

# AMOC TIMES

THE VOICE OF REASON? CERTAINLY NOT, OLD BEAN



LAST OF THE SUMMER WHINE

SUMMER 2012

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### **Editors Reasoned Ramble**

Well howdy, AMOCians everywhere and to any fellow travellers reading this along the road to ruin and all that sort of stuff'n nonsense.

Have to admit I thought I'd get this edition done a bit quicker than it's turned out to happen. As usual, though, I have my excuses ready. Take it as read of course that I'm a lazy git, but there was also a not inconsiderable fly in the ointment. See these last 3 years I've been merrily using my work laptop to produce this rag but then my employers went and upped their security systems which meant I could no longer get away with this trick. At first I thought I'd find a way round it but in the end I gave in and bought my own machine.

Jeez, I hate spending money on things that aren't Harley and can't be drunk but there it is.

Business as usual I'm afraid.

Been a piss poor excuse for summer aint it? I mean it's rained and rained then rained a bit more and frankly this has ruined my biking image at times. See, having rapidly removed the screen and saddlebags from the Heretic Softail, I

found myself putting them back on after riding 7k in total since I bought the thing in January (and getting 7k's worth of soaking in the process.) In turn, all those shiny metal studs and tassels meant either riding with my head in a paper bag to protect my identity or bowing to the inevitable and emitting the occasional 'Yee Harr' on arrival and departure.

Drew the line at buying a fringed suede jacket though.

And I took the lot off again mighty quick as soon as I caught a whiff of a day without the wet stuff.

So, I hear you ask (don't I?) What's it like doing that sort of mileage on a rigidly mounted 1340 after running a twin cam for 2 years?

I can confirm the following in response

1. I quite like it.
2. I am still alive.
3. It can run at 80.
4. I still have all my fillings

Glad you asked?

Good, now piss off and bother someone else.....I have an urgent meeting with my chiropractor

Al

## The shows must go on.....

You know, there's lots of little local shows out there and I've been to some of them this summer-this is the Huntsman MCC in Kent-one of the country's longest established clubs...always a good do, this one.

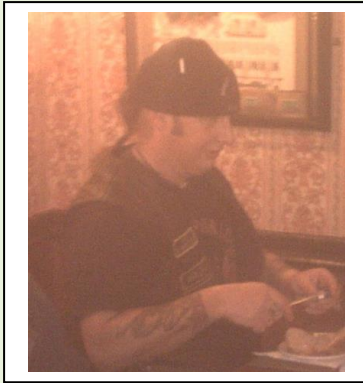
Al



Even if every other bike seemed to be a VN of sorts.....



## THE VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE



*(Had to happen didn't it? I mean to say he didn't really think he could get elected to Surrey chapter pres without being press ganged into doing this bit of the mag, did he?....so here are the collected thoughts of Chairman Truck-Ed.)*

Highs and lows of life?

I suppose that's been a lot to do with losing my job and everything that means in turn-for example, trying to run a Harley, front up the Chapter and get out on runs-Jeez money's only really important when you haven't got it, eh?

Fortunately Gus as V.P's been great and he's been able to take on some stuff when I just haven't been to get to things.

And whilst we're on the subject of the 'lows' it's been a blow of course to lose members

this past year- and especially to lose two senior officers together recently. But as a club we've been here before and I know we'll take it in our stride- that's what we do at AMOC-we take it and we move on. No one of us is irreplaceable. And if it's left us a little bit 'leaner', well, so furkin what? we'll have a good think now about the pro's and con's of new members before we decide whether and how much we want to push to replace the lost ones.

Mind you I wasn't expecting to have to step up to being Chapter Pres quite so soon-that was a surprise for us all and took a bit of getting used to.

So, looking into my crystal ball (forgot to mention I've got crystal balls, didn't I?) I foresee a good year ahead for AMOC.... I foresee that we've reached a stable number of committed members ....I foresee that the sun will shine now every day from here on in ....I foresee next week's lottery numbers and the winner of the 2.30 at Kempton Park.....

Er, time to go back to the ward now is it, nurse?

Ride on, Ride often

Good luck

Truck

## Other American Iron

### The Henderson streamliner



By Ed Youngblood

The years between the two world wars were a fertile time for dreamers, designers and modernists. The knowledge of aerodynamics that had emerged from the fledgling aircraft industry influenced just about everything from art-deco decoration to the “streamlined” movement in industrial design.

The hallmarks of the era were unbroken curves, teardrop shapes and parallel lines suggesting speed. In addition to cars, trains and other things that actually moved, these design elements showed up in streamlined toasters, streamlined radios and streamlined cigarette lighters. Even the Chrysler and Empire State buildings, finished in 1930 and 1931 respectively, feature sleek, pointed peaks and dominant vertical lines from bottom to top, like great rockets ready to streak into the heavens. This was the era that delivered the sleek GG1 electric locomotive (1934), styled by Raymond Loewy (who would later move Studebaker styling decades ahead of its competitors), and the Auburn Speedster (1933) of Alan Leamy, regarded by many as the most beautiful production car ever built.

Motorcycle styling also was influenced by the streamlining craze. Excelsior introduced a teardrop tank on its Super-X in 1930. By 1932, Indian had introduced a sleek chain cover and a smooth “saddle” tank that hid the upper frame tube, followed in 1936 by valanced fenders. Harley-Davidson streamlined its taillight

into the rear fender in 1934, then broke from its styling traditions with the famous EL Knucklehead in 1936.

But for the most part, no one in the motorcycle industry was doing anything remotely as radical as Loewy and Leamy. No one, that is, except Ray Courtney, the designer and builder of this amazing machine, owned and restored by Frank Westfall.

Orley Ray Courtney was born in New Cardon, Indiana, on July 14, 1895, to Anna Jennetta Imel and William Lewis Courtney. Ray took his first motorcycle ride at the age of 13 and got his first big bike—a 1916 three-speed Excelsior—at the age of 21. He served in the Army Air Corps during World War I, then worked at Central Manufacturing Company in Connersville, Indiana. There, in addition to becoming a skilled metal worker, he was exposed to beautiful vehicle design, since his job included making body panels and fenders for such luxury cars as McFarlan and Deussenberg.

Later, Courtney moved to Michigan, where he worked for the Oldsmobile division of General Motors and the short-lived car manufacturer Kaiser-Frazer. Through it all, he remained active and knowledgeable as a motorcyclist, and it was his opinion that the motorcycle industry had gone overboard in selling speed and high performance, ignoring the needs of road-going motorcyclists for comfort and protection from bad weather. Courtney believed there was a place for a

new style of motorcycle for road riders, and he set about turning his vision into reality. Significantly, he chose as his base machine the four-cylinder Henderson—the one American brand that could not be accused of having sold its soul to racing.

Courtney's first interpretation of a thoroughly modern motorcycle emerged in 1934 in the form of this streamliner, powered by a 1,300cc four-cylinder engine from a Henderson Model KJ, the final generation of the company's production. Courtney's machine was like nothing that had come before it.

Sitting low on 10-inch wheels, its chassis was fully enclosed in a gracefully shaped shell that began with a rounded nose and grille similar to a '34 Chrysler Airflow, and ended with a boat-tail reminiscent of the Auburn Speedster. Between, was a Coke-bottle-shaped body with a low seat for a single passenger.

By virtue of its small wheels, some people have referred to Courtney's creation as a "scooter." But its big four-cylinder engine makes it hard to think of the creation as anything less than a true motorcycle.

The flowing bodywork was shaped entirely by Courtney from steel, using a power hammer. The hidden chassis has a modified Henderson KJ fork in front and a complicated suspension system in back derived from the auto industry. The machine also features hydraulic brakes. The finished product is so breathtaking that it's difficult to do it justice in photographs. The graceful curves are seductive, and from every angle, new subtleties appear in the continuity of its form.

The streamlined Henderson was a pure concept vehicle, built to express modern concepts and Courtney's artistic vision. The conservative motorcycle community of the era did not understand it. References to it in print often used the term "Buck Rogers," treating it like something out of a futuristic cartoon.

In truth, that advanced design did bring

with it some real-world problems. While beautiful, the machine would not have offered a very comfortable ride for the road-going motorcyclist Courtney said was his target. The seating position is cramped, especially for a tall person.

Furthermore, concept vehicles often employ shapes and materials that cannot be reproduced cost-effectively in serial production. This was certainly the case with Courtney's Henderson. He put nine months into shaping a body that would have been very difficult to duplicate in any significant quantity.

Courtney must have understood that there was a middle ground between his ultimate vision and practical design, because in 1941, he patented the idea of equipping a standard motorcycle with fully enclosed fenders like those found on his streamliner. It's interesting that Indian had introduced its fully skirted fenders just one year before. This may have been a signal to Courtney that the public had become more accepting of extensive and stylish sheet metal on a motorcycle. But his patented design also may have been his statement that Indian had missed the mark; that it had fallen short of real streamlined design. There has been no record found that Courtney actually prototyped these fenders or attempted to market them. Perhaps he thought that Harley and Indian eventually would have to evolve in this stylistic direction, and when that happened, he would have his patents in hand. Of course, that never happened.

Courtney continued to work in the automotive industry, but he created a sideline business, in partnership with his son, Ray William. That company, which he named Enterprise, was involved in building and repairing sheet-metal panels for racing cars.

Then, in 1950, Courtney created a second radical motorcycle—this time one that was designed with limited production in mind. He gave the new machine the Enterprise name from his company, and even

produced literature to promote its sale. Like the Henderson streamliner, the Enterprise was sleek and low, with a fully enclosed chassis. It was longer than the Henderson to provide room for two passengers, and a prototype was powered by an Indian Scout engine, which would be cheaper and easier to come by than powerplants from Henderson, which had been out of business for nearly 20 years. The chassis was actually designed to accept any number of engines, and Courtney offered to custom-build an Enterprise for anyone who would send him an engine and \$2,500.

The Enterprise attracted a significant amount of attention, and was the subject of a feature story in Popular Science magazine for March 1953. But there is no record of anyone buying an Enterprise, which is not surprising, since in 1953 you could buy a new, top-of-the-line Chevrolet Bel-Air for about \$1,800.

That could have been the end of Ray Courtney's visionary machines. But not far from his home in Pontiac, Michigan, was a younger man who would become a motorcycle custom design icon in his own right: Ron Finch. Finch met Courtney and benefitted from the older man's experience.

"He knew a lot more than I did at that time," says Finch, "and when I ran into some kind of problem with fabricating something, I would go see him. He always had a solution and was always very helpful."

After Courtney's death in April 1982, Finch purchased both the KJ Henderson and the Enterprise from the family. "We were going to get them running and ride around Daytona during Bike Week and blow everybody's mind," he says. But with the press of other business, that never happened, and eventually, Finch sold both machines to Mike Gagliotti, a collector from Syracuse.

There, they attracted the attention of fellow Syracuse collector Frank Westfall, who recognized their historical

importance, enhanced by the fact that both machines, plus a collection of documents about them, were still together.

Westfall notes that when he learned about the machines, the Enterprise was original and intact, but the Henderson was in boxes. And he remembers that he was instantly attracted to them.

"I fell so in love with the bikes that I had to own them," Westfall says. "I actually brought Mike a box of cash and put it on his kitchen table and told him he had to sell them to me."

Westfall's appeal must have been convincing, because the bikes and related memorabilia became his on Friday, July 13, 2001. Westfall declares, "I'll always think of Friday the 13th as my lucky day."

A few years ago, Westfall got the Enterprise running and showed it at several AMCA National meets. But the Henderson machine was another matter. It required restoration from the ground up, something that would prove to be a massive undertaking for the hand-formed steel bodywork. For that task, Westfall turned to Pat Murphy, an automotive engineer and automobile restoration specialist who lives near Syracuse.

"When I took on the project, I knew this would be some sort of prison sentence," Murphy says. "But I underestimated how long it would take. I do car work, and I could have finished two cars in the time it took to do this."

"We spent 600 to 700 hours bringing this thing back from a pile of parts," says Westfall. "But you have to ask yourself: 'How long did it take Courtney to create it?' "

The work was completed just in time for the AMCA's Rhinebeck Meet in New York this June, where the one-of-a-kind machine created a sensation. Many spectators could not believe that the motorcycle they were seeing was a prototype from the 1930s, rather than a latter-day custom built around a Henderson.

As he put it on public display for the first



time, Murphy said, “I sit here and look at it, and I just can’t describe all the details of the bodywork that we found as we worked on this. I’m a body man, and there’s so much to what he did on this that it’s hard to believe. I just want it to be seen and appreciated—not because I restored it, but for the history in it.”

Photos of the machine went viral on the Internet, and Westfall’s phone began ringing as people—including a New York art dealer—told him they wanted to buy it. But Westfall says he can’t envision the

circumstances under which he would sell this example of Ray Courtney’s futuristic vision.

“This is simply irreplaceable,” he says.

“There is nothing else like it. In the words of (AMCA President) Rocky Halter, I am in possession of motorcycling’s finest example of American industrial art.”

Ed Youngblood

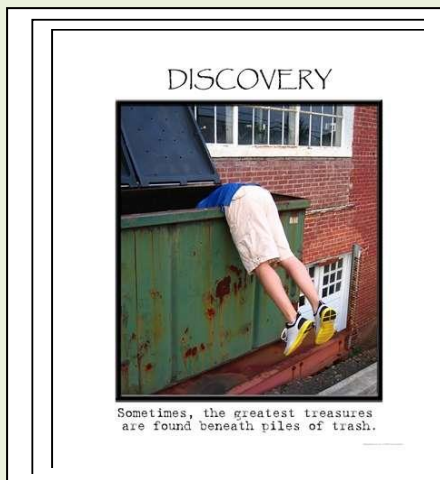
(This article was shamelessly filched from the guy’s website-AI)



**Here's another few photos -from the Norseman Poker run this time.**



**Or, to be more precise about this one, it's from the car park on the A21 where folks collected their first card.**



**It's nice to see a letter from someone other than our own Des Gussett....so do enjoy.**

### **I did-AI**

To the citizens of the United States of America:

In light of your failure to elect a competent President of the USA and thus to govern yourselves, we hereby give notice of the revocation of your independence, effective immediately.

Her Sovereign Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, will resume monarchical duties over all states, commonwealths and other territories (except Kansas, which she does not fancy).

Your new prime minister, Tony Blair, will appoint a governor for America without the need for further elections. Congress and the Senate will be disbanded. A questionnaire may be circulated next year to determine whether any of you noticed.

To aid in the transition to a British Crown Dependency, the following rules are introduced with immediate effect:

1. You should look up "revocation" in the Oxford English Dictionary. Then look up "aluminium," and check the pronunciation guide. You will be amazed at just how wrongly you have been pronouncing it.
2. The letter 'U' will be reinstated in words such as 'colour', 'favour' and 'neighbour.' Likewise, you will learn to spell 'doughnut' without skipping half the letters, and the suffix "ize" will be replaced by the suffix "ise."
3. You will learn that the suffix 'burgh' is pronounced 'burra'; you may elect to respell Pittsburgh as 'Pittsberg' if you find you simply can't cope with correct pronunciation.
4. Generally, you will be expected to raise your vocabulary to acceptable levels (look up "vocabulary"). Using the same twenty-seven words interspersed with filler noises such as "like" and "you know" is unacceptable and inefficient form of communication.
5. There is no such thing as "US English." We will let Microsoft know on your behalf. The Microsoft spell-checker will be adjusted to take account of the

- reinstated letter 'u' and the elimination of "-ize."
6. You will relearn your original national anthem, "God Save The Queen", but only after fully carrying out Task #1 (see above).
  7. July 4th will no longer be celebrated as a holiday. November 2nd will be a new national holiday, but to be celebrated only in England. It will be called "Come-Uppance Day."
  8. You will learn to resolve personal issues without using guns, lawyers or therapists. The fact that you need so many lawyers and therapists shows that you're not adult enough to be independent. Guns should only be handled by adults. If you're not adult enough to sort things out without suing someone or speaking to a therapist then you're not grown up enough to handle a gun.
  9. Therefore, you will no longer be allowed to own or carry anything more dangerous than a vegetable peeler. A permit will be required if you wish to carry a vegetable peeler in public.
  10. All American cars are hereby banned. They are crap and this is for your own good. When we show you German cars, you will understand what we mean.
  11. All intersections will be replaced with roundabouts, and you will start driving on the left with immediate effect. At the same time, you will go metric immediately and without the benefit of conversion tables. Both roundabouts and metrication will help you understand the British sense of humour.
  12. The Former USA will adopt UK prices on petrol (which you have been calling "gasoline") -roughly \$6/US gallon. Get used to it.
  13. You will learn to make real chips. Those things you call French fries are not real chips, and those things you insist on calling potato chips are properly called "crisps." Real chips are thick cut, fried in animal fat, and dressed not with mayonnaise but with vinegar.
  14. Waiters and waitresses will be trained to be more aggressive with customers.
  15. The cold tasteless stuff you insist on calling beer is not actually beer at all. Henceforth, only proper British Bitter will be referred to as "beer," and European brews of known and accepted provenance will be referred to as "Lager." American brands will be referred to as "Near-Frozen Gnat's Urine," so that all can be sold without risk of further confusion.
  16. Hollywood will be required occasionally to cast English actors as good guys. Hollywood will also be required to cast English actors to play English characters. Watching Andie MacDowell attempt English dialogue in "Four Weddings and a Funeral" was an experience akin to having one's ears removed with a cheese grater.
  17. You will cease playing American "football." There is only one kind of proper football; you call it "soccer". Those of you brave enough will, in time, will be allowed to play rugby (which has some similarities to American "football", but does not involve stopping for a rest every twenty seconds or wearing full kevlar body armour like a bunch of nancies).
  18. Further, you will stop playing baseball. It is not reasonable to host an event called the "World Series" for a game which is not played outside of America. Since only 2.1% of you are aware that there is



a world beyond your borders, your error is understandable.

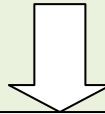
19. You must tell us who killed JFK.  
It's been driving us mad.
20. An internal revenue agent (i.e. tax collector) from Her Majesty's Government will be with you

shortly to ensure the acquisition of all monies due backdated to 1776.

Thank you for your co-operation.

John Cleese

Random photo



**Just filling a bit of space with a shot of the Renegades M.C. show the other week**

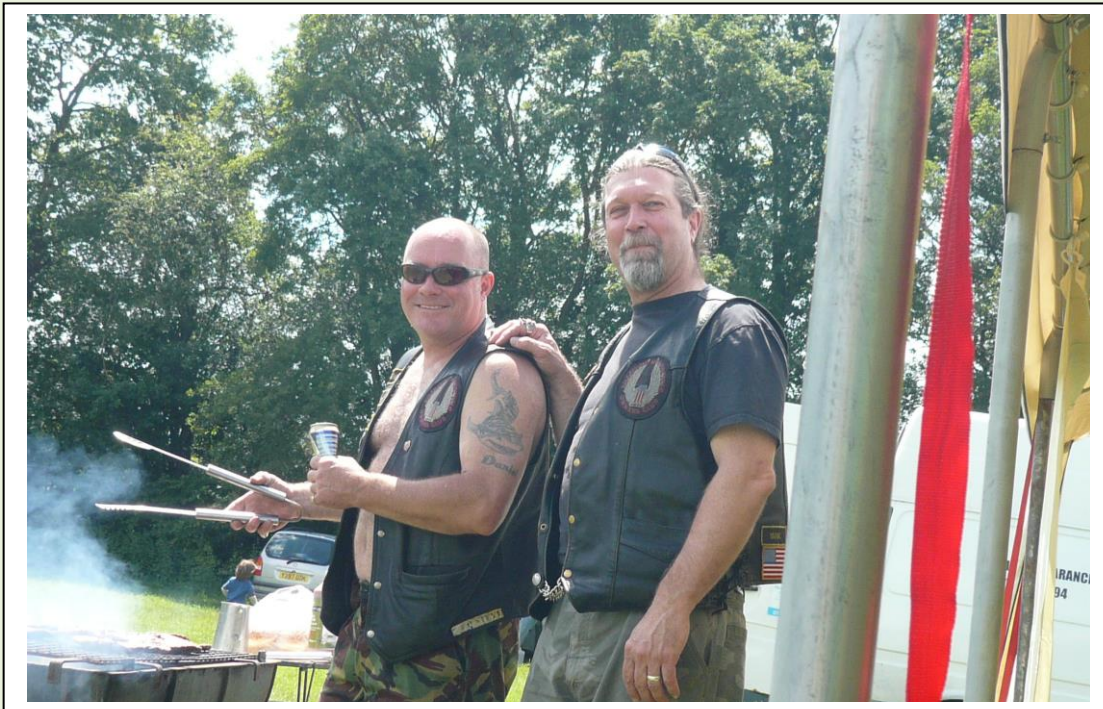
**(I do get about a bit dontchaknow?)**



## THE SUSSEX CHAPTERS BAT'N'BALL DO







THE BARBEQUE DRUMMERS WERE DOING JUST FINE.....

.....TILL THE TRAVELLERS MOVED IN NEXT DOOR



**CORRESPONDENCE –OUR MAN IN TUNBRIDGE WELLS ADDRESSES THE PRESSING PROBLEMS OF THE AGE.**

Boris Johnson  
Mayor of London  
Greater London Authority  
City Hall  
The Queen's Walk  
More London  
London SE1 2AA

Dear Mr Johnson

Doris and I feel it incumbent upon us to write to you following the appalling misrepresentation of this great nation of ours as portrayed by the recent Olympic Games.

Doris tells me that I should leave to one side the whole farce of the so -called modern Olympic Games; however I feel I ought to point out to you that in ancient times the Olympic Games were open only to Greek males who, incidentally, had to compete naked. Now I'm not for one moment suggesting we revive this disreputable practice at all- no, in fact I agree wholeheartedly that all nations ought to be able to compete- but I do feel something important has been lost by not sticking with tradition in other respects.

Be that as it may however, Doris and I couldn't help but wonder just what Johnny Foreigner must make of British culture- having seen the opening and closing ceremonies, it must be very probable that he will return to his colonial hovel under the distinct impression that we

Brits dress in rags and bang pots and pans for entertainment and recreation.

And as for the closing ceremony, what can I say?

Spice Grills and Hippy Hoppy music (whatever that is)? And those shouting young louts with guitars bleating on about their precious 'Generation' (The W.H.O.? What on earth possessed the World Health Organisation to consent to such a puerile stunt?)

As if all that wasn't bad enough, all those gold medals? Were they strictly necessary? Quite honestly, our nation has a long and noble tradition as plucky losers to maintain-how on earth are we ever going to recover from this debacle?

No, Boris, you've let the side down badly and the country will long remember that when we next dish out the British Empire Medals

Just don't expect to be in the running for one of those

Des Gusset .....Tunbridge wells



*Jeez . I even got a reply to this one...that's the first time in 3 years..-see below...Al*

from: [edamoctimes@gmail.com](mailto:edamoctimes@gmail.com)  
To: [mayor@london.gov.uk](mailto:mayor@london.gov.uk)  
Subject: The recent Olympics

Thank you for your interest in the work of the Mayor and the Greater London Authority, with the London 2012 Games taking place, now is an extremely busy time at City Hall.

Staff at the Greater London Authority have been involved in helping to deliver the Olympic and Paralympic Games from July and running through to September.

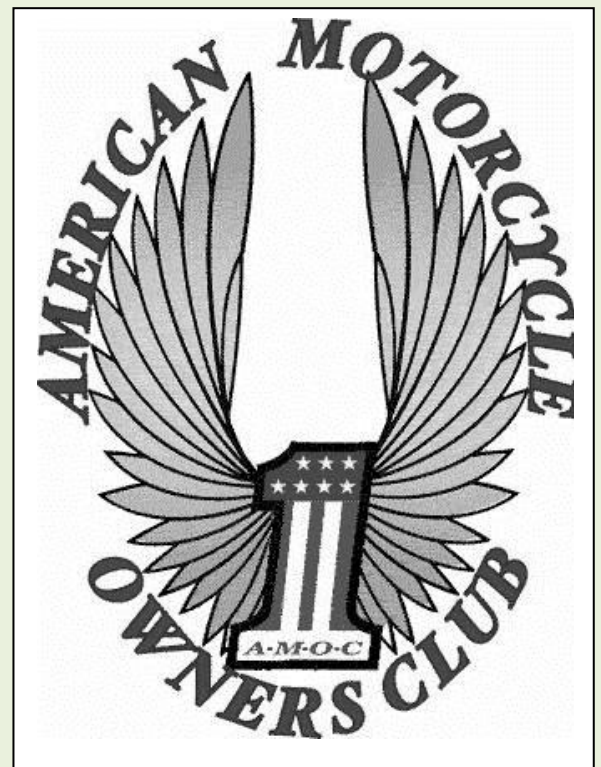
Given these constraints, and the large number of contacts we receive please bear with us. We would ask for your support and understanding during this period to help us in delivering a successful Games for London.

We will aim to prioritise and respond to urgent enquiries, complaints and requests for information during this time, but it may not be possible for us to respond within our usual 20 working day service standard.

If you require information on the London 2012 Olympic and Paralympic games then please refer to the following on our website at :  
London Olympic and Paralympic Games contacts information

Yours truly

Public Liaison Unit



Hey, watch this space.....Al

THE EXCELSIOR  
HENDERSON...NOT COMING  
SOON TO A DEALER NEAR  
YOU.....



Splendid is it not, folks?



### **EXCELSIOR HENDERSON, AND WHY WE DONT ALL RIDE ONE....AI**

Now folks I hope you'll forgive me wittering on about the Excelsior Henderson (yet again, sigh). Especially as I've already posted a photo or two of it a couple of editions back- only, not only is this one extremely pretty bike (to me at any rate...get used to it) but there's one of these kicking about my neck of the woods down in Tunbridge Wells. I've seen it a few times now, though have yet to sit down with the owner and hear his story. But seeing it did encourage me to go find out some more about one of motorcycling's great 'Might Have Beens'

So, What is it. and why aren't we all riding one?

Read on, gentle thugs, and I will enlighten you

Once upon a time there were these American businessmen – a couple of brothers actually- named Hanlon. And being successful businessmen, they had a bit of dosh to spare so they thought they'd have a go at making the sort of motorcycle they reckoned Harley should have been making all along.. They wanted something special but not, as they saw it, a piece of antediluvian\* technology like they churn out in Milwaukie.

So they decided to make their own –Now I don't know if you've ever tried to make your own motorcycle, but if you have you won't need me to remind you it's quite a complicated process.

And these guys didn't want to do it the easy way....you know the sort of thing...buy a few engines from S&S and stick a fancy looking rocker cover on the top ....nope they designed their own motor.....overhead cam, 4 valves, fuel, injection, the lot.... oh and their own frame too.....and having seen it,, it's a beautifully made frame at that. Take my word for it. Or else.

Now all this takes money and it took about 100million of their very own dollars before the first bike rolled off the line.....in fact it took so much that there was nothing left over to advertise the thing.

And then there was the press. They didn't like it one little bit. They just couldn't quite get the hang of it...it wasn't a sports bike and there were already a lot of custom machines on the market, so why bother with one more? And they didn't like the brothers Hanlon much either...all of which did not make for an endearing public relations hit for the firm.

But what really killed this machine was the sad fact that your average Harley customer wants a Harley and nothing else will do. End of story. Doesn't matter how good the product is

"If it aint Harley, you aint sh\*t"....which presumably means if it is, you are...erm

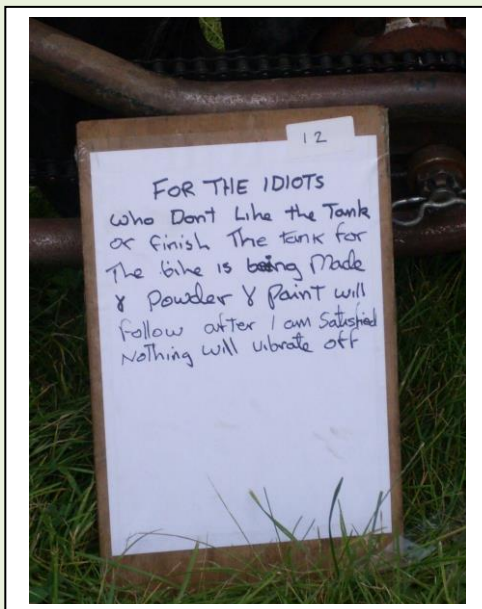
. \*Antediluvian...look it up, I had to so why shouldn't you?







# BULLDOG



















## TALES OF TOWNSEND

### RIDING THE RED RODENT

Now folks it has to be admitted that this editions tale features neither motorcycles nor even, to any great extent, the deeds of Larry himself, but no matter. It amuses me and he was there so it sort of counts all the same.

Anyhow see I've got this brother-Dodgy Doug of Dartford by name –so called because he's had a hand in many a nefarious venture, the likes of which are none of your damn business -but Dodgy Doug also had a car. In fact he had a bike as well- a rather splendid K6 series Honda 750/4 which he kept in superb nick.

Not so his car however, which is all the more strange since he earnt his crust as a cab driver, but, no matter. Anyhow he fondly called his car the Red Rodent' and red indeed it was, a bright red Mk 3 Cortina, in fact which he maintained by simply pouring the used oil from his bike into its uncomplaining sump.

In those days we used to betake ourselves from time to time into the depths of Thetford Forest up in Norfolk in order to party and generally avoid contact with the remainder of the species. We'd always go by bike of course but sometimes we'd check it out beforehand by car. This had two advantages in particular. Firstly we

could make sure our usual spot wasn't being used as base camp by the army which had the annoying habit of thinking they owned the place (ok so they did, but they were usually quite decent about it- on one occasion in the middle of the night we were stumbled across by a patrol on some sort of exercise. Naturally we offered them our humble hospitality and they eventually stumbled on again, the better no doubt for their mind expanding experience.)

The other advantage of checking out by car was that we could drop off supplies of booze etc which would otherwise have been a bit of a bother to carry with us on the bikes

But that's not the part I was telling you about is it? Oh yes, the Rodent.....

So, off we trotted one Saturday morning...Dodgy Doug, Larry and my good self heading for the wilds of Norfolk and in due course we dumped our supplies for the forthcoming festivities.

This being the '70's nobody bothered overmuch about drinking and driving so, as usual we dropped off in a charming village inn on the way back-down a little windy country lane and across a quaint ford where a half dozen or so anglers were fulfilling their role as rural idyll accessories-all quintessentially English. For our part we too fulfilled our role as quintessential English drinkers....I think we managed about 4 or 5 before heading back along the lane in the Red Rodent.

Which is where it got a little bit complicated.

In a fit of what I like to call youthful exuberance, Dodgy Doug took the ford at about 50 or so and in the process the bow

wave from the rodent utterly deluged the anglers, leaving them a soppy, fist waving, mess in the rear view mirror.

He pulled up round the next bend.

“Anyone else enjoy that?” Doug asked which was scarcely necessary as Larry and I were both convulsed with fits of hysterical laughter at the time.

“Me too” said Dodgy Doug and turned the car around.

This time round we hit the water at something like 60 and watched open mouthed as the resultant tsunami decimated the survivors of what they must have mistakenly believed to have been an Act of God.

As we drove on, Doug began to chuckle- we made it almost a mile down the road when he stopped and turned the car again.

“You know what” mused Doug “I didn’t much like their attitude-lets him them again”

Which we did.

There were five of them in all.... middle aged men in tweeds and hats with badges on them. Oh and they were very, very wet when the Rodent went through yet again....

This time though they had clearly lost their quaint English reserve. They were, in point of fact, quite incandescent with righteous outrage, throwing anything they could lay hands upon, fishing rods and tackle, sods of earth and a selection of wicker baskets all came winging in our general direction.

“Now that’s more like it” murmured Doug appreciatively and wound down the window

“Put your back into it, Chaps!” Doug yelled at them...” “Let’s see some of that Bulldog spirit!” as he floored the pedal, spun the wheels and dumped a fresh load of mud over them before speeding off.

“Actually Doug” Larry pointed out helpfully “I think you’ve made them all rather cross.....take a look for yourself”

Sure enough two brave stalwarts were clearly visible now dragging a half buried 6 ft length of scaffold pole from its resting place somewhere along the river bank....their intent was now obvious as they manhandled the weapon ready for the next attack.

At this point common sense finally prevailed and Doug decided we’d done enough to rouse the countryside.

“Time to go home, I think” he said “and no real harm done, was there?”

Safely round the next bend we’d just begun to accelerate rather more gently away when we were all transfixed by an apparition appearing in front of the car.

There, driving briskly but serenely toward us and thus toward the scene of our recent triumph, was an identical red, MK 3 Cortina, and it was driven, no less, than by an elderly couple ...he in flat cap and pebble lens spectacles and she, (and this I swear upon the Holy Haynes Manual) knitting with an air of complete tranquillity.

“Er, I think it’s probably time we went home now” said Doug.....”I don’t think this next bit is for the faint hearted to witness.”

Nobody argued.



Nobody spoke

Nobody read the local paper either for a while.

Al



**Rural Idyll Innit?.....shame we had to spoil it**





Ok-they're all the same bike....

....and I saw it at Shaws



But it's a cracker.....



.....innit?

# Motorcyclist offers apology and restitution to members of DUMB

An apology is in order, so, please, forgive me. It was not until this morning on my ride to work that I fully understood I was in error.

Yes, I've noticed that there are many very busy and important people on the roads. You all are hard to miss with the cell phones, laptops, breakfast bars, coffee, cigarettes and all, but until now, I didn't realize I was causing so much trouble for you busy, multitasking drivers.

I figured it out this morning, thanks to the nice lady working on the laptop who needed the lane I was in.

First, ma'am, let me say that when I honked at you from the shoulder, I didn't mean to startle you. My intent was just to give you a little beep to let you know the lane was all yours. But I was braking so hard, I couldn't lift my thumb off the horn button. My bad.

Laurie didn't mean to cause you to nearly hit the guy talking on the cell phone. You know, he was smoking and talking as he moved his SUV right into the space you had just left.

Anyway, the good news is, that's when I realized all of you multitasking drivers must be texting each other about intended lane changes and running traffic lights and stop signs and such.



I'm sorry — I'm still using old-fashioned blinkers. I didn't realize you needed some time to e-notify that guy that you needed the lane back. I really messed it up for both of you! I can only say that the guard rail was a little distracting, and I was only thinking about myself. I'll try harder next time.

## OPINION



**GUEST COLUMN**  
**LARRY SUPINA**

Like I said, I didn't know that was how you multitasking drivers were communicating. It must have been in an e-mail, but my laptop felt off my tank and I haven't replaced it.

However, I have a solution. I know many of you are so busy and important that you have no choice — you have to eat, work, talk, read and do lots of other really important things as you

Those of us who use the road only for traveling would be happy to stay out of your way; we just need to know you're coming.

A little visual clue would help — I was thinking of a bumper sticker. That way, everyone could identify you as Drivers Utilizing Multiple Behaviors.

Of course, that's a little long, so we'd cut it down to an acronym — DUMB.

If you'd place stickers on the front, back and maybe the sides of your car, the rest of us would know not to interfere with you on the road.

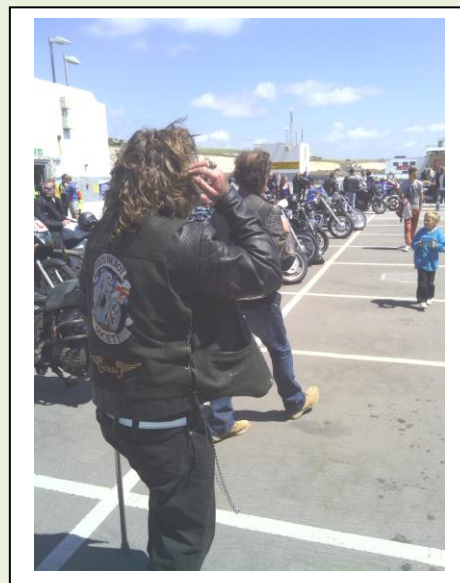
I think it's such a good idea, I'll pay for the bumper stickers and even put them on for you.

Deal? Again, I'm sorry I got in your way. I'll try harder to see you coming from now on. I promise!

*Larry Supina is an Antonio resident. He works as a safety manager at Pantex.*



**...and the British heart Foundation do a decent little show each summer on the roof of the open air car park at Brighton Marina.....**



Random joke inserted purely 'cos it appeals to me

A psychiatrist was conducting a group therapy session with five young mothers and their small children.

"You all have obsessions," he observed.

To the first mother, Mary, he said: "You are obsessed with eating. You've even named your daughter Candy."

He turned to the second Mum, Ann: "Your obsession is with money. It manifests itself in your children's names, Penny, Goldie and Frank."

He turned to the third Mum, Joyce: "Your obsession is alcohol. This too shows itself in your children's names:

Brandy and Sherry. You even called the cat, "Whisky"

He then turned to the fourth Mum June: "Your obsession is with flowers. Your girls are called Rose, Daphne & Poppy."

At this point, the fifth mother, Kathy, quietly got up, took her little boy by the hand and whispered:.....

"Come on, Dick, this guy has no idea what he's talking about. Let's pick up Fanny and Willy and go home."



## CAPTION COMPETITION

HAVE A GO AND WIN YOURSELF A (SMALL) BOTTLE OF JACK DANIELS



ENTRIES TO

EDAMOCTIMES @GMAIL.COM

GO ON, HAVE A GO.....

OR I'LL HAVE TO DRINK THE

WRETCHED STUFF -AL

**IT'S GOOD NEWS WEEK.....SO HERES A SELECTION GLEANED FROM BOTH THE USA AND UK LOCAL NEWSPAPERS THIS MONTH.....**

Man Kills Self Before Shooting Wife and Daughter

(Sadly this one was corrected the next day.)

Something Went Wrong in Jet Crash, Expert Says?

Police Begin Campaign to Run Down Jaywalkers

Panda Mating Fails; Vet Takes Over

Miners Refuse to Work after Death

Juvenile Court to Try Shooting Defendant

War Dims Hope for Peace

If Strike Isn't Settled Quickly, It May Last Awhile

Cold Wave Linked to Temperatures

Couple Slain; Police Suspect Murder

Red Tape Holds Up New Bridges

Man Struck By Lightning: Faces Battery Charge

New Study of Obesity Looks for Larger Test Group

Astronaut Takes Blame for Gas in Spacecraft

Kids Make Nutritious Snacks

Local High School Dropouts Cut in Half

Hospitals are Sued by 7 Foot Doctors

And Al's personal favourite.....

Typhoon Rips Through Cemetery; Hundreds Dead

**DID YOU USED TO READ THOSE COMICS?.....I MEAN THE ONE'S WITH THE  
'SPOT THE DELIBERATE MISTAKE' IN THEM?**

**NO?- NEVER MIND.....JUST TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE.**

**NO PRIZES.**

**AI**



Tee hee.....





This shot is here for 2 reasons ....1 'cos it's a nice 'atmospheric' shot with my Heretic in the background and 2 'cos Not nearly enough of you lot have sent me soddin photos for this edition. To those who did, thanks, Gus& Debbie and thanks too, Skint

If you're not careful I can always fill the next edition with photos of those nice Honda's wot you meet the nicest people on (apparently-never met 'em myself)

**YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED**

And finally....from my friend Allan B in the wilds of Northern Scotland.....

There I was sitting at the bar staring at my drink when a large, trouble-making biker stepped up next to me, grabbed my drink and gulped it down in one swig.

"Well, whatcha' gonna do about it?" he said, menacingly, as I burst into tears. "Come on, man," the biker said, "I didn't think you'd CRY. I can't stand to see a man crying."

"This is the worst day of my life," I said. "I'm a complete failure. I was late to a meeting and my boss fired me. When I went to the parking lot, I found my car had been stolen and I don't have any insurance. I left my wallet in the cab I took home. I found my wife with another man and then my dog bit me."

"So I came to this bar to work up the courage and to put an end to it all, I bought a drink, dropped the cyanide capsule in and sat here watching the poison dissolve knowing I only had 8 hours left to live - and then you show up and drink the whole damn thing! But enough about me, how are you doing?"

