

Once again the '17' crowd are on the move. The new clubroom is in the Royal Oak Hotel on Commercial Road in Hazel Grove. The landlord is an ex-Manx GP rider and we look forward to a long stay with him. The first meeting at the new clubroom will be on Tuesday 9 November. The AGM is of course on the following Tuesday 16 November. Remember this is your chance to put who you want on the Committee so please turn up to vote.

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The Peak Motor Cycle Club have challenged us to a football match at Chinley on Sunday 28 November. Aspiring George Bests please give me their names in plenty of time.

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Unfortunately, I have again to report that our training scheme garage was broken into and two scooters and a Bantam stolen. This leaves the scheme with only one serviceable bike, I'm told. If you can help with an unwanted bike please don't be shy.

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The club film of the John Simister Trial was shown on October 12. Those of you who saw it will agree I'm sure that it has turned out very well indeed. Our thanks to George Snowball, Pev Attwood and Paul Toctall's father for their work.

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COMING EVENTS

AGM 16 November in the new clubroom 8.00 pm.

Talk by Ken Eyre on his recent trip to Russia - Tuesday 23 November.

Football Match with Peak Club at Chinley - Sunday 28 November.

Challenge Trial between Hallamshire & DMCC and Manchester '17' at Tideslow Rake Sunday 5 December.

Return leg of Challenge Trial at Harrop Grange Farm, Boxing Day.

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There has been a recent increase in activity of the AMCA in our area and this promises to continue. The Committee believes it is in our interest that club members should know more about this organisation and so we have invited Don Green, Secretary of the AMCA to a talk at the club. This will be of particular interest to trial and scramble riders as the AMCA intend to hold more of these events locally in future. The discussion will take place in the clubroom at the Royal Oak on Tuesday 30 November.

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MIDNATSÖLSTRÄFFEN 1971 (Part 2 of Alan Kempster's exciting article)

Wednesday we left to go up through central Sweden to Gallivare. The weather was quite English at this time with frequent showers which made the Swedish roads even more exciting, plenty of hot sun kept things nice though.

If you think of Canada then you'll have a good idea of Swedish scenery (the girls will get a mention later).

Speed limits in Sweden average 44 mph on most roads but 70 mph is allowed on some. Fines are heavy (£25) on the spot and no quibbling, so one has to keep an eye open more so than here. The Swedish drivers give very good warning of any Feds by flashing lights and imitating the late Winston Churchill, so don't take it the wrong way.

Our first overnight stop gave me my first experience of it being light all night, You just camp anywhere in Sweden as long as you're not in a Farmer's field which is being used. There are also plenty of good camping sites but it is usually better just to pull off the road and pitch the tent. You can usually find a lake to camp by very easily.

Next day Rolf's Bee-Em showed signs of worn piston rings. The cure was to change the oil to SAE 50. He must have done at least 3,000 miles since then. Later however, mine went onto one again. It had to stop again later in the day before we found out the trouble - a sticking contact breaker arm. Success after 2,000 miles. From then on it never missed a beat.

Occasional showers cooled us down but made the dirt roads really exciting. Another hazard was the reindeer wandering across the road, they'd not heard of the green cross code either! When you meet a stag who has not been told that in Sweden they now drive on the right, it ain't very funny.

Camping the next night we met a lot of mosquitos. These were probably the most memorable parts of the whole trip as I found out I was allergic to them. I've still got the marks to prove it. Next day it was a real pleasure to get on the move again. We were soon to be equipped with anti-mosquito sprays and oil, but the damage was already done.

On Friday we crossed the Arctic Circle near Jokkmokk, then it was only another 100 km to Gallivare home of the Midnatsolstraffen.

This rally was really organised - sun 24 hours a day. Admission was £2 though, but for this is included a breakfast and cloth badge, and for us a Laplander's hat for the farthest travelled riders.

The workshop facilities were the best I have ever seen afforded by a motorcycle club, they also had a bar as well! The festivities of the rally included a trip down an ore mine, a bonfire of course (it was not needed to keep us warm, just to cook the sausages) there was a competition which included a sort of trial on foot, rifle shooting, reindeer lassoing, dart throwing, and "recognise the piece of bike" quiz. We didn't win that, although the questions were very fair, e.g. who won the English Football league championship this year? Also there was a road safety quiz in which every rider took part, and funnily enough by some devious means all the Swedes were eliminated. This left 3 Dutchmen and the 2 Englishmen to draw lots for a prize of 50 litres of petrol. We didn't win that either.

The petrol would have been really useful as it costs around 42 p a gallon over there - oil is about the same but for 42p you only get about a pint.

Saturday evening we went up the ski-lift (also in with the £2) to see the midnight sun from the top of the mountain. At the top it was a fantastic view, a feeling that you were on top of the world, and for once we had left the mosquitos down in the valley below. Then back down and sampling the local talent for the rest of the night (censored).

After a ½ hour kip I was up for breakfast at 9 am on Sunday. This Swedish food does not like us much. Breakfast was a dinner sized salad affair with boiled

potatoes. Not quite our idea of breakfast and we still cannot decide what it tasted like. Apart from one other "bought out" meal in a cafe all our other Swedish food was great. "Sausage and mash with jam on it" being their equivalent of fish and chips. Swedish beer however is not so good as the price would appear to indicate. 30p for a coke sized can not more than 5% alcohol content.

By mid-day Sunday we had to leave in order to get but of Scandinavia by Tuesday night - insurance too expensive with compulsory passenger cover. We returned via the Baltic Sea coast road and after one night's stop in Sweden we crossed over to Gothenburg to catch the 2 am Tuesday ferry to Frederikshavn in Denmark. After the crossing we just went to sleep on the beach.

Now without any mosquitos about we could soak up the sun in comfort. Late afternoon we lazed on down to Germany on our way spending all our Danish currency on a meal in a Kro (Danish pub). As we didn't understand the language, we just took pot luck with the handwritten menu and Pete grabbed the steak while I was left with a bony looking flat fishy thing. I used to like Danish food.

We camped near Kappeln in Germany and it was dark again when we pitched the tent. To our surprise when we awoke we were inches from the beach and the sun was getting unbearable. During the day we enjoyed the kind hospitality of a local vet and his family who just by a chance meeting invited us home. When we eventually got back to our tent we were invited to a beach party and when we could not drink any more we dozed off by the fire. Just great.

We lazily packed our gear the next day and by 5pm managed to get away. Slowly we wandered across the Elbe to Cuxhaven doing a little shopping on the way. Next day it was more shopping and back to Holland for two nights before catching the ferry home. Holland had something that most club members probably have never seen over here - a "Wall of Death" show. This was the first time I had seen one and personally I split my sides laughing (has Jack Matthews ever had a go?).

After spending almost our last few guilders on steak and chips (I reckoned the best meal since the one at Rolf's house but Pete thought his cooking was better) we still had a couple left to get merry before getting on the boat.

Our last crossing was just as smooth as the previous seven but when we had fooled the customs men at Harwich, it was soon time for wellies and barbour suit again.

Looking back, two things spring to mind which I have failed to mention. Firstly, GÖRAN NJÖSTEN's surname is pronounced "SHINJOSTEN" not "JUSTEN" as they say at Belle Vue. Secondly, Swedish girls are really the most Swedish looking girls I have ever seen.

We'll be going back again!

Ian Kempster

The result of our last rocket trial held on 8 October organised by Paul Sandbach and myself was as follows:

- 1 Keith & Hilary Rhodes
- 2 Dave & Doreen Rowland
- 3 Dave Nurse
- 4 Alan Kempster, Rod Yarwood, Roger Golden
- 7 George Long and Gillian
- 8 Paul & Sharman Footall

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£7 WONDER DOES IT AGAIN!

I refer of course to that wonderful monument to motorcycles, Bob Lydiatt's 350 c.c. G-3 L Matchless.

You will remember that it was this gallant charger that came to the rescue when I blew my T.100 up on the way to the ISDT and low and behold with my Triumph still in pieces the trusty steed came into its own once again.

I borrowed Bob's bike last Sunday to enter Ian Brads road trial and as ever it carried two of us, Hilary and myself, up hill and down dale all through the peak district at a ridiculous rate of knots.

With 14 starters the event promised to be a good one and in typical style within a few miles everyone was going in different directions but nobody seemed to be going in the right one.

The route took us out through Strines and up a miniature Hawk's Nest where Beryl Brown and cartographer pillion passenger Janet came to grief with a big crunch, much modifying a new headlamp glass and rim installed that very morning.

Then after a quick dash through New Mills and Furness Vale, we found ourselves thundering through Watley Bridge just in time to see hoses sneaking up a restricted access' road. Alas Ian was at the other end and promptly "booked him" 5 penalty miles.

There's George Long going the wrong way as usual and Alan doing a "Brian Kemp"ster all over the place. Len Horton and Chris enjoying the run in their new mobile. Len has finally aspired for four wheels.

A puff of smoke, a flash of light (reflecting off his glasses no doubt) and a streak of red hurtles past. Yes, it's Dave Nurse on the MZ complete with Paul (whiskery) Sandbach clinging on to the rear and for dear life. Then there was Trevor Cowdrey attending to the needs of nature he said. Still with a pillion passenger like that who can blame him. I mean to say, if I hadn't been a couple of miles in the wrong direction nobody would have known.

And onwards we dashed on this thumping machine towards Stony Middleton and then back towards Castleton through some God forsaken place called Aston.

Sue Taylor with a chair load of family had not been seen since the start but neither had Jim Phillips together with Messrs Hall and Kershaw and Commando Lilley. Still anything is likely to happen in a Manchester '17' road trial.

At last the final clue was found and a quick burst saw us at the finish in the Winmats Cafe. A most enjoyable run with the final positions being as follows:

- 1 Trevor Cowdrey
- 2 George Long and Gillian
- 3 Hilary & Keith Rhodes
- 4 Alan Kempster
- 5 Dave Nurse and Paul S
- 6 Dave Abrahams
- 7 Len Morton and Chris
- 8 Paul Hootall and Sharran

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As Moses has already said there is to be an informal discussion on the AMCA on Tuesday 30 November commencing 8.30 pm prompt. When I say informal, I don't expect you to come along loaded with tomatoes to throw but we would certainly welcome some constructive heckling. This discussion should be most interesting to the sporting members in the club since it is they who suffer as a result of the childish attitude of the ACU toward the AMCA so come along lads and listen to this group from the AMCA headed by the Secretary Don Green. They have given up their time most willingly so do listen to what they have to say. I am certain in my own mind that they will dispel many of the malicious rumours with which people are all too ready to brand the AMCA.

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Tickets are now on sale for the Dinner Dance and Presentation of Awards which this year by popular request is to be held on a SATURDAY. The date to remember is 12 FEBRUARY 1972; the place is the Co-op Restaurant, Chestergate, Stockport, the time 6.30 pm for 7 pm with dress optional and at 35/- a throw where could you possibly go for a better time. We have engaged an excellent band this year for your entertainment in addition to a most amusing guest of honour, Dennis Parkinson. There are only 150 tickets available so to avoid disappointment don't leave it till the last minute see Beryl, Doreen, myself or any Committee member NOW for your tickets.

KTR