

The Bay

Clark & Subic Lifestyle, Leisure & Business

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April / May 2006

LAST CAVALRY CHARGE
AMERICAN STEEL
IN THE JET ZONE



IN THE SADDLE

PLUS: RECREATION / HISTORY / TOURISM / COMMUNITY / PERSONALITIES

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Dear Readers,

April is the start of the holiday season. Countless millions will be heading out of towns astride personal mobility devices of various shapes and sizes, and all will have one thing in common . . . they will all be sitting in saddles. Therefore we felt that it would be interesting to find some new places to take these saddles and some new types of saddle upon which to be taken.

Where the very first saddles were put to use is a slippery subject with many a claim from many a direction. As nobody seems to have definitive proof my task in informing is made so much easier: I can categorically state that the Sarmations in 365AD probably used the first saddles on horses somewhere along the Asian steppes. If you have doubts then go and search the oracle on the Internet. If you search there long enough you may even be convinced, as I almost was, that the origin of the saddle is "in the spectrum of holes in a CuO (cupric oxide) plane".

Since 365AD a saddle of sorts has been affixed to many mechanical devices to add comfort or control. The most comfortable saddles, it must be said, are those found on Jet Skis although I did sit on a chopperized Triumph Bonneville motorcycle once that I did not want to get off . . . but that could have had more to do with the fact that I was being simultaneously seduced by the subtle glow of a voluptuous siren who, in retrospect, probably desired the Triumph more than the conquest.

The thirteen articles in this edition of The Bay magazine offer testament to the diversity of saddles and the sometimes-significant personages who have been involved with them over the years. We also discovered some little known facts about why some saddles appear to flourish and how some fade into obscurity, apparently whimsically.

But, whatever your direction during this holiday season, please make a date with at least one of the people or places we have introduced here. If you need further insight to the opportunities for getting in saddles then drop by and chat with our ever-knowledgeable advertisers who are only too willing to point you in the direction of their favorite saddle.

Keep riding,

Martyn Willes
Consulting Editor

THE COVER

The American Steel Brotherhood in front
of the **U.S. 26th Cavalry Statue, Fort
Stotsenburg**, Clark Special Economic Zone
Photo by Kevin Hamdorf ©

NEXT ISSUE
JUNE - JULY 2006

Seats of Learning

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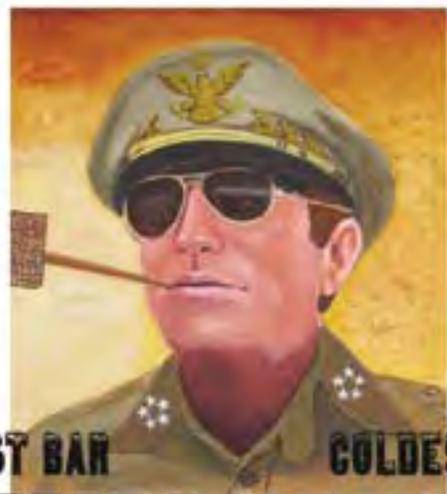
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THE SHERIFF OF EL KABAYO

BY MARTYN WILLES



Meet Gabriel "Gabby" Lao; Sheriff of El Kabayo and anywhere else that will have him.

El Kabayo started life as riding stables for the officers and friends of the former U.S. Navy facility in Subic Bay. During this time it was place of recreation where children especially were allowed to roam free and wild, unconcerned about the cares of the Cold War and the life and death struggles in places like Vietnam . . .

Without a care even for the many poisonous snakes and other tropical forest dangers. As Bonnie Hoff (Subic Bay resident 1971-78) recalls of her childhood spent in around the stables, "I think back and wonder what our parents and all the other adults were thinking, letting us kids run through the jungles the way we did."

Weekends and holidays were spent riding the trails, up to the waterfall and into the hills to scare the giant fruit

bats to flight. Sometimes the children would trek down the stream to the sawmill where they would float and frolic in the afternoon sun.

There was an active stud at the stables and young foals being born was a common sight. There were older horses there too, cared for by the children who also had a structured riding club. Rodeos were organized, as were show jumping competitions. Of course, where there are horses and children there will also be the inevitable games of cowboys and Indians. The children dressed up their horses every 4th-of-July for the big parade down in the town.

When the U.S. Forces left the base in 1992, the area where the stables were located was appraised for redevelopment at a value of around Php 500 million. Fortunately for the horses, it was decided that the area was an integral part of the

total tourism package that Subic should offer to the rest of the world and therefore it should not be developed for any other purpose.

When the APEC conference was scheduled to come to the Philippines in 1997 the facilities around the stables were expanded to create a "western ranch", similar to those made famous by Hollywood -- nestled in a valley, beside a stream, surrounded by forests and other lush vegetations it was the perfect setting. The picture book ranch was offered, as well as the nearby Subic Bay Golf and Country Club, as recreational adjunct to the luxury accommodation for the delegates at Triboa Bay. Subsequent to the departure of the APEC delegates the ranch was modified to attract tourists with

an interest in equestrian pursuits.

Every ranch needs someone to enforce the law and in October 2004 Sheriff Gabby was duly appointed to keep the visitors and animals in line. He has been twirling his six-gun and corralling the daily visitors ever since.

Gabby quickly grasped the business side of ranching and, in contrast to his boyish antics and dress, competently plans and directs the daily changes, determined to improve the facility and the health and welfare of the horses under his charge.

Water management was his first priority. The cost of watering and cleaning 41 horses and satisfying the needs of the restaurant facilities was becoming expensive. With the knowledge that horses would have no interest in contaminated water he experimented with the revival of an old deep well. To his delight the horses switched to the new water source immediately and have never experienced a problem as a result. The cost savings have been enormous and have allowed Gabby the flexibility to offer incentives to his staff to excel in their daily tasks.

Quote the Sheriff, "many of these young men (the grooms and stable-hands) have not completed high-school . . . here they have purpose in their lives working with nature and earning a little extra with



Left: The tranquil setting of El Kabayo, Photo by Kristina Rose Hamdorf. Above: Sheriff Gabby of El Kabayo. Right: The sprawling El Kabayo ranch. Photos by Kevin Hamdorf

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...THEY FEEL THEY ARE PART OF WORTHWHILE TEAM AND THAT FREES ME TO FOCUS ON THE FUTURE AND DEVELOPMENT...

experience far fewer hoof infections.

With 41 horses there is a constant need for shoeing and trimming of hooves. Gabby found a fourth generation farrier, Honorio "Tatang" Juico, in Pampanga who is happy to spend almost all of his time at El Kabayo.

each an every satisfied visitor". He adds, "They work responsibly because they feel they are part of worthwhile team and that frees me to focus on the future and development".

Another priority: more areas have been put down to grass so that the stables are now self-sufficient in hay production to carry them through the dry season.

Previously, the stable floors have been liberally covered with "ipa" (rice husk) as bedding, which was free for collection at farms around Zambales but expensive to truck on-base to El Kabayo. Asking the right questions, Gabby found that a subsidiary of Hitachi (a Subic Bay Freeport locator) had a crate-making facility, building wooden crates for export of Hitachi's finished goods. Where there is crate-making there is sawdust and it turned out that Hitachi had to pay the municipal to remove its unwanted sawdust. A win-win solution was achieved and now El Kabayo removes the sawdust for free and uses it in place of the ipa. The horses benefit as well because the sawdust keeps their hooves dryer than ipa and so they



for the small

Breeding is still a focus ranch but, with a relatively gene pool of "Island-born" stock to play with, stallions must be rotated out. The newest stallion is apparently responsible for a series of offspring with defective feet so this program has been curtailed until a new stallion is located. Sourcing a new stallion is made more difficult because the horses at El Kabayo are European and American in origin; native horses are significantly smaller and the results would not be beneficial. One possible source is from the Sultan of Brunei's extensive stock.

Top: Fourth generation farrier, Honorio "Tatang" Juico

Bottom: Ornate hand crafted saddle carried by Cowboy Rod Morales. Photos by Kevin Hamdorf.



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Gabby enthuses, "The majority of our tourist visitors are first time riders who are so thrilled with the experience of riding a horse around the paddock.

"We have a some experienced visitors and also a few residents who will take the horses on longer trails, up past the waterfall and to Pastolan Village.

"The longest trail is named in honor of (former SBMA Chairman Felicito) Payumo . . . the El Payumo Trail winds up and over the hills all the way to Morong . . . it takes 10 to 12 hours and both rider and horse will be very tired by the end."

Gabby's most ambitious project

is to build a "western town" centered on the stables. "There will be a saloon, a bank, a telegraph office, a general store and, of course, a jail . . . just like in the Wild West . . . with all the guys dressed as cowboys and all the girls dressed as Indian women".

The buildings will all be fully functional, "not like in Thailand where they are just movie style facades.

"People will be able to come here and immerse themselves in a virtual western town atmosphere".

All it will take is a little investment for surely Gabby is the Sheriff with the

ambition to make it happen.

In the meantime, El Kabayo will satisfy the ever-increasing numbers of tourists who are looking for something a little different on their vacation. With current prices set at a modest Php 650 (US\$ 13) per hour, the ranch experience offers good value for money for both children and adults alike.

Whilst he may currently lack funds and a number of other resources to bring his childhood dreams to reality, there is one thing Gabby has more of than he needs, "if you want horse manure for your roses come and get it for free at El Kabayo".

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THE LAST CAVALRY CHARGE

By Bob Couttie Photos by Kevin Hamdorf

In 2007 Morong's coral-stone church celebrates its 400th anniversary. Of all the events to which it bears mute witness, the strangest may well be the last cavalry charge in history by a United States military unit, on January 12, 1942.

Like much of the shared history between the Philippines and the United States, the Last Charge at Morong by the 26th Cavalry, Philippine Scouts, remains a matter of controversy and debate. So hang on to your pommel.

In 1941, the Philippines had been American territory for four decades and was four and a half years away from achieving independence. Little was done to defend the islands against external aggression, although a potential threat from the Japanese was identified as early as 1904, by then President Teddy Roosevelt. Internal

peacekeeping was a different matter and the Philippine Scouts were created in 1901 at first to tackle the remnants of the army of the First Philippine republic, which was fighting for independence, then various rebellions by armed Abu-Sayyaf-style bandits.

When war came, the Philippine Scouts had combat experience, were well equipped and well trained. The rest of the army was still in a state of mobilization, its officers used to little more than giving orders for close order drill, few men having ever fired more than six bullets in training and most clad in little more than tennis shoes and shorts.

General Jonathan M. Wainwright, who commanded the Northern Luzon Force, said of them: "...only the best of Filipino applicants had been selected for enlistment. The Scout organizations had a high morale and were proud of their record and up to this time had maintained their strength of 6000 by a priority list. It had been considered and deemed a very high honor to any Filipino to be selected for enlistment in any of the Scout organizations."

Formed in 1922, the 26th Cavalry, Philippine Scouts was based at Fort Stotsenburg, now part of Clark Special Economic Zone, and had a combat strength of 682 enlisted Filipinos and American



officers, about half the normal strength for a US cavalry unit.

Among the American officers was Illinois-born Lieutenant Edwin Price Ramsey. He was not there to go to war -- he simply wanted to play Polo, which he'd learned at the Oklahoma Military Academy and which he left with a commission in the reserve. As Europe growled its way towards war, Ramsey volunteered to join the 26th Cavalry in the Philippines because it had a good Polo team.

He arrived in Manila in June, 1941 and described it to the California State Military Museum as "overpowering . . . I didn't even know where it was when I first volunteered except that it was a warm country, it was tropical, it had a good polo team there. By the time I got there, my introduction to it really was as we were coming into the Straits you could just smell the flowers and you would see the fishermen around there, the floating bancas - little fishing boats -- lots of coconuts floating around there that had been harvested. It was a very exotic atmosphere."

He soon made himself at home in the rarified, rather formal colonial atmosphere of Fort Stotsenburg, where weekly polo matches were played on the parade ground.

So it was that on Sunday, December 7, 1941, Ramsey played what would prove to be his last game for many years, with General Jonathan Wainwright refereeing the game. Following the game Ramsey partied in classic style, found his way back to his quarters and went to sleep.

At 2.30am a U.S. Navy radioman, in the Marsman building in Manila's dockland, received news that Japanese forces had attacked Pearl Harbour and informed the duty officer, Lt. Col. William T. Clement. While the news filtered through the Navy, it was not until 3.30am that Brigadier-General Richard Sutherland, Chief of Staff to General Douglas McArthur, commander

of US forces in the islands, heard about the attack from a commercial radio broadcast.

Ramsey woke up with a hangover to find the United States at war and a Japanese attack on the Philippines expected at any moment. He recalls: "I didn't know we were at war until I woke up the next morning. We had already been to war for several hours and I heard all the scrambling around. We had our mess together in the morning so I went over there. All of a sudden I hear everybody running around and I said, "Well what's going on?" well, we are at war, I said, "You're crazy, don't bother me I got a hangover." They said, "No, we are at war, they bombed Pearl Harbor." I

didn't even have a war backpack so I had to rush back to my quarters and throw some things together then get back over to the regiment and to my troop. So it was pretty hectic."

As Ramsey and Troop G left Stotsenburg for Baler, on the east coast of Luzon, Japanese aircraft bombed the US Air Force planes at Clark Field, wiping them out.

Ramsey's troop stayed at Baler, where it was dive-bombed by the Japanese, until just before Christmas. Unable to hold back the Japanese advance, on December 23, US and Filipino forces were ordered to withdraw into the Bataan peninsular and



Top left: Morong. Between the Batolan River and the Lady of Pilar Church (red roof), the last cavalry horse charge in US military history took place on January 16, 1942. Bottom left: Morong town plaza and Church, the scene of the bloody battle. Right: The coastal swamp west of the church, where Lt. Ramsey lead the charge and established a skirmish line to hold the Japanese at bay on the opposite bank of the river.

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Captain John Wheeler struggling over useless gas station maps trying to figure out the terrain. Ramsey, who was due to be sent to the rear along with G troop volunteered to help Wheeler.

He was put in charged of the remnants of two troops, E and F, which became E/F Troop, "Twenty seven worn and weary Filipinos". That night he bivouacked the troop and next morning supervised the feeding and watering of the horses before taking his own modest breakfast of rice gruel and coffee.

At midday came an angry visitor, General Jonathan Wainwright. The 1st Philippine Division under General Fidel Segundo had withdrawn from the village of Morong, which now lay between the American forces and advancing Japanese lines. He wanted the town retaken.

Wainwright recognized Ramsey from the Stotsenburg polo games and ordered him to take the advance guard into Morong. Wheeler suggested a replacement but Wainwright simply snapped "Ramsey, move out".



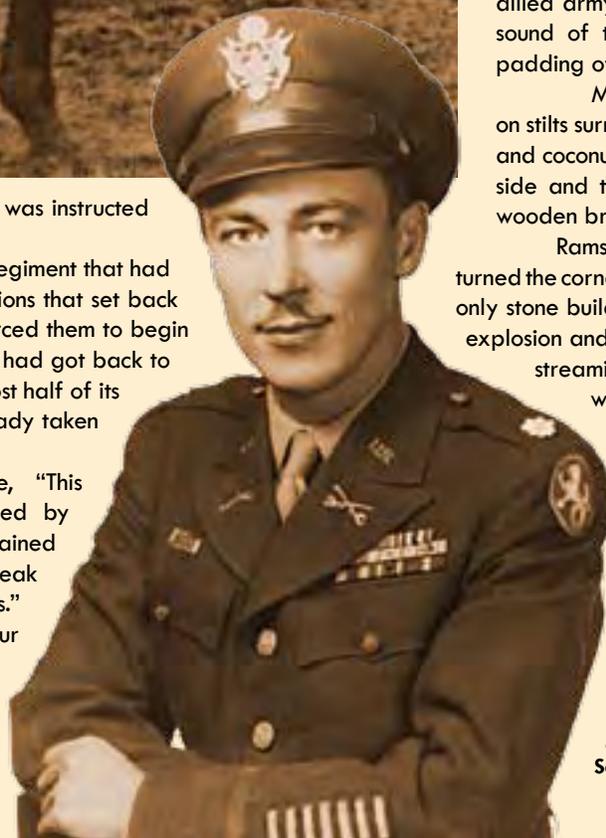
Ramsey took the first platoon and set off for Morong followed by two other platoons. He formed his men into a column of twos and sent four men ahead as point guard.

The troop approached Morong from the east, took the left-hand road at a crossroads and with pistols raised, entered the silent, abandoned town, now stripped bare of livestock by the retreating allied army. There was little more than the sound of the surrounding jungle and the padding of the horses.

Morong was a place of nipa huts on stilts surrounded by jungle, with a swamp and coconut groves towards the sea on one side and the Batolan River, crossed by a wooden bridge to the west.

Ramsey watched as the point men turned the corner of Morong's ancient church, the only stone building and suddenly there was an explosion and the sound of gunfire. A private, streaming blood, his body stitched with wounds from automatic weapons raced back. They had run into the heavily armed Japanese

Top: Lt. Edwin Price Ramsey and his faithful mount, Bryn Awryn on which he lead the charge at Morong. Bottom: Lt. Edwin Ramsey in cavalry officers uniform. Photos Courtesy of Col. Edwin Price Ramsey
Metals awarded: (Top) Purple Heart; (Top Right) Philippine Legion of Honor - Degree of Commander & (Bottom Right) The Distinguished Service Cross



hold out until reinforcements arrived; Ramsey was instructed to rejoin his regiment.

On December 29 he returned to a regiment that had fought hard and suffered heavy losses in actions that set back the Japanese timetable by nine hours and forced them to begin deploying their main column. "By the time we had got back to that point, our regiment had already lost almost half of its officers and men, in the battles that had already taken place." Recalled Ramsey.

General Wainwright later wrote, "This devoted little band of horsemen, weakened by detachments and by heavy casualties... maintained the best traditions of the American Cavalry. I speak of this from the point of view of an eyewitness."

Ramsey was sent on a 48-hour reconnaissance mission towards Japanese-occupied Subic Bay and Olongapo. When he returned he found his troop commander,

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advance guard recently landed from Subic Bay to occupy the town.

Ramsey saw scores of Japanese infantry firing from the centre of the town and more wading the river behind. It was vital to break up the body of the advance guard. Ramsey decided to charge.

Looking behind him he found the badly wounded Filipino private from the point with pistol in hand and ordered him to the rear to get medical attention. "I can't, Sir", said the man, "I'm still on guard". Says Ramsey: "He was so brave, I thought he was dead".

He ordered his men into a line of foragers and ordered the charge. Over the centuries the sight of several tons of horseflesh and shouting, whooping riders has had a powerful impact on an enemy and it did so this time. Some of the Japanese returned fire, most fled and ran into the swamps.

The charge passed through the Japanese and carried on to the swamp, where Ramsey dismounted, sent the horses to the rear and laid down a skirmish line to delay any further advance from the river. Then he led the rest of his men back into Morong itself to search for snipers. Unable to use hand grenades for fear of hurting

his own men, the Scouts fired through the walls of the flimsy huts as they came under Japanese mortar fire.

Amid the fighting, Ramsey spotted an American officer near the church. "I used some very rough expletives when I saw the guy



"He was so brave, I thought he was dead..."

sort of cowering against the church. I didn't know who he was; I didn't know why he was there. I turned around to him and said, 'Come on you yellow son-of-a-bitch get up here and help us', then I didn't pay any more attention to him. It turned out that was the Chief of Staff for General Wainwright who had been sent in, who shouldn't have been there to begin with. He had only been sent in to see what the situation was."

Shortly afterwards the rest of the troops arrived and were able to hold the town until the First Infantry came in and

took over. Ramsey's part in the battle was over. He and John Wheeler were wounded. As for Wainwright's Chief of Staff, he recommended Ramsey for a Silver Star.

Soon after, Ramsey fell ill with jaundice. While he was in hospital he learned the sad news that, with forage in short supply and food for the retreating troops running out, the cavalry horses had been slaughtered. In all some 250 horses were killed for food.

A few months later, Bataan and Corregidor fell and Ramsey took on a new and hazardous career as a guerrilla leader, which earned him the Distinguished Service Cross. But, in an email interview with The Bay magazine he admitted, "probably the most beautiful medal I have is the Legion of Honor, Degree of Commander, given to me by President Diosdado Macapagal of the Philippines", in part awarded for his command of the last cavalry charge in Morong.

Now a Colonel, Edwin Price Ramsey lives in retirement California. "I last visited Morong in about 1984. Very little looked the same as it was during war and even less now. About the only thing that reminds me of what it looked like during the battle was the part of the Church below the cross."



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by Bob Couttie



Today, two concrete posts, flanked by statues remembering men and events long forgotten, stand beside a large empty space seemingly awaiting a shopping mall or apartment block. Bearing mute witness to a time and lifestyle few of us could imagine but also a resilience and fortitude that marks the origin of what is known today as the Clark Special Economic Zone. Almost lost and forgotten beside a side road, they once marked the entrance to Fort Stotsenburg, a name that brings together the lowest and the highest points of United States military history in the Philippines.

Filipinos launched a war of independence from its 350-year Spanish rule in late 1896. The conflict was still continuing when the Spanish-American War broke out in May 1898. After the U.S. Asiatic Fleet sank its Spanish counterpart in Manila Bay, Filipino revolutionaries sided with the Americans and shattered Spanish power through the archipelago and then declared an independent republic. Having lost control of the islands the Spanish meekly ceded the Philippines to the U.S. during peace talks in Paris. In December 1898 then American President William McKinley ordered American troops to occupy the Philippines and declined to discuss independence.

Filipinos were not inclined to accept U.S. sovereignty and a war began on February 4, 1899. Two and a half months later came the Battle of Quingua, now Plaridel in Bulacan, Colonel John Miller Stotsenburg of the First Nebraska Volunteers was killed in action fighting Philippine Republican Army troops. On August 13 came the three-day battle for Angeles, which the U.S. forces won.

A U.S. Army camp was later established near the Angeles City railroad station in an area called Talimundoc but better foraging for the army's horses was found to the north in Sapang Bato, where the first flagpole was commissioned in 1906.

On December 26, 1902, with the Philippine-American War officially over, a camp was established by

Left: Cavalry recruiting poster, 1920. Top: U.S. Cavalry on Parade, Fort Stotsenburg, 1920s. Bottom: Col. John M. Stotsenburg, 6th US Cavalry, First Nebraska Volunteers after whom the original reservation was named. Stotsenburg was killed in action at Quingua, Bulacan on April 23, 1899 during the American-Filipino War. Photos Courtesy of Clark Museum





the 5th U.S. Cavalry and later named Fort Stotsenburg. It was linked to Manila by a railroad, built by British businessmen during the Spanish era.

Edwin Ramsey, who led the last charge by an American cavalry unit, at Morong in 1942, remembers life at Stotsenburg before World War II: "We had to change our uniforms at least twice a day (because of the heat and humidity). We had to bathe at least twice a day, and these are by orders . . . the regulations were such that we had to dress every evening, even if we were just going to the Officer's Club for dinner. If we didn't go out at all, we stayed in our quarters; we had our own house with three officers sharing. We had our own cook,

gin and Gershwin under the stars. Word of this good life circulated among the military bases Stateside, and women who wanted adventure and romance – particularly self-possessed, ambitious and unattached women -- signed up to sail west."

The original post covered some 7,669 acres, which were expanded to 150,944 acres in 1908, making it the largest military camp in the world after Fort Assiniboine in Montana.

A key feature was the so-called Parade Ground, some 250 yards wide and 1100 yards long. "So-called" because parades were actually done outside the camp and the Parade Ground was maintained for athletics and sports, one of the most popular

of the Philippine Scout Artillery was glad to see the new arrivals but remembered most the cultural shock as the new men "appeared in the Post Exchange in fatigues or in Khaki uniforms without ties, a freedom never allowed the Philippine Scout" and the enlisted men seemed overly familiar with their officers and vice versa. This was simply not the Fort Stotsenburg way.

The gloriously sophisticated colonial era of Fort Stotsenburg ended literally with a bang on December 8, 1941, when Japanese aircraft all but obliterated America's air force in the Philippines with a single strike.

In January 1945 U.S. forces re-captured Stotsenburg/Clark.

"...women who wanted adventure and romance – particularly self-possessed, ambitious and unattached women..."

our own lavandera (wash woman) and a houseboy, so that we were pretty well taken care of."

Officers lived in wooden barracks called 'barnhouses' that were supported on stilts. Some have been restored to their former glory and can be seen today at Clark Special Economic Zone around the perimeter of the Parade Ground.

Inevitably, a vigorous entertainment district established itself around the camp. Says Ramsey, "There were some parts that were quite similar to Honolulu. You had lots of nightclubs, there were illegal gambling joints -- gambling was illegal at that time in that area. There were at least three nightclubs run by Americans and run similar to those Las Vegas of the time . . . very nicely done. Lots of beautiful women!"

In her book "We Band Of Angels" (Pub: Random House) former nurse Elizabeth Norman remembers the lifestyle. "At Fort Stotsenburg, where the cavalry was based, the officers held weekly polo matches. It was a halcyon life: cocktails and bridge at sunset, white jackets and long gowns at dinner, good

of which was Polo. Weekly matches were played against teams comprised of wealthy Filipinos. Remembers Ramsey, "The day that war broke out in Hawaii was the day we were playing the first game of the season against the Manila Polo Club."

Stotsenburg became home to a number of U.S. Cavalry units: the 1st, 5th, 7th, 10th, and 14th; most notable were the 9th Cavalry - an all-African American unit -- and the 26th Cavalry, Philippine Scouts.

In March 1912, Lieutenant Frank Lahm, who flew with the Wright Brothers, established the Philippine Air School and an airfield was built near Fort Stotsenburg, with construction beginning in 1919. The airfield was named after Major Harold M. Clark, who was born and raised in Manila but died in an aircraft accident in Panama. It became home to the U.S. 13th Air Force.

The build-up to World War II severely interfered with Stotsenburg's peaceful existence with an influx of new units. According to Richard Meixel's book, "Clark Field and the U.S. Army Air Corps in the Philippines", Lieutenant Johnny Morrett

July 4, 1946 saw the Philippines finally obtain their independence and in 1949 Fort Stotsenburg and Clark Field were transferred from the U.S. Army to the U.S. Air Force to become Clark Air Force Base.

The end finally came and, also, explosively over four days from July 12 to 15, 1991, as the long-quiescent Mount Pinatubo erupted, burying the airfield under a meter of ash. Shortly afterwards the Philippine Senate declined to renew the military bases agreement, by which the U.S. was allowed to keep permanent bases in the islands, and the air base was formally handed over to the Philippine government.

Today, the area has been transformed into the commercially bustling Clark Special Economic Zone and the memory of Fort Stotsenburg is reduced to no more than two concrete pillars beside the Parade Ground of dreams. But, if you visit the Clark Museum or walk the avenue of the barnhouses, you can still commune with the ghosts of those glorious decades of military splendor.

**Top: US Cavalry Bugle.
Photo by Kevin Hamdorf**

TOURIST POLICE BEAT THE VILLAINS

By Bob Couttie
Photos by Kevin Hamdorf

From London to Lagos, thieves and con artists have victimized tourists since ancient Egyptian shysters duped gullible ancient Greeks gawking at pyramids. Wherever there are crowds of people unfamiliar with a locale there you will find unscrupulous villains. But, in Angeles City and Subic Bay Freeport two dedicated teams are out to separate sticky-fingered crooks from the visitors' wallets and valuables.

Tourism is a vitally important economic resource that generates significant numbers of jobs and income for the community. While the vast majority of the Philippines is generally safe for tourists the Bali bombing in October 2002 added a new dimension: terrorism, which made everywhere on Earth almost as dangerous as Washington DC.

With the growth of Clark Special Economic Zone, investment in entertainment facilities in Angeles City has increased ten fold. Under funded and undermined the Philippine National Police ("PNP") have found it difficult to increase their presence in-line with the growth and provide the degree of visitor protection required.

Following a chance meeting between Richard Agnew and senior PNP staff, a group of local businessmen led by Richard sat down with Mayor Carmelo "Tarzan" Lazatin and came up

Left: Members of the Mountain Bike Tourism Police Patrol assist visitors along the Boardwalk, Moon Bay Marina, Subic Bay Freeport Zone.

with a solution: a “force multiplier for the PNP” in the form of an unarmed, largely volunteer group, completely funded by local businesses -- the Angeles City Tourism Auxiliary Police.

Volunteers undergo the same basic training that a PNP recruit would do for a similar assignment and their professionalism is recognized and commended by the PNP. Easily recognized by their snappy black uniforms they look like modern-day Erik Estradas from the television series *CHiPs*.

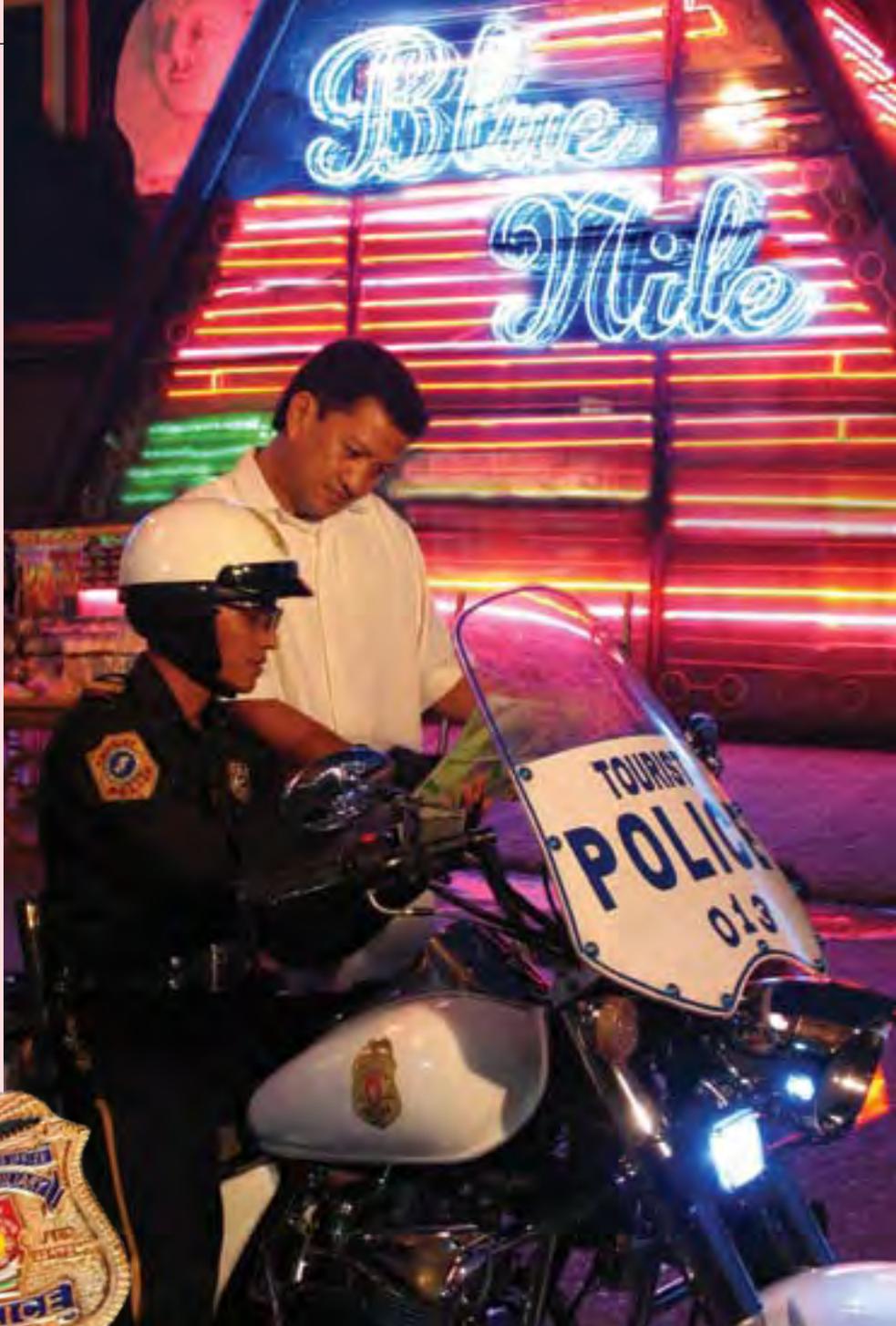
Says Eugene Balao, Deputy Director for Administration of the Tourism Police: “It started with a civic action group of motorcycle enthusiasts, the Black Pythons. Twenty-eight of us volunteered when the tourism police was established. Most of us are still volunteers, and have jobs during the day.”

Founded in October 2004, today the force consists of 14 paid members, three secretaries and 73 volunteers. In recognition of the potential risk of a Bali-style incident, three “K9” bomb-sniffing dogs patrol the streets every 30 minutes, checking parked cars and anywhere else an ill-intentioned bomber might think of. The K9 unit is relatively unique in the Philippines and one of the dogs -- originally from Russia, trained also as a cadaver finder -- was recently seconded to Leyte PNP following the deadly landslide there.

Although the Tourism Police only has one official motorcycle, members more often use their own while on duty, giving it a motorcycle force of ten. Each volunteer carries a walkie-talkie and during joint patrols they share this resource with their comrades in the PNP.

During the recent South East Asian Games, the Angeles Tourist Police provided motorcycle escorts for the participants from around the Region.

“We are unarmed because, like the traditional British bobby, we are trying to project a positive image of Angeles City and to be approachable for tourists.”



Left: Angeles City Motorcycle Tourism Police Officer, Fausto “Moth” David provides guidance to an out-of-town visitor in front of Fields Avenue’s leading nightclub *The Blue Nile*.

continuation on page 21

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GO ELECTRIC!

By John Smart Photo by Kevin Hamdorf



SBMA Police Officer Gregorio David (left) rides the new Electric Patrol Bike, while Officer David McKenny follows on a traditional petrol driven machine. Moon Bay Marina, Subic Bay Freeport Zone.

These puppies can eat up the road at 60 km per hour and feature an incomprehensibly-environmentally-friendly drive mechanism. Meet the E-bike: the latest form of personal transport to hit the Subic Bay Freeport bike-only lanes in 2006.

Subic Bay Freeport, the national pioneer of bike-only lanes, has come up with another first. Freeport Services has just become the distributor of E-bikes for the Subic Bay Metropolitan Authority areas and Olongapo City.

Edmond Antonio, bubbles with enthusiasm about the prospects for what he sees as the beginning of a wave of environmental consciousness amongst local government units. By deploying these new electric bikes they can satisfy their personal objectives, of protecting the environment, at the same time as providing a safe and economic form of transport for employees engaged on government business.

Currently assembled in China, the E-bikes are imported into the Freeport duty-free for use on-base, but plans are afoot for an assembly facility within Subic Bay to supply the rest of the country.

"There are already over one hundred units in the country but with new franchise distributors being appointed almost every month we expect to sell over a thousand

this year." At which point local assembly becomes commercially viable.

The SBMA police will soon receive their first delivery of especially modified units with all the bells and whistles (actually, lights, radios and sirens) that will enable law enforcers to get to the scene of an incident in a timely manner without a single puff of smoke from their exhausts. Edmond hesitates to be conclusive on the subject but believes that this will be a first for the E-bike – to be used specifically for law enforcement.

Road trials started shortly after the first unit of E-bike arrived on 15 December

2005 and SBMA senior deputy administrator for operations, retired Maj. Gen. Jose Calimlim, is reported to be very pleased with the results. As Edmond says, "there is no legislation under LTO (Land Transport Office) that embraces environmentally friendly electric powered vehicles of any sort . . . this is the first unit that allows government departments to make an environmental statement".

Currently the E-bike requires that you plug in into a 220-volt mains supply every so often to keep it charged and ready to go. "We are looking into recharging from a solar panel arrays in Subic Bay but we

will probably need a (solar-panel) sponsor for the first developmental installation". So for the meantime at least you won't be able to ride it just anywhere and leave it parked against a tree.

Asked whether the success of the E-bike is likely to change legislation to embrace other environmentally friendly vehicles and allow all-electric cars into the market place, Edmond is less enthusiastic; "profit margins in Asia for these vehicles are not as attractive to manufacturers". What Edmond perhaps failed to say was that based upon recent precedent it is unlikely the entrenched motor vehicle manufacturers would welcome the introduction of another competitor.

Nevertheless, this first step is a very positive one and should be supported by other government units and individuals. Perhaps Clark Field will be the next location for E-bikes to flourish. With its long wide, tree-lined roads and boulevards what better place could there be to ride like the wind and leave not an ounce of greenhouse gas in your wake.

Watch out for additional information on electric bikes, cars and other environmentally-friendly subjects in coming issues of The Bay magazine.

“There hasn’t been a hustling incident reported for 18 months...”

...from page 19 TOURIST POLICE

The venture has undoubtedly been successful. “Before, there was always trouble outside one of the discos, with near riots involving teenagers. After we started patrolling the area the trouble stopped,” explains Balao. “There was a lot of hustling of visitors, persuading them to go to certain bars or parties or to get involved in gambling.”

The tourist police have become the hustler’s worst nightmare and the tourist’s best friend. “When we identified a suspected hustler, one of us would stand beside him in uniform. If we saw him talking to a tourist, we’d warn the tourist ‘he’s tricking you’. If we saw a tourist inside a suspect tricycle, we’d intercept the tricycle. There hasn’t been a hustling incident reported for 18 months now and the overall crime rate (against local residents) has dropped . . . the villains moved to other parts of Angeles to find easier pickings and so we have extended our patrols.”

Balao does not underestimate the importance of his task: “In Angeles City, tourism is our bread and butter. In addition to Western tourists, we are now getting a lot of Japanese, Koreans and Chinese visitors. When the SM Mall opens in Clark we expect a lot more domestic tourists to come. If what happened in Bali happened here, it would become a ghost town, we have to protect City of Angels, that is why my people are very dedicated to their job.”

Unlike Angeles City, Subic Bay Freeport is a relative newcomer to tourism. Although Olongapo and Subic share the Angeles City legacy of being U.S. military R&R facilities, the Freeport

itself only became a tourism destination with the departure of the U.S. Navy in November 1992.

Although there are plans to launch a specific tourism police force the Freeport’s existing Law Enforcement Department is already there for visitors and residents alike.

Today, in addition to beret-wearing, traffic management police (some of the friendliest in the country I might add), the Freeport also sports a



Members of the SBMA Tourism Police Horse Patrol pass the Old Spanish Gate, Subic Bay Freeport Zone.

mounted police section comprising half a dozen large and magnificent Arabian horses, with their riders clad in uniforms reminiscent of the U.S. Cavalry.

These steeds provide a good vantage point for the riders, with high visibility and prominence; their size means they garner immediate respect from crowds.

The horse-mounted police are normally only seen on holidays and weekends when the largest number of tourists arrive. More frequently seen are

the bicycle-mounted policemen.

Dressed in shorts and wearing protective helmets, the bicycle-mounted police are somewhat removed from the image of the British bobby patrolling a village on his two-wheeler, they are more reminiscent of a California beach patrol . . . appropriate perhaps, because Subic Bay is visually more similar to the West-coast or maybe Lahaina.

Their rides – especially adapted mountain bikes -- give them a unique mobility and flexibility to respond to requests for assistance and get to places that, for instance, motorcycles and police cars cannot reach. Also, being silent, they are helpful when keeping an eye out for suspicious characters near parked cars.

One of the most pleasing characteristics of the horse-mounted and bicycle-mounted police in the Subic Bay Freeport is that always find the time to offer a smiling pose for anyone’s camera if requested. The horses of course make them a favorite with the children and reinforce

what should always be a very positive message for youth.

In both Angeles and Subic the objective has been the same: keep the place safe for tourists (and residents) and business will prosper. Although the routes to achieving the objective have been somewhat different they share a common strategy: train them, equip them and make them visible and approachable . . . they will then be respected by the community and trusted by the visitors for the advice and security they provide.

An advertisement for The Exquisite Box Company. On the left, there is an open jewelry box containing various pieces of jewelry, including a necklace and earrings. In the center, there is a letter from Arthur Schwarzenberg to Pierre, dated 3110 Main Street, Suite 300. The letter is a testimonial for a gift. On the right, there is a signature and the name JEREMY SIMPSON, along with the company name and contact information.

Arthur Schwarzenberg
3110 Main Street • Suite 300

Dear Pierre:

I am unable to describe in words the surprise and elation I experienced when I opened the wonderful gift you sent me. As you know, I am somewhat of a cigar aficionado and have many humidors and cigar boxes. The humidor you gave me is one of the most incredible pieces I have ever seen. The craftsmanship, the fine wood inside and out and the total harmonization of the colors is incredible. I am anxious to find the perfect spot for it in my home. I use it frequently.

It was so generous and thoughtful of you to think of me, and let me know when you wish to thank you to me. (Until then, I hope you are well and happy.)

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THE GODDESS AND THE FIREFLY

From An Interview With Bruce Curran Photos by Kevin Hamdorf

He has succumbed to 44 countries, and now trips through the magic of the Philippine Islands astride his sleek mat-grey, two-wheeler, especially enjoying the magnificent scenery found all along the Zambales coastline.

"Captain Chaos" to his friends – secreted under the 'nom de plume' Bunny Tanner when writing suspect novels – but christened Bruce Malcolm Curran, way back in the dim distant past, in far away Scotland.

"Your off on your travels son?" ... "Yes dad, on my motorcycle through Europe, Asia and Africa." . . . "That's the spirit! That's what made the British Empire!" At that comment, I nearly dropped the whole project -- no way did I want to be compared to the arch-colonialists who 'conquered' the rose-tinted portions of the globe!

However, on an April morning in 1972 I kick started my

. when all your senses are opened, tingling and alive in a state akin to insanity.

The bike I named 'Demeter' after the Greek goddess of a bountiful harvest / fertility. With Demeter between my legs we conquered 16 countries across four continents, but did not match the panache and swagger of the British with all their pomp and ceremony, eventually tucking one third of the world under their gluttonous belt. Ridden not these many years, she

"With Demeter between my legs we conquered 16 countries across four continents..."

now sits silent, patiently waiting for my caress (although I know she will be happy with just my gaze)

on my 21st floor Makati balcony . . . a vision for déjà vu and witness to journeys long past.

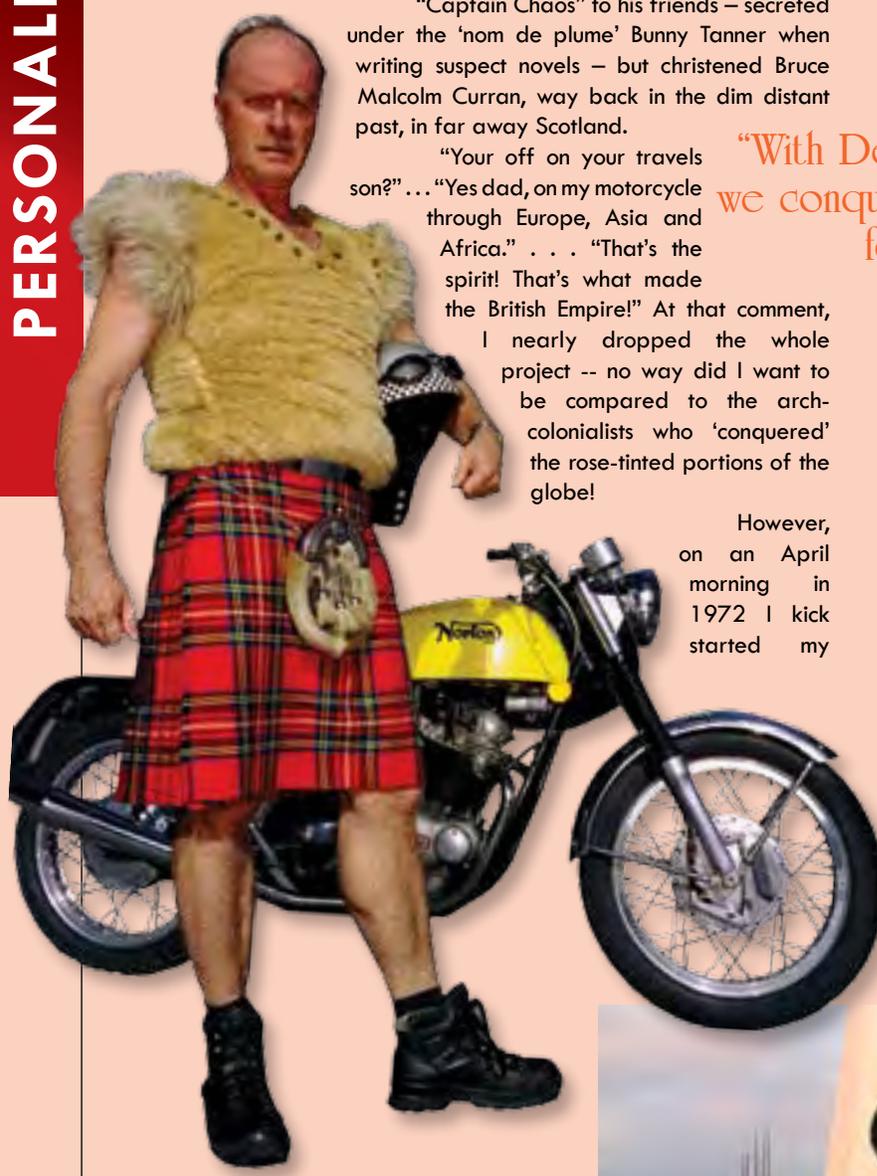
These days the warp and weft of my travel is aboard the refinement of an Italian mare – an Aprilia Pegaso 650cc motorcycle – with her swish Italian styling. In contrast to Demeter, who needed a good spanner or two, she, named 'Firefly' after the fireflies of Donsol, requires hooking up to a computer diagnostic machine; in place of the simple dial and ignition light she sports fuel injection, a fully instrumented dashboard, a fuel indicator light and many more techno-conveniences to rapture the biker's mind. Have I been seduced?

In the end it all comes down to being out on the road, imbibing the essence of the place and time for posterity . . . or at least a good yarn over a wee dram of Glenmorangie.

Left: Scottish adventurer Bruce Curran and "Demeter", his 1971 Norton Commando, conquerors of continents.

Bottom: Still in the saddle some 30 years on, Bruce and his refined Italian Aprilia Pegaso mount enjoy a leisurely weekend tour of Moon Bay Marina, Subic Bay Freepport Zone.

PERSONALITIES



750cc British-made Norton anyway and set off for the ferry boat to France, thence crossing Monaco, Italy, Austria, Yugoslavia, Greece and over into Asia by way of Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan and Pakistan.

Africa saw the bike through South Africa, Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) and Botswana. The third-eye of the traveller was honing on a state of fascination. Travel after all should be just like falling in love . .



THE ROAD BENEATH MY CHEEKS

By John Smart

Perusing the memorabilia on the wall of Roy's Pub and Restaurant in Angeles City, Pampanga, one is forced to ask the question, why would someone want to race as "passenger" in a sidecar? The driver usually gets the recognition and the passenger is usually the one who gets hurt. Clive Pollington takes a different view.

Clive started his racing career rumbling the tranquil air of a Tunbridge Wells orchard on an old BSA motorcycle at the tender age of 12. He soon upgraded to off-road trial and grass track racing on Manx and Norton machines, ripping the turf on many a good hillside along the way in pursuit of a first place finish. But in 1969 the

careful" he recalls, "one year I hit a wall and somehow cut both my elbows . . . I still can't work out how . . . my arms were numb from the pain so I simply ignored the blood spattered over the bike and we continued racing.

"When we got back to the assembly area the press were photographing the blood from every angle . . . they acclaimed me as a hero for continuing to race."

Clive has raced all over Europe but preferred the Brands Hatch type motor racing circuit.

"Racing at Crystal Palace was less interesting because it was basically a big oval and so the passenger does less work"

changed that as most teams built their own machines around the engine."

On a straight road the motorcycle and sidecar combination will never be faster than a solo motorcycle of similar engine capacity but when there are corners and chicanes on the circuit the combination can keep pace and sometimes get ahead of the solo machine. But streamlining is everything, "at 150 miles per hour if I put my head up we would lose 500 rpm", and it is not uncommon to see a driver unceremoniously push a less

continuation on page 25

"When we got back to the assembly area the press were photographing the blood from every angle"

sidecar became his passion.

Partnered with racing legends such as Trevor Ireson and Mike Boddice, Clive became possibly the most famous passenger in the history of the sport. "Trevor was camera shy and always pushed me to the front."

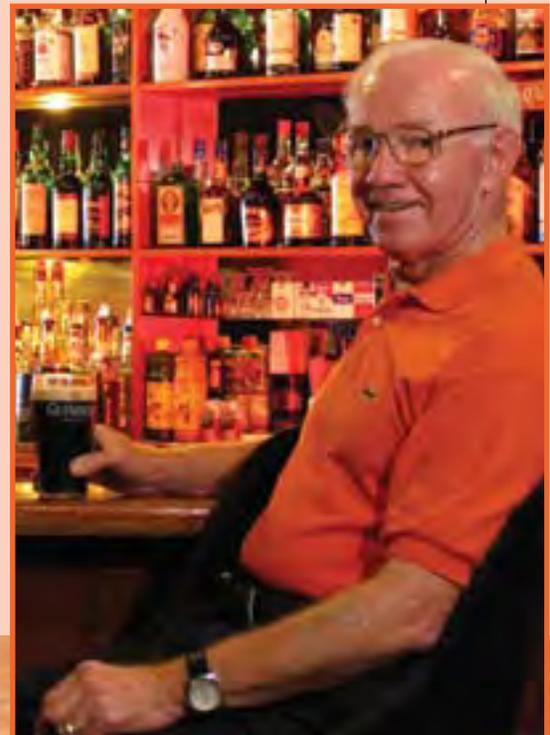
"To win at the Isle of Man was the real challenge", confirms Clive, "we got a first and a second place in the two races one year but were beaten on aggregate time against the world champion who had a second and a first.

"The rock walls are really sharp there (Isle of Man) and you had to be very

The racing machines have changed over the years but the basic components have altered little: a motorcycle and sidecar with fiberglass fairing and a bunch of handholds for the passenger. "In the early days we would lean out in front of the wheel, now we lean out behind . . . apart from that there is nothing new"

"Mostly we raced a 650 Triumph but it was no match for the Germans who had factory modified BMW machines that would always outpace other privately sponsored teams.

"The newer Yamaha engines



preferring a pint of Guinness and a quiet chat about racing glories past, Clive is now Publican of the quintessential British Pub, Roy's in Angeles City. Photo by Kevin Hamdorf



Bottom: Awesome winning duo, driver Brian Pinkney and sidecar passenger Clive Pollington, display their dare-devil racing skills, Brands Hatch Raceway, England. Photo Courtesy of Clive Pollington.

OF TITANS AND A PHOENIX

By Martyn Willes Photos by Kevin Hamdorf

The Titans, also known as the “elder gods” of Greek mythology, ruled the earth before the Olympians overthrew them. The ruler of the Titans was Cronus who was de-throned by his son Zeus. According to the Greeks the Phoenix lives in Arabia, nearby a cool well. Each morning at dawn, it will bathe in the water and sing such a beautiful song that the sun-god (Re/Ra) stops his chariot to listen. There exists only one phoenix at the time; when it feels its death approaching (every 500 or 1461 years), it will build a nest of aromatic wood and set it on fire, and be consumed by the flames. When it was burned, a new phoenix springs forth from the pyre. It then embalms the ashes of its predecessor in an egg of myrrh and flies with it to Heliopolis (“city of the sun”). There it will deposit the egg on the altar of the sun-god.

Brian Homan (not one of the elder Gods) arrived in Phoenix (the only one existing at this time) in Arizona, in 1997 and embarked on a six week learn-all-you-can project that would bring the Titan motorcycle -- the only motorcycle Hugh Hefner would allow to be featured in Playboy magazine -- to the Philippines.

What makes a Titan motorcycle unique is that one pair of hands assembles each machine. Ostensibly this is so that should you ever have a problem with your ride there is a warm body that knows every nut-and-bolt, available to offer the most personal of service in repair and maintenance. Brian's task was to understand this assembly process and met the people who were to build the two machines – a yellow Roadrunner (of Disney-thology) and a red Gecko – that the new Philippine distributor had ordered.

The Titan factory was apparently unprepared for Brian's arrival and intent but nevertheless allowed him to undertake his task,



Top: Brian Homan and Mary Price (Titan Motorcycle's Marketing Director) on a test run of the "Roadrunner" along the open roads of Arizona, USA. Bottom: A Twin-V engine meticulously hand assembled by a dedicated mechanic, who more often than not belongs to one of Phoenix's many motorcycle clubs.



which he attacked with characteristically youthful enthusiasm.

Judaic lore mentions that the phoenix achieved its unique status as an immortal bird because it refrained from bothering the overburdened Noah during the Flood voyage.

And so it came to pass that the residents of Phoenix allowed Brian to continued his task undisturbed. “Every morning, early, I would be on the factory floor observing and taking notes of the process by which the two bikes were assembled” Brian recalls, “it was only after I had been there five weeks that one of the owners came over and asked me who I was and why I was there.”

The assembly process starts with the most critical of all parts in any internal combustion engine: the oil pump. We won't go into all of the parts but as Brian explains, the process by which the oil pump is assembled is indicative of the perfection and attention to detail that is embodied in every Titan.

“The oil pump has two interlaced wheels and if these did not spin completely freely together they are thrown away and two more are requisitioned from the stock room.

“The perfection extended even to the paintwork . . . if a frame was scratched during assembly the entire bike was dismantled and the frame repainted before reassembly.”

No wonder then that the Titan motorcycle – at 1997 prices, US\$ 28,000 – was/is the most expensive production ride in the world.

Photographer Kevin Hamdorf was flown in at the end of Brian's six-week factory stint to take promotional photographs of the finished motorcycles and to visit the Sturgis 1997 Rally (The event for motorcycle enthusiasts in the U.S.A.) where they were displayed.

Everything was set therefore for the new Titan Philippines team (Brian, Eric Montandon, Kenny and Leon Hackett) to bring the best-of-the-best to the richest-of-



“It is so fast that it takes three people to watch it go by!”



Subic Bay resident Adrian Weist with the “Roadrunner”. Photographed at the popular Midnight Rambler Bar, Barrio Barretto’s original biker’s hang-out.

the-rich in the Philippines.

So why is the North Luzon Expressway not a haven for Titans nine years on? Between the time that the investors sent Brian on his merry way to Phoenix and the time that the two containers full of motorcycles and spare parts arrived in the country, the Philippine Peso had slipped from 26 to 46 versus the U.S. Dollar. Nobody can afford to buy a Titan.

But someone did buy the two that came into the country . . . the Roadrunner was purchased by Subic Bay resident Adrian Weist, “I bought it because I grew up with a yellow (Plymouth) Roadrunner and the motorcycle was the same color”.

Adrian’s Roadrunner is still on the road but it now belongs to his nephew JJ, “my nephew is the right person for the bike . . . you have to want to ride a Titan.

“It is so fast that it takes three people to watch it go by!”

The Gecko is out there somewhere but the first owner rode it through a razor-wire fence shortly after taking delivery and is reported to have received somewhere between 150 and 300 stitches as a result. Nobody is quite sure where it is today.

...from page 23 THE ROAD BENEATH...

experienced passenger’s head back down onto the sidecar floor.

It was the non-televised races that Clive enjoyed most because in those he could go all out for victory.

“Granada television always wanted to deliver good viewing” asserts Clive, “one time we were on the track along with the reigning champions and a field of less capable teams so they (Granada TV) asked us to hold back and jockey for position.

“It was all about sponsorship . . . sponsors wanted to see their logo on the television screen and we knew that if we went ahead of the pack the cameras would ignore us.

“We were so intent on satisfying them (Granada TV) that we lost first place to a novice.”

After finally hanging up his passenger leathers in 1982 Clive found his way to Angeles City where he now runs Roy’s Pub and Restaurant with his companion, Joyce. He can now take the time out to introduce his wall-of-fame photo and press-clipping gallery, and to chat with enthusiasts and anyone who has the interest to understand what attracts (mostly) Europeans to the sport of motorcycle and sidecar racing.

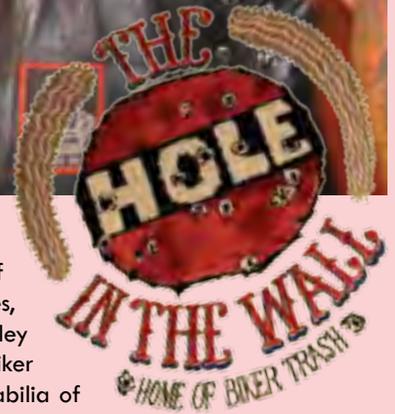
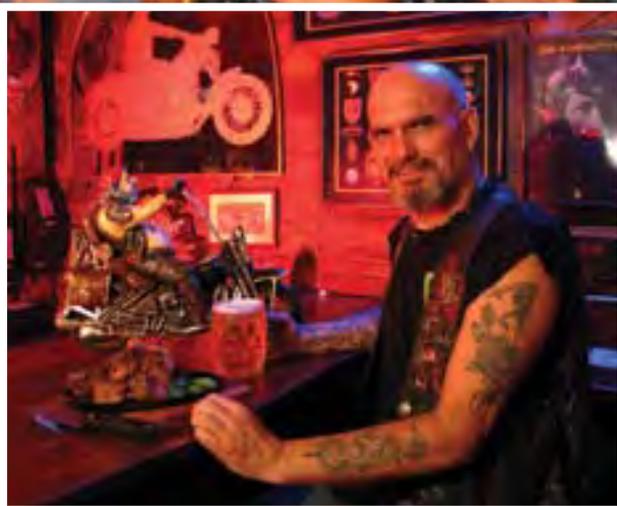
Would he consider getting back on a sidecar? “I am not agile enough for competition today but if it has an engine and brakes I will ride it.”

BEER SHAMPOO ANYONE?

From An Interview With A Brother

Words by Martyn Willes

Photos by Kevin Hamdorf



and, all around, in place of the traditional horse-brasses, are fine collections of Harley Davidson belt buckles and biker ride-pins along with memorabilia of motorcycles and their riders dating

back to before World War II. The Hole In The Wall Saloon is the clubhouse of the American Steel Motorcycle Club, Philippines Chapter.

To the right is the bar, which boasts a welcoming selection of spirits and mixers. To the right of the bar a round table where club members will congregate to discuss their bikes, their next ride or their next community assistance project. Always on their mind is the fate of their “brother” Slick, who is very slowly recovering from a very serious motorcycle accident.

Exiting the bar at the rear there are usually five to ten beautifully detailed “rides” with polished paintwork and chrome sparkling in the afternoon sunlight.

The sign on the wall is a satirical antithesis of whom and what the American Steel MC is all about; it reads, “The Hole In The

Entering “The Hole In The Wall Saloon” from A. Santos Street, in the heart of Angeles City, Pampanga’s entertainment district near Field’s Avenue, one is immediately impressed with the solid wood finishes and the earthy, pub-like décor: straight ahead is an absolutely level American Pool table; along the left wall, furthest from the bustling bar area, are “sponsored” booths for quiet conversations;

Wall -- Home of Biker Trash”.

Sure, when you come face-to-face with one of the ‘brothers’ resplendent in his patch-covered leather and arms covered with tattooed memorials of places and events of import, one may feel somewhat intimidated, but then a broad smile will spread across his face and you realize that far from being Hollywood stereotyped bad-boys, this brotherhood is happy to greet any new face into its domain.

Motorcycle clubs grew around the world in parallel with the popularity of the motorcycle as a means of relatively low cost personal transportation. Since the 1920s, these clubs have allowed people with similar machines and / or similar goals to identify with each



other. Some clubs have remained social clubs, while others moved on to meet a different social need: for brotherhood and a feeling of purpose beyond simply the love of their rides. In the sixties some clubs took on a more commercial mantle that sometimes brought them into conflict with traditional business and the law.

The American Steel MC was formed in 1983 on the island of Okinawa, Japan. The membership originally consisted of U.S. Government civilians and active duty military riding U.S. made motorcycles. It now has nine



Top left: “Puddin” (right), “Tonto” (center) and “Mojo” (left) give “Ichabad” the traditional welcome to full Brotherhood membership. Bottom left: “Maybeso” enjoys the “Hole-in-the-Wall” famous steak dinner. Right: Like the Knights of Old, the Brotherhood gather at the Round Table. Top: “Boots” (left) and “Monty” shoot a round on the absolutely level American Pool table.



Chapters of which six are in the continental U.S.A.; the members are still mostly ex-military and civilian personnel.

The Road Iron Motorcycle Club in Angeles City was officially formed on the 1st September 1988. Additionally, several members of the American Steel MC Okinawa Chapter were assigned temporary duty to Clark Air Force Base, Pampanga, for aircraft maintenance. The Okinawa Chapter formed a close personal bond with Road Iron MC during their numerous visits to the Philippines. On 17th September 1989, the members of the Road Iron MC officially formed the Philippines Chapter of American Steel MC.

Shortly after the 1991 eruption of Mount Pinatubo in central Luzon, the club members were transferred out of the Philippines along with all other remaining U.S. Armed Forces personnel. The Philippines Chapter of American Steel MC was effectively suspended.

In early 2002, several American Steel Korea Chapter brothers came to retire in Angeles City, to recapture their enjoyment of this most beautiful of archipelagos. Using several core members of the American Steel MC Korea Chapter along with several ex-members of the Manila based Mad Dogs MC, the American Steel MC Philippines Chapter was resurrected and formed on the 2nd June 2002 in Angeles City.

The American Steel MC is classified as an "international, 3 patch" club and is a "neutral, non-territorial, non-1% chapter and club". In a layman's terms that means that they are a brotherhood (not a social club) and they abide by the code of bikers along with the law of the road (and land) and rules of the club.

A club needs a clubhouse. It is more than a place to meet; a clubhouse

is a statement of existence and respectability in the same way that a city or a fort is a statement of civilization and lawfulness. The Hole In The Wall Saloon was officially opened on the 4th of July 2003 and inaugurated as The clubhouse. It is now affectionately known as "Da Hole" to the local residents and tourists.

The brotherhood welcomes everyone into their clubhouse—Senators, Congressmen



and local dignitaries come for the hearty portions of food and the knowledge that their safety is assured -- but becoming a member of the club is not as easy as buying a debenture at (say) the Manila Polo Club.

The American Steel MC does not recruit members to increase membership in the club. Men interested in becoming a member approach the club and observe biker customs and protocol.

The initial criterion to become a member of the American Steel MC is that you must own and ride a motorcycle that



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was designed-and-made-in-America. Once you have passed this first hurdle, and purchased your American made motorcycle, you may be allowed to "hang around" with the other American Steel club members and allow them to get to know you on a personal level.

Assuming they like what they see, one of the brotherhood may invite and sponsor you to become a "prospect". During this time (anything from months to years or more) your credentials will be scrutinized so that the other members of the club can assess your character and review your background. During this time also, you will undergo training and orientation. Only those with the utmost integrity, loyalty and moral fortitude will be accepted into the brotherhood of the American Steel MC.

Once all of the members of the club are confident that you are a worthy asset, that will not bring discredit to their name or the patch they wear, it is most probable that you will be voted into the club. The day of acceptance is marked with initiation rights, the most lighthearted of which is to accept a beer shampoo in the clubhouse.

The American Steel MC only accepts men of substance and quality. They typically vote in bikers that possess and demonstrate the traits of integrity, loyalty, dependability, respectability, reliability and honor. As a full member of the American Steel MC you will be required to follow the simple code: brothers first, last and always. Job-family-Steel married with brotherhood 24/7 for the remainder of your life. You will also thenceforth be known by a nom de plume (club name), with your real name only used for personal issues.

Becoming a brother in American Steel MC is not for everyone. However, it is a different way of life requiring supreme dedication, unwavering support with unquestionable honor to the brotherhood.

In another divergence from the Hollywood stereotype, the American Steel MC is far removed from being a reclusive body. The Philippine Chapter reaches out to the community and has adopted an elementary school and an orphanage in Angeles City as primary beneficiaries of funds raised during their regular "poker runs" – touring a selection of establishments within the area and purchasing playing cards that they hope will form a usable poker hand. But they have also involved in many other community development projects over years.

Internationally respected by other motorcycle clubs, the American Steel MC in the Philippines is locally respected for its community service and welcomes everyone at The Hole In The Wall Saloon. This September, the clubhouse will play host to the American Steel Far East International Conference. That may be a good time to make a date and drop by the clubhouse to eat a great steak and view some of the finest, American made motorcycles in the country.

Top left: American Steel on the road, the Parade Ground of Old Fort Stotsenburg, Clark Special Economic Zone. Bottom left: American Steel wall art community project, coordinated by "Slick" with students from an Angeles area school.

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DRIVER REMOVAL DEVICES

From An Interview With Duncan Trower

Neeeeoww . . . There goes another Duncan Trower driver removal device.

What makes a motorcycle go fastest around the racetrack? After you have factored out the engine (pretty much the same these days with all the regulations that restrict them) and the tires (only a couple of brands to choose from) the next most important thing is to remove the driver from the equation.

Duncan Trower has built a business around the need to remove the driver from the equation by building the finest motorcycle fairings in the World from Kevlar and carbon fiber.

From his small factory in the Subic Bay Freeport Zone he manufactures motorcycle fairings for export, "especially for Europe".

With a purpose-built fairing a racing motorcycle will achieve its maximum performance. Many of the Kawasaki, Aprilia and BMW racing machines that you see flashing across your television screen use fairings lovingly

"...they will do anything to get past our security systems into the fairings workshop..."

manufactured at Duncan's Advanced Composites factory adjacent to the Subic Seaplane hanger at Magellan's Landing.

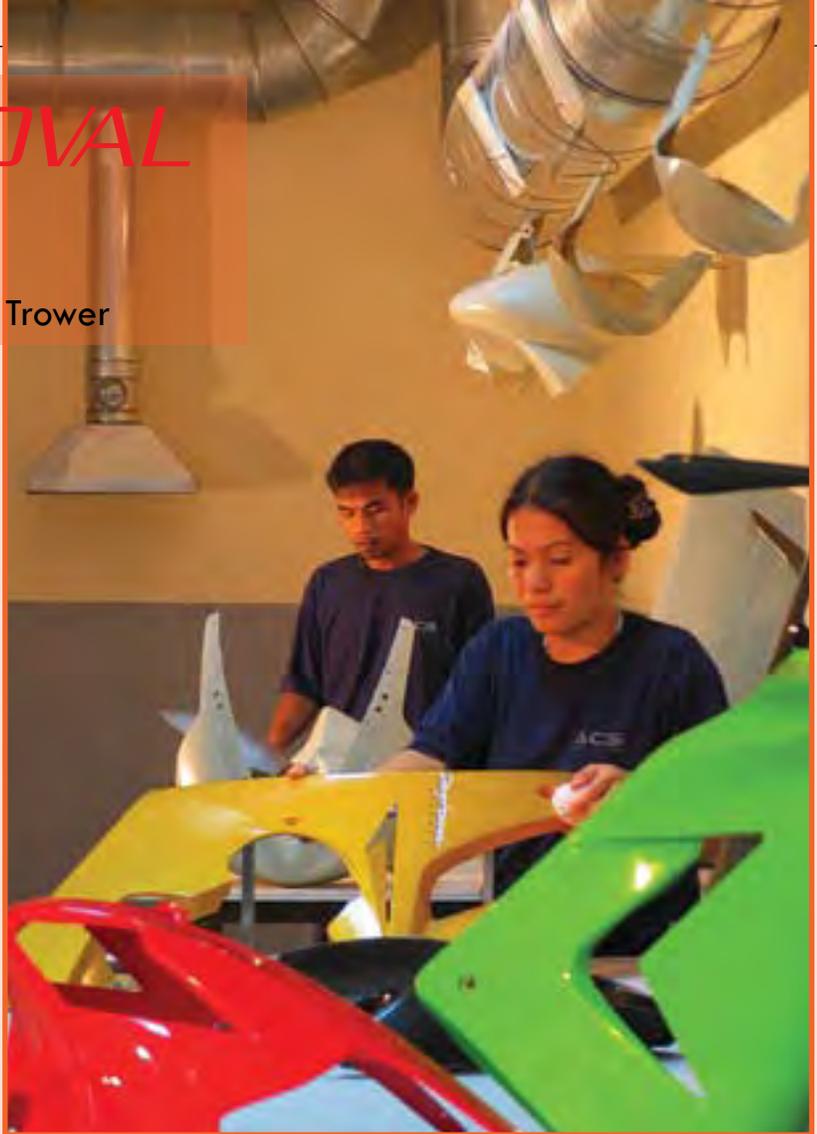
Duncan explains his methods, "We start all of our workers, men and women, learning how to build the boats . . . those who show an aptitude for consistency and attention to detail we groom for building the fairings and other motorcycle parts.

"It is a career advancement program that rewards excellence with increased job satisfaction and higher income.

"Our reputation for quality has brought us requests from the likes of BMW to manufacture for their production bikes as well . . . but what they want us to build in one month is more than our entire year's production."

Duncan has invested in a new facility at the ex-U.S. Navy Ship Repair Facility near the old Dockyard, "this will allow us to expand and maybe in a year or two we can get together with BMW again . . . but it is a tough challenge to maintain quality as you upscale the business because there are only so many good people out there".

Workforce attrition is a problem, "once we have



Joy Aspe (background) supervises the hand finishing of kevlar motorbike fairings produced at a ACS's new factory, located in the SRF Compound, Subic Bay Freeport Zone. Photo by Kevin Hamdorf.

trained them to the level of making the fairings their skills are so far above the general market that they can easily qualify for work overseas . . . to combat this we pay them very well for their work here but the prospect of overseas work is still a lure for some."

Duncan's competitors know he makes the best, "you would not believe the tricks they (competitors) will get up to to learn our secret . . . they come as "salesmen" wanting to supply us materials, as prospective "employees" and "investors" . . . they will do anything to get past our security systems into the fairings workshop".

So next time you see a Kawasaki ZX10 flash across your television screen you can turn to your companions and say, "did you know that that advanced composite driver removal device was manufactured in Subic Bay?" . . . you are sure to impress.

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DINALUPIHAN: 3-WHEEL CAPITOL OF THE WORLD

Everyone who has driven to Subic Bay or Zambales along the main road from Manila or the back-road from Clark will know that there is one obstacle that needs to be overcome: the seeming millions of pedicabs and tricycles that must be tolerated for their low speed and apparent lack of road sense in the town of Dinalupihan.

Inconspicuous along a dusty back street, beside a rice paddy, is one of the reasons why this town has more three-wheel transportation devices than anywhere else on the planet . . .

Meet Rolly Lopez: pipe-bender and welder who turns out about one "padyak" (pronounced sort of like 'pa-jak') a week from his factory. One of his beautifully appointed hand-built, pedal-power, bicycle and sidecar combinations, in yellow or red (the only two colors available if you intend to operate a for-hire business in Dinalupihan), can be yours for only Php 15,000 (about US\$ 300).

With his wife Connie handling the finances, Rolly not only makes these majestic 26-inch wheel beauties for discerning buyers, he also rents out a fleet of eighteen to augment his modest manufacturing income. Yes, for Php 45 per day (less than US\$ 1) you can rent a Rolly Lopez padyak instead

Left: Driving the San Fernando-Olongapo road, motorists are inevitably reminded of the less hurried pace of life enjoyed by the folks of Dinalupihan.

Top right: Rolly Lopez, Dinalupihan's Master "padyak" builder at work. Right middle: Cruising the streets of Dinalupihan, "padyak" drivers are ever alert to the customers call...Pssst!

Bottom right: With a competitive fleet of more than 1,500 identical "padyaks", success often favors the driver with personality.

**By Martyn Willes
Photos by Kevin Hamdorf**



“Connie refuses to accept a black American Express card as payment...”

behind – but the passengers stayed away in droves because the aerodynamics slipstreamed the various fragrances emanating from the driver directly into passenger compartment faster

of buy -- no wonder they are so popular on the streets of Dinalupihan.

Rolly started his manufacturing career after being laid off from work in 1991. He had been an electrician who made bending steel conduit his personal field of excellence; his excellence earned him a motorcycle. Being out of work he was forced to sell his motorcycle to put food on the table but he saved enough from the sale to purchase a second-hand electric welder and a bending bar. With these tools and a thorough investigation of the construction of a padyak in Mangandan, Pangasinan, he decided he would turn his field of excellence into personal profit.

Fifteen years of detailed consumer research has gone into the elegant design you can purchase today. For example: Rolly has previously offered small wheel versions (like the ones found in Manila) but these did not catch-on because the smaller wheels made them appear too childish; Rolly also offered a “Cebu” model – driver in-front, passengers



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The less popular small wheeled tricycle, with its lower center of gravity, nevertheless, proves an ideal watering platform in Dinalupihan's ongoing road side beautification program.

than the air could be exhausted through the au-natural ventilation system. So the investor (or hirer) of today's model can be assured that it is perfect in every respect for its intended purpose.

What makes a Rolly Lopez padyak the connoisseurs' choice in the cycling world? First off he uses only the finest, galvanized steel – none of that cheap black iron for a Rolly Lopez padyak. Then he adds useful features like an expanded rack at the rear of the sidecar, versatile enough for the Louis Vitton luggage or the SM plastic, "just like on a motorized tricycle". And every unit has a roo-bar (actually I think he copied this from the front of a Nissan Patrol). Not that the roo-bar is

actually necessary because no Rolly Lopez padyak leaves his workshop without another "Rolly innovation": a twenty-inch long, wide barrel, hand-operated air-horn. The final touch of exclusivity that sets a Rolly Lopez padyak apart from a Jaguar or a Lamborghini . . . Connie refuses to accept a black American Express card as payment.

For Rolly, the watchwords are "quality and durability" as he proudly claims that the very first model out of his workshop "is still on the road today". (number 0001 was at the rear of his house the day we interviewed him and still, apparently, in a very serviceable condition)

Rolly also owns possibly the only padyak on Earth with an "Ambassador's" plate (municipal registration number 1000) but Rolly will be the first to tell you that he is only an ambassador for his family and claims no special status. "I build quality padyaks that's all"

As Rolly's latest, bright red unit (municipal registration number 1525) rolls up at his door in the middle of the afternoon with padyak driver, Bernie Manila, smiling at the handlebars, we found the perfect opportunity to discover what makes a Rolly Lopez padyak so popular around Dinalupihan. "It is more economic than a (motorized) tricycle" claims Bernie, "forty five pesos per day rental and I take home two hundred or more . . . and no gasoline cost!" A handshake and Berni skips off down the dusty road. Rolly smiles as he watches another happy entrepreneur about to enjoy the fruits of his labor.

Rolly's points out another often overlooked

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advantage of owning a padyak . . . if you have the urge at some point to go into your own business then owning a Rolly Lopez padyak provides infinite possibilities. For example, padyaks have been spotted as far away as: Angeles City, Pampanga, being employed as mobile high-fashion boutiques; San Fernando, Pampanga, serving as al fresco coffee shops; and, Barrio Barretto, Zambales, as places to accessorize in anticipation of a night out with the beautiful people.

Some cynics, attempting to traverse the World's three-wheel capitol in their gas-guzzling Pajero's and Explorers, have questioned why such a small town, that covers such a small geographic area, needs more than 2000 motorized tricycles and over 1500 padyaks. Connie has an answer that seems to fit the moment, "people in Dinalupihan are too lazy . . . they will hire a padyak just to go to the end of the street"

The Lopezes hope that this social moray will forever continue and that their business will flourish . . . at least until they have completed building their house. As for the gas-guzzlers, their patience will be rewarded at the end of 2007 when the high-speed, Clark - Subic Tollway will open and Dinalupihan will be bypassed completely.

Yes! If you are looking for environmentally friendly transport that will not break the bank and may set you up for a new career then take time out in Dinalupihan and check out the specs on a Rolly Lopez padyak today.

Editor's note: finding the factory in Dinalupihan is easy, hop on any padyak and ask it to be taken to Rolly Lopez the padyak ambassador . . . it only costs six pesos.



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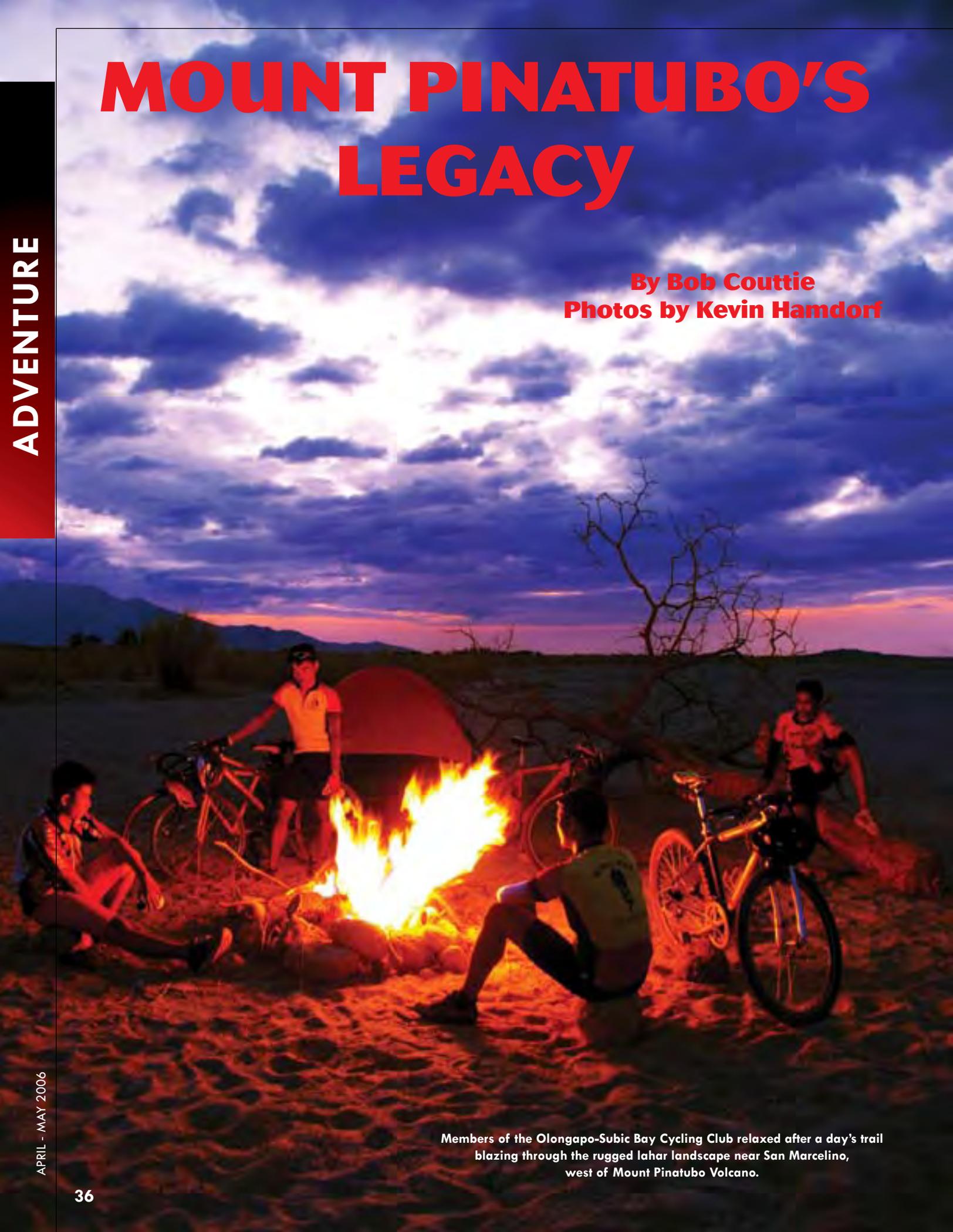
DOMESTIC SEAPLANE CHARTER

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MOUNT PINATUBO'S LEGACY

By Bob Couttie
Photos by Kevin Hamdorf

ADVENTURE



Members of the Olongapo-Subic Bay Cycling Club relaxed after a day's trail blazing through the rugged lahar landscape near San Marcelino, west of Mount Pinatubo Volcano.

“...you have to make your own strategy if you want to beat them...”



Dodging hazards as diverse as errant cows, lahar slides, half-hidden pumice rocks and the occasional disinterested carabao, almost 50 amateur and professional riders from across the Philippines participate in the first “Kabalikat Malaya Mountain Bike Challenge”. The Challenge scorches through a 30-kilometer course with legs pumping the pedals like miniature steam engines, leaving clouds of dust and a few broken bikes and some wounded pride in its wake.

Starting at the junction of the National and Govic Highways, the winner, Nicardo Guanzon from Nueva Ecija, closely followed by teammate Joel Calderon, breasted the tape in a little more than an hour and ten minutes. The less lucky pattered home with flat tires and broken chains with wry smiles under the gaze of amused children and rubber-neckers.

The object of the race, says Danny Mallari, one of the Kabalikat Malaya organizers, was to promote the Castillejos-

San Marcelino district and its stunning lahar landscape . . . courtesy of the eruption of Mount Pinatubo in 1991. “We chose the route because we want to promote tourism in the lahar areas. The mountain bike race will help people to come to know our place.”

Kabalikat Malaya usually offers volunteers to help motorists during holidays. The Zambales Chapter took nearly six weeks to organize the event in partnership with the local cycling club. “We were able to source some funds for the prizes and other expenses,” explains Danny, “and also secured permits and the promotions.”

Edwin Sentasas of the Olongapo-Subic Bay Cycling Club: “We invited the riders and checked out the route and looked after the safety (of the riders). It is a very challenging to race the area around Mount Pinatubo amongst lahar.”

The riders were an eclectic mix of amateurs and professionals. Edward Lawrence, for instance, is a groundsman



Top: More than 50 entrants jockey for position along the GOVIC Highway at the start of the first Kabalikat Mountain Bike Challenge. Bottom: A more challenging off-road section of the race circuit passes through the dusty lahar terrain, east of Castillejos, Zambales. Photo by Efrén Fiao-Ag.



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with a Subic Bay-based company who took up cycling three years ago and has since competed in four competitions. "It's an expensive hobby, but you don't think about that when you are racing," he says.

"It was a very professional race, and it makes you ride like a professional. The competitors are strong guys, they want to win and you have to make your own strategy if you want to beat them. This was a good race."

The most difficult part of the mountain bike challenge for Edward: "In off-road competition if you don't have a good bike you don't win. Going through the lahar, where there were lots of stones, you can destroy your bike. It was very challenging."

The route provided a wide contrast of terrain, from the well-metalled highways to the byways of San Marcellino and Castillejos and the lahar-lands devastated by Mount Pinatubo's eruption, along the top of the San Marcelino mega-dyke and back.

The Kabalikat Challenge is a race but, for the adventurous tourist, mountain biking is a great way to see and appreciate the awesome power of Mount Pinatubo. Another good route, being promoted by the municipality of Porac and the Provincial Government, guides adventurers towards the summit of Pinatubo along a newly developed panorama road, which provides truly spectacular views of the surrounding countryside amongst the foothills of the Zambales mountains.



Top: For the extreme sports adventurer, Porac on the east side of Mt. Pinatubo offers a host of spectacular trails. Photo by Edwin David. **Middle:** Winning trio from Nueva Ecija, Nicardo Guanzon, winner (right); Joel Calderon, 2nd place (center) and Oscar Fronda, 5th place (left). **Bottom:** Olongapo-Subic Bay Cycling Club Secretary Edwin Sentasas operates the very popular EJ's Bikeshop, National Highway, Matain, Subic Bay.

In Subic, contact Danny Mallari on +63 926 868 3210 or Edwin Sentasas on +63 921 304 2602. In Clark, contact Melvin Fausto on +63 920 818 2906.



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IN THE JET ZONE

From An Interview with Jetski Adventurers

RECREATION



It was a little past 1 pm; the sun was blazing hot. I hopped in the speedboat with Networx Jetsports owner Dong Arcilla at the controls. With just barely an hour of sleep following a whole night's work in Manila, I jumped in, and started shooting.

Watching those high-speed machines zip through the bay's surface, I could feel the adrenaline rush by simply being in close proximity . . . watching that whitewater trail blaze across the otherwise peaceful and serene bay was dramatic. Quenching a thirst for speed, riding those lean and mean jet powered toys at 90-100 kph is one sure-fire way to get your heart pumping.

With the Jet Ski you can steer your way to otherwise inaccessible coves, through even rough waves, past dangerous rocks and into the pristine, rarely explored waters of a hidden beach paradise.

The riders for the afternoon were; Jerry Santos, Gio Santos, Robert Abella and Nori Inokuchi together with one of the owners, BJ Ang, they blazed across the bay at top speed. On a trip that would normally take two to three hours by normal motorboat, our group arrived at Silagan Cove inside 40 minutes.

BJ enthuses, "We (Networx) want to offer the best Subic experience

combined with the wonders of watercraft. Jet Skis are fun and easy to ride, and quite safe when compared to a motorcycle . . . there is less risk of injury because if you make a wrong move you'll just fall on water".

Of the round-the-bay excursion we were embarked upon, Robert Fabella explained, "We normally do these trips on weekends and whenever the guys got together . . . they call each other up and say 'let's ride'".

The Jet Ski has grown up in the past twenty years, from little more than a surfboard with a seat and an outboard engine in the 1980s, to a sophisticated (and quite expensive) jet-drive powered, hydrodynamically-correct equivalent to a small sports car. The jet drives have significantly reduced the risk of injury to other water



Top: For the intrepid jetski adventurer, the spectacular Zambales coast, north of Subic Bay, offers the opportunity to explore otherwise inaccessible coves and idyllic beaches. Photo by Angelo Reyes. Bottom: The family jetski provides Patrick and Dr. Michelle Lynch (and their inseparable pet, Pee Dee) a novel means of bar-hopping between the many beach front resorts within Subic Bay. Photo by Kevin Hamdorf

users and the high-performance engines allow for short and medium distance cruising and racing.

Nevertheless there are still risks. BJ Ang again, "We have utmost concern for rider safety and we also keep in mind the traffic in and around the bay . . . we have implemented specific routes for the jet skis and there are no-go zones around swimming areas.

...continuation on page 48

"We have security and safety at the forefront of our minds so everyone can enjoy the experience and have fun."

The top-of-the-line Jet Skis boast over 200 hp, generated from a 1500 cc gasoline fueled, four-cylinder, sixteen valve engine. They cost as much as a Honda Civic, so it is no wonder that the cost of hiring one of these beasts can range from Php 2,000 (US\$ 40) to Php 3,000 (US\$ 60) per hour. But swing your leg over the saddle and tweak the throttle just a little, and the expense becomes irrelevant as images of Michael Schumacher or Valentino Rossi smash into the brain's fun-receptors.

Many people perceive that the lack of licensing for riders is a major safety problem and one that will grow with the popularity of the sport. William Ang of Networx Jetsports confirms that this has been recognized as an issue and has taken steps to overcome it lieu of any Government legislation.

"Before someone rents one of our Jet Skis they are required to undergo a safety instruction session and orientation as to the approved courses . . . we also have a marshal Jet Ski on the water accompanying riders to ensure that they follow the basic safety rules.

"...EXPENSE BECOMES IRRELEVANT AS IMAGES OF MICHAEL SCHUMACHER OR VALENTINO ROSSI SMASH INTO THE BRAIN'S FUN-RECEPTORS..."

"We set our courses away from other water users and because of the attention of the marshals we have received no complaints from other users in Subic Bay."

At this time there is no organized club or association for Jet Ski riders, something that exists in other countries. Probably because of this there are also very few organized events or competitions.

William again, "In order to have races we need sponsors but there are very few companies that are interested to sponsoring events when they can't quantify the potential return . . . we have occasional sponsored events in Subic Bay but not enough to attract international participation."

The sport of Jet Ski riding is definitely here to stay. With the licensing and related safety issues being handled by responsible for-hire operators it is a sport that will continue to grow at a pace. Subic Bay, because of the favorable sea conditions and the wide variety of sight-seeing destinations, should take the lead in this area and organize a club or association that could eventually expand to cover the whole country.

The message must be: if you want an adrenalin rush in a fast but relatively safe water sport then come to Subic Bay and hire a Jet Ski.



Conclusion to another beautiful day in Subic Bay. Photo by Kevin Hamdorf