

AMOC TIMES

THE VOICE OF REASON? CERTAINLY NOT, OLD BEAN

AUTUMN 2011 EDITION

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Editors Reasoned Ramblings

Ok, so what happened to summer?

No, I don't mean 'what happened to summer?' I mean 'what happened to summer?' as in the summer edition of this 'ere Erudite Epistle of Enlightenment. Erm.....I didn't, I'm afraid.

It was just one of those things-no make that several of those things.

First I thought' I know...I'll buy a laptop so's I don't have to use the one at work'. then I had An Even Better Idea....I bought a posh and pricy Sony Vaio thingy wot even fitted in my cut off pocket....which meant of course that I could more easily bring the mag into the clubhouse and let the officers pre-view the content before Sonic worked his printy magic on it....and BEST IDEA OF ALL....I could work on the mag whilst I was out and about in those odd moments (did I tell you about my odd moments?) when I was sat in a café on the road between jobs.

Oh FOOLISH Mortal.....

There I was with the edition getting into fine shape when, sat in a car park, I took the thing out of said pocket, only to drop it on the concrete floor.

I looked at it and said something unflattering to it.

It said nothing in return.

In fact to put it bluntly it was and remains utterly silent and totally trashed.....and so far I haven't even been able to repair it (parts not available) nor have I been able to extract all those literary gems which constituted the mag.

Which meant a complete re-write of everything?

Which is what went wrong

OK?

NUFF SAID?

I AM NOT HAPPY-Nor indeed am I any of the other dwarves.

Al



NCC SHOREHAM





Oh, and here's my quote of the week.....it's on the bonnevilleamerica forum

Live by the sword, die by the
sword.
You make your bed, you lie in it.
I'll be here all week, try the fish.



**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I
PROUDLY PRESENT TO YOU THAT
MOST SPLENDID OF
BEASTS.....**

“THE CROCKER MOTORCYCLE”

These have got to be some of the rarest machines on the American Motorcycle scene.....I've certainly never seen one and I've been about a while Anyhow here's the potted story.

Al Crocker was a maker of rather fine single cylinder speedway machines back in 1932 or so.

He wasn't one of the big guys....even at the height of his fame this was a decidedly small scale enterprise run from what was, in essence, a big shed.

In fact only about 100 or so Crockers were ever built making them slightly more common than rocking horse poo-though a lot nicer to sit on, I suspect.

Anyhow, come 1936 and Al decided to take on HD at their own game so he designed and built his own V Twin machines, ranging from 1000 cc to nigh on 1500 cc beasts. Being Al Crocker, these machine were stonkers, well made and very ,very fast(You even got a guarantee from the man that your Crocker would beat any genuine factory Harley or your money back....and no, no one ever needed to take him up on that).

And they were reliable too- everything about them was over-engineered so nothing broke. Not surprisingly the big HD didn't take kindly to the competition and even went so

far as to 'borrow' a Crocker' and strip it down in a desperate and unsuccessful attempt to find any infringements of their own patents.

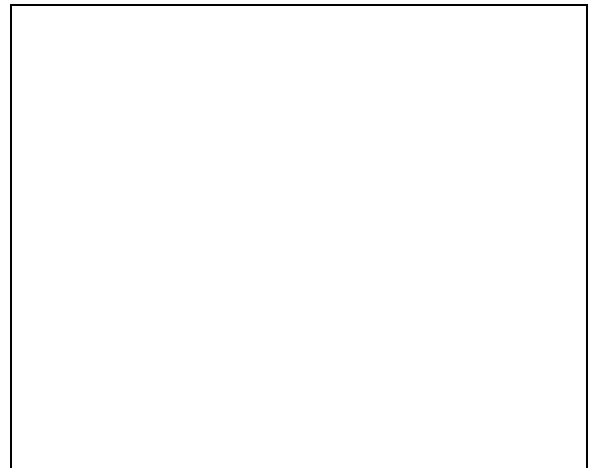
Production of the big twins finally stopped only in 1942, with Crocker turning to other war related production-though not before he produced a scooter- just for luck and to prove he had a sense of humour too, I suspect.

By the way, a new and unrelated company was formed in 1999 to re manufacture Crocker twins so if you did buy that winning ticket the other day,(& I don't mean the AMOC raffle) they'd be pleased to wring your wallet out for one

Oh and if you've got a Crocker sitting in your shed...then all I've just said there is a load of codswallop and I'll take that old heap off your hands for a fiver.







CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Colonel Gadaffy

Doris and I were saddened to hear of your ongoing problems with rioting.

This is particularly poignant for us here in Britain as we too have been experiencing unrest from local yobs.

Whilst I understand that you may have your own problems to attend to at present I hope you will be able to spare us a few words of advice-after all you've been in power now for much longer than our own so called politicians in the UK- they're lucky if they can manage 5 years before the so called 'voice of the people' chucks them out. How do you do it?

Does the cult of the Leader really help?

If so, I enclose a photo of our own Deputy leader, Mr Clegg and I wondered if you might get your PR people to 'tart' it a bit to look more like yourself- maybe show him standing in an heroic pose to two would help-or just pop a beach towel on his head and see if you can't get him looking a bit more authoritative -a sort of cross between Lawrence of Arabia and Rudolph Valentino would be ideal.

If there's any other advice you can offer for staying in power, both Doris and I would be eager to hear it.

As an aside, it must be very hot over there in Libya- if you fancy a completely different break, you might try Tunbridge Wells for your next holiday. We'd be happy to put you up and if you want to camp we'd supply toilets and hot water.

Finally, and again on the subject of yobs and rioting, what do you recommend?

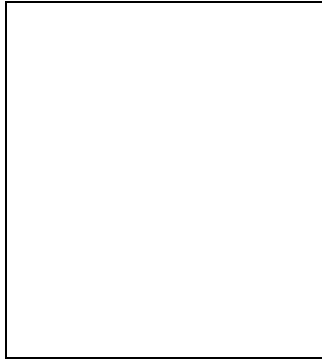
Doris favours the rooftop sniper approach but I fear the neighbours would take it amiss were we to inadvertently damage pets or property and I have suggested Death Squads as a humane alternative-I do feel we haven't made nearly enough use of these over here

of late.- but you're the expert, what would you do?

Must go now as Doris says those awful kids have managed to set off one her favourite Claymore mines-that'll teach them to fetch their football from our garden without asking permission.

With our best wishes to you for another 40 years in power.

Des Gussett
Tunbridge Wells



A view from the Bridge

Hi Everyone

Dave here, doing the National Officers column this edition.

Why?

Actually it was just a case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

There I was, swanking through the clubhouse in my official AMOC National Treasurers solid gold cut off (comes with the job y'know) when Kev said'It's the f'in editor again asking for an officer.....you'll do....'.

And there we are

Here.

So.....my high point of the year so far?

Well, from my perspective as a Sussex member it's got to be the Chapter's party.

That was a successful do for AMOC, generated some great PR for the club and also some dosh for the Newtown Social Club where our clubhouse is based, so all in all that cant be bad.

Oh and everyone had a good time too....that always helps.

For me personally, the trip to Harrys in the summer was a good one. This is always a great run....the welcome for AMOC is terrific and Harry's is just about the perfect biker hotel and venue-the weather's always good and Harry is the ideal host -the bar alone makes it worthwhile, as this will stay

open as long as you can stand. And sometimes longer.

The roads round there make for great riding too so, all in all, it just doesn't get much better than that.

And the low points?

Well, I guess losing some Sussex members recently was a tough blow for the club.

Can't be helped and what's done is done, so lets move on. Maybe, with time, we might think about what we can learn from how we handled that one and what we might aim to do differently in future...but, for now, lets move on, eh?

Talking about moving on, here's my wish list for the next year.

Ignore winter- Maybe it'll go away.

Let's see some fresh faces at the minor rallies next year. True we get a great turn out for the Bulldog, but some of the lesser known events attract the same AMOC stalwarts each time.

Let's see some new blood at these, people. (Well, maybe not blood exactly, but you know what I mean, folks)

Meantime I leave you all with a word or two of sound advice when eating out.....

If the bones are flat-it's cat.

Ride Safe

Ride often

L&R

Dave

THE PASTY RUN



SOME JOLLY CHAP FANCIED A PASTY, DIDNT HE?

Well, here it isbut did you really have to go to Torquay to get one?



‘M

Flames and Frames



THE AMOC(any make of car) RIDE OUT





Sorry to bleat on about thisbut just how many Excelsior Henderson's do you See in the metal?







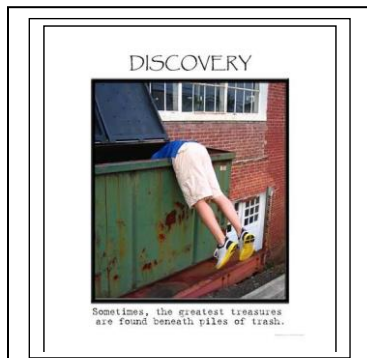
CAPTION COMPETITION

Go on what have you got to loseok folks might think you're a dork but chances are they know that anyhow.....

caption

”
.....
.....”

Or e mail Al on alan.griffin008@gmail.com



A very old man lay dying in his bed. In death's doorway, he suddenly smelled the aroma of his favourite chocolate chip cookie wafting up the stairs.

He gathered his remaining strength and lifted himself from the bed. Leaning against the wall, he slowly made his way out of the bedroom, and with even greater effort forced himself down the stairs, gripping the railing with both hands.

With laboured breath, he leaned against the door frame, gazing into the kitchen. Were it not for death's agony, he would have thought himself already in heaven.

There, spread out on newspapers on the kitchen table was literally hundreds of his favourite chocolate chip cookies.

Was it heaven? Or was it one final act of heroic love from his devoted wife, seeing to it that he left this

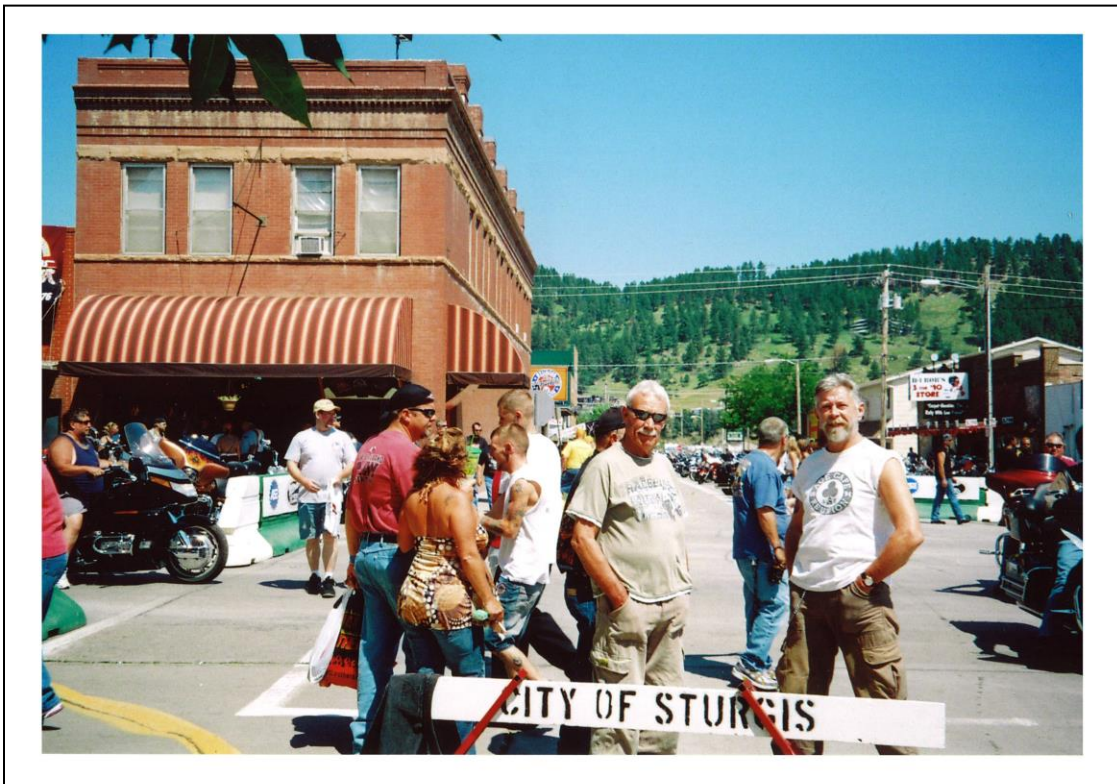
world a happy man?

Mustering one great final effort, he threw himself toward the table. The aged and withered hand, shaking, made its way to a cookie at the edge of the table, when he was suddenly smacked with a spatula by his wife.

"Stay out of those," she said. "They're for the funeral."

AMERICAN ACTIVITIES

PAUL'S BIG TRIP-continued. Episode 4



HEY, WE GOT HERE!





The morning sun shone through the orange curtains waking up the intrepid travellers in the mid west of America on their quest for the motorcycling Mecca of Sturgis.

Actually we were moaning about our various degrees of headache from the night before-cant get used to the heat in South Dakota, you know. We managed to stagger along the corridor to the rather unsettling glass sided lift and proceeded to a Holiday Inn standard breakfast(chargeable) shared with several corporate characters dressed in orange and black shirts.

After some degree of planning and a cleansing of the digestive system, we jumped on the bikes and headed towards Sturgis. Within 10 miles there were more Harley-Davidson motorcycles than I have ever seen, taking up both sides of the freeway, coming to and going from the town. I decided not to attempt any acrobatics of bike handling trying to find a camera to document this so you'll have to imagine the hot sun, flashing chrome and engine noise, all at about 60mph, with our brothers of the worldwide everlasting blacktop.

Sturgis as a town is not massive but when we approached the outskirts we were pleasantly surprised to find an easily accessible parking area with no fee as well ('Bloody Right' I hear you say) which wouldn't happen in an English town-mind you; neither would 'Sturgis'.

After seeing a vision (The Victory kind) with a muffler the size of a column ashtray parked near us we decided to join the crowds on the sidewalk and went slowly up Lazelle St into the centre of town.

If you imagine Brightonia 10 times bigger, 10 times more bikes and about 20 degrees hotter, that's Sturgis.

There are rows and rows of large tents and marquees with large spaces outside selling and showing everything to do with bikes, obviously mainly Harleys. We spent the next 2 hours working our way down the street visiting S&S Cycles (great bikes and displays), The Ace Cafe display (disappointingly empty but massive)and many other similar places. I really liked the fact that there didn't seem to be any places selling cheap pin badges and pseudo biker crap that you often get at events in England. However we were accosted at one point by a gentleman selling sunglasses and helmet visor anti-mist treatment who offered Chris a polish of his 'Okkies'(He was wearing Oakley shades at the time) but I looked around expecting to see an old model T Ford full of the Joad family chugging down the road. Unfortunately not, but there were many other characters to see in the vicinity.

We soon found ourselves on Main St where all the bike businesses had taken over the existing buildings by arrangement. Every year the businesses in Sturgis move out for the bike week and clear their premises for the new occupants. The street itself was full of parked Harleys on both sides and a line up the middle as well, so the sidewalk became a moving tide of people looking at

the exhibits. So after doing precisely that, and seeing Willie Nelson standing with a small crowd next to his bike it was time to buy the T shirt, video and patch.

All the retail therapy over with, it was time to retire to the 'Knuckle' saloon where Chris managed to find the only bottle of Newcastle Brown in Sturgis and we managed to find vey bi Polish sausages in a bun for solid satisfaction.

With the advantage of being up on the balcony area we had a fantastic view of the moving motorcycle cavalcade that was Lazelle St. below us with all types of Harleys and riders represented from HOG to the California H.A.

After about 3 hours of this excitement and feeling a bit 'Harleyed out' we decided a ride into the Black Hills was in order. We took one of the smaller roads out of Sturgis towards Deadwood and spent the next hour sweeping through Pine tree covered passes until we reached a small drinking establishment for refreshment. It was here we discovered that John's GPS had let him down and we were 25 miles too far west and almost over the Wyoming State line. Deciding to return to Rapid City by a less pretty route, we arrived back in time for relaxation before another assault on the Firehouse bar and large steaks to finish off the day but with ore planned for the next.

Paul



Tales of Townsend



The Dicksie down

Something would have to be done about Dicksie, of that there was no doubt. It wasn't the fact that he never knowingly bought his round-no; we learned to live with that. Neither was it the way he 'knew' everything-after all there were and are plenty of folks about who really really 'know' 'WHATS WRONG WITH THE WORLD AND HOW IT SHOULD BE SORTED' (even if, as my brother Dodgy Doug of Dartford is wont to add that, incredibly, most of such people seem to be driving cabs or cutting hair for a living)

But I digress.

You see I'd noticed that some of our stock was missingat first I'd assumed that Larry had been trying to impress some young thing or other by a generous extra helping or three when supplying her with her weekly smoking requirements. Later Larry admitted he'd thought me guilty of the same surge of generosity (ME? A Scot?)

Then the truth dawned....what we had taken for Dicksie's weak bladder was in fact a cover for his secret raids on our stock, strategically taped to the inside of the cistern in the Gents loo in the White Hart.

This was unforgivable and we accordingly did not intend to forgive Dicksie.

No, something would have to be done-but what?

We pondered the obvious solution which Larry, to be fair, favoured- the good old thorough kicking, or as he put it 'Just enough to flush his brains through his arse' On the other hand Dicksie knew things-knew where we kept stuff around the flat for example and I could just imagine the local constabulary taking a close interest and, yes, Dicksie was the sort who'd grass us up. Deffo.

Anyhow with nothing agreed about the problem Friday night rolled round again and as usual we set up our stall in Hennekys Bar in Bromley.

That was where the solution occurred to me. Whilst Larry was at the bar, I spied Bold. Now Bolds real name was Colin but for some reason he thought 'Bold' sounded better- oh well, each to their own etc. Bold however was, like ourselves a 'commodity trader', his commodity of choice however being acid, Being a smart sort, I bought two tabs and surreptitiously popped them both in Dicksies beer whilst his head was turned.

Unable to contain my joy I quietly collared Larry and explained what I'd done.' Lucky Sod,' says our man' Only I've just done the same to him'

'Better get him out of here' was the consensus....and fortunately friend Pete offered a lift -especially when I told him where we'd be going.

By now, all was clearly not well in the world as Dicksie knew it-he'd started to dribble of course but I very much doubt he was concerned for his appearance by then.

We grabbed an arm each and elbowed him out the door.

'Rubbery' he muttered...'it's all rubbery'

'Yes, Dicksie 'I re-assured him' It's a rubbery evening' He groaned in response. Pete's car was an elderly Humber Hawk- big and comfy with lots of room to play...We did.

'Dicksie' said Larry by way of conversation 'You know I've always had a soft spot for you....',

'Glerrp' was the best response Dicksie could manage by now, as he stared goggle eyed out the side window at a world slipping by a rapid rate of knots- a world no doubt offering by now a bewildering mix of colour, sensation and emotions from which to select his very own hell.

'Yes, Dicksie' continued Larry in a voice tinged ever so slightly with menace 'Though actually, it's peat bog on the Isle of Sheppey, this particular soft spot.

Shall we go, then?'

By now we were speeding through the Kent countryside, though not as Dicksie thought (if he still thought anything) but in the direction of an all night garage I knew near

Harrietsham-soon to become famous as the first home to the Kent Custom Show.

But that's not why we were heading there.

Oh no, we, or rather He, had a date with destiny in the shape of one of the first automated car wash machines in the country.

We pulled up onto the forecourt and I hopped out and paid the fee. If memory serves me right it was about 50p and every penny was about to be well spent. Best not be mean minded at a time like this though, so just for luck I bought another ride.

In truth I'd only really intended at this point to take car and occupants through the acid equivalent of the ghost train. When I got round the back though, there was Dicksie looking stark terrified and sat on a garden chair in the middle of the car wash-clutching white knuckled at the arms of the chair.

Larry gently took the tokens from my hand and pooped them into the slot.

As the screaming started -which was just about the same time as the first of the brushes began its majestic sweep towards the hapless

Dicksie- Larry called out to him in a voice at once redolent of concern and just a tiny hint of glee.

"Remember what I told you Dicksie.

Whatever happens, don't get out the car."

And we drove off, my last glance at Dicksie being through the rear view mirror. I couldn't actually see Dicksie of course- just a whirl of brushes amidst a foamy Niagara of soapy water- but I'm sure I could hear him till we were the other side of Catford.

Al

And finally folks



**To Truck, Gus, Mark and Mick for all their hard work
in sorting out the Surrey Clubhouse**

From the rest of us
Ta.



