



Rejects News

The Newsletter of the Cockney Rejects
Centre 14 of the Virago Star Owners Club
November/December 2008
www.vsoc-centre14.co.uk



Meetings at The Well House Inn Chipstead Lane, Coulsdon, Surrey, CR5 3SQ

"Originality, just another term for doing it wrong."

What's on?

Bold are official VSOC

October

Sunday 26th Classic bike Show Ardingley
Clocks Go Back

November

Thursday 6th Fireworks Well house
Wednesday 19th Meet Well House
28th-7th Dec International Bike Show NEC

December

Thursday 4th Meet Well House
Sat 6th Kempton Auto Jumble
Sunday 7th Reading Toy run
Wednesday 17th Meet Well House

Further details of dates to aid in your forward planning can be found on the web site, please send dates of events you may think people would like to rejectnews@ntlworld.com

If you wish to contact the rejects by post please write too.

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From the Editor



Hi all

Well here we are still charging around in the sunshine, and the clocks about turn back, the trees a golden hue and a warm sun on our back, can life get much better I don't think so.

Brightona was a great success and more sun then ever how do they do it

It seems several members are changing bikes, check "members bikes" on the web to see if you need to update your picture if you would like too

No planned ride outs, but watch for some impromptu rides.

The next newsletter will be out late December Keep those reports coming in Keep an eye on the website for latest updates

Happy riding

Ian

Ho Ho Ho



Mrs Annya Claus (aka Annya Stephens-Boal) will be donning her trainers, Santa suit and beard to run 5k along with 1,000 other Santas in Greenwich Park on Sunday December 7th 2008.

As some of you already know (but many of you don't) my lovely Mum died suddenly and unexpectedly of a

pulmonary embolism 26 years ago..... she was only 59 years old. I am running to raise money for Lifeblood: The Thrombosis Charity, for whom I work as Executive Officer.

Thrombosis can affect anyone at any time during their lives – it is not just a risk if you are taking a long haul flight; indeed you are more at risk by being admitted to hospital than through flying. I am both running to raise awareness of thrombosis on the day and to raise money which will go towards heightening the profile of this devastating disorder and also provide money for research projects into the causes and prevention of thrombosis. We have a fantastic website (www.thrombosis-charity.org.uk) where you can get further information both about the charity and its work and thrombosis – go take a look!

Please dig deep to support this very worthy cause and if you can also pass the link below on to anyone else who might be interested I would be most grateful.

<http://www.justgiving.com/annystephensboal>

If any of you would like to come along on the day to cheer me on (or to laugh at my suffering – ha,ha!!) just give me a shout and I'll let you know the full details.

Thank you so much for your support, Annya

Annya Stephens-Boal BSYA (Arom.)

www.annysaromas.co.uk

How to Give A Cat a Pill:



1. Pick cat up and cradle it in the crook of your left arm as if holding a baby. Position right forefinger and thumb on either side of cat's mouth and gently apply pressure to cheeks while holding pill in right hand. As cat opens mouth pop pill into mouth. Allow cat to close mouth and swallow.
2. Retrieve pill from floor and cat from behind sofa. Cradle cat in left arm and repeat process.
3. Retrieve cat from bedroom, and throw soggy pill away.
4. Take new pill from foil wrap, cradle cat in left arm holding rear paws tightly this time with left hand. Force jaws open and push pill to back of mouth with right forefinger. Hold mouth shut for a count of ten.
5. Retrieve pill from goldfish bowl and cat from top of wardrobe. Call spouse from garden.
6. Kneel on floor with cat wedged firmly between knees, hold front and rear paws. Ignore low growls emitted by cat. Get spouse to hold head firmly with one hand while forcing wooden ruler into mouth. Drop pill down ruler and rub cat's throat vigorously.
7. Retrieve cat from curtain rail, get another pill from foil wrap. Make note to buy new ruler and repair curtains. Carefully sweep shattered figurines and vases from hearth and set to one side for gluing later.
8. Wrap cat in large towel and get spouse to lie on cat with head just visible from below armpit. Put pill in end of drinking straw, force mouth open with pencil and blow down drinking straw.
9. Check label to make sure pill not harmful to humans, drink 1 beer to take taste away. Apply Band-Aid to spouse's forearm and remove blood from carpet with cold water and soap.
10. Retrieve cat from neighbour's shed. Get another pill. Open another beer, Place cat in cupboard and close door onto neck to leave head showing, Force mouth open with dessert spoon, Flick pill down throat with elastic band.
11. Fetch screwdriver from garage and put cupboard door back on hinges. Drink beer. Fetch bottle of scotch. Pour shot, drink. Apply cold compress to cheek and check records for date of last tetanus jab. Apply whisky compress to cheek to disinfect. Toss back another shot. Throw Tee shirt away and fetch new one from bedroom.
12. Ring fire brigade to retrieve the fucking cat from tree across the road. Apologize to neighbour who crashed into fence while swerving to avoid cat. Take last pill from foil-wrap.
13. Tie the little bastard's front paws to rear paws with garden twine and bind tightly to leg of dining table, find heavy duty pruning gloves from shed. Push pill into mouth followed by large piece of fillet steak. Be rough about it. Hold head vertically and pour 2 pints of water down throat to wash pill down.
14. Consume remainder of Scotch. Get spouse to drive you to the emergency room, sit quietly while doctor stitches fingers and forearm and removes pill remnants from right eye. Call furniture shop on way home to order new table.
15. Arrange for RSPCA to collect mutant cat from hell and ring local pet shop to see if they have any hamsters.

How to Give A Dog A Pill:

1. Wrap it in bacon and throw it to dog.

Brightona



I don't know what it is about Brightona that makes it so special
It's not just the fact that it does such good work for the Sussex Heart Charity.
It's not just the fabulous weather as another year passes and the weather gods once more graced us with the best weather.
Infact several of the tabloid papers had noted there were more people on the beach in October than in summer.
It's not the presence of hundreds, if not thousands of motorcycle enthusiasts.
For indeed this event grows like topsy and now attracts folks from far and wide.



Nor is it the plethora of traders that peddle their wares
Nor is it the multitude of bikes of all classes that arrive en-mass in an almost endless stream.
Or the quality of the custom bikes the show attracts, or the continual mixed selection of bands playing now on three stands.

I reckon that it's the fact that it's like a huge end of season party for all those biking folk in the South of England
This year I arrived at a ridiculously early hour (well after I had coaxed my poor steed into life, as she was in a grump after getting lost in Derby the day before) breaking through the thick autumnal fog.

Here one of the Cockney Rejects had a stall for the first time. Which I thought would make for a handy base, and a place I hoped for a cuppa.

Within seconds I was accosted by friends, and it wasn't for

some time that I got back to the tent... once more to be whisked away again
And this was to be the way it was to be all day I never did get that cup of tea.
meeting up with the emperor Yoda (also a freelance BSH photographer) I was roped into helping judge the bike show.
Now I had once asked Blue how difficult this job was, and



after the nervous twitch had receded the answer was (and I hope I am now giving away any trade secrets here) "easy pick every second green bike"

I now had that nervous twitch; there were eight categories and only two green bikes.



Trying hard to ensure Yoda did not throw all his toys about we did ensure best Chopper went to a very pretty green triumph chop.



I now have a new found respect to anyone asked to judge a show.

Rosettes tied on bikes it was time to try and get back to find a cuppa, needless to say a plan soon flawed as I was distracted

by two young ladies, errr being friendly on a bike

And then eventually found the tent again, seven hours since I arrived and just as they were breaking down for the day.

Another fabulous day, how such a small team create such a big event I shall never know I am just glad they do.

Roll on October 2009

Bosun





A jockey was riding the favourite at a race meeting, and was well ahead of the field.

His horse rounded the final corner, when suddenly the jockey was hit on the head by a turkey and a string of sausages.

He managed to keep control of his mount and pulled back into the lead, only to be struck by a box of Christmas crackers and a dozen mince pies as he went over the last fence.

With great skill he managed to steer the horse to the front of the field once more when, on the run in, he was struck on the head by a bottle of sherry and a Christmas pudding. Thus distracted, he succeeded in coming only second.

He immediately went to the race stewards to complain that he had been seriously hampered...

Centre 8 Rally - Change of Date

Hi,

Not sure if you have been updated yet but our Rally date has changed as we were unable to get get a venue. The new dates are **26th and 27th June 2009**. I am concerned that if people have already put the old date in diary they might not notice the change.

Many Thanks

Cazzie



Did I read that sign right?

TOILET OUT OF ORDER. PLEASE USE FLOOR BELOW

In a Laundromat:

AUTOMATIC WASHING MACHINES: PLEASE REMOVE ALL YOUR CLOTHES WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT

In a London department store:

BARGAIN BASEMENT UPSTAIRS

In an office:

WOULD THE PERSON WHO TOOK THE STEP LADDER YESTERDAY PLEASE BRING IT BACK OR FURTHER STEPS WILL BE TAKEN

In an office:

AFTER TEA BREAK STAFF SHOULD EMPTY THE TEAPOT AND STAND UPSIDE DOWN ON THE DRAINING BOARD

Outside a secondhand shop:

WE EXCHANGE ANYTHING - BICYCLES, WASHING MACHINES, ETC. WHY NOT BRING YOUR WIFE ALONG AND GET A WONDERFUL BARGAIN?

Notice in health food shop window:

CLOSED DUE TO ILLNESS

Spotted in a safari park: (I sure hope so)

ELEPHANTS PLEASE STAY IN YOUR CAR

Notice in a farmer's field:

THE FARMER ALLOWS WALKERS TO CROSS THE FIELD FOR FREE, BUT THE BULL CHARGES.

Message on a leaflet:

IF YOU CANNOT READ, THIS LEAFLET WILL TELL YOU HOW TO GET LESSONS

On a repair shop door:

WE CAN REPAIR ANYTHING. (PLEASE KNOCK HARD ON THE DOOR - THE BELL DOESN'T WORK)

Ride to the wall 11th October 2008

It seems now in England we have runs or rides for almost anything nowadays, and this usually involves motorcycle enthusiasts dressing up for the cameras and delivering chocolate goodies, toys or tins of goods for the needy.

But the Ride to the wall is completely different to that, no dressing up, no truck loads of goodies, just a "ride with respect, not to impress" carrying memories for many.

The national Memorial Arboretum in Staffordshire is a memorial to all service personnel who have died since 1946

A large remembrance garden, with an impressive centre memorial with a wall of over 16000 names upon it, the walls being circular remind you of Stonehenge and is so built that at 11 o'clock on the 11th November a shaft of light will light the central memorial plinth.

With various statues, memorials and exhibits it is normally a peaceful tranquil place for quiet contemplation.



With national pride in great Britain running high, and the thoughts toward our service men and women running at an all time high, seen through many events and groups.

In November 2007 an inaugural memorial run, mainly of Harley Riders, was made to the wall and it was decided to be made an annual event.

The original organisation for the 2008 event was taken up by the Chapter director of Nene Valley HOG and as the event grew so did the helpers.

For this first open ride the ride was opened up to riders of all makes of bikes it was soon obvious that this was to be some event, as just about every forum or internet site had

groups heading to it, was clear this would be a biggun.

Heading up from Surrey, at a ridiculously early hour, in dense freezing fog it was warming to reach Tamworth Services in the warm autumn sun, already by now it was clear that the original estimate of 300 to 1000 people was grossly underestimated, there were bikes everywhere and I believe a figure of 2000 has been quoted.

At exactly eleven o'clock the parade left the services for the twenty mile ride, perfectly marshalled out of the services a mixture of main roads and dual carriageways meant the ride moved along smoothly.

Once at the Arboretum the peace was shattered as just about every space available was taken by bikes, and the mass of bodies made their way to the main memorial.

At one o'clock a short but poignant service was held when tranquillity returned, wreaths were laid and a moments silence taken.

After the service groups started to disperse there two organised rides left for various dealerships, while others stayed a while to enjoy the atmosphere.

Letting my riding companions to head home I spent a while wandering around chatting to folk, Yes it was a motorcycle event, but as an editor of another magazine (Andy Hornsby) said it was more than that, the people and the memories were the most important.

I left quietly contemplating the day, and it was as I passed the signs saying "Derby 5Miles" I realised I was seriously going in the wrong direction.

Back on track I arrived eventually back in a darkening Surrey.

Well done to all those that organised the event



The Buttered Cat Paradox

If you drop a buttered piece of toast it will fall on the floor butter-side down. If a cat is dropped from a window or other high and towering place, it will land on its feet. But what if you attach a buttered piece of bread, butter-side up to a cat's back and toss them both out the window? Will the cat land on its feet? Or will the butter splat on the ground?



Even if you are too lazy to do the experiment yourself you should be able to deduce the obvious result. The Laws of Butterology demand that the butter must hit the ground, and the equally strict Laws of Feline Aerodynamics demand that the cat can not smash its furry

back. If the combined construct were to land, nature would have no way to resolve this paradox. Therefore it simply does not fall.

In other words, we have the makings of antigravity. A buttered cat will, when released, quickly move to a height where the forces of cat-twisting and butter repulsion are in equilibrium. This equilibrium point can be modified by scraping off some of the butter, providing lift, or removing some of the cat's limbs, allowing descent. Most of the civilized species of the Universe already use this principle to drive their ships while within a planetary system. The loud humming heard by most sighters of UFOs is, in fact, the purring of several hundred tabbies.

The one obvious danger is, of course, if the cats manage to eat the bread off their backs they will instantly plummet. Of course the cats will land on their feet, but this usually doesn't do them much good, since right after they make their graceful landing several tons of red-hot starship and pissed off aliens crash on top of them. But how could the above be used in practice? One could power a ship by means of cats held in suspended animation (say, about -190 degrees Celsius) with buttered bread strapped to their backs, thus avoiding the possibility of collisions due to temperamental felines. but, more importantly, how do you steer, once the cats are all held in stasis?

We all know that wearing a white shirt at an Italian restaurant is a guaranteed way to take a trip to the laundry. Plaster the outside of your ship with white shirts. Place four nozzles symmetrically around the ship, which is, of course, saucer shaped. Fire tomato sauce out in proportion to the directions you want to go. The ship, drawn by the shirts, will automatically follow the sauce. If you use t-shirts, you won't go as fast as you would by using, say, expensive dress shirts.

(editors note no cats were injured in this experiment)