

Trevor Bull's Flight of Fantasy, 2nd September 2018

In June 2016 the Vintage Motorcycle Club and our North Birmingham Section lost one of its finest ambassadors, Trevor Stephen Bull. Now Trevor (right) loved restoring and riding anything which possessed wheels but he did have some eccentric ways and out the blue came up with a mad-cap idea of sneaking off home on someone else's motorcycle which he secretly admired. With this in mind Trevor hand-crafted in solid silver an exquisite



miniature Supermarine Spitfire. Well hands up guys, who wouldn't like to fly home in a Spitfire! So, thinking of Trevor, it was with a tinge of sadness that Roger Slater, first time out on his new Triumph Street Scrambler, and I motored up the Bridgnorth Road to Tony's Diner at Quatford for the start of this year's run. And wow, what glorious sight met our eyes as we rode onto the car park.

As you are aware, I like to reflect on the varieties and numbers of machines which appear on our runs. We have BSA days, Velo days, or perhaps a Triumph day but hey we had a complete mixed bag of motorcycles for this run. The 'Euro Septics' were represented by Jonathan and Mrs Parkes and Mike Cutler mounted on their Moto-Guzzis, and Bill Orchard from All Stretton on his newly restored R100 BMW. The Triumph camp consisted of the Unit Twins belonging to Peter Gray, Ray Heap and John Williams. The Velocette Works Team fielded John Shaw and Stuart Munroe on 350 MAC's. Ron Higgins was on his mighty A10 BSA and new arrival and friend of John Shaw, Gary Pitt arrived on his trusty ex-WD BSA M20. Ian and Lesley Goodhall entered their immaculate 1955 ES2 Norton, long-time North Birmingham member Dave Davies 'visited' on his NVT Honda and Mr and Mrs Hardy arrived on Moss's thundering Harley Davidson.

It was wonderful to see Chairman Martyn Round arrive on OG 2260, the majestic 1930 Model 5 Sunbeam which over the past 40 years has belonged to North Birmingham Section stalwarts Harold Badham and then Trevor Bull. Finally an observation on the numbers game. Ladies and gentlemen, individual marques were outnumbered by the smelly, smoking two-stroke brigade! Rob Todd's 471 CZ, me on my 1931 250 Dratsab, a gentleman on an 80's 750 Suzuki Kettle and the welcome sight of Mick Stanley on his 251 MZ. Mick has been riding with us this year after a gap of many years since we saw him on one of our runs. So at 10.30 prompt the flag dropped and we headed off, sincere apologies if you had already traversed that section of the route, through Alveley to fork off at Shatterford with

its magnificent views across the Severn Valley and Clee Hills and down the bank and into Bewdley. Once over the bridge we motored along the 'switch back' by the side of River Severn, through Shrawley and passed The Lenchford to emerge onto the Worcester-Tenbury road.

Now it was here that one of members, who would like to remain nameless (right) and being overwhelmed by the stunning scenery attempted to locate, off his route sheet, the little known village of Spockeridge! Disappointed he realised the error of his ways, read the instruction SP (Sign Post) Ockeridge correctly and returned to the official route.



We motored on through the apple orchards to cross the Martley road, over Woodbury Hill, through Shelsley Beauchamp, along the Teme Valley, into Martley and onto our coffee stop at the May-Fly Café at Wichenford.

At the May-Fly voting took place for the Flight of Fantasy Trophy and after a close fought contest with Jonathan Parkes, Moto-Guzzi and Ian Goodhall's ES2 Norton, the outright winner was Stuart Munroe with his delightful 1948 350 MAC Velocette.



Trophy presented we motored sedately northwards passing through Great Witley, Clows Top, the Mitre Oak and onto the Bridgnorth Road to pass through Kinlet and Billingsley and enjoy a good blast down the Bridgnorth by-pass and along the Kidderminster Road to our finish and a delicious ice cream at Tony's Diner.

Well guys and gals you did us proud, 72 miles through some glorious Shropshire and Worcestershire scenery. Only one known breakdown to record and that was me when after 87 years the silencer bracket mysteriously fractured on my Dratsab. Many thanks for your donations, company and most of all your humour.

Bill D



One member was overcome with emotion during the Award presentation (above)