

Editorial

The 24th Thumpers is done and dusted. We thought that the 23rd running was good but don't you think that this was the best yet? Interestingly several of the classes were won by the same rider on the same number of marks as last year. Must prove something - I hope the success and the consistency doesn't go to Chairman Ted's head!

A big thankyou to all who helped in whatever role - without your help it would be impossible for the club to put on such a prestigious event.

If you have any ideas how we can make next year's event, the 25th/Silver Jubilee Thumpers, a special occasion then please let Chairman Ted or any other member of the revolutionary council know of you ideas and we will give it due consideration (before binning it - I didn't write that - honest!).

I know from conversations I have had over the years that there are several of you who are readers or subscribers to 'Motor Sport' - perhaps the last bastion of good motoring journalism. Well I have included a little known extract from perhaps the last book written by Dennis Jenkinson before his untimely death. I found this as a review of the book which has just been re-printed. I know it isn't exactly

motorcycling but I wouldn't mind betting that there are a lot of you who would have loved to undertake Dennis's Christmas treat!

I was very sorry to hear, a few weeks ago, about the death of John Baines from cancer. Many of you will remember him as the farmer/landowner of Bacon Farm, Chappell where we held several enjoyable trials. Earlier in the year, prior to John's diagnosis, Geoff Daw and I had hoped to get a trial arranged on what was left of John's land but that must now be put in abeyance. Our sympathies go to John's family and friends at this time.

As usual, December is a busy month for Mike Harden and his merry men of the Mid Anglia club. They are organising a Plonkers Trial at Raydon on Sunday 19th December and then in the 'holiday period' between Christmas and the New Year they will holding their Sherry and Mince Pie practice event, again at Raydon. One or both of these events will be well worth a visit.

Most of us these days have come across the HSE, the government's Health and Safety Executive. Depending on where you stand in the political or work environment, the actions of the HSE are just what the world needed, or are an infringement on long standing traditions or working practices. Well the HSE have their eyes on motor and motorcycle sport now. No doubt we will

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The December Plonkers Trial

Sunday 19th December 2004 - Start 10.30 am

The Festive Plonkaround Practice

Wednesday 29th December 2004 - Start 12 noon

Raydon Pit, Wades Lane, Raydon, Nr Ipswich, Suffolk

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soon be required to run trials on flat ground so that there is no likelihood of a rider hurting themselves. You think I am joking! Well, 'balance the argument' I have included a 2004 update to the discussion between Nelson and Hardy prior to the Battle of Trafalgar.

This month we make a visit to the Boxford Scout HQ. This is yet another compact piece of land that allows us to run extremely interesting club trials. I believe entry forms will be available at the December clubnite but, as usual with club trials, it is an enter on the day event.

Last month I included an article describing the disastrous effects etc that we are being subjected to by the uncontrolled use and storage of dihydrogen monoxide. I was expecting to get some expressions of concern from my readership, but no, not a proverbial sausage. I take this to mean that you are all happy to live amongst this extremely dangerous chemical.

If I have left your article or advert out then please accept my apologies but you may appreciate that I am a bit short of space this month.

My special correspondent from Thorrington has returned from his retirement vigil in Formentera, a little island in the Balearics. His local bar had a Bultaco Sherpa as decoration. I wonder what 'mine host' of 'The Alma' would think of a long defunct Henfield clutering up his establishment?

I hope this issue of your favourite monthly magazine reaches you in the same fine high standard that you have been led to expect. During the last month we have been subjected to a virus attack on our computers, a particularly virulent sort which appears to have defeated the installed fire wall! We are still in the recovery phase! Ensure that you keep your virus definitions up to date to minimise the problems we have experienced. Our definitions were up to date but we got caught before the definitions had been updated by the anti virus suppliers.

On finishing may I, on behalf of your revolutionary council, wish you a Happy Christmas and a five free New Year.

Best wishes,

Jim

Secretarys Scribblings



Update from Mick Brown. You may remember, back in the summer, we went to the Leonard Cheshire Seven Rivers Home at Great Bromley for a Charity Trial and Barbecue. As well as sponsorship, and a raffle on the day there was an ongoing raffle for a rocking horse. This has now closed and the total amount collected from the Charity Trial and the Rocking Horse Raffle amounts to £1,650 which is a very handy sum.



Hope you all enjoyed the Thumpers again this year.

Many thanks to everyone who volunteered to observe. We were in the welcome but embarrassing position of having too many observers and not enough sections. Apologies to those who didn't get a section, hope you enjoyed the chance to have a good walk around the event.

PLEASE don't let it put you off volunteering next time, your offers are really valued. Also if you could help out at some of the smaller events we would very much appreciate it.

Talking of which, we have our trip to the Scout's ground at Boxford coming up next on 12th December. Regs are available tonite so you can get organised and complete them beforehand if you want to or just turn up on the day, start time 10.30am.

Think I'm right in saying the Plonkers have a trial on the 19th December- and their Festive Plonkaround on 29th December, both taking place at Raydon. Spect you'll find further info on these elsewhere in this newsletter.

Looking ahead to January the Woodbridge Club have their Foresters Trial on Sunday the 2nd. Regs are in the December edition or the Eastern Centre Gazette but if you don't have the Gazette, Trevor Andrews, (01379 586303), is the man to contact for an entry form.

A man walks into a bar with a newt on his shoulder. The barman looks at the creature and asks the man what he calls it.

"Tiny" replies the man.

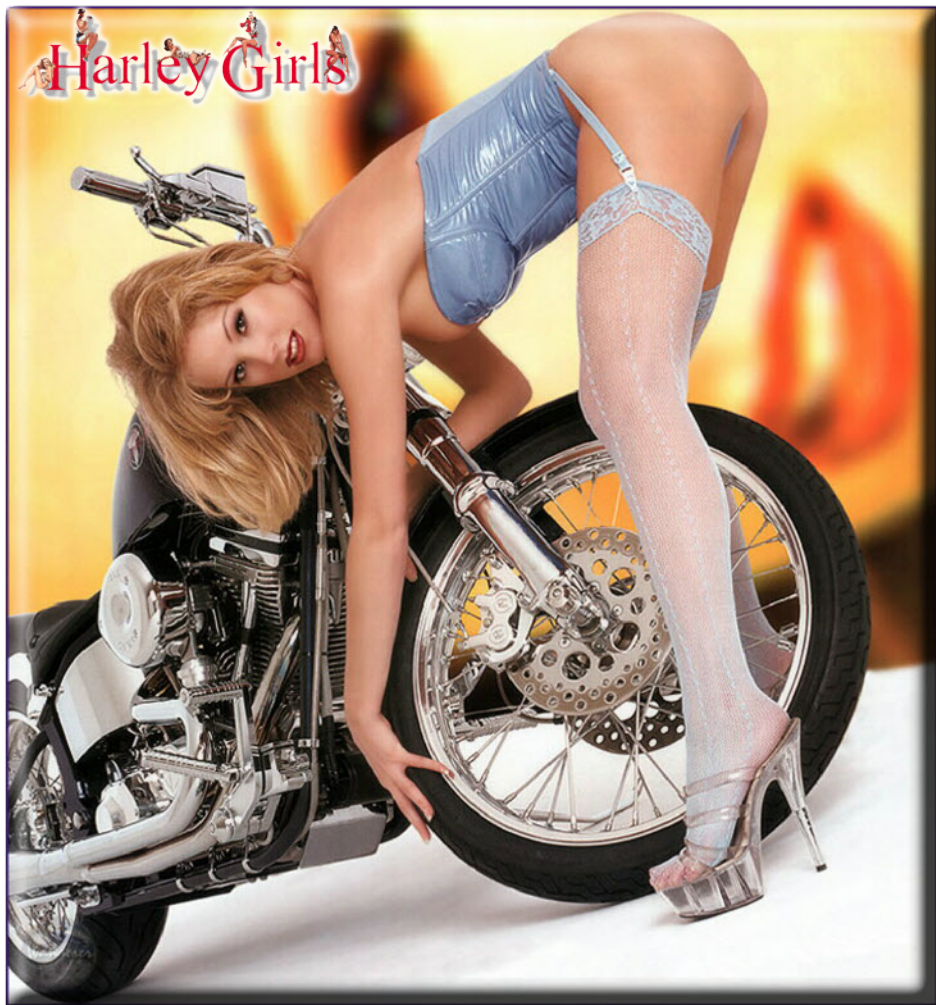
"Why's that ? asks the barman.

"Because he's my newt"

Whatever you get up to over Christmas and the New Year, have a good time.

Heather





A seasonal message from SAD (Shed Advisory Directorate)

Remember!

A Shed is for life not just for Christmas!

Have a SHEDSATIONAL New Year

Please Note:

The closing date by which all articles and adverts to be included in the next issue of Trials & Tribulations should reach the editorial office is the 25th of the month preceding publication.

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.

From Salisbury to Aldershot ..

Sunday the 12th September 2004. The Arbuthnot Long Distance Trial was due to start at 9.00 am from the 'The Barford Inn' which is just west of Salisbury. Capably organised by the Salisbury motorcycle & LCC.

Most people have now heard that this is a trial mainly for rigid British Bikes, but with a smattering of pre-unit springer's allowed in for good measure. But we also have the three wheeler class with their brave and gullible passengers. A new class introduced this year allowed for any competition machine rider to choose to ride the easier colonial sections and they did not need to fit road treaded tyres either. This new 'H' class was very popular with many riders who only had competition bikes but wanted to ride the friendlier sections.

I had entered two bikes this year. My regular Ariel girder fork Red Hunter and my telescopic rigid AJS 18C. No! I didn't ride both because my son Steve rode the Ajay on the new 'H' class route. Steve had never ridden a British Bike before and never ridden in a British Bike only event. He also has only ridden about five trials in his life! That's right! Insanity must be a genetic occurrence in our family. The proof of this is clear because we have to be on the road at 5am in the morning to arrive in time for the early start. Also after 78 miles of tracks and the trial itself we don't arrive back home until some others are



Dave and Steve Blanchard

thinking of going to bed. It's a fantastic day out and a good test of stamina to boot.

Steve rode really well and cleaned all the colonial sections.

Unfortunately one of the observers gave him a ten for missing a section, which he didn't. Still a great beginning for him in his first British Bike Trial and he only fell gently to earth in between the sections on just two occasions. John Excell took the lead during the day with Steve following and me trailing behind to pick up any fallers. John had a good day with another fantastic win on his lovely little BSA Empire Star 250.



After last years tightening and toughening of the competition sections this years format had been eased back into the style more typical of 'between the wars'. A great day was had by all, with the H class being a very successful formula indeed.

So from the Arbuthnot to a very different but equally enjoyable trial at 'Hungry Hill' Aldershot, which was held on the 24th October with a 10.00am start.

I had advised Steve to get in some practice for the 'Old Codgers' but he was so busy it did not happen. Also we did not get time to lower the standard 1949 gearing on the AJS before the event. Naturally it was going to be a struggle for him with a combination of too high gearing and a lack of riding experience. But once again he did well. He did not finish the trial but managed to clean seven of the 20 sections. He is very grateful for the back marker who helped him along with lots of encouragement and also held up the quicker riders from passing him and therefore stopped him being eliminated. Apologies and thanks to those riders who were eager to get on but were slowed. Your patience and good will has convinced Steve to compete as often as he can in British Bike Trials.

The 2004 'Old Codgers' was absolutely superb, the 20 sections were spot on and I and many others had a very pleasant day indeed. The organising club Reigate, Redhill and North Downs MCC are primarily a modern trials bike club. But they put on a really fantastic 'British Bike Trial'! I talked to some of the observers who were thoroughly enjoying themselves and they said that they were surprised at how many spectators had turned out to see the old bikes competing. Must be like visiting a working museum I suppose? With free entry no less!

So there they are two very different trials indeed. One of 78 miles with about ten sections and the other just 6.25 miles in total and 40 sections! Both types of trial give everyone a superb day's sport! So many thanks to the organising clubs, the observers, officials and anyone who helped us riders enjoy ourselves at these two special events.

Thumpers 2004 - 24th edition!



Chris Cook 500 Daley Norton

Latest news from

CCN - Classic Competition News

After one year and twelve issues CCN has been taken on by ME Publishing Limited, a small, but dedicated publishing house based in Newhaven on the Sussex coast.

ME also publishes Motorcycle Trader, a trade mag., and QUAD magazine. Publishing Director is Andy Foulkes, who has 37 years of off-road competition behind him and currently occasionally rides a 1962 Greeves TES. Also on board is Charlie Harris as Ad. Manager, well known as a rider in the 60s and 70s. Charlie thinks he won the Southern Experts in 1972, ahead of Sammy Miller and Don Smith! I know, for sure that he finished sixth behind Sam & Don in 1962!

Let's wish them well and thank the crew that got the magazine off the ground and more than filled that void when Off Road Review foundered.

Twelve issues will cost you £30, value for money I think, contact details below.

Classic Competition News

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Dalber

What a good event!

I think everybody enjoyed themselves.

Now we have to look forward to next year's event which will be the Silver Jubilee. We must try to make it an even more special occasion.



Joan Westbrook



Colin Rose

Pete Pesterfield & Keith Laker



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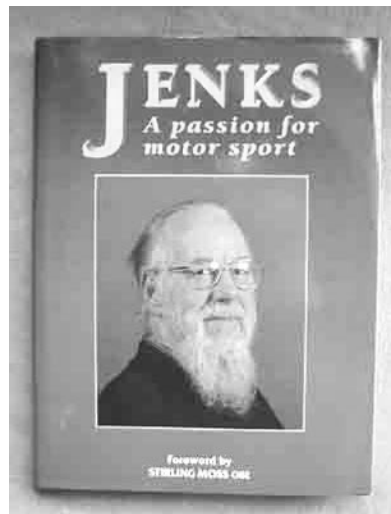
His full name was Denis Sargent Jenkinson, but to his friends he was simply 'Jenks', while to his many thousands of devoted readers he was just DSJ, the initials with which he invariably signed off his avidly read columns in the monthly magazine Motor Sport, for which he was the famed Continental Correspondent for more than 40 years.

But Jenks was much more than that. Short, stocky, and with a flowing red beard, he looked, and was, one of life's genuine eccentrics, but he was as much a part of the motor racing scene as the starting grid and the chequered flag.

His own competition exploits, on both two and four wheels, were mainly confined to minor events, but he had also taken part at the highest level, first as the athletic passenger to Sidecar World Champion Eric Oliver, and later as the famed navigator who pointed Stirling Moss to perhaps the greatest of all his motor racing triumphs, the record-shattering victory in the 1955 Mille Miglia round-Italy sports car race.

Jenks, famous report 'from the cockpit' of that brilliant success is just one of the memorable pieces of writing which form the nucleus of this book of motor racing nostalgia, along with 50 columns of reminiscences which originally he wrote for the journal of the British Racing Drivers' Club, but had subsequently edited and supplemented with additional material for this book prior to his final illness.

I have included this extract from the book as a "Christmas Treat" for those of us of a 'certain age' who knew him, or remember him, with great affection. I know this is not motorcycle related . . . but, isn't it something that we would all like to have done (if we're being honest!).



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Tommy Cooperisms. to brighten up the day.

A man takes his Rottweiler to the vet. "My dog's cross-eyed, is there anything you can do for him?"

"Well," says the vet, "let's have a look at him" So he picks the dog up and examines his eyes, then checks his teeth. Finally, he says, "I'm going to have to put him down."

"What? Because he's cross-eyed?"

"No, because he's really heavy"

“Christmas Day Motoring: on the road with a racing car”

I began to think about doing something appropriate to wind up the year at Christmas time. Other magazines were doing Christmas road tests of unlikely vehicles, with esoteric things like measuring the acceleration of a pogo stick, or the maximum speed of a steamroller. For Motor Sport my thoughts were totally on Grand Prix racing, though I occasionally helped the editor by road-testing the more exciting vehicles. For this purpose I plotted out a figure-of-eight route that pretty well covered the whole county of Hampshire, where I lived, and did timed runs in the faster road-test cars. There were no motorways in those days and, more to the point there were no speed limits on the open roads and traffic was pretty sparse at night. I used to start on the Surrey/Hampshire border at 2am and cover my 180-mile route while the world was asleep. Most memorable was a Mercedes-Benz 300SL Gullwing, which averaged 78mph on the opening stretch Camberley-Salisbury, cruising across Salisbury Plain at 130-135mph (oh, happy days!).'

'However, to return to my Christmas road test. I thought it would be fun to drive a Grand Prix car on the public roads, and what better time to do it than lunchtime on December 25. With everyone sitting down to Christmas dinner between 12 noon and 3pm I reckoned the roads would be pretty clear. I also bargained on the police having Christmas dinner at the station, because I was intending



to bend some of the road rules just a tiny bit. The plan was to cover a figure-of-eight route on the open roads of Hampshire in a full-blooded Grand Prix car in full racing trim!

'The big question was what car to use. I approached David Yorke, the Vanwall team manger, and he warmed to the idea. A Vanwall was going to be worth 'going inside' for if I got caught. Plans progressed favourably, and it was decided to move the start to the rear of a friendly public house, rather than the café in the High Street, as it



would attract less attention and I could zoom out onto the main road and be gone before anybody realized what was happening.'

'But as the time drew near David had second thoughts, and duty-bound he had to mention it to Mr.

Vandervell. Tony thought it was a riotous idea at first, but then he thought about the consequences if I got stopped by the police and the reflections it would have on his VP Products firm and the Vanwall team. So the idea was called off.'

I then approached Bruce Halford to see if he would lend me his 250F



Maserati. He was all for co-operating, but the snag was that the Maserati was at the factory in Modena having a winter overhaul. He reluctantly had to turn the idea down as there was no way the 250F could be finished and brought back to England in time for Christmas Day.'

I could see the whole thing fizzling out, so I rang Colin Chapman of Lotus. I had known Colin for many years, and he was always one for 'a bit of a lark', and while he did not have a Grand Prix Lotus he was quite prepared to lend me a Type 12 Formula Two single-seater and agreed to bring it down to the pub on a trailer on Christmas morning.'

'Christmas Day was fine and dry, though a bit chilly, and during the morning I did a rapid run round the course in an Austin 105 that Motor Sport had on test, to check the route, weigh up the traffic density, note down any patrolling police cars and generally 'spy out the land'. True to his word, Colin arrived in a Ford Anglia with the F2 car on a trailer behind. It

was in full racing trim, straight-through exhaust, no road equipment of any sort, a full-race Coventry Climax four-cylinder engine and the famous Lotus progressive-change gearbox, 'wobbly-web' alloy wheels and disc brakes.'

'With Colin was Merv Therriault. While he 'fitted' me into the narrow cockpit, Colin said: "You'd better borrow our Trade Plates, they might soften the blow if you get stopped"; a kindly thought that had not occurred to me when negotiating for the Vanwall or the 250F Maserati. There was no way to fix the front plate on the Lotus, so we abandoned it and slung the rear one across the tail as a gesture. They were what are known as Limited plates, which meant that the law demanded that my journey was specified on an official form.'

'Colin cautiously filled in the form: Plate No. 007MH. Date of use: 25th December. Time of Departure: 1.00pm. Registration Mark or Chassis Number: F2/2. Description of vehicle: Lotus. Purpose of use: Test Hampshire. Name of driver: Jenkinson. Name and address of licensee: Lotus Engineering. Signature of license or his agent: ACBC.'

'It was all very official (well, sort of) and if I was stopped I had to say: "Oh dear, the front plate must have fallen off." The question of an open exhaust, no mudguards, no audible warning of approach, a racing car on the road, undue speed, and anything else the law could think up, we reckoned would tot up to a pretty hefty fine, but with a bit of Christmas spirit would not involve a gaol sentence.'

'While Merv warmed up the Climax engine I donned the crash helmet and

goggles and told various friends to stay by their telephones in case I needed help. Colin said: "I'm not stopping, good luck and goodbye", and he motored off back to London.'

'The little Lotus was a revelation on the open road and hummed along at 70-90mph on the first section of the route which involved a bypass and some roundabouts. Out beyond Basingstoke, heading for the open plains, I wound the Lotus up to about 120mph in fourth gear, snicked into top and was just getting ready to reach its terminal speed when the revs shot up and there was no drive to the wheels. As I began to slow down I made various checks and it was obvious that something had broken in the transmission.'

'On this deserted stretch of road there were a couple of houses and, with great presence of mind (not wishing to be found by the side of the road), I turned sharp right into a gateway, still freewheeling at about 50mph, and coasted up the long drive, well away from the road. Wishing to telephone for help, I knocked at the front door of the big house and politely asked if I might use the telephone as my car had broken down.'

'The household was in a complete flap; Christmas dinner was ready and the guests hadn't arrived. The lady of the house was on the verge of a fainting fit, the gentleman was trying to calm things, and in the middle of it all there was this chap telephoning for

help. They kept rushing to the door and peering down the drive, looking in vain for their guests, and I am sure that the single-seater racing Lotus standing on the gravel did not register with them. They were totally obsessed with their own problem of Christmas dinner being ready and no guests.'

'I got through to a friend and told him where I was and he said he would come out with a towrope. As I was leaving, the guests arrived and there was pandemonium on all sides. The lady of the house was gasping: "They're here, they're here", the gentleman was wishing everyone a "Happy Christmas", children were shouting and yelling, dogs were barking...it was all too much. I quietly left and pushed the Lotus out through the mass of cars and wheeled it down to the gate.'

'My friend arrived, we hitched up the towrope and set off back to base, happy to arrive safely without encountering the law. My Christmas dinner? I didn't have one, but I remember having quite a few beers to drown my sorrows. When Lotus got the car back they found that a driveshaft had sheared, luckily inside the universal joint, so it all stayed together. They also found that the driveshaft had been put on the wrong way round from that to which they had been used, and the reversal loading was too much for the splines. Among my souvenirs I still have that brown slip of official paper with the date 25th December on it."

Bumper Stickers

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THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

2004 version



Nelson: "Order the signal, Hardy."

Hardy: "Aye, aye sir."

Nelson: "Hold on, that's not what I dictated to the signal officer. What's the meaning of this?"

Hardy: "Sorry sir?"

Nelson (*reading aloud*): "England expects every person to do his duty, regardless of race, gender, sexual orientation, religious persuasion or disability. What gobbledygook is this?"

Hardy: "Admiralty policy, I'm afraid, sir. We're an equal opportunities employer now. We had the devil's own job getting 'England' past the censors, lest it be considered racist."

Nelson: "Gadzooks, Hardy. Hand me my pipe and tobacco."

Hardy: "Sorry sir. All naval vessels have been designated smoke-free working environments."

Nelson: "In that case, break open the rum ration. Let us splice the main brace to steel the men before battle."

Hardy: "The rum ration has been abolished, Admiral. Its part of the Government's policy on binge drinking."

Nelson: "Good heavens, Hardy. I suppose we'd better get on with it. Full speed ahead."

Hardy: "I think you'll find that there's a 4 knot speed limit in this stretch of water."

Nelson: "Damn it man! We are on the eve of the greatest sea battle in history. We must advance with all dispatch. Report from the crow's nest, please."

Hardy: "That won't be possible, sir."

Nelson: "What?"

Hardy: "Health and safety have closed the crow's nest, sir. No harness. And they said that rope ladder doesn't meet regulations. They won't let anyone up there until a proper scaffolding can be erected."

Nelson: "Then get me the ship's carpenter without delay, Hardy."

Hardy: "He's busy knocking up a wheelchair access to the fo'c'sle Admiral."

Nelson: "Wheelchair access? I've never heard anything so absurd."

Hardy: "Health and safety again, sir. We have to provide a barrier-free environment for the differently abled."

Nelson: "Differently abled? I've only one arm and one eye and I refuse even to hear mention of the word. I didn't rise to the rank of admiral by playing the disability card."

Hardy: "Actually, sir, you did. The Royal Navy is under-represented in the areas of visual impairment and limb deficiency."

Nelson: "Whatever next? Give me full sail. The salt spray beckons."

Hardy: "A couple of problems there too, sir. Health and safety won't let the crew up the rigging without crash helmets. And they don't want anyone breathing in too much salt - haven't you seen the adverts?"

Nelson: "I've never heard such infamy. Break out the cannon and tell the men to stand by to engage the enemy."

Hardy: "The men are a bit worried about shooting at anyone, Admiral."

Nelson: "What? This is mutiny."

Hardy: "It's not that, sir. It's just that they're afraid of being charged with murder if they actually kill anyone. There are a couple of legal aid lawyers on board, watching everyone like hawks."

Nelson: "Then how are we to sink the Frenchies and the Spanish?"

Hardy: "Actually, sir, we're not."

Nelson: "We're not?"

Hardy: "No, sir. The Frenchies and the Spanish are our European partners now. According to the Common Fisheries Policy, we shouldn't even be in this stretch of water. We could get hit with a claim for compensation."

Nelson: "But you must hate a Frenchman as you hate the devil."

Hardy: "I wouldn't let the ship's diversity co-coordinator hear you saying that sir. You'll be up on disciplinary."

Nelson: "You must consider every man an enemy who speaks ill of your King."

Hardy: "Not any more, sir. We must be inclusive in this multicultural age. Now put on your Kevlar vest; it's the rules."

Nelson: "Don't tell me - health and safety. Whatever happened to rum, sodomy and the lash?"

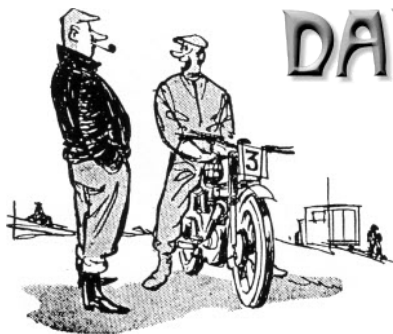
Hardy: "As I explained, sir, rum is off the menu! And there's a ban on corporal punishment."

Nelson: "What about sodomy?"

Hardy: "I believe it's to be encouraged, sir."

Nelson: "In that case ...kiss me, Hardy...."





DABBERS DIARY

Hope you all enjoyed the Enfield History lesson? Well, I am going to visit the Outlaws in December so you might have another episode in the New year!

Well you may or may not know that in August of this year I finally retired, a year late! Yes at 66 I have finally hung up my lunch box. My good Lady and I always planned to take a winter off in Spain touring

on a BMW or in a motor home when we retired. This was not possible, so this year, we spent a month on the Magic Island of Formentera, not a bad compromise!

I tried to find some old trial bike owning mates, but they all seem to have hung up their boots. Jordi, who used to terrorise the village by doing wheelies up the High Street on his Ossa had disappeared, as had a bar/café owning mate who rode a Montessa, the bar was there but closed and shuttered up. However, late one evening we wandered into Bar el Punto, the local Hard Rock Café, and there was Otto, the German owner and ex. trials rider, behind the bar. Not only had he hung up his boots he had hung up his helmet and his Bultaco, all in the bar! I asked if he still rode? 'No', he replied 'I am coming up 62, I am too old' but I think it was the late nights, he doesn't open until 9pm and closes when the last customer leaves or falls over!

Bikes did feature later in the holiday, and in abundance! One Sunday morning I strolled down to the village to buy bread, and heard the unmistakable sound of old bikes, dozens of them. They were heading towards the port, so back to the bungalow, grab the car and chase after them. No sign of them, enquired at a bar





and was told that they were last seen heading for the capital of the island, San Francisco. That's where I caught up with them just leaving to ride to the last stop before lunch! At this stop I discovered that they were the 'Club de la Moto Classica d'Ibiza I Formentera' para moto's anteriores a 1965. Yes, I had stumbled upon the pre- 65 club of Ibiza and Formentera. This was their annual two day run on Formentera and had riders there from Majorca and Valencia. Bikes included BMWs, BSAs, Bultacos, a Spanish Colomet with a very Bantam looking motor, a Spanish Cofersa with a Villiers 6E motor, a wonderful military Moto Guzzi with rear pillion handlebars! Many others including MV Agusta, Peugeot, NSU etc. The gem of the collection for me was a 1933 (according to the owner, but it looks so modern) Royal Enfield with a tele-fork/plunger conversion! The owner is eager to put the bike back into it's original spec. and told me he had all the bits apart from the girder fork main spring and top yoke. can any member help? I am in email contact with the club secretary and hopefully she is going to fill me in with a few more details about some of the machines. There were no competition bikes on the run, but I was told that some members of the club owned off-road machines.



Guess where I am going to be next October?

Dabber

End Thought . . .

Experience is something you don't get until just after you need it.