



Founded 1935

Manchester 17 M.C.C. Newsletter September 1998

Just for a bit of a change, Mike Shaw, editor-in-chief of this periodical has decided to tell us about his latest bike, a Ducati 916 (more of which, later...)

It's red, looks like a work of art and stirs primeval passions within a mans soul. Yes, you've got it - you have just laid eyes on a Ducati 916.

Penny Chews

The Ducati is my 70th bike and if I listened to everybody before I bought the bike, I would have been better off spending £12,000 on penny chews, because, a) a penny chew lasts longer than a Ducati and b) I could sell the remaining chews to get me home everytime the big Duke broke down. But, I did not listen and went out and spent all my dosh in the world on an Italian piece of red metal and god I'm glad I did.

First Impressions

First impressions of the bike were as follows : The riding position is like kneeling on all fours on a coffee table. It sounds like a CB500. The clocks shake when you pull off from a standstill. The handlebars seem like they are fixed to the front wheel spindle. It has



not got a seat, just a foam thingy under your bum. The rear cylinder fries your nads when in traffic. The clutch screams in protest if you pull off fast. In traffic it has got to be the most horrible thing you have ever ridden.

A Hand Grenade

But enough of the bad points,

here's the good news : Nothing, yes nothing, will live with this bike in the middle of a fast turn. You could set off a hand grenade under the bike and it will just not move. It turns in slow and runs a little wide on slow corners, but once you know this you chill out and ride accordingly, while the front end gives so much feedback it fries your brain.

Catapult

The engine pulls from no revs and catapults you out of bends with the mere flick of your right wrist. No other bike can affect you in this way. Believe me, everybody should ride

a 916 at least once so they can experience the above feelings (no, you can't have a go of mine !). Now that it has set of shiny Termignoni's bunged under the rear seat unit it sounds just like a World SuperBike.

No we wouldn't

If everyone was honest about which bike they would love to

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Club News

The Cunningham Column - An Apology - Not Much - A Wedding - Sonnet XCV

own then most of people would go for the 916, think about it, you would if you had the chance.

Not yet melted

It has now done 1400 miles and I have not had any problems whatsoever (touch wood), but I am not under any illusions that at some stage the bike will either break down or melt in the rain (due to Vietnamese metal). However, while it's lasted, it has been one of the best motorcycle experiences I have had. Enough said until bike number 71 comes along !

Mike Shaw

Er, well it was nice while it lasted, eh Mike? For those of you who don't know, Mike & Bike parted company a few weeks ago in not entirely amicable circumstances. Mike got off with a broken wrist and the bike returned back into its constituent parts - namely a sack of pasta shells, some ciabatto bread and a couple of pritt sticks.



The Cunningham Column.

My report has to start on a sad

note, unfortunately a previous member has passed away. Everyone who knew Andy Turner will remember a cheerful and helpful guy who was a brilliant rider.

At Last!

On a lighter note I have sold my 450 BMW and now purchased a brand new Honda XR400 - your chairman has just arrived in the nineties - just in time...! I'm looking forward to more trail riding and bulldozing my way through future enduro's. Talking of enduro's, a team of six of us from the club rode up to Scotland to watch the British round of the World Enduro Championship, I booked the bed & breakfast but not the weather....it rained a little...!well for three days actually and Geoff Mills experienced a savere dose of 'wet crutch' syndrome.

Dodgy Strides

As for dodgy clothing - well, I somehow managed to pack my eldest son's jeans much to everyone's mirth...the sight from a distance was upsetting to young children and wild animals....!Regarding the event it was the hardest I have ever witnessed and over 50% retired on the first day...can't wait for next year's event in 'dry' Wales.

Pete Cunningham

Thank you for that Peter. Personally, I am very sad to see the BMW be sold off like any old piece of scrap - particularly as I find it strangely disturbing that someone would actually buy the thing in the first place. Still, there's no accounting for taste I suppose. After all some people like the taste of Robinsons Bitter....

An Apology (No 37)

Hello there. First of all an apology. This edition of the newsletter has been somewhat rushed as I'm about to go on holiday and have had very little time to write/format/spell check this particular super soaraway issue. So don't bother to write in and tell us about the typo's - 'cos we'll only ignore you. What's new you ask?

Not Much

We haven't got much club news this issue, mainly because your roving reporter hasn't been to the club nights for months and nobody ever tells him anything anyway (sob). We do, however, have a true life story of romance in the club room to tell you about. Here's Mr shaw to tell ye all about oot. Arf!

Lee's Wedding

Eat your heart out Cilla ! 'Cos

Club News

An Apology - Not Much - A Wedding - Sonnet XCV

we have just had our first Club wedding. Lee and Heather got hitched on April 11th in Styal, with a posh reception at 'The Belfry' in Handforth, then on to a honeymoon in Iceland. Lee even got a letter from Triumph's John Bloor congratulating him on his wedding day ! You should have seen his face, he had a grin wider than Kenny Roberts wallet, which, however hard he tried, he could not shake off.

Our First Wedding

Lee and Heather first met at the club nights at 'The Midway', so this counts as our first club wedding.

Congratulations !

So, from everybody at the Manchester 17 M.C.C. we wish Lee and Heather a long and happy life together.

Now wasn't that nice ?

To finish off, here be some Shakespeare : Sonnet XCV, take it away Bill -

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame, Which, like a canker in a fragrant rose, Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
©, in what sweets dost thou

sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise:
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.

©, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out of thee!
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill used doth lose his edge.



Oh no ! We've still got a shit-load of space to fill and nothing but the vacuous thoughts of a babbling idiot with which to fill it - whatever shall we do?

Er, tell you what, have you seen the state of Robin Cook with that foul ginger beard, pot belly and vaguely weird looking wife? There are some things which you never want to think about - you know, like

your parents naked, or the Thatch on the toilet, but Mr & Mrs Cook sharing bodily fluids! Ugh! Let me dispel that image from my mind before madness takes hold.

And another thing - Monica Lewinsky. I've nothing against her, but I have to say, what sort of woman doesn't wash her dress for 18 months, especially when it's er, got stains on it? She should be arrested for flaunting American hygiene laws. Yuck!

O.K. Lets talk about bikes for a bit. Motorcycle casualties were up 16% during the last year, thus prompting the government NOT to include motorcycles in its white paper on the Integrated Transport Policy. Can't blame 'em really. How many W.S.B. wannabe's have you seen recently riding all point and squirty on the road, not looking relaxed and generally throwing themselves into the path of other vehicles and dry stone walls? Or, are you one yourself?

*Oh, enough of this goading, it's 1.30am, I'm tired and about to go to bed. By the time you read this I'll be beginning my 54 day holiday riding over to Egypt and back. See you soon!
BYE!*

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Road Riding

R1 Short Test - T.T. Report - Snetterton 6 Hours

Yamaha R1 Short Test

Imagine having a Rolls Royce jet engine strapped to your back and hitting the go button. Got it? That's the same sensation as opening up the new Yamaha R1.

A mad man rides up

At the last 'Bike Night' (nice one Lee), I trundled off down to 'The Midway' on my 916 (see above orgasmic story) and was chinwagging with some bods from the club when a dude pulled up on a new R1. So I wandered over to have a peek and said to the owner "Give us the keys then" in my usual polite manner. Much to my amazement he threw me the keys and said, "only if you wheelie it past the club, I want to see it on the back wheel".

Give it some stick

Well, you could have knocked me down with a dry *****. I then said, "I'm only kidding, give us a go when it's run in". He replied, "Oh I'm not running it in, give it some stick".

Wheelie Mad

So off I went on this one week old R1 with 71 miles on the clock. First impressions were that it was small (think 400 cc) and felt sort of muscular. Right, here we go up New Zealand road, squeeze the clutch in 2nd gear with five thou' showing and sure enough, up comes the

front hoop. Change to 3rd - still up, change to 4th - still up and pulling strong. I had to put the front wheel down as I was running out of road. Wow! Never has a bike wheelied so easily for so far.

Fastest Ever

The handling is really good and the bike turns as you think with no fuss at all, with no weaves or moments to think of. Open the throttle at 500rpm in top and it takes off like you have dropped two gears. On my life and no bull-shit, this bike is the fastest bike I have ever ridden, period.

Talent Enhancer

The good points of this bike is that it has the ability to scare you shitless very easily and the handling is a leap forward in bike terms, because it is the best talent enhancer you can buy.

Amazing & Dangerous

On second thoughts this bike is both amazing and very dangerous in the wrong hands and I think has been designed for experienced riders only. The thought of a new biker riding an R1 sends shudders down my spine.

No. 71 ?

I loved my short ride on the R1 but it still leads me to think that this bike is a bit too much for a road bike. Who am I kidding, "ere mate, give us

another go!". Maybe it's bike number 71 for me?

Mike Shaw

Snetterton Six Hour Race

I know that at my delicate old age that I should not be allowed on a race bike on a track, but an endurance race is always something I have wanted to do, so when two bods from near Kings Lynn rang me and asked me to be part of a team of three, I jumped at the chance.

Practice

Riding a trusty CBR600 we all practised on the Friday before Sundays race giving the bike a shake down and practising wheel changes and fast fuel stops. I turned out to be the fastest rider of the team (god the fame!) by up to six seconds a lap. Come race day we all did a qualifying session and I managed to put us on 16th place out of 50 starters.

Sliding

After the 'Le-Mans' start we settled down into about 20th place overall which due to the amazing bikes and money we were up against, wasn't all that bad. I was the 3rd rider on the bike and settled down to steady and fast lap times. After about 40 minutes the bike began to

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handle really bad with the back end stepping out everywhere, and I had mean full lock slides, so I went into the pits and we discovered we had a puncture in the rear tyre. S**t! We changed the wheel and 3 minutes and changed riders.

Losing Gears

After 3 hours the bike lost fourth gear so you had to change from 3rd to 5th all the time. Then, on the last session which I rode, the bike lost 5th gear as well, but we kept on going anyway - hitting false neutrals everywhere. (Try going into a 150mph corner in neutral, good fun -not!). Anyway, in the end we finished 19th out of 50 starters and ninth in group, which all in all was a fairly good result.

How Much ?

The race, without travelling expenses, buying the bike or tuning work (£2000!) cost £1700 between the three of us, which paid for tyres, pads, wets and bits and bobs, oh, and £130 pounds worth of fuel !

Aches & Pains

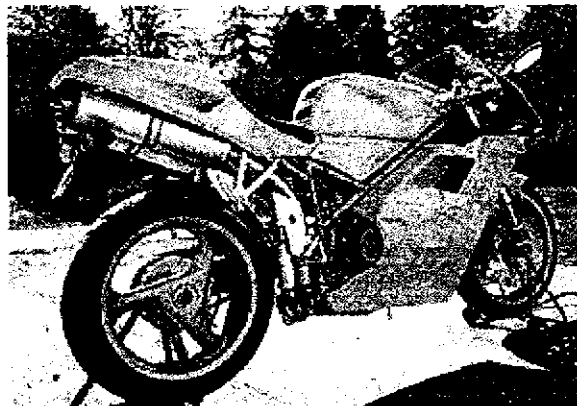
It is now the Tuesday after the race and I am writing this report feeling a little jaded (due to my age!) and nursing my left foot which has no skin on the top due to a shagged gearbox and 2 million gear changes - but, it was all worth it in the end due to me experiencing

another form of motorcycle sport.

Gods on Bikes

All I want to know is, how the hell do you race for 24 hours at Le-Mans ? When I watch Le-Mans on the T.V. I will look at it in a different light knowing how hard 6 hours was. I take my hat off to you boys, you are gods on bikes.

Mike Shaw



Now we have another discourse on the T.T. from the siren of the club room, Rachel Adams :

Pleasure

Such is the overwhelming feeling of enormous pleasure and satisfaction as I reflect on illuminating memories of my week spent on the island last week that I feel compelled to put pen to paper and share my experiences as one of your few

female club contributors! (Comprenez, do far?)

So here goes.....

Like The First Time

This year was my third time to the I.O.M. for the T.T. races - each time always like the first. Feelings of nervousness, apprehension and anxiety....for the I.O.M. Rust Bucket Co crossing!! And a deep sense of excitement, passion and arousal (ooh, er!).....for sitting soaked

to my underwear (sorry lads!, no further details!!) in a cafe on Douglas prom!!

The Attraction

Joking apart, the attraction of the I.O.M. for me is the multitude of things :
a) The racing - variety, speed and danger.

b) The social event - Bushy's, bopping & bravado!!

c) The Island/ers - its contours/ generosity

d) The opportunity - to experience the worlds most notorious and exciting roads on my bike (a CBR600)

e) Good Ass!! Loads of 'em! There's nothing more erotic than a pert bum in a tight set of flashy leathers! Phwooaarr!

Trouble Free

All of the above not necessarily

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in the correct order you understand! Anyway, prior to departure, I made sure my trusty 600 and I were fit for travel to ensure (can this really be done?!) a trouble free holiday. So, with oil and filter changed (make-up and hair dryer packed), new racing green brake pads fitted (hot brush and tongues replenished!!) (*pardon?*) and fully synthetic brake fluid replaced (synergie 'C' moisturiser at the ready!!!) I was ready for take off!!

Zzz

A double tank bag, Dri-Bika and rucksack later I was ready to set off for Liverpool on Saturday 6th June at 4am. (Yawn, str-e-etch, Zzz,Zzz!!)

Lost Motorhead

The journey went without hitch, apart from losing Neil who hung back every time I exceeded a ton on the motorway - "Sorry Ociffer - my tank bag was hiding the clocks!!"

Rust Bucket

TIP : Our ferry was for 5.45am - the tickets recommended we be there at 3.45am!! Past experience has always shown a max of 1hr before departure to be ample. As was the case this time - we strolled up at 5.10am and after reorganising the tickets we rolled onto the rust bucket (lady of Man) into a cram packed sea of wing mirrors, tanks, wet weather gear

and exhausts!!!

Wet 'n' Windy

Safely tucked in bed with my gloves and dri-bika protecting her from rope burn (calm down lads!!) we embarked on our 4.5hour journey with great zest and joviality (or as much as we could muster for 6am on a wet, windy day on a tub set for the high seas!!)

(it may interest the more pedantic of our readers that there have been 38 exclamation marks so far in this article!!!! Look, that makes 42 now)

Scramble

After a bite to eat, a run in with a British biker and a movie (M.I.B.) we arrived safely in Douglas harbour. I knew what was coming next.....Neil didn't!!! The mad scramble to get 500 bikes off the boat seemingly all at once!! Determined not to get flustered and panicked by the commotion, I casually removed my tank bag to allow me to manoeuvre the bike better as she was facing the wrong way (a seven point turn needed to be accomplished!) - I then put the bag onto the floor - Aaagghh!! Thuck! Thuck!!! I forgot the floor was metal! (Have you ever tried to prise a limpet off a wet rock with gloved hands??!! Imagine

it!)

A Lung Full

20 minutes later, and a lung full of some guys 748 exhaust fumes (hey man!) we ventured onto the T.T. turf! Yahoo!! We made it alive!! Can riding the T.T. be any worse?!

The Truth Now

Bored yet?! (*er...*) Well you will be if I continue the whole holiday in the same detail! So, here follows the diary of a mad woman - in brief, the highlights:

Penthouse

Neil was lodging in a home stay in Laxey. I, on the other foot, was fortunate to have a private penthouse suite in Douglas - 2 mins walk from the centre of the planet! On a warm night, the buzz from which is astronomical!! (steady on! I'm talking about Douglas!)

Hampered

My first lap of the course was somewhat hampered by rain, speed restrictions, little old ladies, cars, lorries, thick fog over the mountain and believe it or not....yes....a number of MALE motorcyclists!! Then Rain.

Hospitality

Sunday - we sampled the fine hospitality of the islanders. Our first race - Formula 1 - was eyeballed from a garden midway on Bray Hill. Whilst watching Ian Simpson thrash his way around the course, rac-

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ing his cute bum ragged, risking his life and limb - we were facing difficult life threatening decisions ourselves....Steamy cup of tea or coffee?...hot buttered toast?!...how do these widgets work?! (in draught bitter of course, hic!). More rain.

FAB

Tuesday - turned out to be a fab day for the Ramsey sprint, until the heavens opened (yes, again!) at around 2.30 ish. Jimmy Fireblade was pulling tricks in the arena - the smell of burning rubber, the sound of exploding tyres and the sheer madness of huge wheelies whilst sitting on the tank - Hey! Who needs Ramsey sprint when we can see this on the Midway front!!! Any Tuesday night!!

Fearless

The sprint of course was attracting the fearless - that's another word for clueless/dateless/senseless! - where you :

- 1) Queue for an hour to get in front of a bus!?!?
- 2) Heat your tyres with baby burnouts on a cold engine.
- 3) Tear off in a straight line without dumping the clutch.
- 4) Attempt to maintain contact with tarmac!!
- 5) Part with a wad of notes for the pleasure!!!

(there have now been 94 excl-

mation marks)

NB : This is my view only - for further information regarding this event please contact Rob on his CBR600!

Even better Day

Thursday - Zipadee, do dah! Zipadee Day! My, oh, my what a fabulous day!! Now some of you may want to award Rod (my buddy) the highest award in recognition of bravery for this - I took him on a full lap of the course at 6.16am and was back for 6.42am!!! - The next day!! Just kiddin' guys! He reckoned he really enjoyed it - funny his tan faded so quickly and he complained of a sore bum for 24hrs after!! Later I met up with the guys only to lose then in Parliament square due to road closure. Sense told me to pull over and wait...and wait....and wait....

Knights

Then from a cloud of evaporating mist...appeared 5 knights on shining armour.....a 916sp....a Fireblade....a ZX7R.....GSXR750.....an R1. Pretty damn dazzy, eh!?!?

Blinded

Blinded by their mounts (ooh!), suave charm (Mmmm!) and snug fitting leathers (surprise, surprise!!), I was of course led like an innocent child to be offered to

the wrath of the mountain. Drawing on my very recent experiences at a track day in Oulton Park and thankfully having chosen to renew my tyres with BT57's - I sure wasn't about to become the next sacrificial lamb!!

Rollercoaster

Needless to say - these guys weren't all show - they meant business!....F****H**** (Flipping heck!!)... What a roller coaster ride! After 5 passes of the mountain, more chewed rubber (tyres!) and a body glowing with adrenalin rush, we retired for a spot of lunch to a pub in Glen Helen where for a 'Girlie', I was heavily praised for being able to "shift a bit". Fireblade "Bones" however, kept quiet 'cos I passed him at least 3 times!! Something to do with a broken leg! Yeh, right!!

Seacat

Our return home couldn't be faulted - Seacat - nothing like the rust buckets and come highly recommended, being a shorter journey by 2hrs, luxury seating, Roll on/Roll off and ample rags were used to wrap your beloved in!! Kinky!

Great Time

Anway - despite the poor weather, I had a great time. After all it's what YOU make of it and anyone who tells you it was C..R..A..P.. well, I

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wouldn't bother booking a holiday away with them!!!

Until my next worthy experience,

Rachel Adams.

Warning : All info correct at the

time of going to print. I reserve the right not to be responsible for any memory lapses which may have occurred due to post T.T. depression.

Thanks for that Rachel. By the way, the total number of exclamation marks eventually came

to 131 (!).

O.K. that's all we have for you this week. Goodbye and sleep tight.

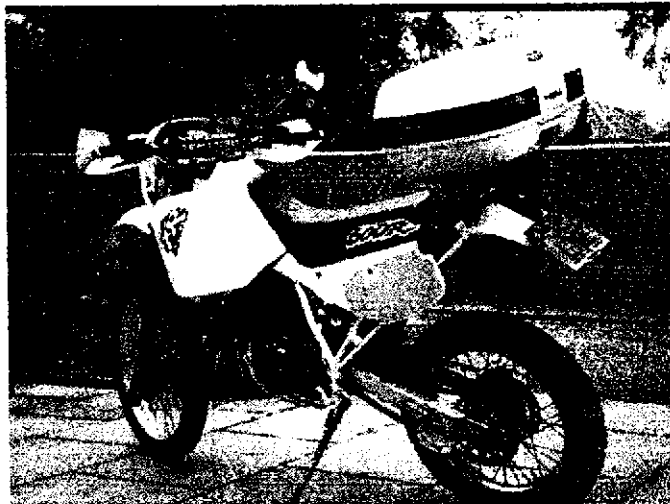
And Another Thing....

You may have noticed that there wasn't very much in the newsletter this time around, and what there was, was entirely in the Road Riding section. However, fear not all you enduro and trial riders out there ! Normal service will be resumed for the next issue of the newsletter, which should be out in time for Christmas.

Brie

Providing, that is, I don't have anymore strange hallucinations about about my legs turning to the consistency of a mature French cheese (possibly Brie or Camembert) and spreading them upon a large loaf of Focaccia bread that I have to hand. Hmm..I shan't mention the next ? aerial goats taking pot shots at zeppelins with catapults armed

with lentils, in case you think some oddness is afoot.



Anyway, enough of this peanut induced psychedelia - what's Well, nothing much. It only re-

mains for me to say the usual - that is, we hope you have enjoyed this issue of the newsletter (despite its brevity) and if you have any complaints, criticisms or god forbid, any copy for us then please let us know. Give the editor, Mike Shaw a ring on 0410 120808, come down to 'The Midway', Newbridge Lane, Stockport on a Tuesday night, or email us as man17mcc@aol.com. We'd love to hear from you. Bye, bye.