

The Cotswold Section of the Vintage Motor Cycle Club



Newsletter

Issue 104 – October/November 2015



Chris Harvey enjoying his ride through the Cotswolds on the AOMCC's Pre 1931 Run
Photo taken by Justyn Baker

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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.

December 2015 deadline is 20th November 2015

From the B190

This issue contains fairly lengthy articles, which I felt needed to be presented whole and not split over two issues. One is a long distance ride on a Vincent in the USA another is a collection of ‘musings’ from our Western Australian KOB I Bob Main. I also had obituaries for Joyce Cobbing and Ron Brislin. I was able to notify readers of this newsletter who had email addresses and give them some details of his funeral. The newsletter is published every two months and some deaths, of well known members of the Cotswold Section, it seemed too late to include obituaries, however, Dennis had informed me that he had sent a copy of Joyce Cobbing’s obituary to the Journal and knew that they would not publish it in full so I made the decision to publish it, with apologies for the lateness, in this issue.

Reg Eyre KOB I

“And 3 tenths”

A couple of years ago I came across a book called “Good Vibrations“ by Tom Cunliffe, it was all about him and his wife riding round America on a couple of Hogs. It was inspirational and put that idea on my list of things to do. So when it was announced that the Vincent Owners Club (it has been suggested that the initials of the club, VOC, really stand for Very Old Children) was to hold its International Rally in Vancouver, it looked as though the time had come to hatch a plan. I decided that I would ride my Vincent Black Shadow to the rally. I have owned this machine since 1961 and have, since retiring, toured in New Zealand and Australia on it, and as a result, I have confidence in it.

With the past experience of exporting my machine to New Zealand and Australia under my belt, I was not perturbed about sending it to the USA.

I arrived in Connecticut at the back end of June and spent nearly two weeks getting the bike out of customs, through what can only be described as incompetence, theirs, not mine.

Then to cap it all, despite the Bill of Laden giving the dimensions and weight of the crate and the delivery address being a private home, the importing firm sent it on a lorry with no means of getting it off. Then they had the cheek to charge me \$60 for “special equipment” i.e. a tail lift and pallet handler, things that in England are the norm on most trucks.

The bike was eventually ready for the road on the 4th of July, Independence Day, which seemed appropriate and I headed up towards Buffalo in New York State, where I spent the first night in a motel, having done 400 miles trying to catch up.

I crossed the border into Ontario and saw Niagara Falls from the Canadian side, which without a doubt is the most spectacular viewpoint.



I continued along the Canadian side of Lake Eire, which is a very flat area of mainly farmland.

Re-entering the States at Detroit, I went down through Toledo, just south of Detroit, keeping an eye out for a certain Corporal Klinger but failed see him, must have been shopping for a new dress.

From there I turned due west through Ohio and Indiana, where just below Lake Michigan that I experienced some typically violent American weather, which, I have to confess had me worried.

When I got to South Dakota, I found an excellent campsite in the Black Hills where I intended to stay for a long weekend, as there was a lot to see in that area.

There's Mount Rushmore with the presidential heads carved into it, which is an amazing sight, yet, not far away is the Crazy Horse monument. This is another



mountain still in the process of being carved, only it's bigger, in fact, all the presidential heads would fit into the carved head of Crazy Horse. Also there is the town of Deadwood where Wild Bill Hitchcock and Calamity Jane became famous, and are buried. And just down the road apiece, the Little BigHorn where General Custer uttered the immortal words "Where the hell did all those Indians come from?"

Yellowstone was next on the list. And I think the best part of that, without a doubt, was the ride up Bear Tooth Pass to the N/E gate of the park. The pass climbs to 11,000 ft. on a magnificent serpentine road. The old Vincent was a bit out of breath at the top, but the views were spectacular

Prior to going into Yellowstone I had camped next to two New Zealanders who were over for the 100th Harley Anniversary Rally. They came from Blenheim on the South Island and pretty soon it was established that we had a friend in common over there. And that wasn't the only time the rule of seven was proved.



I left Yellowstone via the Grand Tetons for Salt Lake City in Utah where I did a ride out to the Bonneville Salt Flats. The temperature was 108 that day, so, having taken pictures, and scooped up a film canister of salt, I went to the Gas station (notice how I was beginning to talk the language now) intending to fill up and put the hosepipe down my trousers, sorry pants.

The next challenge was Route 50, this is called the Lonely Highway, and sure enough it was. It crosses the Great Nevada Basin in a straight line going through small mountain ridges and long valleys. Whilst crossing one of these valleys a dry thunderstorm started and I became a bit concerned with all the lightening, when I

realised I was the tallest thing out there. I speeded up a little and got into the hills before it got any closer.

Shortly after I came across a strange sight on this road. It's called the Shoetree, to which people come from miles away just to throw their old shoes into it. There were hundreds of pairs of trainers hanging from the branches by their tied together laces, with hundreds more in the gully below the tree, where they had fallen when the laces rotted. Having survived the lonely highway I went on into California.

During the 'Vincent and Vines' rally, they have a Toolbox competition, better known as a "concoirs de practical" which I was asked to judge. Good grief what some people carry!

I came to the conclusion some pack very little underwear, instead they have a spare machine in bits in their luggage.



After the rally, Paul (ex-Met) from the South London Section joined Andy, Martin and I for the four day ride up the beautiful Californian and Oregon coast.

One evening we stopped at Lincoln City in Oregon where we went to a place called the Oyster Bar for a meal. During the evening Paul, who can play guitar, found a couple of them laying on a piano and ended up in a session with some local musicians. I, in the meantime, had ordered a meal and then fell foul of the loose Ketchup bottle lid. I looked like a road kill, much to the amusement of those around me.



Talking of which, road kills in the States are far more interesting than they are in England. Here we get rabbits, hedgehogs, fox and the odd domestic cat. Out there its racoons, chipmunks, snakes, deer and worst of all, the dreaded SKUNK. You can smell them for miles and it's the sort of smell that stays up your nose for ages.

After this we continued through Washington State into Canada and arrived at the Rally site of Harrison Hot Springs on the 8th Aug. I had 6,881 miles on the clock. For the return trip, Paul went off to do a bit more in Canada and Martin, Andy, and I headed back into the States. We returned to a place in Washington State, where we had stayed on the way up, called Sedro Woolly, with the intention of crossing the Cascade Mountains the following day.



The Grand Coulee Dam was next on the agenda, followed by Crater Lake.

On the ride from Crater Lake we got caught out in a terrific hailstorm with no-where to hide. Good grief that really hurt!

We arrived back into California via the Lassen Volcanic Park, and the two borrowed machines were dropped off, then Andy and Martin then flew home. I continued into Nevada and the southern states where it was now mid-August and getting HOT. Las Vegas had to be the hottest ride, 112 degrees, I thought I would cook.

Crossing the Hoover Dam on the Nevada, Arizona border saw 10,000 miles on the clock. It took almost a week to see all I wanted to in Arizona. First at trip along 80 miles of the original route 66, then the Titan Missile Museum outside Tucson, followed by The Grand Canyon, Monument Valley, and over Labour weekend I took in a Rodeo at a place called Williams. In Texas I decided to keep to a minor route along the



Mexican border.

Having got a big kick out of sitting in Mission Control in Houston's Johnson Space Centre, it was the same going round the JFK Space Centre in Florida. As a bit of a Space nut, to see the places where all that pioneering stuff was done was great. I lingered an extra day there to let hurricane Isabella pass into South Carolina ahead of me.

It was in South Carolina whilst heading to the Blue Ridge Mountains that two State

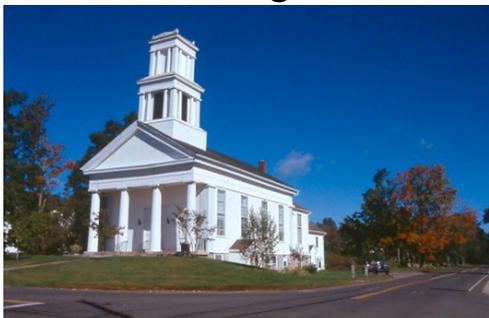


Troopers stopped me. Well, it was Sunday and my number plate had obviously aroused their curiosity. As an ex-scuffer I was impressed with their smartness and would you believe, their politeness. They asked to see my documents: then asked what I was doing, so I outlined the trip for them. "And you're doing that on a nineteen fifty one machine?"

When I arrived at the Blue Ridge Mountains I couldn't do the Skyline Drive as I had intended, hurricane Isabella had blown trees down all over the road.

By now I was on the last leg and into Civil War territory so a visit to Menassas, better known as Bull Run, and Gettysburg was called for.

Both were absorbing, particularly as it is such recent history. In fact the guide stated that as a young man he had spoken to the widow of Union General Mead. From there I headed to Springfield and the famous Springfield Armoury, which is where the mass production of firearms took off with the invention of machinery to manufacture accurate, interchangeable parts. They still have the original copying lathe for making the wooden stocks.



It was October when I arrived back in Connecticut, just in time for all those wonderful New England Autumnal colours but it was getting cold, so being a devout coward I decided to call it a day.

I had 17015 miles and *3 tenths* on the clock and the bike had not missed a beat. The only thing's to go wrong were a broken valve lifter cable, which was not a problem as I always have a spare laid in place, and a broken speedo cable. A new one being sent to a campsite ahead of me, by the California VOC spares man. It was a superb experience. I met and talked to so many people just because I was on an old British machine and a Vincent in particular. It elicits such interest among those I meet on the road, and opens the doors of friendship.

For those who like facts

In round figures I used 314 US gals. Got 54 to the gal and did 8 oil changes. I rode for 76 days averaging just over 200 miles a day and had no real frights.

I think it might be back to OZ next, as I have some unfinished business. It was there that I had to call a halt to a tour, in 2000, when the bottom end gave up with only 114,000 miles on it, must have been a Friday bike.

Mike 'Chips' Chipperfield



PS The OZ trip, plus New Zealand, has now been done.

Bob Main Recollections

Cotswold annual dinner 'do' at Gloucester. Mr Bernard Chater-Lea was the guest of honour.

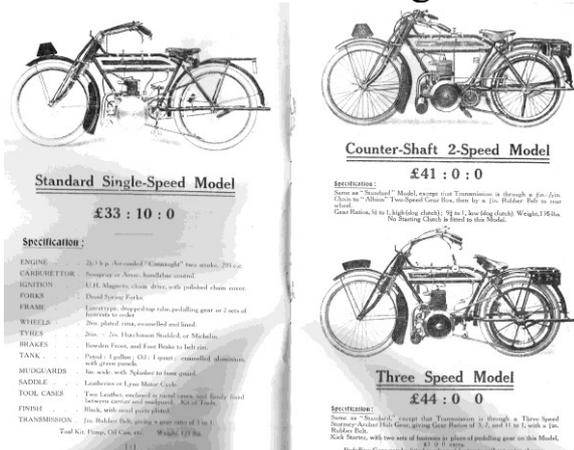


Ron Cresswell, George Banks (?) (Ron's mate) and Mr Bernard Chater-Lea signing the lid of the AA bike my brother bought from Felix. The bike is a Chater-Lea and we recovered the tradesman's box somewhere in Ham. They had been split up some years before.

The Chater-Lea was most unreliable. David did ride it the London to Brighton Historic Commercial Vehicle run. On arriving at Brighton it suffered a magneto shellac event. We did get it going again and instructed David to ride it back to Ham non-stop.

My Grandfather was the proprietor of Barnby Bendall & Co., Cheltenham

Can you identify the 'bike. I was always was led to think that it was a Connaught. (Ed - I wrote back identifying the bike as a countershaft Connaught model)



Yesterday's Sunbeam

Here is an extract of letter sent to Yesterdays about their advert for a Sunbeam Light Solo LKX 132. "I was the person who carried out the restoration of this Sunbeam in the late 1970's, before I immigrated to Western Australia in 1981.



Rudge Multi TA 1578 and Geoff Preece with a Sunbeam I sold him – unrestored. A friend and I did a post restoration run along the Loire Valley; this would have been sometime in the late 1970's. I had tried to get a few in the Cotswold section to join me in this Run along the Loire Valley on Gentleman Motorcycles - Sunbeams. In the end only Peter on a 1952(?) S7 joined me. We had a fantastic trip. I would be interested to contact the present owner of this 'Gentleman's Motorcycle', just for old time's sake."

More Musings!



I think this was the start of a Saundersfoot Run. Who was on the round tank Triumph? I think it was taken between Gloucester and Cheltenham, perhaps in Longlevens?



Several names in the latest newsletter brought back old memories. Felix and Rose, Peter and Audrey (God Parents to my daughter), Dave James, Cyril Palmer, Fred Smith, Dave Pritchard, John Moore, (father and son), Geoff Hayes, Joyce Cobbing, Evan John Williams stayed with my family a couple of times whilst taking part in events, including the Saundersfoot Run, and I think Bill Phelps stayed once. I have an idea the outfit shown above was Bill's, is that right?

Ron Cresswell and 'Ada', his Raleigh. Ron would ride Ada right in to the bar at LoChristi for the Begonia Rallies. Are they still on? What about The Skagen Event in Denmark?

The bit about Chapman being pulled up for a noisy exhaust I can relate to. My daughter was born in Gloucester and I rode my Rudge Multi with some exuberance to visit her and her mother at the hospital. I was booked for a noisy exhaust in Churchdown somewhere. The Multi could be made to 'bark' quite well.

Feedback on Newsletter

I enjoyed the August Newsletter.

I was interested to read the letter from Hans Deamer, USA and that he had just acquired a 1925 Sunbeam Light solo. I never saw another one like the one I used until I came here to Western Australia. The one I had was to be sent to Coventry Museum. Is it still there with the Hazelwood? Both of these bikes were owned by Mr Stan Webb of Clifford and Webb fame in Northleach.

I also enjoyed the article by Fred Smith Snr KOB I about the Saundersfoot Run, one of my favourite events.

On one occasion I rode the Douglas solo on that event but dropped it in some ford we crossed. I had a suitcase tied on the back with some clothes for the overnight stop. When I picked the bike up water was pouring out from the four corner holes of the case. I have an idea that this may have been one of the events causing me to be nominated for the Knighthood.



Max Wellstead is the current custodian of my old 1918 4hp Douglas. It is looking a bit sad now and never gets used. But it must be at least fifty years ago that I restored it whilst living at Ham. Max also operates a small winery there and was kind enough to give me a sample of his efforts. I got the three bottles home safely - somewhat shaken may be, but not stirred.

It occurs to me that as I have got older I have gone from a slower form of transport to a faster one. On the way to Bremer I had a good tail wind and achieved a ground speed of just over 218mph, just a bit faster than the poor old Douglas!

I do not know Andrew of the Norton.

Perhaps I should meet him and research and enquire to see if he is suitable to be inducted into the August and Venerable Order; or has he already been so honoured? Please pass on my regards to all that knew me.

Keep up the good work Reg,

Bob Main – Proud-KOBI

From Hans Deamer

1925 Sunbeam Light Solo

The Light Solo was delivered on Friday and frankly, it surprised me with how original it is and the condition it is in!

It has the original Marston enamel on the frame and other parts and even the tyres are ancient "Dunlop Motorcycle Extra Heavy" and must be at least 60 years old and perhaps older....., but they still hold air!

It is currently fitted with a Dellorto carburettor (!) but the original AMAC carburettor was supplied with the bike, as was an ML magneto, which I think must be the original.

An old Lucas N14 AMC 257 magneto is currently fitted.

The silencer is obviously later but the pipe from the cylinder to the silencer looks original.

The leather-faced toolboxes are missing but otherwise, everything is there.

The original UK number plate EJ 961 is still on the machine as you can see.

The documentation I received shows that both the Light Solo and the 95L (mine) were bought to the U.S. as part of a container load of antiques which a Florida antiques dealer bought from an antiques dealer in England in 1973.

The bloke I bought the 95L from and now the Light Solo, purchased both Sunbeams from the Florida antiques dealer in 1977 for a few hundred dollars.

He tells me he last ran the Light Solo around 1988.

As soon as my current restoration project is completed (1960 Austin Healey 3000), I will start on the Light Solo.... but the dilemma is what to do with it?

Should I do a full restoration as I have so far done on all my cars and bikes or just strip and repair the engine and gearbox as needed, fix what needs fixing and then keep it original as it is now?



I do have a couple of questions that perhaps you can help with:

1) Was there an option in 1925 for a straight exhaust pipe with silencer or were they all fitted with the down pipe and cylindrical silencer under the front of the engine going into a tail pipe?

2) Was the Light Solo fitted originally with an ML magneto or a Lucas magneto?

Regards Hans

Report on the 2015 Anglo-Dutch Trial

Especially for KOBIs

The KOBIs taking part were Dennis Beale, Chris Harvey, Dave Jolley, Dave Miller, Tim Penn, John Robinson, Bobby Robinson and Mike Wills.

Tim had a timing gear break on his borrowed Sunbeam and ended up borrowing a Tiger Cub from Chris Harvey to finish the week and it would appear that Mike had problems with his Bradbury as well since he rode a Triumph as a replacement. The “KOBi Choir” sang the chorus of the Anglo-Dutch song on the final night of the event. Suffice to say that the assembled KOBIs sang a different chorus to that which was expected.

I wasn't there so can't tell you too much else about it, other than what I have read in Bill Phelps's article on the VMCC South Wales web site, or you might be able to coerce a KOBi by offering Dennis some alcoholic beverages.

Ron Brislin

Ron was brought up in Cheltenham, under the shadow of Prestbury hill and Draper's farm, so it was only natural for Ron to take up motorcycle scrambling, which he did by competing in the Western Centre events in the late 1950's up to the 1970's and then went grass track racing, after a short time in the late 1980's when the Pre-65 movement started, and Ron rode in Pre-65 Trials not only in this country but in France, Germany and Belgium.

Ron joined the VMCC Cotswold section and organised off-road trials for the Section for many years, he also rode his little James to many of the mid-week rallies.

He maintained his interest in speedway and grass-track racing and was very keen follower.

In recent years he spent a lot of his retirement time working at the Toddington steam railway.

Ron always enjoyed the social time at motorcycle events and was always good company with his sunny outlook and sense of humour. He will be sadly missed. Our thoughts go out to his wife and family.

Ken Tilley

Obituary to Mrs Joyce Cobbing

Born Joyce Eileen Tallack on 18th January 1925, Joyce passed away in the early hours of 18th January 2015, on her 90th birthday.

Born and raised in the London area she progressed to motorcycles at an early stage as a form of affordable transport. Indeed many of her early working years were spent as a Veterinary Nurse in Gloucester where she indulged her love of animals. Joyce visited home most weekends travelling by motorcycle. She related to me the stories of the various machines she had and the various conditions she travelled through and the various mechanical maladies which had to be overcome. Some of these early machines remained with her until the end: or at least until some thieving scum removed them from her shed in 2008.

She was one of the very early members of the London Ladies Motor Cycle Club from where she found a connection with the VMCC. It was during these rides that she met her husband to be, Ken Cobbing. Their connection not only grew into marriage but she worked with Ken in his business Ken Cobbing Ltd., supplying after-market parts to the motor cycle dealers around the country. To source parts they frequently travelled to Italy, but true to form whilst there, they found themselves returning with old motorcycles and on several occasions' donkeys, which had passed their work period and so were saved from the Knackers yard. Ken and Joyce quickly built quite a collection of old motorcycles and in those days certain parts were impossible to acquire. It is for this reason they set up the Vintage Tyre Scheme; The Dunlop Tyre Company was approached and the moulds for the beaded edge tyres were acquired, saving them from the scrap man. These moulds have been in use ever since being loaned back to Dunlop to make the tyres on special order, which they had agreed to do to minimum batch numbers in any slack periods they may have. Ken and Joyce funded these runs of manufacture so had large amounts of money tied up in stock, yet still made a contribution to the VMCC on tyres sold. The rims they sourced in Italy and again paid for the production and storage. I remember attending an AGM in the late 70's and someone standing up and asking why there were not proper accounts from the Vintage Tyre Scheme in the Club accounts and why the profit margins were not larger. I cannot print the reply he got, but he did decline the offer of taking it over! Technically the tyre moulds still belong to the Cobbing Estate and would be passed to the Club, but as the Dunlop business has changed hands so many times how do we locate them? In the same manner Joyce loaned the use of valuable motorcycles to people in exchange for their restoration, which is an on-going issue for the Estate. It would make life easier if these were returned voluntarily rather than the Solicitors having to reclaim them.

In the 70's Ken and Joyce were involved with Peter and Audrey Moffatt and others in proposing that the Club should have its own premises. They even located a suggested property, which was a private museum in Bourton on the Water, which

subsequently was taken over by the CSMA. It was an ideal premises with space for expansion and despite their willingness to give considerable physical and financial assistance it was rejected by the Club in general. Had we followed their advice and assistance the Club may not be in the trouble it is now?

Joyce sadly lost Ken in 1988; consequently in 1990 moved to Newent to a smallholding where she had room to store the huge collection of motor cycles and parts and also room for her pets of donkeys, sheep and various types of fowl. She continued to support the VMCC although her riding days were over due to several operations on her hips and back. She always welcomed visitors from the Club or anyone interested in motorcycling, her trust in this area leading to the serious robbery she had in 2008 when 22 motorcycles were stolen. It transpired lowlifes, who had no interest in the motorcycles but just moving them on, mainly as parts, for profit, took these. Parts recovered showed machines had been ripped apart, items being cut through or broken in the process. This led to the biggest criticism she had in life and it developed into a real “bee in her bonnet”, a total lack of real interest from the police, which led to formal complaints and more cover ups over the ensuing years to present. I am convinced this was a major factor in her final giving up, along with the pain she had come to endure from various joints in her body, and very little help from the medical profession.

She was not always an easy person to help or work with. She had two rules: 1. Joyce is always right: 2. If Joyce is wrong refer to Rule 1. Nonetheless she was a person that one could not help but like and admire. Her determination and grit were unsurpassable.

Underneath everything she was a generous person. She was made an Honorary Member of the VMCC some years ago of which she was extremely proud, and rightly so. She loved underdogs, particularly animals. Accordingly all net proceeds from her Estate go to various Charities, except for token amounts to two Cousins who are her only remaining family. It is because of several things mentioned above that I have had to delay writing this Obituary. It is ironic that the VMCC will be a major benefactor meaning that once again the Cobbing family will be providing considerable assistance to the Club when it is most needed. Hopefully we can use it more wisely.

Some of the things I have written may seem contentious. They are not my opinions. They are merely my reflection of Joyce. RIP

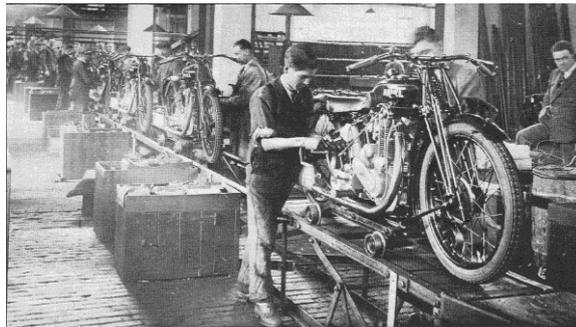
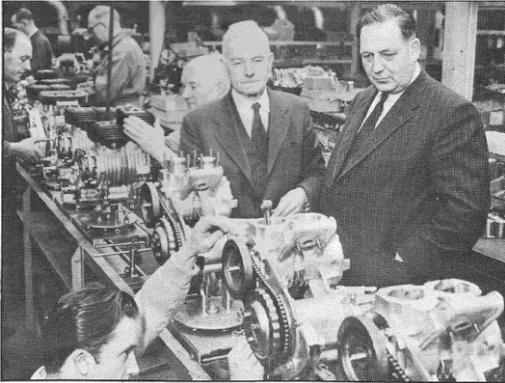
Dennis Beale, Chair - Flat Tank Section

Occasional Reading

I often glance through the editor’s library while composing the Cotswold Section Newsletter. One reason for this behaviour is that it might inspire or trigger another article to put in place of a promised article that has not arrived, (yet again!). Most of my collection comprises copies of *Classic Bike* and *Classic Motor Cycle* from the 1980s and, very rarely, I come across an issue which has several articles of

interest. The copy of *Classic Bike* that I had randomly pulled out had articles by Don Morley on trials heavyweights, Jim Lee writing about Val Page, Phil Web about JABS and Richard Renstrom writing about a Californian firm who restore Greeves motorcycles. There was also a long letter from Tiny Ayers about fraudulent veteran machines.

Jim Lee has a long history as a marque specialist for Ariel and knew a lot of the characters in the Ariel works. He explains that Val Page was hired by Ariels to revamp their range of sturdy, but staid, machines based on the White and Poppe engine, and he dutifully did this by designing what is known as the 'black Ariel' range. Lee also explains the relationship between Turner and Page.



The production of Ariel Leader engines Assembly track for the 1926 models

Richard Renstrom explained how Frank Conley in California became interested in Greeves machines and built a spares business.

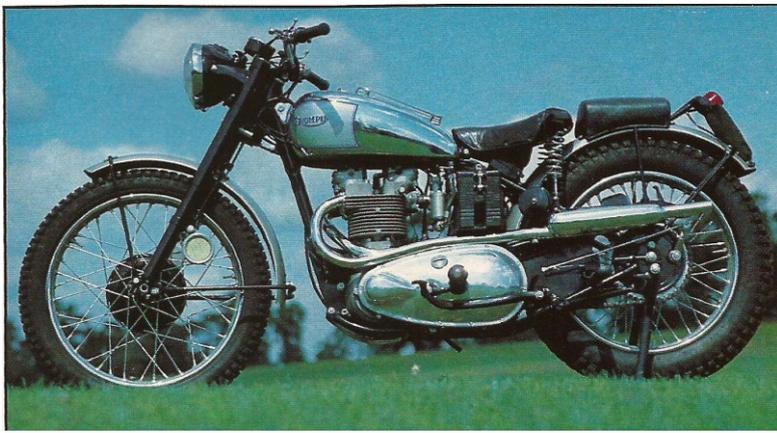


Frank Conley with a 1970 250cc Greeves Anglian, (photo by Don Schneider)

I have always enjoyed reading Don Morley's writings on trials machinery. In this article, he looks at 'heavyweight' trials machines and discusses ways of keeping them competitive with the incoming tide of lighter machines.



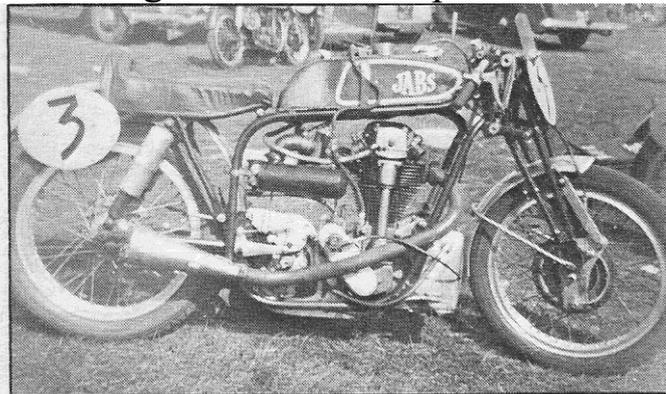
Don with cigarette and riding his preferred Ariel machinery in 1969 and his Ariel HT5 which weighed 285lbs



The Triumph Trophy which Don thought showed plenty of promise

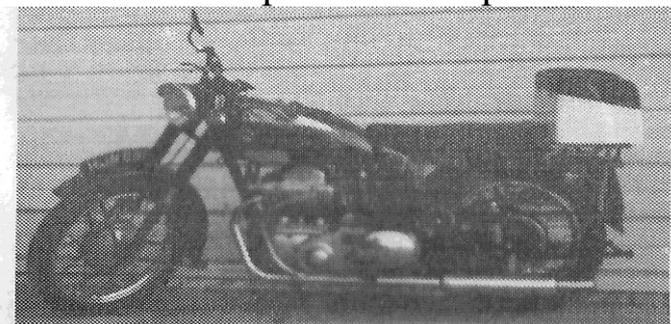
The longish letter from Tiny Ayers explains that unscrupulous people were assembling various autojumble parts to create a plausible veteran looking machine. As long as this acknowledged and not an attempt to fool anybody, then he thought the action was reasonable. Sadly, other people were buying these machines and applying for a Pioneer certificate and being refused. “The onus rests with the owner to prove he has substantially a motor cycle that started life as a complete machine.”

JABS – ‘Just another bloody special’ explains how a clubman created his machines for racing. The article explains all the different ideas he had for riding faster.



JABS in 1952

The magazine had various other articles on a Royal Enfield, an Alan Cathcart racing test with two MV Augustas and a long distance journey using a big Vincent. However, I end this section with an advert for a local Ariel Square Four for £1500. I hope Mr Wise got his price and now it is your turn to date this copy of *Classic Bike*. The first person to respond correctly will be given my copy of this magazine.



ARIEL Square four 1954. MoT. Almost immaculate, nearest £1500. Extensive overhaul, low mileage, worth seeing. B. Wise, Pinewood, Battledown Drive, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, Glos.

Mr Wise’s advert for his Square Four

Timely save and A Lucky Profit

A chap knocked on my door one day
He wasn't very flash
"I'm told you'd buy my bike," he said,
"I really need some cash"

"Of course!" I said, "Let's have a look"
His face lit up with smiles
"I've had it years - it was my dad's
It's done a lot of miles"

His scruffy van he'd parked outside
The doors he opened wide
I didn't know what to expect
Until I glanced inside

Could I believe what I'd just seen?
I think you'd never guess
A rather fine example of
A Norton BRS

There, softly gleaming paintwork,
I blinked and looked again
An early one I would have guessed
Perhaps a 1910!

The price he asked was very fair
My chequebook I did flash
"Yes, that's ok" he said, "and smiled
If part of it's in cash"

"You've got a V5 I suppose?"
His "Yes" was most profound
"It's at my dad's old house," he said
"I'll go and bring it round"

A quick whip round the family
My wife's cash from her jars
A raid on father's wallet and
I thanked my lucky stars

Two hundred pounds I gave him with
A cheque for all the rest
"I'm much obliged for that" he said
And wished me 'all the best'

The bike we soon offloaded
And parked it by my door
He drove off then for documents
And we saw him no more

The hours went by, no sign of him
My fears I didn't like
Two well-dressed chaps came on the scene
And headed for the bike

"Ah, you're the chap who found it, I'm
So glad that it's ok!
Five hundred pounds is our reward
We'll pay you straight away"

He didn't ask for details, but
The theft had been that day
My interest was known about
Which pointed them my way

It just remained to stop my cheque
And then I'll pay my debt
A lesson learned. I'm wondering
If they'd have caught him yet

Cotswold

COTSWOLD SECTION CALENDAR - OCTOBER 2015 to DECEMBER 2015

October

3rd	32nd Cotswold Night Trial	The Aviator Inn, Staverton, Cheltenham
4th	21st Belt and Braces Run	The Cottage, Hartlands Hill, Minsterworth
7th	AGM / Bring and Buy Sale	Churchdown Club, Church Road, Churchdown
14th	Section Library - Viewing Night	Churchdown Club, Church Road, Churchdown
18th	Winter Wandering	The Half-Way House Inn, Kington, Cheltenham
18th	Social Run to Engine Society Open Day at Sevenhampton	The Half-Way House Inn, Kington, Cheltenham
21st	Guest Speaker - Chris Witts My Life on the Severn	Churchdown Club, Church Road, Churchdown
27th	Committee Meeting	Churchdown Club, Church Road, Churchdown
28th	Club Night	Churchdown Club, Church Road, Churchdown

November

4th	Club Night	Churchdown Club, Church Road, Churchdown
11th	Club Night	Churchdown Club, Church Road, Churchdown
15th	Winter Wandering	The Woolpack Inn, Slad, Stroud
18th	"Motorcycling Events on Film" - Gloucestershire Film Club	Churchdown Club, Church Road, Churchdown

20th DEADLINE FOR DECEMBER 2015 NEWSLETTER

24th	Committee Meeting	Churchdown Club, Church Road, Churchdown
25th	Club Night	Churchdown Club, Church Road, Churchdown

December

2nd	Guest Speaker - Jim Rendell "The Mighty Typhoon"	Churchdown Club, Church Road, Churchdown
9th	Club Night	Churchdown Club, Church Road, Churchdown
22nd	Committee Meeting	Churchdown Club, Church Road, Churchdown
16th	Christmas Party	Churchdown Club, Church Road, Churchdown
20th	Winter Wandering	The Greyhound Inn, Littledean, Cinderford
26th	Boxing Day Gathering	The Watersmeet Hotel, Hartpury, Gloucester

January 2016

1st	New Year's Day Gathering	The Carpenters Arms Inn, Miserden, Stroud PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF VENUE
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