

Haynes Motor Museum, 14 Aug 05

Graham Bailey, Ride-out Leader

Weather: doesn't get any better, duration: 10.00am-6.00pm, mileage 170ish.

Pilot	Bike
Budge/Di	Silver Bird
Bill Carter	FAZER Thou
Alastair Lord	VFR/GPS 750
Steve Wood	GSX750F
Tim/Sandie Cutmore	GSX 1400
Mark Redding	R75
Chris 'Duke' Williams	'Red Noisy Thing' [<i>beats blue nosey thing – Ed</i>]
James Coombs	Dakar
Simon 'Hard Deck' Forryan	1200 Bandit
Terry Freeman	'Real' 1200 Bandit
Graham Bailey	Blue Bliss

'What a lovely lot', and all champing at the bit, eager to wander around Haynes in an attempt to rekindle their fond ownership memories of similar speeding chariots that once graced the driveways of their humble homes. (I've always wanted to give something back to the older generation!! Eh...Budge!)

Seriously, in my midst was a fantastic bunch, and with weather as good as this, we were all going to have a great time.

Our journey there took us through a varied range of roads, seeing Cirencester, Malmesbury, Chippie, Frome, and Castle Cary before

arriving at Haynes in the village of Sparkford.

With a mixture of culinary delights despatched, courtesy of the well equipped café on site, we all trundled in clutching our discounted tickets, (thank you Mr Haynes) and from thereon in most of us embarked on a variety of trips down memory lane,

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depending upon how good a memory you actually had, and how old you were

to date! (Tell me Budge, why were you so insistent on trying to find a Penny Farthing!! After all, I had plenty of loose change!)

All the jokes had been cracked, and with memories seriously jolted, we said our farewells to the museum

until another time, as we paraded ceremoniously out of the car park in a homeward bound direction. Bradford Upon Avon was soon in our sights, and so was the impromptu 'cream tea' stop sat in the sun shine alongside the Kennet and Avon canal whilst soaking up the last of the days sunshine, 'reet good it were'.



No jokes about big red throbbers, Chris!

The end to another great day's ride out was on the horizon, and the point at which most of us do a fairly good impression of the red arrows splitting up was upon us.

Normally this would be a most satisfying point as it would mark the end of a totally successful day, however, in the cold light of the early evening the truth was starting to dawn.



Legs dangling in Bradford on Avon

We were 2 bikes down!! And one was the sweep! Yep, I'm sad to say that both Terry and Bill became victims of

inadequate marking due to an assumption that we were flying in tight formation, only to learn that the formation was not quite tight enough. Sorry lads!

With lesson learnt, we all went our separate ways anyway with the thought that at least we were on the A46 to Stroud/Glos, weren't we Bill!!!

My most humble thanks to all who attended, and yes we did manage to get in the obligatory U-turn, just for good measure!

Until we ride again... *follow if you dare, pass if you can.* ♦