

in which he said that HE was a POLICEMAN, as if this statement should be enough to convince anyone that HE was incapable of doing ANYTHING wrong, and his haughty, arrogant manner throughout this incident.

Of course, I have only his word for it that he is a policeman, (and I have met many quite pleasant policemen) but it is this small minority of men who join the force for the sole purpose of becoming petty dictators which make so many people dislike the police as a whole. We all know of the patrolman who will swear blind that you were doing fifty when you know damn well you were only doing about thirty-eight.

by ...

A sadly disillusioned member of the
public.

P.S. for Constable Bradshaw - Please don't take this as a personal insult by going out and booking every member of the club!

FOR SALE:

Nearly new, late Bonnie dual seat	£5.50
B33 Engine, complete with mag. Highly polished. Just re-built	£12.
Wal Philips fuel injector (250 c.c. size) brand new	£3.50

Rod Yarwood.

WANTED:

B.S.A. A10 Motor - Rod Yarwood.

Front wheel with 2 L.S. brake for B.S.A. Spitfire, or
Eddie Dow 2 L.S. brake plate to fit 190 m.m. Hub.

Dave Abrahams.

I could write much more about the past years but I would only bore you, however motorcycling and club life has been one of the high-lights of my life and I have met an awful lot of very nice people, thanks to the Manchester '17' and in particular, thanks to the hard core of enthusiasts who run the club now, without them no club could function.

Wilf Earlam.

As a footnote to Wilfs article I would like to recount an incident from the finish of the National Rally at Trentham gardens in 1970 ...

The car park was completely filled with very weary riders. Dave Lawson and I were propping each other up when a voice called something about the Manchester '17' club. We turned round and there was a rather elderly gentleman drooping over a B.S.A. Spitfire complete with dropped bars and rear-sets. "I used to be a member of that club". We asked who he was and the answer was Leo Starr. With that he said he had better be off as he was rather tired and he had to get home to Portsmouth. I know one thing, I'll never brag about my efforts in the National Rally again.

CORRESPONDENCE

ALL GOPPERS ARE ...
(Or how not to improve relations
between the public and the Police)

One cold, damp morning not so long ago, I, along with about a dozen other pedestrians, was waiting to cross over at a busy main road junction at the height of the morning rush hour. A steady stream of traffic was going past until the traffic lights turned to amber, a further three or four cars went past then the lights turned to red and then the mob on the kerb moved forward. At this moment another car came through and several people, including myself, had to step smartly back. To show my disapproval of this piece of ill-mannered driving I hammered on his roof with my fist as he went past. (Not a very nice thing to do, perhaps, but then the situation was not very nice.)

To my surprise the car stopped on the other side of the lights and the driver got out and started waving his arms about. By this time I had crossed over and was about to carry on my way, when I was stopped by a tall, grey haired gentleman, about 60 years of age. He said that he had seen the car go through red lights and that we should wait for him to come across to us, which we did.

The following conversation took place:-

- Motorist - What was all that about then?
 Me - You came through those lights on red as several people were stepping off the kerb.
 Motorist - I didn't, the lights were on amber when I went through.
 Me - They were on red, and I have a witness.
 Motorist - I am a police sargeant and I have had advanced driving instruction, and I have had fifteen years experience.
 Witness - Well it has'nt done you much good, and I'm a retired ~~inspector~~ inspector with thirty years on the force, and I saw you go through those lights on red.
 Motorist - They were on amber.
 Me - They were on red and we both saw you go through them on red.
 Motorist - Your a liar.
 Witness - Well you are calling me a liar as well. I saw you go through traffic lights on red, and if you want to take this matter any further we can do.
 Motorist - (Changing subject) where did you hit my car?
 Me - On the roof.
 Motorist - Well don't do it again.
 Witness & Myself together - Well don't go through red lights again.

Thus the incident ended on a rather childish note, the various parties continuing on their way to work rather late.

The whole incident would have been rather a petty affair but for the fact that the motorist was a policeman. (After all one could hardly expect him to admit the offence in front of a witness). However, it was the way

only this time, my artificial fin broke and just left the hand of the bars, the poor girl that was observing the section let out a hell of a scream when the bike landed at her feet with my left hand on the bars and me about 10 yards away - I can hear Gordon Corrack laughing now!

We of course, had little "Grass Track Races" put on at various shows in the area and several of us had a go at these too, all on standard "Trials Universal" types.

Scrambles were also great fun, particularly at the Eagles course at Pott Shrigley - and the Hill climb at the same venue - and we all used to ride up there, remove lights and silencers, fit a short extension to the exhaust, slip in a bigger main jet and ride. Put all the bits back afterwards and ride off home again.

The late Bill Parkes and I used to have some great races between ourselves and he was on a 1922 Dot which went at a great rate.

The Speed Hill climb was good fun too, but I had one or two anxious moments on the "furthest up" one - the perishing bike usually decided to turn round and come down when we got near the top and the problem then was to stop it. The late George Formby was a regular visitor to the Hill Climbs, but the most hilarious hill climb I have ever seen was "Blaster" Bates rocket assisted effort at Beeston - what a character!

Trips to the magic Isle for the TT and "fanx" were regularly undertaken, and the first time I went in 1948 we were all in company entering Liverpool and on wet stone sets, tramlines and wood blocks (and rigid frames!) it wasn't funny I can tell you, on this first trip I was gaily following a tram in the middle of the track when the bike dropped about a foot into a hole and about ten yards farther on bounced up an equally high step. After stopping, swallowing my heart and trying to stop shivering I looked back and discovered "they" had removed the stone sets from between the tracks preparatory to re-laying them, howls of laughter greeted this story when I eventually caught the rest of the gang.

I can't let thoughts of these early trips to the Island pass without a few words about Leo Starr - his descriptions of the practice sessions and some of his experiences during the actual race hard to be heard - and he could certainly ride. It is very sad to hear he has been seriously ill during the last few months but much improved now I'm glad to say.

I would love to see people like Arthur James, Bert Lacey, Bernard Tennant, Leo Starr, Roy Hallam and a few more of the "over 40s" - not to mention myself, have another go at an odd Trial, I think with just a little practice they would still give a good account of themselves, - anyone got a spare trials iron?

Or perhaps one or two of Bert and Bernard's tricks at a Gymkhana, one in particular where one rode the bike with the other on the pillion and then proceeded to change places whilst trundling round a field - it looks easy, until you try it yourself.

Another quite interesting event was the "Pillion Trial", where each competitor had to carry a passenger over suitable sections - and one had to see some of Tom's "suitable sections"!

When I first joined, the club were running Junior section, which was the beginning of what developed into the RAC/ACU Training Scheme - I have got an old photograph of some of the juniors of that time - something else that Tom Dugdale began - he could write a book on the Manchester 17 and it would make marvelous reading I assure you.

Another of the members activities was sand racing and one lad - Geoff Machan was pretty hot at it too, but the best sand racing story happened in the 1950s. Joan Slack, later to marry our 1956 "Northern Expert" Tommy Leach, used to pilot Tom's outfit quite a lot - we had about five girls' trials riders at this time and all did very well indeed.

Tom had a 250 and a 350 Velc (both solos) at this time and he knew how to make them go as well, even though someone else rode them for him, and one of these was to be ridden at a sand race meeting, I think it was the Newcastle club who were the organisers, by a Miss Joan Slack!

The entry wasn't accepted as they had never had an entry from a female before. However, after Joan had written and asked if they were scared, her entry was accepted and she went and promptly "cleaned up" the meeting! I bet they never live it down in Newcastle.

The clubroom was now moved to Wellington House at Heaton Moor and a year or two later to the Y.W.C.A. near Stockport Town Hall, then to Stockport Labour Club, back to Wellington House and then to Hazel Grove.

After many years of trying, we finally managed to get a Training Ground, scrounged a few bikes and a scooter and the RAC/ACU Training Scheme was launched.

at 10 a.m. wet or fine.

It was wet, very wet, but upon arriving at the clubroom I found lots of cheerful faces including several I had not seen before, and it was explained that the Captain led the run and no one was to pass him, him and "so and so" would be the last man.

Off we went at about 10.15 and the sun came out too, and 250 miles later about 9.p.m. we arrived back again - having had a beautiful and well organised run without losing a man - there were 14 of us and they really had this "club run" taped believe me.

Soon I was to exchange the Tiger for a 350 AJS which was the first bike with "teledraulic" front forks but of course, a rigid rear end, and then Tom (bless his heart) informed me the next outing was a "Blackberry run" and the fruit we gathered would be scoffed on Thursday night at a "Blackberry Pie Supper!")

I was soon to find out why everyone was grinning, for Tom's run finished up a mighty rocky and muddy lane at Worlds End in Llangollen which was the first time I had ever heard the magic word "section", although I wasn't sure what it meant, (Tom had an old sidecar outfit and one of the boys (or girls) used to ride it).

The girls produced the pies on Thursday night and we had a great time. In the coming weeks I was to see racing, trials and grass track films, play "indoor trials", take part in "Beetle Drive" and go "looking for sections".

By this time of course, I had met people like Bert Inger, Bernard Tennant, Cliff Somers and Percy Reece and been introduced to Bernard's "Gondola", no its not what you think, it was a really great Lagonda with a three inch drain for an exhaust and many were the tales of Bernard's exploits in this device - I didn't believe them of course until I had a ride myself - Ye Gods Bernard!

I think it was Alan Ashworth who said "why don't you have a go at the Novice Trial" which turned out to be a conducted tour of the Goyt valley with "Section Begins" and "Ends" cards stuck up here and there, everyone (who had never ridden in any trial) was invited to have a go and although Tom informed me they were "main road", we all had serious trouble on our perfectly standard bikes.

Cards were then set up further along the route and the same procedure was repeated and I was really enjoying myself which, after a couple more of these efforts graduated to a genuine "Novice Trial" still on the standard 350 "AJ" of course. By this time I had got the Trials bug and departed up to Eric Bowers at Chapel-Tn-Le-Brith and bought my first of seven consecutive trials AJS's off him.

More familiar faces had appeared by now - Bill Parkes, Denis Rourke, Stan Behrens spring to mind, and Tom (Dugdale) in the meantime took several of us out "mud bashing" and I was rapidly becoming familiar with all the known "sections" in and around Buxton - and a Hell of a lot of unknown ones too, I may add.

The club notice board used to read "Centre Trial, Sunday April 1960, Llangollen: Meet so and so 9.a.m." and when you arrived there were about 10 or 12 or 25 hods on trials bikes (all rigid frames) and quite a few "spectators", and the convoy all sailed off the Llangollen, quite often swelled by members of Manchester Eagle Club, like Sid Smith, Alex Parker, George Renney etc.etc., and, of course, duly returned after the Trial with many hair raising stories as you can imagine. I finished up riding for over 15 years in Trials, finished in every one I entered, never won one and never finished last either - sorry, I failed to finish in one.

I had'nt got a "Trials Iron" of my own at this particular time and John Hartle lent me his C15 BSA whilst he was racing, and as had happened on many previous occasions Johnny Tedwood and myself piled ourselves and bikes into Nev Hankinsons Landrover and steamed off to Wales.

This was a two lap affair and the C15 would only start with a push for some reason, and at the end of the first lap we all ate our butties in the Landrover but the C15 defied all our combined efforts to start it so I had to sit the last lap out. That bike would not start even when I had spent about two hours on it at home and treated it to a really good clean.

I approached it the following week-end - after wondering what to tell John - and it started first kick! and as far as I know never gave any further trouble.

During one of the Trials at Winsford I fell off, as I often did,

went to the Royal Oak for a drink (last meeting place). Fighting for a seat we settled down to our drinks and to wait for the appearance of our lost flock.

Quarter of an hour later, full of the giggles the two Pats appeared apparently having given up - having been on a tour of Cheshire via, Knutsford, Holmes Chapel, Congleton and Macclesfield, now the massive throng was complete.

Finally on behalf of Keith, Hilary and myself I would like to thank John and Pat, Bob Liddiatt and Pat and Geoff Brassington for making our huge crowd of three cars. I am sure they all enjoyed themselves - we did, all in all a very successful evening for our little crowd.

Thank you once again.

Beryl the Peril - Social Sec.

P.S. We would be most grateful if you would take a little more interest in your club., you moan and groan that the committee and the club don't put on events other than scrambles, and trials, and yet when we do, such as the Rocket Trial to which the grand total of three cars turned up as mentioned above, also the Dragon Rally which Trevor and his son David went on. There again there was little or no response even though both events had been advertised at the club meeting in advance of the respective events.

I think it only fair to point out that the date of the Rocket trial was changed at short notice and the usual race competitors were not all informed of the event due to the postal strike.

As for the Dragon Rally, most of us have tried it and given it up as a bad job because it is now largely taken over by the Hell's Angel type.

Once again Wilf Farlam has written about the club as it used to be. The only thing wrong with his articles is that I always wish I had been born 20 years ago.

Many months ago Doreen said "Will you write something about what the Club was like when you first joined" etc.etc., and here for your edification is the result of that request whether you like it or not.

Firstly, I am very old, and also a very old member, come to think of it, I probably qualify for the oldest member on both these counts, if you take into consideration that I occasionally appear on a club night or at a club trial as distinct from one who doesn't appear at all.

I was invited down to the Manchester 17 clubroom in Chorlton early in 1945 - to see 'what goes on', so off I toddled on my Tiger 100 (having had a Triumph 2.H. (250) and a Speed Twin up to this time, and of course not a car to be seen when I arrived but lots of bikes of all sorts and sizes standing outside.

I was first introduced to the secretary Tom Dugdale who, for his untiring work in the club and the interests of motorcycling in general was (and still is) affectionately known as "Mr. Manchester 17", this despite multiple sclerosis!

All of you who have ridden around the by ways of Buxton and district will have seen signs barring access to various lanes to all traffic "except for motorcycles" and you have Tom Dugdale to thank for that, and many other things.

A lot of the original seventeen members were in the clubroom that night and people like Derek Anyon, Alan Ashworth, Bill (sidecar) Smith and his wife Edna, Leo Starr - just to mention a few - made me feel as if I'd known them for years and created such a good impression that I joined the club there and then and am still a member.

I quickly discovered that a club run was to take place on the following Sunday to "the Lakes" and we were to meet at the clubroom

out when this is complete I shall finish building my T110 and, believe it or not, I shall come to the club on it.

There are a certain number of people in the club who condemn Skyways and the Ten-Ten out of hand, and treat the people who go there as beneath their contempt, however; as they've never been there and never likely to, they are not in a position to criticize. It is probably true to say there are more yobos go there than anywhere else, but there are also a large number of genuine enthusiasts who, despite their long hair and leather jackets, would join a club if there was a decent one going.

You say say what do we want road members for anyway? All they ever do is moan. But without them who would navy and marshal at your scrambles, and who would observe at your trials? And always remember that most competition motor-cyclists started on road bikes even though they may not have been members of a club in those days, so please someone, let's have ideas on how to attract more road members.

I would like to extend a warm welcome to Ken Swinnerton of Velocetter fame who has just re-joined. He relies on a motor cycle for his everyday transport, ~~an~~ a most refreshing thought in these days of ever increasing four-wheelers.

The only actual benefit I get from the club is being able to marshal at Culton Park, though in all fairness I have made many friends at the club and this is why I keep re-joining. No doubt this article will lose me several of them!

One final note of despair. Our beloved president once confided in me that he had never owned a road going motor-cycle - Well I ask you, the president of a motor-cycle club and never had a road bike!

My case rests...

Paul Sandbach.

I know I don't have to make excuses but every Tuesday on my way to the club I drop my Mother and her friend off at Frank Turner's and try as we will we just don't all fit on the bike. As for Paul's other comments, they have all been said before but I have come to the conclusion that we are not the sort of club which attracts the young non-sporting motor-cyclist. If we became that sort of club, then the majority of present members would no longer be interested and so the obvious thing to do is to join two clubs. The recently formed Peak Motor-cycle club meets on Thursday evenings in Chinley and consists of plenty of keen young lads who ALL turn up on bikes.

ROCKETS OVER CHEESHIRE.

As many of you were aware, the long awaited, advertised Rocket Trial from Cockshoots Garage at Alderley Edge on 12th. March, was a great success. Having been blessed with a beautiful mild moonlit night, Keith (the one and only), Hilary and myself set off to find a really out of the way spot in which to let off the rockets.

Having assembled the large mass of contestants at the Edge, we shot off at half eight approx. to our hidden venue. Keith defying the Hounds of Alderley Edge was given the once over by a strange Hippy type lady (kinkie) and permission to park in her drive.

Gathering the rockets we set off over the fields following Keith with his go-faster stripes and purple under-pants (private joke!) Carefully circling around a herd of prime jersey cows at the bottom of the field which in turn, were encircling him. Having settled down the first rocket was set off at 8-45. approx., the tension had now eased off and the action was starting.

What was this! A blue flashing light was fast approaching us - "Everybody down" shouts Keith, Hilary said that she had't recalled seeing any police in the massive crowd at the Edge. The fuzz had found us first and they weren't even club members (just doing a bit of gate crashing says I) Next on the scene was J.H.R. and J. Brassington closely followed by Bob Liddiatt. After a considerable wait in darkness for the two Pats we decided to set off three rockets at the same time, but they still had't made an appearance so we

Keith some time ago. He wanted to know what people found so interesting in "The White Hart" across the road. The answer to this, Keith, is that they are a friendly crowd, they play darts and cards, the beers better, they don't charge a shilling to go in. Nothing to do with motor-cycles really, and before you get all upset about being called unfriendly, how often do we see prospective members sat all alone with no-one speaking to them, because no-one is really interested in attracting new members anyway.

The present lack of co-operation between road members can be blamed largely on Paul Tootell. He is a brilliant organiser (and the best newsletter editor we've ever had) and his series of road and rocket trials, together with a club championship in 1969, really kept the club alive, and brought out many members who would not otherwise have ridden their bikes all year. This is where I must disagree violently with Ian Bradshaw. He says that road members are individuals who prefer to ride alone or in small groups. The above series of events, properly organised, showed that interest could be maintained throughout the year, and that year was undoubtedly the best ever from the road going members point of view. Unfortunately, Paul's bike is now in many pieces and likely to stay that way indefinitely, as he now spends most of his time working away in Scotland - Come back Paul, all is forgiven!

In connection with my road racing activities I am a member of the Waterloo and district Motor Club. They organise meetings at Aintree. Strangely enough it is the motor cycle side of the club which is booming and the car side which is in the doldrums. I wonder why? There is a lesson to be learnt there, somewhere, but don't ask me what.

I once paid a visit to the "Manchester Eagles" club. There weren't many people there, but those that were were friendly and interested in attracting another member (yes, back on that theme again.) They had a large room with a billiard table, table tennis, football machine and the inevitable dartboard. I was challenged to table tennis, which I had never played before, and failed miserably. I fared somewhat better on the football machine however. Unfortunately, the "Eagles" club is in an old scout hut, so there is no bar. Cram all the above into the 'Red Lion' and I think it would be a decided improvement. Here, as in the road trials, it is the element of competition which maintains interest.

My sincere congratulations to Beryl Brown for joining the committee after being in the club for such a short time. Social Secretary is rather a thankless task as you can't please everybody all of the time. but Oh Beryl, those films; someone should have told you this is a MOTOR CYCLE club! Only two films on motor cycling in the forthcoming selection. I think I would rather sit through "Three Wheels at Mallory" for the tenth time than watch the coming films, after all, one can always sit at home and watch similar rubbish on telly.

Now to change to a different subject. Why are all the road bikes disappearing? Simple! People grow older, get married, buy houses and have babies. All these things cost money, so the first thing to go in the interests of economy is the bike. Classic example here is Ian Bradshaw, he hasn't got a bike at all now, and he hasn't even reached the baby stage. This is not meant as a criticism, it is just the natural way of life, but these people are not being replaced by new blood. If we are not careful we will all just grow old and there will be no-one left to carry on.

Certain people recently have been mouthing off about how the scramblers and trials men all band together to organise their own events. This is absolute rubbish. It is a very small, dedicated bunch who do the hard work, the rest just go along for the ride. I used to attend scrambles working parties regularly and never once have I seen a scrambler at one. It is always a few road members and members of the committee who do all the hard work. I am sick of this attitude of the competitors and until it changes I shall not be appearing at any more working parties. (I'm sorry Fev, but that's the way I feel.) After all some scramblers only seem to want to fight when they get there anyway.

It would improve the motor cycle club image if those of you who have road bikes would come down on them, instead of coming up with excuses like it's too cold, or too wet, or it's easier to drive the car. Classic offender here is that great stalwart of road bikes - Moses, who since he acquired a driving licence for four wheels has rarely appeared at the club on his bike. At present I am re-building my racer,

MAR/AP 71

MANCHESTER '17' M.C.C. NEWSLETTER: MARCH/APRIL.

Quite a thick newsletter for you this time, with articles piling up - partly due to the postal strike and partly due to my time being spent on preparing the B.S.A. for my first road race at Darley. More about that below.

First of all I must remind you that this is the last newsletter you will receive until Doreen Rowland has received your annual subscription. With each newsletter sent out in future I shall include envelopes to be addressed to yourself and returned to me:-

Mr. D. Abrahams,
20 Alma Road,
Levenshulme,
Manchester. M19 3NW.

As most of you will know, the club is running a fund to raise money for a rescue helicopter to cover the Manx Grand Prix. We are hoping to raise at least £1,000 by appeals to dealers and factories and collections at events etc. Watch out for announcements from fund organiser Ian Bradshaw about how you can help.

The Annual Dinner Dance was attended by several notable personalities - in particular Jeff Smith and Mrs. Smith who presented the awards. The dinner lost £30. Next years dinner will be held at the same place, the Co-op Hall, Stockport on Saturday 13th. February.

Keith held a rocket trial on 12th. March and a full report from B.B. appears elsewhere in the newsletter. I notice Keith has re-introduced the points system for the Presidents Social Cup with this event. Let's hope we get sufficient road trials etc., to make the system as successful as it used to be.

The club now has quite a few road-racing members in Neville Watts, Brian Warburton, Melvin Cranmer, John Wilson, Paul Sandbach, Dave Thomas with myself and one or two others just starting. Neville is starting the season well with 2 firsts and 2 seconds from five races at Kinmel Bay and 2 seconds at least at Darley Moor. Paul Sandbach is now regularly getting into finals despite being handicapped by riding a triumph..Hm... My first meeting at Darley was very enjoyable despite going into the bank at Paddock corner when lying 8th in the production race. I finished 13th. in the unlimited race. By the next newsletter I should have a few more meetings under my belt (or chin) and I will write of my initial impression of racing.

THE MACHESTER '17' MOTOR CLUB:

So many people have been having a dig at road members lately, whilst busily polishing their own tarnished halos, that I thought it about time the tables were turned a little. I have been a member of the above club for just over five years now. When I joined it was known as the Manchester '17' Motor Cycle Club (I think it still is-officially) because some members actually come to the club on motor cycles. In recent times, however, this practice has been practically non³existant. I would like to give my ideas on the causes of this situation, though to be quite honest I can't think of many remedies. First though, I would like to answer a question put forward by