

*Manchester 17*  
*M.C.C.*



Founded 1935

Newsletter  
March 1994

## The Editors View

After the jet wash had dribbled its last, and my YZ250 was revealed from underneath a pile of Welsh radioactive mud, I thought to myself " Why the hell did I enter the Clocaenog enduro". It must rate among one of the toughest events I have ever done - it wasn't big, it wasn't clever and the organisers of the event (which was supposedly ideal for Sportsmen) must be seriously smoking something. This enduro must have put off the Sportsmen who entered from ever doing another event again (as most of the entrants young and old were completely wrecked after just one lap). Still at the end of the day, there will be high points - especially when the medal arrives! It won't have put some Club members and myself off though because you have to take yourself to the limit - and then see if you can go past it, which is what doing enduros is all about. 'Nuff said.

Anyway, welcome to the second issue of the new look Manchester 17's Newsletter. And lots of thanks to the two Club members (Rick Stewart & Ken Roberts - Thanks lads) for their contribution to this months newsletter. That means that over 200 members have not even bothered to spend 20 minutes putting pen to paper to put forward their own views in their own newsletter. Now I don't mind spending lots of my own time doing the newsletter, but there will come a time when you, the readers, will get completely bored of reading the same views of the same people, time and time again. So come on spend that 20 minutes and send me **ANYTHING** about anything which you feel would be of interest. It will be your chance to have your words read by, over 200 people and maybe interest them or even amuse them. Use it or abuse it, but if you don't do anything you'll lose it. And thats the end of the sermon according to St. Michael!

A friend of mine begged me to put his name in the newsletter. However I've gone one better - Hope you enjoy this Vinny!!!!!! *Mike Shaw*



## AWARDS

As most of you will be aware, the Club has a number of trophies of various types and sizes, awarded for achievements throughout the year. These range from the usual silver-plated cups and shields to the more unusual, including lumps of rock (suitably polished and mounted), a Rolls-Royce truck piston and the cylinder head off Dave Rowland's works bike.

Some are what might be called 'sporting' and have to be won by doing specific things in specific events, whereas others are decided by your favourite Committee after due consideration, discussion, the odd argument and a few pints. Although most remain constant (the Northern Experts Sidecar Trophy isn't likely to go to anyone but the best sidecar team in the Experts), the changing nature of the Club's activities means that the qualification for some of these trophies is changed from time to time.

Some of the trophies are named after a particular person, such as John Hartle, Simister, Fisher, Mick Bowers trophies etc. What these all have in common is that the people concerned will, at some time, have had a connection with, or significance to, the Manchester "17" to the extent where the Club wished that connection to be commemorated by a perpetual trophy.

However, if you were to turn up at the appropriate event and ask the riders about the person that the event or award was named after, the chances are that a good proportion - probably most, if not all - wouldn't know. Take that a stage further and ask them why the Club has a trophy named after that person and the answer would almost certainly be a universal "Dunno!"

For example, the John Simister Memorial Trophy, previously given to the winner of the John Simister Memorial Trial. How many current Trials riders know who he was and/or what he did? We also have the John Simister Road Racing Trophy. Who was John Simister and why do we have not one, but two trophies bearing his name, one of them apparently specifically for road racing? (This is the beautiful solid silver model of a racing bike - complete with chain - that Gordon has fallen in love with and reminds the Committee every meeting that it is in his possession, "Just so we all know where it is." If truth be known, should it ever need to be formally presented again, we'll probably find that we need a lump of Semtex explosive, bolt cutters, a welding torch and something to dissolve super glue to remove it from Gordon's mantelpiece...)

And just so you enduro people don't feel left out and think it's just those miserable trials riders again, hands up all those who can give a complete background to the Mick Bowers trophy.

OK, so we've got the trophies. But, to me, the background information and stories about the people behind those trophies is just as important as the trophy itself. Without the history, the award is, somehow, something less - we've all seen those TV interviews with the sportsperson who has just won his or her

## AWARDS

championship or whatever and who is quite clearly chuffed to pieces their own name is actually going to go alongside those famous names already inscribed on the trophy.

Two questions then arise. Firstly, how to get this information, which is in danger of being lost and which, unlike the physical trophy, cannot be replaced once forgotten? Secondly, once we've got it what do we do with it?

- 1) If you have ANY information on any of the trophies listed, please let me know, either in writing or verbally. This includes information about what it was given for in which years, previous winners or just general comments about the event.
- 2) I intend to try to contact various current and previous Club members for their comments.
- 3) It may be worth writing to some of the other clubs in Cheshire and the adjacent Centres. Also to the ACU and the National Motorcycle Museum.
- 4) At some stage, I intend to ask TMX and MCN to put out a similar request, via their columns.

As to what is done with the information afterwards:

- 1) It should certainly be made available to/brought to the attention of the competitors in the respective events, be it in the Regs, at the events or with the results.
- 2) A file or log for each of the trophies should also be kept , containing the who's, when's, what's and why's of each piece.
- 3) From time to time, as information on each piece is available , I will try to put it out in the Newsletter.

*Rick Stewart*  
**AWARDS SECRETARY**  
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## MANCHESTER '17' M.C.C. AWARDS LIST

(In no particular order, as at December 1993)

|                                   |                                 |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| THE CASTROL TROPHY                | THE SHELL TROPHY                |
| THE MANCHESTER '17' PUNCHBOWL     | THE WARBURTON TROPHY CUP        |
| THE NORTHERN EXPERTS TROPHY       | THE SIMISTER ROAD RACING TROPHY |
| THE JOHN SIMISTER MEMORIAL TROPHY | TOWN & COUNTRY CLUBMANS TROPHY  |
| THE NORTHERN EXPERTS S/CAR TROPHY | THE DURON TROPHY                |
| ENDURO: BEST NOVICE               | ENDURO: CLUBMANS TROPHY         |
| ENDURO: EXPERTS TROPHY            | ENDURO: BEST FOUR STROKE        |
| THE FRANK B LEAVER TROPHY         | THE MICK WILKINSON TROPHY       |
| THE JOHN SHIRT TROPHY             | THE NORMAN EYRE TROPHY          |
| THE HEPWORTH MEMORIAL TROPHY      | THE STANBURY TROPHY             |
| THE FISHER TROPHY                 | THE JOHN HARTLE TROPHY          |
| THE DAVE ROWLAND TROPHY           | THE GUY ALLOT TROPHY            |
| THE STRUGGLERS SPROCKET           | THE JOHN CANTRELL TROPHY        |
| THE SPORTING PRESIDENTS CUP       | THE LEN EYRE TROPHY             |
| OBSERVER OF THE YEAR              | CLUBMAN OF THE YEAR             |
| THE COMMITTEE AWARD               | RALLYIST OF THE YEAR            |
| THE MICK BOWERS TROPHY            | THE HAWKS NEST TROPHY.          |

### Laning in the Lakes

Ahh! The beauty of the Lake District - the calmness and serenity of its lakes and sheer soaring majesty of its mountains, this magnificence of nature that has inspired writers and artists down the ages to try and capture its brilliance on paper and canvas. Such thoughts came to me as I stopped my engine and gazed at the panoramic view before me. There were lush green valleys and hillsides spread shimmering and dreamlike as far as my be-goggled eyes could see, and rivers running like threads of silver, criss-crossing the valley floor. In the distance could be heard the shrill calls of birds hovering on the wing... Well, I tell a lie, for, shattering the peace and quiet of one of Englands most wondrous areas of natural beauty was the sound of two stroke motorcycles blatting up and down deserted green lanes. Motorcyclists - Don't you just hate 'em...

We began the day's riding from Haweswater reservoir, just as the sun was dawning on a cold and windy day. Our leader for the expedition, Pete Cunningham, forecast that we would encounter some small degree of dampness during the day, so he had decked himself out in his brand new, all black waxed cotton suit, which combined with his newly rejuvenated Armstrong was guaranteed to induce fear and panic in the casual observer within fifty paces. Apart from Pete and myself, Club members Dave Green, Andrew Owen, Jeremy Wall and Neil Mottershead were also taking part in the day's fun and frolics, and were raring to ride the first lane.

The first lane we tackled was through Gatescarth pass and started with a very steep, very twisting and very rocky climb lasting approximately a quarter of a mile - it had slimy boulders, Two foot high rock steps and loose gravel, so keeping up momentum was essential. My momentum was doing fine until I came around a steep uphill hairpin, hit a boulder and fell off. This set the pattern for the rest of the climb, though at least I am lucky enough to be able to reach the ground on my bike,

## Laning in the Lakes

whereas Andrew Owen was struggling due to the fact that he is somewhat vertically challenged, and most of the time was making dabs into thin air with the inevitable consequences. Dave, Jeremy and Neil had no problems however, and were waiting for us with ill concealed amusement when we finally got to the top. At the start of the climb we had all been feeling a little chilly, but now we were all thoroughly warmed up, especially Pete, who encased in his Belstaffs was doing a remarkable impression of a steam engine approaching maximum pressure.

The lane now headed down towards Kentmere and was even more rocky than the first section. "I'm glad we don't have to go up here", I thought to myself as I bounced from rock to rock. At the bottom of the hill I looked back up to the top and marvelled at its rugged beauty, and wondered how the grass and bushes could cling so impossibly to its steep, inhospitable sides. "It's going to be hard getting back up there", said Pete as he rode passed. For one brief moment I could have cheerfully dynamited and bulldozed the wretched lump of rock. The rest of the going was not too difficult and we got to Bowness with no problems, except of course if you were unlucky enough to be following Jeremy on his XR600. This machine is evil. Most of the time the engine sounds as though it's doing 2000 RPM, but when the engine note changes and the exhaust starts booming, it's definitely time to get out of the way, for almost certainly the back tyre will dig an enormous rock out of the ground and catapult it at your face. It did this to me, and I was left with double vision for the next five minutes, so I decided to give it a wide berth in future.

We caught the ferry across Windermere, and looking across the placid surface of the lake and the images of the mountains reflected in the water, I made my mind up to buy a little stone cottage, to settle down with a comely Lakes lass and to live off home grown organic fruit and vegetables. My reverie was shattered as the XR600 fired up, tore a chunk of wood out of the deck of the ferry and blasted off up the road. I kicked my bike over, gave it a handful of throttle and set off after the others, the thoughts I had only seconds before evaporating, like spilt fuel on a petrol station forecourt.

After a short road section we headed into East and then West Grizedale forest, finally emerging at the Southern end of Coniston water, where we fuelled both the bikes and ourselves up. The next lane took us onto Coniston common and along the base of The Old Man of Coniston, where the mist started to come down heavily. Climbing up the slopes of The Old Man, I stalled my bike (Feeble excuse No.1), and for a few minutes lost sight and sound of the others. The mist started to swirl thickly around me, I could hardly see anything and what was that strange unearthly cry that I could hear? The words of the petrol station attendant came back to me, "Don't go out on the moors when it's foggy boys, strange things 'appen there, so they do". I felt cold beads of sweat form on the back of my neck and the blood in my veins turn to ice as the strange noise came nearer. I frantically tried to start my bike, but it wouldn't fire - was I going to become an English werewolf in Stockport? Suddenly, something large, misshapen and twisted loomed out of the

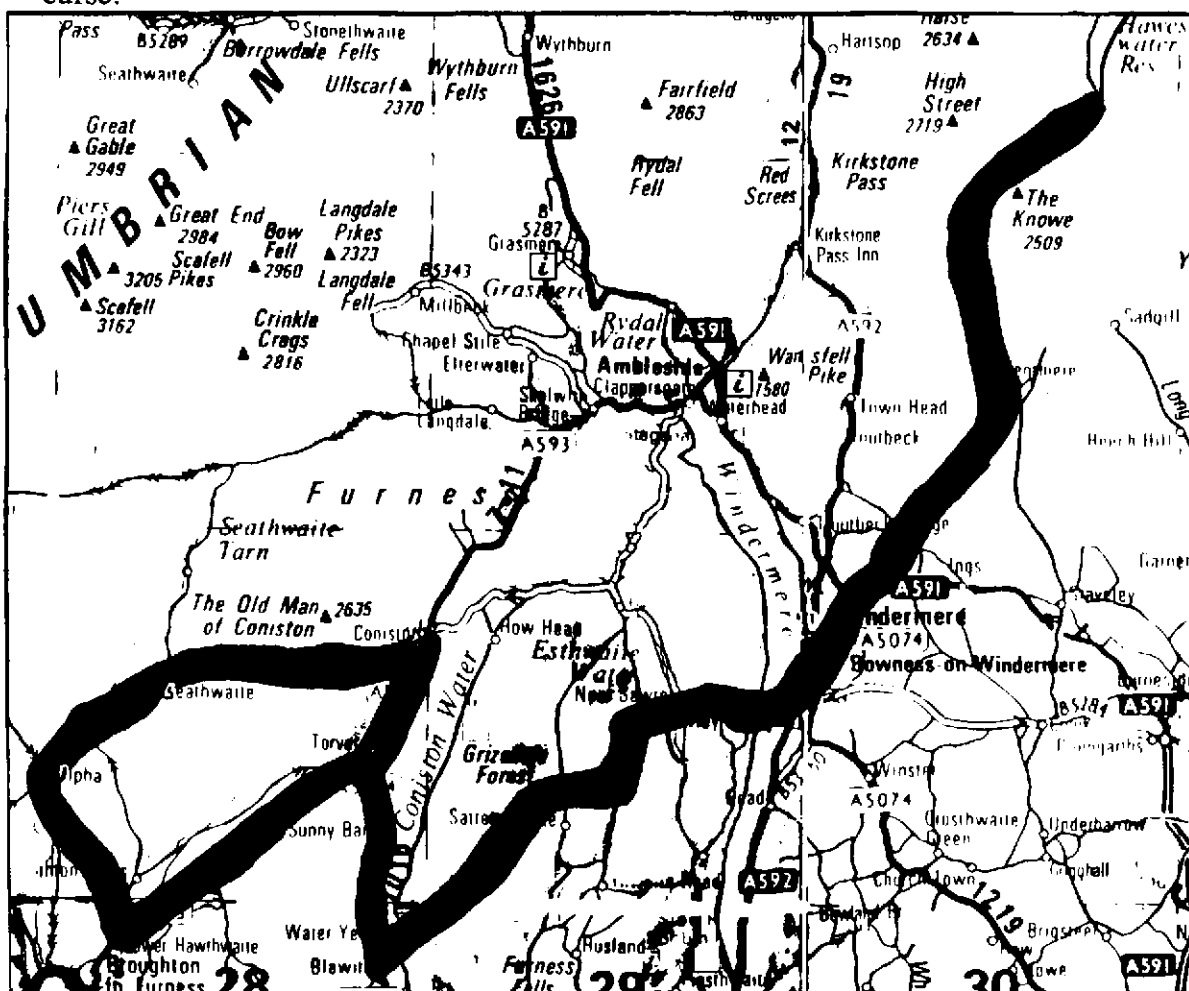
## Laning in the Lakes

fog in front of me and.... I sighed with relief, it was only Pete and his Armstrong, coming to look for me. We caught up with the others, and found ourselves faced with having to get over a particularly nasty little climb, though as usual Dave, Jeremy and Neil seemed to have no problems. I freely admit that here, I had some problems and needed the help of Dave to get my bike up the hill, ok,ok he rode my bike up the hill, I don't care, I not embarrassed (much). The problem was, that if I were to have ridden up the hill I would almost certainly have destroyed a fine example of *Splendificum Nasturatum* which is highly rare and exotic, and which just happened to be growing where I was going to ride. Therefore, to ease my conscience I had to let Dave annihilate this wonderful specimen of flowering shrub (Which is also used in the treatment of many virulent and fatal diseases).

Once around The Old Man of Coniston, we headed towards Ulpha Park, and from Ulpha we rode to Torver. The majority of the lanes were rocky, with the occasional fast track running through the valley's. It had started to rain heavily by now and there wasn't much daylight left, so we headed back towards Bowness and caught the ferry across Windermere. We went back along the route we had taken in the morning and eventually we came to Gatescarth pass, where after much 'thrutching' \* we all got to the top and back down to the vans at Haweswater.

The riding during the day was some of the most intense I have ever done, while the scenery was some of the most stunning I have seen - if you get the chance to ride there, it is well worth the effort. Total mileage = Approximately 100 miles.

\*thrutching ("to thrutch"): Enduro technical term meaning to struggle, sweat and curse.



## Rights of Way News

Now that British Gas and British Telecom have been privatised, the Government is looking closely at the Forestry Commission's huge land holdings. The sheer scale of this operation means that a sell off to one, or even a few buyers in the private sector is probably not feasible, and until recently it looked as though the FC would be one of the last public holdings to be axed.

Now, though, it seems that the Treasury, faced with a serious cash deficit for 1993, is looking to get the sale of the forests rolling as quickly as possible. This decision, while still not 'official', has been strongly flagged in parliamentary questions, and the threat to recreational users of the forests was highlighted at the recent meeting of the Outdoor Pursuits Division of the Central Council for Physical Recreation. This thrice yearly get together is attended by the British Motorcyclists' Federation in a joint initiative with LARA.

The future of car stage-rallies and motorcycle enduros depends very much on the availability of suitable forest venues at reasonable cost. The Forestry Commission has an excellent working relationship with the RACMSA and the ACU, but there is no certainty that this would, or could, continue should the forests fall into private hands.

At present nobody knows how the forests will be chopped up, or who might buy the pieces. It might be that small parcels will be sold off to individual companies - it seems likely that the paper and chipboard industries will wish to safeguard their supply of raw materials. Big investors - pension funds and foreign conglomerates included - may buy. How likely are they to want to bother with sporting access, even where this pays well? Other competitive users such as orienteers, mountain-bike racers, and dog-sledge racers would also be affected.

Recreational users of forests are also worried. The Ramblers Association is already thinking of seeking a Private Members Bill to safeguard open access for walkers, but we can guess that this would not cover the needs of cyclists, equestrians, or recreational vehicle users. Many forestry plantations contain vital miles of green road, some of them already overgrown or obstructed. Where users can get round blocked forestry tracks they tend not to mind too much, and everyone gets on with the job. But what if the woods go into private hands? How much care will private foresters have for the old roads and those who want to use them?

If the forests are privatised, then we, the people of Britain - who own them when all is said and done - should be safeguarded by a requirement that all minor highways must be properly available before sale, and kept that way afterwards. This is a vital issue for motor sport and recreation, and we may well have to lobby our MPs promptly should the Government move to sell up.

*We are indebted to Alan Kind of LARA(Land Access and Recreation Association), for allowing us to re-print the above article from the LARA Newsletter.*

*If you wish to contact LARA write to:*

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### Clocaenog Enduro 27th February 1994

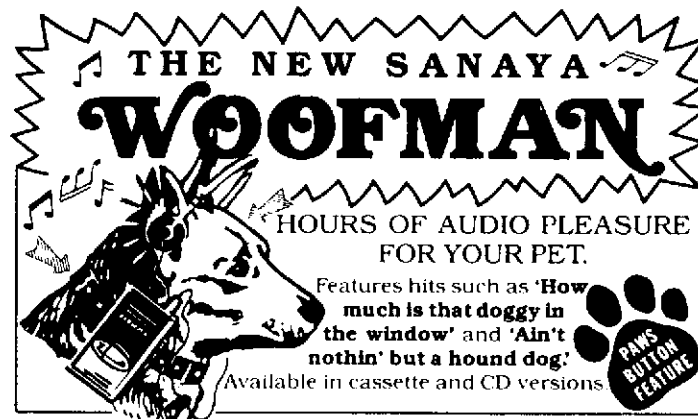
from the Club and in the event as a whole, but with such a large percentage to drop out of an enduro that was billed as being well suited for Sportsmen (and Clubmen), then perhaps the sections which were cut out on the second lap shouldn't have been included at all. Of course, if the weather had been better then it would have been a different story altogether and the organisers must be thanked for their swiftness to react to the conditions.

Many, many congratulations must go to the five Club members who finished the event: Mike Shaw, Paul Wood, Mark Carter, Dave Green and Neil Mottershead and well done to all those who tried their best. Mark Livingstone somehow got awarded with a Bronze (under somewhat mysterious circumstances), although he has graciously conceded that it shouldn't count in the Championship, as he ran out of petrol and cut a large amount of the course out by pushing his bike along the fire roads to the finish. The question arises though - did he win his bet with Vinny Johnson? The jury is still out but...(Mr Livingstone I presume..). Also lots of thanks to the occasional anonymous bystanders who offered help, and of course to wives, friends and co-habitees for their support - 'cos we really needed it!

And for those Club members who went to work on Monday morning feeling bruised, sore and tired - just remember that it was our enduro Secretary, Mark Carter who suggested adding this event to the enduro Championship. So it's his bloody fault!!!!

### Delamere Forest Hare and Hounds Enduro

As most of you will be aware the Club was due to run a Hare and Hounds Enduro on the 13th March in the Delamere Forest. Unfortunately due to the pressure exerted on the Club and the Forestry Commission by the local Parish Council, as well as articles in local newspapers and petitions etc, we have reluctantly decided to cancel the event. If we had decided to go ahead with the event, the locals would probably have done their best to disrupt it on the day and would have caused untold trouble to us, the Forestry Commission and the competitors. While it has to be said that the locals living near the forest are certainly stinking rich, blue rinse Tory scumbags with mouths full of satsumas, maybe the Club was slightly naive in trying to run an event there. After all, as Gordon Ruffley said, it would be like running an event in Poynton Park. However, the Forestry Commission has offered us another forest to run an event in, and though it is some distance away maybe this is an option we could look into. To all the Club members who gave up their valuable time in trying to organise the event - Thanks and remember to vote Labour at the next election.



### Clocaenog Enduro 27th February 1994

This event, being a new addition to the Club Enduro Championship and also the first event of the year, attracted a large number of entries (over 15) from Club members - several of whom were having bets with each other as to who would beat who. Like the afternoon sections of The Tour of Wales Enduro, the course was run in the Clocaenog forest, though according to the organisers (The Llangollen and District Motorcycle Club) it was a completely different part of the forest. Some Club members had their doubts about this, as some of the trees and endless muddy ruts looked remarkably familiar. The Experts had to ride 5 laps, Clubmen had to ride 4 laps, while Sportsmen had 3 laps to do, with each lap being around 22 Miles long. With approximately 90 competitors taking part, the course was bound to get a little cut up.

Pre-event nerves and excitement were running high, when your roving newsletter reporter questioned several Club members as to how hard they thought the event would be, and how they thought they and other Club members would do. Dave Haydock riding a minuscule KX100 thought he would do "s\*\*t", and that it was a waste of time him having a timecard as "No way am I'm going to be early for any checks". Mark Livingstone (now with the correct number of piston rings) thought he would get a finish, though if he got a Silver he said "I'll show my a\*\*s in Burton's window or at the Club if get a Gold". Most people (including myself) were confident of finishing, however when the Clerk of the Course decided to reduce the number of laps for each class by one, a feeling of pessimism entered most peoples thoughts.

The first riders set off at 10am, and the rain was absolutely pouring down. After the first 15 minutes of the event everyone knew they were in for a helluva gruelling day. The course would have been tough in the best of conditions, but the wet weather made it twice as hard. There were no 'stoppers' as such, but neither were there any sections where you could rest and try regain some badly needed energy, as the parts of the course on the fire roads were few and far between. For me at least, most of the course was ridden in first or second gear, with both feet down, the back wheel spinning madly and the front wheel washing out as it hit numerous highly polished logs and branches. After one lap, quite a few club members houred out or retired, with just a few hardy souls going out to attempt a second or third lap. If you can imagine a puppet with its strings cut, trying to ride a motorbike, then you will have a good idea of how the majority of riders looked and felt. Ruts, which on the first lap were merely around a couple of inches deep in mud, were, on the second lap about 8 inches deep, and it wasn't your usual common or garden mud, but a horribly heavy, clinging and glutinous confection, probably brewed from Evo-stick, cement and acid rain. In fact, radioactivity must have had a part in it, as several riders were seen to mutate into screaming baboon men bereft of all civilisation and humanity. Most of the competitors considered an area of boggy cut down forest near the first/third check to be one of their least favourite parts of the course, with a couple of enormous muddy ruts deep in the forest, with high steps and exposed tree roots coming a close second.

As 17 riders from the Club started the event, and only 5 finished, then perhaps it's not unfair to say that the event was too demanding - especially for the average Sportsman. Sportsman riders made up the majority of the entries, both

## Fisher Trophy Trial - First Round of Cheshire Championship 16-Jan-1994

Cheshire's Trials championship got underway with Manchester 17's Fisher Trophy production on Sunday the 16th of January.

The course was on two of the best and most well known trials venues in the area, Hawks Nest and Manor Steps which are predominantly, as you would expect in this part of the world - rocky. While the 70 odd entry had to tackle 2 laps of the 7 sections at Manor Steps, they had an extra lap of the famous Hawks Nest to make a total of 38 subs in all.

The trial started with a 2 mile ride down green lanes and narrow roads between Hawks Nest and Manor to give the riders chance to warm their machines and to cool themselves in the cold Winter sunshine. It turned out to be a good thing as the first sub at Manor turned out to be a real beauty. Only David Lloyd managed to hang on to his Gasser for the only hard route clean on the first lap, likewise on the easier route where only Matt Chambers followed suit.

Number 2 was a similar story. Although altered for lap 2, the first lap attempts being all 5's and 3's on both courses except for Paul Sagar and Robert Boywer on the harder and Matt Chambers on the simpler course all taking single dabs.

The angled rock exit from the stream on section 5 gave a few problems with most people choosing a safe dab over the risk of not getting the back end up. The newer techniques helped here, with Andy Dale managing a double clean and Tim Morris a first lap clean.

Hawks Nest and the stream known as Robinsons were where the real challenges lay, and was the scene of Phil Haughton's brilliance. His triple clean on the first rock jumble alongside the road was where the result was decided. Only Lloyd managed a clean between 2 single dab attempts - only Holland of the rest bettered a three. Not so on the easy route, where Malc Cocking complete with big Triumph twin made the ground shake with clean, one, clean.

Mark Holland made a quiet return to trials on an ex-Baybrook 330 Gas Gas after his quite long lay off because of injury. His first two section maximums (being understandable in the circumstances) must have made him all the more determined still. He ended up only one mark adrift of a second place, but even without these he would still have not got the drop on Haughton.

All the Cheshire Inters did an easier course along with the Novices, which proved a bigger and tougher test than intended for the majority. Recently upgraded Matthew Treweek got the better of another in the Eyer dynasty - Toby with Dave Buckley still reckoning that his new Gas Gas as an unfair advantage in third. Geoff Plant finished what must have been a bit of a gruler for the Novices with only one clean, but a clear win from Welsh Visitor Dave Rogers on his unusual Gas Gas country Aprilia

## Results Fisher Trophy Trial

|                       |                  |               |         |     |     |
|-----------------------|------------------|---------------|---------|-----|-----|
| <b>Expert Premier</b> | Fisher Trophy    | Phil Haughton | Gas Gas | 250 | 19  |
|                       | First Class      | David Lloyd   | Gas Gas | 250 | 29  |
|                       | First Class      | Mark Holland  | Gas Gas | 250 | 30  |
|                       | First Class      | John Hulme    | Gas Gas | 250 | 32  |
| <b>Intermediate</b>   |                  |               |         |     |     |
|                       | Simister Trophy  | John Walker   | Yamaha  | 250 | 82  |
|                       | First Class      | Andy Cope     | Yamaha  | 250 | 136 |
| <b>Novice</b>         |                  |               |         |     |     |
|                       | Guy Allot Trophy | Geoff Plant   | Gas Gas | 250 | 131 |
|                       | First Class      | David Rogers  | Aprilia | 260 | 137 |

Thanks to the following people:

Mr Jeff Robinson and Mr Geoff Tunnicliffe for the land.

The marking section team: John and Ron Hulme.

The Observers:

Manor Steps:- 1) Eddy Dewe 2) Albert Fletcher 3) Norman Brook 4) Roy Potts  
5) Geoff Kid 6) Len and Ken Eyre 7) Tony Hawkes

Hawks Nest/Robinsons :- 8) Hilda and Rupert Ellison 9) Steve Thorn 10) Terry Overton 11) Geoff Turner 12) Ron Hulme and Ross Gordon 13) Myfyr Morris and Phil Dale 14) Adrian Bellis and Paul Andrew 15) Ian Theobald

Special thanks to **Tony Hutchinson (& Val)** for enabling the trial to go ahead by being Clerk of the Course for us.

Personal thanks to **Joe Hayes** and **Alan Skirvin** for their help in actually doing most of the paperwork for the event, while I was away up a mountain having a good time!

As always we are grateful for the help given by **Manchester Eagle Motor Club**.

## ROAD RIDING

Would anyone be interested in getting the road riding section of the club going again? Of the current members who go regularly to the Club on Tuesday nights, a fair number own road bikes as well as their off road machinery, and have expressed an interest in going on runs together (when the weather gets warmer). If there are any other members out there who are interested, please could you get in touch with the editor, Mike Shaw. Maybe we could organise a charity bike ride of some description, which if we got some publicity, would certainly raise the profile of the Club, and maybe even bring in new members, who otherwise wouldn't want to join a purely off road bike club. Another idea could be to enter a team entry in this years national rally, visit a few road race meetings or perhaps just buy some road racing videos to watch, instead of those boring old Enduro and Trials tapes we have to sit through. There are lots of things we could do, but we rely on you, the Club members, to let us know what you want. So, please any ideas, letters, criticism or bribes, would be greatly appreciated (especially bribes).

## A CHANGE OF VENUE?

Recently, a few Club members have suggested that we move from the 'Grey Horse', and choose another pub for our weekly meetings. The problems with our present venue came to ahead a few months back, when the T.V. (which is the property of the Club), was being used by the locals to watch a football match, and so we had to wait for the match to finish before we could use the television and move into our usual area of the pub. Ok, so it's no big deal, but if you also take into account the lack of decent beer, and even more importantly the fact that quite a number of Club members have suffered thefts from their cars outside the pub, then perhaps it's time to consider a move.

A few weeks ago, a few Club members approached the Landlord of 'The Midway' on NewBridge Lane, about the possibility of using his pub. He not only welcomed the idea, but also offered us the use of our own downstairs room. The beer is good, there is a large, well lit car park available, and in the Summer (if it ever comes) we could even sit outside on the benches provided.

Obviously, this isn't the only choice of venue, but if anyone wants to move or can suggest an alternative, then either collar a committee member or write to the newsletter expressing your views.

## THE TWILIGHT ZONE

The sun was at its highest in a clear blue frosty February sky, when a rusty nail, which had probably been waiting for just such a moment, entered the back tyre of my KDX, and gave me my first trail riding puncture. As myself and my colleagues were a bunch of incompetent oafs, we had neither tyre levers or a spare tube with which to effect a repair, so it was decided that we would ride to a phone box and call upon the AA to take me home. So I tightened the security bolts on my back wheel and followed the others to the nearest road, where we hoped we would find a find a phone. Luckily after around a mile or two we found not only a phone, but a petrol station and a pub as well, and my spirits lifted at the thought of having a couple of pints while waiting for the AA man to arrive. My friends, after filling their bikes up, decided to continue with their trail riding, but not before one of them remarked upon what looked liked a voodoo doll in the upper window of the pub. I laughed-they wouldn't wind me up that easily.

I bought some chocolate from the petrol station and decided to eat it before going into the pub for a few beers. I stretched out on a grass verge opposite the pub, eating the chocolate and feeling the bright winter sun warm my aching bones. I was looking at the pub, wondering how old it was and what bitter they had, when a movement caught my eye in one of the top windows. I looked more closely and for the first time noticed the doll in the window. It was barely visible behind the grimy, cobwebbed window, but its eyes seemed strangely bright and its arms were stretched out in front of it, as though it were inviting me in.

As I got up and crossed the road the air around me seemed to grow suddenly cold, and the once clear blue sky was suddenly filled with black angry looking clouds. I pushed at the heavy wooden door of the pub and walked inside. It took a few seconds for my eyes to be become accustomed to the dark, gloomy and smoky interior, but the first thing that struck me was that everyone was looking at me as though I was spaceman, which I put down to my garish motocross jeans, also everyone had a long straggly beard, now this may not sound strange, but if you think about it, what percentage of the population has a beard? Around five percent say? Well, they all had beards in this pub, even the women and children. They were all drinking out of tankards, and as they all wore rough looking shabby clothing held together with bits of string, I decided that they must have all been folk music fans out for the day. The thing that really disturbed me though was the cage behind the bar which held an enormous one eyed crow with a big yellow beak, that appeared to be feeding on the remains of a small cat.

However, I put this to the back of my mind, strode up to the bar and asked for a pint of bitter and a packet of salt and vinegar crisps. The barman looked at me with a blank expression and muttered through his matted beard, "Crisps, what be crisps I wonder". He stared at me more closely and I could see that his face was pockmarked with unhealthy looking pustules and scabs, and I could smell his stale fetid breath as he leered at me and said menacingly, "You're staying with us tonight young sir". I laughed uneasily, It was then that I realised that the rest of the people in the pub had got up and were slowly shuffling towards me, all of them grinning evilly. A withered old crone came up to me and squeezed my arm as though she were testing bread for softness, "He's nice and plump" she cackled. By now they were all clawing me with their bony hands and from the kitchen I could hear the

## THE TWILIGHT ZONE

sound of something metallic being whetted on a grindstone, then out of the corner of my eye I noticed something bright yellow through the window. It was the AA man here at last. Gathering the last vestiges of my strength I lashed out with my Alpinestars and escaped outside into the sunshine, and ran towards the pick up truck.

Within five minutes we had the bike on the trailer and were on our way home. I glanced out of the window for a moment and felt my eyes drawn to the upstairs window of the pub, where I could just make out the small figure of the doll. Its malevolent eyes were still bright and piercing, but now it's arms were folded, as though in resignation. "Strange that pub", remarked the AA man, "I had real trouble finding it, and I've lived nearby for years". I said nothing, I just rubbed at my arm, where, though faintly, were the marks of the old women's fingernails.

Six months later, a blazing hot day in July, the tarmac is sticky, the tyres are warm, and the CBR at 10000 revs is music to my Shoei encased ears. I approach a corner, brake, and then accelerate through the apex. Life can be pretty good sometimes. Then I recognise the building in the distance, and the memory of a puncture on a freezing February day comes back to me. A memory that until now, I had successfully erased from my mind. Suddenly the temperature gauge on the CBR drops to cold, and the engine misfires and dies, I pull in the clutch and frantically thumb the starter button. As the bike rolls to a stop the pub is now only yards away, and I can feel my terrified eyes being drawn to the building's upstairs window. I lift my visor and look up, in doing so I notice the petrol station. Of course! With my left hand I reach for the fuel tap and turn it to reserve. I look at the doll in the window and laugh. Again I thumb the starter, the engine fires, and with my head behind the screen I redline the bike in the first four gears. I grin to myself, not even flesh eating zombie folk fans can do 0-60 in under four seconds.

### The End


*The Editor writes-I have been assured by the author of the above story that all the events described are true and accurate, and we look forward to more articles from him as soon as the straitjacket is removed.*

If anyone has any strange and or amusing stories to tell, providing they are vaguely connected to bikes, we'll print them. The best one of the year will win a sparkplug of their choice.

Send your entries to the Editor, Mike Shaw. Tel: 061-496-0535

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## Letters to the Editor

If you have any topics you wish to discuss, or any points concerning the club, please write to the Editor, Michael Shaw. Malicious slander and scurrilous gossip preferred.

Unfortunately we still haven't received any letters for publication, however here are some completely fabricated ones. Note, all references to persons either living or dead are entirely coincidental.

(The following letter contained words which some would find offensive, therefore it has been censored so as not to upset those of a delicate nature.)

Dear Sir,

In the last newsletter you asked for people to write in on any subject, so I thought I'd write 'cos I know most people are \*\*\*\*ing lazy \*\*\*\*\* and won't \*\*\*\*ing bother to write in. I just wanted to say that Scott Russell is a \*\*\*\*ing \*\*\*\*, and Fogarty is the dogs \*\*\*\*\* and wiped the \*\*\*\*ing floor with that \*\*\*\*ing miserable \*\*\*\*\* Russell. Foggy will \*\*\*\*ing \*\*\*\* that \*\*\*\* Russell in this \*\*\*\*ing years World Super \*\*\*\*ing Bike Championship.

yours sincerely,  
Dave Haydock.

Dear Mike,

I was at the Club a couple of weeks ago when an argument seemed to break out between some committee members. Voices were raised, and the normal friendly ambience of the Club was broken. I, as others, go to the Club to relax and talk about bikes, not to listen to loud, angry arguments. Perhaps the place for such disputes would be the committee meetings?

Anon.

Dear Mr Editor,

As a budding Trials rider, I was wondering why we have had no articles specifically about Trials. The newsletter just seems to concentrate on that sport for failed Motorcross riders known as 'Enduros'. Please could you do something about this imbalance.

yours,  
Thomas Young.

*The Editor replies...Dear Thomas, I appreciate your view, but so far we have had no contributions from any Trials riders. I therefore can only assume that illiteracy is rife in the Trials Fraternity.*



## Letters to the Editor

Dear cuddly Mr Editor,

I just wanted to say how much I enjoyed the last Newsletter, It's good to know that the Club has someone of such wit, wisdom and integrity writing for them. P.S are you coming round for tea soon?

from,

A female admirer.

Dear Mike,

I was wondering if the person who writes the made up letters and the so called 'humorous' Enduro reports will reveal his identity. I think I know who it is, and I'd just like to say that he can't ride, he's not funny and no one likes him, and if I was Edgar, I'd chuck him out of the Club. And by the way, according to my Ladybird book of the Motorcycle, an RMX250 should have an extra ring rattling about the barrel.

Yours faithfully,  
M.Livingstone

## Poetry

This months poem was written by William Wordsworth, and was chosen by Vinny(fast boyz)Johnson.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| I travelled among unknown men,<br>in lands beyond the sea;<br>Nor England did I know 'till then<br>What love I bore to thee. | Among thy mountains did I feel.<br>The joy of my desire;<br>And she I cherished turned her wheel<br>Beside an English fire. |
|--|---|

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Tis past, that melancholy dream !<br>Nor will I quit thy shore<br>A second time; for still I seem<br>To love thee more and more. | Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed<br>The bowers where Lucy played;<br>And thine too is the last green field<br>That Lucy's eyes surveyed. |
|--|---|

## And Finally.....

We hope you have enjoyed this issue of the newsletter, if have any comments about it, please let us know and we'll try and do something constructive about it.