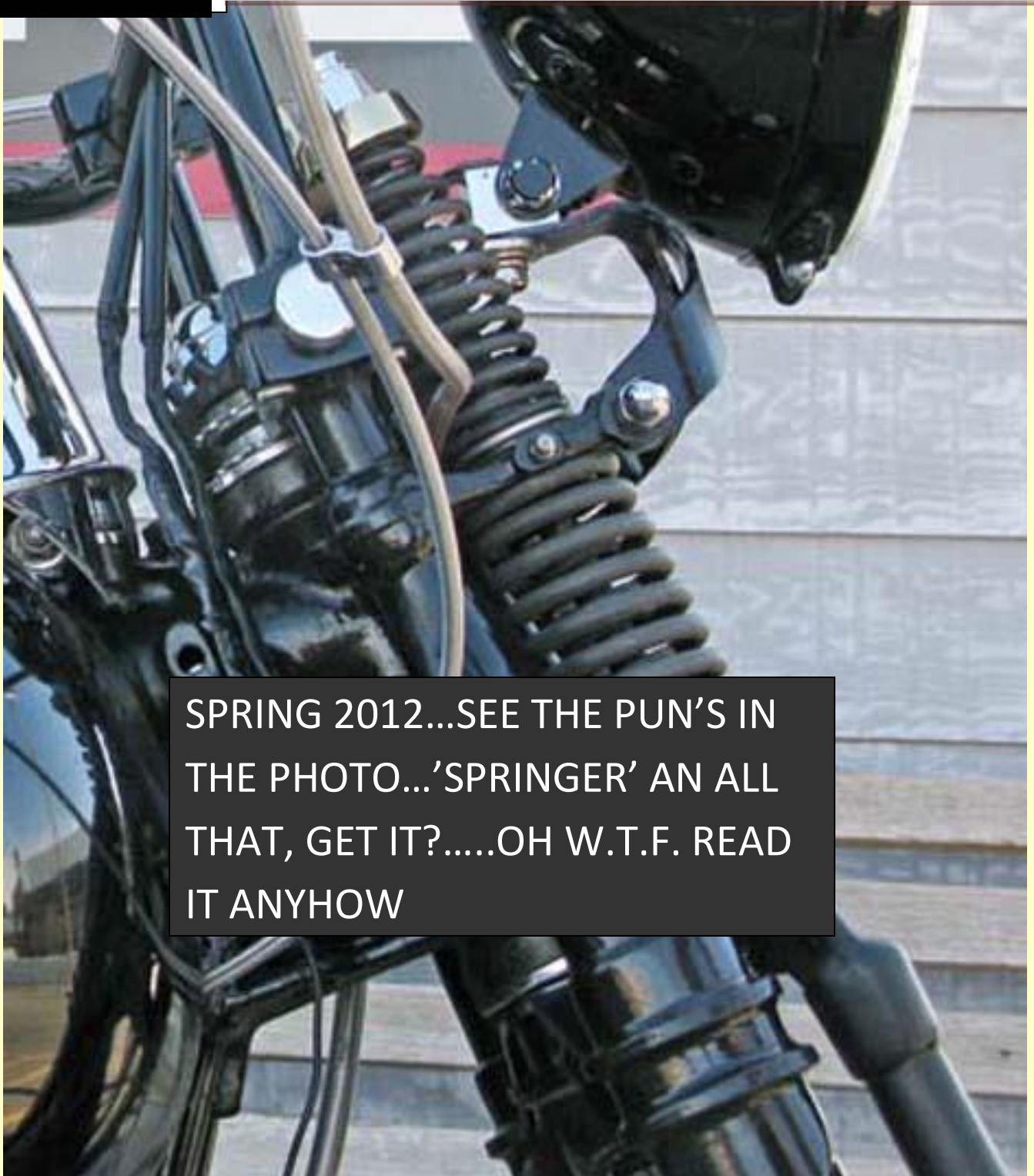


# AMOC TIMES

THE VOICE OF REASON? CERTAINLY NOT, OLD BEAN



SPRING 2012...SEE THE PUN'S IN  
THE PHOTO... 'SPRINGER' AN ALL  
THAT, GET IT?.....OH W.T.F. READ  
IT ANYHOW

# Inconsequents

EDITORS REASONED RAMBLINGS.....	P3
THE LATEST ROUND UP FROM THE VICTORY LOT-AKA JOHN.....	P4
CAPTION COMPETITION-WE HAVE A WINNER.....	P8
OTHER AMERICAN BIKES –THE PENNINGTON.....	P9
PAUL’S BIG TRIP ....STILL IN STURGIS.....	P10
DISCOVERY-TREASURES FROM THE TRASH.CAN OF LIFE.....	P12
VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.....JERRY’S TURN.....	P13
CARTOON FROM OUR MAN SKINT.....	P15
PIE IN EAR RUN (OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT).....	P16
TALES OF TOWNSEND –MORE ABOUT THE LATE LARRY NINETOES.....	p19
CAPTION COMPETITION-GO HAVE A GO.....	P22
CORRESPONDENCE-OUR MAN IN TUNBRIDGE WELLS HAS BEEN WRITING .....	P23
GREAT AMOC SAYINGS-REMEMBER FOLKS YOU HEARD IT HERE .....	P24
HARLEY ‘SEVENTY TWO-JUST ‘COS I LIKE IT.....	P26
THANK YOU FOR YOUR CUSTOM.....STUFF SEEN OUT’N ABOUT.....	P27



### EDITORS REASONED RAMBLINGS

For starters then...No One...repeat No One has problems with a big twin gear box...do they? Or if they do it's their fault for filling it with treacle instead of oil...isn't it? Or stamping on it with a Challenger tank. But to have a dodgy box two big twins running?

That just doesn't happen, does it?

WRONG.

See I bought this pretty Evo Softail from a well known HD Dealer (who will remain anonymous and be referred to only as '**Riders of Bridgewater**') 11.5K on the clock so on I gets and rides the 200 miles home... and then I hear 'the noise'....a whine from the transmission under load. Ok, lets check the primary chain tension.....slack ...o.k. tighten it and lets check the gearbox oil- NONE...not 'low' or 'old' but completely empty....ZERO ....BIG FAT NOTHING.....

Much cursing as only a Scot knows how.eg 'Ye Scunners' ...'Ye Wee Bachlles'..... 'Oh Wee Sleekit Couwerin Timorous Beasties'(Ok Robbie Burns beat me to it with that last one maybe but you get the idea)

Primary oil a grey sludge....oil tank better but still elderly

So I give the shop a piece of my mind (Can't really spare it but needs must etc.)....and extracts from them an offer to 'cover' the

transmission for the next 6 months if there's a problem.

Then I start to think.....if its been without oil that long the gearbox shafts are likely to have been blued and weakened...do you really think, Al, that the shop are going to pull it all apart and replace everything that needs replacing? Or are they going to squirt a blob of PTFE in there... or maybe, at best, they might be tempted to stick a couple of new bearings and seals in there what'll last just long enough to get it out of any warranty period. What would you do? (Assuming that you're a bunch of no good slime bags, that is)

Which is why it's currently in a decent shop (note 'shop' –not just a purveyor of shiny chrome stuff) having a complete transmission strip and rebuild as needed.

As I type I've just had the heads up from them- rebuilt and running very nicely. Not cheap but good value all the same.

Jeez, methinks, my poor wallet.... this is going to hurt...but not as much as having the box lock up on the M25 might hurt.

So thanks to Nick at V Twin down in Rye.....if you haven't tried him, do so....lovely bloke good quality work.

All I need now is some sunshine.

Al



The Victory News

Jan 2012 By John

In the last 2 years Victory Motorcycles the other American Motorcycle company, has been busy even in these hard times firstly the parent company Polaris Industries brought Indian Motorcycles from Stellican an UK investment company in Apr 2011 and moved the factory line up to Spirit Lake, Iowa, along side the Victory line, we should see the first Polaris Indian model in August 2012, they are assembling a few models for 2012 from the old inventory.

Victory have also been busy filling in there model range from a Grand Tourer called the Cross Country Tour with even more shit on it than mine (may be time for a change), to a couple of custom looking models the Hard ball, the Victory Judge and the High ball that sure looks like a Harley clone, All the models are running the 106 Freedom engine, from 2011 the engine comes in 2 versions with different cams, and there is a new transmission for easier selection of neutral also a 5000 mile oil change period, and ABS as standard for the Cross range and Vision.

Here are a few photos' of the newer models and a cool looking Café race designed by an Italian but made in the UK.



High Ball 2012 £11,999





Cross Country Tour 2012



Cross Roads Classic LE 2012



The Hard Ball for delivery in beginning 2012



The Judge

The Victory Judge for delivery in 2012, strange to have a 2013 model released in Jan 2012, looks like a replacement for the old V92SC model but without the dual discs up front.



The Victory Sports Roadster concept

Vic cafe Oberdan Bezzi, designers proposed the Victory Sports Roadster, powered by a Freedom 106 engine with belt drive.



The Victory Sports Roadster

Creation of the design was proposed by Allmond Cycle Design, a British studio that produced a rolling chassi with the 106 Freedom engine called "V-Sports Roadster." Although the bike is devoid of details to be driven and equipped with technical solutions disinclined to enhance the driving pleasure, the V-Sports Roadster gives an idea of what can be done for the future, or during a long cold winter in the shed.

Any questions just ask when you next see me,  
John the only Vic rider in the club.

## **CAPTION COMPETITION**

We have a winner folks .....Paul from Surrey suggests the one below and in doing so he wins an (admittedly quite small) bottle of Jack Daniels

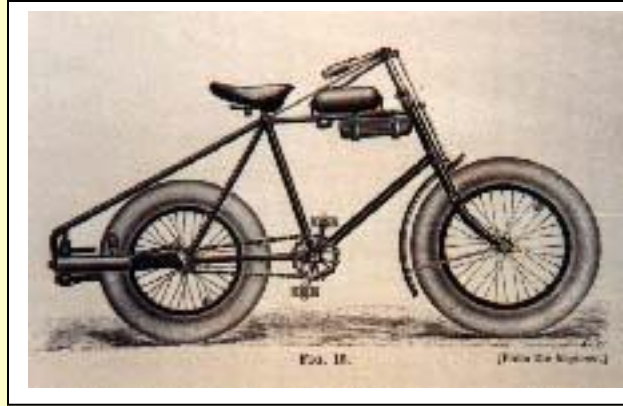


**"AFTER A WEEK'S INTENSIVE HAMMERING AND WELDING, ALL THE NEIGHBOURS WERE PLEASED TO FINALLY WAVE OZ OFF TO THE BULLDOG."**



## OTHER AMERICAN IRON-THE PENNINGTON

**Was Harley's inspiration really just a fraud?**



### **The Pennington Motor Cycle, 1895**

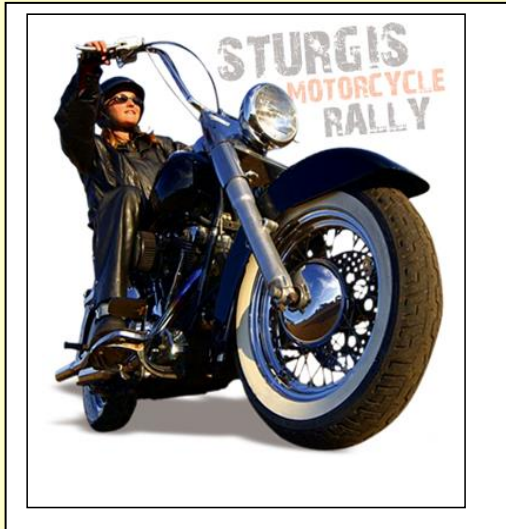
Calling his invention *The Motor Cycle*, Pennington demonstrated his improbable device in the downtown Milwaukee neighborhood where 14-year-old Bill Harley and Art Davidson were then living in their boyhood homes. Contemporary accounts tell of the street mobbed with spectators as *The Motor Cycle* blazed up and down Grand Avenue at a peak velocity of 58 miles per hour!

While that speed claim was almost certainly spurious and Pennington's crude machine soon forgotten as Milwaukee settled back into its late 19th century beery slumber, this fantastical but real event may have inspired the "dream" that young Harley and Davidson held fast in their minds to take the work out of bicycling by building a motorcycle of their own. The first step in this pioneering enterprise came a few years later in 1901 after new French technology had reached the United States. That year Bill Harley drew up plans for a small "bicycle motor" ÷ plans that are preserved in the John E. Harley family today and might be called *the Holy Grail of Harley-Davidson*.

*What's rather less known is that Pennington spent some time in Europe including in the UK claiming he'd invented a radical type of ignition by way of what he quaintly titled his 'Long Mingling Spark' Despite grand claims for this, he never actually demonstrated it to the public and when he left these shores it was with a considerable sum of money and also a whole host of very unhappy investors -ED*

## PAUL'S BIG TRIP-

### STILL THERE AND LIVING THE DREAM



**Epistle the 3<sup>rd</sup> (St Paul to the Amocians)**

#### **1108 mile, so far**

After the previous night's excitement in the Rapid City Firehouse Bar and the previous day's exertions at Sturgis, the travelers awoke to partake of breakfast at the Holiday Inn, in the company of dusty Hill from ZZ Top. Ok he wasn't actually sitting at our table but was obviously there as a token celebrity.

Over large helpings of sausages bacon and waffles, with the obligatory gallon of orange juice, we discussed the plan of action for the day. This had already been decided for John as, during his wanderings in Sturgis, he had made contact with the 'Victory Boys' and a free lunch was in his sights. However after telling them he was riding a rental Harley, he had been informed he would have to park outside the event. Oh Dear.

Deciding to walk off breakfast we all wandered to the Plaza adjoining the hotel where the Main Dealer Harley exhibition was for the week. We checked out all the new Harleys and, at that time, Buells which had a queue of people waiting for test rides, before entering the main hall where all the other merchandise and CVO bikes were displayed. After an hour or two we became 'Orange & Black'ed out so Chris and I were keen to ride to Sturgis again and John was keen to get his free lunch so, after grabbing helmets etc. we all parted and hit the highway.

Back on US90 we had an easy ride to Sturgis, especially after I had used a spanner or two on my clutch cable which had produced a bit of slack since Chicago. We actually found the same parking place as the day before. And proceeded to walk along Lazelle Street to see everything we missed the day before.

Soon the heat forced us yet again into the arms of the Knuckle Saloon, where Chris had to suffer a 'Bud', despite my requests at 3 different bar areas for Newcastle Brown. After we had satisfied ourselves with food and drink and listened to a good band, we made our way to the bikes via the Sturgis Motorcycle Museum where Chris 'needed' to buy a shirt with the logo. All the shopping done, we rode back to Rapid City where, after watching the stunt riders wear out their tyres in the Plaza, we retired to the bar where John joined us before

engaging in the 3 'S'....sh\*t, shower and shave-prior to our usual assault on the Firehouse.

Here I must explain that the Firehouse Bar is, of course, the old fire station and had been converted into a micro-brewery similar to the banks that have been converted by Weatherspoons and other companies in England.

The building consists of 2 floors, the ground floor being for the fire engines (sorry, 'appliances') and the top floor for the crew quarters, now bar and restaurant respectively.

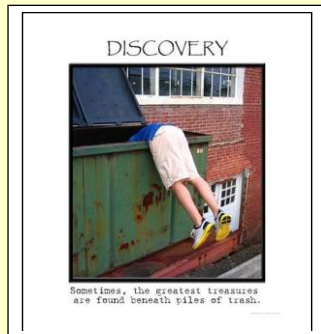
I decided on a buffalo steak for my main course which turned out to be fantastic-tough texture but very succulent, washed down with copious amounts of Firehouse Bitter from that micro-brewery.

Deciding it was too early to go back yet, we did some sightseeing around the streets and ended up at a 'Sports Bar' which was a cross between a large bar, casino, pool hall and night club. The large screens behind the bar gave a choice of the Olympics at Beijing, Baseball, NFL or an obscure Hunting channel with guys in check caps whispering into lapel microphones ... "Ooh yeah...that 'ol boy of a deer is jes strollin into my cross hairs ..It don't get much better than this".....depends on your point of view I suppose.

We decide to perhaps veto Chris's suggestion of finishing the evening at the hotel bar, so bed it was.

After all, we were going to follow the hoof prints of the cavalry and general Custer tomorrow!

Paul

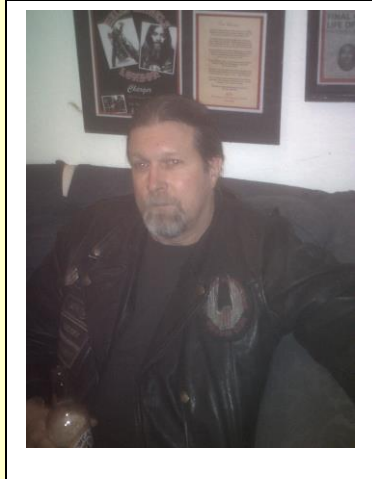


‘NUFF SAID FOLKS, SURELY?\*



\*OK, BUT DON'T CALL ME 'SHIRLEY'





### **THE VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**

This time folks Gerry just happened to be standing around when I asked Kev which officer I should interview for the next edition.

Tough luck Gerry, but at least you got it over with.

Lets do the life story bit first then...'How did you get involved with AMOC in the first place then Gerry?'

Jeez.....it must be 10 years or so now I've been with AMOC. See originally the HD shop was just around the corner in Dorking wasn't it?...and I knew Harry from Horsham(AKA 'Jester' to the likes of you guys).....and of course there was the factory club connection which I was finding wasn't really my kinda thing....so I guess that AMOC just seemed right for me ...I mean that's why we were founded ....for the folks that didn't want the factory club thing

And no, strangely enough it hasn't always been Harleys for me....even being an American....When I lived in the States I nearly bought a Harley, but back then the factory the MoCo managed to keep the prices high by limiting the bikes produced in the States...you know people were actually ordering Harleys in the uk and as soon as they arrived it made financial sense to turn them right around again and ship them home- what kind of a world was that, eh? Anyhow Id just got around to buying one when I got transferred to the UK so I didn't lose any time in laying down my cash over here.

And I've never looked back (at least as far the club and bike are concerned.

Talking about looking back....its been a long winter hasn't it? Those short days, and not being able to ride all we want to do. I don't like all that stuff much.

But looking forward.....we're on a roll to real biking weather now and I get a kick out of the increasing number of Harleys on the road...out of the club runs and the wind in my face .....and of course the Independence Day run to Harry's in France.

I like that a lot. Come to think of it, there's a lot of stuff I like a lot...oh and some stuff I don't ....like the price of petrol....like

the rate of taxation these days and some of the idiots on the road...oh and I'd prefer some better roads too, but WTF...its spring and its getting better.

See you out there

L&R

Gerry

### **Random joke**

An elderly man is stopped by the police around 1 a.m. and is asked where he is going at this time of night.

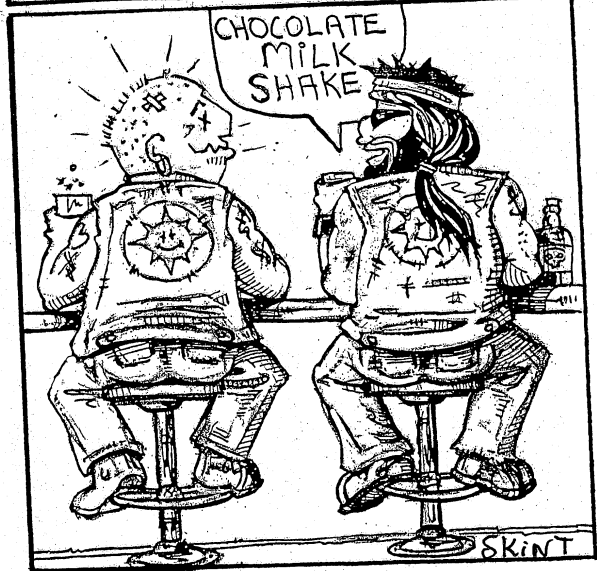
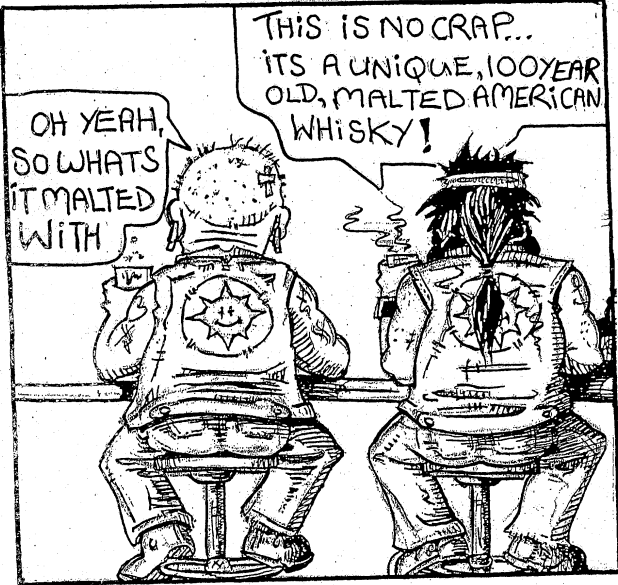
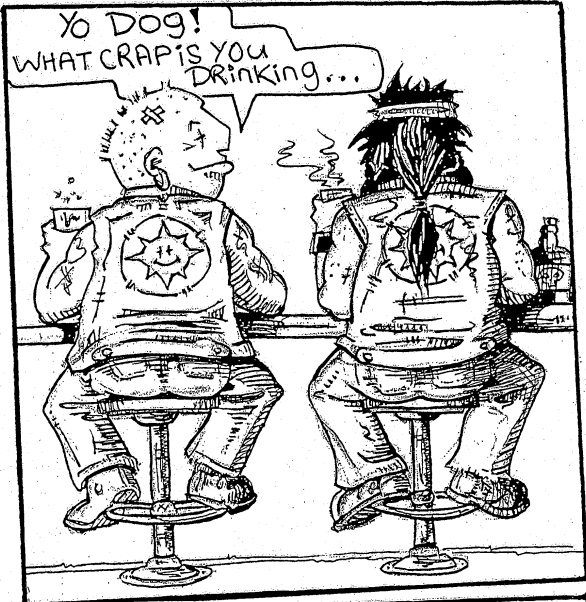
The man replies, "I am going to a lecture about alcohol abuse and the effects it has on the human body."

The officer then asks, "Really? Who is giving that lecture at this time of night?"

The man replies, "That would be my wife."



SKINT / 11





Save's me having to tell you where/when/what this is,dunnit?













T

### **“Are You Just Passing Through?”**

There weren't that many pubs like Finches in that part of the world.

'That part of the world' being the upper end of Fulham Rd it really counted as Chelsea and, that being so, it was clearly due for redevelopment. But not yet-with 'yet' meaning in the mid seventies when Larry and I knew it rather too well, as indeed could be said of a good many of the drinking dives in the locality.

To be fair we tended to try to divide our patronage fairly between these, the usual deciding factor being how long it'd been since we'd got chucked out and accordingly whether we might reasonably expect to be forgiven or face new bar staff who hadn't witnessed our previous visit.

But Finches was undoubtedly our favourite. From the outside you might almost miss it with it's unfashionably curved and frosted window over a Victorian blue glazed tile wall and a big worn brass door handle, with a proper bell that went 'ping' as you sidled into the room. It looked too as if the interior might be lit by gas lamps on the walls...though in reality these

were ordinary wall lamps with a ten year patina of dust and smoke. The whole place was a dump to be sure but it had that wonderful mixture of elegance and sleaze which appealed enormously to us in those days. Inside there was a prodigiously long bar and walls lined with mirrors espousing products which have long since been reclassified as toxic (One, for example, extolled the virtues of Collis Browns Compound whilst its neighbour recommended Brasso and you couldn't help but wonder if a quiet word with the barman might not produce a cocktail of these from underneath the bar).

You could meet anyone in Finches too and often did. After all did not Keith Richards have a house just round the corner? The best we did though was to exchange a few pleasantries with Dick Emery who arrived one night on a brand new black Honda 500 four as we were leaving.

Following the night of our tale, dear reader, we stayed clear for almost a month- a remarkably astute and ultimately successful strategy...but I digress.

This Friday evening was much as any other- we'd arrived around 8.30 having rejected the potential charms of all alternative watering holes from Sloane square along the Kings Road and up to but not including Gloucester Rd

which we'd planned to be our final stop of the night.

We'd adopted our customary slump against the bar rail and ordered up the first one of the night.

To be fair this bar had often proved our downfall as inevitably we tried to slide our glasses down it in best John Wayne style- though it has to be said with less success and more mess than I remember seeing in the movies. Larry would shuffle up to one end as his round drew nigh whilst I would take up a defensive position at the other end. On receipt of the first pint he would dutifully launch this as far down the bar in my direction as his state of sobriety would allow, often pursuing the slopping mess armed only with a soggy beer mat with which he'd attempt to sweep its path in a style eerily reminiscent of a champion Curler brushing ice from the path of a stone.

This activity would prove only mildly disruptive to the other inmates at the bar, most of whom just moved aside to let the procession pass or on occasion Larry would even dodge neatly round these, were heads to be seen resting on the bar at the time.

No, on reflection people in Finches tended to be a pretty relaxed, tolerant or maybe just downright sozzled bunch.

Then there was the Loo to negotiate, and this was best done early in the evening. Not for the more usual reasons of hygiene which often pertain in such establishments but more on account of its accessibility. Finches loo, you see, was down a long flight of stairs and these were gained via a paneled mahogany door off the bar....which moreover opened inwards.

This night there was a stranger in town- a big guy with receding fair hair and an obviously phoney mid Atlantic drawl which probably hailed from somewhere in the far south of Putney.

'Hi Guys, I'm Jeff' he drawled and extended an arm at the end of which nestled 5 damp pudgy sausages or maybe just possibly they were fingers.

'Oh, really?' drawled back Larry in his best Oxbridge accent 'I *am* sorry' and turned his back, getting on with the serious business of pint punting.

'Jeff' tuned to me 'Say -what's the matter with your friend- cat got his tongue?'

'No-in fact it's more likely to be the other way round' I told him and headed to the far end of the bar.

Larry gave a frown of concentration and gracefully slid the first pint along the bar.

That's when it started to get complicated. See, Jeff reached out and, stopping it mid way in its tracks, picked it up and took a long swig, before placing it back and helping it on its way.

Larry looked up and looked directly into Jeff's eyes 'Don't do that, there's a good chap-it's not your pint' he said in a surprisingly mild mannered voice. And he ordered another one. And launched it down the bar. Again the big guy intercepted and took a swig

Again Larry told him, this time a little more directly 'I'm afraid, Old Man, that if you do that again I'm going to have to deal with you personally'



Some folks just can't take a hint though and clearly this guy was one of those.

'Hey, just tryin to be one of the gang' says our man

My turn now

'Well don't.' That was surely simple enough

'Aw', he mimicked 'Well don't' in a parody of a voice best suited to a petulant child. I was getting not to like Jeff and if I was feeling hostile you could bet your life that Larry would by now be incandescent with rage- so why hadn't he done the usual and walloped the guy? Me, I've got a long fuse, but Larry in those days could have started a fight in an empty room so something was obviously up- and what was with the icily polite voice?

'Back in a moment' Larry announced to me with a sudden grin and he headed down the stairs to the loo. As the paneled door closed behind him I could hear him counting out loud...'one, two three, four, five etc all the way to 'thirteen' and then he stopped.

On his return he'd obviously had a change of heart.

'Jeff, old man. Welcome to London-here let me buy you a pint' and he proceeded to order another round...'but first you need to finish off the ones you already started....if you can'

'No problem' said the man and Jeff begun to slobber them down at a surprising rate of knots -one, two then the third.

'What about me?' I asked Larry, both astonished and a little miffed at his new found friendship with a chap who was frankly an utter turd so far as I could see.

'Oh, you wont need one just yet, Al' he grinned and suggested another pint to Jeff

'Sure thing, Larry, but first I got to use the Johns' and he headed out the door.

'What the? I started but Larry 'shssed' me into silence and suggested I finish up quick...and then he started counting again....one two three.....

When he reached 'twelve' Larry stepped smartly up the toilet door...waited a moment, ear cocked attentively then, with a sigh of deeply felt satisfaction he gave the door an almighty kick with his right boot.

It buckled inwards with crash of breaking glass and splintering wood.

There was another sound too and the whole bar heard it plainly.

From the other side of the door came a cry of 'Holy Shit!' followed by the repetitive 'crump' of a body bouncing down the stairs accompanied by the musical tinkling of glass and other less specific debris.

Larry was counting again...'One two ...woops missed one there Jeff...four.. eight, twelve. That's the lot I think'

And we walked calmly out of Finches and into to a world that seemed somehow more serene than it had before.

Al

## CAPTION COMPETITION



**AND REMEMBER FOLKS, YOU CAN  
ACTUALLY WIN A (SMALL) BOTTLE  
OF FINEST COLONIAL MOONSHINE  
(AKA JACK DANIELS)...ENTRIES TO  
[edamoctimes@gmail.com](mailto:edamoctimes@gmail.com)**

**Correspondence**.....and once again Al fails to understand the deafening silence from the recipients of his letters

**To The Office of the President of Syria**

**Abu Rumaneh  
Al-Rashid Street  
Presidential Palace  
Dimashq Syria**

**Dear President Assad**

I do hope you won't mind me writing to you directly like this- only I have a problem with which you may be able to assist.

Doris, who's my lady wife (sadly we're only allowed the one over here, but no matter) tells me not to get my hopes up too much as she thinks you might be busy with some or other insurrection...but I'd guess you people are used to that sort of thing and no doubt you'll be taking it all in your stride.

Now then, to business.

Many years back my father, the late Captain Reginald Gussett, RN bought a clock whilst on shore leave in Fez (that's in Morocco, Bashir, to save you looking it up).

For many decades it gave sterling service but a while ago it mysteriously stopped. Our local clock maker eventually diagnosed that the mainspring was broken but could do nothing with it as it was not the same type of spring in common usage in England. He advised me to contact the makers for a replacement. So far so good you'd think ...as did I, Bashir (I hope you don't mind my calling you that but I feel sure we're going to become firm friends if I'm any judge.)

Anyway, to cut a long story short, they didn't have any in the whole of Morocco but advised me instead to broaden my search.

Imagine my surprise and delight then when I heard on the radio that there was indeed an 'Arab Spring' last year in Egypt.

Sadly, by the time I got a reply from them they told me that the Arab Spring was now in Tunisia. By the time however that I'd written the Chief Tuna himself (the ungrateful man never even had the courtesy to reply to my letter but that's by the by), apparently the spring had moved on to Libya.

The upshot of it all is that I hear you yourself now have the Arab Spring.

So I'm writing to ask you if you'd mind awfully either sending it to me by first class post or, failing that, to hang onto it and I'll be happy come and pick it up myself.

I enclose a stamped addressed envelope for your reply.

Yours sincerely

Des Gussett

Tunbridge Wells

***(I've still not had a reply to this one either-Al)***

GREAT AMOC SAYINGS-SOME FAMOUS QUOTES BY THE GREAT, THE GOOD AND THE PLAIN BLOODY AWFUL...

“I WOULD JOIN YOU FOR A DRINK BUT I CANT BE BOTHERED TO SWALLOW”-MUP

“IN MY DEFENCE, I’VE NEVER DONE NUFFINK TO NOBODY WOT DIDN’T DESERVE IT”-PLONK

“YOU KNOW WHEN YOU’VE BEEN TANGOED”-TANGO

“SORRY I’M LATE”-WAFFLE

“THEY INVENTED SWEARING SO MY DAD COULD PUT A WHOLE SENTENCE TOGETHER”-MUP

“I’M JUST WAITING FOR MY NEXT CLAIM TO BE SORTED”-STEPTOE

“EVENING ALL...HERE’S TONIGHTS PEACE OFFERING”-DOUGHNUT  
(USUALLY ACCOMPANIED BY A BAG OF SAME)



OH, AND LETS FINISH WITH ONE OF MY VERY OWN-OF WHICH I'M INORDINATELY PROUD.....

SAID IN RESPONSE TO A STRANGER AT THE BAR OF MY LOCAL WHO HAD JUST PROCLAIMED LOUDLY THAT "THIS TOWN MUST BE THE ARSEHOLE OF THE WESTERN WORLD".....

"I TAKE IT, THEN, THAT YOU'RE JUST PASSING THROUGH"...(see Tales of Townsend)



