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Dear Member,

As I sit here with a blank mind trying to put this Newsletter together, my world is invaded with useless thoughts and other things?

Electric riding suits in winter. Too warm. No excuse to stop.

Miracle Fix a Tube. Fits anything spanner. Never leak oversuits.

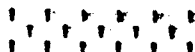
Supergrip tyres, noheartattacks over manhole covers. Wonderview none scratch visors, If they were made they wouldn't work.

Drivers who don't look before changing lanes. They're chickens! I reach inside and bite their heads off, if only I could.

Riding to work on sunny days, my spirit for adventure says "C'mon lets go man". I got clothes and money in the bank. Fine days will get me into trouble one day.

Last petrol for seventy miles sign, I pass them while eyeing up crumpet on the other side of the road.

Yes, twisty roads, good scenery, sunny days, with friends, good pubs, they go too quick.



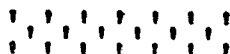
ROAD TRIAL - 9.7.78

ENTRANT	AM	PM	TOTAL
1. D Rourke	79	plus 106	185
2. G Winstanley	96	" 80	176
3. M Corteen	68	" 100	168
4. K Haining	69	" 60	129
5. J Hoxworth	39	" 33	72
6. L Messenger	38	" 0	38

After fifteen promised to start, eight were actually at the start. Graham Watson and John Hoxworth chose to ride together, Philip Stain came without a map and decided to help Jim Maple who arrived with four large scale metric maps, and as a result had to go home and recalculate all the metric height measurements back into english feet, thus losing valuable time, "good try Jim". Mike Corteen also arrived without a map and had to return home again losing time at the start. It can be clearly seen from the result that Dennis Rourke clearly won on paper, but he has been round the course before and did not wish to be the winner. So Geoff Winstanley a new-comer to Road Trials has an encouraging start on his MZ, "well done Geoff".

Dave Duckett

P.S. Rumour has it that Keith Haining's son Nicholas hasn't had any pocket money this week!!



JUST A SMALL RUN DURING MAY

On a small barred gate near Fort Augustus a small notice proclaims "Wades Road to Laggan" and what a road that is, some 20 miles of rockery with fords, bridges, steep climbs, switchback bends and snow. It climbs to an altitude of 2,500 feet which must be the snow line for all but a few months of the year.

During the "Scottish" Ron Armsden, Peter Potts, 250 Suzuki's and yours truly on the MZ 7 day Original decided to storm the Corrieachle Pass as it is otherwise known, to cut a long story shorter the weather was rotten with low cloud and cold winds, however a scotch pie and coffee at Fort Augustus gave the inner man the necessary incentive and the initial progress was good - gradually grit in them thar hills - boulders to you, then came the sight of snow and then the snow drifts several feet deep across the track. After some exertion in riding, footing, pulling and digging we cleared the first six or so drifts, Peter was found at one stage up to the seat in snow, however the summit was duly reached with visibility down to 20 yards. At this point the road disappeared into a large snowfield and even the indicator posts were out of sight, discretion became the better part of valor and we returned to plough back through the drifts to regain the visible road again and on regaining the road the speedo read 19 miles, of equivalent going to Roych Clough, with shoulders feeling like universal joints. A defeat like that is hard to take particularly for an MZ.

The following day - find and bright - the MZ counselled the two Suzukis who were overawed at what had been experienced the day before and after the trial finished at Kinlochleven in the early afternoon we returned to tackle the pass from the opposite, Laggan Bridge side, a few miles of narrow metalled road started the lead in and the boulders came thick and fairly fast, real absurd section stuff, several fords followed with the inevitable cylinder head cooler thrown in. The track swiftly climbed into a series of switchbacks and then the snow drifts - again - with the sun beating down it became an increasing effort to get the bikes through the drifts and even by-passing the worst of the drifts showed how little traction there is on spogrum moss (well damped). With sweat rolling off we reached the start of yet another large snow field and I decided to walk on and find the summit, after shedding the jacket, helmet and gloves the summit was reached - on foot - across a snow field some 300 yards across and of unknown depth and this combined with the severe gradient was to defeat us again - so near and yet so far. Again the retreat was sounded and back through the drifts and fords to the road again.

To the fact we had come 400 miles to ride this pass and 400 to return must rate as an epic trail run but if the chance to have a go again and conquer the summit presents itself, we will be there.

John Ward
250 MZ 7 day Original

How about a Scottish 6 days Trail run next year? or rather more to the point anyone own an oriental atrocity that will last that long before absolescence sets in? Any ideas and/or volunteers for a long distance trail run?

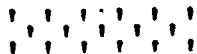
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Trail Run - 21.5.78.

Started from Marple Bridge car park and went via Smithy Lane, Rowarth and down past Aspenshaw Hall with the going dry and dusty. Having met no hikers we decided to tackle Roych Clough - where we met them all - I reckoned I would have three'd the climb but had a five when baulked by a party of hikers. Phil on his newly acquired 400 Yamaha went up in fine style despite complaining of a high bottom gear and Ticker 250 Suzuki chugged on in his usual slow burning manner (must got him some nitro to add to the Bruno). Onwards past Eldon Hill to the Anglo Saxon Motorway - the Portway - and it was here the Yamaha died and an initial survey after removing the seat and tank was undertaken by our resident C.D.I. electrician Peter Potts. Well 1½ hours later Peter restored life to the O.A. (see "just a small run" for translation) and we pressed on into Hucklow and then to Stoney Middleton for a long overdue meal. The afternoon run was somewhat curtailed by the mornings breakdown but forded the Brook Bottom brook except Phil who seemed to have some misgiving over the Yams electrics, onto Hey Dale, Beehow and into Chapel en le Frith finally finishing off by going over the tops past Mellor cross and into Marple Bridge.

The only spectacle that marred the day was witnessing two scramble bikes driven at high speed towards Castleton and back in front of a group of about 50 hikers which must have destroyed any image we might have had.

John Ward
250 MZ - 7 Day Original



Just Another Excuse for Trail Riding

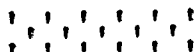
To go to the Welsh 2 Day was probably just that, but there were other moments of interest, like the noise test where more pan scourers were being packed into exhausts than was ever thought possible. In the kindness of our hearts Ticker Peers, Peter Potts, Dave Eaton and myself volunteered to do some gate marshalling on the first day and were duly allotted a far flung outpost on the moors, this passed away a good three hours as the riders went through and then we followed the course over the moors, superb going if a bit dry - that is until it rained, and how it rained.

On reaching our digs in Rhayader, somewhat dampened, we proceeded to drip all over the landlady's hallway and decided that on the second day we would do a spot of our own trail finding. The Friday dawned - cold and wet - as we set off for the first lane some 2 miles out, this was a superb track for some 3 to 4 miles leading to the Elan Valley road where we soon picked up the ancient road over to the Claerwen Reservoir, this was extremely well defined initially and apart from Dave Eaton attempting a bottomless-nearly-bog on his Kawasaki was initially fairly uneventful. Then the trackway disappeared into a massive bog with no signs of direction at all, so we did what is standard practice under the conditions - got lost - on regaining the track some half an hour later we encountered a long deep puddle which suffice to say drowned the 7 day Original and as nobody else appeared to want to know I pushed out filling my wellies with best bog bitter - of course it started readily again on gaining the other side. We pressed on the rain still raining and eventually found a comfortable pub for dinner, but Peter and Ticker were enjoying the rain so much they opted to go a further 20 miles to get petrol. The afternoon gradually started to dry out and a couple of hours later saw us drying out whilst watching the riders go by towards the head of the Claerwen Dam. After seeing all the stragglers through we set off in good weather to retrace our steps, meeting up with some other TRF members on route. The trail back over to the Elan Valley road should have been straight forward but somehow we got in the wrong valley but nevertheless the correct way was soon found and I drowned the MZ a second time in the same puddle as in the morning and one of the TRF lads chucked his Honda sideways off the mountain, fortunately without serious damage to either man or machine. The bogs were certainly boggy on the way back after the rain and the track certainly lived up to its name of Clawddu Bach, clawed-you-back into every damned mudhole!! The final run in on the last trail was taken at a fair lick and one or two Suzukis were left in the distance, no stopping these 7 day machines sometimes.

All that remained now was to wipe the rear no. plates, collect our bags and keep the motors cooking at a gentle 50-60 mph for the homeward journey. The round trip was about 450 miles (one day bikes please note). In case Ticker thought he wouldn't get a mention the Suzuki had that much dirt in the carb on our outward journey that it took a J.C.B. to shift it and re-level the road after cleaning out.

Another trouble free tour completed on the MZ 7 Day Original

John Ward



British Grand Prix - Silverstone '78

On Saturday 5th August a small body of motorcyclists, looking forward to the racing and a night on Burtonwood Ales at Hopcrofts Halt (or maybe not in that order) set off on the journey towards Oxford. In fact this small body was split into three smaller bodies, Paul Tootall, Dave Nurse, Geoff Winstanley, Ian Bottomley (parsley to his friends - yes he does have some) and Julie were first

off from the RisingSun. Jan and I left at 9.30 am (wanted a lie in ya know) with a heavily laden Moto Guzzi with its owner Dave Searle perched feet on crash bars and back on payload (cool). When he unloaded his gear at Hopcrofts I couldn't believe it had come on one bike, its amazing what Guzzi's will do. Our third body in the shape of Paul Underwood and brother **said** they would leave about 5.00 pm as Paul was working (money grabber).

After Dave, Jan and I arrived at Hopcrofts we signed in, unpacked and made tracks with the rest to watch Mike the Bike in the F1 event. We lost Dave S before we set off 'cos he shot off in the opposite direction to us. This proved quite lucky for him 'cos a mile down the road and going round a left hander my front tyre decided to deflate (quite hairy if you haven't tried it). It was promptly pumped up and seemed to stay up. Another mile up the road and another left hander, you've guessed it, instant running on rims. Parsley who was in front of me was amazed, when watching my progress thro' his mirrors, to see Jan and I heading for a wall on the opposite side of the road instead of banked over-taking a bend. At this point we decided enough was enough, Geoff volunteered to go to Banbury for an inner tube whilst Paul T, Parsley and I set about getting the wheel off. This was done with the help of a pallet which just happened to be there. The centre stand was placed on the edge of the pallet and the bike was tipped up to rest in a "Preying Mantis" position with it's rear wheel on the deck.

Whilst awaiting Geoff's return we were treated to some trick riding from a local lad on an FSLE. We had stopped alongside a canal (handy for checking for punctures) with a steep hump-back bridge. This chap would come blasting to the bridge and as his front wheel reached the summit would stand on the pedals, pull on the bars, blip the throttle and pop an immense wheelie going over the bridge. This was repeated at least twenty times up and down the lane. When Geoff returned he managed to snap a picky of him, can't wait for it being developed. We changed the tube and returned to Hopcrofts to be told the result by Dave who had got to see the race.

After a quick scrub I cheered up my new found mechanics with some ale. We booked our meal and while we were waiting Dave Effer, Bridget, Mike and female arrived. Dave told us his F2 was poorly (nice to know I wasn't alone with problems). His tank had run dry and the bike wouldn't run properly after refilling. Suspecting a blockage somewhere, he stripped the carbs and pipelines with an RAC man, couldn't find any so decided to leave it 'til later. He informed me at the club the following Tuesday that a float had been replaced upside down!

After the meal our first disappointment was to find that the management had changed and our Welsh P.A. from last year was no longer around to join in with our merrymaking. Our second came later when they stopped serving ale about midnight (last year we were supping til 3.00 am) so we had an early night. Jan had already gone 'cos I didn't like the dinner wine, she did, got drunk and crashed out at 10.30.

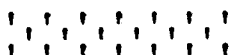
At breakfast the only hang-over was awarded to Paul Underwood and his breakfast was shared out amongst us leaving him with just one sausage which he immediately covered up with his napkin. After paying up (I've never seen so many moths fly from so many wallets) and packing the bikes we set off for Silverstone. At the circuit there was the usual hassle of being split up and sent different ways. We all met up in the Grandstand, having seat numbers on the tickets helped here. As you have probably read in the comics the racing was good in the 125's, 250's and 350's, a farce in the 500's and fun in the sidecars. In the sidecar race all you could see when looking down towards Woodcote was a large spray and a chair somewhere in amongst it. It looks as though Sheene has now got a hell of a lot to do at the Nurembergring being 8 points adrift of Roberts.

The journey home had it's fun with us all being sent different ways and we met up at the first services on the M6. There were no problems and we got home about 11.00 pm.

Next year I think we could do with a hotel that keeps its bar open later but I know I will return to Silverstone even if we had to camp out.

Turn Out. Paul Tootall, Dave Nurse, Ian(Parsley) Bottomley & Julie, Geoff Winstanley, Dave Searle, Paul Underwood & Brother, Frank Pickard & Janet, Dave Effer, Bridget & family.

Frank Pickard



The Aberfeldy Highland 2 Day Trial
(Or "Watch Out Jim McColm")

As I came in through the back door one night, my father casually mentioned that he'd sent off for regs for a trial - "it should be rather jolly" he explained.

Having some experience of events which he considers "rather jolly" it was with caution that I enquired which event it was and where, when and what it was.

The event in question was the Aberfeldy Highland 2 Day Trial organised by the Forfar and District Motor Club, on July 8th/9th this year.

Aberfeldy is a small town in the Tay Valley up in the Highlands of Scotland. Crieff is some 20 miles South and Pitlochry about half that to the North West. If the above doesn't mean much (and you've been to the Scottish Six Days) then suffice it to say that it's just on the Eastern edge of Rannoch Moor.

Having shared the driving, my father and I arrived at about 8.00pm on the Friday evening, located our guest house (arranged by the Forfar club) and eaten, we went in search of the start at the local cattle market, where the last minute problems were being dealt with.

Standing in the background we decided that the final instructions were being given in a foreign language - that is until the words "Rathmell", "waterfall" only cleaned once, and "rope for getting em oot" came through clearly enough.

My look of worry must have been noticed however, as we were told that, that particular section was on the Saturday and wasn't really that bad - Sunday was going to be much harder. Not really in need of that kind of reassurance we departed for an early night.

The course for Saturday was a two lap affair in the hills to the north west of the town, with a total mileage of 46 for the day (including 60 sections). At the most there was about 6 miles of roadwork, the rest being either unmarked Land Rover tracks or pure cross-moorland work. As anyone who has ridden it will know, the problem with the latter is not only that you can't see whether the next clump of heather is really a rock in disguise, but that the drainage ditches, which are of various sizes and often in random groups of two or three, aren't always at right angles to the route and are near enough impossible to see until about 10 feet away. This can make for interesting watching as the rider in front suddenly stops dead or skilfully slots a wheel into a ditch at 35/40 mph.

Probably the most long-lasting memory from the first day apart from the bruises etc, was when, having followed a group of riders for several miles along a track, the front man realised he'd missed a marker and we had to cut across the valley, back to the route - the looks from the deer on the hilltops were worse than any members of the Ramblers Association can give!

As with the "Scottish" the days results are posted up at night, in this case at the dance organised at the local Town Hall. Top man on day 1 was Dave Hooke from Congleton on some ridiculous score about half mine for one lap. Dave's father Eric, as those who know him might have guessed, was riding around doing his thing with a cine camera.

A curious protest was lodged that evening by one of the contenders for the premier. He had missed the last two sections in the final group on both laps, despite route markings and a route/section card, indicating the number of sections at each group. He was the only rider to miss any sections that day.

Following his protest, the organisers were, at one time, going to let him do these 2 sections the next day. This, predictably brought an angry reaction from Dave Hooke and the other contenders. An interesting quote from Eric Hooke at this point, that other parents of riders especially those in youth classes might like to remember - "its nothing to do with me ...".

Sunday was to be as good as, if not better than, Saturday.

The course was some 66 miles in 2 loops to the West of the town (this time with an earlier start, more roadwork and 2 Scottish sections included) to be completed once more, in brilliant sunshine.

Whilst the sections were of a similar type (except for one graded hillclimb), to the previous days, the scenery was far superior. The route went up mountains, lochs, down mountains and generally as far from any sort of road as possible.

After the first group, just south of the town, there was an 11 mile road run to Fernan along the A827, where the second group included the graded hill. After completing these 6 sections a 3 mile cross country stint ended at the "Lost Gully" with a further 6 sections.

What goes up (the mountain) must come down (the mountain) and it paid to follow the route flags - (2,000 in total, a 3 day collection job with a rider only able to carry 80 per trip) - constantly checking for the next marker before moving off, as a wrong turn would mean the quick way down - vertically. At the bottom was the last group before the Lunch/Petrol stop at Dericambus where a van containing much needed food and drink was parked.

Lunch over, the markers led West to Lunerwick and from there to Meall Glas and Meall A Muk the afore mentioned "Scottish" sections.

The next group was at West Temper, reached via tracks through a Forest Park where marshals were posted warning the riders not to run any locals down.

From here the route, now a section in itself, climbed to its highest point about 3,000 feet.

Right at the top I came across a Suzuki rider with a flat rear tyre, Having stopped to help for ¼ of an hour I left him, still swearing in Glaswegian Anglo-Saxon, at tyre pumps, inner tubes, finilec's, tyre levers and anything else he could see.

Having crossed the peat marsh and rock outcrops of the mountain tops we made the long descent to the second petrol stop.

With most of the trial now over, it was just a matter of 16 miles of road and track and 12 more sections. At least it should have been 16. Mistaking a left marker for a right I added **another 6 miles extra!**

The final group at Cuill included several of those used the day before, seeming somehow easier with the end in sight, 2 miles away down the road.

A few comments on the event in general.

The organisation and presentation was superb, as was the "meat" of the trial itself - the section choice and marking.

The aim of the Forfar club was to create a "mini - Scottish" for the clubman and quoting from the programme "to give you something of everything good in trials". A great event, fantastic scenery, good beer a dance and most of all a great weekend!

I need say no more than watch out, Jim McColm and the Edinburgh club you've got a rival after you

To Mr Finlay, Secretary of the Meeting, who I hope will be reading this I send my thanks for a superb event and can only offer 2 suggestions.

1. The provision of a "lunch van" on the Saturday.
2. If at all possible find another route from the road to the sections at Fernan on the Sunday.

This involved riding through a narrow gap in the fence, up a step and then a steep bank, straight off the road.

Luckily the weather was find and no problem arose. Had there been rain, though, this could prove dangerous not only to the riders but also traffic on the road as well.

Rick Stewart



Run to Ironbridge Industrial Museum - 2nd July

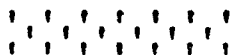
18 bikes parked by the Ironbridge in Shropshire!

A few minutes later the other club moved off and left Doug Hodgkins, Nick and myself to start our tour of this famous museum site. The rain that had been continuous all the way down stopped and it remained fine for the rest of the day, until we were halfway home.

The museum consists of four main sites, located along the Severn Gorge from Ironbridge to Coalbrookdale and covers the first iron making in the world by Abraham Darby to the making of Coalport China.

"Too much to see in one day" was Doug's verdict, we could have spent the whole day at just one of the sites. As it was we decided not to go into the Tar Tunnel due to lack of time. However another visit is definately on and we suggest that anyone who might like to travel down by car could do so. (Trials riders please note). There is a park and **ride** system similar to the one operating in the Goyt Valley and there are car parks at each site as well as picnic areas.

Keith Haining (Captain)



Mallory Park Post TT Races - 11th June

When counting the number of bikes on a run I always have difficulty in remembering whether I included my own or not, was it six or seven that made the run to Mallory?

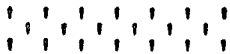
A perfect day from every point of view, fantastic crowd, good weather and fine racing. The latter being marred by a couple of crashes, fortunately neither were fatal. **Hailwoods** performance when one considers the fact that he only uses a front brake was brilliant.

I was glad that Frank the club secretary was with us, his leather sombrero stood out like a homing beacon in the crowd and helped us locate the gang.

Keith Haining (Captain)



For those who don't know, our great friend Dave Effer, (the only Effer in the phone book) has relinquished his post as Social Sec. due to marital commitments? Andy Gregory has now taken the post and is doing a good job.



Rally Scene

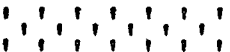
Within the club we now have a new Rally section. Only requirements to join, is a signed certificate of lunacy. A large capacity for ale the ability to kip in arduous conditions. Other than that a grand laugh is had by all.



Social

19th September - Auction at the club, anything goes, 10% proceedings go to the club.

20th October - Trip to Blackpool on a coach to see the illuminations and the Blackpool club, subject to the amount of response. See Andy or Paul Tootall.



Dave Tattersall