

# BEDS VMCC NEWS

**KEEPING YOU INFORMED DURING LOCK-DOWN**



Project anyone? See inside.

## EDITORIAL

Oh gosh, here we go again – Lockdown number three. What can I say that hasn't been said a hundred times before? At least there's some light at the end of the proverbial tunnel with the roll-out of the vaccination problem. Talking of light and tunnels reminded me of the time when I rode into an unlit tunnel in India and started cursing the headlight on the Royal Enfield Bullet for failing to illuminate barely anything of the very poor road surface. Then it dawned on me that I was still wearing my sunglasses!

Current talk is of the possibility of reducing restrictions by about Eastertime. Whether that will include the possibility of holding group meetings is impossible to predict at this stage, but it does mean we should perhaps be thinking about putting together a provisional programme for at least part of the year. If you have any suggestions, please let me know.

It seems the festive season has seen a lot of snoozing in armchairs so we are a little light on content this month, but I've raided the reserves to fill a page or two. Many thanks to this month's contributors: Kerry, Neil, Richard and Will. Please keep them coming.

## IN THIS ISSUE:

**FINILEC**

**TYRE  
PRESSURES**

**CARRY ON  
CONSTABLE**

**COTSWOLD  
MOTOR MUSEUM**

## Virtual Club Night – 7 Jan

There will be a virtual club night this week (a week early, I've just realised) thanks to Will's efforts in putting my manuscript onto the silver screen. It's entitled "Every medal tells a story" and will be available from approx. 8.30pm on Thursday night on the following link: [http://www.wcurry.co.uk/vmccbeds/net\\_night\\_jan/w\\_001.html](http://www.wcurry.co.uk/vmccbeds/net_night_jan/w_001.html)

Talking of Will...

## Finilec

WILL CURRY

This is specifically about Finilec - accept no substitutes - and my experience with it.



Not the original tin, as explained below

I first encountered Finilec at a Welsh Two Day Trial in the early 70's. If I remember correctly, I'd gone down on the trials Ariel with my tent and gear strapped onto the back mudguard. I favoured wider, braced trials bars at the time, so I was probably as wide at the back as at the front.

These visits were always shoestring events and the council campsite at Rhayader was a popular venue. I was a regular visitor and, at the time, it was one of the few places where Red Kites could be seen. I usually got roped into route marking and it was always enjoyable. Route marking was simple, red for right, blue for left and white for straight on. The route markers were usually four-inch squares of card pinned to the scenery or trails of red dye dumped along the road at junctions. The dye was dumped from a Puch 4-wheeler nicknamed 'Willie the Dyer' but the cards were usually put up by a group of motorcyclists, one with a sidecar which carried all the cards.

The Welsh were enthusiastic to a man and the only interference came from the incomers. One was where a set of cards had been moved by someone. The effect was to divert the route into a cul-de-sac. As the sidecars started first and this was fairly near the start, the house and garden at the end were treated to half a dozen sidecars, apart from one BMW, all Norton Wasps, and some smaller solos who'd arrived at speed. Founding there was nowhere to go they had turned around under full power and left. With a sidecar and knobby tyres this can be very effective. In this case, the effect was that scenery had been thrown everywhere. There was no garden left at all and precious little driveway either. Although the owner denied it there was good reason to believe he was the culprit. 'The sidecars are coming' was a cry which one ignored at one's peril.

The BMW was a German entrant and the outfit had two important messages dyno-texted - remember that? - to the tank. 'Farht am Links' was a reminder on which side of the road to drive and the other 'Not factory' was his attempt to distance himself from BMW. We weren't convinced. The continental sidecars were almost always right-handed and this must have caused some problems in places. One was a route around the Claerwen dams. This was a sheep track along a 45-degree slope. At the bottom was the water. With a British sidecar the bike was on the track and the sidecar, devoid of passenger who would be leaning as far as possible over the back of the bike, would be waving in the air over the water. Quite how the continentals managed it I never found out although I did see one of them arrive at the checkpoint at the end of the path. They clocked in and then both jumped into the nearby stream. The sidecar passenger was steaming.

Anyway, back to Finilec.

The motorcycling press was always well represented and usually well-equipped too. One, whose name escapes me now, had a brand new Bultaco with a tank bag, something I'd not seen before. Inside this tank bag was, amongst other things, a can of Finilec also something I'd not seen before. I met up with the bike later on that day, leaning against the only tree for miles on top of a mountain in the middle of somewhere unpronounceable and in the company of several other bikes. I was impressed with how well the tank bag had been packed. It was absolutely bulging at the seams. There were also traces of white foam around the teeth of the zip. Word got round very quickly, with the general consensus being that it couldn't have happened to a more deserving fellow.

If a Finilec could easily inflate a tank bag, complete with toolkit and packed lunch, it was worth a try for the roadside. Without actually going to the extreme of puncturing a tyre just to see, I took to carrying one as well as a set of tyre levers, pump, puncture repair outfit and spare inner tube.

I carried a Finilec for a number of years. My main travel was to commute to work in Welwyn Garden. I only used the Finilec once and I probably overdid it as the tyre was rock hard. Once home I took the tyre off and was horrified at the sticky mess inside. The valve in the inner tube was caked solid and wouldn't take any air from the pump. I couldn't get a patch to stick to the inner tube either. It had got me home but at quite a cost in time, not at the roadside but in the workshop and

also it had cost me for a new inner tube, nor was the Finilec cheap either.



**Not Finilec nor the Rapide but that's how it was attached**

I used to strap the Finilec onto the grab handle of the Rapide using two sets of rubber bands cut from an old inner tube. This worked well for a while, but I arrived home one evening minus the Finilec. Going to work the following morning I found it by the roadside between Lilley and Whitwell. It wasn't difficult to spot being surrounded by white foam. Impact with the road surface had punctured the tube. Ironic in a way, but it did seem to have mended itself as it wasn't empty by any means when I later recovered it on my way home.



I found out that the local motorcycle shops would refuse to mend a tyre which had been Finileced because of the mess. Because the puncture in my one use had been quite small, not much of the foam had escaped from the inner tube. With a bigger hole the mess would have been considerable. This, coupled with the advent of mobile 'phones and tubeless tyres, caused me to rethink my puncture policy. Now-a-days I check the state of charge of my mobile, just as I used to check the state of the tubes of glue in the puncture repair kit.

## Poetry in motion

**SUBMITTED BY RICHARD CHAMBERS**

*[Richard thought we were in need of "a bit of culture"]*

I came out of a shop and as I recall,  
Saw a man on a motorbike wobble and fall,  
He'd stopped at a crossing, obeyed the Highway Code,  
Next, he and machine were spread on the road.  
A lady who knew him said "you ok Bert",

He said "yes thanks Hilda, I don't think I'm hurt",  
With no need of my help as it seemed he could function,  
I walked on ahead to the very next junction.  
We met at this junction and I thought it insane,  
For he stopped and wobbled and fell off again,  
Once more with his bike he lay in a heap,  
I asked, "Can I help", but the poor chap, he started to weep.  
He said that his neighbour had run off with his wife,  
And he's trying so hard to get on with his life,  
But he'd no sense of balance, and to him it was dawning,  
That he'd removed the sidecar that very same morning.

[By John Butler]

## The page 3 girl



## Police-trained motorcyclist

**NEIL CAIRNS**

*(Every one wants to ride a police motorcycle, so what was it like?)*

In April 1988 I retired from my 22 years' service in the RAF, on a one-third of my final Chief Technician's pay pension. I had been offered further service to 50 years of age and possible promotion to Flight Sergeant. Carrying out a check on just how long ex-servicemen lived after retiring at 50 I discovered the average life span was just three years, so 'institutionalised' had they become! So, I searched for a second career. I joined Bedfordshire Police in May 1988 as a probationer, aged 41 years old. I was one of the very first 'mature' entrants (prior to then 40 years of age was the cut-off-point). I found myself amongst lots of 19 to 25-year-old trainees, me wearing a Long Service and Good Conduct RAF medal (LSGCM).

Fast forward to 1991 and I had already been trained to drive a marked

police car and to the amazement of the other three (much younger) coppers on my driving course, I got 100% in the Highway Code exam. I had been instantly nicknamed 'Granddad' as I was almost the same age as the two civilian ex-Traffic Sergeant trainers. I was classed as a safe but not a fast driver. In 1991 I became the Resident Beat Officer for the town of Linslade, beat D01B. As an RBO I was to be issued with a 200cc Honda motorcycle to patrol on, I had been using an ancient police push-bike.



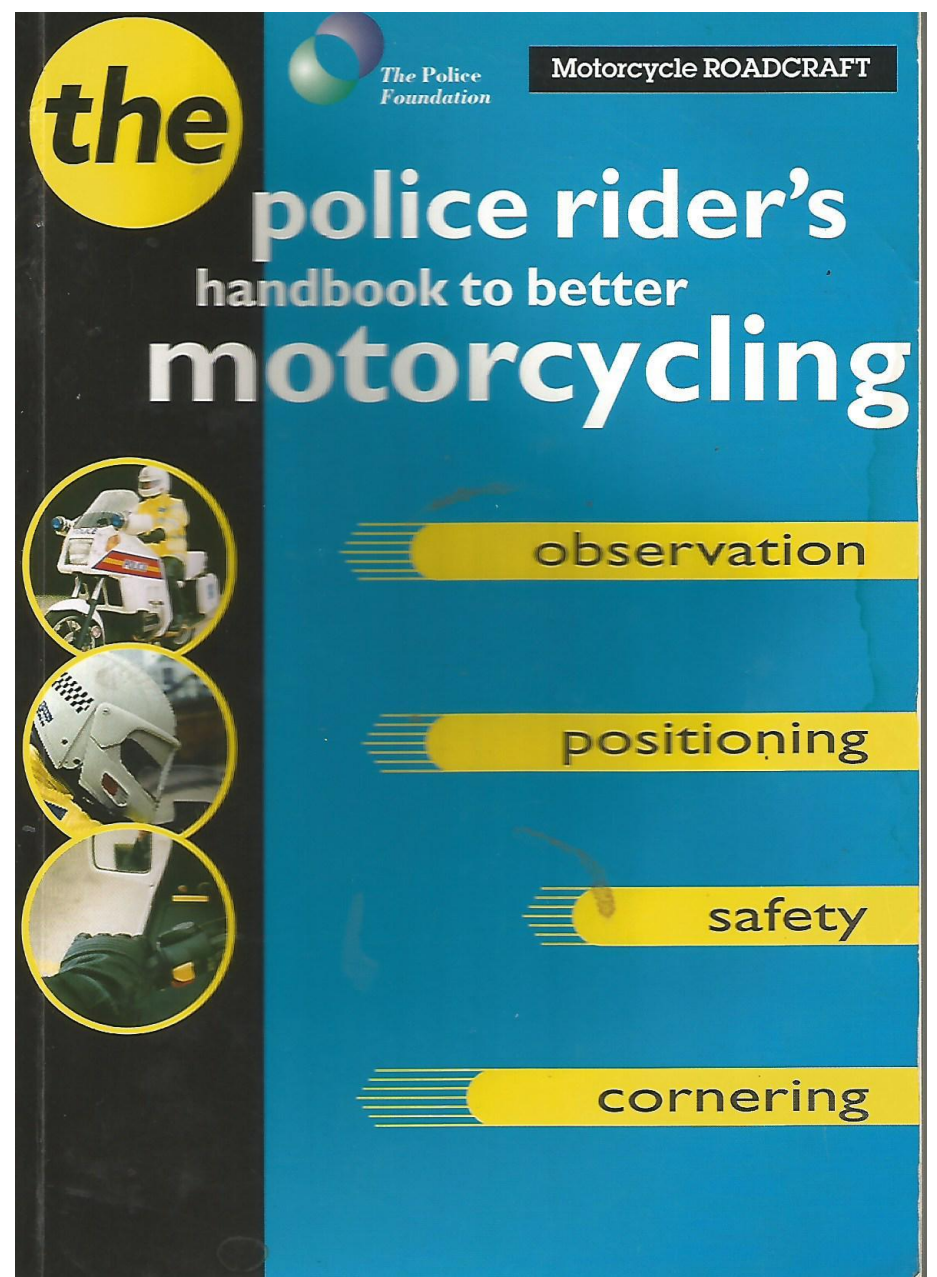
**PC 406 – and his bike**

So, I was once again sent to the Traffic Department at Kempston for a motorcycle course. I had first ridden motorcycles in the late 1950s, passing my test in about 1962, and had ridden them ever since; so, I was wondering what on earth they could teach me. My current machine was a 1947 BSA B31 350cc rigid, a very reliable mount and I commuted on it to and from Leighton Buzzard to Kempston for the two-week course. It was normally a three-week course but both I and the one other RBO from Bedford had already passed our tests in our youth. Our instructor was Ben Kirby.

We met up at Police HQ at Kempston where we were taken to a motorcycle shop not far from the Bedford railway station, and issued with posh BMW front-opening helmets (with no radio stuff inside, only proper Traffic Cops got that), leather gauntlet gloves, bright yellow waterproof jackets and trousers and knee-length riding boots (I still have them). Then we went to the Traffic Dept and had a morning of bike theory, cornering lines, bike maintenance, Highway code, stopping cars safely, etc. It was more for the other chap on the course as it transpired he had not ridden a motorcycle for about 15 years. In the afternoon we were introduced to our steeds, rather timid looking, brand-new, white Honda CB200 with electric starters. They had full fairings, windscreens and rear luggage panniers plus a top-box for your helmet. Both had radio equipment in one pannier but as RBOs were not issued with 'electric helmets' alas it was useless to us. This poor 200cc bike looked weighed down before I even sat on it and I later found out all this fibre-glass drag had reduced its top speed to just 55mph. Indicators were a novelty to me as I still used hand-signals on the BSA.



The bible we were to be taught too was the police 'Road Craft Book', but in a more suitable version called, "Police Rider's Handbook to better Motorcycling". It used the same 'system' as Road Craft, observation, positioning, safety and cornering. The theory stuff completed our first day, Monday.



Tuesday saw us check over our bikes and prepare for the road. There were no short-wave radios back then for us to communicate with Ben, it was all done by hand signals, who was to lead, when to take over, when to turn off. Starting the Honda's was just too easy for someone like me, use to manual advance and retard, manual choke, exhaust decompressor lever, carburettor float tickler and a kick starter. Just switch on the ignition, open the petrol tap, close the choke and press the starter button and away it purred. They were very lightweight bikes and very quiet, a real 'Noddy Bike' if there ever was one like the immortal Velocette Valiant [LE? See next article – Bryan]. Our very first ride was to the HQ in Woburn Road, only about a mile away. We parked in the front car park in full view of all the office workers. I mentioned these

bikes had full fairings. They had a big 'POLICE' sign on the front, a little blue flashing light and a rear POLICE sign, otherwise they were all white with none of the Hi-viz blue and yellow patches of today. With a fairing that goes under the footrests and to the side of the foot, one has to remember to lift one's foot first, then move it rearwards a little, then outwards and down onto the ground BEFORE the bike falls over. I knew this, my mate did not. His foot hit the inside of the fairing and he tumbled sideways with many people watching him end up on the tarmac. We lifted him back up and went into the canteen for a cup of tea for Ben to explain the day's routes.

We rode sedately over to the Cambridge Police HQ to get use to the bikes and for me, the fact the gear lever and rear foot brake lever were opposite to my BSA. On arrival we parked up, with yet another show for everyone. My mate had again forgotten to move his foot back before moving it out and fell over again. Day four we did some riding between cones set up on a private road, mainly for my mate who was quite wobbly at times. I found this far too easy, but it improved his confidence.

The first week we did much riding around Bedfordshire, from cop-shop to cop-shop with Ben getting each of us to lead in turn. He was assessing our experience and abilities. I was told that though I had been riding for a considerable time, I was not using the 'life-saver' glance where required, such as crossing round-a-bouts and I was a 'lazy' rider cutting corners but not using the full width of the road. By Friday we were getting to grips with the system of Road Craft mirror- signal- manoeuvre (MSM), which I had been using without knowing it as it was quite logical. I had always used my front brake as my main one along with the gearbox to slow, but the Honda had very little engine braking unlike British big singles. Here I was having to use both.

The second week we were into long runs out to Norfolk, Northants, Oxfordshire and Bucks, each taking turns to lead with Ben in the middle on his powerful BMW boxer twin. On one return trip in heavy rain, we were going alongside the river in Bedford when I felt a little wobble. I stopped to find the rear tyre had deflated. Ben radioed up for Kempston to bring out a spare rear wheel and it was changed in no time. It was lucky it happened so close to the Traffic Dept and not out in East Anglia where we had just been. The quick-release rear wheel was removed in seconds, unlike the amount of stripping one had to do on a rigid B31.

One day we did a run up to Hunstanton, a fast run. If you were Tail-End-Charlie you had to wring the neck of that poor 200cc bike to keep up. As we left Hunstanton I was at the rear. Ben and my mate roared off down this dual-carriageway, that after a big round-a-bout became a wide, down-hill, three-lane road, with one of those suicide centre lanes for overtaking. It was summer and the traffic coming into Hunstanton was queueing up whereas the lane we were using to leave on was empty. I had to slow to enter the round-a-bout to let a car pass, then I had to go flat-out to try to catch the other two who were now in the distance. There was just one car ahead of me going my way, an empty centre lane, and a stationary queue the opposite lane. I got this little Honda up to an indicated 65mph on its speedometer to pass the car ahead of me when suddenly from the queue an old Lada pulled out into my lane travelling towards me. It had a myopic elderly gent driving it and even though I was on a Police bike he obviously had not seen me. It was far too late to veer off, so I gritted my teeth and went between the two cars with almost nothing to spare. I made it. After a while I caught up with the others and assumed they had not seen any of my adventure. We pulled into a roadside cafe near Wimpole and as I entered the cafe Ben said to me, "That was a bit too close for comfort wasn't it?" We did a lot of de-briefs in cafes and any speed limits we broke meant buying the cakes.

Thursday of the second week was the day of our test. We were to be taken onto roads we did not know for this ride, and assessed by another instructor. My mate's test was a run to Northampton from Bedford. Mine was from Northampton to Newport Pagnell. I did very well, gaining, I think, 72%. It was impossible to get a higher mark as that would require one riding a BMW traffic bike. I did not tell anyone I knew that road like the back of my hand, where all the dodgy corners were, and the hidden junctions. I lied when Ben asked if I knew the road as he was a bit surprised I had done so well.

What did I get out of it all? I thought I could ride a motorcycle. I had been doing so for nigh on 29 years. It shook out of me all my bad habits

and restored me to a safer motorcyclist and was equivalent to the current Advanced Rider's Course. On the Friday it was just a ride around. We went over to the Shuttleworth Collection for a breakfast in their cafe. I lead and just before the village of Old Warden there is a real sharp ninety-degree right-hander. I had been flying along and took this at some speed, my front tyre brushed the loose earth in the gutter, and I took off across the verge into a corn field, luckily there was no ditch. The other two split their sides laughing at my over confidence. I had to buy the cakes and tea.

The Honda was kept in the garage at Leighton Buzzard Police Station for the use of all five RBO's. I used it the most as the others often cadged a car to use (if you arrest someone, riding a motorcycle is a bit of a problem, one has to then radio up for a panda). With no 'electric helmet' I had to use my ordinary personal radio with a hearing-aid type extension fitted in my left ear. If I got a call I had to pull over and stop to reply, my handset being inside my riding gear. It could take some time to reply! Bedfordshire Police were cutting costs left, right and centre, all the RBO Honda's county-wide went. I used it to get to and from Linslade, to carry out enquiries and to attend 'immediates' (999 calls). Even though I was on a marked police motorcycle wearing bright yellow hi-viz gear, I was still tee-boned by one driver pulling out of Vimy Road. He got a ticket. I had had to drop the bike to avoid hitting him and damaged the fairing. I took the bike home that evening and did a fibre-glass repair and a quick rattle-tin stray job. With a top speed on the level of only 55mph it was not a machine to chase those breaking the speed-limit. It was very useful for creeping up on miss-behaving youths as it was so quiet, and it could get through many of the narrow pathways and alleyways in the town. Sadly, as it was the 1990s and all the services were being starved of money, I only had the Honda for 18 months, having to go back to my bicycle. We had fuel-cards for petrol which was often an excuse to get a tea from the filling station shop' machine. (The Pandas were all diesel and there was a private diesel tank in the police station yard.)

I enjoyed my 18 months, being paid to ride a motorcycle. Its only fault was it was difficult to start on cold mornings, cured with a spray-can of Easystart'.

## Seen on eBay:



A snip at £499.99! The advert describes it as: 1950s BSA Dandy moped "customised" barn find [the quotation marks are mine; "butchered" might be a better description – Bryan]

Here we have a 1960 bsa dandy moped, which someone has previously customised.

Sold as sourced. Not sure when it was last running, or what it will take to get it going again.

No v5 or reg or anything.

[NB. The seller is at Top Gear in Flitwick, should you be interested]

## Bother, just missed this one!

I held this back last month as we already had plenty of content. Unfortunately, it has now sold – so I must apologise to anyone who would otherwise have snapped it up (unless, of course, you did). It was for sale at Vintage and Prestige Fine Motor Cars in Northampton.

Their website makes an interesting browse, albeit mainly (very) high-end cars, especially if you have a few hundred thousand pounds burning a hole in your pocket.

[Sales - Vintage & Prestige - Vintage Rolls Royce For Sale \(vandp.net\)](http://www.vandp.net)



### 1904 LAGONDA TRICAR - £130,000

**The Earliest known Lagonda to exist!**

Vintage and Prestige Fine Motor Cars are proud to be offering this 1904 Lagonda Tricar for sale. This is a regular 'London to Brighton' Veteran runner. A superb find and with a large provenance.

This Lagonda Tricar comes to us with an extensive history file and documentation dating back to 1936. The Lagonda Tricar is 'VCC' dated and also has a letter from Lagonda themselves, dated 1938, confirming it to be of 1904 Origin. The Lagonda Tricar is in excellent overall condition and comes with numerous bills for engine work and restoration work over the years.

Major recent works have been carried out by done by F.J. Payne engineering including fitting new pistons and valves. The Lagonda Tricar, when discovered was owned for close to forty years by a pair of brothers who were its custodians and indeed, ran it in the 1938 'London to Brighton' run and subsequently on many other runs.

The Lagonda tricycle is in superb running order and exhibits an alarming turn of speed when pushed hard. This coupled with unfamiliar controls lead us to suggest prudence being the better part of valor when familiarizing oneself with the machine. Indeed a contemporary of the brothers writes in 1936 of achieving 55MPH flat out on his example and lapping Brooklands racing circuit at a timed 32MPH. Those were the days!!!

Clearly of museum quality, this contraption is also of course London to Brighton certified for those wishing to brave the elements on a run.



## Tyre pressures

SUBMITTED BY KERRY DELLAR

Pursuing his interest in safety, Kerry sent me an article by Dick Evans from the latest issue of "Roadholder", the Norton Owners' Club magazine, on tyre pressures.

Kerry says he has discussed this topic with many riders and most still go by the old manual recommendations – WRONG! Also, he says, speaking with people who actually race tell me today's rubber should have higher pressures without doubt. Avon state too that even with our classic tyres the rubber is softer, better - and again calls for higher pressures!

It wouldn't be appropriate to reproduce the whole Roadholder article here, so I've attempted to extract the salient points:

After having a new Avon RoadRider tyre fitted to his 1959 Norton ES2 he looked up the tyre pressures in a contemporary Pitman's manual – 25psi for the 3.00x19 front, and 20psi for the 3.50x19 rear with a couple of extra psi for a pillion or heavy luggage. By contrast, the Haynes manual for his similar weight Velocette Venom says 18psi front and 24psi rear. He questioned the relevance of these figures for modern tyres with materials which give softer sidewalls. Advice from Avon themselves to the Velocette Owners' Club recommended higher pressure of 25-28psi front and 28-34psi rear.

The only "modern" bike he identified, for comparison, was the Royal Enfield Bullet. The listed pressures for that are 24/29psi front/rear for a Speedmaster/SM combination and 27/29psi for RoadRiders.

Although he doesn't actually draw a conclusion, the point I think the author is trying to make, and the one which concerns Kerry, is that original recommended tyre pressures may no longer be appropriate for modern tyres. Under-inflated tyres could be dangerous.

## The Cotswold Motor Museum and Toy Collection – Part 1: Bikes

BRYAN MARSH

[part 2 – Cyclemotors, autocycles, mopeds and toys – will feature in the next issue]



The Cotswold Motor Museum & Toy Collection in Bourton-on-the-Water

Those of you who watch Henry Cole's Motorbike Show on the telly will have seen him, in an episode broadcast a few weeks ago, take a brief look around the Cotswold Motor Museum in Bourton-on-the-Water. I first went there a couple of years ago, in February, just after it awoke from its annual winter hibernation and refresh. I was totally captivated by the eclectic collection of cars, bikes, toys and so much more memorabilia, including the largest collection of enamel signs you are

ever likely to see. Seeing notices appealing for “museum friends” who could spare them some time to help out. I made enquiries and within a month or so, I was travelling over there to volunteer, initially once a month whilst I was still working a four-day week, but once a week since I retired (lockdowns permitting).

Not being Mr Cole’s greatest fan, I was amused to hear that, when he initially approached the museum about his visit, he phoned and proudly announced “Hello, this is Henry Cole” – only to be greeted by “who?”. Dave, the chap who took his call, is not a motorcyclist, and doesn’t own a television.

I thought it might be interesting to give you a quick tour of some of the motorised two-wheelers on display, arranged in more-or-less the order they are currently encountered as one takes a tour (incidentally, the reverse of the pre-Covid direction). Most of the pictures speak for themselves, so captions only where there is something to add:



Unfortunately, space is at a premium and the bikes are squeezed in wherever there is room, making it difficult to get clear shots of some of them.



James Autocycle - with front number plate made up with plastic house letters and numbers



The museum was started by a chap called Mike Cavanagh who had amassed his collection in South Africa and shipped it, lock, stock and barrel, to the UK after he bought the disused old water mill in the centre of Bourton-on-the-Water in 1976 for £46,000 and converted it into a museum, opening in 1978. At least one of the cars still has the shopping note, Cape Town to Southampton Docks, in the front windscreen.



Mike Cavanagh continued building the collection until he retired from running the museum in 1999 and it was bought by the Civil Service Motoring Association (CSMA), now known as Boundless. Mike’s collection remained the core of the museum but the CSMA sold off some stock and widened the scope with new exhibits. The museum continues to grow, with plans for a small extension within the next few years.



1914 BSA with 3-speed gearbox



One of my first questions on seeing the SS80 Brough Superior sitting there was “do any of these bikes ever get used?”. Unfortunately, not. Unlike museums such as Sammy Miller’s or the National Motorcycle Museum, the vehicles aren’t maintained in working condition. Mike Cavanagh owned the Brough Superior name for a time.



The registration says DKW but, of course, it’s actually a Royal Enfield



Dornas sidecar, made in East Sheen, London SW14, possibly 1938-9



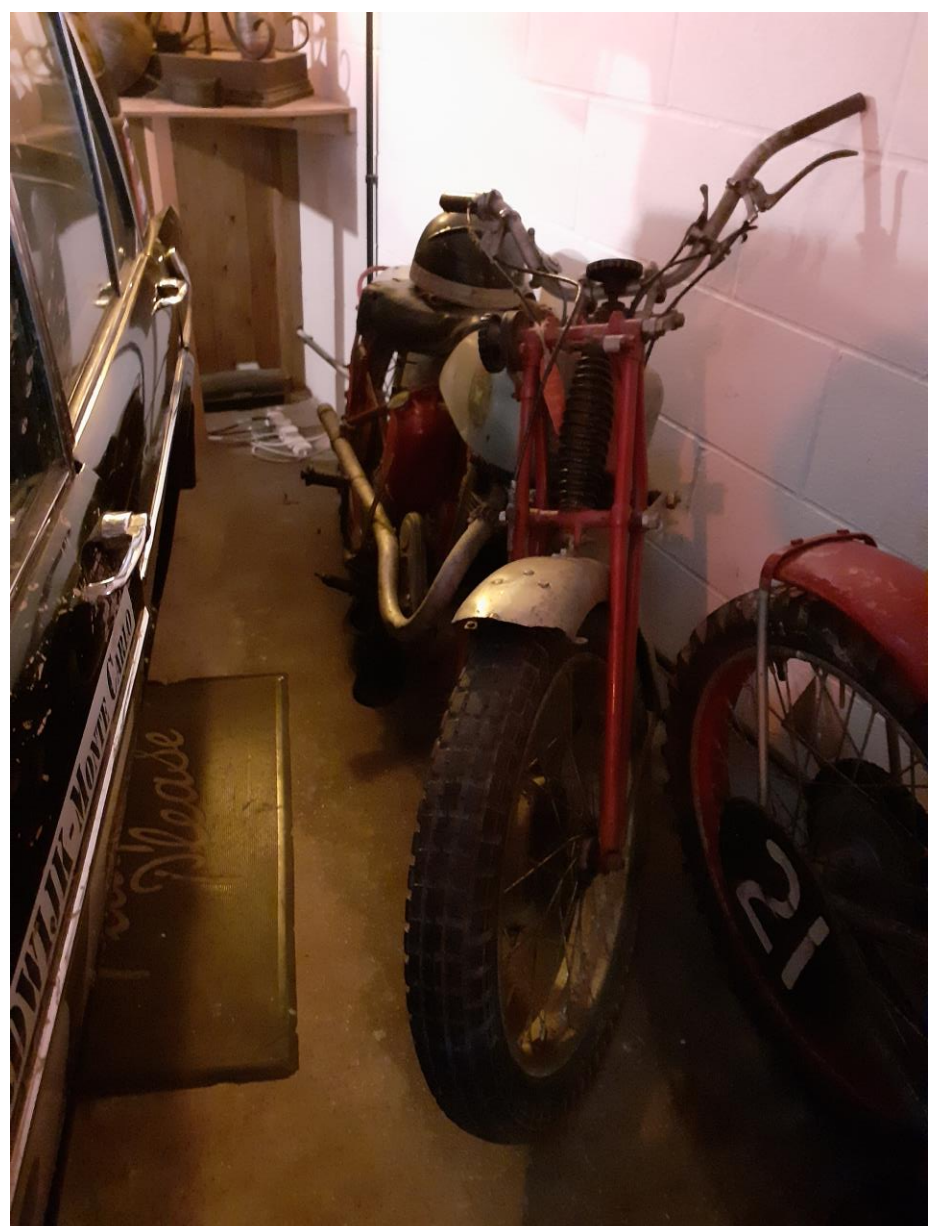
Norton Commando on loan, with hideous neck tie seat strap



Swallow Gadabout and ABC Scootamotor



1924 P&M Panther – hand-painted by the previous owner, who had owned it locally since 1930.



One of two rare survivors from motorcycle football – 1934 Levis





The other motorcycle football survivor, as ridden by Harold Breach,

Both bikes are in original condition, straight from the pitch and still covered in mud. The policeman mannequin is apparently connected with the rally exhibit alongside. I'm trying to convince them to move it to the police LE Velocette (on loan to the museum), shown below alongside Lambretta and Vespa scooters.



## SEEN IN THE PAPERS

**ALLEGED RECKLESS MOTOR CYCLING** - Grant Moritz Michaelis, Bedford, engineer, was summoned for driving a motor cycle in a manner dangerous to the public, at Great Barford, on Sept. 5th. Mr. W. W. Marks prosecuted, and Mr. W. Crawford Ely, 20 and 21, Essex-St., Strand, London, defended. Mr. Marks said defendant was one of a party of motor cyclists who were returning from a hill climb, at Brampton. He was the fourth of a quartette who rode through the village at the cross roads at a great pace. The constable had no chance to decipher the number of any except the defendant, who had a narrow escape of running over an old lady. William Luff, postman, said he had to get off his bicycle to avoid the motor cyclists. It was impossible to get any of their numbers except the last one, who had to jam on his brakes hard to avoid an old lady, and swerved right across the road. He thought defendant was going 30 miles an hour. Harry Norman and P.C. Pegg gave similar evidence. Defendant stated that he was a long way behind the other motor cyclists and travelling at about 18 miles an hour. He slowed down as he got to the cross roads, and did not see the constable signal. He had no recollection of nearly running into a lady and swerving across the road. He was in full control of his machine

*[Bedfordshire Times and Independent - Friday 11 October 1912]*



Tasteful Triumph 3T-based special on display at Triumph Visitor Centre

## Stop Press

### FROM GARY SLEEMAN, OUR AREA REPRESENTATIVE

There is an important announcement regarding the direction the club should take for the future posted on the member's area of the VMCC.net website which members should be able to access. The directors are asking for members to let them know which of the four directions they would prefer the club to go in. The announcement should also be in the February magazine and there are some Zoom meetings planned for further discussions.