

**THE  
MANCHESTER '17'  
MOTOR CYCLE  
CLUB**



***NEWSLETTER***  
**AUG 1987**

# DEALERS

\* DISCOUNTS TO CLUB MEMBERS

## TOWN & COUNTRY MOTORCYCLES

227-229 STOCKPORT ROAD  
ASHTON-U-LYNE


061-339 3918

136, BUXTON ROAD HEAVILEY  
STOCKPORT  
061 - 483 2804

## MOTOR CYCLE CENTRE

061-480 3346

2 CARRINGTON ROAD  
STOCKPORT

YAMAHA SUZUKI   
HONDA KAWASAKI

WHILE-U-WAIT MOT TESTS  
SPARES HOT-LINE 061-477 3423

## TRAVIS SPARES

UNIT 3 WATERLOO WORKS, off  
UPPER BROOK ST., STOCKPORT

NEW &

SECOND HAND BRITISH  
MOTORCYCLES AND SPARES  
HELMETS AND CLOTHING.

## \* CLAREMONT

Motor Cycles Ltd.

TEAM YAMAHA SERVICE  
AND HONDA DEALERS

275 STAMFORD ST.  
ASHTON-U-LYNE

061-330 3418

# ItalSport

UK'S LEADING   
DEALER

8-14 CHESTER ROAD, MANCHESTER

 061-832 7067

## ARMSDENS MOTORCYCLES

AGENTS FOR SUZUKI

147 ASHLEY ROAD  
HALE CHESHIRE

061-928 2104

BARBOUR - BELSTAFF - KETT  
STOCKIST

## HIGH PEAK MOTORCYCLES

ROAD & TRAIL

 SALES

\* SERVICE

**FANTIC MOTOR** \* SPARES

MOT TESTS WHILE-U-WAIT

ALBION ROAD NEW MILLS  
TEL. NEW MILLS 42289

 Kestrel

  
Kawasaki

16/20 Chester Road,  
Manchester M15 4NT.  
Tel: 061-832 2632

Kawasaki Specialist Centre.

On ya byke

discount bike bitz !!!

IF WE CANT DISCOUNT  
IT WE DONT SELL IT

IF WE HAVEN'T GOT IT  
WE CAN GET IT

285. deansgate, mcr. 148. derby /l. bolton  
061-833 0882 0204 393202

THE RANGE OF MAKES  
AND GOODS WE SELL  
ARE TOO MANY TO LIST

# G MOTO CROSS

COMPETITION BIKE BREAKERS

267 STAMFORD STREET  
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE  
Nr MANCHESTER  
TEL: 061-344 0117

## H D CARTWRIGHT MOTORCYCLES Ltd

74 BUXTON ROAD, STOCKPORT

061-480 5180

ACCESSORIES

M.O.T.

  
HONDA  
OF THE WORLD



SALES

SPARES

SERVICE

## \* ADAMSONS STOCKPORT

FAST, FRIENDLY SERVICE  
SOURIAU ELECTRONIC PERFORMANCE  
TUNING PLUS SOURIAU ROLLING ROAD  
TEST BED MORIWAKI N-WEST DEALER ALL  
JAPANESE MAKES SERVICED, REBUILT  
TUNED ACCESSORIES TOO NUMEROUS TO  
MENTION

SEE US AT: - 240 STOCKPORT ROAD,  
CHEADLE HEATH  
TEL: 061-428 9599



SUZUKI

B.J. West

(MOTOR CYCLES) LTD.

336/340 DEANS GATE  
MANCHESTER M3 4LY

TEL: 061-834 1520

YAMAHA

VESPA

## \* SKIDLIDS

AGENTS FOR

BELL-AGV-NAVA-DRIVER  
& NOLAN SAFETY HELMETS  
LEATHERS BY  
WOLF-DAINESE-AGV ETC.

293 DEANS GATE, MANCHESTER

061-834 1501

## BOB LYDIATT

~~TRON~~ CYCLE REPAIRS  
WELDING - MOT - CYL. BORING  
CRANKSHAFT REPAIRS  
WHEEL BUILDING - ETC.

C/o Town & Country M/Cs  
227-229 Stockport Road  
Ashton-U-Lyne

061-339 3918

## B. G. C.

MOTORCYCLE ENGINEERING  
(BRIAN CAPPER)

SOURIAU TUNING - CYLINDER BORING  
FRAME STRAIGHTENING  
IN MOTOLINER JIG MACHINING  
FORK STRAIGHTENING - HELICOILING  
WELDING AND ROUTINE SERVICING  
ST. PAULS PLACE NORTHWICH  
0605-47249

171717171717  
7 \* \*\*\*\* 1  
1 \* \* 7  
+++MANCHESTER+++  
1 \* \* 7  
+++M.C.C.+++  
1 7  
717171

NEWSLETTER

August 1987

Produced by Geoff and  
Jennifer Winstanley

---

Meetings every Tuesday at 'The Grey Horse', Wharf Street,  
(off Lancashire Hill), Stockport.

OFFICIALS

PRESIDENT :Ron Weale .... Tel.06632 5794  
18, Jacksons Edge Road, Disley, Stockport, Ches.SK12 2JE

CHAIRMAN :Dennis Taylor .... Tel.061 487 2525  
7, Sundial Road, Offerton, Stockport, Ches.SK2 5QU

TREASURER :Joan Burgess .... Tel.061 338 5731  
19, Rose Hill, Stalybridge, Ches.SK15 1UT

SECRETARY :Jack Chatwood  
104, Warwick Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport, Ches.SK4 2NL

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY :Jennifer Winstanley .... Tel.061 431 3661  
NEWSLETTER EDITOR :Geoff Winstanley  
30, Windmill Lane, Reddish, Stockport, Ches.SK5 6SW

TRIALS SECRETARY :Jim Capper  
4, Waverley Drive, Cheadle, Ches.SK8 7QE

ENDURO SECRETARY :Bill Bristow .... Tel.061 301 4918  
397, Manchester Road, Droylsden, Manchester.M35 6QF

RALLY SECRETARY :Pete Lawton  
5, Sandstone Drive, Wincobank, Sheffield.S9 1DU

TRAINING OFFICER :Roger Richards .... Tel.061 456 4941  
49, Woodsmoor Lane, Woodsmoor, Stockport, Ches.Sk2 7AZ

RIGHT OF WAY OFFICER :Vernon Leigh  
2, Marton Green, Bridgehall, Stockport, Ches.SK2 8LY

ORDINARY COMMITTEE MEMBERS

BRIAN STARKIE  
105, Bramhall Lane, Davenport, Stockport, Ches.SK1 6HZ

PETER CUNNINGHAM  
22, Harleem Grove, Offerton, Stockport, Ches.

## Editorial

If you are wondering why the front cover has no drawings on it, (as promised) ; the committee have decided that the bikes on the proposed new cover were too dated. They have opted for a plain design, similar to the one already on the front.

There is a change of flavour this month as the enduro fraternity who are normally the only ones to write anything are all too busy with the Brinks, which should be in progress as we print this newsletter. At least it's nice for me to see a road oriented issue for a change , although I'm not sure whether Andy Turner's article counts or not; speaking of Andy's article I'm sorry to hear about Vernon's accident and wish him a speedy recovery.

Jennifer now has a bike again, a Guzzi V50, not too unlike her last one, which remains somewhat misshapen. She is gradually regaining her confidence, but was not quite ready for our Brittany trip, which is related later in this newsletter.

Geoff Winstanley.

### More on visor law

I have received a fact sheet from the B.M.F. It says much the same as the information published last issue, received from the training scheme via Roger Richards. It does disagree with the maximum fine for riders though, the B.M.F. say it is £100. and also that all dark visors and goggles will be illegal. It also highlights some interesting points.

- \* Goggles must also have the new kitemark - although few manufacturers have applied for one.
- \* Riders and pillion passengers are required to comply with the regulations, but sidecar passengers are not - this means that dealers can still sell goggles etc. for side-car use.
- \* You can wear sunglasses.
- \* You do not need to wear any eye protection at all !, but if you do it must comply with the law.
- \* Cars can still have dark windows.
- \* It is not intended to outlaw prescription lensed goggles (according to the Department of Transport).

I think it's a farse that it's illegal to wear good non-complying visors or goggles when it is legal to wear no eye protection at all. It is a good idea to try to stop riders using scratched or dark visors at night, but I only see this law creating ill-feeling; riders will only change their visors less frequently anyway. I think it is best summed up by a story from the National Rally; one of the competitors asked some police riders if they were checking up on the new law. They replied no , their own visors did not even have the new specification. By the way, have you tried buying a new visor?,they are about three times the price IF you can find one !

## Brittany Holiday

By Geoff Winstanley

It had seemed like we would never actually make it onto the road, but Wednesday afternoon at 3.30 we eventually set off towards Poole. The Morini had been carefully loaded with camping gear, clothes and provisions, with Jennifer on the pillion and myself wedged into the pilots seat. We made slow progress to start with and had to knock on a bit after tea to reach the ferry on time. As it was we arrived ten minutes after the official check-in, just in the nick of time to get on before the cars. We lashed out on a cabin in order to get a good nights sleep, but by the time we had settled in and had a drink, it seemed no time at all before we were being woken up again.

At 5am French time we set off southward from Cherbourg down the peninsula with no particular plans. Over breakfast at a cafe we decided to visit Jennifer's sister who was staying at St Jean de Mont, and call at Le Mont St. Michel on the way. Jennifer soon found herself falling asleep on the back so we pulled off the main road and found a quiet grassy bank near the sea, where we fell asleep for an hour or so in the morning sun. We made Le Mont St. Michel by noon. I had promised myself a visit the next time I passed after numerous recommendations. It was worth the visit but the combination of the midday heat and being clad in bike gear forced us to quit before reaching the abbey at the top. So after a bite to eat we went back on the road. On the Rennes ringroad we hit a massive traffic jam. It was no fun being stuck in the scorching sun, so I quickly decided to go through the town centre; then on a whim I missed a turning to the centre, taking us between the centre and the ring road. Miraculously we soon found ourselves on the road to Nantes.

The road to Nantes was long, straight and boring and we had to stop from time to time to stop us falling to sleep. Nantes though was even worse, coming up to rush hour, the traffic was dense and the going slow. I had too much on the bike to weave through the traffic, and the heat in the city was incredible. I even tried to stop in the shade of trees when stopping for the lights, but it was still too much. Just to complicate matters I was having to take extra care not to stall the engine as the electric start was refusing to bite (in typical Morini fashion). When I did stall it I had to try to prod the kickstart with my left leg, or worse still both of us had to get off so that I could give it a descent swing with my right. Getting on and off the pillion of the overloaded Morini would make a good event for the 1988 Olympics! Once out of Nantes the remaining 50 miles to St. Jean de Mont passed fairly quickly. We found the camp site without too much trouble, quickly put up the tent and went for a meal at the site snack bar. We spent the rest of the evening in the bar, with Jennifer's sister Sandra, her boyfriend Peter, and daughters Teresa and Cassie. They had met us on our arrival, which had been heralded by the distinctive sound of the Morini. The next day we helped them pack up the tent, went down to the beach and took a jaunt with them to St Jean de Mont before seeing them off on their way home.

On Saturday we decided to move on to Brittany. The site and area were fine for families, but not really to our taste and the site was booked up anyway. We headed north over the magnificent St Nazaire Bridge, then followed the main coast road. Despite some delightful parts it was on the whole pretty boring and we found the going tiring in the heat. So we were glad to get off it just north of Lorient and look for a camp site. Guidel was our first call but there were no sites in the village itself and Guidel Plages a few miles down the road looked the sort of place we were trying to get away from. We carried on past Moelan sur Mer to the village of Kergroes, followed the beach signs and found a pleasant looking coved beach with camp site, but you apparently had to use the adjacent public toilets which I later discovered to be in an appalling state. We went back to the site near the village which turned out to be an excellent decision.

'Camping La Grande Lande' was spacious, with two large well kept toilet blocks with showers. The next day we went to the village which was just about large enough to cater for all our basic needs and we bought in provisions, as the shops were open despite it being Sunday. We moved the tent away from the shade of a tree to get away from the insects, but apart from that we just had a lazy day on the site. In the evening we went to try the hotel restaurant half a mile away, at last a proper French meal. I had soup, followed by langoustines, then roast pork and veg, and a sweet; all for under £6. I didn't know what langoustines were but I tried them anyway, they turned out to be prawns and they arrived still in their shells.

On Monday we went into Moelan to stock up for the week at the supermarket, and to cash some travellers cheques. It wasn't until after we had bought the shopping that we realised all the banks were closed on Mondays. We had only just enough money left to buy the evening meal. In the afternoon we went down to the beach we had found on Saturday. The beach was pleasant with rocks to explore and there was a small island with the remains of an old gun post, which you could walk to at low tide. The weather was hot but the sun was a bit reluctant to show itself and the flies were a bit of a nuisance. As we were leaving Jennifer was talking to a French biker as I tried to start the bike (which was having one of its temperamental moments). She discovered that it was a French National holiday and the banks were not open until Wednesday. He told us there was an automatic cash dispenser in Riec not far away. We tried it but it would not even take my card in (although it said Visa) let alone give us any money. The local hotel would not change travellers cheques (except for residents). Fortunately the restaurant accepted Visa.

The next day the sun did not shine at all so we decided on a walk. As we left the site the owners invited us over for a drink of wine, we declined explaining that we were going for a walk, and they recommended a walk via the harbour, which proved very nice. They also pointed out to us that there was a firework display at a local beach that evening. When we returned from our walk, we decided to walk to the beach, have a meal before watching the display. We asked the camp site lady if she knew of a restaurant there and if it took Visa. There was a restaurant but she did not know whether it took credit cards, but as soon as she realised our money problem she offered to lend us some, without hesitation. I don't think she would even have asked for security, but we gave Jennifer's passport anyway. When we got there, there was a pizzeria as well as a restaurant, so we had pizza before watching the fireworks from the road overlooking the beach.

Wednesday morning we went back to Moelan to change the cheques as the village bank only opened three mornings a week. We tried to get a gas canister for my stove without success. We returned the money to the site owner and asked him if he knew of anywhere that sold Epigas type cylinders. Not in France was the reply but he promptly went and found an old stove for us to borrow, and went off in his car to the service station for a gas bottle. He returned without one as they cost £28 each, but we were still amazed at how helpfull he had been. He suggested that we came back in the morning for breakfast.

The rest of the day it rained and we stayed in the tent until meal time. We got absolutely drenched on the way to the restaurant, so we decided that if the weather did not clear up in the morning there was not much point in staying on, and that we would set off home. In the morning there was no improvement, so we started to break camp before going for our cereal bowl full of coffee, and croissant. We packed up by lunch time and once again took advantage of our hosts' hospitality by eating in the shelter of the reception.

The road to Caen was good and I enjoyed the ride. It was straight and quiet enough to be fast and bendy and scenic enough to be interesting. The Morini was running well too, even the starter decided to work. But I knew it couldn't have been much fun for Jennifer. We had got soaked early on and even though it had cleared later, once it had got through our waterproofs that was it. The back of a bike is no place to be when you are cold and wet - she just had to sit back and think of England. As we passed through many lovely villages and the impressive mediaeval town of Dinan we realised that this was the Brittany we were looking for and wished we had come this way at the start of the holiday when the weather was good. As it was we just wanted to get home. We arrived at Caen with hours to spare but couldn't be bothered moving away from the terminal so had a pretty boring evening. We didn't sleep much on the ferry so when we made it home at midday we went straight to bed, and slept all afternoon. It may not have been a very eventful holiday, but the peace, quiet and friendliness of La Grande Lande made it a thoroughly enjoyable one.

## National Rally 1987

By Graham Watson

The National Rally until about the mid - 1970's was quite a popular event with road riders but, sadly declined in popularity to such a degree that about 1979/80 it was cancelled due to lack of entries and wasn't run again until 1986.

When the Rally was resurrected in 1986, it was organised by the Civil Service Motoring Association who placed a limit of 1000 entries - and they were soon fully booked. Manchester '17' fielded a team comprising Geoff Winstanley, Peter Potts, Dave Lawson and myself, and although we didn't win outright, we all gained a gold award ( sounds impressive but so did 250 other people ! ) but more importantly we all really enjoyed ourselves.

For those people who may not know the workings of the National Rally allow me to give a brief outline. About two weeks before the event, entrants are given a map of England covering an area roughly from Yorkshire to London and from the Welsh border to Anglia. Mileage between control points on the map are given and it is up to the competitor to devise a route whereby he calls at as many control points as possible and at the same time covering exactly 500 miles. Sounds easy, but a rider may have found a route satisfying all the necessary criteria and starting the competition in Lancashire, but he lives in Kent so he has to ride more than 200 miles before he starts the event ! To give an indication, in 1986 I personally rode over 700 miles from when the event started at 2pm. Saturday until it finished at 10am. Sunday.

So for 1987 and the organisers were that pleased with the previous year that they upped entries to a maximum of 1100 and it was at this stage that Peter Potts and I dropped a clanger by not sending our entry forms promptly, so when we did send them off they were returned with a note saying that entries were complete ! What a disaster ! But out of the blue some weeks later came a telephone call from the Rally organiser asking if I was still interested in competing as they had a cancellation, Peter had a similar telephone call and we both accepted - a stroke of luck.

As I mentioned previously the competitor has to work out his own route and starting where he wants to, but his last control must be the N.E.C. in Brum. Peter worked out a route, I did as well and so did Geoff Winstanley even though he wasn't riding, but just as a matter of interest. So Peter and I had a choice of routes, but as mine started 80 miles away in Salop and would have had us disqualified we opted for Geoff's route which started at nearby Tarporley.

Call it gamesmanship if you like, or even cheating but a couple of days before the Rally start I thought that I would suss out the first couple of controls i.e. the best way to get there and it gave me and Peter a good laugh because a lad on a Kwacker 900 at the start zoomed away like a bat out of hell and must have been miles in front of us and in fact many bikes were passing us up the motorway, but Peter and I were first at the control because they'd all got off at the wrong motorway exit. You should have seen the look on the Kwacker 900 rider's face when he saw us there before him ! - the tortoise and the hare saga.



Probably the best aspect of the event was the superb riding weather, very hot combined with great Yorkshire roads. We tried to plan our route to include Manchester '17's control and we arrived there at about 3.30am. and it was full of competitors queuing to get their card stamped. Roger Richards, who was at the control told me that about 704 riders had passed through, making it one of the busiest controls. When dawn comes, that's when I start to feel tired and so we stopped for breakfast and then a bit of panic set in as we realised that we had another 50 miles to do and not much time to do it in - a steady 90mph for a while soon put that right and we ended up at final control in time to pick up our awards.

In 1986, when I arrived at final control and saw the queue for awards about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile long I didn't bother because I was dog-tired, so I went straight home, but this time there was no queue, thank God.

As I said earlier, about 250 people get Gold awards etc. and so to get an outright winner the organisers set a Special Test, which takes the form of riding a set distance at an exact speed and I was fortunate that Geoff had lent me a programmable calculator to eliminate the guesswork, but evidently it wasn't good enough because when the results were published in Motor Cycling News six people had done the Special test with no error and I didn't feature. Extra marks are awarded if you're riding British iron and so a gentleman on a Matchless proved to be the winner of this years National Rally - and as yet Peter and I are unable to tell you what position we finished as a full results sheet has not been published yet. Next comes the hardest bit - the ride home from Birmingham; the throb of the engine, the passing white lines have a hypnotic effect on me and I start nodding off so I've got to stop frequently explaining the two and a half hours to ride home.

Knackered, spent a fortune on petrol but loved every moment sums up the best event I've entered in years ! Have a go yourself in 1988 and see what I mean.

As I mentioned the '17' organised a control and this was continually manned throughout Saturday and Sunday at some stage by the following :- Dennis Taylor, Peter Conway, Brian Green, Rick Stewart, Paul and Pauline Rushton, Roger Richards, Ken and Linda Roberts, Geoff and Jenny Winstanley, our thanks go to them for giving up their weekend, so that others could enjoy themselves.

If I've missed anyone out, my apologies.

"It's motorcycling, Jim, but not as we used to know it"  
(or "There's Gammas on the starboard bow")

By Brian 'Wayne' Garner

An enforced retirement, due to a knee injury, from enduros re-awakened the desire to own a road bike after a gap of fifteen years. In the early 70's I ran a Tiger 100 SS on the road and a beautiful little 250 Ducati 24 Horas on the trailer for low speed production racing.

Being a peasant at heart and only wanting a bike for Sunday runs, I plumped for a sporting middleweight - a Kawasaki GPZ 600 this is where my troubles started! I bought a mint 1985 model with 3000 miles on the clock. Next stop Skidlids where I was talked into a fetching little red and white number - AGV, one piece racing leathers with matching accessories; helmet, gloves and boots.

Dressed to kill and looking like a million dollars I hit the roads and proceeded to wobble round tight corners and roundabouts like a rank novice. Fitted with 16" wheels, the front end used to tuck under in tight corners until I learnt to keep the power on. A seized rear brake torque arm didn't help matters either and in desperation I had Karl Adamson fit the business tyres - Metzeler Lasers. Things improved, but although I experimented with damping, fork air pressures etc. I still couldn't get the front end to my satisfaction and consequently had no confidence.

Things came to a head when a gang of renegade ex-enduro riders all turned out on Suzuki RG500 Gammas for Sunday and evening runs round the Cat and Fiddle. It became custom for the last man to the Cat and Fiddle to buy the coffee in Buxton - it was costing me an absolute fortune. My work, family and marriage were under extreme pressure until a fairy godfather called John Roberts from the Motorcycle Centre stepped into the limelight. A chance call on a Saturday afternoon resulted in a test ride on a 1986 Honda NS400 R with only 1500 miles on the clock - after one bend I knew I had to have it. My luck had turned the corner when I was offered a straight swap for the GPZ - I grabbed the keys and logbook and fled before he changed his mind. (Steve from Adamsons later told me that to a dealer a second hand NS is rather like AIDS - you can't get rid of it.)

I cannot praise the NS highly enough - it has only one bad point and that is the price to be paid for it's incredible performance - a clue is that I am now on first name terms with all the petrol pump attendants in the area. It is impossible not to ride the bike quickly and the result is 30 mpg on average. It burbles along like a three cylinder moped up to 7000 rpm and then the rev counter shoots up to 10½ - 11000 rpm in a flash and it's time to hook it up into a higher gear. Changing down to overtake on the motorway at 120 mph is a novel experience and one not to be missed. Once in the power band the motor is as smooth as silk and I have seen 140 mph on the clock at 9500 rpm - it would have gone quicker had the rider the bottle.

Incredible though the motor is, producing smooth power from a three cylinder 383 cc capacity, it is totally outperformed by the chassis - racing does improve the breed. I have never ridden a bike that handles, steers and stops as well as the NS - the Suzuki Gamma has a stronger engine but the extra power produces a flexing, swinging arm when the power is applied out of corners.

I still fork out for the occasional cup of coffee in Buxton if Russell 'Barry' Leigh isn't with us, but now I don't care - I'm on cloud nine and the honeymoon shows no sign of coming to an end.

To be continued ... next instalment provisionally entitled  
'Brian Green's guided tour of Europe' or  
'If it's Saturday it must be Holland, Germany, Switzerland,  
Luxembourg, Belgium and France' or  
'If we can get Pete out of the bar we might get home for Monday'

#### Townsend Thoresen Offer

The B.M.F. has negotiated a deal for motorcyclists crossing the Channel with Townsend Thoresen. £20 return for rider and bike plus £13 for pillion passengers, on the Dover and Felixstowe routes.

The longer Portsmouth sailings cost £26 for rider and bike on day sailings or £29 at night.

Pillions pay £20 or £23 respectively.

Applications must be by post on special forms in 'Motorcycle Rider'. I only wish my copy had come in time to make use of it this year.

#### Road Studs

Following talks with the Department of Transport the B.M.F. is now acting as a clearing house for complaints about the location of road studs. So any such complaints should be sent to the B.M.F. The Dept. of Transport now seem to be taking more care over the siting of studs and are looking at alternatives. The B.M.F. point out that these studs are in the long term interest of riders.

## L.S.D.T. 'Without an Engine'

By Andy Turner

### 'Pedal power versus horse power'

Different from other six day events, this one was set mostly on the West coast of England and Wales, and horse power and petrol were swapped for leg power and baked beans.

#### Day one:

I was riding a 15 speed 531 Ernie Clements Tourer, which weighed in at 85lb with all the luggage and spares. We left Stockport at 8 O'clock on a warm and sunny Sunday, the 5th July. We stopped at many garages on the way for liquid top ups. Arriving in Blackpool at 12.15pm it was a fairly short, but hot ride. Derek set the tent up whilst I had a shower, then on went the beans, before taking my bike down to the beach for some sun bathing.

After all the sights of the beach, tea was called for, so out came the beans again. Another shower and we went back to the front for a couple of jars, sat outside one or two pubs. We didn't get back until 1.30 in the morning. That day we covered 97 miles all in all.

#### Day two:

We got up at about 8 O'clock and immediately realised that this was going to be the hardest day. I had bet my boss at Brookes Cycles, and my Grandad that we would do this bit in one day. Keeping to the coast road as much as we could, we passed Lytham St Annes, and reached Southport by dinner time. Remembering the bet, we missed lunch, then we rode for about two miles on the sand, until grinding from the chains made us change our minds. Hitting the road again we went through Formby to Liverpool, where we jumped on the 3 O'clock Birkenhead ferry. On we cycled to Chester and Flint, then back on the coast road to Prestatyn and eventually Rhyl. It was 7 O'clock and we had clocked on 116 miles. We stopped at a chippy on the front before setting camp in Abergele.

#### Day three:

We got up at 8 O'clock for more beans and left the site by 10. We cycled down the coast road past Colwyn Bay, then took the A470 to Betws-y-Coed. All up and down going but nothing too drastic. Approaching Swallow Falls I started to get the dreaded prickly heat on my back, although I didn't know at the time what it was. I just couldn't stop itching. When we stopped for a drink the itching got worse, like someone had rubbed my back with nettles. It was impossible! The only solution was to keep moving, so I shot off leaving Derek behind. Finally it eased off and I waited for him at the last shop before the A4086 to Snowdon. We filled our bottles with water as we were having dehydrated food for tea and set off along a little trail which led to the summit. We didn't know it was only for walkers until after about two miles, after all three reservoirs, the path just disappeared. The only way was straight up. Conditions were steep rocky and loose, but we'd come this far and we weren't giving up. We carried the bikes complete with paniers for another 200ft or so, but about 1000ft off the summit it got too dangerous and we had to call it a day. Going back down though was even harder. When we got back to the road we camped in a farmers field, having done 52 miles that day.

Day four:

The next morning we paid the consequences for sleeping in any old field. We had pitched on a marsh and had all the flies in Wales in our tent. It was time to move on. After shaking all the flies out of the sleeping bags we moved away without breakfast. As we passed through Llanberis we noticed it was only 6am, so we'd only had six hours kip. We carried on through Caernarfon, over the Britannia Bridge to reach Holyhead by 11 O'clock, having done 40 miles. We found the campsite and after a shower, beans for dinner and beans for tea, I felt right as rain apart from getting sunburnt in the afternoon.

Day five:

After more beans for breakfast we set off again right round Anglesey. We took some pictures before crossing the Menai Bridge and carried on via Bangor and Conway to Llandudno. That's 73 miles in 9½ hours. The campsite was 95 pence each for all the facilities of cold running water and a toilet. For a change of food I had kippers and beefburgers.

Day six:

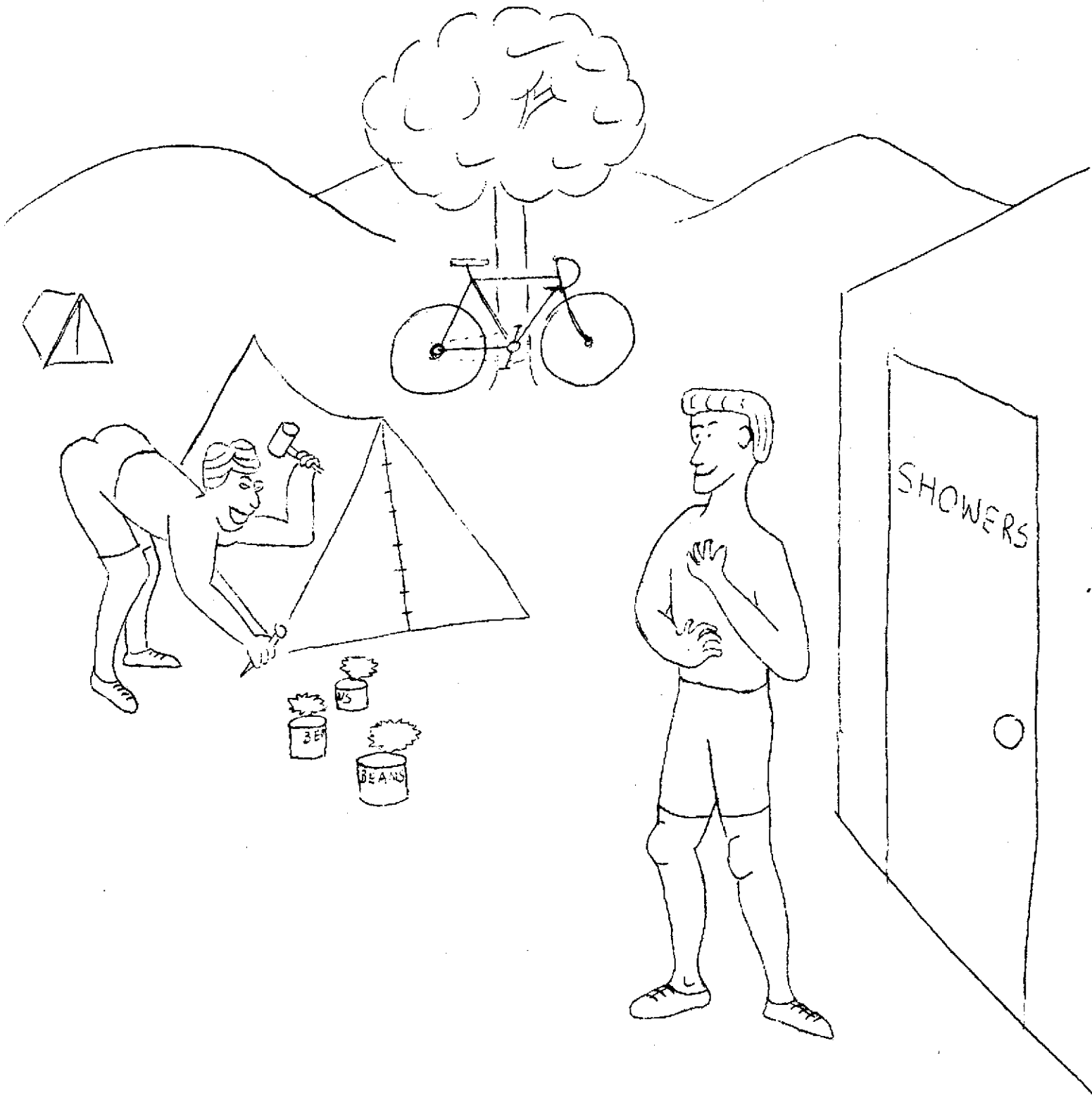
Another 8 O'clock start and we were on the road by nine. I started itching again, but it wasn't too bad. I carried on past Towyn, Rhyl and Prestatyn, then the itching started again, this time on my chest. We stopped at a chippy in Flint for dinner and the itching died down until we reached the campsite in Chester. Once at the campsite I was going crazy with itching. I just couldn't do anything about it. I left Derek to put up the tent, while I went to find a chemist. The woman there gave me calomine lotion, which I poured on my chest right there in the street. I went back in and said it was no good and so she sent me to a doctor, who prescribed some tablets and cream. I tried them but still no joy.

I phoned my Mum (just wot Mums are for), and she suggested that she'd come and collect me - I had to agree. An hour later we loaded the bike into the car and left Derek to complete the 480 mile trip. Once home I had a nice tepid bath then 'knock, knock', Vernon came round to ask if I would go trail riding on Sunday. I said I'd think about it.

On Sunday we were up at 6am and in Llangollen by nine. We were just getting into the riding when 'crash bang wollop' Vernon's tyres dissagreed on cow muck. He was in a bad state. He'd broken a few fingers, pushed his bones back on his right hand, smashed his face in and bruised himself pretty badly. Mark and Rick stayed with him while Dave Green and I legged it for an ambulance. We had grief with a woman for 50 minutes, trying to get her to call one. We gave up and tried elsewhere then it came in 8 minutes. Vernon was in a pretty bad state and they kept him in at Wrexham Hospital, so Dave drove us home in the 'Tardis'.

I had an unfinished six days and an unfinished trail ride but I still enjoyed it all. Get well soon Vernon.

CAPTION COMPETITION



Think of a caption for the cartoon above; and send it to the Editor before 9th September. The best entry, in the editors opinion will receive first prize of a tin of baked beans.

# TRADES & AIDS

## LEON P. MINNE

Delicatessen

15A PARK LN. POYNTON

0625 874601

COOKED MEAT, FISH, CHEESE, ETC.

## VICTORIA MOTORS

26 UPPER BROOK ST.  
STOCKPORT

BODYWORK  
WELDING  
GENERAL OVERHAULS

Telephone: 061-480 4755

## S. & R. MOTORS

26 UPPER BROOK STREET  
STOCKPORT

TEST CENTRE FOR  
MOTOR CYCLE MOT'S

Car Sales and Bodywork  
M.O.T. WHILE-U-WAIT

Telephone 061-480 4755

## Dial Auto Electric

*Electrical Repairs to*  
CARS and MOTORCYCLES

061-483 0961

## GARDNER &

## TAYLOR Ltd

Building Contractors

061 487 2525 \*EXTENSIONS  
061 429 9841 \*GRANT WORK  
ETC

## G. B. TROPHIES

For all Sports Trophies

CUPS - TANKARDS - SHIELDS

Engraving Service

175 Bramhall Lane  
Stockport

Telephone 061-480 5818

## BRIAN GREEN

CENTRAL HEATING  
and PLUMBING  
CONTRACTOR

061-483 4175

## HB Printing Co.

*Printers and Stationers*

Specialists in small quantities of  
Commercial Stationery  
Letterpress and Lithographic Printers

A QUOTE COSTS NOWT  
175 Bramhall Lane - Stockport  
Telephone 061-480 5818

## THE GREY HORSE HOTEL

(Greenall Whitley)

WHARF STREET, STOCKPORT

*mine hosts John & Kathleen  
invite you to enjoy a drink in a  
friendly atmosphere*

BAR SNACKS & LUNCHES  
SERVED DAILY

## V. LEE

French Polishing, Furniture  
Renovation, Cabinet Repairs  
Antiques Restored

High Class Workmanship

All Work Guaranteed

Tel: 061-429-0160

# PLEASE

# SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS