

#hardlynews  
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#bwhog



**BRIDGWATER HOG  
OCTOBER 2024**

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**HARDLY  
NEWS**



**Every month, Bridgwater Chapter committee meets to discuss how to improve the Chapter.**

**The committee serves the membership so if you have ideas for an event, activity, ride or simply a way to attract new members, then we want your input.**

**So, what else should we be considering? If you have concerns or complaints please contact a committee member directly, it will be addressed.**

**Let's keep this as a forum for positive suggestions please.  
Bridgwater Chapter Committee**

# Moggy's Bits

Can't believe we are going into October and we will soon be having the AGM, this year has gone so fast.

At the beginning of the month nearly 50 of us attended the Rally in the Valley at Llangollen. The trip up was a tad moist, no it was bloody soaking, not been riding in that sort of rain for a while now, and the trip home wasn't much better, but once we were there the weekend defo made up for it. The ride out on Friday to Llandudno was brilliant with some stunning scenery and the weather was gorgeous. Thursday, Friday and Saturday's entertainment was brilliant, getting everyone up on the dance floor. Thursday night was Glam Rock fancy dress with our very own Paul Bailey winning best male as Noddy Holder, but there were some great costumes from us all, so well done to all who got involved. We held our infamous cocktail party, where a few had a bit too much and had to be helped back to their camper, hope you weren't too bad Bernie



We did, as last year, win 'Most Attended', so let's try and smash it again next year and take a few more. It is a great Rally and some even better riding, so huge thanks to Kev, Chris and all the other road crew that were involved ❤️



As mentioned, the AGM will be here before we know it. Sat 26th October at the Admirals Landing, meeting at 12pm with HOG roast lunch afterwards, so it would be great to see as many of you as we can. At the club meeting it was mentioned that we may do something afterwards - we are looking at 10 pin bowling which is just around the corner from the pub, so we'll get details and let you all know so we can make a decision.

We've had a great response for bookings for the Winter Ball, but just to remind you, when you book your room, please buy your tickets. Currently we have more people in rooms than who have bought tickets, so if you've not got tickets yet, go into the shop on the website and get them. It's gonna be a good night. If you want any info, give me a shout.

# Moggy's Bits Cont...

We're looking for ideas for things we can do over the winter months, so if your local has a skittle alley, does a good Sunday lunch etc. let us know and we can sort something out. One thing we thought about was a showing of the Wild HOGS film, so we are gonna sort that, popcorn, drinks etc....watch this space!

At the end of this month Paul Bailey and Andy Woodhead are off to do the Road Captain's course in Oxford. Good luck to you both and look forward to where you're gonna take us next year.



Sat 1st Dec we are going to have a Xmas jumper/lunch day, were not sure of venue yet but again watch this space and get the date in ya diary. Prize for best homemade jumper, male and female.

Think most of us enrolled in the HOG mileage programme, and have given Dave all your details. The end date is 30th Nov, so can you please ensure you send Dave your end mileage before this date, then your end date is next year's start date. If you don't get it in and miss the deadline you won't get your mileage HOG patches, plus your total wont be added to the chapters total. If you haven't enrolled then send Dave your bike reg, photo of your mileage, along with your name and HOG number - you'll then be added to the 2025 programme. As a chapter we do our own mileage awards for both the top 3 male and top 3 female members who have clocked the most miles. These awards are given out at the Jan/Feb meeting, so gotta be in it to win so get ya info sent off!

Don't forget to renew your membership if not already done. It's due 1st October, so just go onto the website and fill out the membership form and bobs ya uncle, sorted! Remember you have to be a HOG member to be part of any Chapter.

If you have any nominations for our 2025 charities (we've had a few already) please let me know, then at the AGM we will have a vote.

# Moggy's Bits Cont...

There won't be a club meeting in October or November due to the AGM, but we've got something special planned instead! We're organizing a Sunday dinner on Sunday, 3rd November at the Friendly Spirit Inn in Cannington. An event will be created on Facebook, so please keep an eye out for it, and be sure to come along. It'll be a great chance to catch up with everyone over some good food!

Hope you enjoyed the video that Lorcan made for us. He had over 6hrs of footage and got that down to 20 mins. I think it summed us brilliantly and gave us a really positive view on Chapter life. Please feel free to share - Lorcan is also going to enter it into some short film competitions, so hopefully he'll do well. Hope you all have a good October and see you all soon.

Moggy



#bridgewaterhog

# Moggy's Pics



# Editor's Highlights

Hello you lovely lot!!

We have another jam-packed magazine for you all—you're certainly making me work for my role! But seriously, I want to thank everyone for sending in your fantastic stories and pictures. The magazine wouldn't be such a great read without them!

Unfortunately, the weather hasn't been too kind in our neck of the woods, which led to a couple of Sunday rides being cancelled. One was rescheduled, and Wallace, aka Dave Kepple, made his debut by leading us on a beautiful scenic ride to Devizes. It turned into a glorious day with a fantastic turnout. We also braved some horrendous weather on the ride to and from Llangollen, but thankfully it was lovely once we arrived, allowing us to dry out and enjoy the rally. It was my first time at Rally in the Valley, and what a fantastic venue it is. In fact, Kev and I loved it so much that we're already planning to return next year. Tickets are on sale now, so grab yours while you can - you won't regret it!

Let's also not forget our very own chapter's Mexican Fiesta Cider Rally! You should have all received an email with the link, but it's also on our members only Facebook page, so let's get booking and bring some fun, frolics and fantastic outfits for our Bridgwater '**Day of the Dead**' theme.

The quarterly meeting at Club 37 was a blast, with Chris throwing out quiz questions, a jumble sale, pastie and chips, and a brilliant showing of Lorcan's video footage of our chapter. It brought plenty of laughs, especially for "Subtitle Pete," even Brim brought his smiles!! I think we can all agree it also brought a lump to our throats. Huge thanks to Lorcan for his time and effort!

Enjoy the read and ride safe!

**Jo xx**



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# Head Road Captain's Thoughts...

**September was a fun month!**

Rally in the valley was a blast - it wasn't looking good weather wise when we set off from home. We were meeting the rest of the Chapter up at the Bafflehaus, with Chris Hembrow bringing the ride up from Bridgwater. We had spent the previous couple of weeks preaching the buddy system to anyone who would listen and it worked like a charm!

The rain was torrential as Jo and I arrived at the Bafflehaus to be greeted by some other soggy chapter members. We soon headed off into the middle of Wales and the weather improved bit by bit as we headed north - it was a somewhat frustrating ride due to speed restrictions, farm lorries and tractors, but I was up front and the ride looked fantastic tailed out behind me in my mirrors.

A quick fuel stop at Builth Wales and brief stretch break in a lay-by somewhere (a few running repairs to some bikes, and a few bladders drained, and we were away again!)

We arrived in Llangollen in the dry with the sun almost trying to say hello!!! There was a plan to all ride into the site together so when I slowed up to wait for the back markers, I was somewhat surprised to be passed by Nigel, Gina and Sharon, and then Jo, who proceeded into the site without me...Cheers then!!!! 😊

We signed in then headed for our accommodation where we unpacked the bikes and then headed back up to the rally site in Glam Rock Fancy Dress to have a small sweet sherry!

Talking of Fancy dress!!! One of our crew only won the best male fancy dress .. step Forward Mr. Paul ( Noddy ) Bailey!!! Top outfit.....In fact everyone looked fabulous, especially Nigel who appeared to have come as a hillbilly!

A top night of booze and shenanigans!

# HRC's Thoughts Cont...

Next morning we woke at the hostel to the smell of bacon cooking and Moggy and the ladies were busy in the kitchen making bacon butties for all. Barry did a sterling job of the washing up too!!!

We joined the Rideout to Llandudno and had a lovely ride up through Horseshoe pass into North Wales where we enjoyed fish and Chips and Coffees on the sea front before returning by a slightly quicker and more direct route.

Friday night passed with another small sherry or two before Saturday dawned!

More bacon Sandwiches and a loose plan to go to the pub and then a cocktail party in the afternoon - somewhere amongst all of this I ended up laying on the floor next to Steven and Fiona's Motorhome having my chest waxed...don't ask...it hurt!!!

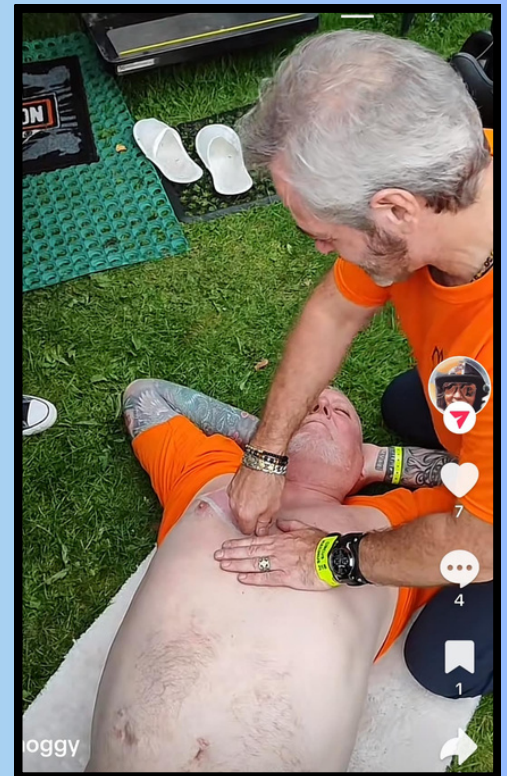
Saturday night was another one full of Cider and shenanigans but somewhere in there we didn't win the raffle, but did win best attended chapter!!!!



Sunday we packed up with the plan of a nice ride home with a direct route but no rush. What actually

happened was horizontal rain and flooding – we all made it home safely though, and only lost a few people who decided to stop for coffee!!!

**And that was Llangollen done!!! Great Rally  
– I'll be back!!!**



# Head Road Captain's Thoughts...

Monday 23rd sees me heading up to a mates in Hull for an overnighiter before meeting members of the Geordie Chapter and taking part in the Charity fundraiser ride around Ireland returning to the north east on Saturday 28th and eventually home on Sunday 29th - a lot of miles and hopefully lots of money raised for men's mental health charities. It's not too late to make a donation and details of the ride can be found at:

[Bond of Brothers Ride 2024 - \(geordiehog.com\)](http://geordiehog.com)

There's also a fund raising account at:

<https://www.gofundme.com/f/geordie-chapterbob-ride-2024>

I am doing this with my friends from the north but I will be proudly representing The Bridgwater Chapter in doing so! Thank you so very much to all of you who have donated and thanks to any in advance who may do so now or in the future!

October brings us to the AGM and the election of officers for committee roles so let's see all those who want to get more involved applying for roles. I will be standing again for the Head Road Captains role, but if any of you fancy giving it a go then get an application in and good luck to all who apply for whatever role! Having said that, I think the deadline will have passed by the time you read this but whoever has applied I wish you all luck anyway! And this brings us to.....

## TOPIC OF THE MONTH

### Rejoining the ride after Second Man drop

The Road Captain has done his bit and dropped you to mark a junction. You've done your bit and shown everyone the direction the ride is headed. Now comes the next bit...the Back Marker (and Sweeper) are approaching!!!

As has been previously suggested, by our very own Gina, you can give yourself some prior warning on this one. If you make a mental note of who is in front of you on the ride, you will know who is at the back of the pack when you are dropped off. When that person passes, the next riders you should see are the back marker and the sweeper!

# HRC's Thoughts Cont...

When you see them approaching you need to prepare yourself to move off. The Back Marker and Sweeper will signal you to pull away with a wave of the arm or another similar gesture or appendage!!!

That's your sign to pull away, if safe to do so, and resume your position in the stagger at the back of the ride.

If for some reason you are unable to pull away, the Back Man and Sweeper, having given you every possible opportunity to pull out in front of them, will pass you with a fairly wide berth. You should then pull away when you are ready, and it is safe to do so. When you have caught up with the Back Man and Sweeper, you should wait for their signal to pass them and rejoin the ride at the back and within the stagger.

Please give consideration to the rear markers safety in all of this and avoid any sudden swerves into their path when they are passing, and no leaving them vulnerable to approaching traffic from the rear please.

This concludes this month's...Topic of the month...Topic of month...Topic of the month...TOPIC OF THE MONTH !!!!

That's me, over and out for another month. Be good or at least be careful !!!!

**Kev**



[#bridgwaterhog](https://twitter.com/bridgwaterhog)

# Membership Renewal

Hi guys & gals,

The countdown to renewing your membership to the chapter, is nearly upon us, with the closing date being 30th Sept 2024. At just £21 for a year's membership, or £26 with an associate member, you'd be mad not to!

Remember to make sure your HOG membership is current and up to date, so your chapter membership can be renewed.

You will also need to be paid up member to HOG and the Chapter to be able attend the AGM in October, which will take place at Admirals Landing on Saturday 26th October 2024.

If you have any problems with your HOG membership please contact me and I'll try and sort it for you.

As you know we have stopped the membership cards, so as soon as I receive your form, I shall reply to you by email to let you know that you are a fully paid up member.

Look forward to receiving your renewals very soon.

**Sue Parkes**  
**membership secretary**

# Portland's Ramblings

With swollen nuts

What a busy time it's been, and there's me trying to slow down a bit! I had an occasion to ride down to West Bay, a regular bikers haunt near me, and always good for a stare at some chromium and paintwork of a two wheeled variety. I popped into the funfair that was built up there, a friend of mine was

lessee for many years, so I know a few of the show-folk. A long chat with Carol Wynn, who sadly lost her husband just a year ago, told me that the trade gets ever more difficult to live with. Then who should I spot but none other than a former Chapter member, one Nike 'Badger' Burt! It turns out at seventy-four, he's living out a dream and minding the dodgem track! He was like a kid in a toyshop, what a character! He wished to be remembered to all those who know him.



The following weekend I made my usual pilgrimage to Calne in Wiltshire. I met a few of the usual faces milling about and we were blessed with a cracking day of sunshine to explore the motorcycle Mecca that is this busy town for one day a year. So many fabulous bikes, every angle covered and then some. If you've not done this one, make a date in your diary for next year as it really is a spectacle to behold. I went with my brother Pete and his girlfriend in the van, so we could have a chat on the way there and back. A bumper day out for sure.

# Portland's Ramblings Cont...

With swollen nuts

We were out again on the Sunday, but just to Seaton this time. Pete had given me the heads up on this one as it is a 'Bike Day' in aid of the Devon Air Ambulance, the very organisation that came out to my dear late wife on that terrible day, so a cause close to my heart. The bikes were coming and going for a good few hours and we walked up and down until quite exhausted, in what was yet another blazing hot day. You've got to love the south coast on a day like that, a brilliant little event and I would definitely mark the diary for that one next year too.



Of course, all this riding racks up the miles and I had to service the Road King, as it reached the dizzy heights of eighty thousand miles. Yes, a full 80,000 on the clock now and still rolling on! I had grabbed the necessary parts from Riders just a few weeks earlier so was able to get on and sort that out in a day spent in the garage dealing. It's ticking away very happily for a bit of loving attention thank heavens! Never underestimate the value of regular maintenance.

The following Saturday was the (NCC) National Chopper Club's little 'do' at the Red Lion pub not far from me at Winfrith. I've been to this one a few times now and it never disappoints. Some truly spectacular engineering and veritable artwork on display here. I stayed until the prize giving at the end and some of those custom built chops sound as good as they look, as they rode up to collect their awards. Fabulous stuff and such a warm welcome from a great crowd of people.

# Portland's Ramblings Cont...

With swollen nuts



That night was an extra treat as our old friend Matt Black was playing at a pub just staggering distance from my house, here on the Island. So, a few beers and some great laughs were enjoyed later, and I managed a quick chat with the man himself as he admits he is doing less gigs these days.

He said he always loves the crowd here in Portland and enjoys playing in a small venue with that personal touch. What a cracking night!

I dragged myself and the trailer up to Burnham a weekend or so after that to enjoy the Saturday Bake Off at Riders. Well, done those who came and supported, and indeed the two worthy winners. That night we had the Chapter 35th anniversary party at the Admirals Landings and what a night! Mark Godfrey doing his act with his singing was a treat to behold. What a hitherto hidden talent! A nice Hog Roast and some good laughs saw us enjoy a fine evening of camaraderie that makes this club what it is. Well done to those that organised and supported, a brilliant night out.

On the Sunday, those that hadn't over indulged could take a ride in the late summer sunshine with a trip to Minehead, courtesy of Jason, supported by Clive and the lovely Jo. A really nicely paced ride through some lovely countryside, holding tightly onto the last of its summer flora, saw



us park at the end of the sea-front and find a little café for a bite and a chat. A very nice easy day out, just what the doctor ordered.

# Portland's Ramblings Cont...

With swollen nuts

Unfortunately, one of our number took a turn for the worse, dear old Spanish Eddie was taken poorly, so we rallied round and sorted him a lift home, bike as well, and soon had everyone on their way. Top marks all round for supporting.

I had a little family gather to attend the following weekend as my younger brother turned fifty! The lucky young man had a dream fulfilled thanks to a very benevolent friend. My brother Roy loves Ferraris you see, and anything to do with them. Indeed, he ran a successful charity event where you could pay to ride in one of these famous Italian stallions and



raised a good deal of money before the dreaded Elf and safety brigade made it unviable financially. So, a mate of his who has owned a F355 from new, yes really! Brought this over and let him have a drive of the beast! I think he still has the grin across his face, it may take some months for that one to release its grip! What a day that was, one to remember.

Now a mate of mine is turning his old Heritage Softail into a tribute to his late father, by making it look as close as he can to a Fordson Major tractor. I know, it sounds mad, and by Jove it is certainly taking shape. You have to see this thing to believe it, pictures to follow I promise. But he needed some bespoke exhaust pipes made, and the best company is a small firm called JT Pipes up in Poole. So, a quick trip to our mutual friend's workshop to collect the part finished project and load it into the van to whisk it off east and to the specialists. Pipes made, and oh my, do they look the part, complete with flappy lid type ends, very tractor! This all had to take place around me getting the van MOT'd as it was that time of year again. That all went quite well, the test and little bit of work that needed doing.

# Portland's Ramblings Cont...

With swollen nuts

There was the small issue of the service that needed to be performed so I set about this just last weekend as I write. It all went well until I got to checking the discs and pads of the brakes and found the swanky capped wheel nuts that secure the rear wheels had swollen up with age, as these poorly designed things do, and wouldn't fit the socket anymore! One angry bloke, all oily and stuck. A quick trip to the motor factors in the morning and some brutal removal of the offending nuts has seen things return to near normality. So, if you own a nice Ford with alloy wheels that have those shiny caps on the nuts and you need to take a wheel off, be aware they do rot underneath the caps and end up leaving you with swollen nuts!

Rambling on...

**Portland Bill.**



# Mark and Dawn Godfrey

## Our journey to joining the chapter

My name is **Mark**, I am 59 years young and I am a Technical Manager for a Joinery company where I have worked for 15 years. I have always worked in the joinery trade. My nicknames are Migsy or Godders.

I got my first bike at 16 which was a Yamaha FS1E which I had until I was 17 when I could ride a larger bike, which was a Honda XL 185. This was the start of my passion for riding and I had several bikes along the way, of all makes and models. This passion continued until my children came along and then I had to move to a more sensible mode of transport.

10 years and one divorce later, the children were old enough to not need constant supervision and I decided to get back on a motorbike. It was around this time that I met Dawn who was new to motorbikes and I persuaded her it was a good idea. We bought a Kawaski Z750 and upgraded to a Suzuki GXF to allow us to travel further distances. We remember one particular journey to Cornwall to visit family, very well, mostly because we got absolutely soaking wet on the way home, even though the forecast was for sunshine, so we had no wet weather gear with us (lesson learnt).

With the children growing up and wanting more exotic holidays (i.e. Disney holiday parks) we made the difficult decision to sell the bike to help pay for it.



Fast forward to August 2022, when we attended the opening night of Bat Out of Hell at the Bristol Hippodrome. Unbeknown to us, there was a pre-show parade of Harley Davidsons, provided by local chapters which was very loud and very impressive and planted a little seed in my head....but could I persuade Dawn that a Harley Davidson would be an excellent purchase, as this was the bike that I always wanted but could never afford.

# Mark and Dawn Cont...

## Our journey to joining the chapter

It took a while but eventually, following a series of life events, Dawn agreed that life was too short for regrets and if I wanted a Harley I could have one, with some ground rules. Little did she know that I had already been doing my research and had already found a bike that I could afford and would provide an entry level ride into the HD world. Two weeks later, in May 2023, I was the proud owner of a HD Sportster 1200 custom (I think the photo shows how happy I was).



One of our first rides on the Sportster was to the ROF 37 Club which happened to coincide with a Bike Night which was attended by many members of the Bridgwater Chapter. That night we met Moggy, Patsy, Kev and Jo who made us feel welcome and told us all about the Chapter. The first thing Moggy said to me when she saw my beloved Sportster was 'well you wont keep that long, you'll soon want to get a bigger bike'.

We came away from the Bike Night and signed up to join HOG and Bridgwater Chapter straight away. This was the best decision we have made as we have made some great friends and enjoyed some fantastic ride outs. We had our New Member meeting with Mike Akehurst at Riders and he said he would give us six months before we upgraded the bike.

We attended our first chapter meeting at Admirals Landing and when anyone asked us what bike we had they all said the same as Moggy that we wouldn't have the Sportster for very long.

Do you know what, they were all correct!!! By December 2023, I had already eyed up a beauty. A pearlescent white Softail Deluxe and all I had to do was persuade Dawn that we needed it. Didn't take too much persuading because as soon as she saw it her first words were 'ooh its sparkly you can have it'!!!

# Mark and Dawn Cont...

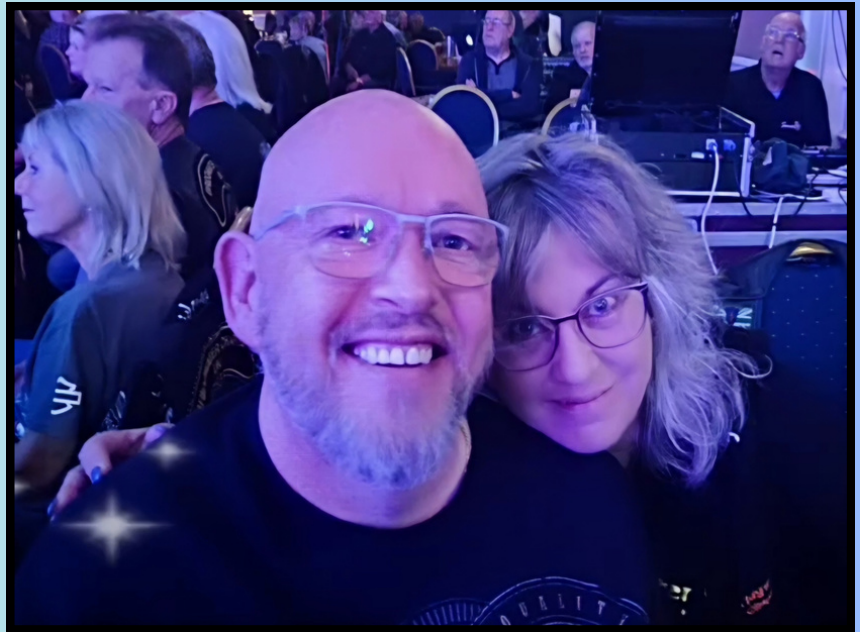
## Our journey to joining the chapter



This meant we could do longer ride outs with a lot more comfort. Our favourite ride has to be taking part in the Standing with Giants ride in April 2024. It was a long day but a privilege to be a part of.

Who knew, that when we saw the bikes at the opening night of Bat Out of Hell, we would be riding with the Chapter a year later and friends with the bikers in the photos/video we took and that we would be sharing our first Cider Rally experience with them in May 2024.

My name is **Dawn**, I am 56 years young and have worked for the NHS for the last 28 years. I was never into biking until I met Mark even though I belonged to a motorcycling family. I don't have nickname as no one has come up with one.



I don't ride bikes for two reasons. One of them is that I have never found a bike that is small enough for me (unless they start making bikes for toddlers). A number of Chapter members couldn't believe it and have made me sit on a number of Harleys and, much to their disappointment, I proved my point. Secondly, I rather like being chauffeured around as a pillion (like the queen that I am) as I can tell Mark what he is doing wrong and to slow down via the intercom (which he now regrets buying).

# Mark and Dawn Cont...

Our journey to joining the chapter

I have to add that whilst the Sportster was a lovely bike, it was definitely not a bike for two. The Softail Deluxe (aka Deliah Deluxe) is a much nicer ride and I am looking forward to the journey up to Llangollen for the Rally in the Valley in September much more now.

Here's to many more years and rides with the best bunch of people and best Chapter in the world.

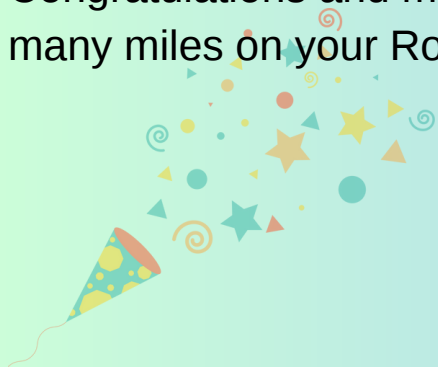


**Dawn and Mark**

## Editors Update...

Since the submission of Dawn and Mark's profile, whereby Dawn declares her love of Deliah Deluxe, we have to inform you all that she has now been replaced with this beauty (the bike not Dawn)!

Congratulations and may you both enjoy many miles on your Road King!!



# The Italian Job part 1

Friday morning was dull and grey, the kind of weather that leaves you second-guessing everything. With the bikes loaded and the plan set to meet Jim De Grizz at Solstice Services, Amesbury around lunchtime, Jo and I found ourselves in a bit of a quandary. Should we play it safe and put on our wet weather gear, or take a chance and hope the skies cleared up? The air was heavy with indecision, and the threat of rain lingered as we debated the best course of action for the ride ahead.

A risk was taken, and off we went! After a quick fuel stop in Frome, we hit the road, hopeful and eager. As expected, the traffic around Stonehenge was its usual nightmare, but with a gung-ho attitude towards white lines and rights of way, we managed to weave our way through, arriving just in time to catch sight of Jim striding across the road towards KFC. Perfect timing!

After grabbing a coffee and enjoying a bit of a chat, we were back on the bikes, heading for our next rendezvous with Kelvin, Heather, Mike, and Debbie at Clacket Lane Services. The traffic played its usual tricks, slowing us down, but the journey pressed on. Just as we pulled into Clacket Lane, the rain finally decided to show up, gently falling and adding a little more drama to the day.

After a while (quite a while! 😊), we finally spotted Kelv, followed by Heather, and then Debbie rolling in on their Harleys. All eyes then turned to the bend, waiting for Mike to come around on his Honda scooter... Wait, what? Hang on, there's another Harley in the mix! Turns out, Mike had a little surprise for us — he was now the proud owner of a newly purchased Heritage!

Naturally, we were all keen to hear the story, and Mike didn't disappoint. He shared how he came by the bike, but there was one small hiccup: the seat wasn't properly secured! Cue some quick thinking, a bit of teamwork, and the questionable use of a stolen teaspoon to bodge together a solution that somehow did the trick. A true display of biker ingenuity!

# The Italian Job part 1 Cont...

With the seat (sort of) secured, we hit the road for Folkestone, braving the persistent rain and the fading light. Summer? What's that? We certainly weren't feeling it, but the adventure was well underway!

On arriving in Folkestone, our first stop was the nearest petrol station to top up the tanks and be ready for the morning. I waited by the exit with Jim as the others filled up. That's when I saw Jo wave her hand, and naturally, off we went. Jim and I made it to the hotel, but when I glanced around... no one else was with us!

Ooops—was this a sign of things to come? 😊

Turns out, Jo was waving about something completely unrelated, and the rest of the group wasn't quite ready to hit the road. Ah well, lesson learned: sometimes it's best to check before speeding off!



After a few beers and a good meal, we discussed routes for the next day. Once the plans were laid out, we settled on a running order for the ride: I'd take the lead up front, followed by Jim, then Heather, with Kelvin behind her. Jo would be next, which worked out well since we could communicate via Sena headsets, keeping me in the loop about what was happening further back. Mike would ride after Jo, and rounding out the group was our trusty back marker, Debbie, keeping everyone in check.

With the lineup sorted and spirits high, we were ready for the adventure ahead!

# The Italian Job part 1 Cont...

Saturday morning greeted us with more cloudy and miserable skies, but we decided to take a chance and ride without waterproofs. After all, what's a bit of risk on an adventure? With the lineup ready and everyone in position, we headed off towards the tunnel, hoping the weather would hold out just long enough. Fingers crossed for some better luck ahead and an earlier train!

Having caught an earlier train, we arrived in France and set our sights on Châlons-en-Champagne. We hadn't been out of Calais for long when the rain started coming down in earnest. I decided it was time for a quick pit stop at a truck rest area to gear up. We all suited up and set off once more, but the rest of the day was a relentless downpour—rain, rain, and more rain.



As we finally arrived at the hotel, the rain continued to pour. I pulled up only to find ourselves in what appeared to be a travelers' camp. The sat nav had misled me, taking us to the first turn instead of the second. I quickly whipped the bike around, and Jim followed, assuming the rest of the group was right behind us.

When we reached the hotel, I looked around and noticed something was off. Where was everyone else Jim? Apparently, I hadn't quite learned my lesson from the previous day's arrival. Once again, I found myself in the doghouse! 😊



As we unpacked, we discovered that Mike's rear light bar and indicators were loose, with a bolt missing and in imminent danger of falling off. Nothing like a bit of bike drama to keep things interesting while we sipped on cheap wine and enjoyed our meal!

# The Italian Job part 1 Cont...

The evening took an unexpected turn when we ended up sitting next to a couple who, as it turned out, had a rather interesting background. The gentleman was French, and his partner was English, originally from the same village as Kelvin! Small world, isn't it?

Jim took a particular liking to the couple and ended up sharing several carafes of wine with them. By the end of the night, things got a bit blurry, but it was definitely a memorable evening. Sometimes, it's the unplanned moments that turn into the best stories.

Next morning we left after breakfast as we were heading for Basel in Switzerland to meet up with Stephen and Fiona at the hotel this evening – it was a long day in the rain, which was quite relentless, and lunch was just a fuel stop and Burger King!

The rain eased off as we came into town but the one way systems and the tram lines proved quite challenging all of us!

An underground car park was a welcome treat and emergency beers in the hotel bar were declared – And our meeting with Stephen and Fiona was achieved!

With clothes strung all around our hotel room to dry, the emergency beers quickly turned into a steady flow of drinks, and our friendly bartender helped out by preparing pizzas for us. The evening took on a relaxed vibe, with everyone enjoying the impromptu feast and the chance to unwind.

As the night went on, we hatched a vague plan for the next day. Stephen and Fiona would head off separately and a little later than the rest of us, with the plan to meet up again on Monday evening in Italy. With the pizzas devoured and the plans set, we wrapped up the night in good spirits, ready to face whatever the next day might bring.

# The Italian Job part 1 Cont...



Monday morning, loading the bikes in the underground car park seemed fine, then I looked up the ramp to see the rain. Wets on and away we go, working our way out of Basel onto the freeway, towards the Alps. After a particularly long tunnel my Sat Nav suddenly decided we should exit left, in torrential rain, so I did – four people were lucky enough to see this, and followed me, albeit a bit suddenly. It was at this point I realised that my Sat Nav had lost signal in the tunnel, so it had tried to loop us back!

I pulled up under the shelter of the motorway bridge and for a moment I almost had them believing that I had pulled off the motorway and under the bridge to give them all a rest from the rain! Once they sussed that I was in fact not quite telling the truth about our route deviation, attention turned to the fact that Debbie and Mike were missing!

Telephone calls and “find my friends” resulted in us agreeing to meet at a petrol station no more than a mile or two away, so all was not lost. It was at this point I decided that Debbie and Mike must have not heard me when I briefed everyone about the mid-morning coffee stop (that’s not true either! 😊) still, no harm done and we were all back together.

# The Italian Job part 1 Cont...

Conditions were still wet and challenging, but we got back on the road heading on towards the mountains. There is a tunnel that I am told is extremely long and as we approached it my sat Nav was showing a 20 odd mile stationary queue of traffic approaching it. A bit of hurried button pressing saw an alternative route produced (it looked a bit winding, but hey-ho). I signalled my intention in good time and we all left the freeway and started heading up, and up, and up, hairpins and more hairpins, steeper and steeper – the rain gave way to cold, freezing cold, and before long, there we were amongst ice walls and snow drifts – the roads were magnificent and the other drivers were atrocious!!!



As we crested the top visibility was next to nothing in thick fog...I slowed down...A lot...Then all of a sudden it cleared, and we were into an Alpine village with meadows all around – this was the road which would take you through to Furka, but the Furka Pass itself was still closed, as it was snowbound.

We ended up descending the other side of the mountains in glorious sunshine on another fantastic road with lovely broad sweeping hairpins and great road surfaces. Lunch was at a very sunny services in the South of Switzerland, so waterproofs off, we headed on with tonight's destination on Italian soil. We still had the bun fight, that is the circular around Milan, to battle! But first another few twisties, down through Alpine valleys, before the Italian version of Death Race 2000!

# The Italian Job part 1 Cont...

It was indeed a battle as we raced to reach Rovereto safely. Upon arrival, we spotted Stephen and Fiona's bike parked up along the paving in front of the hotel, so we followed suit and parked there as well. Relief washed over us as we cracked open some emergency beers to unwind after the day's trials.

The evening meal turned into a celebration of Debbie's 21st birthday—at least, that's what she claimed! With the occasion marking another year of her life, it was only fitting to indulge in a few more beers and wines. The mood was high, and the night was filled with toasts, laughter, and a bit of birthday revelry. Cheers to making it through the journey and celebrating together!



Tuesday Morning dawned bright and beautiful with the view from our hotel looking towards distant mountains – on today's agenda we had decided to



visit a dealership in Verona, and what a lovely well laid out dealership it was. T-shirts were purchased and photos taken before setting off for Firenze or Florence, as we call it, and tonight's stop. A quick glance at available routes showed us that there was some congestion and questionable traffic, so a bit of prodding and the Sat Nav

was set to "Chaos Mode"! This saw us venturing off the beaten track and towards some remote villages where the road we were on was climbing, and the road surface deteriorating, until it was little more than a cart track .... Oh, how we laughed .....

# The Italian Job part 1 Cont...

Suddenly, the road surface improved, and we found ourselves cruising through picturesque rural hamlets. Some of the locals sitting outside their homes were happy to wave as a bunch of Harley Davidsons thundered through their villages, while others were not quite so thrilled!

We had a near-death experience with a Jeep that nearly took out me, Jim, and Heather as it came speeding toward us around a bend and through a dip. Somehow, we managed to avoid disaster, and after a brief heart-stopping moment, we shrugged it off like true road warriors. Shortly after we came to a road closure and a kind chap in a car stopped to advise us, in broken English, that the proposed diversion was very dangerous and many motorcyclists had died on this road .... Oh how we laughed again, as he went ahead of us up the diversion and directed us back to the main road – Good man! We then crested a massive hill, where there was a large café with numerous bikes outside and a pristine ribbon of tarmac heading down the other side !!!

It really was a blast! The only way to describe that road is like Porlock Hill on steroids, with endless sweeping corners winding back and forth down the mountain for what seemed like miles. It was exhilarating—pure motorcycling heaven!

After that thrilling descent, we finally rolled into Firenze for the night's stop. Naturally, emergency beers were cracked open as soon as we parked the bikes, allowing us to unwind after the day's excitement. We capped off the evening with a well-deserved meal at a place perfectly suited to our journey - The Road House. Couldn't have picked a better name for today's pit stop!



# The Italian Job part 1 Cont...

Over drinks, we attempted to piece together exactly where we had been, but after much debate (and a few beers), we realised we had no clue. So, in the spirit of the day's chaos and adventure, we decided to christen the mountain pass we'd just conquered as the "Ooofuk Pass." Honestly, I'm not exaggerating - more than once, as we swept down those hairpin turns, I found myself uttering the word "ooofuk"!

During dinner we planned the next day's route. The plan was to head across country, and through another mountain range, heading for Imola for lunch then on to Senigallia. However, before we left, we visited a car wash and washed the weeks muck and grime off the bikes before setting off and boy, did they need that... We then joined the freeway with the intention of heading up around 30 miles before heading east via the mountains ...

It was rush hour mid-week and we were in heavy traffic , as I saw the junction approaching I moved across to the inside lane – never easy with 6 bikes behind you and columns of lorries everywhere. As I approached the exit I checked my mirrors and could see Jim behind me, Jo was aware we were going off, as I had told her through the headsets so that her, Mike and Debbie were prepared. I glanced back, as I was about to exit, to see Heather and Kelvin coming out round a line of trucks in the outside lane – ah well abandon that then, so on we went back up towards Bologna and the direct route. Stephen and Fiona had headed on so, once we stopped for coffee, messages were exchanged and we agreed to meet in Senigallia!

A fairly mundane journey of motorways all day then took us to our destination and the wonderful Raffaello Hotel Senigallia – the approach saw our eyeballs shaken almost out of our heads as we came along the cobbled streets of the old part of town, and past the main areas of the venue for the rally, to our hotel just a 5 minute walk from the epicentre of events!

**.....more on that next month....**

**Kev**

# Wallace's Ride

Hello you lovely lot, I hope you are all doing well.

September was finally my time to shine on leading a ride.....yea the American leading a bunch of locals on a ride. As you can imagine when Head Road Captain Kevin gave me the destination, I was a bit concerned as I had only been there twice before. Not like I was leading a ride to my local, but to the Caen Locks flight in Devizes. If you have never been, it truly is a feat to behold. When the guys (and lady folk of course) looked at that hill and came up with the idea of making locks and locks and locks to drop elevation from the top to the bottom, you have to be in awe.

So now I had a destination, and I had to plan my route. I wanted to do a route that was a bit different then the routes we usually do getting there, but of course with having no idea on alternate routes, the hours of looking on Google maps began.

I had a route and suggested it to Kevin, who said "That's a nice

route but you have a double roundabout that's a bear to mark".....hmmm, time to rethink the route. I came up with the alternate, floated it past Kevin and he agreed with the new route. As much as we scout the route with Maps, we also go out to look at the route to check for hazards or other obstacles like road works or closures.

So the Sunday before the ride I load up the wife, and the pups, and go up to Dunball services, then the rain started...I had my directions with me and headed off East. After a nice route in absolutely tipping rain, and hoping I could remember key spots to drop (sorry Gina), I had a plan and was ready for the ride.



# Wallace's Ride Cont...

After work everyday that week, I kept an eye on the weather and studied the map. Then Thursday came, along with a yellow rain warning from the Met all weekend long.

Saturday came and conditions worsened, after speaking with Kevin, we thought it best to cancel the ride. Sod's law, cancelled the ride and Sunday was pretty decent by mid day, so then there was another week of looking at the map and getting nervous!

Sunday came and what an amazing turn out we had! Some new faces also, which is brilliant. We had 19 bikes and 1 trike, with 24 people attending. Brilliant.....now hopefully the route I planned is good enough for all. I got on my trusty Charlene and led the pack. It's a bit different being up front. You actually have to pay attention! I kept a nice pace and made sure to keep an eye on everyone behind me, keeping things relaxed and enjoyable for the most part. Well, except for one little brake check (sorry about that, Sharon!). Despite that, we cruised on smoothly and eventually made it to the Black Horse.



We had a nice little lunch and then went our own ways back home, with Kevin leading one group and myself leading another. Once we got to Shepton Mallet, my group split up even more, as I headed home down South.

195.8 miles door to door, a nice little bibble with great friends and great times as always!

As we are closing in on the end of the year, i will be recording end of year mileages from you all. Also if you want in on the mileage program, just see me or give me a shout on messenger or WhatsApp

Thank you all,  
**Dave (Wallace)**

# Rally in the Valley



What a fantastic weekend spent with friends at the Circus Maximus Rally in the picturesque Llangollen. Many laughs had and many memories made.

The LOH get together was well attended by our Chapter where we all dressed up USA style.

A big congratulations goes to Paul Bailey for his fancy dress as Noddy Holder for the glam rock evening.

Moggy's cocktail party was a success as usual with only 1 intoxicated person no name mentioned.

Let's make next year's another fun packed weekend in beautiful Llangollen and pick up another well attended Chapter trophy.

Ride safe

**Patsy x**

# Rally in the Valley

By Patsy



#bridgewaterhog

# Rally in the Valley

By Patsy



#bridgwaterhog

# Rally in the Valley

By Patsy



#bridgwaterhog

# Quarterly Meeting

Great turn out for our quarterly club meeting at 37 Sports & Social Club, Puriton. Good food, cosy chats, and Lorcan came to show us the short film that he had done for the Chapter which he had filmed over the last few months. Everyone enjoyed it, so thanks Lorcan.

See you all soon

Ride safe

**Patsy x**



# Quarterly Meeting

By Patsy



# In the Picture!

## The Wednesday Wanderers



**At Church!!**



**Ollie's Cafe**

Tri Chapter  
Black Tie

# Winter Ball

Sat 1st February  
2025

Hosted by Bridgwater Chapter

£45 per ticket, this can be bought through  
the shop on our website  
[www.bridgwaterhog.co.uk](http://www.bridgwaterhog.co.uk)

Double Hilton Cadbury Hotel,  
Frost Hill, Congresbury,  
Bristol, BS49 5AD.

Please quote "HD Winter Ball 2025"  
when booking your rooms

BRIDGWATER CHAPTER PRESENTS

# Cider Rally

## Mexican Fiesta



2nd-5th  
May  
2025

# Committee Page

## PRIMARY OFFICERS

Director



Gill

Assistant Director  
& Secretary



Peter

Treasurer



Gina

**THE  
COMMITTED!**

Head Road Captain



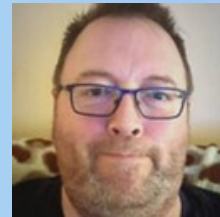
Kevin

Ladies of Harley



Sharon

Webmaster/Social



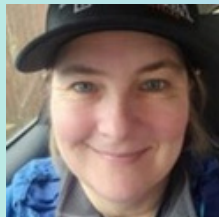
Keith

Membership  
Secretary



Sue

Merchandise



Jane

Editor



Jo

Photographer



Patsy

## NON COMMITTEE POSITIONS

Assistant Head Road Captain  
Health & Safety  
New Members Rep



Mike

New Members Rep



Chris

New Members Rep



Clive

# Our Road Crew 2024

## Road Captains

Kevin Dagggar  
Gill Mogg  
Gina Chapman  
Nigel Chapman  
Debbie Atterton  
Clive Pegram  
Gary Illes  
Ryan Barlow  
Heather Barlow  
Graham Hancock  
Lisa Davies  
Mike Akehurst  
Chris Hembrow  
Jason Warner  
Jim Nutland  
Dave Kepple

## Road Marshals

Dave Ellis  
Jayne Antonelli  
Jo Grist  
Jo Dagggar  
Keith Mitchell  
Karen Akehurst  
Andy Woodhead  
Mike Petersen  
Paul Bailey  
Peter Every (Yorkie)  
Mark Godfrey  
Paul Condry