

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!

THAI RIDE

Well, those that went know what an excellent time was had. Those of you who opted to stay put Well there's always next year. **Spankit 115** tells us more.

Unleash the Dogs of War! ... or rather, Mad Dogs take a vacation. Not a lot of difference really, the objectives were clear - identify the target, launch a full frontal assault, identify trenches, take prisoners when required, reconnoitre and survey surrounding countryside, and destroy liver and brain cells with dangerous chemical weapons. So Thailand here we come!

Eventually, all the ground forces were gathered together by 31st October and selected their chosen troop carriers, mainly Honda Steeds and Super-Fours though the wealthier (or show-offs) stretched the budget to a Harley or Yamaha 1000. So, we

Many thanks again to **Tom 2**, International President, and his staff for excellent hospitality.

There were some rides planned with the help of Tom and Mo (Slomo from the Jesters) with a pretty good turn-out on each. Well, as you would expect from a tropical country, bodies were burnt in the morning and soaked by torrential rain in the afternoon. It was a shock to discover after passing through knee high floods that some crocodiles had escaped from the local crocodile farm into the water, damn, this really is trench warfare. Pity we did spot any. Could have done with a new set of boots!

The only non-commissioned soldier was Private **Prospect Big John** who, it should be said, was an absolute trooper throughout. Although wearing somewhat unofficial battle armour in the form of an increasingly grubby bra occasionally enhanced with tissues or mangoes! An award should go to **Lock 103** for

The second ride, the Poker Run, was great fun. Just one minor breakdown with **Boy 87** proving that you can take a Steed to water but you can't always make it go!. Onwards we battled, through the back end of a typhoon on to a great Italian restaurant to dry out, though the aircon nearly claimed a few fingers and toes from frost-bite. Throughout the day, playing cards were collected by members for the final game. A good beer stop later onto brought us back into Pattaya for poker game and the Halloween/Festival of Lights fiesta. After a bit of illegal horse trading **Sticky 84** finally emerged as the winner with 4 Jacks but after expenses deducted through the day his prize money covered just a bell ring and a tip. Wow, our lady partners did us proud dressing up in local Thai dress to join in the festivities, and the kids had great fun watching the small rafts of flowers and lights disappear across the sea into the dark.

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“ ... launch a full frontal assault ... ”

eventually the sortie brought us (about 25 Dogs) to the Wild Chicken.

keeping John on his toes, or laying him out flat with Rum and Cokes!

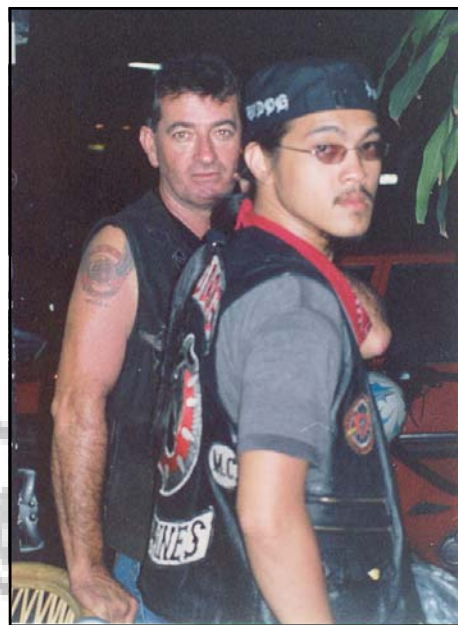
Next day was the BoD meeting that actually

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THAI TRIP PHOTOS



Boy 87 and James 100 relax after one of the Road Trips



**Above: Lock 103 and Ems 78
Would you mess with these guys ?**



Above: The MDMC Supporters Club enjoying the excellent hospitality of the "Wild Chicken" Pattaya

Right: Prospect Big John shows off his new Spring 2002 Collection



Below: Fluffy 89 and Pedro 102 acting out their "Biker as Beach Bum" fantasy

Below : Some of the Mad Puppies enjoying a day trip to the beach



THE BIG SID

A motorcyclist knows the bikes are alive. Or rather, a motorcyclist understands that when you truly love an inanimate object you see it no differently than you do a living thing.

This insight, as threadbare as it may be, is what separates a motorcyclist from most people who ride motorcycles.

You can determine into which camp you fall by examining yourself: I stated a fact, and if you know this to be a fact, you are a motorcyclist. They are alive. To me they are the only thing that is certifiably so. All this is a backended way to say that motorcycles also die, and part of the tragedy is that though such an end is inevitable, a motorcycle's natural life is remarkably long (far longer than a man's) but its full complement of years is rarely if ever reached because eventually the motorcycle encounters an individual, usually a man and its owner, who in a short time abuses it into scrap. Naturally, the men who do so will tell you I am lying when I say they die.

"No no", they say, "bikes just run out."

But if you love them they don't

Well then, "Where are the loved ones?" they demand

And at that point it is tough to prove them wrong because so many motorcycles are killed so young. Its like they have no life, that they are really no different than a dishwasher. But they are, they are different. And here and there, in scattered fistfuls, old motorcycles are with us, defending their honor. In actual fact, bikes from the

1930s can, in some ways, hold their own against today's machines. Such things as lights, brakes, and shocks would fair poorly, many of these models offer simple and effective power units within overall designs that are more elegantly fashioned and finished. Nevertheless, most guys refuse to believe what I am telling you, because they need to keep telling themselves that they didn't kill that bike, it just ran out.

But they live.

They were intended to age with dignity and strength, but machines which are not seen to be alive are not loved and so they sputter past youth and die young, and that is generally what happens and it happens more and more because motorcyclists are dying, leaving the bikes to people who do not know that the bikes are alive and that living things demand our love. How can you love what you don't see as alive? You can't, and so in a way you do not even know what love is in even its most general expression. If you can't love a motorcycle, you can not love a woman. You are not yet wise enough to marry, the Rabbis would say. Because a motorcycle is so much easier to love than a woman: it demands so little, and yet most guys use it with such indifference.

God, the average guy practically about spits on his bike. For example, they generally simply mount her, insert the key, turn it, press the start button and ride off. What kind of motorcyclist wouldn't at least walk around his bike once before getting on it? Is there anything leaking, any dirt, and new burns,

splatters, or discoloration on the engine, the cables, the hoses, the exhaust pipes? At the same time that you are looking, you discover in yourself the capacity to flatter, to tell yourself you must be the luckiest man on the earth right now—look at you, you have nothing stopping you from getting on a bike and riding! Such rituals allow you to discover deeper depths of love within. While walking around eyeing the bike, you tell her you will never part with her; you review the myriad of modifications you have at one time contemplated, everything from new pipes to racing carbs to the latest tank bag with elegant leather stitching. These impulses reflect the capacity to love.

Of course a lot of guys crash and die. They torture their own mounts, sitting at a light, constantly lashing the throttle—"wooden, wooden, wooden." Some day you just know she is going to break under such abuse, and she might very well decide the best time to seize and buck him off is when he is doing something foolish at 130 mph. (Of course, then again maybe he did nothing to deserve such luck.) Motorcycles are far more forgiving than women, and yet guys, through a brutish indifference and stupidity, practically make their motorcycles rise up and kill them

All of us, we kill so many things without understanding that they were alive in the

first place—how can we be surprised those objects are now striking back, that this is what it means to have polluted the world. That is what the life of a motorcyclist teaches you: these are basic truths, and they are wound inextricably into a love for craftsmanship, a love of good words and good deeds. On a motorcycle, you don't learn how to make life perfect or immortal, and you don't learn how to stop killing, but you can start to learn that what you can do is help prolong the life of and ease the death of everything we are inevitably killing.

Bikes die; even the haughtiest bike. If you do not bestow on it the kind of affection thrown away on the objects of sexual desire, you will kill it

The Big Sid

DOGS SHOW

Show Time
09:00, 14:00
16:00, 18:00

**WORLD DOGS CENTER
PATTAYA THAILAND**

Was this the reason for MDMC Thailand not turning up for the ride?

THAI RIDE

(Continued from page 1)
 dragged on past mid-day so it was decided to have a half-hour run down the road to the beach. A good feed, despite the flies, and general R'n'R in the sea. Again, deadly forces were deployed by the enemy in the form of killer sardines whose prime target was **Lucky – The Dog Slayer 113** and they repeatedly tried to attack him. Unbeknown a vicious coconut loomed nearby like a WW2 sea mine and was only discovered at the last minute, clearly a last ditch attempt to destroy our morale but a bombardment of rocks from **ST 65** and **Peter Pan 114** and general verbals from **Spankit 115** and **John Joe 95**, succeeded to bolster confidence allowing a relaxed shore landing.

Evenings were generally spent touring local night-spots, including Hard Rock Cafe, where the upstairs sound system was louder

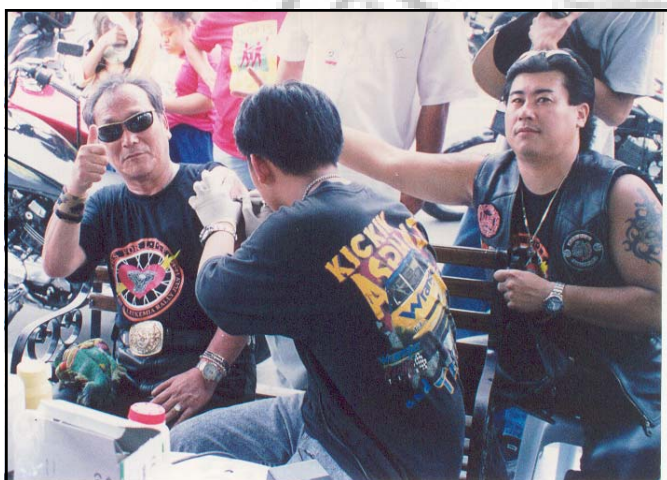
than the band downstairs. Whether it was the band or the beer, the music did improve later on, but many Dogs elected to venture out on their own in a last ditch attempt to subdue the locals!

Thanks to Dog Slayer for designing and organizing the ride patches, don't know what it says, but it looks very impressive. Thanks also to **Randy 94**, **Carl 63** and **James 100** for managing the funds and to all who worked behind the scenes to get the Dogs on the road..

All in all, not a bad trip, though due to the timing some guys budgets were pushed to the limit. Most guys drifted away to Bangkok on the Sunday with a few stragglers coming home safely a few days later (or in Dog Slayer's case weeks later).

Spankit 115

MAD DOG JAPAN



MDMC Japan's President Kato San 73 (right) overlooks Naoyuki Takahashi 116 (left) being made-up with his tattoo at the Biker's For LIFE event earlier this year. Jun's Tattoo came to Manila from Angeles City especially for the event.

BABOYS MC

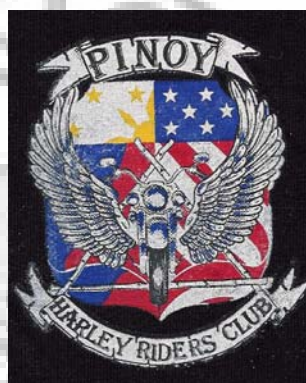
Check out some of the Pinoy Clubs in the States.

Baboys MC is based in the Bay Area:

Their site is at:
<http://www.geocities.com/baboysmc/>

Also Pinoys HD Club at

<http://georgedt.tripod.com/pinoyharley/>



CHEERS

Drinking Toasts from around the world:

Britain - Cheers

Philippines - Mabuhay

Now the good ones -

Belgium: Op Uw Gezondeid

Burma - Auug Bar See

Korea - Kong Gang Ul Wi-Ha Yo

Latvian - Lai ta Buda Ruc

Tanzania - Kwa Afya Yako

Tibet - Phun Tsun Tsok

Zulu - Oogy Wawa

Zulu - Poo-zim-pee-La

Nun So Funny

A nun gets into a cab and the cab driver won't stop staring at her. She asks him why is he staring and he replies, "I have a question to ask you but I don't want to offend you."

She answers, "My dear son, you cannot offend me. When you're as old as I am and have been a nun as long as I have, you get a chance to see and hear just about everything. I'm sure that there's nothing you could say or ask that I would find offensive."

"Well, I've always had a fantasy to have a nun perform oral sex on me."

She responds, "Well, let's see what we can do about that:

1) you have to be single; and

2) you must be Catholic."

The cab driver is very excited and says, "Yes, I am single and I'm Catholic too!"

The nun says, "O.K., pull into the next alley."

He does and the nun fulfills his fantasy. But when they get back on the road, the cab driver starts crying his eyes out.

"My dear child, why are you crying?"

"Forgive me sister, but I have sinned. I lied, I must confess, I'm married and I'm Jewish."

The nun says, "That's OK, my names Kev and I'm on my way to a fancy dress party."

CROCS & DOGS

After fording a few flooded roads and overflowing rivers the Dogs were a bit perturbed by this front page report from the Bangkok Post on Sunday morning.

Crocodiles escape from. flooded pond

Pattaya

Residents are on crocodile alert after an unknown number of sea-water crocodiles escaped from a breeding farm following heavy floods.

Suan Panomwattanakul, director of Million Years Stone Park and Crocodile Farm in Bang Lamung district, said it was unknown how many crocodiles were out there. Three of them were captured yesterday.

Floods brought on by heavy rain on Thursday had damaged one of the

breeding ponds.

"We don't know how many broke loose. We found a large hole in the pond through which they slipped," said Mr Suan. More than 2,000 crocodiles lived in that pond alone. The crocodiles are 15-20 years old and about 3-4 metres long, he said.

All three ponds, which house more than 10,000 crocodiles, were inundated

Mr Suan said the farm was working with local leaders and authorities to find the crocodiles.

Residents in tambon Nong Pa Lai and neighbouring areas had been told to watch their step. Teams of crocodile hunters had been dispatched.

The farm is surrounded by vast agricultural areas covering more than 1,000 rai, which are also now inundated.

MAKES YOU THINK

After his recent retirement Peter Balon 102 has announced that he will be taking up the role of Ben Kingsley's stunt double !



Will the real Pedro please stand up!

ARTICLE FROM *THE TIMES*:

A Canadian Teenager has set a new world record after stuffing 161 drinking straws into his mouth.

Andrew Fader, of Halifax, practised for months before tackling the record, previously 151.

His father, Gary, said: "I think he's a bonehead."

2002 ELECTIONS

The elections for the BoD members for 2002 will take place at the AGM on December 7th 2001. All Directors will be up for reelection. Anyone wishing to be put forward for election should make themselves known to the Comelec on a Tuesday night at the Clubhouse.

The current Board of Directors are:

President	Carl Huckstep	63
Vice President	Boy Santayana	85
Treasurer	T-Bone	94
Auditor	Willy Ortiz	71
Secretary	James Raterta	100
Clubhouse	Tony Tulipano	97
Rides	Chito San Agustin	1
General	Lee Brock	79
General	Egay Rivera	48

As already announced Lee Brock has resigned from the BoD and so will not be automatically put forward for re-election. Currently there are 4 members putting themselves forward for election to the Board. They are:

Jerry ST Echter	65	Rory Fluffy Hume	89
John Joe Morgan	95	Lock McKirky	10



"Dam, I never knew Lucky was a necrophiliac !"

NEW BOYS & OLD BOYS

Steve Ayles 28 Sent this email from Australia:

Things down under are very quiet, not too much to report. Getting used to married life, and living with a Filipina! I got married to Jingle (from Cebu) on February 10th, and also, **George Davies 27** got married to Jasmin (from Ormoc) on Feb 3rd, . Great celebrations, and **Bryan Hammer 29** made it down for two weeks.

Otherwise all is well we have a young pup, Jillian aged 2 and hopefully we will make it up to the P.I. in the near future.

Cheers,

Steve Ayles 28

Steve & Jingle (left) on their wedding day with George & Jasmin.



Also 2 new Prospects have joined us:

Dave "Meatloaf" Zaldivar and John "Muffy" Hoffman

The Club wishes you good fortune over the next few months of your probation. You know what's expected of you.

DOG ETIQUETTE

There has been talk of making sure all Dogs know the "unwritten" rules of the road. **Spankit 115** has kindly supplied a number of these:

Any Dog who brings a camera to a members only night may be legally killed or beaten by his fellow Dogs.

Under no circumstances may two Dogs share an umbrella.

It is ok for a Dog to cry under the following circumstances:

- When a heroic TV dog dies to save his master
- The moment Angelina Jolie starts unbuttoning her blouse
- After wrecking your boss' car
- One hour, 12 minutes, 37 seconds into *"The Crying Game"*
- When his date is using her teeth

Unless he murdered someone in your family or fellow Dog, you must bail a friend out of jail within 12 hours.

A Dog's sister is off limits forever, unless you actually marry her.

The minimum amount of time you have to wait for a Dog who's running late is 5 minutes. Maximum waiting time is 6 minutes. For a girl, you have to wait 10 minutes for every point of hotness she scores on the classic 1-10 scale.

Bitching about the brand of free beer in a Dog's fridge is forbidden. Gripe at will if the temperature is unsuitable.

No Dog shall ever be required to buy a birthday present for another Dog. In fact, even remembering your buddies birthday is optional.

When stumbling upon other Dogs watching a sporting event, you may always ask the score of the game in progress, but you may never ask who's playing.

It is permissible to quaff a fruity chick drink only when you're sunning on a tropical beach and it's delivered by a topless supermodel and it's free.

"No matter how good she looks, some other guy is sick and tired of putting up with her shit."

Men's rest room, Linda's Bar and Grill, Chapel Hill, N.C.

"If life is a waste of time, and time is a waste of life, then let's all get wasted and have the time of our lives."-

FUTURE RIDES & EVENTS

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Saturday 7th December

Maharajah Hotel, Fields Av., Angeles City

Members Only- Mandatory Attendance

REMEMBER!
The Mad Dog Rides!

Tuesdays at 8.00 pm
Starbucks, Glorietta
Saturdays 5.15 am
A&W Makati Av.