

Editorial

As I write this there isn't a cloud in the sky, somewhat reminiscent of the weather 'er indoors and myself had to put up with whilst we were recently on holiday in Toulon on the Mediterranean coast of France. Life is so hard once you are retired! Well does this mean that the English summer has finally arrived - unlikely!

Geoff Daw called a couple of days ago to give us a progress report on Brian Horrigan. Well, it seems that Brian is progressing as well as can be expected and now has the use of a wheelchair. Modifications are being carried out to the house to enable him to move about freely and out into his garden. Brian would like to receive phone calls or visits from any of our club members to ease his boredom. If you rode the grass with Brian then of course he would be thrilled to recall old times. Obviously, if you are good enough to visit Brian, he would like a phone call to ensure it is convenient and you won't have made a wasted journey - his phone number is:

01206 822381

I read in the current issue of T+MX of the death of Peter Howdle. "Peter who?" many of you younger ones might ask. Well, Peter was one of the last truly professional journalists to write for a motorcycle magazine - i.e. one who could write using the correct grammar and making one feel that one was there with him. In fact the greyed out rider on the front cover of this magazine is in fact of Peter Howdle riding a very early C15 - Peter being attired as he always was in these days in a pristine Barbour suit and flat cap.

This month I have included an appreciation of Laurie Bird who, as we all know, died earlier this summer from cancer. This appreciation has been compiled/written for us by Sidge - thankyou.

The Pre65 Team Trial for 2007 is being organised by, or so I understand, the Congleton club in Cheshire. From my own experience of riding their trials I can vouch that the going is quite good - dry rocks . . . but they did fall down on the route marking on the roads - even the locals were getting lost! Perhaps this has improved as it must be the best part of 30 years since I rode there.

Mick Brown's shed is getting over full! Yes, Mick has some of the surplus goodies from the Charity Jumble available to enable YOU to get started at your favourite Jumble.

Vintage Grass Track. Dave Spurgeon has requested that I remind you that the Southend club is holding a Grass Track at Latchingdon on 12th August which will include a round of the Vintage club's championship. Should be good fun.

Scrooge (aka Dave Kent, our erstwhile Treasurer) puts a size limitation on the Trials & Tribs and this month I am afraid that we have well and truly come up against the limit. I apologise to those of you who have supplied articles and photos which I am afraid have by necessity been held over until next month.

Look at the photo on page 5. What was El P thinking? Surely he can't be thinking of replacing Little Eric with a bike with a Villiers engine. Villiers carbs are of course a different matter!

Best wishes,

Jim

The August Plonkaround

Raydon Pit, Wades Lane, Raydon, Suffolk (Grid Ref TM043389)

Saturday 18th August 2007

Gates will be open at noon.

Trials practise for:

Pre 65 solos • Pre 65 sidecars • Twin Shocks

Youths/Juniors • Twin Shock sidecars



Dear Mick & Everyone involved with E.F.A.

Residents, staff and relatives at Seven Rivers would like to say a very big Thank You for your wonderful support of the home. The amount raised this year is a magnificent £2482.07 and overall £10,000 in all the years you have been coming. This has been used for a variety of equipment, from tables to special mattresses, pictures, new cutlery and garden furniture.

This year we will purchase a special electric profiling bed which will hugely benefit a resident who is totally bedfast - so please be assured that every penny you have raised has been spent wisely to directly enhance the life of the residents.

My personal Thanks go to Mick for all the organising without whom none of this would happen, and I hope that we will see you all here again next year.

With Grateful Thanks

Gill and everyone at Seven Rivers

Gill Sleightholm
Service Manager
Seven Rivers
01206 230345

BUMPER STICKERS

If men had periods, they'd brag about the size of their tampons

Secretarys Scribblings

Guess wot? The sun did shine for our July Tim's Tour and no-one told us off !

Fourteen of us, on 9 bikes, left the Alma and headed towards Tiptree, turning off before we got there for Great Braxted, Wickham Bishops (slight detour here as we were going in the same direction as several horse drawn "scurries" which didn't make good travelling companions) and Hatfield Peverel. Out towards Terling and Cressing, down lovely old Bradford Street in Braintree and on towards Beazley End, Blackmore End and a very pleasant tea/ice-cream break at picturesque Gosfield Lake. From there we set off to negotiate the roadworks at Halstead then out into the country again for Earls Colne and our favourite Chippy where we were made most welcome this time. Thanks again Tim for a super Saturday evening tour.

Another tour is planned for September, details from the Management, can be found elsewhere in this newsletter. Hope you can join us.

Another marvellous weekend at Weeting has come and gone. Although a bit damper than previous years we still had a good time. The Woodbridge Club display hosted a good selection of bikes and attracted a lot of attention from visitors to the rally. Many thanks to Chris Bater and family for inviting us along and for sharing their scrumptious BBQ with us all.

Sunday 12th August is the date for the Southend Club Doughnut Grass Track which includes a round of the Vintage Club Grass Track Championships. It's at Purley Barnes Farm, Latchingdon and starts at about midday.

"It's Show Time", the fundraising rally supporting Little Havens Childrens Hospice takes place on Sunday 19th August at New Acres, Burnham Road, Althorne (on the B1010 between Althorne and Burnham-on-Crouch) As mentioned before, there's something for everyone with loads of parking, refreshments and loos. So come and spend some time in the Dengie area for a good cause between 10am and 5pm, admission £4 adults, £3 concessions, accompanied under 16s free.

Don't need me to tell you that the Pre-65 Moto-X boys and girls are at Maylandsea on Sunday 26th August for their Bank Holiday weekend meeting.



Looking ahead to the autumn and club trials. There have been a couple of changes. We won't be running anything on 30th September. This has been put back to 7th October and will be at Little Bealings. Our event on 21st October will be a Pre-70 Championship round at Snaque Pit.

Heather



HELP!

CAN'T GET IN THE SHED!

Following the successful Charity Trial I am the custodian of a large collection of Motorcycling Magazines that were given to the memorabilia stall and not sold. Over 300 in total, mainly Classic Bike plus Classic Motor Cycle, Classic Bike Guide, British Bike, Leading Link (Greeves Owners Club) and Trial Bike & Enduro Magazine.

Enough to set up in business as a Bike Jumbler! Interested? Other Jumble stock available

Make me an offer I can't refuse, all proceeds for the Charity.

Contact Mick Brown on 01206 250462

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



Our next event is very special. It is being held to celebrate the life of our departed friend Roger Birch.

We will meet at Ted's place, Ipswich Road, Colchester, at 3:30pm on Saturday 1st September. Mick Brown has kindly offered to compile our route which will finish at Brightlingsea where our food from the local chippie will be taken in the garden of a pub. It would be appropriate to have a good response for this event for Roger and to finish off the tours for this year.

See you there!

By Order of The Management



*Wot
Iz
It ?*

Suggestions on a postcard to :

*Hedgerow Motorcycles
Stone Street
Boxford
Nr Sudbury*

Wrong Email Address

Lesson to be learned from typing the wrong email address:

A Minneapolis couple decided to go to Florida to thaw out during a particularly icy winter. They planned to stay at the same hotel where they spent their honeymoon 20 years earlier. Because of hectic schedules, it was difficult to coordinate their travel plans. So, the husband left Minneapolis and flew to Florida on Thursday, with his wife intending to fly down the following day.

The husband checked into the hotel. There was a computer in his room, so he decided to send an email to his wife. However, he accidentally left out one letter in her email address, and without realizing his error, sent the email.

Meanwhile, somewhere in Houston, a widow had just returned home from her husband's funeral. He was a minister who was called home to glory following a heart attack. The widow decided to check her email expecting messages from relatives and friends.

After reading the first message, she screamed and fainted. The widow's son rushed into the room, found his mother on the floor, and saw the computer screen which read:

To: My loving wife

Subject: I've arrived Date: April 6, 2006

I know you're surprised to hear from me. They have computers here now and you are allowed to send emails to your loved ones.

I've just arrived and have been checked in. I see that everything has been prepared for your arrival tomorrow.

Looking forward to seeing you then. Hope your journey is as uneventful as mine was.

P.S. sure is freaking hot down here!!!!

Council Complaints

The following is an extract from a complaint letter received by the council from a tenant

Our kitchen floor is damp.

We have two children and would like a third, so please send someone round.

"IT'S SHOW TIME"

**FUNDRAISING RALLY
SUPPORTING
LITTLE HAVENS CHILDREN'S HOSPICE**
(Charity no. 1022119)

SUNDAY 19 AUGUST 2007

10am to 5pm

**NEW ACRES, BURNHAM ROAD,
ALTHORNE, ESSEX**

*With the kind permission of David and Glenys Hopkins
(B1010 between Althorne and Burnham-on-Crouch)*

Visiting celebrity for the day - Richard Spendlove, MBE.
BBC regional radio presenter and writer

Classic/vintage cars and motorcycles, tractors, engines and steam.

Craft stalls and demonstrations, Punch & Judy, Witham Twirlettes, Midland Bernese Carters, Lendel Dog Display Team, Owls-R-Us, Springstep Dairy, timber sawing and pole lathe demo, horse cart rides, bouncy fun and go-karts for children.

Live entertainment with Winston "The Singing Farmer", Kismet Belly Dancers, tribute band Rich Clifford & The Saddows and local singer "Greavesey".

PLUS a 3 acre garden and private museum of domestic bygoners to view.

Ample parking, toilets and refreshments.

£4 adults, £3 concessions, accompanied under 16's free

www.itsshowtime.org.uk

[e-mail: janethhobart@hotmail.com](mailto:janethhobart@hotmail.com)

Phone Janet on 01245 473359 or Tony on 01621 742184 for details

Timber Woods LDT 2007

(Confessions of a long distance trials rider)

Held on the 22nd of July, it started and finished at Little Hougham Court. This is a pretty little farm which is situated just off the A20 between Folkestone and Dover. A lovely area surrounded by rolling countryside views and crisp clean air.

The day started with rain but soon cleared to be bright and sunny with colourful and shapely clouds filling the sky. A great day for a trial but the early rain did make the going slippery here and there, especially in the special test. The special test observers Marge and Sue were forced to do an impression of a miss wet raincoat competition in the early stages of the day, most fetching! Well done ladies and indeed all observers and officials for your dedication before during and after the event.

I was riding with my son Steve and we had decided some time before to give it a go on the 'British Iron'. Steve is always tickled when loading the bikes onto the trailer. This is because when strapping my bike down he puts his considerable weight onto the handlebars to compress my girder forks. But! They don't compress much at all. This was the normal way of things in those distant and far off industrial pre-war days. Steve thought that a quick calculation with his slide rule might help. He calculated that there is a one-inch compression but a three-inch rebound! This sounds strange I know, but I didn't tell him the real story about the lack of movement. In the boracic period of my life (that's boracic lint as in skint) I had the occasion to purchase some 'pogo stick' spare parts from 'Toys 'R' Us' at Rochester. It was in their 'Spring' sale and they were cheap, cheap, cheap! So I bought three. These will last me until the new Millennium and possibly beyond. Steve's theory was that I had got the spring in upside down, but I have already turned it several times, it makes not a jot of a difference. Those springs just have a mind of their own I suppose? The dark forces of 'Black Magic' must be at work somewhere, methinks?

Quite early on in the day I managed my traditional falling off the bike. The first time this happened was when I was 'cross rutting' an icy stretch at 20mph. I knew it was a gamble, but just before I did it I felt really brave. I was flung to my right and catapulted into a barbed wire fence, which fortunately broke my fall. I was ok though, because I was wearing Sue's old 'Belstaff' jacket which I have on permanent loan these days. She can have it back when I am 79. The second off was over the handlebars to the left at an oblique angle. This was entirely due to my wide gearbox expanding with the heat and rubbing on

USEFUL CONVERSIONS . . .

For those who thought the hardest part of Physics was the constant conversion from feet and inches to the metric system, including all its Newtons, Joules, and Watts, here is an example of another useful conversion:

65.25 days of drinking low-calorie beer because it's less filling - 1 lite year .

the side of the deep ruts. I landed on my camel back pack in some deep undergrowth very kindly put there by the local council to protect any falling riders. Steve was following, so in a split second I had counted all my arms and legs and checked that they were pointing the right way, then I immediately raised my right arm (which was now on my left side) to signal a thumbs up ok. Steve told me to slow down a bit and save myself for the sections. Isn't it odd when a son has to tell his dad to slow down? Surely it should be the dad telling the son to curb youthful exuberance? Black magic certainly has some far-reaching and weird effects as it continues to move in ever decreasing and totally mystifying circles! But that's trials riding for you, isn't it?

Just under half way round the Ariel coughed and stopped at a right turn junction. Petrol evaporation is a big problem with bikes that have no suspension. All that splashing and banging around inside the tank takes it's toll. Also unbeknown to me a couple of joy riding alcoholic gremlins had stowed away inside my tank and worsened the already poor fuel consumption. Steve had the answer by removing the tank on his AJS and putting a drop in mine. Whilst bending over the bike there was a sudden and ear deafeningly loud, Woof! Woof! Woof! Looking over my right shoulder whilst still in the stooped position, I saw the massive slobbering chops of an enormous dark brown Great Dane only inches from my throat. I told it to calm down or else, because I had just argued with a barbed wire fence and come off best! The lady owner appeared soon after to protect her pet and even offered some petrol she had in a can. Thank you kind lady with the big dog, but we are ok now. Steve's petrol then got me one mile short of the petrol stop before it ran out again. A kind fellow competitor came along and pushed me with his left hand whilst controlling his bike with the other. But it wasn't easy because my Ariel has all the rolling resistance of a Sherman tank with a puncture! Anyhow, he managed to get me within several hundred yards of the petrol station and we didn't crash into the roadside ditch once, even though it was close several times.

After getting tanked up we pressed on making good progress, but more importantly not falling off anymore. During the day I had been holding open the farm gates for all and sundry and this puzzled Steve because he said I was doing more than my share. That was an easy one to explain because it's no good getting older if you don't get craftier. What I was actually doing whilst opening and closing gates for people was leaning on the top bar and taking a quick rest! Us old boys aren't as silly as some would have you believe, dear reader! I might be a bit deaf now, but I always knew how many beans made four and a half, without using a digital calculator!

Three quarters of the way round we needed to stop for a break to top up with another pack of Mini Cheddar's. These are made with real cheese because it says so on the packet; (I can read as well as add up beans you know). I did my best to stretch out on a grass verge at the side of the lane; this was about as comfortable as a DFS sofa three months after buying it in one of their bargain sales. Whilst laying there thinking about why I was putting my body through a long distance trial, a big posh car came down the lane. It had just left a big posh house at the top of the road and as it slowly came by I could see the Duchess in the front passenger seat. I lifted my upper torso a tad, waved to her

and smiled. She acknowledged my politeness, waved and smiled back with a confused and questioning look. His Lordship who was driving looked unimpressed, but I really think he was just envious because he wasn't doing the Timber Woods trial. Eat your heart out your Lordship, get yourself an Ariel and live a bit! Time to march on. I start groaning before moving. Continue groaning whilst getting up. When on feet cogitate for a few seconds. Look towards Steve and say, "I don't think I want to be doing this when I'm 80 years old son!"

At section nine we met Alan (you've been Tango'ed) Brook. He was once again 'spiritedly' serving his delicious and refreshing orange juice, in his now, well known 'cordial' manner. It is a recipe made to his old granny's secret formula from the days when those lovely ladies made real proper orange juice. His original white linen tablecloth this year had been substituted for the St. George flag. This I think was just for the British Bike riders. The very hardworking and experienced Dick Dickenson was the observer on a great little section. Cheers men!

When we came to section ten, which was the last of the day, we were greeted by another two willing and friendly observers. The first observer told me to keep left and then drop into a 'bit of a bombhole'. He then explained a rough outline of the course. "Thanks mate, can I start now?" "Away you go then old chap" he said. So I confidently approached the 'bit of a bomb hole'. Hells bells! What a drop that was! It was like going off the side of Beechy Head. But no problem to me because I went clean, (except for my underwear).

When Steve lined up I couldn't really warn him of the steepness of the 'bit of a bombhole'. It was an even bigger surprise to him, as he was told it was only just a 'bit of a dip'. But it was an enjoyable section and if we hadn't been on slow bikes we would have played about on that one for an hour longer. What we did learn about though was the fear that ancient mariners must have suffered from when they thought they could quite easily sail off the edge of the world! We laughed about that 'bit of a dip' all the way home and came to the conclusion that the observer must have been a fully paid up member of the 'flat earth society'.

At the end of the day I was speaking to Roger Farris who had been involved with several mechanical troubles along the way. Apparently he had also helped repair a lady rider with a lame horse! No! It was the horse he fixed! It transpired that the poor old equine animal had got one of Timber Woods 'special test stones' stuck in his hoof. Roger gallantly (and surgically) removed it with a pair of Japanese pliers from the tool kit of a Honda! Now we all know that Veterinary Surgeons costs are exorbitant, so did Roger make a killing? Perhaps someone from Tunbridge Wells, an actress, or even a Bishop can write in and let us know please!

Looking forward to next year's fun if I'm fit enough. It was a nice touch to have Timber Woods photo smiling at us at the beginning of the road book. Perhaps one of him laughing at the end of the road book would be appropriate also?

Dave Blanchard

Laurie Bird - an appreciation

One had to admire Laurie Bird – who died on the last day of June at the tragically early age of fifty two - both for his candour and his courage.

He had known of his bone marrow cancer for some two years and would have also been aware it is one of the most cruel and virulent of diseases. Yet, as most people who knew him will testify, whenever you spoke to him during this worrying and no doubt stressful period, Laurie remained essentially matter of fact and in answer to any question on his health, casually dismissed the evil shadow.

Laurie had come into Eastern Centre motorcycle sport in the early 1970s with a bang. A graduate from the embryonic youth movement, he soon moved to the top in trials and motocross adult ratings whilst still in his teens - well enough to be included in the inter-centre teams of the time. Indeed, he was one of the very few (I can only think of Dave Bickers as another) riders to represent the Centre in both Trials and Motocross.

Hailing from Bucklesham, Laurie first rode for the Ipswich Triangle club and without doubt was helped along in his early days by Adrian Yallop – himself a star performer in his day. Nonetheless Laurie`s unique talent pushed him to almost unassailable levels in either discipline right through to the 1980s and beyond.

However, perhaps his most valiant achievement was his winning the 2005, “Pre 1970” Centre trials championship – at a time when he would have been fully aware of the illness creeping up on him. Witnessing his riding at the time, I can only say he performed in “classic Bird mode”:- Neat, confident, and highly competent.

I am not a particularly religious person and I consider any immortality we might expect after death, lives only in the genes bestowed on our children – should we be fortunate enough to have any. In that light, Laurie`s legacy lives strongly on in his son, Aston, already a Centre record maker in his own right and – despite some unlucky breaks to date – perhaps destined for even greater heights in the sport on which his Dad made such an impact.


Sidge Kenny

English signs in foreign countries -

Cocktail lounge, Norway:

**LADIES ARE REQUESTED
NOT TO HAVE CHILDREN
IN THE BAR.**



We had a good turnout for our last tour which took place on 7th July. Amongst those participating were Greg and Harrison, Roger and Heather, 'Big' Fletch and Chris, Geoff and Daff, Chairman Ted and Edie (all two up), Pedro Eaves, Chris Stokes, Mick Brown and any one I might have forgotten. And yes, we were blessed with fine weather.

On leaving the Alma we went to Messing, Tiptree, Wickham Bishops, Hatfield Peverel, White Notley, Braintree, Beezley End and then stopped at Gosfield Lake where sore bums were walked off and a welcome cup of tea or ice-cream was taken whilst we were entertained by the water-skiers.

On departing from the lake the Fletchers Connie (or should I say Connie Fletcher) was rather reluctant to continue but after assistance from a then breathless Roger, we were able to continue towards Halstead. Luckily we only suffered a short delay in the High Street roadworks which are seeming to go on for ever. We then took the scenic route through Colne Engaine and White Colne to our destination.

On our arrival we were greeted with a reception committee at the Chinese takeaway adjacent to the chippie but we did get a result because we weren't told off as we made no excuse for them by not encroaching on their parking area.

After tucking in to our food we then went our separate ways and it would appear that everyone enjoyed their late afternoon/early evening ride.

The Management

FOR SALE

BSA Bantam

rolling frame and wheels

D10

£65.00

Jim Mason

01787 277753

Scottish 2007

by Clive Dopson

Saturday was bright as we headed to Kinlochleven, we went via Glencoe to see, without luck, if any shops were open to get a bicycle brake cable I could use for the decompressor cable. The atmosphere on Saturday morning at the school is always very good, I fitted a new decompressor cable but then the Norton would not start, so finally it started with a push, but then with a new spark plug it seemed ok. I knew my Friday result would be disappointing. I

checked to find I had lost 54 marks in third place in the rigid's behind Mick Driffield on 175 BSA, 32 marks, and an old friend of mine from the Surrey Schoolboy Trials Club days, Mark Watmore on a 410 AJS on 39 marks. I thought I had four places which all ended as fives which on another day could have been cleans, so I needed to give it my best efforts and you never know what might happen.

Our first section of the day was Bridgend, I was disappointed with a three but had to fit another new spark plug before I got to Pipeline. I was tempted to copy many other riders and not walk up the section but I wanted to try my best so I walked up, during which we watched Dave Thorpe have a very scrappy three. My conclusion was it might be harder to clean, but I felt confident of a three if I could get up the second step and not try to foot around it as the day before. After getting a drink from my sister I had a steady run to



Matt Neale 200 Triumph

photo: Roy Ayres

the first step and stayed feet up nearly to the second step, then footing without too much effort. Suddenly, I was up for a three and some polite applause. I had a good double clean at Garbh Bheinn, where, unusually for Scotland, we had to go between trees, and then Cnoc a Linhe took a three and a five. Cameron Hill seems to be getting narrower so a steady three and two was not too bad. Camas Na Muic was exactly as the day before but instead of two stops I had a three and a two, so back on the road to the school to refuel.

Mum and Margaret were at Lower Mamore where I had an unnecessary dab, but Peter Salt also had one, before we headed up via the old Flook's Corner to a new rather characterless section called Flook's. Mamore and Am Bodach, on opposite sides of the Mamore Road, can provide a whole days entertainment for spectators. In the first Mamore sub I held on for a two before crashing past the ends card. The second sub is where many photographs get taken, but the start was made more difficult by having to start on the bank, but I was pleased to clean it. Bhutha Burn was a double clean, this is a jumble of rocks in a gully where I noticed bikes were doing really well until the riders tried to steer. So I tried this approach but the Norton must take the credit for two cleans.

This year we were excused the run out to Callart Falls but instead we had three subs at Callart Cottage, used in previous years. These were enjoyable and easier to get to than the Falls. Now turning towards home and Sleubhaich, this is the longest single sub in the trial. Here I had a long chat with Team Gibbs, normally we meet them on the way up at Scotch Corner but this year they had come up a week earlier to do some longer rides. Most riders were stopping here, I was pleased to get further than Matthew clean, but I fived and he had a steady three.

Brian and the others were observing three out of the four subs at Stob Coire Eirghe. The first sub was observed by a friend of mine, Gary Mitchell from Halifax who must have retired his Ariel on the first day. I was pleased with just two dabs, Trevor observed both Matthew and I by filming us and then watching it back, it was interesting to see this in the evening.

I was feeling good when we arrived at Coire Dubh, but should have been worried when it took two attempts to get to the sections as the hillside was very slippery. This double sub is really the worst type for a rigid with a jumble of rocks with the gaps in between just big enough to stop you dead. There were not many good rides until Alan Wright cleaned both by going very quickly in second gear. A few riders later Matthew cleaned both as a line developed. I was next up and going well to within a bikes length of the first sub ends card when it stopped dead. The engine was difficult to restart and I could not get a run into the second sub so another stop rather ruined my score for the day. One small thought was that after my attempt unfortunately there definitely was not a good line left, I apologise to those after me. Am Bodach took a dab which was disappointing, it is amazing how many spectators remained this late in the day, it must have been about half past three with a long walk back down to the road. Jackson's (Grey Mare's Ridge) was not included this year. Good news as I usually lose a load of marks and crash on the way back to the track, so only Mam Brec, just off the tarmac road on the way down from the Lodge,

remained. This last section was new and obviously had taken a lot of effort to clear the stream, but it was not very Scottish, just following a stream between trees. It took a dab off me, and rather surprisingly the same from Matthew and the overnight leader Neil Gaunt.

We arrived at the finish with about ten minutes to spare and there were a lot of people still in the Schoolyard enjoying the good weather. We loaded up and headed to wash the bikes back in Fort William, and then on to the hotel. After a quick swim we met the others for dinner.

The presentation was scheduled for ten o'clock in Kinlochleven, so we set off to drive the same road again. When we arrived the results were available and there was some confusion about best rigid class similar to last year. I had lost forty four marks, compared to Mark's loss of thirty nine, so overall it was seventy eight to ninety nine. We were first and second, overall respectively in ninety sixth and one hundred and eighteenth places as Mick Driffield had retired. The award's list showed the best rigid award going to a rider on a springer, the next rider in the results entered on a rigid actually rode a springer, so Mark and I had to visit the results team to explain the situation. Finally they understood and Mark was presented with the Mick Andrew's Trophy, I hope to get it back again next year. Matthew had moved up from forty second place up to thirty sixth, but neither of us was pleased with our rides.

I was disappointed, as this was the first time I had been beaten by another rigid, but more positively I had no punctures. I found out that Mark was so concerned about punctures that he had bought from the USA some special tyre balls, costing approximately two hundred and fifty pounds. They were very difficult to fit but did protect against having a puncture. The Norton has competed twenty eight days in Scotland since 1986 without retiring, although some of the mid-event rebuilds and repairs have been major, and loads of people offer to carry tubes to help make sure I get to the finish. It was encouraging this year to have more rigids finishing the trial, Harry Stanistreet, 197 James, 117 marks in 124th place, Ian Barker, girder forked 600 Norton, 121 marks in 126th place and Richard Griffiths, Norton 500T, 135 marks in 135th place.

I had a bad ride this year, but some of the sections are getting too difficult for a rigid, some of this is caused by the ongoing developments on the successful Pre'65 bikes. There is a lot of discussion about Pre'65 machine eligibility. I think the horse has bolted on this, as to make certain bikes illegal would be to instantly devalue them. I believe something must be done as we cannot allow development to go unchecked, in ten years time, what will we wish we had done? One issue coming up is the unavailability of tubed tyres, some events do not accept tubeless tyres.

Another hot subject this year was how to stop illegal riders on the route, if the land owners feel they can hold the club responsible then there must be legal actions the club can take. If club officials cannot enforce this, then either the police or agents acting for the landowners should be paid. If this really is putting the trial at risk then I am sure riders would not mind an increase in entry fee.

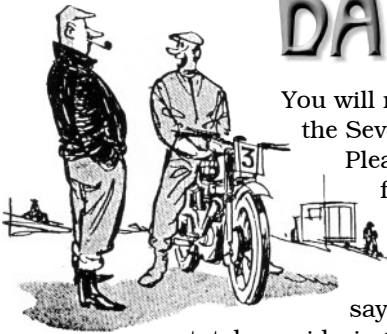


Apple Does It Again

Apple Computer announced today that it has developed a computer chip that can store and play high fidelity music in women's breast implants.

The iTit® will cost \$499 to \$599 depending on speaker size . . . and cup sizes.

This is considered to be a major breakthrough because women have always complained about men staring at their breasts and not



DABBERS DIARY

You will now have read the letter of thanks from Gill, the Seven Rivers manager. She was as they say 'Well Pleased', so much so that she has pencilled us in for next year and she tells me that she will instruct her replacement that the event is a fixed arrangement!

So! Let me bring you up to date, as Gill says the final total was £2482.70, a wonderful total considering the weather and may still top £2500 if I manage to flog the surplus Jumble stock! A final thanks to all my helpers, riders, observers and a special thanks to the sponsors whether they were section sponsors or riders who raised a staggering £1092 with personal sponsorship.

Well done and thanks again!

I seem to have a large number of 'Shed Certificates' left over this year, so if any rider did not get his hard earned souvenir please get in touch and I will get one to you.

After I had washed the nasty taste from my mouth following my negotiations with the caterers, I did manage to knock them down by £240 and I think a lesson learned, I had an enjoyable July with a visit to Mallory Park for the VMCC 'Festival of a Thousand Bikes', a pleasant day at the 'Weeting Steam Fair' and I managed to get my old Tiger 70 an MOT and registration number! So I am all set for the Levis Cup Trial and the Arbuthnot in September. By the way, don't believe all you hear about the DVLA. I had very good service at the Chelmsford branch, the machine examiner was very efficient, polite and knowledgeable, he carried out the inspection in the back of my vehicle and I got the number back in just over two weeks.

End Thought . . .

A woman cannot hear what you say from one room to another, but can hear a pound leaving the bank account 35 miles away **TRUE**