

# JACKPOT RALLY 2002 - LAS VEGAS, NEVADA



**Our annual visit to the best non-stop, action packed, fun city in the world arrived quicker than expected! So much has happened since our last venture...**

...good, bad and the unbelievable. September 11th has made a very lasting effect on everybody in the States in that security has reached gigantic proportions and the patriotism shown with the biggest flags flying everywhere wouldn't go amiss here, but the thing that strikes you most is how everyone has become closer and more carefree and full of life than ever before.

After last year, where we took nine hardy souls along with us, we thought we'd just take a handful this year as all the organizing and waiting about seemed to cause more stress than fun. As the day drew closer some of the chosen few started to fall by the wayside, no names being mentioned but Bulldog was one of 'em (Frisco in August mate! No excuses!)...so then there were three-Amanda, Smiler (Smashing Time) and my angelic self. After a grueling 18 hour shift at work, the magical day was upon us. Smokey Joe (Mysterons) was Parker for the day and we were whisked off to Gatwick for our flight to Las Vegas direct. Club member Richy Branson (you might have heard of him) upgraded us to business class. As we were sitting in our plush seats the mother of all coincidences occurred, sitting a couple of rows behind us were Karen and Adriana (ex-London Vikings), unbelievable, now we were five! The madness begins! After a ten and a half-hour flight and equal amounts of Moet, Zinfandel and Courvoisier later, we touched down in sunny Las Vegas. Temperature 75°

straight to our first hotel, the Luxor, which is the pyramid on the strip which boasts a ten story replica of the Sphinx. At \$650 million to build it's the second biggest hotel in Vegas after the MGM Grand. It is not a favorite amongst Asian gamblers as to them it represents a tomb, talking of which it is known that at least one bankrupt gambler has launched a suicide dive from a balcony inside the building!

The rally didn't actually start till the next day, so we busied ourselves visiting various casinos and bars. One of the bars had a revolving sushi circling the whole bar, which you are supposed to pick out a dish, which will then be added to your bill. Smiler and I were picking off the good bits and leaving the rest to rotate! (Very trusting are the Americans!). Obviously not expecting a couple of Mad Mods from London to upset the cart. Then onto Ballys for the best buffet you'll ever get, and finally the Bellagio for the fountains, which the girls liked. Time was taking its toll so back to the Luxor. In total we had been up for 26 hours! Rubber ducked are the fitting words that spring to mind.

The following day I was up at the crack of dawn...talking of cracks, it is impossible to walk down the strip without being handed shit loads of flyers, advertising hookers to visit your room, and believe me there are millions of these explicit flyers. Just out of interest (for journalistic purposes, honest!) I rang up for a price list, here it goes-For a naked visit to your room \$70, with a blow job \$150 extra. I could go on but I doubt it would be printed. It may sound pricey but it depends on where you are staying, the further down town you go the cheaper it gets, so if you head for the far end of the strip you'll get a shag and they'll probably pay you for it! Mind you, you might go home with an unwanted souvenir! Anyway, the day was spent doing the usual stuff, shopping and throwing up on the roller coaster, and spending money like water.

As the day progressed a steady stream of scooters were posing up and down the strip, anxiously awaiting the first meeting

point, being held at the Klondike. As we approached said venue those wonderful familiar sounds and smells filled the air...ahhh 2 stroke! Faces old and new greeted us 'Brits', Dave and Carrie Dubiner, those incredibly generous buddies of ours from San Francisco, showered us with gifts and niceties, so good to be back! As we entered the venue, Karen was asked to produce photo i.d. but not me...boo! (You know she's older than me).

Frozen margaritas are the Klondike's specialty and after a couple of them even Fatima Whitbread looks shagable. An hour or so passed and after purchasing patches which had doubled in price since last year it was time to hit the road to the next venue, the Rio.

By the time we left there must have been 150 scooters pulling off into the night and good thing to us someone had informed the cops so luckily everyone got away together. We managed to squeeze six of us into Dave's flashy convertible Pontiac, giving it large and burning rubber. True American style! Wahay! The American scooterists are pretty mad riders and have a wonderful outlook on life. Just spend a few minutes with them and they'll have you in stitches, it will feel as if you've known them for years. Genuinely happy, friendly people. Now the Rio changed dramatically in 1997 with the opening of the masquerade village \$200 million tower capped by a voodoo lounge and café where there is a show in the sky. Guests don costumes and masks for the floorshow and dancers, musicians and aerialists are on floats suspended from a ceiling track. Pretty crazy stuff! It was here that the real partying started. In amongst all this mayhem we hooked up with several English scooterists who had come to the rally on the strength of last years write-up, cheers for that. Mick and Mandy from Specials SC, Verena and Tim of A5 SC, Bristol Elite, Tim and Kerry of Happy House SC (and they were happy, believe me!), Tom and Vicki-too many to mention. There were also newly weds everywhere, still dressed in their finery. So if all brides are beautiful,

where do ugly wives come from?

Time was ticking by, 23:00 and jet lag was upon the girls, so off they tippy-toed to bed leaving me and Smiler to compete with the Yanks as far as drinking's concerned. By the way, we won... ha ha, up yours Chris! Before we got totally shitfaced an American scooterist (sorry, your name escapes me) wanted to show off his tuned Lamb Chop. "Go on, have a go buddy" he insisted. Not to disappoint the chap I obliged. Well I took off at speed through the car park, then turned left onto the freeway. Next thing you know all hell broke loose. "Fuckin' ell!" I thought as I was dazzled by a million headlights racing towards me, deafening sounds, car horns and screeching tires. I found myself weaving in and out of a tirade of oncoming traffic. I just about kept the thing on the road and to this day I don't know how the bike and me didn't get smashed to smithereens. Note-never ride on the wrong side of the road! I took the bike back, a bit shaky, to a wild round of applause, hearing shouts of "Hey, you motherf\*\*king Brits are god damn crazy man! Have a beer!" Time to exit to the next venue. There were ten of us Brits left by this time and we'd had a few, so with enough of us to get a stretch limo we all chipped in a few dollars and t off for a do organized by those wonderful 'acid' friends mine, held at the Golden Spike (Their 2nd Anniversary was appropriately named "Lost Wages" 2002). Talking of acid, my mate Billy the mortician tells me there is a new craze amongst some people to dip their smoking material in embalming fluid for an alternative feeling so to speak..... well whatever floats you, boat, but I don't want to taste death just yet! As we made our way up the strip I noticed a decanter and glasses in the limo. Feeling parched

I filled my glass and continued to gulp it down, wrong! It was neat vodka! I nearly threw up over this very flashy motor but held it in...just! Not meaning to be tight I offered the vodka around, so you can imagine the state of us lot when we reached (no pun intended) our destination. I bumped into Chris again, who insisted on buying me a drink. Not one to be impolite (although I wished I had, even I know when I've had enough... well sometimes!) he presented me with a tall glass, I took one sip and thought "Shit!", my teeth went green, tongue went black...and me bollox fell off. It was a Long Island ice tea. Ingredients: every light colored spirit on earth, with a dash of coke! That finished me off. Time to push out some Zs, it was 05:15 and I was out of my brain and insane.

Next day dawned and the ride out to the Hoover Dam. Well, I could lie my arse off and pretend that I'd done it, but I didn't. I couldn't hear the maid knocking on the door. Mr. Ga-Ga from Ga-Ga Land wouldn't let me awake. When I did wake up I thought I was taking my last breath as everyone was standing around my bed looking at me, but they were waiting for me to get my arse into gear!

Meeting point was the Harley Davidson Café again, and this year there were about 300 in attendance for the custom show. Also in attendance were 30 odd Harley owners none too pleased with all these scooterists taking over their gaff. Slightly different attitude out there, I say bollox!

And if that wasn't enough the Gestapo decided to have a pop dishing out parking tickets like they were going out of fashion! Then everyone was made to leave in bunches at a time, I know that feeling. By all accounts they re-

grouped and completed the ride out, albeit feeling a tad like a pubic hair on a bog seat.

Time to change hotels, no...we didn't trash it! We moved downtown to the Stratosphere, or as Karen put it "The Shitosphere"-obviously not impressed. Incidentally, next year they propose to build a vertical roller coaster from the top to bottom in a sort of U-shape. O.K., so what you might think. Well the tower is 1,150 feet in height. Can you imagine that? I think your arse would grip the seat so hard you'd get up and a small round part of the seat would be missing! Well depending on who you are of course...if it was Dale Winton then I should imagine the piece would be considerably larger! Saturday's bash was held at the Stock Exchange, a humble gaff on the outskirts of Vegas. A brilliant atmosphere with a door price of \$13, worth every cent I can tell you. Christophe did an excellent set followed by Miss Riley (who by the way had a waterfall and jacuzzi in her room, so Smiler informs me!). The do was in full swing and I bumped into my lovely cuddly friend from Swindon, she looked every inch the English skinhead...Hair, MAI, boots and braces, Union Jack t-shirt, with a really big p...pa...pair personality! I also bumped into Mothball from the Boston Stranglers, who actually lives half a mile from me! Bizarre! Also with him was Jason Cioffi who has his own scooter shop in Boston and is doing really well, so the scene must really be good on the east side of the U.S.

Not one to name drop but I actually met Pamela Anderson...really, it's true! First band on were the Las Vegas 9s, five freaky locals complete with brass section. They did a blinding set, a mixture of Dave Brubeck and The Ramones, peppered with Booker T. Great stuff and they looked impeccable with their Blues Brothers styling.

The second band were fantastic, named Harold Ray Live in Concert! They hailed from San Francisco and played very loud, fast and brash boogaloo, they had more energy than half a ton of blues! The lead singer exploded onto the stage giving it all

he could, shouting, screaming, dancing through the crowd. He reminded me of a cross between Screaming Jay Hawkins and Arthur Brown-on acid! Top stuff, I loved it. We partied till 2am then headed for the Aladdin for drinks with Carrie as Dave was feeling ill and had gone to bed. After Carrie called it a night Smiler, Amanda and my good self still wanted to carry on so we staggered up to the next casino, Paris.

As we sat at the bar Amanda had another one of her urges to spend money but had developed a rash on her hand over the past few days due to the nickel in coins, so she went off in search of a glove as casinos give these out to high rollers to stop their hands from getting dirty, very posh! Amanda acquired the said glove from the high roller section where all the slot machines are \$100 a go! That's about £80! When she put it on to show us at the bar it had a very strange effect on the barman as our drinks were automatically refilled for free wit the finest vodka available! Now a fight started over the magic glove between ourselves as we wanted to try this out at others bars, but it was now 7am and we were all so drunk we found the nearest taxi and headed back to the Shitosphere for a few hours sleep.

Sunday didn't really exist, the girls went shopping and Smiler and I nursed our sore heads after checking into our last hotel, Treasure Island. It was very grand, arranged in three towers, each containing thirty six stories with 2,900 rooms total and having floor to ceiling windows. We had rooms on the 32nd floor overlooking the strip towards the Luxor and Bellagio, which had amazing views. Made a change from overlooking the car park! As it was our last evening in Vegas we dressed up in dinner suits and cocktail dresses and headed for Caesars Palace for the seafood buffet complete with a whole lobster each and all for the bargain price of \$23! After filling our boots we made it over to the Hard Rock hotel in a black stretch limo for farewell drinks.

Five days in Vegas is more than enough for anyone so Monday morning, after going through an hours worth of security

checks and paperwork just to pick up the hire car, we got on the freeway and headed back to Los Angeles in the Bank Holiday traffic...but it was taking hours. The reason? A cop had shot and killed a driver and the body was lying on the roadside! Adriana nearly passed out and the mood in our car changed in an instant. After the accident/murder the traffic was picking up slightly and eight hours later we had finally reached Santa Monica home of Baywatch and the rich and famous. We sat by the pier taking in happy hour and the following day was spent on the beach and roller-skating along the promenade. What a change to Vegas! The weather had got warmer, always does on your last day away, and we visited shopped till we dropped, both Hard Rock cafes in Hollywood and even fitted in a drive to Malibu.

Well that's where I end my tale but Las Vegas is a PUKKA RALLY! If you decide to make the journey you will make life long friends and live a thousand days in one night, what a place to be! Hi to Salt Lake Pharaohs, Speed Demons, Kerry and Miss B, London Lushes, Sun City SC, Acid, Wussy, Tim, Upstart SC, Specials SC, Chris Cox, R-Gang, Oregon Crew, Mr. Dubiner, Scooter Daddy and everyone I didn't mention. I will miss all you guys but I know I will catch up with you at the King's Classic in SFO, not long till August...

Lastly a very special thank you to Amanda, you've done us all proud yet again, you're the best! Las Vegas really is the Eighth Wonder of The World-DO IT!

*Hands across the ocean, Wolfy, Mad Mods & Englishmen SC.*

