

**DOG**



**DIRT**

*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!*

# SING, DOG, SING!

**C**arl 63 and Sticky 84 have both recently moved across to Singapore. Their application for Chapter status is in the post but in the interim, Carl has forwarded this epic ride report. As he says—**Look out Singapore, The Dogs Have Arrived!**

The plan was simple meet after work at the Handlebar Singapore's greatest (only) biker bar and ride into Malaysia and tour around for a couple of days.

Well Friday seemed to go on forever and it was a great day sun shining, not too humid perfect riding weather, leaving work bang on 5.30 I was packed and on the road to the Handlebar by 6.15 and of course it was now raining, but hell it wouldn't be a Maddog run without rain now would it.

Darren was already there holding court with some

300kph bike. Yeah your right it's the latter. Actually it seems that the Hayabusa is the ladies bike of choice in Singapore (don't tell Jojo).

Anyway I digress, back to the story were sitting there and Darren happens too mention that he'd just got his new passport that day and how cool it was that he'd be getting a Malaysian stamp in it the same day. Heres where it starts to get Messy.....

### THE CHALLENGE

Andy (a large American, Tattooed born again rider, ex Philippines resident and potential MDMC Singapore prospect says) "Hey why settle for one immigration stamp when you can get two just by riding to the Thai border"

Chris (" if you don't like biker music go somewhere else") the owner of the Handlebar and his wife Jan (Harley-Davidson sales manager/rider) say that

That was it Challenge **accepted.**

After all we had the honor and reputation of MDMC on the line. After all we are used to riding 13+ hours (Thai border only nine hours away) and how bad could the traffic be after all we came from Manila, so what if it was raining it would stop soon enough it always does, doesn't it). A couple of beers for Dutch courage (sorry Jerry) donned the leathers and we said our fair wells and we were on our way to what was going to be the biggest and most memorable ride of our lives.

### THE JOURNEY

#### 7.15pm Friday

Now to get to Malaysia you leave the Handle bar turn left, do a U-Turn to head right and then it's the second Left. Within 25 minutes obeying the 90kph speed limit we hit the border (causeway) no

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## " ... a stunning woman with her arse in the air ... "

fellow bikers and lady riders (nothing really quite like a beautiful Singaporean lady riding a Hayabusa don't know why maybe it's the common love or motorcycling or maybe it's the sight of a 5'2' stunning woman with her arse in the air crouching over a

given the Holliday traffic and the fact that we had both worked that day and not rested Thailand was just to far.

Andy chips again and says "Its up to you guys but you can't get a beer in Malaysia over Ramadan".

traffic, we head into immigration and SHIT at least 200 bikes (little 125s and Scooters as all the Malaysian workers head home for the weekend and to spend Hara Raya (Malaysian/Muslim New year with their family) af-

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# SING, DOG, SING!

(Continued from page 1)

ter nearly 2 hours we get to immigration pay the 50c toll and we are on our way, crossing the causeway at night was quite eerie quiet, freezing cold and a hell of a wind, oh yes it was still raining. Anyone that rides a Fat Boy will tell you the solid wheels in high crosswinds are a real handful.

5 minutes later and the illuminated sign declares welcome to Malaysia no hold up this side as all the Malaysians just wiz through the immigration barriers, but we have to stop fill out the immigration form, the customs declaration and the health questionnaire and get the passports stamped after all that was the challenge, after about 20 minutes we were on our way again.

Oh by the way the Malaysian people are really friendly people where else would an immigration officer volunteer to fill out the cards so that "he didn't delay us unnecessarily.

We enter Malaysia and hit the toll both where they have a dedicated motorcycle lane and pay our 1 Ringgit toll (we didn't know that was the only toll charge for the whole journey)

10 minutes later we arrive at our first of many gas stops the time 9.15pm and we had covered 71 kilometers. Although neither Darren nor I mentioned it until much later we were both starting to have serious doubts as to whether we could actually do this.

Anyway gassed up a couple of medicinal non-alcoholic Red Bulls to help keep us awake and we were off again heading towards Melaka a mere 224 Kilometers away (oh yeah its still raining).

Now the roads in Malaysia make those in Thailand look like the North expressway they really are unbelievable and we wind the bikes up to 120kph, 10k over speed limit as we had been warned that Malaysian police whilst friendly targeted Singapore license plates and big-bikes for "lunch money." Although the "voluntary payment" was only 50 Ringgit we wanted to avoid any unnecessary delays caused by being flagged down, producing documentation and the negotiating the fine for the supposed offense.

We are making good time and the bikes a purring

nicely its still raining but I felt sure it would stop soon as I could see stars, absolutely no traffic at all in fact all I can see is Darren's colors flapping in the wind proudly heralding the arrival of MDMC in Malaysia.

We cover the 224 kilometers in around 2 hours stop for gas as my gauge is reading quarter full Darren's on the other hand is reading half full either my 1450cc with the Mikuni is much thirstier than Darren's 2001 fuel injected or one of our gauges is not calibrated correctly we'd have to watch this, just in case as gas stops are at 150k intervals.

Time is now around 12.15 we are gassed up and whilst wet and really cold in pretty good spirits and exhilarated by 2 hours cruising along at 120 the only problem we were encountering was the crosswinds which were gusting quite hard and pushing us around more than we would have liked. We subsequently learnt that the winds are so bad that the Malaysian government has installed wind socks, like at the airport to warn motorists ahead of time as numerous cars, trucks,

bikes have been literally blown off the highway, we were however blissfully unaware of the potential danger and pushed off again our next target was Kuala Lumpur (KL) which we would have to bypass on the way up to IPOH.

IPOH was just 349k away and Darren suggested we crank up the speed a bit as it was now 12.45 and we had a long way to go if the honor of MDMC was to be upheld. No problem I thought, it's stopped raining and whilst we are passing a few cars the traffic was light. We head off and approaching KL traffic starts to get heavier but it is the capital and a Friday night so that's probably normal. It's raining again but we are past caring I am tired and my arse is on fire the wet jeans have creased and are trying (or so it feels) to cut my buttocks off. I continually wiggle trying to find a less painful riding position accepting that getting comfortable was now impossible. I sought solace in the fact that Darren too was constantly readjusting his riding position good it's not just because I've got a fat arse then.

We pull into a gas station

**Below: "This is MY BIKE !! "Carl 63 - getting possessive about his new Fatty.**



**Below Sticky 84 - "Which way to the Complex"**



# SING, DOG, SING!

about 50k past KL and both literally slide of our bikes as standing up is just so painful my body is aching my arms and chest are numb from the constant pounding from the wind. I'm fucked.

When we pulled in we saw a radical Japanese chopper it was stretched, raked and had a trick swing arm suspension. A Malaysian guy in black T-shirt was off to one side having a cigarette seeing us pull up; he walked off not so friendly after all.

We decide to rest for 45 minutes have some coffee and a cigarette or two to try and wake up I go to get the coffee (it's my turn). When I come out the Malaysian guy has reappeared and is wearing colors, (I guess he dashed off to get them seeing ours FINE) we tried to decipher the words but couldn't and his English was not up to much. Looked pretty hardcore skull crossed pistons ala Outlaws Red and black no 1% patch after admiring our bikes for a while he said goodbye and disappeared into the night. Leaving two very tired Maddogs alone, unable to sit down and only HALF WAY. Can we really do this?

2.30am ITS STILL FUCKING RAINING and we pull out of the gas station heading for IPOH 30k down the road we hit a traffic Jam must be an accident I think recalling the graphic poster of a dead Malaysian biker and an announcement that 31,000 Malaysians die each year in road accidents. We slow down to 80k traffic still moving but it feels like a crawl in my mirror I see blue flashing lights as a police car travels up the

hard shoulder, good he's going to sort it out.

It passes us and is followed by lots of little 125s Darren and I join in and I have the lead one by one the little bikes overtake the police car a roar or rather buzz off I wonder if this is a smart move or whether we are just asking to be stopped after a couple of minutes the PA on police announces something in Malay and I think oh fuck here we go, but he's not stopping us then the driver leans out and waves us on so we overtake a crank it up to 100k on the hard shoulder. Actually motorcycles are allowed to use the hard shoulder and in fact encouraged to do so it's no problem as the hard shoulder is also perfect and wide enough to overtake the slower bikes.

After another 30 minutes Darren is bored I am going too slow and he takes off rejoins the motorway traffic and weaves in and out Maddog style, difference being the cars are jammed but traveling at 80kph nose to tail and he's weaving in and out at 140kph. I try to keep up but anything over 120kph is just too hard for me I am tired and just can't get into a rhythm.

I lose sight of Darren and I am on my own, actually it was good for me I now had to concentrate on more than Darren's tail light and to keep my eyes open for signs to IPOH. I am not worried as I know Darren will wait at next gas station, he's my brother. The additional adrenalin of weaving in and out of the traffic and reading the signs is making me feel more awake but I know its taking its toll and that my energy levels are draining fast.

I push on sign says IPOH 86k reckon 45minutes till next stop, traffic slows and even hard shoulder is jammed 20 minutes later sign reads IPOH 80k shit this is a nightmare. I am blinded by a never ending line of red tail lights I can feel my pulse slowing as the adrenalin rush wears off I need to sleep NOW. I can't I have to keep going Darren is tired and he's waiting for me it's not fair to him I sing, shout open visor everything to STAY AWAKE. Next sign reads IPOH 45 hang in there you can do it. Car stops abruptly and I lock the brakes had I fallen asleep, fuck it Carl wake up. The near miss did it, my adrenalin is back on line I change down gear, grit my teeth and hit the hard shoulder, visor up, 110kph lets get this done.

Sign reads IPOH 2k don't relax its not over yet where's the gas station, did I pass it, and am I ahead of Darren oh shit what a nightmare.

Sign reads IPOH turn left. Can't remember whether we are heading to IPOH or if we were just using sign as guide I pull over and get my cell phone. I new message Darren (BROTHERHOOD) message reads 'follow sign to IPOH first Esso station on right' time reads 5.05am great he's just 15 minutes ahead of me I turn off and gun it traffic lights, RED fuck it run the lights and the next set I am keeping my brother waiting fuck law and order get there NOW.

I pull in Darren is sitting and looks suitably fucked up too. We gas up and confess too each other that the last leg had killed us. Options check into a hotel

in IPOH and pussy out on the challenge or keep going. NO OPTION keep going, tough it out and hope that daylight comes soon.

We head off rejoin highway and traffic starts to thin but the rain is still there we are into the mountains heading toward George Town on E1 is it my imagination or is it getting warmer the black is now a midnight blue but the Irony of it being 6.05am was not lost on me. Yes its getting warmer we push on together again as Darren is now tired and we sit at 120 over one mountain, then another, crosswinds worse than ever heavy rain, just ignore it keep going.

The Harleys are in control now confident that they will deliver us safely to whatever destination we choose. The bike is now mine no longer the new Harley I bought from a guy called Eugene but my bike, Carl's bike, the bond has been forged and trust grows with each passing kilometer.

As the sun rises so do my spirits I feel refreshed the pain eases and I am just enjoying the adventure, fear of failing gone. God I love this. We ride on. Daylight I have to hold back a tear I am just so happy to be seeing another dawn, and where better than in a strange country on a Harley with a Brother ahead of me and Thailand firmly in our sites.

We stop its 7.30am we've been traveling for 12 hours and the Border is just 60k away. We relax and take 45 minutes off I phone Egay and tell him we are about to cross into Thailand we chat about MDMC and stuff, the stuff that



# SING, DOG, SING!

matters to no one but Mad-dogs, the Stuff that lifts your spirits and I recall an old T-shirt the read “the tranquility of solitude the knowledge of Brotherhood. MDFFMD - FUCK YES.

We gas up and head to the border 150kph lets get there. We arrive and now all we need to do is the paperwork, but where to start all the signs in Thai and English not spoken. Darren’s command of the Thai language was mostly likely going to get arrested as whilst good in a bar at Nana was little use with a 50 year old male immigration officer who just kept pointing off some vague direction.

Luckily two seasoned Singapore riders see that we were struggling and guide us through the process. In the course of what turned out to be a fairly lengthy affair we learn that our fellow bikers left at 11pm and arrived just after us, they were amazed that we

had left at 7pm as apparently nobody in there right minds leaves Singapore on Friday before Ramadan.

Darren just smiled and said “your right but we are Maddogs” they didn’t understand, but I did BROTHERHOOD I hope one day they feel it too because they were cool guys, sure they were riding Pan Europeans the easy way to travel long distances but cool guys nonetheless.

1. Park bike
2. Get passport stamped
3. Fill out immigration form
4. Have bike documents and insurance and driving license input by customs
5. Sign declaration Pay Insurance

After about 1 hour we are ready to cross the border a Malaysian in a Harley shirt comes across and wants to know all about MDMC I am just so tired I want to

tell him to Fuck off but we chat for a while he gives me his card he rides a softail custom and I promise to look him up next time I am in Malaysia.

Finally we leave and cross into Thailand the roads remind us of the Philippines sure they are good but nothing comes close to Malaysia. We are heading to Hat Yai which is supposed to be a good place to visit and we follow the signs. 61k later we pull up and grab hold of a motorcycle Taxi guy give him 100 Baht and say take us to the best Hotel in town 5 minutes later we are checking in to a suite. We made it and now of course we are not tired so we order food and a traditional Thai massage, grab a few hours sleep.

Later we go out for dinner and I am sure that everyone in the country and western bar thought we were gay as we put the worlds to rights a relieved

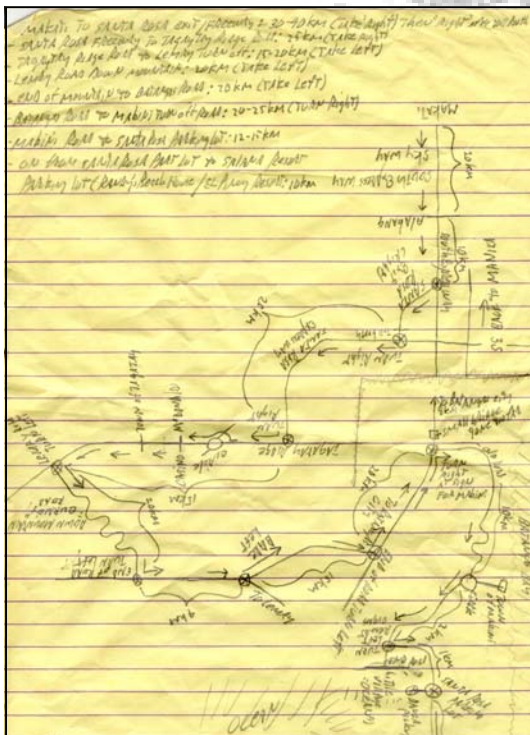
the journey blow by blow as only too brothers can.

The beer was cold.

The next morning we awake have breakfast ready to ride back to Singapore we look out of the window and ITS RAINING. We leave at 12.15 and back in Handlebar for a beer at 10pm. Darren rides through the bar just to make the point and tachometers are checked and passports viewed. 1900k in two days, 3 countries twice. Drinks on the house, high fives all round.

I phone the wife tell I’ve been to Thailand and well.....that’s another story, but she joins and is proud of our achievement as everyone in the bar tells her were crazy, No she says “their not crazy THEY ARE MADDODGS.

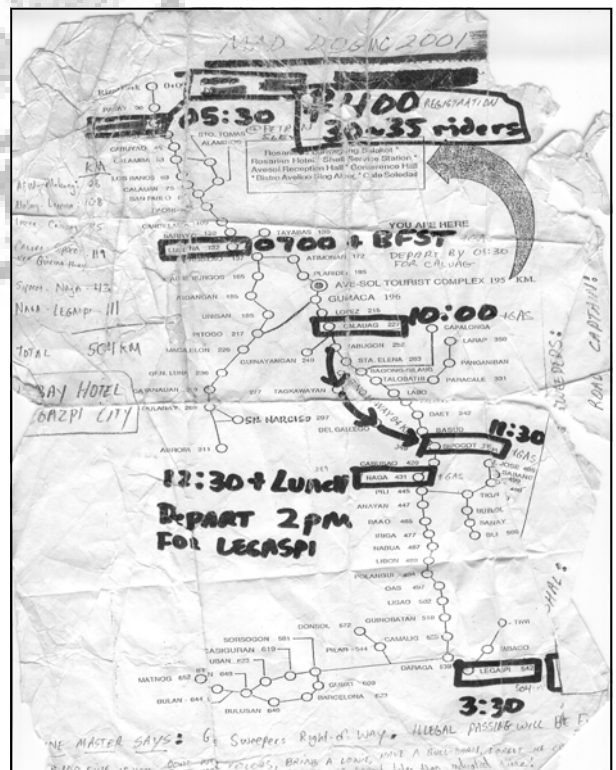
**Look out Singapore the Maddogs have arrived.**



Here’s a couple of examples of Dog Maps.

As you can appreciate, we never get lost. We just don’t get to places the way we planned!

**Left:**  
T-Bone’s infamously Analou Map  
**Right:**  
Legaspi 2001 Map



## A LITTLE SAL SAL ?

### Dwarf Sues to Overturn Dwarf-Tossing Ban

**T**AMPA, Fla. (Reuters) - A radio broadcaster known as "Dave the Dwarf" has sued to overturn Florida's ban on "dwarf tossing," saying he should be allowed to decide for himself whether to participate in the barroom contests.

"Dwarf tossing" is a contest in which dwarfs don harnesses and allow bar patrons to hurl them through the air onto mattresses.

Florida banned it in 1989 amid intense lobbying from the advocacy group Little People of America, which said the

contests were demeaning and encouraged people to treat dwarfs as objects. Bars that allow the contests can be stripped of their liquor licenses.

David Flood, a dwarf who is 38 inches (96.5 cm) tall, filed suit on Wednesday in U.S. District Court in Tampa,

challenging the ban as unconstitutional. He said it illegally singles out people with dwarfism.

"As soon as you have a physical handicap ... all of the sudden they treat you like you don't have a mind of your own," Flood told the Tampa Tribune. "Just because I'm 3-foot-2 doesn't mean I can't make decisions."

Flood, 37, works as "Dave the Dwarf" on the morning radio show on Tampa station WFLZ.

*Editors Note: In English slang to "toss" is to wank. So you could read this article as saying it is OK to toss off dwarves in Florida. Wonder how much that costs?*

## 2002 ELECTIONS

The 2002 Elections took place at the AGM on December 8<sup>th</sup>.

### The Board of Directors for 2002 are

President	T-Bone	94
VP/Legal Affairs	James	100
Secretary	Boy	85
Treasurer	Willy	71
Auditor	B.Y.	120
Rides	Egay	48
Grievances	Chito	1
Special Projects	S.T.	65
No Portfolio	Carl	63

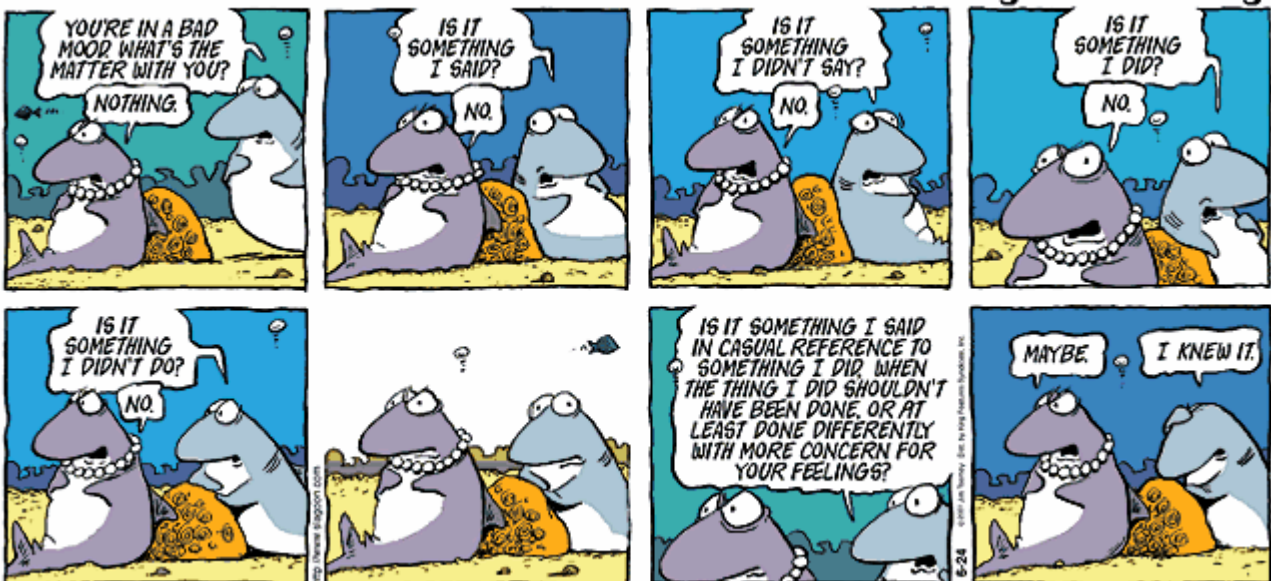
### Committee Chairman

Club House	Papadad	111
Membership	John Joe	95
Sgt At Arms / Finemaster	Fluffy	89

There was a young mouse named Keith,  
Who circumcised men with his teeth.  
It wasn't for leisure,  
Or sexual pleasure,  
'twas to get at the cheese underneath.

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by Jim Toomey



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## PRESIDENTIAL DAY

T-Bone 94, President recently forwarded details of his perfect day. Sounds OK this retirement stuff.

- 6:00 Alarm
- 6:15 Blow Job
- 6:30 Massive satisfying dump while reading the sports section
- 7:00 Breakfast - rump steak and eggs, coffee and toast, a all cooked by naked buxom wench
- 7:30 Limo arrives
- 7:45 Several Rusty Nails en-route to airport
- 9:15 Flight in personal Lear Jet
- 9:30 Limo to Riverside Oaks Golf Club (blow job enroute)
- 9:45 Play front nine (2 under)
- 11:45 Lunch - Pie, chips and gravy, 3 lagers and a glass of Dom Perignon
- 12:15 Blow job
- 12:30 Play back nine (4 under)
- 2:15 Limo back to the airport (several Rusty Nails)
- 2:30 Fly to Monte Carlo
- 3:30 Late afternoon fishing excursion with all female crew (all nude)
- 4:30 Land world record Marlin (1234lbs) - on light tackle
- 5:00 Fly home, massage and hand job by naked Elle McPherson
- 6:45 Shit, shower and shave
- 7:00 Watch news - Michael Jackson assassinated, marijuana and porn legalized
- 7:30 Dinner - lobster appetizers, Dom Perignon (1953), big juicy fillet steak followed by ice-cream served on a pair of tits
- 9:00 Napoleon Brandy and Cohuna Cigar in front of wall size TV as you watch international match of the day; USA beat Afghanistan 11-0
- 9:30 Sex with three women (all with lesbian tendencies)
- 11:00 Massage and Jacuzzi with tasty pizza snacks and a cleansing ale
- 11:30 A night cap blow job
- 11:45 In bed (alone)
- 11:50 A 12 second fart which changes note 4 times and forces Timber the dog to leave the room.

**There was a young girl from Carlshalton,  
Who had one long tit and one short 'un,  
In addition to that,  
She had a hairy great twat  
And a fart like a 600 Norton.**

## FUTURE RIDES &

**Board of  
Directors Meeting  
8th January  
6.00pm  
Dog House**

**REMEMBER!  
The Mad Dog Rides!**  
  
Tuesdays at 8.00 pm  
Starbucks, Glorietta  
Saturdays 5.15 am  
A&W Makati Av.

## ROAD SLANG

### AEROPLANE BLONDE

One who has bleached/dyed her hair but still has a 'black box'.

### AUSSIE KISS

Similar to a French Kiss, but given down under.

### BEAVER LEAVER

A homosexual.

### BEER COMPASS

The invisible device that ensures your safe arrival home after a booze cruise, even though you're too pissed to remember where you live, how you get there, and where you've come from.

### BOBFOC

Body Off Baywatch, Face Off Crimewatch.

### BONE OF CONTENTION

A hard-on that causes an argument, e.g. one that arises when a man is watching Olympic beach volleyball on TV with his girlfriend.

### BREAKING THE SEAL

Your first piss in the pub, usually after 2 hours of drinking. After breaking the seal of your bladder, repeat visits to the toilet will be required every 10 or 15 minutes for the rest of the night.

### BRUCE LEE

Erect nipple (as in, a hard Nip).

### BUNNY-BOILER

An unhinged and overly possessive woman. From the rabbit boiling scene in the film "Fatal Attraction", e.g. "I don't like the look of that aeroplane blonde - could be a bunny boiler".

### ETCH-A-SKETCH

Trying to draw a smile on a woman's face by twiddling both of her nipples simultaneously.

### FUCKSHITFUCKSHIT-FUCKSHIT

The sound made when

riding through too narrow a gap at too high a speed.

### GOING FOR A McSHIT

Entering a fast food restaurant with no intention of buying food, you're just going to the bog. If challenged by a pimply staff member, your declaration to them that you'll buy their food afterwards is a McShit With Lies.

### JOHNNY-NO-STARS

A young man of substandard intelligence, the typical adolescent who works in a burger restaurant. The 'no-stars' comes from the badges displaying stars that staff at fast-food restaurants often wear to show their level of training.

### MYSTERY BUS

The bus that arrives at the pub on Friday night while you're in the toilet after your 10<sup>th</sup> beer, and whisks away all the unattractive people so the pub is suddenly packed with stunners when you come back in.

### MYSTERY TAXI

The taxi that arrives at your place on Saturday morning before you wake up, whisks away the stunner you slept with, and leaves a porker in your bed instead.

### PEARL HARBOUR

Cold (weather). An example of it would be - "It's a bit Pearl Harbour out there!" Meaning - there's a nasty 'nip' in the air.

### SWAMP-DONKEY

A deeply unattractive woman.

### TEN-PINTER

Someone that you'd only chat up after drinking at least 10 pints.

### TITANIC

A lady who goes down first time out.

**X-PILES** Unwanted visitors from Uranus.