

The Cotswold Section of the Vintage Motor Cycle Club



Newsletter

Issue 99 – December 2014



Image courtesy of Google images

Season's greetings to riders of old motorcycles everywhere

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Copies of the Newsletter can be obtained from our web-site, by letting the editor know that you want to receive it by email or by sending 6 stamped self addressed C5 envelopes to the editor.

February 2015 deadline is 20th January 2015

From the B190

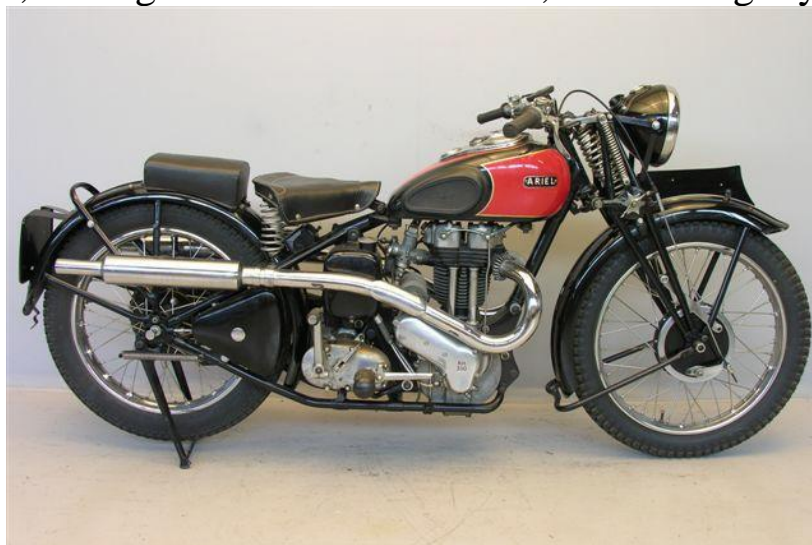
Christmas greetings go to all readers of this newsletter from your re-elected Editor. May your enjoyment of riding 'Historic' motorcycles be enjoyable during 2015 as you enjoy the warm weather.

Reg Eyre KOB

A Christmas Tale – John Mitchell – Editor - Cheval de Fer (Reprinted, with permission from Cheval de Fer - AOMCC)

The ride to the Ariel Christmas Lunch at the Bull i' Thorn pub six miles south of Buxton always served to blow away the cobwebs after Christmas Day. My trip on Boxing Day in 1990 was no exception. As I set off in clear bright sunshine but with the temperature around zero, the 1933 350 Red Hunter I was riding seemed to enjoy the conditions. Those of you who you ride in that sort of weather will have noticed how the exhaust always sounds crisper and the mechanical noises seem somehow reduced. The lunch was pleasant and the company good, but that is not what this story is about. No, it concerns the ride home.

I rode back on my own because I was not too sure whether the lights, which had worked perfectly before leaving, would continue to do so all the way home. As it happened they did, but with only a two-hour ride they were not really needed. Coming out of Buxton there was the odd flurry of snow but it still stayed bright - glorious riding conditions. I was making good time and when I saw another old Ariel parked outside the Cat and Fiddle pub, I decided to drop in and have a coffee. Often there are a few modern plastic rockets there but today they must have decided better of it because the 1937 RH500 was the only motorcycle there. I had not noticed it at the lunch, but it was nice. Obviously it had been restored a couple of years ago and well used since then. It was a really very original machine. Interestingly to me, the registration was JLM 500, these being my own initials.



Once in the bar, which was surprisingly empty, it was easy to see the Ariel's owner, a chap in his early twenties with hands tightly gripped round a bowl of soup – obviously he had ridden further than I had. Once the coffee was purchased, I went

over to sit with him, discovered his name was Mike and asked him if he had been to the Ariel lunch. No, he hadn't and in fact had never even heard of the Ariel club. He told me he had purchased the bike almost three years ago and it was his only form of transport. It transpired he was an RAF pilot who was based in Lincolnshire and was on leave and his way to spend a few days with his wife in Manchester. Mike was unwilling to give me any details about his flying or even tell me where he was based, pointing out that the war situation made it very unwise. This seemed strange, as although at that time it looked certain Iraq was to be invaded at any moment, I was unlikely to have a hot line to Saddam. He told me that he had another old bike whilst at university but that the current Ariel, which he was now able to afford on flying pay, was infinitely better. It seemed that he regularly cruised at 70/75 mph when the roads allowed, but he could never quite reach the magic ton on the speedo. He had heard that Ariels at Brooklands had often reached speeds in excess of 110 mph and wanted to see what could be done to his own bike. The comparison between the almost incredible power of the planes he flew and that of the Ariel was hard to get used to. Of course they had very good engineering facilities at his base and he knew one or two guys down there who could help him in his aim. By co-incidence I had been reading some Motor Cycling articles by the ace Ariel tuner Lawrence Hartley, dating back to the late thirties, and in fact had photocopied them from the magazine where I had read them to show to members at the lunch. I said he could have these to look at later.

We carried on talking about Ariels (as you do) and as he was interested in the club I took his address and promised to send him joining details. I would have wanted to stay longer, but found his chain smoking difficult to accept, especially as we were in a non-smoking part of the pub. Anyway he was keen to get back to his wife; they hadn't been long married it appeared. I approved of his period riding gear, jodhpurs, shiny brown riding boots, roll neck sweater, brown pudding basin helmet and goggles plus a despatch rider's coat just like the one I used myself back in the fifties. It really gives hope for the future of the club to see young people like this sharing our enthusiasm for the bikes of another era. As we were going outside I asked what he had paid for his registration as I must admit I would have like to put it on one of my bikes. He looked at me blankly and said. "It's just a registration number."

Before we left I gave him the copies of the Hartley articles and he put them carefully in his old map case, which he wore on a string around his neck. It struck me as a good idea and I resolved to look out for such a case. When it came to it, both bikes started first kick and we were off. He lost me after about mile (I suspect he would have even if I had been riding the bigger bike – he looked a very, very capable rider). Back home I looked out a club enrolment form and put a current *Cheval de Fer* in and sent it off to his Manchester address. I hoped to keep in touch and perhaps get him to come to a club meeting at the Griffin some time when he was in Manchester, so it was disappointing when it came back "not known at this

address". For the umpteenth time I resolved to be more careful when taking down details like this. And that was that.

Now we come to the interesting bit. I don't think it made the national news but there was an article on Granada television about a find in a lock up in South Manchester earlier this year. These little garages were being knocked down for some redevelopment or other and there had been a compulsory purchase order made on a few of them. In one there was a 1937 Red Hunter, a few old riding clothes and some tools. The contents were to be auctioned off and viewing was possible by appointment. I went down to look and there was the bike. Under the heavy surface rust the registration was clearly JLM 500 and apart from the perished tyres it all looked very sound but the chrome and paintwork was in a poor state. The garage was dry and it seemed a sad reflection on current restorations that it had deteriorated so much in only 15 years since I had seen it last. I spoke to the council official overseeing the viewing and when I told him of my Ariel connection and mentioned that I had once met the bike's owner he said he would see if the owner of the garage was willing to speak to me. And that is how I came to meet Mrs Meredith.

She phoned me the next day and surprisingly she invited me over to her small 1930s bungalow in Cheadle only a few hundred yards from the lock up. It turned out she was a very sprightly eighty three year old who insisted on providing me with tea and biscuits as she sat me down in her immaculate living room. I was glad I had not come on a bike and with oily riding gear. It had been her husband's motor cycle and when he died she was so shaken up that she had forgotten about the lock up and contents until reminded by the council so recently. I presumed that he had bought it from the young man I had met ... I seemed to remember his name was Mike. "Strange," she said, "That was my husband's name too". Not knowing how long ago her husband had died I was a little careful about broaching the subject, so I asked her how and when he had bought the bike. "As far as I am concerned he always had it, certainly all the time I knew him." "Did you ever ride on it?" I asked. "Oh yes of course, we never owned a car, I really loved the freedom it gave."

This had to be very interesting couple, in their late 70s and who not only owned an Ariel, but rode it regularly as well. "Was it your second marriage?" I asked. "Oh no, she exclaimed, "I never married again after losing Mike. But it was all such a long time ago." "What did Mike do before he retired," I asked. "What do you mean, retire? He never had the chance to retire," was the reply. I was getting really surprised. A fairly local Ariel man using an Ariel as sole transport and fit enough to work on until he died, I was amazed that I had not heard of him. I still wanted to find out more about the young man I had met on the bike though, so I asked if Mrs Meredith had any of the documents relating to her husband's purchase of the bike. (To be honest I wondered too if the registration was still transferable as it would certainly affect the price of the bike at auction when I bid for it). "Oh yes,

she said, "I kept them all," as she went over to the desk and returned with a buff envelope. In it was the old style logbook, invoice from Pride and Clark and third party fire and theft insurance certificate dated February 1939. "But you must have had a V5, I exclaimed, "this is just the original stuff". "No this is all we ever had", replied Mrs Meredith. I looked closer at the old buff logbook and saw the bike had been purchased new in February 1937 and the only name in the logbook was Michael James Meredith.

So the V5 was missing. Showing her the book, I wondered if the bike had belonged to her husband in his youth and he had been lucky enough to find it again. This perplexed her. "No, he bought it new and had it until he died." I was beginning to wonder if I had been right to get into this conversation with this pleasant, but confused old woman. "When did he die then," I asked. At this she went back to the desk and showed me a telegram dated January 1940. It was from the war Office and, baldly, it regretted that Flight Lieutenant Michael J Meredith was missing in action, presumed dead.

She told me the story. They had been married just six months, she was eighteen, her husband was twenty two and they were so much in love. They rented a flat close to here and he came up here from his aerodrome in Scampton whenever he could. He had inherited the lock up garage from an uncle. The last time she had seen him was when he rode up to see her over the New Year period in 1940. When he left the weather was so atrocious that he left the bike in the garage and hitched a lift on a bomber flying down from Ringway airport as was quite common amongst aircrew at that time. His Wellington had gone down over the North Sea the following night so she never saw him again and never remarried.

However, she said that even after all those years she would still like to see the bike again so I offered to run her across to it in the car. Fortunately the council chap was still there and I moved the old bike from the wall so she could see it properly. She stroked it tenderly and walked away. I could see she was upset and to fill in time I opened up the map case, which lay on the tank. I looked inside and there were the article copies I had given the rider fifteen years ago, in surprisingly good condition, given the state of everything else inside, which had almost crumbled to dust. When Mrs Meredith had composed herself a little I took her back to her home and she told me more about the short life they had enjoyed together all those years ago.

I did put an unsuccessful bid for the bike but was unable to attend the auction so don't know where the bike is now. (Perhaps someone has asked our archivist about it - if they have, Ralph, it would be nice to know.) And that's the end of the story except for one thing. When I looked at the copies of the Hartley article they were from the old magazine Motor Cycling, but clearly printed on them at the bottom in small print was the name of the magazine, which had reprinted them - Classic Bike Guide. Now Classic Bike Guide was started in 1990 by fellow Club member,

Frank Westworth, who now edits the excellent RealClassic. And no one had entered that lock up since January 1940 ...

The Troncycle

The processed sunlight was a bit dim when I woke up, so I decided to go for a ride on my new Troncycle. These machines were designed to cope with the later rules on use of energy after we had run out of fossil derived fuels many years ago. To start the machine, it is only necessary to grip the throttle, which automatically recognises the riders grip. Obviously, twisting it gives instant power but of the on/off sort.

I needed to write a piece for the Cotswold Section Newsletter about what it was like to ride old fashioned motorcycles from the old days, but at 133years old, my memory recall is nearly defunct and cannot be upgraded by using stuff I stored using the cloud.

I decided to ride the new roads that would take me to the sea at Southampton. A straight road with only six turns along its whole length. On setting out I was thinking how we used to ride by twisting the throttle to get a range of settings from fully open to just crawling along. These new machines are only fully open, or shut. The huge fat wide tyres meant that you did not have to put your feet down at junctions and could even leave the machine standing up while you got off.



The road signal indicated that the first turn was rapidly approaching and I should shut the throttle, but my mind was on the old bikes and I kept it open until I could see the turn. Oops! This was not good, because although the brakes are fantastic, there is a limit as to what they can do. I slid across the road and through the tree lined copse on the other side of the road. Having got the machine off my leg and assessed the damage as relatively slight, I walked around the machine and was tripped by a wire sticking out from the ground. The wire was sort of cloth bound and like something I had seen before but could not remember why. Using a broken

bit of plastic from my machine, I scrapped away the earth around the wire and realised that it was connected to a motorcycle handlebar. Further clearing revealed a squarish fuel tank and maybe more. I called my mate Phil on the smartafone and told him what had happened and asked him to meet me with his ute so that we could collect my machine for his repair skills, and pull my find out of the undergrowth.

Phil did not take long but we were careful to conceal what we were doing in case anyone official came by. The old bike we pulled out was something I had ridden for fun many years ago and it was already 110years old then!

A week later, Phil came to my place with my repaired machine and asked to see my find. I had spent the whole week cleaning it and was now able to reveal a 1910 Sparkbrook with direct belt drive and a two-stroke engine. Since we cannot now buy fossil fuel, the only thing I could find in the workshop was some old kerosene that was left in an antique lamp. My story had got around and many of the older fellows from the section came to my place to hear me start it up. With no clutch, starter or gearbox it was going to need a push start and everyone volunteered because they wanted to be close to the engine to hear what it sounded like. I managed to get them to stand at the roadside because I reasoned that this would be a doddle to start and control. Sure enough, it started immediately and responded to the throttle and I wanted to show the lads how well it could go. All of a sudden, there was an almighty noise and all the road signs were indicating that I should stop exactly where I was. I quickly turned about and made a dash for where my mates were and realised that the police were already rounding them up and putting them into the mobile prisons. As I pulled up, I was approached by a high-ranking officer and asked to explain why I was breaking the law by using a fossil fuelled machine. I immediately explained that as a researcher into ancient vehicles, I needed to assess this discovered example and also needed witnesses as to what happened. He was impressed that I could present him with evidence of my research and that I had been awarded a doctorate for this type of work in 2010. He then told me that this machine would have to be scrapped as had every other fossil fuelled vehicle and made a call to the ministry. After a long conversation he handed me the communicator and said that I should speak with 'the Minister'. I explained how I had come across the Sparkbrook and that I felt it should be kept as an example for future generations to see. He said he had similar thoughts and did I know about the secret collection of machines kept in a vault beneath the Palace of Westminster. I was able to get the police to release the section members and they let me keep the Sparkbrook until it could be put into the Government museum.

I am now the curator of this museum, charged with keeping the machines in working order, and as part of my plan, we are trying to arrange a London to Brighton Run, a run in the midlands and another run near the northern border. It all feels like a daydream.

Dr. Reg Eyre KOB

KOBI Meeting 2014

The latest incumbent of the KOBI chain called a meeting in early October for as many knights of the order to assemble at a public house near Chaceley. On the appointed day, rumblings were felt around Gloucestershire as old motor cycles chuntered and rumbled their way to the meeting place, by the river.



It was heartening to see so many old machines accompanied by their ancient riders. All new knights have to be selected by a gathering of assembled knights, who decide whether the actions of the proposed knight are deemed worthy, or idiotic enough, to join the order.



The meeting this year considered many candidates, and only after the due process of election, and much shouting, was a name put forward for someone considered worthy enough to wear the chain of office for a new knight. The honourable secretary of the meeting then unveiled the garments to be worn by knights when riding their steeds and these were modelled by one of our number.



The meeting then descended into the pool of many colours!
An observer - Elwood Hopkins KOB I

Memories of a Flat Tank Run 1994



Arthur and Janet Mortimer and Len Ore – taken by Ken Hallworth

Flat Tank and ‘Belt and Braces’ Run

Sunday 5th October 2014

The Flat Tank Weekend Road Trial was cancelled in July because of the monsoon season affecting the Cotswold area. The chairman of the Flat Tank section began to worry as to what would happen if all the trophies for this event had to be stored in his stately home. This is situated in the flat plains of the River Severn and is being considered for Government action to stem the recurring floods due to global warming and climate change.

Bravely, Sir Dennis Beale of Minsterworth KOB I, decided that he would organise two events from his mansion to occur at the same time and over similar routes stopping at Ross-on-Wye for lunch.

Many machines were gathered surrounding his property until the Flat Tank riders set off on a route that was suitably flat towards the lunch awaiting them in Ross. After a short delay, the riders entered for the Belt and Braces set out on a longer and hillier route toward the same destination.



All riders congregated at a fine public house in the old quarter of Ross after some spirited riding where one of our number decided to leave the road for some cross-country riding and was only stopped by the intervention of a local bramble hedge. The unfortunate rider is now seeking a replacement for a one hundred year old front wheel for a veteran Ariel. (Try Draganfly? – Ed)

The afternoon route consisted of lanes with pretty grasses growing in the middle of the road as well as in the verges. At a later stage, riders had to ring a bell for someone to open railway-crossing gates to cross the rails. These gates were designed to catch the rear wheels of veteran machines that were not quick enough to cross the rails in time because the gates came down very quickly after having been opened. A final dash across the A48 and along to Dennis's mansion, where tea and cakes were made available, made the end of the run very acceptable. Thank you Dennis, Ginnie and all the helpers for a pleasant day out.

Sola Invictus KOBİ

Ideal Presents for the New Year
2001 Suzuki 500GS Y 861 BWP
Genuine Mileage only 8,300, 12 months MoT
Very good condition, Alpha dot fitted
Offers in the region of £1200
If interested, please contact the Editor.



Ariel VH, 1954 but registered on a D plate, built for 5000 mile charity ride in South Africa. Offers around £3600
Reg



Wanted- Watsonian Palma to attach/accommodate growing family - Tel Matt - 01926 812780

Items from the Sales Catalogue



For Sale: Brand-new child panniers for carrying the smaller people of the family. Made especially in traditional materials featuring Asiatic motifs and designs. Fittings supplied for most Japanese motorcycles, please specify when ordering.

Dave Ayesthorpe, who sent this in, asks you to notice the bendy wheels, which are suitable for unmade road surfaces.

Summer Progress

After a coach-built launch chair was found to be too impractical for daily use a Watsonian Monza was hitched up at about Easter time. It's first outing was the Felix Burke Road Trial; what a disaster! It needed to be tow-started after drowning in a ford and we only managed something like 40 miles and 10 checkpoints in the allotted time; when the results were emailed through I couldn't bring myself to open the pdf file.

Various breakdowns followed over the next month before I took the plunge and rode it to Scotland on a camping holiday, thankfully all the bugs had been ironed out by then and it never missed a beat all week. On the holiday the old girl was asked to perform a variety of duties ranging from taking us to the highest pub in England to pumping up my mates airbed. Just in case you're wondering; the latter wasn't a particularly bright idea as said airbed popped soon after - filling the tent with toxic fumes.



On returning home the outfit has seen use almost daily during the marvellous summer of 2014. Some of the best comments I've heard have been from the other kids when dropping my son off at nursery; they normally go something along the lines of "why can't I come to nursery in a sidecar"

Matt Little

A Springtime Ride to Italy

"It's snowing," I said, as I lifted the blind of our hotel room.

Geoff Brown and I had decided to ride to Italy to the May Rally organised by the Italian Branch of the Ariel Owners Motor Cycle Club and had left Gloucester in rain. The decision to ride together had evolved over a number of weeks in early 2014. I'd previously ridden to Saronno, just north of Milan, in 2006 with Len Ore, the Bakers and others.

I suggested that Geoff and I follow a similar route: Gloucester – Portsmouth – Caen – south west of Paris – Pontarlier – Switzerland – Simplon Pass – Saronno. He was happy with this and it didn't take long to decide where our overnight stops would be.

I planned to take my 1952 tele-rigid VH as I'd done the first time that I went. It's an ideal bike for long days of riding and it'll carry a fair amount of luggage. Geoff's decision was a bit more difficult. He'd recently bought a 1939 girder rigid 500 Red Hunter and he wanted to use it for Italy. But there had been problems with the engine, mainly vibration (engine balance) and starting (magneto). It was only a couple of days before we left that he felt that it was probably ok, but he still wasn't sure.



As a fall back he had bought a BMW to use if the work on the Ariel didn't sort out the issues. He'd even bought adhesive Ariel badges to put over the BMW tank badges. On a number of occasions when I saw Geoff in the weeks before we left,

he had threatened to get rid of the Ariel, often in a very terminal way – the use of fire would frequently be included in the conversations.

But at about 2 o'clock on Saturday 26th April Geoff arrived at my house on his Red Hunter, and we were off.

So what mechanical and electrical problems did we have during our journey? Geoff didn't have any more starting problems, his bike started as well as mine did – you know, usually it took one or two kicks to start but occasionally the engine decided to be awkward and more effort was required.

The only problem that I experienced involved the chronometric speedometer. Towards the end of the second day in France, not far from our hotel, I noticed that the dial was 'jiggling' around. I quickly stopped to check what was happening and found that one of the screws holding the mechanism inside the speedo case was missing and the other one was loose. That evening I tightened everything up and added a screw from the spares that I was carrying.

Geoff had two problems.

The first was with his rear light. It was a combination of bulb filament broken by vibration, a partly broken rear bulb holder and a broken wire. For almost all of the ride to and from Italy he had no brake light, the rear light worked early during the trip and also later after a little bit of temporary 'rewiring' of the bulb holder.

His second problem occurred in Switzerland as we were riding up to the summit of the Simplon Pass on our way home. A number of road improvements were being carried out and at each one we were held up because they were using temporary single lane traffic flow.

We had been stopped at the entrance to a new bit of tunnelling and I was just in front of Geoff. The man with the stop/go 'lollypop' turned it from red to green and I rode into the semi darkness of the tunnel. I couldn't see Geoff properly in my mirror as I went into the gloom but when I got to the other end and into daylight, Geoff wasn't behind me. So I waited and after a short time a couple of cars came through followed by one or two more.

I couldn't go straight back to see what had happened as there was an enormous line of motorbikes on the other side of the road, all queued up waiting for the traffic control through the tunnel to let them back towards Italy. (Shortly after this incident we found that there was a bike festival at the top of the pass – hundreds and hundreds of bikes and a rock band on a temporary stage at the main café).

After a few minutes Geoff appeared, riding without any problem. What had happened was that, as he rode forward into the tunnel entrance his engine died. As he quickly looked down at the bike he noticed that the h.t. lead was not connected to the spark plug cap – the lead had broken at the cap. So he quickly threw away the cap, tightened the bare end of wire to the plug and got the engine started whilst the traffic was still passing into the tunnel.

Peter Kent

To be continued

The River of Time by R.K. Battson

(Courtesy of Morton's Media, *Motorcycling* 20-12-1956)

And now, you are rising fifty five, and can no longer manage all the things you used to do so light-heartedly; such as, for instance, kick-starting a five hundred from the saddle, or heaving it up on its stand. And you find winter riding less zestful than it used to be, because, no matter what you do, the cold seems to get right down inside your marrow, and all the old joy of the bright, frosty days has gone for good.

Not that you are moaning, especially, you can't do all the things you did thirty years ago. You had your youth, and you made the most of it; and it was fun. Plenty of the youngsters who you once knew never had that much. It was snatched away from them at places like the Somme and Passchendale, and Normandy, and the dark, lonely sky over the Ruhr...

But it is time, now, to take stock, so to speak; because you have lived long enough to see, in retrospect, the varied pleasures of your life at their true values. You have been lucky enough to sample most things; and of them all, none has given you anything to equal the deep, abiding joy you have had from motorcycling.

You can see, of course, that this is partly because, even before your hearing went back on you almost entirely, you had been for years a little deaf, which kept you out of quite a number of communal activities. For it is a fact that, of all human afflictions, inability to hear excites the least sympathy; a deaf man is, flatly, a blasted nuisance to himself and to everybody else.

So that you were, of necessity as well as inclination, rather a cat who walked by himself; and for such a temperament there is no better toy than the motorcycle, as you quickly found. You no longer had to grin apologetically at the weary impatience of others whose call to do something or other – such as letting fly jib sheets, or taking a hard, snarling drive across the court – you had failed to hear; nor mutter a frenzied series of “Pardons” to the suffering martyrs who tried to include you in their activities. You had your motorcycles.

And your motorcycles didn't mind if you were as deaf as Davey's sow. They took you, from early morning till dusk, into a countryside so altogether lovely and peaceful and unspoiled that you could ask nothing better than to lean on an old, sun-warmed gate, watching the shadows march slowly across the fields and woods; and the smoke of your cigarette curling up into the still, summer air; and the shining beautiful machine waiting patiently at the roadside to carry you farther into the unknown, exciting world lying around the next corner.

In the hot, lazy days of summer, they took you to wooded lanes where the air was cool, and laden with the scent of hay, and murmurous with the distant shirr of the cutters and the song of birds; later they showed you the welter of yellow and orange and gold which can be autumn in the Cotswolds; they whirled you along dry, clear roads between fields and woods white with hoar frost, when the sun hung low over the trees like an enormous Jaffa, and the air was like chilled wine; they carried you

from winter into spring and the never-failing wonder of the waking earth when the sight of the scarp of a distant hill carpeted with yellow primroses and daffodils caught you idiotically by the throat, so that you had to stop every few miles to have a cigarette and take in the marvel of it all.

They brought you a few good friends of the right sort, who cheerfully bellowed like bulls to you about really important things like tappet clearances, and whether the damned big-end would, or would not, last a bit longer; they brought you the little dark creature you married, who went everywhere with you, in the sidecar or on the pillion, and shared with you all the miracles which made up the cycle of the passing years.

And now, those years add up to quite a respectable tally; in the natural course of things, there can't be many more of them to come, though you hope you will be able to manage a two-fifty for a while longer, and see from the saddle (the best place from which they can be appreciated) a few more springs. It may well be that, before you reach the day beyond which lies no tomorrow, the roads which you have loved all your life may not be much more fun; for the huge outputs of which the motor industry boasts so recklessly will soon choke them to a degree of congestion which will rob them of all their pleasure; though, even then, there will still be left a few lanes down which a motorcycle can go and a car cannot.

But, because many people will read this who are hesitating as to whether they should, or should not, make the sacrifices necessary to buy one of the most costly machines of today, you have set down, in the hope it may help to persuade the waverers, what motorcycling has meant to one man at least; the settled, indestructible conviction that there is nothing, absolutely nothing, in all the complex diversions evolved by men, that can offer the present joy, and the storehouse of rich memories for the after-years, which lie in the gift of the motorcycle, which has been to you your life's oldest and most faithful friend.

R.K.Battson

Christmas Greetings

Dennis Beale, Peter Kent and Reg Eyre send season's greetings to all motorcyclists that know them in the Cotswold Section and other groups in this country as well as abroad.

Footnote:

I was going to put some thoughts here about the state of the VMCC. However, I do not think that such thoughts should be here but in the main Journal. I sent the letter to the VMCC Journal – It has not appeared!

Editor

COTSWOLD SECTION CALENDAR - DECEMBER 2014 to FEBRUARY 2015

December 2014

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| 3rd | Guest Speaker - Jim Plant with 'Whiffling Clara', the supercharged Velocette | The Jet Age Museum, Meteor Park, Staverton |
| 10th | Club Night | Churchdown Club, Church Rd., Churchdown |
| 16th | Committee Meeting | Churchdown Club, Church Rd., Churchdown |
| 17th | Christmas Party | Churchdown Club, Church Rd., Churchdown |
| 21st | Winter Wandering | The Greyhound Inn, Littledean, Cinderford |
| 26th | Boxing Day Gathering | The Watersmeet Hotel, Hartpury, Gloucester |

January 2015

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| 1st | New Years Day Gathering | The Daneway Inn, Sapperton, Cirencester |
| 7th | Club Night | Churchdown Club, Church Rd., Churchdown |
| 14th | Auction of Motorcycle Books and Ephemera | Churchdown Club, Church Rd., Churchdown |
| 18th | Winter Sporting Trial | Denfurlong Farm, Chedworth, Cirencester |
| 20th | DEADLINE FOR FEBRUARY 2015 NEWSLETTER | |
| 21st | Guest Speaker - Stan Dibben "No Ordinary Passenger" | Churchdown Club, Church Rd., Churchdown |
| 27th | Committee Meeting | Churchdown Club, Church Rd., Churchdown |
| 28th | Quiz Night | Churchdown Club, Church Rd., Churchdown |
| 31st | Pre-Dinner Social Run | Wellesley, Lime Street, Eldersfield, Gloucester |
| 31st | Dinner and Award Presentation | Brickhampton Court Golf Club, Churchdown |

February

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|------|---|--|
| 1st | Winter Wandering | The Haw Bridge Inn, Haw Bridge, Tirley, Gloucester |
| 4th | Club Night | Churchdown Club, Church Rd., Churchdown |
| 11th | Club Night | Churchdown Club, Church Rd., Churchdown |
| 15th | Winter Wandering | The Gloucester Old Spot Inn, Piffs Elm, Cheltenham |
| 18th | Guest Speaker - Ian Young "True or False" | Churchdown Club, Church Rd., Churchdown |
| 24th | Committee Meeting | Churchdown Club, Church Rd., Churchdown |
| 25th | Chris Robert's Picture Quiz | Churchdown Club, Church Rd., Churchdown |

Annual Cotswold Section Dinner and Award Presentation

7 p.m. for 7:30 pm on Saturday 31st January 2015

Brickhampton Court Golf Complex, Churchdown, Gloucester, GL2 9QF

Tickets available from Jenny Hart, 01684 276610, jenny@hart1246.plus.com