

APRIL 80

THE MANCHESTER '17' MOTOR CYCLE CLUB

(Founded 1935)



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

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BOB & SILVIA CORTEEN AND THEIR FAMILY WISH TO
CONVEY THEIR HEARTFELT AND GRATEFUL APPRECIATION
FOR YOUR KIND THOUGHTS AND EXPRESSIONS OF
SYMPATHY WHICH HAVE DONE MUCH TO HELP AND SUPPORT
THEM IN THEIR RECENT SAD BEREAVEMENT.

GOD'S LOVE, MANIFEST THROUGH HIS CHILDREN HAS
GIVEN THEM THE STRENGTH AND COURAGE TO FACE THE
DIFFICULT DAYS AHEAD.

MANY THANKS FOR ALL YOUR SUPPORT.

23, Meadow Bank
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APRIL 1980

Editors Jottings

At last the weather changed, it stopped raining, the sun came out and those distant moorlands caught fire again, filling the air with dense smoke and fumes, causing the unwary motorists to run into each other, why they can't slow down before they enter the smoke I'll never know.

The trip of a lifetime.

With more hot days to follow motorcycling becomes an even greater pleasure, out onto the open road, fields either side, birds singing, cattle gently grazing, life is really pleasant. You can't be blamed for thinking that this can't last for long. For round the next bend the two man council team are waiting, and wallop your in their grip, I refer to the Great One Mr. T. Tar-spraying and Mr. G. Gravel-chip, what was a road is now kerb to kerb manholes. Good job there is no traffic about, back wheel going one way, front wheel spitting great lumps of green stone chips all over the paintwork. At last stopped "WOT SIGNS MATE", came the reply from some one clearly not on our side. "WOT BRUSH MATE", "WE LET THE TRAFFIC THROW THE EXCESS ON TO THE KERB AND THEN BRUSH UP NEXT WEEK", "THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD CLEARS ITSELF", "BLOODY DANGEROUS THEM THINGS ANYWAY". Its hardly surprising is it, it wasn't meant to be used on manholes. I am the first to ask for better roads and cleaner surfaces, but why can't they sweep up as they go along or at least at the end of the working shift, also why it must be done when the weather is at its hottest thus not allowing the tar to set and the stones to stick.

A DIFFERENT TRIP OF A LIFETIME

Glyn Mellor that well known star of ACU and RAC training school fame, also a keen ralliest is off Globe trotting on his bike. Glyn and his friend Andy Scott plan to ship from London to Montreal, Canada over land to New York, down to California which should be about September, on to San-Francisco then by boat to Australia and riding to Sydney. Glyn says he'll use about 300 gallons of petrol and cost £2000 and he will have to work his way home. All the very best to Glynn and Andy, have a good safe trip from all of us at M/c '17' MCC.

Secretarys Zit

"What time d'you call this?" - a traditional greeting from rally sec. Alan Toft as we pulled into the car park of the Windmill Inn on the Chester Road. The rest of the group - Paul Rushton, Mike Edmonds, Tony & Sue Noble and Lee Watson were waiting in the pub (as is customary!)

It had been raining all morning and only stopped as we left the Windmill (its usually the other way round), to wend our weary way to Church Stretton for the PISTON BROKE RALLY (nearly as good a name as the Flying Wotsit Rally, but we won't go into that!)

As we were getting towards Oulton Park, Lee's Honda 250 started misfiring badly (don't tell Graham Watson!). He decided to proceed slowly for a few miles and if it didn't clear itself he would turn back, so we went on ahead.

By the time we reached Whitchurch, several of our intrepid band were making strange gestures to imply that they needed to answer the call of nature and as it had started raining hard, I decided it was a good time to stop for coffee (who's a fair-weather motorcyclist?)

We dripped into the Little Chef, much to the amusement of the other customers and removed several layers of waterproofs, flooding the place with water.

Several of our club gannets decided it was as good a time as any to start eating and promptly ordered half the menu. To quote Alan Toft, the service was "like lightning - never strikes twice in the same place", so it was nearly an hour before we ventured out again into the pouring rain.

Although there were some heavy showers, it was a great ride down, and the area around Shrewsbury is lovely for camping weekends.

The camp site was in a lovely spot by a stream in a narrow valley with trees on both sides. Unfortunately there were no toilets on site so you either waited for the pub to open or made your own arrangements in the purist rally fashion. As we pulled into the site, Lee was already there, wondering where we had got to!

When we went to sign in at the Control we were greeted by the now familiar cry of "Where's my Dead Ants badge?" At long last the badges have arrived and have now been distributed by Alan but it has been a headache for many months.

Christine Chesham and Nettie had turned up and Ian Mackenzie turned up later, so it was a good turnout for us again. We handed out a number of invitations that evening for the Dead Ants Rally to people we knew. Bookings are coming in fast now with over 50 tickets sold already, and there are still four months to go. It looks like we will have to turn many people down as we should reach our limit of 400 several weeks before the rally.

Trevor Cowdrey has agreed to organise the catering this year and has promised to make a considerable improvement on last years somewhat unhygienic conditions in the food tent. The only job not allocated so far is that of organising the games, including the now internationally famous Dead Ant game, brilliantly devised last year by Frank Pickard.

The camping weekend at Ryton XI Towns over the weekend of the 21st June was an unqualified success with an excellent turnout of 28 people camping and 15 more arriving on the scenic run on the Sunday, led by Graham Watson.

Barbara Charnock was the first to arrive at the site at 5.30 p.m. Friday afternoon, just in time to see the pub closing from lunchtime!

Simon Godby and myself arrived around 6.15 after putting up Castrol arrows en route. At this point I have to report a disaster: when we arrived there was a horse in the field. Now we had fastened the club flag to the field gate so that members would know they had come to the right place. As we were putting the tents up, Alan noticed that the horse was up by the gate and appeared to be eating the flag. I ran up to the gate and chased away the horse, but by that time it had eaten a large chunk out of the flag! Our profuse apologies to Mrs. Hoxworth - John said she won't believe it and when I saw it I couldn't believe my own eyes!

We congregated in the pub after tea and more members arrived in dribs and drabs during the evening. Last to arrive was Paul Tootall at quarter past eleven, after fitting a new rear tyre to his bike.

On the way in we had looked for the nearest chip shop - we needn't have bothered, as a mobile chippy stopped outside the pub at half-past eleven.'

Over breakfast the next morning we decided to have a run to Llangollen. As we set off, Tony and Sue Noble, Paul Rushton and Mike Edmonds were packing up to go to the Chieftains Rally in Scotland. They had pre-booked for this rally before the camping weekend was organised, but not wishing to miss the camping weekend, they came down on Friday night and went to Scotland on the Saturday.

After a walk round Llangollen it started to rain heavily, so we all dashed into a little cafe, and planned a scenic route back to the site whilst we had morning coffee.

It certainly was a scenic route - over 20 miles of single track road, up and down steep hills, the worst of which was a downhill 1 in $3\frac{1}{2}$ that had recently been tar-sprayed.

As I came around the last bend before the camp-site, I was confronted by the strange sight of Simon Godby scraping his undercarriage on the road (not a pretty sight) throwing a wobbler and threatening to demolish a stone wall. Much to my surprise, he managed to stay aboard and was just as well for his sake and mine! I think it worried him a bit too - that'll learn 'im!

We all had a good sing-song in the pub that night, and we were all surprised when Les Fader turned up, had a pint and left! Long way to go for a drink Les.

At around 12.30 on Sunday morning there was a rumble in the hills. Was it a bird? was it a plane? was it Simon snoring? No, it was Graham Watson and John Hoxworth with the club run!

After a drink and a chat they moved on to complete their tour of the beautiful countryside around Salop and North Wales.

It was a very enjoyable weekend with a very good turnout and everybody agreed that we must do it again soon.

Lastly, I have been asked to point out that the PEAK ROAD TRIAL has got all the green lights from the RAC, ACU, the Police etc., which is an achievement in itself. 46 marshalls are needed for the event on AUGUST 17th, and I can recommend it as a good day out for competitors and marshalls. Names as soon as possible to Paul Tootall or Frank Pickard.

IAN BOTTOMLEY
YAMAHA XS750 - 7 day original

Social Secretarys Spot

When I took the job as being top-dog in the S.S. (Social Scene) one of the things I intended to do, was organise trips for members of the club to places of interest.

So I wrote a few letters to both British manufacturers of bikes (every single two of them) and also to the importers of foreign machines. One of the nicest replies I received was from Martin Hemingway of C.C.M. Ltd. who said in his letter that the '17' club was one of the 'proving grounds' for their bikes and that he would be pleased to show us round the C.C.M. factory.

This then led to the :

"Trip to C.C.M." (March 1st)

Fifteen of us should have met at Roscoes round about, but only about ten people actually left there for the trip up to Bolton. Of course being Manchester '17' Motor Cycle Club, we all travelled in cars with the exception of Frank Pickard (foolhardy fellow) who rode his new CX500. Before setting off, he told me not to go above 90 mph as he was still running the bike in; 90 in that hunk-a-junk of mine he must be joking. I would have gone on my bike but as the temperature was below 90^oF I didn't want to risk catching a cold and on top of that, the bike isn't very reliable over long distances.

So we set off up the motorway with me leading like a Mother Hen with all the chicks behind me when suddenly, about 5 miles from Bolton I looked in my mirror and saw a horde of motorcyclists (actually, there were 2 bikes but as Dave Searle was on one of them it then becomes a horde) rapidly catching us up and it was Rick Allan, Keith Williams and D.S. who later related the tale of woe of fourth man Paul Collier on his CX.

We arrived at C.C.M. and then Mr. Hemingway proceeded to show us round the factory, where we saw all the aspects of the bikes manufacture but to me the most interesting was where the frame was made. Well constructed beautifully welded and extremely light. These seemingly small items, from a personal point of view, highlighted the difference between a European made bike and a Japanese made one, I form the impression that at C.C.M., the workforce take pride in building their machines whilst in Japan, the workers, as good as they are, couldn't care whether they were building transistor radios or T.V. sets. At C.C.M. they take pride in building real motorcycles.

Anyway, we said our goodbyes and thank you's and then, individually, found our way home. Of course before leaving everyone wanted a free sample! A most interesting trip.

P.S. There were some disappointed members of the club who put their name down for the C.C.M. trip but as numbers were limited to 15 people per trip, I couldn't please everyone. However, Mr. Hemingway assured me that at the end of their busy period (October onwards), we would be able to have another trip for those who missed out.

Another of the things I would like to do on club nights, is to organise quizzes and games because when I was an ordinary club member, I used to get pretty bored at times.

The first quiz that Rick Allan and I organised was a Wall Quiz on Feb. 5th with lots of pictures etc. for people to try and identify. When the first entry forms started to be handed back in for checking, they revealed that a couple of our female club members had pulled a fast one by picking everyone elses brains - so they were disqualified.

Anyway at the end of the night a clear winner emerged in Dave Searle, followed with a tie for 2nd place between Andy Gregory and ?????? Albert Godknows, so we held a tie-breaker with Andy winning. It gave me great pleasure to present Dave with a tin of Linklyfe for his shaft drive Guzzi - although he later told me that the next day he went out and bought an M.Z. with a knackered chain so that he could use his prize on it.

Andy's prize was fork oil (just enough for one leg). If Andy had won the competition, instead of coming second I would have given him 2 bottles of fork oil, so I suggested that in the other fork leg he puts undiluted washing-up liquid, it has excellent damping qualities.

Youth Night Quiz

This was held on Wednesday evening, Star Date 14.5.80.

Due to the unmitigating success of the quiz which we had on March 25th, I was approached by Jim Capper and Roy Potts who between them organise the Youth Section of the '17' club, to help in organising a similar competition for them.

The quiz was identical in format; the only difference being the questions were mainly general knowledge and, of course, everyone was trying to impress one another by answering questions out of turn to prove that THEY weren't educated at a Comprehensive school.

Rita Potts was the best example of trying to answer every question, even if it was the oppositions turn. She later told me that the school that she went to must have been good, as it had been approved by the Government!

Another poor lad was so tired and weak, I gave him his darts back 3 times before he managed to get one to stick in the board!

At the end of the evening, Keith and Knickerless Haining and Wendy Capper with son Tim who were Team A, dead heated for 1st place with Team C which comprised Peter Hallam with sons Mark and Peter and mother-in-law Vera Wolstenholme, but after a tie-breaker Team A proved to be the winners.

I hope and like to think that everyone enjoyed themselves.

On a more serious note it must be remembered that the '17' club is predominantly a Trial riding club and with the Youth Trial Section in its infancy it must not be allowed to founder, as these boys are the '17' clubs future and therefore, I feel that Jim Capper would greatly appreciate ANY form of help from the Senior Trials riding boys.

Dart Board Quiz

As I promised previously at the outset of my term of office, Rick Allan and I organised another quiz which was the Dart Board Quiz held on March 25th.

Six teams competed and each team consisted of three people. Questions were equally divided between motorcycling and general knowledge (I would have preferred the questions to have been solely on motorcycles, but you just try and get 200 questions! !). Rick set the general knowledge questions besides thinking up the idea of how the quiz should be run and I just about scraped together 100 motorcycle questions.

As is the norm with the '17' club, people were clamouring to enter the quiz and in fact, it was left to relative newcomers to the club and 2 teams from the Macclesfield Road Riders to make up the competitors.

Although there was a certain amount of dart throwing skill involved, it was of no use at all if you were an excellent dart thrower, but answered the question wrongly and vice versa.

I was pleasantly surprised to find that the younger competitors including the girls, had an excellent knowledge of motorcycling facts - both modern and ancient - in fact more than I anticipated.

The youngest team consisting of Paul Harrison, Stephen Jackson and Andrew Jackson, were the eventual victors and their prizes were tins of O-KO puncture repair kits and the Macclesfield Road Riders "A" team were runners-up and their prizes were a tin of Gunk each to wash the oil from their oily and greasy Oriental engined machines.

I would like to thank Rick Allan for his work but, above all, many thanks to the people who entered the quiz and for making it an enjoyable night.

Scenic Road Runs

We don't have any!

Between Easter and the end of May - 6 or 7 weeks - when we had really beautiful weather, not one single scenic run has been organised. Disgraceful I say.

Potentially new members of the club quite often ask me about scenic runs and who organises them and I then feel quite embarrassed when I reply don't know. Surely ANYONE could organise a pure road run- there's very little to organise, just the bikes themselves and off you go - even a map isn't vital (unless, of course you tend to get lost outside Stockport).

Therefore, every week there will be a poster displayed with the date of the next Scenic Run and where we intend (but not necessarily!) to end up. I shall try to ensure that there is one held in the summer months at least, once a month - preferably more.

If I personally, am unable to attend a particular run, then I feel sure that another member of the road-riding fraternity(?) would gladly lead the Scenic Run. So, if you fancy a run out on a Sunday, put your name down (with 'phone number, if possible) on the poster and then just open the throttle and enjoy yourself - but not while you've still got the pen in your hand'

GOOD RIDING

Graham Watson & John Hoxworth

(Soc. Sec.)

(Membership Sec.)

Club Captains Spot

A Day with the B.M.F.

Having experienced the BMF rally in 1979 and having memories of 20,000 bikers in one place with trade stands, demonstrations sunshine and good twisty roads, this years rally was a must.

On Sunday morning I took the CX down to the Robin Hood to be met by Dave Nurse and friend with their MZ's, Ric Innocent with his 750 Seeley Honda, Rick Allen, GS850, Al Toft, Gold Wing and Andy and Niel with their 400N and Z500 respectively.

We left at 9.15 with the sun starting to warm our backs, the route laid out was Macclesfield, Leek, Ashbourne, Derby, Loughborough then across country by the A6006 and A606 to Peterborough with the East of England Showground to the right of the A1.

The first sight we got of the rally was sun glistening off chrome on the fields of the showground. We entered the field, paid our thrity bob and parked up. It was at this point we noticed how many bikes were around. It was amazing, bikes everywhere you cared to look, so many that last years record attendance must have been beaten. It was also at the point we found Al Toft was missing. The reason it took so long is because the group split in two and rejoined on the rally site, each half thinking Al was with the other. I found out the following Tuesday at the club that his Wing was showing funny handling characteristics so he turned back and headed home, (so near yet so far).

We divided ourselves up into smaller groups and with the instruction to meet back at the bikes at 6.00 p.m. started to wander around the stands. I was getting quite a bit of ribbing from Rick A. because of my interest in the brit bits offered on various stalls (or rusting pieces of metal as Rick put it) with thought of obtaining a twin leading shoe front brake for my B.S.A. A7, if anyone knows the whereabouts of an 8" specimen I would be interested (brake plate dummy).

Apart from the stands in the main area, we were treated to some astounding tricks on bikes by the 'Nine Angels' an all girl group of stunt riders and the well known Imps. There was a Tug of War competition with last years winners retaining their title and the ever popular Miss BMF competition, the lass that won was a peach and even rode her own Ducati Desmo.

With the rally officially closing at 5.00 p.m. there was time for a last look around the stalls before heading back to the bikes. Our final 'entertainment' of the rally was watching some nutter on an X7 Suzuki two up ploughing into a stationary B.M.W. when it was racing around the field. The X7 ended up with a badly rearranged front end and the BM had one of its rocker covers cracked. I wonder if the X7 owner got home?

We left at 6.15 and once we left the main body of traffic once more got down to enjoying the twisty bits on the way home. With a stop, for liquid refreshment at Waterhouses, we were home for 9.30.

It really is a worthwhile day out, well worth the money and I strongly recommend next years rally to those that have not yet experienced a day with the BMF.

Frank Pickard

Trials Secretarys Spot

Youth Team Trial - Arbor Low - 4th April 1980

With the withdrawal of Shirty's Rocks one week before the team trial, much reorganising was needed to obtain the use of Arbor Low at such short notice.

Many thanks must be given to JOHN CANTRELL, RON HULME, JOHN GARLICK, KEN ROBERTS and RON WEALE for invaluable assistance in getting this trial "off the ground".

BRIAN GREEN was Secretary of this event ably assisted by myself.

As representative teams of Cheshire Centre Youth Clubs some of the best riders in the centre were on view. Beautiful sunny weather and an entry of eleven teams promised a good days sport.

Favourites for the Best Team Award had to be the Stoke A team with riders of the calibre of Mark Holland, Ian Borill and Carl Heath, it was certain that they would be the team to beat. A glance at the results sheet shows that JOHN, RON and KEN had set up a nicely balanced course taking just the right amount of marks to give a good result and a competitive days riding for everyone.

The most suprising and satisfying feature of the day was the MANCHESTER '17' A TEAM taking the runners up prize. Congratulations go to ANDREW CANTRELL, PHIL REPTON, PETER HALLAM and ROBIN DIXON for a really first class ride.

RESULTS

Best Team Award	Stoke A	42
Runners up	Manchester '17' A	68
3rd	Cheshire Youth Trials Club A	103
4th	Congleton A	155
5th	Denbigh+Mold A	171
6th	C.Y.T.C. B	207
7th	Congleton B	225
8th	Manchester '17' B	278

(MARK HALLM, TIM CAPPER, PAUL TURNER, KEVIN MOSS)

9th	C.Y.T.C. C	313
10th	Stoke B	339

Youth Club Nights

Along with the revitalised youth trials a monthly club night has been arranged two of which have already been successfully held. The idea is to encourage both parents and lads to get together to share ideas and strengthen the youth section.

Good attendances on both the evenings held so far have been very encouraging, I hope that this report will increase the numbers even more. Films, games and discussions are the general pattern so Mums, Dads and sisters are welcome too. ROY POTTS is the Youth Committee Social Secretary so suggestions for any "entertainment" for Club nights should be directed to him.

Dates for your diary:

Youth Club Evenings, 8.0 p.m. Robin Hood Hotel (Private Room).

May 14th	Club night
May 18th	Youth Trial
June 25th	Club Night
June 29th	3rd round of Cheshire Centre Youth Championship
July 16th	Club Night
July 27th	Youth Trial
August 17th	Novice Youth over 40 Trial
August 20th	Club Night
August 31st	Youth Trial
September 24th	Club Night
September 21st	Novice Youth over 40 Trial
October 15th	Club Night
November 12th	Club Night
December (Xmas)	Club night to be arranged.

JIM CAPPER (YOUTH TRIALS SEC.)

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Whats all this nonsense about a 'CZ ORIGINAL' or is it '1 DAY ORIGINAL'. Does the man not realize that there are quite a few other bikes that do a lot better than his, on and off the road? In fact some even go faster.

SIZZLING SUZIE ?

Just Running in for Easter

On Good Friday the relentless MZ, the trusty Triumph of Walter Boothroyd and the Honda Wheely Mobile of Brian Starkie set off to compete in the M.C.C. Lands End Trial. Our starting point was Bristol and a leisurely ride down was completed for 8.30 p.m. ready for a 10.20 p.m. start to ride through the night to eventually arrive at Newquay by Saturday afternoon. However, between Bristol and Newquay were some 400 miles including observed hills tackled in the dark, special tests, route finding, time schedules to keep and observed hills tackled in daylight.

The initial night road run of 90 miles from Bristol via Chippenham, Warminster to Sparkford was fairly easy and took just over 2 hours which need reasonable headlamp out-put, to maintain a steady 60 mph. Here we checked in and had a warming cuppa before being restarted about 1.30 a.m. towards the first of the night sections. This proved fairly easy and was cleaned even on the MZs road tyres. Next followed Sutcombe Hill again in the dark and with the muddy surface plus gradient, plus being unable to path pick with only the narrow tunnel of light from the headlight. The feet were soon down and moving like the proverbial bees wings to keep going and keep going it did, there was a lot of revving from Brians Honda as it came up next and I seem to remember him making some comment about losing his first class award already, machines on trials tyres are not allowed to foot. Several more gripless sections followed before daylight and at about 8.30 a.m. having crossed Exmoor we followed the Cliff Edge Road into Barbrook Mill to tackle Beggars Roost, possibly one of the best known sections and thankfully in daylight - it was a good climb with a steepening gradient of loose rocks and earth which had the MZ doing a wheely from a bit much grip unexpectedly arriving. Several more sections followed including Darracot I and II which were winding cambered rocky climbs and finally in the early afternoon as we motored smartly along the Bodmin Bypass trying to keep in sight a unicar (a Guzzi engined Moggy), Brian's rear tyre felt the need to puncture and ably assisted by Walter and his sparklet bulbs, we were soon underway again. The final sections called Blue Hills I and II were on the cliff edges at Perranporth and the Section II finally brought the MZ to a halt after two close coupled restarts on the rocky loose surface of about 1 in 3, all that was left now was the final run to Newquay and sign off at about 4.30 p.m., a natter with other finishers and we set off for our digs at Bodmin. On arriving we had covered some 600 miles in the last 24 hours. The following day we rode back to Stockport via Dartmoor, Exeter, Bristol, Gloucester etc. the total door to door mileage being 900. All that remained now was to point the MZ towards Scotland on the Easter Monday and join my wife for a holiday on the Isle of Bute and so a further 300 miles were eaten, giving 1,200 miles for the Easter weekend. No wonder the rear tyre was looking thin. The total maintenance for this was nil not even having to adjust the brakes, the only pain being some £20 for petrol and the motor's going like a train. Returning home at the end of that week clocked up 1,500 miles and the rear chain was still as nicely lubricated and adjusted as when it started.

JOHN WARD

The Pertpetual 7 Day Original M.Z.

Spring and Summer

How glad I am, that Spring/Summer is now here, for now when I come to the Robin Hood on a Tuesday night, the bikes just about equal the number of cars outside, for during the winter months especially, I was beginning to wonder whether the '17' was turning into a car club, there being only at most, under a dozen motorcycles parked outside the pub on club night. (Yes, I know that the '17' is at least half 'off-road' and perhaps that portion only own an untaxed off-road bike). But as above, Summer is all but here and the "posers" and part-time and fair weather motorcyclists have degreased, cleaned to a brilliant shine and re-taxed their machines, ready to do another one or two thousand miles whilst the weather is amiable, roll on winter!

W.K.WILLIAMS

A Day in the Wilderness

.....or could otherwise be called the TOUR OF WALES ENDURO. Four of us set off from Stockport at 6.45 a.m. to head for BALA, aiming to be there by about 9.0 a.m. the time schedule went awry at about Kelsall, this side of Chester, when it began snowing heavily. At PONTBLYDDYN we came across John Boothroyd who had run out of grip on the climb with his van and trailer, he offloaded his bike and we continued in deepening snow across the LLANDEGLA MOORS to eventually arrive at the start about 9.30 and BRIAN STARKIE just found us in time to say where his petrol was before he started - we were to be fueling him in the afternoon. Well thanks Brian for the battered leaking can that I finally managed to aerolastic onto the back carrier in an upright position, it smelt like driving a petrol bomb!

The route in the morning had been reduced due to snowy conditions and it was decided to make for check 7 some 15 miles away but as we chose backroads to get there the going was decidedly slow on icy ruts covered with snow, it was some miles from immediate anywhere that BRIAN GOUGHS MZ which had given starting problems was diagnosed to have a flat battery, but after swapping the battery from brother Grahams Honda life was restored and with time getting short we retraced our steps to head for check 9 at the BRENIG Dam. As we climbed upwards snow was drifting across the road in patches making cornering somewhat dodgy and when we stopped to find out the exact location of check 9 Brian's MZ appeared to finally give up so we had to leave Graham with him to do whatever you do to a dead bike in a snow storm. Arriving at check 9 high on the snow and wind swept foresty road we waited for the XR Honda of Brian Starkie to arrive, Brian Capper arrived on his MZ along the icy rutted road, he said it was hard work on trials tyres, but was managing to keep going despite being down on time, next came Paul Reynolds and Brian Green, who appeared O.K. for time, although Pauls throttle kept sticking at full bale, probably due to icing of the carburetter.

Many riders came and went but Brians Honda was not to turn up, so we decided to go back to the start. Peter Potts and John Boothroyd set off with the MZ following, but due to a misunderstanding I lost them and so headed back on the A5 leaving Peter and John following a snow covered B road into the back of beyond, strange to relate they came across Brian Starkie who after missing several checks was eventually making for check 12, the last before the finish. It was very pleasant to regain the cafe at THOMAS MOTORS at the start and have a welcome cup of coffee, after some five hours of being out in blizzard conditions. Having warmed up we set off home, not knowing what had become of the GOUGH brothers, the journey was wet and windy until just before LLANDEGLA Moors where a policeman was saying the road was closed and redirecting traffic via RUTHIN & MOLD, however we slipped round the block and tackled the moor road with its deep drifts and packed snow surface which was a bit tricky to say the least, especially as I had my son Peter on the pillion, which doesn't help stability. Peter Potts attempted to attack a roadside tree, but failed after bending his handlebars and just after this the MZ began misfiring and would only run at $\frac{3}{4}$ throttle, which was quite interesting as the rear wheel attempted to overtake the

front as it spun furiously on the snow. Well we finally reached PONTBLYDDYN where John Boothroyd had left his van and trailer and the MZ finally expired, so I wiped the wet and snow off the coil and in doing so felt the cylinder head which was almost completely cold, without doing anything further, I choked the motor which immediately started and ran normally. Peter Potts and myself set off towards Chester after having given John Boothroyd a lift to load his Triumph on the trailer and we had an uneventful ride the rest of the way home. I've not been out in such poor and varied conditions for a while having completed some 200+ miles of snow, rain, high wind and cold for pleasure?

Well done to Brian Capper for finishing the event on a converted road going MZ with trials tyres, despite being mixed in with enduro machines on knobbles.

JOHN WARD
M.Z. 7 DAY ORIGINAL

"My YAM is thy Shepherd" or How to get over 60 m.p.g. from a 750.

Ever tried to keep a 750cc bike, down to 30-35 mph on a run?

Well the day of the B.M.F Rally in Peterborough downs, instead of going either on my own or going with the 'road members' of our club I have elected to "shepherd" a group of young lads from the newly formed Stockport 100 Club to and from the Rally of the '17', solely for learner riders, there being no club catering for such riders in our area.

8.30 a.m. at Bredbury Youth Centre, there is, myself XS750 Yamaha, 2 X-1-100 cc Suzukis, 1 - 50cc ER Suzuki, 1 - 125cc Honda, 1 -250cc Honda and 1-CX500cc Honda, the latter two being 'brand new' and being run in, and only two present being full licence holders.

As all have arrived at the meeting point on time, we set off (everyone has full tanks as per common sense) with your truly bringing up the rear. Once on the Macclesfield road, all settled down to a steady 34 mph. the 'slow-peds' buzzing at around 8500 revs. and my Yam ticking over in top at around 2200 revs.

Through Macc. and on to Leek, the sun is shining, and the roads are dry, with little traffic and a 750 Kawazaki drones past and waves are exchanged all round. Five miles further on and the Kawazaki is parked by the roadside, wheelrim kissing tarmac, so we stopped and out comes my tin of Finelec. Just then I hear a familiar rattle, of what sounds like a bucket full of nails, look up and down the road comes Frank Pickard (Japanese Duke), Alan Toft (Lead Wing) and Rick Allen (Suzuki's poor copy of an XS750 Yam). Smiles and waves are exchanged Alan's usual two fingers - and they vanish into the distance

The good deed done, we press on through Derby, Loughborough and Leicester and on to Peterborough at a maximum of 35 mph., finally arriving at 2.00 p.m. - 5½ hours for 130 miles, talk about hard work! We arrange to meet back at the bikes and, then all split up to go round the Rally site. Having seen as much as we could in the short time available, we meet as arranged at 4.15 p.m. back at the bikes and at 4.30 p.m. set off on the homeward journey, pulling into the first petrol station to fill up.

All goes well until about 5 miles past Ashbourne, when one of the 50's grinds to a halt. The quick diagnosis is fuel problems, though he's plenty of petrol and oil in his tanks, obviously has a blockage somewhere, but not between tank and carb. So instead of roadside repairs out comes my ever-carried two-rope. Meanwhile the familiar sound (buckets of nails) repeats itself and I look up in time to see Frank Pickard and Alan Toft and others, vanishing into the distance. The tow-rope affixed, we press on to cover the final 40 miles, with no more trouble encountered.

After depositing my 'trailer', I go and fill up again, and go home, walking in the house at 9.30 p.m. 5 hours for the homeward 130 miles. Thus the figures read $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours to travel 260 miles which equal an average speed of just about 25 mph. I used 3.9 galls of petrol on the round trip, thus averaging $66\frac{1}{2}$ miles per gallon - from a 750 !!

W.K.WILLIAMS

Club Shop

I can offer the following to the club at discount, a minimum of 20% off.

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Gloves from £8.00

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Ferodo Brake Pads most makes 30% off

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350 x 19 " £15.50

Regrades Dunlop

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less 20%

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CHRIS MITCHELL

'phone 0253 886016 between 6 and 7 p.m.

Friday, Saturday, Sunday

B.M.F. Rally Peterborough - 11th May

What a great day for motorcycling - why weren't more of you there? especially as most of those that went did it by car - shame! Anyway Peter Potts gave his Guzzi V.50 a gallop, I gave the undefeatable MZ a mosey and John Yates gave his BMW whatever rhymes with BMW. a nice trip of 130 miles to arrive at the venue by 10.30 a.m.

In order to learn from last years mistake of taking twenty minutes to find the bikes before being able to set off home, we duly parked in a prominent position and initially made our way to the T.R.F. stand to offload our gear before strolling round the side stalls selling everything from badges to bugles, must be a comparison there somewhere! Parts for elderley Brits were in abundance alongside venerable Jap crap of 5-6 years old.

The day was a real scorcher and walking round in wellies and waxed trousers would have normally seemed out of place but with so many others similarly clad it seemed quite the norm. and considering there were 23,000 people there, whilst it was busy there were still plenty of grassy spaces to escape to.

Jim Maple was observed with some alpine horns from the Guzzi stand - always thought they were for mountain music not mounting music - up yer pipe as it were.

Having enjoyed the 'Imps'display in the central arena and wondered why the girls bothered, we left finger marks on highly polished machinery, Vincents Gold Store etc. you've got to feel it haven't you? At 4.30 we set off for home and apart from seeing a Honda four pour all its oil onto the road - dammed four strokes - we had an enjoyable day out arriving back home some 12 hours after leaving.

JOHN WARD
THE IRREPRESSIBLE MZ SUPA 7

A Good Day

Sunday 20th April, 7.30 a.m. insomnia, so I rise, dress and down for breakfast. Pick up MCN and see whats on, only two events that really interest. The Scarborough International and the Snetterton Newmarket Club Meeting. Instead of following the rest of the world to Scarborough, I decide to go to Snetterton and as it seems like being a nice warm day outside, just like yesterday was, just jeans and a couple of jumpers underneath my Belstaff top (I thought) would suffice. Plus my water-proof over-trousers, just in case, carried in my tank-bag.

After 'phoning a mate, making some butties, we meet at the Travellers Call in Bredbury, both arriving smack on our pre-arranged time of 8.30 a.m.

We set out, and come Macclesfield, I'm beginning to rue the fact that I am in 'Summer gear' for its cloudy and I'm cold already, with only a dozen miles done. Come the 'Little Chef' near Leek, I signal my mate that I'm pulling in, frozen to the core. Never have two steaming hot mugs of coffee been more welcome by yours truly. My mate of course has his winter gear on, so he's laughing at the sight of my hands shaking even more than a Motor Guzzi ticking over - if thats possible - with the cold.

After half an hour, I'm nice and warm again, and with only 30 miles done set off once again, vowing that if I'm freezing by Derby, then I'm turning back. Once off the Moors, and down into Ashbourne, the temperature seems to have risen a mite and by the time Derby appears its tolerable, not warm, but not cold. Onward, keeping up a nice legal pace, Leicester and Peterborough come and go, then my mate signals that he's switched to reserve, so we pull into the next open garage. We both fill up, and he's "sick as a parrot" to find that he's only averaged 42 mpg. on his 500 Kawasaki against my 52 mpg from my XS750 Yamaha "Paperclip"

After a couple of cigs and a 'leak' we press on and onto flat ten-hand roads and encounter a side-wind so strong that to ride in a straight line, we have to lean our bikes a good 10-15 degrees from the vertical. We're soon into Ducatti Country (Wisbech and Mick Walkers) and take the Thetford road, following the Dykes - nice short stretches punctuated by lovely sweeping bends, a pleasure to ride. We arrive just at the end of the second race, just before 1.00 p.m. with the trip-meter showing 198 miles travelled. We settle down in the Grandstand at the end of Rivets Straight, thankful of the shelter it afforded from the still blowing bitter wind.

The racing was simply 'magic'. Where else could you see, in one race, apart from the usual Laverda's, Ducatti's and GS 1000's, but also 500 Kwackes, XS1100 and XS 750 Yamahas, 500 Hagons and Weslakes, 350 Ducatti's, GSX1100 Suzukis, 250 Hondas, Cottons and Greeves and a CZS (no, not an MZ but a CZ!)

There were also a couple of single cylinder races with again, the Hagons and Weslake's and 350 and 250 Ducatti's, Aermacchi's, Suzuki's, Bultaco's, BSA's, SR Yamahas and also the Greeves and Cotton's - the rounds being music to the ears. The sidecar races also were a pleasure as well as the usual Imp and TZ engined outfits, were races for twin cylinder pushrod engined outfits. Time passed all too quickly and we decided that in order to arrive back home at a reasonable hour, to leave before racing ended, so at just on 4.00 p.m. we departed, still with a side-wind, but of course now on the opposite side from the outward journey.

We filled up at the same garage as going and then made good time before stopping at the Little Chef just 'our' side of Derby. Once again a couple of coffees and cigarettes and we were ready for off, agreeing that once through Ashbourne (being the homeward stretch so to speak) and it being a nice evening (no wind now), we'd 'wind it up a bit'. We arrived back at the Travellers Call in fine fettle and at just before 8.00 p.m., I walked in through my front door, with the memory of a 'good day' fresh in mind.

KEITH WILLIAMS

'Fools' Rally, Dymock, Nr. Ross-on-Wye. 28th March.

Friday afternoon saw several of the club finishing work early so we could get down to the rally as early as possible. Ken Turner (who never works - well not much anyway), and Susan Noble (my wife) and myself travelled down together. Mike Edmunds and Ian McKenzie blasted down on the CBX later and, as always, Paul Rushton wanted to be first there so took the afternoon off work and went down early. The weather had been quite wet the week before so we expected a wet site. On arriving we drove the bikes on the field and soon realised it was a mistake as it was literally a bog at least six inches deep. Paul was already there with only about two dozen other people, so there was no shortage of camping space. It is surprising how quick you can put a tent up if its threatening to rain and at this time it was. We sheltered in the large muddy beer tent although they only had cans and they had to be opened with a screwdriver! The rain was really lashing down now and a dripping wet Pete Lawton unexpectedly turned up followed by a dripping wet Mike and Ian. They were laughing at the idiots who'd taken their bikes on the field, not having seen ours parked near our tents.

We took a walk down to the local pub when the rain eased off and had a few (too many) jars to make the evening worthwhile. The rally was spoilt by the rain and the total lack of drainage on the field, plus the lack of organisation in the 'beer' tent. I think the name of the rally was fitting, we must all be fools, but as the saying goes "A good time was had by all".

In the morning we were moving on and decided to try and get off for 11.30 a.m. The first problem was getting the bikes off the field. This was a six man job (8 for Pauls bike) nearly carrying, instead of pushing, the bikes. We were bang on time, 11.30 a.m. and ready to go (unusual for us) or were we? Tony (thats me) couldn't find his keys. To cut a long story short after completely unpacking the bike and tent I found they had slipped down a hole in my pocket, down the lining of my pants and into my boots! As I said its unusual for us to get off on time - it was now 12.30 p.m. Eventually we got off with the sun shining on our way to the Ox Rally.

'Ox' Rally, Yeovil, Nr. Sommerset 29th March

Now this was better. The sun had been shining for most of the journey down and when we drove on to the rally site it was dry (at last). The field was huge, and although fairly populated already, had plenty of room for camping. We arrived about 5.00 p.m. (having stopped off for a beer on the way of course) and were upset to find we had missed a trip to the local cider brewery during the afternoon. The Ox Rally is something a bit extra from other rallies with a roast ox on the spit (its roast beef really) where everyone has a butty and a pint of cider, a folk group singing dirty songs (what at a rally), and a huge bonfire to keep the evening chill out. We again visited the local pub but were set back a little to find we were drinking Toby light! As can be imagined we didn't stay for many. Back at the site the group were in full swing, the bonfire was blazing away and the food and drink was being dished out. First things first we headed for the beer tent and were shocked when the price of a round was announced until the barman told us it was 35p deposit on each glass! It was obvious from the start this was a well organised rally, I've never seen a rally so alive at night before.

Next there was a Miss OX competition (come on Sue) where all the girls within about ten yards of the stage were carried up, willing or not, to compete. Each girl was interviewed and the crowd voted by cheering afterwards. Ken seemed to enjoy this event, we didn't see him for ages. Paul was having a good time knocking the jacket potatoes over near the roast ox and generally making a nuisance of himself, while Sue was being chatted up by this strange man who was trying to persuade her to go to a rally in Scotland next September. The night passed on and before we retired we had a wellie chucking competition. My throw landed on a Triumph and Sues hit Paul in the throat. I'm not sure who won. That strange man turned up again to tuck Paul into bed (for details see Paul) so we all collapsed into our tents.

The weather the next day was sunny and we all had the feeling of wanting to stay the week. We had to go eventually so we made tracks, stopping at Bath on the way and just scraping the money together for a pint and a game of space invaders each. To sum up our feelings about the OX Rally we all say "its a good un".

RIDE ON - TONY NOBLE

3rd International M.Z. Rally at Lauffen AM Neckar. Nr Stuttgart 26-27 April 1980

So it was decided in the Cowdrey Household that MUZ should go to visit his brothers and sisters. So duly the passport and insurance etc. were bought and Belg and German money were obtained; A few spares, (cables, lamps etc.) 5 bottles of 2 stroke oil and a spark plug also.

Mid afternoon on Thurs. 24th a heavily loaded Supa five called MUZ and crew blasted off for the unknown. At Derby the rain (which was to set the pattern for the entire weekend) started. On to the M1 and off again at Market Harborough, to Kettering and into Cambridge where we were stopped by a copper for some obscure reason; he didn't say. It was in Newmarket I realised time was going on at an alarming rate. I dug the spurs in and set off at a gallop only to be reduced to 20 mph behind a cattle truck with swine in (including the driver) for 10 miles or more, (very frustrating). Having eventually passed the blighter, we arrived on the docks at Felixstowe at 10.45 having filled up with fuel in the town.

We met the rest of the MZ owners on board, had a meal and a cup of tea and slept till 7.0 a.m.

I was first off the boat. How cold it was! just like winter and so a mighty bash across Belgium, Brugge, Gent, Brussels, Liege, as we drew to the frontier post at Aachen I noticed the fields all around had been fertilised with lime. It was when it became thick and also on the motorway verge, I realised it was SNOW! The German guards laughed at my amazement. It was some where near Rheinbach I met up with five German lads on Sapphires and we had a meal and tea and set off at the rate of knots, down via Koblenz, Bingen and into Ludwigshaven (for some unknown reason) out through Mannheim.

It was at this stage the water on the motorway became so bad the engine of MUZ cut out and I had to stop, dry everything out and put a new plug in. The splash and spray on those 2 lane motorways has to be seen to be believed, when I tell you that at 50 yds all you can see of a motorcyclist is his rear light and the top of his helmet, I am not exaggerating .

In these conditions you have the heavies in the 'slow' lane doing 60 and the 'Mercs' BMWs, Opels etc. blasting past at 100 to 120 so you don't exactly hang about yourself. The German drivers are very fast (even in the towns) but appear to be very safe. They do not appear to be harassed by the police at all. In fact we saw very few police all weekend.

One of the German lads came back for me on the otherside of the motorway, so I had to wait for him to find a place to turn under and come back. He eventually arrived and we set off and joined the others in Heilbronn, where one of the others backed out, blowing fuses, so we left it at a farm and picked up the rider and luggage and pressed on to Lauffen and put our tents up. The organiser plying us with snaps (German Whiskey) to keep out the cold (he said).

We had coffee and some sweet bread and retired to our soggy tents.

Next morning (Sat) I went to the village to buy some provisions etc. and found the people of this beautiful wine growing area to be kind, polite and friendly. Dinner was provided at the rally. Half a chicken and a huge roll of bread each! It was delicious.

I have never seen such ingenuity and wonderful workmanship as that displayed by the MZowners. So many variations on a theme. Many using BMW parts, and the MZ sidecars are a wow. Many sporting broadcasting radios and C.B. I could write pages about the wonderful little bikes!

Saturday afternoon the rain stopped, and an obstacle course was set out and enjoyed by all. Saturday night saw prize giving and general chat and a film show in the marquee.

Sunday we dropped tents and packed, took photos etc. setting out for the return journey in dull sunshine The way back was the reverse to the journey there with a detour due to my faulty navigation. Somewhere near Heidelberg MUZ decided he'd had enough and started to complain but kept going at a steady 65. We ran into rain, sunshine, incredibly heavy hail, a thunderstorm and then near Gent dense fog.

Due to which I missed the midnight ferry by $\frac{1}{4}$ hour! So it was decided to catch the 1.0 a.m. ferry to Dover. A quick blind down to London through the early morning traffic to the M1, up to Derby and arriving home with a still complaining MZ, 1430 miles at 60-70 mph, fully loaded, with a cold and a long distance award!

As was said in M.C.N. a great little mover.

TREVOR AND MUZ

Jim Phillips is able to offer a new coil service, thread sizes up to and over 5/16" metric or English, also spark plugs any size, ring Jim for a price on 061 440 0768 or Club Nights.

RALLY DATES FOR 1980

June 27-29	2nd Great Gnashers Rally	Entry £2.50
July 18-20	14th Pennine Rally	Entry £2.00
August 22-24	Fourth Panonia Rally open rally in Hungary.	

TRIALS DATES 1980

		(R)	Peak Road Trial		Details to follow
X	21.6.80	(C)	Duron 2	Hawks Nest	Colin Mather 23 Beech Lane, Romiley, Stockport
Ø	29.6.80	(R)	Youth Championship	Arbor Low	Dennis Taylor 6 Dial Rd. Great Moor Stockport
	6.7.80	(N)	Dave Rowland	Peak District	D. Rowland 31 Horsefair Ave. Chapel-en-le-Frith
	27.7.80	(C)	Youth	Coal Mine Marple	Jim Capper 4 Waverley Drive Cheadle Hulme
Ø	17.8.80	(R)	Novice, Youth Over 40	Arbor Low	Dennis Taylor address above
	31.8.80	(C)	Youth	T.B.A.	Jim Capper address above
X	6.9.80	(C)	Duron	T.B.A.	John East
Ø	21.9.80		Novice, Youth Over 40	Shirty's	Andy Gregory 18 High Lea New Mills
X	26.10.80	(R)	Fisher-Centre Championship	Harrat Grange Peak Forest	Mrs. C. Thomas 3 Mount Drive Urmston, Manchester
X	30.11.80	(C)		Dale Farm	Colin Jones 32 Marple Hall Drive Marple, Stockport
	14.12.80	(C)	Expert-Intermediate Novice	T.B.A.	
	21.12.80	(SR)	Northern Experts Manchester 17 Cumberland M.C.	CUMBERLAND	John Garlick 3 Scalot Close New Mills
X	11.1.81	(R)	John Hartle	Harrat Grange Peak Forest	Ken Roberts 17 Mill Lane Hazel Grove, Stockport
	25.1.81.	(C)	Youth, Over 40	Dale Farm	Colin Jones address above

<u>KEY</u>	X	Senior Championship
	Ø	Youth Championship