



DECEMBER 2007
VOL 1 NO 3



RED ROSE CHAPTER

www.redrosechapter.com



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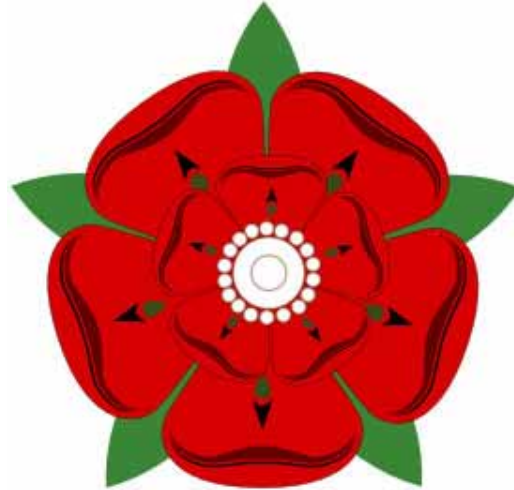
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Chapter No: 7772

It's Official



Seasons Greetings

- Chapter Name Change -

We are officially the 'Red Rose Chapter'. Well done to Greg, and all those who had to deal with the consequences of the requirement for change.

By the way, when we get 12 members of Ladies of Harley within the Chapter, will they be a 'dozen red roses'? Just a thought.

Will male members of the Chapter just be 'thorns'? Just another thought.

Back to the point, this year was always going to be hard work for the newly-formed

committee, setting up the Chapter, and getting all the 'building blocks' in place for next season. Well, we are nearly there and we can look forward to a successful 2008.

Together, we can take the Red Rose Chapter from strength to strength.

Ride safe, have fun.

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EDITOR



Merry Christmas everyone - hope Father Christmas brings you everything you want, particularly shiny bits for your beloved Harley-Davidson!

That reminds me, must get a reel of black cotton for my

wife's Christmas stocking, she will need it for my new Red Rose Chapter patches - hope they arrive soon.

Thanks to all those who have contributed to this issue, I couldn't do it without you.

Keep sending in your biker stories, jokes and anything else you would like published.

Remember, don't get 'hung up' about grammar or format - just send it in however you wish.

Have a good one.

John

Editor

PS Picture on the left is Sue and I on Route 66.



Situation Vacant

Treasurer

The Chapter is looking to recruit a treasurer to take over from Joan. It was always planned that Joan would help us set up the treasurer role and then hand over to someone else. The plan is that Joan will train up the new treasurer before she leaves us.

All those interested contact Greg or Gordon.

Situation Vacant

Ladies of Harley Officer

The Chapter is looking to recruit a Ladies of Harley Officer.

All those interested contact Greg or Gordon.

Briefly, the responsibilities are:

- Assists the Sponsoring Dealer and Chapter Director in upholding the "Annual Charter for H.O.G. Chapters"
- Encourages women members to take an active part in the chapter
- Answers questions about the Ladies of Harley program
- Informs members of L.O.H. benefits and activities
- Coordinates L.O.H. chapter activities



Director's Report



As Christmas approaches and the nights draw in, it is time to reflect on what has been a great year (not for riding, as the weather was mainly poor) and to reflect on what has become a fantastic Harley Owners Group. We must now gather our thoughts and come up with some ideas for 2008, eg, rideout destinations, challenges with other chapters, visits to rallies, events, and shows etc.

Over the winter, we will still get together at social nights in the New Ship Inn in Preston, just around the corner from the dealership. We should take up one of the challenges we have had from nearby chapters, such as Hatters and

Deva Legion for a pub quiz. We could have 'home' and 'away' challenges as we need to keep ourselves busy over the long, dark winter nights!

I was at the H.O.G. Directors AGM on Saturday, 24 November where 29 of the 31 chapters were represented. We discussed the events of 2007 and the forthcoming calendar for 2008. It was a good opportunity for me to network with fellow directors and see how the other chapters operate. The meeting was held in a hotel at the NEC in Birmingham and, after the meeting, we went into the bike show to take a look at the new bikes and accessories shown there. The evening meal was with the majority of directors and, as the night went on, many stories were told of how well the year had gone.

A big thank you to everyone in the Chapter for your continued support during the trials and tribulations we have gone through in 2007. I am sure we will have a fantastic 2008.

Merry Christmas and a Saddle-sore New Year!



Greg Lockhart

● There's a biker who is an avid rider. Actually, he's a motorcycle fanatic. He has not missed a weekend of motorcycle-riding in years.

Every Saturday and Sunday morning he gets up very early and goes to meet his mates for a nice long ride. This one morning, he gets up early, gets dressed, gets his leathers on and goes out to the garage to prepare to leave.

While out there it started raining a torrential downpour. There was snow mixed with the rain and the wind is blowing at 60 mph. He comes back into the house and turns the TV to the Weather Channel. From there, he finds it's going to be bad weather all day long. So he puts his bike back into the garage and goes back inside. He quietly undresses and slips back into bed where he cuddles up to his wife's back, and whispers: "The weather out there is terrible."

To which she replies: "Can you believe my idiot husband is out riding his bike today?"



Biker Friendly B&B

Special B & B Rates For H.O.G. Members

£20 per person per night



Croglin Castle Hotel Kirkby Stephen

South Road, Kirkby Stephen, Cumbria, CA17 4SY

Tel: 01768 371389

Special Biker's Menu (plus a full bar/restaurant menu)

Bacon Roll	£1.95
Jumbo Hot Dog	£1.00
Burger	£1.50
Pie 'n' Peas	£2.50
Bangers 'n' Mash	£2.95
Mug of Tea/Coffee	£0.75

We are on the A685 Brough (A66) to Tebay road. From Brough travel through Kirkby Stephen town centre, we are on the right hand side as you leave Kirkby Stephen.

From Tebay, as you approach Kirkby Stephen, we are the first building on the left over the bridge.

SECURE PARKING IS AVAILABLE

October Rideout To Big D's Diner

A posse of 27 or so bikes gathered at PH-D for our final (or maybe not!) rideout of the year to BIG D's Diner, Todmorden on Sunday, 14 October. Ian's brief to the Road Captains, and the rest of the Chapter, set the atmosphere for a pleasant ride, on a scenic route through to Calderdale, and the location of a yummy all-day breakfast.

Slightly overcast, with just a hint of sunshine, we started our engines and set off at around 11.30am, heading out of Preston along the A59 towards Clitheroe. Ian, Gordon, and 'Dave the sweeper' were hooked up by radio which helped to keep the group together.

After initially sticking to main roads, we 'hung a right' just before Clitheroe and headed through Sabden, dodging sheep and horses, towards Padiham.

Through Burnley and past Turf Moor, home of Burnley Football Club, and then on to Long Causeway for the run past Coal Clough Wind Farm towards 'God's Country' - Yorkshire to the uninitiated!

What fantastic scenery - a 'must ride' in the height of summer.

Showing our passports at the border, we headed through Stansfield Moor, passed Hawks Stones and Blackshaw Head before arriving at Big D's at about 1.30pm.

Great ride, superbly led by head Road Captain Ian, and time to tuck into that promised 'all-day breakfast', downed with a couple of non-alcohol Becks.

Thanks to Ian for his efforts in producing a route that was certainly well-planned.

For me, a 120 mile ride back to Carlisle, and not a raindrop all day - well, Shap was its usual miserable self, but otherwise a great day with great company.

Well, 'till the next time.

Ride safe and have fun. JB



Activities Corner



Can't believe it's December already. I hope those who went on the final rideout to Settle on Sunday, 11 November had a great time. Although cold, we were blessed again with dry weather. I didn't go this time but instead had the more important task of collecting my new Harley! Read more about that on page 12.

Chapter Meetings - Our aim is hold one every month, and we'd love you to come along and find out what's going on within the Red Rose Chapter, as well as updates from the Harley-Davidson dealership. Win a prize with our Chapter raffle.

19 December - Alcoholic Treasure Hunt. The idea being to have a pub-crawl around a few pubs in Preston, whilst hunting for clues in each pub (and that doesn't include finding your way to the toilet). E-Mail me for more details or see the website.

27 December - Toy run - details on the Chapter notice board.

1 January 2008! - New Year's Day rideout. Yes, your eyes don't deceive you. For those brave few that are up for it, weather and hangover permitting, go out and blow the cobwebs away. (NB - This will be an unofficial rideout without Road Captains). If nothing else, the roads will be quiet! Meet at PH-D at 12 noon.

Can't make the meeting? No problem. E-Mail me or contact the dealership with your ideas. Look forward to seeing you there.

23 January 2008 - Chapter social evening at Ming Dynasty. RSVP Kirsty.

27 February 2008 - Unwanted Christmas present raffle - further details to follow.

Finally, as this will be the last newsletter before the festive period, may I wish you all an early Happy Christmas. Hope you have a wonderful time.

Kirsty

PS The New Ship Inn is round the corner from PH-D. With the dealership on your right, go straight along Strand Road until you reach the traffic lights. Turn left and follow the road down for about 100 yards - watch the speed camera.

The pub is on the opposite side of the road, just next to Magnet Kitchens. There is space to park on Magnet's car park and limited parking at the back of the pub.



Kirsty Wolstenholme



Dealership News

Well, as winter approaches, now is the time to negotiate a deal on that close-out 2007 bike.

There are still one or two left and some great deals to be had, including up to £750 of free clothing on touring models, and three months deferred finance payment on all new H-D models. 2008 will be the year for new models as we have the Rocker and the XR1200 coming early in the year, plus the Buell 1125R. The Rocker is unfortunately delayed until March, but, having seen one at the NEC show, it looks amazing.



The clothing department is filling up with the winter clothing and Christmas gift ideas. We have some fantastic new lines for you and your partner (and the wife/husband too!). The service department is doing 10 per cent off fitted accessories, including Stage 1 tuning. The big-bore engines are selling well too - come and ask us about the 15 per cent off promotion and how much extra power you can get for not a lot of money. We are also currently offering a winter check for only £29.99, so if you are riding through winter, it is well worth the piece of mind knowing your bike is in peak condition.

We also opened 'Harley's Coffee Shop' in the rear of the building where we have a fantastic selection of sandwiches, paninis, cakes, biscuits and the wonderful Starbucks coffee! Come and have a brew!

Wishing you all a very merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Regards, Greg

CHAPTER NOTICE BOARD



The Chapter notice board in the Dealership requires members' photos. If any member has any bike-related photographs to pin on the board, hand them to Greg or just pin them up yourself.

Nominated Charity

We are pleased to report that our nominated Charity is **Northwest Air Ambulance**

Harley's Coffee Shop is now open - it's well worth a visit.

PH-D is giving all Chapter members 10% off parts, accessories and motor clothes.

Harley-Davidson UK 105th Anniversary Celebration

Friday, July 4 to Sunday, July 6, 2008

A Rocker's Tale by Peter Latus

Bikes seem to have been part of my family for as long as I can remember. My Dad, Uncle & Grandad all had bikes. Dad used to tell me that in the late 1920's, on Sunday mornings, he would go on the back of Grandad's Norton to The Green Man pub which was about seven miles from our home town of Preston. Grandad would sink a fair few pints while Dad, being 16 at the time, sat outside. Dad would then ride the bike back to Preston with Grandad perched, non too steadily, on the pillion. I gather it could be rather hairy, as Grandad had a tendency to lean the wrong way into the corners!



My earliest memory of bikes is being given rides up and down the street sitting on the tank of Dad's BSA. It must have left an indelible impression, as I can still recall the chrome, the smell, the thumping vibration, and the mixture of fear and excitement.

I left school at 15 and entered a world of Rock 'n' Roll, drape suits and brothel creepers. With a wage of 30 bob a week (£1.50), owning a bike was a distant dream, even if I had been old enough. However, a few of my older mates had bikes, Bantams, James and Francis Barnetts in good to crap condition - not that it mattered. I cadged rides whenever possible. No crash helmets or leather jackets then. You wore whatever kept you warm, and hopefully dry. Wellies with the tops turned down were compulsory. I was usually resplendent in a black oilskin fishing coat and woolly gloves, topped off with a WW II leather flying helmet still with radio lead and jack plug intact. No matter, I was involved with bikes and the comradeship



that goes with it. Magic moments – standing with the lads watching one of the mates flat on the tank of his heap of a Bantam, twist

grip back to the stop, hurtling past leaving a huge cloud of black smoke and screaming triumphantly 'Thirty'.

Eventually I did obtain my own two-wheel transport, but due to a girlfriend who would not go on bikes, I am sad to say this was a scooter. However, this situation was short-lived and the scooter and the girlfriend were exchanged for an Ariel and a black leather jacket. The Sixties had arrived and the Rocker cult was in full swing. Numerous studs and badges were added to the jacket. Dad said that when I came off he wouldn't bury me, he would weigh me in for scrap.

Twelve months later I obtained the iconic rocker's bike - a Goldie.

Sadly the image soon tarnished as the bike was an absolute pig to start, usually in front of a crowd.



You could kick until you were blue in the face. Sometimes, just to let you know who was boss, the bike would kick back. A helluva bang and the kickstart would get you right behind the knee. Legend has it that all former Goldie (and Velo) owners walk with a slight limp. As you struggled to start the beast the hotter you got. First, helmet and gloves came off, then scarf and jacket. Of course, when you were down to your underpants the bike started. You then had to enlist someone to blip the throttle until you got kitted up, as the bloody thing would not tick over.

After six months the Goldie had to go and was swapped for a BSA A10 Super Rocket. Probably one of the best bikes I've ever owned. Over the winter of 1963/64 the A10 was installed in my long-suffering Mother's best room (known as the parlour) and Dad and I fitted clip-ons, rear sets, swept-back pipes, track silencers, five gallon tank, chrome headlight, and to finish, a Goldie back mudguard and Taylor-Dow clubman seat. All the looks of a Goldie without the hassle.

Life at that time revolved around the bike and the cafes. Sunday mornings would always see one or two mates calling round for a fag and a natter. Brews provided by Mum, and Dad, who was a good mechanic, doing any spanner work, and Sunday afternoons riding with the mates from one greasy spoon to the next. Stuck in my memory is the image of bikes coming and going from the Riverside Café late on a summer evening. Chrome twinkling under the neon lights and *'Here Comes The Night'* blattering out of the juke box. Planning runs to Oulton Park and Mallory, and wondering if funds would run to admission, petrol, fags, AND the H.P. instalment on the bike. On the way stopping for a fry-up at Lil's on the A49. (Wasn't cholesterol something you put in your bike to make it smell like a racer?). I remember Alan, who always had chips, egg and beans, plus apple pie and custard, and Johnny half asleep with pyjamas on under his leather jacket and jeans. I remember the burger van catching fire at Oulton Park, black greasy smoke high in the sky. Everybody cheering because the burgers were crap and the prices a rip-off.

Happy memories, and some sad ones. A funeral for a friend killed on his Velocette Viper. Of numerous visits to a badly injured mate in the orthopaedic ward, and a steely-eyed sister saying she had beds for all of us. Of going to see him on Christmas Day, on icy roads and a bag slung over my shoulder holding bottles of beer. He did recover, and after coming out of hospital, and unknown to his Mother, he would hitch a lift on the back of my bike. Leg in a calliper, crutches in the air, and 'don't crank it over on the left-handers'.

Good as the Rocker scene was, here 'oop' North, the real Mecca of rockedom was 225 miles to the south in London, with the Ace and the 59 Club. In early September 1964, I decided to make the trip to join the club. Nobody seemed keen to go along, so on a Saturday morning I set off on my lonesome. Down the M6, along the A roads and picking up the M1 into London. I rode to St. Mary's vicarage in Paddington and met Father Bill who

enrolled me in the club. Getting those 59 patches was a real buzz, and a trip that evening with some of the 59 lads to the Ace was the icing on the cake. The guys were friendly but spoke 'reet' funny – not proper like we do in Lancashire. The ride down had been a breeze. Good weather, and the bike had gone like a dream – I knew it couldn't last. I set off for home on Sunday morning and all went great until just before the first services on the M6. Front wheel puncture! The services' mechanic could only sort it out very late in the afternoon. By the time I had the wheel back on it was dark. I fired up the bike, and guess what? The lights had packed up. I sat all night in the services waiting for dawn. When it arrived so did the rain. On with the waterproofs and off for home, trouble was, the mechanic had not seated the tyre properly. Up to 30 mph the front end wobbled and over 45 mph the bike shook its head like a bucking bronco. So it was 40 mph all the way home in pouring rain. No work that Monday.

Another trip to the 59 club followed in 1965, and in 1966 I met, and later married, Lesley, who just happened to be keen on bikes, and whose brother had a Norton 650 SS. My sister Linda met and married Tony, who had a Domi 99. See what I mean about the family and bikes.

Although Lesley protested, the beloved Road Rocket was sold and the money put to a deposit on a house - a familiar story.

The Sixties ended and really so did the Rocker scene. I was without a bike for 12 months, and then bought an old BSA A7 for £25. This was semi-chopped and sold to a local Hells Angel for a decent profit. A BSA Lightning followed, and then, as a forlorn attempt to recapture the past, I got a rough-looking Triton. This was rebuilt in the dining room (thanks Les) and was quite a looker. Sadly, things were not the same. Studded leather and cafes were out, and the race rep look was coming in. The Triton was sold, and the faithful black leather jacket given to the young son of a friend.



My first all singing, all dancing, Japanese bike arrived along with green one-piece leathers – Kermit the frog on a Honda 4. This was a brilliant bike and I had it for many years. Two lovely daughters later, and I was into cruisers. First, a Kawasaki, a Suzuki, and then a Moto Guzzi.



Finally, ten years ago, I got a Harley-Davidson Road King, and I now have a Low Rider. Lesley and I are looking forward to going to Aviemore in Scotland for the Thunder in the Glens Rally. The young lad who acquired my leather jacket all those years ago is now a motor cycle police officer, and is going with us on his Harley.



The Rocker years were a fantastic part of my life, and I wouldn't have missed it for the world. The bikes, the

mates, the great times. Even the frozen hands, the iceberg feet and the sodden, icy jeans stuck to my legs.

Lesley still has her 60's leather jacket with studs, badges and 59 Club patches. This is now a treasured family heirloom.

Well, I'm 65 now, and drawing my pension, but after all these years I find myself still sitting on a bike. Still seeing the chrome and feeling the thumping vibration. The fear has gone, but the excitement is still there - I think this is where I came in.



Rideout To Settle

Ian's Version!

Once upon a time on 11 November, after an unsettled, stormy and rainy night, lots of Harley-Davidson owners awoke to find leaves and branches strewn around their homes. Despite this, the day looked promising and the sun broke through, a brisk wind blew and roads began to dry.

Anyhow, 17 bikes, three or four two-up, arrived at the Preston dealership, had a brew and observed a silence at 11am. We remembered those who have made the ultimate sacrifice, so that we can enjoy the freedom of a frivolous Sunday on our shiny motorcycles. Two other stalwarts were there to see us off, but were busy collecting Kirsty's new bike! We had just three Road Captains amongst us, so the radios would prove useful if not essential. One Road Captain had bike trouble and so didn't come along. This was subsequently sorted by the dealership, but meant 16 bikes set off with just two Road Captains, Ian and Gordon.

As always, departing Preston was a slow pain, but once near Longridge the ride pace improved and so did the scenery. We headed towards the Trough of Bowland via Hurst Green and an interim stop at Slaidburn. The stop here allowed for calls of nature, a brew and a chat, and a moment's thought at the War Memorial for those who wanted. Here, another Harley joined us briefly with young daughter on pillion, a bit cold hence their foreshortened ride.

Off then to Settle, via Giggleswick, and all parked up opposite the Naked Man Cafe to head for more refreshment. There was a split between café and chippy, a good chat about how fortunate we were with the weather in November, and how stunning the scenery is up there on a bright autumn/winter day. From here, some of us headed north, others back towards the A59 to Preston in smaller groups.

Another great ride, and well worth fitting the extra one in after we might have decided the season had ended.

Winter Storage Tips

Wash and dry motorcycle, do not be tempted to use washing-up liquid as it contains salt.

Fill up with fuel and add fuel stabiliser, ensure you run the engine so the additive is worked through the fuel system.

Apply wax polish to painted surfaces.

Clean all chrome parts with chrome cleaner.

Ensure all exposed metals are treated with S100 winter protectant (or similar), not WD40 which contains a corrosive propellant. Do not apply to brake discs!

Deflate tyres and re-inflate to correct pressures (removes moisture).

Fit a battery optimiser such as an Optimate to maintain battery charge and condition.

Cover your motorcycle with a breathable cover i.e. cotton, plastic sheets will cause condensation to form.

Ensure your garage is dry and well ventilated.

On a monthly basis move the bike to avoid flat spots on your tyres.

Also place a mousetrap near your Harley as hungry mice eat plug leads!

● Three men died on Christmas Eve and were met by Saint Peter at the pearly gates.

“In honour of this holy season,” Saint Peter said. “You must each possess something that symbolises Christmas to get into heaven.”

The first man fumbled through his pockets and pulled out a lighter.

He flicked it on. “It represents a candle”, he said.

“You may pass through the pearly gates,” Saint Peter said.

The second man reached into his pocket and pulled out a set of keys.

He shook them and said, “They’re bells.”

Saint Peter said: “You may pass through the pearly gates.”

The third man started searching desperately through his pockets and finally pulled out a pair of women’s panties.

St. Peter looked at the man with a raised eyebrow and asked: “And just what do those symbolise?”

The man replied: “These are Carol’s.”

And So The Christmas Season Begins.....



My First Harley

Kirsty Wolstenholme

It's hard to believe that only 7½ months ago I passed my CBT and here I am now in November, the proud owner of an 883L Sportster. All the hard work studying for my theory test (having driven a car for 19 years wasn't enough to satisfy the good old Dept of Transport that I knew what colour cat's eyes are on the outside lane of a motorway) paid off. The Positive Mental Attitude needed got me through all the times I threw my teddy out of the pram and I thought, "I can't do it" - particularly on that bloody U-turn for the bike test! All that's behind me and I now ride a bike that's part of something much bigger than a name. It's an evolution over 104 years inspired by the people who ride them, the people who make them and a yearning for a lifestyle that will be never die.

Since Good Friday, when I passed my CBT, I'd been lucky enough to spend the "summer" practising on a Suzuki 125 and

what a great little bike it was. Lightweight, easy 'sit-up and beg' riding position, a gear indicator, and most importantly, panniers to carry all my stuff! I sat on a few bikes but kept coming back to that one. Everything about it suited me and from the moment I had it, I couldn't wait to go out on it. I was sorry to see it go. The decision to buy a Harley was by default really. My hubby Keith has ridden one for the last two years, having waited 20 years to get one (so I consider myself extremely lucky to have one so soon). His passion for them naturally rubbed off on me and so purchasing any other bike was never an option.

To say I wasn't apprehensive about collecting the Harley would be an understatement. How would I cope with the heavy weight, new riding position, increase in power, no gear indicator, and NO panniers! The look of the bike was



enough to allay any fears. In black and chrome with no sissy bar and (vital) panniers, it looked stunning. So solid, safe and sexy! I set off from the dealership and rode round the neighbouring car park, terrorising Lidl shoppers and pensioners. There wasn't much chance to change gear and the bike spun round on tickover for most of the time. What I instantly noticed was the power and thought, hmm, going to like this! I decided on an easy destination to Lytham for our first rideout, and sitting on it ready to go, I did feel a little squashed up. The foot position is a very tight 90 degrees but the handlebars are 'sit-up and beg' so not dissimilar to the Suzuki. The extra power on the bike is fantastic and gives me the confidence to open it up when I get the chance. Despite being restricted to 33 BHP (I still don't know what this means other than I'll be able to do 80 instead of 100!), I have enough capability to pass the odd car or two without running out of power.

My bugbear when learning was cornering, but this is becoming easier with that extra weight and power, to the point where I'm improving all the time. Where the Suzuki could be twitchy, the Harley is stable and that's clearly down to the weight and steering. The brakes are firm and quick to respond and only today on my second rideout, I've needed them. On two separate occasions, drivers succeeded on pulling straight out in front

of me, having seen me well in advance! The indicators are set on each handlebar control unlike the Suzuki which was one button flicked left or right. I still have to master the left indicator as I get caught with the throttle and lurch forward every time I click it on (maybe it's a girl thing!)

I seriously thought I'd miss the gear indicator but the satisfying clunk I hear now, confirms the gear, and adds to the experience of riding. My motto is, "if it won't go any further, it's in fifth!" The standard seat is far from comfortable and every time I hit a bump/grid in the road, the sensation from my backside to the top of my head is like someone hitting the bell on a "Test your strength" attraction at the fair. That's one thing I will be changing, as well as getting some risers to lift that riding position up slightly. I've chosen not to go for feet forward controls yet until I've got more experience, but it will be something to consider in the future. Accessories? I don't think it needs much more. Maybe a badge on the petrol cap or a chrome headlight cover. All my gear goes in the Road King panniers - much to Keith's disgust! No, the only accessories I need now are a new helmet, boots, and gloves of course!



SETTLE RIDEOUT PICTURES



AND FINALLY.....

● A drunk goes into a biker bar, orders a beer, turns to a trio of heavy-type brothers and says to the biggest one: "Hey man, I went into your grandma's house today, she is sure one hell of a sexy mother."

The heavy dude does not react to the drunk's words.

The drunk goes on to say: "Yeh, and we sure got it on in the hallway, it was terrific."

Still the heavy dude does not react, to the surprise of his bros, who all know him as a short-fused fighter.

The drunk says: "Yeh, you know something, she liked it too."

Eventually, the biker got up from his bar stool, lifted the drunk up by the shoulders and said: "Go home grandpa, you're drunk again."



RED ROSE CHAPTER OFFICERS



Jeremy Addy



Greg Lockhart



Gordon Dick



Joan Dagg



Amy Uphill



Kieron Lunn



Ian Fitzpatrick



Kirsty Wolstenholme



John Benn

**Ladies of
Harley**
Situation
Vacant



Keith Wolstenholme



Dave Evans