

Remember the 12th of November?

I didn't think many of you would remember that date, judging by the number of people who made it along to the Old Barn for our AGM.

Well, you had your chance and don't say we didn't warn you. I have some very disturbing news for you all: Nigel Firth, that well known activist and would be world leader, caught us off guard and took his opportunity to overthrow the government. **Malc**

The Tin-pot Dictator

My name is Nigel Firth, I'm big enough, I'm definitely ugly and old enough to know better and I am a power crazed megalomaniac. I am also the Chairman of this wonderful VW club and I am a certified Volkswagen fanatic. I have only owned four Beetles over the last eleven years which has culminated in the Oval that I own now. As most of you will no doubt have found out by now

I am a quiet, shy, retiring individual who has very little to say for himself. Seriously I enjoy driving, talking and despite what anyone else might say working on my little pride and joy. When I'm not fixing, cleaning or just gazing lovingly at my car you will be able to find me either face down in a pub somewhere or face down in Brickhill Woods having fallen off my mountain bike - AGAIN!!

Rachel Shave

Hello and it is now time to introduce me... Rachel. I have been an avid Volkswagen fan since meeting Nigel for the first time!! (1.5 years ago now). Well what is there to say about myself?... Not much but all I can say is that I don't live in Milton Keynes. I originally come from the Cotswolds, but have now somehow ended up living in Hemel Hempstead, although I spend a large proportion of my time living in Milton Keynes. I try to come to as many Volkswagen shows as Nigel will let me! I think I was voted on to the committee in the end because there was no-one else around. Although I don't have a beetle,

I do actively assist Nigel in the maintenance of his old bug. I seem to have spent far too many cold wintery nights with Nigel cursing and swearing whilst trying to do things to his car to make it better (By the way I don't know many technical terms!) (The emphasis here I must strongly point out is TRYING for Nigel as we all know how short tempered he can get with his car when things don't go according to plan).

Alison Jenkins

Status: married with 2 kids and 2 bugs, in other words criminally insane.



Occupation: putting up with Graham.

My job on the committee is to generally help anyone on the committee who has to much to do and not enough time.

Other duties include keeping el presidentay's trainers shiny and providing sane conversation to dawn and rachel when the blokes go off at an aircooled tangent.

Carl Deathe – Membership Secretary

If I think back far enough, I've been into old VW's ever since I sat in the back of a green '69 bug at the tender age of 9. Since then I've grown bigger and uglier, and what should my first car be - but a '66 Bug! Whilst I still own this, I can be seen shooting around in an original MK1 Golf.



I'm currently a student studying multimedia at university, but when I'm not working, or studying I'm usually talking about or tinkering with Volkswagens.

When new members join, I'll be the first to greet them (not sure if that's a good or bad thing?!). If anybody has any problems with their membership or just don't know who to talk to about any problems or ideas they may have, please contact me. Tel. 01234 766059 email: carl@vdubuk.co.uk

Dawn Metcalf

Hello, my names Dawn Metcalf and I'm the Events Organiser. This involves trying to organise the club when going to various shows and events throughout the year i.e the convoys, camping arrangements, tickets etc.



The other side of my job is to organise varied social life locally with the club where we get up to things such as bowling, the infamous (I can't imagine why!!) Annual Christmas Bash.

I'm also assistant to our famous double act chefs, Sayed & Steve whom produce such superb food when we have club barbecues.

I am married to Ian and have a son Stephen who, just like me, are completely fanatical fans of VWs (and that Beach Buggy is really mine...honestly!!).

Ian Metcalf

Hi...I'm Ian Metcalf aka Beelzebub. My passion with Volkswagens started way back in 1987 when, newly about to be married (?) and poor we needed a cheap runaround. £400 saw us the proud owners of a 1968, Golde sunroofed, disc braked 1500 Beetle purchased from the proverbial old lady. Unfortunately this one had been less than careful and it needed some panelwork.



The Beetle only lasted a few more weeks as I fell asleep on the M3 one night and rolled it. Still poor and now without transport I had one weeks holiday to get mobile. I bought an old Beach Buggy body, threw the Beetle body away, shortened the chassis and built our first Buggy in one

week.

What do I do with the club... well, up until this year I was membership secretary but had to stand down due to business commitments, however, I now have the wonderful job of Liaison Officer. This is a new post that has come about because of the way the club has grown. I am responsible (that's a lie for a start!) for letting the outside world know about us, securing sponsorship deals and hopefully involving us with a local charity.

Malcolm Hawkins

After studying at Nene college for four years, I became a qualified graphic designer and a beetle owner in 1984. I have owned many Volkswagens including a 1975 1303s, 1972 1300, 1950 split window beetle, 1964 restocal bug, 1970 1500, 1600 fastback and a couple of water-cooled VWs.

I am currently the proud owner of a 1968 electric blue cal-look bug which I've owned for over 10 years and a new project, a 1972 2litre Porsche 914 is waiting in the wings. With my daily transportation provided by a Scirocco you could describe me as a bit of a VW fanatic.



Everyone is welcome and encouraged to contribute to the newsletters so if you have something to say, from a for sale ad or a technical question to a full blown article about your pride and joy (cars only please!) please get in touch with Malc. Tel: 01908 609736 email: malc@bandwagen.com

Anto Toniolo

Hi, my name is Anto and I am the club treasurer and one of the first club members. I was born in Italy near Venice (but I won't tell you how long ago!). I have been living in Milton Keynes for the last 5 years but still travel to London to work. I was taught to drive by my dad in his oval window beetle, my sister was driving a '72, my brother a '64 and, my first car was a white '69 beetle that unfortunately is not around anymore. As you can see a family of VW fanatics.



Three years ago I acquired my beige '67 bug called Bertie which I am restoring (I'm nearly there). It's my only car and of course my pride and joy. I don't know much about engines but all I know is that the sound of a Beetle engine is music to my ears.

Bug Jam 2000

Having only experienced the temperamental world of a red 1966 Beetle, and having just bought my own 1975 white Beetle, I was looking forward to sampling some more of the renowned VW culture.

Friday finally arrives, the sun is out (which unfortunately means seeing many a pair of hairy legs and knobby knees) and all bodes well for the weekend ahead. After jamming everything into the ever so spacious '66, we bid a farewell to home comforts.

We all met at the hockey stadium, giving me the chance to see the commode, sorry, the buggy, in the flesh, and to see just how Barney like the seats really are! Needless to say, I was quite impressed. Ed's bug was next on the list to admire, and all I can say is 'nice'.

Following that came the famous big red throbbing thing. Not knowing quite what to say and think, I just laughed. Not that Sayed's Baja is anything to laugh at. Well...Suitably taken aback, I admired the handiwork.

A few minutes later, we were off. Being my first time in convoy, it was quite an experience. I was getting more and more hooked on the V Dub thang. Flashing (the lights!) at every VW we passed, I was really looking forward to the weekend, as long as there weren't any gravel traps on the way! (Sorry!) We soon joined the inevitable Santa Pod queue and the crawl began.

After we got the tickets, we made our way to the family camping area. This year the layout was completely different, a tad confusing and quite illogical. But not letting that burden our weekend, we soon set up our little hamlet, doing exactly the opposite to what the marshal instructed. After discussing where to put all the cars and tents, we pitched up, sat down, and began the weekend of chatting, drinking and eating, with more emphasis on the drinking. This was the life.

Throughout the day, a steady stream of fellow campers filtered through, the lengthy queues, and joined our hamlet, threatening to overtake the whole field. By this time I was well and truly hooked.

The weather stayed fine, but soon cooled down. We spent the evening walking round trying to decide which music tent to venture into, and after indecision and confusion, we split up, so gave up and onto the dodgems we went. With Carl's skilful driving, and my excellent directions, Adam and Kevin were doomed. We all gathered together later at our tents and as we slowed down notice that Winter was back with vengeance – In the middle of July!!



We spent what was left of the evening huddled, drinking tea or alcohol, which ever was preferred, to keep us warm. After freezing for a couple of hours, we retired to the warmth of our tents and sleeping bags, or so some of us thought. One word to say....Graham.

The next day soon came around. Thinking the sun was out and all was well, Carl stepped out of the tent dressed for another hot day, only to be greeted with the cold, with the exclamation, "where's the sun gone?" Carl, I think you scared it away with those legs of yours. Needless to say, he was back a few minutes later, putting as many layers on as possible. Was I a fool to be thinking this was mid July and not February? If I was, I was not alone.

Anyway, we all followed the smell to the stall selling bacon baguettes like a gaggle of Homer Simpsons, and munched our way back to camp. After sitting around trying to keep warm, we needed to move to keep our blood from freezing and went off to look around the stalls and watch the cars speed down the drag strip. Our own Ed being one of them, succeeding to nab the best club time, finally giving a certain club member someone to "play" with on the track.

About midday, myself and Carl being the wimps we are, or just being plain geniuses, retreated home to grab our snowboarding jackets, a blanket and other bits Carl forgot. Tempted to stay a while to enjoy the creature comforts, we were soon back, wrapping up against the cold and prepared for the freezing night ahead.

Before long it was barbecue time, and I was about to experience the famous Roundabout Club feast. The table was over loaded with food, and Steve and Sayed excelled themselves, especially Sayed's chicken. Mmmmm. To try and get warm, some of us decided to stand around the barbecue. It worked until we started to get smoked out. Did we move? No. Such fools!

After the 'snack', we all sat round the candle torches to start what was to be a night of talking and drinking. Nothing new there then! We talked well into the night, and Tim being a bit worse for wear decided to nearly set his nether regions on fire, by almost sitting on one of the torches. (Not very clever now was it?) After we decided we should have a

"Roundabout Club insult swapping tent", setting fire to the grass, and Graham and co. tying Tim to the chair with bungee ropes, we piled up our many beer cans and bottles of Jack Daniel's into a heap (that any alcoholic would be proud of), and retired to our tents.

Sunday dawned and feeling a bit tired, some a bit more than others, we set off to Show and Shine to find Nigel and see if we could help in any way. Needless to say, I fell in love with and was suitably impressed by his car and a few others, picking up a few ideas for my own cuddly shaped tin can.

Later, it was time to once again be deafened and marvel over Fireforce 2. Sitting in the grandstand, we had a good view of the foolish people standing behind the car. I've never seen people move so quickly. Fireforce 2 performed brilliantly, notching up a time of just over 6 seconds (a tad faster than my car then!). Walking round the stalls with the smell and taste of jet fuel fumes, I was definitely coming back next year.

Unfortunately, the influence of Fireforce and seeing a madman on a jet powered Go-Ped go down the quarter mile got Ian and Carl's brains ticking (dangerous I know!) and putting their heads together, came up with the idea of creating various daft forms of transport for the club involving many ex-lawnmowers. Somehow, I couldn't quite see this one working, but it all sounded impressive and it kept them occupied for a while. Anything to keep them quiet.

Then it was time to pack up and get a group photo of the club and their cars in all their glory. In the middle of the photo shoot a desperate plea from Chris' brother for a set of points was met by Kevin and his Aladdin's cave on wheels. Is there anything Kevin doesn't have in that van of his?!

All too soon, we were on our way home, and as I watched the stream of V Dubs go past, the one word I would use to describe the whole weekend is "brilliant". Great atmosphere, great company and surrounded by V Dubs. What could be better? A little sun perhaps? Still, a great time had by all, and I'd like to say cheers bro. for inviting me, (if I didn't embarrass you, I'll have to try harder next time) and thanks to everyone for making me feel welcome. Roll on next year! **Lisa**