

# AMOC TIMES

THE VOICE OF REASON? CERTAINLY NOT, OLD BEAN



**WINTER WARMER EDITION-2013**

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### AMOC Rally List 2013

|                                 |   |
|---------------------------------|---|
| <b>14th March</b>               | Greyhairs MCC - 7.30pm The Owl Pub, Kingsfold, RH12 3SA                               |
| <b>29-31st March</b>            | Tsunami Riders MCC 3rd Let Loose Rally  |
| <b>1st April</b>                | Southend Shakedown Run - 10.30am Ace Cafe to Southend                                 |
| <b>5-7<sup>th</sup> April</b>   | 3B's Last Stand Rally, Thatcham Town Football Club, Crookham Hill, Thatcham, RG19 4PA |
| <b>20-21<sup>st</sup> April</b> | Ally Pally London Motorcycle Show – Alexandra Palace, London, N22 7AY                 |
| <b>1st May</b>                  | May Day Run 2013 - Ace Cafe to Hastings   |
| <b>TBA May</b>                  | HA London National Memorial Run   |
| <b>11<sup>th</sup> May</b>      | AMOC North Surrey Party – Morefax Social Club, Carshalton Road, Mitcham               |
| <b>17-19<sup>th</sup> May</b>   | Show Us Your Nuts 3 – West Meon Hut Pub on A272 near Loomies Cafe                     |
| <b>18<sup>th</sup> May</b>      | Tug Sussex Birthday Party – Venue TBA   |
| <b>18th May</b>                 | Primary Chain Ride the Wave Poker Run - 11am from New lands Corner                    |
| <b>31st May-<br/>2nd June</b>   | Custom Hotrod - Norsemen MCC Chase<br>The Ace Rally & Poker Run, Horns Cross Corner   |
| <b>7-9<sup>th</sup> June</b>    | Lion Rally – Gravelly Bridge Farm, Grazeley Green Road, Grazeley, Reading, RG7 1LG    |
| <b>15-16th June</b>             | Custom & Hot Rod Festival - Beaulieu Motor Museum, Brockenhurst, Hampshire, SO42 7ZN  |
| <b>28-30<sup>th</sup> June</b>  | 3B's Only Fools & Bikers Custom & Classic Show – Headley Park Hotel, Borden, GU358TE  |
| <b>29<sup>th</sup> June</b>     | AMOC Sussex Party – The Bat & Ball, Wisborough Green, Sussex                          |
| <b>6<sup>th</sup> July</b>      | AMOC Surrey Custom Show – The Pilgrim, Dorking  |
| <b>13-14th July</b>             | Custom Carnage UK - Stoneleigh, Warwickshire  |
| <b>TBA July</b>                 | Chop & Rod - Surrey   |

|                                |  |
|--------------------------------|--|
| <b>26-28th July</b>            | 9th Hot Rod Hayride - Bisley National Shooting Centre, Bisley Pavilion, Queens Road, Brookwood, GU24 0NY |
| <b>8-11<sup>th</sup>Aug</b>    | Bull Dog Bash – Shakespeare County Raceway, Long Marston Airfield,Stratford-Upon-Avon                    |
| <b>23-25<sup>th</sup>Aug</b>   | Ogri Summer Rally  |
| <b>24-25<sup>th</sup> Aug</b>  | Dunsfold Wings & Wheels, Dunsfold Park, Cranleigh, Surrey  |
| <b>TBA Sept</b>                | National Chopper Club, Flames & Frames Rally   |
| <b>13-15<sup>th</sup> Sept</b> | Tiger MCC 18th Soggy Moggy Rally - Woodgreen Animal Shelter, Cambridge, PE 29 2NH                        |
| <b>27-29<sup>th</sup> Sept</b> | London Tattoo Convention, Tobacco Dock, London   |
| <b>TBA October</b>             | Moonrakers Gert Bustards Rally, Devizes  |
| <b>2<sup>nd</sup>November</b>  | AMOC North Surrey Party – Morefax Social Club, Carshalton Road, Mitcham                                  |

Please let me know if you know of more events that can be added to the list, Many thanks  
Sarah :0)

**STOP PRESS EVENTS**

23<sup>RD</sup> March-Kempton Autojumble

24<sup>th</sup> March pioneer run Epsom Downs

7<sup>th</sup> April Prescott Bike Festival

6<sup>th</sup> April Windsor HA see Gus for details

6th May May Day run –meet Clacketts lane 9.30 for 10.

**26<sup>th</sup> March Surrey Chapter pres and vice pres election at Surrey clubhouse**



### **Editors Reasoned Ramble**

Bloody Big Brother (nothing personal if you're reading this, Doug) but I am right fed up with hearing, seeing and reading about what I need to do or stop doing to live long enough to need a bed pan and catheter.....stop, please, telling me not to take salt, sugar, alcohol, tobacco, unsaturated fats and any other amount of stuff- listen up, Mister-here is the news

**I F'KIN KNOW ALL THAT-** I mean, it's not rocket science is it?

I just choose to ignore it- not because I'm 'in denial' or cant face the truth but , frankly, if I have to live like a pudding just so's I can die like a vegetable, you can keep your good advice- or maybe even stuff it where they'll find it next time you have your colonic irrigation.

Now I've just retired from a big organisation where I was a minor boss- big fish small pond etc. And the bane of my life was the Elfin Safety Inspector. Now this particular little happy hippy was called Ron and natch he didn't actually do any health and safety inspecting- nope he just send me computer forms to fill in demanding my declaration that I had read and understood the 'ladder safety and tower hoist manual handling regulations' or something-which I ignored studiously for 10 years till one day he decided to do the unthinkable and inspect in person.

Cut a long story short- we didn't exactly hit it off and I ended up telling him that the biggest threat to health and safety in my place of work was to him if I ever saw him on the premises again.

I'd forgotten all about Ron till this week when I was riding along the M25- Now I'm used to fairly useless information being flashed at me from those big overhead gantries-you know the sort of thing 'DONT DRINK AND DRIVE or TIREDNESS KILLS ' but this one really got to me-in big expensive light bulbs it told us to

'BIN YOUR LITTER-OTHER PEOPLE DO'

Lets leaves aside the grammatical inexactitude – I mean do other people really stop on the motorway to scoop up my fag ash? I think we should be told, if so- but no- it was the sheer banality of bothering to light up a sign like that-they must be getting short of ideas.

If so, Ron, and you're reading this, might I now confidently expect to soon see a sign advising me to 'NEVER TIE YOUR SHOELACES TO A REVOLVING DOOR'

FOR CHRISAKE YOU PEOPLE-GET A LIFE

AI

PICCIES FROM THE  
PAST –SWANAGE  
RUN 2011







**Lets' just remember that it does eventually get warmer**



**OTHER AMERICANS.....BY OZ**



**THE IVER JOHNSON**



**THE WIZARDRY OF OZ....**

Well, AMOC members-my first attempt for the mag.

As you all know, my passion is racing machines----- I have a number-Indian, Norton, Rudge....and building more

### Stateside Bike Makers

There have been 342 of them, ranging from the Ace and American Hartford (around 1913) through the likes of Indian Henderson Harley Iver- Johnson to today's Victory and Wild Cats and Boss Hogs.

Bikes advanced from 50cc to 3 and 5 litre Chevy lumps.

Lots of firms used the V twin design, most being side valve with the odd OHV like the Crockers (very sought after now- Steve McQueen had 2 of these great bikes). An established guns and bicycles company that began building single cylinder motorcycles using its own 'truss frame' which featured a curved bracing strut between the headstock and seat post. Early machines were side valve 31 cubic inches (505cc) singles with belt drive .

Leaf spring rear suspension was available from 1913. In 1914 the company introduced a 62 cubic inches (1016 cc) side valve v twin which had a two throw crankshaft and a 60 degree cylinder angle. A two speed gear hub was optional

**OZ. ....+ Out' n About with Oz –see below**

**2012 Was a wash out with most as most events had rain, rain and more rain.**

**So here's some pictures of the bike festival at Prescott in April 2012. This year's event is on Sunday April 17<sup>th</sup>.**





## **THE MINUS THREE DEGREES**

**First run of the year-to Loomies .....there were 3 left from the Pilgrim-in the snow for breakfast-bloody miles away.**



**What you cant see here is the sound of Petes alarm jammed on- but even on the phone we could hear it!**



**And this guy's hands were a charming shade of navy blue when we got there**







## Tales of Townsend

### Touting for business

'It was a wild and windy night'...as all the best tales start ....but it was as a matter of fact...furthermore it was Christmas –or rather that strange non time between Christmas and new year's eve.....between parties as it were.

And , Dear Reader, I further ask you to believe that I had settled down to domesticity- well to an extent at any rate...See I had this flat above the carpet shop in sunny North Heath (that's between Bexleyheath and the Thames for those who may be geographically challenged- ask Waffle, he knows that part of the world. ) anyhow, there I was with my then-beloved working at a steady job and generally puttering about on my BSA A65.

Larry, however, had moved to Lewisham( or rather to Blackheath) in a rented bed sit

In fact I was partially to blame for this state of affairs ....in a fit of boredom Larry had told me he was at a loss to know what to do in life..... and I'd suggested in an offhand way that he could always consider doing a degree- he was bright enough- for sure ....'But what sort of degree?' he pondered

I muttered something vaguely about something 'in the Arts' -meaning he really

ought to avoid anything which involved hot liquids or pointy metal. After all was this not the man who had recently borrowed my torque wrench to fit a new set of barrels to his Bonnie? On that occasion I recall Larry rushing in with a look of panic as he announced that there had been ' a horrible cracking sound' . This had turned out to be on account of Larry reading the wrong scale on the wrench and in consequence attempting to tighten his barrels down to something like 300ft/lbs before they stopped co-operating with him...and the base flange split. Being Larry he merely stuffed the resultant crevasse with cigarette foil and araldite and continued riding –so you can kind of see where I was going with my advice to him, I hope.

### MY MISTAKE

I think I've probably stated before that Larry had a tendency to take things literally...next thing you know Larry had enrolled himself on a foundation course in- Art.

Which is why he'd come to live nearer, apparently, to where it was all at-this 'Art' thingy.

But that's not what I've come to tell you about, is it?

No, I've come to tell you about the hearse.

I'd just changed my bike and bought myself a single carb 650 Triumph. Having accompanied me to Honor Oak Motorcycles to pick it up, Larry had pronounced himself smitten with a Norton, namely a featherbed framed ES2- one of those strange but charmingly bizarre products of the decline of the British Bike industry which had seen the factory mate their state of the art racing frame with, er...a basically 1930's pushrod single engine.

WHY?

No matter –he bought it –and verily it was splendid to look at- well until our hero had 'personalised' it anyhow...but no matter, as I have said.

Anyhow Larry would invite himself over for the weekend and holidays etc –no problem really as everyone got along pretty well on the whole.

But, there we were in the gap between celebrations and Larry was fairly chomping at the bit for something to happen-anything, but not sobriety surely?

Anyhow it was one of those cold crisp mornings when you can almost imagine an end to winter and when you begin to plot the first decent run of the coming year.

“Let's go see how Essex has been getting on without us” says our eponymous\* hero. Actually there was no real reason why Essex shouldn't have been getting on just fine without our presence-I mean it's not as if we owed it money, or had run off with its best friend and left it wasting away with a broken heart- no, we just hadn't been across the river for a while.

So off we went down the A20 and through the Dartford tunnel and hence into Terra Incognita....it always felt a bit like entering a foreign country once we'd crossed the river.....anything could happen- and often did when Larry was factored in to the equation.

But this day nothing did. I mean we had a nice, if somewhat cold, ride around, featuring a cafe somewhere along the way and a breakfast of unremarkable proportions. And lunchtime found us in search of a decent pub. Which we eventually found somewhere in the wilderness which seemed to stock a pretty decent pint of ale.

Oh, and I didn't mention The Muppet, did I? No? Thought not.

The Muppet was a friend of ours in those days –not actually a biker but somehow always with us and usually a fairly good laugh to be with- he's kind of hard to describe to look at but if you can picture a boiled egg with a beard you're getting close.

Anyhow we'd taken Muppet with us on the back of Larry's Norton and he'd whiled away the weary hours of travel by cheerfully lobbing boiled sweets at motorist and pedestrian alike.

Till we hit the pub.

Now, I'm not exactly shy when it comes to knocking back a pint but, reader, I confess myself a rank amateur in the company of The Muppet. Which he proved by sinking at least three pints of Olde Scrotum's Canker (or whatever) to my one. And it being lunchtime, and my being a now and newly domesticated creature, I thought I'd better call it a day.

I made my apologies to a chorus of well intentioned insults and left them to it. They had obviously settled into the natural and God Given rhythm of a damn good drinking session.

My journey home was similarly unremarkable and I arrived home with that glow which comes only from having fought the Good Fight and slain the dragon of the demon drink.

It was about 8.30 in the evening when I first began to suspect that my erstwhile companions had been perhaps less victorious in their own and unarmed combat with the tools of Satan.

It was the Police officer at the door that gave it away.

Even through frosted glass the profile of peaked hat and piggy presence was unmistakable.

Hesitating only long enough to hide the stuff they shouldn't find and flush the stuff they mustn't find down the toilet, I offered them my finest Scottish hospitality.

"So, what's you Gits after, this time then?" I enquired, arms folded at the door. (never invite them in, folks-it's a bit like one of those evil spirit thingys that can only wreak its evil havoc thingy if you let it cross the threshold of the house.)

"Do you know a certain Mr Lawrence Townsend?" enquired the minions of the Evil One.

Now, ordinarily this would have been my cue to adopt my thickest Glaswegian accent, point and gesticulate vaguely in the direction of Mecca and, in short, deny all knowledge of the guy. But there was something other than the usual pure

malevolence about the man's posture and for some reason I confirmed that I was indeed the closest thing that Larry had to being kith and kin.

"Best get yourself up to Orsett Hospital then " he told me "He's been involved in a motorcycle accident"

In reply to the obvious question about how Larry was our good copper had clearly exhausted this month's supply of social skills and empathy

" Dunno". He said "He's unconscious. Hit a f'kin hearse didn't he?" ....and the man turned on his heel and walked off without further ado.

Don't know where Orsett hospital is?

Neither did I but having found it at length you may take it from me that it's in the middle of soddin nowhere. I arrived, cold and anxious, for Larry's wellbeing- only to be greeted by the ward Dr addressing me in fluent French.

"Comment Ca Va, Monsieur? C'est un tragedie, vraiment – et votre ami, ou est il habite en France?"

Naturally, being a courteous sort of chappie, I did my best to a) work out that he was expressing his sympathy or my friends plight and b) was also asking in which part of France Larry lived in.

'Il habit en Lewisham ' didn't really seem to be cutting the mustard with yonder Clouseau character –eventually I snapped and asked to speak to someone who spoke English....the good Dr himself cheerily responding-"Why we all do here- we just assumed his next of kin would also be French"

“French?”

Seems our hero had been unconscious since T boning the hearse earlier that day and having finally come round , Larry was conducting himself entirely in French- oh and he’s lost his memory into the bargain.

In fact it was a further 3 days before he remembered who he was and the fact that his first language wasn’t actually French.

The hospital , bless ‘em, thought they’d better do a CT scan on the poor lads brain as they weren’t at all sure this sort of response was normal in a patient .

Me, I just made the most of the missing 3 days and told Larry I’d previously lent Al

him a couple of grand that needed paying back urgently(after all, what are friends for at such times of need?)

They called me back in to discuss the scan results

“Well” the Dr said with a slightly bemused and embarrassed air” There’s definitely some abnormality here , but we think, on balance, that he might always have been like this all along”

“Tell me about it” quoth I, and headed out the exit .



**We know they're not American  
but hey they are at least V Twins –  
and pushrods at that too.....**

The new Guzzi California 1400.....



the California Vintage



## 'IT AINT YOU, BABY, IT AINT YOU'



### **MOTO GUZZI CALIFORNIA 1400**

I almost fell for it again....almost but not quite this time. See, as some of you will know folks, I have a thing for Guzzi's. Not the racer style Le Mans stuff and definitely not those dogs dinners of styling disasters ,Breva's and Norge's ( how anyone could bear to pass one by without resorting to kicking it is beyond me) but it's the Californias that have always floated my boat, frankly, and in my time I've owned a couple of these underrated beasts.

Being a lover of pushrod driven V twins there's not really that much choice in the market is there? It boils down to Harleys and Guzzi's. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not about to jump ship and sell the Softail. Oh no, that stays. Any bike that I can run for 10k miles a years without more than routine servicing gets my vote and, as an EVO version, it maybe aint the fastest pony in the stable but I can still cruise at 80, and that'll just have to do me.

But a recent run with some of you quick kiddies had me painfully grasping just how much Harley have moved on since my one rolled off the line in '99.

Yes, it can get to 80 but by then the youngsters were a blip on the horizon as

they'd got there 3 days before me...not to mention what I'd done to my self esteem by my bikes disgraceful handling antics whereas they'd taken the twisties in their collectively smug stride. And when I did catch up, it got a lot worse again when it was time to put the brakes on....might as well have chucked an anchor over the side and waited till it dug in.

And that reminded me of my Guzzis.....now, a decent Ev1100 California will hit 125 in a surprisingly short time. What's more Its one of the best handling bikes I've ever ridden, Full stop. Period. Ever. It really does feel like it's on rails and frankly, it's astonishingly secure at any speed. Oh, and stopping?

How about x3 Brembos? First class ones I mean with Guzzi's clever and effective linked system- press the brake pedal and the rear and one front stopper come on- perfect anti dive system and enough for most situations. Need to pop out your eyeballs? The pull the front brake and just stop- rapidly and without fuss.

So, I hear you whinge, if they're so bloody brilliant, why aren't riding one and thus sparing us the indignity of having you carp on about another ( and foreign)make in an American mag?

Ah, er....I'm glad you asked that ( which is what politicians say when they really mean the exact opposite). Y'see, being Italian, there's just a wee few problems with them.

Like ,on both of mine, the chrome was flaking off the fork sliders practically from the showroom. Nasty, that one come MOT time and not a cheap fix either.

Like Italian electrics....I mean it folks , they're crap. Truly crap. The ECU failed

on my last one at a ridiculously low mileage and it was off the road for over a month waiting for a part for which a) the factory wanted £600 and b) they didn't seem to have made any as spares.

Like servicing the thing. I can do a routine service on the Harley in about 40 minutes if I take my time. The same service on my Guzzis had me entertained for something like 4 hours at a time. E.g. Let's change the oil filter. Where is it? Its in the f'kin sump, that's where bleedin Luigi put it and he made sure you have to drop said sump with its attendant 4500 bolts and a gasket like Hampton Court Maze to do the business.

Gearbox oil?(This just gets better, folks) . Not a problem –just loosen the drain plug. Except they ran the exhaust balance box under the gearbox EXACTLY below the drain plug with no room for a spanner –so you can end up removing the entire exhaust system to change the oil. True, later ones solved the problem in true Guzzi style-they added another drain bolt a little bit further along the casing....but you begin to get the idea . For a man like me who keeps his bike in the front garden it was getting a bit of a chore spending that much time out there in the rain.

But when I saw they'd made a new California I was interested- Piaggio now running the firm and allegedly a much improved machine all round- this time a 1400cc 8 valver with supposedly sorted everything-oh and it does look the mutts nuts in my humble.

They clearly pitched this one head on against Harley's big baggers and the reviews all liked it- so I thought I'd best take a look at it in the metal.....so off I

popped to the bike show and there it was sitting on the Guzzi stand in all its glory NOT.

Frankly, if they hope to steal sales from HD with this one, I just hope they didn't mortgage the family silver to make it, 'cos it aint going to happen.

Note To any Guzzi designers reading this : WE DONT LIKE PLASTIC ON OUR BIKES.

For the sort of dosh you want from us (£15k) we expect better than the flimsy plastic bags and lids and catches you've festooned this bike with. They don't look as if they'd survive the first scramble by the roadside for the waterproofs...

Sorry Guys, back to the drawing board-that is if you haven't had it repossessed by now.

I won't be buying one...nor, I suspect, will many others.....but it did make me think of buying another Guzzi-the one you just discontinued to make room for this plastic pig of bike

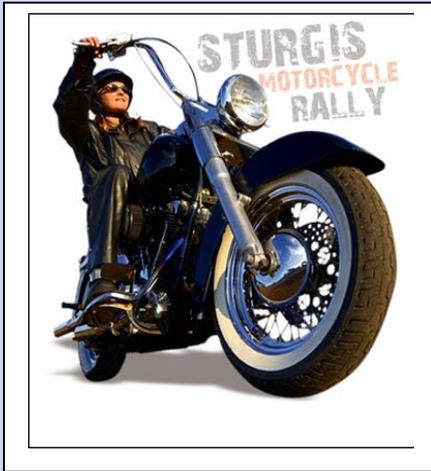
See and despite all the above I still have a hankering for a Guzzi, and for my money the California Vintage in black rings all the right bells-just so long as I can borrow a garage to service the thing.

Al

#### **Guzzi California Vintage**



## PAULS BIG TRIP-STILL GOING STRONG



## PAUL'S BIG TRIP

### 1350 miles from Chicago and still travelling.....

8 days into the trip now and with the 4 day break at Rapid City now finished it was time to fill those saddlebags again, boot up and head west. After having spent the longest time yet in one hotel room it took a while to find everything to pack and necessitated an inspection of 'various' items of clothing. "Whoa, these need washing-to haven't I worn these yet? |Oh well"

Whilst packing the Heritage bags out at the front of the hotel I struck up a conversation with a couple doing the same to an Electraglide who turned out to be a) from Sheffield and b) riding to Florida. It takes all sorts I suppose.

After negotiating Rapid City and finding US 90 again(which had been our primary route across the country since joining it in Minnesota )it was "Westward Ho!" again and across the state line into Wyoming, our 5<sup>th</sup> state of the trip. A slight detour up highway 14 at Moorcroft brought us to the destination of alien visitors to this planet, Devil's Tower. You can see this natural wonder looming up for a few miles before you reach it and its pretty impressive. Unfortunately being Sunday the Post Office at the Trading Post in the car park was closed. Moving on we next reached Gillette to stop for gas.(Well some of those breakfasts are a bit big) and, being puzzled that there was no museum of safety razors, travelled on still using US90 then branching up Highway 16 for somewhere a bit more rural. We were wrong because it took us through an area where on one side of the road it was trees

and prairie grass, with open cast mining on the opposite.

We continued on fighting a strong wind along a long straight road across the prairie until we saw a road sign saying "Spotted Horse 10 miles". That would be lunch then, somewhere there..



The 'town' of Spotted Horse came into sight-and all there seemed to be was one building on the crest of the highway- obviously the outskirts. The we noticed the sign saying " Spotted Horse. Population 2". This was the town with one petrol pump, lunchroom and bar. We decided we might as well stop and pulling up next to a couple of pickup trucks went into a bar which might have been brought back from the 19<sup>th</sup> century but minus the swinging doors. It was full of dusty cowboy artefacts, signs and saddles plus 2 dusty locals who looked capable of giving you two fingers of red-eye at any excuse. They actually turned out to be quite friendly asking the usual questions about the trip and the whole experience was one of the highlights of the trip, as we 'wined and dined, in this unspoilt place in the cowboy fashion.

Getting back on US90 we got to Sheridan where we booked into a Best Western for the night and, going out to find food, spent a while looking in the windows of several

cowboy clothing stores selling jeans that looked as if they'd last for 50 years for nominal sums-again no room the in saddlebags!

The rest of the evening passed by in a bit of a blur but involved a chicken jambalaya and a very lively and noisy bar full of locals plus some Australian bikers. But being Sunday, everything shut at 10pm- whcih was probably just as well.

Next time- The Big Horn, with a hangover.

Paul





**COORESPONDENCE –Des Gusset writes again**

Rt Hon David Heath

Minister

Dept for Environment Food and Rural  
Affairs  
Nobel House  
17 Smith Square  
London  
SW1P 3JR

Dear Mr Heath

Firstly , let me congratulate you on your political comeback- a stroke of genius I call it, changing your first name from Ted to David- what a way to fool the plebs! ‘Good On Yer’ as our Antipodean cousins would doubtless say. Personally I don’t see why you had to quit as Prime Minister in the first place-Doris claims it must have been so you could enter into a civil partnership with your ‘significant other’(know what I mean, wink wink....a nods as good as one, apparently, to a blind burger or something like that)

Which rather brings me to my purpose in writing to you.

It’s about Amelia.

Now I know you probably don’t personally know my great niece, but I can assure you that, as 8 year olds go, there is no more likely potential future World leader than our Amelia. Only the other day in fact she told her teacher to ‘naff orf’ which I am assured is a sure sign of correct breeding- you won’t hear a phrase like that uttered in Peckham I shouldn’t think

However, recently a shadow has occluded the sunlight from little Amelia’s world. I

refer of course to the cruel theft of her most treasured possession.

Her mother, and hence my niece, Jocelyn, has been completely at a loss to find what Amelia calls ‘my little pony’. Now I don’t claim to be acquainted with the equine world but the disappearance this small creature is without doubt a tragedy.

I am writing therefore to urge you to do all in your power to find this animal. I am particularly worried that in the midst of the present horsemeat scandal it may have been sold for unsavoury (or maybe even for savoury dip) purposes.

But it surely won’t be that hard to track it down if you staff put their minds to it. For example next time they’re inspecting UK slaughterhouses, perhaps they could look out for particularly hairy cows and if they see any I can narrow down their search further by telling you that Amelia’s Little Pony is, by all accounts, bright pink. I think that’s probably not a very common colour for cattle, sheep or even- come to think of it- for horses.

Do help if you can. I’m not by any means a wealthy man, however I feel sure there will be all the reward anyone could possibly ask for in simply seeing the joy in little Amelia’s eyes when she is reunited with her horse.

Yours sincerely

Des Gusset

Tunbridge Wells





TIRED OF YOUR SNACKS AND TASTIES DISAPPEARING?

KNOW THE CAUSE BUT NOT THE CURE ? THEN TRY **RAT & BRAT** VERMIN ELIMINATOR IN YOUR LARDER.

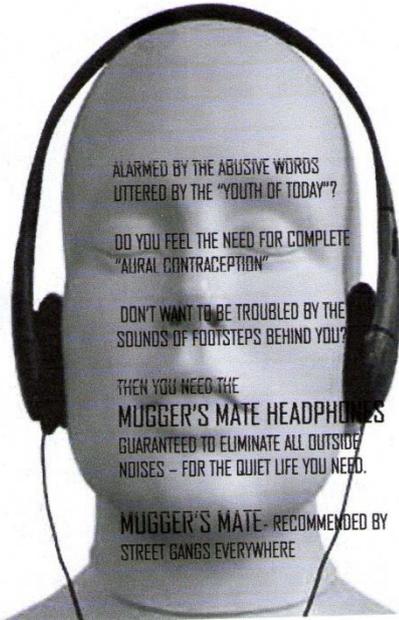


GUARANTEED TO ELIMINATE THOSE LITTLE TORMENTS - FOR EVER!



# PROFESSIONAL GRADE **RAT & BRAT** POISON

(NO RODENTS WERE HARMED IN THE MAKING OF THIS ADVERT, WHICH IS MORE THAN CAN BE SAID FOR THE BRATS)



ALARMED BY THE ABUSIVE WORDS LITTERED BY THE "YOUTH OF TODAY"?

DO YOU FEEL THE NEED FOR COMPLETE "AURAL CONTRACEPTION"?

DON'T WANT TO BE TROUBLED BY THE SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS BEHIND YOU?

THEN YOU NEED THE **MUGGER'S MATE HEADPHONES** GUARANTEED TO ELIMINATE ALL OUTSIDE NOISES - FOR THE QUIET LIFE YOU NEED.

**MUGGER'S MATE** - RECOMMENDED BY STREET GANGS EVERYWHERE



A SPECIAL OFFER FROM THE MAKERS OF MUGGERS MATE

## BANDIT BLINKERS

USE THESE WITH A PAIR OF OUR HEADPHONES FOR COMPLETE ELIMINATION OF ALL OUTSIDE STIMULI. ONLY £14.99 WHEN YOU BUY A PAIR OF MUGGERS MATE. DON'T SEE THEM COMING!

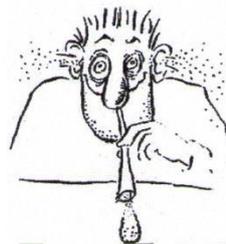


## SNORT & SORT

IS YOUR COKE STASH DIMISHING? DO YOU FEEL THAT WHEN IT IS LEFT UNGUARDED, THAT IT SHRINKS? THEN YOU NEED "SNORT AND SORT"

IT LOOKS LIKE REAL GEAR, TASTES LIKE THE REAL STUFF BUT WILL TAKE OUT THE THIEVES BEFORE THEY TAKE OUT YOUR STASH! MADE FROM GENUINE XYLDE-METHYLDIMERITATE - HARMLESS IF NOT TAKEN INTERNALLY.

FROM THE MAKERS OF "RAT & BRAT" YOU KNOW IT MAKES SENSE!



"NO JURY WOULD CONVICT ON THIS!" \*

\* A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF THE RAT & BRAT CORP.



**AERMACCHI - HARLEY - DAVIDSON**

## LEST WE FORGET.....

Anyone else old enough to remember the AMF era-you know, that awful time when HD was owned by a company which made bowling alleys and the shoddiest Harleys of them all?

Bikes that wouldn't start, run or stop and from which, frankly, purchasers stayed away in droves.

Worst of all the Japanese motorcycle industry had arrived in America and was offering folks revolutionary standards of reliability price and performance.

This was the sixties and Harley didn't have an answer or a product to compete. Clearly something would have to be done.

Enter Aermacchi...a respected, if ailing, Italian company with a history of making aircraft and, after Italy lost (they probably prefer to think of it as coming second) the war, they made motorcycles.

Now if there's one thing the Italians know how to make, it's pasta-oh and fast motorcycles as well and Aermacchi just happened to have an absolute cracker of a 250cc horizontal single... fast, beautiful handling and reliable. So Harley ended up buying a 50% stake in the company and importing Aermacchis in 250 and ,later, 350 variants...oh and sticking Harley badges on the tanks too..

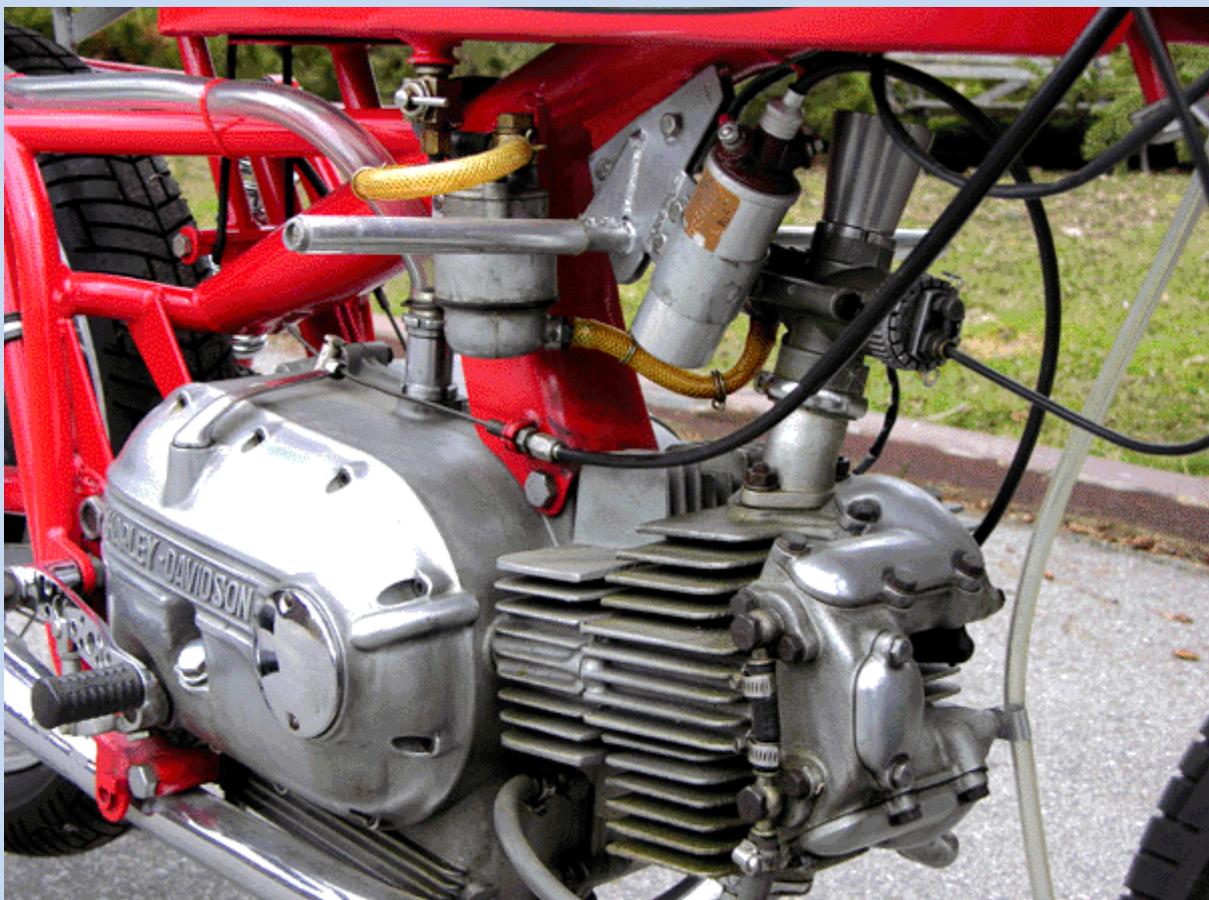
Now, you might think these things look a wee bit unusual but they won races –indeed they're still contenders in the classic racing scene where they now fetch big money.

Also I know to my cost how good they are. At the time (1972) I was running a quick little Yamaha YDs 250 wot I reckoned was the mutts nuts for speed....But there was this bloke down the road who ran a 250 'Macchi and, try as I might, he left me in the dust every time.

Anyhow times changed and AMF disposed of Harley to a management buyout and there was no room in the new line up for an expensive import so no more HD badged 'Macchis

Shame.

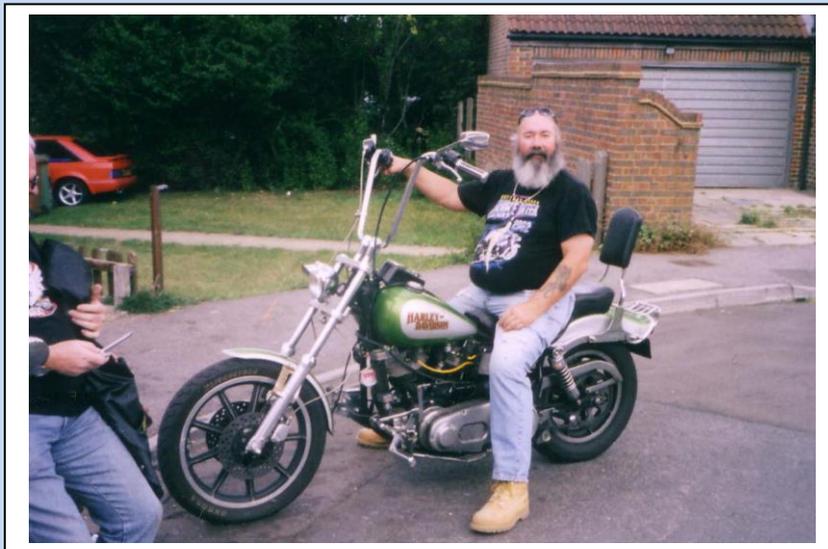
Al











I never touch a drop.....



.....except maybe for medicinal purposes

Why, oh why, oh why, oh Lord?

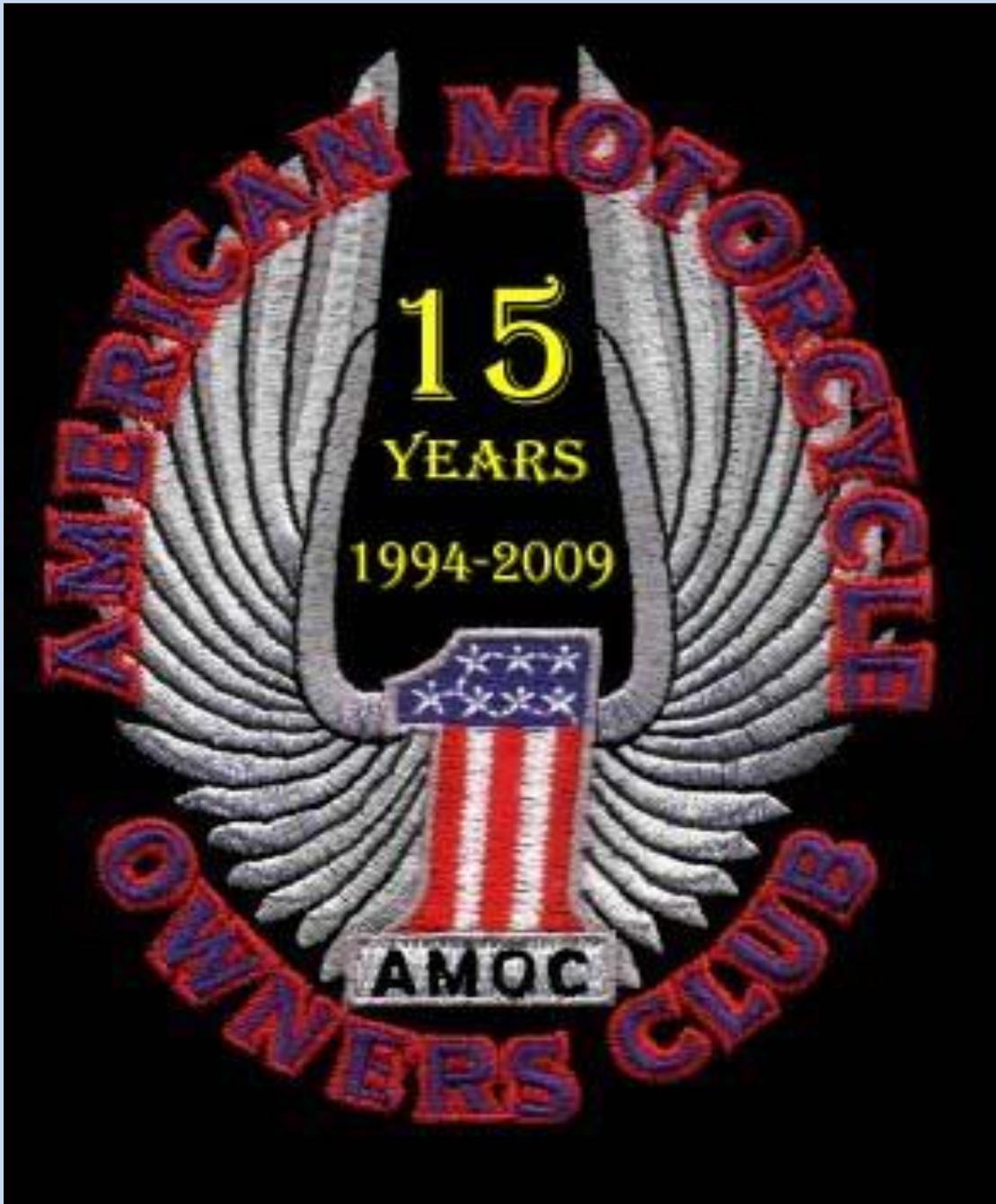




Be rude not to finish with some stuff seen at the Excel show, eh?







That's all folks.....