



AMOC TIMES

THE VOICE OF REASON? CERTAINLY NOT, OLD BEAN



Winter 2011-12

**Twas the Night before Christmas
And all through the house
Nothing was stirring
Not even a mouse**



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EDITOR'S REASONED RAMBLE

ANYBODY GOT A NICE EVO1340 THEN?

Ok I admit it; I'm going to buy another Harley.

There I've said it. I feel better for that, thanks Doctor.

As some of you may be aware I recently abandoned the great God Milwaukie in favour of a Triumph. Long story but the gist of it was that my late and unloved twin cam was a dog.

Let's leave aside the fact that after being shunted into by a boy racer within 1 month of buying it, it never really felt the same after its eye wateringly expensive rebuild.

Lets leave aside the fact that its big skinny front wheel –stuck out on a pair of pipe cleaners about half a mile in front of the rest of the bike-never actually inspired me with much confidence in its handling. Leave aside too my suspicion that ,should I feel so inclined, I'm pretty sure I could have grasped that same wheel and buckled it with my bare hands.

No it was the repeated gearbox rebuilds that did for me.

Not till long after I sold the thing did I realize that the cause of my woes was

the aftermarket 'lite pull' gizmo merrily grinding itself into a sticky paste on the clutch push rod but by then I had the Triumph. And, truth to tell it's a pretty nice bike- does all I ask of it and sits outside my house minding its own business and starting, handling and running every but as well as any Harley. Oh and it looks cool too and my Beloved likes it- so comfy, she says and lots of room for all that luggage we seem to need.

Nope, truth to tell I've always been downright promiscuous where bikes are concerned. Never been fixated on any one brand....just so long as they don't have more than 2 cylinders and (up till recently anyhow) they used push rods to open the valves-I'd be interested.

Even so those criteria cut down the options somewhat and in more recent decades I've struggled between my love of Harleys (bought my first one in 1986- brand new evo sporty- one of the first in the country) and my love of Moto Guzzis.

In fact just before I ran into AMOC, I was running A Guzzi California and toying with buying a new Guzzi Jackal or another Sporty- the Sporty won but only just. And I don't regret it. Couple of years later I also bought another Cali-beautiful beast, handled on rails ...used

to eat Dyna's as a snack, but Oh that unreliability. I think the moment of revelation came on a wet Sunday afternoon in my front garden drilling out the stainless exhaust stubs (ever tried that? Fun innit?) which had snapped one by one on the way back from a weekend in Wales.

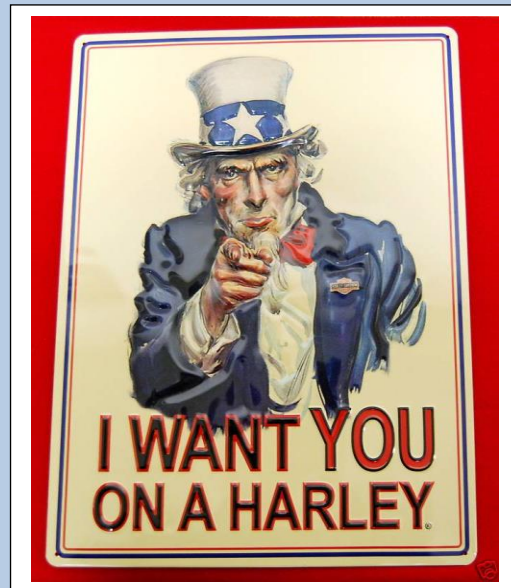
'I'm too old for this lark' I said. So when the twin cam broke I bought a shiny new Bonneville America.

But, Doctor, it's the noise.....I miss it and the stump pulling torque.

So I'm saving pennies now. Only this time the triumph stays too.

See, just in case. At least I know that that one works.

Al



Stop press-bought one!
1999 EVO Heritage Softtail-be ok when I get rid of the bling on it.

Anyone got a workshop or service manual?

Sir Plonk Speaks



A View from the bridge

"Low points of the year?"

For me personally I guess that dying might be considered a bit of a low point maybe? You know, when I had the heart problems and was considered clinically dead at one stage- probably you don't get a lot worse than that for a 'low point', do you?

I mean it wasn't even that, but afterwards when I had my lungs full of blood-that was unbelievably painful -first you think you're going to die then maybe you hope you're going to die and get it done with-Jeez that wasn't much fun.

Thankfully I'm much better now and looking forward to 2012.

All that stuff though did have an effect I guess on North Surrey- I mean we've always been a very active chapter and we've been used to being out there and riding, partying and all that sort of thing- I think that's taken a back seat recently to some extent and I'm looking forward to North Surrey getting back to where we were in terms of activity and putting ourselves about again.

You know, I've had a fair amount of time these last few months to think about things and club life etc.

For instance I remember when I was a younger man, being always out there, running with a patch club and how that involved a lot of grief as well as fun- those days we always seemed to have enemies to take care of and along the way we lost some good friends in those sorts of situations. Myself, I'd have thought my life expectancy in those days was pretty short and I never really thought I'd make my 45th birthday.

So these days it's sometimes odd to think of being here at all, let alone the fact that I'm often happily drinking with guys who years back I might have been expected to hit with a big stick or something- I guess it just goes to show that, at the end of

it all, bikers have a lot more in common than what separates us from each other-that's kind of a nice thought.

Another thought maybe to end this on.

Ride outs. Have you ever noticed what happens in a big club turn out? Let's say we're on the way somewhere and we stop for a pint or a bite to eat. Some of the guys are up at the bar getting served whilst others are still parking up- so when the first guys are ready to go, the last ones are just sitting down at table and nowhere near ready.

Maybe that's why sometimes folks tend to run in smaller groups than we used to – sometimes it just makes life easier to organise.

Now I'm not suggesting we don't do the bigger runs –these really show the club presence, but maybe there's a way we can do the big runs smarter in future?

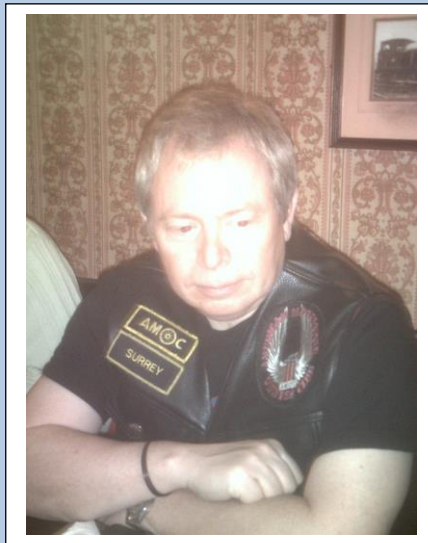
However you do it,
Ride Safe Ride Often

L&R

Plonk



SURREY CHAPTER CHRISTMAS DINNER



AND GUESS WHO FORGOT TO BOOK A PLACE?



THESE GUYS BOOKED PLACES



EVERYBODY ELSE HAD A GOOD TIME

Caption Competition-we have a winner!



MAVIS COULDN'T HELP BUT THINK THEY MIGHT HAVE PUT THE LADIES LOO'S A BIT CLOSER TO THE CAMP SITE

AND THE WINNER IS.....

Mrs Doris Gussett of Tunbridge Wells who wins a lifetimes supply of burial shrouds



Sorry Mate, I didn't see you

Once upon a time in the late 1960's there was this Chilean biologist (name of Umberto Maturana if you're the pedantic type wot wants proof of such things) who was studying frogs in the Amazonian rainforest.

Nothing remarkable about that, I hear you say- I mean we've all done it haven't we? There you are one morning commuting to Morden when you think 'Stuff this, I'm going to study frogs in Brazil'

So far old Umberto is just your average tree frog cataloguer ...must be 'undreds of 'em up the Orinoco....but this day is different. For today is the day that Umberto formulates his theory of Structure Determinism.

See, he was watching this tree frog and noticed something very odd about its behaviour. Amazonian Tree frogs live on a diet of flies...and they're pretty damn good at catching these.....essentially they just hang around, in or on their tree waiting for one to come along then...Zap....out flicks the tongue and in goes the fly....no bother....except Umberto notices that if the fly passes from left to right, its dead...a gonerex fly etc. on the other hand though, if it passes from right to left it gets clean away...not even a flick of the tongue , not so much as a twitch of the frogs eye. This gets old Umberto wondering about whether his frog is maybe blind in one eye...till he notices that all the other tree frogs do the same. So he thinks and thinks and does a few experiments on

their neural ganglia (as you do if you're a biologist and need a break from watching frogs) till he comes to a fairly radical conclusion.

Biologically the tree frog cant see the fly if it travels in one directionnot 'doesn't notice the fly' but cant actually *see* it...nothing registers on the nerves from the retina to the brain...only in one direction though. In all other respects its vision is fine.

Over time (that's one of those phrases that means ' lots of other stuff then happened') Maturana concluded that the only possible explanation is that the Amazonian Tree Frog had evolved in tandem with its very particular environment and as such it had no need to see flies flying from right to left...so it didn't develop that faculty.

Ok, so far its just an interesting snippet about a quirky frog but as other scientists caught on this revolutionised the way they all thought about evolution and in particular about the nature of what we tend to call 'information' When you and I think about information we tend to see it as a sort of 'package' if you like....you know 'that car is 'green' 'he's an 'angry' man.....that sort of stuff. But the reality is very different. And here's the biggie, folks

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS 'INFORMATION'.

What we 'see' as information is determined by what we, in our environment (and those two factors are

taken together-they can't ever be separated truly) are **capable** of seeing. You don't 'see' a green car; it's just that most of us can absorb signals in that particular wavelength.

Now this maybe explains a few things you've always wondered about, eh? Like for instance why it is you continue to wear that manky old leather when everyone else 'sees' it as something the dog dropped after it wolfed down your chicken Jalfrezi the other night.....when in fact you 'see' your old leather as being redolent of character with every mark and blemish having its story to tell. Or why it is that why every mother sees her son as handsome when the rest of us are constantly fighting the urge to rid humanity of its worst excrescence since Fred West vacated the title a while back. And let's look at those bikes we ride, eh?

Motorcyclists the world over tend to take one of two positions about Harleys- either they think they're the total Mutts Nuts or else they see them as obsolete old clankers ready for the scrapper from the day they left the assembly line.

Truth is (Don't start me off on 'truth'- Jeez, that's another whole branch of philosophy in there), nope truth is that what somebody 'sees' in a Harley is a reflection of how they see themselves - of their image of themselves (or not) and the sort of experience that they 'see' motorcycling as being all about.....and if you see it as being about dressing up

as a power ranger and crouching frog-like over a luminous plastic phallus, then you just wont get it, will you?

On the other hand, if you see yourself as the reincarnation of all those biker heroes we tend to have, then you'll 'see' the beauty of the bike-'cos it represents the ultimate in the expression of the lifestyle to which you aspire.

On the other hand, you could just be a car driver.

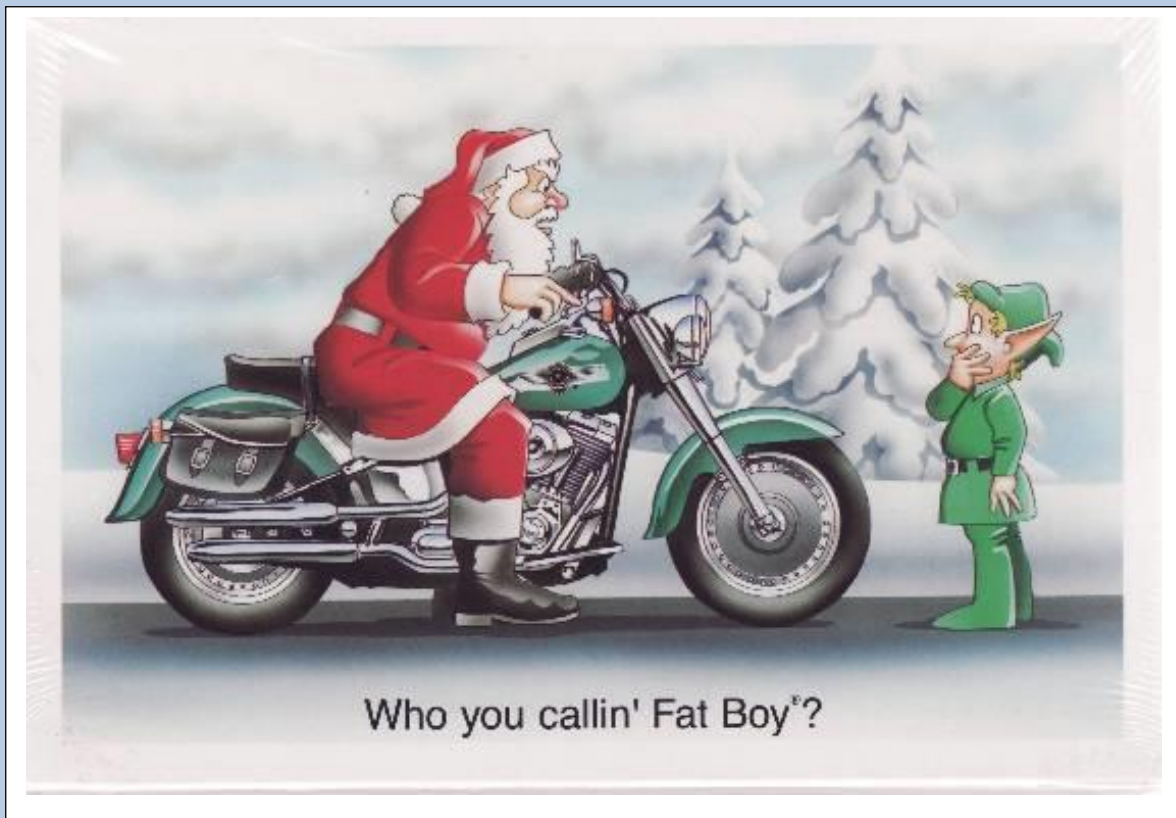
There's an interesting piece of research I read a while back which suggests that on many of those occasions when

Volvoman pulls out that junction into your path, he didn't notice you as you thundered along the road on your flame red twin cam with open pipes and a sound like the Judgment day trumpet.

In fact this research deconstructed such incidents and found that before impact the driver *had* looked but had simply failed to register you as a threat, therefore the information wasn't in fact processed in the same way as other stuff was being processed at the time.

So, next time it happens to you-you know, as you step out from the wreckage of your pride and joy to the usual bleat of 'sorry mate I didn't see you'why don't you just pop open your Swiss Army knife and check out the little reptile's neural ganglia for him.....all in the cause of science, natch

Al



...three legged dog walks into a bar. Barkeep looks up. Slowly, he drawls, "What can I do for you, three legged dog?"

Three legged dog turns and, even more slowly, replies, "I'm looking for the man that shot my paw..."

This fur seal pup walks into a bar and the bar tender says
" What'll it be ? "

And the fur seal pup says
" Anything really except Canadian Club on the rocks "



The Cleveland Motorcycle Company

Look at the picture people, isn't this just a gem? And couldn't you just see it with a big back tyre and a set of Apes up front?

Nah, me neither but there it is.

The Cleveland motorcycle company actually began in UK but by ...it had moved to the States, producing initially some pretty humble commuter fodder in the shape of 2 stroke singles. Though these were hardly the acme of desirability, they did have the advantage of being lighter than most of the opposition and were popular, both because they didn't get so bogged down in the mud as the heavier bikes and, for the same reason, they appealed to women riders.

So business was good in the early to mid 1920's when the company decided to up their game.

Initially they copied Excelsior with a 600cc four but found it no match for the real thing, being down on power compared to the opposition, so they stole a designer from Excelsior and got to work again until in 1929 they made this beauty here....each one guaranteed to top the ton or your money back.

So far it was looking pretty good for Cleveland, but then there was the Wall St Crash and the Great Depression and their market suddenly was gone ...shortly followed by the company itself.

Shame really.



Never let it be said that ground crews and engineers lack a sense of humour.

Here are some actual logged maintenance complaints and problems as submitted by Qantas pilots and the solution recorded by maintenance engineers.

(P = The problem logged by the pilot.) (S = The solution and action taken by the engineers.)

P: Left inside main tyre almost needs replacement.

S: Almost replaced left inside main tyre.

P: Test flight OK, except auto-land very rough.

S: Auto-land not installed on this aircraft.

P: Something loose in cockpit.

S: Something tightened in cockpit.

P: Dead bugs on windshield.

S: Live bugs on back-order.

P: Autopilot in altitude-hold mode produces a 200 feet per minute descent.

S: Cannot reproduce problem on ground.

P: Evidence of leak on right main landing gear.

S: Evidence removed.

P: DME volume unbelievably loud.

S: DME volume set to more believable level.

P: Friction locks cause throttle levers to stick.

S: That's what they're there for.

P: IFF inoperative.

S: IFF always inoperative in OFF mode.

P: Suspected crack in windshield.

S: Suspect you're right.

P: Number 3 engine missing.

S: Engine found on right wing after brief search.

P: Aircraft handles funny.

S: Aircraft warned to straighten up, fly right, and be serious.

P: Target radar hums.

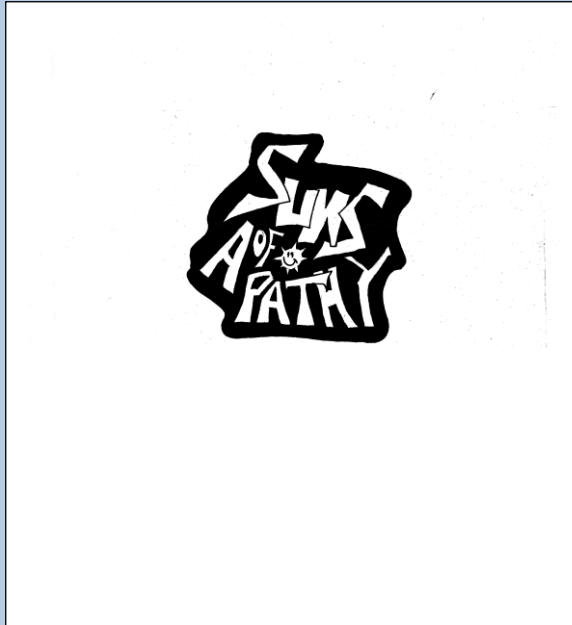
S: Reprogrammed target radar with lyrics.

P: Mouse in cockpit.

S: Cat installed.

P: Noise coming from under instrument panel. Sounds like a midget pounding on something with a hammer.

S: Took hammer away from midget



THIS IS THE FIRST IN A NEW SERIES OF CARTOONS BY TIM -AKA
"SKINT"





Now folks, I may be a simple soul, but tell me...does this mean that we can come in, or are we the only ones who cant?





Erm, Sorry Mate, I didn't see you?



What, you mean we don't ever have to pay our subs again?

DISCOVERY



Sometimes, the greatest treasures are found beneath piles of trash.

Need I say more?

Services, has served as an ambassador for three years, talking to many groups about the company. He takes Zumba classes at the YMCA and won a bronze medal for tennis in the Special Olympics.
(Beacon photo)

Assailant suffers injuries from fall

Orville Smith, a store manager for Best Buy in Augusta, Ga., told police he observed a male customer, later identified as Tyrone Jackson of Augusta, on surveillance cameras putting a laptop computer under his jacket. When confronted the man became irate, knocked down an employee, drew a knife and ran for the door.

Outside on the sidewalk were four Marines collecting toys for the Toys for Tots program. Smith said the Marines stopped the man, but he stabbed one of the Marines, Cpl. Phillip Duggan, in the back; the injury did not appear to be

severe.

After Police and an ambulance arrived at the scene Cpl. Duggan was transported for treatment.

"The subject was also transported to the local hospital with two broken arms, a broken ankle, a broken leg, several missing teeth, possible broken ribs, multiple contusions, assorted lacerations, a broken nose and a broken jaw...injuries he sustained when he slipped and fell off of the curb after stabbing the Marine," according to a police report.

CORRESPONDENCE

To -edamoc@gmail.com

Dear Mr Salmond

Having heard about the plight of the so called 'Euro-zone' countries in recent months it occurred to me to write to you with an offer of advice.

My wife Doris has pointed out to me that many Scots apparently desire their Independence according some Polls.

Can this be true?

Surely you people can't have forgotten so soon the benefits which flow from being a Briton?

Let me list some of these for your miserable nation of ingrates.

1. Never forget that you are a part of the greatest empire the world has ever seen. And that means cheap cotton, rayon and polyester trousers. Not to be sneered at in these hard times.

2. Climate. You will be forever severed from the English summer. Neither will we sell you cricket bats or cucumber sandwiches, whilst the supply of Pimms will be substantially restricted.

3. Roads. Britain has benefitted from the most comprehensive motorway programme seen these islands since

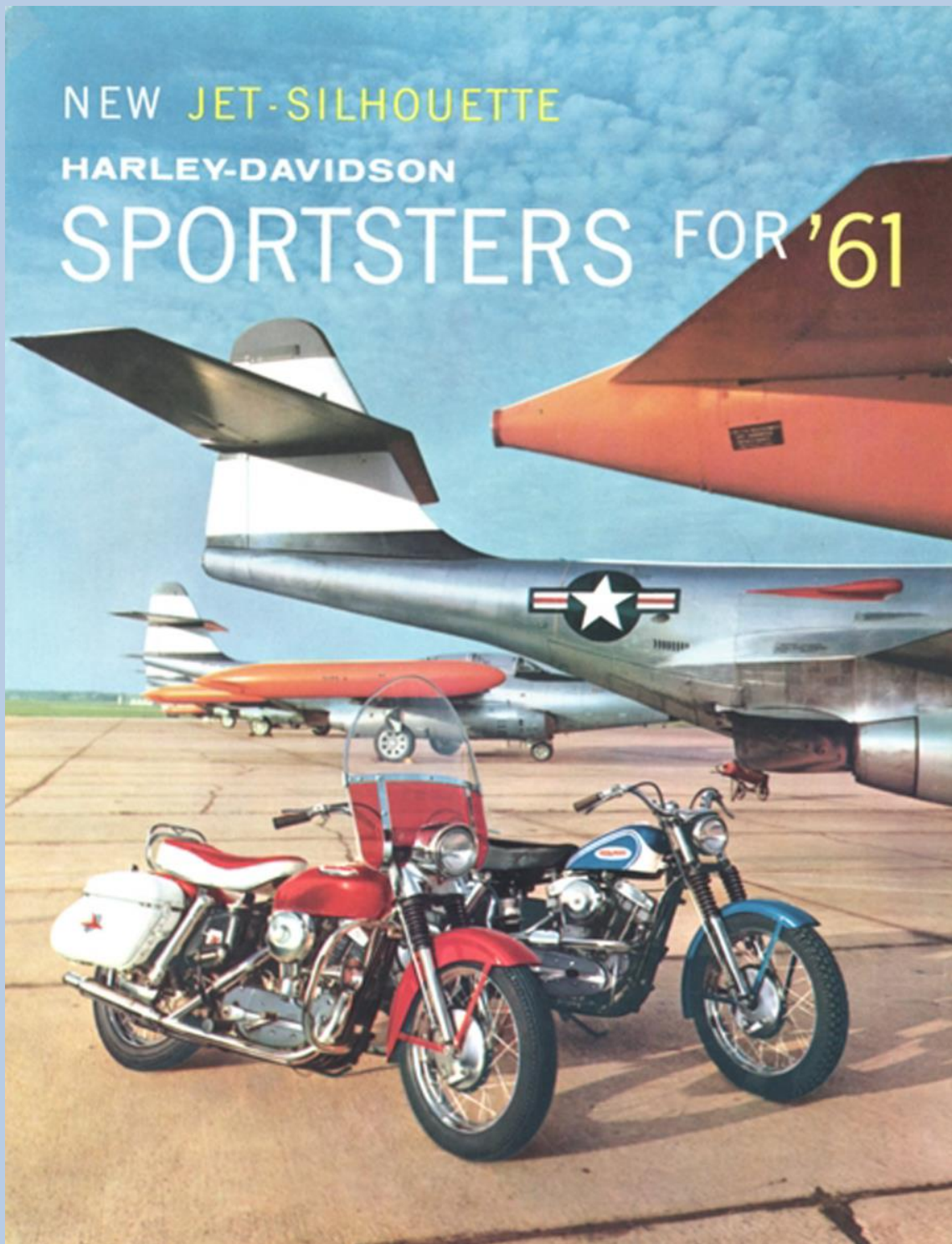
Roman times. Entire communities can now access the M25 who previously might only dream of being linked by this engineering masterpiece. Your benighted peoples will be cut off from the bounties thus derived.

My advice to you Mr Salmond is to change tactics, pretty sharpish if you don't mind my saying.

In the middle of a recession, Keynesian economics would suggest that a vast programme of public works would stimulate the economy. Accordingly I have written this day to the Chancellor of the Exchequer (A certain Mr Odd Jawbone, I'm led to believe) suggesting an immediate mobilisation of our shiftless and workshy young people who will, should you ignore my advice, be put to work rebuilding The Wall. You have been warned.

Yours sincerely

Des Gussett



WTF? I just liked this one-thought you might do too-Al



The Club Run

Eventually of course it was time to go on our first major club run.

For me this posed

problems, not the least of these being that at my age I tended to like my home comforts and the idea of camping in a damp field had frankly lost some of the sparkle of youth.

You see the problem for me is that I'm getting on a bit in years and, given the choice between an evening of partying to the strains of a full metal rock band, I'd really rather have headed off to Gower and watched the sun go down with a pint or few in the Kings Head. Larry didn't mind though...not in the least and he pointed out that such things were essential to our getting our patches, 'I mean', he said 'its not as if we're being asked to rape chickens or bite the heads off maidens, is it?' (Larry had a touching tendency at times to get the wrong end of the stick)

So, we reckoned, the annual camp was 'do-able' and, to be fair, the run down to Hampshire was interesting....I mean what could be more pleasant than pottering down the inside lane of the M3 with 30 fellow bikers at 50 mph?

I can remember thinking at the time '50 Bleeding miles an hour, I asks you, Why?'

Its to show 'presence' apparently and the fact that many of the lads did, and still do, ride their Harleys with apehangers which probably will almost certainly guarantee circulatory problems in later life had nothing to do with it...I'm sure.

On arrival things got off to a good start with the setting up of the club Marquee Being AMOC, something about organising piss ups in breweries springs readily to mind, as does the peculiar image of a dozen bikers struggling in a circle with the tent in a grotesque parody of medieval Maypole ceremonies. But up it went whilst Larry and I tried hard not to catch each others eyes for fear of a sense of humour outbreak....we were after all mere prospects and thought these guys might just not do the self-referential humour stuff, you know.

Then there was the trip into town....consisting of the chapter descending on some poor innocent village for a couple of hours and generally being seen in all its glory.

We reckoned though that this 'cruising down main street' on the bike stuff looked set to severely limit opportunities for the consumption of ale so instead we walked through the woods enjoying the warm summer early evening stroll.

As a result we arrived back at camp well into the evenings festivities and slightly the better for drink too...not that anyone noticed as the lads had managed to celebrate in the style of bikers the world over...yep, they were stoned and pissed according to taste.

We dutiful took our places in the tent and joined what clearly was passing for conversation that evening.

All was going swimmingly (No- I really mean that) when our Kev produced the bong.

Now, dear reader, if you've led a sheltered life, you may be wondering what a 'bong' is.

Well basically it's a pipe with a small water bottle attached underneath, the

idea being that the miscreant fills the bowl with drug/household bleach of their choice and lights up...the water gently cooling the resultant ingestion. It was at this point that I began to look and think.

First I looked at the water bowl in horror as our Pres proceeded to fill this with Jack Daniels. Prior to top loading the bowl with a mix of top grade Gawdnosewot. I mentally made myself a note. 'On no account Al, are you touching that.' Clearly though to save face some explanation would be required and the pipe was now being passed round, coming ever closer to our side of the table.

Finally it was in my hands and at last in a stroke of what I still consider to be pure genius I announced in my finest outraged Scottish accent 'Jack Daniels? I'll no be drinking any of yer colonial moonshine fir anybody's sake.' Reaching into my cut-off I produced a hip flask of Isle of Jura single malt and gave a ceremonial swig before passing the bong onwards to a good natured round of cheers and cat calls.

I still maintain that Larry could have used the same excuse.

Instead I watched, fascinated, as he put bong to lips and inhaled deeply.

Very deeply.

There followed a collective silence which probably lasted mere seconds, though to me it seemed as though the world stood still.

Larry however did not stand still.

First he stood up stiffly and correctly as best army protocol would dictate (To the

cognoscenti this has always been a bad sign with Larry) .Bowling to the chapter he turned an unusually quaint shade of Chartreuse and then projectile-vomited the contents of his stomach in the general direction of our Pres, before marching out the tent and stumbling in the general direction of his sleeping bag. I waited.

There was a stunned silenced followed by an ominous sounding question from the Pres "Does your mate make a habit of doing that?" he said in a voice tinged, I like to think, with not a little awe.

"Pretty much so" said I as nonchalantly as I could muster and the party restarted, picking up where it had left off before.

Only once, a little later in the evening, was the incident alluded to when Kev edged over to me, keen apparently that he shouldn't be observed to be showing any undue concern for the fallen. "Is your mate all right, do you think?" he muttered and I suggested we go take a look.

Larry had reached his tent, a bulge in the wall of which suggested that someone, or something, was now inside though utterly motionless.

I gave a concerned kick at the bulge. It groaned.

"He's fine" says I and we walked slowly back to the party.

Clearly it would be a while yet before we d be ready for our patches

Al

CAPTION COMPETITION
GO ON, GIVE IT A GO... ENTRIES TO:
EDAMOCTIMES@ GMAIL.COM



Welcome and congratulations to

RED DEVILS MC

LONDON CHAPTER

MIDDLESEX CHAPTER

RED DEVILS MC has a worldwide presence and we are pleased to see the club established and active in our part of the world.

We also note with sadness the death of a RED DEVILS MC member, Carl, who many of us knew, have ridden with and respected.

Our condolences go to his Brothers, family and friends

