

AMOC TIMES

The voice of reason?
Certainly not, Old Bean
Autumn 2010 Edition

Harley's new '48 Sporty.....nice.

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Editors Reasoned Ramblings



Well, here we are again folks...it's winter-all but winter ,anyhow. Its getting colder and it wont stop raining(catch on quick, don't I?).Sometimes I wonder if we even had a summer this year-'spect it was in there somewhere.

Later on n this edition you'll find some words from Wurz and something he says there started me thinking- He asks about why any of us bother with a patch club if we're not going to turn out when the occasion demands. Fair point, but it got me wondering why I wanted to join AMOC all those years back.

To be fair, it wasn't entirely my own idea-see my late mate Larry Ninetoes had bumped into this bloke called Waffle whilst on his daily commute by bike. I remember getting an e mail from Larry a little later, telling me what a great bunch of people he'd met and asking if I wanted to meet him 'for a pint' in this pub in Dorking.

I guess the rest is history, but I didn't have to join did I?

Then why? Or more precisely why had we both been around on bikes since the late '60's and yet never joined a club before That's what was stranger really.....and the answer is that we just didn't fit anywhere else-until AMOC, that is.

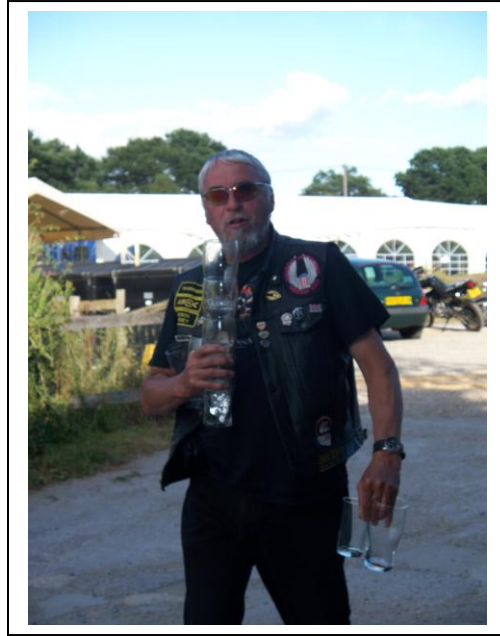
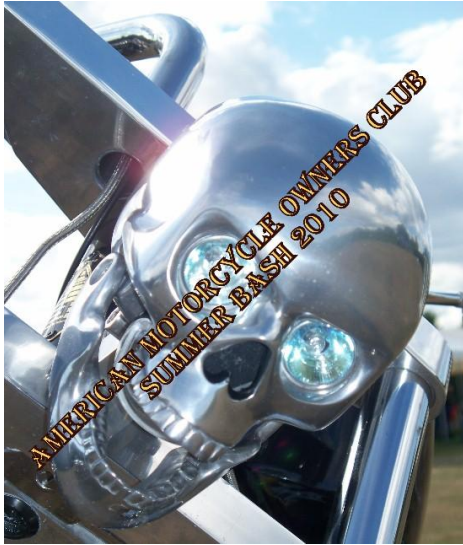
Which makes AMOC something pretty special to me.

I was also thinking about Wurz's comment about maybe wanting to have a back patch so you can scare kids off the local swings(hmmm.....hadn't thought of that one as a hobby-but come to think of it it'd make a change from going down the local burger bar looking to beat up Ronald McDonald or whatever)

The benefits of this had never really occurred to me until last Saturday night in my local. It was chucking it(& I mean *really* chucking it) so unusually I put my old stockcoat on over my colours and on arrival ordered my beer.....3 drunk young men in vaguely threatening mood started to take the urine 'Oh look' says one 'he's got a waistcoat on' as I started to take the coat off...followed quickly by a muttered 'Jeez, sorry mate, no offence meant' as the coat came off completely. So I gave them my best cheesy grin and advised them to finish up and go away-which, to my surprise, they did....maybe they were going anyway or something.

'Well', I thought 'That was fun. Shame its too wet to go down the swing park'

Al





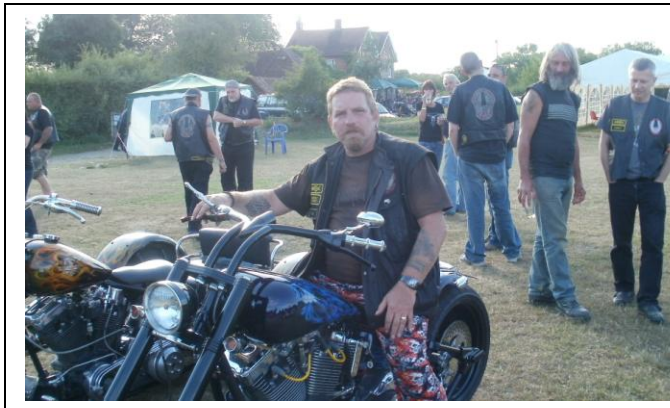
‘Just waiting for some friends ,officer’



‘Well, it’s my football and I’m taking it home’



The Hokey Cokey contest was a great success



And the lucky winner is?



Every picture tells a story.

This one says

'Mummy, I'm scared now-can we go home please?'

SCOOP!
EXCLUSIVE TO AMOC TIMES
NEW HARDLY SPOTTED ON THE ROAD!



At last a new improved machine from 'The Motor Company'

After years of speculation we finally obtained some pictures of Hardly's new mid range machine. Not surprisingly until very recently the factory continued to deny all knowledge of this bike but we, Dear Reader, spotted this one actually being ridden on the road.

When we confronted Davie Williamson, managing director of Hardly Derision (Europe) He was finally forced to admit the truth about this much rumoured bike. Granting AMOCTIMES an exclusive interview, Davie told us the story of the bike(known as the Bourneville) and it's development/

"See guys we figured the MoCo needed a new machine. From the feedback we've been getting-to which we always pay attention- say are you ok? I thought I heard you choke there?- we knew we

had to address some of the problems inherent in our existing model range. For example take the Snotster...it's a fine bike, but some purchasers have taken to misusing it...like running it at high speed, or at all in fact,...in which case, naturally, your going to have problems with a Snotster ...like the gearbox...this was designed in an age when gear teeth were traditionally cut from play dough-you cant expect to run at sustained freeway (sorry, motorway) speeds with this sort of metallurgy. And again we took a long look at our Diner rangewe found that this bike tends to be bought by folks who like to stop a lot for doughnuts, so we're happy to let them do that and maybe relax to the tinkling melody of timing chains spitting metal into oil pumps...that sure is a popular pastime to judge from the letters I get.

But there was something we figured was missing from our range of bikes.....maybe one that wouldn't even break the bank let alone any of its component parts, and one that maybe just was more suited to century we live in, hell man we're living in the fast lane now with some of our rivals using advanced technology –like them new fangled 'overheard clams' I hear tell of.

So here it is.....the Bourneville.....



Hardly Derision Bourneville set up to tour

As you can see it's a traditional V twin....we tried all sorts of angles for the V before settling on 360 degrees.....looks neat, eh?

And we needed to have 2 chains on it so (radically) we put one to work driving the rear wheel....it's kinda like a belt but it doesn't snap or squeak and you can even tension it yourself too.

Oh and the other chain we made to turn the valves –originally we were thinking of using it with little buckets attached to fetch up oil from the crankcase to splash around the top end but then we had the idea of using it instead to open the valves –pretty neat, huh?

Only thing we haven't worked out yet is how to machine-in any inherent problems with the motor....it just keeps

going apparently...but we've got a whole team working on that one right now with ideas like maybe a little tray that drops a rusty bolt into the bottom end every 1500 miles- though we haven't finalised that yet. Best of all, though, like all Hardly's the Bourneville is 100% Mercian

“Finally” says Davie proudly.....

“We think this is one Hardly that's going to sell like...er....like stuff that sells quite well.

Go buy one now, and be the last kid on your block to have your bike come home in a box...Gee d'ya think that would work as sales slogan?”

Al



THE CHOP & ROD SHOW 2010





‘Hey Joe, where you going with that bun in your hand?’

Support your big red machine



‘SEE YOU NEXT YEAR’

TALES OF TOWNSEND



**Continuing the saga of The younger days of Larry Ninetoes
This edition.....**

Which Side are the Goodies?

To be frank, Larry and I weren't always the quiet types .

And to be even fairer, Larry was an utter lout, in a gentlemanly sort of way. By that I mean that he remained consistently quiet spoken and polite ,even whilst kicking nine bells out of his adversary....I think he saw it as a kind of extension of the 18th century idea of duelling, with the notable exception that we both preferred winning to losing. That meant in practice that, although of course familiar with Queensbury Rules, we had a more a nodding acquaintance than a much practised grasp of the niceties involved.

Not getting the message?

Thought not, let me give you an example
Having been obliged to leave Chelsea(another time perhaps for that tale, eh?) we had decamped to the rather less salubrious climes of St Mary's Cray on the outskirts of Orpington. Here we could indulge our hobby of drink, drugs and sausage roll lifestyle almost unnoticed in a population where sobriety and propriety were words not much in use.

In order to fund this, we needed an income and I pride myself on having an entrepreneurial streak in times of need. This streak at this time of need required that a young lady of my acquaintance met the boat each week from Holland and collected various marketable commodities on my behalf(surely I don't need to spell that out?)

In turn, aided and abetted by Larry, I would head for Hennekys bar in Bromley of a Friday night in order to share my good fortune with a growing number of regular and happy customers. The process was carefully considered, for I am nothing if not thorough. First Larry and I would make our appearance in Hennekys placing our order at the bar and taking a few more of our own as we waited. When business had reached a satisfactory level, we would slip quietly out agreeing to meet our customers one by one in the park thoughtfully provided by the local authority behind the pub-no doubt for just such purposes .

But first a visit to the White Hart across the road was in order a) to make sure we weren't followed and b) because I'd previously have taped my wares inside the cistern of the bog there(I told you, I am a thorough man).

A simple and agreeable exchange of goods and cash then followed- the only time I think I've ever truly believed in the idea of capitalism as a force for good.

Larry's part was as general look out, minder and sorter out of miscreants....those who knew him only in later years might scoff , but I tell you now that in those days Larry looked the very model for the cover of Jethro Tulls 'Aqualung'(go on, google it and be very nervous) whilst I myself cultivated a certain look redolent of what Conan

Doyle would have called 'the criminal classes'.

But I digress.....

On the night with which our tale is concerned, all was going unremarkably well. We had collected and dispensed much happiness and had only to conclude business with our final customer before shutting down shop and brain for the duration of the evening.

In the park all was reassuringly dark and our customer was waiting. I handed over the goods, and he the cash at just about the same time as Larry observed that it was a bit late in the evening for so many park keepers to be abroad.

Sad truth, dear reader, is that these were the forces of the State and in short order they'd dragged us into the High St to await the inevitable police transit van, hands spread on a handy shop window whilst they chatted idly about just how chilly Dartmoor was this time of year. Of course it didn't help much to have a steady stream of regulars pass by asking if we'd be in next week as usual.

As luck would have it, of course, a thorough search revealed nothing other than a sum of notes about my person which I quickly claimed as my savings towards my dear mother's birthday present on the morrow.

So far so good and we even made it out the station in time to celebrate our good fortune back in Hennekys.

Which is, of course, where it all went wrong.

Not only was there a dearth of our late customer (who having a substantial amount of contraband was 'helping the police with their enquiries') but to make up for the lack of him there were about ten of his friends all singularly unimpressed by our good fortune. None of which Larry had noticed.

I took my pint and he headed for the gents.

By the time Larry returned, which could only have been a few minutes-though it seemed to me like the best part of week in hell- the pub was in uproar. I of course was on the floor, the centre of considerable attention, all unwanted I assure you, reader.

Larry saw none of this but merely responded to opportunity to indulge in mindless rampage...but clearly his conscience still bothered him.

Stopping only to draw attention to his words by lobbing a chair at the mirrored bar he seized his moment.

In the brief silence which succeeded the crash and rumble of 20 feet of falling glass, Larry assuaged his conscience, roaring "Oi! Yo there, f***ers!...which side's the goodies?" before throwing himself towards the nearest unrecognised face.

In the end it was the hippies that saved us (nope, we didn't expect that either...but I guess they were concerned for our welfare and for the continuity of their smoking requisites)

Each side of the long dark bar was lined with trestle tables behind which must have slouched a goodly number of the Gentle People.

I don't know if you've ever seen the Mexican Wave at a football match, but I can assure you that the kicking over of twenty or so trestle tables in quick succession creates a very similar phenomenon...only this time our adversaries were the wrong side of standing up at the end of this.

Not that it did the hippies any good - Larry and I were escorted out by a phalanx of coppers (sure, were we not almost on first name terms by now?) and promptly barred from Hennekys. The latter had to acknowledge that we were

the unprovoked victims of an assault-
but they barred us anyhow on the
principle that we must have been up to
no good to have so many enemies.

Postscript

Many, many years later I was in
Greenwich with my 'new'
girlfriend(now my wife-ask Caroline if
you don't believe this story) when she
spotted a guy she recognised from her
past.....she made to introduce us, but
we'd already spotted each other. He was
one of the bouncers from Hennekys and
we knew each other instantly. He
beamed at me like a long lost
friend.....'it's ok', says he ' We've
already met'

Al



(SAVED YOU THE TROUBLE-
HERE'S THE ALBUM COVER AND
,GOD , I SWEAR ITS LARRY CIRCA
1972-AL)

I haven't got a
photo of Wurz so
you'll just have to
guess what he
looks like if you
don't already
know-wont you?
Al

WURZ'S WURDZ OF WISDOM

Hello AMOC

As you may or may not know, I'm trying with the help of one or two other members to organise ROCKTOBER a music fest. in Bognor Regis, wish I could have written down at the time the high's and low's of organising the "Help4Heroes" event gavin and meself got going last march as advertised on the club website as I think I could have written a bloody book about getting that event off the ground ha-ha.

The best thing about getting ROCKTOBER organised is the fact that now people have seen what a success the "Help4Heroes" event was, they are a lot more forthcoming in trying to get ROCKTOBER off the ground. It's down on my narrow shoulder's to organise the band's (F**kin' muso's they all think they're

Mick bloody jagger or F**kin' Bono). Wayne (Sussex) has taken it upon his self to organise the stall's (Friday night at the Bulldog Bash was spent by me and him running round like headless chicken's grabbing stall business cards by the handful ha-ha.) and the food, by running a BBQ for the day.

Which leads me to me first point.....
would an events page be any good? Not just our club, but other clubs in Sussex, Surrey and North Surrey. Maybe a "Wanted " page people trying to find that elusive 1992 FXRS rear tyre dust cap(ha-ha) can advertise I'm sure I've got one of those dust caps in my garage Next up.....

the rumbling's I get from member's on club night's are "if we're a club boasting over 100 members, why do we only see the same twenty or thirty member's at every rally/event club night etc.etc." If I was clever enough, I would write an article entitled "Why do people join a club?" Is it the brotherhood, a sense of belonging? Is it they don't wanna join HOG? or maybe they wanna get a back patch so they can go down the local park and push the kids off the swings?

I'm starting to rant now- Hope some of the above makes sense, (I've read it through a couple of times and it sounds like a sad old man moaning to me),

WURZ



**A random selection of
bikes seen out and about**

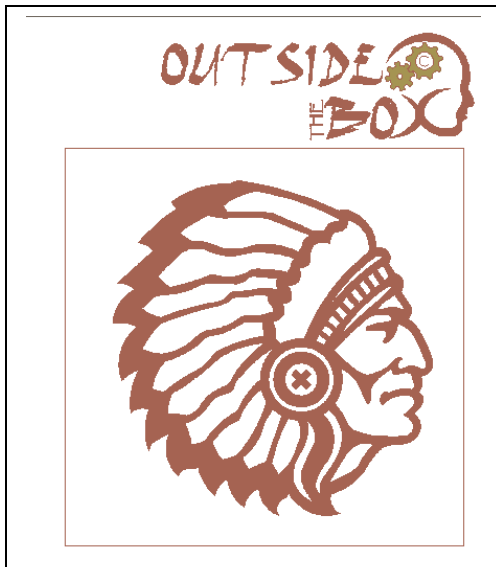


(Had to really, didn't I?)



THE INDIAN CHIEF....AL





There was, of course, more than one maker of fine bikes in the US of A and personally I've always had a soft spot for the underdog (it's a peat bog in Ireland actually).

So I reckon it's about time for a short tribute to that other icon of real motorcycling.....step forward please, the **Indian Chief**.

Of course Indian wasn't always the underdog in terms of bike production and sales ...indeed to goodness, folks, at one time they were the biggest manufacturer in the world and remained major players right up till the 2nd world war.

So what went wrong?

Like a lot of makers, Indian put all their bike eggs in one rather fragile basket(?Bike eggs ?- come on surely not?) they gambled heavily on winning the lucrative US Army contract at the outset of war and tooled and invested accordingly...only to have the contract go to long term rivals HD.

Truth to tell, the factory never really recovered from that blow and, combined with an overreliance on old technology

and an underinvestment in new models(sound familiar, fellow Brits?) and this meant the factory limped along in the post-war years before closing the doors eventually in 1953, though you could still buy various products branded as Indian for another couple of years afterwards(including a rather tasty Velocette engined beast with a frame made by Italjet)

But that apart I reckon these years gave us one of the most desirable tourers of all time in the Indian Chief.

Sure it's a side valve, sure its got girders and plunger rears suspension.....but this thing eats up miles at a truly respectable pace capable of long distances at around 60-80 mph all day, every day, so there.

Oh, and at a time when everyone else had to make do with the same old dreary colours for their rides, you could order your Indian Chief in just about any colour made by DuPont paints Ltd.(it helped that they owned Indian by this time I suppose).

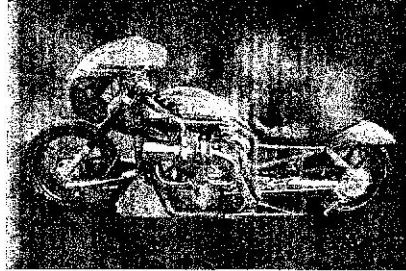
Needles to say there are now highly prized bikes with prices to match but frankly I want one...and no, a Kawasaki Drifter will not do, not knowhow, not ever, no way.....
Enjoy the piccies

Al





www.byzantineandspeedracing.com



email: byzantine@btinternet.com

The objective of Byzantine Racing is to break the Outright British Motorcycle Landspeed Record with a Harley Davidson motorcycle. We believe that this is a righteous thing to do. we also believe that our team has the attitude, the knowledge, the skills and the machine to do it with.

'Svarog', our highly modified 1555cc, turbocharged, intercooled V Rod weighs in at under 500lbs and is well on the way to making our target power output of 400hp.

Wind tunnel testing of our aerodynamic fairing package is almost complete and will be fitted to Svarog in the coming Winter. We are confident we will make a +200mph pass over the standing mile in Spring 2011. Engine development continues into Summer/Autumn 2011, culminating in fitting the full (85% enclosure) aero package and a sequential twin turbo system. The record attempt will be made in Spring 2012, the current record stands at 222mph.

Funding has come exclusively from our own pockets, all of our sponsorship is "in kind" and we have to find the money to complete the project ourselves. If you, like us, realise what it would mean to have a Harley Davidson as Britain's official fastest motorcycle, then please consider sponsoring us to the tune of only £25, in return you will receive a top quality supporters patch (top left) and have your name featured on the bodywork of the bike when we make the record attempt.

Join Byzantine Racing and Svarog in becoming a part of British motorcycling history.



WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE ABOVE NOBLE VENTURE ,FOLKS?

WURZ RECKONS WE COULD GIVE 'EM SOME DOSH AND GET AMOC STICKERS PLASTERED ALL OVER THEIR MACHINE + WE CAN FOLLOW UP HOW THEY'RE GETTING ON IN THE MAGAZINE.

Stop press.....the officers are taking a close look at this one to see if its kosher and the politics are right

Watch this space

AMOC Summer Bash 2011

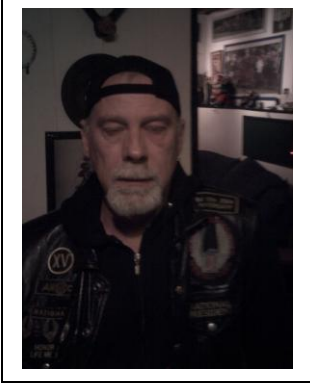
I know it's a bit early to be thinking about next summer, but we've decided to break with tradition (of leaving everything to the last minute!) and form an organising committee for our Summer Bash in 2011. The hope is that we can use our members' knowledge and contacts to run a more successful, and profitable, rally.

We haven't decided on the final make-up of the committee but we thought it would look something like this:

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| Chair: | Overall co-ordination and finance. |
| Sales & promotion: | Organising poster design, tickets & poster printing, advertising and advance ticket sales. |
| Site management: | Organising site layout, housekeeping, hygiene and liaison with site owner. |
| Security: | Organising the security cover for the rally. This would include manning the gate. |
| Stalls: | Arranging for a selection of stalls to attend. |
| Music & bands: | Arranging bands and music for the rally. |
| Rally games & ride outs: | Organising rally games and ride-outs for our visitors on the Saturday. |
| Raffle: | Obtaining a suitable prize, organising the printing of tickets and advance ticket sales. |

This is just a starting point so if there's anything else that you feel is relevant please forward your suggestion to your President or VP. We hope to get these positions filled at the AGM so think about what you can do and step forward. Your club needs you!!

If you would like anymore details on any of the above talk to Mick, Jerry, Dave or Sharon.



KEVS REVS

(BEING THE COLLECTED THOUGHTS AND
CONGEALED WISDOM OF THE BELOVED LEADER)

Well then, 'How's the summer been?' I hear you all clamour....don't I? Thought so and I can tell you, fellow AMOCers, that its been a good one. Yep-no doubt about it.

And No I'm not talking weather here-if that was what I was going by we'd be inhabiting parallel universes identical except for the climate, wouldn't we?...oh, never mind...

I'M TALKING ABOUT HOW THE CLUB'S BEEN THESE LAST FEW MONTHS.

In short, excellent.

There's been the usual crop of problems but we pulled together and got through them- done and dusted ,you might say,(and I just have done, haven't I?)

When I think back my best memory will be about how attitudes have changed and moved on and how much more united we are as a club now- we take a real and justified pride in ourselves and our turn out for runs has been noticeably better of late. It does my heart good to see that and I'm proud of you all.

When I was interviewed for this column I was asked what I'm most looking forward to as we settle in to autumn then winter proper....simple, that one.

I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO
SUMMER NEXT YEAR ,O.K.?

Personally I hate winter and ,in the event that next life round I come back as God(nothing wrong with a bit of

ambition, is there?) I'm going to make sure we have a constant ambient temperature of around 75 degrees(Fahrenheit, sonny.....go ask your dad- we're having no namby pamby centigrades here in AMOC)

Yep, all year round...that's a promise.

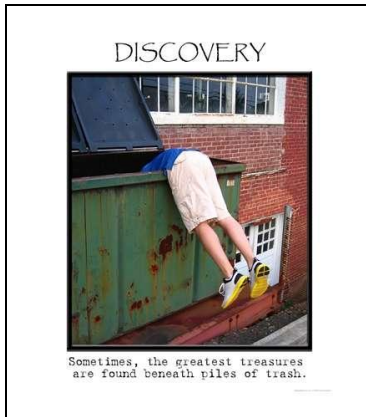
Oh, and how's the new bike?

Brilliant- I'm made up with it, absolutely love it.....got a few plans for it...but that's in the future -for now it's great.

So ride on and ride safe through the months to come

L&R

Kev



This month's gem comes from one of my USA correspondents who wishes to remain anonymous- you can see why as you read on

Al

Our correspondent writes-

"As a bagpiper, I play many gigs. Recently I was asked by a funeral director to play at a graveside service for a homeless man. He had no family or friends, so the service was to be at a pauper's cemetery in the Kentucky back-country.

As I was not familiar with the backwoods, I got lost. I finally arrived an hour late and saw the funeral guy had evidently gone and the hearse was nowhere in sight. There were only the diggers and crew left and they were eating lunch. I felt badly and apologized to the men for being late.

I went to the side of the grave and looked down and the vault lid was already in place. I didn't know what else to do, so I started to

play. The workers put down their lunches and began to gather around. I played out my heart and soul for this man with no family or friends. I played like I've never played before for this homeless man. And as I played 'Amazing Grace,' the workers began to weep. They wept, I wept, we all wept together.

When I finished I packed up my bagpipes and started for my car. Though my head hung low, my heart was full. As I opened the door to my car, I heard one of the workers say, "I never seen nothin' like that before and I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty years."

BULLDOG SPLASH 2010



The AMOC NERVE CENTRE

O. K, SO THIS YEAR WAS A BIT WET



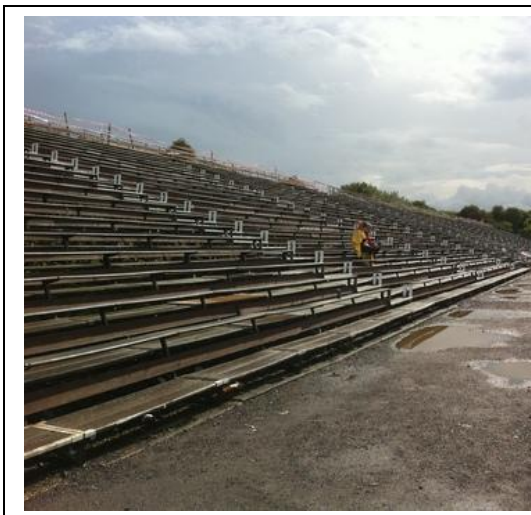
DANGER QUICKSAND



ITS PRIZE TIME



FANCY A SPOT OF LUNCH?



NO THANKS, I'M RESERVING MY SEAT BEFORE THE RUSH

Correspondence

**This edition folks I went for the big time-never mind messing around with mere national press, if I'm going to be ignored, I'll be ignored in the highest places
(nope, no reply yet to this one but I'm ever optimistic..Al)**

Mr Ban Ki moon
Secretary General to the United Nations
Assembly
706 United Nations Plaza
New York
NY 10017
United States of America

Dear Mr Ban Ki moon

My wife Doris and I have been giving considerable thought to the problems of world peace and just how long this is taking to achieve.

I mean really you chaps have been at it now for God knows how long and we still don't have it sorted . Frankly if there was any logic too it you'd all have got the sack by now if this was a real job .

And what's the reason behind all the funny names (I mean Bhoutros Bhoutros-Ghali what kind of name was that? 'so good they named him twice, perhaps ?)

But I digress.....

I'm writing to tell you its sorted . Doris and I worked it out over a nice Lancashire hot pot last night.

It seems pretty obvious to us that some of the principles behind global capitalism could be equally applied to the idea of the nation state. For example if you invest in ,say, Acme Trunnions and their share price slips , you'd get out quick wouldn't you?

So I suggest you lot in the UN pass one of your motions throwing open shares in all the member statesYou allocate every citizen a set number of shares and let's see what the various countries can offer to investors...for example next week North Korea might be offering a tempting deal on health care , or maybe just low taxation-whatever the product is, if its right for the market it'll presumably flourish . And presumably if competitors want to stay in business they'll have to come up with an equally attractive product .

Like all good investments, you wouldn't have to leave your house to reap the benefits of your investment- lets see how many takers there might be in say, Ealing, for citizenship in somewhere that insists on national service. Oh and it'd be quite hard to start a war if your investors sold their shares and in any event you wouldn't know where to attack with whatever resources you could retain.

So what do you think of it?

Doris and I don't want any publicity or reward , but if you're asking, a bungalow in Littlehampton would be nice.

Best wishes

Des and Doris Gusset
Tunbridge Wells

Adverts

Flogging

Hi guys don't forget to mention (writes Wayne) that my new t shirt printing business is up and running if anyone wants vinyl printed shirts and hoodies let me know -also the new web site is being built right now with a shopping cart address is [\[waynesworldclothing.co.uk\]](http://waynesworldclothing.co.uk) and [waynesworldclothing.com\]](http://waynesworldclothing.com) cheers fellas.

Wayne [Sussex]

Wanted

**Oh and Oz is still looking for some forward controls to suit his FXR + a 5 gallon tank(carb, obviously innit?)
Ring him direct on 07730954858**

FLAMES & FRAMES



AMERICAN MOTORCYCLE
OWNERS CLUB
PRESENTS
ROCKTOBER

IN AID OF HELP FOR HEROES

2ND OCTOBER 2010
STARTS 11AM TILL 01.00

ENTRY £5.00 INC FREE CAMPING
STUDENTS £3.50 WITH STUDENT CARD
UNDER 16'S FREE WITH A PAYING ADULT
OPEN TO ALL TYPES OF BIKES AND GENERAL PUBLIC

**LIVE BANDS
HOT FOOD
CHEAP BEER
STALLS/TATTOOIST**



LOCATION
NEWTOWN SPORTS & SOCIAL CLUB
16A GREENCOURT DRIVE
BOGNOR REGIS
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