

MANCHESTER "17" MOTORCYCLE CLUB
NEWSLETTER - SUMMER 1973

Dear Member,

I trust you will accept my apologies for another late newsletter; I've no excuses other than a very demanding domestic schedule which is now easing somewhat, and I hope to produce monthly issues from now on.

There is not much time left before the Manx GP helicopter fund sponsored ride. As you know, on August 25th/26th a team of three will ride a Trident round the TT course for 24 hours and each lap completed will earn cash for the helicopter. Forms are available from myself so get one as soon as possible, and find plenty of sponsors for this worthwhile cause and important publicity stunt. A maximum of 30 laps is expected and prospective sponsors should be advised of this before they nominate their stake!

Moses has at last received confirmation of his Manx Grand Prix entry being accepted, so if you can get to the Island for September 6th, the 500cc race will hold special interest for club members this year. We all wish Moses the best of luck!

Dave Thorpe, the works Ossa rider again cleaned up in the Club trial at Marksend quarry on July 1st. The weather was fine for a change, and although Dave came unstuck for a 5 on one lap, his final total of six was 19 less than his nearest rival.

This was a well organised, evenly balanced trial with some really tough sections to sort out the men from the boys but, without riders of lesser ability struggling to complete each lap without wrecking man and machine. The mobile chip shop was a handy amenity but sales were probably hit by the tropical temperatures; you can't win all the time!

RESULTS

Best Performance	D THORPE 6	Marks Lost	
1st Class Experts	D PALLAS 25	Marks Lost	Best over 40 K OUSEBY
	H ROSENTHAL 27	Marks Lost	197 Marks Lost
	J GASKELL 29	Marks Lost	Best U - 19 A JACKMAN
Best Intermediate	K HOBSON 45	Marks Lost	43 Marks Lost
2nd Intermediate	P SCOTTNEY 50	Marks Lost	
Best Novice	J MILNER 101	Marks Lost	
1st Class Novices	J VALENTINE 141	Marks Lost	
	A DEAN 142	Marks Lost	

Club Trial July 7th

This event was a real one-off organised in conjunction with a DISCO and bar in a marquee on the same night. Bob Gregory was the liaison officer for the two events but ALAS the DISCO didn't materialise. Nevertheless 24 riders turned out for the Saturday evening trial, on Barneth Low, Hyde, and Steve Thomas took advantage of his rivals' absence to pass John Roberts and slot into 3rd place in the Club Championship only 5 points behind Henry.

Best intermediate at Marksend the previous Sunday, Pete Scottney, had a fine ride to claim third place and a first class experts award, while Steve lost the premier to A. Jackman on the furthest clean basis when they tied on 29. Jack Matthews made a rare solo appearance on Clews Montesa.

Results

Premier Award	A JACKMAN 29	Marks Lost (Furthest clean)
1st class experts	S P THOMAS 29	Marks Lost
1st class experts	P SCOTTNEY 32	Marks Lost
Best Intermediate	W NEWTON 62	Marks Lost
Best Novice	J T VALENTINE 84	Marks Lost

MANCHESTER 17 CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP TO DATE (full members)

H LLOYD	41	R S GREGORY	10
H ROSENTHAL	35	L D NOBLE	7
J H ROBERTS	24	B K MURRAY	6
S P THOMAS	30	J MATHEWS	5
C A CLARKE	21	J T VALENTINE	5
P SCOTTNEY	20	G ACTON	3
A JACKMAN	18	R S HOLT	3
D MACDONALD	14	G NORRIS	3
N S EYRE	13	J MACDONALD	2
AJ CLARKE	10		

PRESIDENTS SOCIAL CUP

Treasure Hunt - Wed. July 4th

Twelve keen competitors assembled at the Rising Sun for this event which Doreen and Dave amended and up-dated for Social Cup points. Moses and George were spotted on the A6 earlier in the evening trying to start a Vincent with 5 star water in the tank. They later set off as a joint entry to make thirteen competitors in all. The route led through Torkington, Disley, Pott Shrigley, Adlington, Wilmslow and Woodford. The cryptic clues were not easy to find, and we were all well spaced out so few competitors knew how they were scoring until Dave had collected all the forms. After 2½ hours (Moses and George finishing just in time, but after closing time) we all re-assembled at the Robin Hood to discuss where we'd gone wrong in this very enjoyable event.

RESULTS

Position	Competitor	Vehicle	Points
1	Paul Tootall	BSA	30
2	Alan Kempster	HONDA	27
3	Dave Lawson	CAR	15
4	Paul Sandbach	BSA	24
5=	Dave Abrahams	VINCENT	23
5=	Len Morton	CAR	13
7	Steve Kershaw	BIKE	21
8	Richard Stewart	BIKE	20
9	Rhet Petherbridge	BIKE	19
10	Graham Rhiffs	BIKE	18
11	M Booth	BIKE	17
12	Steve Udall	BIKE	16
NF	A N OTHER?	BIKE	NIL

Organisers - Dave & Doreen Rowland.

Point system. 30, 27, 25, 24, 23, 22, etc. (10 marks less for cars)

Presidents Social Cup Table. July 4th (after 3 events)

Position	Competitor	Events Entered	Points
1	Steve Kershaw	3	71
2	Paul Sandbach	2	54
3	Dave Johnson	2	46
4	Rick Stewart	2	45
5=	Malcolm Booth	3	39
5=	Graham Rhiffs	3*	39
7	Dave Rowland	3*	36
8	Paul Tootall	3	30
9=	John Sellars	1	27
9=	Alan Kempster	1	27
11=	Dave Abrahams	1	23
11=	Mike Hall	2*	23
13	D Howard	1	22
14	Paul Wise	1	20
15	Rhet Petherbridge	2*	19
		1	16

Position	Competitor	Events entered	Points
16	Steve Udall	1	16
17	Dave Lawson	1	15
18=	Pev Attwood	1	14
18=	Rob Gregory	1	14
20=	Len Morton	1	13
20=	Harvey Lloyd	1	13

* Included one event organised for which that competitors average score is added at the end of the series.

Road Trial - August 5th

Thanks probably to my lethargy in producing newsletters, only eight "competitors" started in this event with six navigator/passengers making up the number.

Paul Sandbach had organised a very interesting route in the much used Peak District which covered 102 miles and involved the solving of 15 clues at given OS map references.

With Moses and Marie arriving late on the little Honda, the two cars and six bikes were all away by 1-15 and heading by the prescribed route to Combs and the first clue. It was a beautiful day and Sharman and I were really enjoying ourselves as we solved the first clue and rode off towards Tideswell leaving Dennis and John Flatley pottering around Combs. Paul had a check-point near Poolow but was a little dismayed to have had so few competitors through by the time he had to leave for his lunch check. After a short rest in Eyan we met Richard Stewart and Graham on Baslow Edge before dropping down to Baslow for a one hour rest.

Pete Scottney, Ernie and Francis in the buggy left on the afternoon section about half an hour before Moses arrived with a coughing Honda but when I reached Beeley Pete was still there looking for the clue. Everyone, bar Moses, eventually descended on Beeley but we were all off beam on our map-reading and only one crew - Rick and Graham - found the water hydrant in the village green (round a corner and 100 yards from where we were looking). Sharman and I gave up after an hour, much disheartened to lose points AND get behind time. We later learned that Moses and Marie retired having lost their route card! We caught up with Dennis and John near Stanton in the Peak but Paul had already abandoned his checkpoint (all but one being too late) and Moses was seen coming from one obscure direction and disappearing down the route we'd all come up!

The route then led through Birchover and Finster with Dennis and John still in sight. Rick was seen in Finster looking for his navigators. After Crankwell and Carstington Paul had directed us through Ashbourne to Tislington in order that he could get ahead and check us through the ford, but rain came on about this time and only Pete arrived on time so he beetled off to shelter at the finish, waving to Sharman and I as we pulled on leggings at Tislington Well. We were still enjoying ourselves and had scored 45 points so far. John was seen near the well and reported that Dennis had run the Honda dry, and was going back to Ashbourne to fill up.

I had no trouble in crossing the ford but Sharman came unstuck using the footbridge: she sank up to her calves on the recently flooded approach path! It was raining hard when we reached Parwich but after agreeing we were all mad we pressed on through the Weltcnand along the Manifold valley to Warslow. We were all quite wet by now but Dennis and John 'gave up' and went off to Quarnford before I solved clue 13 (which, as it turned out won the event for us). Dennis was perhaps wondering how he had avoided a cow which had leapt out in driving test fashion to check Dennis' emergency stop technique a few miles back.

On our own now Sharman and I squelched on to Quarnford and the last clue at Lamaload Reservoir but I dropped a real clanger by missing Wildboardclough first time round and ending up at Allgreave as a result of trying to keep the map dry. We dropped 2½ points at Lamaload when we failed to spot a date but were confident of our score of 67½ and hadn't given much thought to the time schedule, having found it easy to maintain in the first half. At the finish the preliminary results showed we had the highest score on clues but the biggest penalty on time (90 marks, one per minute late) and so finished 7th and last - Moses having been given up for lost.

The rules were there however and Mike had won by virtue of no time penalty despite answering less than half the clues. The spot checks had failed through as we all got behind time at Beeley.

Sharman and I had to concede that we had been beaten by the rule book but argued the point on the basis of who merited the kudos: the man who made the effort to find the clues, or the one who just rode round to keep on time? Other competitors agreed but the point was we all had a copy of the rules and that seemed to be that.

The following result sheet has now been received from the organiser:

August 5th Road Trial - Results

In view of the bad weather the time schedule has been abolished. The revised results are as follows

Position	Competitors	Marks	Social Cup Points
1	Paul Tootall BSA	67½	30
2	John Flatley MZ	65	27
3=	Pete Scottney CAR	60	15
3=	Dennis Rourke HONDA	60	25
5	Rick Stewart CAR	40	13
6=	Mike Kuzmanov TRI.	20	22
6=	John Sellars HONDA	20	22
RET	Dave Abrahams HONDA	NIL	NIL

The above results will be deemed final unless an official protest is received by the organiser. Any protests must be accompanied by the customary fee of £25 or the equivalent in beer.

P. Sandbach
(Organiser)

Presidents Social Cup - August 5th 1973 (after 4 events)

Position	Competitor	Events	Points
1	Steve Kershaw	3	71
2	Paul Tootall	4	60
3	Richard Stewart	3	58
4	Paul Sandbach	3*	54
5	John Sellars	2	49
6	Dave Johnson	2	46
7=	Malc Booth	3	39
7=	Graham Rhiffs	3*	39
9	Dave Rowland	3*	36
10=	Alan Kempster	1	27
10=	John Flatley	1	27
12	Dennis Rourke	1	25
13=	Dave Abrahams	2	23
13=	Mike Hall	2	23
15=	Mike Kuzmanov	1	22
15=	D Howard	1	22
17	Paul Wise	1	20
18	Rhett Petherbridge	2*	19
19	Steve Udall	1	16

Position	Competitors	Events	Points
20=	Dave Lawson	1	15
20=	Pete Scottney	1	15
22=	Pev Attwood	1	14
22=	Rob Gregory	1	14
24=	Len Morton	1	13
24=	Harvey LLOYD	1	13

* Organisers.

(N B Who is this guy Lloyd whos propping up the Social Cup table and leading the trials Championship!??)

Stockport Carnival - July 28th

Once again we had a float in Stockport Carnival for a bit of worthwhile publicity. Paul Clark drove one of the family's milk-floats suitably disguised with trade stickers and club badges, and it looked very smart and more professional than last year. The bikes on board were Nev Watts' Honda, the Hillgate Phoenix and a Honda roadster from Motorcycle centre. I'd like to thank everyone involved in preparing the float and loaning the bikes.

1973 A CU National Rally August 7th/8th Doncaster Racecourse.

Seven club members entered this year's National Rally with Mike on the back of Mike Hall as co-driver. Cyril Jones entered on his Norton single under the Shaw Club banner, and our team was Trevor, Dave Nurse, Jerry Hallows and Alan Kempster.

The team members, Cyril and I had planned "34 control" routes of 600 miles starting at Wolverhampton, Mike and Mike set off from Stamford Lincs. Jerry and I planned to ride together, Dave and Trevor had a slightly different route and Alan was on his own with his lady passenger and a different route again. We all left Wolverhampton in beautiful weather at 10AM on the Saturday and Alan soon beetled off in front - not to be seen again for 22 hours! The first noticeable incident (apart from being blown off by a Commanda mounted police entry on a dodgy bend which tested his isoblastics to the fall) was yours truly shooting a red light in a confusing road-works complex on the way to BSA at Small Heath! Another competitor told me that he saw a policeman taking my number and I spent the next 24 hours plus three weeks sweating out the time limit for some police action!

Jerry and I reached Tamworth at 11-30 and had a coffee break. Trevor and Dave had got lost in Birmingham. On to Hinkley where I had to wait for Jerry who'd deserted in the direction of Lichfield! We hastily devised plans for future separations which had cost us over an hour in Cambridge in 1969. Coventry - 80 miles under our belts and all was going well. Rugby to Banbury was a really enjoyable run on a quiet smooth roads with plenty of interesting dips and bends - Jerry anchored up once to spare an ancient Jogg disturbed by my BSA a few seconds earlier. Banbury to Oxford was quite rapid by my standards and we overshot the control when Jerry became disorientated with his navigation by memory technique. Next stop was Abingdon where we met Cyril again. 145 miles done and the weather was glorious. On the way to Aylesbury my my partner veered away again and I had to drag his away from a village cricket match to get back on route.

Hemel Hempstead - 190 miles done and our first compulsory hours rest. Just as we were about to order egg and chips Dave Nurse hurtles into the control in a cloud of sweat and steam! He'd left his card at Rugby and had to retrace his steps from Banbury - an extra 40 miles on his route! Trevor was waiting for him up the road at Watford so off he went post-haste! Over our meal Cyril gave his professional advice on my law-breaking in birmingham but I was still worried stiff about possible exclusion from the Rally - not to mention an RTA conviction!

Watford, St Albans, Cheshunt - total 240 miles and the Honda gets a pint of oil. Bishops Stortford, Chelmsford, Braintree and Clacton- 325 miles clocked and we took a snack and half an hour break. Cyril was seen occasionally as was a 6ft 6ins Birmingham bobby on a Honda 90 scooterette. He was bang on time but his engine was going off a bit and the exhaust sounded worse for wear but if he didn't waste time it looked like he might make it. The sun was out of sight at Clacton but it was a bright evening with clear blue skies: the time was 21. 10hrs.

On the way to Ipswich we turned our lights on but between Stowmarket and Bury St Edmunds Jerry's headlight went on the blink I was leading as we progressed towards Newmarket and a constant flashing from behind me was puzzling me. Newmarket control is in a pleasant woody grove beside a garage and hot drinks are available by the gallon. 390 miles up and this was our second rest point so we settled down to examine the Honda's headlight. The dipped beam element had broken and apparently fused into the main beam element. The subsequent short was causing the flashing which had baffled me earlier. A new bulb was installed but worked on main beam only, so the light was set in a compromising position to avoid dazzling. Just after midnight we left for Cambridge and ran into a dense mist. Our speed was such that I couldn't remove my visor which was nearly opaque! With mist outside and condensation inside I was in real trouble and if there hadn't been plenty of traffic to follow I'd have to stop whenever headlights came towards us. With 405 miles clocked at Cambridge I was dreading the night ride in those conditions, but we had no trouble from then on. On the way to Peterborough I lost my stage route card on which I was scribbling notes for this report so that's that! Jerry planned to refuel at Stamford (450 miles) but when we checked in we found the garage closed! Other competitors had been warned about this change in information given, but we had been caught out.

We set off towards Boston with crossed fingers on a car for transfusion if necessary. 200 yards down the road the Honda stopped but with the correct taps turned on (!) we set off again.

COINCIDENCE! - I've never seen one before and will probably ride hundreds of miles before I see another, but halfway to Boston we came across a little village with one of those automatic petrol pumps which accept £1 notes! After it rejected Jerry's three times we tried one of my crisp new ones and were soon back in business.

On the way from Boston to Spilsby we were met by a half-baked, half-canned, local yokel on a Francis Barnett who merrily gave us directions which - if adhered to would have got us completely lost! At Spilsby over hot drinks we saw him again and learned from fellow night-owls that he'd stopped them all in the gloom on the same corner and now he was tottering about saying "D'ya want a drink, Can a' show ye way t' Horncastle" and "Y'll 'ave to ignore me, a'live 'ere!"

Suitably glowing inside we rode off into the freezing morning mist to Horncastle where we had a long unscheduled rest in the Banovallum Club house with its ultra hot stove and big armchairs. It was a bad mistake. We arrived full of beans and left bleary eyed and shivering!

The run to Lincoln saw me taking aloud to ~~stay~~ awake just as it had four years ago but after Lincoln I was wide awake again. Lincoln to Gainsborough to Scunthorpe. The roads were completely clear and we a great ride in the early light. At Scunthorpe, with 15 miles to go, we met up with Alan and had cups of hot soup. The mist had gone now and it was a clear crystal morning as we rode into Doncaster and joined the queue at the special test assembly area.

Here we saw Mike and Mike arrive and it was the first we knew of them actually starting the rally. Manchester 17 club members have never put much thought into the special test decider and this year was no exception. With calculations and hand held watches we all went through somewhat half-heartedly wondering how on earth the lone timekeepers could separate bunches of up to eleven riders passing their checkpoints! Back at the final control we met up with Dave and saw Trevor and Cyril off on their way home before tucking into a huge and welcome breakfast. Dave Nurse led the blind home at a rapid rate through Sheffield and Hathersage lest we fell asleep. We said goodbye to Jerry in Whaley and adjourned to the Devonshire Arms, Mellor for a couple of pints before home, food and bed.

I had a very enjoyable rally this year but from Boston onwards the high frequency vibrations in the left hand handlebar was so bad that I only gripped it properly to use the clutch. A dull pain forced me to lightly rest my hand across the grip and lever for the rest of the time. Several weeks later I found the cause -- the cylinder head steady lug had fractured

RESULTS

News Chronicle Challenge Trophy - Mike Hall (RAC/ACU) trainee.
Cheshire Centre Award - Dave Nurse
Special Gilt Plaques - Maximum Marks (668)
Paul Tootall, Dave Nurse, Trevor
Cowdrey, Jerry Hallows, Mike Hall,
Mike Kuzmanov (co driver) Alan
Kempster and Cyril Jones.

All good things come to an end! Apart from a bit of confusion with John Roberts in a rocket trial several years ago when I gracefully drove into a ditch - unhurt and upright - I had never fallen off or been or been involved in an accident on two wheels in eight years of riding until Sunday July 29th. Sharman and I skidded and fell off when we rounded a bend to find a landrover not only blocking the road on a narrow S bend but reversing towards us! The rest of the tale is sub-judice at this stage.....

The 1973 Northern Experts Sub - Committee is meeting once a month from now on and anyone who wishes to help in any way would be welcome to join them. The meetings are scheduled for the Thursday prior to the last Tuesday of each month but see Duncan or Dave for more details and the venue.

August 7th was a good night for TV viewers in the Manchester 17 Club. The Race of the Powerbikes documentary was followed by a half hour programme on lead mining in Derbyshire and if you turned it off you missed seeing and listening to an excellent local folk group called Bullock Smithy amongst whom was our own versatile Trevor Cowdrey!

The Superbike programme was excellent. If you thought otherwise you had not read the previews and were expecting more than the producers PLANNED to include. Bearing in mind this programme can only be compared with nothing at all (and not other better or worse efforts) plus the fact that the subject is virtually new to the scriptwriters and film makers then I think it came over very well. One valid criticism, however, must be that thousands of viewers believe Dave Croxford really didn't know Bradden Bridge from Governor's Bridge!

Unofficially, I have heard that a team of BBC cameramen are making a private film of the Manx GP and Moses has been interviewed to discuss his appearance money!

Alderley Edge Copper Mines - August 17th

Months ago Trevor Cowdrey mentioned to me that Derbyshire Caving Club of which he is a member, held the lease on the old copper mines at Alderley and that parties of surface dwellers were occasionally taken round by guides at a nominal 20p a head; were we interested? On Friday the 17th, 17 members took him up on the offer and together with Pete Lilly (of Bullock Smithy) and other expert helpers we descended Wood Mine at 7.30pm fully kitted out with safety helmets and lamps. The party split into two and went opposite ways round a loop to avoid congestion and delay. We were all "very impressed" as Ernie would say, and the historical details given by our guides made it all the more interesting. After 2½ hours we all emerged safely having visited three different levels, seeing ores in the rock and underground lakes and walking or crawling about 1½ miles. The evening was voted a great success and many people must have missed out who now want to see the mines themselves. If you contact Trevor I am sure this can be arranged.

MOSES

With apologies to the Waterloo & Dist. Motor Club and anonymous author of the "Racing Bug".

There was a young man,
Moses by name,
Decided to road race
And quickly gain fame.
So down to the local
Race shop he went,
Where the salesmen (as usual)
Were twisted and bent.
He purchased a Vincent
(Of all things, by gad,
Took it home in his van
To show to his dad.
The look on his fathers
Face was sad,
"You can't race that thing!
You must be mad"
Undaunted by all
This worry and woe,
He pulled it to bits,
To give it more go.
He had sprockets and gears
All over the place,
You should have seen
His poor father's face,
"Why don't you sell it
You silly young fool.
And do as I do
And fill in the pool"
But our Hero,
Still keen of the game,
Put all the bits
Back together again,
Sent off for some regs
To a road racing club
And gave his new bike
Abit of a scrub.

XXXXXXXXXX

The day comes around
For him to take part.
His mum didn't stop him
She hadn't the heart.
He puts on his leathers
All stitched round the middle
(You must admit
It's a bit of a fiddle)
He arrives at the track
With a great load of gear,
And his father is there
Looking after the beer.
He takes the bike
To the scrutineer man,
Who suggests that he put it
Back in the van.
A few mods are made with
With a long length of wire,
A piece of string,
And a second hand tyre.

At last he gets clear
And on to the track
One of his mates goes past
On his back,
Down the back straight
He's flat on the tank.
A bike rushes past
And then over a bank
This can't be racing,
It's a terrible shambles
They're all over the place
Just like in scrambles.
He rides up the paddock
At a great pace
Wondering if he
Should go out and race

XXXXXXXXXX

It's time for the race!
It's come round so quickly
His knees turn to jelly
He's feeling all sickly.
Down goes the flag
And he's frantically pushing,
The thing won't start
And he's left there blushing.
One last big effort
And it bursts into song
He's got one leg on board
As it drags him along.
He's passing handcarts
And going like a rocket,
Glad that he fitted
That extra big sprocket.
Into the first bend
The front brake won't work,
He crashes into the bank
And is covered in dirt.
His leathers burst open
And fly into bits,
As he scrapes all the skin
Off the part where he sits.
The first aid are there
And grab him with glee,
The crowd are all straining
Their necks trying to see
They plaster him up
On parts we can't mention
Now all he can do
I stand to attention.

XXXXXXXXXX

Safely back home
He can take an account
Of all the bent bits
On his poor little mount
He wonders if racing
Is worth all the fuss
When he can have as much fun
At the wheel of his bus.

But having spent
All his hard earned cash
He decides to have
Just one more bash
Sends off for more regs
To the same racing club
And that's how our Moses
Got bit by the bug.

XXXXXXXXXX