

To everyone travelling to Poland for the 40th anniversary Treffen then ride safely and have a really good time.

Nothing more to add this month - sent from the far flung reaches of the east by an increasingly aged Rebel rider.

Diane XXX

CAPITAL WINGS



Capital's *The Greatest Show Mole Wing Ding* in June was a huge success judging by the reviews:

"Back home after a fab weekend. Had fun watching the foxes, gorilla and tightrope rider. Not forgetting the lovely cakes too. Thanks to all you Moles."

"A great weekend at Capital's Wing Ding. Just what the doctor ordered. Great party, great weather, great company. What more do you need? Well done Ray, Ginny and Chris and all the team that put it together. All your hard work paid off."

Needless to say, the team are still recovering from all their exertions and taking a well-earned rest to recover and get back to normal life and work (ugh). We will give a full report on the weekend in the next issue of WingSpan. There were a few missing Moles at our Wing Ding. They

had already planned holidays to be elsewhere in June and some were flying the flag for GB in Europe at the Treffens.

But first, here's a story of travels to countries further afield, written by John and Julie Hall.

Our adventure started in September last year when we headed off to Australia to see the family. Australia is a big part of our lives, and more so, as both our kids now live permanently there. But we still have a lot to see and do elsewhere in the world. Even though we travel in Oz mostly in our 4x4 and caravan, we have also made contact with the Australian GoldWing Association in Western Australia (WA) and other states in Oz. We've had great times with our good friends Stewart and Julie Winnie from Canberra who took us to the Association's AGM, something like our Treffens but they use it as an opportunity to conduct AGM business before the partying begins. We have also had a couple of runs out with the Perth Chapter including their Christmas event. They are a great group of people and we even had the offer of a bike to use on future runs if we wanted.

As part of our visa break, we returned to the UK for three weeks with our granddaughter to meet everyone at the Moles post-Christmas do in January. It's always great to see all our friends. After travelling all over the country and catching up with all and sundry on the news, we all headed back to Oz.

We had many trips over the next three months and with the help of our Kiwi friends Billie and Kevin, ex-Goldwingers from the UK, we planned the New Zealand leg of our holiday. We hired the bike from a friend in Oz who has a Wing in NZ as well as in Oz. Billie and Kevin planned part of our trip, taking in stop overs with family and friends of theirs in NZ. Our other contacts in the country were Brian and Sue Hobson. He is the NZ GoldWing President whom we met at an east coast AGM in 2019 and then spent time with him in Europe later that year. He and his wife

made us feel very welcome at their home after he had met us at the bike storage in Wellington and then led us on the two and a half hours run back to his home.

The next day, after talking about the North Island earthquakes, we were greeted during breakfast with 5.9 and 5.3 magnitude quakes which rattled the house and furniture. This was the start of our NZ experience. For the next couple of weeks, we endured days mostly consisting of rain in some form or another yet, despite the weather, we covered about 3000km, visiting some amazing places like Napier, Lake Taupo, Bay of Islands and Rotorua where friends showed us some of the Māori culture including traditional food and a Māori funeral. We also went to a Māori cultural centre and thermal park with thermal mud baths. Unfortunately, the views were mostly spoiled by the weather but what we did see was truly amazing and we will definitely be going back but next time in their summer.

For our European tour, we started off with a relaxing few days with Mike the Hat and Doreen. Day 2 was a sad day when had to say goodbye to Robin Holland after his sudden death the week before but good to be there with the bike to represent the GoldWing Club as both he and Angie were a big part of GWOCGB for many years. The funeral was in Angoulême, southwest France with the wake held at Steve and Sue Hendy's abode. We moved on to Italy to meet with Tony and Teresa in Spotorno (southwest of Genoa) before we traveled to the Italian Treffen at Folgaria in the Dolomites. Julie went down with a throat and double ear infection so she was mostly in bed for the weekend. On the Sunday it looked doubtful if we would make it to the First Swiss Alpine GoldWing Challenge, which we were both looking forward to but with the help of a number of Italian members giving us lots of different medications and cooling pads to reduce Julie's temperature, we set off with our mate Flip on the Challenge.

Starting at Swissminiatur, Switzerland's largest open-air miniature museum, in Melide on the shores of Lake Lugano and finishing at the Swiss Treffen in Arbon, the Challenge consisted of a set number of places and landmarks to be found and photographed each day for five days with over 1,300km covered.



Glorious Susten Pass View



Julie on Swiss Challenge

One day alone took in five passes and with a full trailer in tow, that was a challenge in itself. 53 bikes and 70 members completed the Challenge and we attended the presentation on the Friday of the Swiss Treffen.



John and Julie Complete Challenge

By this time both of us were suffering with a bad cough and we decided to just relax. The tent was pitched on the banks of Lake Constance which was beautiful. We met up with some lovely people and had a great time and even swam in the Lake. From there we had a couple of lovely days at the Hof + Post Hotel catching up with the owners Monika, Christoph and their family. They always make us feel so welcome. Then, with the help of Beat Daum one of the Swiss members, we stored our bike and trailer at the dealership in Zurich so that we could fly back to the UK for a family wedding and catch up with a few friends on the way. After the wedding, the plan was to go back to the bike, do the run out to Poland for the GWEF 40th Anniversary Treffen, then return to the UK. We'll then load the motorhome and trailer to do our first ever trip with the bike in the trailer. It's not my ideal method of transport but as we are living between the motorhome and boat, I might as well make full use of it to go to Ireland and the British Treffen. Our last trip with the bike will be to Luxembourg then we will spend the rest of September and most of October on the boat before heading back to Australia to start all over again.

Our life is fairly hectic but everything we do we love doing, every place we go is a new adventure and these places won't come to you - you have to make the effort to get out there. Just remember this saying an old boy told me a couple of years ago:

"COVER THE EARTH BEFORE THE EARTH COVERS YOU."

Ride safe and enjoy every moment.

John and Julie

Many thanks to John for submitting an account of their travels. Surely he and Julie must get the award for the furthest traveled Moles.

Now onto our travels. Johnny and I met up with fellow Moles John & Julie and Bev & Dave at the Folgaria campsite. This was another ski resort.

No Skiing in Folgaria ►



The run outs on Friday and Saturday were well organised with marshals and the carabinieri managing to stop busy traffic and take a huge number of motorcycles through towns that I think would only ever happen on a Parade of Nations. The latter was fun because at one stage we met the tail end of the procession coming towards us so lots of hooting, waving and laughing. This is the organisation, yet sometimes chaotic nature, of Italian guided tours. The weather was hot and sunny and we enjoyed the hair-pin bends and beautiful scenery and the free snacks en route whilst Johnny filmed along the lines of *The Motorbike Show* with his new 360 camera.



▲ *Italian Dolomites Ride*

◀ *Italian Parade of Nations*

The Saturday night Awards ceremony finished at 10.20pm and most people were finished too! GWOCGB were runners up with 13 GoldWings so a good result for us.



Bob Celebrates 2nd Place

We wanted to party but sadly the group (this time not with the Peter Andre look-alike in tight white trousers) were so loud and the fog from the smoke machine so thick that most people adjourned to the restaurant to have a chat and drink. Here's a photo of Moles the previous evening trying to find each other.



Bev and Dave in the Fog

We said our goodbyes to Bev & Dave who were continuing their own tour of Italy and wished Julie better health as she and Big John set off on the First Swiss Alpine Goldwing Challenge. We expected to see Peter & Wendy, John & Maureen, Dave & Maggie and Bob & Sonja again in Switzerland.

Our ride south had been slowed down by road works and heavy traffic on the Brenner Pass so I decided that perhaps we should do an alternative route back north through Italy towards Austria. Johnny and I ended up doing our own Alpine Challenge as the sat nav took us over a 'road' that was actually the Timmelsjoch High Alpine Pass. Called Passo Rombo in Italy, it was another twisty road but with glorious views. We reached the top at 2,474m, took the photos and descended into Austria



Johnny at the Top

We were greeted with a €16 toll but at least we got a sticker for the bike to add to our Grossglockner sticker. There was also a Top Mountain Motorcycle Museum by the toll but we declined having already

had our own experience riding up from Italy. We rode down through the ski resorts of Obergurgl and Sölden and arrived at our hotel in Pettneu am Arlberg, a pretty village very close to another ski resort, St. Anton.

As luck would have it, we arrived just in time to see the Herz-Jesu Konzert band walk past our hotel and we enjoyed an evening of their music. Fires are lit every year on this day in remembrance of an event back in 1796 when the leaders of Tyrol met to discuss how to push Napoleon's invading troops out of Austria. It was suggested appealing to the Sacred Heart of Jesus to save South Tyrol from the hands of the French.



Herz-Jesu Procession



*Pettneu Mountain
Bonfire Cross*

We also took advantage of a visitor summer card to go to a Tyrolean evening (dancing on stilts!), listen to another brass band concert, visit a museum, ride the cable cars and go on a walk to discover, and then process, herbs - all for free. It was then a short ride to Arbon on the southern shores of Lake Constance so we did a detour via another ski resort, Brand, where we had skied in our beginner days. It had expanded beyond all recognition but we eventually found the hotels where we stayed and also had afternoon tea dances. Oh, the memories.

When we arrived at the Swiss Treffen we were greeted by our friends Eveline and Didier from the Swiss Club. We discovered that motorcycle run outs had been banned by the powers that be so no organised runs or proper Parade of Nations were possible. Instead, a sort of treasure hunt with pictures called the Säntis Foto Tour had been prepared by Eveline and her husband and Johnny and I set off on our own on Friday to explore the area around St Gallen. Highlights were a visit to the Appenzeller cheese factory in Stein. Lots of varieties to taste which we did with a platter and a glass of wine over lunch. Had to buy the cheese as well. The weather when we arrived at the Säntis cable car station in Schwägalp was threatening thunder so after admiring the goats and taking the photo, we continued to the Maestrani chocolate factory at Flawil. We don't see their brands in the UK but we enjoyed the free samples and the chat about the company's history. Had to buy some chocolate too.

Saturday was hot and sunny and most people seemed to be relaxing by the water or exploring the town on foot. Only three bikes turned up for the Parade of Nations slow drive of about one mile to the Lake but we were supported by Julie, Peter and Wendy on foot.



Cheese Proof



Santis Cable Car ▶



◀ *Arbon Parade.*



The Awards ceremony featured music from a group of people playing alphas and GB was placed 6th with eight bikes.



We then travelled through France to catch a ferry home to London on Tuesday evening. We were first on in Calais but last off in Dover. On DFDS, the GoldWing was held and strapped in a metal rack. The lorry behind us was parked about one foot from our greedy rack. We couldn't move back, he couldn't move forward without hitting us. The whole line of lorries behind him had to reverse - not easy - so we could get off. Welcome to England after just over 2,000 miles of no-problem riding! Enjoy the rest of the summer, going wherever the fancy takes you.

Miss (Helen) Whiplash