



An overseas Annual? – It'll never work!

by Mike Taylor

HOLDING the 2010 Annual Rally in Germany couldn't possibly work!

Attendance at our UK Annual Rally has been hard enough to maintain, with numbers dropping in recent years. Many reasons have been suggested for the decline, ranging from the cost and the distance to travel to the economic climate.

Couple these complaints with the difficulty of finding volunteers to organize the rally has made the event a real headache.

So when the offer to organize the 2010 rally was made to the Committee by our German members, while we were enthusiastic we were also very conscious that if enough didn't attend we could be facing a financial disaster.

The main obstacles were obvious: the miles to the nearest ferry, the ferry cost and, for most,

the two-day trip with overnight B&B just to get to the rally site at Tonenburg.

It'll never work? Happily our British members took up the challenge and the turnout was good. Many even left their trailers at home to ride all the way.

Getting there

My travelling companions were Lester Grant and John Jane. We were later join up with Pete Kemp to extend our trip after the rally into Poland and the Czech Republic.

Leaving home on 3 August, I had arranged to meet up with Roland and Nicky Robinson north of Leicester and to travel with them to Hull to catch the ferry. Arriving about 5.00pm they boarded while I waited for Lester and John to arrive as I had the tickets.

On the crossing we met up with Bernard Checklin and a group from Nottingham. Arriving early morning in Rotterdam we set off on the 150-mile journey to our pre-arranged B&B at Schermbeck in Germany.

Our bikes were running well, with one exception when Lester's KH slowed and stopped as his engine started to tighten up. After a check for any obvious cause he restarted and continued steadily; fortunately there was no recurrence of the problem. When we sat down to supper that evening our numbers had swelled to 12.

A special mention here for our editor John, riding with Fay on pillion. They did the trip with John's foot in a protective boot as it had still not healed from an operation – he also needed to carry crutches to use when he arrived. With all this to contend with somehow your September *Cheval* still dropped though the letterbox on time.

On our arrival we were enthusiastically welcomed by our hosts, who had everything well organized. They made it look so easy.

We went in search of our allocated room, but disaster! Our room for three had a double and a single bed. John immediately informed us that he is a married man.

Above: Hold it, and they will come. A few of the bikes lined up at Rally HQ

Very quickly Otto found a spare single bed. We carried it to the room and John's fears subsided.

Settling in

What a great rally it was. The site, which some had visited before, was ideal, with all the bikes parked in a large area central to the rooms, bunkhouse and eating and drinking areas; this meant that everybody got more involved with other members, helping create a nice relaxed atmosphere. Breakfast and supper were inclusive in the rally fee, there was certainly no shortage of good, well-prepared food, and the staff serving were very helpful. I heard not one complaint.

For each of the three days there were well-organized optional rides out on the bikes through beautiful countryside, with excellent route sheets to guide us. The ride out on Friday took in a lunch stop and the cost was included in the rally fee, which we all appreciated. How do they do it?

On Saturday our group decided not to ride, ➤



Bikes, bikes, bikes...

► but instead chilled out in the sun and checked the bikes ready for our onward journey. That's when my problem really started.

On the way to the rally I had the seat pivot bolt nut come off, a problem that I soon fixed at a lunch stop. I should mention that I was riding a 1951 KH rigid, which prior to setting out had only 402 miles on the clock and was still being run in. Hardly one of my best ideas!

The bike was going well, though I could hear the primary chain was in need of adjustment. On examination it became obvious that some cretin had sold me industrial-quality chain instead of that suitable for motor cycles, and this was never going to last the miles we had planned.

My second problem was that I had forgotten to bring the socket extension, which is vital to loosen the gearbox adjuster nut under the oil

tank. I borrowed one from Dave Owen, but really needed one to carry if I was to continue. My saviour was Bennet Longman, who had come on his Square Four combination to accommodate his family and was carrying a huge tool kit. He kindly loaned me his as other family members would have one. Thanks Bennet!

The jumble is always enjoyable, offering a few bits to add to bulging panniers – and half the fun of it is the banter

On Sunday I rode with Lester on a route that took in the town of Hamelin, where the Pied Piper story originated. We met up with Herman and Anke from Holland and chatted over lunch. It was Herman that helped the club initially with the project to have the Square Four rods made, these are now on sale in *Cheval* at long last.

After lunch we wandered around the town looking at the sites, only to lose our sense of direction. It took about half an hour to find the bikes again. If only we had brought the street map we had been issued with, said Lester, as I put my hand into a pocket and produced mine. Oops.

As always at the Annual the bikes were lined up for the concours judges to decide the winners in the various categories. I have to say that when Lester was asked to select a group of us to judge I was disappointed: I felt that our hosts should have judged, as we ended up with the same people doing it as in other years and we missed an opportunity to get a fresh approach and view.

The results I found interesting, though – the quality of the machines was superb and well deserved the awards, even though some came on a trailers. Are attitudes changing towards bikes on trailers, I ask?



A snapshot of the Concours d'Elegance

For those always on the look out for spares there was some jumble on show. This I always enjoy, and I couldn't resist a well-priced Hepolite 500cc piston and a few other bits to add to my already bulging panniers. Half the fun is in the banter, when asked what have you found and you act a bit coy.

Returning to our room on one occasion I find John trying to get his rechargeable shaver to charge.

Those who know John know that he is an electrician by trade, and that he has a history of disasters that he often tells us about. Having tried every socket in the room, with no success, he got his meter out only to find they were not live. With that he stomped off into the bathroom to answer a call of nature; minutes later I heard a cry and found John looking into the lavatory, where the water level was rising instead of disappearing. More water was also coming up through the shower plughole.

Whenever the cistern was flushed we would hear a pump cut in, obviously to take the waste away. This had failed. Fearing the worst, I legged it over to get assistance and returned with a man who found the fuse box and reset a trip.

When John again tried to get his shaver

to charge it worked. It was obvious that the phantom electrician had struck once again.

Reflections

One new face this year was Ian Gwynn, the son of Roger and Janet from Draganfly, riding a Sports Arrow. He had been given a choice of several machines, and that's what he wanted to ride, it seems.

Young and enthusiastic, Ian rides well, and had sorted his bike out when problems developed, which is commendable. He's a credit to the family. He was not alone in riding a two-stroke all the way, though: Alan Mayo and friend Peter Fletcher rode their Leaders there, too.

All too soon on Sunday, those with work to go to or no more holiday entitlement began to leave. The retired, like me, hung on until Monday.

The 2010 Annual Rally was an unqualified success, with more than 200 riders signing in. An Annual in Germany could never work? This proved without a doubt that an overseas Annual Rally is possible, so let's hope it happens again.

Thank you, German Branch, for your fantastic hospitality!

Part 2 of our onward journey follows next month.



...and welcome is how we were made to feel



Why the nearby town was so worth visiting...

RALLY scrapbook



Huw Parsons prepares himself for the hills ahead



It looks as if Jens spends too much time with Bruce Longman

No comment...



So that's where the wheel came from



Like night follows day, the party ends up at the beer garden...



Early 1920s Ariel
sallies forth

Delightfully
original
Czech
V-twin



Chris Vredenbregt
knows his British bikes...



The children joined in the Silly Games too



Dave and
Penny show
the flag





Trying to get into the
Guinness Book of Records



Book in here...



Nice to see these
at an overseas rally



So that's what
the underside of
a Square Four
looks like. Bruce
Longman in the
slow race



The children are
our future...



Part of the
camping area



Ariels from five
decades here

The Annual: A typist's impression



WELL, we made it, there and back!

For such a long time it hung in the balance: in the end I gave up asking, but kept on hoping. John had always intended to go, even if it meant going by car, but it wouldn't have been the same. What a success: 200-plus riders from 12 different countries; a lovely venue, beautiful scenery; and happy smiling faces and a welcoming that will be hard to forget. Brilliant!

Oh, and 12 members from Gloucester, our now local branch.

To Germany! Home of Riesling...

We had booked at the beginning of the year to travel with Penny and Dave Owen, and we took the bikes in the van to Harwich. On board, through a haze of booze, we met up with Arthur Hodgkins and Chris Welch, so there were five bikes – us on our trusty George, now back in circulation – touring through Holland.

Touring is the word really, as Arthur was leading the way to our first night's stop, led by his trusty *!?!?* satnav. I should think that most of the club knows how I feel about 'them thar things', and it did occasionally pack up on us. But as Arthur had been to our lovely Dutch hosts' house before, he got us there to a very

warm reception and a tasty Chinese meal. The wine wasn't bad either – lovely, in fact.

We had a very jolly evening finishing off the wine and such, then we were shown to a special en-suite bedroom. Thank you very much Chris and Anneke for making us so welcome; I hope we can meet again soon at one of our 'Do's'.

Next day Chris led us through some very pleasant countryside into Germany and Tönenburg.

We tried to book in, in between saying hello to every Tom, Dick and Harry and kisses from... well, I will be discreet about that. We were shown to our room in the tower part of the building; well, two rooms, really: one was a reception room, empty and big enough to hold a party, and the other a large bedroom en-suite.

Still the riders kept coming and coming. We went to see the river, camper van upon camper van, tents; you name it, it was there. The restaurant did buffet-style meals all through the weekend, beautiful breakfasts and snack lunches. And mustn't forget the wine – a beautiful cool, dry Riesling. Mmmm.

We decided to miss out on the long run on the Friday so spent the day meeting people, sipping the wine and realizing just what we had missed over the past 18 months – no no, not the wine, the people, the Club.

On Saturday 15 or more canoes went for a row up-river. Great fun watching them all take off, including the young Longman family with Lily and Frank rowing as though their lives depended on it. Well perhaps it did.

And guess who else? Yep, that idiot husband of mine; fortunately he didn't fall in and get the leg plaster wet.

In the afternoon we went for a short drive up to the highest point in Westphalia and, as before, the view was spectacular. Ice creams all round then down... Hmm, slightly more frightening than the trip up.

The Saturday evening meal was super. Meats

and veggies of every description and the weather was warm enough for us to eat outside. The Awards Ceremony was a surprise: John got one for Best Editorial Team, no competition there then. One good thing about just being 'the typist' – I get all the perks that John gets!

On Sunday we went to Hamelin town to see the play about the Pied Piper. We were sitting in the town centre drinking coffee when along came the cast ready for the play, all dressed up in their costumes. Little furry rats with big rat-type heads, little boys and girls in clothes of that era, plus the Pied Piper. It was of course in German, but as I knew the story I was able to appreciate the show. It really was great fun and got a very good reception, even though it was an outdoor show and it started to rain.

Back at camp we settled back into the routine: food, wine and chatter. Then our hosts dreamt up some excellent silly games – great fun to watch, with a dry, cool Riesl...

Sorry, where was I? And so to bed.

Monday morning, a quick breakfast, pack up, say goodbyes, and then with Penny and Dave we headed for the ferry. On Monday night we stayed in Arnhem and went next day to the war museum. It has been enlarged and was very interesting and also quite moving.

The weather had it in for us on the last part of the journey to the ferry: it threw everything at us. Gales and lashing rain, which only stopped when we were safely on board. The motorway round Rotterdam in that weather, at evening rush hour, is not the place to be.

Thank you so much, Markus and your band of hard-working helpers. We had a wonderful time and it will help me to get through to the next event in October.

(Oh, and John. I suppose I had better mention the Editor – T.)

Facing page: We got there despite John's cast and gaffer-taped protection

This page, from top: Boergi Gerhard gets it wrong in the 'Plant the Screwdriver' game; at an ice cream stop, the author keeps an eye on 'George' and Dave and Penny's VH; messing about in boats; and Ele Wedemeyer drops a foot in the slow race (Klaus M-Seidel seems to have pinched Otto's Cammy)



THE HAMBURGER STADTPARK REVIVAL

Some notes from Danish member Knud Degnbol (pictured) and others on this event. Photos by Ele Wedmeyer



ON THE weekend 4–5 September I was at the Hamburger Stadtpark Revival as a participant with my 1937 Square Four. The Stadtpark Revival is an re-enactment of races that were held in Hamburg in the 1930s, 1940s and the 1950s. They were stopped in 1952 due to a deadly accident.

This was the ninth re-enactment, and it's a very popular event: about 200 motor cycles and 120 cars took part. In principle it is a 'regularity run', but for some reason it soon evolved into a race. Not a serious one, just for fun.

And the boys had fun. For once we were

on a track without opposing traffic, surrounded by straw bales and stewards with flags to warn us about possible danger. Not like the Copenhagen Classic Race, which has concrete barriers and has lately evolved into a sort of stockcar race.

I don't think anybody knows who won the races/runs. I have tried to decipher the results list without understanding it. I guess nobody really cares.

My 'helper', Hans Erik, a former speedway rider, and I lived in a camper in the middle of the riders camp. We were the only Danes present, but felt very welcome.

Some very exotic machines were present. A blown NSU 500 factory racer from the late 1930s, formerly used by Wilhelm Hertz, is just one to mention.

My Square attracted some attention, too. While I was sitting beside it, two men came and told me that they had similar machines at home. One of them had an interesting story to tell. His bike was bought new in Berlin in 1938, but the then-owner soon experienced trouble for riding an English machine. He took it apart and hid it in boxes in the cellar, and of course he was sent to war like most others. When he returned after the war the house was gone, but the boxes in the cellar had survived. The bike was reassembled, and belongs now to my informant.

Our neighbour, a sidecar racer, had also just bought a basket-case Square Four Mk2.

Neither of them knew other Ariel owners, so we equipped them with a list of names of fellow Germans suffering from the same disease. You might hear from them.



We also met a little old man, who told us that he had won a race at the same venue in 1951 on a NSU, which he himself had converted to DOHC. He had copies of old photos to confirm it. He told us that he was the only Hamburger who had won a race on that track. His name is Schmidt, so perhaps someone can confirm it.

He was also very interested in the Square Four. He was sharp in his mind, even if he looked frail.

(For our German readers only: the names of the two Square Four owners are Wendelin Barth, Berlin, 4F 600 1938; and Klaus Busch, Stakendorf, 4G 1939. I have their addresses and phone numbers too.)

Knud

Hi Knud
A 4G in a race is something very special. It's good to hear that you had fun. (Of course your 4G had not suffered the rear cylinders overheating.)

I have heard the story of the 4G that was dismantled and survived the war like that. There was even a report on it in the magazine *Markt für klassische Automobile* a few years ago. But as far as I remember the bike was found by a different person as the original owner lost his life in World War 2. The bike I am talking about was a 1938 show bike with the additional chrome, etc. The man who owns the bike today lives in the area of Cologne. I think I have his address somewhere.

But it's quite interesting to hear of further 4Gs in Hamburg. I remember having met a man from Erfurt during our Ariel Treffen

some years ago in Schotten. During this weekend we went to the track to watch the 'regularity racing'. I was wearing the Ariel hat we were given by Markus then. The man from Erfurt was standing next to me and kept looking at my Ariel hat, and finally we got into a nice conversation. He mentioned that he actually owns two 4Gs but does not run them as he fears the conrods might break.

So you can see, this happens every now and then.

Speaking of 4Gs, I saw a photo of a 1948 4G being exhibited in the Boxenstop museum in Tübingen. From the photo it seems that the rear part of the frame had been individually modified with a rear pivoting fork. Yesterday I contacted the museum for information and detailed photos to see the modification in detail. If anyone is interested I will pass on the information on that. (*Sounds like something for Cheval, Klaus – Ed.*)

Klaus Gerhard

THERE might have been more than one Square Four hidden in a cellar in Berlin during the war. This one is a 600 or 4F, and it is still living in Berlin.

Knud Degnbol

Hi again Knud

IN THE last one and a half years I've met three previously unknown Squares in my area: two MkI, one 4G. None of them is running properly, and none of the owners are in the club. I think only AOMCC members are really riding Squares and all others fear them.

Markus Nikot

DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME? YES YOU DID!

THIS is some of the correspondence addressed to the organizers of the Annual

We were very pleased to have so many like-minded Arielists on our rally. For me, the time ran away far too quick. We had very good feedback from all of you and it all went on in such a relaxed manner

Hope to see you all again soon

Jens Beusse

THIS was a very special Annual Rally in many ways.

It was really well organized in just the right way: everything happened as it should do, with nothing missing (apart from the Conkers de Tat? ho ho) but nothing was too ordered or over-formal – like you say Jens: relaxed.

The three Club Runs were especially well thought out, being clearly (and beautifully) documented. And what good countryside and superb roads they were, especially the up-and-down twisty bits! Loads a culture too: something for everyone.

Of course, the Silly Games were... silly! Good ideas there – it was just a pity that I couldn't get my head around turning the bike round in the small square provided. But almost everyone else could do it... Hmm.

And then there was attempting left-handed archery, sampling the local beer, riding each others' bikes, beer drinking, canoeing (badly, in our case), eating loadsa good food, super-

vising other people's bike repairs, checking other beers, listening to live music, including Our Very Own Artistes, and re-visiting the bar. Time did indeed fly.

It was good to see so many Arielists from so many countries, old friends and new ones too. What a great turn out!

What's more, I've brought back home with me some great bits of memorabilia: stickers, a key fob, a T-shirt, beer mats, photos, a big drinks bill – and a superb A4 full-colour rally programme! Wow.

Well done the German Branch!
And THANKS. *John Bradshaw*

THE rally was a superb success. We enjoyed the venue, the bands and the company. For those of you who could not make it, maybe next time. Many thanks to the newly formed German Ariel Branch, whose members put in so much time and effort. *Allan Burgess*

I WOULD like to write to you all, in mine and my friends' names, to thank you very much for everything.

It was a great pleasure for us on the Ariel Rally organized by the AOMCC German Branch. We met many interesting and important for Arielists people, all of them were very nice and friendly. The place and food was great too. We spent a really great time in Tönenburg.

Now a few words about our coming home. Unfortunately a problem with my Square Four was not our last problem with motor cycles on this journey. My friend's blue HD broke down too. Two of us, Darek (Zundapp) and Roman (black HD) were at home yesterday evening about 9pm. I had called my friend from Poland and he took us (me and Kazimierz) and our motor cycles on a trailer. Finally we were at



There was the odd Polish non-Ariel to be seen... Photo sent in by Piotr Zelakowski

home today morning at 6am. I would like to be in touch with you, and I hope I see you and your friends again.

Best regards to you and all people from the German Branch, especially to Monika, Norbert and Klaus,
*Piotr Zelazowski
and Kazimierz, Darek and Roman*

THANK you all very much for another very enjoyable Rally.

Regards, *Dave and Penny*

I HAVE just got back from this year's fantastic annual rally at Tönenburg in Germany.

I would like to add my thanks to those of the many others who will, no doubt, be sending you similar letters. It was a great rally with amazing routes for the rides each day, ideal accommodation, loads of good food and a great bar. I would like to thank the German Branch and especially Marcus Nikot for putting on such a good rally.

Now for a special thank you.

During the run on Sunday, on my way back from Hamelin (Hameln) the back brake on my 1952 VH failed. The welding of the stud on the

brake plate partly broke when the brake grabbed under heavy braking. This is the stud to which the brake anchor bar is fixed.

After I had sorted out what had happened and made the bike rideable, I got back to Tönenburg after negotiating many tight downhill bends with little use of the back brake. This was when the value of being a member of such a great club as we have became very evident. I had many offers of help, too many to list. To those whose ideas and suggestions I did not take up, thank you.

With the help of Pete Fletcher the stud and brake plate were prepared for re-welding. The hotel staff were prepared to sort out a firm that could do the welding for me, on the Monday. Luckily however, Otto Mederle had found a man in Albaxen, the nearest village, who was happy to do some welding. Otto had found this out a day or so before to help out one of the Italian members who had had a problem.

When Otto and I went to the man's house he was out, but his family lent us his welding equipment. Back at the rally site Peter Fletcher was just finishing his evening meal. He welded the stud back on to the brake plate – a perfect job – and the welding equipment was returned. ➤



Sadly, not everyone made it home under their own steam. Luckily home in this case, Poland, was just across the border...

Photo by Piotr Zelakowski

► After my evening meal I rebuilt the bike. The brake had failed at about 2.30pm, and it was repaired and the bike rebuilt by about 8.00pm, ready for me to ride home the following day.

So, special thanks to Otto, Pete and the unnamed German in Albaxen. **Peter Kent**

MANY thanks from me and the other Italian friends for the wonderful Rally at Tonenburg.

Ciao, **Ariel Atzori**

WHAT a wonderful rally! You and your colleagues really made it a brilliant one.

I can think of only one mistake... you made it so good that you will have to do it all over again!

The trip home was OK: motorways in Holland are not my favourites. I did the trip back in a day, and caught the Monday evening ferry.

Every best wish to you, your family and my good friends in Germany. Looking forward to the next time, **Mike MacDonald**

I CAN only add my small voice on behalf of the Danish contingent. An extremely well organized rally, with a lot of extremely nice people.

Please don't let this be the last time. **Jan**

WE WOULD like to add our thanks and congratulations to the German Branch for hosting an excellent Annual Rally and also giving us an excuse to tour Germany for two weeks on our Huntmaster. Eighteen hundred miles and the only time the spanners came out was to adjust the chain.

Having been involved in the organizing of an Annual I know only too well how much work and effort went into this one. Looking forward to the next one already... **Iain and Donna**

JUST to let you know we enjoyed the rally very much: superb location, good weather, nice local runs, nice people and a very large amount of nice motor cycles. Just super!

I would like to thank you and the others of the team again very much for all the hard work that goes into organizing such an event.

All the best and kind regards, **Herman Noort**

IT WAS a great gathering that was very well organized (as we would expect from the Germans), and it was good to get so many members from the European mainland (our overseas).

Thanks too to Markus, to you and all the others for all your hard work in organizing it.

Kind regards, **Ben Mitchell**

MANY thanks to you and all your colleagues for a most excellent rally. Everyone is now looking forward to the next one you run in Germany!

Best wishes, **Mike**



Dear Editor John,

As indicated when we met at Tonenburg, I am sending you some of my observations and impressions as a first-time participant in an Ariel event.

The decision to take part in the Annual Rally after eight years of Ariel ownership was made sometime last winter, after we saw that the event would take place in northern Germany. This is a more accessible driving destination from Norway than Britain has become, after cheap flights and rental cars killed the ferry services.

There was also a time limit on the trip, set by the wives of the two of us who were driving down there. My 1934 VA will cruise at about 65km/h over longer distances, and quick calculation had us spending about five days of precious vacation time in each direction if that was to be our means of transport. 'No way,' said those who decide. We would use a car and trailer for the 3240km trip.

Thus we arrived on Wednesday evening with

FIRST-TIMER AT THE ANNUAL A NORWEGIAN PERSPECTIVE

some apprehension – would travelling by car be accepted or would we meet a frigid welcome? The worry proved to be entirely misplaced. The welcome was friendly to a degree not usually seen at motor cycle rallies, with food ready, accommodation organized, and introductions made to several new and interesting personalities.

After about five minutes I had learnt from Ben Mitchell that my Square Four had its distributor mounted backwards, that the rear lamp had to be from a bike two years younger than my 1951 model, that the cylinder bolts had been modified, and that the rocker covers had the wrong fasteners. It began to dawn on me that a slight tendency towards Ariel-centred autism might prove to be a common disability in the coming days, and better get used to it.

I do not believe I spoke to a single person over the next couple of days who owned, or had owned, fewer than three Ariels. The amount of knowledge was hugely impressive, if slightly incomprehensible.

As Thursday drew to a close I became acutely aware that I have a long way to go to become a true Arielist. People arrived through the day on old motor cycles of all shapes, many having ridden long distances two-up with a baggage load of truly massive size. I admit to always having considered my two Ariels as an interesting and fun hobby, to be driven on sunny days and on various rallies and runs meant for such vehicles. The amount of dedication needed to drive a fully loaded, 75-year-old machine over long distances in all kinds of weather and on roads with heavy traffic has until now failed me.

The rally itself was truly well organized and at times a source of some wonder. Where is the food line? What, no food line? A buffet with plentiful and good food and no queue is ➤

► a rare sight indeed at a motor cycle rally. I'll happily forget the slight queuing tendency at the barbecue.

And we stayed two more nights than originally planned and paid for. This cost the princely sum of €36 each, food included.

The only time that the German talent for organization was in some doubt was on Friday morning, when the 170km ride started. I hung on as best I could on my smoking Square to a nice British couple and some friendly Danes who I hoped knew their way around German back roads, and so it proved. I even got to experience my first ever stretch of German dirt road – I never imagined that such a thing existed.

To someone like me who is rather dependent on the GPS, the ride would have proven a real challenge – I was actually expecting us to travel in groups with some local in front as guide. That just shows my lack of understanding of true independent Arielism, I suppose.

But the lasting impression after the rally is one of companionship among people of all

types, on or with Ariel motor cycles, with a common interest both in the bikes and in each other. From the elderly gentlemen with collapsible canes strapped to their bikes to the young family with children and sidecar, and from the long-distance traveller on a scruffy and oily old motor cycle to those with gleaming pieces of motorized jewellery in air-conditioned vans.

The openness and friendship on offer was a truly positive experience, and one that makes you want to be a member of the Ariel family, even if my dedication to driving in all kinds of conditions may be somewhat lacking.

The inclination to sell my Ariels was never strong, but after this any such thought has disappeared completely. Meeting you all was a great experience.

I'll conclude by quoting one of our Norwegian Olympic gold medallists when, after the ceremony, he was asked the inevitable question 'How do you feel right now?' 'This was fun,' said he. 'I'd like to do it again.'

Torbjorn Vik



The author's extremely rare and original 1934 VA. We so seldom see one of these – Ed.