

That's more, I find the bike has just as much 'character' as my old
bangers. The wet you have to mow down and get your fingers burnt on
the pine or covered in oil, to operate the prop-stand, but after you
start up and use the centre stand the prop-stand just flicks out with
your toe. The way you can snap the throttles shut into a tight bend,
then a split second later, get a surge that spins the back wheel and
sends you lurching for the brakes and clutch.

Yes, I'm sure I will develop the same affection for this bike as
all the others eventually, after all its character that counts. A bike
without character is about as desirable as Keith's old no-one has turned
up for a working carv.

D.T.A.

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TOP SHELF

196 1 low mileage Norton B4 Sports 250cc. Villiers Twin
Needs just Rebuild.

£20.

Full 11th Alloy Tub. Complete with Alloy
Fit. 1st Suit D.S.S.
£6.

Contact D. Nurse any Club night.

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135 Bulbaco Racer. New Trace New Forks, 1970.

Rebore piston and reground crank.

£185.

650cc. Triton. Thruxton Powrie engine. Tide line
Norton frame. 75. wheels.

£275. D. arranged.

Contact: V. Fisher, 5 Tistaff Road, Boynton.

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Is anyone interested in a Scrambler. Consisting of a

1983 57. Triumph engine in a Greeves
Hawkingone frame. Rebuilt, re-approved and unused.
£70 O.N.S.

Contact. Steve Hill, 28 Peel West Road, Barton Moor. Tel. 452 5651

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We are introducing a new system for sending newsletters out this
month. To ease the burden of addressing envelopes, we are enclosing
six envelopes with this issue, and if you are interested enough in re-
ceiving future issues of the Newsletter you should put your own address
on them and return them to: Mrs. S. Taylor, 4 Pine Ave, Weston Morris
Stockport, SK4 1EW. Then it won't take as long to send them to you as
we shall only have to slip in your Newsletter and lick and stick. Ta.

Tell that's your lot again for another month, don't forget we are al-
ways interested in hearing from you on any points of view ect...

Sue T.

There was a terrific jolt when for the next few seconds I saw the handle-bars outlined against the sky and felt a vice-like grip round my waist. Eventually the wheel came down, luckily still in front of the back wheel. Chris looked back and said "you've burst the ball". Just as well, I would have gone back to burst it if necessary.

I kept the Col'ic until the Vincent was rebuilt. Just before I sold it, I thought I would give it a clean (yes I do clean my bikes sometimes). It was necessary to remove the pipe and silencer to scrape the rust off and I heard a rattle from the pipe. A good shake deposited half the exhaust valve guide onto the ground. I didn't feel so bad about parting with it then, but it was still a wrench. The young student who bought it came round the following day to say he had just discovered that his bank account was in the red and the cheque was going to bounce. I went ally the bike ended up in the local repair-shop so that he could cover the cheque. One night several months ago I heard a clattering rattle approaching along a quiet street in Stockport. Something made me stop and look, and there it was, PHA 897, new mudguards, fresh paint but still the same valve guides by the sound of it.

Now you all knew, and I'm sure loved my Vincent just as much as I did. All the rudo comments were only due to envy I know. The bike was rebuilt from scratch right down to the bare metal. It was a nice bike to work on but there were a few difficult jobs, like removing the eccentric headed bolts in the hubs or fitting new front fork stumps, but nevertheless, no special tools were necessary anywhere.

The first teething trouble discovered was the lack of front braking. The bike was fitted with twin cables, a la Royal Weyfield, when I bought it and on advice from bearded members of the Vincent Owners Club, I converted the brake back to the Vincent single cable arrangement, not really expecting any improvement. In fact the brake was transformed from something that wouldnt pull up a pair of nylon panties to a device capable of stopping Paul Sandbach, reaching a bar after 'free drinks' has been shouted. This race lock wore closely at the design of the system and I realized that with the standard arrangement there's double the leverage and automatic compensation for the two brakes. No doubt several of my acquaintances will tell you I know as much about brakes as Paul Footal knows about girls, but all I can say is, I was right about the springs wasn't I?

The Vincent gave trouble with pistons at first, perhaps it was just looking for one it liked, but three rebore's and new pistons in twelve months was no joke. For my money the best features of a Vincent, leaving aside its exquisite appearance, are brakes and handling. It went round corners like a train, so long as the rails didn't follow the road, but once it made its mind up, that's where it went. I'm only joking really (yes, really), its only vice in the handling department was a predilection for tank-slappers. I never fell off due to one, but spectators were often phoning for the ambulance or crossing themselves before I was in full control of navigation again. But anyway, what are steering dampers for?

These slim tapering legs the scuttle curves, the fascinating rhythmic movement, perfect proportions, is it any wonder people have fallen in love with 'airdraulic' forks? No more though, I could see on all day about multi-spring shock absorbers, Koni-dampers, triangulated rear forks, tiller regulations or Moridax saddles (yes I know, I do so on all day). Suffice it to say that the strongest circumferences remind me of the vin. Yes, I often imagine my knees are squeezing the soft leather tank cover and my fingers are caressing the smooth alloy levers. You see, I don't really deserve the steps, I'm probably only changing up.

The Spitfire was purchased originally as a means of going racing. I didn't really expect to enjoy riding it on the road and at first I didn't. To travel at 20 m.p.h., when in the presence of the law for instance, requires second or even first gear. Irritating vibration sets in about 90m.p.h. and the front brake is inadequate. The handling at first had me worried. This was partly cured by tightening the back wheel spindle and partly by experience. That is, I discovered that the bike will go as fast as anything else around a corner, the feeling of riding motorized hell on sheet ice is irrelevant, you still get round. After a month or two of this bike I feel I would be unhappy with less power. Going faster than anything else, even Triumphs, lifting the front wheel out of beads and setting airborne at the top of Lancashire will are all a bit funny.

ARE TWO SINGLES WORTH MORE THAN A TWIN?

As most of you will know, I recently broke one of my firmest resolutions (and I didn't have many to break). I purchased a twin cylinder, new-fangled, motor-cycle after seven years of faithfulness to elderly singles.

Which do I prefer? The truth is I still don't know. The bikes in question, in chronological order are: 1952, 350cc. A.J.S., 1959, 350cc Royal Enfield, 1953, 350cc. Gold Star, 1954, Vincent Comet, and now a 1966, 654cc. B.S.A. Spitfire.

The A.J.S. was my introduction to real motor-cycling and so can be forgiven almost anything. In fact I remember it as an extremely good machine in some ways. It was fast (85m.p.h., chronometric of course), smooth, with good brakes and a nice gearbox. Most trouble was experienced with snapping primary chains due to the pathetic pressed tin chaincase which also served as a highly efficient road oiler. Front forks were good, rear suspension not so good. Returning home from a club run one Sunday evening (yes we had club runs every Sunday, once upon a time), I used the recently completed Kingsway extension. The lights were out street lights that is, not the six volt, twenty watt, dynamo charged, A.V.C. controlled, Joseph Lucas variety, (they were just useless), and I went into a deep pothole. The front forks controlled the machine and the rear 'jam-pots' threw the rider several feet into the air. I returned to the seat and proceeded without delay, but after a few yards I realised that my head was where my chest should be and my legs were several inches longer as my knees kept banging me under the chin. I found out at home that my re-entry and touchdown had bent the seat double. On another occasion, I went for a swift run with Trevor Cowdrey and Eddie Stobbs after the club one Thursday night. They took me down a strange lane and soon left me behind, then I spotted the tail-light of T.C.'s 110 glowing in the distance. A straight bit of road I thought I'll catch up now. Unfortunately I was looking across a bend through a hole in the hedge. After a fast excursion along a ditch, I catapulted over a low wall, the bike following upside down. Fortunately it missed. To fall off the bike was always considered a pretty stupid thing to do (hence my reputation for being thick) and so I quickly righted my steed leaped aboard and started the engine. Into gear, let out the clutch. The bike moved about three inches with a fantastic scraping and crunching and pinging (something like the sound of Jim Phillips bike in fact). I stopped, every spoke in the front wheel was broken and the forks were bent nearly double.

Then there was the wall-of-death act round the wheel arch of a lorry and the 'headon' with a mini-traveller in Cornwall. Jack Spares offered me discount on A.J.S. front wheels and forks but expressed doubt as to whether I would survive long enough to make it worthwhile.

After a year or two in the club I thought it was time someone deposed Sammy Miller and so the Ajax was 'converted'. The result was a ruined bike, which still resides in my shed, and several months hospital treatment for a strained back after lifting the bike through a group of sections. All in all I learnt a lot about motor-cycling with the A.J.S. though I'm sure there are easier ways.

The Enfield was economical and started easily and that was about all you could say for it although it once beat all the Vincent twins in the hill climb section of a V.O.C. road trial. The bike must have had something, because I felt really sorry when the mug who bought it rode away, perhaps it was my conscience.

The Goldie was in fact a 1949 or thereabouts ZB engine in a 1953 B31 frame. It cost me £2 for the bike, two dismantled N.S.U. 250's and an engineless trials bike. £15 spent on the rotor and a bit of paint and the bike was perfect (well Jim would have thought so). It went well Stopped well and didn't handle too badly for a B.S.A. Apart from the standard B.S.A. clutch-slip, the only problem was wet points in heavy rain. Once, in a heavy storm outside Buxton, it stopped. I knew it was the points but I just couldn't dry them as I had my old waxed cotton Barbour suit on and I was drenched literally to the skin, even my shirt lap was soaked. My young lady passenger said she didn't have a dry stitch on either and I couldn't be bothered to verify this, that's how fed up I was. Another time with the same passenger, I was descending a mainroad hill fairly rapidly when a football rolled into the road. I moved to go inside it when the owner ran out after it, all this happened in a split second and I ended up hitting the ball square on at about fifty.

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NOV 70

THE MANCHESTER '17' MOTORCYCLE CLUB

NEWSLETTER

NOVEMBER

The A.G.M. is over for another year and it seems the club is on the up and up as far as finance goes. The Treasurer, Scrambles, Trials and Training Scheme organisers all reported a successful year.

The Committee Election Results:
President, Chairman, Treasurer, Scrambles, Trials, Training Scheme and Secretarial positions remain the same.
Press Officer: Ian Bradshaw, Social Sec': Beryl Brown, Newsletter Ed., Dave Abrahams, with Doreen Rowlands and Gordon Ruffley as spare members.

A lively discussion then ensued about the lack of road bike members and a few grumbles were aired.

Mr. M. Brown put forward an idea that we should invest in an ice-cream van and do our own catering at the Scrambles and Trials events.

The Dinner Dance is to be held on 29th January, at the Co-op, tickets are available from Doreen priced thirty bob.
Jeff Smith is to be guest, supported by several other wellknown chaps.

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THE BONFIRE TRIAL.

We decided to have a trial on Saturday Nov. 7th. at Bredbury Old Scrambles course, this was run as a prelude to the very successful Barbeque.

Old faithfuls Keith and Bob were on hand to assist in marking out ten sections, which we agreed should not be too severe, because the intention was for everyone to enjoy the lovely warm afternoon, and work up an appetite for the eats and beer which were to follow.

The leading scores proved the trial was not a hard one, with this time no shortage of observers. Nice to see Ken Fyre back on a trials bike again, he didn't make the awards but the way he was riding it wont be long before he is. Also John Cantrell and Cliff Karle were showing off some of their wizardry, its about time these lads treated us all to more of their talents!

A ton of firelighters and piles of wood were lit just after the trial finished to herald the start of the barbeque, as it became dark fireworks were let off, hot dogs were scoffed and Keith and 'Dad' entertained us with fruity songs and jokes. For all, it was an enjoyable event, we should do it more often.

Don't forget observers are needed for the Northern Experts Trial on December 13th, at Cluelow Cross. The trial starts at 10-30a.m. so please come and lend a hand, the Vintage Motor Club have offered at least six observers, let us do better.

Congratulations to Henry on winning the Congleton Trial, its about time he beat us old 'has beens', after all John Roberts won this same Congleton Taylor Trophy Trial in 1959-61-66-68, as for myself 1962-63-69 were my years. So Henry should be winning it around 1979 to keep up the run of previous winners, long my '17' riders keep to the fore.
Dave R.

Thanks for your monthly contribution Dave, how about some of you other folk doing a bit for a change, I'm sure there is someone somewhere just itching to have a go with pen and paper, any subject centred on bikes is welcome.

Don't forget the Social do for the Northern Experts on Sat. 12th Dec. at the Red Lion.

Results of the Road Trial run on 18th Oct.
D. Abrahams. on a B.S.A. with a total loss of 16 marks, followed by P. Lillev, on a Triumph losing 20 marks, C. Jones, Norton, and F. Swinnaton Velocette, lost 25marks each, and S. Taylor Triumph comb, retired with a loss of direction.

We had a super day for this trial although it was a bit parky, and although I got hopelessly lost I enjoyed myself and so did all the other riders, we're looking forward to more of these events and a few Rocket Trials now the evenings are drawing in. If anyone cares for a spin anytime let us know, we're always willing.