



Rejects News

The Newsletter of the Cockney Rejects
Centre 14 of the Virago Star Owners Club

October 2008

www.vsoc-centre14.co.uk



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

"Dum vivimus, vivamus."

What's on?

Bold are official VSOC

Sept

Sat 27 C11 Party Pack horse

October

Thursday 2 Meeting

Sat 4th 3b's Surrey Party, White Hart
Tongham

Sunday 12 Brightona this will be an early
start as we have a stand there, watch
web for details

Wednesday 15th Meeting Well House

Sat 18th Kempton Autojumble

Sun 19th Middle Farm Apple Festival if you
fancy a ride there contact Ian

November

Thursday 6th Fireworks well house

From the Editor



Hi all

This will be the last monthly newsletter for 2008 as over the darker months I shall combine two months at a time, keep an eye on the website for latest news especially of last minute rideouts, well if recent years have gone by the winter gives us better and drier riding days than the summer

Lots of jokes to keep the bad jokes fans happy this month (you shouldn't encourage me)

Please keep an eye on website for more details on time for Brightona ride time and Fireworks / Godstone meet and Christmas

Keep those reports coming in

Happy riding

Ian

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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Disclaimer: The views in Rejects News are the views of the respective authors
And do not necessarily reflect the views of the Cockney Rejects or the VSOC

From your Centre Rep

Hiya All,



1/ **Brightona** we are having a stand at on October 12th. Central have paid for this, I have a marquee, generator, kettle etc. arranged. We still want pictures of events and rallies we've attended, preferably on boards we can hang up, and some "qualifying" no forget that, ANY bikes to put on show. There will be jobs for all volunteers from making tea, chatting to prospective members, giving out leaflets and cards etc. I'd really like to push this as a membership drive. Then we can justify asking for further funds from central so we can attend future events free. ☺ Please put it in your diary and let me know if you can assist.

2/ **Next years rally** preps are on schedule thanks mainly to Ian Murfitt. Thanks also to Garrie and the others who have been seeking out or suggesting suitable entertainment. Our next formal meeting is scheduled for 19th November at 19:00 sharp in the Godstone Club committee room. As before please let me know if you can come along and also if you cannot as it helps me to organise accordingly. I'd also like to know if you would like food provided.

3/ **The national AGM** is in November. I'll be there to represent YOUR views not mine so if there are any issues you want me to raise please let me know.

4/ **CHRISTMAS**. It's been suggested that we have our Xmas celebration at a new venue to include a formal meal followed by some musical entertainment, dancing, whatever floats your boat really. A biker friendly pub in South Godstone, The Jolly Farmers, with suitable facilities and excellent food could do this for us on a Friday evening in December but I need a very good estimate of numbers, if not enough response then I can't arrange it. Please let me know if this interests you. If distance is a problem I could arrange to put some of you up for the night my place in Godstone. First come first served. Time is really short for this so let me know as soon as possible if you are a yes or no.

5/ Invite from C13 North London.

I am writing to let you know that our C13 Christmas Party is on Saturday 13th December we are invited

Take care.

Kindest regards

Vanessa x

Please let me (AJ) know if you plan on attending so I can give them some numbers.

I understand this will take place in their clubhouse, they have camping space, if you double hard bikers prefer a bit more comfort you may want to investigate the local hotels etc.

Thanks all,

Alan Johnson (AJ)
C14 Rep.
Tel: 01883 744627
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Mob: 07977 631792

A man and woman had been married for more than 60 years. They had shared everything. They had talked about everything. They had kept no secrets from each other except that the little old woman had a shoe box in the top of her closet that she had cautioned her husband never to open or ask her about.

For all of these years, he had never thought about the box, but one day the little old woman got very sick and the doctor said she would not recover.



In trying to sort out their affairs, the little old man took down the shoe box and took it to his wife's bedside.

She agreed that it was time that he should know what was in the box.

When he opened it, he found two crocheted dolls and a stack of money totaling £95,000.

He asked her about the contents. "When we were to be married," she said, "my grandmother told me the secret of a happy marriage was to never argue. She told me that if I ever got angry with you, I should just keep quiet and crochet a doll."

The little old man was so moved; he had to fight back tears. Only two precious dolls were in the box. She had only been angry with him two times in all those years of living and loving. He almost burst with happiness.

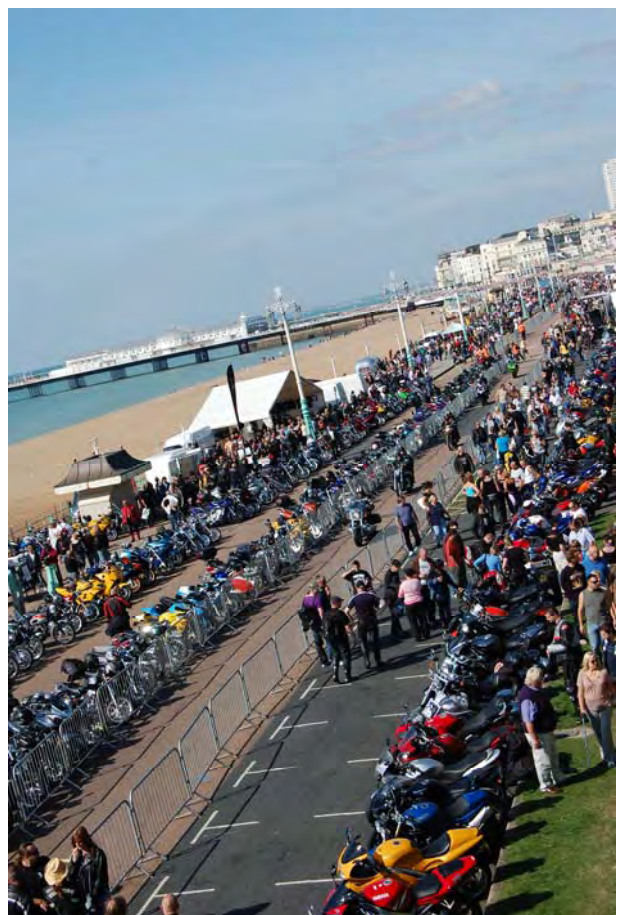


"Honey," he said, "that explains the doll, but what about all of this money? Where did it come from?"

"Oh," she said, "that's the money I made from selling the dolls."

Ace Café Brighton Burnout

Celebrating the 70th Anniversary of the Ace Café a gloriously sunny day and AJ led us down the scenic route via Ditchling beacon to a packed sea front



A man is driving down the road and breaks down near a monastery.

He goes to the monastery, knocks on the door, and says, 'My car broken down. Do you think I could stay the night'?

The monks graciously accept him, feed him dinner, and even fix his car. As the man tries to fall asleep, he hears a strange sound; a sound like no other that he has ever heard. The next morning, he asks the monks what the sound was, but they say, 'We can't tell you. You're not a monk'.

The man is disappointed but thanks them anyway and goes about his merry way. Some years later, the same man breaks down in front of the same monastery.

The monks again accept him, feed him, and even fix his car.

That night, he hears the same strange mesmerizing sound that he had heard years earlier.

The next morning, he asks what the sound was, but the monks reply,

'We can't tell you. You're not a monk'.

The man says, 'All right, all right. I'm dying to know. If the only way I can find out what that sound was, is to become a monk, how do I become a monk'?

The monks reply, 'You must travel the earth and tell us how many blades of grass there are and the exact number of sand pebbles. When you find these numbers, you will become a monk'.

The man sets about his task. Some forty-five years later, he returns and knocks on the door of the monastery. He says, 'I have travelled the earth and devoted my life to the task demanded and have found what you had asked for. There are 371,145,236,284,232 blades of grass and 231,281,219,999,129,382 sand pebbles on the earth'.

The monks reply, 'Congratulations, you are correct and now you are a monk'.

'We shall now show you the way to the sound'.

The monks lead the man to a wooden door, where the head monk says, the sound is behind that door.

The man reaches for the knob, but the door is locked. He asks, 'May I have the key'?

The monks give him the key, and he opens the door.

Behind the wooden door is another door made of stone. The man requests the key to the stone door.

The monks give him the key, and he opens it, only to find a door made of ruby. He demands another key from the monks, who provide it. Behind that door is another door, this one made of sapphire. And so it went until the man had gone through doors of emerald,...

..silver, topaz, and amethyst.

Finally, the monks say, 'This is the key to the last door'.

The man is relieved to no end. He unlocks the door, turns the knob, and behind that door he is astonished to find the source of that strange sound. It is truly an amazing and unbelievable sight

. But I can't tell you what it is because you're not a monk.

VIKINGS RALLY

The Rally of the Breakdowns



The weather forecast is not too good so it's just as well; we had planned to leave Thursday evening travelling up to an overnight stop at Cannock. Everything packed and we set off as planned just behind the rush hour traffic to give us a good clear ride. Ninety miles up the road and Mary has disappeared (not the first time I hear you say). Slowing to a steady 50 and eventually pulling over at the services where we had planned to fill up, I begin to get that 'here we go again' feeling. Being a motorway I can't just nip back and search, so resort to modern day communications i.e. mobile phone. Surprise surprise I have a signal and, even more surprising, Mary answers. Dialogue as follows:
Dave "Where are you"
Mary "Morgan (the trike) has broken down but don't worry I've phoned the RAC"

Dave "What happened?"

Mary "It just lost power"

Dave "Turn the fuel tap to reserve"

Mary "That's what the RAC man told me to do but I told him I had only done 90miles and my husband said I should get 120 to a tank"

Dave "Turn it on to reserve"

Mary "Okay, I'll ring you back"

Ten minuets later no phone call so I ring

Dave "Any joy"

Mary "Yes it's going and I've rung the RAC man and told him to cancel call, will ring back if it happens again"

Dave "Okay, I'm at the next services so meet you at the petrol pumps.

A few minutes later and there she is. Whilst filling I get the full story and can understand why somewhere in a call centre some poor bloke is scratching his head wondering what all that was about. Apparently when he asked Mary where she was, she replied "In the bushes" But hey first little misadventure and she handled it very well, even had the sat-nav set up so the recovery vehicle would be directed to our overnight stop. A short journey and we arrive at our bed for the night, and we are still dry.

Morning arrives and it's blue skies all around. Breakfasted, loaded and off we go for yet another clear run, that is

with the exception of a 5 minute 1st gear crawl waiting for gawpers to pass an accident spot. During this short period, it hissed down, but once clear, the sun came out again and we were soon pulling into the rally site. I must admit I was impressed with the carefully laid brick driveway that greeted us at the entrance. Teeth clenched, eyes shut and front wheel wobbling from one stone to the next I made my way to the booking in tent with Mary casually taking it all in her three-wheeled stride. Booked and tagged we find a spot, pitch tent and raise flag to as high as we can reach (the side of the tent). Safe in the knowledge any other Rejects will spot it we set off to the local Asda for essentials, Coke, Guinness, more coke, oh and some nibbles. Arriving back and still no more Rejects. Sitting back drinks in hand, we soon spot

Ant & Deb trundling down the field. Shakes and hugs and they set about pitching camp. On enquiring if they had heard from Auntie, Deb decides to check her phone and discovers that having made it as far as Telford, the Beast decided enough was enough and broke its drive shaft; they are now on their way home. At this point, I send a text to Julie and Nick and receive the reply that due to unforeseen circumstances (the computer broke down) they will



be arriving tomorrow now.



At this stage myself, Mary and Debs take a wander around the bikes where Mary is accosted by one Robin of Vikings who tries every ploy in the book to get her to sell him Morgan. Needless to say a fair bit of banter was passed to and fro with Debs supporting Mary all the way. Finally we make it to the bar meeting up with Ant on route and set about flying the Rejects flag. Anne turned up sometime later just don't ask me when. The disco, as usual, was good, the band would have been good had we been able to understand what the singer was saying and the drummer allowed the two guitarists to get a sound in. Mary and I stayed till the calling of the burger bar drowned the disco, but we left knowing the young ones would keep the Rejects end up.

Yet another glorious morning and following a discussion Ant & Debs decide to visit local relatives and we decide to do a Gerry and the Pacemakers and visit Liverpool. Robin of gis yer trike fame kindly gave us an interesting lift to the ferry terminal, although the two in the back of the van would probably call it something else, Death Ride meets Terror on the Highway possibly, as with no seats and no lights they were literally being thrown around in the dark. Tickets paid we are directed to the dock and make our way to the moored ferry only to be told on arrival, "This aint ferry mate." Eventually the right one turned up and off we go on a ferry cross the Mersey, only in this case it didn't cross but just sailed a mile or so down and docked at another terminal on the same side we had left from. Much confusion on multiple tourist (and some local) faces. However we soon put to Mersey again and take

in the distant shore sights where old and new buildings intermingle, shrouded works in progress hide their prospective beauty and sky high cranes loom over all, it seemed that every where you looked there were building works going on. We've not been here before but both agreed it will look very nice when its finished. We visit the 'Beetle Story' only to find its just a shop with loads of beetle mania goodies for sale. I must admit to being a little disappointed.

Further wanderings find us at The Cavern just in time to get in for a lunchtime gig. It's amazing how many people you can get into a confined space and still have room for a bar and a band. Guinness and Rum in hand we take a wander down memory lane looking at all the

photographs, records and musical instruments plastering the walls whilst listening to a pretty good group belting out some old favourites from our youth (that's Mary's youth cos I was still a babe in arms, honest) We end the trip with another mystery crossing of the Mersey (apparently they do sightseeing cruises along the Mersey at no extra cost) followed by a short bus trip back to the rally site.



On arrival we find Al and Annya have arrived by car as have Nick and Julie albeit by van, apparently Nicks bike is still too clean to ride. With the Rejects numbers swollen we head to the bar to partake of the evenings entertainment. The band Space Cadets were spot on and probably the best of the weekend, certainly worth considering for our rally next year. Anne joins us and the usual all heads in a circle pose is done for the official rally photo. Another cracking evening follows where the only hic-cup was my camera, whenever I tried to take a photo the flash failed then on pointing it at some obscure corner it would light up. That's my excuse for very few shots with this write-up, see Anne she has loads.

Sunday follows and it is a very slow start, we decide a lazy day is called for and take a short ride to the space centre at Woodside to learn all about our planet and such, very interesting it was to. They even had a Dr Who exhibition going back to the very first series, more trips down memory lane for Mary.



Back to camp and it's chuck a wellie time, what a laugh. Didn't have a go but we make a contribution on behalf of Jake the wee dog that spent most of his time bringing back the thrown wellies. This pooch was so quick he had them away before the markers could decide if it was a new distance thrown or not. Evening draws and it's back to the clubhouse for another session (people just don't appreciate how much effort is put into enjoying ourselves) Kappa is the band for the evening and I have to admit I wasn't that impressed, particularly with their opening stint which just seemed to be one loud noise that went on and on, maybe I'm getting too particular in my dotage. Never-the-less another great evening was had by all. Nick played a blinder, Andy (the partner of Nicks little girl Amy) had spoken to him over the weekend requesting Amy's hand in

marriage, to which he had replied that he would have to think about it and had then kept the poor lad on tender hooks. I've got a feeling that it was only Amy and Julie threatening physical abuse that finally made him say yes. Congratulations to them both. I hope its official now otherwise I'm in trouble.

Monday dawns and it's dry. I come back from a wander to find two carrier bags at the side of the tent, one full of Guinness the other full of John Smiths or the likes. On asking Mary where they have come from it appears Al has left them for us to drink or take home.?? We came by bike & trike, he came by car and he's leaving all the booze for us to take back?? Negotiations follow and the cans soon find themselves in the back of the car. .kit packed, tent down and loaded, still dry. Another wander around saying goodbye to all and off we go for believe it or not a totally dry ride home.

Weekend Highs:

It only really rained at night, the days were brill.
The blind guitarist complete with guide dog and able assistant playing some real guitar beltters at one of Liverpools pedestrian squares.
The gig in the Cavern
Great evenings with fellow rejects.
The Burger Bar

Weekend Lows:

The Beetle Story
The clubhouse kitchen food (not a moan at the rally centre, it would have been out of their control)
Having tomato juice sprayed all over me by the waitress at the Pizza restaurant
It had to end.

Yet another great rally, thank you to all that made it so.

ps have they drawn the raffle yet???

Character test

This test only has one question, but it's a very important one. By giving an honest answer, you will discover where you stand morally.

The test features an unlikely, completely fictional situation in which you will have to make a decision.

Remember that your answer needs to be honest, yet spontaneous.

Please scroll down slowly and give due consideration to each line.

THE SITUATION:

You are in England, York to be specific.

There is chaos all around you caused by a hurricane with severe flooding.

This is a flood of biblical proportions.

You are a photo-journalist working for a major newspaper, and you're caught in the middle of this epic disaster. The situation is nearly hopeless.

You're trying to shoot career-making photos.
There are houses and people swirling around you, some disappearing into the water.
Nature is unleashing all of its destructive fury.

THE TEST:

Suddenly, you see a man in the water.

He is fighting for his life, trying not to be taken down with the debris.

You move closer... Somehow, the man looks familiar...

You suddenly realize who it is... It's Gordon Brown! You notice that the raging waters are about to take him under forever. You have two options:

You can save the life of Gordon Brown or you can shoot a dramatic Pulitzer Prize winning photo, documenting the death of one of the country's most powerful men!

THE QUESTION:

Here's the question, and please give an honest answer...

Would you select high contrast colour film, or would you go with the classic simplicity of black and white?

Milly Goes to Prague

Now this is unusual for me, not only taking a two week vacation, but also a two week vacation during school holidays. However the call had gone out by Otto the crazed Checz/Lancastrian/Cockney V Max owning nutter I know if we would like to accompany him to the Czech Republic.



Anne, whose enthusiasm, is not unlike a small Labrador puppy, soon persuaded me that it would be fun and so at the beginning of August Milly and I were sat on at a blustery Dover docks awaiting a boat. Yes how quaint a boat, but Sea France now has these amazing blocks to park in, so no horrid bits of rope anymore.

One peaceful crossing later and we were at the Bikersloft in Belgium meeting our travelling companions from Switzerland, Belgium, Holland and England. The majority of riders were on modern Japanese machines, leaving myself to show them some class on Milly. Eleven people on 10 bikes a nice riding group. I now know why everyone raves about the Bikersloft it really is a great place. Hangover cured by copious amounts of coffee and the shout "everyone ok at holding 80mph?" went out, Milly having just been serviced was happy to oblige and jumped at the chance.

I shall pass over the first day's journey as it really was miles of dull motorways and autobahns, though we really do need these sometimes to get to more interesting routes.

And a far more interesting route we had the following day as we headed along the Rhine from Koblenz towards Nuremberg, a magical trip with quaint castles appearing on the skyline amongst the vineyards. We stopped at Baccarach for coffee and ice-cream and to stare in awe at the pretty village.

Having caused havoc in two German hotels we escaped to Czech, no longer a need to stop at the border though as it is part of the EU, but the prostitutes still line the roads for the German truckers, and every other house sells ceramic balloons. It was a brilliant ride down through the Bavarian forests and soon we were at our home for the next few days, a sports centre at Trebon just over 900 miles from home, quaintly nicknamed "the swamp" by Paul last time.

I was allocated a shed to my own (who said snoring doesn't have its advantages) and soon settled in to making a hole in the European Lager Mountain, well at 90p a pint it would be rude not too.

The area around Trebon is full of lakes, most man made for the farming of fish; the eastern Europeans love their Carp, Zander and the like. This also gives some nice walking areas, and some lovely sunsets for those with huts by the lake. (the huts by the lake are the posh ones with showers and toilets) One day trip found us visiting Chesky Crumlov a world heritage site, a beautiful town, especially viewed from the top of the bell tower, not sure my lungs appreciated the hike up there though.

Foodwise we ate with the locals, the sportscentre has a communal canteen, in the morning a large continental style breakfast, the evenings though you



pass a ticket through the hatch and you are given a plate of food. Not being able to read Czech this was interesting, but always filling and edible.

For a couple of days I had to share my hut with another snorer, this time a Czech rider, who's grasp of English made my grasp of Czech seem good, somehow you get by though.

Anne decided that Austria was worth a day trip, and I was glad this was a plan, only Anne and I went, the others deciding to laze around as it was hot, its at this point I should mention it was fabulously hot most of the time, this day reaching 110'f (43'c) and even burning a hole in my jacket. We were soon in Austria and it was shut. When they have holidays abroad, holidays mean everywhere closed, but we were lucky to find fuel. A glorious ride along the Danube and we found a vineyard for a meal, with the owners in traditional dress, even the owner wore very used leiderhosen. A mini cruise later (ferry over the

Danube) and back through the forests to Czech past many farms harvesting the crops. By now plans had changed, and we all headed to Prague for a couple of days, sadly not time to take in one of the classical concerts at the Opera house next too our hotel. We did get to visit many interesting places of this very attractive city

Leaving Prague late afternoon (the Jewish Cemetery is very worth a visit if you go to Prague) Annes bike (A Honda VFR) broke down, leaving us at a truck stop till midnight,



one bike on low loader and we reached our destination in the small hours sadly the bar was shut so a bad nights sleep entailed, as fuelled by black coffee and redbull.

The next day with heavy heart I left Anne trying to get her bike back, and headed off with all the rest, in reality it was the best move as Anne had Sat-nav, I had no idea where we were, and there was no way I could keep up with her VFR on the Autobahns when she did get the bike back two other friends stayed for a while longer though.

This time we rode the other side of the Rhine which has to be even prettier.

But by the late evening we were all back as a group, Anne having gunned it across Germany once her bike back.

From here the group sadly started to split as we headed separate ways, but along with others we headed to Sint Niklaus in Belgium and a V Max rally, which is another tale all together.

By the time I returned home on the Sunday evening (to a cold and horrid England) I had travelled 2287 miles, made many new friends, met many great Europeans (who put my linguistic skills to shame)

Oh and Milly she just purred away happily as ever eager to travel more and more miles.

Bosun



New London Tube Map for Bikers



In a crowded city at a crowded bus stop, a beautiful young woman was waiting for the bus. She was decked out in a tight leather mini skirt with matching tight leather boots and jacket. .

As the bus rolled up and it became her turn to get on, she became aware that her skirt was too tight to allow her leg to come up to the height of the first step on the bus. Slightly embarrassed and with a quick smile to the bus driver she reached behind her and unzipped her skirt a little thinking that this would give her enough slack to raise her leg. Again she tried to make the step onto the bus only to discover she still couldn't!

So, a little more embarrassed she once again reached behind her and unzipped her skirt a little more and for a second time attempted the step and once again, much to her chagrin she could not raise her leg because of the tight skirt. So, with a coy little smile to the driver she again unzipped the offending skirt to give little more slack and again was unable to make the step.

About this time the big Texan that was behind her in the line Picked her up easily from the waist and placed her lightly on the step of the bus.

Well, she went ballistic and turned on the would-be hero, screeching at him, 'How dare you touch my body!! I don't even know who you are!'

At this the Texan drawled 'Well ma'am normally I would agree with you but after you unzipped my fly three times, I kinda figured that we was friends.'



Rally News

Rejects as yet un-named Rally 2009 24-29 July

The next meeting about the rally and other items will be November 6th at Godstone Club where we hope to finalize the name and other details.

We now have one band booked, if you know of a good band please contact Ian or Garrie

Any idea is a good idea so bring your thinking hats along

Note of a different (non VSOC) rally for 2009

Creatures Any Spare Change rally 3

15th - 17th May 2009

The Plough
Ramsey Road,
Farcet Fen,
Peterborough,
Cambridgeshire,
PE7 3DR

Strict 500 limit so Pre-book advisable. (booking form in the anyspare change rally room on <http://dejavuroadshow.tk/>) £15.00 Pre-Book £25.00 OTG

I have done this rally two years running its fun, and close to BMF so could do a daytrip **Bosun**

I may also be heading to the East Leeds lions rally at Easter

Middle Farm Apple Festival

Not a bike thing, but live music and real ales and cider

<http://www.middlefarm.com/index.htm>

18/19 October Near Lewes

If enough Interest Ian "Bosun" will lead a ride down on the Sunday
Then possibly to Longman of Wilmington

Ogri Rally 2008

Ogri is a character created by Paul Sample that was first published in a motorcycle magazine in 1972.

He is the biker we all dream of being, riding a glorious norvin, drinking newky brown by the crate and somehow always being a step up from the law. His friends include Mitzi his gorgeous girlfriend, Kickstart a dog more human than most and Malcolm, the biker most of us are. Malcolm is a hapless hero hopeless at mechanics and constantly riding a selection of awful bikes called Lunge.

I am far more the Malcolm than an Ogri, leaving the spannering to those that know, but there is no way Milly my faithful steed can be compared to Lunge, though several earlier bikes really could have earned that title.



This year the Ogri MCC celebrate their 30th year, having formed in 1978 from a collection of current servicemen and women and so this was to be a party and a half, tickets for this rally sell out in days (there is a strict limit), and so after much asking, entering contests etc I managed on promises of cups of tea and cakes to get a ticket.

And so late on a Friday evening (why when you boss sees your bike loaded up for a rally in the car park and

knows you want to get away early does he always find reasons for you to stay there till last knockings) I headed off to meet my own personal Mitzi.

Thanks to friends a saved camping spot was soon found, and also the real ale bar, oh this was nirvana, 28 different ales, ciders and a barrel of JD, it is here I should tell you that I failed and only sampled a minor percentage of those on offer. And the main bar was open 24 hours.

The whole corner of Kemble Airfield takes on a local village feel, and it was a nice compliment when a girl newish to rallies stated "that it's lovely to walk around late at night round such a site alone and feel safe" maybe its these sort of comments which should be sent to the police that currently have been stopping rallies left right and centre.

There were some great bands too; Friday was WAM a punk/scar band which got many feet moving followed by a brilliant Dutch rock band called De Klepps.



Despite clambering to my tent at silly oh clock, I was awoken at before sparrows with bits of me feeling frozen... well it is a bank holiday, and yes later on the Saturday we had rain.

Finding sanctuary and warmth in a cup of tea there were still a few stalwarts propping up the bar.

After a quick trip to the local town for much needed funds, and finding my friends heading home (do I really snore that bad?) it was silly games (the first silly game involving builders sacks also looked a bruising game), bike show and tiffin. I never found tiffin though, and I'm rather partial to a crumpet or tart.

Along with the trend for real ale it was nice to have acoustic sets by travelling troubadours during the afternoon. For those more ambitious there were flights over the site, rides in personnel carriers etc.

With so many foreign riders on site as well there was a real nice cosmopolitan feel.

Evening bands on the main stage started with Stevie



one man and Mandolin. Now I have heard Stevie many a time, but this set with Mark a violinist from the Wight riders, and one guy on a Bo drum was something else.

This was then followed by the Dirty Earth Band who were ace and finally the GlamGitz a glam rock band created by Ogri members and featuring all the Ex presidents of Ogri MCC.

During the evening there were the usual presentations, results at end,



but a cheque was presented to "Help for Heroes" for £1500 and the Royal Logistics Corp for £500 Ogri's chosen charities for the year.

Sunday and my portable camping unit resembled a paddling pool more than a tent, it had rained well in the night, note to self, when friends offer to assist with erection of tent, I really should check the tent myself after.

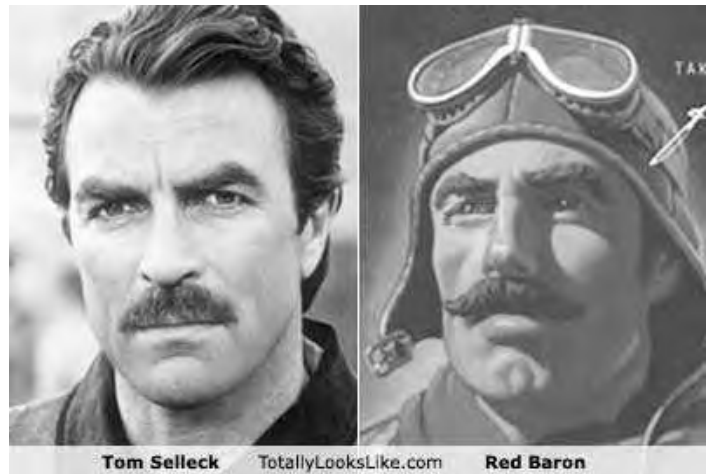
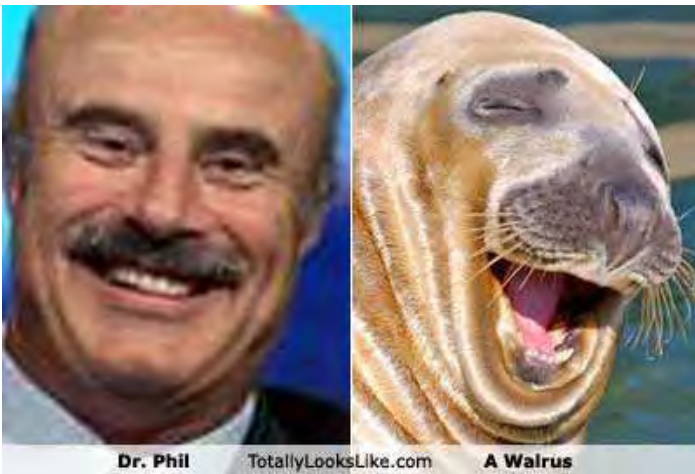
But bundling this sodden mass onto my poor bike was I disheartened, no way this had been one of the best rallies for a long time.

Well done Ogri here's to the next 30 years.

Bosun



Seperated at birth?



Forward planning



Spain?

Are you interested in a road trip to Spain next year?

See Garrie at a club night he has a plan and is finding who is interested.

THE INDIAN WITH ONE TESTICLE

There once was an Indian who had only one testicle, and whose given name was 'Onestone'. He hated that name and asked everyone not to call him Onestone.

After years and years of torment, Onestone finally cracked and said, ' If anyone calls me Onestone again I will kill them!'

The word got around and nobody called him that any more.

Then one day a young woman named Blue Bird forgot and said, 'Good morning, Onestone.'

He jumped up, grabbed her and took her deep into the forest where he made love to her all day and all night. He made love to her all the next day, until Blue Bird died from exhaustion.

The word got around that Onestone meant what he promised he would do.

Years went by and no one dared call him by his given name until a woman named Yellow Bird returned to the village after being away.

Yellow Bird, who was Blue Bird's cousin, was overjoyed when she saw Onestone. She hugged him and said, 'Good to see you, Onestone.'

Onestone grabbed her, took her deep into the forest, then he made love to her all day, made love to her all night, made love to her all the next day, made love to her all the next night, but Yellow Bird wouldn't die!

Why? OH, come on... take a guess! Think about it You're going to love this!

You can't kill two birds with one stone!!

Caption contest

A few of the captions from recent e-mail contest

From Nick Hodson

Tyred weary and just a little bit emotonal, Jim does his best Fonz impression !

From AJ

“Jim looks Tyred!

From Rosie

“Rosie wondered if winning first prize in the Hoopla really was that lucky”

From Ian

“There no Bloke without Tyre”



Wal Mart Applicant revealed...

Below is an actual job application that this 75 year old senior citizen submitted to Walmart in California . They hired him because he was funny.....



NAME: *Kenneth Way (Grumpy Old Bastard)*

SEX: *Not lately, but I am looking for the right woman (or at least one who will cooperate)*

DESIRED POSITION: *Company President or Vice President. But seriously, whatever's available. If I was in a position to be picky, I wouldn't be applying here in the first place*

DESIRED SALARY: *\$185,000 a year plus stock options and a Michael Ovitz style severance package. If that's not possible, make an offer and we can haggle.*

EDUCATION: *Yes.*

LAST POSITION HELD: *Target for middle management hostility.*

PREVIOUS SALARY: *A lot less than I'm worth.*

MOST NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENT: *My incredible collection of stolen pens and post-it notes.*

REASON FOR LEAVING: *It sucked.*

HOURS AVAILABLE TO WORK: *Any.*

PREFERRED HOURS: *1:30-3:30 p.m. Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday.*

DO YOU HAVE ANY SPECIAL SKILLS?: *Yes, but they're better suited to a more intimate environment .*

MAY WE CONTACT YOUR CURRENT EMPLOYER?: *If I had one, would I be here?*

DO YOU HAVE ANY PHYSICAL CONDITIONS THAT WOULD PROHIBIT YOU FROM LIFTING UP TO 50 lbs.?: *Of what?*

DO YOU HAVE A CAR?: *I think the more appropriate question here would be 'Do you have a car that runs?'*

HAVE YOU RECEIVED ANY SPECIAL AWARDS OR RECOGNITION?: *I may already be a winner of the Publishers Clearing House Sweepstakes, so they tell me.*

DO YOU SMOKE?: *On the job - no! On my breaks - yes!*

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE DOING IN FIVE YEARS?:

Living in the Bahamas with a fabulously wealthy dumb sexy blonde supermodel who thinks I'm the greatest thing since sliced bread. Actually, I'd like to be doing that now.

NEAREST RELATIVE: *7 miles*

DO YOU CERTIFY THAT THE ABOVE IS TRUE AND COMPLETE TO THE BEST OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE?: *Oh yes, absolutely.*

*****Old People Rock!*****

Special Guest
Eddie Kidd!



BRIGHTON

Sunday 12th October

Madaira Drive, Brighton supporting

The Sussex Heart Charity

Bigger custom bike show!

More great bands!

Hot Rods!

Loads of stalls!

Photo courtesy www.gangstah.com

Logo courtesy www.parklifeart.com

Main Stage (12-6)

- Under the Gun
- Magic Taxi
- The Thin White Duke
- The Brytones
- Beel
- Dirty Shoes
- + more!

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PC Community Care

The Totally Designed Stage @ Concorde 2 (1pm - 11pm)

TOTALLY DESIGNED

FURYON Compiled by Guy from Juice FM

BEST LEFT DEAD *with the last cry*

stealbackyourlife

CONCORDE 2

Rock and Roll Stage (12-5)

- Micky Hart & The Hartbreakers
- The Parlourphones
- Rum Boogie
- Sweet Hove Chicago
- Lee Jackson
- Tempest

Donation still only

£5 per bike

pin + prog included!

CONCORDE 2 JUICE 107.2

Harrison

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