

Nov 80

THE MANCHESTER '17' MOTOR CYCLE CLUB

(Founded 1935)



Meetings: Tuesdays, 8-30pm. Robin Hood Hotel, High Lane. (A6)

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL DEALERS

MOTOR CYCLE CENTRE (061-480 3346)
2 CARRINGTON ROAD. STOCKPORT
Also 261 Buxton Rd. Gt. Moor, Stockport. (061-456 5202)

Town & Country
Motorcycles

227-229 STOCKPORT RD
Ashton u Lyne
061-339 3918

**Trail Trial
&
Enduro Centre**

80, Lower Hillgate,
Stockport.

061-477 2002

H.D. CARTWRIGHT (Motor Cycles) LTD.

74 Buxton Rd. Heaviley, STOCKPORT.

061-480 5180

PAUL LUDLAM MOTORCYCLES

57-59 Broadstone Rd. Reddish, Stockport. 061-432 1743

ARMSDENS

147 Ashley Rd. HALE, Cheshire.

061-928 2104

**INFLATABLE
OBSERVERS**

Be an Observer
£60 a week for
40 hour sleep

NOT A SEX OBJECT

SUPERDEALER

NEWS
GO
CO
BENE
LEARN
NO
XERO

IMPORTANT

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 1980

will be held at

THE ROBIN HOOD

on

WEDNESDAY 26TH NOVEMBER 1980

at

7.30 p.m.

Secretary's Spot

It doesn't seem to be a whole year since the first Dead Ants Rally, but by the time you read this, the second rally, will have been and gone. At the time of writing everything is going to plan and I am sure something is going to go wrong soon! The reaction to last years rally has been so good that we are booked up, even though we have raised the entry limit by 100 and put the price up from £1.75 to £2.50, and with virtually no advertising in the press.

The AGM this year will be on Wednesday November 26th at the Robin Hood, and it looks like being a noisy one. Already 9 of the 17 committee members have declared their intention not to stand for re-election. So plenty of new names with fresh ideas will be needed to run the club in its 46th year. Come along to the AGM, air your views, elect the new committee, and perhaps join the committee yourself.

IAN BOTTOMLEY

Dear John,

Your last note seemed a little familiar using, like the design team of MZ, other peoples ideas. Then they miss the reason behind the design feature they are copying!

This masochistic tendency of yours of riding a mechanical dinosaur constituting a hotch potch of dated secondhand design concepts comes through in your truly feeble attempts to justify the existence of the marque. Again your letter only points out your desparation by copying my comments almost word for word.

Face the fact John - the only reason the MZ exists is to provide the Eastern Block Countries with valuable foreign currency. The quality and performance of the machine is such that in order to sell in a competitive marketplace in the west they have to make the price less the half that of comparable western product. This way they earn currency with which to pay the west for technological innovation by vastly subsidising their export product.

I know you won't understand what I've just said but thats hardly surprising is it? Now to look at your entertaining comments, partly true but as usual a little confused.

1. Individuality - yes my Yam compares well with a paper clip - designed with one function in mind, brilliant in its simplicity and performing its job reliably without fuss.
2. Famous Roads hold little awe for such a modern, well designed, high performance purpose built off road machine.
3. The prospect of blowing the motor up is somewhat dated. Just because MZ's have nasty habits like that, more practical modern designs like the little Yamaha are virtually unburstable.

It is possible that a combination of weak wrist or broken throttle cable may stop these funny communist block bikes, but by use of modern nylon lines cables and high quality steel wire all the controls are beautifully light, because of this broken cables are a thing of the past.

Long may you few continue spending most of your time keeping on top of an overwhelming maintenance program but I'm told at least the spares are cheap - have to be I suppose - some consolation! I will still find great satisfaction in the thought of you trying to persuade your equivalent of what in nature would be an animal with the staying power of an American Quarter horse the shape of a camel the speed of a donkey and the practicality of an ostrich to pull you along trivial old roads

KEN ROBERTS

What we did on our Hols. (or Dust Gets in your Naughty bits)

This little epic began early this year when the Long Range Drinking Group - Brian Linton, Mike Corteen, Rob Hampton and myself decided to go long range drinking at the Bol D'Or, and take two weeks doing it. Then the original team was cut to three and although we considered dropping the idea it was decided to carry on. A little later a Liverpudlian person called Marty, who rides a Guzzi in a similarly 'masterful' fashion to Mike decided to come along and keep us out of trouble.

So on Friday 5th September, at 2.00 p.m., after intensive training at the V Twin and I.M.O.C. rallies Brian and I set off. At 2.02 (approx) we pulled into the car park of the Crown on Didsbury Road for final exercises. 4.30 found us at Hilton Park trying to calm Marty who'd been waiting since dinner time. Finally we got on the road, Brian on his GS1000, Marty on a Guzzi V7 Sport, Rob on a Duke 900 GTS and me on my Lemon. The M6/M1 was shameful - the worst drive of the whole trip but we got near Brands Hatch before closing time and dossed in a field near the circuit. At this stage it became obvious that four six foot people in a two man tent doesn't work awfully well, luckily I had my boy scout knife and we all got in somehow. (Into the tent you oaf!)

Next morn, arose bright and early (10.30'ish) to ride into Canterbury where we admired the tourists and discovered that (by coincidence) - the pubs were open. Eventually we got to Calais and rode to Arras where we camped. Down in the town it seemed sort of empty, and quiet, and that, until we discovered a free concert going on in the main square. This went on till about 1.00 and presumably was organised to welcome us to France - what a friendly lot!

For the next couple of days we were getting into the swing of things. Brian leading on the road, myself doing all the talking and Marty tackling all the young ladies(**!). Rule No.1 was learnt - this states that - 'the Continent is a jolly big place'. You've got to get to grips with this otherwise you underestimate cross country trips, spend too long in bars and end up putting the tent up in the dark - smashed. Rule No.2 is that if you don't want blood in your horseburger you ask for it 'bien cuit' - Marty seemed particularly concerned about this and wouldn't touch anything but omelette and chips.

Crossing into Switzerland found us on roads better than my dreams, successions of beautiful bends with perfect surfaces all in stupendous scenery. Guzzis live and breath here, and so, it seems do GS1000's; ask Brian. By Tuesday night we're over the Simplon Pass and heading into Italy - somewhat delayed by my having had a puncture at the top of the pass. If people tell you the Ities are mad don't believe it, they're utterly suicidal, after dark the place makes Mad Sunday look like ROSPA meet. It was now that the other two realised that Marty and I were serious about going to Mandello del Lario where Guzzis are made, so after a night beside Lake Maggiore, off we all went.

Everything's Guzzi in Mandello, if you looked you'd probably find that they'd made the local bin wagons, so Marty and I took advantage and got a load of bits for one-third UK prices. Its a good place for a holiday, built on the lower slopes of some biggish alps which rise straight from the Lake to the clouds. There's a reasonable camp site ("The Bungalow") and you should have seen Marty's face when we persuaded a nice lady in a restaurant to cook bacon and eggs plus tea and toast for breakfast.

Come Friday morn we packed up again and zoomed off Bol-wards. 370 miles later at 11.00 p.m. we and one or two thousand others arrived. Having been put off guard by free croissants and hot drinks we were relieved of £9 each and allowed inside, it was bedlam, but we managed to find the British bit and put our tent up.

Saturday, 7.00 a.m. and I'm coaxed to wakefulness by the soft tones of 1000s of cc's flying past the front door at 180 mph. Unber---lievable, I've never seen anything move that fast before, and we're camped closer to the track than you usually get to stand at British circuits. They've got some great facilities at Paul Ricard, such as televisions in clusters all over the place, showing the race, but there are one or two not so great; like no water in the bogs - the smell's unspeakable.

So we departed to Le Beausset for a wash and some grub; Rule No.3 - Continental bikers on Moto Martins don't usually worry which side of the road they're on in tight blind bends, consequently there were several prangs, and we nearly joined in a couple. Got back to find the race had started - it didn't seem much different from the practise, so Brian and I went off on foot to see if we could spot Paul Hibbert or Dave Searle around the circuit, no sign of them but we got good and suntanned. Later on we were watching some bull baiting but cos the top of the lorry we were standing on sort of collapsed, we decided to move on to an amplified Top of the Pops film being shown at an open air cinema. To compliment the constant howl of the bikes a wind had blown up and was picking up huge clouds of dust. Soon there were about 2000 alien beings wandering around - grey from head to foot, (thank God I've got K+N's on the bike).

Midnight found us opposite the pits with the race nearing its peak, some characters were rolled up in sleeping bags high on the stands, dug in for the night. The endless procession of iron screaming past, lights blazing, became hypnotic, you get absorbed in sympathy with the pilot and the thought of what the machines are going through, but eventually we returned to our pit and had a surprisingly good kip. Next morning they're still going, or at least half of them are - the toughest part of the race, so they say, is in the early hours and quite a few give up then. A bloke from Ricard GB appears and gives us hats and things, then drags us off, dust and all, to their hospitality suite. So we spend the last three hours of the race right over the pits, opposite the start/finish line, forced to accept unlimited free Ricard (despite our feeble attempts to resist). This is not a dream, it really happened - it turns out Dave Searle was standing on the roof directly above us. By this time many of the riders appear knackered so when the finish comes 10 minutes before time they don't seem to mind. Brian is saying something about Suzukis being good, which we ignore cos with hordes of Froggies invading the track the race simply grinds to a halt - no real finish, and we feel a bit let down.

A few hours later - Brian having relieved his passions with a quick blast around the track, we set off for anearby camping site. Thankfully there's a washing machine and a good beach close by, (some bikers were diving straight into the sea, leathers and all to get rid of that dust.) The days were spent trying to teach Marty to drown (sorry swim), he managed to get rescued by three pretty wenches in a rubber boat who promptly adopted him, so he wasn't seen again that day, but the rest of us weren't jealous, much. The long warm evenings were spent with Marty doing acrobatics on the back of Brian's bike (Brian says it wheeled of its own accord) and down at a cafe with a local bike club. This bunch were superb - loonies to a man, or woman, and welcomed us and some other Brits like long lost mates. One of the young ladies even appeared to have fallen madly in lust with Rob, but we decided it was probably a mistake on her part, and told him so.

Thursday morning - time to pack up and head for home, a swift blast up the Autoroute to Montelimar, then through the Massif Centrales to Le Puy, wonderful riding country hereabouts.

Next day, up to Paris and on Saturday a 500 mile ride home, amazingly a mile from Calais we pass a couple of the blokes we'd met and who'd left the day before us. And so to bed at ten to twelve on Saturday night, having ridden through the only serious rain of the trip on the M6, looking forward to a 'proper' bath in the morning. 2,600 miles covered, no serious problems for anyone, great weather and a truly fantastic holiday.

COLIN EWING

Bog Standard

A tour of the Yorkshire Dales by courtesy of Howard Wadsworth and Mick..... Started from Settle at 10.0 a.m. , six bikes from the Cheshire Group comprised of Brian Starkie 500 XR Honda, Graham Gough 250 XL Honda, Peter Potts 360 SP Suzuki, Phil Rosson 400 DR Suzuki, John Boothroyd 500 Triumph and last but not least the everlasting 250 MZ.

The first ford of the day claimed Graham Gough but not before beaching it on the far side rocks, no damage done so on towards Austwick where we helped the farmer load a sick cow into his trailer - they are a bit heavy when the're horizontal and incapable. Onwards over Sulber and some magnificent limestone outcrops to the Great Wold, over Whernside, where if the gradients didn't get you the bogs did, Brian Starkie now has a high pitched voice as a result of a minor encounter with the tank - you should put them higher Brian, like round your waist - oh - you thought they were round your waist!

Next came Widdale after passing under the Mighty Viaduct and right rocky it was too before stopping for a breather just before the top, Peter Potts was glowing brightly after several horizontal holds and Graham Gough stripped off - no, not completely, ready for further action.

After dinner at Hawes we went from Hard Row to Cotterdale on a truly green, green lane dropping down a series of hairpins to the mettaled road, a few miles further a right turn started the climb to Cotter End on Highway, where superb views of the countryside for miles around are available. The surface after this deteriorated and in some places is difficult if not nearly impossible to follow but some seven miles later we regained the B6259 and continued northwards to ride the final stretch of highway after crossing a ford on the river Edem. Returning southwards, Dandra Garth was to be the final lane for the day and after some struggling on the initial climb, two stream crossings saw fun and games with John Boothroyd drowning the Triumph and Brian Starkie submerging the Honda, all but for the seat and tank. A final fast bend swinging run down Ribblesdale returned us to Settle. Thanks Howard and Mick for a great run. A round trip of about 220 miles including the Gisburn Grand Prix - least said the better.

JOHN WARD
THE SUZUKI EATING MZ 7 DAY ORIGINAL

Youth Trials

2nd Non-winners Trial - Cantrells Corner
High Edge, Buxton Sunday May 18th 1980

There is no doubt that the expression success breeds success is a very true one. After struggling to get together a respectable entry for our first Youth Trial held at Marple in March, this time the entries poured in making the admin. side much easier to handle.

9.0 a.m. the Saturday before the trial saw Ron Hulme, John and Andrew Cantrell, John Garlick, Roy and Andrew Potts, Ray Spence and Edward, Keith Haining and Nick, Harold Dewhurst, Tim and myself arrive eager to lay the plot. (13 people to mark ten sections! shows real enthusiasm).

As the land had not been used for a trial before, sorting out the sections required a bit more thought than usual.

1.0 p.m. and the job was done, the senior members dashed off to ride in the Police Trial. Tim, Keith, Nick and I met John and Andrew over at the Flagg Youth Trial.

Sunday, another beautiful sunny day saw many early arrivals who had camped overnight after the Flagg Trial. Final adjustments were made to the route markers and we were ready to roll.

Fourty six entries of all shapes size and machine denominations streamed out to take on the ten sections, set amongst the limestone rocks the dry weather had robbed us of what mud there was so the order of the day was tight turns cambers and hill climbs.

Lap three and Andrew Cantrell still clean and leading the A class. B class with John Wright again showing his supremacy from the start. C and D both riding the same sections means all credit to the little lads having to cope with sections rather harder than they would normally meet. Robert Vaughan and Peter Wright setting the pattern early in the event with many clean laps. For the D's little Matthew Barber struggled manfully on his Yamaha 80 to show who was 'Guvnor' of the tiddlers.

Three guest riders also competed fighting hard to confirm in the results the experience they obviously have.

Five laps for the seniors and four for C and D's seemed to rush by and as Clerk of the Course, Keith Haining completed his last tour of the circuit 'sticks' were drawn and another first class days sport came to a close.

Results

A Class	Best performance	Andrew Cantrell
	Runner up	Derek Wright
B Class	Best performance	John Wright
	Runner up	Paul Atkinson
C Class	Best performance	Robert Vaughan
	Runner up	Peter Wright
D Class	Best performance	Matthew Barber
	Runner up	Darren Gilman
Guest Riders	Best performance	Carl Baker
	Runner up	Peter Hallam

Finally our thanks must go especially to John Cantrell and land owner Arthur Smith for making the land available

JIM CAPPER
(YOUTH SECRETARY)

Youth Section Cheshire Youth Championship Third Round - June 19th 1980

Our first Open to Centre trial since the re-establishment of the Clubs Youth Section.

With Arbor Low (courtesy of Mr.Arthur Smith) as the venue and the invaluable experience of John Cantrell and Ron Hulme as section "creators" all we needed was the weather to be kind.

After a Saturday of pouring rain and mist the Sunday was a super day, sunny and dry, as 42 would be champions left the start to tackle four laps of twelve sections.

Perhaps predictably as in the two previous rounds the A Class developed into a struggle between Paul Sagar and local lad Carl Baker finishing with a one mark difference in favour of Paul.

B Class was won in fine style by Derwent M.C's, Dale Swain with Manchester '17's Philip Repton as runner up.

David Lloyd and Bruce Hamer once more did battle for the C Class honours with David this time gaining the Premier.

A most enjoyable trial enjoyed by all of us, competitors, officials and parents.

Results

A Class	Premier	P. Sagar	4
	Runner up	C Baker	5
	1st Class	J. Thompson	10
	2nd Class	A Cantrell	11
	3rd Class	D. Vaughan	14
B Class	Premier	D. Swain	13
	Runner up	P. Repton	31
	2nd Class	J. Wright	69
C Class	Premier	D. Lloyd	15
	Runner up	B. Hamer	26
	1st Class	P. Wright	37
	2nd Class	J. Shirt	50

JIM CAPPER
(YOUTH SECRETARY)

TRIALS NEWS

CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP - LEN EYRE TROPHY

Position after 4 rounds :

John Hartle Memorial	13.1.80
John Simister	30.3.80
Duron 1st Round	24.5.80
Duron 2nd Round	21.6.80

John Hulme	27
Steve Brownlee	19
Chris Clark	9
Mick Brotherhood	9
Steve P. Thomas	8
Norman S. Eyre	5
Harvey Lloyd	5
A. Wright	5
Derek Edmundson	2
Henry Rosenthal	2
John E Shirt	2
Andy Needham	1
Dave Porritt	1
Scott Rowland	1

John Simister Trial30th March 1980

Results :

Premier:	Mick Brotherhood	350	P.S.Bultaco	27
Runner up:	Andrew Gardner	200	Fantic	33

1st Class Awards:

David Hook	280 Gori	34	
John Hulme	320 T&C Majesty	40	
Steve Brownlee	320 Majesty	45	
Derek Edmundson	349 W&W Mont	47	
Scott Rowland	250 OSSA	51	
Paul Bennett	280 SWM	53	(19 cleans)
Steve Thomas	250 T&C OSSA	53	(13 cleans)
John Shirt	320 Majesty	57	(16 cleans)
Scott Ellis	325 Bultaco	57	(12 cleans)

Best Inter: Stuart Smith 250 Bultaco 71

Runner up Inter: Roger Cain 325 Bultaco 72

Best over 40: John Cantrell 89

Best Novice: M. P. White 156 Fantic 70

Runner up Novice: Roy Mycock 250 Majesty 83

1st Round Duron Trophy 24th May 1980

Results:

Premier:	John Hulme	22
1st Class	Steve Brownlee	23
	Normal Eyre	33
	John Shirt	39
	Steve Thomas	47
Best Inter	Alan Harris	70
Best Novice	Ken Wright	63
1st Class Novice	Graham Hatton	75

2nd Round Duron Trophy 21st June 1980

Results:

Premier	John Hulme	22
1st Class	Steve Brownlee	28
	Harvey Lloyd	64
	Henry Rosenthall	71
	Dave Porritt	77
Best Inter	Paul Leech	85
Best Novice	Graham Hatton	95
Runner up Novice	Ken Wright	107

REPORT ON:

Novice, Youth and Old Fogys Trial 7th September

ARBOR LOW

This was it, a good old fashioned club trial with perfect weather - cleanable sections (thanks Ron H. John G and John East) and my first ride in months. After losing a toss up with Jim Capper about who should conduct the C Class riders around the course - who said Vernon was tight, first he flipped a 2p which disappeared then produced a 50p - yes a real fortune for a hard up dealer who had supplied about a quarter of the entry of 110 bikes. With fortune on my side Jim had to ride and it was up to me to shepherd the youngsters.

Luckily most of the sections could be easily modified to suit the smaller bikes - these kids have as much ability as your average novice, but the little wheels reduce what they can do. So section 1 with the experienced Mr. Braddock observing in the coldest part of the course in amongst the trees was a series of tight turns over a log and around the trees over loose rocks. Just a new entry into the section missing the log was all that was needed for the kids.

Section 2 in a field growing rocks! was modified similarly changing the entry with section 3 rider unchanged by the C Class. Section 4 was great, up a camber turning up a gully, down and back up the steep hill with a 2 ft. earth step at the top. Too much for the little Yam 80's so while everyone else went up, down and up again the 80's finished at the bottom of the 2nd ascent.

Section 5 was no problem but No. 6 was a long very steep gully including a series of greasy swoops up the sides, not on for the kids. Section 7 was the stopper - mud-mud and a tight turn up a steep cambered bank. Lots of fives and threes for everyone - the C Class taking different entries and exits avoiding the steep bank.

Section 9 in the same field of rocks as Nos. 2 and 3 was an around the rocks and up the hill affair and O.K. for the whole entry.

John Hoxworth, Pete Ogden and crews doing the Morecambe and Wise bit observing here. A tricky one this including everything but mud - a quick modification for the C Class and an argument with a moaning Mum with yours truly keeping his cool by totally ignoring her.

Well to cut an even longer story short I managed to see the young ones through their first lap and then started much rushing around and falling off followed with various high points including recording my first cleans on a section observed by Joyce Hulme and two youngsters. For me a great day - good ride (beating my old rivals John Garlic - by a massive margin, Colin Mather by a little less and Rick Stewart by one.

Congratulations to Denis Taylor and Vernon on doing all the work, a thankless task. Good on yer!

Results:

Best Novice	Mick Edwards	14 lost
1st Class Novice	M. Curtis	15 lost
	D. Wagstaff	28 lost
	Steve Butterworth	45 "
	G. Moss	45 "
	T.S. Moss	50 "
	Tim Clark	51 "

Best over 40	John Cantrell	26 lost
	R. Caw	67 "
	Ron Hulme	67 "
Best Youth A	Carl Neath	19 lost
1st Class A	Andrew Cantrell	24 "
	A.J. Smith	25 "
Best Youth B	Philip Repton	29 "
1st Class B	R. Greeves	62 "
Best Youth C	P. Wagstaff	76 lost
1st Class	G. Farnell	88 "

KEN R.

COMING EVENTS

28th Sept. Duron 3 - Round of Club Championships - HAWKS NEST.

Apply: John East, 7 Level Lane, Burbage, Buxton

26th Oct. Fisher Trophy - Round of Club Championship and our Round of Centre Championship
HARRAT GRANGE PEAK FOREST

Apply: Carrol Thomas, 3 Mount Drive, Urmston, Manchester

KEN R.

THIRD NON-WINNERS TRIAL - COALMINE MARPLE July 17th 1980

He did it again! Andrew Cantrell three time winner of the non-winner series this year showed once more that its high time we moved him into the invitation class with another cracking ride to take the A Class Premier, losing only 25 marks on a course that made everyone work.

Runner up Paul Turner (yet another Majesty) riding with a lot of confidence took the second spot, dropping 44 along the way. The first class award went to Carl Machin a rider who improves every trial.

B Class, unfortunately this class is suffering badly this year from lack of entries, due to the extension of the age limit in the C Class. Nevertheless lets not take away the fact that Paul Atkinson, who convincingly won the class, only dropped 83 over the same sections as the senior lads. With an entry of only five we finish up with the runner up having lost 146 marks. A little unusual still well done Giles Pedersen.

Rob Vaughan and Bill White Fantic v Yamaha battled out the C Class over 4 laps, only to finish both on 60. The award going to Rob on cleans 22 against Bills 12.

D Class won with comparative ease by young John Shirt showing lots of style and skill for his tender years (wish I'd been born on a bike). Matthew Barber always trying and showing lots of courage was rewarded with the runner up spot.

For the first time in this series, we included an invitation event for the lads who have won at Open to Centre level and therefore don't qualify for the non-winners event. From the entry we received it would seem to be a class worth including. Nine entries any one of them capable of winning, to stretch them a bit we made them do an extra lap of the ten section course. One mark split the result with Philip Repton the victor from Carl Heath. Philips win all the more commendable, as he is still a B Class rider.

So another trial over, a few felt it was perhaps a bit hard but most enjoyed the challenge. We gave observers prizes for the first time. The ladies was won by Mrs. Barbara Wright and the gents by (would you believe it) Ted Hawker. My thanks to all helpers and a special thanks to landowner Brian Roebuck.

JIM CAPPER
(YOUTH SECRETARY)

Edinburgh Trial - October 1980

The intrepid party hellbent on losing a nights sleep with the maximum discomfort set off into the night - sounds good doesn't it - anyway Brian Starkie on the 500 Horizontal Honda Wheelmobile, Peter Potts and Ron Armsden on the Suzuki 370 outfit, John Boothroyd 500 Triumph, Walter Boothroyd 500 Triumph, Peter Lockwood 500 Triumph, Phil Rosson 400 Suzuki DR and last but certainly not least John Wards everlasting 250 MZ again fresh from its continental tour, rode from Ferodo car park at 8.0 p.m. on Friday to the trial start at Coventry and apart from a stop for a beer on route the journey was uneventful until Brian threw the Honda away with 30 miles to go. However, very little damage occurred other than a slight loss of spirit. The start was duly reached and after signing on and getting the bikes scrutineered, 2.0 a.m. Saturday soon arrived with the first man due off at 2.01 a.m. towards Burton-on-Trent some 70 miles away and as it so happened very wet miles they were along the A444 to arrive at Atking Cafe Findern by 3.30 a.m. for breakfast. We were restarted from here some hour or so later in the direction of Matlock and Two Dales at Darley to arrive by 6.0 a.m. after having saved Phil from the law after his headlight bulb filaments had blown but he was fortunate, a fellow competitor was better prepared and a new bulb changed hands for two pounds.

Here we were issued with our official trial numbers and set-off towards the first sections Putwell 1 & 2 just as dawn was breaking, the section were reasonable for starters and a restart on wet limestone in the second section found grip a bit wanting.

Next followed the infamous Litton Slack, Nr. Millers Dale, consisting of a 200 yard climb on limestone and wet grass, well, with running the MZ on pneumatic road tyres I decided that the only chance was to be first up before the surface deteriorated and reached the 'A' line before losing grip completely, which was about two thirds of the way up. The trial tyre brigade appeared to have no trouble despite having a compulsory 'G' box stop and restart mid way up, Walter Boothroyd was noticed waving a leg when the Triumph began to falter but recovered and came through the ends in style. Highcliffe, Nr. Eyam was next with some delay whilst the section was set out, as well I think we were early, this is a steep rocky climb between stone walls and apart from the M.Z. requiring foot assistance, everyong else was clean. Millstone Edge group of sections included a timed special test which when ridden unseen was a bit vague as to what direction one should take and following this came the steep climb at Bamford Clough which having had its surface slightly repaired was fairly easy.

Onwards to Hagg Side just off the Snake Road where a long delay occurred, but it was a good group of two sections with a slippery restart in the second which caused some footing, Haydale followed with its slippery limestone surface which Peter Potts said was better later when the chairs arrived as it had started to dry out. Near Combes Reservoir section ten appeared, New Turnstead, which although not difficult goes on and on and on, riders actually lose marks by stopping too early not realising the length of the climb, and at noon we arrived at Taxal with its tight corner and stop and go test, Phil Rosson was seen with legs dragging as he restarted, hope you kept them off the ground! All that remained now was the special test and section on Old Long Hill, the test consisted of starting from a line riding to stop astride another line some 30 yards away reversing the front wheel back over the line and riding forwards again to finally stop astride a third line, a time being taken from start to finish. The chairs and cars were a better spectacle than solos on this and finally a simple section consisting of a chicane which I doubt anyone failed.

The finish was at Buxton Pavillion Gardens, signing off at your appropriate time some eleven hours and 150 miles after starting.

114 solos and sidecars entered, most opting to run on trials tyres including a 1000 cc Kwacker and a 650 cc BMW, both road bikes, some like myself rode on road tyres but this class is poorly supported, any aspiring road men may well enjoy this event, without turning the bike into scrap, if you feel you need a challenge come and see if you're oriental crud can surpass East German excellence !

JOHN WARD
MZ 7 DAY ORIGINAL AGAIN !

Tour de I.S.D.T. September 1980

A trip to France - Brioude to be exact seemed a good idea and after the initial enthusiasm of those with only intentions of being interested because of nowt else to do had waned, it was down to Peter Potts and Dave Eaton on Guzzi V50s and the inevitable M.Z. 7 day original.

We met at noon on the Saturday at the Duron car park and rode to Southampton for the night ferry to Le Havre and once embarked attempted to sleep on a reclining seat, but this was so anatomically designed as to encourage us to spend the night in the bar. Apart from Dave who died in his seat until the early hours. In the pale cold light of 7 a.m. the boat docked and Le Havre didn't look particularly inviting, but we were soon underway with Peter leading on the "wrong" side of the road towards the Pont de Tancarville where a 1 franc toll was required and as I had only a 50 franc note the frog in the toll booth didn't seem overjoyed to give me most of his change. We droned on through flat fields on relatively flat roads which seemed unending towards Chartres and mid afternoon stopped for a cuppa by the roadside in hot sun.

As 300 miles came and went, rain started and soon turned into a thunderstorm somewhere about Moulin, traffic still moves at the same speed despite everything being in a ball of spray and we decided to find a campsite having reached Gannat, about 355 miles from Le Havre, two tents were quickly pitched in a lull of the storm and we went into town for a meal, but some 3 hours later it was still pouring and lightning when we made our way back to the site. I vaguely recollect the lightning lighting up the tent during the night, together with the rain beating loudly on the canvas. However, morning eventually arrived and we hadn't been washed away or fused to the metal tent pole, although Daves Guzzi had fell over during the early morning, fortunately without damage. After a brew and a wash we packed up and set off for Clement Ferrand, this now being Monday morning and apart from a breakfast stop at a roadside cafe we reached the first signs of the I.S.D.T. just before Brioude, with a hot sun now out we spread various bits of clothing over the roadside barrier where they soon dried, whilst we watched the competitors through a roadside check.

A campsite was decided as the next priority and Lempdes provided a fine municipal site for about 50p (5 francs) a day. The local rivers were all in full flood from the previous days rain and the Allier which runs nearby was said to be 12 feet above normal, so we were relieved to see the site quite dry. Pitching was hot work and as the mountains of luggage came off the bikes so the layers of clothing came off us. Finally ending up stripped to the waists. The Guzzi owners club seemed to have congregated on the site together with trail and enduro enthusiasts from various nations but mainly Germany judging from the snatches of conversation overheard. A meal that evening at a local hotel provided much amusement trying to translate the menu and being surprised at what finally arrived.

The next day Tuesday - day two of the trial - we rode into Brioude about 20 miles away to see the competitors starting. Finally going to the special test circuit at Verneuge where for 5 francs the competitors could be watched whilst sitting on the hillside opposite the circuit. The screaming 50 and 125 cc machines came through first on the very twisty circuit and it was more pleasant when the 250 and over arrived, the new M.Z. machines seeming to pull well without particular revs. or the noise of the old six day model and the BMWs may not have been the quickest but certainly sounded well. BMW had a mobile exhibition on the parking field and we examined the GS800 which with some more development may make a worthy successor to the M.Z., but I feel they may also need to knock about two grand off the price before I would consider it. Peter and myself left Dave spectating and drove back to the site through a small town called Massiac, having negotiated the local ford - which seemed a pity to miss.

Wednesday saw us south of Brioude at a time check situated in the village of St.Arcons de Allier and the opportunity of watching the support crews refuelling and the bikes being fettled prior to clocking in, the MZs were studied at close quarters and kick starting with a forward arc lever onto the crankshaft was evident. All lubricants were Castrol, which for the Communist Bloc, must have received special dispensation. The local gendarmes leant against their Renaults whilst sunning themselves and blowing the occasional whistle just to add a certain amount of confusion to the mix of local traffic and competitors and quite oblivious to the fact that most bikes were doing wheelies along the full length of the main street.

As the sun became too hot to stand around in we decided to go to Le Puy which was some 50 miles south in the Volcanic Region of Auvergne and the small town is quite impressive with rocky mounds some 200-300 feet high rising abruptly out of the relatively flat valley. After a brief stroll round we motored smartly back over some good twisting and hilly roads through villages which looked as though time had passed them by, with harnessed oxen in the fields and elderly Frenchmen pushing barrows of vegetation along the main streets whilst old women sat on their doorsteps in the sun and watched the world go by. On arriving back at the campsite the M.Z. was checked for loss of power (complaints from Guzzi owners of twice the MZs capacity) and apart from a plug gap of about 50 thou. the unit was O.K. so a new plug was fitted - can't understand it, the plug was new before the Lands End trial at Easter.

Thursday was a lazy start and we did some shopping having parked the bikes illegally in a "Disc Bleu" area and with Peters ability to point to the required goods and mime to sometimes translate the price correctly, we coped without causing too much confusion to the local shopkeepers. As the sun again became too warm to stay in town - what a bore - we headed for the hills to a rocky climb where the competitors toiled up the hot dusty hillside and watched in the comparative comfort of a few straggly bushes giving a little shade. There's no doubt the big BMs make a better spectacle than all the buzzing 125 ccs put together, so after watching the entry for a couple of hours we had a brew and set off for St. Flour along a nice winding road with sharp bends, finally ending up on an unsurfaced mile or so of N9 main road which was nearly as good as some trails, the M.Z. was going like a train with its new plug and Peter said it made a nice change to get the Guzzi into top gear !

Friday after a brief visit to part of the trials course, we decided to split the journey back as none of us fancied packing up and motoring some 430 miles on the same day. Tours was reached just before dark and the tents hastily erected at a site near the river, but discretion became the better part of valour when thoughts of leaving the site for a meal became imperative, as with the one way systems and fly overs which surrounded the site it was doubtful whether we could have relocated it, especially in the dark. So we settled for a small local cafe serving only omlettes and bier.

Saturday dawned warm with thick mist almost all the 50 miles to Le Mans and a pleasant meal was had at a roadside cafe, made even better by the waitress speaking a little English. Onwards to the coast through the endless speed limit signs, 45 rappel, 60 rappel, 90 rappel of which no one seemed to take much notice, to arrive at the tourist trap of Honfleur, a pretty little harbour some 40 miles from Le Havre. As our French coins would not be any use to take back we soon spent our loose change, as prices here were somewhat different than inland and food was purchased for tea time - 1 metre of pain plus a good segment of fromage. The inevitable brew was fired up at the roadside just out of town - think we must have left a trail of teabags at about 50 mile intervals to mark our route. A final run into Le Havre to arrive some 2 hours early for the night ferry and having a chat with other riders waiting for the boat, rounded off the day.

An uneventful if uncomfortable night passed - the bar closed early - and the ferry docked at 7 a.m. into a misty morning. On disembarking Peters Guzzie wouldn't start and after a few anxious minutes he found the stop switch switched off and all was saved. A swift run back through the mist to Oxford, where a good breakfast was had at the Little Chef at Shipton on Stour, onwards to Lichfield and Ashbourne to arrive home about 1.30 p.m. Dave Eatons Guzzie was burnt off somewhere before Lichfield, that will teach him to criticise MZs running on burnt out plugs! Total trip 1,600 miles, 20 galls petrol = 80 mpg at a running speed of about 65 mph or 5000 revs min. Enjoyable weather, good roads, but distances are vast, especially when the road can be seen straight for several miles.