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Stuff going on

12th February....London HA –Valentines Party

And of course or very own Custom show.....

14th May at the pilgrim and....oh WTF...look at the advert wont you?

With Custom Chrome and American V Twin judging the show

Be There!

And then there's the run this year to Harrys in Jolly Olde France....

This year it's 30th June to 4th July(when I believe the colonials celebrate some or other minor festival)-details on the club notice board(The run, stupid, not the festivities)

Sign up or miss the best thing since sliced bread-and there's an additional prize for guessing what was the best thing *before* sliced bread.

Any others...let me know by telling me..or e mailing me...or putting something on the website or, maybe smoke signals or telepathyalan.griffin008@gmail.com

Al



EDITOR'S REASONED RAMBLING

By St Ainless

**(Patron saint of
Non Ferrous Metals)**

I don't know about you, but I've had it up to here (where 'here' is a mark way above my head) with winter.

Don't get me wrong. As a Scot I'm pretty good at being cold, wet and drunk, but I'm bored now. I've long since eaten all the choccies off the tree and am almost at the stage of starting on the remains of the tree....in fact, so bored am I that I bought another bike.

Nope...not an FXR as I ought to have done, but instead I've wallowed in a wave of nostalgia and paid out good money for a heap of scrap that called itself a 'classic'

As a young man you see the first bike I owned that I could just get on and ride several hundred miles without corrective surgery and a suitcase full of spares was (erm) a BMW.

In fact I was so dumb that this is my 3rd one.

Now I didn't actually set out to buy it, but my friend Clive's had it in his shed a few years and I've kind of had my eye on it without, as it were, any serious intent.

Then one day I called round and he'd started to cafe race it. Couldn't have that, could I?

So I gave it a good home in my mate Andy's workshop and hatched a cunning plan.

"One decent working (did I tell you it wasn't working?) BMW R 90/6 ought to fetch me about £4k –enough to put toward the FXR."

WRONG. Fact. One decent WORKING R 90/6 with the CORRECT ENGINE is worth that, but not one with a later lump like the one my number turns out to be.

Oh well, let's get it running and see what happens....

'What happens' of course is that yours truly is now attempting to put together various boxes of bits which may just possibly equate to a working motorcycle in the end.

As Churchill said though

"This is not the end. This is not even the beginning of the end. But it is the end of the beginning"

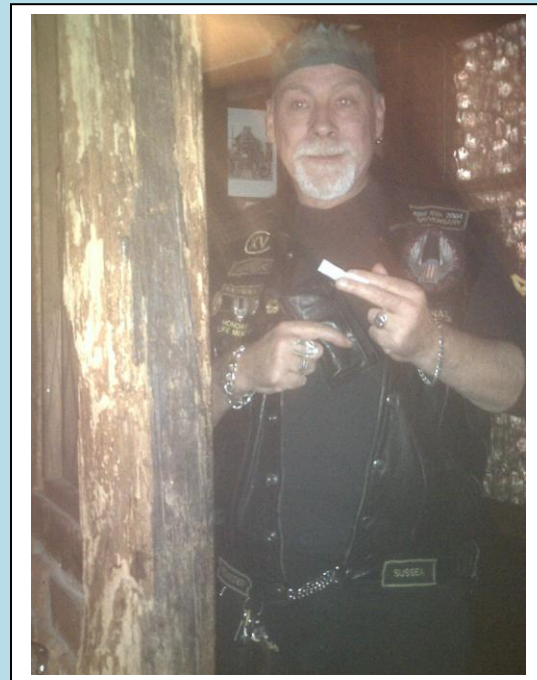
But in the words of the Blessed St. Ainless

"What a Muppet"

Al



**IT'S XMAS AND OUR LEADER
KNOWS IT**
(Photos by St.Oned)





Pauls Big Trip – continued ALMOST THERE NOW

After taking a couple of wrong turnings to find the centre of Albert Lea, we found directions to the 'Hotel Area' on the outskirts of town and checked into a typical American motel-one storey with parking spaces outside the front door. Now that we will be heading due West in a straight line on US 90, from now on, we both decided we would rely on the old fashioned map book rather than the sat-nav and 'read' where we were going. The weather was beginning to feel far more humid now but still not sunny, but warm enough to ride without glove (or in my case one glove, a denim jacket and T shirt-and jeans!). After sorting ourselves out in the room, we walked up the strip to the 'Green Mill Hotel' where we spent a couple of hours eating excellent steaks and, strangely, drinking Kilkeny Irish Red while watching NFL

and baseball. As we were walking back to

the hotel we met a biker going to Sturgis, who was just checking in and Chris invited him to meet us next evening in order to ride together. In the morning, after having the hotel breakfast-beakers of coffee from machine and a doughnut, we packed the bikes moved off onto interstate 90 West towards Sioux Falls averaging 65-70 mph on uncrowded road with good surfaces until we pulled off at a sign for 'Granada'- a small town near Fairmont (and I do mean 'small') Neat green flat lawns, weatherboarded houses and the stars and stripes hanging in front doorways-small town America! At the 2 pump gas station in front of a transmission shop we met Wayne, 60 something dungareed owner who eventually realised we were British and immediately invited us into his office to introduce us to a group of female senior

citizens that gathered there every morning for coffee as there was no café or diner close by and we were entertained by questions such as 'is it still foggy in London? My husband said it always was' 'oh when was that?' '1944'

Back on the Us 90 towards Worthington and we stopped at a roadside diner full of check shirts and baseball caps, just as I always imagined from 'the movies' It wasn't till we were riding out of the parking area after which we saw all the big rigs parked out of the rear, but we couldn't really stop since we were going, so I could take photos of these mammoths of the highways of the US. It was about now on our journey that we began to encounter many more bikers on the road on both sides of the interstate and in cafes and gas stations as we got closer to the South Dakota border and it seemed the biking fraternity of America was on the move.

Another gas station Later in the interestingly named Beaver Creek ('Nurse! The screens!') I surprised a mechanic by opening the toilet door suddenly to find him with a handful of toilet roll, and after my sudden quick apology I was calmly responded to by 'Goddamn lock-always seems to miss the door frame-will you flick it across?' A few miles further on, after a mile or two of road works where the speed limit was down to 55 from the normal 75, and passing a long line of trucks, we crossed onto South Dakota, our 4th state and the home of 'Sturgis-the Black Hills Rally'.

A stop at Brandon for gas and a rest-encountering several locals interested in the trip and a hearty 'welcome to South Dakota, boys' plus the skies getting ever bluer and an increase in temperature

boded well for the future. The farming landscapes we had been passing through were now giving way to grassland and houses were getting fewer by the mile- we were beginning to travel in The West-of cowboys and cattle with vast expanses of rolling grassland with no buildings in sight.

We reached our chosen stop for the night, Chamberlain South Dakota and, as we crested a hill, we saw the town bathed in the lowering sun on the banks of the Missouri river. with empty wide open spaces on the other bank. From the immense bridge spanning the water. We were finally in the part of America that I had always wanted to experience and it proved to be as good as I had hoped for. After finding a room nearby at a 'Super 8' motel, we walked into town and found a restaurant with a 'steak and salad 'bar menu and we were served 'Amber Bock' beers by a 'slightly out of sell by date ' barmaid in front of a small stage which only needed a chicken wire screen to make it prefect.

Father on the road we were attracted To a noisy bar which proved to be full of token drunk farm boys music and pool tables-fantastic atmosphere!

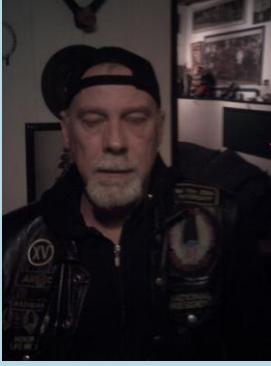
After several beers and meeting numerous people we decided to call it a night and attempted to leave in the direction of bed, which was difficult as I had to make a polite tactical withdrawal from an American Indian girl who had slightly different ideas of what 'bed' entailed, but I'm sure I didn't notice an American version of 'Spec Savers' anywhere on Main Street.

797 miles from Chicago and anything can happen from now on-Sturgis is one day away.

Paul
(AKA St Oppit-Patron St of those who've Had Enough)



**Oh, and we let Plonk have a birthday
this year-we do this every year,
whether he needs one or not.**



KEV'S REVS...BEING THE COLLECTED WISDOM OF THE BELOVED LEADER

Well...it's happened –just as I told you lot last edition that it would.

BLEEDIN WINTER!

It's all fuck'n shit innit?

The temperature is stuck stupidly and permanently below zero and all the guys are well and truly pissed off –they all want to get out on their bikes –then when the sun comes out and they do, what happens?

THEY FALL OFF.

Fact -the officers are considering a mass issue of official AMOC winter stabiliser wheels to all and sundry (especially that Sundry bloke-no sense of balance that one).

And what's the reason for this outbreak of bloody awful weather? Simple

I BLAME THE GOVERNMENT-

Doesn't matter which one of them- I

blame them all from bleedin Julius

Caesar right the way through the last 2

millennium till we get to this miserable bunch of numpties....I mean what are we paying out taxes for? (I say chaps.....you *are* paying your taxes aren't you? Jolly good)

Anyhow as I was saying before I got interrupted by an impromptu advert for the Revenue Men (ah, now those were the days when you could get a few mates

together –get yersel a boat and fill it with booze and head for the shore...and any 'Revenue Men' who got in the way were just fair game for yer blunderbuss...that's the kind of approach to taxation I warm to...but where was I?...who am I ...what time does the medication trolley come round?

Aherm..to continue.....

There's not much going on this time of year is there? Soon be over, this winter business- soon the first daffodils will be blooming, the first twitter of new hatched chicks- and the first roadkill bunny will hop its pretty way under your front wheel.

So do try to keep right side up this year, Eh?

L&R

Kev

TALES OF TOWNSEND
CONTINUING THE SAGA OF THE LIFE AND
TIMES OF THE LATE St.Uffit (Patron saint
of folks who don't give a damn)



‘Leaving So Soon, Mr Bond?’

Today, dear AMOC, I propose to tell you the story of how I came to know Larry in the first place.

You'll need a bit of patience for this episode as it takes a little while to get the motorcycle related stuff, but I do hope you'll think it worth the wait.

“How should I begin?”

“You see, Larry and I were at school together. Or more precisely, he was already there when I arrived from Up North.” (I hope, Dear Readers, that I have managed in those few words to convey to you all that ‘Up North’ is a very special place and that fleetingly you have conjured for yourself images of polar bears and igloos, before dismissing the idea as ridiculous.)

Good. Read on, then.

“I'd done rather well in my ‘O’ Levels and, coming from a posh school (don't ask...another story) I could take my choice more or less of where I wanted to do my ‘A’ levels, so I'd spent time

travelling around looking for my best bet for an easy life.

So there I was standing in the entrance lobby to St Mary's in Sidcup when two things happened at once.

‘Thing one’ was the appearance of an elderly cleric who turned out to be the headmaster, all mortarboard and trailing gowns, as they still did in that sort of place in those days. That wasn't unexpected but ‘Thing two’ was.

Following the head, ostensibly at a respectful distance but in reality at a couple of yards and closing fast, was a creature I couldn't at first identify. It wasn't that I didn't know that people could look so different; after all I was almost seventeen...and considered that I'd been about a bit. No, it was just that I'd never expected to see such a thing in a good Catholic school.

You see, there, trailing behind the Head and in some gross and ghastly parody of him was another being. It loped along, alternately shuffling and prancing in an uncanny imitation of the gait of the man in front of it. And it wore, too, a parody of the uniform I'd seen on the school brochure....yes the jacket was black and had clearly been something like a blazer in an earlier life, but not any more. Oh no, this garment was modified with epaulettes clumsily stitched to the shoulders and bearing the insignia of the Waffen SS. The not-quite-regulation black trousers too had seen some modification as well...with flared inserts giving them that characteristic early 70's look that was about to become popular in the Kings Road....though Kings Road never stipulated Larry's design and construction technique of securing the

inserts using small brass headed paper fasteners.

And then there was the hair. In an era when at my previous school we'd had Weekly inspections to ensure that no 'Beatles Haircuts' were being surreptitiously nurtured, this was something I'd not come across before. In years to come, of course, time and fashion caught up with Larry and vast expanses of uncombed and lank locks were commonplace. But at the time Larry was a pioneer of the *laisse Faire* School of hairdressing.....his crowning glory being a waist length and somewhat matted mess of brownish hair.

But I digress -To continue

"Wait there, Townsend" said the Head in voice redolent of long suffering and Lancashire in equal measure. "You" he said, turning towards me," will be Griffin". He said it with such certainty too that, had I not indeed been 'Griffin' I wouldn't have been able to admit to this. But I was. Larry confirmed this fact in what I later discovered to be his best attempt at a Gollum imitation. "Yesss", he hissed "Griffinnnn...." as though he too was to be involved in the forthcoming discussions about my education prospects at St Mary's.

He wasn't, and we went in without his assistance.

Afterwards, in Father Greystone's study the priest smiled wanly. "It's not the look of him I mind really...he's a lovely lad in fact, but it's the ink. I'm sure it can't be good for him, drinking it a bottle at a time."

And that was it, more or less. I was enrolled, starting the next week.

Interview over in 2 or 3 minutes.

Outside the creature I was to know as Larry beamed broadly at me as I left.

"Have the Red Cross parcels arrived yet?" he asked conversationally "Only I'm all out of ink right now"

'So fellow AMOCians, you will begin to get the picture of, shall we say, an individualist?' Actually you should by now just be starting to get the picture off the cover of Jethro Tull's 'Aqualung' –an image conjured hopefully of a scurrilous tramp in greasy overcoat and matted hair You've got it in one. That's exactly how Larry looked-except of course that the beard came a bit later.....after he left St Mary's.

Who's round, by the way?"

Woops, sorry –this more of tale for the pub really isn't it?

To continue, though

Of course at this stage Larry had nothing to do with motorcycles. All that came later, though not much later, and I am proud to tell you it was my entire fault. You see I'd always wanted a bike since, as a child, I'd watched motorcycle scrambling on Grandstand(and if you don't know what either of those are then sign off now, please sonny...there'll be a lot else that's going to baffle you and you might as well save yourself the time and the headache).

In fact I'd toyed with the notion of leaving school in the previous summer and had got myself a job as a shipping clerk. I'd hated it and decided that maybe that wasn't the life for me and decided to go back to school...but not before I'd saved enough cash to buy my first bike-a little 50cc Italian Motobi.

Never seen another one then or since....good thing to for all concerned. So my first day at St Marys I arrived on the thing and was promptly instructed to leave it in the street outside.

So I did.

And found that being greeted by Larry on arrival as a long lost friend tended to mess up the process of settling with the other pupils. In short Larry didn't 'get on' with these and though I was more accepted myself in time both Larry and I could find ourselves at odds with much of the conventional culture of St Mary's. Actually Larry's style of 'not getting on' with folks suited us both quite well resulting as it did in the occasional scrap for one or both of us followed by an adequately wide berth being given by others.

Personally I liked the wide berth status....I've never been a great socialiser.

Anyhow, it wasn't long before the old boy got himself a bike too-in his case it was a clapped out old Norton 500 single...the sort of thing that sold in those days for a couple of quid, at a time when all allegedly right thinking teenage boys aspired to own a Honda.

Consequently, bikes like Larry's were cheap, and you could even sometimes find them dumped in the street. Now, I don't know where Larry's bike came from-it was a Norton-an ES2 plunger framed, for those who do give a monkeys, or who in the case of others, are pedantic old farts.

No, where it came from remains a complete mystery to this day. But wherever it was, it was unlikely to be much mourned by erstwhile owner or the local community.

Nowadays such a machine is likely to be advertised in some swanky Classic bike magazine at an equally swanky price and listed as having 'a lovely patina of age' or some such twaddle, but in those days it was just a loud mouthed and leaky wreck held approximately together by a collection of cunningly crafted nails and string.

It was grey, or had been, rather. Now it was more of a murky shade of black-hand brushed, as it were, by the artist himself.

Where once there had been a sprung saddle, there now lurked what at first glance had struck me as being an old towel but which I discovered from the culprit (I won't say 'builder') was in fact Larry's attempt at a custom seat.

Its crowning glory however had to be the ashtray.

This was a small, circular aluminium dish which Larry had bolted to the handlebars....themselves the forerunner of what would later be known as ape-hangers, but which we merely called 'western' bars in those days. Larry's ashtray logic was, though, impeccable "One," he'd said "it was free"-meaning no doubt that he'd lifted it from the local pub- and "Two"-and this was evidently the clincher so far as Larry was concerned-"its absolutely Bloody useless for anything -except that it self empties, of course. I think that's a rather neat feature, don't you?"

I was, I admit, impressed by this ...or at least by the fact that Larry claimed it as an asset. In years to come I realised that Larry had a certain idiosyncrasy when it came to tobacco related products, whether these related to his use of pipes, cigars or cannabis. But for now I simply acknowledged that I was in the presence of genius.

Pretty soon I'd got myself a ratty Velocette Viper and we'd begun making regular forays into London. Which was fine, except we should have been in school?

But we muddled through with no one taking too much notice of our absence most of the time.

That didn't suit Larry overmuch.

See, if there was one thing Larry didn't like, it was being ignored. Guess it had to do with being a bit of a shorty whatever, he didn't take well to not being noticed.

I guess that had something to do with his parking technique. Usually on return to St Mary's we'd park in the street outside and walk quietly in by a side gate and attempt to mingle with the Others.

But on this occasion we'd got separated in traffic and, arriving, as I thought; first I waited a few minutes before deciding Larry would catch up as and when. I headed for the usual side entrance. I'd just got there when I realised that things were not as might be expected.

A large crowd of gawkers had congregated in the school entrance surrounding something I couldn't at first make out.

No need to. A sudden hush descended announcing the arrival of the Head.

Though from my distance I could see neither party, I clearly heard the

following apparently well mannered, if a little formal, conversation

'Ah, Townsend. How very good of you to drop by. Might I take it by this, that you have decided to leave us with immediate effect?'

'Seems rather a good idea to me....so long then.'

The latter was followed by a deafening roar and, as the crowds parted like so many Red Sea waves before the Israelites, there was Larry, sat in regal splendour in the middle of the entrance hall, aboard the Norton.

With a decisive kick on the gear selector he took off in a cloud of smoke and fumes, leaving behind him the genteel world of education and a fairly substantial puddle of oil.

'I do so hope' muttered the Head 'the world is ready for him'

Al



O.K. I've done my 10 minutes sitting next to him....it's your turn next

Photo by St. Ammer (patron saint of the inarticulate)

Correspondence- edited by St. Upid. (Don't know what that one means)

Still waiting for a reply to this-if I'm missing club nights it'll be because I'm on remand under anti-terrorist legislation-ED

The Rt Hon
Vincent Cable MP
House of Commons
London
SE1

Dear Vince

My wife Doris and I were both saddened to hear on the news about your recent troubles with the media

I too am 'at war' with Rupert Murdoch's evil empire, so I'd say that makes us both on the same side, wouldn't you? Good –and I'm glad to see you're still Business Secretary, or whatever. That ought to make this easy peasy for you.

As I understand it the UK still has a flourishing arms industry, so I was wondering if you could maybe lean on BAE Systems a bit for me-they've been, frankly, most unhelpful so far.

Here's a short list. Don't worry too much if you can't get all the items on it-good quality substitutes are quite acceptable if there are shortages.

1. Small arms- about 500 or so automatic rifles would be about right (Probably SA 80's would do if they're recent ones)...plus ammunition, of course.

2. At least 6 tanks-not the really heavy ones, as these cost a lot more on ferries and toll bridges etc.
3. Land mines-as many as you can get, please. You can't have too many land mines, Doris always says.
4. A dozen or so rocket launchers and assorted rockets to fit, please.

As it might be a bit inconvenient for us to come and collect the above (we still haven't finished all our Christmas shopping...weather, eh ...who would have believed it?) do you think you might arrange to have them dropped off at our house.

Thanks.

We'll be sure to let you know how we get on with the above

Kind Regards

Des Gusset
Tunbridge Wells

Ps Doris says to be sure to tell you we're both party members-she says that'll help

EVER SO SCARY GOVT. LAW



Now, here's a nasty little piece of Government speak I came across the other day.

As of the end of January, anyone deemed to be in a 'gang' which "uses violence" or even a supporter of such, can be made the subject of a subject of an injunction prohibiting, amongst others, the following:

Entering a certain geographical area;

Being in public with a particular species of animal, for example a dog which had previously been used as a weapon;

Wearing certain 'gang colours' in public

Minister for Crime Prevention James Brokenshire said:

"Gangs cause significant and lasting harm to our communities through

fuelling violence, creating an atmosphere of fear and drawing young people into criminality. "These new powers will help police and local authorities tackle local gang problems by placing tough conditions on the behaviour of individuals involved in gang-related violence and providing strong support to those who want to leave violent gangs."

*The police and local authorities will be able to apply for the injunctions which will be issued by a county court (or the High Court). The injunctions will last for up to two years and will be for adults who have been proven to have engaged in, encouraged or assisted gang-related violence." **

Now I don't know about you, but when I saw this, my alarm bells started ringing big time.....

For example ,if you're a member of a territorial Patch club, you could presumably be deemed to fall within this groupfair enough, you might say(though I don't, personally) but where does this act start and end?

What about, say, supporter clubs to the Big Red Machine? Might members of

such clubs be defined as supporting violence? See where I'm going with this one?

And what about other 'gangs'? Personally I'd like to see them put the thumbscrews on the Famous Five, Swallows and Amazons and, whilst we're about it, why not detain Just William and his pals together with Lord Snooty and the Bash St Kids?

Maybe its because I was re-reading the Life & Times of Sonny Barger at the time bit I couldn't help seeing this in the light of the infamous RICO law trial of the Oakland Angels where the prosecutors tried (and failed) to demonstrate The Club was an organisation who's purpose was to commit crime.

Now, I'm certainly not about to suggest this insidious legislation is even in the same league as RICO, but It's got the same family ancestry, you can bet. Put succinctly this is to say effectually that The State has a monopoly on violence towards it's citizens and anyone else who want a slice of pie that can go get stuffed.

Before we all reach for our shotguns, maybe it's fair to mention that our own dear home grown legislation is CIVIL.....meaning that you're not even breaking criminal law

SO WHAT'S THE BLEEDIN POINT OF IT?..... can you imagine most of the guys we all know and respect being served with a civil injunction and being duly terrified of the consequences of non compliance?

**Your Majesty the Situation is
Hopeless, but, fortunately, Not Serious

But I really should leave you all with the best laugh lastHaving served the injunction it also empowers the State (&no-it doesn't say who'll enforce this

one...I'm thinking maybe the local dog warden will get the job) to insist on said desperado '*participating in positive activities such as entering a mentoring programme.*'

Jeez, I can really see that one happening, cant you?

AI

(Assisted by St Ruth patron Saint of Australia)

***16 December 2010 10:11**

Home Office (National Press Release)

****Chancellor Metternich to the Emperor of Austria Hungary about the chronically chaotic state of the empire**



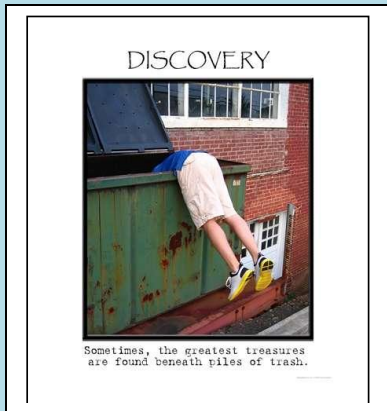
By St. Omp (Patron Saint of Battle)

(OH ALRIGHT-THEY'RE FROM THE BULLDOG)





**AND THIS ONE IS JUST SO, SO
PRETTY IT NEEDS IT'S OWN
SPACE**



A wealthy biker decided to go on a safari in Africa. He took his faithful pet dachshund along for company. One day, the dachshund starts chasing butterflies and before long the dachshund discovers that he is lost.

So, wandering about, he notices a leopard heading rapidly in his direction with the obvious intention of having him for lunch. The dachshund thinks, "OK, I'm in deep trouble now!" Then he noticed some bones on the ground close by, and immediately settles down to chew on the bones with his back to the approaching cat. Just as the leopard is about to leap, the dachshund exclaims loudly, "Boy, that was one delicious leopard. I wonder if there are any more around here." Hearing this, the leopard halts his attack in mid-stride, as a look of terror comes over him, and slinks away into the trees. "Whew," says the leopard. "That was close. That dachshund nearly had me." Meanwhile, a monkey, who had been watching the whole scene from a nearby tree, figures he can put this knowledge to good use and trade it for protection from the leopard. So, off he goes.

But the dachshund saw him heading after the leopard with great speed,

and figured that something must be up.

The monkey soon catches up with the leopard, spills the beans and strikes a deal for himself with the leopard. The leopard is furious at being made a fool of and says, "Here monkey, hop on my back and see what's going to happen to that conniving canine."

Now the dachshund sees the leopard coming with the monkey on his back, and thinks, "What am I going to do now?" But instead of running, the dog sits down with his back to his attackers, pretending he hasn't seen them yet ... and, just when they get close enough to hear, the dachshund says.....

"Where's that damn monkey? Sent him off half an hour ago to bring me another leopard."

By St. Anna
(patron saint of stairlifts)



WUR'S WUNDROUS WURDZ OF WISDOM

Technology..its all just st to me...**

Back in 1985ish i passed me bike test (i was 18) and took the obvious path of riding bigger machinery from 100cc to 250cc, bit of a change in the insurance cost but I thought "I'm earning AND living at home so it should be affordable"...it was'nt.. back in the mid-eighties my insurance certificate which was issued by Norwich union and had printed on it the dates of the policy when it ran to and from which fitted perfectly in the back pocket, ready to produce when asked to by our boys in blue. So me being me, popped down to the local 'computer quote insurance' and insured meself as a 26 year old who could ride anything up to 1300cc TP,F,aT, it came in about £10 cheaper than if i had told the truth. For the next 7 years or so I lied about me age so I could get the cheaper insurance until, slowly but surely, technology started to catch up with the product.

Nowadays, every detail you give is checked and cross checked and compared with other details you have previously given to commercial companies/government departments,

simply because of the internet highway and the fact that information can be shared in a millisecond. Get stopped now by the rozzers and you can guarantee that they will know your inside leg measurement and that seedy porn film title you rented on the company credit card in seconds simply because of the way information can be shared/received etc.

Its not a bad thing, i am not the re-incarnate of Ned Ludwig am merely pointing out that technology is now moving so fast that if you read about the latest 3D TV Argos are selling, then there is a pretty good chance that it is all ready out of date. If 10 years ago you had told me I had to go 'on-line' to download the tuning/timing sequence for a motorcycle I would have called the men in white coats and got them to tailor you up one of those natty little numbers that buckle up at the back. But here we are 2010 and its now the norm with most modern bikes.

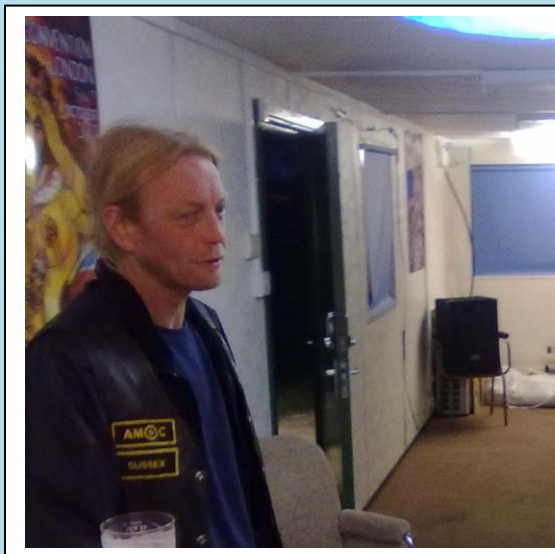
This in mind leads me to point out, how much more technology can motorcycle manufacturers put into their machines? I am convinced now that the japs, yanks and europeans have now reached the absolute apex of making performance/road bikes, perform/ride. Read any issue of MCN about this years yamaha R1/suzuki's gsxr 1000 and it will read along the lines of "we have extended the swing arm an extra 12mm and shorten the fork legs by 4mm to help with eliminating vibration and help handling at high speeds". Its absolute bollocks. The fact of the matter is they just can't improve on what is already the best that they can produce. The only thing in my mind they can improve on is what I would like to call 'trick' components i.e. let your engine idle for

20 seconds or so and it will stop,only to start again once the clutch lever has been pulled in or passive suspension,anti-lock brakes,L.E.D.'s etc.etc.

Given the rate technology is going at,i propose this for the next A.M.O.C. run.A 'virtual' outing for those whose bike is off the road or for whatever reason can't make it.We get a volunteer/victim and strap on a video cam onto the side of his or her crash helmet and spend the day riding down to Brighton and along the coast all being recorded,streamed live,downloaded for the rest of us who could'nt make it to view at our leisure.(Of course the more hard core of us will be sitting in the bath watching it all dressed up in the bike gear with the shower blasting out freezing cold water to emulate the weather conditions on the normal A.M.O.C. run's out).Who know's it might catch on?By the time you read this article,it will have probably have been bounced round the world twice off of various satellites and travelled down millions of miles of fibre optical tubes in the blink of an eye. Technology,coming to a town near you...yesterday.

Wurz

**Sussex's new club house Been there?
If not, why not?**



Photos by St.Enhousemuir (patron saint of obscure Scottish football clubs)



**SLIP SLIDIN AWAY?
BEST CAPTION WINS A FREE WEEKEND FOR TWO ON MARS
(photo courtesy of St.Rike-patron saint of ten pin bowling)**



“Sorry but you guys are just so redundant. Say, Rudy-have your desk clear by Monday, eh?”

