

T RIALS & RIBULATIONS

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FERNLEY
HITES 100K

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**Please could articles for inclusion in the T&T to be with the Editor
by first post the Tuesday before club night. Thank you.**

www.eastern-fourstroke-association.co.uk

Visit the Eastern Fourstroke Associations website and [Facebook Page](#)
for a wealth of club information,
results, pictures and videos of club trials.
(Submissions gratefully received)

Disclaimer - The articles and comments published herein do not necessarily represent the views
of the Eastern Fourstroke Association, they are the opinions of individual contributors and are
published with a view that free expression promotes discussion and interest.

EDITORIAL

Below I have copied from the ACU website the salient points regarding how trials might be expected to proceed under the present circumstances

Restricted events ONLY with a maximum number of 40 riders.

Adult Class only, Entry restricted to riders resident within 40 miles of Club Headquarters.

Only one rider permitted to attend in a vehicle unless accompanied by another adult rider from the same household.

NO SPECTATORS

Electronic entries only and no cash to be handled on day - Payment by electronic means such as ACU Online Signing On. Riders enter electronically and receive riding number by same method.

Rider to pre-prepare a card/number plate with his number shown. This card to be held up to the Secretary who in vehicle or behind appropriate plastic screen will tick off a check list to confirm attendance.

No One Day licences to be issued.

Vehicles must be parked with a minimum of one vehicle width space left vacant at each side.

If Observers used: - max 1 per section. Suitable PPE used. Observer briefed to stand a minimum of two metres from section boundary and end cards. Observer briefed not to enter section to replace markers etc (rider responsible must do so)

Only three riders allowed in section at any time to inspect it. If possible, a one-way route established to walk section but always social distancing to be strictly adhered to by riders passing other riders in section.

On arrival at a section all riders must observe social distancing and MUST not park or queue within two metres of another rider.

Only small groups of riders – maximum of 3 - to arrive at a particular section at once. If riders/group arrive before previous group has left - that group must remain seated on machines a safe distance away and only proceed when the group in front have all left.

IN ALL CASES - RIDERS MUST WAIT OR PARK AT LEAST TWO METRES AWAY FROM ANY OTHER RIDER GOOD PRACTICE WILL BE A STRAIGHT LINE QUEUE SYSTEM. RIDERS NOT OBEYING SOCIAL DISTANCE REQUIREMENTS IN ALL CASES WILL BE AUTOMATICALLY DISQUALIFIED AND MAY FACE FURTHER ACU DISCIPLINARY ACTION WITH SUSPENSION RECOMMENDED.

No catering allowed

Organisers to impose Strict Overall Time limit applied to event, for example; 4 hours.

Front Cover

John Ruth, aka 'The Leaping Midget' *"on the matchless G50 Seeley on the way to a replica in 1989"*

FINDING MY INNER THUMPER

PART THREE

The lockdown presented me with an opportunity to get to know the Bullet better, starting with its wonderful range of threads and nuts. Like most of us bought up on a diet of Japanese and European machines I vaguely knew that BSF, Whitworth and AF existed, but never appreciated that you might find all of them on one machine. Nor did I know that however many imperial tools you had accumulated, there were plenty of nuts than none of them would fit, however



close. For these it turns out that trusty metric spanners are best. If in doubt, I was advised by those in the know, just consult Hitchcocks. I ended up spending quite a lot of time, and not a little money, on the Hitchcocks website.

First off a simple service, tappet clearances, oil change and a new throttle cable (the Club chairman had spotted an over-long fitment at the Raydon trial and without saying as much made it quite clear to me that this sort of sloppiness was not acceptable). Tappet clearances are a doddle in theory, as the speci-

fication is zero clearance. But who would have thought that the adjuster and its locking nut would have required three spanners to tighten? The closest fit was a 14mm from the metric toolbox, of which I had but two.

The oil filter change was equally straightforward. Rather a lot of 'black stuff' drained out and I began to suspect a worn barrel, especially as the bike smoked like a trooper on start-up. Having quite a lot of time on my hands these last few weeks I

elected to strip the top end to check the bore and perhaps renew the rings. New rings? It was beginning to feel like there was a romantic relationship forming. Ardour was quelled however when I attempted to separate the cylinder head joint. I am sure that I got all the stud nuts off – there are only six after all – but the joint refused to succumb to my entreatments, even those of the mallet and drift sort. The gasket had been installed with some sort of thick black cement which really did the job. I only wish I could find out the brand. I

could see that I was risking serious damage to the fins on a job that probably wouldn't improve performance so made a tactical withdrawal. I did manage to replace a rather lethargic decompressor however. And in the process learnt an important lesson about pattern parts – they don't always fit properly, even when supplied by Hitch*****.

Checking a few things online swiftly brought up the subject of wet-sumping, the seeping of oil into the (dry) sump when the bike is not used for a while. I removed a crankcase drain plug and sure enough around 100ml (a quarter of a pint in old money) dribbled out. Wet-sumping made visual. Who knew that whenever you parked the bike you had to set the piston on tdc? It turns out that even when not running, oil finds its way through the crank shaft drilling and down to the big-end, thence into the sump, unless the piston, and therefore big-end, is positioned above the shaft. That explains the blue smoke on start-up anyway. I'm not too worried now I know there is a solution – a time-honoured one too, as it seems that Royal-Enfield never bothered to address the issue in over 50 years of continuous production – and the blue smoke spectacle adds a certain 'je ne sais quoi' to the thumper experience.

After all this fettling I started the bike to see if it still smoked. Or rather attempted to start it. It fired up straight away as usual then immediately cut out. A lot of kicking later I checked for a spark and found the problem if not the cause. Not a glimmer. New plug, cap and a

trimmed lead and still nothing. Time to get close up and personal with the Lucas SR1 magneto. After a near life time of ElectrexWorld and Bosch electronic ignitions I



had almost forgotten about points. And the only magnetos I had knowledge of previously were on the Suzuki 80s of my youth. The good thing about mags

is that no battery is required to get a spark. The bad thing is that it is difficult to test them as they have no battery. How to determine if it was the coil, the condenser or the points? Or even a hairline crack in the bakelite end-cover? To cut a long story short, I found out that it was simply the wire from the points shorting onto a cover mounting screw. I must have nipped it when taking a look inside. Curiosity and all that. With cleaned up points faces the spark re-appeared big and bright.

I am aware that the gap adjustment can alter the timing, but unlike on Suzuki 80s there were no timing marks to be seen. I consulted the sage of Royal Enfields about how to ensure the rig was correctly adjusted for peak performance. A resigned laugh came down the phone. "It only makes 16hp you know"!

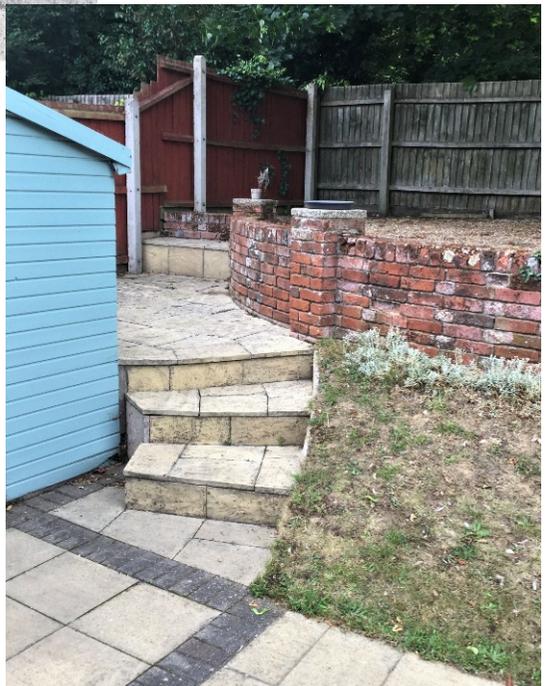
Hugo Rose

LOCKDOWN BACK YARD TRIALS



“Pipeline” is usually cleanable...

“Devils Staircase” is not so easy, best so far was a 2.... pre COVID of course as it could be a hospital job...





This is what happens when locked down with a pile of old bits...
The bike is a 56 bantam with the cub engine I used years ago.
At the moment it is an untamed beast needing more work.

Thanks to Chas Dove for the tank and Mark for his help. The front wheel
still belongs to Nick Robinson...

Colin Sadler

EL PRESIDENTI & THE LEAPING MIDGET GO HONDA

The re-birth in my memory bank of last month's Welsh two day experience was initially brought about by a chance phone call from a past eastern experts winning trials rider one evening who was surfing through that well known internet auction site. He had come across three trials and motocross news papers from 1980 and would you believe there showing on an open page of the March 28th edition was a picture of yours truly hanging out of my own Honda 305 outfit with Elpresidenti (Ian Preedy) at the helm.(see picture →)

Now this was indeed a one off occurrence, and lead me to question how this came about, as Ian and I where piloting trials outfits in the centre around that time but where both riders.

So after a successful bid I ended up with the said article which turned out to be a report on the 1980 sidecar Eastern experts trial organised that year by the Dunmow and District m.c.c.. It was then that it clicked the reason for me acting as ballast on my own Honda outfit that day with Ian in charge of navigation.

It was to get in some familiarization time together before the main event on the Wasp outfit in Wales

later that year and because this trial had a fair bit of roadwork as well as off road going between sections it would represent the sort of conditions we could look forward to in Wales.



Looking back now we may have been a little naive, and for those who read last month's Trials and Tribulations no more need to be

said, but in hindsight our day out on My Honda and what we got up to that day mirrored what the Welsh two day experience would be for us, both far closer than ever we could have envisaged at the time.

The morning before our one off ride on the Honda was spent with me doing the finishing touches to the outfit prior to meeting Ian the next day for our voyage of discovery. With everything in order I rode the outfit up to the local petrol station, filled her up and was on my way back to base when a rather, I suspect "worse for wear" gentleman in a Jaguar pulled straight out of the local pub car park at right angles in front of me without looking.

Although I was almost on top of him by then I vainly aimed to go for the gap behind him, but when he did eventually see me he slapped on the brakes, so with nowhere to go the Honda slammed into the side of the Jag sending me into rotation over the boot before tumbling along first the pavement then the road to a stop.

After ascertaining that I was still in the land of the living our immediate conversation was not unlike the one related to in the previous article involving our encounter with our Welsh friend in the middle of Wales !

Anyway after much heated conversation and showing no signs of asking after my immediate health he then left the scene leaving me to pick up the pieces and limp my way home.

I was looking and feeling a little second hand by now but nothing

that a few plasters and a couple of paracetamol wouldn't address.

The outfit however was pointing in all directions with bent forks and a broken top yoke being the biggest issues.

So after an urgent phone call to Derek Yorke followed by another to Ian, I dismantled the front end and was on my way first, to Sible Heddingham to straighten the forks ,followed by a trip across country to Elpresidentis abode in Boxford where after a liberal amount of heating, banging and welding by Ian I eventually arrived back home mid evening to screw it all back together, eventually finishing about midnight ready for the next day's event.

After all that we managed to make the start on time the next day and duly arrived at the first group of sections.

Now the Honda, with its engine enlarged to 305cc had quite a lot of grunt and demanded a deft touch on the throttle if the front wheel was to be kept on the ground. Added to that the tall engine unit made it a little tricky over chair up cambers, so consequently Ian was spending quite a lot of his time trying to keep at least two wheels on the ground at any one time. However he seemed to be enjoying himself and there was lots of laughing and the odd expletive emitting from us both as the trial progressed, followed by an increasingly large amount of followers as we performed our antics . So great fun was being had all round. I must admit I was feeling a little worse for wear though as we rolled

into the last group of sections at Stebbing which mainly consisted of drops into and out of a river via a river bank. And it was on one of these hazards that we performed our *coo de grass*.

As I remember the entrance to the section was down a sharp drop, chair up, into the river bed followed by a left hand arc out again up the bank. However things didn't quite go according to plan as the front wheel tucked under just as we entered the stream bed and this in turn caused Ian to grab a handful of throttle just at the wrong moment.

I still to this day can't work out exactly what happened next, but at a much increased speed and under a large cloud of steam we managed to fly back up the same bit of the bank we had just come down, with Ian still clinging manfully to the bars but, now sitting on the nose of the sidecar facing me !! before plummeting back into the river again for a second time.

Although both of us were now soaking wet and more than a little second hand we managed to make it back to the finish and live to fight another day.

But it was only now, forty years later, that I have linked our performance that day on the Honda to that of our subsequent performance in Wales on the Norton Wasp. Colliding with cars, irate drivers questioning our parentage, me dangling in the air out of the chair while *Elpresidenti* fought manfully to keep us upright.

It all gives you a felling of *déjà vu* doesn't it?

Results show that Perry Miller won the 1980 Eastern Experts sidecar trial on a mere 50 marks lost that day. However I reckon that if the event had been judged on say, the parameters of *Celebrity Come Dancing* or *It's a Celebrity Get Me Out of Here !!* the E.F.A.'s own duo of *Elepresidenti* and the *Leaping Midget* would have won on artistic impression, entertainment value, and fortitude under stressful conditions alone, hands down that day.

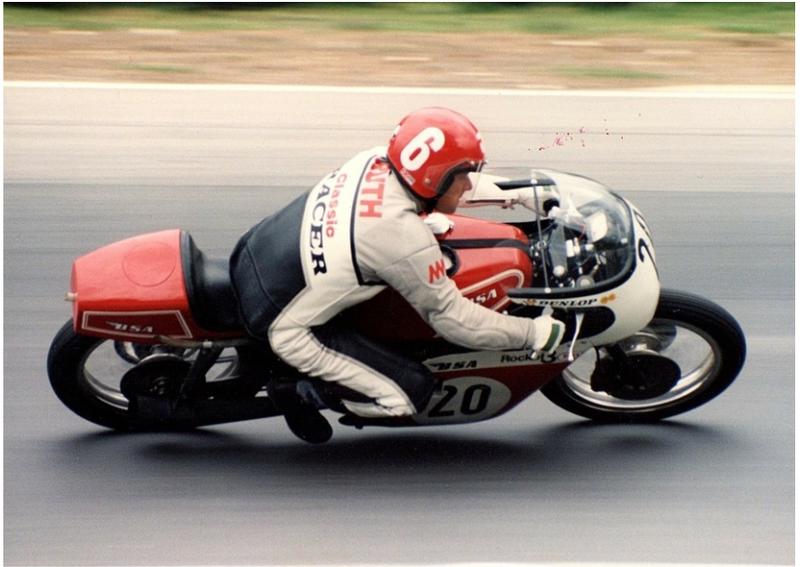
Now we all know why Ian has inherited the name "*Elpresidenti*" but, you may ask how did I acquire the nick name "*The Leaping Midget*." Well rumour has it that it came about late in 1972 at my second ever trial at, I think, *Shalford Pits* run by the *Braintree* club. I was fresh from the world of road racing and like all speed men a little throttle happy, linked with the fact that the *Sprite* I was performing on was, shall we say, past its initial flush of youth. After numerous spectacular attempts on the first few sections I arrived at a particularly daunting little number which involved a sharp drop into a 180 degree turn followed by an equally sharp climb out again; Remember there was only the one route then for novice, intermediate and expert alike at that time. A couple of my newly found fellow *Chelmsford* club members were eying the section with some trepidation and one of them, *Dick Hobart* I think, asked if I was going to give it a go as not many riders were making it over the top. He suggested that maybe I should give it best as some of the others had and ask for a 5.

One Chelmsford club man, a rider called Mike Denny, had also offered his advice then proceeded to clean the section.

Well I thought, if he can do it so can I. (What ever happened to that Mike Denny !!!) So off I went launching myself down the drop only to find that this was much more of a chal-

lenge than I first thought, however I plummeted to the bottom anyway, all arms and legs, somehow managing to turn at the bottom and, finding myself still attached to the bike, I wound the throttle open to make, I thought another futile attempt to reach the ends cards rather the loose face. Well the Villiers powered bike rattled into life, found some grip and proceeded to take off up the climb like a “rat up a drainpipe“ with me clinging on to the bars for dear life, somehow managing to leap over the top in a near vertical position before flying out of the section in a heap for a three much to the enjoyment of my fellow clubmen who where to become my friends and travelling partners for

the next few years, until first the lure of three wheels then a return



John at brands hatch 1991 for a Classic Racer magazine test on the Mike Hailwood B.S.A. three he rode at Daytona in 1971.

to the tarmac back to road racing became too much for me to resist.

I am reliably informed it was actually a fellow Chelmsford club member Jim Woodmason who gave me the name “The Leaping Midget” and some of my old trials sparring partners still address me as such to this day.

So there you have it, and it could have been worse! You wouldn’t want to hear what my racing spanner man “Muttonhead” Derek Clampin and his mate Clive Adams used to call me in the Day!! But the initials T.L.W.spring to mind.

John R. (Leaping)



Trial

*Out on ya bike is what we all need,
To clean that tough section o yes indeed,
I paddle through the mud - concentration is key,
The observer shouts out, I'll give you a three,
I turn round and smile hoorah-yippee,
Back to the car for a well deserved cup o tea,
The smell in the air, motors screaming, after these
last months am I still just dreaming,
No this is for real as I climb that steep hill but
slip off and dive, o damn another five ,
At the end of the day I'm bruised and battered,
I look at my bike with mud it is spattered,
I probably finished last but I don't care,
It's been a great day out to feel the wind in my
hair.*

Paul Bilbow

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A MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN'S IPAD

Sent from my iPad. Hi Chris, Just had a call from Don about Langford. It seems that there has been no decision on whether to run or not, the management is split, half want to and half don't.

So Don has decided not to have a stand this year.

Unless there is a big turn round.!

If anybody wants to run one it is ok by Don.



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July 2020

KEEPING TRACK!

Fixture list of Classic Events in East Anglia & some further afield

FORTHCOMING SHOWS BEING ATTENDED BY THE E.F.A.

~~Weeting Country Show July 17th 18th & 19th~~
CANCELLED

Langford Bike Meet. August 2nd ??

~~Copdock Bike Show October 4th~~
CANCELLED

Kempton Park Bike Show & Auto Jumble. December 5th

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