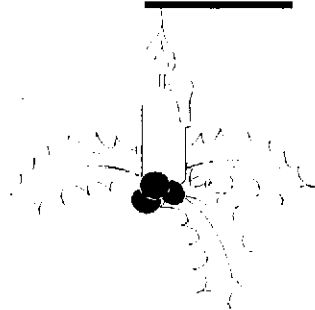


KEN ROBERTS  
17 MILL LA.  
HAZEL GROVE  
STOCKPORT SK7 6DN

MICHAEL ROBERTS  
17 MILL LA.  
HAZEL GROVE  
STOCKPORT SK7 6DN



# *Manchester 17*

## *M.C.C.*



Founded 1935

# Newsletter

## Xmas 1995



# Club News

The Editor writes - Sheep Fetish - AGM

## The Editor Writes -

Well, here it is again, another Crimbo that is. Nearly another year over and around the corner a new one in store. Hopefully the New Year will be as successful for the club as the old one.

We've had a move to a new venue - 'The Midway', we ran our first enduro for a few years in March (nice one lads - you know who you are) and Captain Kenny Roberts has boldly gone where he went before with another brill 1995 trials calendar. All power to your elbow mate.

To all the committee members leaving this year - thanks boys, to the new members - welcome to you all.

That's the nice bit over, now then, we've been doing the newsletter for three years now and with the exception of a few members, the letters sent in for copy have been few and far between. It's dead easy, honest. Buy a pen and some paper, sit down and write to us about anything from sheep fetishism to playing the bag pipes. Have a go - you could surprise yourself!

Anyway, keep putting ones' bottom on a bike seat next year and enjoy your sport whatever you ride.

Twist it back and ride hard,

*Mike Shaw*

## Sheep Fetish

Barely had Mike Shaw written his introduction to the newsletter when we received this letter from an anonymous source in Buxton. It begins,

Dear Mike,

Flossy was her name. She had wonderful brown eyes and lovely silken curls. She would trot around the hillsides making innocent 'Baa-ing' noises and fluttering her eyelashes. One day I put my marigolds on and (*er, Cut!! The letter ends...*)

Sadly, Flossy is now filling the shelves at Sainsbury's - but I will never forget her.

## Annual General Meeting

Hello. The Club's AGM was held on the 5th December and below is a quick run through some of the highlights (*a short read then...?*).

### Chairman

Chairman Pete Potts gave a brief run through the year - mentioning that the change of venue for the club nights had been largely successful, but that perhaps people should make the effort to arrive earlier. Everyone present nodded sagely and synchronised their watches.

### Secretary

Unfortunately Paul Rigby wasn't present, so it was down to Gordon Ruffley to deliver the secretary's report. Gordon did a sterling job of deciphering Paul's handwriting and er, that's all I

can remember.

### Treasurer

Andrew Owen produced a detailed account of the Club's finances for us all to look at - with most people's envious eyes falling on the final figure of the bank account (*9000 quid*) and the rather appalling spellink. Mr Owen went on to say that as usual the Trials side of the club had contributed enormously while the Long Mynd Hare & Hounds had brought in a fair few new membership fee's.

### Enduro Secretary

Brian Green noted that this year's Enduro Championship had not been very well supported - and he put this down to there being quite a few new events included in the calendar. He mentioned that the damage which occurred at the Long Mynd Hare & Hounds had been cleared up and that he was hoping the event could be run as a full enduro next year. Brian also thought that most enduro's should be harder. *It should be noted that Brian rides in the expert class and is obviously de-ranged.*

### Trials Secretary

Ken Roberts gave the report for shy & retiring Trials Secretary, Alan Skirvin. Ken told us about the successful year the trials side of the club has had - including record entries for some events and the two National events the

# Club News

## AGM - Finally

### Annual General Meeting

club successfully hold - said events bringing in the best riders and a lot of publicity.

### **Membership Secretary**

Unfortunately your Newsletter reporter was at the bar when the membership secretary gave her report (sorry Linda) - but the membership for '95 has been very healthy at around the 280 mark. The strange thing is though we only ever see around 10% of you at the club nights - where are you?

### **Newsletter Editor**

Mike Shaw, in his customary eloquent manner, first mentioned how much money had been spent on the newsletter and said that for around 80 pence a copy it was good value. He then thanked everybody who has contributed to the newsletter (all 8 of them) and then got all hot in the face when asking for more copy. He made the point that 8 contributors from 280 members is not so good and 'encouraged' more people to write in. When Mike asked if anyone could suggest any improvements, Mr Vernon Leigh (that well known & respected elder of this parish) suggested we produce an 'unauthorised' version of the newsletter where we could slag off, take the rip and upset as many people as possible. Unfortunately, as good an idea as this is, it would ultimately lead to lawsuits and probable imprisonment. Especially if we

went after Michael Portillo and that git who runs Yorkshire Water. Rant, rave, fume, etc,etc.

### **Social Secretary**

Rhett Parker, our illustrious Social Secretary, claimed family commitments being the main reason for not organising too much on the social side this year. Being the loveable (?) character that he is we'll give him the benefit of the doubt. Once again the mellifluous tones of Vernon Leigh could be heard from the back of the room as he suggested we rely less on mechanical means of entertainment (video's etc) and instead organise some participatory events such as quiz nights etc.

### **Rights of Way**

Glenn Potts told us all about the local County Councils who are currently trying to update the definite map which shows all the rights of way. To do this they require proof of use of certain byways to be sent in. Again, the booming voice of Vernon Leigh echoed across the room, as he demanded to know what had happened to all the evidence of use that this club and others had sent to the councils ten years ago. Glenn responded by saying he didn't know but that strangely selective office fires were often igniting spontaneously around various council sites. Glenn also mentioned that photographic evidence of certain lanes was

also a good way of proving recent use.

### **The big Vote**

There then followed a re-shuffle of the cabinet. Pete Potts stood down as chairman and handed the ceremonial gavel over to Pete Cunningham. As this exchange of power was between two BMW fanatics, we have to raise the point that there maybe a secret society of Masonic like BMW lovers within the club, who have the fiendish aim to convert everyone to Bee Emm ownership. We cannot let it happen!!! Er, what else? Well, Andrew Owen tried unsuccessfully to cast the burden of Treasurer on to someone else's shoulders, but no one took up the challenge. On the social side Rhett Parker is joined by Mark Livingstone in a joint assault on the Social Secretary's post. On the ordinary members front, Andy Cliff was voted in - with the main aim of getting him to organise the fledgling road riding section of the club. Andy, who his chiefly known for his garish leathers, also claims he is going to write something for the newsletter.

### **Anyway...**

Anyway, enough of this tiresome verbiage. All that remains to say is we hope that all our loyal and devoted readers (Michael Portillo excepted), have a really cool Christmas and an amazing New Year. Bye, bye - see you in 1996.

# Enduro News

## Ceri Enduro 26-11-95

### Report-

Once again, the Ceri 'IceBreaker' Enduro thankfully failed to live up to its name. Indeed, the only particle of frozen water around was a faint dusting of frost that lay on some of the more secluded valley slopes. Yes! 'Twas a glorious day where the souls of men were pitched in a muddy battle betwixt machine and nature! Would the ingenuity of man be able to overcome the twin evils of rut and branch I hear you ask? Well read on. *(The Editor would like to apologise in advance for this report as it going to get worse from here).*

So the massed ranks of the Clubs glorious Enduro warriors went forth in one minute intervals ready to find their glory or their ignominy - depending on how fair the lady luck dealt out her arrows of good fortune. *(Bloody get on with it - The Editor).* Small wood elves perched on trees and pointed as Sir Carl Horne, vanquisher of the evil ISDE beast, rode his fearsome

## **Ceri Enduro Report - Next Year**

RMX steed into battle. While Sir Rhett of the Parker and Duke Grahame Howes (aided by their loyal jester Livingstone) rode bravely after him. Then there followed one of the small people, Andrew Owen, in hot pursuit of our glorious and god like leader Paul Rigby. Others of the glorious multitude included Chris Baines. Tony Quinque with his baleful eye and the idiot who wrote this report, Phil Heywood.

Amongst the foot troops, were Serf Mark the Carter and his man at arms, Paul of the brambly Wood, both of whom provided much needed support and aid.

### **Enough**

O.K., I'm sure you've had enough by now (I have). Er, the course was good, it was a bit wet and the special test over the moorland was rather fast and scary.

### **The End?**

Everyone finished with no problems and had a good time. Then they all went home. (And lived happily ever after in a big boot that floated serenely on the

sea of tranquility, gorging themselves on roasted limpets and seaweed toast).

*The Editor writes: As you have no doubt guessed our regular Enduro reporter has finally succumbed to madness and raving insanity, brought on by his third year of reporting on the events. If anyone would like to prevent this sad and sorry episode from happening again, please volunteer your services! (or a strait jacket).*

p.s. Thanks to the MWTRA for organising a really enjoyable event and to all the landowners for giving permission to use their land. Most appreciated! Also congratulations to everyone who finished, particularly to Andrew Owen, Carl Horne, Paul Rigby and Tony Quinque for their well deserved silver medals.

### **And finally....**

Here's wishing a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year to all the enduro riders out there. See you next year (hopefully with a new pair of Axo's)



# Road Riding

## Stockport to Morocco by DR350.

Phil Heywood recently rode his Suzuki DR350 to Morocco for a spot of trail riding in the Sahara. Printed below are the excerpts from his diary, which starts off in Spain (having caught the ferry from Plymouth) .

### **Day 1 September 25th 1995**

Did around 130 miles from Santander to Palencia. Sunny, but very cold and windy. Apart from the first 50 miles there wasn't much to look at - just flat fields of agriculture and dead straight roads. The DR is too slow for these roads - got overtaken by a British biker on CBR and felt immense jealousy. Also my backside is killing - the DR seat is evil.

### **Day 2 September 26th 1995**

Got attacked by cats in the middle of the night. Threw a book at one and it squealed loudly and ran off. It got its revenge by liberally 'watering' my tent. Rode from Palencia to Merida which is around 230 miles. Very cold again. First 80 miles were grim but then found the bumpiest, twistiest road ever. Got overtaken by the same CBR mounted British guy. Stopped to have a chat at a petrol station - he can't believe I keep getting ahead of him. He's going to Gibraltar so I might see him there and go for a pint. Camped at Merida and had a beer. Learned to say 'Gracias' correctly.

## **Stockport to Morocco by DR350**

### **Day 3 September 27th 1995**

Merida - Gibraltar, around 300 miles. A lot warmer today. Found a great road 50 miles outside Seville, but the city itself is hot, dusty, very busy and smells a bit. Decide to press onto Gibraltar, where I find a hotel and decide to stay 2 nights. Have a pint of Guinness in a pub and it's delicious. Leave the DR to its fate in Gibraltar's main square. Will it be there in the morning?

### **Day 4 September 28th 1995**

No miles today. Buy my ferry tickets for the crossing to Morocco and some food for the trip. Bump into the British CBR rider again so we get drunk. He reckons something horrible will happen to me over in Morocco. I start to feel nervous - after all once I leave Europe I only have Third Party insurance and no breakdown cover. DR350's are super reliable I keep telling myself. What am I doing?

### **Day 5 September 29th 1995**

Catch the ferry from Algeciras to Cueta, which is Spanish owned even though it's in N. Africa. I hit the Moroccan border after 10 miles and the hassle begins. Have to fill out lots of forms for me and the bike. No one helps and I don't know what I'm doing. People crowd around the bike. My passport and all my documents are in the hands of a bloke who looks like Saddam Hussein in mirror shades and my paranoia

grows. I get my passport back but I'm still not allowed through. I slip a 20 Dirham note inside the passport and hand it back to the border official. This time my passport is stamped and I'm away in 30 minutes. I can't believe a government official can be bribed for under 2 quid.

Into Morocco at last and the first few miles are like riding through a rubbish tip. It's filthy, disgusting and stinks. Dead animals lie in the rubbish and stagnant pools of slimy water. At the first set of traffic lights I get surrounded by 3 kids on mopeds who try and drag me off to some carpet shop. I feel very intimidated so when the lights go to green I elbow them out of the way and ride away as quickly as possible.

### **Hashish?**

I get into the Rif mountains where all the marijuana is grown. Dodgy blokes stand in the road and wave big handfuls of leaves at me as I ride past. There are signs showing a burning bush with a red cross through it. I take this to mean 'don't set alight to anything or the whole of Morocco will be stoned on the smoke'. Eventually I get to Volubilis and find a hotel. Before that a barefoot kid dressed in a blanket comes up to me and begs for money. Later on that night, in my luxurious, air conditioned hotel room I think about the kid and the thousands of others like

# Road Riding

## Stockport to Morocco by DR350

him. I feel terrible and want to get back to Europe. Why did I come here? Eventually an uneasy sleep descends on me.

### Day 6 September 30th 1995

Ride from Volubilis to Er Rachieda - around 240 miles. Now I'm deep into the South of the country and it's loads more relaxed. The kids still ask for a dirham but are really friendly and are more interested in the bike. A young Berber boy aged around 7 or 8 runs up to me while I'm taking photo's. He can speak English very well and asks me to take a photo of his family. I'm reluctant but he drags me over to a large tent made from animal skins in the distance, where his sister and mother are. After I take a couple of photo's he then asks me for

some money. This time I don't mind - he's given me the only thing he can, so it's only fair I give him something in return.

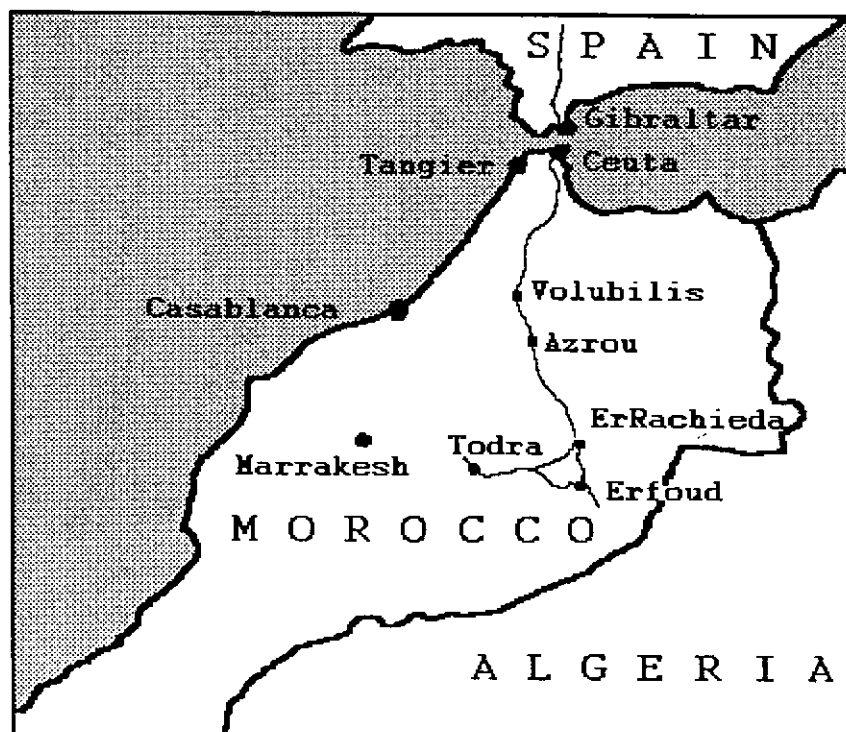
### Intelligence

I can't believe how intelligent this young boy is, he talks English, Arabic, French & German - yet he lives in a tent 50 miles from the nearest village and cannot have had any formal education. He asks me for a sweet but I haven't got any, then he notices my earplugs and wants them. I have visions of an international incident along the lines of 'Moroccan child chokes to death on Englishmans earplug' so I decline. I shake hands with him and his sister and ride away. They wave & I feel good. Camp at an Oasis just outside Er Rachieda, where I get

dragged into a carpet shop. I finally escape an hour later having bought nothing and drunk gallons of mint tea (it tastes like polo's in hot water). I take a photo of some palm tree's and listen to the quiet - then two enormous coaches appear and spill out a hundred or so Czech tourists. I feel sorry for them as the hustlers materialize from nowhere and encircle them. I hear the man in the carpet shop go through his patter. In Czechoslovakian.

### Day 7 October 1st 1995

Er Rachieda - Erfoud - Todra. I ride to Erfoud which is the last town before the desert begins and tarmac runs out. On the way I ride through the Ziz valley which is an amazing strip of green, fertile land that stretches



# Road Riding

## Stockport to Morocco by DR350

for 15 miles. It's incredible - on either side is nothing but barren stone and sand, yet the valley is incredibly lush and green. I am utterly stunned.

### Piste

Get to Erfoud and then hit the 'Piste' (rough track) that leads out into the Sahara. It's 9.30 am and it's already 85 degrees. The land is flat and barren - just sand and rocks but it's stunning, mesmerising and a little scary. After 20 miles I'm getting a little nervous - I plough into a small drift of sand and barely manage to ride through - it's like talcum powder and sucks the front wheel in. There is nothing here. Nothing at all. And I start to get worried - 2400 miles from home, 700 miles from Europe and 20 miles of rock and sand between myself and the last town. My bottle goes and I decide to head back. On the way I attempt to ride some 30ft dunes - but no chance. How does Stephane Peterhansel do it?

I continue to the Todra Gorge which is around 80 miles away. When I get there it blows my mind. A rough track leads between two towering slabs of rock that are impossibly high. I ride for 20 miles before heading back to a hotel at the mouth of the gorge. I fall asleep at 7.30pm.

### Day 8 October 2nd 1995

I wake up early, take all the luggage of the DR, let the tyres down and head back up the gorge. These are lanes to die for

- it's like green laning in the bottom of the Moroccan Grand Canyon - it's bloody fantastic! The walls of the canyon are enormous walls of sandstone red and yellow - birds of prey float in between them and the echoes! - I stop the bike and whistle - it goes on forever, when I start the DR again it's like being at the start of a 4-stroke motocross race. It's total sensory overload and it's great. I ride 140 miles before heading back to the hotel and a much needed tank of petrol. I meet an English couple in a Landrover and tell them all about the gorge. That night we have a fruitless search for some alcohol - but there's none to be had anywhere, so we sit on the balcony of a local cafe and sip mint tea. We're surrounded by chattering, friendly locals, there's the Moroccan top twenty playing on the radio and in the distance we can hear the Iman calling the faithful to prayer. The sky is perfectly clear and the moon illuminates the thick foliage of the palms in front of us. We feel a million miles away from home. This is the Morocco I came to see, hear and smell. It's an unforgettable experience.

### Day 9 October 3rd 1995

I get up early and head back North towards Volubilis. On the way I see a herd of camels grazing at the side of the road. I stop and take a quick photograph and from nowhere a little girl appears and stretches her hand out - I don't mind now, so I give her

a few Dirhams and a biro. She and the Berbers looking after the camels wave as I ride by. An hour later I stop at the side of the road to answer a call of nature - when a big, black beetle about the size of a squashed tennis ball climbs onto the toe of my boot. I let out a cry, shake the beast off and do a runner for the DR. Luckily it starts first time and I ride away quickly. Uuuugghhhhh!!! That night I stay again at Volubilis - the shower at the hotel is most welcome.

### Day 10 October 4th 1995

I ride slowly back to the port at Cueta. The marijuana dealers in Rif mountains are unusually persistent but I don't stop for anything as the thought of something herbal finding its way into my pocket doesn't bear thinking about. 10 years in the Tangiers Hilton? No thanks!

I get to the customs post late in the afternoon - this time there is no hassle and I'm on the ferry back to Spain within an hour. The sniffer dog gives me a quick check over and then I'm heading back to Gibraltar for the night. An hour later.....

### Worth waiting for...

...I'm propping the bar up and asking for a pint of Guinness. Like Sir John Mills in 'Ice cold in Alex' I watch the condensation form on the outside of the glass and trace my finger down the outside. I can't stand it anymore and gulp down half of it in one go. 'Worth waiting for!'

# Road Riding

## Stockport to Morocco by DR350

### The Next Seven Days

The next seven days were spent heading North through Portugal and Spain to catch the ferry back home to Plymouth. Portugal was very warm, friendly and relaxing - just what I needed after the stress of Morocco. 1 week later I catch the boat back to Plymouth.

On board I get my photo's developed and looking at the pictures of the desert I can't believe I was really there. Travelling in Morocco was the most amazing experience - full of incredible highs and lows, it's a place I will never forget.

### Postscript

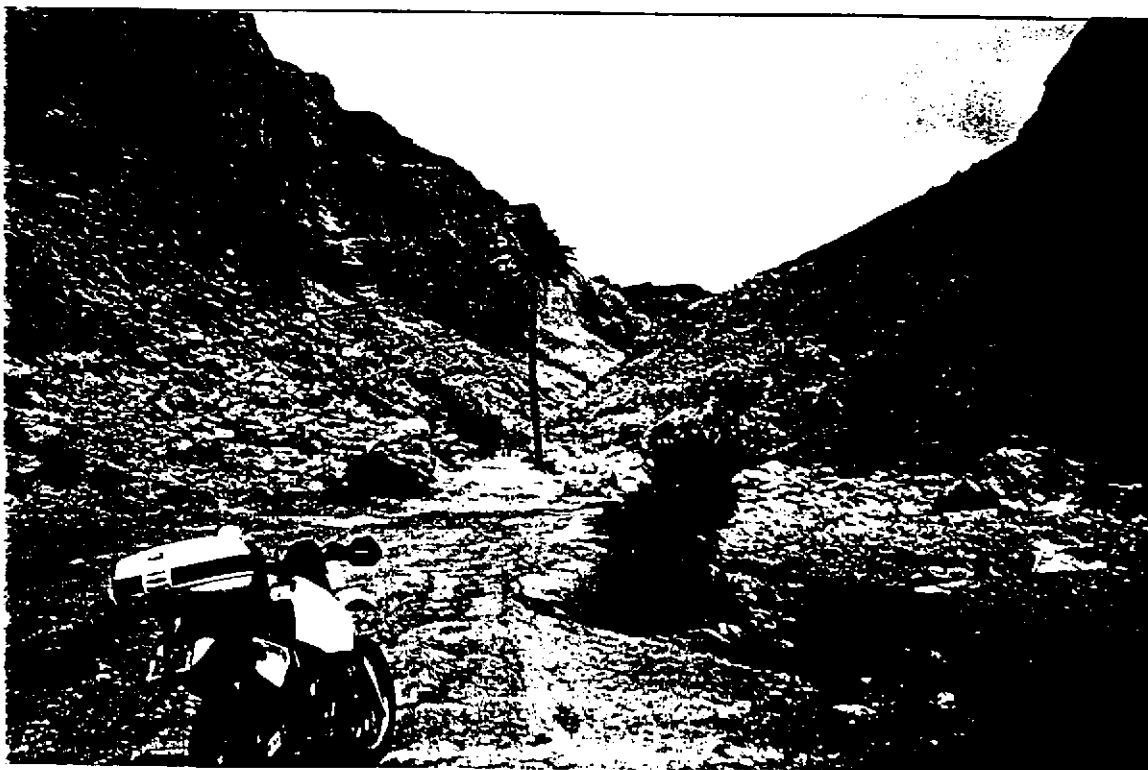
Two miles after riding off the

boat at Plymouth I come across the first traffic cone I've seen in 3 weeks, closely followed by the first traffic jam and speeding camera signs. There are cars, people and buildings all around me and I feel very confined after the open spaces of Morocco. Anyone want to go next year?

### The Bike

The bike used for the trip was a 1994 Suzuki DR350, fitted with a 16 litre Acerbis tank, SuperTrapp exhaust and a Givi rack and top box. The gearing was raised by fitting a one tooth bigger sprocket on the front, which meant 70mph cruising came in at 5300 revs (and an

incredible 65 mpg). During the 3400 mile trip the only problems were four blown indicator bulbs and a tailight bulb. No oil was used and it started first or second kick everytime. Since coming back, the DR has been used for going to work every day, trail riding most weekends and for splashing around the Ceri enduro - and is obviously the best bike in the universe. I love it! Also thanks to everyone who helped out with preparing the bike - Danny, Gareth, Mark, Mike and Andrew Owen for helping me to spend lots of money. Hopefully it should be good for Tunisia and Libya next year....





## Awards For 1995 Season Events To December

### **Fisher Trophy Trial : 15th January 1995**

Fisher Trophy .....	Paul Rose
First Class Awards .....	Andy Dale
.....	Phil Houghton
.....	Mark Holland
Best Intermediate (John Simister Trials Trophy) .....	Kev Hipwell
First Class Awards .....	Greg Moor
.....	Gerard Bridgewater
.....	Mathew Treweek
Best Novice - Guy Allott Trophy .....	Karl Pagin
First Class Award .....	Lee Granby

### **Dave Rowland Trophy Trial : 2nd July 1995**

Dave Rowland Trophy .....	Dougie Lampkin
Manchester 17 MCC Rose Bowl (Runner Up) .....	Steve Colley
First Class Awards .....	Robert Crawford
.....	John Shirt jnr.
.....	Wayne Braybrook
.....	Jason Lawler
.....	Martin Richards
.....	Paul Rose
.....	Ashley Newberry
.....	Tony Kaye
.....	Darren Wasley
.....	Darren Brice
Norman Eyre Trophy (Best up to 225cc) .....	Paul Rose
John Shirt Trophy (Best 225cc - 275cc).....	Dougie Lampkin
Mick Wilkinson Trophy (Best over 275cc) .....	John Shirt jnr.
Hepworth Trophy (Best Cheshire Centre rider) .....	Andy Dale

### **Hawks Nest Trophy Trial : 23rd July 1995**

Best Novice .....	Richard Plant
First Class Awards .....	Kevin Stubbs
.....	Mark Wilkinson
Best Over 40 (Strugglers Sprocket) .....	Henry Rosenthal
First Class Awards .....	Ken Roberts
Best Twinshock .....	Alan Hulme

### **Northern Experts Trophy Trial : 27th November 1995**

Northern Experts Trophy .....	Steve Colley
Castrol Trophy .....	Graham Jarvis
First Class Awards .....	Martin Crossthwaite
.....	John Shirt jnr.
.....	Ben Hemingway
.....	Dan Clarke
Northern Experts Sidecar Trophy .....	R. Luscombe/W. Kershaw
First Class Awards .....	R. Morewood/B. Chapman
.....	W. Baines/N. Brown

### **Enduro Championship :**

Champion - Expert Class: The Mick Bowers Trophy .....	Brian Green
Champion - Clubman Class .....	Mark Carter
Champion - Sportsman Class .....	Tony Quinque
Best Manchester 17 Member in British Championship .....	Andrew Edwards
4 Stroke Champion .....	Dave Worrall

### **General Trophies and Awards :**

Observer Of The Year .....	Dennis Fowler
Frank B. Leaver Trophy .....	Mark Reynolds
The Committee Award .....	Phil Heywood
Clubman Of The Year .....	Adrian Bellis
Rallyist Of The Year .....	Peter Potts
John Simister Road Racing Trophy .....	Mike Shaw

# MANCHESTER '17' MOTORCYCLE CLUB

## NOTICE OF COMMITTEE MEETING

DEAR MEMBER

THANK YOU FOR OFFERING TO HELP ORGANISE THE AFFAIRS OF THE  
MANCHESTER '17' MCC IN 1996

PLEASE NOTE THAT THE FIRST MEETING OF THE NEW COMMITTEE WILL BE  
HELD AT THE MIDWAY HOTEL, NEWBRIDGE LANE, STOCKPORT.  
WEDNESDAY 13TH DECEMBER 1995, AT 8.30PM PROMPT.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION, YOUR COMMITTEE COLLEAGUES ARE LISTED BELOW

PRESIDENT	EDGAR ROSENTHAL
CHAIRMAN	PETER CUNNINGHAM
SECRETARY	PAUL RIGBY
TREASURER	ANDREW OWEN
MEMBERSHIP SEC.	LINDA ROBERTS
NEWSLETTER EDITOR	MIKE SHAW
CLUB CAPTAIN	KEN ROBERTS
TRIALS SEC.	ALAN SKIRVIN
ENDURO SEC.	BRIAN GREEN
SOCIAL SEC.	MARK LIVINGSTONE
AWARDS SEC.	RICK STEWART
R O W OFFICER	GLEN POTTS
PUBLICITY OFFICER	ALAN FITZPATRICK
ORDINARY MEMBER	RHETT PARKER
"	PETER POTTS
"	ANDY CLIFF

CLUB AUDITORS RON WEALE  
DAVE WORRALL

PETER CUNNINGHAM

CHAIRMAN

*Manchester 17 M.C.C.*

*Invite you to a*

*\* XMAS PARTY \**

*at 'The Midway' Newbridge Lane, Stockport  
on the*

*19th December '95*

*Guest Act - Magician, Buffet & Raffle - 8 till late*



*Manchester 17 M.C.C.*

*'60th Anniversary*

*Celebration & Awards*

*Presentation'*

*at*

*The Davenport Park Hotel,  
Stockport, on Friday 9th February  
1996.*

*Only £15.00 - Contact Mark  
Livingstone on 0161-480-5841 for  
details.*

**THE MANCHESTER 17  
MOTORCYCLE CLUB**

**60** 1935 - 1995  
YEARS  
*in motorcycle sport*



Founded in 1935 and affiliated to the AUTO CYCLE UNION and the BRITISH MOTORCYCLISTS FEDERATION

# SIXTIETH ANNUAL DINNER AND AWARDS PRESENTATION

Friday



9TH FEBRUARY 1996  
Davenport Park Hotel  
S•T•O•C•K•P•O•R•T



... GUEST SPEAKER ...

*Mick Grant*

INTERNATIONAL ROAD RACER & KAWASAKI WORKS-RIDER  
1994 A.C.U. TWINSHOCK TRIALS CHAMPION

GET YOUR TICKETS NOW!

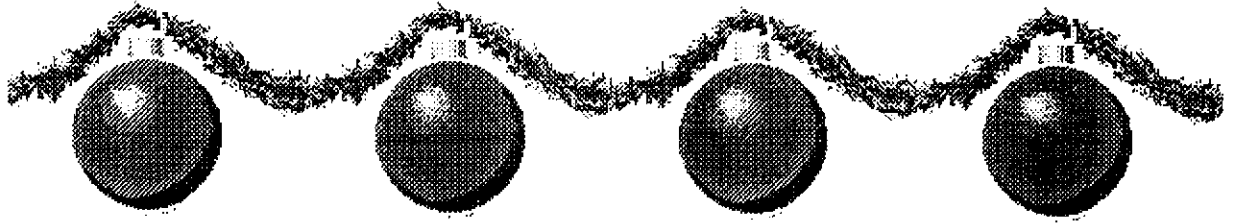
☎ Mark Livingstone

0161 480 5841

only

**£15.00**

each



*On Behalf of the Manchester 17 M.C.C. Committee,  
the Newsletter team would like to wish a*



**Merry Christmas**

and a

**Happy New Year**

to all our

**Readers**

