

# BEDS VMCC NEWS

## KEEPING YOU INFORMED DURING LOCK-DOWN

### COMING ATTRACTIONS:

**TOWN HALL, LUTON.**

Crowded Nightly. Crowded Nightly.

**DON'T  
MISS !!!  
JURY'S PICTURES  
THIS WEEK.**

A Sight of a Lifetime,

You'll Laugh !  
You'll Scream !!  
You'll Utterly Collapse !!!

AT THE  
**NON-STOP MOTOR CYCLE,**  
Jury's Latest Comed Picture.

Last Week of the  
**DE VERES MARIONETTES.**  
Special Return Visit of  
**J. W. HORTIN, Vocalist.**

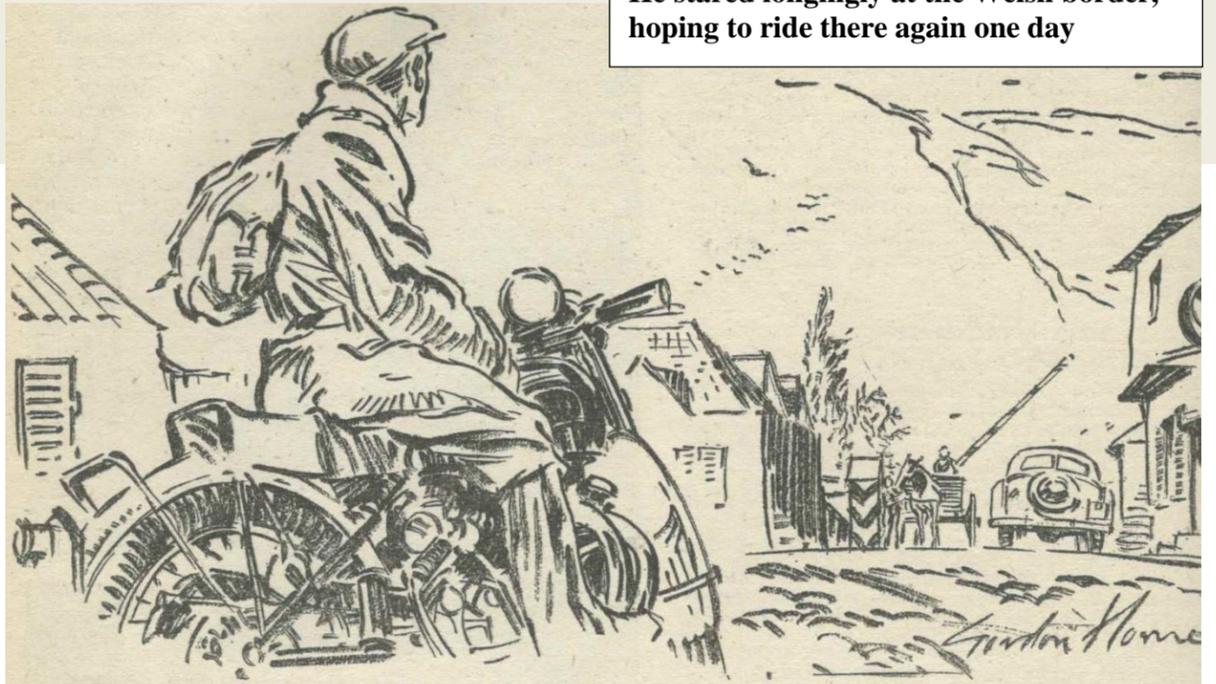
**Don't Forget we Start at 8.15**  
Except Saturdays, when we start sharp at 8.  
MATINEES, SATURDAYS at 3

**POPULAR PRICES 1s, 6d. & 3d.**

Acting Manager, **MIL DUDLEY HARCOURT**

Another **STARTLING** Programme  
Next Week.

[Seen in the Luton Reporter, 25 February 1909 – sorry, not available on Netflix]



He stared longingly at the Welsh border, hoping to ride there again one day

## Still no club nights in sight

### EDITORIAL

Good of Boris to relax the restrictions a little. I hope some of you, like me, have taken advantage and given a bike or two a much-needed airing. Good for mental health, no doubt about that. Great, as far as it goes, but no club night gatherings on the horizon yet.

Latest Government advice to motorcyclists: *'We make a special appeal to motor cyclists to refrain from creating unnecessary noise and dust at the seaside and holiday resorts during the next month or six weeks. Courteous treatment of other road users will do a lot of good to the pastime. Motor cyclists should drive slowly in traffic and refrain from using cut-outs'* [actually, from The Motor Cycle, July 1908]

Once again, many thanks to everyone who has contributed to this issue of VMCC Beds News – Will and Brent for much needed humour, Gerry for the picture of his vintage AJS, Neil for the engaging tale of making the best of what you've got, and Nigel for the new 'from the archive' feature. And they said it wouldn't last. Please keep them coming.

Some other sections seem to be keen on lockdown quizzes, so I've included one of our own, admittedly stolen from the pages of The Motor Cycle from almost 80 years ago. Please send me your answers on a postcard (or email) and we'll see who knows their pre-war bikes (hint: not all the bikes have actual model names). Answers in the next issue along with results, should anyone send in their answers.

Speaking of Ebay, do you like the new addition to my shed?



As, always please keep safe and well.

BRYAN

### IN THIS ISSUE

**WILL'S MOT TEST  
TALE**

**NEIL'S TRILESS  
SPECIAL**

**PICTURE QUIZ**

## MoT testing: revenge of the 'trials' outfit.

WILL CURRY



The only MOT test centre who worked on a Saturday afternoon in our area had acquired a new tester. Saturday afternoons were important as we made up our hours on a Saturday morning.

This new tester had two faults, at least in our eyes. He insisted on roadtesting everything - no roadtest, no ticket - and he had a very heavy right hand, heavy enough to break things in which case the above also applied.

His come-uppance came in the form of a competitions Matchless engine fitted into HT Ariel cycle parts. Some of the details of this mongrel have faded from my memory but it was a scrambles engine, not trials - this dog had sharp teeth. It also had lights and knobby tyres and had probably been used for what are now called enduros. The Ariel frame was reinforced with the bolt-on under-rails so essential when using these frames for scrambling. All in all it

had a purposeful if battered look about it. It had reached that state in which when it got dropped again it wasn't going to suffer any more damage. Some parts might bend more and some might get bent back a bit.

The bike was presented for test and the MOT tester made ready to ride – much more relaxed times and so no need for a crash-hat. The owner warned the tester that the bike could be a bit of a handful. The warning was rebuffed with a curt "What do you think I am. Some sort of novice? It's only an old trials bike".

The more aware would probably have drawn another warning from the fact that the tester had to get the owner to start it for him. Once the engine was running the heavy throttle hand was brought into play. While it hadn't made that much noise when it arrived the exhaust was now making a spirited impression of a Manx at full song.



First gear was engaged, noisily, and the clutch dumped - the only way to describe it, there was no finesse at all.

The next few seconds were very busy. Fortunately there was no-one standing close enough to get hurt - apart from their tester, that

is. Not expecting the front to come up he wasn't in a position to stop himself sliding down the seat. This movement caused the, involuntary, further opening of the throttle which in turn served to exacerbate the precariousness of his position. The inevitable happened - in aviation circles I believe it's called a 'Ground Loop'.

The owner stepped over, turned off the fuel and stopped the engine with the valve lifter. He lifted his bike up off the tester with an ease born of much practice. A quick inspection followed with the result declared as "she's OK". What he'd said to the tester as he picked the bike up I couldn't hear because the cheering was still too loud.

Hospital attention was obviously necessary for the tester so an ambulance was summoned. One of the workshop staff was a first-aider and he took care of the tester until the ambulance arrived. Concussion, broken collarbone, bruising and a burned hand was the summary of his injuries. Enough to keep him in hospital for a week and never to return to testing, at least not here.

The euphoria at the demise of the hated tester was soon dampened: MOT testing was abandoned until a new tester could be found. It was however revived somewhat by the owner's refusal to pay for test 'because your tester didn't finish it'.

Comment from the owner - 'It tries to do that to me too. I did warn him'.

I wondered then, and still do, was there any significance to the Union Jack neatly embroidered the right way up on the top pocket of his riding jacket?



Dudley Clarke and his 2¾ hp New Century race bike, possibly at Canning Town

## Made in St. Albans

Not sure why he's looking so glum but this 1908 picture shows Dudley R Clarke, manufacturer of New Century cycles and motorcycles in Victoria Street and London Road, St Albans between about 1901 and 1909, although the business is said to have survived into the 1930s. Clearly built for racing, this is possibly his 2¾ hp version (there was also a 3hp) using a Givaudan engine, from Lyon in France.

He was possibly a bit happier on Whit Monday of that year when he won a clock (1<sup>st</sup> prize) in the five miles handicap, and a tea set (2<sup>nd</sup> prize) in the five miles scratch race at the athletic, cycling, and motor carnival in Clarence Park, St Albans. In the latter race he led from the start but misjudged his lead and let the Matchless of HV Colver sneak in to win; Colver's revenge for falling off, chasing Clark, in the first race. Two 3hp New Century bikes also did well in the race for touring machines. A small ad in THIS is your chance, don't miss it – Clarke's 2¾ hp Givaudan New Century Racer, perfect; trial; giving up racing; £25. - New Century Motor Co., St. Albans. Whether it didn't sell, or he changed his mind, I don't know but he was still racing in 1909.

## Neil's 'Triless'

### *A more unusual special*

NEIL CAIRNS

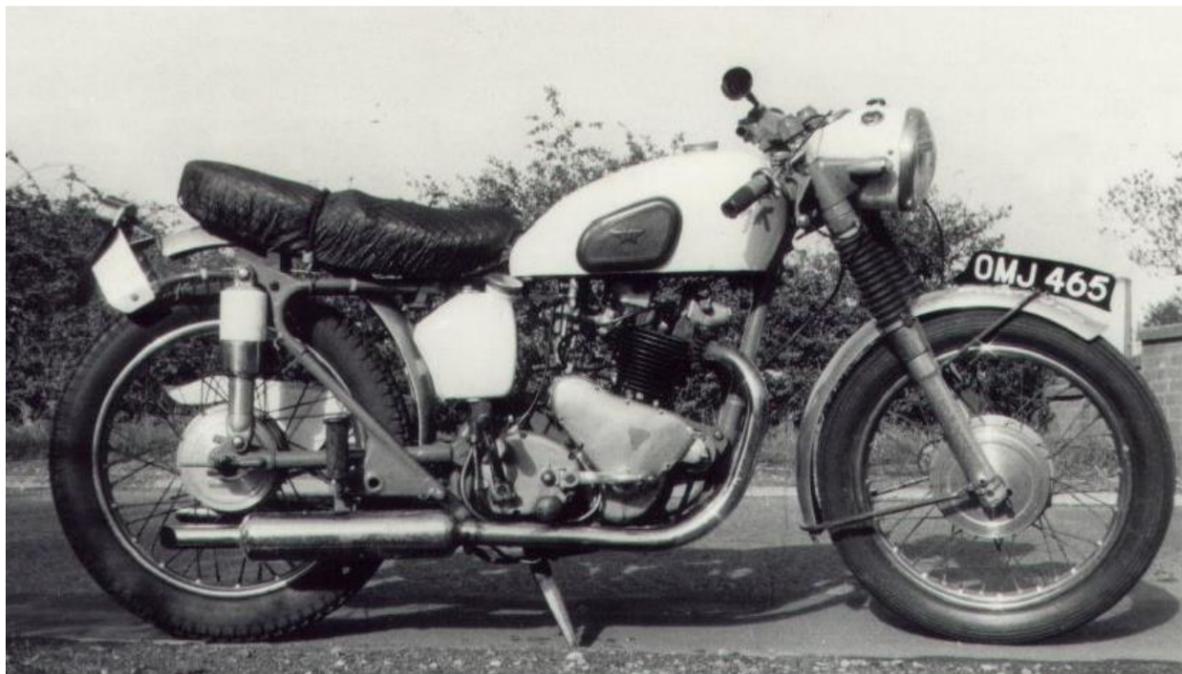
Way back in 1966 I built a Matchless G80 based 'Special' using a 1940s cast-iron Triumph Speed Twin engine. Why on earth anyone would mix such parts is probably a real mystery to many, but this is the story behind the 'TRILESS' I gave birth to. It is necessary to understand that, back then, I was penniless; a hard-up teenager with big ideas, much bigger than my pocket. I had started my apprenticeship on £2.18s.6d (£2.92p) a week, finishing on just £5 a week. My RAF pay (all found) as an LAC (Leading Aircraftsman) was £4 a week. A gallon of petrol was 4s..6d (27p) and a Mars bar 3d (1.5p).

In my youth, back in the early 1960s, like many young lads I hankered after a Café Racer. I had completed my indentured engineering apprenticeship as a toolmaker and had recently joined the RAF as an Aircraft Engine Fitter. With my low pay I decided the only way I would ever get to own a decent bike was to make one myself. It was done over a couple of weekends back at home with the assistance of a friend, John Brown (who took the photos).

On one weekend on a 24 hour pass I had gone over to Bletchley to Arthur Mayle's motorcycle shop just to browse. I chatted to his son, with whom I had been to school, about motor bikes in general (alas, I have forgotten his first name). He took me out to the back of the workshops and there showed me a very rough 1954 Matchless 500cc single; one of the G80 'jampot' models. They got this name because Matchless made their own rather podgy rear suspension units for a while. I had never been into the workshops before, and the sight of motorcycles being serviced,

on stands in various states of assembly, was fascinating. Like most chaps in those days, I grubbed about on the cold, wet concrete floor of the back yard to do most of my own repairs and servicing. Since the 1940s AJS and Matchless had been selling almost identical models simply wearing different badges. This 500cc model in front of me was very tatty, but complete. The engine ran, though it smoked a little. They only wanted ten pounds for it. I paid up and it was delivered that afternoon. I had a feeling they were glad to be rid of it; the receipt had that well-known phrase 'Sold as seen' on it.

I set to cleaning the bike up. Its black enamel paint came up well, the wheel rims were reasonable; rubbing a little aluminium paint into the rusty bits made them look quite good. The bike ran, and the tyres were not too worn but the tyre walls were crazed as they were obviously old. I polished up the aluminium forks and, after a day spent cleaning it, I eventually had a really good looking machine. I got my father to give me a lift back to RAF Wittering and, during the week, arranged some insurance cover, costing me £6 TPFT. The following Saturday saw me with the bike at Blanchard's garage in Woburn Sands, and I left with a valid Mot. I posted off the road tax application the same day (you had to apply to your local Council Offices in those days), stuck a bit of paper with 'Tax in the post' in the tax disc, and rode the Matchless back to Wittering on the Sunday afternoon. I remember it was a nice sunny but cold day. During the week I purchased some motorcycle gauntlets from the motorcycle shop in Stamford. As always, I rode in normal shoes, not riding boots. My old red and white second-hand helmet was in [cont'd on page 4]



## *The Page 3 Girl*



Maybe this should be a caption contest?

REM FOWLER REMINISES

## Ordeal by Fire

'For a really hectic moment my recollection goes right back to the first T.T., in 1907. About halfway through the race, as I approached the Devil's Elbow (on the old course) between Kirkmichael and Peel, I saw clouds of black smoke on the hill ahead of me. As I rounded the bend, there in the middle of the road was a machine, well alight, with flaming oil and petrol all over the road.

I had to make up my mind instantly whether to obey the violent flag-waving of the Boy Scout on duty, and stop, or to take a chance and dash through it. Realizing that I had a good chance of winning, I decided to make a dash for it. The Boy Scout and others standing by were naturally taken by surprise, and only just got out of the way in time as I vanished into the flames. The chief risk actually was of hitting the burning machine, which was hidden in flames and smoke. However, I managed to dodge it, and got through O.K. – all I felt was the hot blast. But I was very pleased to be on my way again, none the worse for what might have been a very nasty mess-up. And incidentally, of course, I won the race – "through the flames to victory", you might say.

I had plenty of other incidents, both amusing and thrilling, in the six T.T.'s I competed in, but this one stands out in my memory most clearly.

[from: 'Racing Reminiscences, by Riders Past and Present – collected by G S Davison, Editor of the T.T. Special', 1948]

*[cont'd from page 3]*

use again, given to me by a friend's big brother the year before, as he thought I needed it. I already had a set of RAF Mk9 goggles purchased after a bee had hit me on my previous bike, a 1947 BSA C11, at about 50mph (combined speed, the C11 struggled to do 45 as it too was worn out) giving me a black-eye for a week. I had to 'register' the Matchless on the RAF camp, but I delayed this until I had a tax disc to show the RAF Police.

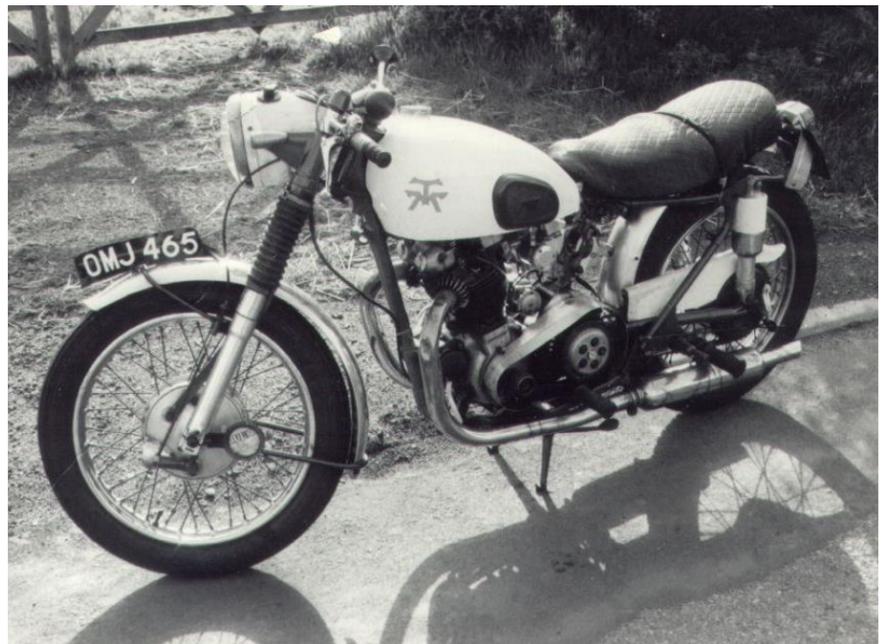
The next Friday evening I rode the Matchless home again and on those two journeys the bike had used all the oil in its tank. As it was only a 100-mile return journey, this was serious. It smoked badly upon acceleration, so I suspected worn piston rings. It was certainly not the fastest bike I had been on either, and the conclusion was that the engine was worn and might need a re-bore. There was no way I could afford such drastic repairs so I removed the tank and cylinder head on the Saturday, and then pulled off the cylinder. I heard lots of bits fall out down into the crankcase. Then I saw the piston. It was of a 'wire-wound' type, the idea being to control expansion and reduce piston-slap then common on long-stroke, big capacity single cylinder bikes. The high-tensile wire had unwound itself and fallen to bits, the bore was a mess, the piston useless, the rings were in little bits, and most of them were now in the sump. I checked the valve guides and found both of them were very worn. My 'new' bike had proven to be a lemon, though only a ten pound one!

My father again gave me a lift back to Wittering on the Sunday evening. I was dejected and chatted to the others on my shift in the crew room the next day. I was then working on the Cold War Deterrent, the nuclear 'Blue Steel' stand-off bomb. This fitted up under the Handley Page 'Victor B2' bomber, which was supposed to fly over Russia and lob this huge stainless steel, eleven-ton missile at Leningrad, or somewhere similar, and then run for home. Years later all these Victors eventually ended up as in-flight refuelling tankers. I was the only 'mechanic' on the shift, the rest were technicians, being corporals and sergeants. On hearing my tale of woe over the G80 one cpl said he had an old Triumph engine laying in his garage, did I want it for free? He would throw in a good rear tyre as well. The garage apparently needed tidying up and the instructions from his spouse were to get rid of all the old stuff. He brought them both into work the next day and the tyre proved to be almost new. The engine was an early 500cc cast-iron Triumph Speed Twin, pre-unit type, complete with carburetter, magneto, engine plates and dynamo. My mind went to work on the problem, would this engine fit into my Matchless frame?

I phoned my father on the Friday and he came all the way up to Wittering to collect the engine, the tyre and me in his Humber Super Snipe. Dads can prove very useful sometimes, and he knew I was trying hard to become independent with my own transport. I did not smoke now, and very rarely visited a pub or bar being more interested in getting some decent transport. I was also studying very hard during the week for my 'Junior Technicians' exam. Technicians were very well paid, (nine pounds a week, all found, so my pay was simply pocket money) and I was about to be one of the very few who took a 'direct board' for the rank. If I made it, my income would have doubled in two years. Once we arrived home late Friday, I commandeered the garage so I could work on the now abandoned and engine-less Matchless stored there.

Saturday I removed the Matchless gearbox and the engine plates. The Triumph engine was slightly wider than the single cylinder Matchless one, so I needed to make adjustments for this. I could use the gearbox plates as templates for the rear half, and the Triumph plates as templates for the front half. I visited the scrap yard by Woburn Sands railway station that evening, and 'borrowed' two bits of quarter-inch thick mild-steel plate. I then conned my friend John Brown into letting me use his heavy-duty vice in his shed, and I spent that evening and nearly all Sunday cutting, filing, and drilling those plates. I painted them with Hammerite and began assembling the lot after tea. As it was early summer time it was light until about nine in the evening. It was easy to assemble the lot but I hit a problem with the lining up of the engine and clutch sprockets. I had the cylinders leaning forwards a little to get the crankcase into the gap between the gearbox and front down tube; it looked a little like the later Norton Commando. The engine sprocket was about three-eighths of an inch further out than the clutch sprocket. I ground off as much as I dared from behind the shock

absorber on the engine, moving the sprocket in about an eighth of an inch. The only cure for the clutch was to space out the back-plate basket. I did this with a quarter-inch thick washer. Then I made up a simple chain guard, for the now open primary drive, to keep my trousers out of that revolving primary-chain. The gearbox obviously fitted easily as it was the original. I fitted the carburetter from the G80, the Speed Twin engine already had a dynamo and magneto. On went the tank, a bit of fuel pipe to the carburetter and, after setting the ignition timing, I started it up. What a lovely sound a parallel twin Triumph engine makes [hear, hear – Ed.]. It was not ready to ride yet as exhaust pipes and silencers were needed, so my father again took me back to Wittering very early Monday morning.



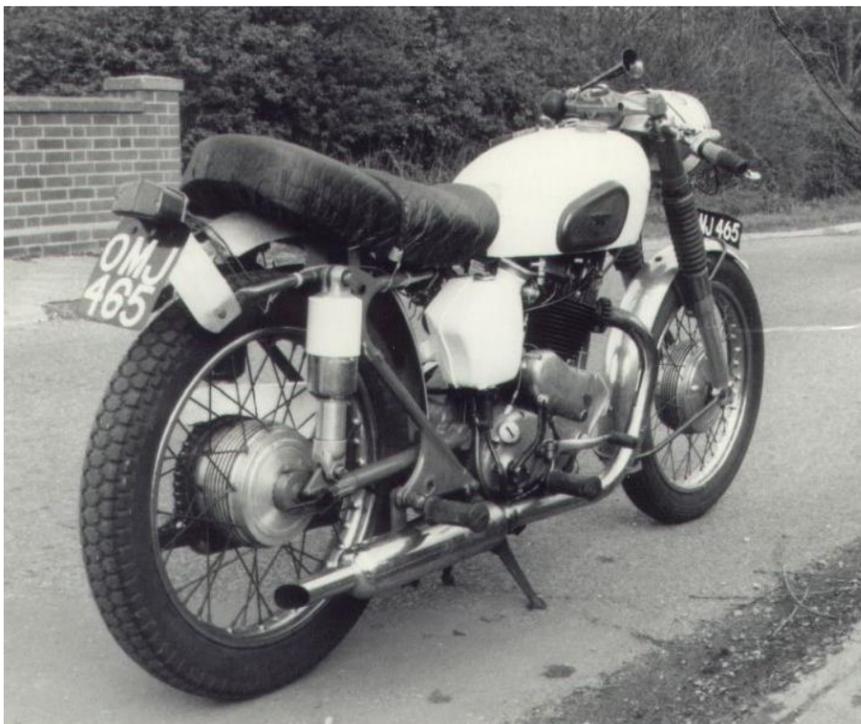
The Cpl wanted to know how I had got on, and then magically produced two exhaust pipes he had found from his garage for the Speed Twin. These pipes saved me lots of money, so I was very pleased. I told him the 'TriLess', as it had now been dubbed, might make it back the following week. I just wanted to get home again to fix it all up, but the week dragged by.

Friday, I thumbed lifts from motorists down the A1 to get home, cadging lifts all the way to Woburn Sands again. Imagine daring to do that today in an RAF uniform! Saturday, I went to Arthur Mayle's and bought two Triumph silencers, a pair of clip-on handlebars, some fork gaiters and some alloy mudguards. These, along with the exhaust pipes and rear tyre, I fitted on Saturday. Sunday was the day of its first run. I took it up and down the road outside the house and it seemed fine. It certainly went better and now looked nothing like an old Matchless, though the jam-pot rear suspension units were a good hint as to its parentage. I had painted the tank white and, during the week at Wittering, had made up my very own 'TM' tank badges in red 'dayglow' adhesive tape. These I stuck on the tank sides. At last I had my very own (highly unusual) café racer; total cost under thirty pounds.

Sunday afternoon I showed off my 'new' bike to the village lads. They were amazed, though John Brown just grinned as he had seen me working away on the engine plates the weekend before. It really did sound nice as one accelerated, but it was only a 500cc Speed Twin engine, not a 650cc Bonneville. It lacked the low down pulling power of the Plumstead single but revved much more freely. The old gearing of the Matchless single was about right, if possibly just a little high for the Speed Twin engine. As the bike was still 500cc, the insurance was the same and I only had to inform the Council tax office of its new engine number for the logbook. Sunday evening I rode it back to Wittering. Pulling away from the roundabouts was fun as it would accelerate quite well up to about 70mph, and sounded great. So the bike now came into regular use, I even purchased a new ribbed Avon front tyre for it from my Mum's club-book, (pay one shilling a week per £1 cost of the item). On one trip I lost the rear lamp and number plate. I had simply reused the Matchless one made of steel; the light alloy mud guard must have vibrated and cracked, and it all fell off somewhere between Wittering and the Black Cat roundabout on the A1. I had two rear wheel punctures, but being resourceful and carrying the necessary puncture kit, tyre levers and spanners, I fixed them both whilst parked in various self-service filling stations on the A1. The A1

was by then being made into a dual-carriageway, and there were road works everywhere; these I blamed for the punctures.

The brakes were nothing to write home about, I think the word 'adequate' was in a road test I once saw for a 500cc single Matchless. I know the MoT chap did not expect too much; he told me the model was known for its poor brakes. I decided to improve them. I had seen café-racers fitted with twin-leading-shoe brakes, and an air scoop to assist cooling. The idea was a non-starter as there were few old bikes about one could 'graft' a back plate from. So I decided to fit a scoop. It was easy, I just drilled a few holes in the alloy back-plate and riveted on a little aluminium scoop. It was probably my imagination but the brake did seem very slightly better, in the dry. As I was always roaring up and down the A1 in both dry and wet weather, it was not long before I had to drive through pouring rain. The scoop did its job beautifully, scooping up loads of water spray and directing it straight into the front brake drum. I found out as I approached a roundabout just how useless a water-soaked set of brake linings are. As luck would have it, I was not travelling at any speed and decided then and there to fill in the drilled holes to keep the linings dry. Temporarily I shoved a bit of newspaper into the scoop, ramming it in hard to block it. I then drove for ages dragging that front brake till it heated up enough to dry off. I went back to using both front and rear brakes in unison. It always worried me that the rear would lock up in the wet, though it never did. Another lesson was to not meddle with a design unless you know what you are doing. I did see quite a few big machines using Honda t1s front brake assemblies and the newer British bikes had them fitted. Very soon the majority would have disc brakes.



By late summer I was running back north up the A1 one Sunday evening on one of the new bits of dual-carriageway at about 80mph, (note there were NO speed limits in those days other than the 30mph in built up areas, and there was no law requiring one to wear a crash helmet either). Suddenly the engine revved up very fast. I looked down to see why, and saw that the primary chain had made a bid for freedom. It had shot off in front of me at a very high speed, (remember it was an 'open' primary chain). I never found it. I had cut corners on the assembly and then, in the excitement of the moment, had forgotten my boggles. I had used a bit of fuse wire instead of a proper chain link spring connector on the split-link. It had obviously given up, the link disintegrated, and the chain escaped. I was lucky it had gone forward as, any other way, it would have chewed a hole in my shin, or even locked up the clutch and caused me to come off. I coasted to a halt but never found it. I had to push the bike the few miles to Wittering; good job I was pretty fit in those days. I then cadged a lift into Stamford and purchased a new chain with a proper new split link. As I had made the original chain up for the modified bike, I knew how many links long it was. It took only a few minutes to fit. I had the engine breather pipe bent to exit onto this chain to lubricate it, so my jeans often had oily spots on.

Then, in the Autumn, another 'bodge' caught me up. I had spaced out

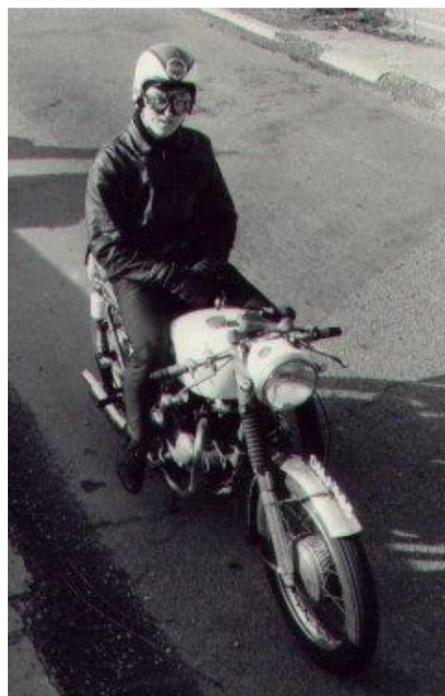
the clutch back plate with a quarter inch washer. This meant the securing nut for the clutch centre was only on three-quarters of its original threads. As it was a huge nut this was not too serious, but I had not refitted the locking tab-washer to stop it undoing. It did just this as I passed over the Brogborough M1 bridge, (then, unbelievable, only a small country road, no traffic at all. Today it is one huge 24-hour gridlock of vehicles from Milton Keynes and Bedford known as Junction 13). The clutch centre came off and all the 1/4" roller bearings escaped. I found nearly all of the bits but had to push the bike the four miles home to Wavendon. I purchased some new roller bearings at the cycle shop in Woburn Sands on Saturday, and made a new locking tab washer. Another lesson learnt. As the Triumph parallel twin has some awful vibration periods, the engine often lost its rocker cover alloy nuts. These were about two inches diameter and were the access to the rocker adjustment. I got fed up with losing them, though they were cheap enough to buy, so I drilled them and wire-locked them as per aircraft practice. But I had drilled right through them causing a little oil stream to escape. I purchased some after-market ones, with fins on, and drilled the fins to wire lock them on; this cured the problem. The parallel twin's vibration would cause my fingers to go white and tingle if I held the speed at 60mph for long. (A Hinkley 2001 Bonneville I owned 2001-2007 had counter-shafts for balance, and it was really smooth to ride. A '59 G12 I now have, vibrates like they all did.)

With the wind behind me, on a good long dual carriageway straight, I could get 90mph indicated on the speedometer. The instrument was probably very inaccurate but it certainly felt good. The slightly higher gearing helped but killed the acceleration a little, and meant third gear was needed on some long hills. The speedometer was driven from the rear wheel hub. Matchless brakes were never very good and I had tried for ages to improve them, eventually using front and rear brakes together (as current practice) though I had been taught to use the front one most. The front hub looked as if it was a full width one, but this was just an alloy sheet with corrugations pressed into it. Underneath was an ancient seven inch single-leading-shoe, narrow single sided steel drum. In those days it was a function of gearbox use and brakes to reduce speed, and quite successful if mastered. Today, everyone drives on their brakes alone, right to the limit, and they are lucky that cars and bikes now have disc brakes, often servo assisted. To ride an old bike in such a manner would kill you at the first hazard.

By mid-1968 I was posted to RAF Bruggen in Germany (RAFG), having successfully been promoted to 'Junior Technician (JT)'. I sold the 'TriLess' to an airman at Wittering who no doubt found it a good buy for £15 and it was taxed. It was registered as 'OMJ 465'.

I doubt very much if it still exists. Today, in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, my garage once again houses three AMC bikes from Plumstead. One is a 1953 AJS 18S combination, a 1952 18S solo and a 1959 Matchless G12 650 twin. I will not be modifying them at all!

Neil Cairns.



## *Secretary's Scribbles*

**BRENT FIELDER**

Hello Playmates,

Hope everyone is having a half-decent day. I've been fiddling about with an old bike and just been for a test-ride on it and am now convincing myself that it runs better, it probably doesn't but at least it's no worse.

Just before the social distancing measures were introduced, I was walking by the house I was brought up in as a boy. On an impulse I knocked on the door and asked if I could have a look around the place, just for old-times' sake. The occupants shouted No! and slammed the door in my face. Obviously, I was disappointed but then

again, on reflection, my parents have always been a bit odd!

I've just seen a chicken; it was staring intently at a lettuce growing alongside some tomatoes in the garden. My wife asked me what was going on. Pretty obvious to me...  
...it's a chicken sees a salad!

My wife and I have just watched two films back to back. I really enjoyed them but she wasn't so keen. Mind you, I was the one facing the telly....

My wife just shouted downstairs to me "Brent,

do you ever get painful shooting pains all over your body, just as if someone is sticking pins into a voodoo doll of you?" Concerned I replied "No...." there was a pause and then she said "Okay then, how about now?"

She just told me that I twist everything she says to my own advantage. I take that as a compliment....

Keep smiling if you can friends, try and have a good one.

All the best,

Brent

## **Member's machines:**



Gerry Gibbins' gorgeous 1924 AJS, believed to be a Model D – manufactured in 1924 but not first registered until 1925

*Picture Quiz – answers in the next issue*

**CAN  
YOU  
NAME -  
THE MAKE AND  
MODEL**

Send me your answers. Answers and scores  
in the next issue of VMCC Beds News

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19

**FROM THE ARCHIVE**

*Memories of lost youth (and hair)*

**BEDFORDSHIRE SECTION**—On Wednesday, 28th of June, the Crown Public House at Henlow saw the inaugural meeting of the above Section. The Section has been formed to meet the needs of V.M.C.C. members in this county who have to travel to Section meetings in bordering counties. My research showed that there are sixty or thereabouts members living within 20 miles of Shefford. A letter was sent to each of the members within 20 miles and out of those about 44 were able to attend the first meeting. Our President and his wife very kindly helped launch our Section, which we hope will soon be granted full Section status. Bernard Ruff was elected Chairman. Roger Mills, Treasurer, and Philip "Hoppy" Hopkins, Secretary. Those attending also voted to hold monthly meetings on the second Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m. We were very pleased to have the company of, and offers of help from, long-standing Club members Geoff Davies and Ormonde Gurr. To those who were unable to attend and to those perhaps outside our 20-mile radius, or perhaps some whose names I missed when going through the Membership List, please come along and join us.

HOPPY

**BMF Rally 1978**



**Banbury Run 1991**

