



RON'S RUN by the W. Middx 'Tigers'
The Britannia Rally...our revenge on the Danes.
In memory of Ron Westbury 1958 - 2005

Wed 17th Aug.

All to meet at the Ace Cafe 12:30 for lunch and have our expedition waved off by Geoff. It was planned to go by the North Circular but as some arrived late it was decided the M1 & M25 would be best. Once the head count matched the ferry



bookings and luggage is redistributed (how much can we fit into Amanda's sidecar?), Amanda was to be sent ahead on her own due to having an outfit, so the Meridens & Harris decide to keep her company, they set off with thoughts of rolling landscapes and open roads...hang on don't get ahead of yourselves, an accident on the M25, of course whilst sitting in the traffic, clutch slipping, you name it, the Hinckley boys pass us

by scything their way through the traffic and waving us good bye, grrrr! We make an escape to join the A414 thinking we're making headway until another standstill and pieces of a Harley over the road, the Meridens are getting rather hot and bothered so they pull over and cool off a while, we begin to contemplate The Chunnel and hard riding the long way round, but not to worry, with perfect timing, we pull in dead on the 16:00 check-in. Bikes strapped down, a quick wash and we're set to feed our faces at the ferry buffet. The youth in the group start to fidget and each go off in search of their own entertainment, those of us more easily pleased are treated to the bar cabaret and got to know the other motorcycle boffins on board, one was Santa in disguise using Rex as his pseudonym, carrying a BSA Dandy step-through in the boot of his car, so we invite him to drop by The Britannia Rally.

Thurs 18th.

Adjust your watches everyone, land ahoy!

Nick found the ferry's detoxification suite on the front deck, was taken surprise by an enema, otherwise used as a spray to wash the control room windows (or was his surprise that we caught him at it?).

Having made friends on board with a Danish couple returning from a British tour on their Virago 1100, they kindly guided us out of the port town of Esbjerg and sent us on our way along the coastal road for a bit of scenery, which I'm sure would have been delightful had we been going at a pace to enjoy it. There was a sculpture of 4 male figures (were they guardians of some sort, has anyone read the guide book?) and some very pretty flora and fauna on the road verges, if you're into that sort of thing. Arrived much earlier than expected at our rally host camp, the Jolly Roger Motorcycle Club, got on with pitching up, received a welcome from the rally organisers who had bumped into members of the North London branch the previous week in Sweden, so our reputation had preceded. Amanda went off to unload at a motel just moments down the road and the few still fit to ride, Bob, Giles, Nick & Ed, and Roger joined her there for dinner, finding that in Denmark if you keep to the local speciality you're well fed, pity they ordered the lasagne.

Fri 19th.

Today's plan of action? A bit of motoring perhaps. Just for the hell of it we gave ourselves a destination, the Maritime Museum in Aalborg, where we were able to have a look inside a submarine, how anyone can manage to live in those cramped conditions goodness knows, especially if you had to visit the 'head'. After piccies and ice creams we head back, the last few km of our return trip were along some lovely winding woodland roads, proper biking holiday stuff.

Repairs to do, adjust clutch and tappets. What was that we'd have no need of Bob?



Fortunately there is a resident charger unit on the campsite.

Camping stool no.1 down and counting, cute trick Roger and it was all your own doing, must be the weight of those badges on your cap.

This evening we were involved in some serious decision making, perusing the bikes at the rally, mulling over distant memories and fawning over what

pleased and excited us (Domenico needed a hosing down), considering what should get our prize nominations. The evening's entertainment was starting, dinner was being served, the music turned up and beer flowed more freely. Domenico is keen to show

us his Crazy Frog impression, fortunately we just get the censored version. Later on a big bird with a big



voice and her musicians had everyone swinging, or perhaps wishing they could...I'm only going by what I see on the photos, cameras

never lying and all that, Bob clearly thought he was in with a chance until a young fit Ed moved in. One of the main attractions of the trip was for at least one in the group to "have their Danish", boys will be boys I suppose. This could just be a big bluff and in Bob's opinion, the only Danish anyone got was pastry!



Sat 20th.

Ed has found his niche as daring action cameraman, panning Ron's Run from pillion on his Dad's Rocket III, honest Guv'. We have a slow morning for heads to become adjusted in preparation for the Rally Run to Viborg town celebration. The Mayor had asked the Jolly Roger if a few prime specimen bikes could make an appearance, to be sure not to disappoint a couple of hundred revved up and set off. Amanda was taking too long to pull her knickers up and missed the event. Some mingling with the locals and a bit of line dancing then it was back to camp for a demonstration by Monty and his mate, leaping about on their mountain bikes making a few men nervous about their vital parts. Amanda was enjoying watching his energy, attention to detail and what a lovely pair of pec's a girl could beat her helpless fists against! After that

excitement she had to go and lie down a while. Antics continued with the Slow Bike Race, Rex arrived with his Dandy and won, a sure thing we all thought, Chris came a close 2nd, and there was some controversy about Domenico, possibly putting a foot down? Fun in the lake, the Boat Race, 2 teams to race each other across the lake and return with a ball, simple in theory.



Domenico and Ed came out victorious and went out



again as salvage vessel, lots of splashing around to make it look a manly activity.

Running repairs on 3 Meridens continued.

Group photo time, Mike Hodson, ILO of Nacelle had the Brits lined up at the front banner for their moment in time. Amanda will need pasting in as she's still snoozing, no stamina, she also missed out on the orange bomb display, has been promised a rerun of the 'you've been Tangoed' action once we're home.

Prize Giving. Ed and Amanda went up to receive our Award of Biggest Foreign Club / Branch in Attendance (13 is lucky for some), the prize money meant beers all round! Bummer if you're tea-total eh? The Best Special Conversion went to a chop that Domenico voted for (and did an awful lot of drooling over), which we're told has something of a 650/750 twin T120 or was it T140 in it, identification could make a



good competition, rather like how many sweets in the jar, it could be anyone's guess. None of us can remember what won Best Overall Model, clearly not one of us had voted for it. The crowd was getting impatient waiting for the celebrity appearance, the sun had gone down so out she was rolled, cradled in a tractor frame. The Merlin engine, as used in the Spitfire without the supercharger, this one came from a Centurion tank when the

Danish government decided to scrap a lot of their armoury. About ten years ago a scrap yard local to the Jolly Roger had the contract, so the boys went down and found one that worked, removed the engine and brought it home. It only gets started up once a year, on every Britannia Rally and they don't have to do a thing, except fuel up, charge the battery and press the start button. Something you could really annoy the neighbours with, lots of noise and 12 glowing exhausts.

As a finale to the rally, the largest farm owner in the area put on a spectacular firework display, someone disputed that it might've been his daughter's wedding, but that surely would've been his secondary consideration.

Sun 21st.

Up bright and early to set off in search of rest and recuperation at our next stop, Camp Blommenhaven, Aarhus. Our arrival sparked the interest of the local constabulary, once assured we were harmless they kindly escorted Amanda to her hotel in the town centre. Knowledge of a beach down the hill was too much to hold back from, off they did trot, Giles soon came squealing out of the depths with a dose of Danish crabs...one tiny nipper hanging from his ear. Nick also came out with a

crab, clamped on a nipple, but I wonder if the crab was the unwilling participant. The rest of the afternoon was spent managing domestic, things must be getting pretty stinky if men realise that its time for washing, that or they've all been well trained by the ones who really wear the trousers at home, so with great amusement over the



name of the wash powder, its off to do the laundry. After a bit of head scratching to work out how to use the stuff, they continue to exercise the grey matter to kill time, though it's a very slow gain that needs a bit of team work Whilst Two Meter Peter took on the role of Materchef, knocking up enough to feed the 5,000, overgrown children continued to amuse themselves with feats of strength, stamina, balance and plain stupidity. Domenico won the log lifting (of which Chris had a short scuffle with and drew blood), Nick won the

push ups, Ed was the longest to stand on one leg, the somersault competition on the trampoline was won by a lad younger than Ed, which put his nose out a bit and Roger almost had 121 called out, thankfully dinner got served before there was any serious injury. A loner called Jim, (another from the BSA rally) originally from Illinois , joined in our evening, when asked what bike he was riding he told us, Bob declares "that's not British, that's a BSA", where upon Nick falls off his chair backwards in a heap of uncontrollable laughter, which went on all night as this became a catch phrase. Finding Jim lives not too many miles from The North Star, Roger calls a club meeting to order and Jim was promptly made an honorary 'Tigers' member and voted in as our Minister of Muddles, for the decisions that others are reluctant to make. Club



meeting proceeded with propositioning and voting of Ministers, of which we have far fewer members to fill so there was much doubling up.

Peter the Pencil, starting to fret, took on the mother roll trying to keep the group to a respectable volume so we weren't evicted.

Camping stool no. 2 down and counting, this is becoming a habit

Roger.

Amanda's combo was blocked in, with no one in any state to try moving theirs' out of the way, a glass of wine and she became only a moderately reluctant camper.

Mon 22nd.

Today Amanda went for a potter about Aarhus, some baked on the beach, John exposed parts that hadn't seen the light of day since his mother changed his last nappy, Two Meter Peter and Mick went to sample some typical Danish cuisine at the town's MacD's and Peter the Pencil was kept active by a dog who took a fancy to his ankles and set to herding him about the camp. The fellas had been in some disbelief that Domenico had the anatomical attachments the Crazy Frog possesses, so he gives them the uncensored version, out of some scrap of decency keeping his back to Amanda.

This evening we all tucked in to a fantastic BBQ... once it was lit, our Kiwi member, Graham, who grew up lighting cooking fires (so he claims) resorted to the charcoal bags, kitchen roll soaked with petrol, locally collected tinder and finally to everyone's relief a German camper looking on took pity and offered his fire lighters.

Tues 23rd.

Early rise for the modern Hinkleys traversing the bridge to Zealand. Due to Bob's Harris playing up he didn't want to chance going by road so decided to take the Ferry, Two Meter Peter had not been too well so chose our shorter route, Amanda said she didn't want to hold up the others (the way she rides her combo you'd think she was riding solo) and the Meridens decided to take it easy as well. Good job Bob didn't go on the road because the Harris still trying to be awkward and give him as much grief as possible, sprung a petrol leak, another job on arrival at the campsite.

Rocket Nick wanted to try out Rogers GPS, so on the trip from Aarhus to Zealand Nick became the leader of the pack, but before leaving Roger told him to follow the instruction of the GPS and not deviate. That's what he did. Whilst on route in Zealand the GPS tells him to turn onto a unmade road, of course with Rogers voice ringing in his ear, Nick does as he's told and drives through a farm yard gate with the rest of the lads following. Leaning on the gate the poor farmer watched, mouth agape whilst 6 mad British motorcyclists hurtle across his farm yard and out the other side. No doubt his grandchildren will be hearing about this for years to come.

The ferry crew arrive hours behind, to find Ed on his new wheels terrorising jellyfish



stranded on the beach, Nick had an uncomfortable ankle from being stung by these, clearly the jellyfish that got Giles was far more ferocious as he was rolling in agony with a limp arm "oh the pain!". Peter the Pencil continued to attract canine interest, one mutt adopting him as owner for the afternoon and causing him trouble by attacking a girl on the beach and some poor dear's pooch, she then realises it's her neighbour's dog and Peter is off the hook.

Everyone in situ, dinner is discussed and a couple of bikes tear off to find the nearest food store, Amanda's Bonnie combo is now singing at a different pitch with trying to keep up with the RIII. Wot no chocolate? Just as well there is a woman in the group, Nick & Ed were sent back into the store as the bags were sadly lacking dessert items. The BBQ gets stoked, Nick puts on chef's hat and Graham knocks up a perfect salad and shows his talent for slicing cake.

Must've been a hard day, we're off to bed by 10pm.

Wed 24th.



Big boys roll off early to Sweden, Bob's Bonnie is suffering badly, so for this trip he does a turn as biker chic on the back of Roger. Amanda caught with her knickers down again missed the set off, so she, Peter the Pencil and John remained to nursemaid Two Meter Peter who was dying of a sore throat. We had a whip 'round of everyone's medicine

supplies and came up with a bounty that could kill or cure (delete as appropriate). For the afternoon we sipped tea in town watching the world go by, the fellas observations were, the majority of Danish women (in Slagelse at least) have big tits, conclusion being it must be all that sausage they eat, Amanda figured it could be a talented local surgeon. The local horseback regiment do a turn in town, some cute arses in the saddle. Supped up we head off in search of some culture, a Viking village which was marked on the map at Trelleborg, but didn't appear on any road signs. Instead we spend a few minutes attempting to converse with some locals "Where is the nearest petrol station? Yes, 92 octane if you have any". Following an incident on a previous club run, Amanda saw fit to bring a couple of fuel cans to Denmark and just for this afternoon chose to leave them at camp. Typical!

In the meantime, Roger with Bob as Pillion, Nick & Ed, Mick, Chris, Giles and Domenico had set off for Sweden. Graham follows to the outskirts of Copenhagen and visits the City. He said that he was so engrossed in photo taking that he forgot where he had parked his bike.

To get from Zealand to Sweden you travel on the E20 through a 4 km tunnel and then onto the longest bridge (so the claim goes). Whilst crossing the bridge there was a sea mist that almost engulfed the four large towers of the central span, very picturesque, then onto Malmo for a look around. A music festival was going on in town and a market, a bit like Camden, seemed to be selling a lot of the same stuff. Most people I thought went for souvenirs of a geographical context, not this lot. Mick and Domenico bought some pin badges, 'F*****' and as we now know, 'Pierced in places you'd love to lick', as Domenico would like to think.... A prime location for photos was found as evidence that we woz 'ere, Peter the Pencil, Chris and Domenico posed by a shop window advertising that their merchandise is 'Cool and f***** cheap', if you get to see the photos you can come to your own conclusions whether or not they meet that claim.

Sat at a marquee with a singer, one of the people who were serving came over and started chatting, he had a Harris Triumph once but wasn't too impressed. I wonder why? He did suggest that we went to the beach to view more of the "Swedish scenery", why we didn't is still a mystery. Time to move before Mick got beaten up for treading on someone else's patch, propped against a post looking rather like a pimp organising his girls, when actually he's just phoning the wife.



On the way back the mist had cleared and the bridge looked even more impressive with boats below looking rather small. I guess we were quite a way up. And who do you think we bumped into on passing Copenhagen, yes Graham, now that's what you call synchronised touring.

The Swedish crowd are back first and baying for food, so Amanda, Two Meter Peter and Peter the Pencil head back, managing to lose John along the way.

The Last Supper.

Everyone enjoyed the BBQ the night before so it was agreed to be done again. Monnies thrown in the pot and leftovers redeemed, Nick donned the chef's hat again, the cooking began and appetites grew, so John was sent out to find some extra meat, his earlier detour proved to be beneficial in finding a local butcher's and returned with a fatted calf. Graham with Bob and Ed's help did the salad. The camp fire was lit,

with Giles and Ed collecting half the forest for it. We begin to plan a diet and exercise regime for Roger, that was the 3rd seat out for the count!

Thurs 25th.

Been spoilt for so long, almost forgot what rain was. It p***** it down for 120 miles with the wind at gale force “what ever”. The Harris had to play up again with a front indicator suddenly swinging in the wind, hanging by a wire. So when we arrived at the toll bridge from Zealand to Jutland, another repair had to be carried out. With that over and done with, on we venture over the bridge with the sign saying windy, the wind sock straight as a die, windy was not the word. Poor old Domenico had to skate over with both feet down, all his gear plus the fairing on his Daytona rather caught the wind, “it was like a sail”, he said. Roger hung back to keep an eye on him and we all stopped on the hard shoulder to let them catch up. I think he had to change his underwear after that!!! A few km’s down the road the Harris decides to play up again, this time the right carburettor coming loose (bob had over tightened the rubber mounting when fixing the petrol leak). There he is in the hissing rain, hacking down



the autobahn trying to put the carb back on as we go, showing us a new slant on the term “running repairs”. After that the lads decided that Bob should be the leader for the rest of the way to Esbjerg, 11 bikes following should be able to retrieve everything that drops off. Everything went swimmingly (it felt like that by the time we got there), luckily the sun came out and the entrance to the ferry was like a

Gypsy camp with all the clothes and boots drying out on the perimeter fence.

Fri 26th.

On board we said our farewells to Rex and more of the BSA crowd.

We had noticed how quiet Chris had been for the trip, figured there must be some outstanding warrant for him, so he’s keeping a low profile. We start to plan our tactics for distracting passport control as he goes through. Once safely on British soil we fuel up and those of us with confidence in our machines head back for a final drink at The North Star. Bob decided to take it easy on the homeward journey with Domenico riding gunshot, when they arrived at the A120 Domenico was itching to twist the throttle so Bob waved him on and then promptly broke down, the oil light flashes, engine goes clankity clank “Oops”, says Bob, and had to wait for the rescue service. Checks the oil at home, all full up, so waiting to see what the problem is.

Amanda hadn’t listened properly to the advised route and lead everyone else into the usual M25 hold up, so quite rightly I suppose they left her behind and filtered through. After a trip abroad with no road issues Peter the Pencil had forgotten what to expect with British traffic, had a coming together with an old lady on the M25. Luckily he was OK just a broken clutch lever on his Thunderbird Sport, the nice old lady then tells him not to worry about it and she won’t be making any claims. Peter was on his bike as quick as you like before she changed her mind.

They arrived at the pub to find Domenico had been there twiddling his thumbs for the past half hour. Amanda rolls up a half hour after and then Giles to retrieve his



baggage from the combo. The main subject on our lips was “how about next year?”

Special thanks to Peter the Pencil for his choice of rally event and to Ron a toast, it was well worth those extra days of making our presence felt and building camaraderie.

Cheers everyone.



Amanda

Report written by Amanda and Edited by Mark W