

MANCHESTER 'L7' MOTOR CYCLE CLUB NEWS-SHEET (AUGUST 1965)Member of the Cheshire Centre of the A.C.W.

Committee Meeting - July 7th.

Members present W. Earlam, B. Parkes, D. Abrahams, P. Attwood, F. Turner, F. Leaver, D. Linney.

Apologies J. Roberts, J. Bell.

Minutes of last meeting Read and approved.

Last Meeting Read and approved.

Matters arising Dinner-Dance still not acknowledged.

Treasurer's report Cash in hand is now £114.

Subscriptions Still about twenty subs outstanding.

New Members M.B. Hayes.

Training scheme Presentation took place on June 25th - 24 out of 26 trainees passed the test. John Hartle attended presentation.

Correspondance Letter from John Hartle.

Programme Film show arranged for July 22nd.

Scramble 18th July Everything arranged but toilets still to be erected

Scramble 15th August Permit applied for and the regulations available

Newsheet Ist. Newsheet a very good effort. Arrangements being made to issue one every 8-9 weeks.

Next meeting August 4th.

Committee Meeting - August 4th.

Members present F. Leaver, B. Parkes, J. Roberts, M. Chambers, P. Attwood, F. Turner, J. Bell, W. Earlam, V. Higgins.

Apologies E. Stobbs.

Minutes of last meeting Read and approved.

Treasurer's report Cash in hand about £192 but about £35 expenses on the scramble still outstanding.

Subscriptions Two or three further subs received.

New members S. Birchall, J. S. Farrar, P. Bann, R. Warburton & Miss C.A. Steyert.

Training scheme Next training scheme to start on September 25th.

Scramble 18th July A few of the Marshalls were not issued with armbands. Every marshall should be issued with an armband. P. Attwood to ensure that there is an adequate supply for next event.

Scramble 15th August 46 entries received. Advertising matter being circulated. The paddock, the crowd craning and the finish to be re-arranged.

Trial Sept 19th Regulations being prepared and the permit being arranged. Trial to be held at Shedyard Farm.

Sporting Dates 1966 Scrambles:--April, July, September.
Trials:--J. Roberts to arrange the dates.
Scrambles:--P. Attwood to arrange actual dates after consultation with B. Hatton.

Next meeting September 8th.

It hardly seems a couple of weeks since I sat here scratching my head and biting my finger-nails down to the elbows - wondering how on earth I was going to fill both sides of the sheet. The problem now, is how I am going to fit all the news in one volume. So much has been happening I hardly know where to start.

I will start on a pleasant note concerning the training scheme. Out of 26 trainees who took the final test, there were 24 passes which is good by any standards, as one or two always make silly mistakes through nerves etc., The highlight of a very enjoyable evening was the presentation by the Clubs old friend - John Hartle.

John in case you did not know, has started a business in Northampton, which is quite a gallop to come for an evening out and to travel back the same night.

I am sure we all appreciate the interest John shows in our club, and to make him a life member was the very least we could do to show our appreciation to a great Sportsman - And if you read this John, when ever you are in Manchester on business on a Thursday evening there is always a pint waiting at the "Bulls Head", Hazel Grove.

I would like you to read an extract from John's letter:-

"Will you please express to the Committee and Members of the 'Manchester '17'', my sincere thanks for making me a life member of the club. I felt very honoured and a bit overwhelmed when you announced it at the presentation. Please tell the Committee that I appreciate their gesture very much, and I look forward to coming to some of the events they hold.

Kind regards,
John Hartle.

There's always one thing you can depend on with a Motor-Cyclist: he is always good for a tall story, and the stories get taller and taller and taller:- it started with a certain E.S.2, that was claimed to have done 95 m.p.h. with two up and camping equipment: the next stage was a Thunderbird outfit that did 97 m.p.h.: and now the tallest of all:- John Bell's injury was caused by - wait for it - TURNING over too fast in bed !!!

In the last newsheet I had a good dig at Dave Abraham's injury, well I have just read his article on our holidays and noticed he has had several hefty digs at me: I suppose I left myself wide open. Who will be next?

Now to an item that is not at all funny and must surely note as "hard luck story of the year". I mean of course, Len Morton, who has surely had enough bad luck to last him a life-time. It all started when Len & I were travelling to Sheffield, (both on Len's new Triumph.) As we entered Sheffield, a car suddenly, turned across our path giving Len no chance of avoiding a collision. We piled into the side of the car rather rapidly. Len received a rather nasty cut on the cheek and the front end of the bike was re-arranged somewhat! As if this was not enough, several weeks later last Friday in fact, he was having a spin round the block on Brian Glynn's bike when he was involved in a very similar accident, only this time he was even less fortunate, it caused about £30 worth of damage to Brian's bike and poor Len suffered a badly broken leg.

I know everyone will join me in wishing Len a speedy recovery and there is one thing that will help him towards this, and that is his cheerful disposition. I remember when they wheeled him in for yet another X-Ray, he said something like:- "They seem to like me, I must be photogenic!"

Another member who has had more than his fair share of bumps is that well known Triumph owner Ted Stobbs. Ted seems to have been a little confused about putting tigers in tanks. It appears he thought he'd have a rest and let the tiger drive, with disastrous results. Ted had the misfortune of watching his bike career into a wall after the twist-grip had come off in his hand. The accident could have been a lot worse if he had not been thrown clear.

Two club members recently entered the "Motor-Cyclist of the Year" competition and, I gather were not very impressed. This is how George Long saw it:- JUNE 20th. MOTORCYCLIST OF THE YEAR AWARD AT BIRKENHEAD - Two Manchester 17 members entered, driving licences, road fund licences, and maintenance of the machine, Riding - three figures of 8 in a rectangle 20' x 40' (no allowance for different machines) in and out of three large oil drums followed by an emergency stop! The test route was sign-posted through Birkenhead (the hardest task was to find the route sign). The hill start was none existant, most competitors were able to hold the machine by means of the foot behind the footrest. At the presentation the Chief Constable of Birkenhead was pleased to announce, that the event, which was observed by the Birkenhead Pegasus Club (the examiners) that all the awards were won by their club - surprise! Only one person was excluded and he was a Manchester 17 rider who allegedly went through a Halt sign without stopping and he followed a woman who did not even keep to the test course.

Digby.

Sunday 1st. August saw a working party descend on Marple and push a Scrambles leaf-let through every letter box in sight. The following week-end we raided Disley with the same object. Also one or two of us have been dashing out when ever we have had five minutes to spare. We did this before our last scramble and believe it did a lot of good as far as spectator figures are concerned. The point is we could do with many

Whilst on the subject of scrambles let us keep our fingers crossed for a nice day for our next event. Last time we enjoyed a pleasant day, some good riding and a reasonably good crowd. At least we made a profit, which is more than we have done for some time. So as I said lets keep our fingers crossed.

At No.2, in the hit parade this week is the song about the cornering of Triumphs i.e. 'Tossin' & Turning'.

At No:573 the song of the Ariel i.e. 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes', Brian Glynn has been changing his job recently; after a short spell at Ferodo's he has now gone to work at Walls (famous for their bacon mines and their sausage plantation!)

And finally here is Moses's version of our holiday. I have done my utmost to lose it but I have failed. I kept kicking it under the table but in the end it's beaten me -- no here it is :-

At 3 a.m. on Sunday the 25th. July I finished assembling my Vincent but didn't try it for the neighbours sake. At 10 a.m. Dave Heinz arrived and we set off for Scotland.

The journey as far as Glasgow was uneventful apart from my plug oiling up every 50 miles approx. However thid did give Heinz a chance to chat up a blonde in a Grocers in Carlisle. I saw him and the blonde vanish down an alley. He swears they only went for a tin-opener.

Sunday evening after pitching the tent on the outskirts of Glasgow, we went grub-hunting. We soon found out why the locals were all small & thin - you just can't get anything to eat in Glasgow unless you settle for Fish & Chips. We found six newcomers to our little camp-site when we returned - Two Dougies, two girls and (unfortunately!) two boys (all in one minutt tent - how do others do it?)

Monday morning was cloudy but dry and Heinz set off the buy some breakfast. He decided to start his heap and then fling himself on the bike, the result was of course a collapsed footrest and Dave skidding along on his backside whilst his bike did pirouettes. Monday p.m.: - we set off the Arrochar at the top of Loch Long. We pitched tent near the loch-side and cooked a meal. By this time it was raining quite heavily. Some vague thoughts about slackening guy ropes came to me but I dismissed them and dived into my beans. A few minutes later there was a strong gust of wind and Dave went purple trying to shout something with a mouthful of beans. I followed his panic-stricken stare and saw the tent poles buckling gracefully. The front pole snapped and the tent collapsed. When I'd finished my beans I helped Dave do a temporary repair. Whilst we were doing this a smiling Scot approached and informed us it had been known for the Loch to rise above the level of our camp. Sure enough a quick look revealed the advancing waters were lapping over the Norton's wheel rims. "It won't come any higher", said Heinz, but a short while later he just managed to move his bike before the crankcase was covered. After that he left the tent periodically to check the water level against a stick planted in the sand and would not go to sleep until the tide turned (about 2 feet from the tent)

On Tuesday we went to Helensborough 25 miles away for a tent-pole. On the way I managed to hit a sheep (black faced ewe) which involved a lot of trouble - reporting to the shepherd and the police. We took in a film at Helensborough and returned to Arrochar just in time to help two young ladies lift their mini out of a bog.

From Mid-day on Tuesday to Friday morning it didn't stop raining for more than thirty seconds. Our boredom was relieved by eating, sleeping and a trip to the Helensborough cinema on Wednesday with the above mentioned young ladies in their mini.

On Thursday afternoon we moved to Creith where we dried off in a very nice Bed & Breakfast house. Friday saw two tatty bikes visiting Edinburgh and the Glasgow Speedway.

We travelled home on Friday night to arrive in Manchester at 8.a.m. Saturday morning in a very poor condition after a very wet week.

One of the funniest sights I have ever seen was Moses in full-flight, complete with huge ruck-sack with things dangling although tied all over it; such as a kettle, water bottle and a pair of gigantic water flippers flapping in the breeze.

Heinz.

