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THE HOGGIT

The Magazine of the Oxford HOG Chapter



R.I.P

David Simpson
aka "The Doctor"

1955 - 2019

*Some photos of Dave's time with our Chapter
and a few reminiscences.*



Steven and I had only known David for a short while, but my memory of him, apart from being a complete gentleman; is his inspired thought to take a blow up sofa to SOFA, that did make me laugh! - Libby

David was a man of many varied highly-honed skills; we had shared interests, not only in Harleys, but also old Enfield rifles, plus pre-digital and even pre-electronic 35mm SLR cameras. David was a quietly spoken, unassuming, self-effacing gentleman of many considerable talents combined with a gracious and generous personality. - Al



I first met David when we opened the original Oxford Dealership and I was running the service department. He was one of my first customers and was always polite and enthusiastic about the chapter. He had a very dry sense of humour and we had many laughs at the early rallies at Bisley. He loved being the chapter director and felt it was a privilege.

He became a good friend to Jake Spicer and would take him on his bike on the annual toy run to the John Radcliffe. As Jake's condition worsened David was there to support him and Jake's family to the end, because that was the sort of man he was.

When I think of David, I remember him in his waistcoat with his Saga Lout patch and I smile.—Susan



A while back some of our Chapter were billeted at the Artist Rifles Pavilion for the SoFER Rally at Bisley. One evening, Dave and I were sitting on the veranda of the pavilion and Dave says;

A duck walks into a bar. He says to the barman, 'Got any bread?'

The barman says, 'No, now get out.'

A short time later the duck returns to the bar. He says to the barman, 'Got any bread?'

No says the barman, now get out'.

A short time later the duck comes back into the bar. He says to the barman, 'Got any bread?'

'No' says the barman angrily, 'I've told you twice. If you come back in again I'll nail your beak to the bar.'

A short time later the duck comes back into the bar. He says to the barman, 'Got any nails?'

No says the barman.

'Good 'says the duck,' Got any bread?'

This joke seemed the funniest thing in the world at the time (possibly due to the 'cocoa' we were drinking) and since then, our every conversation or email included the lines, 'Got any bread?' - Geoffers

