



MDMC To Host 2003 Convention

This newsletter is dedicated to all Mad Dogs, past & present, that wear the Colors with pride and with a true sense of Brotherhood.

May your shiny side be up and the wind always in your face!

MDMC have teamed up with Luzon's major Motorcycle clubs to host the 2003 National Motorcycle Federation Convention. Full details still have to be worked out—as soon as details are finalised we will let you know.

Inside this issue:

Bacolod Review	1
Bacolod Photos	4-7
Finemaster	8
Reasons Why ...	9
Dog's Life	10
Rides & Events	10

The 2002 Convention will be held in **Davao**, Mindanao and be hosted by **On Any Sunday** motorcycle group. MDMC plans to be there in force. Again, plans have not been finalised but it seems that the Dogs have a number of travel options. Let the Ride Committee know which you prefer. The various costs etc. are being looked into.

- Option 1—Ride all the way south to Davao City and return by ferry.
- Option 2—Take the ferry to Cagayan de Oro, ride to Davao City and take the ferry back
- Option 3 Put the bike in a container, ferry it to Davao and fly down to meet it. Take the ferry back.
- Option 4 Put the bike in a container, ferry it to Davao and fly down to meet it. Fly back, put bike in a container to Manila.

Dog Dirt Is Picked Up and Used by:

John Morgan (MD95)

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Bacolod shows the way

Carl Huckstep MDMC's VP & OIC reports from the 7th National Convention.

8:00am Tuesday 20th March

The chosen few Mad Dogs assembled at the clubhouse for last minute check up and briefing from **Chito San Agustin MD1**. All present and accounted for? Not quite, after a quick roll call we discovered that **James Raterta MD100** was missing, quick phone call to wake him up and we were on our way to the pier and James was the proud recipient of the first fine of the week courtesy of our illustrious fine master **Tony Tulipano MD97**

Arriving at WG&A the bikes were loaded on to a container ready for shipping and we were ready to board Super Ferry 12. Now as we know there have been a few mishaps with ferrys so we were all a little apprehensive our anxiety level rose when we heard the theme tune to "Titanic" being played as the tickets were being collected.

(Continued on page 2)

Bac o l o d

The road trip to Bacolod was utterly brilliant. I could, and maybe should, just leave it at that and leave you to ponder, but just to make sure you know what you missed - the riding, the jokes, the drinking, the (nearly) tears read on.

(Continued from page 1)

After locating our accommodation we set up home at the bar where we would remain for 18 of the next 21 hours. On board we met up with the **Wacky Riders** and a lone **Apache** rider who as it would turn out remain with us throughout our journey to Bacolod. Clearly the most lively group we made many new friends. The trip was spectacular and I would thoroughly recom-

bikes to be unloaded we went to lunch at the **Bee Hive** courtesy of **Jojo Figueroa MD9** and his colleagues at Wyeth. Now the Bee Hive is a pretty up market restaurant, so the clientele were a little taken aback by these leather clad biker types descending on their favorite watering hole. Fortunately Ferdi arrived fully suited just back from a business meeting (yes, he was fined) so they realised that we were

and of course fine Ferdi.

Next stop **The Village**

Tony spotted a supply of Red Bull and as we were carrying 3 bottles of Vodka

“ No, I’m not 36 ! ”
T-Bone MD94

(similar to The Fort but way better) where we spend an afternoon of fellowship with the Cebu riders. Boy do they know how to party. They invite us back later so not wanting to miss the fun we head back to the Hotel, quick shower, change, grab a pizza and back to the Village by which time there are about 100 bikes in the street and the party is in full swing and we party till the wee small hours.

Thursday 22nd Cebu to Dumaguete

Disaster, whilst we were sleeping someone had stolen the MDMC bells from off of the bikes. After chastising the security guard, as they were parked right in front of him, arrangements were made to ship over replacements.

The Wacky Riders (what a great name) and the lone Apache join us. No problem, sell them some T-Shirts and let them join!

Off we go for a quick blast to the lunch stop where once again Jojo had arranged lunch. Off now to get the ferry from Cebu to Dumaguete roads are getting better by the minute and all to soon we arrive at the pier.

Whilst waiting for the ferry

all we needed for a beach party was ice and glasses. No problem taking a dozen Absolute (quite appropriate) water bottles we emptied to contents and cut the tops off forming perfectly good plastic glasses. The ice fitted perfectly in the bottles the Vodka and Redbull was mixed in a fun jug purchased at a sari sari store and the party commenced.

1 hour later the ferry arrived and the bikes were loaded which after 3 or 4 Vodka Redbulls was easier said than done, the party continued during the brief journey to Dumaguete and spirits were high.

We were met at the other side by representatives from Wyeth and set off to do the final 15 kilometers to Dumaguete. Now we had been following a car for about 5 minutes when it occurred to me that James being from Dumaguete would know the road, so pulling up next to him I suggested that we might want to pass the car and blow off the cobwebs. He agreed and we took off. The roads were fantastic no traffic no potholes and we were quickly at our destination **The Honeycomb**.

After checking in we rode around checking out the

“ White dwarves can’t jump ”
Hugo Wray (Guest Rider)

mend WG&A Super Ferrys: accommodation great, staff friendly, beer cold and the food.....crap. However, this did not seem to worry **Mike Zosa (MiGS)** who single handedly tried out all the food outlets earning the nick name Pacman (boy can he eat) and numerous fines.

Wednesday 21st 10:00am

Ouch!! It was a beautiful morning the sun was out dolphins could be seen off the port bow. We were ahead of schedule and could clearly see Cebu in the distance. If only my eyes would stop bleeding and this horrible taste of Black Label go away I might be able to enjoy it.

there just to eat and that raping and pillaging was not on our agenda they made us feel right at home.

The food was absolutely fantastic and thanks to Jojo and our hosts for arranging the food we shall certainly go back but next time I will where jacket and tie.

After lunch we checked in to the **Grand Hotel** (again arranged by Jojo) and then off to pick up our bikes. Bikes all OK and we hit the road get immediately separated in traffic and have to wait for the rest of the group. Whilst waiting Ferdi’s bike slips itself into gear and smashes into **John Joe Morgan MD95**, both bikes end up shiney side

“ Have you seen my survival tool ? ”
Mike Zosa (MiGS)

Cebu.

Whilst waiting for the

down, minor damage only to John’s bike. We pick them up dust them down

(Continued on page 3)

Bacolod

(Continued from page 2)

local attractions and then reassembled at 8:00pm for a welcome party at **Lime-Light**. James bought the first round and Mike (aka Pacman) provided a lechon the food was great and everyone had a good time. After dinner the Maddogs visited a number of watering holes and then off to bed to get a good nights sleep before the final run to Bacolod.

Or so we thought; at around 3:30am 100+ bikes rolled off the ferry from Manila to Dumaguete and descended on our Hotel for breakfast where a further 50+ bikes met them. Now, if you think sport bikes are quiet trying sleeping whilst 150 rice burners rev-up, do burnout's and generally try to be cool. Guys buy a Harley it's so much easier. So up at around 7:00 with next to no sleep it's time to get set for Bacolod.

Friday 23rd March Dumaguete-Bacolod

At around 7:30am bikes started arriving in ones and twos, cruisers, Harleys, sports bikes and even a trike. By the time we were ready to leave we had a group of around 50 bikes wanting to join the Mad Dog run to Bacolod. Obviously, our reputation (ie Chito's) for organization and riding had gone before us. So after a quick briefing on our ride rules i.e. ride behind the Mad Dogs, no overtaking etc we set off for a brief procession through Dumaguete before heading out to Bacolod.

It was quite a sight looking in the mirror and seeing all these free riders following in twos behind the Dogs and I later found out that for many of them it was the

first time to ride in a group.

The roads were awesome akin to Thailand or Europe but with no traffic except the occasional sugar truck. It had about 45 minutes of long straights followed by an hour of twisties that were perfectly cambered with views that took your breath away. Reluctant to stop riding such great roads but hungry enough to eat the odd carabo we stopped for lunch courtesy of Jojo and Wyeth before a shortish ride into Bacolod where my bikes starter began misbehaving (more of

**“My testicles are fine life is good”
Carl Huckstep,
MD63**

that later). On the way one of the guest pack, forgetting the rules, came screaming (ok purring) up on the outside of the pack cut in between myself and James just missing both of us before undertaking the car and heading off into the distance. Fearing this could start a trend we pulled over to the side of the road in order to explain the reason for our rules. Realising the error of his ways he rejoined the pack and we proceeded without incident to Bacolod.

The Convention

Arriving at the convention center we were greeted with the sight of 400 plus bikes, the main hall was decked in flags and banners and you could just sense a party to end all party was in the air. Jojo had booked us in to the convention center that was where all the main activi-

ties were to be held so we could safely tuck our bikes in for the night and get down to some real fellowship.

7:00pm the convention room is filling and over 530 bikers plus wives etc are there to party. 7:15pm looking at the banners on the wall we realize that we don't have one. 7:15 and 5 seconds we decide to make one I send Hugo off to buy a tablecloth from the Hotel who after initial reluctance realize that what we are trying to do and pull out all the stops. P500 later we have the canvass now we coerce Tony Tulipano into doing the art work and the necessary drawing equipment is secured.

Andy Marsh (MiGS) - aka **“The Viking”** is elected as the model. As Tony is copying the patch Andy could pose with all the people who wanted to have their photo taken with him and his Viking helmet (at least 500). He was the star of the show and everywhere he went we could here cries of there goes the **“Mad Cow”!**

Meanwhile Tony has enlisted the help of the other Mad Dogs to help color in the Dogs Head and lettering. He has drawn quite a crowd who cannot believe their eyes as a banner is being made right in front of 500 onlookers. With minutes to spare we cut the tablecloth to size and Andy, **Ace Soriano MD55** and John Joe hoisted it high in the air to take pride of place. The whole conference had witnessed the manufacture and erupted when the Mad Dog emblem was finally hung.

For exceptional work under pressure and for saving

the day Tony was granted a month's exemption from fines. The banner will be framed and placed in the Dog House and you can see lots of pictures of yet another defining moment for the Mad Dogs.

The convention proper started and the entertainment was great, live band, dance troupe and much much more.....!

Saturday 24th March

Whilst most of the guys are sleeping off the night before I have to attend a Presidents Meeting, where I *believe* I was nominated for VP Luzon Federation (elections later in the Year) but I may have got it wrong as my head was still hurting. What I do know is that the Mad Dogs will host 2003 Federation and we will be talking to the other clubs to form a coalition.

After the presidents meeting Freedom riders gave a short presentation on the expressway issue in order to enlist national support.

A quiet lunch was held with induction of Federation officers and we then were free to go back to bed for a while. Reassembling at 3pm 530 bikes rode through Bacolod to the

**“Over 53 mph things start moving around inside my helmet”
Andy Marsh
(MiGS)**

Town Hall where the **Thunderbugs** had arranged to give around 1000 street

(Continued on page 9)

B A C O L O D



Above: Striking The Pose

Right : Loaded up on the way to Cebu



Above : Lined up at The Village, Cebu City

Above Right : Leaving Cebu City

Right & Below : The Ferry from Cebu to Negros



BACOLOD



“When it works it works well, Like Carl’s bike” Andy Marsh (MiGS)



Clockwise from top right:
Andy Marsh, John Joe Morgan, Carl Huckstep and Tony Tulipano - looking the part on arrival at Bacolod

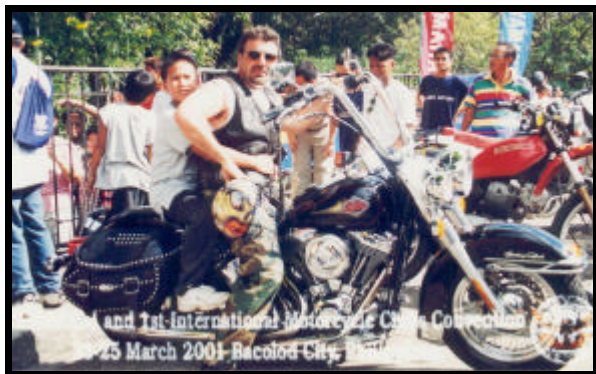


LEGEND OF THE BANNER
Upon arriving at the Welcome Dinner we realised that MDMC did not have a Club banner for display. Not to be out-done we quickly agreed that as the Philippines premier Club a banner **had** to be made.
Canvass was easy as the hotel had nice off-white tablecloths. The artwork, though was another matter. Tony Tulipano MD97 was volunteered and using Andy Marsh’s color’s as a guide



he set about recreating the Mad Dog emblem.
All Mad Dogs present were involved in the production of the finished article. With minutes to spare, the Mad Dog Banner was hoisted to much applause from all attending the Convention.
The moral of the story?
1 table cloth, 9 Mad Dogs mix freely with imagination and alcohol and you get a great banner and true Brotherhood.

Bacolod



“ That’s the other end of Andy’s helmet ! ”
Carl Huckstep MD63



Clockwise from Top Right:

Carl Huckstep, James Raterta, John Joe Morgan , Andy Marsh and Randy Earman- all do their thing at the “Ride of a Lifetime” event for street children

“It’s mine and I’ll stick my finger’s in it if I want to” Andy Marsh (MiGS)

“I did order a large one !”
Tony Tulipano MD97

Bacolod



Clockwise from Top Right

- Chito : “ I can Fly ! ”
- The Bikes return to Manila
- The Convention Hall
- Mike Zosa : “ All the food is mine ! ”
- Mad Dogs all at Sea

Bacolod

The designated Finemaster for the Bacolod trip was Tony Tulipano MD97. Tony did a excellent job of collecting money (mainly from Hugo) for the bar bill on the return ferry.

The Fine List was a multitude of torn tissue papers and beer stained hotel notepads but from what could be deciphered he highlights of the fines were:

James Forgetting to wear his Colors
Randy Forgetting to wear his Colors
Randy Not sporting a goatee beard
John Accusing the Finemaster of being French
Hugo Losing his bike keys
Hugo Trying to shag a policewoman
Carl For not purchasing tour flip flops
Andy Being overly interested in the ferry's radar thingy
Randy Singing along to Abba & knowing the words
Tony Stopping the ride pack to get money from an ATM
Randy Questioning the sincerity of the Finemaster
James Shoving excrement up a faucet at school
Randy Not being diplomatic with Smart Telecom
Carl Hugging Randy
Tony Hugging Randy
James Being late on Tuesday morning
Hugo Talking to a woman who was more manly than himself
James Sporting only half a goatee beard
Mike Not sporting a goatee beard
Mike Dancing solo in the ferry's disco
Barman Not being behind the bar
Carl Wanting to buy cheap champagne
James Unauthorised dancing
Chito Unauthorised use of the dance floor
Mike Being shy
Mike Pretending to be shy
Carl Liking drag queen music
Carl Singing Diana Ross songs like a drag queen
Randy Not giving a shit if the Finemaster fines him
Randy Not singing 'Johnny Be Good'
Hugo Choking on water
Hugo Saying "F*%k You!" to the Finemaster
Hugo Saying "F*%k You Again!" to the Finemaster
Carl Dancing to Abba
Carl Singing along to Diana Ross
James Unauthorised use of a microphone
Hugo Stopping to urinate on the ride
Ferdinand Unauthorised ballroom dancing
Carl Singing "I will Survive"
John Singing "I Will Survive"
John Being of English ancestry
Carl Being of English ancestry
Hugo Being of English ancestry
Carl For requesting "I Will Survive"
John Yawning
John Denying he yawned
Mike Unauthorised eating
Mike Excessive eating
Mike Eating without the correct licence
Mike Eating ice cream on the beach

John Attempting to steal the Finemaster's cellphone
John Failing to steal the Finemaster's cellphone
Carl Dancing to the "Buttercup" song
John Dancing to the "Buttercup" song
Hugo Dancing to the "Buttercup" song
Andy Yelling
Hugo Moaning
Hugo Being full of sh#t
Hugo Being full of sh#t
Carl Forgetting to switch on his fuel
John Complaining
Hugo Mistaking the sound of a 125cc bike for a Harley
James Having a 10 minute sandwich
John Stealing the Finemaster's notes
John Unnecessary foul language in front of a VIP
John Not being able to find the hotel
Ferdinand Riding with a cigarette lighter but no ashtray
Chito Singing karaoke
Hugo Lying
John Unauthorised wearing of flip flops and shorts
Hugo Unauthorised wearing of flip flops and shorts
Andy Unauthorised wearing of flip flops and shorts
John Not acknowledging the Finemaster's omnipotence
Randy Talking complete bollocks
Ace Having MDMC patch in wrong place
Hugo Requesting "I will Survive"
Carl For telepathically requesting "I Will Survive"
Carl Denying he has telepathic powers
John Singing "I Will Survive"
Carl Singing "I Will survive" again
Andy Placing the price tag in his beer
Andy Singing Simon & Garfunkel songs
Andy Repeating what Hugo said
Andy Being a complete spanner
Mike Cursing
Chito Inappropriate text messaging
Randy Sleeping whilst winning a raffle prize
Carl Working on his bike during the convention dinner
Andy For helping Carl
Ace For not having it fixed in the first place
Carl Singing "I Will Survive" in French
Carl Spilling the Finemaster's drink
Carl Cannibalism
Andy Cannibalism
Hugo Insulting the people of Canada
Carl Describing parts of T-Bone's anatomy
Andy Unauthorised motion whilst seated
Andy Yelling for ice
Hugo Spilling Andy's drink
Hugo Lying about Andy's drink
Hugo Lying about lying about spilling Andy's drink
Randy Flicking ash in Hugo's beer
Hugo For complaining about Randy flicking ash in his beer
Randy Unnecessary bad language
Randy Unauthorised sleeping
John Knowing what to write on his tour mug
John Being paranoid
John Thinking that everyone is out to get him
John Being got by everyone
Carl Singing "Sha-La-La-La"

Ba col od

(Continued from page 3)

children a ride of their lifetime. It was a deceptively simple idea - we each took a street child on the back of our bikes and did a lap of the town square, drop off the kids, pick up another and so on. Mad Dogs were the first to go and, thanks to the stamina of **Randy Earman MD94**, the last to stop. It was truly a great event and I'm not sure who enjoyed it more us or the Kids.

Disaster, my starter is getting worse and worse, bump start in front of 300 bikers, not cool and I am fined again. Back at the Hotel Andy, Ace and I start the supposedly simple task of extracting the starter to clean it, 5 hours later we finish. Thanks to Ferdi for staying with us and providing the light via his FXR and Randy for providing the Gin & Tonics.

Meanwhile in the convention hall they are holding a best uniform competition which, of course, we win! Andy and I just get there in time to see our own male model Tony (Hot Legs) Tulipano receive the award.

Then it was time to hit the street party which was a fitting fairwell to the convention. Just ask the guys.

Thanks to :-

Jojo Figueroa for all his help and organisation - we just wish you were there to see it.

Chito for his tireless enthusiasm and organisation on the road.

Andy, John Joe, James, Tony, Mike, Ace, Ferdi and Hugo for being there

See you all in Davao 2002

Carl Huckstep MD63

Vice President & OIC

Mad Dog Motorcycle Club

col esl aw

Parachute Accident Mars Coleslaw Wrestling

SAMSALA, Fla. (Reuters) - A parachutist landed on a beer vendor at a coleslaw wrestling match during central Florida's raucous "Bike Week" celebration, seriously injuring the vendor, sheriff's deputies said on Thursday.

The accident occurred on Wednesday afternoon at Sopotnick's Cabbage Patch bar in Samsala, which sponsors an annual coleslaw wrestling match as part of the motorcycle festival that draws as many as 500,000 riders from around the nation to the Daytona Beach area.

Just before the women wrestlers squared off in a pit full of cabbage and oil, a sky diver hired to parachute into the makeshift arena was blown off course by high winds.

"The parachutist missed his mark and landed on top of the victim," Volusia County Sheriff's spokesman Gary Davidson said.

The victim Sherri Lee, 37, was walking with a tray full of beer near the beverage concession, where she and other members of a local charity were working.

"We yelled, 'move, dummy,'" but she never looked up because it happened so quick," biker Dave "D.R." Paul told the Orlando Sentinel.

Lee suffered head and facial injuries and was taken by helicopter to Halifax Medical Center, where she was reported in serious but stable condition on Thursday.

The parachutist, who said he never saw the woman, said the impact "knocked the wind out of me" but that he was uninjured.

Dog joke



Reasons why..

Your bike is better than a woman ..

Motorcycles' curves never sag.

Motorcycles last longer.

Motorcycles don't get pregnant.

Motorcycles don't have parents.

Motorcycles don't whine unless something is really wrong.

You can kick your Motorcycle to wake it up.

You can share your Motorcycle with your friends.

Motorcycles don't care about how many other Motorcycles you have ridden.

When riding, you and your Motorcycle both arrive at the same time.

Motorcycles don't care about how many other Motorcycles you have.

Motorcycles don't mind if you look at other Motorcycles, or if

you buy Motorcycle magazines.

If your Motorcycle is too loose, you can tighten it.

You don't have to be jealous of the guy that works on your Motorcycle.

You don't have to deal with priests or blood-tests to register your Motorcycle.

If you say bad things to your Motorcycles, you don't have to apologize before you can ride it again.

You can ride a Motorcycle as long as you want and it won't get sore.

Motorcycles always feel like going for a ride.

Motorcycles don't care if you are late.

It's always ok to use tie downs on your Motorcycle.

If your Motorcycle doesn't look good, you can paint it or get better parts.

You can't get diseases from a Motorcycle.

It's a dogs life

Something's Moving In My Helmet!

Some of us wear BMW style two piece "open chin" helmets - you know the type - where the lower chin piece can be opened by pressing two thumb locks. Some people have also fitted their bikes with electronic cruise control or a version which operates on friction on the throttle - either way they hold the speed of the bike reasonably constant without any input from one's throttle hand. We also all wear gloves which invariably fasten around the wrist with either a velcro flap or a press stud; some of the more expensive types have a zip fastener as well, among other features.

Picture if you will, one lone BMW rider with an opening chin helmet and a pair of good quality velcro fastened gloves sailing along the Hume Highway at 115 kph (that's all I'll admit to!!) dialled in on the electronic cruise control. Weather is good, no cars in the immediate vicinity, scenery is boring, no cops, life is good!! Junction of highway with Albury/Wodonga Road about 5 km away, no need to slow down yet; bike is running beautifully!! Looking forward to lunch.

Bugger! Is that a bee that just got into my helmet through the small gap I've left for some fresh air? Could be. Well, I'll just open my helmet visor to let him out. Visor up ... no, the little bugger is going to be stubborn, cantankerous even! He's not going to leave and is now behind my sunnies, must be tired from all that pollen hunting. Don't want to be stung on the eyelid—I'll just open the chin piece on my BMW helmet (very handy) and get him out let go of handlebars ... squeeze the release buttons bike is nicely balanced and holding line well ... speed steady ... no cars ... this should be easy ... got the helmet open ... glasses off ... piss off bee! ... glasses on ... slam shut helmet ... hands back to bars ---- oh, sheeite! Thumbs of both gloves jammed in helmet!!! Gloves won't move even though I'm pulling like hell!! Wow, this will be interesting... can't quite press the release buttons with little fingers ... junction now 3.5 km away ... I know, I'll just pull one or both hands out of my gloves.... no, that doesn't work: "velcro is good stuff, won't come undone if you fall off!" I remember the salesman saying that. He

was absolutely right, they're stuck fast, I'd have to tear my head off first.

Well, next brilliant idea, what if I just touched the foot brake --- nooo, dumb idea! That won't work, this Airhead Beemer has great engine braking and when I get to about 40 kph and can't balance the bike any longer and the dreaded BMW boxer-wheel-wobble starts, which it will, I am going to have major tank slappers --- sheeeiite!! I'll be off on my bum so quick and still hanging onto my helmet so tightly they'll have to bury me in it!!

Won't do the bike much good either!!!

Hell, I can see the junction up ahead about one and half k's away and I am really starting to get the wind up ... tense even ... certain parts are beginning to pucker ... if the lights change to red and that huge B-Double waiting at the lights is in the middle of the junction when I get there, jeeesus, I'm going to be a hood ornament next to that bloody chrome bull dog!! Must try and pull hands really hard ... can I make them any smaller ... 800 metres ... the left one is giving a little ... maybe the gloves are slipping on the sweat now pouring from every pore ... 600 metres

yes, yes, that's it, they're wet with sweat I am going to have to hit the footbrake in the next few seconds ... can't hit that @# \$*&@ big truck at this speed, it might scratch his duco ... yes! yes! ripper! Got the left hand out ... now hit foot brake to cancel cruise, de-clutch and slow bike with foot brake ... steer for the shoulder ... slowing down ... slide foot... stop ... ease out clutch to stall bike ... side stand down ... switch off bike with left hand, right hand still glued to helmet ... tintops going past must think I've got toothache ... fall off into grass ... lay there for 5 minutes till the shaking stops and the adrenaline rush dissipates... now release helmet with left hand and remove sweat soaked head. Breathe out ---- Shizer! Was that ever close! I'll buy a Tatts ticket in Albury!

When I had recovered, I realised there were two observations here:-

No. 1: It's not a good idea to open or shut your helmet when on the move. and

No. 2: Did you know, "adrenaline" is brown!!

Supplied By
Rory Hume MD 89

Rides & events

REMEMBER! The Mad Dog Rides!

Isabella, Family Weekend - April 29th / May 1st

Tuesdays at 8.15 pm Starbucks, Glorietta

Saturdays 5.15 am A&W Makati Av.

Sunday April 8 & 29—Contact Joe Fitter MD111

Kidnapped for Ransom



Police say the lighters were abducted on Super Ferries 12 & 2—more inside ...