

## Exmoor Meander 2002



Shirley and Terry, now to be known as Mr. & Mrs. T. Crandon IFMR (In Full Marital Relations) had a hard job following the July Jolly, but they did it in spades. Obviously, a great deal of time, fuel and appropriate sacrifice - delayed honeymoon - had been expended in plotting routes, fixing excellent accommodation and arranging most clement weather. They had even fixed for a wedding and a effective sound system on the Saturday, but Nina didn't join us this weekend.

Twenty odd bikes - and more of the odd later - assembled between two hotels and the best news of all was that the James's, he and she, with she is keeping a very sharp eye on his glass carrying arm, were able to join us again. Albeit on four wheels, which in company with the Shilling pan-techni-coni-kennel, provided transport between the hotels.

Another new feature this time was the presence of a Motorhome and bike trailer parked out front. Welcome Wally and Rosemary McCormack together with either a bike each or one for each day. In the event the RS remained comfortably in touch with its garage and the F650 did the business. Wally is the quiet one until you get a beer into him and touch edgeways onto motorcycle sport and racing, then you are entertained by someone of very considerable experience indeed. Rosemary, whilst appearing the decorative pillion is the one, we understand who controls the throttle and is responsible for them joining the

Sixty Minute Lap club on the Island's open Saturday. To take longer than an hour apparently, she finds boring. Good to see them with us.

Now, back to the odd bikes. Mrs M., it seems, required a rejuvenated pilot and so with a great deal of deliberation, evaluation and consideration, following osculation by way of appreciation, lasting all of nine point seven five nanoseconds, he's in negotiation and subsequently in warp factorisation on an 1100S and Mrs. M's acclamation is complete. Exmoor, however, remains slightly charred along the verges.

Then there is the mystery of the Shilling RS. Was it really that colour? I mean, the plate was the same, the profile mould was the same, and it even sounded the same. But somehow there was just something different. Any questions of Bob on this issue were greeted just with an enigmatic smile.

Even Lloyd the Dog looked guilty.

Saturday's ride was ideal. Coast and moorland. Heights and vales. Tors and Tarmac. The latter of which was exploited in full measure. The approach to Lynmouth was as always, a visual treat and certain members had obviously mistaken it for the descent into Ramsey. Especially Shilling on this mysterious crotch rocket. Having dived under your scribe on a rising left hander he then ate Coops on a descending right hander and was parked up down in the village before we both passed the 30. Obviously completely carried away. And he will be one of these days!

Saturday's dinner was something else again. It all ballooned out of control. There is a rumour spreading that Kay and Pile are becoming an item.

Not only does Pile prefer to sleep in his helmet, I mean he wears his helmet in bed, not that he curls up into it to sleep, you understand. But Kay must don a diving suit to find his way through to the bathroom, which has now become a bubble chamber.

Then there were the balloons at dinner. Well, I for one, have never seen a balloon inflated in the trousers before but with Kay supplying and Celia P offering to help Pile blow it up, well - say no more.

It was noted that there were those of more sophisticated tastes who retired to the conservatory to discuss matters of greater import. An effective foreign policy strategy for Bush perhaps? How to assist LD.S. in the charisma stakes? The comparisons between an S and an RT perhaps, or even how to ensure matching ensembles can include the boots too. Guess who?

So, arrived Sunday and an altogether calmer atmosphere as befits the Sabbath. We chuntered on to Cheddar and wandered on to Weston for a buffet lunch and extended farewells. Departure for all in the sunshine at the end of what had been a truly fun weekend. As I said before, it doesn't work as well as that without a great deal of planning and undercover effort. Well done and thanks again from all of us to Crandon's.