

Beaulieu Run, 25 June

Budge & Di

Timings: 08:00 to 19:45ish, weather: pleasantly warm and dry.

Pilot

Budge & Di
Graham Bailey
Steve & Zoë Mason
Ian Stavert
Andy Downs
Narjas
Vic Martyn
Simon & Carol
Dave & Lorraine
Nick Twissell
Terry Henshaw

Bike

'The' Silver Machine
R1200GS (with both lights working)
GSX750F
FJR1300
VFR750
VFR
1200LT
FJ1200
CBR600
Varadero
R1200RT

07:50 saw the majority of us gather at BEW for an 8am 'sharp' departure to the Motor Cycle weekend at Beaulieu. Final get away was just after that as Graham was late as usual.

Our route would firstly take us to Greasy Joe's in Cirencester. No, not for an early breakfast stop, but to pick up Simon and Carol (who also kept us waiting – didn't ask why [**Fnarr fnarr – EdJ**]). Then it was onwards, trying to avoid all the tractors that were converging on Kemble in an attempt to break the world record for the most tractors in one place at any one time, (or something like that), via Malmesbury, picking up Dave & Lorraine, Nick and Terry (riding his brand new BMW R1200RT 'behemoth'), to Warminster where I

had planned for us to have a break and something to eat and drink.

What a mistake that was. We must have arrived at exactly the same time as three coach loads of a slightly older generation [**Eh? Surely not possible! – EdJ**]. So apart from the fact that there was nowhere to sit, it took ages just to get a drink. Sorry folks.

15 arrived, (in need of refreshment), and 17, (suitably refreshed) left, as we were joined by a couple from the Bristol Advanced Motorcycle group who asked if they could ride with us to Beaulieu. How could we refuse? 10 miles down the road toward Salisbury we passed an empty Little Thief (Damn! Oh well, can't get everything right), and shortly after that it started raining. Things were

getting worse. We were slowed quite considerably on our way out of Salisbury, as the roads were very busy and everyone seemed to be going the same way. This soon eased, however, and we were able to get 'back on the pace' quite nicely. Oh, and it stopped raining.

We finally arrived at Beaulieu a little later than planned and decided to make the restaurant the first stop and have a walk around afterwards. Well it had been a long time since we had eaten.

There were a lot more trade stands and fewer manufacturers than the last time we made the trip. Not sure if that was a good or bad thing; everyone has their own opinion. Still, we all had a good

wander round and as our rendezvous time of 15:30 approached it was time

to amble back to the bikes. It had become very warm by this point.

We started our return trip at about 16:00 and it was shortly after this that our one and only mishap of the day struck: the

FJ12 ran out of petrol! Not bad I suppose, 130ish miles to the tank – yeah right!

While a couple of us went in search of a garage, not only fill our own

machines' tanks but to get some extra for the FJ, our illustrious Chairman (so I'm told) produced a length of hose from his cavernous panniers and promptly got

the FJ going again (he does, however, strongly deny that this is the



GS Adventure with optional "Pointless" kit



Prototype eases Graham's drinking problem

way he gets all his fuel – should we give him the benefit of the doubt? I'll leave that decision to you). Those of us who had gone on were informed of this just after I had purchased a fuel can, but luckily enough had not started to fill it. The man in the garage was good enough to give me a refund.



Even dogs are cool dudes at Beaulieu

Arrangements were made to meet up, and this we did before re-commencing our homeward journey, Oh, and we ran into rain again, but it didn't last long.

The empty Little Chef we had seen on the way down, was still empty so we all pulled in for some 'more' refreshments. (The last time we stopped here was during a thunderstorm and we promptly flooded the place, but that story has been told in a previous Journal). Our route home was nothing spectacular,

in fact it was the reverse of the outward trip, and yes we came across those bloody tractors going the other way this time.

I think, all things considered, a good day was had by all and we arrived at our respective homes safe and well. Thanks to one and all that came along.

Capt Rigar ♦



Button in horrific F1 crash