

Editorial

Its alright for some isn't it! I made the comment to Chairman Ted that it was very good of El Presidente and his good lady to arrange their travels so that they could attend the Charity Trial at Great Bromley. Of course we don't know whether they will still be in the country for clubnight

Not very good news about Chris Mace who came a right purler, apparently, at the recent Marks Tey scramble. I am reliably informed that he is suffering from a dity great hole in the calf of one of his legs thought to have been caused by his or somebody else's footrest. I gather that not only was he spiked but probably two people rode over him. By the sound of it a lucky man to have got away with it even though he is a bit more than second hand. Currently I understand him to be in the West Bergholt ward of Colchester General where he is awaiting operations to 'fill the hole' up via skin grafts. Chris, we wish you well and hope to see you at a clubnight in the near future.

Dave Spurgeon informs me that the Museum at Battlesbridge is on the look out for people to help them out on a regular basis. The tasks involved I understand would suit someone who

is retired and has an interest in the restoration, preservation and presentation of motorcycles. Anybody interested should please contact the museum whose telephone number is, I believe, 01268 575000.

Was hoping, as I wrote in last months issue of your favourite monthly mag, to have made a visit to the Plonkers at Raydon, event to take the Yam if I felt up to having a little ride around - doubt if it would do me very much good to attempt a complete event but a couple of laps might have done me a power of good. However, senility has set in and it wasn't until preparing the evening meal that we, yes both of us, realised that we should have been at Raydon.

A shame that I/we didn't go as Mike and his merry men were what you could call a bit short on the help and assistance as well as the entries. Alright I do believe that there were quite a lot of conflicting attractions on that day but I do feel that they deserve to be better supported. Can anyone think of a better way of introducing riders to our sport and giving the geriatrics who want to have a ride on their beloved machinery a good days trialing.

Earlier in this editorial I made comment about the Presidente and his good lady being unavailable for duty because of their seemingly non-stop

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travels in 'furrin' parts. Well, it seems that our hero from Stone Street has gone into the home security business big time. I appreciate that in these days of 'whats yours is mine' it is essential to protect ones valuables. However, there are a couple of things that really do get up the noses of us lesser mortals, or mine at any rate. I find it is very anti-social to have neighbours with high noise intensity alarms. Who investigates why one of these infernal things has gone off. One thing is 100% certain, our friends in blue don't. Normally they 'go off' due to being set too sensitively or triggered by a small animal or flying creature. Does your bedroom get lit up at 3 in the morning due to the wanderings of the neighbours cat? I find all these things most infuriating. OK, perhaps I might have a different view if I had been burgled but I am somewhat sceptical of a lot of these Home Security firms who attack by the cold call on the telephone. I want to know the credentials of someone who is having a fairly free run of my home

but can you get information that is true and reliable from these people? No! Sorry to have gone on and on on this subject but I do wonder what sort of Home Security has been installed at the Presidential Palace. I think perhaps the best form of security would be to fit the house with the same locking system as was used on one of his Superior Sheds. Do you remember? He went in, the door shut behind him and lo and behold there was no way to open the door to make an exit! Some might say, not me of course, that it was a shame he was let out! Now this self locking/imprisoning door system would catch many birds with one stone as the saying goes but perhaps one would be charged with false imprisonment. A funny world we live in. It really does seem that the victim of crime is the person who is investigated more thoroughly than the perpetrator. I could of course have got it all wrong but if you know better then please write and tell me.



B Fletcher undergoing Presidential scrutiny

Several pictures dotted around in this months T&T. I am indebted to Stuart Penfold and Roy Ayres for many of them. Keep up the good work folks and I will endeavour to keep printing the photos.

Many of you follow the Dakar Rally every year in January with its daily reports on Eurosport. Well, I have received an interesting article from Dave Blanchard who went to a talk

given by Patsy Quick regarding her involvement in Desert Racing and the Dakar in particular. Patsy is now a regular competitor in the Dakar and gives these talks as a means of boosting her finances and sponsorship to take part in the event. As you might expect it is not cheap. For those of you who are web connected may I suggest that you visit her website -

www.teamdesertrose.com

where you will be able to learn a lot more about her and the Dakar Rally.

Yes, the Southend Wine Bar is still operational! At the recent Two Day Trial run by the Southend club at Royal Oak - yes, they still have use of an area of Royal Oak some of which has not been used before - the manageresses of the Hockley and Hadleigh branches of Southend Wine Bars were sampling their latest brew. Whether it will become as popular as some of the other popular brands such as 'Old Git' and 'Under the Table' which have been popular lines in the past I don't know. I suppose these days the suppliers of that wine which was popular in the 60s and 70s - Blue Nun - may be looking to changing the name to one which may have different connotations.

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This month I welcome a new contributor. Clive Dopson has supplied an article which I shall be running in two parts describing his holiday/trip to the Scottish Pre65 this year. Thank you Clive. I welcome contributions on just about any topic for inclusion in the magazine as we have a readership with wide ranging interests.

What a good do the Charity Trial at the Leonard Cheshire home in Great Bromley turned out to be. The first time we have been able to attend and I was pleasantly surprised by the sections that were available. Congratulations must go to Mick Brown and his helpers. A full report is included later on in this magazine.

Best wishes,

Jim

After the run away success of 'Old Git' wine, the Southend Wine Bars are proud to announce the introduction of a complementary tippie.

Many of you will no doubt be aware 'Old Git', a red wine had been variously described as red-blooded, mild mannered and smooth.



However, 'Old Tart' is a white wine with a hint of sharpness but is mature and full bodied.

The management team of Southend Wine Bars has given the wine a thorough tasting and have approved it as being eminently suitable for drinking outdoors at all times of the year.

Jaundice Robertson
wine correspondent



SOUTHEND WINE BARS
(Hockley & Hadleigh Branches)



Secretarys Scribblings

Good Luck to Molly Constable and Paul Game who have decided to change life in the Eastern Centre for life in Corfu. Before leaving at the beginning of June they dropped off some stamped addressed envelopes so they could still receive a copy of the Newsletter. Hopefully they'll let us know how they're getting on from time to time. Thanks to Molly and Paul for their support over the years, especially on the Sidecar Scene - All the very best from everyone in the EFA



The Knebworth Classic Bike Show made a good day out. Not quite as big as we'd expected but what it lacked in quantity it made up for in quality with some nice machinery on display. There were several stalls selling spares for British machinery as well as one or two jumble pitches. Anyone who was hungry or thirsty was also well catered for. The entry ticket also enabled visitors to wander round the gardens and grounds of Knebworth House and with a good ride round the country lanes of north Essex and Hertfordshire there and back it made a really pleasant Sunday.

The Charity Bike Show at Meldreth Manor was as popular as ever, Saw one or two people we knew including two hooligans known to the EFA, one on a Norton and one on a Honda, namely Don Daly and Peter Eaves. We first encountered them as they flew past us along the road at Linton. We then came across them again looking at the bikes in the parking area - they seemed to be enjoying themselves.

On Saturday 26th June, with the weather looking extremely "iffy", ten of us on eight bikes gathered at the Alma for the second Tim's Tour of the summer. We still followed the 'End to End' format which worked out well as we threaded

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our way around Daisy Green, Great Tey, Mount Bures, Boxford, Kersey, Acton, Newmans Green, Rodbridge, Borley, Pebmarsh and into the Earls Colne chippy. Thanks to everyone who supported the run. Watch out for details from The Management of the next Tour.

Looking forward to another visit to Tye Farm on Sunday 11th July. Hopefully we won't be covered in pollen beetles this year, the only place to escape them last year was in the middle of the circuit !

Don't forget Weeting on 17th and 18th July There's probably still time to get booked in with Chris Bater - 01473 622550 if you'd like to join in.



The Woodbridge Club are holding another of their evening trials on Saturday 31st July at Blaxhall Moto-X Circuit. Costs just £7.50 for adults and £5 for under 16s. Trevor Andrews is the man to ring on 01379 586303.

Heather

MANHOOD



A man was in a terrible accident, and his "manhood" was mangled and torn from his body. His doctor assured him that modern medicine could give him back his manhood, but that his insurance wouldn't cover the surgery, since it was considered cosmetic.

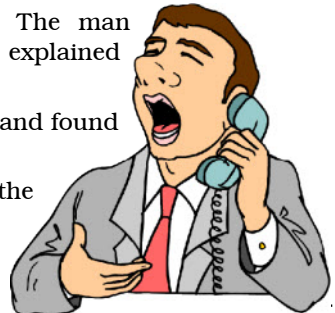
The doctor said the cost would be £3,500 for "small", £6,500 for "medium", £14,000 for "large".

The man was sure he would want a medium or large, but the doctor urged him to talk it over with his wife before he made any decision. The man called his wife on the phone and explained their options.

The doctor came back into the room, and found the man looking dejected.

"Well, what have the two of you decided?" asked the doctor.

The man answered, "She'd rather remodel the kitchen".



THE BIZARRE WORLD OF BONKERS BOOK COLLECTING

Dealers in these tomes are laughing all the way to the bank.

"Here's one," says Brian Lake. "Criminal Life: Reminiscences of Forty-Two Years As A Police Officer. By Superintendent Bent." His face creases with mirth.

Anyone who has ever pulled a Christmas cracker and, merry with port and clothed in an inadequate paper hat, provoked a fusillade of groans by reading out the motto, will be familiar with the genre: "The Haunted House by Hugo First"; "Skiving Off by Marcus Absent".

Except that this is not a cracker joke. In 1891, the unfortunately named Charles Bent published, in all innocence, his memoir of a crime-fighting life. He can have had no idea of how, more than a century on, his book would be prized among antiquarian booksellers for its frontispiece rather than its contents.

Mr Lake, 57, the proprietor of Jarndyce Books, opposite the British Museum in London, is a pioneering aficionado of bizarre books.

"The idea started at a book fair in York 10 years ago," he says. "We came up with the idea of dud books. Every bookseller has a book that he's had stuck in stock for years".

"We decided to do an exhibition of all these books that were unsaleable rubbish - but it expanded, because people started to bring along books they thought were funny."

Although he specialises in 18th and 19th-century novels, Mr Lake says:

"When I'm in a boring bookshop, my mind switches to looking for bizarre books. I was in East Anglia recently, in an absolutely hopeless bookshop. I could feel, I'm not going to buy anything for stock. And then, there was 'Lost On Brown Willy'. Beautiful, £3.50 with discount. Have it!"

Many offer straightforward opportunities for a schoolboy giggle. 'Drummer Dick's Discharge'. 'The Romance of the Beaver'. 'Flashes From The Welsh Pulpit'. 'Play With Your Own Marbles'. 'The Big Problem With Small Organs'. 'Fine-Weather Dick'. 'Scouts in Bondage'. All of these are real publications, and are to be found on or off the shelves of an antiquarian bookseller near you.

Roger Treglown's shop in Macclesfield specialises in chess books, pamphlets and the period 1500-1850, but he, too, cherishes his sideline in bizarre books. "These books with odd titles are books that amuse me. Last year I had one called 'Piles For Civil Engineers'."

"There's a growing interest in collecting these things, it's very cultish, and very English. It's a market that gets book collectors away from this passion for Harry Potter, and ridiculous things like that. There are ridiculous prices on those things. But these are fun - and they are usually never more than £20 to £30."

I ask Brian Lake, tentatively: "Do you ever read them?" He pauses, then laughs. "I try not to," he says. "I did read 'The Fangs of Suet Pudding' once. Second World War thriller. Very weird. It's astonishing what gets published."





A BEER BEFORE IT STARTS . . .

A man came home from work, sat down in his favourite chair, turned on the TV, and said to his wife, "Quick, bring me a beer before it starts."

She looked a little puzzled, but brought him a beer.

When he finished it, he said, "Quick, bring me another beer. It's going to start."

This time she looked a little angry, but brought him a beer.

When it was gone, he said, "Quick, another beer before it starts."

"That's it!" She blows her top, "You bastard! You waltz in here, flop your fat ass down, don't even say hello to me and then expect me to run around like your slave. Don't you realise that I cook and clean and wash and iron all day long?"

The husband sighed. "Oh sh*t, it's started."



Please Note:

The closing date by which all articles and adverts to be included in the August issue of Trials & Tribulations should reach the editorial office is Monday 26th July.

Material for inclusion in the magazine may be supplied in the following forms:

handwritten • typed • computer hard copy • fax • email • floppy disc

If providing computer hard copy, a font size of 12pt minimum is preferred whilst articles supplied on floppy disc should be saved in text format.



Our second jaunt of the year 'kicked off' on the 26th June. Those present were Geoff Daw and grandson, Chris Stokes, Roger Birch, Roger's friend on a British Triumph (sorry I can't remember your name), Mr Huxtable senior, 'Arkwright', Roger and Heather, and ME.

From the Alma we went to Aldham, Chappel, Bures, Allington, Boxted, Kersey (through the ford), Waldingfield and continued around the perimeter of Sudbury exiting via Ballingdon Hill, through Pebmarsh, Colne Engaine and, would you believe it, journeys end after 45 miles, the Earls Colne eatery.

The next outing will take place on Saturday 24th July leaving the Alma at approx 4pm unless Mick Brown 'sees us off', then anytime after 4pm.

We will be taking a route south/west with a distance of approx 40 miles, ending at our usual venue.

I don't get a commission on the takings - honest!

See you there,

By Order Of The Management



Driver and Vehicle Licensing Agency

Press Announcement

In order to assist other motorists in identifying potentially dangerous drivers, it is now compulsory for anyone with low driving ability to display a warning flag.

The flag (comprised of a red cross on a white background) will be attached to the top of at least one door of their vehicle.

For drivers of exceptionally low ability, additional flags are required.



Patsy Quick

I had the opportunity recently of an evening's entertainment where Patsy Quick was giving a first hand knowledgeable talk on the Dakar Rally.

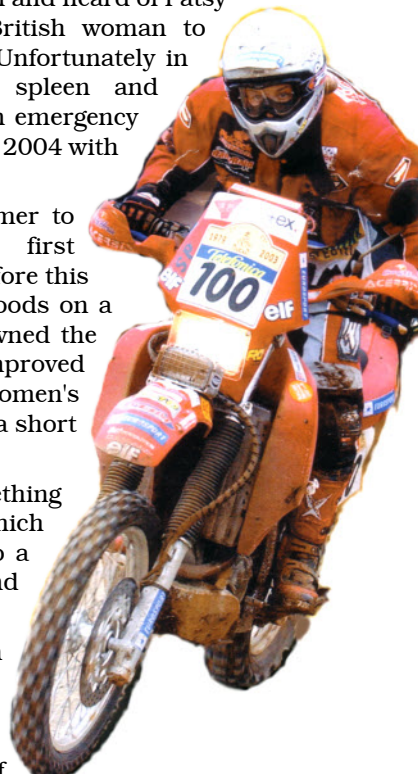


You probably will have seen and heard of Patsy in the media as the first British woman to compete in the Dakar Rally on her KTM. Unfortunately in 2003 she crashed and ruptured her spleen and consequently finished her first Dakar in an emergency helicopter. But! She was to bounce back for 2004 with a successful and well-deserved finish.

Unbelievably Patsy is a relative newcomer to motorcycle sport and only had her first competition (The African Rally) in 1999. Before this she had only messed about in her local woods on a trail bike. In the year 2000, she was crowned the British Women's Enduro Champion. She improved on this in 2001 to become European Women's Enduro Champion. What a record! In such a short time too.

This must immediately tell you something about her character and determination which just has to be second to none. She is also a very attractive lady with a friendly nature and oodles of charm.

Sponsors play a big part in a competition of this kind and Patsy reckons that it cost's her about £35000 pounds for all the entry fees and back up, essential spares and transportation. That does include the cost of the KTM as well. Apparently a mechanic's entry fee is £2000.



www.teamdesertrose.com



In her normal life Patsy owns and runs an Antique Shop in Sussex, which is certainly something of a contrast to say the least.

This was a really great evening, so if you ever get the chance to go along and listen to Patsy Quick and her tales of the Dakar, be sure not to miss it. You will not be disappointed!

Dave Blanchard

Fannie Green



A man enters the confessional and says to the Irish Priest, "Father, it has been one month since my last confession. I have had sex with Fannie Green every week for the last month."

The priest tells the sinner, "You are forgiven. Go out and say three Hail Mary's."

Soon, another man enters the confessional. "Father, it has been two months since my last confession. I have had sex with Fannie Green twice a week for the last two months."

This time the priest asks, "Who is Fannie Green? A new woman in the neighbourhood." The sinner replies. "Very well," says the priest. "Go and say ten Hail Mary's."

The next morning in church, the priest is preparing to deliver his sermon when, suddenly a gorgeous, tall woman enters the church. All the men's eyes fall upon her, as she slowly sashays up the aisle and sits down in front of the Altar. Her dress is green and very short with matching shiny emerald green shoes. The priest and altar boy gasp, as the woman sits with her skirt riding up.

The priest turns to the altar boy and asks, "Is that Fannie Green?"

The altar boy, whose eyes are popping out of his head, replies, "No Father, I think its just the reflection off her shoes."





Essex

LEONARD CHESHIRE



Charity Barbeque Trial

Saturday 3rd July saw what is becoming a regular occasion in the EFA calendar, the Charity Trial organised by Mick Brown and his willing helpers at the Leonard Cheshire home in Great Bromley.

This was the first occasion that Tracey and I had been able to attend what with enforced visits to other establishments on each of the previous two occasions.

I guess that there were about 30 riders taking part in the activities which were laid out in the spacious grounds. I didn't have the chance to visit all the sections but those that I saw proved tricky without being too challenging but I must qualify that last point a little later.

The activities commenced with a table sale. Sadly there was only one



taker - Eves Antiquated and Unusual Spares Inc.

Peter and Jeff Stott seemed to have plenty of people ready to talk to them but sadly few to buy up the stock.

The trial started at 4pm, pretty promptly as far as I can make out with the majority of the riders tackling the 'gentlemen's' route rather than the 'boys' route.

Jeff Fincham, always well prepared, had troubles with Bultaco number 1 before he had even attempted a section so it was the longish push back to the trailer and unload the spare! Yes, he had come prepared - just in case!

Tracey and I were informed upon arriving that we had already been allocated section 8 so after the preliminaries we set off to find what was to be our allotted site.

The section appeared to be quite straight forward for the 'gentlemen' but the 'boys' were required to undertake a



Geoff Daw's grandson

sharpish turn followed by a leap/climb up a 'rockery' outcrop. The main part of the section involved keeping between the rocks 'planted' at the side of a little ditch/path between some bamboos. Could have been a round of the Malaysian Pre65 Championship if it wasn't in wildest Tendring.

Following a session of footrest bashing by a rather out of control man from Tunstall on the blue tanked lightweight C15 (note no names mentioned) a fairly big 'stone' began to move sideways and into the path of the gentlemen. It didn't take too many more footrests, especially the non-folding variety to plant this 'stone' bang slap in the middle of the section leaving very little chance of passing it 'clean'. However, there was a way that it could be cleaned - ride over it - and this is just what Jeff Fincham did not once but on two occasions which brought well deserved rounds of applause from those watching. In fact it was very pleasant to see some sections in the Eastern Centre which utilised real stones rather than the odd pile of house bricks, kerbstones or broken concrete.

In fact I witnessed some very good rides on both the routes. Of course, as one might expect, John Kendall was immaculate in the way he approached



Trevor Baker - 500 Stealth Ariel

the sections. I feel that riders of both routes could have gained a lot by taking more interest in the way John tackles a section - not just on the bike but on foot as well.

Geoff Daw's grandson seemed to be well in control of the 'small chicken', Elliot Smith shows absolutely amazing balance riding the sections sitting down and clean whilst Trevor Baker the proud new owner of the 'Stealth' Ariel was riding it like a man possessed. I don't think I have ever seen him ride as well - let us hope that he can continue in this vein as another good rigid rider in the centre is called for.

We stayed for the BBQ but I am afraid that we were guilty of making an early departure. I still cannot cope with a full day without suffering from 'lack of sparks' at some stage



David Habbin - 250 Firefly

Rigidly Towards Rannoch

My Scottish Holiday 2004

by
Clive Dopson

Part 1



Preparation for Scotland starts as soon as entries are confirmed and, not having done the Six Days since 1997, preparation of only the Norton for the Pre 65 trial was not too arduous. The bikes were loaded on to the trailer on Sunday, as we were to leave on Thursday morning. I traveled with Matthew Neale, who was to ride his Dad's Triumph Cub. The rest of our group consisted of my Mum and Sister traveling up by plane to Glasgow with Pat Ward and then Matthew's Dad, Brian, Trevor Harvey and Roy Ayres traveling by van to observe on bikes for both the Pre 65 and the Six Days.

Matthew drew the short straw and drove the first, boring, stint from Norwich, but due to interruptions by phone drove until we refueled at Stirling, when I took over for the interesting bit. As normal, we went to Kinlochleven to sign on and buy some programmes for the others. We got to the hotel in Fort William before the van. Mum and the others had arrived on Wednesday and so had been across



Roy Ayres, Trevor Harvey and Brian Neale



The Wit of Tommy Cooper R.I.P.

Tommy Cooperisms. to brighten up the day.

Man goes to the doctor, with a strawberry
growing out of his head.
Doc says "I'll give you some cream to put on it."

Rannoch Moor on the train to Bridge of Orchy during the day, so we had a quick swim before dinner.

On Friday morning we went back to Kinlochleven to find somewhere to park, then get organised, with numbers 168 and 170 we had a late start towards the Loch Eilde Path sections. Sammy Miller did the starting, but most of the crowd had gone when we got there.

Matthew and I expected to ride around on our own at the back, but were surprised to find the early odd numbers catch us on Loch Eilde Path. Two nervous dabs by me and a two on the top sub for Matthew caused by a misfire, which was going to be a problem for the Cub at least for Friday, led us to Loch Eilde Moor which we both cleaned at a cost. The cost was my first rear wheel puncture. Hoping it would magically mend itself, I rode for a while to a bridge, then admitted defeat and got the rucksack off and started to change the tube. A crowd quickly gathered, consisting of Matthew, two guys on trail bikes who were very good at punctures and the back-marking gang, who I know well from previous years. About twenty minutes later we were going again, chased by the back-markers across to Meall Na Cruaidhe. Six subs cost me a dab and we rode quickly to make up time, the tyre pressure at 10 PSI compared to 7 at the start. On the way to the dam a new group cost me a classic rigid five, feet up to two bike lengths from the ends it instantly ground out on a slab not touched by any previous riders. Underneath the dam the double subber was difficult over slabs with a tricky downhill turn for the heavier bike. Here I saw Norman, so I was glad to clean it.

Pipeline was next, after the chance to catch up some time on the track alongside the pipe. Pipeline was more difficult than I have ever seen, due to

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markers making it impossible to miss the step. So I took the brave line up the left of the step for a good dab then got in a real tangle and stopped near the top. As I looked up, there was a bike in the way, so I argued for a baulk and a restart, but after a lot of pushing stopped again for a five. After the drop down from Pipeline I arrived at Aluminium Works where Mum and the others were watching. A choice of line at the second sub took some time to sort out, but finally I cleaned both subs to head back to the car, by now just about on time to finish in six hours.



The first few sections along the side of Loch Leven were not remarkable, as both Matthew and I lost some marks until we got to Caolasnacoan. Normally I have a good ride on the first sub, but a scrappy three was made even worse by a second rear puncture. In disgust, I decided not to fix it between the subs, so another three in the top sub before carefully dropping down to the road. I thought no need to panic, so in a lay by I started to fit my spare front tube, as expected the back-markers caught up. As I was nearly finished, Matthew set off on the road, as the Cub is a bit slower than the Norton, the last group near the picnic area was very quiet by this time and I managed to clean both. This section shows how the trial is getting harder. Last year the second sub was two subs with a gap in between, now it had to be ridden continuously as one sub. A final rush back into Kinlochleven and we finished with about 10 minutes to spare. There were not many people about and Matthew and Brian tried to sort out the misfire before we loaded up and went back to Fort William and the hotel via a garage to wash off the bikes.

Matthew and Brian continued to work on the Cub whilst I had the luxury of a swim and sauna before dinner. Over dinner we added up that I was on 26 and Matthew was on 11. At the finish a couple of clean rides had been claimed, much of our discussion over dinner was about how to fix the misfire.

To be continued . . .

End Thought . . .

A clear conscience is usually the sign of a bad memory.