after the sun had broken through. We mingled with the already gathering crowd and other Sherwooders appeared ready for warming cups of tea and plates of chips. Two familiar faces passed with the usual acknowledging "hello" when simultaneously Martin and Viv Bennett recognised Dave and myself. It was a great surprise to catch up with the two long lost Sherwood members from back in 1999/2000. Martin and Viv had moved from Loughborough to the south several years previously but had since relocated to the Fenlanders area.

As we were only at Cider for one night, Dave and I had booked into a hotel in Weston and after unpacking, went to have a delightful meal in a pub/restaurant along the seafront before getting a taxi back to the rally site. The bar was filling up nicely and some good bands were playing – as usual Carole and crew bagged the best position and nearby chairs/tables and hunkered down for a nights entertainment. Several members joined the dancing masses, and Gillian and Clive showed us all how to REALLY rock n roll. Vince started an impromptu "strip" but stopped at t-shirt once he was captured on the Cider Rally video! A rally virgin too.

I'm not sure whether Dex and Tufa made enough beer money from their lady of the night who sat in their chalet window all weekend, but they certainly raised a laugh, not to mention an eyebrow or two.

Saturday was still dry and dreary and we made our way to Folkestone on previously untravelled (by us) roads - namely the M4 and the southern half of the M25. Whatever you do, try to avoid this section of the motorway at all times, at all costs! I'm used to the north-east corner of the M25 and down across the Dartford crossing, and ok, it's always busy, but there are views/ scenery and the drivers seem pretty switched on, but the lower section between the M4 and M26 is concrete both sides so it's like driving down an open top drain wherein the Highway Code is abandoned - it was a horrid journey to the shuttle and we were glad to have it behind us (Note to Dave - next time we go MY way, ie directly to Folkestone!).

A tip for travellers on the shuttle - even when you have reserved a space on a particular train, if you get there early they will put you on the next available one, usually allowing about 40 minutes for paperwork etc so if you arrive early and don't want to wait, ask for the next train, it doesn't cost any extra either. Having said that, we were put on a train an hour earlier, but whilst loading they discovered mechanical faults so it was unloaded and we had an escort up, down and along platforms to another train - just as well it wasn't raining! We eventually got to Calais Campanile about 5.30, still earlier than planned, and in good time for a beer and a meal.

We somehow managed to stay ahead of the rain and each morning watched the meteo on Canal TV for what was happening elsewhere in France and UK - not a pretty sight! Leaving Calais at 9.30 on a Sunday morning is sheer riding heaven - the roads deserted, the sun bursting through the clouds, and the purr of the engine interrupted only by the cawing of low flying crows. Another tip – articulated lorries need a special licence to transport on Sundays so there is virtually none on the roads which makes for enjoyable and relaxed riding. Troyes was our first stop and uneventful, but a trip into town reminded us that everything is shut on Sundays. We filled out tanks thinking it would be cheaper than using the motorway services - WRONG - it was well over £1 a litre (as is most of northern France). In the hotel we had the worst meal I had ever tried to eat – a local "delicacy" called andouillette which basically is bits of pork (offal) stuffed into a condom (well it looked like it!) to resemble a sausage – the taste was foul and I left most of mine, Dave took on the challenge and not only managed to eat it, but keep it down too! I was thankful I didn't have my glasses on and actually couldn't see it in close up!

The following day we took a more scenic route to Dijon before getting on the motorway to Lyon/St

Etienne and I rode in sunshine mostly.

The weather forecast the following day was grim, but we decided to maintain our original plan and head towards the Gorge du Tarn and then the Millau Bridge - it was going to be a long, slow day but hopefully worth it. The Tarn is beautiful with amazing rock formations and tunnels through which the road winds along the river. Its slow going, so allow plenty of time - there are virtually no overtaking



Millau Bridge.

places and if you get stuck behind a motorhome there is nothing else but to enjoy the scenery. St Enimie at the beginning of the Gorge is a delightful stopover for a coffee/snack. Onwards to the Bridge and the weather was drawing in, with low cloud and drizzle beckoning. The approach to the bridge was in cloud but we stopped and took the best pics we could through the gloom, it really is a magnificent piece of engineering and certainly stands tall and proud across the valley.

Although we didn't get much of a view below the bridge whilst riding, the 2.5km span gives you time to admire the structure and wonder at its construction. Must go back in the sunshine. The other end of the bridge is 280 metres above sea level and the low clouds thick and wet. Eventually we started the descent to Montpellier and the sun came out and dried us off. Montpellier was met with frayed tempers and bad language due to the heat and difficulty in finding the hotel, but a cool beer soothed nerves and reinstated friendships (just!).

From Montpellier we headed for the coast and rode beside lakes and marshes filled with herons, on to Carnon and the Grand Motte - a place Dave had almost reached 7 years earlier but not quite made it, so this was finally a look-see for him. A well stocked marina spread before us, full of stunning yachts and pyramid shaped hotels - we didn't stay, it was a bit glitzy for us. We cut across the Carmargue and I learnt that they grow grapes there - lots and lots of grapes!! From then on it got hotter and hotter, and the motorway towards Aix en Provence beckoned. We finally came off the motorway at the junction for St Maxime and headed down to the Cote D'Azur just after lunch. Extensive roadworks are widening that very busy piece of road, so good news for future travellers. My footpeg rubber finally fell off after working loose on the way down, so that was going to be the first priority and expense.

Prairies de la Mer was a welcome sight and Dave went to find the Keycamp rep before we melted in to a puddle. The mobile home was like a furnace but was brand new and had all we could need for a week's stay, including a fridge, freezer, shower, and outside a gas bbq, table, chairs and sun brolly on the decking. Hooray, now to finally unpack and stop living out of a pannier for a while. We were lucky in that to either side of us the caravans were vacant and our immediate neighbours in front were Royce and Doreen from Peak Riders, who had ridden down with half a dozen others. We were near enough to the supermarket and main bar area, but far enough away that the noise wasn't deafening, (and no crazy late night partying Italians) - in fact an excellent location.

The Eurofest itself started quietly and slowly, and we wondered if the many traders would make any money - they were selling everything you could think of - and some things you wouldn't! I'm not sure if the lady selling barely-their underwear/bikinis sold much, but certainly drew a crowd, and some interesting questions ("why would you want a zip there"?). Dave splashed out on some new boots - sorry I'll rephrase that - Dave bought some new dudee boots which fortunately he broke in without too much pain, I bought a lightweight imitation Harley riding jacket, so the traders didn't make much profit from us.

The main bands were good, a Stones tribute on Friday and a very good Queen tribute on Saturday. Earlier in the evening they had a country and western band with line dancing - got the audience going and good toe-tapping stuff. We bumped into Martin and Deb from Nene Valley, a few Aire Valley riders and Clive and Tracey from Fenlanders (ex Essex). There was also a crowd from Bridgwater but not many more Brits, but given that most are going to Fuengirola this was expected. However, by Friday night the whole site was abuzz as the French and Italians had arrived for the weekend. Total numbers for the weekend reached a staggering 7,000 - not bad for a first effort but the Brits were sorely missed.

The Parade of Flags was taking place on the Sunday morning, but most of the UK riders were leaving that day. Martin had the Nene Valley flag so we offered to fly it with the Sherwood flag - well, we are almost neighbours and that's the spirit of HOG! He gratefully accepted and so I decided to ride Bigbird and fly Nene's flag, rather than pillion Dave and try flying both flags. We arrived in time to be second and third in the line-up and only a handful of other chapters had flags to fly. At least the UK had two flags flying!



Dave and flag.

Helicopters buzzed overhead and several people-carriers with the official Monaco number plates arrived (not sure who it was though, I really should read Hello more often!!). The escort police posed on the Harleys and joined in with the fun. Once we got going they provided an excellent escort and the ride was fast and brilliantly managed - a far different story from two years ago when instead of



Police and flag on Dave's bike.

the expected two hours it took nearly 4 (don't ask Gillian or Clive for their experiences!!) Again the crowds in the villages turned out to wave and cheer and photo and video and we smiled and waved back, except on the cobble stones when two hands were definitely needed on the bars. Sunday afternoon things quietened down, traders started to pack up and the tourists arrived back.

The weather stayed nice, although we could tell a storm was brewing, which didn't bode well for our plan to go to Monaco the following day. However, the rain never arrived but gale force winds battered the caravan all night - Dave managed to save his bike cover before it disappeared over the

tree tops and I spent the night wondering if the roof would stay on. By morning the wind was as strong but no apparent damage and the sea was incredibly calm. We retraced our steps back up the valley towards the A8 for Nice and Monaco, the wind through the valley was gusty and coming from each and every direction. We missed the turning for the A8 and did several u-turns, then decided not to bother with Monaco, but to head back for the campsite. Spotting a sign for St Maxime I set off

along a narrow road, only to be greeted with a 90° bend on a 45° incline - oh I do so love these type of roads - the kind you can only do in second, and sometimes first, gear. After the initial climb and hairpin bends (and Dave yelling Where the hell are you going?) the road levelled out with stunning views and a parking layby to enjoy the panorama. A photo opportunity not to be missed, and a few posey video riding shots too. Arriving back at the van battered and windswept we agreed to lie in the sun and drink beer/wine until dinner time.

Upon our departure on Wednesday the sun was out and the wind had died down a bit, fingers crossed for a dry ride to Valence but we knew that rain and thunderstorms were right across France, and texts from home informed us the UK was almost as bad. We arrived early afternoon mainly dry but for one short sharp shower. The following day however was a different story - wet wet wet, and no, I wasn't singing "Love is all around me" - I was cussing the whole way to Langres! What a miserable 300 miles - what a good time to find my new waterproof trousers weren't. Lyon is a nightmare at the best of times with so many motorways going off to all parts of France and always rush-hour style traffic, but with heavy spray, deep puddles, poor visibility, and reduced speed due to aquaplaning I was glad when we got passed it. The only slight relief was in the many Lyon tunnels! Getting off the bikes to refuel was a squelchy experience and not a pleasure - my hands were black from my gloves, both our helmets leaked and we both had water squelching out our boots. We lingered in the services nursing cups of hot coffee and trying to dry ourselves under the hand-dryers in the loos. At one stage the sun came out, we rode on dry roads and we were hopeful, only to run into more rain. The only redeeming feature of the day was an excellent Logis we stayed in at Marnay sur Marne, not far from Chaumont. The staff were excellent and friendly although we had a language barrier to some degree but they kindly tried to dry out our soggy clothing although my gloves and boots were beyond saving and left a puddle on the floor. Once showered and wearing dry clothing (thankfully all our luggage was waterproof), the worries of the day were soon behind us and we felt vaguely human again. Jean and Nick put us on to the Logis chain of accommodation so many thanks to them, because although the hotel was quaint French rural charm, the meal in the restaurant was out of this world and absolutely delicious. It certainly was the best we had during our two weeks and cost only €20 for a 4 course meal (excluding wine of course). We intend to revisit La Vallee when next passing and can recommend it - it's on the D617 (or N19 on the map - you know what the French are like for road numbers!) from Langres towards Chaumont. We hoped the worst of the weather was over and thankfully the rest of the ride home was dry and sunny, even from Folkestone to home.

We obviously bought the good weather home with us and for the first week of our return basked in the sunny dry weather. Now just waiting to turn round and do it all again on the way to Fuengirola, hopefully dry all the way there and back.

Safe riding! See some of you in Spain.

Teresa

Figure 10.6 Report and photographs of the Eurofest by Teresa Taylor.

Now for the second account of the cheque presentation to the Nottinghamshire Hospice.

“Harleys at the Hospice”

On the afternoon of Monday 21st May a group of Sherwood Chapter members visited the Nottinghamshire Hospice to meet staff and patients following the presentation in March of a cheque for £2000. This was the amount raised last year through various events, raffles, etc.

A very warm welcome awaited us and the patients all seemed happy (if a little scared) of the influx of bikers into the day room. Introductions were made and we received a round of applause for the donation and support.

A barbeque in the grounds of the Hospice provided some of us with tasty snacks before showing the staff and patients the bikes. Some admired, others sat on and had photos taken and one or two were taken for a ride.

Radio Trent Black Thunders were also there along with the “thunder girls” and Pete Wright drew the short straw (ha ha) and had to take one of them for a spin (along with Dougal and Zebedee!). As he was gone for so long, Carol was beginning to ask for telephone numbers of local taxi firms! Beverley Brooks, the Chief Executive of the Nottinghamshire Hospice was also given a blast round the locality, courtesy of Dave.

Finally, following the departure of most patients (as it is still at the moment a day centre only) we had a few photos in front of the hospice with the staff. Beverley and her staff were very appreciative of the efforts of the Sherwood Chapter members and said we would be welcome anytime.

Thanks to the members who were able to attend: Pete Clifford, Pete and Carol, Alan and Jane, Paul and Sue, Clive, Glenn and Dawn, and Dave and Sue.

The Hospice provides an invaluable service within the Nottinghamshire area and with only 20% of funds coming from the government pot they have an almighty sum to raise each year just to keep going. Plans for an extension are currently in hand and eventually to have a bedded unit to extend their provision. Thanks to all in Sherwood Chapter for your support.

Glenn (Woody) & Dawn



Figure 10.7 Report of the Nottinghamshire Hospice presentation by Dawn and Glenn Page.

Hoggin' The Beaver IV

My first HTB rally and I was looking forward to it. Until this year, I had missed previous events due to work (I guess we all have mortgages right?), anyway, this year, I was off work and eagerly looking forward to a relatively quiet weekend, with the missus, in the lovely Vale of Belvoir. But when I saw what Friday morning had in store, I had visions of HTBiii weather – ah yes that infamous rideout I've heard and read so much about. But not so this year... the shower healed up by mid afternoon and by 7pm, my tent was erect and the bar was calling.



Friday evening was entertaining with a decent band and good sounds from our Chapter resident DJ – Dave. The beer was good and it was great to see the pancake lady on form too for the belly monster.

Saturday morning was bright enough even though there were plenty of clouds around, but they soon cleared as we formed up for the ride-out – a cracking little pub with live music, a good BBQ and plenty of parking... all via his Lordship's castle at Belvoir for the presentation of monies to Imperial Cancer Research UK.

On return to the site at the Dirty Duck, the bike show generated quite a bit of interest and there were a few nice ones around too – I still reckon my standard Heritage outshines all others!

Saturday night's musical extravaganza was split by the obligatory raffle and the charity auction. Some fantastic items raised a whole bunch of dosh for charity. Looks like Pete & Sam (and friends) managed to raise ~£2800 (after expenses) – fantastic!

The rally attracted guests as far a'field as Clyde Valley this year.

Congratulations to Pete & Sam for a great fund-raising rally that was enjoyed by all... looking forward to HTBv already!!!

Ride-in Show Winners:

Best Sportster: Mark Farrar (Sherwood); Best Big twin: Derek (Delboy) Watkins (Fenlanders); Best Ladies: Elaine (Tweedy old crow) (Clyde Valley); Best V-Rod: Alex Shannon (Tweedy old crow's man) (Clyde Valley); Best Paint: Alex Shannon (Clyde Valley); Best In Show: Alex Shannon (Clyde Valley)

Busy Beaver Award (most money raised):

1st Kev & Trina Hoare (Nene Valley) raised £515.00; 2nd Jim Mersh (Sherwood) £150.00; 3rd Mr Beast (Nene Valley) £120.00

Biggest Auction Bid (we have to mention this one):

Rainy Dave (Sherwood 'Traffic' Director) £350.00

Thanks to Robin-Hood Harley-Davidson for a donation of £400 voucher and leather jacket.

Dai

Figure 10.8 Hoggin the Beaver IV report by Dai Gunter.

Fuengirola – European HOG Rally 2007

When my name was pulled out of the bag to carry the flag and represent the Sherwood Chapter at the European Rally in Fuengirola, I was overwhelmed. Janis and I were congratulated and told what a thrill and emotional experience it would be for us. We were also told that it would be exhaustive, hot, sticky and a bit of an endurance test! Over the next few weeks I had many sleepless nights imagining no end of things, in particular letting the Chapter down by losing the flag, losing the pendant or dropping my bike in front of the whole Harley world! Then came the journey....!!! Never having ridden for more than 250 miles in one go and certainly not overseas I was now facing a 2000 mile return journey. A sea crossing – once again the sleepless nights began. A natural worrier, I envisaged that the bike would not be strapped down properly, would they use a cushion to protect my pride and joy? would I forget to disable the alarm? or would I find my bike floating down the Bay Of Biscay?



Janis had her own set of concerns, how would we pack for two in a little bag and two panniers? What would we wear? and what about her hair straighteners?

Well we need not have worried, Rainy Dave provided the flag and much needed moral support and between Pete Wright, Mark Limer and myself we organised the journey, ferry, accommodation and route including any stopovers. Many an evening was spent and many a pint drunk whilst discussing every aspect of this epic adventure.

The day came, all sleepless nights endured and all we now had to worry about was taking the sea sick pills! Well for those of you that remember, the weather was foul, it had been raining for days with severe weather warnings issued by the Met Office.....marvellous... something else to worry about.

We set off, four bikes - Pete and Carole, Mark and Sue, Clive and ourselves. Our first arranged stop was at Leicester Forest East to meet Vince (Silent But Deadly), Kev (Madder Than Max) and Pete (Buddha).

The weather at this point was ok, then the sky got darker and darker and by the time we got to Oxford it was raining so hard that rivers were forming in the roads and visibility was so poor that we had no alternative but to shelter under the trees with some other drenched Harley riders on their way to Portsmouth. Thankfully we were soon able to set off again and we would not see another wet day for the next two weeks.

Portsmouth appeared and my panic rose again, all I now wanted was to get my bike secured on the ferry. Well, it went without a hitch and I wondered what all the fuss was about - fear of the unknown I guess. The sea crossing was like floating on a duck pond and before we knew it and a few pints later Bilbao loomed. Docked and at the first petrol station the magnificent seven was to become ten as three more - Midnight, Bones and a soon to become new member, Keanie, joined us.

We had a great ride to Madrid where Kev, Vince, Buddha, Midnight and Bones went their own way and we spent our first night in Spain and a good time was had by all.

Day two saw us arriving safely in Fuengirola (Tuesday) and what would you think the chances were of three separate convoys, Rainy and party - Tony and his party and ourselves travelling from three separate destinations all having left at different times/days all arriving at the same time?

We now had three days in which to chill out, register ourselves and the bikes at the rally and

obtain a flag pole. Friday night proved to be another sleepless night would I be able to find a flagpole? would I be able to attach it to my bike? and could I keep the bike upright on the day of the rally?

At 8am on Saturday morning I rang Mark Limer getting him out of bed asking how do I attach the flag to the flag pole with Duck tape and tie wraps? Mark to the rescue - his practical help made light work of it and then onto the meeting point of the rally we went. We were eighth in line - until an event organiser came along to send us all off to a different starting point! Still near to the front and waiting in line we were really really pleased that a lot of the Sherwood Chapter came to wish us well. Thanks to you all.

The parade was everything and more than we imagined it to be, the streets were lined with people waving and cheering. There were thousands of bikes taking 25 minutes to pass. We felt like royalty with Janis perfecting her royal wave and neither of us losing a smile all the way round. Fuengirola came to a stop while Harley-Davidson took over. It was fantastic.

Once the parade had finished it was air guitars at the ready because I'd got nothing else to worry about now and could get on with the serious business of drinking whilst watching the various bands which were all varied and good entertainment. It was nice that the majority of the Chapter members gathered together and the Robin Hood hats went down a storm. I even saw a blow up doll on the back of a bike wearing one!

It was a great experience and we would like to thank Rainy for his support, Pete Wright for being a great road captain for the two weeks and all the Chapter members for their company. It was an experience that Janis and I will never forget.

Hope to see you at the next European rally, and if you need anyone to carry the flag.....
To the next flag bearers - go for it, do not worry and enjoy the experience.

Steve and Janis Kinsey.

ps. Whilst having our photographs taken with various Chapter members around the Chapter flag, Marjorie Ragg from HOG news UK wished us luck and the girls took the opportunity of having a photograph taken with her (lets see if it makes the magazine).



Figure 10.9 Report of the 17th European Rally in Fuengirola, Spain.

Cream tea or not cream teathat is the question??

On arriving at our local dealership for my first ever LOH cream tea ride out I didn't know what to expect, Me, Neil, and a lot of Ladies??

Nooooo how wrong was I this was a well organised ride out with Jean and her husband as tail end Charlie. Setting off from Robin Hood midday we found ourselves heading towards Derbyshire (Jean doesn't let on the final destination) Matlock bound me thinks, 5 miles outside Matlock and the indicators go on, onwards and upwards we climbed, Critch appeared on the signpost higher and higher we went, oxygen at the ready, then as quickly as we rose the decent started winding through the most idyllic scenery I've seen in a long time, sun blazing down on the 10 or more bikes in convoy weaving through villages with names that you thought belonged in Wales (sorry Dai).

After skirting somewhere near Carsington Water, well I think it was near, I saw a sign that said so? We eventually dropped back onto a main road still on the mystery tour, Ah indicators on again, after driving through a gated area then onto some teeth chattering cattle grids we rounded the corner to a spot that time had forgotten, well until 10 Harleys rumbled in, the village of Tissington, a very busy grassed area greeted the tired and very

thirsty travellers, a quick look at the watch ahh 14.58 time for tea. We parked the bikes up at any available space and walked over to the very quaint and picturesque tea shop, a small queue formed as we joked about the menu, Neil and myself had spotted the Stilton ploughman's, mmmmm with mouth watering at the prospects of cheese, etc, etc. I was next, I placed my order with the pretty girl in traditional Stepford wife's costume only to be told "WE STOP FOOD AT 15.00"



AAAhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh I was speechless! 15 hungry travellers willing to relieve themselves of their hard earned.

So it was a bag of Cheese and Onion Crisps, coffee, a chunter and a laugh about the money these people have turned away. Then onto the bikes

heading down towards Ashbourne, skirting Matlock, onward towards the A38 where the group split and went their separate ways.

May I take this opportunity via the Q&Q to thank Jean & Co for a fantastic day, a well planned route, a beautiful village stop off, and the promise to leave earlier for a return trip so myself and Neil can demolish the Stilton ploughman's. And for anyone who has any doubt about LOH cream tea ride outs... get on one!

Mark Limer (aka Lofty)

Figure 10.10 A male opinion of a Ladies of Harley Cream Tea ride-out!

Cowboy's way round

Number of miles

covered- 721

Number of places visited- LOADS

Howdy riders,

If you want a trip to really bring your miles up, with scenery that will blow you away and roads to really get your pillion holding on, cowboy's round trip is the holiday for you. Rob and I set out Saturday morning with all of 1 tank bag, just sitting under Robs chin, 2 saddle bags, 1 tent, and 2 free spirits. Our first stop was Goathland, but for those of you that know cowboy, you know he doesn't do things by halves, our trip lead us over humberbride and through Wetwang and over the Yorkshire moors. We saw some amazing scenery and A LOT of sheep, so for those who are faint hearted, like me, the Yorkshire roads aren't the best place to see your first road kill.

So we arrived in Goathland or Aidsensfield, as some of you know it, had tea and a cake and a quick snoop round the village, then shortly after we arrived in Whitby and our camp site for our first night. We visited Scarborough and Robin Hoods Bay, then settled down for the night. Early in the morning we packed up and grabbed some breakfast, then headed towards Hadrian's Wall, which was our next stop.

Unfortunately the weather didn't hold up for long, so we didn't get to spend much time at Hadrian's wall on the Sunday, but Monday morning we awoke to more rain, but like I said before rob doesn't take things lightly, so we set of, and lucky for us the weather cleared and we had an amazing day looking round all those wonderful sites and seeing true English history. And on that note we also saw some not so true



English history, on the picture that you can see of the valley is a tree in the right hand dip, this site is where Kevin Costner, filmed a scene out of Robin hood, the prince of thieves, where he sat on Hadrian's wall, but we couldn't get the bike close enough to get it in the shot. After visiting these gorgeous sites, we then decided to head to our next stop, the Lake District.

When we arrived in Keswick, our holiday began, we saw some of the most fantastic sites in Britain, no road was like another and we couldn't of had

better weather to view these amazing mountains, waterfalls, and lakes. When we arrived in at our final camp site, we couldn't believe the view, it was incredible. We set up and headed out, round some of Keswick's finest places. We enjoyed our Monday there so much that we didn't want to go home on Tuesday, so we decided to stay till Wednesday morning. We awoke on Tuesday to good weather, so we went around Derwent water, on one of Keswick's nicest boat rides, stopped off to go mountain climbing. (Not the original plan, and not my idea, can you tell?)



We also managed to squeeze in a trip to Windermere and Coniston, which are places we'd both advise going to, the scenery is breath taking.

Unfortunately our trip ended with some pretty bad rain, so we stocked up on macs and waterproofs, (also not my idea. Rob!!!!)

Sadly Wednesday came quicker than we would have liked. But we had a fantastic time, and would advise this trip to anyone! There is something for everyone, the views, the roads, and the people are lovely. So for those that were at Americana 06, me and rob don't spend the weekend in the tent!

If you want any information about the trip, the routes we took etc, don't hesitate to give me or cowboy a ring.

Ride safe and remember

"There's no such thing as bad weather, only bad clothing"

Rob (cowboy) and Loran (loran)

xxx



Figure 10.11 Out and about!

Sherwood 8 – From Behind The Disco Decks

When I was invited to provide the disco for Sherwood 8, the very first problem for us was how to get all the disco gear in the car as well as the camping gear. This was solved when we were able to book a luxurious log cabin for the weekend.

On the Friday morning we loaded up and set off for Woodland Waters with me astride the Sportster and Sue at the wheel of the disco wagon. We arrived at about 11 am, just as the rigging team (led by Neil Rose and Pete Wright) were perfecting a great impression of wrestling with a Marquee that threatened to blow away.

Having decided that there was nothing that we could add to their act, other than more weight, we asked the ever-cooperative staff of Woody's Bar to open the function room and we went in to take a look at the best place to set up the disco. We considered a few locations around the room before deciding that the space at the side of the main stage was big enough and would need the minimum amount of shifting other stuff about.

It took over an hour to put the gear up and check that it worked, and to my relief, most of it did. One of the lights refused to do what it was designed to do, and didn't actually work all weekend, but after I had forgotten about it, it seems that no one else noticed either.

However, when one of the computers wouldn't start up, I was a lot more worried, especially as it was the one with lots of music stored on it. After testing everything possible, I realised that the battery charger had failed and that we had to go and find another – urgently. Have you ever noticed how hard it can be to find your way round a strange town, and they don't come much stranger than Grantham! Eventually, after some swearing and the onset of blind panic, we found not one, but two computer shops and returned with a brand new, shiny toy to add to the disco heap. Fortunately it worked and the music, and my own sanity were both restored.

By this time the main Friday night band had arrived and started setting up. I had worked with this lot before at Hoggin' The Beaver and knew that their setting up can take a VERY long time. Sure enough, it did. Bearing in mind that the support band also had to set up and soundcheck, the planned start time of 6pm for the disco came and went. It was actually after 7:30 by the time I started playing. Almost immediately, a member of Fenlanders Chapter lurched over to me and said, "You're playing Midnight Oil. That's brilliant, no one ever plays them."

Except me, apparently!

After the two band sets, when I went off for some food and a meal, filling in briefly between the bands. At about midnight we got stuck into some classic rock tracks as well as Carol Wight's special request – Everlasting Love by Love Affair. Despite the "official" end time of 1am, we actually collapsed in a heap at about 1:30, tiptoed back to the cabin and tried not to wake the two couples who had the misfortune to share the cabin with us.

After a "little" ride out on the Saturday, with great food in Nando's in the middle of Lincoln, we got back to Woodland Waters to find that the main band's equipment was all set up and ready to go. There was no sign of the band themselves, who had apparently arrived much earlier and had finished their preparations by about 4pm. At this point, I realised that Saturday night was set to be something special as we were obviously working with real professionals.

The only small snag was that the support band arrived rather late, but would just about have been ready by 6pm if their drummer hadn't left his cymbals at home! Although someone rushed over with them, they didn't arrive until 8pm, when the band was already 30 minutes late going on stage.

I am convinced that the stress of this mistake affected their performance, although this was forgotten as soon as The Platforms arrived on stage. They ran through a set of Glam and Rock classics that started with Sweet's Blockbuster and encompassed Metallica's Enter Sandman and Mud's Tiger Feet. By the time they left the stage after their encore, the whole crowd were under their spell. Pete Clifford, alias the Sheriff of Nottingham, even tried to get them to come back and play all night.

After they had finished, my own contribution to the night was able to pick up on the great atmosphere and we played right through until 2am (which included the now obligatory request of "Everlasting Love" for Carol).



From behind the decks, it is easy to see how important the music is to making the weekend a huge success. It was great fun and it was a privilege to be part of providing the evening experience at our own chapter rally. Here's to next time.

Dave Thomas

Figure 10.12 A rally report from a very different view.



Figure 10.13 Road Captains prepare for the ride-out.

Ride-out to Lincoln during Sherwood 8.



Figure 10.14 About to pass through Sleaford.



Figure 10.15 Parked up on the Brayford, Lincoln.

The next report, also about the Sherwood 8 rally, is by Jo Hall from the Grantham Journal. She joined Sherwood Chapter's 8th Rally Ride-out, just to see what all the fuss is about...

Harley riders take to the road



ABOVE: Dave Beer shows off his bike.
Photo: 5174K73

RIGHT: Mick Page with his Harley-Davidson.
Photo: 5174K83

By Jo Hall

joanne.hall@granthamjournal.co.uk

HUNDREDS of Harley-Davidson owners converged in Ancaster at the weekend for a huge rally.

The annual event, which is in its second year at Woodland Waters camp site, was organised by the Sherwood Chapter of the Harley Owners Group.

The chapter has 350 members in Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire and Derbyshire and is sponsored by the Robin Hood Harley-Davidson dealership in Beeston.

Enthusiasts came from as far afield as Perth in Scotland, Norfolk and Bournemouth to meet other bikers and join a ride-out to Lincoln on Saturday morning.

More than 130 riders took part and attracted a lot of attention when they displayed their bikes on Brayford Waterfront in the city centre.

Back at Ancaster visitors enjoyed a bike show and barbecue followed by a huge firework display over the lake.

Deep down, I'm born to be wild!

DRIVING into Woodland Waters in my distinctly "girly" car on Saturday morning, I couldn't have felt more out of place.

I was surrounded by scary-looking men and women, dressed in leathers, huge biker boots and skull-patterned scarves, all busy preparing their chrome-covered bikes for the journey to Lincoln.

Fortunately, the Harley owners proved looks can be deceptive. After a few introductions everyone was welcoming and seemed genuinely pleased someone was taking an interest in something that is more like a way of life than a hobby for many of them.

Harley-Davidson must be one of the most recognised brands in the world and I wanted to find out why so many people fall in love with the bikes and the lifestyle that comes with it. As Dave Sanders said: "It sounds twee but if I have to explain you wouldn't understand."

My thoughts (and my family's) were filled with visions of high-speed crashes, but it became clear that the chapter puts safety first.

Director of the Sherwood Chapter Dave Sanders invited Journal reporter JO HALL to enjoy the Harley-Davidson experience by joining their ride-out on Saturday.

Dave fitted my crash helmet and I was introduced to my chauffeur – assistant chapter director Pete Clifford, who bought his first Harley for his 40th birthday.

Pete's bike is impressive, a Harley Softail Classic. Setting off on the ride was a nerve-racking experience. But riding out with 130 other bikers is a good way to have your first Harley experience and fear soon turned to excitement.

We attracted a lot of attention. As a group, they look intimidating, but everyone I spoke to stressed they mustn't be confused with Hell's Angels. Dave summed it up when he said: "It's the freedom of the open road and the camaraderie among the riders."

It was an unforgettable experience and gave me a new respect for bikers when I'm on the road. Maybe I'll be one of them one day!



Pete Clifford takes Journal reporter Jo Hall for a spin on his Harley-Davidson Softail Classic.
Photo: 5174K51

SEE OUR VIDEO ABOUT THE HARLEY RIDE AT WWW.GRANTHAMJOURNAL.CO.UK

Figure 10.16 Jo describes her experience!

Riding the Dream in Portugal

A Ride-out with the Algarve Chapter to Reguengos de Monsaraz (a town in mid Alentejo – one of the wine producing areas in Portugal)

On a visit to the Algarve HD shop I was put in touch with Mark Stephens (an English guy who has been here in the Algarve for 25 years) who is the Director of the Algarve Chapter. I explained that I was a HOG member & a member of the infamous Sherwood Chapter. The term “Little John” or “Pouco Juan” seemed to amuse him (and later half of the Algarve Chapter) who were obviously well aware of the “Prince of Thieves” legend, and the John Little association. (Not sure what is funny about it but hey I don’t mind the derisory laughter). I wondered if the term John or Juan had any toilet humour connotations as in for example “Little Dick?” It seems that “English” humour does not translate well into the Portuguese language as they tend to change their words around, for instance, where we would say: “Thought I saw your name on a loaf of bread yesterday - but when I looked closer it said Thick Cut”. The Portuguese would say something like: “I - closer looked – said it - Cut Thick” – the joke just does not work does it! I know, I know I hear half of you saying I don’t get that joke!!



He (back to Mark – pay attention now) said it would be a pleasure to have me ride with them and told me that the Chapter is only 50 strong but they are an exceptional group of friendly, fun loving “hoggies” (not heard that one before – not sure I want to hear it again) hailing from Portugal, Holland, Germany and of course UK. They ride out at least once a month and have a number of other ad hoc get “together’s” through the year.

Their next ride-out was to “Reguengos de Monsaraz” which is a town situated roughly in the middle of the Alentejo region of Portugal (on the map find Lisbon & go due East) – which is a fantastic wine producing area in Portugal. This entailed an overnight stay, a double room in the 4 star Hotel Provincia was duly booked for us and we received an email detailing where & when to meet early on that Saturday morning. The big day dawned bright and sunny with the hint of a breeze that is refreshing as the temperatures climb towards 24 to 25 degrees centigrade at midday! We seem to have had an exceptional run of warm weather this autumn, although the nights are cooler and at least you can sleep.



We arrived in Loule Services on the A22 Motorway just west of Faro ahead of everyone, that small nagging doubt in the back of our minds that we were in the wrong place was soon dispelled as the other Harleys started to arrive. We noticed that although the majority of people were Portuguese there were people from England

like ourselves, guys from Germany and even two guys from the “Rotterdam” Chapter. The majority of the chapter all wore their HOG & Algarve Chapter patches on their riding jackets although a few did wear the standard leather waistcoat.

A quick café duplo (large espresso coffee) to get the heart racing and after being briefed by Mark on the route and the riding discipline (staggered formation with no drop offs) we were off, around 20 Harley’s heading east on the A22 motorway. A short ride of around 15Km saw us turning north on to the main A2 motorway which is a toll road, but worth every cent as the tarmac is as smooth as a baby’s bottom!

Onwards up the wide open road in surprising precision staggered formation cruising at 120 to 130 Km per hour, with few vehicles on the road, past Castro Verde gently climbing all the time into the Serra Malhao hills. Around 100Km

(60 miles) later we turned off heading in an easterly direction on to the A263, still climbing past a stunning manmade lake at Barragem do Roxo heading for Beja and a refuelling stop. By now it was too hot to wear leather trousers; off with the trusty chaps and so glad I decided to wear my denim jeans instead of my leather trousers. Leather jacket, open nearly to the waist, open face helmet and fingerless gloves was the order of the day and this is November remember!!



From Beja we were heading north again on the E802 and after another 40Km we stopped (thankfully – bladder ready to burst & my arse was getting numb) at a picturesque town with a great castle called Portel for coffee and toilets. It was hot in the sun and after a short break we headed north again on the E802, a tad slower this time with very few vehicles on the road. Turning east again towards Reguengos the landscape changing to vineyards as far as the eye could see, still little traffic and views that seemed to go on forever.

After a short ride of about 25km we arrived just after midday in the town of Reguengos de Monsaraz much to the amazement of the sleepy locals! We were soon booked in to our superb hotel – the 4 Star Hotel Provincia on the edge of town, but no time to waste we were booked into the “Central” restaurante on the other side of town for lunch at 1pm. A short ride across town (we could have walked it in ten minutes) a riotous lunch time ensued with a mountain of excellent food and lots of very drinkable wine – these guys know how to party! The Algarve Chapter flag was ceremoniously draped across the back wall of the restaurante – it did not even raise an eyebrow from the owner! After the meal, the obligatory photographs and the “craic” with the locals who were gathered in some numbers in the square to see us all off, we had an hour to kill before heading off for a guided tour of the local famous wine producer “Herdade do Esporão”. They produce high quality wine which I have to admit of never hearing of the likes of “Monte Velho”, Quatro Castas (matured for 6 months in American Oak barrels no less) & “Alicante Bouschet” (Apparently the nose is opulent and



the palate muscular and rustic????) I am told that wine connoisseurs will know what I'm talking about but all I know at the end of the tour the wine tasting went down VERY well! After a slow shaky basically drunken procession back to the hotel we had a few minutes to wash and change our shirts to board the free bus (paid for jointly by the local council and the restaurant – get one of those in England!) to the evening festivities at yet another wine producer's huge premises.

A great bonfire welcomed us to the estate and winery where roasting chestnuts and

"first press" wine (tasted like Atlas rocket fuel to me!) was liberally applied to our already well soaked clack valves. Another traditional Portuguese meal followed with some strange looking soup, I am sure something was still alive in the bottom of the cauldron (could have been something in that first press wine crawling round the rear of my eyeballs though), some really tasty spare ribs with strange potato like objects and one of the sweetest "puddings" I have ever had the misfortune to shovel down my neck when pissed! I will pay for this I kept saying to myself as midnight came and went, we all ended up round the bonfire (strange isn't it, the fascination with big F**k Off fires and drunken bikers) exchanging ever more outrageous tales of Harleys and women. Amazing really that some older "ladies" that should have been on a leash when you were sober suddenly become divas after several bottles of wine! (You can't say that John lad - it's sexist!) I am joking of course!! All very friendly, quite raucous at times with the ever present threat of the Algarve Chapter challenge of walking across the red hot ashes of the bonfire with no boots on! Hang on just a minute.....I'm not that pissed!

After being presented with two free bottles of wine from the owner of the estate, shepherded by something on a leash back onto our free transport, then a mentally ill bus driver took us on the wild ride back to the hotel in the early hours. After being told that breakfast was 8.00 until 11.00am (very generous) we all fell gratefully to our pits. I slept like the dead (I think it was more of a coma really) until 8.00am the next morning waking with not even the hint of a hangover! A quick shower and down for a delightful breakfast (yes, MORE food) in a very attractive part of the hotel with slate floors, vaulted ceilings and huge open fireplaces.

After a leisurely breakfast, quick check out of the Hotel and pile all the gear in the saddlebags and we are off heading towards the very attractive walled town of "Monsaraz" sitting high on a rocky outcrop some 20Km distant. A leisurely ride later on superb back roads with fabulous scenery we approached Monsaraz and climbed steeply up the cobbled approach road to the main car park and access gate to the town. Many photos later, loads of water (perhaps I am not as sober as I first thought) and an ice cream we all assembled in front of one of the town walls for a "Chapter" photo. Leaving this area was fun across some running water which made the slippery cobbles a bit like riding on an ice rink, and the usual happened down went one of the guys on his Road King! Five or six of the guys soon had it upright again, no injuries just a badly dented pride! Shirl told me later she

closed her eyes as we started down the slope, no bother though – first gear, don't touch the throttle or brakes and hey, walk in the park! Well reality was I had a little tightening of the old sphincter muscles but hey that is too much information! The next part of the ride-out was perhaps the most scenic, a 50Km ride on back roads through a flooded reservoir valley with great bridges spanning huge expanses of water. I can honestly say I never saw another vehicle apart from all the bikes for over an hour! Harley Heaven.

Turning west again we were headed back to Beja (our refuelling stop on the way up the day before) and guess what – lunch in really attractive restaurant with alcoholic drink flowing in surprisingly copious amounts. These Portuguese guys appear to be immune to the effects of red wine, probably in the blood since they were kids! I had the presence of mind to remember that we rode some 170Km to reach Beja yesterday from Loule services and I have got another 25 odd Km from there to get home – I make that about 115 miles home, not something I fancy with a skin-full of booze. So reluctantly I stuck to one beer, water & coffee and it paid off as we did not leave the restaurant until 4.30pm and although the majority of the fast ride home was motorway the temperature started to drop dramatically as daylight faded. A fuel stop in Olhao (pronounced OLL YOW) just as the sun set was a welcome stop after the 100 miles nonstop dash down the motorway, a short hop still on the motorway saw us safely home.

A fantastic weekend and I reckon I have made some great new acquaintances who made us (despite the language barrier) feel so welcome – proof if it were needed that owning a Harley and being a member of HOG gives you privileged access to an extended “family” that spans the globe.



John & Shirley

Figure 10.17 Riding with a Portuguese Chapter by Shirley and John Whitworth.

2007 - Reflections from a Chapter Member

July was a biking low and for the first time ever the fact that both my wife and I have a Harley was becoming a bit like hard work. Having cleaned the bikes (my job!) for about the 10th time in a month due to the foul weather, I really thought about putting the cover over the damn things and shutting the garage door until the following year.

Sat here at the tail end of the year (in my garden, in November, its 17 degrees Celsius!) it's turned out pretty well, in fact one of our best years. So I know it's selfish, but here are a few of highlights from one Chapter member in 07.

- May – off to France with Kev & Gill Taylor and 20 other Sherwood folk. Four days of great company, good roads, wine and food, food, food. Best Harley weekend ever for us!

- June and July – fellow Road Captain Roger Williams and I ran two ride outs to Yorkshire & Derbyshire respectively.

Yes, we got wet but by now we were experts in cloud watching and it could have been worse. Well attended too, despite the rain!



- Scotland – my 13 year old son Jack and I did a tour of our tartan homeland. Highs were the Isles of Mull and Iona, island ferry hops, brilliant quiet roads and big country scenery. Lows were our tent being dive bombed by seagulls at 3am in the morning on a crappy, very wet, east coast camp site and riding the next day with my jacket unzipped to try and dry out.

- Lincolnshire bike nights – they are all generally good, but the Lancaster start-up at East Kirkby airfield near Spilsby on a perfect (rare) June evening was pure 1940's nostalgia.

- Barton on Humber bike night – it attracts 8000 bikes every July and is well supported by American iron riders. This well organised, friendly event is the biggest and best bike night in Britain. Knock off work early and leave Nottingham at 5pm and you will be at the south end of the Humber Bridge by 6.30pm. Put it in your diary for next year to try at least once!

- Chapter rally ride out – YI man aka Jeff Bayne did a great job of leading this one and even organised a police escort who turned up with powerful marked BMW pursuit cars. As they were unsure of the route yours truly had the fun job riding in front of the lead police vehicle to show the way. A truly weird experience, being followed for 70 miles by a car with blue lights flashing and yes, I did want to make a run for it!

- September Yorkshire weekend – sorry folks, the numbers were limited to 20 and it booked up quickly. Many of those who went to France joined up again for a two-day trip around the Moors and Dales. After a day playing in the North Yorkshire Moors National Park, we stayed in the small market town of Kirkbymoorside near Pickering on the Saturday night. On the Sunday, a run of 6 weeks of dry weather came to an end as heavy rain edged into the Dales. We therefore stuck to a dry but windy east coast and were rewarded with a view of the QE 2 as it steamed north around the UK on one of its last voyages.

- Family rides – we had some great times out together. The roads around Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Norfolk and Derbyshire are easily accessed and up there with the best. We even stayed dry sometimes!

2008.....bring it on!

Steve Cranston

Figure 10.18 Road Captain Steve's thoughts on the years' riding.

Faaker See - Seemed like a good idea at the time – Steve Insley

You know how you keep saying "I'll do that one day"? Well I thought it's about time I did, so I did. What's he rambling on about I here you say, making the effort to go to Faaker See and the European bike week, that's what.

Well I got chatting with Pete and Sam, as you do, they made the trip last year, so they knew the craic. To my everlasting gratitude they invited Big Tony and myself to join them on the trip, they were booked into a hotel and we would be camping, no probs peeps. We



coordinated with the ferry booking, Hull to Zeebrugge, overnight, straight from the Sherwood rally, with the same on the return, I like horizontal sailing, easier on the innards!

Pete gave us details of a hotel in Ulm, Germany to book on the way down, that meant the Monday ride would be around 480 miles, WHAT!!!! he's got to be having a laugh, I thought, that's where the thinking stopped, because I said OK! What's that all about? Anyway, the vallium helped, hard tail or not I was going to do it!

With about three weeks to go, Pete phoned, someone had dropped out of the trip that were in the same hotel, would we like to take the room, that was easy, and it turned out to be just what we needed.

I checked the weather forecast on the BBC world weather, 74 – 81 degrees all week in Faak, and Sam said it had been hot and sunny last year, so I packed accordingly, BIG mistake!

Finally it was upon us, we were going to join tens of thousands of other likeminded people. We met BT at Ollerton roundabout at 2.30-ish and managed to dodge the showers up to Hull, the ferry crossing was good, but Belgium was wet, then Germany was wet, what's that all about? The long ride was good (did I say that ?), the evening meal in the " Jazz cafe" was interesting.

The next morning we set off, it didn't take long to get wet again, only 280 mile to go we thought, shouldn't be too bad. It got wetter, oh yes it did, and cold, very cold as crossed into Austria.

Now I can stand a bit of cold, I don't normally wear gloves for ridin etc. You get the picture, I was shshshiverin', we nicknamed the road to Faak as the " Highway to Hell " after the AC/DC song. So, as you can tell, a warm hotel room and hot shower was far more preferable than putting up a tent, at least we could warm up and dry out.

And what a great hotel, the Kanz, run by a nice geezer called Bernie and his able bodied staff, Heidi hi (in joke). The hotel was actually on the circuit the road makes around the lake, the aforementioned Faaker See is the body of water. This road is made one way at the weekend and people ride round and round just for the craic.

There's plenty to see and do, several "villages" to look round, all containing stalls with every kind of bike bits and clothing you can imagine, I purchased a warm, waterproof jacket and I was mighty glad I did, as it took several days for the weather to improve and the snow to melt from the mountains.

On the Friday we went for a ride up and down several mountain passes to briefly visit Slovenia and Italy, some sharp bends and crap road surfaces for the beast to negotiate, but we got there, including a 7.8 km tunnel.

That night we went the Arneitz village to watch a German Elvis impersonator, he was very good, BT thought so, he really let his hair down, the JD flowed, what a laugh.

Sam took the chapter flag, on Saturday, on the parade along with Ian, I think she enjoyed posing on the back of a big comfy screaming eagle glide in her bikini top. We met at the wasp bar for a couple of beers and watch the world go by, most of the world seemed to riding bikes, and most of the bikes seemed to Harleys, well it is a Harley sponsored event I suppose?

At the Harley village there was a very varied selection of food from across the globe, that that we sampled was excellent, we saw the Rocker C for the first time, it got mixed reactions. I bumped into some friends of mine from up north, he was complaining of being fined for speeding and having loud



pipes, what's that all about? What do the Ausi cops expect?

There were lots of great bikes and the usual collection of extraverts, a lot of Germans seemed to trailer their bikes?? and a large number of well preened Italians. Sunday's weather was the best yet, just as we were leaving, typical. We were joined by Ian and Sue and Kev and Mal, ex of rainy city, for the return journey, first stop, Munich and the beer Keller. Now the steins are unbreakable or so we thought, until Kev took the top off Ian's. Some of us had a pigs knuckle to eat, traditional apparently, very tasty. What a great atmosphere in a very ornately decorated hall, encouraged by the band, because whenever they started up, frequently, you had to shout Prost, bang your Steins together and have a drink, what fun.

The next day we rode up to Koblenz, arriving at the hotel just before the rain started, after a chill out we got a taxi with a friendly lady driver who took us to a pub where her sister worked for a lovely evening meal where we celebrated Pete's birthday with schnapps.

The final, easy, take your time, leg brought us back to Zeebrugge to reflect on a great and very varied trip, another 1800 or so miles since I left home, a sore bum (from the bike, before rumours start) and I think now that I've got it out of my system, you know, this touring Europe on a hard tail, still, had to be done, been there done that, what's next in the great tapestry of like, oh yeah, just starting my kitchen.

Go, it's worth the effort, smashing, lovely, great!

Ttfn – Steve

Figure 10.19 Faaker See report by Steve Insley.

When Christmas was just around the corner, the Christmas tree at Robin Hood Harley-Davidson was in desperate need of some decorations to give it some cheer. Step forward the merry men and women who work in the shop!

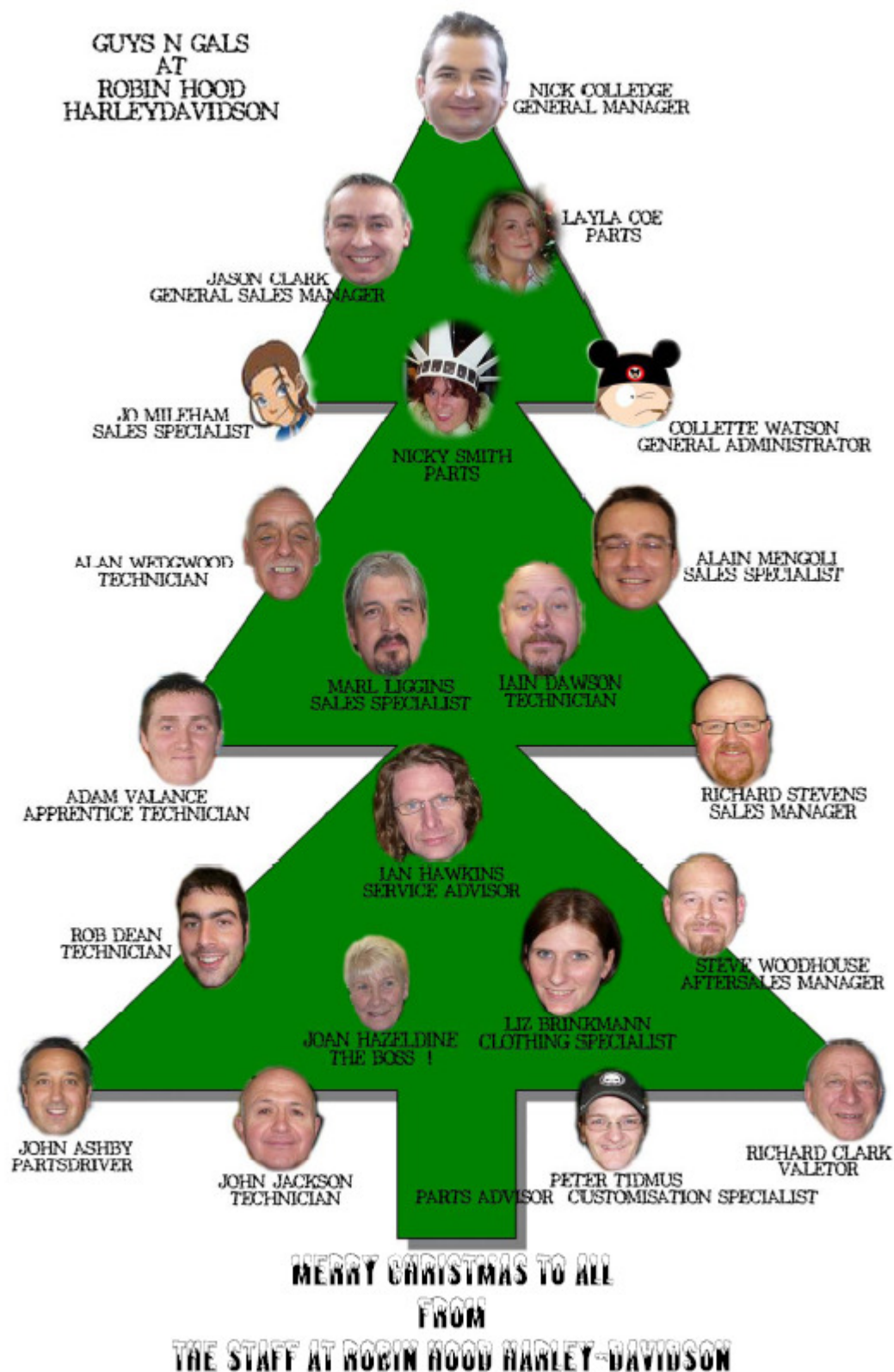


Figure 10.20 Merry Christmas from Robin Hood Harley Davidson, our sponsoring dealership.

Photographic Representation of Other 2007 Activities



Figure 10.21 Boule. (PA)



Figure 10.22 Clay pigeon shooting.



Figure 10.23 Ladies of Harley cream tea.



Figure 10.24 60s night.



Figure 10.25 LOH Nottingham Princess (JH)



Figure 10.26 Lincoln Area Christmas bash.