

# Chapter Eleven

2008

## Chapter Officers

Director	Pete Clifford
Assistant Director	Kev Taylor
Secretary	Sue Thomas
Treasurer	Pete Wright
Editor	Dai Gunter
Membership Secretary	Dave Thomas
Senior Road Captain	Darren James
Dealer Representative	Richard Stevens
Historian	Vincent Fellows
Administrator	Gillian Dutton
Photographer	Vincent Fellows
Webmaster	Dai Gunter
Ladies of Harley	Jane Confrey
Liaison Officer	Carole Wright
Area Representative (Lincolnshire)	Jeff Bayne
Area Representative (North Notts)	Glenn Page
Area Representative (South Notts/Leics)	Neil Rose
Area Representative (Derbyshire)	Ian Bennett
Road Captains	Jeff Bayne
	Ian Bennett
	Pete Clifford
	Steve Cranston
	Martyn Flear
	Dai Gunter
	Glenn Page
	Neil Rose
	Roger Williams
	Pete Wright
	Sam York
Road Marshals	Andy Fellows
	Vincent Fellows

## Membership for 2008 – 265

After several years of Chapter officer stability, this year saw quite a number of changes, both in personnel and positions. At the top, Pete Clifford moved from Assistant Director to Director, with Kev Taylor returning to fill the Assistant Director position. Sue Thomas took

over as Secretary, and Dave Thomas became the new Membership Secretary. In May Vince Fellows took on the positions of Photographer and Historian, the latter being filled for the first time since the year 2000. July saw a new Area Representative – Derbyshire position created and taken by Ian Bennett.

The team of Road Captains remained almost identical to last year, but as a way of 'generating and training' new Road Captains, the position of Road Marshal was created. Anyone interested would hold this position for a year so as to gain experience in assisting and then leading a ride-out.

The events programme was as big and as varied as ever. To begin with, there were three weekenders, in Belgium, South Wales and the Yorkshire Moors / Dales, and a European tour ending at Lake Garda in time for the European Rally. Next we have the 'regulars' – the Sherwood 9 Rally, Hoggin the Beaver V Rally, and the Hoggin the Bard II ride-out to Stratford-upon-Avon. Add a wide range of Sunday ride-outs to scenic and / or historical places, an increasing number of other social activities, plus the midweek area ride-outs and you have an idea of what was on offer. This year the regular Ladies of Harley Cream Tea ride-outs became known as the Men of Harley Cream Tea ride-outs. It sounds different, but the format was exactly the same, with all members invited!

The new Derbyshire area held its first meeting at the Denby Lodge, Denby Village on 22<sup>nd</sup> July. The other area meetings remained at the regular places: North Nottinghamshire at the Oak Tree Public House, Mansfield, South Nottinghamshire / Leicestershire at the Hog's Head, Awwsworth and Lincolnshire at The Centurion, North Hykeham. Chapter meetings continued at the Festival Inn, Trowell.



Figure 11.1 Members at the first Derbyshire Area meeting in July.

## Events Programme

Date	Event	Type	Destination
09/02/2008	Sherwood Post Christmas Party	Social	Nottingham
24/02/2008	Clay Pigeon Shooting	Activity	Bilsthorpe
16/03/2008	New Riders / Blow the Dust Off	Ride-out	Rutland Waters
24/03/2008	Hoggin the Bard II	Ride-out	Stratford-upon-Avon
06/04/2008	Bateman's Brewery	Ride-out	Wainfleet
12/04/2008	Men of Harley Cream Tea	Ride-out	Mystery
19/04/2008	Ostend WW1 Battlefields	Weekend	Belgium
07/05/2008	LOH - Ladies Only Ride	Ride-out	Mystery
11/05/2008	Thetford Forest	Ride-out	Thetford
18/05/2008	Beamish Open Air Museum	Ride-out	Beamish
23/05/2008	South Wales Camp	Weekend	Neath
08/06/2008	Legend of Robin Hood Poker Run	Ride-out	Derbyshire/Yorks/Notts
14/06/2008	LOH - Ladies Only Ride	Ride-out	Mystery
22/06/2008	Anderton Boat Lift	Ride-out	Anderton
29/06/2008	National Mining Museum	Ride-out	Wakefield
11/07/2008	Hoggin the Beaver V	Rally	Belvoir
19/07/2008	Men of Harley Cream Tea	Ride-out	Mystery
30/07/2008	International Scouts/Guides Camp	Ride-out	Lincolnshire Showground
02/08/2008	LOH - Ladies Only Ride	Ride-out	Mystery
03/08/2008	Swalesdale	Ride-out	Yorkshire
09/08/2008	Men of Harley Cream Tea	Ride-out	Mystery
09/08/2008	Summer Party	Social	Bolsover
29/08/2008	Sherwood 9 Rally	Rally	Ancaster
13/09/2008	Yorkshire Weekend Tour	Weekend	Yorkshire Moors & Dales
20/09/2008	European Tour	Tour / Rally	Lake Garda
19/10/2008	Pontcysyllte Aquaduct	Ride-out	Llangollen
30/10/2008	AGM (Festival Inn)	Meeting	Nottingham
01/11/2008	Mansfield Halloween Fancy Dress	Social	Mansfield
06/12/2008	Christmas Party	Social	Mansfield
16/12/2008	Christmas Party	Social	Derby
20/12/2008	Christmas Bash	Social	Lincoln
31/12/2008	Brass Balls	Ride-out	Mystery

This year was the 105<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Harley-Davidson and the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of HOG. To commemorate these dates, HOG UK organised a rally, held in July, at Butlins camp in Minehead. On 11<sup>th</sup> October, the first 'Ride to the Wall' (RTTW) was held at the National Memorial Arboretum near Burton-on-Trent. The ride was to commemorate all Armed Forces personnel who had lost their lives since 1948. Over 2,500 bikers took part, and the money raised, £10,500, was given to the Arboretum to help with the maintenance of the memorials and grounds. Nearly fifty Sherwood bikes attended.

Sadly, two members, Nolan Coyle and John Whitworth, passed away and will be greatly missed.

Besides the reports on weekender trips, rallies (in foreign parts and the UK) and lots of interesting ride-outs, this year also included a Chapter wedding.

This year's selection of reported activities includes:

- a. Copy of the Hoggin the Brewery Ride-out report by Dave Thomas, taken from the 0803 issue of the Q & Q.
- b. Copy of the Hoggin the Bard Ride-out report by Dai Gunter, taken from the 0803 issue of the Q & Q.
- c. Copy of the New Riders / Training Day report by Vince Fellows, taken from the 0804 issue of the Q & Q.
- d. Copy of the Ostend Battlefields and South Wales weekender reports by Dai Gunter, taken from the 0804 issue of the Q & Q.
- e. Copy of the Thetford Forest Ride-out and the Lincolnshire Bike Nights reports by Steve Cranston, taken from the 0804 and 0805 issues of the Q & Q.
- f. Copy of the Anderton Boat Lift Ride-out report by Steve Fox, taken from the 0805 issue of the Q & Q.
- g. Copy of the marriage photograph of Jane and Darren, taken from the 0803 issue of the Q & Q.
- h. Copy of the My First Time on a Harley by Dawn Page, taken from the 0807 issue of the Q & Q.
- i. Copy of the First Year in Sherwood Chapter report by Tanya and Stuart Morgan, taken from the 0808 issue of the Q & Q.
- j. Copy of two Hoggin the Beaver V Rally reports by Steve Insley / Jeff and Kath Bayne, taken from the 0805 issue of the Q & Q.
- k. Copy of 'The Rules of Bar Skittles' by Ann Clark, taken from the 0807 issue of the Q & Q.
- l. Copy of the South Yorkshire Dales Ride-out report by Vince Fellows, taken from the 0808 issue of the Q & Q.
- m. Copy of three Lake Garda Rally reports, by WingCo Dave (0809 issue) and a two part 'serial' from Teresa Taylor and Dai Gunter (0901 issue) of the Q & Q.
- n. Copies of the Poacher International Scout and Guide Camp reports by Janet Guest, taken from the 0807 issue of the Q & Q, and the Poacher's own newsletter.
- o. Copy of the obituaries to Nolan Coyle and John Whitworth, taken from the 0808 and 0809 issues of the Q & Q.
- p. Copy of the Sherwood 9 Rally report by Dai Gunter, taken from the 0808 issue of the Q & Q.
- q. Copy of 'The Brass Balls Run' report by Steve Thraves, from the 0901 Q & Q.



## Hoggin the Brewery

Although our Easter Monday ride-out has avoided the East Coast for a couple of years, Sherwood Chapter still feels the call of the mountains of East Lincolnshire. People with new bikes, like Sam's fabulous blue lightning machine and our new Heritage (new to us at least) probably felt that call most keenly. On the Sunday after we collected our bike from Robin Hood, we joined the assembled throng at the Friendly Farmer at Newark. After an obligatory coffee, Road Captain Sam York led the way down the A17, as we set off in glorious sunshine. This stayed with us for most of the day, defying the weather forecast of sleet or snow showers.

Andy and Vince Fellows joined us at Sleaford, bringing our numbers up to 8 bikes and 13 bodies. We had a great ride down through Boston and out towards the coast, with a left turn in the middle of Wainfleet into the Bateman's Brewery Visitor Centre. If you've been to the Bass Museum (or Coors Visitor Centre) in Burton, Bateman's is at the opposite end of the brewing spectrum. It is a small, family owned, independent brewery that makes only real ales. The staff were very friendly and welcoming, the brewery tour was excellent, the sample half-pint of XB was really good, the carvery-style lunch was outstanding and the whole visit was most enjoyable. To cap it all, Sue and I were greeted by some former neighbours from Nottingham who now live in Wainfleet and had gone to the brewery for their own Sunday lunch.

On some ride-outs, the ride back home can be a bit of an anti-climax, but Vince's local knowledge came to the fore as we rode back to Sleaford via some winding country lanes. Sue and I both thought that it was a great ride-out; partly because it was our first chapter trip on our Heritage, but also because the routes, the destination and the company of chapter members worked together to make me want to do this ride again.

Dave Thomas



Figure 11.2 Bateman's Brewery. (VF)



Figure 11.3 Group on arrival. (VF)



Figure 11.4 Start of the tour. (VF)

## Hoggin the Bard II

Up early, checking out the weather, looking good – blue skies, cool, dry, no frost, no snow..! I reversed the Harley out of the garage. Fifteen minutes later, Del and I were at the Friendly Farmer where there were about 15 other Harleys waiting. We picked up a similar number at Saxondale and we were heading for our next rendezvous. At Leicester Forrest East there were at least thirty Harleys, all tanked up and waiting patiently. Pete Clifford, Glenn Page and I had broken away from the pack to reach the services and get the group there ready to



Figure 11.5 Arrival at the Holiday Inn car park

join the main ride-out as they passed on the M1. Like clockwork, the two groups merged and the ride-out of 55 Harleys continued on to Draycote reservoir, the first (and only) stop en route to Stratford-upon-Avon. Coffee and teas were gratefully received as the blue skies had turned overcast and there was definitely the scent of snow in the air. As we left the reservoir, snow began to fall, albeit lightly. I guess the good

thing is that if the snow had been rain, then we would

have gotten wet. Minutes later it was dry again and the clouds, still heavy, ceased precipitation. We followed Darren through delightful roads that on a summer's day would have been fabulous, but this day, we just had to settle for great.

The number of Road Captains that turned up was few, so those of us who were marshalling the ride-out had a bit of work to do. We managed to keep the ride-out pretty much intact (well we didn't lose anybody), and we all rode into the Holiday Inn car park in Stratford as one group.

The stroll through Will Shakespeare's hometown was rather pleasant, and as we headed for the secret Cornish pasty shop, we saw the Great Western Chapter arrive and a few other stragglers from Ill Rivers too. We spent a little time in a pub (drinking coffee) and sheltering from the storm – there



Figure 11.6 Will Shakespeare's birthplace



was a slight flurry of snow, and then we decided to head back to the bikes as we had agreed to saddle up by 3pm. Along the way we bumped into brothers & sisters from Ill Rivers and Great Western Chapters. After a bit of a chin-wag it was time to get back on the bikes and head home. The ride home was excellent. Darren had chosen the old Fosse Way (that's an olde Romano via (old Roman road– impressed?). We had bright sunshine all the way back, we couldn't have asked for more. After a short stop at a services area, a group of us headed off to Hooters for some snap – all you can eat chicken wings for £6.99. I finally arrive home around 8:30pm finding that Lincoln had seen some snow.

A great day out, followed by an hour or so of washing down the Harley. Over 100 Harleys found their way to Stratford, and in addition to the Great Western, Ill Rivers & Sherwood Chapters, there were also back patches from Rutland, Nene Valley, Peak Riders & Aire Valley. Fantastic, this event is definitely going to be a national attraction very quickly. For those of you who didn't turn up – why not? Riding... it's what you bought the Harley for right?

Dai

Figure 11.7 Hoggin the Bard II report.

### **Our first year in the Sherwood Chapter**

Well our journey started about 2.5 years ago. Stuart had been drooling over Harleys for years so as a surprise I booked a day riding a Harley around a Caribbean island. We picked up our shiny heritage Softail and off we went around the beautiful island of St. Maarten. I was determined that he wouldn't like it and get them out of his system. Was I wrong! Not only did he love them but I fell in love with the Softail as well. We agreed that if ever we could afford it we would get a Softail. In the meantime we bought all the t-shirts and started to feel a bit of a fraud. Harley gear but no bike. Months later walking round a DIY shop in my Harley t-shirt a complete stranger stopped me and asked if I had a Harley. I said no but my husband and I would really like one. The stranger said well if you ever get one you must join the Sherwood chapter 'it will change your life' he said. 'Especially if you like camping'. Well that was a downer, I've done my time camping. Anyway fortune shone on us and we were able to buy a Softail in Sept '07 we joined the local chapter. Thanks to Wingco, Carol and Keith, Ivan and Lesley, Alan and Jane and Paul Allen and many others we were made to feel very welcome. Then along came the Sherwood rally. We asked people what it would be like and all we got was 'Oh dear rally virgins, hope you can swim!' 'Hope you know how to cook breakfast as all rally virgins have to cook the breakfast'. So with some nervousness we booked a cabin ('cos I don't like camping) and we went to the rally staying as far away from the lake as possible. On the Saturday night Stuart dressed up as a monk and turned into a different person. He even got up and danced. He never dances. What's more worrying is not only did he like wearing his outfit he seemed to also attract men in skirts! You know who you are! Anyway we survived the rally, had a great time and avoided getting dunked in the lake. Being brave as we are we decided to go to the Heart and Soul Rally. There we are Friday night just the two of us stood there not knowing a soul when we got a tap on the shoulder and a voice said 'hi I am from the Sherwood chapter as well.' We had never met the person before but was quickly introduced to Jeff Y I Man from Lincoln. Then a familiar face appeared and it was Paul Allen. Thanks to the friendliness of the Sherwood chapter we have had a great couple of rallies and a great year. Not only have we now also bought a tent ready for next year we are also looking forward to Route 66. So a big thank you for making us feel so welcome.

*Tanya and Stuart Morgan*

Figure 11.8 What it was like joining Sherwood Chapter.

## New Riders Training Session and Ride-Out

On a nice warm Saturday (31st May), Sherwood Chapter organized a training day for anyone new to riding a Harley Davidson in order to show and explain how to ride safely in a large group, the 'Second Man Drop-off' and the 'Buddy' system. At 1200hrs there were approximately 20 newcomers at the Robin Hood shop, all intent on learning how to get the maximum enjoyment out of riding their new Harley-Davidson.

Together with 10 plus regulars, it made a good crowd to witness the presentation made by Director Pete to Nick Colledge, the shop general manager, on his departure to pastures new, (actually working for Harley- Davidson itself!!)



Figure 11.9 Presentation on Nick's departure.

Pete then explained the plan for the day. We were to ride down to the embankment in Nottingham where it was wide and quiet enough to safely set out some bikes in the stagger formation, explain the way we do things on a ride-out and answer any questions. We would then take a ride-out to Tur Langton for refreshments at the Crown Inn. During the ride back, the official part of the ride-out would terminate once we reached the A46. As engines fired into life, the regulars arranged themselves at the front, behind Pete, to act as drop-offs for the journey to the embankment. By making use of drop-offs on entering and leaving junctions and islands, we all managed to arrive at the embankment together. Pete and Dai gave explanations of the riding formation, 'two second rule' and the need to think about safety at all times. The stationary formation was viewed and the respective roles of the lead and tail riders were given, together with the second man drop-off and the buddy system for keeping the rider immediately behind in sight at all times.

It was then time to put the training into action. Regular riders were used to get the group out of Nottingham and then, once in the country, the new riders were given the chance to act as drop-off. We all enjoyed an excellent run down to, and through, Melton Mowbray and along the twisty B6047 to Tur Langton. The Crown is a typical country pub with a nice area to sit out the back. The only disappointment was the time it took to be served – over 30 minutes for those unfortunate to be at the back of the line!

As a regular I thoroughly enjoyed the day and, by talking to several of the newer riders, it would appear that the experience had been much appreciated and enjoyed by them also! Well done to those who had organized and carried out the training, and congratulations to the new riders for joining us on the day. We hope to see you all again very soon.

Vince



Figure 11.10 Training session.



## Four Countries, One Weekend – Oostende, Belgium

Ian Bennett's weekend trip to Belgium started early - with a 7:30am Saturday morning meeting on the M1 it meant an early rise for everyone. 26 Harleys (34 Chapter members) rode into Folkestone for the Chunnel, a little later and we were in Calais and headed for the Belgian port of Ostend. The Bero Hotel was pleasant with friendly staff and secure parking for the bike. The beer was good too! We sampled the beer and then some more before searching out the local Irish bar where a bunch of us sampled the food as well as the beer.

Sunday ride-out was to Sluis, Holland where we basked in the sunshine sipping coffee and nibbling apple pie (with cream). On the way back to Ostend, we stopped off at Bruges where we parked the bikes in the main square and then strolled around the historic town. I sweet-talked a tourist into taking a picture of the gang on the steps of... well I'm not sure what the building is but it looked really important. Later that evening we rode to the Menin Gate at Ypres where we watched buglers play the 'Last Post' in honour of our fallen soldiers lost during the First World War.

Monday was a sombre day with visits to Ypres and several war cemeteries. Ypres was demolished several times during WW1 and it is amazing to look at the fabulous buildings today and imagine the rubble they once were.

On the Monday, we visited a museum on Hill 61 where there were remnants of trenches and bullet & shell ridden trees along with other memorabilia from the era. The cemetery visits were memorable but one stood out in particular –

Tyne Cot Cemetery where more than 10,000 fallen heroes are buried. The sun shone on us as we walk slowly and quietly through the cemetery. Most of the dead were younger than 20yrs old and it was hard to believe that people can create so much carnage over what today seems like a trivial patch of ground, but strategically, it was a critical phase in an effort to stop the German war machine reaching the coast of France and Belgium.

Monday night we split into various groups to eat at various places and then met at the Spanish Bar (which was an English Bar and run by Belgian swingers... I'll not get into that one). Anyway, those that managed to stay awake were there and we all had a great time.

Tuesday was ride home day. Motoring on the Belgian and French equivalent to the M1, we battled with one or two ignorant drivers behind the wheels of a BMW and a Citroen who thought they owned the roads. We had the Chunnel crossing almost all to ourselves and the ride north was in glorious sun, a fitting way to end a great weekend.

Dai

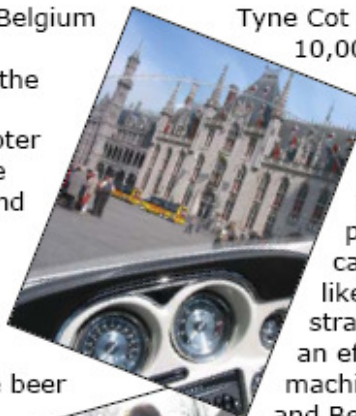


Figure 11.11 Report on the Ostend weekend.





Figure 11.11 Collage of photographs from Ostend.

## Anderton Boat Lift Ride-Out

The time – 0830, the place – Pegg’s car park, Mansfield, Woodhouse, weather – wonderful, warm, and sunny – everything anyone could ask for when travelling with Ian Bennett on one of his Sunday jaunt’s around the country!



Figure 11.12 Anderton Boat Lift group. (VF)

Dick, Gill, Alan ‘Leapy’ Lee, Wilson, and myself, met up for an interesting day out with the intention being a nice steady 180 mile cruise into wildest Cheshire to see a structure which had stood since Victorian Times – in all weathers – only being closed when, in the early 70’s it threatened to fall down. (remember that last bit –it’s important!)

Setting off for Tesco’s at Heanor – Mansfield was quiet, and having ridden several times with Ian on previous occasions – wondered exactly where we would end up – and, more importantly – how would we get there!!

9.30 – Tesco’s and having fuelled up and gotten Glen his Piriton (that’s anti-histamine tablets for hay fever folks) – about 20 machines headed out into what should have been a nice steady ride – no problems etc. Trouble was – Mother Nature was having none of it!!

As we headed into the hills just after Belper, a slight breeze (which was going to finish up as a small Hurricane, was starting to make the journey with us.) We all battled on towards the fleshpots of Ashbourne at a steady 50mph forwards and 20 mph sideways – being mindful of the local rozzers habit of using unmarked vehicles to provide us all with memento’s of the occasion. Through Ashbourne and out into the sticks – I was hoping we would head for Oakamoor and a day at Alton Towers, but this wasn’t to be the case – and bang on schedule (well to within 20 minutes!) we all arrived somewhat windswept at the Churnet Valley railway – where various refreshments were taken with relish – and the smokers amongst us managed to calm our nerves!

Just as we left – I noticed that the bikes were indeed causing a bit of a stir amongst the day visitors – upsetting the local MG Owners Club who had turned up to show off their prides and joy – deep and terrible shame that one – hey ho.

1130 – Benno got us rolling again – sadly by now Plod had closed the road in front of us – so we all had to turn round – now I remember what the Instructor meant – feet off the floor – plenty of revs – he never mentioned the wind!!!!!!!!!!!!

Safely round – we set off through the open countryside towards the Boat lift – it seemed to take hours – mainly due to the extra few miles we had had to negotiate due to Her Majesties Finest – but – once Jodrell Bank appeared in the distance – I knew we were getting close.



Arriving at the Boat lift – we had about an hour - Those of us who had arranged to ride up and down on it were a bit disappointed because due to the wind – it had closed!!! – 2 World Wars, Rust, 120 yrs of almost continual use – and this wonder of engineering is shut by nothing more than a stiff breeze – oh well c'est la vie.

Because of this – and some rather ominous black cloud formations – we all pulled away a bit earlier than planned – having described to numerous visitors – the joys of riding in decent weather – and the pitfalls of riding under what was quickly gathering above us!!!

Still, we set off and managed to block up the local petrol station whilst we did our bit for the oil companies profit. – By now the weather was turning a bit chilly – and what with the wind – it was

beginning to be a bit of a drag – we could see the hills as we headed back to Derbyshire seemingly miles away – and they never seemed to get any closer – such fun riding through debris from trees and such –

Just as we got into Congleton – the rain started – like an idiot – I had no waterproofs – and so was REALLY looking forwards to the remaining 50 or so miles home with a dripping crotch – however – help was at hand – it just started to get boring when – joy of joys – the ice cream farm (it was June remember!!!) appeared in the distance – so we all scuttled in to partake of tea / coffee and the braver souls – ice cream (brrr).

An hour or so there whilst the weather improved and we warmed through – life seemed a bit better – so we all agreed to stay together until Buxton – then head off on our respective routes.

A fabulous if not windy day out – and everyone enjoyed it immensely - only hampered by the lousy weather – however – this is England in June – so we should be used to it.

Big thanks to Ian for arranging and leading it – Pete and Carole for making sure no one got left behind and for all of those of us who were between them – hopefully next time it'll be warmer

Rode Safe and had Fun!!!

Steve Fox



Figure 11.13 The Anderton Boat Lift - CLOSED! (VF)

Figure 11.14 Anderton Boat Lift report.



## NOLAN 'NOGGIN' COYLE

Nolan Coyle, a founder member of Sherwood Chapter, sadly passed away earlier this month.

Nolan's funeral took place at Gilrose Crematorium, Leicester on 15<sup>th</sup> October.

Our sympathies go out to Nolan's family.



## South Yorkshire Dales Ride-Out August 2008

This was another early rise because the M1 Tibshelf Services northbound was the starting point. Yvonne and I left home at 0730 hrs in order to meet Jackie and Will at the Friendly Farmer. Peter (B) was due to meet us there but then rang to say he was going directly to Tibshelf. Mollie and Ed were also a possible arrival but this did not happen. As we prepared to leave, Del and Dai passed and pulled in, so making a trio of bikes. On arrival at the Mansfield by-pass we filled up at the Shell garage opposite the Sherwood pub and left with 15 minutes to get to Tibshelf. On a Sunday morning with very little traffic that should have been no problem. However, we had not counted on every traffic light being on red, and there was a hell of a lot of them! Consequently, we arrived at Tibshelf five minutes late, and after a steady cruise round the car parks it was obvious that they had gone!

“Catch them at the second pick-up (next services)” said Will, so the chase was on. As we rode along the M1 (at the speed limit of course) I was thinking about the information Ian had put on the website. I remembered that it said the second pick-up was a ‘roll through’ with anyone simply joining on as



Figure 11.15 Group at the highest pub in the UK - Tan Hill. (VF)

they rode through the Service area. Not much chance of making any time there then! As expected, no one was there when we arrived, so off we went again, heading north. We were up past Wakefield when I noticed Dai charging up. “Have you got a map?” he asked at speed. I always carry an A5 size map in the pannier so I pulled off at the next exit so that we could sort something out. I could remember that the first stop was at Ilkley and then along the Wharfedale valley for Bolton Abbey and Hawes, but after that it was the highest pub in GB for lunch and nothing else! Fortunately, Ilkley was on my small map so we could look for a route. As we needed to pass the Leeds Bradford airport, Dai’s idea was to follow those signs to get round Leeds and then pick up the A65 for Ilkley. This we did successfully, stopping at the first petrol station in Ilkley. On leaving, we were passing through Ilkley when an eagle-eyed Del spotted some Harleys in Booth’s car park. A quick turn around, and once inside the car park, we could recognise that the bikes belonged to Sherwood riders. We had caught them!!

After a quick cup of coffee we were off again, but now in the middle of ten other bikes. Time to relax – not! As usual, Ian’s route was up and down and round and round. The scenery was beautiful, at least what I could see of it as my eyes were kept mainly on the road! Bananaman reckoned that his back wheel slid on one of the many cattle grids we passed over, but I think he had been careless and let a banana skin fall. Just before reaching Tan Hill Inn, the highest pub in Great Britain, we had to negotiate two of the sharpest and most inclined bends I’ve seen for a long time.



**Figure 11.16 Meal time at the Tan Hill pub. (VF)**

On the way down were a large group of Aire Valley Chapter riders who had been held by Dai in order that we could get up first. Many of them and a few of us made it Pimms o'clock; but they declined (TV advert 1).

Tan Hill is a bit bleak but they do have good widow frames and doors (TV advert 2). Inside the pub is as you would expect, but when you walk through to the back there is a large barn type room giving

plenty of space for a group of riders. A nice lunch and a drink refreshed everyone

enough to line up for the obligatory 'team photo'. A friendly biker offered to take the shot so that I could get on one for a change. Cheers mate. That is, until I checked it. Nice picture of his helmet on the floor, but not of us. Check the group photograph and you will see who is missing (as usual).

Once off the 'top', the weather became quite warm, so when we pulled in for petrol at Marsham, most of us took the opportunity to remove a few clothes, (but not as many as some did at the Beaver!) On leaving the garage I was behind Peter (B). After a while there appeared to be something odd about his bike but I couldn't put my finger on it. A little time after and a tap on the shoulder from Yvonne with "There's no number plate on that bike in front" solved my problem. It must have come off on the ride from the inn to the garage because photographic evidence proved that it was still on at the inn car park! Peter is having no luck at the moment (remember Cadwell Park). The last section riding together was on to Ripon, then the A1M, leaving at exit 42 to get to the Squires Biker Cafe. This was the end point of the ride although anyone who wished to could follow Ian back to Tibshelf Services. So, after the usual farewells, individuals or small groups left to make their own way home. The three original bikes at the Friendly Farmer started together and finished together, riding down the A1 before turning towards Lincoln on the A57.

It had been an excellent day out, having everything from a chase, to good company, brilliant scenery and weather that got better as the day progressed. An unlucky number for some, but the 'Baker's Dozen' of bikes on this ride-out were the lucky ones (that's 13 for anyone who does not know Mr Baker). Thank you to everyone, especially Ian for another spectacular ride.

Vince Fellows

**Figure 11.17 Report on the ride to the highest pub in Great Britain.**



## Congratulations Darren & Jane

Congratulations to Darren James & Jane Confrey. Darren & Jane tied the knot on the 14th March at Newark Register Office and a medieval banquet followed at Tales of Robin Hood in Nottingham.

**Figure 11.18 Marriage of Jane and Darren.**

## Thetford Ride-Out



**Figure 11.19 Group in Thetford Forest (VF)**

On 11th May, warm, sunny weather brought a good turnout of 25 bikes from throughout the Chapter area to Thetford Forest in Norfolk. Leaving from the Friendly Farmer at Newark, this was a 'just right' 220 miler taking in Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, Norfolk plus a front wheel into Suffolk.

There are plenty of quiet twisting cambered roads through Norfolk, with water filled dykes a few feet away to keep the concentration. Thetford Forest – worth taking a detour for and the excellent Farm Café stop on the A17 near Gedney not for the first time proved great value with the added bonus of lightening quick service.

It could be said that this part of the UK lacks some of visual impact of say the Peak District or the Dales, however at one stage we rode for 20 miles on a smooth, meandering A class road without seeing another vehicle ahead of us. Add good riding standards from all participants, this friendly bunch of Sherwood members helped make it a great day out.

Steve Cranston & Roger Williams

**Figure 11.20 Report of the Thetford ride-out.**





## POACHER 2008 International Scout and Guide Camp 30<sup>th</sup> July 2008



I just wanted to say a big thank you to all those who turned out on a beautiful night to the Lincoln Area meeting on Weds 30<sup>th</sup> July 2008. I had asked Jeff and Pete if it could be arranged to ride out to the Lincolnshire Showground that evening as I am one of the Activity Managers for Poacher 2008 International Scout and Guide Camp. The camp had 3500 scouts and guides camping for a week along with roughly the same number of



leaders. We have a team helping to arrange this and it has taken over 3 years in planning.

Judging on the reaction of children and people when the Chapter rides through towns and villages I thought if we rode through the camp site the Scouts and Guides

would love it. To add to the excitement there were only 4 other people on site who knew it was being arranged. Gate security had been warned a few minutes before we arrived so to say I was nervous about the arrangements would be an understatement. However, all went well and the first person to greet us was my eldest daughter, Charlotte. She started the biggest round of high fives I had ever done as children



lined the roadway to greet us through.



As we rode round the site children and adults alike greeted us with smiles, waves and took lots of photographs. Some I think even recorded the sound of the bikes as they rode

along, keeping to the 10mph speed limit of course. After riding through 7 sub camps we made our way to the disco where even more children came out to have a look at what was happening. Security looked after the bikes while we went for a well earned drink in the Junior Staff Bar. Before leaving everyone got a scout pin which I hope they will wear with pride.



On the way out, again through the sub camps, kids smiled and clapped

as we rode out. What a success that was and once again I have to thank all those that attended on 16 bikes. Kev and Gill Taylor even made it into the Poacher newspaper. Here's the link if you want to take a look [http://www.poacher.org.uk/news\\_files/poacher\\_dailyplanet\\_friday.pdf](http://www.poacher.org.uk/news_files/poacher_dailyplanet_friday.pdf)

Janet Guest



Figure 11.21 The Sherwood report on meeting the Poacher.

Now read what appeared in the guides and scouts own newsletter.

# Thunder on the Roads of Poacher

On Wednesday night you may have heard the thunder of the Sherwood Chapter motor biking group riding through Poacher. The bikes or “Hogs”, as they like to call them, which the Sherwood Chapter ride, are all Harley Davidson bikes. The group have over 300 members in the UK and over one million worldwide. The group were invited to Poacher by one of their female Hog riders Janet, who also happens to be one of the Activity Team Leaders here at Poacher. The group travel all around the world including Europe and also locally around Lincoln and Nottingham. Next year they plan to travel to the USA in particular to drive down the Hog Riders dream road, Route 66 from Chicago to Los Angeles. One of the riders said “The reason I love to ride is the lifestyle that comes along with the bike. To look back at all the places I’ve adventured to and the amount of friends that I’ve met truly shares many values that are in Scouting and Guiding.”



Figure 11.22 This article is from the Lincolnshire Poacher Guides and Scouts own newsletter.

## My First Time on a Harley.



As I am confined to a wheelchair I thought it would not be possible to experience the joy of riding on a Harley, but Darren had a cunning plan. After a few practices lifting Janet (Dex's sister) on and off Darren's bike it looked possible that I might be able (with the help of Glenn and some velcro) ride on a bike again. Darren suggested a quiet rendezvous at my house on Saturday for a test ride. I was feeling

very nervous, but excited - even more so when another 11 of my extended “Sherwood family” arrived for the occasion! Once I was seated on the bike Paul suggested that 60 yards of Velcro around me, Darren and the bike would do the job but in the end we only needed to secure my feet to the bike. Helmets on, Radio 1 blasting out and we were off on a fantastic warm and sunny ride-out to the American Diner on the A1. My initial nerves soon disappeared after the first few bends (I was still on the bike) and I had an absolutely great time. I can’t thank Darren enough for making this possible and Glenn for providing backup in the car. Thanks also to everyone who came along and made the day even better.

Special thanks to Darren

**Dawn**



Figure 11.23 A brave lady gets the Chapter support!



## Hoggin' The Beaver V

Well what can you say about Hoggin the Beaver that's not already been said? Did we have a great time or what? No no no no no yes!

Having scrutinised the weather forecast, we ( Chloe my daughter, and myself ) decided to make the short journey in the morning - good plan, we arrived, erected the accommodation, had a bite to eat and a 'Bow (Strongbow) or two, then the heavens opened so we took shelter and rode out the storm, (good time for a snooze).

We thought the disco and the bands were great, did I line-dance?

The raffle and auction went really well and sharing the castle with a triathlon was cool.

Handing over the cheque for £3,000 to the air ambulance makes all that drunken revelry all worth while.

By the way, I hope you're feeling better Dave after "performing" on and off his bike.

Sam and Chloe made their presence known to a few people at around 5 o'clock Sunday morning, I had my tent raided and one or two others must have thought there was an earthquake with vans shaking and girls screaming, what a pair!

The ride-out to the Crown pub at Tur Langton was one of the highlights with a really good band and BBQ.

Beasty has started something that seems to be growing, yes I'm talking about the naked ride past, with some very brave boys and girls taking part, I must have missed the draw to be Sam's pillion, bugger!

Cracking weekend, well done Pete and Sam, here's to next years, tallyho!

It was a great weekend all round.

Steve Insley



Hi Dai,

Could you please add a massive thank you to Pete, Sam and all those who helped them with Hoggin' the Beaver 5. Another fantastic weekend with great bands especially the Groundhogs, beer and friends (not necessarily in that order).

It was good to see some female flesh for a change on the naked ride past (thanks to the three girls). A very good and humorous show was put on by one of the Robin Hood staff as well!!

Jeff and Kath



Figure 11.24 Two reports on Hoggin the Beaver V.

## **Lincolnshire Bike Nights**

The fortnightly visits to the rather fine Wednesday night bike nights from the Lincoln get turnout of 8 to 12 Chapter bikes with a number of new members joining us for the first time.

A couple of highlights to report: The first was in June to see and hear the Lancaster start up at East Kirkby Aviation Centre near Spilsby – the Merlin is the only engine that sounds better than a Harley – but they do need four of them to achieve that. Several hundred Harleys, custom and classic bikes that started up afterwards were still not as loud as one Lanc. Hmmm I'm really looking forward to going back there sometime...



The second memorable night was a track ride at Cadwell Park in late July where I'm sure I saw the likes of YI man, Will Field, Vince and Andy Fellows scrape pegs, panniers and elbows with other Harleys and classic bikes. Not quite anyway, more of an instructor lead steady pace, but an enthralling few laps around the track on a perfect summer night. I did hang back from my group and gave it the berries a bit down the straight. While doing that, clouds of smoke appeared in my wing mirrors and I looked around with relief to see that it was not from my bike, but a Kawasaki 500 triple coming up behind me. This 19mpg, hooligan, 1970's two stroke, wailed like a banshee and promptly took an interesting line around

the next bend as its rubber bendy frame came into its own. It felt exciting, but I don't think either bike exceeded 60mph for more than a brief moment.

The next best thing about the bike nights is the crack you get between apparent strangers. One chap on an MZ said he knew I rode a Harley because of the number of flies that had crashed into the back of my helmet. Jeez, I know I'm steady, but to hear that from an MZ rider!

Steve Cranston



Figure 11.25 Steve's thoughts on the best two Lincolnshire Bike Nights of the year.

## **The Magnificent Seven Ride Again...**

### **...Wales Weekender**

Seven hardy Harleys turned up on a bright but overcast Friday for the long ride down to Wales. Twiggy (and future son-in-law, Johnny), Vince, Andy, Eric, Terry, Pete & myself (Del decided to drive down after we had some problems fitting our throw-over bags to the bike). Warm enough, I trusted in the weather to keep my jeans dry for all of the 230 miles... I was not disappointed, it rained only





twice en route. The first shower at Birmingham soaked us, but the warm sunshine dried us out by the time we reach Strencham services. After a coffee and fuel, and Welsh visas at the ready, we passed the Welsh border, only to be welcomed by another shower. We had to stop to top up the peanut tank on Andy's Sporty, so we sheltered for a while. Forty five minutes later, we braved the rain and headed west for the Heads-of-the-Valleys road. A little damp, the coast looked a little brighter and as we arrived at the campsite, it was dry again. Steve & Tina, our hosts at the campsite, welcomed us with a cup of coffee and then showed us to the field where we pitched our abodes. By the time we set up camp, it was time for a beer, so down the road we strolled to the local pub. Twiggy struck a deal with the landlord for his Harveys Bristol Cream Sherry and the rest of us gulped down the Brains (bitter) and lager. Thirst quenched, we headed for the chippy and filled our bellies after some crack with the chip-shop owner. Sherwood Chapter members now get a 2-for-1 deal at the chippy..!

Saturday was a scorcher, and we were joined by our old friend Andy "Chalkie" White and Great Western Chapter lads Paul Bromhead & Andy Peate. 10 Harleys rumbled to the Gower Peninsula headed by Chalkie. Our first stop was unscheduled as Andy Fellows had a



spot of bother with his jiffy stand sensor. With a little help from Twiggy, the Sporty was back on form again and we were back on the road. We stopped at Rhossili Bay where we took some sustenance and then made our way to the Mumbles where a cone full of Joe's ice-cream was more than welcome. Saturday night we had a BBQ at the campsite, joined by Steve & Tina and with a small contingent of South Africans joining the group, nice bit of cooking Pete..!

Sunday was windy and a bit damp, so a smaller group headed off to the Brecon Beacons via the Treochy and Rhondda Valley. We stopped at a small restaurant for some sugar for Terry (he needed his fix!) and then after filling bellies, we were riding down the sunny Swansea Valley back to the site. Sunday evening was a night out in Neath. We had a meal in the 'prestigious' Castle Hotel and then a few beers in the St Ives pub. We decided an early night was the preferred option and so we were back at the campsite before midnight as we were to strike the tents early to beat the impending heavy rain forecast for Monday morning. The ride home was memorable; a little wetness from the road as we rode over the Heads-of-the-Valleys once more, but the main hassle was from the wind – the lads without screens now have bigger muscles than Arnie Schwarzeneger.

Thanks to Steve & Tina for their hospitality and the lads who turned up to support the weekender.

Dai

Figure 11.26 The Welsh weekender report.





## John Whitworth

It was with disbelief I learnt that we had lost John on the morning of the 5<sup>th</sup> November in a road traffic accident on the M1. John and Shirley are well known and loved by many of us in the Harley fraternity, inside and outside the Sherwood Chapter.

Fortunately John and Shirley had spent the last two winters at a villa in Portugal and in fact had only just come back from a holiday at the same place. This turned out to be precious time together in view of recent events. Sue and I were privileged to spend a week with them in February and although the weather wasn't brilliant we had a terrific and memorable time with John and Shirley becoming even closer friends.

I know that there are others of you that are also very close to them and will feel the same way that Sue and I do especially as John was only 57 years old and such a lovely, gentle giant. All we can do now is continue the friendship with Shirley and give her the love and support she needs in the future.

We'll miss you John, bless you.  
Love Paul and Sue Allen



I have never been more proud to belong to Sherwood Chapter, than on Tuesday 18 November, when we said farewell to John Whitworth.

I drove into the car park of the Festival Inn Trowell to see rows of bikes, gleaming in the winter sun. The members of the club lined the entrance to the crematorium to show their friendship and support to Shirley and her family as the hearse approached.

Mick, Colin, Steve, Pete, Glenn and Dave were coffin bearers and Mick Fisher spoke so warmly about John in the service. The people packed into the room where we listened to John's favourite music and words about his life.

The service concluded with the sound of Harleys riding off into the distance.

To celebrate John's life a few of us will be arranging a weekend at The Knockerdown Inn, Carsington Water on his birthday, 8<sup>th</sup> – 10<sup>th</sup> May 2009. If anyone would like to be put on the mailing list for this, please email me at [Davemail06@googlemail.com](mailto:Davemail06@googlemail.com).

Leslye Henstock

Figure 11.27 Obituaries to John Whitworth.

## *Six go to Garda*

*Wingco Dave*

We sat numbly waiting for the temporary traffic lights to change ahead of half a mile of unmade road, in fading light and with the first swirl of snow passing our teetering spirits. At over 7,000 feet, we still had about another twenty five miles to go, passing St Moritz on the way, before we could bed down for the night at the top of the next pass – The Bernina, at seven and a half thousand feet.

Thus rendered immobile, I got to thinking how the six of us had met up on a beautiful late afternoon at the Ramada Hotel at Maidstone, on the eve of our departure for the Hog European Garda Rally. Ian, on his CVO Ultra and guru of all things continental, John T who would be pushing his 883 to the limit, John and Alison on their 1200C and Sally and I on the Dyna – me being no stranger to Europe but never before in comfort! See the scars.

Next morning, Saturday, saw six new friends heading off to Dover for Dunkerque in lieu of our original Channel Tunnel intentions. No problems, and we were soon headed south for Metz, just inside France's border with Luxembourg, pausing only to visit the impressive Canadian memorial at Vimy Ridge. I've never seen so many shell holes, all made over ninety years ago and still a grim reminder to us who have never experienced such a conflict. At the Metz overnigher we met up with Bob and Carol, from St Leger, who were to accompany us for much of the outward journey and who would play an important role in our onward progress a few days later.

Sunday dawned a little cloudy, but undeterred we all set off across one of France's national parks – the Vosges, with some real motorcycling roads after all that motorway behind us. That evening saw us in the city of Mullhouse, where the brothers Schlumpf over a number of years salted away about half of all the world's Bugattis, unwittingly paid for by their employees, who justifiably I believe are now trustees of the collection.

On a Monday morning where would you not want to be? We were just there, amongst the trucks, at the border crossing into Switzerland at Basel. Road tax discs purchased and we were on our way, on a motorway, with tantalising glimpses of mountains some fifty miles away. First, though, we had to find an HD dealer to fix John T's Sportster breather, which had started spraying oil over the balance pipe. It was a brand new dealership which was closed on the day, but the owner saw to it that John's bike was fixed and topped up with oil, while the rest of us took in a little light retail around the shop. Nice people, who deserve to succeed.

Regaining our route, albeit a tad behind schedule, Ian led us into the mountains, where we emerged from a tunnel at the head of the Susten Pass. Not the biggest of the trip, but to our unattuned eyes it was jaw dropping, with snow and granite in equal proportions all round us. Photos taken, we rode down the other side, along a typical Swiss valley, chalets and farms dotted along the sides, to Wilderswil, near Interlaken. This really was Switzerland, with a traditionally styled old hotel as our base for two nights.

Tuesday was to be our day free of the bikes, so we consoled ourselves with an awesome, if expensive, trip on two funicular railways to the highest station in Europe at some two miles high, via a tunnel on the inside of the north face of the Eiger. Sounds impressive, and it was, the six of us gasping our way round the viewing areas just below the summit of the Jungfrau. How they climbed these things without oxygen, in full



## **Six go to Garda... continued**

climbing kit, I'll never know. After the obligatory photos, snowball fights put on by the students, and a visit to the inevitable souvenir shop we dragged ourselves onto the train back. That journey was punctuated by a halfway stop for hot chocolate, where some of us experienced our first sight of an avalanche – very noisy, and very scary if you're within a mile or so. It was not nice powdery stuff trickling down, but chunks of ice the size of houses! That evening we drank our way around a strange fondue, where we dunked bits of raw meat in boiling herby water, only to have the liquor served up as soup, before dessert. Different, but not likely to catch on in Notts!

Another day, Wednesday, another couple of passes; yeah, but this one was the Furka though, where we stopped to visit the Rhone Glacier, from the end of which the Rhone River flows. An impressive tunnel had been cut back up inside the glacier which we tried for size. In the cavern at the far end of the tunnel, your Sherwood Chapter delegates ably demonstrated that a mile high doesn't blunt the old footie skills, but sure as hell plays havoc with the decision making. A large chunk of ice was pressed into service as the ball and the cry from John T rang out "on me head", fortunately ignored by John H, who instead nimbly crossed a low pass straight onto his wife's instep. The ensuing look from Alison, as she hopped around on her one good foot, should really have melted all the ice in the entire glacier. The hastily assembled Sherwood stretcher-bearers stood a less than even chance of regaining the car park alive, some five hundred feet above, all at more than seven and a half thousand feet above sea level. So Alison walked it, milking the sympathy for all she was worth.

Chastened, we rolled down to more sensible altitudes for our lunch stop, after which we were mortified to see John T's 883 demonstrate how a completely flat battery sounds. In the resulting enforced silence, Bob shot off for some jump leads while we push started the bike. It ran on one cylinder, and badly at that. Attaching the jump leads made it chime in on two, sounding fine. A dead battery was diagnosed, and John went off with ever helpful Bob in search of a bike shop and a new battery. Two and a half hours later, with Bob and John not yet back, Ian, John H and myself reluctantly agreed to continue without them, as we had two more hours to ride, including a couple of passes, and no desire at all to do it in the dark. Bob, Carol and John could if necessary stay in a nearby hotel and rejoin us in the morning. So we left, with sagging spirits towards one of our most demanding passes so far, the Julier, from the top of which, dear reader, this tale began. That we made the overnight stop as night fell, and more amazingly did Bob and John an hour and a half later in total darkness, allowed that evening at the top of the Bernina Pass to end on a high note, suitably alcohol fuelled of course...

And so, a full group once more, we crossed the border into Italy bound for Lake Garda. But not before Ian led us onto a pass that even the locals should avoid. Narrow, steep and treacherous in quantities that, at the top, had Ian parking his bike and flinging himself exhausted on to the grass. The rest of us, on much more modestly sized Harleys, coaxed him back into action, where we duly arrived at Garda in time for a drink and some grub and, while I was in the shower, a short thunderstorm. We'd done it. What a ride!



## **Six go to Garda... continued**

I don't need to describe the format and execution of a large Hog rally except to say that the site was completely filled with bikes, bits, booze, burgers and bands. God knows what happened to the parade and the fireworks, though – it must have been organised by international bankers, if you know what I mean. So, after a spectacularly good ice cream in Sirmione, Sally and I felt ready for the ride back, unlike Ian, who was appearing later and later each morning, standing partially clothed in the doorway of his digs, making the rest of us guess which way up he was! We were finally away mid morning on Sunday, heading for the famed and feared Stelvio pass. With our hotel at the nine thousand foot summit, the bikes had some work to do and so did we, with around fifty-two consecutive hairpin bends to negotiate. An awesome view was enjoyed back down the pass from the top as per Top Gear on BBC2. It was reputedly dodgy to drink at that altitude, but we drank on anyway, awakening next morning to an unbroken blue sky... yet again.



Monday saw us descending into Switzerland once more, before climbing the Furka pass again, but in the opposite direction. That evening, in the hotel at the foot of the pass, saw us formulating ideas for a commemorative patch. We sort of finalised on "The Sherwood Furkas" with a slogan something like "Two Miles High". Silly, but we liked it. With Bob and Carol making their own way back from Garda, the six of us got back into motorway mode for Tuesday, blasting back through Basel into France for our last stop at Chalons, near Reims. A last evening meal together and next morning loaded up the bikes for the ferry. The rain that at long last had found us the afternoon before, revisited us in our morning's journey before being replaced by blue skies and gale force winds, as if to mock us for deciding on a surface crossing. Undefeated, the ferry deposited us at Dover where we had a piffling two hundred mile stint to home, in the dry.

Two thousand four hundred miles, a bit of oil, loads of petrol, a battery and for me a loose crankshaft nut, fully tightened with no ill effects on my return. Latvia in 2009? Maybe, but it'll have to go some to even equal that trip through Switzerland and Italy. And many many thanks to Ian, who knew exactly where to go and see and what not to bother with.....



*WingCo Dave*

Figure 11.28 European Rally report from Lake Garda.



## The Rules of Bar Skittles

It is now a year since joining Sherwood Chapter and a marvellous year it has been of ride-outs, rallies, socialising and meeting a wonderful bunch of new friends, who have all made me so welcome. Thankyou to you all.

So what has this got to do with bar skittles? Well one such social event was a visit to Norfolk, organised by Neil Rose to 'invade' his Aunt Margaret and the quiet village of Burnham Thorpe. Eight bikes and ten people had a glorious ride over, lead by Neil, on one of the hottest weekends of the year. Having arrived and pitched tents, we then rode down to Wells-next-the-Sea for a very civilised cream tea, before donning our finery (well some strange orange shirts!) for the evening's entertainment at the village local, The Lord Nelson.

For those who don't know the Lord Nelson, it is a posh country pub, serving refined food and its own speciality tipples of Nelson's Blood and Lady Hamilton's Nip, to the usual clientele of rather upper class people; so of course we fitted in perfectly. On this particular evening there was also a party of young cricket players, and their good ladies, having a celebratory dinner, all of whom were clearly the offspring of the landed gentry. Not to be heard from them 'Itzawhaarmeninnit', more 'Isn't it frightfully temperate for the time of the year, what?'

Anyway we took up residence in one of the back rooms, sampling the local ale and specialities, which quickly took effect, so it wasn't long before cries of 'ha, ha, ha my horse has lost a shoe' could be heard all over the pub (you do the accent too well Dex!) and the bar staff realised that a round of 'Witches Tit' (Dex again) meant Lady Hamilton's Nip. Also on hand were pub games, including bar skittles, which we began playing, minding our own business in the back room (ha ha my horse has lost a shoe so how will I get to the bar?).

Sometime late in the evening we were then visited by three of the young debs from the dining party who wanted to know what we were playing. I wonder how they knew we were there Dex? On being told it was bar skittles they became very excited, jumping up and down, clapping their hands with cries of 'Super, super, what are the rules?' Quick as a flash Glenn volunteered the first rule:

1. *For each skittle knocked down an item of clothing is removed*

Not to be deterred the young lady picked up the ball, swung it with all her might and whacked four

over. Well you can imagine on a hot summer's evening she wasn't wearing much clothing, but happily stripped off until she was only sporting a pair of bright yellow knickers.

The second young deb then took her turn and missed so here is the second rule;

2. *If you miss you are penalised and you have to take your clothes off.*

So, no arguments, off came her clothes.

Of course they did try to engage the Sherwood 'minxy ladies' into this game (Carol and myself), but this is where the next rule was applied;

3. *A Sherwood member can nominate and, guess what girls, you've got to take your clothes off*

So how long did it take to have three young ladies in various states of undress?

Well the funniest part of the evening was watching Dex's face when he returned to the room having nipped outside for a cigarette. Having no doubt been an integral part of the whole game by attracting their attention ( ha,ha,ha another Witches Tit please) he had missed most of it in the time it took to smoke a cigarette. The look of bewilderment on his face was priceless.

One might, also, have thought there could have been a spot of bother when one of the cricketers came to see what his girlfriend was doing, to find her trying to cover herself with her hands. 'My dear what are you doing?' he enquired. ' Oh I'm playing skittles with these marvellous bikers, its super fun, and look at all their tattoos, they're frightfully interesting'

'Oh jolly good darling, marvellous, marvellous (must dash my horse has lost a shoe).' And off he went.

Anyway the evening eventually ended and we made our way back to the tents, in various states of merriment. Glenn did have to pick Dex up from the roadside after Carol had realised that he was missing, but we all got back safely eventually.

The following morning Aunt Margaret treated everyone to tea and toast, before another glorious ride back via Hunstanton for fish and chips. All in all a great weekend, thanks Neil.

So finally a word of advice; if you ever get invited to one of Neil's Norfolk weekends don't be tempted to go 'commando' whatever the weather is doing, as you never know what may transpire. And a tip to the debs of Norfolk (should you ever get to read this); one thing that finishing school obviously forgot to mention – even if the collars and cuffs don't entirely match, a real lady will always ensure that her underwear does!

**Ann**

Figure 11.29 No excuses now girls as you have been warned!



It started on Thursday afternoon for me this year. Getting to Woodland Waters to set up the Chapter's marquee and set out the site in preparation for the arrival of trade stands and guests. Most of the committee were there as well as several guests from both Sherwood and other Chapters. The weather was forecast for a great weekend, and we were not disappointed.

Kev Taylor and I set it up the gate tent on Friday morning and no sooner had we finished before the first of the arrivals rolled up with tickets in hand. That set the trend for the next couple of days. Attendance this year we well over 400 guests.

Entertainment this year included the obligatory live music (Little Giants, The Crew and Phoenix Roadshow (disco)), ride-out, ride-in show and of course Sam & Jane's alternative Funny Games. With the weather up in the 70's Friday evening got a little sticky in the main hall and many of the guests spent a lot of their time out on the patio areas, that inspired Pete and I to drag out Dave's DJ kit and have the live entertainment for Saturday night out in the open air – it was a gamble, but it paid dividends. What a night! The Crew – a motley bunch of middle aged old timers – rocked the night away. In addition, there was the fancy dress and a goodly number of folk made the effort.

Jeff Bayne had suggested a visit to the World War II museum at East Kirkby, an alternative to Skeggy and Lincoln for this year's ride-out. Around 170 bikes headed off through Ancaster for the museum. What an afternoon, I don't think there was one person who did not enjoy the ride or the venue.

The icing on the cake had to be the fireworks. A tremendous showing this year with compliments from non-Sherwood guests – "much better than Aviemore & Minehead" were commonly heard at the end of the night.



A few late nights for most, plenty of ale, food (courtesy of Woodland Waters & Sharon the Pancake Lady), good company, excellent entertainment, a great ride-out and games all contributed to making Sherwood 9 one of the finest Sherwood rallies, even outdoing all other rallies in the UK in 2008. Don't take my word for it; just ask anyone who was there.

I'd like to thank all those who helped making Sherwood 9 so great and especially those who supported the rally, travelling from as far afield as Scotland, and a special guest from Chelsea & Fulham (don't faint folks, it's true, he was let out on a weekend pass).

**Dai**

Figure 11.30 Sherwood 9 Rally report.

Now follows the second report on the Lake Garda Rally. It is in two parts, 'The Journey' by Teresa Taylor, and 'The Rally' by Dai Gunter. Then...

## Lake Garda – The Journey

Teresa's Story

It was a long wait this year, the rally was held at the end of September, but well worth it. Despite fears of the journey being cold and wet, like the great British Summer had been, the riding was fantastic and apart from a couple of heavy showers on the way back through France, the sun shone daily. Due to the fire at the Eurotunnel, the train services had been severely restricted, so a quick decision was made (on the Thursday) for us all to go to Folkestone on the Friday and stay overnight so we could be at the tunnel very early on Saturday to get on whatever train we could. Fortunately the Premier Travel Inn had rooms available, and Dave and I met up with Pete and Carole, Dai and Del and rode to Folkestone in glorious sunshine – a great start. Shaun and Helen had travelled down earlier and were staying with relatives, but joined us at the Travel Inn for dinner. It was a great evening and everyone was very excited at the prospect of what lay ahead.

As luck would have it there was not a queue in sight at Eurotunnel the following morning, and we were on the first train – earlier than the one we had booked so we actually were pleased to be ahead of our schedule. Our first night was at Laon, and the Ibis was opposite the beautiful basilica, and bang in centre of town. Whilst browsing a menu on a restaurant window Carole was kidnapped by the owner, thereby ensuring we all went in – we stayed and had an enjoyable French meal and some good French wine.

The following day we headed for Colmar, a very pretty town close to the German border and therefore with quite a history. Shaun and Helen had stayed in the hotel previously and it was full of character and close to the centre. Colmar is well worth a return visit over a long weekend to fully explore the canals, shopping alleys and historical buildings.

As usual we had planned to visit as many countries as possible during the trip, and the following day we headed east across the top of Switzerland and a quick trip into Lichtenstein – another first. It's a tiny but pretty principality and photoshoots were imperative. (Just a bit of trivia, Lichtenstein is the biggest manufacturer of false teeth! We didn't stop to ask people to smile to check it out though). Then it was onwards to our overnight stop at Davos, ski resort to the rich and Royal, but obviously not at that time of year. The hotel was impressive and each room had a balcony, with views of mountains and snow. The temperature dropped very suddenly once the sun set and we didn't wander very far to eat. The following morning was dull and Dave and I checked on the webcam to see if Stelvio was clear – it wasn't, in fact it was completely snowed in! We told the team of the dilemma but decided to see how the weather looked as we got nearer to Maria St Mustair, which would be decision time. We left in snow and climbed high to get out of Davos. Screens and goggles were frozen and we had to stop to clear them and take more photos of the snow. As we descended the weather improved, the sun was out and it was pleasantly warm so we made the decision to try for the Pass – it was open, and twisty and scary and snowy! For those of you who have not heard of the Stelvio Pass, it's the 26 consecutive-hairpin-bend road that was featured on Top Gear when Jeffer and Co tried to find the best European driving road for their 3 supercars. My only comment would be that it was a lot more romantic watching it on tv, but far more awesome to be there in the snow! We started on the eastern side heading towards Bormio which meant climbing up the 26 curves and by half way (they are numbered – how considerate) I was starting to regret it, the 180 degree bends with a 40 degree incline were nerve racking to say the least on a fully laden bike. Thankfully not much traffic was coming down as even cars have to take up both lanes of the road to get round the bends, and being the leader, I was the one with the dubious honour of meeting a car on a bend. Near the top was roadworks and I could see a mini JCB – just what I needed. They were repairing a wall, I fleetingly wondered how it had been damaged but didn't dwell too long as the next bend appeared. I changed down to first gear – oops, I was already in it, I revved a bit more and Bigbird grudgingly responded.





The descent (west towards Bormio)

At the top of the pass people were walking about with skis and the snow was piled in the gutters. I questioned my sanity as we all huddled with hot coffee/chocolate, not sure what lay ahead for the descent. Fortunately this was less severe with better road surface and friendlier corners, and that was only really the start of several twisty passes and ascents to empty ski resorts. By the time we reached Bocenago, our overnight stop, I had been to more ski resorts on my bike than I ever had with my skis! It was a long day and we were all weary when we finally arrived at our accommodation at 7.00 pm, a beautiful Swiss style chalet, set high above the village. A warm shower and a change of clothing does wonders for the soul, and we all met for drinks in the bar before the hotel owner led us to the restaurant next door. The menu was not familiar and our Italian not brilliant so some of the meals were a surprise, but all tasty nonetheless.

The following day the hairpin bends were met with less enthusiasm (and several choruses of "We'll be coming down the Mountain when we come/We'll be wearing pink pyjamas.....") when just above Riva Del Garda we had our first sighting of the Lake, shining deep blue in the morning sun and stretching endlessly into the horizon. The idea of stopping for a coffee and photo shoot in Riva was dispelled by the sheer volume of traffic, lack of parking spaces, roadworks and crazy Italian drivers so we



continued southwards along the western side of the lake, passing glitzy resorts and through darkened tunnels. The weather warmed and by the time we reached Desanzano, our final destination, it was getting uncomfortable in our leathers. We arrived at the campsite early afternoon, along with at least another 300 bikers and quickly settled into the mobile home accommodation, then headed to the rally site. It wasn't officially open and we were not allowed in, so it was a quick walk along the lake and head for the bar (which fortunately was open and still quiet) to review the experiences of the day.



Dai is writing a rally review so read all about it in a separate article. I will just say though that the ride outs were not only brilliantly organised and marshalled by the local chapter, but through some glorious countryside in warm Italian sunshine. The entertainment was varied, and aimed to meet most musical tastes.

Only too quickly the site was again deserted and we were the last to pack up and leave, its always sad to leave a rally but this was worse as the site had been cleared, virtually no trace that a Harley rally had even taken place. We were soon packed and loaded and ready for the journey homewards, which was not to be as spectacular, but scenic nonetheless.



Our first overnigher was in the beautiful old town of Aosta, almost on the Italian/Swiss border and as it was mainly motorway riding, we made good time, and had good weather. The hotel was situated in the centre of town, and although a great location for wandering and restaurants, not very easy to find! It was here that Dai, Shaun and Pete went to the barbershop for a cut-throat shave - strange the things people do on holiday.

The following morning we were greeted with the sun rising over snow capped mountains, and we were again on our way, up towards Grand St Bernard Tunnel, which was not quite as exciting as what Dave and I remembered from our first trip many years ago. Out the other side we stopped for coffee, photo shoots and St Bernard souvenirs. From there it was around the southern end of Lake Lemman, through Evian, and on to an Ibis in Geneva, stopping at the "Fountain" for a photoshoot on the way (people of a certain age will recall the tv programme "The Champions" that featured the huge Geneva fountain).

An uneventful but dry day saw us heading north towards Chalons en Champagne, through miles and miles of roadworks. We arrived at the Ibis with limited u-turns and unloaded just before the rain started.

The following day was the last leg, up to Coquelles and we made good time, despite a few heavy showers (the only rain we had ridden in), and arrived at the Kyriad by mid afternoon. Shopping was at the forefront of a few minds so we braved the ferocious winds and walked to the Auchan department store for some last minute shopping. Whilst I managed to break a bottle of Chablis I had just purchased (it went through the bottom of the feeble carrier bag they had given me) and spend 10 minutes trying to get it replaced, Dai and Dave were amusing themselves in the perfume store, and came away clutching bags of goodies and freebies, shattering my "ruffy tufty" image of Harley men for all time. Hope the creams and lotions work! An excellent meal in the Big Buffalo made an excellent end to a superb two weeks.

Riding home the following day it felt I had been away a lot longer than 2 weeks, and we sadly waved goodbye at each drop off. I was glad we had gone to Garda, and if you didn't, you missed a great rally and riding experience, and some real summer weather.

**Teresa**

Figure 11.31 Teresa's part of the story to Lake Garda.

## Lake Garda – The Rally

Dai's Story

We arrived at Desanzano on Lake Garda's south shoreline for the HOG European Rally after a six day journey through England, France, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Switzerland (again) and Italy. The ride through Europe had been arranged by Teresa and Rainy Dave primarily and the accommodation booked up by Teresa was top notch. The company for the six days was second to none and we remained as a group throughout the rally weekend, joining in local rides, eateries, band watching, and so on. Pete & Carol, Shaun & Helen, Rainy Dave and Teresa, Del & myself – a band of reprobates on Harleys – what a sight..!

Arrival at the camp site was in glorious hot sunshine, and after we booked into the site, we quickly found our caravans and stripped off our riding gear to take full advantage of the sunshine and heat. Pete & Carol were playing it posh – staying at a hotel just a mile or so from the camp site. Across the road from the site was the field that held the rally shenanigans and HOG were completing the final preparations in readiness for the official opening of the rally on the next day (Thursday).

No sooner had we unpacked the bikes, stripped off and rinsed our faces when we decided to hit the local supermarket and stock up on beer, wine, food, beers, wine, toiletries, beer and wine. We were all set for the rally festivities. That evening, we congregated outside our caravans (all of which were pretty much next to each other) for an evening meal. A quiet affair, recovering from the six days of riding and making the most of the quiet of the campsite that was so far, relatively empty.

The next day we rode into Sirmione, a beautiful little town at the tip of a small peninsula on the Lake. We sampled the icecream – brilliant..! The local police had arranged for Harleys to park right at the end of the road into Sirmione, perfect, and there was no charge. By now more Harleys were turning up and whereas the previous day around 300 bikes were at the venue, today there must have been a couple of thousand – mostly Italians with a good sprinkling of Brits in there too. That evening saw the opening of the rally and the first of the live entertainment. The venue was great, well laid out with plenty of good facilities – food, drink, music, toilets, tradestands, etc. Needless to say, our first night was a blast.

Shaun and Helen had scouted out the local chapter's supporting events and informed us of a few ride-outs that were being organised over the rally weekend. We quickly booked ourselves on the ride-outs as spaces were limited. The first of the two we attended took us up into the mountains to visit a 'small' lake adjacent and to the west of Garda, Lago d'Idro. The Verona Chapter had teamed up with Brescia Chapter and between them had organised a brilliant route and hospitality. We stopped off on a mountain road on the approach to Lago d'Idro to take advantage of the photo opportunity – and what a view – breath taking. A couple of miles down the hill and we were at the refreshment area. What was



welcoming us was second to none – tables, benches, gazebos, non-alcoholic drinks, sandwiches, snacks of all sorts, and tiny pastries that you'd die for... and all for free (we there was a donation box and most people had no problem in putting their hands in their pockets for a 10euro note). The ride back over the mountain was as thrilling as the scenery with hairpin bends, luscious scenery and crazy Italian bikers that overtook whether there was oncoming traffic, blind bends or rockfalls. This was the best ride-out ever..! and I've been on a few. That evening, we were enjoying more live entertainment and hospitality. We'd bumped into Ian Bennett and his crew who had arrived that afternoon and they were already well oiled. Rumours



were rife that a Sherwood Director was to make a guest appearance too, but so far, not seen – well it was just a rumour.

Friday's ride-out was as good as the previous. Teresa had taken Big Bird into the tech tent for rear brake repairs and so she was playing pillion to Dave. Again, around 200 Harleys, split into 3 or 4 groups, headed out for a tour of the region. This time, we were away from the mountains and taking in the vineyards and low lying areas of Valeggio sul Mincio and surrounding villages where we stopped off for more of that fantastic Italian hospitality. Here we parked up on an old Roman bridge – 200 Harleys parked on either side of a main thoroughfare that must have been 2000 years old – amazing.

On the route back we stopped off at the Harley dealership in Verona where there was even more of the Italian hospitality – more sandwiches, cakes, drinks and pasta. From the dealership most folk made their own way back to the rally venue – us? well we didn't have a clue where to go, so we asked a local Harley chap (who didn't speak any English, and he indicated to follow him. This we did and ended up on a 70mph ride through heavy traffic and built up areas – yes, these Italians are wild when it comes to riding bikes.

Back at the rally site it was more of the same but different – live music interspersed with DJ and flashing lights. The live bands were brilliant with guest bands from the UK, Latvia, Italy, Germany & USA. More Harley and their passengers had arrived through the day and by now there must have been in excess of 5000 bikes burbling around the site. More beer, more food, more great company, more sleep.

Saturday was the main day of the rally and the Parade of Flags one of the main events. Pete & Carol were representing Sherwood Chapter in the Parade so they took prime place towards the front of the ride-out – the plebs (us) were somewhere way behind, waiting in a field of dust trying to cram thousands of Harleys through the field's little gate and onto the road.

The Parade of Flags was another wild ride. Racing up through Desanzano, we turned left and on to the Sirmione peninsula where we met the front of the Parade on the return leg after they had done their u-turn at Sirmione Castle. Thousands of Harleys flew past each other on the peninsula, horns blasting, people waving, you get the picture.

By the time our section of ride-out had reached Desanzano again, we found ourselves turning right and back into the Rally site – 'that was a short one' we thought, and 'where's the rest of the ride-out?' Needles to say, someone had decided to end his ride-out and return to the site, only to find several hundred Harleys following like lemmings (me included). By all accounts, the Parade of Flags had proceeded north-west along the Garda coastline, entertaining bystanders who watch in amazement of all the din and devilment.

Saturday evening culminated in the appearance of the Fun Loving Criminals – all the way from the USA. Although not my kind of music, their professionalism and sound quality were second to none, they simply blasted away all the competition from all the other bands that had appeared over the weekend, including the Queen and U2 tribute bands that were brilliant.

After all the music died down, it was way past bedtime. I found myself attracted to the beer tent, like a moth to a flame. At the tent, you could have hit me over with a feather – the rumour was not a rumour after all, yes, Mr Clifford and Sam had been at the Rally all along – making sure the bar was well fed with euros.

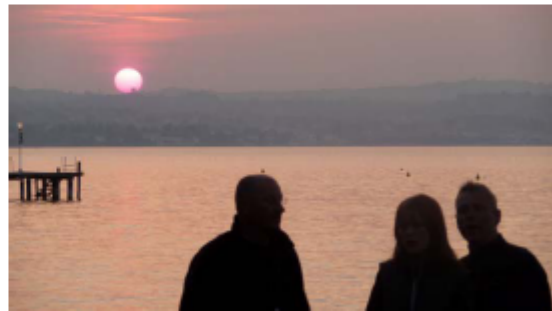


Sunday and most were packing up and leaving the site with memories of a great weekend and a great rally. We were staying another two days so we decided to take a visit to Sirmione again. We spent most of the afternoon there, visiting shops, more icecream, and I even found a lovely old Italian lady who'd clean the bike for 8euros – well Pete found her first when she charged 5euros – supply and demand eh?

That evening, Clive & Tracey Rayner of Essex & Fenlanders Chapters had decided to put on a street party. They lived across from our caravan and were leaving the following day. Well stocked with grub & booze, we all had a great big cook-out and party, inviting any Harley rider left on the site to join us. There were about 20 of us enjoying the evening and chatting away until most of the food had gone.

Monday turned out to be quite an experience for Pete & Carol. We had all talked about a visit to Pisa but decided that it was a ride too far on the day before we were going to hit the road for Old Blighty. But Pete being Pete was not deterred – he and Carol hit the road early and headed off for Pisa. Shaun and Helen decided Verona was a better option for them whilst Dave, Teresa, Del and I opted for a more leisurely ride up to Garda village instead. We'd agreed to meet up for an evening meal in Sirmione, but Pete & Carol were late.

Texting didn't work, neither did a phone call – we were concerned (just a little). We made a quick calculation and decided that they wouldn't get back from Pisa until about 9pm – we were wrong – they arrived back at their hotel just before the manager double locked the doors for the night. Meanwhile the six of us had strolled into Sirmione and found a nice little Italian restaurant that looked after us for the evening.



The following morning it was time to say farewell to Garda and head off for home.

We all had a great time and although the rally might not be up there in headlights as the best HOG European Rally since St Tropez in 2001, the whole package of the ride through Europe, the Rally, and the return trip – combined with great company all the way – made this the best..!

**Dai**

Figure 11.32 Dai's part of the rally at Lake Garda.

And when you thought it was all over, there was more!

### ***They thought it was all over...***

After all the excitement had died down and we were left wondering how to end our extra days at the rally site I came up with the idea of getting the remaining UK bikers together for a last party. I made my way round saying hello to the hardy souls who, like us, had decided to make the rally a holiday as well, asking them if, like us, they had bought far too much beer and nibbles and would they like to join us for a 'get-together' that night by our caravan? Nine different Chapters were invited. We didn't expect that all 9 of them would turn up that night! So we had a party – more like a street party than anything else – tables in the roadway, drinks contributed by everyone, and some strange packets of nibbly things that must have looked good on the supermarket shelf – just never got eaten – until that night! It was like the scene from the film 'The Warriors' – Sherwood talking to Bridgewater, Invicta talking to Nene Valley, etc, etc. The evening was a roaring success and yes, we will do it again!



**Clive (the Joker) & Tracey Rayner, Essex & Fenlanders Chapter member**

Figure 11.33 Part three 'After the Rally', thanks to Tracey and Clive.

The last ride-out of the year, on the last day of the year, New Year's Eve!

## **The Brass Balls Run or 8 Men Go North**

It's been a bad year for getting out on my Harley, so when the email arrived inviting me to the last ride out of the season I thought "yeah why not" last chance to ride before I hibernate for the winter months.

Now I'm not the sort of person that feels the cold so New Years Eve came and well, it was slightly cold to say the least, so I donned an extra T-shirt fired up the hog and made my way to the Newark meet point.

After waiting around for ten minutes or so for the other riders to arrive, I must admit I was quite pleased to hear that the Stamford destination had been scrubbed and we were going to take the A1 North to the American Diner, as "slightly cold" was now feeling slightly Antarctic and some of the roads were quite icy. A wise decision as safety has to come first. (This would now be the reason I would give my other half for arriving back early to relieve her of the chance of saying I told you so) Any other day of course she would be saying it from the pillion seat.

There was a distinct lack of pillion passengers that day, in fact there were none. Our wise partners had decided that feet up in front of the television was a far better way to ready themselves for the New Years Eve partying whilst their brave (meaning: slightly mad) men folk were out there trying to look superhuman to all the fur wrapped passengers gazing in awe from there climate controlled 4x4s as they passed.

Nonetheless, we did the cruise thing and we still looked good in our rather short staggered line rumbling down the A1 all with the same thought I'm sure, of reaching our destination and hijacking several cups of hot coffee and, what American Diners are famous for, a big fat, totally unhealthy burger and fries.

Well we reached the diner, we did the coffee and burgers and you know, sometimes it really doesn't matter what the weather is like because, if you can sit around with some great guys talking bikes and having a laugh, time just seems to slow down, the stress of work and other life's burdens seem to just disappear and for a brief moment it made me stop and think that I have to ride more in 2009 so this will be my New Year's resolution and I will stick to it.

Strangely it won't be the memory of freezing fingers that I take into the new year and not even the roar or amazed looks that a small line of Harleys can cause on a cold winter's day, it will be the memory of riding north down the A1 with such a good feeling inside, the sort that makes you want to smile, the sort that keeps you warm whatever the weather, the sort that riding in a line of Harleys brings time after time.

It will be this memory that will drive me, as I'm sure it does others to pull the covers off, crank it up and get back out on the road as soon as possible in the New Year.

Until then, I hope your new year starts well and continues to be great.  
And I will definitely see you out there.

My sincere thanks to seven brave souls who travelled a lot further than myself - total dedication. You all deserved the right to take that seat in front of the telly and blazing fire on your return home. Sadly the list of riders was compiled on a piece of paper that by the time I arrived home was just an inky smudge, but you know who you are and you can all lay claim to the fact that you completed the last ride out of the year.

Wrap 'em up well for the winter and I'll see you all when the sun shines

**Steve Thraves**

Figure 11.34 Report of the last ride-out of the year.



## Selection Of Other Photographs



Figure 11.35 Group at the Ace Cafe.



Figure 11.36 Poker Run at Sherwood Forest



Figure 11.37 Gathering for Hoggin the Bridge 9.



Figure 11.38 Reeth in the Yorkshire Dales.