

Full English 2018 Report

The Black Cock Inn, Molland, near South Molton, North Devon, 22nd-24th June 2018

James Henderson (Organiser), Tiverton, Devon



Last years' first Full English weekend was held near Banbury, not far from where Jason and I were living at the time, which made organising the event a lot easier. A few people had stated that they would like the event to happen again in 2018 but our plans were to move to North Devon so running the event out of Oxfordshire again would be difficult. A few weeks after our move to the West Country I spotted a brown tourist sign for a pub with a campsite: The Black Cock Inn.

We visited the site and quickly realised that it would be ideal for the second Full English but would



Nymph of Jim Cox
Photo: James Henderson



Pete Fitzgerald's Van
Photo: Pete Fitzgerald



Lesley Smith's Super
Photo: Pete Fitzgerald

people be prepared to make the journey to Devon? There was only one way to find out...

Soon after publicising the event in *Impressions* and on the Forum it became apparent that the event

was going to be more popular than expected and all of the static caravans and cottages were snapped up as soon as *Impressions* arrived on doorsteps, unfortunately one of the few issues with the site was that it did not have many non-camping options with had two cottages and four static caravans available. There were of course other options in the area such as nearby guest houses, B&Bs, etc.

We arrived on the Thursday of the event with Sophie Fretter who had driven her 1966 Imp Super down from Daventry after just putting it on the road. Quite a journey for an untested car. Gillian Hill was already on site with John Fenton and Gill's cousin Mike who seemingly attends more Imp Club events than a lot of Imp owners do – and he lives in Canada!

Friday saw more members arrive and the Blackcock Inn's campsite rapidly filled with Imps and variants. As there were enough of us on site by the afternoon for a run to a local attraction I led a convoy to the Lynton and Barnstaple narrow-gauge railway. Six Imps and a Nymph were joined in the car park by Mazda MX5s from a Cornish MX5 club. Then it was back to the site for food in the pub. Everyone seemed pleased with the



Line-up at The Black Cock
Photo: Jason Mead

pub's food with plenty of comments about the large portions served.

Saturday's run left at 10 a.m. as we were due at Lynton for 11. Jason had planned a fantastic scenic drive over Exmoor taking in some wonderful roads. Admittedly the last hill before Lynton was a bit steep which was 1st gear for my Chamois Coupé as it wasn't running at its best. I had arranged with the Lynton and Lynmouth cliff railway to park all the Imps on their private road at the Lynton end of the funicular. 14 Imps, a Nymph and a Clan certainly created a lot of interest with the general public.

The sun was shining which made the view over the Bristol Channel even more stunning. Nearly everyone caught the water-powered funicular down to Lynmouth where there were plenty of places to have lunch or maybe a cream tea. Obviously everyone who had a cream tea would have put the cream on the scone *before* the jam as this is Devon! I love visiting Lynton and Lynmouth. In fact, as I write this, a week after Full English, I have just returned from Lynton and Lynmouth after visiting with my god-daughter. The route back to site took in the Valley of the Rocks which we wanted to take the Imps through but were worried about the steep, narrow and twisty roads. All the Impers were warned about this road but it wasn't as hard on the Imps as we thought it was going to be. We all regrouped in a car park overlooking the sea and then drove back to the site.

On Saturday evening the pub allowed us to have a camp fire; not all venues allow this now. I set the fire pit up wondering if anyone would be interested but before long there were around 30 people gathered round, having a drink or two and catching up with fellow club members.

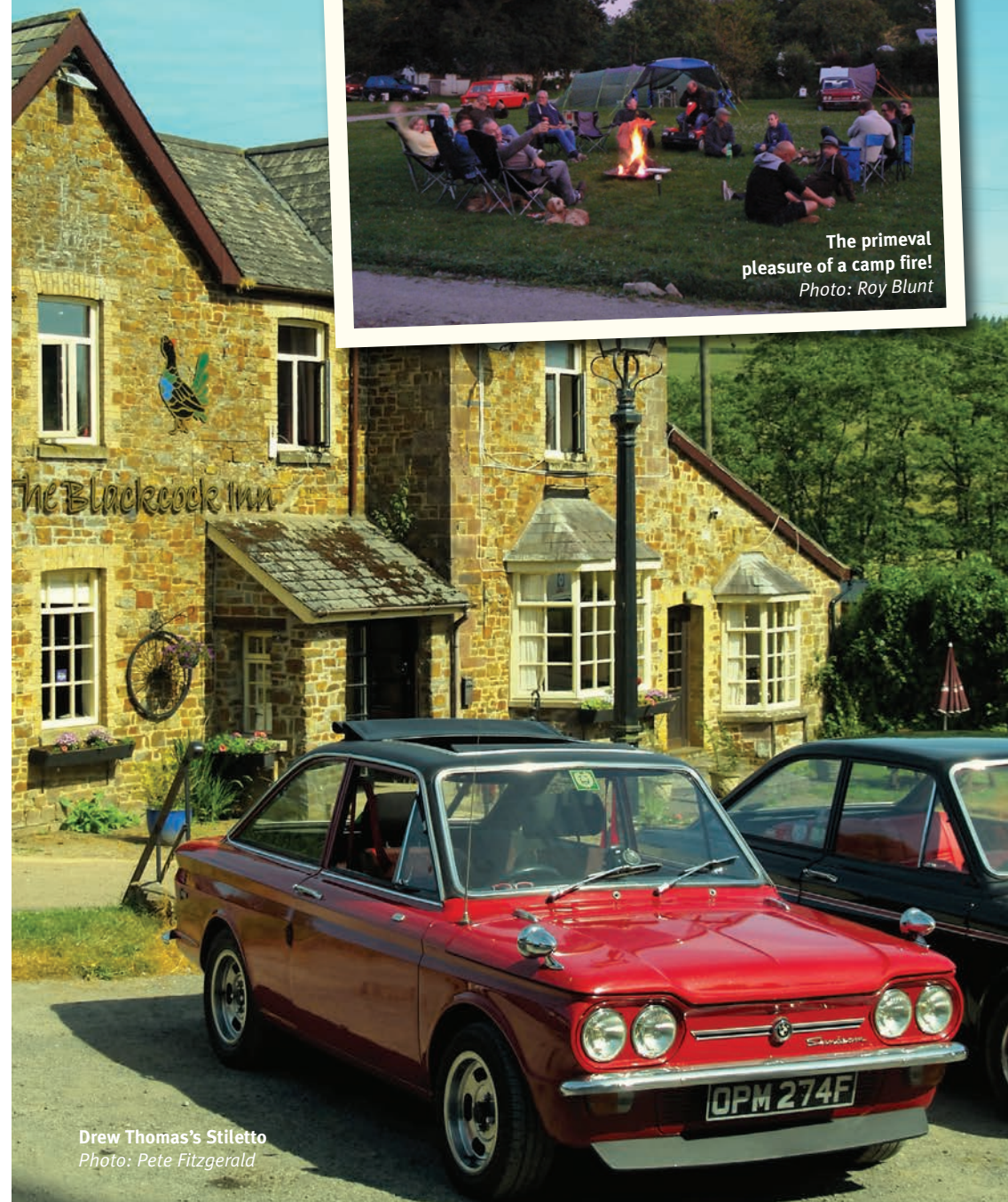
I had been asked by a couple of members about visiting Diggerland Devon over the weekend. For those of you who don't know, Diggerland is sort of a theme park which uses a variety of diggers.

Lynton & Lynmouth Cliff Railway. Keith and Mary Robbins' Super in foreground
Photo: Jason Mead



It could only be Devon!
Photo: James Henderson

There are rides which are digger-powered and even diggers you can drive. I managed to get us a group discount and around eight Imps convoyed there. We were all asked not to tell Tim and Vickie Morgan's son Ben that we were going to Diggerland. He would have been so excited he would



Drew Thomas's Stiletto
Photo: Pete Fitzgerald



The primeval pleasure of a camp fire!
Photo: Roy Blunt



At Diggerland, left to right:
Ed Nichol, James Henderson, Diggerland
driver, Pete Fitzgerald with Karen and
Josh. Front row: Simon and Karen Benoy
Photo: Jason Mead

not have slept. The look on his face when we arrived was priceless. One very excited five-year-old. Some of the adults were pretty exited too! A fun afternoon in yet more sunshine. Others spent the day by the seaside or exploring other parts of North Devon. The pub stopped serving food at 6 p.m.

but the owners did allow us to purchase takeaways and eat them in the pub.

We received a lot of thank yous for organising the weekend but it wouldn't have worked without the members who attended. It's the members that made the weekend work, thank you for attending. Also a huge thank you to the owners of the Blackcock Inn in Molland. They did a great job of coping with around 50 extra customers over the weekend. Nothing was too much trouble; they even provided breakfasts for us which is not something they usually do.

Will be returning to The Black Cock Inn next year? More than likely.

Full English 2018 – you'd be mad to miss it!

Pete Fitzgerald, Sutton, Surrey

After missing out on last year's Full English event, Karen and I were keen to take part in the second edition this year. The booking was made and the tent pulled out. Nothing could go wrong. Well, that was the plan.

All of a sudden Karen's son Josh was keen on going as well so a quick check with the pub and they were fine. But what I hadn't anticipated was a change in jobs and handing back my car with the tow bar. The practicalities of taking the family and the camping gear all in the Imp Van is getting harder; towing is much easier and comfortable.

A few phone calls and a tow bar was hurriedly fitted on the new car. The Van was loaded up and off we went. We arrived in Devon on the Friday afternoon and set up the tent in record time. The evening was spent catching up in The Black Cock Inn across the road and chatting to the locals who seemed to quite enjoy our invasion. We had a lovely meal with massive portions and consumed the local ale and wine.

Saturday morning we had breakfast and then lined up in the pub car park for a great run out in convoy. The Devon hills put the Imps to the test and we saw some fantastic sights of the beautiful countryside. The run ended with the very steep hills of Lynton; James and Jason had arranged for us to all park in the grounds of the Lynton Cliff Railway. For those that have never heard of it, the railway is operated by a water-powered carriage that drops down the cliff and comes back

up. The top carriage gets its tank filled with water and the weight pulls the lower carriage up by a cable, and so on. Clever! Karen is not great with scary things so we put her at the front and amused the carriage with her fruity language as she broke Rule Number One: never look down!



Tim, Vickie and young Ben
Morgan at Diggerland
Photo: Jason Mead

We spent a few hours in the village and Karen, Josh and I decided to play on the putting green. Karen struggled to keep the ball on the green, or at least the correct green while Josh and I got competitive and it ended up being crazy golf with me being victorious. A quick celebratory drink and ice cream afterwards and then we had to board the carriage up the cliff. Note to self: never let Karen do this stuff again. As we crammed in and the bell went off to start the journey, Karen screamed out, "The door's open". It wasn't of course, but I've never seen such chaos. I loved it! We got to the top and back in the Imps and headed back to the campsite via some stunning roads and through the Valley of the Rocks. On this journey, we had arranged for Baz to take Josh as Josh was finding his long legs a bit cramped in the back of the Van – hence the need to tow it to events. Baz tried to show Josh what an Imp really drove like, but Josh just fell asleep!

Back at camp, Karen and Josh kept young Ben Morgan entertained and I'm sure Tim and Vicky enjoyed the break. Vicky and Karen got to catch up, and Tim got to have a nap. In the meantime, Bob Blackman and I borrowed the great looming Nymph and went for a spin up the road. Great fun little cars.

In the evening we all went across to the pub again for a meal and refreshment and the evening was rounded off with many of us piling round a camp fire. Not that Karen needed any further heat with the sunburn she had got. Tales were told, drink were consumed, and we stumbled off to bed.

Sadly, the next morning saw us packing up and loading the Van back on the trailer to head home, but not before a secret visit to Diggerland. I say secret, as Ben Morgan had no idea and was so excited when he found out. It's really aimed at kids, but all of a sudden, everybody found their inner child! We had great fun being spun around in digger buckets, shifting earth and laughing all the way. With all the actual kids around, Karen created new swear words that were not swear words. I think we will see 'golf' in a whole new light now!

The day over, we headed back home via a pub for dinner and started making plans to return for the Full English 3rd Edition.

We would love to thank James and Jason for organising a really good event. Everyone who attended made the event special for us and the pub owners and staff were so welcoming to us. All I can say to those who missed it, you were mad to!