

Cheshire Centre A-C.U. 50th Anniversary Dinner.

The Cheshire Centre of the Auto Cycle Union has been in existence for fifty years and, to celebrate this important occasion, a special Dinner and Dance is to be held on Friday 3rd November 1972, at 'Quaintways', Northgate Street, Chester.

Obviously a Golden Jubilee Celebration will include a few 'after dinner' speeches, which will be kept as short and as few as possible. Dancing will follow until 1.00a.m., the Bar closing at 12.30a.m., and efforts are being made to find suitable entertainment during the evening.

Tickets from D. Abrahams @ £2.50p each.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Club subscription will be raised to £1 for 1973.

Sporting membership will be 50p.

\*\*\*\*\*

The club is considering joining the B.M.F. as they are the only body doing anything to help motor cyclists; by fighting the sixteenner ban, compulsory helmets etc. The increased subs. will cover the BMF affiliation fees. (Subs are going up in any case.) Any views on this subject would be greatly appreciated by the committee.

The British Motor Cycle Federation. \*\*\*\*\*

The A.G.M. will be held at the "Royal Oak" on Wednesday 15th November. Please attend! (Nominations for committee posts will be accepted up until the night).

FORTHCOMING FILM SHOWS

NOVEMBER 1st 1972.

SOMETIME SCRAMBLER

SEE YOU IN FORT WILLIAM

DECEMBER 6th 1972.

ANATOMY OF A MOTOR OIL

THE FLYING FINNS

QUARTET FOR TWO WHEELS

JANUARY 3rd 1973.

THE RINGMASTER

DIAMOND SENIOR

SIX IN SIXTYSIX

ALL THESE FILM SHOWS WILL START AT 9 P.M. PROMPT SO PLEASE BE ON TIME IF YOU WANT TO SEE THEM ALL.

Cont.

sitting in their seats. As the view was the same no matter where you were sitting, and the seats equally hard, the whole affair seemed rather petty and childish. The race itself showed promise of being a good one; the favourites. Manxman Danny Shimmin and Ken Huggett started numbers one and two only ten seconds apart, with Don Padgett starting number four, twenty seconds behind them. However, Padgett fell at Quarter Bridge, doing minor damage which caused him a lengthy pit-stop, and Huggett fell at Bradden in the wet and collected a broken collar bone. This left Shimmin way out in the lead until the last lap when all the bolts holding his rear sprocket on sheared, less than fifteen miles from the finish. Padgett also finally retired after some very fast laps. I am afraid I haven't heard of any of the first three home, and the race was rather an anti-climax.

Friday was spent doing more sightseeing, including a trip to the top of the lighthouse at Point of Ayre. The kerosene lamp and clockwork mechanism were installed in 1867 and is still in use, the clockwork having to be re-wound every 2½ hours.

The acres of polished brass and copper, even in the clockwork itself were immaculate, and would have done credit to an ad. for "Duraglit".

In the afternoon we took a tram to the to the summit of Snaefell, at 2034ft. the highest point on the island. It was a very clear day and possible to see Ireland, Scotland, the Lake District and the Fylde coast. It was so clear that one could see the beaches on the Mull of Galloway, and the Nuclear power station at Whitehaven quite easily with the naked eye. One sobering thought though, the Liverpool and Manchester area was surrounded with a horrible black haze, no wonder the north-west has the highest death rate in Britain from chest complaints, rheumatism, etc.

Throughout the week we had seen increasing numbers of rally cars driving about. We found out that a big international rally was due to be held over the weekend, with competitors from as far afield as Holland and Germany. As we were leaving early on Saturday morning we only had a chance to see the start which was on Friday evening. One of the special stages was from Ramsey Hairpin to Creg-ny-Baa on the T.T. course and the drivers were so impressed they asked if they could do a full lap next year! The event was won by Roger Clarke in an Escort.

Next year sees the Golden Jubilee of the Manx G.P. and the Manx Motor Cycle Club are planning a really good "do". Agostini, Read, and Co. can stay away from the T.T. for all I care, I'm going to the G.P. again.

Oh, I almost forgot, "our" helicopter was in great demand on race days. The most serious case being Alan Ryall who crashed over a wall and into the river at Glen Helen. He broke an arm and a leg, and sustained chest and facial injuries. At the end of the week four people were still in hospital, all of them said to be recovering.

\*\*\*\*\*

PAUL S.

PEAK M/C CLUB.

Dear Editor,

Will you please thank all the members of "17" Club who came and helped us with our Trial on Sunday August 27th. As usual in trials we were very low on observers, and their assistance was appreciated.

We had a bit of trouble and were reported to the Police by some of our horse riding friends, but with having enough observers, our two travelling marshalls were in the right place at the right time. Thanks again.

p.p. Peak M/C.

J.A. Robinson.

Cont.

hot and he thought the timing might be out. (Incidentally, Jack was never heard to swear once! must be Ray's influence). After getting lost, and then having a high speed "incident" with some cows on the Southern 100 course we arrived at Billown where we came across Dennis again, deep in a wood this time, observing another "impossible" sidecar section.

After tea we went to watch evening practice for the G.P. from Ballacraine. All classes were allowed out together and it was a real joy to see immaculately prepared Manx Nortons, G50s, Ducatis and others which wouldn't be competitive at even club meetings circulating with the usual crowd of Yamahas. Favourites Ken Huggett, Alan Ryall, and Phil Haslam were all out, but perhaps the most impressive was Colin Wilkinson. He had dropped a valve on his 500 Norton during earlier practice, but still needed one more lap to qualify. He did this on an absolutely bog-standard, very tatty Dominator 66 road bike. It is this kind of enthusiasm that makes the Manx G.P. what it is. In the race Colin had many more problems and eventually finished last, after pushing in the last SEVEN miles from Brandywell. (Can you see Agostini pushing his bike that far?).

Sunday was another glorious day, ideal for spectators if not for trials riders. Unfortunately nothing was seen of the sidecars as they went in reverse direction to the solos. The main attraction at Rushen mines was a small "puddle" immediately after a section. Anyone who tried to ride across it, however, promptly vanished up to the handlebars! This was very amusing for all except those who actually did it.

The trial was very well organised, riders were timed (no problems in I.O.M.) so there were no dawdlers, sections were either very easy or very hard, nothing in between and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. Congratulations Jack and Ray for winning the sidecar class, and G. Holmes/M Greenhalgh, S. Kenworthy/F. Griffiths for completing the club team and winning the team award. Manchester 17 members were conspicuous by their absence in the solo class. Where were you all? Lets see a good entry next year.

Monday was cool and grizzly but the weather did not affect our plans which included general sightseeing, Glen Helen, Peel Castle etc. In the evening a trip was made to the top of Laxey Wheel followed by exploring the old buildings and pumping gear at the mines. By this time it was realised that "Sludgegulper" Stiles had hardly ever stopped eating. As well as his meals at his boarding house he lived on a more or less continuous diet of hot dogs and onions, doughnuts and ice cream, eaten all at once, and usually mixed together!

This made everyone else feel rather ill, but had no effect at all on Stiles' cast iron stomach.

Tuesday dawned bright and sunny - this was the first race day and enthusiasm for the races made me forget to take any warm clothing, with the result that I spent the afternoon at the Bungalow shivering, as despite the sun it was bitterly cold. As you will have already read the race report I will just say it was nice to see the Northern lads doing so well in the lightweight, and well done Ken Huggett for winning a Manx G.P. at last. A very late evening was then spent at Summerland's new Disco. This is really very good if you like that sort of thing.

On Wednesday morning I awoke feeling rather unwell. Everyone, including myself thought it was a hangover, but by dinnertime it became obvious that something else was wrong. I spent the rest of the day in bed suffering from a violent chill, brought on by lack of clothes on the mountain.

On Thursday we watched the Senior from the grandstand. This was most interesting, watching the riders doing their pitstops, and the boy scouts playing with the scoreboard etc. The morning was spoiled by some rather nasty people who insisted we were/

After diabolical weather at the last two T.T.s it was decided that the weather at the G.P. couldn't possibly be worse so yours truly (Manchester 17) Ernie Stiles (Peak M.C.C.) and Steve Udall (Ashton M.C.C.) set off for Liverpool on a glorious Friday afternoon. Steve went on his brand new 250cc Suzuki, which was destined to look rather secondhand by the end of the first day, and Ernie came as ballast on the Trident as both his machines were rather poorly after various mishaps. On arrival at Liverpool a certain little Irishman was seen leaning his bike over trying to get all the petrol into one side of his tank so that it couldn't be pumped out. His bike was a new 325cc Bultaco, drilled full of holes in every conceivable place and immaculately prepared. This same little Irishman was destined to win the Manx two days trial held over the weekend. His name (as if you hadn't already guessed) being S. Miller, Esq.

Very few bikes were on this particular sailing, the boat being the brand new "Mona's Queen" which had only been in service since June. It was already going rusty in several places but was far more comfortable than the older boats. On arrival in Douglas, after a very smooth crossing, Sammy Miller collected his first black mark. He ran over my foot in his hurry to get off the boat!

After going to our digs and unpacking we still had plenty of time to go down to the Zodiac bar and listen to Leroy and Linda, and have a drink or two.

The following morning saw us up bright and early and at the grandstand for the start of the trial. The first lot of sections were in a stream bed between Union Mills and Crosby. There we met Brian Moores (Commando) who had some friends riding in the trial. The third sub. was very slippery and Messrs. Miller and arch rival Jim Sandiford thought it best to sit and watch for half an hour until all the slime had worn off. They both then cleared it without too much trouble. The next sections at Foxdale were in a Sandy tip. One of the observers here was Dennis Rourke who had flown over, and hired a scooter from "Tiger Tims" for transport. Like a lot of other people he is a bit fed up with the "Isle of Man Make a Packet Company", and I for one have sworn never to travel on a night boat again.

- Scene at Foxdale; second set of subs. - Sammy Miller riding a Bultaco up a rough track, picking a way between the rocks, stood on the footrests, and generally looking "professional" followed by two lads on a Trident and one on a Commando all sat down - travelling in a straight line and generally making it look like a main road. No prizes for guessing who!

Steve by this time had gone to look for some friends who were staying at his digs. He had never been to the Island before and made the mistake of thinking it to be far smaller than it actually is. He said he would meet us at Glen Maye at dinner-time and then hurried off without waiting for directions. Of course he never turned up. Instead he fell off at Eradden Bridge on what he claimed to be a pool of oil, doing superficial damage to winkers, footrests, handlebars, riding suit and self.

Meanwhile, at Glen Maye many friends had been met:- Len Morton and Christine in a hired mini, Bob Lydiatt on an Ossa, (complete with sweat soaked Barbour Suit that must have weighed nearly 1cwt), Ian Eradshaw and Christine - Ian moaning because he would not be on duty at the races - and Keith and Hilary on their £7 Matchless still looking and going very well. Keith was seen several times during the week, always looking incredibly cheerful, and not always sober.

It was decided to follow the sidecars in the afternoon and the first sections at Slabs proved to be almost impossible, except, that is, for Jack Mathews and Ray Armstrong who made an excellent climb on their new Clewstroka. Ray had told us it was running rather/

ROAD RUN 10.9.72.

The latest road run, organised by yours truly and Ernie Stiles, was on the now familiar map reference pattern where competitors are given a sheet of approximately a dozen map references - all jumbled together - and have to answer questions at each one. As the questions on previous runs have been rather easy it was decided to have rather harder questions. This was born out by the results; the winner getting only 90 out of a possible 110. One question defeated everybody.

Six motor-cycles and one car set off from the Princes Hotel, Chinley at noon, Moses boasting that he had a foolproof method. Unfortunately the method was not "Moses" proof, and although he was first at the afternoon check point he had done the route in reverse, and would have to go many miles out of his way to complete the course. Dave and Doreen R. were next to appear in their brand new Simca 1100 fug-box. (They were also second on time at the finish and seemed to be the only ones who knew what they were doing.) Only others to arrive on time at lunch were Rhett and Jill, everyone else collecting 10 penalty points. This check was held at the Lovers Leap Cafe in Stoney Middleton where large quantities of chips etc. and pint mugs of hot tea could be had for a very reasonable fee. We were made most welcome along with the local hikers and climbers, unlike some places I could mention.

Competitors then set off for the second part of the run, which, if done correctly was shorter than the first part. (This was unlikely as riders set off in all different directions.) The finish was held at the Snake Inn where everyone arrived on time, even Moses who had gone nearly 40 miles astray made it with two minutes to spare. He said he had never ridden so fast up the Snake before! He needn't have bothered as he was easily the winner.

By this time most people had gone home, the weather was bitterly cold and it had started to rain. Ernie, Moses and myself then spent a cosy evening in the "Bulls Head" at Hayfield, where unsuccessful attempts were made to find an excuse to disqualify Moses!

One final word, of the six motorcyclists taking part, four managed to fall off.

This may be highly amusing for them and their fellow competitors, but does not reflect on the standard of riding. PLEASE take it easy and show a little more care.

PAUL S.

\*\*\*\*\*

PRESIDENT'S SOCIAL CUP TABLE - OCTOBER 1972.

|      |                                |             |
|------|--------------------------------|-------------|
| 1st  | Dave Abrahams                  | 108 points. |
| 2nd  | Paul Sandbach                  | 99 points.  |
| 3rd  | Dave Rowland                   | 97 points.  |
| 4th  | Rhett Petherbridge             | 81 points.  |
| 5th  | Mike Hall                      | 58 points.  |
| 6th  | Pete Kershaw                   | 57 points.  |
| 7th  | Dave Nurse )<br>Graham Phipps) | 37 points.  |
| 9th  | Steve Kershaw                  | 27 points.  |
| 10th | Paul Wise.                     | 25 points.  |

MANCHESTER "17" MOTORCYCLE CLUB NEWSLETTER.

September - October 1972.

Dear Member,

This is the first time I have missed a monthly issue while I have been editor, and my excuse is quite genuine. As most of you know, Sharman and I are getting spliced this month, and we've had so much to do there just hasn't been time to put together the contributions for the newsletter.

First of all, all the fellers are invited to join me in a drink at the Ash on Manchester Road, Heaton Norris and later in the Poco Poco on Thursday October 19th - tapes go up 7.30pm approx.

Now for a minor point, the wedding will be at St. Chad's Romiley on the 21st at 11.30am, and we would be pleased to see as many of you as can manage to come along.

\*\*\*\*\*

Now for the good news!

The 20% plus reduction on tyres (any type) still applies to members on production of an up to date card to Mr. Pearce at Oakwood Tyres, 9A Hulme Street, Manchester.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Training School is under way again, having begun on September 10th with twenty-three trainees enrolling. We are more organised this time with 100% better facilities, "official" instructors and somewhat better machinery. Help with mechanics and a show of new faces is always required however, so come and join us in Heaton Lane depot at 9.45am on Sundays and enjoy yourself.

\*\*\*\*\*

FOR SALE. - Duncan MacDonald's trials Dultaco - £190.

\*\*\*\*\*

WANTED: The editor's rugby shirt - white - not returned after one of the Chinley football matches. Please!

\*\*\*\*\*

The club is considering selling T-shirts with the club emblem on. These would be white shirts with the club badge approx. 9" triangular on the front. As this would involve heavy outlay of capital we must have firm orders for at least 50. The cost would be approx. 85p each. Please see Paul S. or any committee member if you are interested.

\*\*\*\*\*

Raett's road trial will now be held on Sunday 22nd October, meet at "The Royal Oak" at 10.30am.

\*\*\*\*\*

Moses will run a rocket trial on Friday 20th October. Meet at the "Brocklenurst Arms" on the main road from Stockport to Macclesfield at 8pm.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Manchester "17" annual Dinner Dance will be held on Friday 26th January 1973 at the "Jodrell Arms" in Whaley Bridge. Only 82 tickets will be for sale at a price of £2 each with a menu of roast turkey. Entertainment in the form of a group will be laid on. Please note this is the first increase in the cost of tickets for three years, and even at £2 each this will only just cover the cost. THE CLUB WILL NOT MAKE ANY PROFIT.

\*\*\*\*\*