

# AMOC TIMES

THE VOICE OF REASON?  
CERTAINLY NOT, OLD BEAN.

Summer 2010 Edition



Surrey Chapter's Spring Custom Show.  
See if you can guess what the weather  
was like

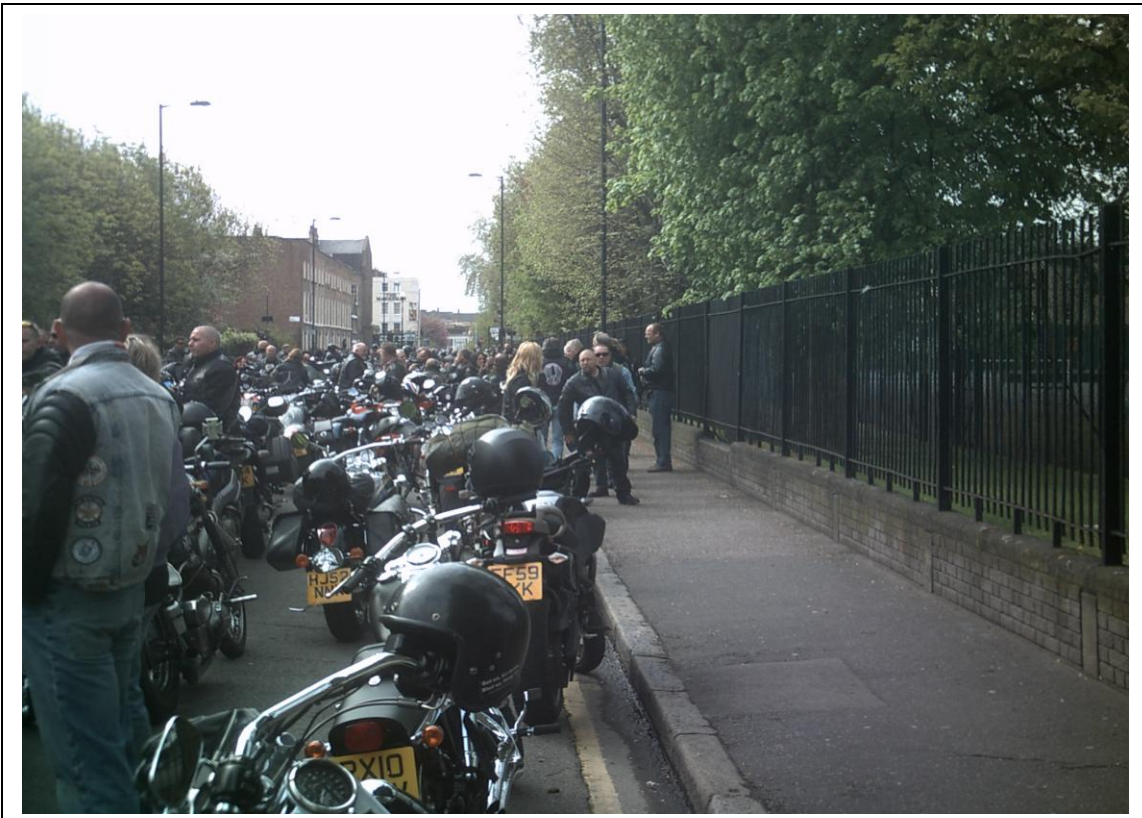
## **OUR SINCERE CONDOLENCES**

**TO THE BROTHERS, FAMILY AND FRIENDS OF CHARGER, H.A. LONDON WHO DIED, AS HE HAD LIVED, ON HIS BIKE.**

**THE FUNERAL WAS HELD AT STREATHAM CEMETERY ON 1<sup>ST</sup> MAY AND MANY BROTHERS, FRIENDS AND WELL WISHERS ESCORTED HIM THERE.**

**With great sadness and respect from all of us**

**AMOC**



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## EDITORS REASONED RAMBLE



**Well, that went bloody quick, didn't it?** Seems like one minute I'm basking in the unaccustomed glory of a job well(ish) done and the next, here I am again starting the spring edition. Oh well "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi" as the Romans used to say-which translated roughly means "It's the first working day of the week and my f'ing van wont start"

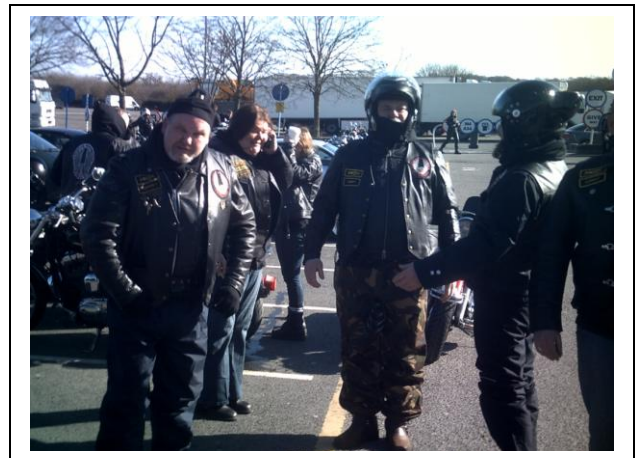
Anyhow, thanks all for the feedback which seems to mean I keep the job for now. In response to your comments I'll try to get the photos a bit bigger this time round and ,yes, 'Great AMOC Characters' and 'Tales of Townsend' are voted in as regular features.

And whilst we're on the subject of my 'reasoned ramblings' (tee hee, great excuse to get on the soapbox, eh?) I couldn't help but notice after all these years that AMOC runs tend to be just a wee bit disorganised at times (as in chaos ,that is)...

Take for example Wootton Bassett...great day out and well supported but every time we stopped... We'd lost a few more..... Come on folks...lets behave ourselves. Al



**What d'ya mean Fukawi?**



**We're the Fukawi Tribe**



## Caped Crusaders of Croydon?

**(This geezer, above, is, allegedly, Jacques De Molay-last Grand Master of the Knights Templars-but we all know its really Waffle, don't we?)**

How many of us know the 'cultural heritage' of the average back-patch club?

Now, had the late Dr Maz Harris been still with us ,by now he'd have launched into a proper Sociologist's soliloquy on Ethno-methodology and The Counter-Culture, but oh, no, you wont get all that psychobabble from me,' cos I's an 'umble geezer, as I'm sure you'll all agree(Pay attention at the back ,please) Still with me?

Thought not, so lets put it another way. Once Upon a Time the were these Crusades, see. And anyhow Ye Olde Pope Urban the summat or other, had an idea to recover Jerusalem for the Faith...and at the same time rid Europe of those folks who's nobility and education fitted them only to poke at each other with sharp sticks.

Having sent them all off to slog it out with the other side(also co-incidentally hitting each other with sharp sticks for The Faith) he duly sat back and waited for the half time score.

Sure enough, ' our' side had the best sticks so we got the city back...but then they all went home again...and that left a load of pilgrims getting fleeced and generally forked by bandits on the road from the coast to the town.

(Not boring you am I? Tough)

So....this 'umble knight called Hugh De Payens legged it to Jerusalem and started prowling vigilante-like along the road ,generally smiting infidels Hip And Thigh as it were...and then he got some mates to join him and before you know it they're all men of God on a mission to keep the holy places open.

Patience folks, I'm coming to the connection-honest.

Now St Bernard(Think 'Saint', not 'dog'...think medieval impresario...think Simon Cowell...no, second thought, best not to) anyhow he got involved and before you could say "Robert's Your Mother's Brother" we have The Knights Templar-compleat with rules etc.....and let me share some of these with you my Brothers....

### Joining

Technically any 'knight' could ask to join-'knight' being a loose term for those who had their own horse sword and an idea how to use these. In practice there were additional requirements aimed at making sure only the 'righteous' got to apply. i.e. those made of the 'right 'stuff/attitudes etc. Think of our own 'hangaround' process where folks come

along a while and look at us looking them over till we ask them if they want to prospect-sound familiar?

### **Prospecting**

Once accepted yer man became a 'novice' usually for about a year or so. During this time he generally did as he was told and absorbed the values of the 'club.

### **Getting a Patch**

When the high ups considered he was ready they took a vote and yer man got a big red cross to stick on his cloak-which of course had to be white to show he was with the goodies, not the baddies. Now the worst thing that could happen to him was to 'lose the habit'-meaning that the club took back his patch and chucked him out. Sound familiar yet? Should do. Now I'm sad enough to have a copy of the 'Rule' which is the official handbook for running a chapter of Templars... and its got sections on the various officers and their appointment and status symbols and, very interestingly a detailed manual on who rides where on a run(or 'convent' as they would say it. Frankly if you substituted 'bike' for 'horse' in this you'd be hard pressed to find a closer resemblance to our own set of rules for club runs.

### **Honour**

This is a more generally medieval concept which tended to die out rapidly with the growth of free market mercantilism after the reformation...it tended to be a feature of warrior societies generally where a mans worth was calculated by his personal standing amongst his peers rather than in financial terms.

We don't use the word nowadays but I reckon that's a pretty good account of the difference between bikers and non-bikers.... we understand this but...well

if you have to ask, you wouldn't understand the answer, eh?

### **Spot the Difference**

O.K then folks, lets not get carried away with this one lest we start a rash of 'Forsooth's and 'Odd's Bodkins, Sirrah' Maybe just remember that a) Templars were practising Christians (though that too is debatable) and b) practised poverty, chastity and obedience.... hmmm...maybe not

Oh, and they didn't wash either-not a bit like us clean cut types.



**Our very own Sir Plonk.... not to mention the fact that we also have a Viscount amongst our numbers.... posh, eh?**





**CHOPPER CLUB WINDSOR DO  
6<sup>th</sup> June.....by WURZ**



**(AND A FEW MORE-OH AND  
THANKS FOR THE PHOTOS,  
WURZ )**





## TALES OF TOWNSEND (Continuing the saga of Larry Nineteens miss spent youth.)



### LARRY-PARTY ANIMAL

You have to remember, of course that this was the seventies-you know, the era that fashion forgot and all that sort of stuff.

Yes, this was a time when men were men and to prove it wore cheesecloth shirts and trousers which flared out like circus marquees on a windy day.

It was also a time where bikers could still get invited to parties which were being given by non bikers, though this happy state of affairs was coming to an end by then.

I like to think that, in our own small way, Larry and I contributed to bringing about this social change, at least so far as London was concerned.

Ah, London, where the streets were paved with street paving stuff, which was unaccountably hard to the touch, should one land upon it without the benefit of alcohol or other soothing substances to cushion one.

That being the case, Larry and I had concluded that the only sure remedy against such injury lay in remaining

permanently cushioned – which we pretty well managed for most of the time.

Saturday nights were favourite for this activity, though, of course, we kept in practice throughout the week. It wouldn't pay to just try on the night to down that sort of quantity of stuff-oh no, dedication was called for and we responded magnificently.

Being resident in South Kensington, we managed to frequent some pretty cool places in and around the Kings Road. That is of course, young fella, when the Kings Road actually *was* where it was at, rather than just where it had been at some time before. Oh and the summers were longer too and the sun shone brighter and ...oh well, you begin to get the idea.

But it also meant parties and plenty of them and sometimes we got invited, though rarely twice (strange that). Anyhow this one was a little out of our usual orbit, it being in Islington. Even then the Socialist Republic of Stoke Newington and Surrounding Satellite States was on the up-a place where squatters would eventually buy their dives for a few quid and later sell them for the best part of a million but who still called themselves Socialists, if by now somewhat well upholstered ones.

So there we were in this groovy garden flat amongst the Afghans and kaftans, Larry and I in the usual jeans and cut offs. We'd travelled up on Larry's BSA B50, intending to kip on the floor if possible (read 'try shifting us in the state we're in, Pal') and generally having a rare time of it all and not even upsetting anyone. Yet.

All was going swimmingly and the wee small hours were upon us when Larry decided that not only did his cup runneth over (actually that had already happened

several times during the course of the preceding hour) but that his bladder was in danger of doing likewise. Hence he announced to the world in general that he was 'off to the loo'.

To the likes of you and I, this is an everyday, uneventful sort of activity, but that's not the way Larry was made. Oh no.

Things actually went well initially and no one tripped over anyone and Larry even made it out the room without stepping on anyone's drugs with his oversize Fireman's boots. This is more of an achievement that it would at first appear. Larry, being 5 foot 6 had quite small feet, but he had a propensity to wear the sort of footwear which made you suspect that, upon receiving a sizeable shove, he might immediately bob back up again in the manner of one of those wobbly toys which flop around annoyingly when shoved out the way. In short, he was that rarest of creatures- a man who's boots were too big for him. Soon I became aware that an ominous silence had developed in the kitchen, followed swiftly by the sound of a woman's scream, some muttered curses, then the unmistakable sound of Larry's fist making contact with something solid. To those who never met him I need to add that this sound was unmistakable largely on account of Larry's immaculate Oxbridge accent. Its rare these days to hear the expression 'Have one of these, Sonny', spoken with such perfect diction and followed inevitably by the above mentioned splat. Soon Larry himself appeared, cursing and flailing spectacularly at a gaggle of assorted partygoers.

This sort of tableau was usually our cue to leave, so leave we did, stumbling along the unfamiliar streets with the

gradually fading sounds of outraged citizenry ringing in our ears.

In words now becoming quite slurred, indistinct and even punctuated by fits of giggles, my friend explained the whole sorry sequence.

"Y'see" he said "it wash'nt my fault, it wash the tortoise that did for me."

Over the course of the next few minutes I gathered that our hero had dutifully queued for the loo but had rapidly tired of the wait and, seeing as our hosts were possessed of a perfectly serviceable garden, he had decided to relieve himself there instead.

Congratulating himself on the use of his army acquired initiative, he had looked down to find that he was a) soaking his leg and b) standing on a tortoise which had, in consequence, become a distinctly ex-tortoise. Even so, Larry concluded, he'd have got away with it had not his natural sense of honesty prevailed upon him to return to the party with the corpse, asking his hosts how they would like it to be disposed of. The rest is, as they say, geography or something.

By now though it was 1 am and we were, to put it kindly, absolutely ratted. Clearly there was only one solution. The bike.

Now, this probably comes under the category of NOT VERY CLEVER IDEAS, but Larry decided he was going to ride home and offered me the option of a lift or a long walk.

Being a responsible citizen I helped him bump start the beast and stumbled onto the pillion.

We took off, after a fashion, and Larry soon got the hang of it. In fact he'd just turned round to tell me what a doddle this riding business was when my right foot hit the boot of a parked car-quite hard as it later transpired.

Even with the help of my previously administered informal anaesthetics, it was about to become obvious that all was not well in the Passenger Foot Department. The boot full of blood was the giveaway- that and the odd angle and numbness where there should have been neither.

After some spirited whingeing on my part, Larry offered to put me down somewhere I could get help whilst he 'hid the bike' .... except of course that, being so late, even the Holloway Rd appeared to be deserted, except for one shop which was still open for business and which even had a convenient lane alongside where Larry told me he intended to 'stash the wheels' (seventies, remember?).

So far so good. Off I waddled and stepped purposefully down only to equally purposefully dump myself on the ground and crawl into the shop which, incidentally, turned out to be a rather upmarket Chinese restaurant.

Clearly I'd started off well with the folks inside because they gently picked me up and laid me on a table and told me they had 'phorned for herp'.

By now I was beginning to float in and out of consciousness but two things I remember quite unmistakably- one being an almighty crash from the alleyway outside as Larry apparently 'parked the bike at speed' (his description) and, two his arrival in the restaurant looking every inch the villain in a massacre movie, and demanding to know what the those 'Unutterable Fiends' had done with his friend.

Oh, and I do recall one or two more things in a dreamlike sequence. Firstly, I can remember hobbling outside with Larry supporting the wreckage of my right foot only to be confronted (? 'corflonted'?) by a semi circle of police cars and an ambulance. Needless to say I got to ride in the ambulance, whilst Larry was spoilt for choice as far as cop cars went.

I didn't see Larry again for a few days but then I had other worries. For a start every time I opened my eyes there seemed to be a policemen sitting by my bed- so I got into the habit of groaning loudly till the nursing staff shooed him away or he just got plain bored-don't know, don't care.

Larry came to see me when he got out. Turned out he'd had the 4<sup>th</sup> highest blood alcohol level ever recorded in a sentient being. Thereafter I always felt he was vaguely miffed that he'd not actually made the number one spot. Time passed and our various scars healed - Larry's healing taking longer as he'd elected to pay his fine by instalments. Typically, in an act of defiance to the Establishment, he also decided not to pay the final instalment in full, leaving this amount one pound short. He therefore sent off his final (for him) payment signing off his letter to the Court by declaring that he 'Remained forever in your debt, yours Larry Townsend'

**Al**



**WARNING SCAM \_INTERPOL  
WANT TO KNOW IF YOU SEE  
THIS MAN**

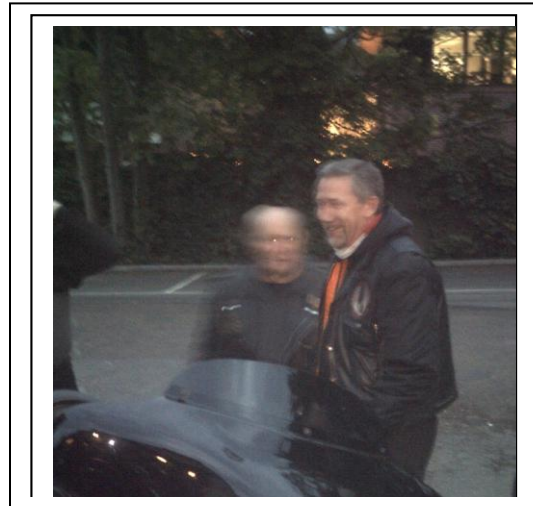
**Police have warned that a sophisticated confidence trickster is operating in the area...we have obtained these exclusive photos of him at work, showing the cunning way in which he traps his victims. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED. DO NOT APPROACH THIS MAN – HE IS EXTREMELY PLAUSIBLE**



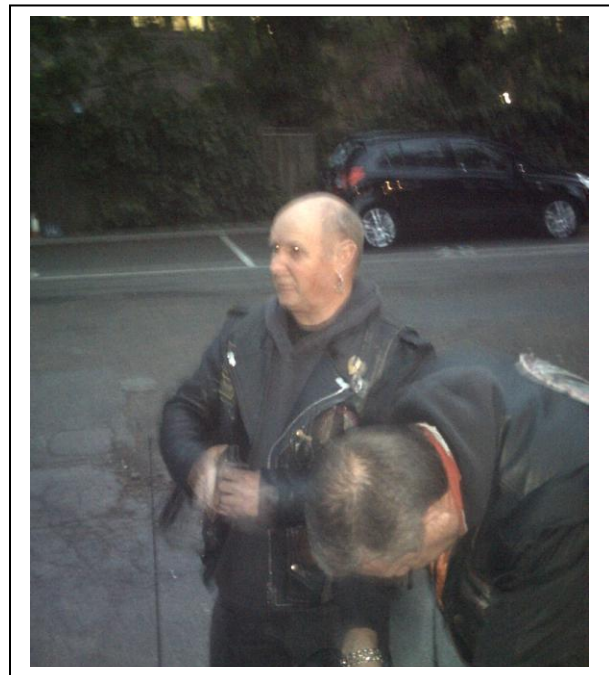
1. The pitch-first find a bunch of mugs, then.....



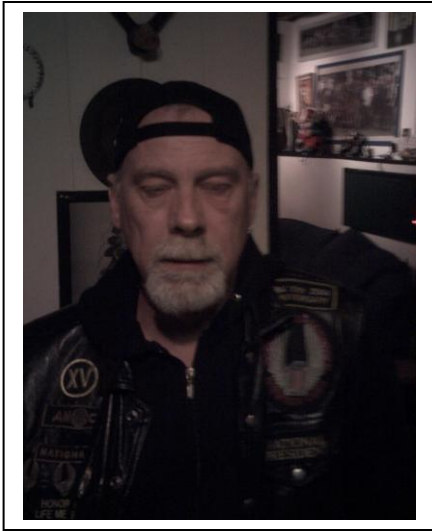
2. Get them gathered round...a new bike often does the trick.....



Have you seen this dodgy character lurking round unsuspecting bikers?



3. The Sting. One of them reaches for his wallet.



## **EXCLUSIVE –NATIONAL PRES ORDERS WORLD PEACE**

**(Well, got your attention didn't it?)**

This is the first of Kev's Revs (as in 'Kevin's Revelations' - clever, innit?)  
In it the **Dear Leader** addresses the nation of AMOC.

Hi Everyone

When I was asked about doing this slot in the mag I wondered how to handle the task-more of a do-er than a writer usually, so you'll just have to take this in my own style and way (as usual)

This last years been a good one for AMOC-we saw our 15 anniversary and with luck we'll see in our 30th in due course...scary thought, eh?

So what made it a good year?

You lot basically-we've got a great bunch of members s these days and it's good to see the growing commitment of many of you to doing something to make AMOC work. This helps the club run

better and it makes the officers lives so much easier-keep on doing what your doing folks.

It's also been noticeable that there's less gossiping and backbiting than in some previous years-that's good too-it gets wearing when the officers have to spend time refereeing or nursing sensitive egos. There's been less of that this last year. Been some bad times admittedly-for example, it hurts when we have to have to take a patch back-often we all know its the right and only thing to do....but it still hurts.

To balance it up though, there's nothing that gets to me quite so much as when a members gets patched...and almost always the surprise on their face is worth a picture in itself.

I'm glad we've had a fair few happy times like that.

Lastly, let's get everyone even more involved this year-make it year to look back on with pride

One thing I really want to see, though, is more involvement from all the members of AMOC- come on, you can all give it a bit more commitment this year, cant you?

Oh, and even less bickering too...

Take care of yerselves and each other

ML&R

Kev

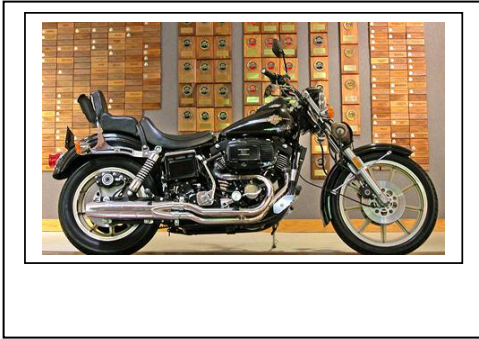


**Paul's Big Trip  
(No-not that kind)**

**Read on and wee\***

**(\*woops-sorry, I  
meant 'weep')**





## DESTINATION STURGIS (which explains the Sturgis above.... well, not really.)

**By Paul**

**(Primary editing by 'you cant say  
that, it doesn't flow' Lyn)**

It all started with a discussion in a pub- as many things do- and before long I had decided, with my friend Chris that a trip on bikes across America was definitely on the pub table as a possibility.

Over the ensuing months the pub table became covered with maps and other information which were in turn becoming covered in rings of pint glass stains and peanut dust.

A gradual plan was eventually formed as a feasible route for our allotted three weeks, trying to incorporate all the sights we both wanted to see and the it suddenly dawned on us that if we went a bit later than planned we could go to the Mecca of American bikers- Sturgis!

Sturgis- the rally in the Black Hills of South Dakota, Harleys all over the town, the Knuckle Saloon, Buffalo Chip Camp, Beauties on Bikes .

So it was a possibility that we might pop in for a day if we had the time.

After decisions were made and weeks passed, a route (or 'rout' as we were getting a bit American by now) was sketched out on the remainder of the rather sorry USA map by now, and the table was covered with official documents and 'confirmation of booking' forms.

We had planned to fly to Toronto and come in via Niagara Falls, but calculation of distance changed the plan to go straight to Chicago on British Airways and pick up the bikes there. The first of August dawned and we found ourselves at Heathrow Terminal 4 boarding the Chicago flight at 12-midday, after a lucky upgrade to Tourist Deluxe- which was a good omen for things to come.

After eight hours of watching the screens in front and wondering whether to keep the mask from the B. A. goodie bag, we landed at O'Hare airport. After clearing immigration where you are photographed, fingerprinted and interrogated all at the same time, we had our first experience of an American cab ride into the centre of Chicago- in the rush hour on a six lane highway which took one hour for 17 miles- nice cars though!

We eventually checked in at our hotel which we had pre-booked, as this is requirement of entry into the U.S. and set out to explore Chicago.

The next day we arrived by cab at Berwyn H. D. where Eagle Rider has its hire facilities for the trip. We both only took helmets and gloves in the cab, but one of my gloves strangely decided that it preferred to spend the rest of its

existence riding around in a Chicago cab, which I only discovered ten minutes after getting out.

After waiting whilst a bunch of Swedish bikers were dealt with by the hire team, we were introduced to our transport for the trip—two vivid black Heritage Softails with less than 10 miles on the clock each (Well, someone had to run them in, didn't they?) but mine was the only one with a number plate—and that was Florida one. Apparently it's legal just to have your registration document in the holder, but not a plate. Oh well, it's a long way to L.A., I've got a full tank of gas, no cigarettes, it's bright sunshine and I've forgotten my sunglasses—Hit It! (er, anyone know the way back to the hotel?)

### **Chicago to L.A.**

After working out how to get the bikes out of the adjacent car park and finding a parking space outside the hotel, we began packing the saddle bags much to the amusement of hotel staff and passing 'Chicagoens'. Chris had taken the sensible option of taking his 'T' bag as luggage for the plane so had no difficulty in slotting it onto the backrest and leaving room in the saddle bags for bits and pieces such as the bulky cable lock provided by Berwyn H.D.

In contrast I was finding space in the bags for everything I was carrying and bungeeing the soft bag that had previously held it all onto the backrest, along with a rucksack with maps etc.

We left Chicago in blazing sunshine and headed out on the freeway west which gradually went into less crowded roads and 'U.S. 20 West' into the Illinois countryside.

I was getting used to the bike and how it handled and also the American road signs and traffic which were weird at first—turning right legal at a red light etc. Having travelled a lot in Europe helped as I don't find it difficult switching from left to right.

Having stopped at Rockford for refreshments we got hopelessly lost trying to find U.S. 20 again, and after several enquiries managed to locate the correct way and continue to Freeport. Suddenly confronted with a major 'T' intersection Chris managed to turn left into oncoming traffic instead of going on a bit further. It was a 2 lane highway—speedy halt on the hard shoulder and illegal 'U' turn later we repeated the manoeuvre and successfully stopped for gas in Freeport.

American gas stations have different systems all over the country. Some, as this one was, operate the same as in England—fill tank + pay inside—but then you get pre-pay—walk inside, pay, pump gets turned on—fill with the necessary calculation needed of how much both bikes will take. Some small gas stations further in the trip worked on the 1960's English petrol sale principle—ride up—wait—grease splattered person of indeterminate age appears—he fills your tank, commenting on the weather, your mode of transport, sport etc—pay and go. By now the blazing sun had disappeared and was replaced by much duller cloudy weather so we decided to head for the state line and stop and find a hotel in Duberque which lay on the banks of the upper reaches of the Mississippi on the Illinois/Iowa border.

Next morning, after breakfasting at a diner over the road and admiring the river we set out again under cloudy skies towards Waterloo, where the owner of a gas station was actually from Hamburg

and the 'rest room' was out of order-cue anointing an old Dodge in an adjacent scrapyard.

By now the weather had improved and we were in the farmlands of Iowa with flat green shapes in the fields with the occasional farm building. We headed north on highway 218 towards Mason City then Clear Lake to get the Interstate 35 straight up to our next stop, Albert Lea (for the music buffs amongst you it's not spelt the same and he wasn't there)

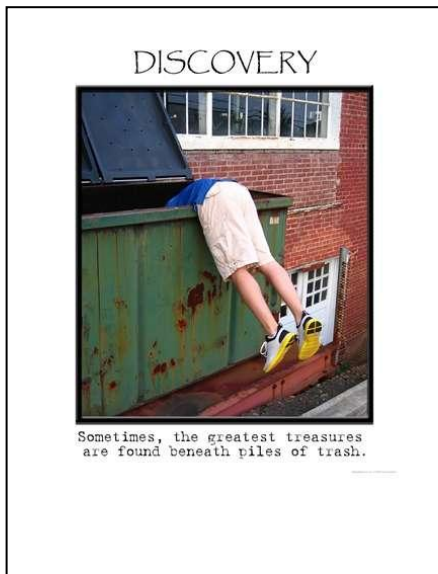
So. 470 miles and now in Minnesota, our third state and barely started.

Paul

Below are a couple of random Sturgis photos with absolutely no connection whatever to Pauls trip







***Talking about parties, This is an item I picked up just too late for the last edition-hope you like it-I did-Ed***

Johnstown, PA (BNSE): Local and state police scoured the hills outside rural Johnstown, Pennsylvania, after reports of three animal rights activists going missing after attempting to protest the wearing of leather at a large motorcycle gang rally this weekend. Two others, previously reported missing, were discovered by fast food workers “duct taped inside several fast food restaurant dumpsters,” according to police officials.

“Something just went wrong,” said a still visibly shaken organizer of the protest. “Something just went horribly, horribly, wrong.”

The organizer said a group of concerned animal rights activist groups, “growing tired of throwing fake blood and shouting profanities at older women wearing leather or fur coats,” decided to protest the annual motorcycle club event

“in a hope to show them our outrage at their wanton use of leather in their clothing and motor bike seats.” “In fact,” said the organizer. “Motorcycle gangs are one of the biggest abusers of wearing leather, and we decided it was high time that we let them know that we disagree with them using it... Ergo, they should stop.”

According to witnesses, protesters arrived at the event in a vintage 1960’s era Volkswagen van and began to pelt the gang members with balloons filled with red colored water, simulating blood, and shouting “you’re murderers” to passers by. This, evidently, is when the brouhaha began.

“They peed on me!!!” charged one activist. “They grabbed me, said I looked like I was French, started calling me ‘La Trene’, and duct taped me to a tree so they could pee on me all day!”

“I... I was trying to show my outrage at a man with a heavy leather jacket. And, he... he didn’t even care. I called him a murderer, and all he said was, ‘You can’t prove that.’ Next thing I know is he forced me to ride on the back of his motorcycle all day, and not left me off, because his girl friend was out of town and I was almost a woman.”

Still others claimed they were forced to eat hamburgers and hot dogs under duress. Those who resisted were allegedly held down while several bikers “farted on their heads.”

Police officials declined comments on any leads or arrests due to the ongoing nature of the investigation, however, organizers for the motorcycle club rally expressed “surprise” at the allegations.

“That’s preposterous,” said on high ranking member of the biker organizing committee. “We were having a party,

and these people showed up and were very rude to us. They threw things at us, called us names, and tried to ruin the entire event. So, what did we do? We invited them to the party! What could be friendlier than that? You know, just because we are all members of motorcycle clubs does not mean we do not care about inclusiveness. Personally, I think it shows a lack of character for them to be saying such nasty things about us after we bent over backwards to make them feel welcome.”

When confronted with the allegations of force feeding the activists meat, using them as ad hoc latrines, leaving them incapacitated in fast food restaurant dumpsters, and 'farting on their heads,' the organizer declined to comment in detail. "That's just our secret handshake," assured the organizer.



(P.S. a big thanks to the folks at motoguzzigroupgb who first alerted me to this gem.

Al)

## 10<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY MAZ HARRIS MEMORIAL RUN SUNDAY 6<sup>TH</sup> JUNE

As lots of you will be aware this year was the 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Maz Harris's death in a bike accident. As always the Kent H.A. organised a run from their clubhouse to the grave.

As always it was well attended and a chance to catch up with news gossip and old friends.



#### LATEST NEWS FROM MAG

There has been some important development in the campaign against on-street bike parking charges and the spread of new charging technology that threatens to mark an end to free bike parking across the UK. You can make a difference to the final outcome of the campaign if you act this month:

The High Court in London will hear the case against Westminster City Council, brought by the NoToBikeParkingTax campaign. The court case received a boost recently when the elected Councillor who spearheaded the bike charging scheme lost his job in charge of parking at Westminster City Council. This display of elected politicians turning on their own when things go bad will do nothing to convince the High Court that the scheme is based on the public good. With that in mind, NoTo have taken legal advice and been assured that a large presence of bikes outside the Court in The Strand will help to demonstrate that the charges were brought in in defiance of the public interest. Be there if you can for 9 o'clock on the morning of Thursday 24th June (further details [www.notobikeparkingtax.com](http://www.notobikeparkingtax.com)).

On the Saturday before the hearing, NoTo are organising a slow lap of the M25 to draw public attention to the campaign. This could well be one of the most TV-friendly stunts yet and will set the scene for the final stages of the campaign. The run starts from the Ace Cafe on London's North Circular Road at Noon on 19th June (further details

[www.notobikeparkingtax.com](http://www.notobikeparkingtax.com)).

NoTo are also asking for final contributions to the legal expenses fighting fund, more than £30,000 has been raised by riders and bike-businesses, but Court hearings are expensive and there is still a shortfall. MAG is making its own contribution to the fighting fund and urges individual riders to dig-deep and help roll-back the tide of stealth tax and additional charges for public services (further details [www.notobikeparkingtax.com](http://www.notobikeparkingtax.com)).

Finally, at a meeting with the new minister in charge of Britain's roads yesterday, MAG had it confirmed that central government will not take control of local parking so every bike parking battle will have to be fought individually. We must make sure the NoToBikeParkingTax campaign wins its case this month, to demonstrate that the motorcycle community is capable of defending the principle of free and plentiful bike parking everywhere.

Thanks to Phil McFadden for this update





## Classic Sheds another new series.....

As we all know to be true without exception, every man over the age of 40 should have a shed. In fact these ought to be provided by the State automatically. In my ideal world you'd wake up on your 40<sup>th</sup> birthday, nursing an appropriately grand hangover, to the sounds of a low loader delivering your Government Approved Shed.

From now on, you need never more suffer Britain's Got Talent (in which case why are they showing us this drivel?-but I digress) and in fact need only communicate with others using a minimum of grunting noises and gestures to indicate the need for life's essentials to be delivered to your shed.

The shed has, in fact, a long and glorious history- from the good olde days when we actually made things in this country – we made them in sheds...sure we might call them 'workshops' or even factories, but we all know that everything worth owning came from a shed originally....right through to the NASA space programme of the 1960's- the Saturn 5 Rockets were actually put together in the worlds largest shed-true they called it something posher, but shed it was, and is( So big in

fact that its got its own microclimate where the air hitting the roof condenses and pelts the assembly teams with home made hailstones –who says nature has no sense of humour?

So in this spirit of ground breaking investigative journalism, AMOC Times is proud to bring you a series devoted to great sheds of the nations bikers. So lets start with mine, dear reader....ah, and there lies the heart of the Problem Of The Shed Status.....mine useless.....its small, but that's not the problem-many a bike has been built in lesser confines- but the bloody thing is completely inaccessible....at the bottom of the garden, inaccessible from the back since the council made the local oiks playground into a park which in turn necessitated the upgrading of my fence to keep them out my garden This arrangement is now known by the neighbours as the Great Wall- I just call it 'defence in depth'.

So why not pop the bike in from the front? Well have a look and see for yourself....answers and advice on a postcard please....there's a prize for the one that actually lets me use my shed again for working on a bike.... So, what's your shed like?

Al

## CORRESPONDENCE

**Once again none of you lazy gits has put pen to paper-not even the usual death threats to liven up the letters page.....and as I've been busy myself I've only had time to write one spoof letter to the Times this month(The other 'Times' that is.) True to form they haven't published this one either. Miserable ingrates...**

**Anyhow this is what I sent them....Al**

To The Editor  
The Times  
Dated this day Wednesday 10<sup>th</sup> June  
2010

Dear Sirs

I write upon the rumour that Greece may be about to leave both the Euro Zone and indeed the EEC itself.

If true, this is likely to plunge that country into considerable financial difficulties.

Whilst one must sympathise with the plight of the people, might this not be an opportunity for Britain to resolve the long running dispute with Greece over the various antiquities held by the British Museum.

It seems to me, for example that now would be a good time for us to offer them a derisory deal on them Elgin Marbles and they'd probably have to take it, just to make ends meet.

Personally, I bemoan the loss of the various and quaint European currencies and have long noted that where the Euro comes to stay, prices have rocketed, Greece and Malta both having suffered the same fate.

Bring back the Drachma I say, and the Maltese Lira and whilst we're about it,

why not reinstate Rods, Poles and Perches too?

And then there's hanging and birching too(everyone needs a hobby after all) and the entire Feudal System...but why stop there when we can also have the Black Death back and heat our hearths with burning heretics.

Yours sincerely

Des Gusset

Tunbridge Wells



**AMOC EN ROUTE TO MEET THE NICEST PEOPLE ON THEIR HONDAS**

