

HOG

the

IMP

Summer Edition 25.02

Lindum Colonia UK Chapter
7828

Summer has arrived,
Rally season begun,
Get on your Harleys,
It's time for some fun...



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Editors waffle.....



Hi All

Welcome to the latest edition of the Imp.

Firstly, having just got back from the Oak Tree Rally in Wales for which Dai's write up can be found later in this edition, I would like to say - get well soon Jono. Hopefully he's reading this (if not, I'll be having a word!!).

You may notice that this edition is shorter than usual, particularly for a summer edition. Disappointingly, despite lots going on, I am very short on articles/stories/write ups to share with you all.

I am aware that there have been lots of lovely rides happening but having not been able to be there, I am very reliant on Chapter members sending me information for the magazine. No write ups means no Imp so please, if you go on a ride or have any stories, send them to me. Even if you think they are unsuitable or rubbish, they probably wont be (I will tell you if I am unable to publish them), please send them through.

New to the chapter? Please share your story, bike/riding history so we can all get to know you a bit better. Even if you have been with us some time, I am sure you have an interesting past bike history so please send it through with photos if possible.

All articles can be sent to me at editor@lindumcoloniachapter.com
I shall look forward to receiving lots so I can produce a bumper edition next time

All that being said, I would like to say a massive thanks to the contributors to this edition. We have articles from Dai, Pete Gould, a crossword from Brian McInnes, a funny tale from Charlie and a lovely write up from Annie about her trip doing the NC500 (not on a bike this time).

Look forward to seeing you all soon.
Cathy

the **IMP**



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Greetings & Salutations

Paul Redhead, Chapter Director



Well it's been a few months of ups and downs. The recent weather has been fantastic and so far it's been a great riding season but I need to start with the events of last weekend in Wales.

Firstly, I want to send my best wishes to Jono and Anni and wish Jono a speedy recovery. We never think that something like that happens to one of our own so when it does, it hits hard. I have to say the organisation of the Black Mountains Chapter was absolutely phenomenal. I felt emotional that I wasn't able to give Jono the help he needed but Tracy stepped up and along with others from Black Mountains and passing motorists were able to support Jono until the medical team arrived. Luckily Anni was able to get back from Paris quickly to be with him and their son had arrived from Sheffield by the evening.

The Air Ambulance crew were amazing. As you will be aware, our chapter charity is the Lincolnshire Air Ambulance service. However, each Air Ambulance comes under separate funding so I will be speaking to you all at the next meeting as to how our Chapter can convey our thanks to the Wales Air Ambulance team.

All chapter members that were present stepped up, helped and supported in some way so thank you to them and I also want to give a big shout out to William who was the last drop off before the accident and stayed at his post for 1½ hours while everything was going on. Absolutely brilliant.

As you know, I have finally got my bike back –I think it's awesome! Amongst other things, it's had a new belt, new back and front pulleys along with new cartridges in the forks and Screaming Eagle racing cams. It now has serious grunt and fortunately the fuel economy is still good. To say I am pleased is putting it mildly and am really enjoying getting out and about again.

Plans for our Concursum rally are going well and Tracy is doing an amazing job putting it all together. Please support her as much as you can.

Next up for me is the Horseshoe Rally this weekend so I am off to dig out my tent, sleeping bag, kettle, cooker and frying pan. I shall be cooking plenty of bacon to annoy my fellow campers!

Keep safe, Paul



...And Another Thing...

...by Dai Gunter, Assistant Director

Well so far this riding season the weather has done us proud. It's been a dry scorcher with heat only comparable to tropical climates. So, who's complaining? Well, me of course, our ride down to the Oak Tree Rally was a hot one, making my bits 'n' bobs think they were in a kettle on the stove. I was trialing a pair of biking shorts (which felt more like underpants with a built-in nappy) giving me 3 layers of clothing – my underpants, the biking shorts (c/w thick memory foam padding) and my jeans. There were a number of negatives: i) the heat, like I've said already, I wasn't sure if I'd wet myself or was just floating in a hot tub of sweat; ii) this fine and glorious sunshine brings out all the drivers that should stick to sunbathing in Majorca (or their back gardens) – cutting corners, 20 in a 30, or 15 in a 20 (see my write-up on the Oak Tree Rally), and busy, busy, busy roads; and then there's iii) HS2... well, let's just stop there... on the positive side though, I did manage an extra 50 or so miles before I felt that memorable ache in the butt. So, are they worth the £30 or so? Maybe in the cooler months, but certainly not in this humid heat.



This year's InSpire Ride was another success for the organisers. Thank you to those who helped with the marshalling of the Northern Ride-in. There're a few words on that event later in the magazine (unless Cathy has decided to drop it in favour of something more interesting).

In a few days, and by the time you read this, several of us will have attended the Horseshoe Rally – Rutland's own party. I bumped into a couple of their members in Carmarthen; they were complaining they had missed out on tickets (their rally sold out last month), as have several of our members who thought they might be able to pay on admission – oops...! Never mind, I'm sure you'll hear about it from one of us who did buy tickets. So, here's a tip: if you are considering attending the 'Rally in the Valley' in Llangollen in September, buy a ticket.

I'm really looking forward to our own rally, the Concursum. There's a number of guests who are equally excited about joining us. For our own members who haven't bought rally tickets, well the accommodation element is now sold out, however, if you still want to come along, you can buy a day ticket (£70 for the weekend) and stay in the village pub (B&B) or in the Travelodge a couple of miles down the road, or ride home each night. This will give you access to the ride-out, food, entertainment, ride-out, etc. Remember, it's a chill-out session on the Friday night and a 70's theme on the Saturday.

By now most of you will have heard through the grapevine, or reading FaceBook, that Jono took a tumble on the Oak Tree Rally ride-out. I can report that he's doing okay, and will be home soon. At the time of writing, he's in hospital in Cardiff, jabbing himself silly with narcotics that can only be given by doctors, nurses or drug dealers. Get well soon Jono.

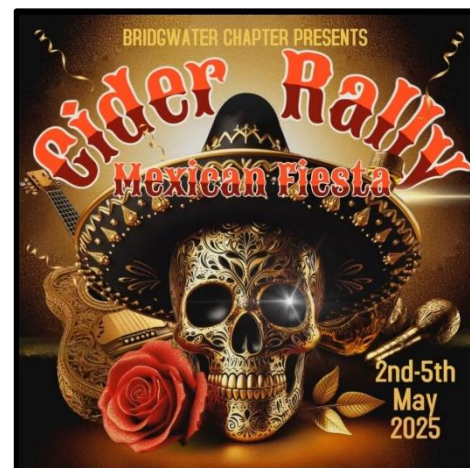
And finally...

We did have to cancel one ride-out this season. It wasn't due to the weather, as is usually the case, but due to a lack of available Road Crew to cover tail end duties. With that in mind, here's a call-out to you if you think you can help out as a Road Marshal. We've already recruited three over the last few weeks, but there's always room for more RMs. Just speak with Pete Abbott.



The Unofficial Ride to the Bridgewater HOG Chapter Cider Rally

Peat Gould



At a not too ungodly hour, Debz 'n' Gaz, Coral 'n' Aidan, Liz, Richard, and Ingrid 'n' Pete met up at the dependable Windmill Farm for a cup or 2 of their, 'let's have another refill', coffee. After a few cups, Gaz came up with the brilliant idea "shall we have a little ride down to Weston-super-Mare for an ice-cream, it's only about 150 miles". I then added, "I think that it's the Bridgewater Chapter's Rally this weekend and the theme is Mexican!" Which is extremely lucky because I've got a big black sombrero packed on my bike. Ingrid exclaimed "I wondered what that bulge was".



So, short of buying a double-decker bus and singing songs, we were off to the seaside (this will need to be explained to the younger members of the chapter). Gaz gave us an unofficial ride brief which can be summarised as "its that way, follow me". Also, being an unofficial ride, Ingrid and Pete took up the role of unofficial Tail End Charlie.

On the way we found Kevin lurking in a petrol station. "Hey Kev, fancy a ride to the seaside for an ice-cream?" "Have you got a double decker bus?" "No". "Shame, I'll come anyway, there are far too many Shadows here where I'm currently parked".



So, after many hours, and a few sore bums later, there we were at Pontins, Sand Bay, pres de Weston-super-Mare, a big tick for Gaz's navigation skills. At the entrance gate to this particular Stalag, bikes were tagged, riders were tagged, and pillions were tagged; we were given keys for the chalets and a party bag, which surprisingly included a Mexican-styled T-shirt, what are the chances of that? Furthermore, after only 1 ½ laps of the site and 2 visits to reception for directions, Ingrid and Pete found their eell chalet.

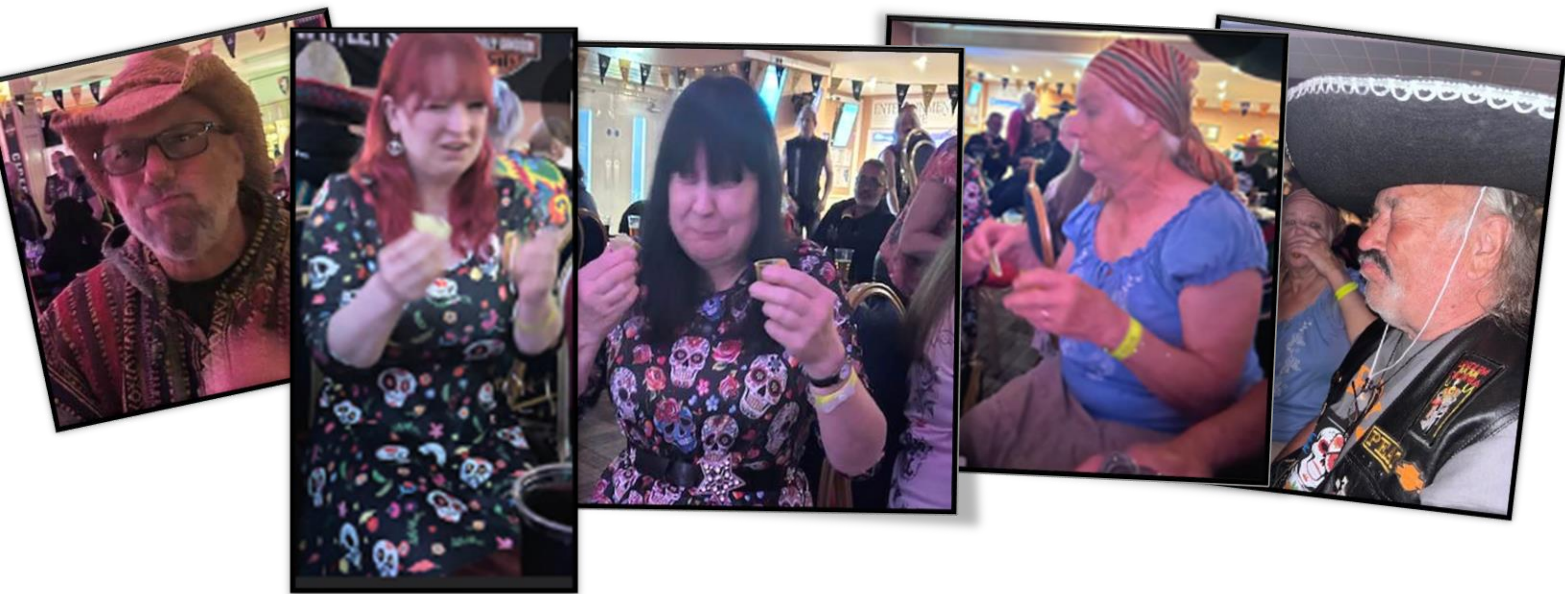


The evening commenced; beer, food, beer & beer were consumed, but not necessarily in that order. Seeing what a happy little throng we were, we were joined by Julie and Lynda. Kevin enquired, "where is Melvyn?" "Oh, he went off with Cliff to park the bus". "Well, he had better hurry up or I'm drinking his beer". The evening proceeded with beer, rock music, beer & beer, but not necessarily in that order. At a rather unhealthy hour, it was generally agreed that it was 'Time for bed' and we retired back to our barrack blocks for some well-earned rest. Strangely, Melvyn still hadn't got back from parking the bus and we presumed that Cliff had led



him astray into the darker parts of Weston-super-Mare. Julie added that they need to be careful as there are a lot of Shadows down there. Aidan muttered, "What an earth is she talking about?" Coral smiled!

The next day started well with beer, breakfast and beer and ride outs were chosen. Some elected for the trip to Lyme Regis, with back seats assigned to Julie and Lynda, while others (cos they were somewhat knackered by the previous days' excursions on the bike and gyrations on the dance floor), elected for the shorter ride, via the Cheddar George, for a seaside ice-cream. When we were all back at the penitentiary, some of us were so thirsty after our riding adventures that small glasses of Tequila water were needed. Debz was somewhat perturbed by the need to have salt and lime with this type of water. That evening we partook of beer, food, beer, cider, and rock music, but not necessarily in that order. We had a little contest 'who could pull the best grimacing face? Of course, salt, Tequila and lime were needed for this game. It was very difficult to decide the outright winner of the face contest, so the whole match had to be held again, and again, and again, and again 😊 I don't have the heart to tell Her / Him who got the worm.



The rock music progressed to a soul band with a fantastic brass section. Finally, we gave up the dancing pretensions and Zebedee made his statement!

Day 3 and the big ride to Burnham on Sea. Some reports said 350 bikes, some said 200 but 349 or 199 was the more likely number – Gaz's ultra-reliable (not) Pan Am wouldn't start so he missed the day's outing to go and wave to the plebians. "Why didn't you get a lift with Cliff and Melvyn? "They haven't been seen since yesterday, I recon they have gone on another Summer Holiday without us – Typical". For our last evening, there was no band, so we spent our time discussing the lumpiness of our mattresses and the brick-like contents of our pillows....but it was very cheap. We all agreed that a contest should be held on how long it takes to unwrap the complimentary soap. As an aside, we even raised a glass to Richard to celebrate his birthday – no numbers but it is a big one. With no groups scheduled, the Blue Coat Wardens managed to cajole some of the more gullible members of the audience into line dancing. We even had a bit



of a Quiz Night that specialised in totally obscure music that only the Plymouth Chapter could know (they won this round). The next target for the night was a rather unfortunate Donkey Piñata. He lasted a few rounds of abuse from the assembled chapters before he was beaten to death and his sweet entrails spilled! After this, everything went rather downhill....the

Bridgwater Chapter introduced the Chapter Team Games and encouraged some even more gullible members into performing. What happened on that dance floor that night can't be told here because what happens at the Cider Rally, stays at the Cider Rally, but I can go as far as to mention Sexual Positions and bits of bodies that can't be unseen, were seen! Debz did particularly well and won a bottle of champagne - only Debz can reveal what that was for.



So, to our departure - Gaz eventually persuaded the nice man from the AA to give his ailing bike a lift home, so Liz took on the role as unofficial Road Captain and once again Pete and Ingrid were unofficial Tail End Charlies. Liz decided to keep it scenic and did a bit of a coastal path detour. She, of course, knew there was a big space at the end of this for the obligatory U turn. The ride home was uneventful, but I did note that the boys were totally outnumbered by the girls 2:4!

Strangely, on the M5, we were overtaken by a big red double-decker bus pumping loud 60's music and a driver with a grin like a Cheshire cat.

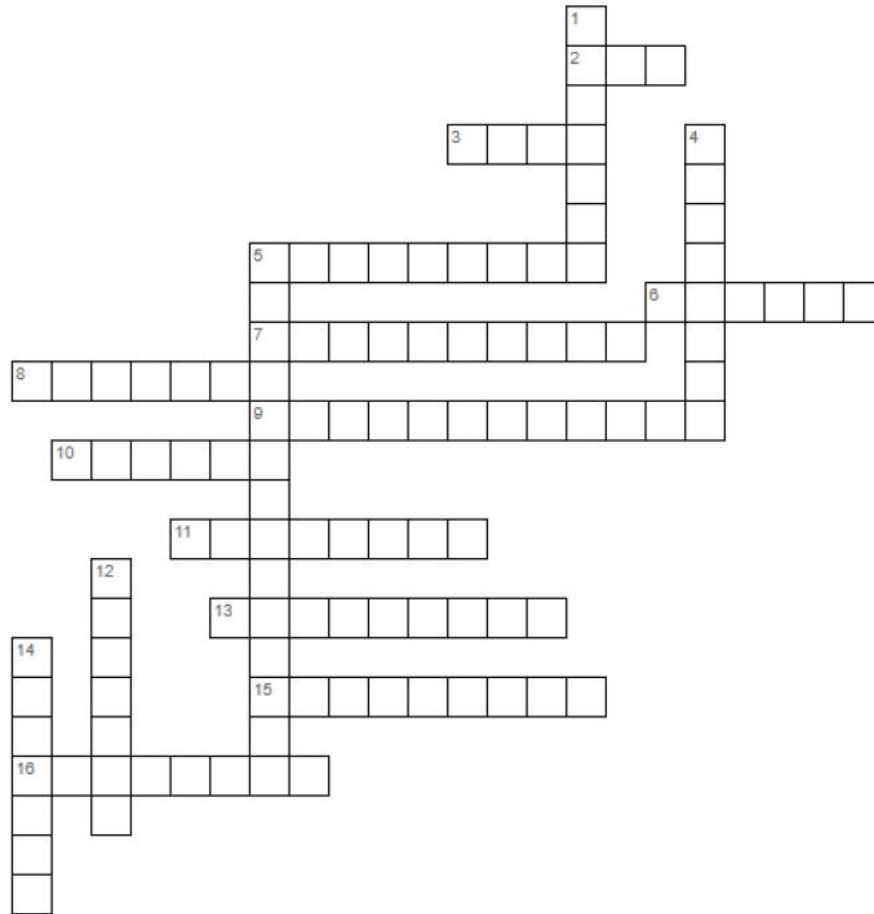
All in all, the fun levels for the weekend were through the roof, I'm sure even Gaz will agree once he gets his bike back from the menders! Sunday night saw the laughter levels off the scale.

*And believe it or not we did actually ride our bikes a bit, well not Gaz 😊
Let's make it an official ride next year.*





Coffee time
Thanks to Brian McInnes



Across

- 2 MORE COMMON THAN A PIG ROAST
- 3 BOTTOM OF THE OIL STORAGE
- 5 OLD RAF TYPE OF MOUSTACHE
- 6 DEVICE TO ISOLATE THE REAR WHEEL
- 7 LIVE TO RIDE.....
- 8 A LIT-SOFA SOUNDS COMFY
- 9 FLHT
- 10 OVERWEIGHT LAD
- 11 SIDE VALVED ENGINE
- 13 HOME OF THE BRAND
- 15 A RATHER NOISEY EAGLE PERHAPS
- 16 FLHR

Down

- 1 CAPTAIN AMERICA HAD ONE IN EASY RIDER
- 4 THIS ONE HAS THREE WHEELS
- 5 SINCE 1903
- 12 IDENTICAL SHAFT
- 14 FAMOUS SOUTH DAKOTA RALLY

See last page for answers.....



InSpire Ride 2025 – Operation Manna

This year is our third marshalling of the InSpire Ride for the Chapter and the turn-out was much better than last year's with around 80 bikes leaving the Barton Services for the Northern Ride-in to the IBCC. Simon Dufton, event organizer, sent me an email thanking the Chapter for our help once again, noting that this year's event was another great success – even with the Distinguished Gentlemen's Ride turning up late once again – they rode into the IBCC just as I was leaving around 3pm.



It was great to have many of the non-Harley riders come up to me when I was parking on the grass bike-park, thanking me for a great ride across the Lincolnshire Wolds and for the great marshalling along the route – and several said they'll be doing the event again next year (stick it in your diary, it's on the 24th May 2026).

In the lead-up to this year's event I was beginning to worry that we wouldn't have enough road marshals for the 19 drop-offs, so I had made the decision to be a bit more conservative this year and not drop off at any cross-roads where the ride was to cross and go straight ahead. That left me with a slack handful just in case of emergencies. The ride went without any hitches, even though there were a few additional sets of traffic lights (road works) to contend with. We all arrived safely and equally important, pretty close together.

The Southern Ride-in was escorted by our brothers (and sisters) of Sherwood Chapter, and they had invited guests from Wolfruna Chapter this year. Maybe we should consider speaking with Chrome Hill Chapter for next year's event...

Once again, the team at the Battle of Britain Memorial Flight paid the IBCC a visit and we were recipients of a number of fly-pasts by the BBMF's Lancaster Bomber – what a brilliant aircraft, sound, and sight as it rumbled at low altitude over the site giving us no less than four fly-pasts.





The Best Ride Ever

...by Dai Gunter

I've done a few miles over the riding seasons since I had my first Harley back in 1997. My first ride-out was with Aire Valley Chapter when I was a member back in 1997-1999. The main issue though was distance, it was at least a 140mile round-trip to Leeds and that was without the actual ride-out mileage; but new to Harleys and excited by the HOG/Chapter scene, it wasn't a problem... until... the following year (1998), Big Rock HD opened up Stapleford and Sherwood Chapter was established by a bunch of former Barwell



Branch members. It was closer (just an 90mile round trip plus ride-out mileage) so it made sense to join Sherwood.

Eager to give something back in exchange for the pleasure I was getting out of riding with the Chapter, I became a Road Captain within a few months of joining. And that opened up a huge amount of opportunity to get involved with some fantastic people, brilliant rides and rallies.



The best ride ever, and I've done a lot of miles over the 28 years of Harley riding, was back in 2008. A small group of us rode down to Lake Garda, Italy, for the 2008 European Rally. The route, accommodation, even the Chunnel crossing was all organized by Dave Sanders & Teresa Taylor. All I had to do was make sure I paid my share and



enjoyed the ride. It was my first time riding the Stelvio Pass – that is definitely a bucket list item for you if you've not already done Stelvio – a superb road crossing the Italian Alps taking more than 140 hair-pin bends on the ascension, and black-out tunnels on the descent. The accommodations were superb and the rally itself must be the best European rally I've had to date. And the cherry on the cake – the welcome we had from our Italian hosts – Verona & Bologna Chapters. They arrange superb ride-outs exploring the Lakes and brilliant lunch breaks with food and drink all thrown in for a small donation to their charity.





Even the ride home was eventful – being escorted out of Geneva, Switzerland by the local police made me smile... but that's another story.



Another bucket list ride has to be Route 66. Del and I were fortunate enough to ride the Mother Road back in 2018 with Chalkie & Eleri. I didn't get what all the fuss was about until we were completing our third day of riding. What did people (the Americans) see in attractions along the route - a fibre-glass 12ft tall green spaceman in a café parking lot, or blue-painted fibre-glass whale basking in the sun on a small lake, or a giant red rocking chair? It took a visit to see a collector of Rabbits before I realized what the attraction was, and only then did the ride open up as we rode further west. By the way, 'Rabbit' was the name in the USA for the VW Golf - I bet, like me, you were thinking fluffy bunnies, right?

I've done a few other brilliant rides too – Rocky Mountains & Yellowstone; St. Tropez, a couple of German trips, but one ride in the UK stands out too... It wasn't on a Harley though; it was on a Honda Pan-European (ST1100A). A friend of mine and I took a ride around the UK's coast. We rode more than 3600 miles in 6 days and raised more than £4000 for charity (St. Barnabas). That was a great ride, painful too, but well worth the effort. I did a write-up for that one and got it printed in one of the UK's motorcycling mags, 'Motorcycle Sport & Leisure'. It's true, I still have a copy of the magazine!



Dai



NC500 – 2025

Ann Cozens

During lockdown my sisters (Mary and Jane) who live in the Scottish Borders near Berwick, decided to buy a 4 berth camper to travel with their 4 dogs in the UK while international travel was limited (at that point we had no idea how long it would last.) Earlier this year, after a few short trips, Jane planned a longer trip around the north of Scotland, I invited myself along!

Although this trip was in a campervan, not on my bike, I did do it on my Harley on 2020, between lockdowns. So, I thought telling the story might inspire others to go see the magnificent sites and travel the roads of (dubious quality) Scotland.

My journey began by train to meet them and Eddie, their trusty camper. Jane had stocked him up with everything she could think of, well, that there was space for, but had left just enough space for my clothes, phew!

Day 1 – Transit to Inverness

We set off on the Friday – now as this was a transit day, we took the quickest roads up past Edinburgh, over the bridge towards Perth. Past Pitlochry and Aviemore and on past Inverness to our campsite for the 1st night near Nairn – Barrow Campsite. Now I am not an experienced campervan camper, so I am learning as I go, and to some extent we all are! This was a lovely, small and secluded site with the usual amenities (loos, showers, pitches with electricity) and a few shepherds' pods for those without campers/tents. As far as my experience goes it was great, did what it said on the tin. There was a small body of water to swim should you want to with a dog walk around it.

Sleeping 3 adults and 4 dogs in a 4 person camper does take some juggling of bedding, cushions, people, and clothing before we could sleep – think Tetris and you're close... but get to sleep we did, and what's more the sun had shone all day!

Day 2

After reverse Tetris, walking the hounds, breakfast and showers we left Nairn for John O'Groats (JOG), heading south slightly to go past Inverness, fuel up and get a Costa. Now I could go into huge detail about the beautiful bridges and bodies of water we passed but it would take an age, suffice to say there was a lot of both, some more dramatic than others but all looked fab in the glorious sunshine. Yes, Scotland has a sun. The East coast on the NC500 is lovely but, in my experience, in no way as dramatic as the



North or West, hence us doing it anticlockwise, but the colours in the sun, so much yellow of the gorse in full bloom, and this continued for the whole trip. The A9 would take us most of the way to JOG but we did take a detour through Invergordon to see the oil rigs in Cromarty Firth. After the A9 we took the A99 toward and through Wick then all the way to JOG. Now it's touristy and they do sell some tat, but there are keepsakes to be bought and pictures to be



taken and a tick in your travel bucket list. We stayed at the JOG caravan and Camping site, overlooking the sea, the Shetlands, and the isle of Stroma. The site was again, great, with all the usual amenities, but what a view! I did get chatting to a guy with a very old BMW who appears to spend his life guiding groups round the NC500! He told me of good pies to be had on one of our later stops in Lochinvar, noted. Oh, and the sunset, well it was something else, with nothing in the way of the horizon; and it was really late, shortly after 11pm.

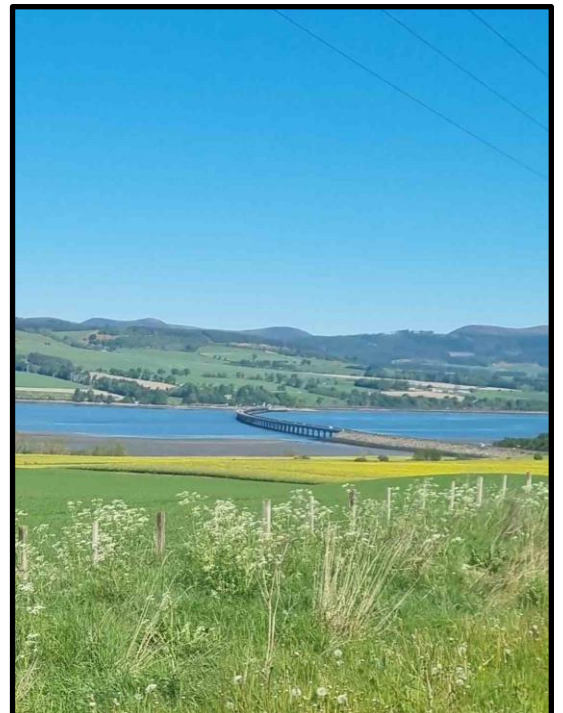


After a few games of crib/Rumicub, nighttime tetris ensued – there was a lot of this!

Day 3

The mornings were all very similar, dog walk, showers, breakfast, reverse tetris... so we should take that as read...

We left JOG with a fair bit of cloud in the sky but no rain forecast and headed due West along the north Scottish coast. The beaches and scenery were spectacular, cliffs and islands, beautiful sea and mountains. We continued to our next site in, erm, Tongue! The Kyle of Tongue campsite is on a small peninsula on the A838 that becomes a causeway across the Kyle of Tongue. Again, a great campsite in a fabulous location but the guy in the café could have done with a mood improvement. We found a lovely café/restaurant for food, pizza and salad – Norse Bakehouse – one of the best views from a café ever! Food was fab too. More board games and then tetris... moving beds about with 3 dachshunds and a cockerpoo under your feet is somewhat tricky, but by now we were getting into a rhythm.





Day 4

After the usual morning escapades, we left Tongue in the sun and crossed the causeway heading toward Durness – now it's not far as the crow flies but due to great pools of water that exist all over Scotland, we were not able to be a crow and had to circumnavigate great chunks of loch. Durness allowed a refuel, remarkably reasonably priced too, and a grocery (well, sweets and cakes) refill from the lovely store opposite the fuel stop. We then cut across the most NW part of Scotland on the



A838 to Scourie. Here we parked up and had some fish from Crofters Kitchen, yum and totally recommended, and I absolutely had to have a dip in Scourie bay!

The sea was SO clear and turquoise, so clean and fresh, and yes, bloody cold.

I could keep talking about the scenery and beautiful crystal-clear water, but that never stopped for the whole trip. Once fed and watered, we were to head to Lochinver and sample those pies for dinner, but dammit, the pie shop is shut on a Monday and Monday

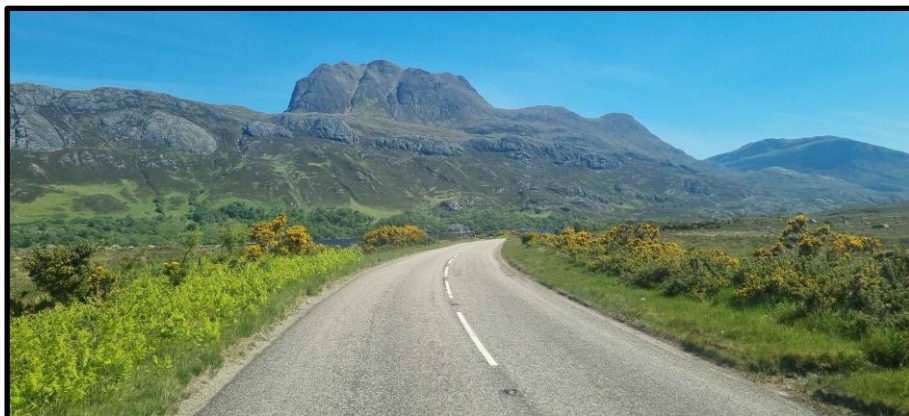
it be. Instead, we went straight to the campsite at Clachtoll and vowed to pick up pies in the morning for Tuesday night's dinner. The road down to the site (B869) was super narrow, precarious and about 5 miles – thank goodness for passing bays and good brakes.

Now, Clachtoll beach campsite takes the biscuit for going the extra mile in customer service. Yes, the location is breathtaking, the amenities are great but it's the little extra thoughtful things that make you go back, and I certainly will. Welcome doggy bags for the hounds (most people there had dogs) with treats and poo bags; bathrooms that are more like yours at home rather than the usual shower and loo block; an outside kitchen with literally everything you would need to cook; planted herbs to help yourself; a book library/exchange; hot water bottles, a proper coffee machine; honesty fridge of drinks and chocolate; a communal area around a wood burner with seating and blankets; hire of paddle boards, wet suits etc. and a cat. Honestly, it blew me away! So did the humour of our hosts there, just so thoughtful. And I was told that a camping biker would never be turned away as it is literally in the middle of nowhere! Good to know.

We sat outside the camper watching the sun go down with whisky and cokes, blankets and content doggos until it was time for bed.

Day 5

After we left Clacktoll, pies were purchased in Lochinver then we headed off to our next overnight, but this trip was never about the destinations but about the journey. We headed inland somewhat to go around Loch Assynt and then south to Ullapool, more fuel and supplies. Then inland again as, well, lochs are



wet and no bridges. Back out to the west coast and south through Poolewe on Loch Ewe where we stopped for our first ice cream of the trip at Inverewe Gardens. A little further on we came



to Gairloch, meaning we were close to our camp site – Sands Caravan and camping. We drove around the north side of Loch Gairloch and found our lovely pitch for the night. Pies were heated, food was consumed and, well, games, whisky, and Tetris ensued.

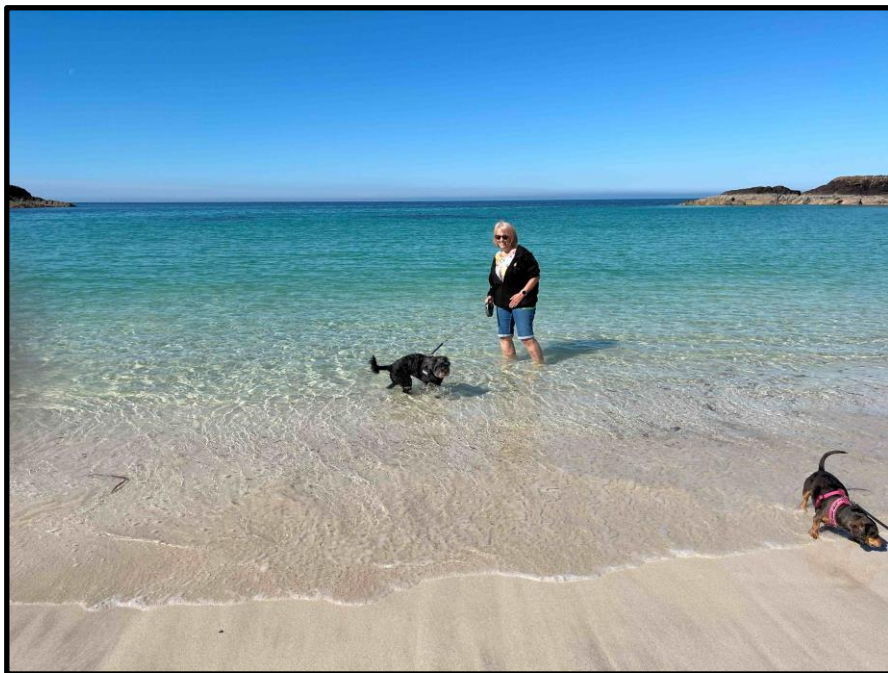
Day 6

This morning's usual dog walk was spectacular. The beach at Big Sand is accessed over a large sand dune and is positively Caribbean – apart from the obvious temperature difference.

Some shells were collected and someone decided to take another dip, can't imagine who! I really did not want to get out. Even though the beach was huge and there were very few people on it, the hounds decided to bark incessantly, sausages sure have small dog syndrome.

Again, we had to head inland to avoid drowning in the copious lochs. Shortly after we passed Loch Maree we turned right to head toward Applecross. Now the A896 might well be an A road... but I will let you decide for

yourself and because we were in a camper it was decided not to attempt the famous Applecross pass (Bealach na Ba) this trip... another time. So, instead of heading around the coast to Applecross we continued on the A896 to Lochcarron, through the Strathcarron tunnel and then went to look at Eileen Donan castle, famous for being stunning and having been in so many movies including Highlander! I have been before, but I will never get tired of its beauty. After a good look around the gift shop we retraced a little of the road back to the Skye Bridge over Loch Alsh. Welcome to the Isle of Skye!



Driving up the East side of Skye you can see so many islands in the distance, including Scalpay and Raasay as well as the Cuillin mountains on Skye itself. Truly breath taking. On the way north we stopped in Portree for supplies, milk and whisky! We

saw so many beautiful houses I ended up on RightMove! It is worth taking a moment to be grateful for being able to just pop down the road for milk and getting Amazon deliveries daily... here that luxury is not available. Would that stop me moving there, probably not!



After getting stuck in some traffic for an accident we continued to our home for two nights, Skye Camping and Caravanning Club Site on Loch Gornish, another great spot with good facilities and views. Whisky, games, walkies and tetris.

Day 7

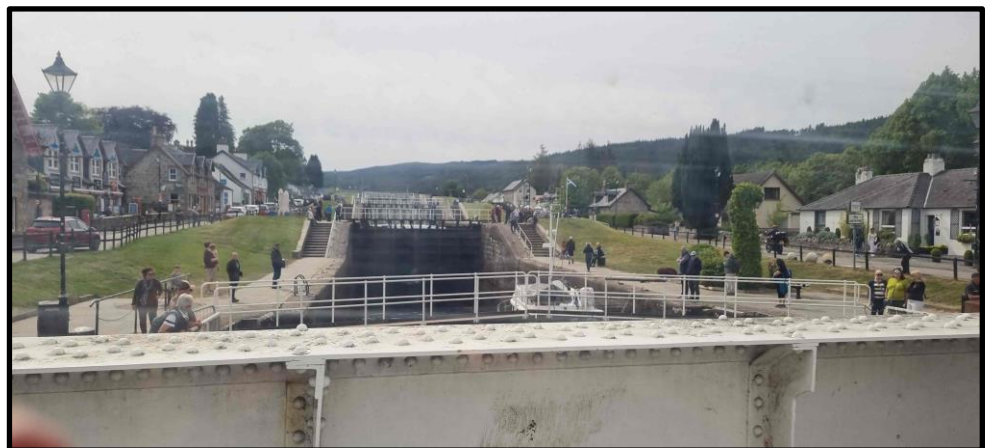
Back to Portree town to do the tourist thing. The first shop we saw we spent far too long in and too much money, but oh the clothes and the colours! Skye Batiks... go take a look online. We walked, the dogs barked, we took loads of photos of the pretty harbour and finally found a good coffee. Not a big town at all to say it is the biggest on the island. The biggest shop for groceries on Skye is the Co-op, and due to some cyber attack there was not much in there either.

Instead of heading straight back to the campsite we drove further south then took a right to drive up the west side of the island and alongside Loch Harport to Dunvegan castle gift shop, again, the scenery was amazing at every turn, it never got old. Time to head back to the campsite, tea time fry up. This was where we first encountered the Scottish midge... not terrible but annoying. After a few minutes outside, we continued to drink our whisky indoors, doors shut, midge screens in place!

Day 8

So we are nearing the end of the trip but the sun is still shining and today is Jane's birthday! After travelling south through Skye, with its beautiful turquoise seas, we crossed the Skye bridge back to the mainland to head to Fort William for a night. But as it is Jane's birthday we needed somewhere for shopping and lunch, dog friendly of course. Firstly, we stopped again at Eileen Donan gift shop for Jane to get herself something nice and Scottish. We then found the Dundreggan Rewilding Centre on Google and headed there, what a find. Lovely food, quiet surrounds and lovely staff. Full up, we got back on the road to Fort Augustus, lots of gift shops and ice cream, but also a very pretty flight of locks from the Caledonian Canal into Loch Ness.

We walked the yapping hounds around the town and the locks, taking turns to pop into gift shops. Oh the irony of there being locks off a loch! The weather was on the turn, and it was getting late so off we went to our last stop of the trip, the first truly inland campsite. It was tiny and somewhat midgy but had all we needed. Shortly after we were all hooked up the heavens opened and boy did it pour, all evening, all night. Glad I wasn't in a tent!



Day 9

We woke to a damp morning, the rain had stopped but it was dull and misty, oh and the midges were back, time to head back to Berwick. The A82 south from Fort William takes you through the outstanding scenery of Glen Coe, which, although the weather had turned, was still



beautiful, even if it was in a misty, spooky kind of way. At this point we were skirting the north of the Trossachs, some of the best biking roads in my opinion. Our last shopping opportunity was at the Green Welly Stop in Tyndrum. I had been here before with Lindum on our Hogs around the

Lochs tour a few years ago and had to stop again. Loads of bikes and campers, lots to eat and buy before the last leg home. Crainlarich, Callender, Stirling, a brief glimpse of the Kelpies, Edinburgh and home, that was it, all done!

Before we relaxed though, Eddie needed unpacking, that was the least fun thing, but at least the sun was back out to get the washing done...





Incident 158... ...The Oak Tree Rally

This year's Oak Tree Rally, hosted by Black Mountains Chapter, was once again, held at the Ivy Bush Royal Hotel in Carmarthen, Wales. It was our second time at the rally and Lindum Colonia Chapter had a huge presence with 26 club members (which included Mike (BMC director) & Allyson Morris and Chalkie & Eleri White – Black Mountains Chapter members as well as Lindum Colonia members). The assault on the historic Welsh town of Carmarthen was on four fronts: John & Clare Tonks headed into the territory a day before the rally; Steve & Bonnie Wallis took a few days to break up the riding and arrived early afternoon on the Friday; Julie Clifton & daughter Lynda drove in a car, meeting the remaining 16 of us who took the traditional means of travelling to a motorcycle rally, on two wheels, leaving Lincoln at 09:45 on the Friday.



The ride's first detour was a slight deviation from the route to pick up Will.I.Am Bailey at the Tamworth Services on the M42. We arrived on time and took our first leg-stretch and toilet break of 10 minutes (which turned out to be 25 minutes – have you ever tried herding cats?). This put us about 10 minutes behind schedule; yes, we had a schedule, I had reserved seating at our lunch stop for 12:30 and the 'Barn Owl' at Warnden, Worcester, would only hold our table for 15 minutes. To compound our delay, the road works for the HS2 train line that crosses the M42 south of Birmingham, meant severe congestion of traffic, slowing down progress further. And to compound the issue even further, once we crawled onto the southbound M5, we came across a caravan missing one of its wheels, abandoned at the side of the motorway, which caused further congestion. But we arrived at our lunch stop just a couple of minutes after we should have lost our seating reservations.



With a belly full of food, we found ourselves back on two wheels again and a short (30 miles or so more) motorway run we were in Abergavenny where we picked up the A40 to take us through mid-Wales and onto Carmarthen. It's a lovely road for motorcycling, but there are some drawbacks that impinge on the joy of taking the twisty curves and scenery... 20mph speed limits. Now, it's not the fact you have to slow down because "twenty's plenty", no, it's because you get caught in a line of traffic doing 12, or 15mph because 20 isn't plenty for some; and then the culprits reach a 30mph-zone only to increase their cruising speed to 20-22mph. You struggle to overtake due to the sheer volume of traffic or the fact that there's a few bends ahead, but when you finally get past Mr & Mrs "I can't do more than 10mph below the speed limit" the ride opens up once again.



Did I mention the weather? Well the forecast was very good, in fact, too good. Our ride south was a bit sweaty to say the least, I checked the ambient temperature on my dash and it told me I was basking in a humid 86.5°F (that's 30.3°C for the younger ones). I can tell you that I was glad to pull over to fill up with petrol just a few miles from our final stop – my butt was sitting in a swimming pool of... now I know what you are thinking, but I can assure you it was pure perspiration, and not the bodily fluids you were thinking of.

We pulled into the hotel parking area around 17:20 and were welcomed by those who had arrived earlier, Steve, Bonnie, John, Clare, Chalkie & Mike. I'm pretty sure Julie and Lynda were there, but with my mind focused on getting off the bike and into the shower, I wasn't making notes at this point.

We checked into our digs for the weekend, then checked in at rally registration where Eleri and Allyson were taking names and Dai Trike (BMC Assistant Director) was giving out the goody bags, and then, took that well deserved shower before heading to the bar for that overdue shandy.

The rally organization was mainly the work of their Chapter Director, Mike (also a member of Lindum Colonia – did I mention that already?) and with the function room tabled and set for the evening's entertainment, we only had to enjoy another shandy in the bar and lounge areas before we were summoned to the function room as Dai Trike announced "dinner is served".

The DJ played some background music (a little Bach and Tchaikovsky, or was it Led Zeppelin and Black Sabbath?) and we were waited on by the hotel staff with a very nice 3-course meal.

After dinner, we kicked back, a few more beers shandies and the evening 'turn' was up... some chap dressed as a slightly over-weight Freddie Mercury to sing a bunch of Queen tunes. There were raffle tickets too, and just like last year, Lindum claimed several prizes on the Friday night. After dinner and the 'turn' most headed back into the bar/lounge areas where we had a good, healthy conversation about nothing in particular. Retirement for some was an early 11-ish whilst others climbed the stairs after 1am.



The Saturday rally element kicked off with a hearty breakfast followed by a 10am ride-out briefing. By 10:20 we were on the road and looking forward to a 160-

mile ride-out (yes, an ambitious 160 miles). The route would take us through mid-Wales and then head west towards the coast at Aberystwyth. Now I mentioned earlier that the weather



was going to be fantastic all weekend; well, when in Wales you should always expect the unexpected – it was rather damp and only 40 minutes into the ride we hit the first of the showers – enough to wet the road and blur your greasy visor, but not enough to make you think you'd emptied your bladder in your underpants.

After about an hour of riding north-east on the A40 there was an incident. As I approached a corner, ahead of me I could see a tangle of people and Harleys. I slowed down and realized the tangle of people were dismounted riders and the Harleys were parked up (or in the process or parking up) anywhere they could. It was then I could see a bike on its side.



Someone had come off on the corner. It soon became apparent that it was one of our members, Jono. WTF...! People were around the site like bees around a honey pot, lifting Jono's Road Glide onto its jiffy stand and a couple of people kneeling next to Jono trying to check he was okay. Luckily, our Tracy (a nurse and ex-ER nurse to boot) was there in a flash and she quickly began to attend to the injured Jono, along with the Celtic Thunder Assistant Director, Anthony Purcell). Several of the BMC road crew quickly began to organize traffic control, making sure no-one run over Jono's legs, Paul Redhead was directing the rubber-neckers making sure they didn't run over Jono's toes. Tian (BMC RC and Media Officer) was on the blower to the emergency services. Call it luck? Maybe, but there was a passing doctor who stopped and attended Jono too. The Emergency Response Centre informed Tian that the ambulance would be at least 1hr 40mins away. The doctor and Tracy gave Tian some key words and all of a sudden, the air ambulance was mobilized.

By the time the paramedics arrived (about 20 minutes after Jono's slide, but it felt a lot longer for us, and even longer for Jono) police and a first responder ambulance were already on the scene. Jono was in a lot of discomfort, as you'd expect, but he was in good hands.

Aiden & Coral were a little shook up too, they were behind Jono and almost run him over after they too had a little sliding moment.

So, what happened? Well, there was a farm yard on the left side of the road and a lane leading to some fields on the opposite side. On the road was a significant amount of manure and with the road being a little damp after a previous shower, it became even more slippery than it



would have been with just the cow shite, so it looked like Jono tested the slipperiness of the road surface, taking one on behalf of the team. Once Jono has fully recovered I'm sure he will share his experience first-hand with us.

Jono was air-lifted to the Heath Hospital, Cardiff whilst the rest of us (Paul, Aiden, Pete, Alan (BMC Safety Officer) pillions and I remained behind to speak with the police) the front end of the ride-out were blissfully



unaware of the morning's events. Mike, Chalkie and the rest of the RC sped off (metaphorically speaking of course) to meet up with the ride-out – they still had some RC work to do. Once the police and ambulance crews

had cleared the roadway,

the four of us rode back to the

hotel, with Coral hitching a lift in a police car, and we started to piece together the events of the morning, gathering information so we could share with Anni (who at this point was in Paris and totally unaware of what had happened). And yes, we had a few beers to help settle us down. Tracy spoke with Anni and Anni began preparations to head off to Cardiff to be with Jono. Anni's son & his girlfriend drove down to Cardiff from Sheffield and much to Jono's relief, he was surrounded by family that afternoon/evening.

Jono was in good hands at the Heath Hospital, even though he was experiencing a lot of discomfort from his broken ribs and damaged shoulder, and now there was nothing we could do in Carmarthen to help him further. So... we had a few drinks whilst Jono had a few hits of extra strong painkillers!!!

After the day's event we would have quite happily stayed in the lounge, but we were at a rally and as they say in this kind of business, "the rally must go on". The evening's entertainment was almost a repeat of the previous night, but we were pleased (not that way Mr. Redhead), by the appearance of Meat Loaf & Cher – they really should have got a room...! Everyone's minds were on the morning's events. Mike Morris made the decision that money raised from the rally raffle would go to the Air Ambulance. People were throwing money into the bucket and £1000 was raised. Mike and the Black Mountain Chapter is going to arrange a cheque presentation in the near future to thank the crew who attended Jono.

And then, once again, Lindum Chapter members cleaned out the raffle prizes...!

Sunday morning was wet. The forecasted sunshine from the previous Thursday's BBC weather forecast, failed us once again – Michael Fish has a lot to answer for. With a few options on routes home, I decided to take the new Heads of the Valleys Road as it would take us to the east side of the wet weather and would trim a good 30 minutes off our return journey. After another hearty breakfast, we headed east on the M4, then turned north on the A465 as





we rode past my old hometown (with me breaking into a bit of Jones the Voice) and after rising up the Hirwaun Bank, we were on fresh tarmac and the multi-billion Euro new Heads of the Valleys Road (yes, multi-billion Euro – the EU paid for this one). It was like riding through Germany on their motorways, smooth, scenic, no roundabouts and fast moving. Superb bit of engineering, but typical UK working – more than 20 years in the making.

The road north-east was not as busy as we were expecting and we made good time, dropping Will.I.Am off at Tamworth and then waving to John & Clare at the M1 Nottingham. The rest of us split at the A46/A17 Friendly Farmer services.



Once again, Black Mountains Chapter had pulled off a great rally (they had not arranged for the ride out incident, but coped well). We all agreed that another next year would be good.

Meanwhile, at the Heath Hospital, Jono continued to enjoy his self-administered pain killers and the joy of having to eat hospital food...

I'm aware that much of this write-up is around the ride-out incident, but it did impact the rally for us. However, the actions of those who were there to support Jono, the police, the ambulance first responder and the air ambulance crew were brilliant. On behalf of Jono I would like to thank all involved.

And finally, here's a list of the Lindum Chapter members rally-goers, because I've only mentioned one or two so far...

On two wheels...

Paul Atkinson, Pete & Tracy Abbott, Alun & Nicki Burnett, Chris & Cathy Bourne, Russ Tregent, Aidan Baldwin & Coral Wilson, William Bailey, Jono Cozens, Paul Redhead, Peat & Ingrid Gould
Pre-arrivals...

John & Clare Tonks, Steve & Bonnie Wallis

...and driving in a car...

Julie & Lynda Clifton

Not to forget our Welsh contingent...

Mike & Allyson Morris, Andrew 'Chalkie' & Eleri White, and me..!

Many thanks to the guys at the back of the ride-out, Pete & Alun with Paul subbing for Alun on the return journey.

And I hope I haven't bored you too much with my scribblings to send you off to sleep like Will & Chris...

Dai



LINDUM COLONIA UK CHAPTER



PRESENTS



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SEPTEMBER 2025
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10 Pin Bowling

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**Hollywood Bowling Alley
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to book your place no later than
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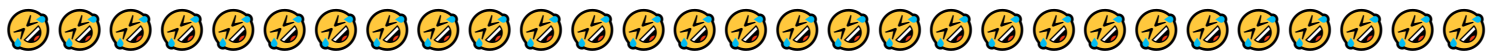
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And finally..... From Charlie Gordon Woman stops 12 ft gator with .22 pistol!

"Florida Woman Stops Alligator Attack Using a small .22 caliber Ruger Pistol."

Another good reason to have a concealed weapons permit. This is a story of self-control and marksmanship by a brave, cool-headed woman with a small pistol against a fierce predator. Here's her story in her own words: "While walking along the edge of a pond just outside my house in the Villages discussing a property settlement with my soon-to-be ex-husband, and other divorce issues, we were surprised by a huge 12-ft alligator which suddenly emerged from the murky water. It began charging us with its large jaws wide open. She must have been protecting her nest because she was extremely aggressive. "If I had not had my little Ruger 22 caliber pistol with me, I would not be here today! Just one shot to my estranged husband's knee cap was all it took. The gator got him easily, and I was able to escape by just walking away at a brisk pace. The amount I saved in lawyer's fees was really incredible and his life insurance was also a big bonus!"



Crossword Answers

