



Rejects News

The Newsletter of the Cockney Rejects
Centre 14 of the Virago Star Owners Club

March 2007

www.vsoc-centre14.co.uk



Meetings at The Well House Inn Chipstead Lane, Coulsdon, Surrey, CR5 3SQ

"A car transports the body, a bike transports the soul"

What's on?

Bold are official VSOC

March

Sat March 17th Kempton Auto Jumble

Sunday 18th Pioneer run

Sunday 18th Mothering Sunday

Wednesday 21st Meeting

Sunday 25th Clocks go forward

Sunday 25th Ride out 10 am View point

Reigate

Saturday 31st Membership due

Saturday 31st Outriders Party

April

April 1st Dorking Harley Boot Fair

Thursday 5th Meeting

Friday 6th Wheelsday

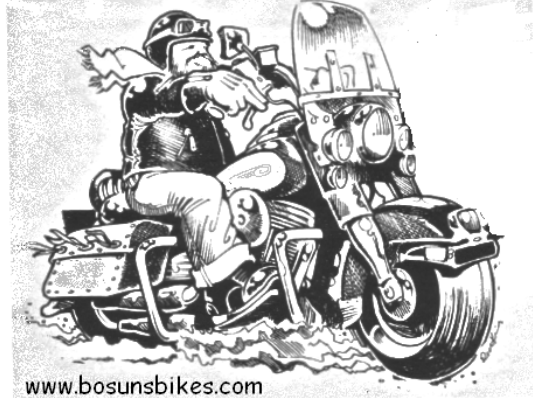
Monday 9th Shepherds Hill bike show

Friday 13th Wildhogs in cinemas

Wednesday 18th Meeting

Sat 28th Al & Anya's Wedding

From the Editor



www.bosunsbikes.com

Greetings one and all

With the snow gone and the weather warming up I hope you are all getting some miles under your wheels, and getting ready for the glorious weather that is coming our way, it will soon be time to party and meet friends old and new. And on March 25th I shall be leading the ride-out to the "departure lounge" (garden centre and Café) should be fun.

Full Minutes of the AGM and other changes will be published next month, but a big thanks to Anne for her work as the outgoing Rep, and Welcome to AJ as the new Centre rep.

I do look forward to your reports and pictures for *your* newsletter.

Happy riding

Bosun



Reminder

**Clocks Go Forward
Sunday 25th March**

Further details of dates to aid in your forward planning can be found on the web site, please send dates of events you may think people would like to rejectnews@ntlworld.com

Disclaimer: The views in Rejects News are the views of the respective authors
And do not necessarily reflect the views of the Cockney Rejects or the VSOC

Jo's Big 40 & Shes Tanked Up Again

I could bore you with facts like I've driven from one end of the country to the other without getting lost, found obscure rally sites before the bikes (we were traveling with) got there. But as many know my map reader now lives in Harrogate. So its off to Mr Kiplings in Colchester Friday afternoon and I'm on my own, Nick phones, it is illegal to use a mobile while driving but I wasn't, I was in a mega traffic jam at the Dartford tunnel I thought that it wouldn't be too bad "Don't go M25 Dartford tunnel way its chocca" husbands dontcha just love them after the event.



Yes the junctions ahead were closed and traffic movement was just painful, but I got through OK and I'm off again. Tearing along at erm (70 officer) went straight past my junction, on to the next one and turn round "Not difficult" the famous last words. I accidentally went off on to the M11 "find me somewhere to turn round" talking to myself 1st signs of madness and all that + 1 emergency stop and my maps folder and dumped on the far side of the passenger seat and me with short arms. So I went along with the flow, no time limit (Just as well) went past Gants Hill tube station (now that's the wrong side of London I know) "A ROUNDABOUT!!!" turned round and went back to the A12 oh yes Colchester here I come, unfortunately I then went within an inch or two of Clacton whoops!! I may just have passed Pete's !!! 3 hrs from junction 4 M25 to Colchester is that a record?

What's left of a nice relaxing afternoon and its off for a Chinese in Braintree for supper then home to bed. Saturday morning after a cook breakfast, were off to Jo's she moved into her new flat yesterday. Its lovely, just down the road from Peter her dad and 12 mins from Sean & Leighs, we'd missed the shenanigans of the sofa on the stairs yesterday in the move, but walked straight into flat packed wardrobes and the minginnest (if that's a word, but it's the only word that fits) cooker hood you've ever seen. So VSOC had moved in and was now cleaning and clearing up. All the best to Jo in her new place its beautiful.

After a wash and brush up, now for the birthday bash at Slopy Joe's. VSOC and friends get together again, catching up on new bikes and bits, cocktails and shots we've been missing over the winter. It was a great evening, good company & food and finished off by her present of a fish tank, she now has some pets, her new home is complete. All the very best and luvyloads

Anon

Al and Annyas Wedding details

As you probably already know, Al Stephens and Annya Boal are getting married on Saturday 28th April at Bexley Registry Office in Sidcup. They would like to invite their fellow Cockney Rejects to escort them on bikes from the Registry Office from about 3:15pm to the Reception Party at the Warman Sports Centre in Hayes, Kent and then to join them to celebrate.

There will be a hot buffet, disco and live band and the sports centre have given permission for guests to pitch tents overnight if required. Anne Hodson has kindly offered to co-ordinate the ride back from the Wedding and to be first point of contact for those who would like to come and support Al and Annya on their special day. Anne can be contacted by email on centre.rep@vsoc-centre14.co.uk. As numbers will be limited, they need to know who can come by 2nd April at the latest.



Cauliflowers The worlds worse joke

There was once an old, retired couple whom, in the autumn of their years enjoyed a simple life. Mr and Mrs Green were very happy in their country cottage, George's passion was his vegetable patch while Martha's was to cook what her beloved husband grew.

Now George was especially proud of his cauliflowers. For many years he had cultivated and perfected a secret mulch which, when spread around his carefully tilled cauliflower patch, produced the largest, firmest and most tasty cauliflowers in the region. They always had the tightest, crisp, white florets and the greenest leaves. George's usual plan was to take his cauliflowers to the regional show where they won every prize. He would bring them home and Martha would cook them. Unsurprisingly, Martha had perfected her cauliflower cheese to match her husbands gardening expertise. She used the freshest ingredients and cheese which she made herself to a secret recipe. Together, they made an immaculate dish, each component perfectly complementing the others, truly it was food fit for the gods.

Indeed, their neighbours would never refuse a dinner invitation if George had recently been to a show. One year in particular, Georges cauliflowers were growing to a stupendous size. This year they were huge! George and Martha looked eagerly forward to the day when they would be eaten. Surely they would be the best tasting cauliflowers ever, and their size would keep them in cauliflower cheese for a long, long time. When they finally ripened to perfection, George picked the massive vegetables and as usual he took them to the show. The judges were amazed! Never had they seen cauliflowers so large and yet so firm and appetising! George won every prize there was! Beaming with pride he returned home to his loving wife. As it was quite late Martha decided to put off her culinary efforts until the next day.

Martha woke early, such was her excitement, and began preparing her cauliflower cheese. Boiling up a small portion of George's vegetable fare until it was just right! While the cauliflower cooked Martha prepared her special sauce. George had risen by then, and though they were both salivating with desire, they decided to wait until supper time to sample their joint creation, reasoning that the wait would make the triumph all the sweeter.

When supper-time finally arrived Martha had produced a wonderful meal. A roast leg of lamb with mint sauce and of course, the *piece de resistance* the cauliflower cheese. George opened an old bottle of wine he had been saving, a good vintage year, Martha lit candles to enhance the mood and they sat down to dine. With a smile George proffered a forkful of cauliflower cheese to Martha, she reciprocated with a blush. As they remembered their honeymoon, they bit down upon each others forks taking in the wonderful aroma. DISASTER!!!! The cauliflower was horrible!!!! Even Martha's expertly prepared sauce did nothing to disguise the vileness of the vegetable!! It was so incredibly revolting that both George and his wife could not even swallow the one mouthful they had been so tenderly offered. Using napkins, with as much grace as the situation allowed, they spat out the disgusting food and rinsed their mouths with wine. George was devastated, this was supposed to have been so special, and it was inedible. He was moved to tears. Martha tried to comfort him but he was inconsolable, sobbing gently he gazed at Martha. 'Look' he said 'not only can we not eat this, it leaves ridiculous red stains' Martha looked in the mirror and sure enough, her lips were a deep scarlet, a lovely colour spoiled only by its source. 'Never mind' Martha said, going to kiss George 'I'm sure we can think of something' 'I doubt it' George replied 'it even makes your breath smell bad' George was not usually this tactless, but his grief was such that he didn't really care. Martha herself had noticed the putrid smell on the breath of her husband, but had restrained herself from comment. 'What are we going to do?' asked George. 'We have so many cauliflowers and they're all so large. We can't just throw them away!' Now, Martha who was the more thoughtful of the pair, had been musing and had come up with an idea. 'What about lipstick?' 'What?' 'Well given the nice colour, couldn't we some how make a lipstick and sell it? Then it wouldn't be such a waste we might even make enough money to take a little holiday.' 'Perhaps, perhaps...' said George So they set about their new project, in Martha's typically organised way. They kitchen became a research laboratory as man and wife laboured night and day. They tried many ways to reduce the cauliflower to its staining components, and many oils and waxes in which to fix it as a base. Many weeks of intensive research and development followed. Countless failures passed them by until finally they had produced the basic lipstick component. 'Unfortunately, its a little bit crumbly' said Martha 'Yes, and it still smells a bit' said George 'maybe we ought to put a warning on the packaging. I'm sure if its used carefully it'll be OK.' 'Good idea' Martha said 'what shall we write?' George thought for a while, considering all the problems they had had, all the joy and pain they had gone through to make their new product. 'I've got it' he said 'we'll write..... (Wait for it!) ..SUPER-CAULI FRAGILE LIPSTICK, EXPECT HALITOSIS!

Thanks Anne

As Anne Steps down as Centre rep, a big thanks for the work in the last few years as Centre Rep, and previously events organiser and Treasurer.

Now as a foot soldier, Anne shall have to buy your own beer now, put up your own tent and fore go those luxuries that bestow a position of such esteem. That or get Nick to do them for you ☺



Welcome AJ

A big welcome to AJ (more formally Alan Johnson) as Centre Rep. Contact details to follow shortly, check on the web



1st rally of the year

Put all the clothes that are going to be worn at the rally in the wash basket ready.
Realise that your favourite rally t shirt is missing and hunt through the house trying to find it
Unable to find your favourite rally t shirt.... sulk.
Decide not to pack the tent and camping stuff early because you left it clean and tidy last year.
Sit back feeling smug that this year you are not going to go the years first rally unprepared.

Come home from work on Friday and realise you dont know where the tent is.
A Friend calls and asks if you are packed and ready, you reply cheerfully Sure and tell them you will be with them shortly.
Get annoyed because your friend is organised and mutter "Bastard" under your breath
Find the tent.
Feel horrified as you realise you havent water proofed your tent.
Get your throw overs out of the cupboard, open them and find a sock.
Realise that you have not washed all the clothes you need to take to the rally.

Search through the ironing to find something you can take with you.
Start to pack.

Scream loudly as you realise you are not going to get all the stuff you have in the throw overs.
Ruthlessly go through your clothes to decide what to take and what not to take.

If you are male this means only taking a toothbrush.

If you are female this means at least 24 pairs of pants, and 7 pairs of emergency pants.

Take luggage out to the bike.
Carefully load the bike.
As you go to strap the stuff down you find that the bungee cords you have dont seem to be long enough.
You trap your fingers. One bungee snaps off and almost takes one of your teeth out.
You make sure every thing is tied down as solid as you can so nothing will move. As you turn your back your luggage slowly slides off your bike.
Realise that you have not packed any cooking stuff.

Tell the neighbour to feck off when they say hello over the garden wall.
Hunt through the house for the gas stove and pans.

Phone rings. Its your parents; after spending 15 minutes listening to them tell you about the amusingly shaped marrow old Mr Hill has grown you do a good impression of a telephone answering machine and pretend to be out.
Find your cooking stuff and notice a strange smell coming from it.
You open a small plastic container and sniff.
Spend the next 15 minutes with head over the toilet being sick.

Reload the bike.
Tell your self you are not going to go back now, not for anything.
You ride down the road.
Realise that your sleeping bag is on the kitchen table.

Go home, unload the bike.
Threaten your next door neighbour with violence if they talk to you again.
Grab the sleeping bag and reload the bike.

Lock the house.
Realise you have left the bike keys in the house.
Run in to the house, grab your keys.
Lock the house, kick over and smash a milk bottle.
Stand looking puzzled because you have milk in cartons.

Arrive at your friends house and realise you are only an hour late.
Find your friend eating their tea and nothing loaded on to their bike.

When your friend says they have just got to go for a shower you have to be stopped from strangling them.
They go and get ready and you calm down.
You leave your friends house, now 2 hours late.

Head off to meet up with other friends at their house.
When you arrive find that they are all waiting patiently and have been drinking coffee like it was an Olympic event.
Apologise as you explain the problems you had finding your tent, cooker, airbed and food.
Drink coffee.
Set off 3 hours late.

Start to feel relaxed as you head out on to the open road, the wind in your face and miles of empty road ahead.
Spend the next 24 miles stopping every 4 miles so that people can go for a piss as the coffee they have drunk waiting for you to get your stuff together kicks in.

Get annoyed for all the stops you have to do and mutter loud enough for people to hear.
Realise 10 minutes after stopping for the last time you need a pee.
You decide that because you made such a big thing about the rest of them stopping you will ride on.

After an hours ride you stop for petrol and your friends asks you where the rally is, you say that you dont know and you were following them. Your friends insist that you can't be because they are following you.
You are starting to feel light headed as the urge to pee gets stronger.

Get really worried when you see loads of laden bikes on the OTHER side of the motorway
See a petrol station and decide to stop to ask directions and to use the toilet.
You see the toilet and casually walk over.
As you get with in 20 foot of the door you notice the haze around the door, at 10 foot you notice the smell.
You decide that you are not brave enough to use this toilet.

Your friend distracts the man behind the desk in the petrol station with impressions of farm animals as you try and find out where you should be heading using a map off the shelf without paying for it.
You realise you have been riding in the wrong direction for the past 30 minutes.
You find the village the rally is being held in.

You pull over and find the flyer for the rally and read the directions. On the back is a simple map showing a pub called the White horse on your left and an X opposite.
You ride through the village 20 times trying to find the pub.
You stop to ask one of the locals who points at the building behind him.
You realise that you had missed the pub when your friend, who was supposed to know where they were going was busy waving at sheep.

As you turn in to the field you notice that every one is already drunk and the best camping spots have been taken.
You find a nice secluded spot to pitch your tent.
You find out you only seem to have half the tent pegs with you.
The tent has a strange smell to it. You realise it was packed away damp last time you used it. You now have to spend a weekend sleeping in a tent that smells like athletes foot.
As you unroll your sleeping bag you find a sock.

Feeling more relaxed you decide to roll a joint.
You cradle your head in your hands as you realise you have bought a bag of oregano instead of your finest weed.
As you feel dejected about not having any weed to smoke you smile as you realise you must have given the bag of weed to your next door neighbour who wanted a few spices to put in a stew they were having that night.

Feeling hungry and wanting a pint you walk up to the pub.
At the pub you buy a burger that simply put contains a meat product, you are not sure what but suspect it to have been meat at some point, maybe.

You spend the night drinking beer and eating various types of food. Feeling very pissed you decide to try the Super Mega Chilli burger made with new improved pseudo meat.
You drink more beer.

You hold a conversation with someone you have never met before in your life. You realise that because of the

volume of the music you cannot understand a word they are saying, but nod occasionally and smile. You are not aware they are thinking the same.

You are amazed that when you are pissed you can sing really well and you know all the words to bat out of hell. You hold another conversation with someone called bear or was it wolf. You cannot remember the name exactly but you know it was something like dog or chinchilla.

You get a funny look from a bloke called wolf when you call him gerbil.

You stagger back to your tent grinning like a Cheshire cat.

Your friend passes you a joint the size of a small dog; you ask them where they got the weed from. They tell you they got given it as payment for not doing any more impressions of farm animals in the pub as it was slightly unnerving.

The joint kicks in.

You spend the next 15 minutes giggling because your friend said bum.

You sit on the grass and decide to make a cup of coffee.

You drag the stove out of your tent and try to light it.

After 10 minutes of trying to light the stove you feel happy as it burns away under your kettle.

You console yourself that your eyebrows will grow back.

The kettle boils but you do not notice because you are flat out on your back talking to your friend about if there is life on another planet.

You try to name some of the constellations the great pan handle, Ursula Major, the gamma quadrant and the Pole star, which passes overhead on its journey from Dublin to Manchester.

The Super Mega chilli burger kicks in.

As you sprint across the field you realise the chilli has the same affect as a surgical laxative.

You find an empty cubicle and rush in. The lock is missing and there is a strange smell but you dont care.

As you sit on the toilet, one foot against the door to keep it shut you try not to shout out as the chilli has its revenge. You are convinced you are going to have 3rd degree burns of the anus after this one.

You realise there is no toilet paper. You search through your pockets for any tissues.

One pocket sized packet of Kleenex, a sock and two receipts for petrol later you emerge relieved.

If you are female you open the window and look for the air freshener.

If you are male you snigger as you imagine the next person to enter your cubicle gets assaulted by the toxic odour.

If you are female you wash your hands.

If you are male you tell the first person you meet that after that little toilet adventure you should be entitled to maternity leave.

Make mental note to burn underwear when you get home.

You wobble back to your tent and collapse in a drunken heap and then crawl in to your sleeping bag.

Just as you are drifting off in to oblivion you realise that your tent has changed colour and so has your sleeping bag.

Someone stirs next to you and asks Is that you Kevin?

You realise you are in the wrong tent.

At 6am you wake up feeling rough. The human body is approximately 80% water but you are convinced that 90% of that is in your bladder at the moment.

You struggle and squirm as you try to find the zip on the sleeping bag. After 10 minutes you get your self free.

You pull your jeans on and almost piss your self as you go to do the zip up.

You walk bleary eyed over to the toilets. Before entering you take a deep breath.

As you walk back to your tent you almost fall over a drunk who has slept where they fell on the field. They are now covered in the morning dew and are snoring loudly.

You pack your stuff away and cannot understand how it all went away in the first place.

You throw stuff on the bike and hope it doesnt fall off on the way home.

You look puzzled as you realise that the couple next to you have packed a 5 man tent, deck chairs, double airbed, inflatable sofa, double burner and king sized quilt in to two small hard panniers on their BMW and it is all held on with one flimsy multi coloured strap. Your luggage looks like it is in to bondage with all the straps and bungees that hold it in place.

You have one last look around where you have camped in case you have left anything.

You find a sock.

anon

London Excell show

Having outgrown Alexandra palace MCN moved the bike show to the London Excell Arena in Docklands ("Superbike" magazine still ran a show at Ally Pally but I didn't manage to get there. Reports back from there say it was not a good show) so I got to go on the Docklands Light Railway for the first time, it is really odd having a train with no driver.

After a route march from the station to Excell, and then miles around inside a badly signed Excell, we find the ticket booths and we are all relieved of £16 for entry. Given a purple wristband to prove payment had been made, and let lose in the show.



Set in three large hall, one for stunts, my first impression was there was a lot of unfilled space, now whether this was because it was first day or not I do not know, but there was an awful lot of unfilled stand space, and very few of the large manufacturers.

There was a presence by most companies via the different dealers, but it lacked the va va voom of last years show.



There were different "zones" for all different categories of bikes, including one for Cruisers, my first view of the new XVS1300 but I wasn't impressed it lacked that certain something. Though the radiator is very neatly hidden

As ever nice young ladies came round to pass us bags of goodies, despite the lack of

people it was so hot as a venue. I am really glad the show was not in the Summer, the halls would have been killing.

There were a good selection of Custom Bikes, mainly on the Carol Nash Stand, which included the rather radical "Psy-bawg" over on the Harrison Brake stand was the silliest blown V8 drag bike, with no need for a side stand.



There were however plenty of places to sit, and food places, though add London prices, and captive audience prices together and it was an ouch moment.

The police were there with their Bike safe course, and I may attend one of these soon.

For relief at least with the wrist band system

you could wander outside for fresh air.

I didn't venture into the stunting arena, as I could hear and smell it over half of hall 2, and I knew the rubber smoke would cripple me today.

There were a few classic bikes, but even then without much back up.

Early afternoon, and with the sun shining I headed home. I may be just me but for £16 I would have preferred a few more big names there.



Bosun

New trike magazine

A new magazine by the makers of 100% Biker called TRIKE. It's a magazine for all things three-wheeled! Covering all things tricyclular, it looks at both full custom builds and bike conversions, disabled options, legalities, trike events, news, products - everything you need to know about trikes without you even having to ask!



Currently only available online first issue March 16th

If you would like to pre-order a copy please go to:

www.trikemagazine.co.uk

Music at the Well House

Music and events at our favorite watering hole
Keep an eye on the web for other dates

Fri 15th June - Bright White

Sun 17th June - Shaz's Birthday

Fri 9th Nov - Bright White

Mon 24th Dec - Bright White



Ribcrackers MCC Soapbox Derby and Valentines Dance
February 10th 2007
A.K.A learning to bounce

Well it seemed a very good idea at the time, this being months before the event, as the call was put out on the "Bikerlifestyle" forum for entries to the Ribcrackers soapbox Derbyshire. A day in Derbyshire racing soapboxes down a hill and a bit of a party after sounded fun, and very shortly I was volunteered to be a ~~victim~~ rider.

Deciding that I really didn't fancy camping in February I managed a cracking deal at a nearby 'ish' travel lodge (for nearby read £7.50 on a cab each way ouch) and I was ready.

During the week the weather deteriorated with snow over much of the country, discretion being the better part of valour I loaded up my little car and headed north, to snow and sleet. I still felt a bit odd not heading out on the bike, but I was glad of the added safety.



Safely ensconced in the travel lodge there was a call from Ernie on site and a quick cab ride in the snow and I was settling into the first ale of the evening. Listening to reports of our carts progress as Freak, Kerri and Toad battled up from Gloucester.

By now the track was fully snowbound, and we were wondering if sledges would be

better as we helped push vans up the track, while some tried sliding down on signs. There was a great feeling of camaraderie as teams arrived, with tales of woe and greetings from friends.



The next morning the snow started to wash away and I made my way to the site, to be greeted by the rest of the team, and lots of forum members, some I haven't seen for a couple of years, all keeping warm in the snow and slush.

With Back Street heroes there in the form of Blue and Yoda we were set for a days racing. We unloaded the carts from Freaks van, and it has to be said the Back Street Heroes cart was a thing of beauty. I even had a quick try around the car park.

The carts were to say the least an exotic mix, with three wheelers, four wheelers and even a canoe. With riders as eccentric as the carts it was as they say all down hill from here.



Very organised each team (teams of three, two riders with one extra pusher) had two runs, there were 19 teams, and it was a great laugh.

By the end of the first run, there were some vehicles already damaged beyond

repair, Jay who had taken the Bikerlifestyle kart down first was laying third.



It was down to me now to at least hold the position.

Poised at the top of the hill, with a mighty shove I was launched, the first few yards seemed OK it was as I reached the corner of doom that it all went very very wrong, as I found out the cart did not off road well, and I ended up bouncing down the road, with the kart following me.

Rescued by Lyn and Freak, who realised I was ok by the giggling, and after checking I still had all fingers I hauled myself back onto the cart and headed back down the hill. I will say I was a bit more than tender but what a laugh.

In the end the same team from Perverts in Leather RC as last year (despite turning up late) won.



Following awards I headed back, patched myself up and back to party, and boy the Ribcrackers know how to party, the venue was heaving, sadly there was confusion between the bands, and sharing of equipment. The main band stormed out

leaving the support with a lack of equipment. The disco stayed on though, and the support band unable to play partied on with the rest. The theme was "Valentines Day massacre" and gangsters and molls was the order of the day. To top it all Freak was presented with the best cart trophy for the BSH cart.

What a great way to round up a day, and when people wonder about groups of bikers, why is it the Police were called twice to the hotel as the Hen night there resulted in two fights involving police.

A scenic route home via the dales I really must head back on the bike, what a glorious area.

Thanks to the Ribcrackers for a great weekend.

Bosun

Pictures of my crash below



Virago Star Owners Club

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

PERSONAL DETAILS

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____

Telephone No: _____ Membership No: _____

E.Mail Number: _____

BIKE DETAILS

Model: _____ Year: _____ Reg: _____

Colour: _____ Chassis No: _____

Datetag: _____ Engine No: _____

Please indicate to which VSOC Centre you would like your renewal details sent (one only please).

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Centres 1 & 2 - SCOTLAND/IRELAND | <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 11 - HOME COUNTIES
(Bedfordshire & Buckinghamshire) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 3 - STAFFORDSHIRE
Including Cheshire & surrounding areas | <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 12 - THAMES VALLEY
(Berkshire & Oxfordshire) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 4 - NORTHUMBERLAND & DURHAM | <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 13 - NORTH LONDON & surrounding areas |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 5 - YORKSHIRE & HUMBERSIDE | <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 14 - SOUTH LONDON & SURREY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 6 - NORTHWEST & CUMBRIA
including Lancashire & Isle of Man | <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 15 - KENT & EAST SUSSEX |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 7 - WALES | <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 16 - SOLENT (Hampshire & West Sussex) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 8 - WEST MIDLANDS | <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 17 - SOUTHWEST
(Somerset, Dorset, Gloucestershire & Wiltshire) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 9 - EAST MIDLANDS
Including Lincolnshire | <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 18 - DEVON & CORNWALL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 10 - EAST ANGLIA
(Norfolk, Suffolk & Cambridgeshire) | <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 19 - ESSEX |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Centre 20 - OFF SHORE |

PLEASE RENEW BY 30th APRIL 2007 AS AFTER THIS DATE A REJOINING FEE OF £5.00 WILL BE CHARGED

Subscription for year ending 31st March 2008 remain at **£17.50**

Please make cheques payable to the **VIRAGO STAR OWNERS CLUB** and send to:-

MALCOLM BLAND (Membership Secretary)

103a Hunsworth Lane, Hunsworth, Cleckheaton, West Yorkshire BD19 4DP

Remember that you do not have to leave the VSOC if choose to sell your Virago, Drag Star or Royal Star.

ONCE A MEMBER, ALWAYS A MEMBER!