

Two pubs, a farm food centre and a hand glider!

Our first organised run since the big C, and what a wonderful day it was! A small, but perfectly formed, group of members met at the Ludlow Food Centre and were sent on our way by two of our members who had recently moved to the area. So, refreshed with tea, coffee and/or bacon butties we started the run heading towards the Long Mynd. Just prior to our departure we were teased with the anticipation of a good Morgan story, as one of the group had started out in their Morgan, but had to return home and join us in their tin-top. We've all been there!

The outline for today's scenic run was to go up Long Mynd and Long Mountain with 'refreshment' stops en-route, and the promise (fingers crossed) of fantastic scenery and views; and we weren't disappointed!

Many thanks to David Gardner for putting the driving route together, which at times proved a challenge as there was so much extra information about the route and what to see along it. What we hadn't anticipated was that the impact of the impending Autumn would be so evident, with the changing leaves on the trees (and ground) - it just enhanced the scenery.



Our first stop was at the top of the Long Mynd where we saw half a dozen parked hand - gliders, as well as one just taking off and, by coincidence, a trickle of cross-country runners taking part in an organised run. This was our first opportunity to hear the start of the Morgan tale - it was all about brakes - quite a fundamental part of the car that needs to be working at peak performance when you are driving up and down mountains! As no two Morgans are the same, you can research the 'how to' information online, but as you will get three or four conflicting suggestions, the only thing to do is to try **all** of them and hope for the best until one of them works!



The first 'official' stop was at the Horseshoe Inn, where we spent a pleasant hour outside sat on a very long picnic bench - room for 10! There were plenty of canine companions with their owners and shaggy-dog tales to be told around our table.

Back in the cars, we headed towards Long Mountain. As the majority of our route was on narrow and single track roads, we were lucky that we only met a few vehicles passing in the opposite direction. One of which, towing a horsebox, was not very happy at having, what she assumed, to have to share her road - a scary moment but we all got by without a scratch.



More ups, downs, tight bends and tracks to the end of the run, and a well-earned cuppa at the Yockleton Arms. I could go into detail about the beautiful properties, scenery and roads, but that would spoil it for when you do the run yourself: it's never as good second-hand. We all drove at least an hour to the starting point of the run, and the run itself was just over 53 miles. An excellent hood-down run and day out. 😊