



Welcome to the August edition of the Notts & Derby Section's Newsletter.

In this issue we have recollections of a Trials rider in the 1950s by Mike Ransom; both revealing and amusing. Also, two run reports, a detailed account of the Pennine Way Run and of course the usual "What's On" and adverts sections.

Gladys Sherras.



Gladys at the Barrie Sherras Memorial Run, 2021.

It is with a heavy heart that we write this report of the passing of Gladys who left us on the 19th July at the Nightingale Hospital in Derby.

Gladys shared her late husband Barrie's love of motorcycles, riding many miles with us on pillion, but Gladys was more than just a pillion passenger: she helped in official roles within the club, providing food and drink at their house at the end of Barrie's motorcycle runs and she helped in the local community at the local church and charity shop.

She will be sadly missed by all. RIP Gladys.

Our sincere condolences to her family.

For details of funeral arrangements, please contact Bruce.

Malc Sheppard.

Committee changes.

Our Treasurer Brian has stepped down due to other commitments and we have appointed Mick Gather

in his place, to take us to the AGM in October and hopefully after that.

What's on in September.

- 4th RIDGES RUN. 10am Yonderman Café.
 - 7th **Duke William Lunchtime meet.** Matlock
 - 10th SATURDAY PM RUN. 2pm. Lay-by A515
 - 15th Natter Night.
 - 17th Sat Morning Coffee Run. 10am Ripley.
 - 18th **ROACHES RUN.** 10.30am. Lay-by A6
 - 24th SATURDAY PM RUN. 2.30pm. Belper Mill
- See the calendar for full details.**

Trials and Tribulations.

My first trials bike around 1953 was a 500cc Gold Star B34 rigid, weighing in at over 300 lbs, with full Lucas headlight, lead acid battery, etc. With all of 6.25 inches ground clearance. Huge chromed steel petrol tank. Totally not at all like a modern trials bike.



A Gold Star similar to the one that Mike rode.

The idea was to run it in with a trip to the motorcycle show in London with a mate who had a twin port rigid 500cc Ariel. We set off early in the dark, me following Steve's bike that was leaving a trail of red hot sparks coming from his exhausts. This always happened after he had repacked the exhaust with his mum's used steel pan scrubbers, the firework display disappeared when the pan scrubbers had all burnt away and the bike was back to being noisy.

I remember a policeman who stopped us, unfolding a steel rule and inserting it into Steve's exhaust until it met the bend at the head. "Not much there, lad," was his remark. Steve mumbled that "his mum had run not got any pan scrubbers left." We were sent on our way with a friendly warning to "do something about it, lad."

On the way back from London, the bike seemed run in. Remember no motorways yet, so coming up the Great North Road I opened the throttle and shut it off when the speedo said 90mph. This was supposed to be a trials bike of the times. It was, and I rode it through my learning years. It was also my mode of transport at the time, with some mods. I was paying for it on HP, so nothing luxurious. The bottom gear was 15:1, my works FB when I last rode it in anger (up till me being 79) was 34:1 and it was happy on the roads at 28mph. Whenever I passed a 30 sign, I used to think "I wish."

Ditched.

One trial was in West Yorkshire with lots of moor and muddy bottomless ditches. I found myself in one of these ditches trying to lift this heavy huge mass out. The more you try and lift, the more your feet go deeper. Tom Ellis arrived, he at the time was a works BSA rider. He stopped and looking down on me said "You look stuck there, son." I looked up with pleading eyes for help. He just said "Thought so," and promptly expertly jumped the ditch and was gone. I instantly thought I would never get into this situation again.

Did get out eventually, but years later Tom was my Team Manager when I rode in the Inter Centre Team Trial for Yorkshire. We were riding down near Honiton in Devon and found out that Tom had booked us into a Temperance Hotel. During the evening, Arthur Lampkin (BSA) and Artie Ratcliffe (Triumph), two names to conjure with, came in with a chinking full crate of beer. Tom was worried that we might be chucked out of the hotel but he relented as they explained that the beer was part of the team's training programme.

Lost Sole.

Another early days' episode was on a Yorkshire moor. We used to wear ex-fireman's boots. They were not really up to the job but we couldn't afford better. I was riding over a moor through the heather when my foot hit a hidden rock. When I put my foot back on the rest, I realized that I was standing on my sock; the bottom of the boot had gone. I stopped and turned round to see if I could find out where it was. I was on my hands and knees searching in the heather when a fellow rider came up and said "Are you ok?" to which I replied that I was "just searching for my sole." Did get a funny look!

We always carried rubber bands made from inner tubes. These served to hold on the sole for me to finish the trial and the ride home in those days. Being a Yorkshire man, I had paid my entry fee and I wanted to get full value. No easy retirement for

me; a lot of bloody-mindedness and a very wet left foot.

The wrong skirt.

I ran the BSA for most of my novice period. Had a piston skirt break in a trial near Bradford. Ended up scooping the bits out from the sump plate and filter, putting it all back and continuing. There was a very noisy rattle coming from the engine, but it finished the trial and got me back home to Sheffield. Did have a rebore and new piston and it happened twice more. It's amazing but the bike still got me through the trials and home. Did then learn that the rebore engineer was fitting a split skirt piston instead of the solid skirt usually fitted. Cannot imagine me doing that now but circumstances were so different in the '50s. Also know now there was not much point in polishing the crankcase internally. I am sure I did not get all those bits of piston out on a wet moorland hillside, with the bike laid on its side. Somehow, we carried the tools to do it: tyre repair kits, plugs, condensers, points, jets. Some of you will know we came home from such events, usually in the winter time, putting on "bobby dodgers" (push bike lights) tied on with, of course, rubber bands. "What's a brake light officer?" I never got pulled up and cannot think of anyone who did. Those who broke down got pulled home using two Barbour belts, no luxury of vans or pickups.

Stuck in the bog.

One BSA of a friend of mine broke down in the Scott Trial near Richmond. I passed his bike upright in the bog. He reported it to the officials and it was still stood upright in the bog when we went back for it the following weekend with a borrowed van. Quite difficult getting a dead B34 out of a bog and off the moor. It was a stripped gearbox. Times have definitely changed. In the late 1950s a maroon 350 Royal Enfield followed the BSA, bought at Wilf Green's in Sheffield. He later went on to be the MZ concessionaire, after Royal Enfield went bust. It was my first springer, again paid for by HP. Springers were still not all the rage yet. It also had a cush hub which some viewed with suspicion. I really enjoyed that bike: it culminated in me winning the Yorkshire Centre Championship in the Dales Trial held at Grassington in the late '50s. In between trials, I used to do a bit of scrambling locally, always on my trials bike which was usually a disadvantage. Scrambling was usually a summer event, trials a winter sport, but it kept you fit. We used to do charity gymkhanas, as a club we practiced the figure of eight, alternately jumping the

ramps through the burning hoop. Seeing how many we could get on a pyramid ride, much the same as the White Helmets. Riding backwards way round, sidecar riders riding round without a sidecar wheel. All good fun and training! I'll leave the next bit into the '60s for later.

Mike Ransom.

Evening Run, 21st July.



It was a very pleasant change to ride in much fresher conditions after all the extremely hot and sticky weather of the previous few days. Seventeen machines met up at Ripley Market Place to be led by Gordon through Ambergate, Breamfield, Dethick, South Wingfield and Alfreton to finish at the Talbot Taphouse in Ripley.



Andy arrived with the Vincent contingent on his lovely low mileage 1989 build Honda GB500 TT. Unusual in that it is black, from the American market. He says that they didn't sell well there, so some were imported to Europe.

As usual, a number of riders had no idea where we were but enjoyed the run even more for that reason. A short run on a lovely night with a very convivial chat at the end. Thanks go to Gordon for leading.



Andrew's Vincent and Martin's Honda. Both beautiful and both painted black, but there the similarity ends.

Spot The Difference.



Mick Gather doing his best impression of Father Jack from the tv program "Father Ted," at the end of Gordon's Evening Run.

Another Mystery Tour! 6th August.



There's always time for a chat when we get together.

An impromptu one this time. Once again, Graham came up trumps yesterday with probably the best Saturday afternoon run I have ever been on. He only decided to do it three days previously and we had to get the message out quickly. Twelve of us left Belper for an amazing run which was centred mainly to the East of Derby and either side of the A52. Most of us were unaware of the stunning

villages and lovely lanes in this little area so close to the city.

In no particular order, mainly because I can't remember it, we went through Hollyseat Farm, on a dirt track which passes for a vehicular right of way, Windley, Mercaston Ednaston Osmaston and Dobbin Horse Lane, which was the site of the scrambles course which was owned by the Pathfinders Motorcycle Club. The course became famous with the success of the Television and International Scrambles in the 60s and 70s. We rode on through Rodsley Longlane, Kedleston, Farnah Green and Belper Lane End to finish at the Family Tree tearooms at Whatstandwell.



On the corner of Dobbin Horse Lane. We had stopped so that Graham could "give his bum a rest!"



Hollyseat farm. Yes, this is a right of way! Pete closes the gate after our Tail End Charlie, Derek, passes through.

A breath-taking ride with some challenges thrown in for good measure! Well done to Graham.

Interesting Machine.

This rare 250 BSA was recently advertised on the internet with a starting price of £3750. It is believed to be the only one remaining of three engines produced.



The engine was developed from half an A7 500cc Twin and is shown now fitted in a 1958 C12 frame. This actual unit was reportedly referred to in the book "Whatever happened to the British Motorcycle Industry?" written by Bert Hopwood. No bids were received so it was relisted at a slightly lower price.

Pennine Way Run 2022

I first heard about the Pennine Way Run shortly after joining the VMCC back around 2015. The event is organised by the Club's Pennine Section in alternate years and, starting at Edale, follows the route of the Pennine Way long distance footpath as closely as possible using public roads. Run over

two days the event finishes on Hadrian's Wall at Greenhead in Northumberland.

Back in 2016 I couldn't find anyone daft enough to want to join me so didn't enter; however I did take a ride up to Edale to watch the start and see what sort of bikes were typically being used. That year the intrepid riders set off from Edale in quite heavy rain, so, being a 'fair weather rider,' I wasn't too upset not to be riding myself!

However, 2016 wasn't all bad as I met up with another club member at Edale who had previously done the event but, like me, hadn't been able to find a riding partner that time. Contact details were exchanged and we agreed to do the event together in 2018 which we did, me riding my '65 Honda CL77 Street Scrambler and my new mate (Brian) riding his ex-Police 650 Triumph Trophy. We both had a great weekend, riding close to five hundred miles over one of the hottest weekends of the year. Due to Covid19, like so many other events the 2020 event was cancelled so fast forward to 16th July this year.

Day One, Edale to Hawes.

Brian and I, along with two other friends, joined around sixty other riders at Edale ready for the 2022 run. 'Team' format was as follows, Brian, again on his Triumph Trophy; Colin on his 1938 Ariel Square Four, Malcolm on a Honda 400/Four and myself, this time on my '64 Honda 305cc CB77. Malcolm had ridden to Edale from his home at Burton on Trent that morning so had covered over fifty miles before the start of the run proper.

What bikes were taking part?

Summary of bikes entered as follows;

Triumph	=	16
Honda	=	13
BSA	=	10
BMW, Norton, Matchless and Velocette	=	4 each
Suzuki	=	3
Ariel	=	2
AJS, Douglas, Kawasaki, Rudge, Sunbeam and Yamaha	=	1 each

Briefly, the first day's run from Edale ended in Hawes in North Yorkshire; along the way taking in Ladybower, Snake Pass, Glossop, Holme Moss summit (1600ft) and Saddleworth Moor. After crossing the M62 motorway we continued on past Hollingworth Lake and Country Park before dropping down the longest continuous descent in England into the town of Mytholmroyd; this road drops over nine hundred and fifty feet in a little over

five miles. It's not especially steep but as we rode downhill numerous lycra clad cyclists were furiously pedaling in the opposite direction! Rather than me.

Continuing our journey towards our overnight stop we passed the Bronte Parsonage in Haworth before being treated to mile after mile of high level roads, much of it at over a thousand feet altitude and seemingly going from nowhere in particular to nowhere much at all! Eventually, we passed the spectacular limestone landmark of Malham Cove and through Horton in Ribblesdale and Ribbleshead with its spectacular views of the famous viaduct. After a brief photo stop there we continued for about another ten miles of high level roads, peaking at over fourteen hundred feet before dropping down into Hawes at around 16.30 hrs.

Mileage on Day One, Edale to Hawes = 145 miles.

Hawes is a typically pleasant moorland town, well supplied with pubs, shops, cafes, restaurants and even a Filling Station! I imagine the cobbled main street could be tricky when wet though. After finding our 'digs' and then having a decent evening meal we all retired for a well-earned kip, end of Day One.

Day Two, Hawes to Greenhead



Fuel stop, Alston Day 2.

After some welcome rain overnight Sunday morning dawned warm and dry.

After drying off the bike seats and tucking in to an excellent breakfast at our digs it was off to the official start for day two of the run.

A shorter run today from Hawes on similar roads to Saturday. Predominantly even more rural (I.E. steeper and narrower) than on Day One, with few significant towns to negotiate. Highlights today included Buttertubs Pass, The Tan Hill Inn (England's highest at 1730 ft above sea level) and numerous high level roads with stunning views, Hope Moor at 1680 ft amongst others.

After a fuel stop in Alston, the route continued ever (basically!) northwards to our ultimate destination. Once north of the A69 near Haltwhistle we really were in 'Hadrian's Wall' country with evidence of the Roman occupation, and their determination to keep the Scots out of England all around us.



Tanhill, day 2.

After the final few miles northwards to cross Hadrian's wall itself, it seemed the organisers had saved the most rural (i.e. worst!) section of road for the final loop southwards to cross Hadrian's Wall again. A gated road with almost all traces of a surface long gone took us a few more miles to the Milecastle Inn. From there it was only about four easy miles on to Greenhead where the run officially ended in the car park of Greenhead village hall.

Mileage on Day Two, Hawes to Greenhead =
101 miles

Although a recovery service was provided by the organisers I didn't see, or hear of any broken down vehicles over the whole weekend, an obvious testament to the bikes and their owners. After enjoying the excellent refreshments laid on by the local village hall Committee a free raffle was drawn using our event riding numbers. There were some great prizes but sadly I came away empty handed.

Once we had admired all the other bikes in the car park and swapped stories with their owners, all that remained to do on Sunday was to return to our 'digs' in Hawes, via a slightly more direct route this time, for a second night and to enjoy another well-earned evening meal in a local pub.

Despite forecasts of extreme temperatures, riding conditions over the two days had been good, comfortably cool in the mornings and comfortably warm in the afternoons but never really too hot, no doubt the high altitude helped keep us and our bikes cool!

Following a few bike 'checks and adjustments' after breakfast, the challenge for Monday was for us to make our way southwards back home while avoiding as many of the roads we had used on Saturday as possible. This task was accomplished admirably by Malcolm (Google maps is my friend) who not only worked out the return route but led us all faultlessly back to Glossop where we split up and went our separate ways homewards. Weather on Monday was much warmer than the weekend; it seemed to get even hotter as we travelled further south, so I was pleased to get home late on Monday afternoon and finally get out of my riding gear.

My statistics for the weekend.

Mileage on official Pennine Way Run route
= 252 miles

Total mileage Home to Home Saturday to Monday
= 522 miles

Fuel consumption over the whole weekend averaged a little over 75 m.p.g. all on E10 fuel. Quite surprising really for a near sixty year old bike as long sections of the run were done in third, and occasionally second, gear and my 'normal' average for this bike is a good 10 m.p.g. less than this.



At the finish. Dennis at Greenhead Village Hall. Hopefully The Pennine Section will hold the Pennine Way Run again in 2024 but if anyone fancies a great weekend riding on the North Yorks. Moors before then, I'd be happy to supply copies of the route sheets, I can even recommend a decent B&B too.

Dennis Murfin.

Famous Faces.



Two well-known figures photographed in Nottingham.

Free Advertisements.

FOR SALE:



One Pair Altberg size 10 Skywalker motorcycle boots (as new). £155 plus £25 post and packing.

Aerostich xxl motorcycle jacket and fleece lining only worn 4 or 5 times

£160 plus post and packing. £25
Collect from Ollerton. Tel 07989 313311

Dot Armstrong shock absorbers. Norton. Many of you will know that DOT made shock absorbers after motorcycle production finished. These were taken from a featherbed Dominator (a not-uncommon replacement, apparently) but might fit others. 12 inches between centres, stamped MT-023.



Condition used but seem good. Two or three of the bottom rubber bushes have been trimmed back a little. Photo shows the worst one. You can check before buying. Collection preferred as postage would be expensive. £40.
Bruce 07442 168932.

BSA A7 A10 B31/33 Rear Axle nuts Stainless Steel. Brand new, unused. 42-6077

This part will fit 1958-63 models with full width cast iron rear hub. It goes on the left (drive side) end of the rear spindle. I bought them brand new in error. Only ONE is needed for each bike so I will sell them singly or both together. £12 each or £22 for the pair.

Bruce 07442 168932.



Mamouth heavy duty ground anchor (brand new, no fixings). £20. (They sell at £42.95) Phill, 07790 179095.



WANTED:

Wanted a BSA C11.

Still looking for a BSA C11 to purchase, if anyone can help, please contact Peter Gibson on 07970 285668 or 0115 9324362.

'LUNCHTIME' Classic Bike Meet 12 noon Wednesday 7th September 2022



CONTACT US:

Please let me have any stories from the past, amusing or otherwise, concerning motorcycles, or any technical information, rebuild stories, photos or news of events by replying to this email. Let us know what you've been up to by emailing me at: nottsandderbyvintageclub@outlook.com

Use the same address and format if you have any items or motorcycles for sale. Don't forget to include a phone number and a price.