

Editorial

I realise that the ACT has already held a trial at Wrabness but the winter season proper, as far as the EFA is concerned, started at the Snaque Pit on the 19th October. This event, run for us by the Sudbury chapter, proved to be very well enjoyed from reports I have heard. (we were holidaying in Benidorm). I am sure that Chris Canham received all the help and advice necessary for this his first, and hopefully not last, venture as Secretary of the Meeting. From the results it would appear that Trevor Baker is really getting to grips with the Matchless.

This years Old Codgers would appear to have emulated the first edition of the event. I rode in that one but failed to finish due to the quarry at Betchworth resembling the Somme! It got so bad that Don Morley awarded finishers certificates to all of us who managed to complete a lap! Anyway, I must congratulate those who took part and completed the event. The girder rigid class was 'dominated' by EFA associates!

I am sorry to report that Chris Huxtable's dad has died suddenly. I am sure you will join me in sending our condolences to Chris on this sad loss.

Thumpers time is well and truly here. If you have forgotten then this years event will be taking place at Thorrington on 23rd November.

Currently, entries are a little slow in coming in - could this be the credit crunch? Tracey should have ample numbers of entry forms for you at Club Nite but of course you can always get one by downloading from the Thumpers/EFA website:

www.thumpers.org.uk

Ted is still on the lookout for volunteers to observe so if you don't intend to ride give him your name.

This year's event is in some respects the end of an era. Neither Ted or myself are renewing our National Clerk of the Course licenses. This means that next years event will be 'under new management'. I am relinquishing the post of Assistant C of C and handing over to Chris Mace in readiness for next year. I am sure that both Ted and myself will be involved with the Thumpers for the foreseeable future though.

One of 2008's best kept secrets is that the 2008 edition of the ACU's Pre65 Inter Centre Team Trial is to be held in this centre. When(?) is the question. Originally it was to be held in mid-September, then November 30th but now the date of 28th December is being voiced. Surely this event is far too important in the scheme of things to be messed about like this. I understand that the Centre's officers **and** the ACU at Rugby are being kept in the dark as to when and perhaps where and if the event is to take place.

El P has been in the wars again - see the article sent in by her ladyship.

As I hinted earlier, 'er indoors and myself have been enjoying some pre-winter sun in Spain. Unfortunately, some individual felt that he had more use for my wallet than me. Let this be a lesson to all of us - don't rely on a zipped up pocket on cargo trousers or shorts - I and others have now lost wallets when thinking that we were pretty fire proof.

Best wishes,

Jim

The Mid Anglia MCC
present
for your enjoyment



The November Plonkatound

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

Saturday 15th November 2008

Gates will be open at noon.

Trials practise for:

Pre 65 solos • Pre 65 sidecars • Twin Shocks

Youths/Juniors • Twin Shock sidecars

For further information contact:

Mike Harden 01473 310537

email: mikeharden@mypostoffice.co.uk



Don't forget your tax return!

Her Majesty's Revenue & Customs

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 normally 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 or sent via email should preferably be saved in text or RTF format.



I've Got This Foot!

The first part of our badly needed Turkish holiday had been and gone, and as we loaded our bags into the car we said goodbye to the beachside hotel where we had been staying with some English people we knew who had now returned to England. We then set off for the little Turkish village nestled by the side of the mountains that sheltered the home of our Turkish friend Kerim and his wife Fatmah. The area is very reminiscent of the west coast of Scotland with rocks and pine woods and little villages dotted here and there.

On the Thursday, five days from the end of our holiday we decided that as our Jawa was in need of some, if not a lot of, attention, we'd borrow the family Yamaha, a 250cc road-going machine, and set out up into the mountains of this remote little area we love so much. Having circumnavigated several villages we decided to head down from the mountains to a little restaurant we knew where we ate a long, and leisurely, lunch. Having paid the bill and put the world to rights with the proprietor, we made our way back to the Yamaha parked by the roadside. Ian had started to limp a bit. "What's up with your foot?" I asked. "It feels a bit uncomfortable, probably changing gear in sandals hasn't helped" he replied. We took off again and eventually arrived back at Kerim's house at about 5 o'clock. Kerim noticed Ian's limping. "What is the problem?" he asked and Ian replied "I've got this foot". After a lovely meal of grilled fish and salad and a couple of Rakis we went to bed. Ian had an awful night and in the morning his foot was very swollen and extremely painful so

much so that he could not bear his weight on it at all. Getting out of bed and going downstairs was going to be an impossibility. Kerim and Fatmah were very concerned as were we. The nearest hospital is 50 miles away and if Ian had done anything that needed hospital attention we would not be going home when we should have been. The ever resourceful Kerim had managed to borrow a pair of old wooden crutches that creaked menacingly under the strain of Ian's weight but helped him downstairs on to the verandah. Fatmah 'ummed' and 'ahhed' over the offending foot and suggested an old family remedy. After much conversation, half Turkish, half English, we found out that the remedy was to be a hot bread poultice which she set to and made. An unleavened flat bread made on her open fire and placed very warm on Ian's foot and secured with an old yashmak.

Saturday morning, the situation had not improved. The bread poultice had not worked its magic and Ian was still in a lot of pain and 'this foot' was still swollen. We decided to try an ice pack and so the bread was swapped for a large lump of ice. All to no avail. Kerim who was by now beside himself with worry said "I will go to the village to find the 'bone man' to come up and look at your foot". Ian's face couldn't hide the fact that he was thinking about small dark men with bones through their noses chanting and wafting burnt chicken feathers under his nose. "No thank Kerim I'm sure the ice will do the job" he said unconvincingly but was overruled by Kerim who grabbed his mobile and disappeared into the house. Some time later an old battered Mobylette arrived and was duly parked against the verandah. It's rider, a Turkish man in an old



Tee shirt and trousers grinned through a 9 o'clock salt and pepper shadow making him look like Omar Sharif on a bad day. The cigarette was taken from his mouth and he said the Turkish for hello. One of Kerim's fishing friends we thought and welcomed him respectfully in Turkish. With that he shook Ian's hands and pointed to his foot, very swollen and propped up on a low chair beside the table at which Ian was sitting. "May I look" he said pointing to Ian's foot at which time it dawned on us that this was Ramazan the bone man! This very pleasant man who could speak a little English and whose hands were now gently touching and prodding Ian's foot and testing each toe as if looking for a little slack when adjusting tappets. The bone man said "stand please" and the chairs were removed. Ian stood there on one leg looking like a frightened stork. He asked for a cushion and placed it on the floor in front of the wall. "Please sit" pointing to the floor and cushion. Ian lowered himself, wincing, onto the cushion with his back against the wall. Judging by the conversation Ramazan had with Kerim he confirmed what we had thought might be the problem - a dislocated bone in the foot. He placed Ian's foot against his knee as he sat cross-legged in front of him. He asked Kerim to hold his shoulders and I sat opposite praying that this man was all Kerim had said he was!

"Relax my friend, please relax" he said softly to Ian who knew exactly what was going to happen and found it extremely hard to do anything let alone relax! With one arm gripping the table and the other firmly held by Kerim he tried to seek refuge under the table. "Please relax my friend" the man said and Ian was just in the middle of saying "Its alright for you to say relax" when there was a rather nasty sound of a crack. At this moment it crossed my mind that next year's holiday could very well be a Saga cruise! As I peered under the table at Ian, Ramazan the bone man said as if calling Lazarus from the grave, "Stand up, stand up!" It took three of us to gather Ian from under the table and prop him up on one leg and looking a little dazed. He gently put both feet on the ground! "Now walk please" Ramazan said. Very hesitantly Ian did just that. He wasn't going to run a marathon but he could walk. "Just a little ice pack for 10 minutes three or four times a day, no more" Ramazan said. He would take no payment only that we go and see him next year to say hello. "It's alright now" he said. "You should come to England and practice" we said. "Ah, but who would look after my village" he said and after lighting another cigarette jumped on his Mobylette and disappeared up the road.

As we packed to go to the airport on Tuesday, Ian could walk with hardly a limp to to show for all the pain he had been in before Ramazan had treated him. We also wondered how much such treatment would have cost us in England.

*B xford Superior Building
Services*

period extensions our speciality

Time Machines

It was September the 14th 2008 and we had been on the Queens Highway since 5:15am. We were heading for Wiltshire and the land of the 'Stone-Age People'. At approximately 100 miles into the journey, we would pass that mysterious and very ancient development known as 'Stonehenge'. Doing our little bit to wear down several motorways and dual carriageways, we eventually would arrive at a lovely little village called Barford St. Martin. Almost all country villages can boast inviting and quaint old buildings where refreshments can be purchased. This habit eases away the aching of travelling many a boring and stressful mile. The 'Barford Inn' is exactly one of those fine old buildings. It was originally an old fashioned horse and coach stop in the days of yore, long before most of us were born. Its cobbled courtyard and drive through arch is the traditional starting place for today's 'Arbuthnot Trial'.

Some of the earliest riders and 'Salisbury Motorcycle Club' helpers had already assembled and were chatting to like minded friends whom they had not seen for two years. That was because the 2007 trial had been cancelled due to the foot and mouth problem that broke out in Surrey. Yes, we know Surrey is miles away from Wiltshire, but out of consideration for the generous 'land owners' that make several tracks available to us, it was respectful to cancel the 2007 event.

A typical early September morning was before us. The 'countryside mist' was fairly thick and those beautiful Wiltshire Hills were not properly visible. The air temperature seemed just right for a long distance trial and everything in the world was peaceful.

But silence cannot go on forever and strange noises were making themselves heard. The thumping of old fashioned long stroke engines reverberated around the Barford Inn courtyard, as several competitors assured themselves that their motorcycles would burst into life when they were called to the line at their allocated start time's.

Just a few days before the event the area had suffered 1.6 inches of 'Blightys' finest and heavy unrelenting watery rain! However, at 1.5 miles from the start, our first section at Hoopside was not yet showing the signs of a recent torrential downpour. So we had few problems there and negotiations were quite straight forward.

It wasn't until 20miles had passed that the effects of the recent inclement weather became clear. It had been necessary to traverse many deep puddles with the worst of these bordering on a 'village pond' size. Luckily we remembered the tracks from previous Arbuthnot trials and could estimate the depth of water before venturing into the dark uninviting liquid. I have a large front mudflap on the Ariel and this was to prove invaluable throughout the day. Actually our regular route varied a little this year due to several reasons. One of these was the 'equine long distance event' that was in progress as in other years, so a sympathetic route avoided their start area. Two other reasons for

variations I think were the continuing downgrading of byways etc. and of course some other byways and tracks that were far too deep underwater.

Even with all this water about our ride was really enjoyable as we trundled through many little villages and several hamlets, all the while being enthralled by the breathtaking scenery across the now clearly visible rolling hills of Wiltshire. Two more sections known as Knighton 1 and Knighton 2 were completed. These were followed 1 mile later by Croucheston Hill, which is a real 'old colonial type' hillside section. This was one of the timed special tests. At 27 miles from the start, yet another hillside section called 'Misselfore' was accomplished. The passing of 31 miles saw us arrive at the second special test. This was in a secluded and steep sided valley and incorporated the 'Manwood' section. After that it became a 5-mile dash to the lunch stop at Rushmore Park Golf Club. A prettier setting would be hard to find.

Suitably refreshed and with motorcycle maintenance adjustments and repairs completed, we headed for Capstitch Hill checkpoint and a group of three sections known as Well Bottom. As the name suggests this was in a lowland area and was 50 miles out from the Barford Inn. These sections were soon accomplished without too many problems. So we leave 'Well Bottom' and get our heads down, motoring quickly on until reaching the last two sections of the day at the famous 'White Sheet Hill'. We had now covered 61 miles of our fantastic adventure. The penultimate and the last observed section of the day were successfully completed as we did our best to ignore our aching limbs. Soon it was time to hit those 'Ancient Oxdrove' tracks once more, heading for Barford St. Martin, just west of Salisbury. This very last leg of our journey is always taken at a vigorous pace because we have 'tuned in' at riding the rough on 'Old British Iron'. At the finish we can look forward to the wild and lurid tales of other rider's exploits, as they reminisce over the incidents they endured during the 73-mile sporting day.

The entries had been a little low this year and I am convinced that some regular senior riders who are on pensions had been discouraged by the current exorbitant hike of fuel prices. This would obviously affect the cost of travelling to and from the West Country.

As always though, 'The Arbuthnot Trial' had been a fantastic event! We cannot thank Mike and Mary Rye and the 'Salisbury Motorcycle Club' members enough for such efforts. Thanks also to Ian Rennie for the foresight and enthusiasm he showed when 're-introducing' this famous old trial several years ago. He has enabled us modern day riders to experience the ambience of similar trials that were in full swing in England between the two world wars.

Dave Blanchard

BUMPER STICKERS

Driver carries no cash. He's married



Snaque Pit Trial

Sunday 19th October 2008

No	Name	Bike	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
PRE-UNIT HARD ROUTE													
96	Trevor Baker	410 Matchless	2100	0000	0000	0000	0110	1100	1000	0000	0000	0000	8
12	Mark Fletcher	500 Royal Enfield	0055	1000	2001	0000	0000	0000	5000	0000	0000	0000	19
11	Brian Fletcher	500 Royal Enfield	1200	3000	0001	0000	0511	1505	1101	1000	0000	3001	33
6	Alan Farmer	500 Royal Enfield	5355	1031	1101	0001	1033	0531	2151	0010	5530	5100	72
UNIT - HARD ROUTE													
94	John Kendal	350 Triumph	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0
97	Trevor Hill	250 Triumph	5001	0000	0000	0000	0100	0000	2051	1000	0000	0000	16
61	Alan Robinson	350 BSA	3110	0000	0000	0000	0200	0000	5000	0000	0000	0100	23
60	Kevin Plummer	350 BSA	1101	0050	0000	0000	2010	1000	1000	0550	0000	3030	29
99	Colin Sadler	248 Royal Enfield	5130	0000	0010	0001	5100	1515	0105	1005	0000	1000	42
TWO STROKE - HARD ROUTE													
91	Dave Spurgeon	246 Greeves	0021	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	3
55	Graham Braybrook	246 B.V.S.	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0121	0000	0000	0000	0000	4
87	Roger Finch	250 Sprite	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0015	0010	0000	0000	0000	7
4	Mike Smith	250 Greeves	5100	0020	0000	0000	1100	0110	0110	1001	0001	0000	17
TWIN SHOCK - HARD ROUTE													
13	Gary Marchant	325 Bultaco	2020	1000	0000	0000	5000	1201	1100	1510	0300	5000	31

No	Name	Bike	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
PRE UNIT - MIDDLE ROUTE													
2	Kevin Goldsmith	350 Royal Enfield	0000	1100	2000	0000	1315	0100	5311	1000	0000	0000	26
78	Geoff Challis	500 Ariel	2000	0000	0000	0000	1500	0000	5300	0000	5505	0000	31
58	John Daly	350 AJS	0000	0100	5000	0000	1500	0200	2312	0002	5500	5000	39
UNIT - MIDDLE ROUTE													
95	Gordon Blackburn	350 Triumph	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	1000	0000	0000	0000	1
88	Richard Challis	249 BSA	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0001	0000	0000	0000	0000	1
83	Colin Rose	199 Triumph	0000	1000	0000	0000	0000	0000	1200	0000	0000	0000	4
76	Phill Smith	250 BSA	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	2000	5310	5000	0000	0000	16
86	Bruce Davie	350 BSA	0000	1100	0000	0000	0000	0000	3000	3010	0000	5500	19
53	Roy Phypers	350 Triumph	0000	0000	0000	0000	1000	0000	5153	0000	5000	0000	20
65	Chris Byford-Smith	199 Triumph	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	000m	5010	0000	0000	5000	21
92	Graham Andrews	199 Triumph	5100	0010	0010	0000	0000	0001	5502	1000	0000	5000	27
85	Kevin Davie	317 BSA	0010	0000	0000	0000	5000	5000	3511	2000	5000	0000	28
54	Chris Canham	250 BSA	0000	0010	0000	0000	1000	5100	5055	0000	0000	1050	29
TWO STROKE - MIDDLE ROUTE													
7	John Beasley	250 Greeves	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	1100	0000	0000	0000	2
98	Eddie Hood	175 BSA	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	1000	3000	0001	0000	0000	5
73	Jim Mason	250 Sprite	0000	0100	0000	0000	0000	0000	0005	0000	3000	0000	9
3	Terry Sewell	246 Greeves	3000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	1510	0500	0000	0000	15
1	Gary Eaves	125 Wassell	0110	0000	1300	0000	0010	1000	2120	0002	2500	3050	30
81	Dave Kent	250 Greeves	0102	0001	5000	0000	1000	0012	3521	0000	0150	5000	35
57	Andy Spreadbridge	250 Greeves	0000	0002	0000	0000	0000	0000	3255	1100	5030	5500	37
77	Doug Barrell	175 BSA	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	5500	0mmm	0000	5000	45
90	Kevin Harris	250 B.V.S.	00	000	000	0000		0000	335	5001	35		ret

No	Name	Bike	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
TWIN SHOCKS - MIDDLE ROUTE													
84	Eric Gregory	200 Honda	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	2202	0001	0100	0000	8
14	Simon Harvey	250 Suzuki	0000	0000	5000	0000	0001	0000	1001	1000	0000	5000	14
5	Richard Wreathall	212 Fantic	0000	1010	0000	0000	0000	0000	0103	0000	5000	5000	17
8	Andy Tym	175 Yamaha	2300	0010	0000	0000	0005	0000	3000	0110	0550	5000	36
89	David Peperell	156 Fantic	0000	0100	5000	0300	3101	2350	5500	1151	0500	0500	52
YOUTH - MIDDLE ROUTE													
75	Elliot Smith	125 Honda	1210	1000	0020	0000	0001	1001	3532	2055	0000	0000	35
UNIT - EASY ROUTE													
59	Peter Sigournay	275 BSA	5000	0113	0000	0000	0000	0000	3515	0000	0000	0000	24
TWO STROKES - EASY ROUTE													
56	Christopher Chapman	250 Wasp	0000	1001	0000	0000	0000	0000	0013	0000	0000	0000	6
79	Albert Dove	250 Banvil	0000	5110	0000	0000	0000	0000	0002	0000	0000	0000	9
82	Ted Smith	175 BSA	1000	1001	0000	0000	0000	2000	5050	0000	5000	0005	25
TWIN SHOCKS - EASY ROUTE													
62	Brian Neale	200 E.S.200	5000	2100	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	8
93	Dale Clutterham	175/250 Yamaha	2121	1131	0000	0000	0005	0100	3333	2001	0000	0000	33
9	John Sadler	175 Yamaha	0501	2311	0000	0000	0000	0000	3313	101m	5000	2001	43
74	Luke Fitz-John	250 Suzuki Beamish	3100	2233	0000	1000	0010	0000	5333	0020	1050	0555	53
63	Brian Cook	200 Honda	5500	132m	050m	001m	031m	0000	33mm	510m	0000	5550	123
64	Gary Lynch	250 Ossa	5551	512m	523m	100m	000m	0000	55mm	150m	0000	5555	141
10	Chris Rudland	175 Yamaha	5	3	0			0	5				ret
YOUTH - EASY ROUTE													
80	Joe Mullender	175 Yamaha											n/s

A great trial with 50+ riders turning up on the day – a baptism of fire for a virgin Secretary of the Meeting but none the worse for it. I received several complimentary comments from riders who thoroughly enjoyed the trial and looked forward to the next one. A big thank you to all the observers on Sunday who allowed us all to have a good days sport in fine weather and another thank you to Graham, Roger and their helpers for setting out the sections on Saturday.

. A big thank you to Peter for his aide-memoir (my idiots guide) which de-mystified the whole process.

Chris Carham

This and That!!

Start of the winter series - the Snake Pit trial. Weatherwise it was fine (section 6 - windy corner was cold!). A good enthusiastic entry with some very impressive (and shiny) machinery being used in a very impressive manner and the results provided some surprises. The Pre unit hard route saw Trevor Baker on eight marks riding his 410 Matchless - what a beauty, a real credit to Trevor and so was his ride. Congratulations young man! Dad Brian wasn't so far behind son Mark (Fletcher) and was unlucky when the front-wheel tucked under on demanding section 6. John Kendall aced the event with his zero on the well used but still immaculate Triumph. I guess this result proves that Roger Finch and Graham Braybrook are in the top drawer of section plotters. I trust the entry was appreciative of their efforts together with Chris Canham, new Secretary of the Meeting, ably assisted by (size 14 boots) dad!! Roger and Graham battled it out in the two stroke class - a five on section 6 put Roger on 7 to Graham's 4 whilst Dave Spurgeon finished on a well ridden three. On the middle route 'big' Gordon Blackburn (350 Triumph) drew for first spot in the Unit class with Richard Challis (250 BSA) with one apiece. Colin Rose had a result with four Marks lost - always a trier! I'm sure that Kevin, Geoff, and John went away satisfied with their efforts muscling their Pre unit lumps around. The two-stroke middle route was a result for John Beasley on two from Eddie Hood on five. The whispering Honda of Eric Gregory went round for eight and the twin shock class win. The twin shock easy route win went to Brian Neale, first time out with the new knee - well done - middle route next time! Big thank-you to the providers - I rite good day.

A highlight in my month was a family trip to France where we visited a museum with a difference. Put together by a guy who started life as a farmer, then became an agricultural engineer. The business still exists but sadly he passed away earlier this year at 78. His son is now keeper of this massive collection of cars, agricultural machinery, push bikes, motorcycles, guns, knives, coaches, tanks, and weaving machinery which this gent started collecting in the early Sixties. He commenced to build/assemble the buildings which are purpose-built and very clean and tidy in 1988 and opened it to the world in '98. Further information from the writer.

If speed is your scene, the world speedway G P final was fantastic. Nicky Pedders effectively won the world title midway through the event and the response from the capacity crowd and his fellow racers was great. But when Poland's own Tomasz Gollob got the run in the Super Prix (worth 120,000 US dollars) in his own backyard the lid came off!!

Then of course, that London based Italian, Rossi, won the Moto GP crown again. Real impressive performances which cost massive amounts of money to buy all the best materials and expertise. At all levels - dedication and commitment. I don't think anyone who competes can fail to appreciate. Hey, ho! Back to the shed - what can I build from the scrap bin today!!

The same could be said of the 1973 British grass track drivers' championship superbly executed by the Braintree club at their great Lyons

Quotes Taken from Performance Evaluations:

"A room temperature IQ."

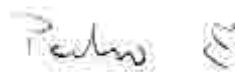
Hall circuit on Sunday 23rd September. Richard (Dick) Sillett was clerk of the course, brother Ken Chief Marshal and mother would have been doing a worthwhile task as well - lovely lady. Amongst the star studded entry were Mike Smith and Terry Sewell (35 years on and still competitive in the trial scene) - they finished sixth and fifth in one hard fought 500 race and Mike was second in another. Julian Wigg, Dave Baybutt and Tig Perry picked up most championship points solowise whilst Steve Smith and Roger Measor were top sidecar men. A cracking meeting, action all the way.

One of the last scrambles of the season was promoted by the Bury St Edmunds club at West Stowe Heath on 11th October. The first final of the day saw a good ride by Roger Harvey from Woodbridge in first place from Pete Desborough followed by Chelmsford's Terry Salmon. The 250 final saw Stuart Nunn first with Adrian Yallop and the late Laurie Bird close behind. The allcomers final was hard fought ending in a win for John Banks from Stuart Nunn and Chris Ginn. Putting on the style, Adrian Yallop completed the 10 lapper in 4th place. The punters should have been well pleased with another good day's sport.

Fast forward:

Dave Cordle, stalwart of Ipswich, organised yet another gathering for ancient competitors on the evening of 24th October. A very noisy affair - men can't talk! I had a very interesting chat with Denny Reeve, a centre trials ace in the Fifties, could Scramble too! He related one of his excursions to the SSDT in the early Fifties in company with Chelmsford's Ted Deale, both on rigid Ajays. They rode there, 900 miles in the trial, rode home and back to work on the Monday. They both got awards. I guessed there were 120 plus renewing acquaintances, swapping yarns, photo scanning etc. Dave had a slide show and cine going which saw history relived. Stewart Nunn, Dave Bickers, Chris Ginn, Freddie Mayes and several EFA men had a rite good nite.

Now, onto a serious note - don't forget the club needs your help in the preparation and running of the the Thumpers and the other winter events. No experience necessary - training provided. The faithful few cannot carry on forever - if you want trials in '09 it's down to you!!



Council Complaints

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

I want some repairs done to my cooker as it has backfired and burnt my knob off.

Old Codger Classic Trial 2000

The 'Old Codger' Classic trial is without doubt one of the best trials in the sporting calendar. Held again at the superb 'Hungry Hill' venue on Sunday the 5th October. Unbelievably! it was the sixteenth running of this very popular Pre 65 event. But to keep the entry levels high as in previous years, a very wise decision was made to allow modern Twin shocks to compete for the first time ever. This I thought worked extremely well, with the twin shock riders allowed to enter on either the red, blue and white observed sections according to their ability. So once again entry levels exceeded 100!

Leading up to Sunday the 5th I had been studying the weather forecasts really closely. It looked as though we were in for a wet day's riding, but you cannot always be certain as showers can sometimes circle the area and most of the wet stuff does not arrive as the weatherman so confidently predicts? How wrong could I be! It absolutely chucked it down all day, except for a fifteen-minute break after I had completed my two laps of twenty sections. I can honestly say that I have never seen 'Hungry Hill' so slippery or wet. The car park was like a riverbed with many streams cascading through it! Next year I will believe the weathermen. If they forecast heavy rain, I will probably bring along a canoe so that I can have some more fun after the trial!

So the order of the day for everyone was 'aggressive riding'. A full on attacking style was necessary, in order that those hills were climbed as fast as possible before the inevitable 'wheel spin' would show its ugly head and ruin a clean climb. Plenty of second gear ratios (or even higher) were used, just to minimise those engine power pulses from snatching at the back tyre. This sometimes avoided the loss of vital traction, but not always so. Final scores for some riders would inevitably become higher than in previous 'Old Codger' trials. But of course there are always some superb competitors whom we would term 'The Mudmasters'. These men would complete their day's competition for such miserly losses of marks, that it seemed almost impossible! One such expert was Len Hutty Jnr who rode the hardest (white) route. He lost just 16 marks in total for a memorable win! To put that into perspective, another brilliant rider called John Kendall who is normally snapping at Lens heels was second to him on the day with 71 marks lost. The most gallant and courageous ride of the day was by 'eighty-two' years old 'Bill Brooker' on his Triumph Cub. He was given the 'oldest finisher' award. This very famous 'Old Boy' put on a fantastic effort in a stamina sapping trial! Well done to him!

English signs in foreign countries

Car rental brochure, Tokyo:

WHEN PASSENGER OF FOOT
HEAVE IN SIGHT, TOOTLE THE
HORN. TRUMPET HIM
MELODIOUSLY AT FIRST, BUT IF HE
STILL OBSTACLES YOUR PASSAGE
THEN TOOTLE HIM WITH VIGOUR.

AMAZING LETTER TRICKS

SNOOZE ALARMS

When you rearrange the letters:

ALAS! NO MORE Z 'S

As always the Reigate & Redhill North Downs Motorcycle Club (under the AMCA rules) had done a great job with the whole event. The sections had been set in a sympathetic way to the extremely wet weather. The first class 'official programme' is worth looking after and will probably be collectable in years to come. So hang onto it for a nostalgic read when you are sitting in that old rocking chair in the very distant future.

Final praises go to the observers! I have never seen such organisation by observers before! Many had brought along fishing igloos, gazebos, sheets of waterproof plastic and 'Sou-Wester' types of hat. 'Hungry Hill' looked like a campsite! Primus stoves and steaming stainless steel vacuum flasks added to the decidedly damp atmosphere! However, the RRND members were all smiles in what was an unrelenting torrential downpour. Were they amused by the thoughts of 'What on earth are we doing here' syndrome? I wouldn't have blamed them if they had all 'phoned in sick' on the day of the trial. How did they keep their spirits up and smile as much as they did? Many thanks from all the soaking wet riders; you boys are really special!

Dave Blanchard

The Glenwood Trophy	<i>Girder fork rigid</i>	
Dave Blanchard	Ariel	41
Mick Brown	Triumph	45

The Aston Cup	<i>White Route (any)</i>	
Len Huty Jnr	Matchless	16
John Kendall	Greeves	71

The Don Morley Trophy	<i>Telescopic rigid</i>	
Mike Barton	AJS 500	8
Stan Metcalfe	BSA 300	11
Tim Heard	James	11

Twin-Shock class	<i>Red Route</i>	
Ernie Millar	Bultaco	33
Ian Clark	Bultaco	62

The Don Barrett Trophy	<i>Red Route (any)</i>	
Brian Hyett	BSA 175	25
Roy Topp	Triumph	25
John Jacka	Matchless	27
Ian Philips	Greeves	27

Twin-Shock class	<i>Blue Route</i>	
Doug Johnson	Armstrong	55
Len Hart	Honda	74

Twin-Shock class	<i>White Route</i>	
Peter Bowker	SWM	59
Gary Marchant	Bultaco	110

The Jim Susans Cup	<i>(Blue Route (any))</i>	
Mick Clarkson	BSA	33
Paul Houghton	Triumph	35
Colin Legg	Triumph	44

Tony Tutt Award	<i>for 'Oldest Finisher'</i>	
Bill Brooker	Tiger Cub	



DABBERS DIARY

Hopefully you will now have read Dave Blanchard's excellent article on the Arbuthnot, and will remember that last month I reported that we had, with Dave's help, won the team award, I had not forgotten, but failed to remind you, that a team made up of EFA members have won the team award each year since 2004. A record to be proud of I think.

Sunday 5th October saw eight Eastern Centre riders starting a very wet 'Old Codgers Trial' at Hungry Hill, Aldershot. When I say wet it was very wet! It had rained all night and the large car park area at Hungry Hill had a river running through the middle of it, whilst the poor old clerks of the course were hastily altering most of the sections, it then continued to rain for most of the day!

We had no winners from the East, but three runners-up, John Kendall was runner-up to Len Hutty (Jnr) on the hard route, Paul Houghton was runner-up on the middle route and Dabber was just beaten into second place in the Girder rigid class by our old friend Dave Blanchard. The Tony Tutt Award for the Oldest Finisher was won by (to quote the results) 'Bill Brooker (of course!)'.

Dave Blanchard and I were both quite relieved to finish as we both had a bit of trouble, Dave early on losing the use of his valve lifter and finding it very



John Kendall at the 'Old Codgers'

photo: Sue Blanchard



hard to start his Ariel. I was OK until I was descending from Yellow Hill, that's the one before Hungry Hill, when I got tangled with a sapling, bending the front mudguard, no problem, but also stretching the throttle cable. After some running repairs things seemed ok until the throttle stuck wide open on a couple of occasions, causing a bit of excitement!

Not much else to report as I have just spent two sunny weeks on the British Bike friendly Maltese Islands. Had a great day out with some members of the Historic Motorcycle Club of Malta on a 1961 BSA A7 complete with front and rear crash bars! This was loaned to me by the chairman of the club, a guy with a great collection of bikes, sadly they are not into trials.

Another run out on Gozo where we were staying, this was early on a Sunday morning at 8.30. A group of mates go out most weeks with either a run over to Malta or around Gozo and back home for 11.30 in time for Sunday lunch and the traditional family gathering. This time on another BSA twin, a 1960 A10 again equipped with a full set of crash bars. A great holiday, met some great people, good food and drink, saw lots of old bikes, what more could you want!

End Thought . . .

If a motorist cuts you off, just turn the other cheek.
Nothing gets the message across like a good mooning.