



Southern Sporting Motor Cycle Club

C N T A C T

DECEMBER

2014

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Dates for your diary

13th December	Christmas Dinner & Dance, The Park Hotel, Teddington
28th December	Post Xmas Run Out (bike optional)
3rd January	Ice-skating, Hampton Court

2014 BMF Discount Code

The discount code for members of

**Southern Sporting
Motorcycle Club**
is
SSM14H529

This number may be used by your members

To receive discounts on advanced tickets to all BMF shows.

To receive discounts on insurance, travel and breakdown cover and other BMF member benefits.

To ensure that your members get the most out of your affiliation to the BMF please circulate this number to all your members as soon as possible.

Editor's piece

We've had a fairly quiet month, but Mick has come up trumps with a fabulous article on the boys' European vacation. Another trip is currently being planned for September 2015 – let Mick/Jon/Graham/Steve know if you're interested. But please note that this is NOT an official club trip Therefore it's up to you to make sure you are "up to speed" and prepared to be independent and you can't rely on anyone babysitting you. I've also included Jon's brief description of his new bike, plus the most expensive motorbike ever sold at auction! I've left the NEC Bike Show article (mainly pictures) for the next issue. We're looking forward to the Christmas Party and I'm sure some pics will also be included in January's issue.

Amoret Whitaker – Editor

President's piece

Ho Ho Ho – Christmas is coming – at least that is what all the adverts are saying (Bah Humbug).

Christmas Dinner at the Park Hotel in Teddington – 29 people going, that's a good number – on Saturday December 13th – hope to see you there.

Still planning a day out on Sunday 28th December, leaving my house at 10.30am. I will be going in the car, but if you wish to go by motorcycle I am planning to get to Hayling Island amusement arcade and cafe at 12.30pm. Snowy weather ... no go!

The Scheme is very busy at the moment, we are missing Richard Barnett due to an operation. He is fine but has got to have eight weeks recuperation.

Also there are other Instructors who will be missing every other week, so if you can help in any small way, please do so, thank you.

Last Saturday for Sam's Café is on the 20th December, as long as there is no rugby! Not sure if there is a Scheme on this day (could be).

Wednesday 24th December, Christmas Eve, not sure about going to the Adelaide this evening as people have their own places to go, plus it will be very full. So I think the last Wednesday at the Adelaide before Christmas will be 17th December.

NEC went well Hair Bear Bunch and Penelope Pitstop went in a minibus. I managed to spend some money on new parts for the bike for Spanner to fix on. Things bought ... money spent ... good time had.

All these people please remember to return your awards on or before the AGM: Lorna Barnes, Heather Wallace, Richard Barnett, Richard Davidson, Doug Chaney, Estelle Potter, Ian Slater, Mick Wallace and Chris Frazer – thank you.

I would like to wish you all a very merry Christmas plus a happy and prosperous New Year.

John Mason – President

4 Grumpy Old Gits go to France (& Spain & Andorra)

The plan was that a group of us would spend ten days touring around France, and possibly pop over the border into Spain and ride along the Pyrenees. Well that was the plan. But like all plans of mice and men, things didn't quite go to plan. The numbers going dropped to four: Graham Dunbar, Jon Draper, Steve Pearce and myself (although Steve could only do seven days due to commitments).

So on Friday (6th Sept) I made my way down to Steve's house for a quick supper before we all met up for the overnight ferry from Portsmouth to Le Havre. After checking in early, because we thought we could get a beer, we found ourselves waiting at the head of a queue with no facilities at all. Bugger! And to make matters worse, as we went to board the ferry Graham got pulled by security for a bag search. Ironic because we had been standing in sight of security for over an hour while they had no one to deal with, and Graham had the least amount of luggage between us.



Having made it onto the ferry we were reunited, and made use of the bar before settling down for a few hours' kip. Even though Steve's snoring is louder than a Concorde take off.

Saturday morning saw us arriving in Le Havre in fog! So the view from the bridge as we left town was just grey. But I wasn't interested in the view because Jon hadn't told me that at the bridge toll we would be riding around the booths, down along a coned path, and thus not pay the toll (this is a legitimate course but I didn't know), so as we sped away across the bridge I was looking out for the local plod who might be chasing four bikers who'd just run the toll....!

Our first days riding was made on non-motorway roads, which is what we planned for most of the trip, and it went without any mishaps, and we ended up at Vauclaix. Now I'm not saying that Vauclaix is a remote location, but it's in the middle of a national park area, and the official population is only 117 people.

The hotel was very welcoming, and the rooms were of a nice size. The restaurant menu wasn't available in English, so we had to rely on our poor French, and the waitress' only slightly better English. The end result was a meal that was 'different'!!

Graham and I had starters of ham covered in tomato soup, and Jon and Steve had poached eggs in a red wine sauce, which looked like oxtail soup. And Jon's ribs (that's what the staff said they were) turned out to be kidneys. But the best was the dessert. I had Fromage Blanc, which is basically a large bowl of Fromage Frais, BUT they offered it with either sugar or salt and pepper??



We awoke Sunday morning to glorious sunshine, and after a quick breakfast, we wheeled the bikes out of the garage and set off through the beautiful countryside. Some of you on Facebook may have already seen some of the video footage I took of the roads, but if not let me know and I'll try and bore you with it when we meet.

From Vauclaix we headed, indirectly of course, to Chambéry which is in the lower south east of France. On the way, we were making good progress along some of the tight hairpin country roads, the type that don't have any barriers on the side that has a long drop if you come off. When suddenly I find a local on a 'street fighter' style of bike coming up behind us. I'm at the rear of the group. So realizing that he most probably knows the roads better than us visitors, I let him pass, as do the others when possible. Remember these locals overtake on blind bends and in places that we wouldn't even consider. But after the first local we then have another two, on super motards, then two girls and then to cap it all a bloke with a pillion. And not only do they overtake as previously described, but they also wave a thanks at you whilst cranked over on hairpins!!! We pull over to admire the view, and make our excuses as to why we can't do that. Like I said, beautiful countryside over there



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When we get closer to Chambery, Steve is given the job of leading us to the hotel, and in doing so takes us off-route into downtown Chambery (not the best place) and it's not until Graham takes over, and leads us to the hotel, that we realize that Steve has a hotel that's another 2km away plumbed into his satnav. Doh !!



The Altedia Hotel is a modern business hotel, but nice and clean with a restaurant that serves the biggest burgers. So big that only Graham is capable of eating it. And no Fromage tonight!!

The following day, and under the added burden of carrying a food baby, we set off from Chambery to Castellane, which is NW of Antibes. The route would take us along part of the Route Napoleon, which is a great bikers road (when it's not being dug up) and is one that some club members have done in the past.

So the day was spent enjoying these twisty roads, again in glorious sunshine. The only spoiler being when you are going through the road works only to find a bloody great lorry coming the other way (against the red light) so we had to go through the cones and into the part that was being resurfaced.

The other spoiler is when you are following Steve, who is about to overtake a van and trailer, when we spot coming towards us a van, on the wrong side of the road, Jon, who realizing his error, and the possible calamity that might happen, goes off road. It transpired that Jon had missed a junction and turned round in a layby, only to forget he was in France when he rejoined that carriageway!!

At Castellane we stay at the Hotel Du Levant, which is the only hotel in the town, so they have a monopoly. The hotel garage was full of bikes already, and it

turned out that a large group of British bikers were staying there as well. We met up with them in the bar later and exchanged war stories etc. Nice bunch of chaps.

We ate out that night, at a pizza restaurant that was nice, but the waitress dropped Steve's pizza on the floor just before it got to our table, missing me only just.



As we made ready in the morning (Tues 9th) I misplaced my satnav. Getting more and more frustrated at losing such an item, I told the lads to crack on without me, and I'd meet them at the hotel. Steve stayed whilst Jon and Graham made off, and no sooner had Steve and I started to recheck my kit, we found the missing item. So we set off after Graham and Jon, following the route that Graham had given me. The route was great at first, but an hour or so into the ride this route was taking us down some very narrow back roads around a town. Later we were back on better roads, but I was having doubts as to the route I was following. But suddenly we spotted Graham and Jon sitting outside a Boulangerie having coffee and cake. Time for a pit stop.

Refuelled, we continued on our route to Joyeuse, where when Steve and I arrived, Steve decided to ride through the local mayors vist. "Don't mind me, just passing through". Having upset the locals we settled in and once again had a hotel dinner. Only this time Graham came out with the classic line of "Is it me or does that waitress smell really bad". Not sure if it was the waitress, her perfume or body odour, we all waited expectantly for her return. "No Graham, it's not the waitress", we declared, "It's the Parmesan cheese she left us". She must have thought the English are very strange, when you serve them they all sniff you. But she would have really known how daft we were had she overheard Steve saying that he thought he'd have steak tartar, but well done!!! "No Steve, its raw steak mince mate" "Well I'm not having that" came the reply. We were crying ...



Breakfast the following day was also a Dunbar classic. The staff hadn't put out any milk for the cereal, and whilst Steve asked for some (they offered him wine instead, so I think his French was a bit off) Dunbar couldn't wait. So he added Cappuccino to his cornflakes instead of milk. It all goes down the same hole! Not on my table it doesn't. It looked awful, and I don't think Graham was actually sold on it totally.



Again we decided to split into two pairs for the ride that day. Steve and I would take a more 'gentle' route, while Graham and Jon would take the longer route that Graham had planned. This was to be to Steve and my advantage, as we happened to come across some brilliant roads on our way to Massaret.

Steve and I would pass through a small place called Allanche, an section of road that was described by Steve as 'The Isle of Man', and we ended up stopping at a small café in Puy Mary, with huge grins on our faces. So far the best roads yet and virtually traffic-free. This was what the trip was all about.



We arrived at Hotel de la Tour in Massaret, which turned out to be a lovely location and hotel, south of Limoges. When you park up the bikes you do so in front of a tower which overlooks a valley. And the views are beautiful.

At this hotel dinner was a bit posher, but very nice, and we did ask Steve if he was thinking of having his Steak Tartar well done!! I can't print his response.

Steve left Massaret to travel back home the following morning, and I decided to go solo down to Millau, leaving the others to play

again. On leaving, my display said that I'd blown my headlight. Bugger. But not to worry, I'd got spares just in case. When convenient I found a layby in the middle of nowhere and changed bulbs, twice (!!) as my first spare, new out of the packet, was also blown. Whilst stopped at the side of the road a fellow British rider stopped to make sure I was ok, which was nice.

Lights fixed I was back on the road and carried on until I found a nice clean looking coffee bar in a little village. God knows where I was but when I got off the bike a local chap walks up to my bike and starts passing comments about my bike. I try and explain my French is rubbish, and it turns out that his English is just as bad. But somehow through the international language of pointing, making sounds of what you're talking about and speaking like a bad Peter Sellers in a Pink Panther movie, we manage to have a conversation about his bikes, trips and which roads are best over a coffee. Unfortunately he manages to tell me that I don't want to carry on up the road due to all the road works (gravel), but I explain that actually I'd just ridden through all that and was heading south to Millau.

'Entente cordiale' done I was back on my way, arriving at Millau Hotel Club in plenty of time to buy replacement bulbs and have a dip in the hotel pool, before Jon arrived and later on Graham. The weather was still glorious, and a cold beer by the pool was just what I needed.



Dinner that night was accompanied by live musical entertainment, so we had an early night.

The following day was to be one of the longer days for Jon and I. Graham went off on his pre-planned route, while Jon and I had decided that we'd do the Tarn Gorge as it was so close. Just a little detour. Not. We had a great ride through the gorge, but when we stopped for coffee at Sainte Enimie we discovered that we were going further north than originally planned. Bear in mind that we needed to travel south to Thuir which is outside of Perpignan, about 230 miles south of our coffee stop.

We continued further north only so we could loop round east and then south to head for Thuir on some very decent roads.

When we reached Aniane, Jon suggested lunch. We rode past two restaurants with outside seating, getting stared at by the customers. We were the only bikers in town. But we rode between some bollards to park in an area free of cars, and had some lunch.

Unfortunately after lunch, and in front of all the customers still seated at the restaurants, Jon didn't judge the gap between the posts, and managed to hit one with his pannier. Ouch! Don't worry Jon, no-one was looking. [See page 13 – Ed.]

And the entertainment changed when we reached the outskirts of Perpignan. As you drive on the road that runs parallel to the motorway, you're on a road that has lots of roundabouts and lay-bys. On the opposite side of the road you see a young lady in a bikini outfit, pole dancer shoes, obviously a prostitute. But on our side of the road we got her mate in the same outfit but about eight months pregnant and very scary looking. Needless to say we kept going, and didn't stop for fear of being approached had we stopped. So blatant, but that's life.

But we did need to stop because it was 34°C, and we needed a quick break. So arriving at the hotel we were looking forward to using the pool. That is until we met the manager. "Oh yes, your friend is already here (Graham's bike was outside). He's by the pool. You're the only ones here at the moment." But we knew Graham hadn't packed trunks. "I hope he's not in his pants", said Jon. "No, I told him that no-one's here so he could skinny dip. No one will see", said Mario our host. With great trepidation, Jon and I made our way to the pool, but Graham was decent luckily.

Dinner that night was, in my opinion, the best we had all trip. In fact this hotel was the best hotel as well. And the following morning we had an alfresco breakfast to cap it all off.

Bikes loaded up, the three of us set off to travel along the Pyrenees, but it wasn't to go to plan. After only a short way we exited a roundabout, and the road surface was covered in loose grit, but not enough to normally cause a problem but my bike stepped out a bit. And later on it wasn't happy on certain bends, where the road surface was covered in joining strips. When I pulled up alongside Jon in traffic, he said he'd had similar issues, so I thought it was just me. However when we stopped for coffee, in Spain, Jon noticed that I had a large bulge in the sidewall of my rear tyre. Bugger!!!

So the only option was to travel to Andorra and try and find a tyre shop. That was 50km away along twisty roads, which isn't ideal. But after queuing to get into Andorra, yes that's right queuing it's a tax haven so the world and its mother was

Saturday shopping, we eventually find a dealer who's actually working on another GS.

I pull in, leaving Jon and Graham to have a break, and I'm met by the rider of the GS who's an American. He asks me if I speak English to which I reply "Oui". I've obviously been in France too long. It transpires that his bike is a rental, and the staff can't get the rear wheel off. The bolts have been over tightened, and they are really struggling, to say the least. So when I establish that they have a suitable tyre, I quickly get my own tools out and remove my back wheel. The tyre fitter looks at mine, and then at the hire bike, and even though I don't speak Spanish I knew he was saying something along the lines of "at last, a decent bike".

Graham was to leave us at this point, as he wanted to try and complete the whole of the N260, which is the road along the Pyrenees, but had kindly decided to keep me company. But we still had a long way to go, and we still had to travel along part of the N260 even if we took a shorter route. So I had to scrub in a new tyre while on twisty mountain roads, and loaded with luggage. Not the best idea, but we managed.

Jon and I had some great roads to ride along, and on the way we were amazed at how many BMW's we saw. In one town it seemed that every other bike was one, and there were absolutely loads of bikes. It was packed. So we stopped out of town, where we weren't so crowded.



After lunch we continued onto Argeles-Gazost, where we were eventually joined by Graham, and once again we had an interesting meal. Only this time it was a case of being so big that I had to bail out and leave Jon to try and finish it.

Our next destination and our final overnight stop in France was to be the most interesting. We were heading for the Route 66 Bikers Hotel in Bussiere-Poitevine. Now to some this might sound ideal, and I thought so as well. But it didn't quite work out like that.

I arrived before the others as I'd decided to take my own route and once again Jon & Graham went their way. When I arrived I was greeted by friendly hello by one of the staff, who asked if I was looking for Harry. It transpired that Harry was the owner, and when he found me his first reaction was to open the bar (called Harry's Bar, funnily enough) and turn on the rock music. He then proceeded to tell me that he'd had the place for 12 years, his girlfriend had left him so he was



all alone, and that he was thinking of selling the place, along with the rest of his life story. I was beginning to pray that the lads would turn up sooner rather than later, especially as we were the only guests booked to stay that night. It was going to be a long night. After drinks he showed me my room, which was in the main building, and old run down building, and I was surprised to find my room had a red/pink theme with cherubs on the walls and cabinets. Later we found out that Graham's room was like something from a princess bedroom out of Disneyland. The rest of the set up was outbuildings that had been turned into Harry's Bar and other uses. Including Harry's own collection of vehicles, six various motorcycles and some cars including a Ferrari he'd rebuilt and a 1956 Buick.

The others arrived (much to my relief) and Harry asked us if he could join us for dinner, as we were it. No problem, but unusual. Harry rents out the restaurant to an English couple, a retired fireman and his wife, and it's open to the general public as well as the hotel guests, but as mentioned we were it. The chap who served us was dressed in shorts and a rugby shirt and flip-flops, very casual, and proceeded to tell us what was on offer. No menus, just what was written on the chalkboard. And one of the dishes he didn't recommend ("my wife makes that, it's awful"), so choice was a little limited. Simple fare, as they say. I opted for the Thai style curry. "Do you want chips or rice with that?", an option I haven't had in years. But I'd try the chips for a change. When it came to pudding I winced when it was served as I saw him put his wrist watch strap into the cream that was on top of the other puddings on his tray!!! And during dinner an unexpected guest who turned up on his trike, which was loaded to the brim, joined us and he was what can only be described as a 'character'. We adjourned after dinner to the bar, where playing pool was another experience as the cue ball was egg-shaped and the table was very, very uneven. Trick shots came naturally. And all the cues had been taped back together as if they'd all been broken in previous bar fights. And when we asked Harry at what time breakfast was (we had a long day ahead and wanted to get on the road fairly promptly) he replied "When do you want it?"

“7-7:30”

“Oh no, that’s too early, I can’t get up that early. I’ll do it for 8-8:30”

“Oh, right”.

Harry’s not one for early starts, it appeared, and he was cooking breakfast.

We were also joined at the bar by the restaurant staff and the weirdo on the trike, so it’s very casual to say the least. And Jon loved it, whilst Graham and I were exchanging glances.

The following morning Graham’s words were “I’m never coming here again”. It had character and characters, but I’m glad we went when it was just us. If it had been full, and the bar (+ band) going late into the night, I’m sure we’d have had a less enjoyable time.

The blast back home was simply just that. No fancy twisty roads, just main roads. Much to the annoyance of Graham. But we arrived at Le Havre on time, and met up with a friend of Jon’s in the queue of motorbikes waiting to board.

Overall a great trip, and I’d like to thank Graham & Jon for organising it all and Steve for his company.

Mick Wallace



My new pannier

My shiny new pannier is in fact a BMW S1000r sport model, the naked version of the RR, which I picked up in November, it is unusually for BMW a 999cc in line 4, giving 160bhp 0-60 is around 3.3 secs with top speed circa 160 mph. The bike comes with dynamic traction control, ABS and Dynamic damping control as standard, along with 4 riding modes which manage the use of all this technology. Rain mode drops the power to 136bhp and turns all the aids to full sensitivity, Standard road setting, Dynamic and Dynamic pro which all reduce the input from the riding aids with the last turning them off completely.

Mine has come complete with heated grips, quick shift gear change and comfort seat, which proved invaluable on my recent trip down to Devon to clock up the mileage to run it in. Currently I have done around 700 miles. The bike is surprisingly comfortable and a great deal of fun. The only mods I have done so far are to install a stem mount for my Tom Tom, MRA touring screen and tank ring for my Givi tank lock tank bag. I will be looking for some luggage so that I can take it touring next year

Oh and its bright red which is quite strange as that does not match my other panniers at all!!!!!!

Jon Draper



Biker Thought for the Month ... *Everyone crashes. Some get back on. Some don't. Some can't.*

Brough Superior motorcycle record £315K

A motorcycle like those ridden by Lawrence of Arabia has set a new world record after selling for £315,100.

The 1929 Brough Superior 986cc SS100 Alpine Grand Sports is the most expensive Brough Superior to sell at public auction.

It has beaten the record set by a Brough Superior SS80, which sold for £291,200 in 2012.



Brough Superior motorcycles were built in Nottingham, at founder George Brough's factory in Haydn Road.

Paul d'Orléans, from vintage motorcycle site The Vintagent, said it was among the most expensive motorcycles ever sold at auction.

"George Brough was a genius of motorcycle design, and the SS100 is his masterpiece," he said.

"It's no surprise his machines fetch such prices."

He said Brough Superior SS100s were "the original superbike".

"Each was sold with a certificate guaranteeing it had been timed at over 100mph at the Brooklands racetrack," he said.

"No other motorcycle was sold with such a claim, and this was a remarkable speed for a road bike in the 1920s."



George Brough chats with TE Lawrence, also known as Lawrence of Arabia, at the Brough Superior factory in Haydn Road, Nottingham.

George Brough continued to ride his motorbikes until he was about 60 years old.



He said the second most expensive Brough Superior, the SS80, was "a very special machine" as it was George Brough's personal race bike, nicknamed Old Bill.

Ben Walker, director for Bonhams motorcycle department, said: "Brough Superior is a legendary marque in the motorcycle world.

"Coined the Rolls-Royce of motorcycles, their distinguished status is well-earned."

George Brough undertook the Alpine Trial - a gruelling reliability run - on an SS100 in 1925, resulting in the award of six cups.

The design of the Alpine Grand Sports took inspiration from this achievement, and it was introduced to the market in 1925 for the 1926 season.

World War One British army officer TE Lawrence, also known as Lawrence of Arabia, owned eight Brough Superior bikes.

He was killed in 1935 riding an SS100 he had named George VII.

Text and photos taken from:

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-nottinghamshire-30195048>

SSMCC Committee Minutes

Meeting held on 24 November 2014 at 8.00PM

In Attendance:

John Mason Chairman
Richard Barnett PRO
Chris Booker Treasurer
Doug Chaney Social Secretary
Ian Slater Club Captain
Heather Wallace Training Scheme Organiser
Amoret Whitaker Contact Editor

Apologies. Kathy Frost

Meeting came to order at: 8:05pm

Action List

- Doug – send Lisa Davidson the SSMCC banner Done
- Chris – send Lisa Davidson payment for website. Done 3/11 £67.85

Minutes from the Last Meeting

The minutes of the last meeting were proposed by Heather Wallace, seconded by Richard Barnett adopted without dissent.

Matters Arising

No matters arising

Correspondence

Nothing to report

Website

The website has now gone live, but there is a problem with the redirection of the contact us. Lisa Davidson had asked Russell Sommer to deal with the redirection part, but this doesn't appear have happened so she has changed it back to displaying the email addresses.

Lisa wanted to know if we were happy or unhappy with having the committee photos and instructors on the website. Best to do in March after the AGM.

New Members

Jayne Thackeray West Ealing Agreed

Treasurer's Report

Settlement amount has been paid to the Park Hotel for the party. John asked Chris to advise what the amount the club had subsidised the dinner was = £72.50

Training Scheme

Following the AGM Heather has requested £600 to be paid to the Training Scheme account from the Club to primarily cover the indemnity insurance.

Quite busy at the moment.

Change of authority has taken place. Some CBT cards had been sent off. Richard Davidson is now a CBT instructor. Still need forms from Doug, Chris and Graeme.

I am waiting for the Indemnity insurance to arrive, but the money is available.

Expect to training up to and including the 20th December, even if from the garage, and subject to pupil availability.

Competitions

Star Group had been paid in March. ACU paid 3rd November.

Pool Night – there wasn't enough players to make a proper competition

Social Secretary's Report

Doug thanks Amoret, Chris and Heather for their help with organising the Xmas Party. Ice Skating at Hampton Court – Looking at Saturday 3rd January. Cost £13 per adult.

Editors Report

"Contact" to come out on Monday 1st Dec. AGM notification has to go out before 18th January & Nomination form. February 2015 AGM Contact will be large due to various reports from the committee and financial reports.

Captain's Report

Last run to Brighton got cancelled. We ended up with 10 runs, with 2 new destinations. Haines Museum and Goodwood.

The couple of times we ended up doing deferred dates worked out reasonable well, and if re-elected will do the same next year.

Small French run to be looked at in May for long weekend.

Any plans for rides next year? Pioneer run in March, and Hayling Island in April. Beaulieu museum is another run the Captain would like to do.

Public Relations Officer's Report

Nothing really to report.

Any Other Business

John asked if the committee were going to restand for their posts at the AGM. Richard will be standing down as PRO and John will be standing down as Chairman.

Fixtures

13th December – Park Hotel – Teddington

28th December – Post Xmas Run Out (bike optional)

3rd January – Hampton Court – Skating

12th January – Committee Meeting

The next committee meeting will be on the 24th November at John's at 8.05PM

Thanks to Doug for his hospitality. The meeting closed at 9:25 pm

Caption competition

Winning caption:

Heather was surprised when a pothole set off the air bag protection in her trousers, but it's always nice to have something soft and squishy between your legs – apparently!

Best of the rest:

Heather showing that wearing a "G" string that's too tight is not a good idea.

"Is it knees down or heels down, when cornering at speed?"

Heather does everything she can to avoid being overtaken.

"Ouch!"



December's picture

Doug – taken at the Seaford BBQ in July 2014.

Send your suggested captions to me at: a.whitaker@nhm.ac.uk