

## Super Sausage Suzuki Weekend



As a 'newish' member, and having been away from two wheels for many years, Kettles even longer; I have attended as many Club events as possible this year - Milton Keynes, MCN Peterborough, Cadwell and the Super Sausage meet in September. They've all been really enjoyable and provided a good excuse for a ride out, the better half Jacqui usually accompanies me...unless she is at the hairdressers...as was the case on that occasion. That, and the prospect of getting up at 5.30am on a Sunday, which did not appeal!

Anyway, I set the alarm, got ready, fired up HMB 92N and set off for Potterspurty on the A5 between Towcester and MK. Arriving shortly after 8.00am, I saw one other Kettle parked up belonging to Chris, the proprietor of Super Sausage. Gradually more Kettles arrived and we ended up with 9 altogether, so not a bad showing. Suzuki UK had a display of several historic bikes including an RGV250 and an awesome Hayabusa (more like a nuclear missile!) Disappointingly, they'd not brought along any of Mr Sheene's GP bikes. Nor were they handing out any freebies - apparently there have been management changes at Suzuki GB.

We all had a bite to eat and I can tell you, the reputation of the SS is certainly well deserved, with a menu of absolutely delicious, fresh cooked food. The weather however, was being served up to a different menu. Although reasonable at first and forecasting "rain later in the day", it couldn't have been less accurate. Heavy showers hit us by about 9.30am, triggering fits of apoplexy as my machine had probably not seen rain for well over 20 years! The rain passed (so I thought) and I quickly dried her, only for the heavens to open again shortly after. In the end, I resigned myself to accepting it. I wasn't alone though, as I estimate that there must have been at least 600 bikes present; all manner of things, from Harley's to 1934 BMW which made for a great display but 'Suzuki Weekend'?. Having said that, and not that I am in any way biased; the Ket-

les were the stars of the show, attracting lots of admiration and favourable comment.

Most of us decided to leave shortly after lunch, setting off on slightly damp roads with patches of light drizzle descending and all the time I found myself muttering "keep the speed down Neil, careful, watch the

roundabouts, it's greasy - worse than wet" as the chap from the Widows Sons Group had said to me. As I made my way back through Milton Keynes, I came across a group that I'd recognised as being at the event including another Kettle, but they were far too quick for me and had vanished in a flash! Arriving safely home, I inspected the Kettle and found some DIRT! Better get this off quick before Shane finds out and tells me off! I spent the next 2 hours and 12 minutes (yes I timed it) with soapy water, a sponge, a wheel brush (good for cleaning the radiator cover as well), a hose and a microfiber cloth. Scrabbling around on my back to get to the underside of the exhausts, I was reminded of my age; it's funny how hard it is to do these things when you're almost an official 'senior citizen'. Cleaned and back in garage, the bike was ready to be taken to the big Stafford show in October.

Later that week, Jacqui and I were back in MK for a meeting and I offered to take her for a surprise lunch. "Lovely" said she, but as we pulled into the SS car park the look of "you're dead" was

something to behold. "Stick with it" said I. In we went, read the menu and looked at the brilliant posters covering the walls, also finding a copy of the Flexi Flier in with the mags. "She's warming to it" thought I.

She selected a fish finger sarnie with tartare and a cuppa. Halfway through her sarnie she asked if the tartare sauce was homemade (?) and as it happened, it was. "Wow, best I've ever had". So she loved it and can't wait to go back. Early club run for next year me thinks...

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.

**Jacqui & Neil Whitehead**

