

National Motorcycle Museum, 11 Sep 05

Graham Bailey, Ride-out Leader

Duration: 9.00am-5.00pm, mileage: 140 (thanks Dave!), weather: biking bliss 'honest'!

Pilot	Bike
Dave Preest	Guzzi 850
Simon 'Hard Deck' Forryan	Bandit 1200
Me! Graham Bailey	GS1200

'Well Dave shall we go then', I remember saying as we both patiently waited in the car park of BEW at 9.15am for any 'late comers', you know Budge etc!!.

... only to be greeted by the 'gob smacking' sight of old 'Hard Deck' complete with his simmering Bandit which looked like it was on 'melt down'...

A quick call to 'Hard Deck' prior to departure (as he promised to be sweep) revealed that he was currently lost some where in Robinswood, 'literally' whilst taking his new hound 'Sat Nav' for its morning walk, upon which he became even more frustrated to learn that it was a 9.00am start, instead of the luxurious 10.00am as believed.

After much heart-rending conversation, Hard Deck made the decision and gave us the command

to "leave me and save yourselves", 'so we did' and merrily went on our way with a limited amount of guilt gnawing away within our minds.

Winchcombe gave way to the delights of Stratford etc on route, before we eventually pootled into the car park of the museum, only to be greeted by the 'gob smacking' sight of old 'Hard Deck' complete with his simmering Bandit which looked like it was on 'melt down', as he had obviously managed to beat us there by creating an impression of a heat trace on about every camera down the M5/M42 that they have. (Sterling effort 'Hard Deck', indeed a sight for sore eyes!)

"leave me and save yourselves!"

After our brief and somewhat depleted representation during what was supposed to be a 'club ceremony' by the way of officially

handing over the revered Advanced Instructors Suit donated by Brian Charlton to the museum's very own Dave Roach, we decided to embrace the warm enticements of the very sumptuous looking breakfast displayed in the restaurant.

We didn't quite qualify for group discount as we made our way



Dave Roach, The Invisible Man, Our Graham, Our Dave

through the turnstiles to the museum itself, but at £6.95 to get in, we certainly enjoyed the variety of exhibits that adorned the comfortable surroundings that were to be their final resting place.

With tea and bread pudding consumed, 'what'.... ! Man cannot survive on love alone...honest, all three of us quietly slipped away (well Dave and I did!) out of the car park to join the mayhem of the 42 for a couple of junctions before really

enjoying the mixed and varied roads ahead.

My humble thanks to both Dave and Simon for taking the time and effort to join me in what might have been a very solitary club

run indeed, for me, the day was highly successful, in that their company was 'first class' which provided me with a much needed boost after the sad but inevitable loss of my dear old mum just the night before.

Lads, for me you were both just the tonic, even though you didn't know it, thanks a million boys.



"Graham, d'ya think they'd let the AA man lead us home?"

"Not sure I could keep up, Dave".

And for those of you that didn't/couldn't make it, my commiserations; you missed a fantastic day when lovely roads, excellent location and pure good company came together on one of those rare and memorable days. ♦