



# AMOC TIMES

THE VOICE OF REASON?  
CERTAINLY NOT, OLD BEAN



SPRING 2011-SHOW EDITION

# AMOC

SURREY CHAPTER

## MAY CUSTOM BIKE SHOW 14TH MAY 2011

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SURREY CUSTOM AIRBRUSH

## **IN CONTINENTS**

<b>EDITORS REASONED RAMBLINGS.....</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>A LITTLE SONG FOR SPRING .....</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>HOT OFF THE PRESS-THE SURREY SHOW.....</b>	<b>6.</b>
<b>VISCOUNT MICK ADDRESSES THE NATION.....</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>MAG EASTLEIGH SHOW.....</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>FUNGUS.....</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>A COUPLE OF ROCKTOBER PHOTOS.....</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>WURZ’S WURDZ OF WISDOM.....</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>COMPREHENDING ENGINEERS.....</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>DISCOVERY .....</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>CORRESPONDENCE.....</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>AMERICAN ACTIVITIES...PAULS BIG TRIP.....</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES-AL’S NOT SO BIG TRIP.....</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>TALES OF TOWNSEND-GET HIS NUMBER LARRY.....</b>	<b>27</b>





### **Editors Reasoned Ramblings**

**Well**, this column's not going to write itself, is it?

God knows I've left it long enough in the hope that it might. Oh well, here goes....another diatribe on the ingratitude of youth would seem to be in order.

Some of you will have visited my local-the High Brooms Tavern in salubrious Tunbridge Wells (Gasworks end of town, natch)

Anyhow I was wending my way home from said hostelry the other evening a couple of weeks back and, living as I do on the wrong side of the railroad tracks ,this means walking through the underpass at the station.

I'd followed two 'youfs' –about 15 -16 or so at a distance of about 20 yards behind them when I saw them suddenly grab a cyclist coming from the other direction and then lay about the young lad in an enthusiastic, if amateur, sort of way.

Oi! I thought and said...'are those the sorts of odds you like then? And applied myself to my best menacing 'don't mess with me ,sonny' stance.

'But' emits youf No1'He's dissed us- he wheelied his bike in front of us an that's not showin respec'

'Neither's this' quoth I-adding a none too polite injunction to sex and travel.

So Far so Good, eh?.....good deed for the day....knight in shining armour ....much appreciated by the victim?

Not a bit of it.

Said victim suddenly pipes up from behind the safety of my back-' I got mates, I can take care of myself'

Clearly time for my best smile.....if I'd had a hat, I'd have raised it at this point.

'Ok, Chaps' said I 'Carry on' and I left them to it.

Ought to teach somebody something, surely?

Al

**Let's kick off this edition this edition with the words of a topical song by  
Tom Lehrer.....**

Spring is sprung  
Spring is here  
Life is skittles  
Life is beer.  
I think that spring is the loveliest time of the year  
Don't you?  
But there's one thing that makes spring complete for me  
And makes every Sunday a treat for me.....

The world is in tune on the this spring afternoon  
As we're poisoning pigeons in the park  
Every Sunday you'll see, my true love and me  
As we're poisoning pigeons in the park

When they see us coming, the birdies all run and hide  
But they all go for peanuts ,coated with cyanide.  
Oh, the sun's shining bright, everything is alright  
As we're poisoning pigeons in the park.

Oh we've gained notoriety in the Audubon Society  
With out little fun and games  
They call it impiety and a lack of propriety  
And quite a variety of unpleasant names  
But it's not against any religion  
To want to dispose of a pigeon.

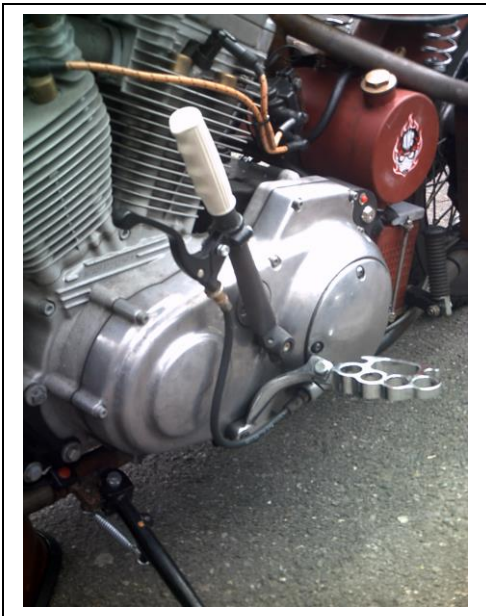
So next week if you're free  
Why don't you come with me  
And we'll poison the pigeons in the park.  
And maybe we'll do in a squirrel or two  
As we poison the pigeons in the park  
We'll murder them al with laughter and merriment  
Apart form those few we take home to experiment  
My pulse will be quickening  
With each drop of strychnine  
We feed to a pigeon.  
It just takes a smidgen!  
To poison a pigeon in the par

**(let it not be said that I am without an appreciation of art-Al)**

## HOT OFF THE PRESS-THE SURREY SHOW-WHAT A DAY, WHAT A DO!

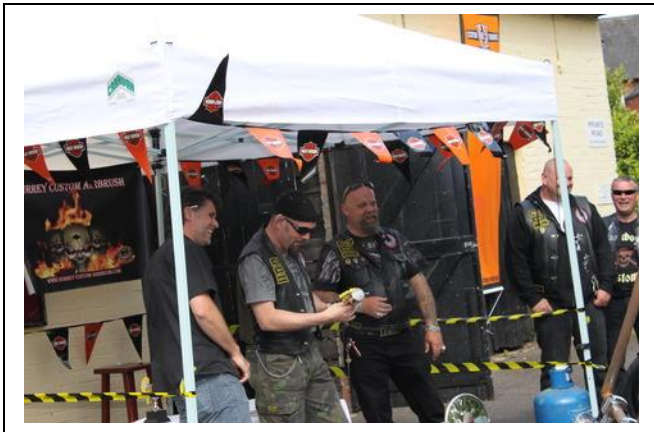






















### **Viscount Mick Addresses the Nation**

We decided that Kev deserves a rest this edition so instead you've all got a few words from me. Watch out Chapter Pres's and officers, this could mean your turn's next. I've been Surrey Pres now for 2 years-amazing how the time just flies.

Taking a long hard look at where AMOC is these days, it's good to see the changes we've made.

Like how the club has grown and how much more committed people are to club runs and the like.

On which subject, folks, we're a lot tighter now when we show up at events.

That's good-it makes a good impression and it's a sight for sore eyes to see.

And we can say without doubt that AMOC is a riding club once more.

I reckon though that we could make this even better if we maybe returned to the more disciplined approach we used to (and in theory still do) insist on.

This means on a run that the National Officers are up the front-and stay at the front-with Chapter officers whilst full patch members run next followed by associate and prospective members with hangarounds and guests at the back.

As it stands it can be a free for all and this leads to confusion and maybe even an accident if our luck runs out.

That apart, we're sure getting out and about these days and are increasingly well known outside our own area.

Those of you who made it to Swanage the other day will remember what a great Time we had....the rest of you can just feel jealous....maybe next time, eh?

These sorts of runs are a trend we'll want to continue with more out of county runs...though we intend to stay south of the Thames for now, at any rate.

Of course life can't be all good news and you'll all be aware that we've had a recent problem which meant that some members had to leave the club. Whilst that's a shame, of course, we can at least take some consolation in the fact that the members themselves made the decision, which seems to me to be the right way to do the thing, if it has to be done.

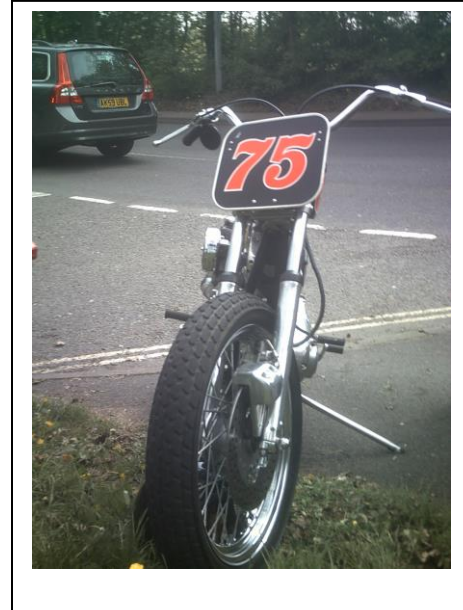
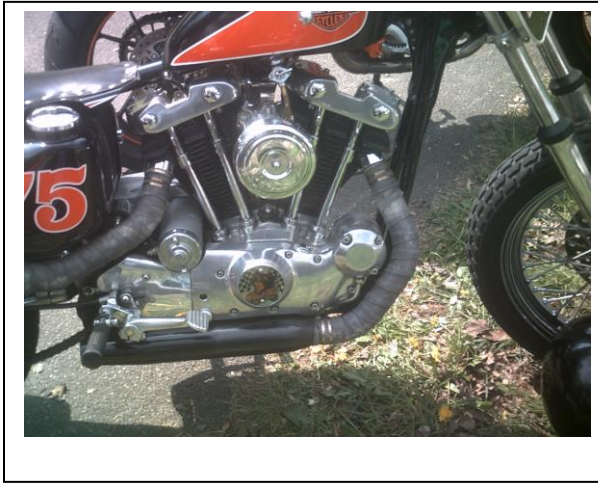
Some of us have also had health problems to face and that's been a worry at times – though I'm glad to see things are looking up. All the best to Plonk and Oz....get well soon, or we'll have to come and see you again.(Jeez, that sounds more like a threat than a get well greeting-oh well, you know what I mean).

Finally....take a look at the Custom show photos 14<sup>th</sup> –what a really great day we all had.

L&R

Mick

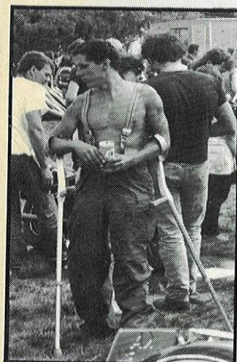
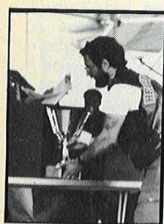
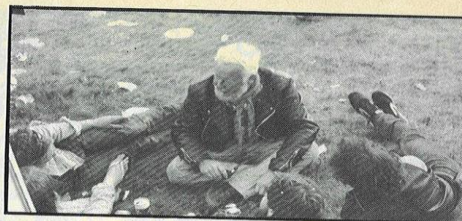
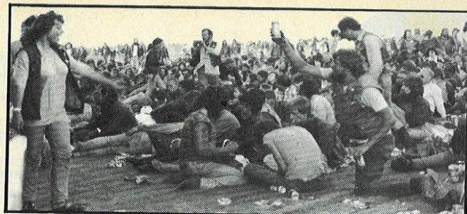
## MAG EASTLEIGH SHOW



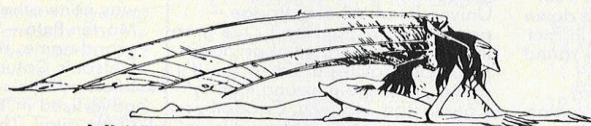
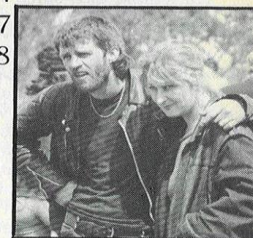
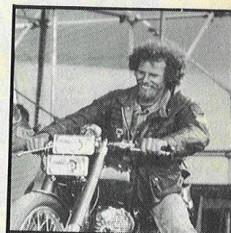




**FUNGUS-WELL THAT'S WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE, DUNNIT? GUS HAVING FUN AT THE KENT CUSTOM SHOW CIRCA 1987.**



Once upon a time, in a land far away . . .	3
Isaiah – plus this month's brill crossword .....	4
Clubs 'n events – lots of news.....	6
Street Fighters: Tough stuff starts here .....	8
Radical Times – fascinating stuff on the US scene .....	12
Gruf – the sexist, chauvinistic hound .....	15
Letters; a varied selection, as ever .....	20
Dumpy – aaaaaaargh! Loud noise on short legs.....	24
MAG: Mutchie's round-up – lots of photos too .....	26
Readers' Dogs – with Fri heading the pile, of course.....	30
Summer In The City – new fiction from Foggie .....	34
Possibly the nicest Harley in the entire history (etc) ...	40
Louise Limb's beach-scape spread .....	48
Smalls: hundreds of the little buggers.....	50
Shetland: Rich goes as far north as you can .....	56
Portfolio: a lovely painting by Les Colley.....	64
Kent '87 – a mega report; dead fast coverage, too.....	67
Danny De Fazio on strange noises (oh aye?) .....	78
So Low – the lowest Honda ever .....	80
Bristol – Stu reports from the swamp .....	84
Next Month – news of wonderous things yet to come.....	87
Eire: the Waterford Freewheelers' show reviewed .....	88



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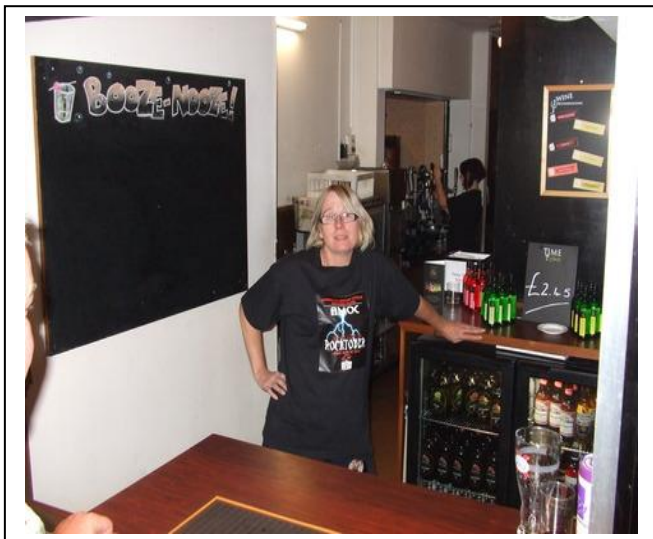
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... which is an off-shore tax haven in the River Bollin.

-It's our  
Gus....





**ROCKOTBER , NATCH..INNIT?**



### Wurz's Words of Wisdom

"There is no god"

"Bollocks!" said God, as he gently rubbed his eyes, staring in the gloom trying to make out something vaguely familiar. His head was pounding and he was desperately trying to remember what he'd been up to for the last 24 hours. Then as all drug-fuelled, alcohol-abusing nightmares began to unfold it all started to come back to him. God could remember going to the burning bush inn and scoring some particularly fine 'Columbian marching powder' off of some angel's who in turn had got it off of a bloke called Pablo from the hot place downstairs, he could remember last orders and getting a kebab on the way home but that was about it.

"Bollocks" he mumbled again, this time something stirred next to him in his bed, it was Mrs. God." I suppose you think your funny do ya?" she said." What?" said God innocently, but he knew he was in trouble." I'll speak to you tonight you bastard" she said sleepily, then turned over and went back to sleep "you'll be late for work" she added."Oh Arse!" God thought," it must be Monday then?", he hurriedly dressed, did his teeth, ran down stairs to get his pack lunch, opened the fridge and found a note. It read "If your gonna come in at 2 in the morning waking up the house, crashing around with your pissed-up mates, you can do your own bloody sandwiches". "Bollocks", said God. This was turning out to be one of those days.

Running round to his lock-up, he opened the door to a familiar sight to anyone in a rush, the back

tyre on his Triumph 5TA was flat. It was coming back to him now, two days ago he'd been out on it when he got the puncture and had made a mental note to sort it out, but had got side tracked. God looked forlornly at Mrs. God's Honda 250 superdream. "Bollocks, Bloody bastard bollocks and I bet you aint gonna start now". It was a horrible pink thing, why she'd painted it was beyond him even God himself could never fathom out what women were thinking and he'd bloody created them! After 10 minutes of jumping up and down on the kick-starter, he paused, out of breathe and sweating profusely cried "Bollocks to this...Where's my bloody son when *I* need a miracle?".

At last there was a cough and a splutter and the little pink Honda fired up and God wobbled off down the road. On the way he stopped at the corner shop to get a paper and some baccy, the only reason he stopped here was because it was opposite Big st Micks Harley Shop. God walked over the road and stared in at the 2008 Road king in the corner. It was far too much money for him "Bollocks" he muttered, "why when I invented Harleys, didn't I keep one back for meself?" he wondered. As God turned round he saw that a member of the local constabulary had started to take a bit of an interest in Mrs. God's Honda." This your motorcycle sir?...you do know the tax is out of date?...that front tyre is very near the wear limit..." God stared up at the sky, the vein in the centre of his forehead was now throbbing like his old 5TA on a good day, then it started to rain...He could feel something biblical coming on "BOLLOCKS" he roared.

Finally God made it into work," your late, an hour and a half late in fact", said Holly."Oh don't start love please im in enough trouble as it is". God liked Holly, but this was one morning when he didn't need the attentions of ms Ghost or her father, or her son come to that."Oi Mohammed, get the fuckin kettle on" God chuckled to himself as Mohammed scurried round trying to find a clean mug and some fresh milk. God settled down into his seat and stared at the monitor while it warmed up 'User name' it prompted G...O...D he typed, ' password' 6...6...6...

"Right," thought God," where am I...oh yeah W..." his eyes scanned down the list of



W's..."Williams...done..." he mused  
"Woan...Woods...Wroxford...ah ha here we go  
Wurz".The mouse pointer highlighted the name  
Wurz and God cracked his knuckles, and cackled in a  
slightly un-godly manner as he typed in the words  
S...h...i...t...d...a...y before deleting the last three  
letters and re-typing W...e...e...k God lent back as he  
hit the enter key and started to feel a bit better about  
himself. Meanwhile back on earth, some poor soul  
was in for a hell of a tough time.

Therefore, in summary, all I can say is this,  
for this months words of wisdom. It don't matter who  
you are, what you say, how you treat others, what  
religion you are, what skin colour you are, what  
nationality you are, what blood group, Karma don't  
exist, What goes around doesn't necessarily come  
around. WHEN THE SHIT IS STACKED  
AGAINST YOU THAT'S IT! ITS A CASE OF  
RIDING IT OUT UNTIL SOME OTHER POOR  
BASTARD'S NAME COMES UP ON THE GREAT  
LAPTOP IN THE SKY! as Dave Allen used to say  
"good night, and may your god go with you"

WURZ

# Comprehending Engineers

\*\*\*\*\*

Two engineering students were walking across campus when one said, "Where did you get such a great bike?"

The second engineer replied, "Well, I was walking along yesterday minding my own business when a beautiful woman rode up on this bike. She threw the bike to the ground, took off all her clothes and said, "Take what you want."

The other engineer nodded approvingly, "Good choice; the clothes probably wouldn't have fit."

\*\*\*\*\*

## Comprehending Engineers

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To the optimist, the glass is half full. To the pessimist, the glass is half empty. To the engineer, the glass is twice as big as it needs to be.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Comprehending Engineers

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A pastor, a doctor and an engineer were waiting one morning for a particularly slow group of golfers. The engineer fumed, "What's with these guys? We must have been waiting for 15 minutes!" The doctor chimed in, "I don't know, but I've never seen such ineptitude!" The pastor said, "Hey, here comes the greenskeeper. Let's have a word with him." [dramatic pause]

"Hi George. Say, what's with that group ahead of us? They're rather slow, aren't they?"

The greenskeeper replied, "Oh, yes, that's a group of blind firefighters. They lost their sight saving our clubhouse from a fire last year, so we always let them play for free anytime."

The group was silent for a moment. The pastor said, "That's so sad. I think I will say a special prayer for them tonight." The doctor said, "Good idea. And I'm going to contact my ophthalmologist buddy and see if there's anything he can do for them."

The engineer said, "Why can't these guys play at

night?"

\*\*\*\*\*

## Comprehending Engineers

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There was an engineer who had an exceptional gift for fixing all things mechanical. After serving his company loyally for over 30 years, he happily retired.

Several years later the company contacted him regarding a seemingly impossible problem they were having with one of their multimillion dollar machines. They had tried everything and everyone else to get the machine to work but to no avail. In desperation, they called on the retired engineer who had solved so many of their problems in the past. The engineer reluctantly took the challenge. He spent a day studying the huge machine. At the end of the day, he marked a small "x" in chalk on a particular component of the machine and stated, "This where your problem is."

The part was replaced and the machine worked perfectly again.

The company received a bill for \$50,000 from the engineer for his service. They demanded an itemized accounting of his charges.

The engineer responded briefly: One chalk mark \$1 Knowing where to put it \$49,999

It was paid in full and the engineer retired again in peace.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Comprehending Engineers

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What is the difference between Mechanical Engineers and Civil Engineers?

Mechanical Engineers build weapons, Civil Engineers build targets.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Comprehending Engineers

\*\*\*\*\*

The graduate with a Science degree asks, "Why does it work?"  
The graduate with an Engineering degree asks, "How does it work?"  
The graduate with an Accounting degree asks, "How much will it cost?"  
The graduate with a Liberal Arts degree asks, "Do you want fries with that?"

\*\*\*\*\*  
Comprehending Engineers  
\*\*\*\*\*

Three engineering students were gathered together discussing the Possible designers of the human body. One said, "It was a mechanical engineer. Just look at all the joints."  
Another said, "No, it was an electrical engineer. The nervous system has many thousands of electrical connections."The last said, "Actually it was a civil engineer. Who else would run a toxic waste pipeline through a recreational area?"

\*\*\*\*\*  
Comprehending Engineers  
\*\*\*\*\*

"Normal people ... believe that if it ain't broke, don't fix it.  
Engineers believe that if it ain't broke, it doesn't have enough features yet."

----- Scott Adams, The Dilbert Principle

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Comprehending Engineers  
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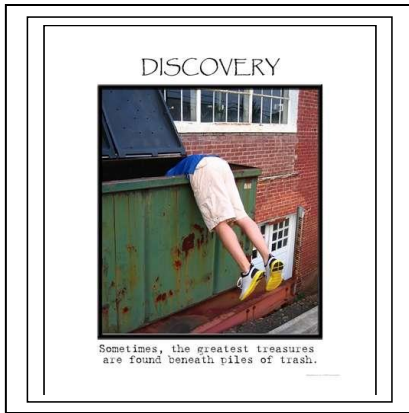
An architect, an artist and an engineer were discussing whether it was better to spend time with the wife or a mistress.  
The architect said he enjoyed time with his wife, building a solid foundation for an enduring

relationship.  
The artist said he enjoyed time with his mistress, because of the passion and mystery he found there.  
The engineer said, "I like both." "Both?" his friends asked  
Engineer: "Yeah. If you have a wife and a mistress, they will each assume you are spending time with the other woman, and you can go to the lab and get some work done.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Comprehending Engineers  
\*\*\*\*\*

An engineer was crossing a road one day when a frog called out to him and said, "If you kiss me, I'll turn into a beautiful princess."  
He bent over, picked up the frog and put it in his pocket.  
The frog spoke up again and said, "If you kiss me and turn me back into a beautiful princess, I will stay with you for one week." The engineer took the frog out of his pocket, smiled at it and returned it to the pocket.  
The frog then cried out, "If you kiss me and turn me back into a princess, I'll stay with you and do ANYTHING you want." Again the engineer took the frog out, smiled at it and put it back into his pocket.  
Finally, the frog asked, "What is the matter? I've told you I'm a beautiful princess, that I'll stay with you for a week and do anything you want. Why won't you kiss me?"  
The engineer said, "Look I'm an engineer. I don't have time for a girlfriend, but a talking frog, now that's cool.





An Australian ventriloquist visiting New Zealand walks into a Small village and sees a local sitting on his veranda patting his dog.

He figures he'll have a little fun, so he says to the Kiwi

'G'day, mind if I talk to your dog?'

Villager: 'The dog doesn't talk, you stupid Aussie.'

Ventriloquist: 'Hello dog, how's it going mate?'

Dog: 'Yeah, doin' all right.'

Kiwi: (look of extreme shock)

Ventriloquist: 'Is this villager your owner?' (pointing at the Villager)

Dog: 'Yep'

Ventriloquist: 'How does he treat you?'

Dog: 'Yeah, real good. He walks me twice a day, feeds me great food And takes me to the lake once a week to play.'

Kiwi: (look of utter disbelief)

Ventriloquist: 'Mind if I talk to your horse?'

Kiwi: 'Uh, the horse doesn't talk either...I think.'

Ventriloquist: 'Hey horse, how's it going?'

Horse: 'Cool'

Kiwi: (absolutely dumbfounded)

Ventriloquist: 'Is this your owner?' (Pointing at the villager)

Horse: 'Yep'

Ventriloquist: How does he treat you?

Horse: 'Pretty good, thanks for asking. He rides me regularly, Brushes me down often and keeps me in the shed to protect me from the Elements.'

Kiwi: (total look of amazement)

Ventriloquist: 'Mind if I talk to your sheep?'

Kiwi: (in a panic) 'The sheep's a f\*\*\*\*\* liar.....'

***Correspondence***

**The Rt Hon. David Cameron  
10 Downing St.  
London  
SW1**

Dear Mr Cameron.

I suppose you will be aware of the recent Royal Wedding? I know how busy you must be ,but I hope you found time to pop in and wish the happy couple well.

Anyhow Doris and I were listening to Radio 4 yesterday when the same tired old arguments about the relevance of the Monarchy to today's society were aired yet again.

We were particularly struck on the one hand by all those who pointed out that the Royals are a hereditary set up with all the boredom and lack of career prospects that entails.

On the other hand they do seem to pull in the tourists and therefore earn the country much needed foreign exchange, so it'd be daft to let them go, even though they protest they don't really want the job in the first place.

Well, We have an IDEA and this one fits nicely with the current trend to competitive tendering in Government contracts.

Why not put the job out to tender?

I can see for a start that the amount of dosh we're paying them via the civil list is enormous.....so why not get some value for money-there must be lots of unemployed Royals hanging about the market looking for a throne( I mean, for example, Albania hasn't used its stock of Royals since they got rid of King Zog in 1947)

And remember how hard it used to be to get a plumber before all those hard working Poles turned up?

I think we'd be quids in on the deal.

And if they don't shape up simply re-tender the contract.

And if you're short of Royals or simply want to open up the post to a wider range of applicants, then Doris and I would quite like a pot at the job

We come cheap and Doris even makes her own Yorkshire pud-that'd save some extra ,wouldn't it?

Anyhow, must dash or I'll miss Coronation Street.

Do let me know your views- if needed we could probably start work after our annual hols in Scarborough – so second week in August would be fine.

Yours sincerely

Des Gusset  
Tunbridge Wells

# AMERICAN ACTIVITIES

## PAUL'S BIG TRIP-(continued) Episode 3







#### **8000 MILES FROM CHICAGO- DAY 4.....**

After a quick hotel breakfast of the usual coffee, waffles and doughnuts, we packed up the bikes with ease as it had become second nature by now. We knew intimately all the places in the panniers that would accept the creased clothing and dirty socks of our gypsy lifestyle.

The climate by now was getting hotter and hotter as we headed west and after filling up we went across the bridge over the Missouri river towards a landscape of pure grasslands and bluffs with hardly a building in sight. We were in the Mid West-travelling US 9 towards Rapid City.

This vision was, unfortunately, interrupted by a long section of roadwork's with a 55 mph speed limit but after 10 miles in total and back up to 70-75 mph which was our normal touring speed and quite comfortable we stopped at Murdo. The place we chose turned out to be an 1880's themed area, thankfully without anyone dressed up in costume. However it did have an original 1950's dining car from Western Pacific Railroad which provided sustenance

for us weary travellers, served by waitresses who must have worked on it in their youth. Travelling onwards we pulled off the Freeway in the direction of Quinn as the weather was getting hotter and we had made good progress on our day's mileage quota. Quinn turned out to be quite a small town with the bar/cafe bizarrely having a small post office housed in a portacabin open in the parking area. I spoke to the only member of staff, obviously as room was restricted and she suggested the nearest town would be wall. So after buying stamps to let those at home know we were still alive and kicking, we went back on the freeway, singing Bruce Springsteen as we went through Badlands National Park area-and it treated us pretty good as the sun beat down, turning my forearms even more brown as the miles went on.

We reached the town of the founder of Walmart to pull into a large gas station full of bikes coming from and going to Sturgis-the most we had seen in a static location over the past day or two, having seen groups on the other side of the freeway occasionally on their way back. After gas and refreshments we spoke to several riders and who asked about our trip and told us useful information about the rally-and were very impressed by my Florida State number plate.( I told the truth of course).

Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a Dakota State prison van pulling in for gas embellished with written warnings to 'stand clear' and 'do not approach the vehicle' and complete with troopers circling about clutching heavy hardware.

Back on the road and after another 60 miles or so we approached our destination for the next 4 days and about the middle of our road trip, Rapid City. We managed to find the Holiday Inn easily and pulled up in the parking forecourt in the middle of a big group and, after checking in, had the pleasure of unpacking all the gear knowing we had a

base for a while. We each had a double room which gave ample space for swinging felines about and after putting all my gear away, leaving plenty of empty drawer space, I settled down to write the notes for the day, which this saga is based on.

We thought a drink in the bar downstairs might be in order (you know how it is) so we skipped into the glass panelled lift, descended, and after picking up a free Sturgis week newspaper got stuck into some 'Amber Bocks'. Chris, who was reading the paper for all the music events in the week, (whilst I was trying to find the machine gun shooting/biker build off /thrash the penthouse pet with a catfish dates) called my attention to someone drinking at the bar over my shoulder who seemed to bear a resemblance to one of three members of a band in his paper. I decided to turn round and, yes indeed it was Dusty Hill from ZZ Top who were staying at the hotel prior to a gig 2 days later on. We were tongue tied hero worshippers and my request for an autograph was met with pleasure and a search with him for another music paper so he could sign the picture in it. I always thought he was taller- and he didn't take off his shades.

Back to the room to change to go out into the centre of town and the phone rings to announce the arrival of Victory John who had ridden down from Seattle to meet us. We went outside to help him unpack and found- another Black Heritage Softail! John decided my room was best so all that empty space was soon filled. After more beers we walked off into the centre to find food and ended up in the Fire House Bar- an American micro-brewing pub/restaurant (highly recommended) with live music in the beer garden and bikes along the edge of the sidewalk.

We eventually managed to stagger away and after meeting the editor of American Iron magazine who expressed in the trip and our stories and we made our way back across the

local park back to the hotel. On the way back we kindly did quite a community service by watering several shrubs and flower beds -by way of gratitude for arriving at the end of the first part of our trip towards the west coast. But tomorrow we go to Sturgis.

Paul





## UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES

(Al's not so big trip)

See the trouble with me is that I get bored easily. One minute I'm ticking along fine and next....'Stuff this Pal.'

It is, according to a long suffering teacher of mine in decades gone by, apparently a 'character defect'.

See they were always trying to do things to us in those days which were 'Character Building'

Naturally the day came when I considered that I'd got quite enough character and didn't need anymore of theirs-which led to all sorts of interesting conversations and a change of abode....but all that stuff is for another time....I'm just trying to explain last week a bit.

See, I got bored.....I had a couple of days off and decided I'd take a run down to the Sammy Miller Motorcycle Museum in New Forest....and so off I jolly well toddled. I got as far as the Winchester Services on the M3 when it occurred to me that I was bored. Fact is I've been working at least one day a week in Bournemouth for the past 9 months and frankly I'd seen enough of the soddin M3.

So I turned round. 'I know' I thought.' I'll head into London and pop over to Silvermans Army surplus as they've got a stock of proper crash hats (open face, natch and which don't sit high up on your head like you're smuggling tins of baked beans under your lid).

So off I went (again).

Right through the Bleedin centre of London down the Mall in.

the middle of the Royal Rutting Festival preparations and straight into the worst traffic I've ever met.

I'm right royal bored by now and reluctantly head home to Tunbridge Wells (somebody has to live there).

Arriving home at 3 pm I'm more than bored now so I do what I do when I get really, really bored.

I go to the Gower in South Wales.

I don't know if you've ever been to Rhossili beach but it is a pretty grand place to be bored....its situated south of Ireland so the waves that roll in come straight from the Atlantic .

And its pretty empty too.....beach about 4 miles long and a handy camp site just behind this -with an even handier pub a 10 minute walk up a winding lane in the nearby village (Llangennith).

So by 6.45 I was putting the tent up and by 7.30 I was sitting out the front of the Kings Arms, pint in hand watching the sun set . Finally I wasn't bored.

Always works

Who needs soddin character anyway?

Al

(ps I also racked up a total of 730 miles in about 24 hours).





## Tales of Townsend



Ge

It was a dark and stormy night.....  
Ok then, it wasn't, but it was a dark night and pretty foggy.  
That being the case this evening was clearly ideal for a game of 'Anti-Chicken'  
'Anti-Chicken'? Ah, so you were paying attention after all...ok.. I'll explain.  
Round about this time I was living in a flat on Dartford Heath, splendid little hovel, I'd moved into when London had become untenable for reasons which need not concern us further at this stage of the proceedings.  
Larry was recently out of the army and consequently bored. Me, I was just bored(see Un-American Activities elsewhere in this esteemed publication) and both of us welcomed the opportunity afforded to a couple of ner-do-well's by a thick blanket of fog.  
Ant-Chicken was one of our favourites in the fog. Here's how it worked.  
There was( and still is) a charming stretch of road between Dartford and the Farningham roundabout ,via Sutton-at Hone....about 4-5 miles in total with plenty of places where a couple of chaps could lurk( awfully good at lurking, we were) awaiting an unsuspecting motorist.

So we lurked-only with slight modification from the standard format beloved of footpads and highwaymen since time immemorial.  
One flip of the coin decided it . Tonight it was Larry's turn to be passenger whilst I sat astride the mighty Beeza. Larry, for his part simply sat facing rearwards and awaiting the onset of Joe Public.

Those who've ever tried this stunt will need to be aware that your angle of leverage is suddenly reversed by the foot pegs meaning you take on a tilt towards the ground-most disconcerting till you're used to it, though somewhat safer with a cissy bar to catch the careless. We had said cissy bar and, as The Game demanded, we had taped a cycle headlamp between the arms of this facing to the rear.

Soon the dim lights of a car appeared going, of course far too fast for the prevailing gloom.

Perfect. Lights off on the Beeza, on with the cycle lamp and snick into gear....don't rev the bike- ideally you don't want him to know you're there at all-yet.

So we slipped in about 400 yards behind.

(Hope you're not reading this in Metric are you? Tough)

Next bit was usually the payoff.....rapidly accelerating past the hapless punter, I put the bars over sharpish till we were dead ahead of him at about 3 feet distance. Simultaneously Larry gave his finest grimace and crossed his arms over his face and, hey presto, punter gets a grandstand view of what he instantly believes to be an impending head on with a motorcycle.

Ho Ho Ho.....you could have hear our laughter above the screech of brakes as the car slewed into the side of the road , usually followed by erstwhile punter shuffling back down the road looking for the mangled remains.

Only this evening we'd been sussed. Not by Joe public who gratifyingly carried out his end of the pantomime to perfection. However

as we pobbled off grinning towards the Rising Sun pub we saw we were being followed by a AA mini-van(remember those?).

So we took the roundabout at Swanley at a rate of knots calculated to dissuade the meek from following, though follow he did.

So we went round again

And again

And again

And once more for luck.

Nope, he was still there – clearly time to park up and engage in meaningful dialogue with the guy.

So I popped the bike onto the middle of said roundabout and sure enough our chap got out, all ex army moustaches and righteous indignation.

He'd just had time to get into full flow about the state of young people today and how we hadn't had to fight in 4 world wars or something when I got bored again.

Whilst we were attempting get back on the bike the silly man Laid Hands Upon The Bike, with a sort of 'oh no you don't –wait till the police get here/your father gets home' sort of dynamic.

Frankly I consider, even now, that I was unduly patient with him and was prepared to give him one last chance to bog off-after all he was only doing what he thought best. Seeing the moustaches and general NCO demeanour I turned to Larry.

'Number Two' I offered in my best ex public school drawl 'Take this man's number'

This had an electric effect for two reasons.

One ,said chappie suddenly, and probably habitually, straightened up, came to attention ,thumbs on trouser seams in best NCO format.

But it was number two which really placed the poisoners amongst the pigeons (see page 1 if this allusion escapes you).

From somewhere out of sight, though near at hand, there came a crunching noise of squealing then breaking metal, followed by

the re-appearance of Larry, playing his part to Oscar winning perfection.

'There you are, Sir. Anything else?' He said, handing me the rear number plate from the mini-van which I, for my part, offered to the, by now thoroughly bemused, AA man before us.

He looked at the number plate, then at Larry. Turning smartly on his heel, he slipped the plate under his left arm and marched swiftly back to the van, shutting the door and driving off rapidly into the night.

'You know', said Larry thoughtfully half way through our third pint 'I think, on the whole, that one was worth double points'

Al

**THAT'S IT....THIS IS THE LAST PAGE....STOP READING NOW.....THIS MEANS  
YOU....GO ON, AINT YOU GOT NO HOMES TO GO TO, OR BREAK UP, OR  
INSTITUTIONS YOU NEED TO GET BACK TO BEFORE THE MOON'S FULL?**

