

TRIALS NEWS 5

Win all the team trials
Prevent cheating
Run better events
Provide better facilities etc.

Come to an informal trials meeting (They are always informal because we cannot organise a suitable penalty system for interrupting Vernon when in full song).

You have my address (see under Police 2 Day Trial) or 'phone me - see me at the club - but for your sake put a little back into your sport - you will get more out in the long run.

KEN R.

NIGEL WOOD MEMORIAL ROAD TRIAL

Not which, but what Lot 34?. Doesn't make sense does it? It didn't make sense to me either, when it was one of the clues in the Nigel Wood Memorial Road Trial, organised by Dave Duckett last July.

Although I have been a club member for nearly five years now, this was the first time I had entered a road trial, and believe me, I have really missed out.

The Nigel Wood Memorial Trophy was presented to the club by Nigel's father after Nigel was tragically killed on his 750 Suzuki in Marple. Nigel was a keen road trial competitor and this road trial will be run in his memory each year.

A couple of weeks before the trial, Paul Tootall asked me to go round the clubroom and drum up some support. So in my usual press-gang manner, I persuaded quite a number of people to enter - it's incredible that you have to force people to enjoy themselves!

About 40-50 people met at the club at 10 o'clock on a lovely sunny Sunday morning. (I met at ten past ten - late again!) to receive a set of instructions. These give a number of map references and directions referring to the 1 inch Peak District Tourist map giving the route to follow, and the places to stop to look for the clues given - well that is the theory anyway!

Strictly speaking, you should do these trials on your own, but I decided to team up with Pete Lawton, Ian Cottam, and Doug Roberts so that we could all come lost together. As the day went on, several others tagged along, evidently under the false impression that we knew what we were doing!

The first clue was at the top of High Lane, where everybody, including us, seemed to be having problems and were riding round in ever-decreasing circles. However, we started to get the hang of it and got through the next few clues without much problem, except for an unscheduled tour round the back streets of Glossop.

Throughout the day, we kept meeting up with Jim Maple on his Blackpool rock-coloured B.M.W. (wonder if its got Munich written through the middle?). He looked as puzzled as we were and was frequently cursing Dave Duckett, but the funniest incident was on the road to Sparrowpit where there was a clue for a Solicitor's name on a nameplate outside a house - it must have been difficult for Jim to read that nameplate as he passed us outside the house at about 60 m.p.h. with two others following him, especially as Pete was stood covering the plaque at the time! Sure enough, two minutes on up the road Jim came back at a similar speed in the opposite direction.

We arrived at the top of Mam Tor to find John Hoxworth and Les Fader dismantling John's Commando in true Norton style (bike British and teach yourself motor-cycle mechanics).

Having quickly convinced ourselves that it was a hopeless case, and realising it was nearly closing time we headed for the lunch stop via the tulip section. A tulip section is a series of diagrams in sequence, one for each junction you meet, with an arrow indicating the route to be taken. With 15 minutes to closing time, and 18 tulips to complete, I decided it was time for drastic action. With instructions in my left hand, I rode one-handed with clutchless gearchanges right down the Vale of Edale to Hope for lunch. Expecting to arrive last, we made it just before closing time and were only second to arrive!

Stomachs replenished, we continued with renewed vigour until we reached the Lot 34 clue I mentioned earlier.

Apparently, Lot 34 was stamped on a barn door, and would have been easily spotted, but someone had covered it up. Paul Tootall spend over an hour looking for it!

Further on, I nearly got our team disqualified when I inadvertently took a short cut and ended up going down Wildboardclough in the opposite direction. The clue down there was tricky also - hands up all those that know a verge-master is a black and white post at the side of the road!

Well, we finished without problems soon after that and I can honestly say that it was the most entertaining Sunday I have had for a long time.

IAN BOTTOMLEY

RALLY SECTION (Abandon hope all ye who enter here!)

Right then, here we go again; another page or so of wasted print.

Firstly the last newsletter mentioned that a certain named rally to be held by this club was flying ahead as planned. Well since then various wheels have been turning in the club's mechanism and out of the end of the works has come a new rally name. Our rally is now the "Dead Ants" and before I go any further I'd like to thank Jim Maple for some sterling work in bringing the whole business to a quiet ending, without his help there'd be fewer people in the clubroom on Tuesdays.

News of the rally so far is that already we have 100 bookings with folk coming from all over - it looks like the club award will be going way down south to G.T. M.C.C. who have booked for 33 members. So fingers crossed it looks like we're on to a winner. However this can only come about if we put the effort in on the day - in other words I'm touting for marshals. The rally is on OCTOBER 19-21st and we need folk for every day. Jobs will involve control manning; cooking, selling raffle tickets, toilet cleaning, setting up on Firday and cleaning up Sunday, general watching-around and putting up the direction markers on the Thursday. A list will be on the rally board soon for you to sign upon.

I would also like to beg, steal or borrow the following: trestle tables for food tent, large tilley lamp, two-rope for tage-of-war, and a roller skate.

That's all about our do for now, regular bulletins and pleas for help will appear in these pages and on the clubroom wall on Tuesdays.

Out and about the club's been flying around the country as usual. Rallies visited include the Sabre, Claymore, Bristol's, Aegir, East Essex, Pilgrim and White Wedding. This last one was held by a young gent known as "Sidecar Chris" he and his lady Pam finally got wed and out of the goodness of their hearts held a rally to commemorate the event - best of luck to them both.

For the more "senior" club members who might be a bit wary about attending a rally (after all who really fancies a night under canvas next to our local neanderthal - Dave Searle?) why not try one of the Federation of Sidecar Club's events? Although primarily for chair buffs solos are always welcomed. I visited the East Essex Rally near Southend a few weeks ago and a really friendly do it was too. These sidecar rallies might be considered a bit quiet in comparison to other rallies but they contain the basics of a good rally - a really sociable crowd. Most folk attending are families - yes kids as well and washing lines flapping from tents are not unknown. There was even a lass sat outside knitting on the Saturday morning. Everyone there is a real enthusiast and you can spend hours chatting away on any subject you like - as long as its connecting with two wheels. Sidecar rallies are a really good way of easing your way into rallying.

However back to the primeval wastes of rallying proper. Things lined up in the near future include the Lantern and Black Pudding rallies - highly recommended from last years calendar - details in the diary below. As I write this about a dozen or so are packing gear ready to point wheels at the Blackpool Club's annual bun-fight - report in next newsletter.

Before I finish with a piece on the recent Aegir Rally here's a bit of news from one of our many contacts. Honda are to take a gear off the Gold Wing, leaving it with a 4-speed box. Reports say this will enable the bike to get into top before it runs out of fuel! (sorry Paul and Al).

AEGIR RALLY

Roscoe's again on the Friday night was the starting point. The now common massed-ranks of "17" rallyists set off for Lincoln via Sheffield - both of us like the Sheffield road!

Dave Searle led on the heap (sorry Guzzi) and I followed on the Yam II (who said they'd never invent an articulated bike!) The trip across was quick and enjoyable with only one slight mishap. Dave was perfectly positioned for a sharp left-hander near Sheffield (centre of the road, ready to peel off) when round the bend flew a Roller - drifting on all four wheels. I had Dave ear-marked as the latest in Rolls-Royce bonnet mascots and was picking a line past where I thought the debris would finish up. Missed him though - just! You can't win really 'cos Dave was in exactly the proper place for the corner - trouble is car drivers don't undergo RAC training.

On arrival tents were slung up - this process was delayed by the arrival of Martin "Windsor" of West Herts M.C.C. on yet another of his "last rallies".

Eventually we found ourselves in the hostelry and this is where things began to happen. The organising club was Hobspinners M.C.C. however Manchester 17 now claim part ownership. Somehow Dave ran the disco all night and next day we put up the signs and tracked down a rope for the tug of war in a local garage. Nothing like initiative - the host club were most grateful for the help.

Unfortunately the MONCKS ARMS (yes that is the spelling - my name's not Roberts!) was a coach turning point. The faces pressed against windows observing the rally site were a picture. We managed to convince some that in fact we were a lost troglodyte clan who'd spent years away from civilisation inventing the motorbike - well thats really what it looked like!

Funniest thing was two lads who were strutting towards the coaches trying to look impressive. Unluckily one got his belstaff trousers caught in a car door-handle, out came all his money, bent down to pick it up and his hat fell through the open car window. When he stood up the little lady inside broke the silence with "Excuse me does this belong to you?" Away they went - not quite as impressive.

Shame was that both of us had prior engagements on Saturday night so we couldn't stay for the festivities and had to head for home. Still the Friday had been a cracker anyway so it wasn't that bad.

<u>RALLY LIST</u>		<u>SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER</u>	
August	24-26	Captain Cook Rally	P* (fully booked)
	31-2	Solent Rally	*
		Antler Rally	
		6th Sabre Rally	*

September	7-9	Devon Rally	
		Oasis Rally	
	14-16	Anchor Rally	
		Cloverleaf Rally	
	21-23	Muffin Mule Rally	*P
		Lantern Rally	*
		Comedy of Errors Rally	P
		Behind Vine Rally	*P
		Ash rally	P
	28-30	Black Pudding Rally	*P
		Knights Rally	P
		Pennine Rally	*P
		Pennine's Trail Rally	P

October	5-7	Pegasus Rally	
		Brittania Rally (Brit. Bikes only)	
		Lion Rally	*
		Goosefair Rally	I
		1st Sheffield Affiliated	P
	12-14	Snuffdivers Rally	*P
		Iron & Steel Rally	*P
	19-21	DEAD ANTS RALLY	*P

P Prebook only
 I Invite only
 * Club members attending

Safe Riding
 PETE

THE LAST FOR THE FEW

A small paragraph in the local paper just simply stated a traffic restriction order would be placed over the entire length of the County Road running from HAYFIELD via EDALE CROSS and JACOBS LADDER to BARBER BOOTH at EDALE. The only chance to ride the full length was by going over during the gap the legislators had thoughtfully provided, between revaluing the old traffic order which applied to either end only and the date of enforcement of the new order. As the public notice in the paper had only given two days warning of the impending restriction, a hastily arranged protest run was organised for the Sunday and 14 T.R.F./Manchester 17 Members turned up. The first half of the road was partially metalled and we passed through three gates, after the third gate the road was unsurfaced and decidedly rough but a bit of path picking soon found a way round the worst steps and gulleys and we proceeded upwards towards EDALE CROSS where the going was decidedly millstone grit in large chunks but quite feasible even for the MZ 7 DAY ORIGINAL. Arriving at EDALE CROSS a small ceremony was performed of erecting a simply worded headstone which read "Discriminatory Legislation Kills - Who Next?" During the run I spoke to some 25 ramblers, none of whom realised they were traversing a county road and with only two exceptions received favourable comment on our aims, incidently

none of those spoken to, who had used the road over several occasions, had ever seen a trail rider on it.

Arriving at JACOBS LADDER we bore right and down past the derelict building just above the stream and crossed over alongside the small bridge where a few machines came to a halt on the rocks of the stream bed. The final run to BAMBER BOOTH was uneventful apart from a rather officious Peak Park Ranger who was recording registration numbers, and when asked why said he had been told to do so by radio. I bartered my registration for his name, which he was most reluctant to divulge, so if you know a Mr. Howarth who is a Peak Ranger who only obeys instructions please have a few silent thoughts for the poor minion.

Thanks to Walter BOOTHROYD for acting as head scout and to the other party members who acted and rode in the best interests of trail riders.

PHIL ROSSOM, BRIAN STARKIE, PETER HARRISON, DAVID CLARKSON, DON SHAW, DAVE EATON, R. CLARKSON, JOHN BOOTHROYD, GRAHAM GOUGH, S. HARRISON. G. BOSTOCK, SIMON PERKIN.

JOHN WARD
THE RELENTLESS MZ 7 DAY ORIGINAL

SCENIC ROAD RUN JULY 15TH

7 Bikes with 10 members led by yours truly left Roscoes roundabout at 10.30 a.m. Mind you the B.M. with yours truly and the wife nearly did not start as we were virtually run down by the 4 wheeler variety on Roscoes roundabout. However some verbal remarks and much verbal support by fellow club members sent the offending gentleman? on his way. Llandudno on the north wales coast proved to be the mutually agreed venue. A fast run off led us down to the Chester Road with the B.M. leading, followed by Alan on the Goldwing backed up by John on Norton, Graham on Triumph, John and Joe on 550 Honda and Simon on 400 dream with Mike plus Paul on 250 super dream.

A good run down with a tea stop near St. Asaph, finally landed us in Llandudno with no mishaps. Everyone did their own thing with most of the guys getting a free seat on the Hillside overlooking the Happy Valley Players.

After about 2½ hours we re-traced our steps using B roads. Again a good run but with a terrific double hairpin on a 1 in 4 hill proved to give everyone some fun getting round when it turned up unexpectedly. Simon claimed he had to take his foot off the rest because he was so far over, and yours truly wondered how close the B.M. pots were getting to the road. The biggest single event of the day was Simon's speedo cable packing up near Tarporley on the way home.

We all finally arrived home, after a very good and enjoyable run in good dry weather at about 7.0 p.m.

Many thanks for the support from the club members and hope we can organise another scenic run soon.

JIM MAPLE

SILVERSTONE 1979

OR THE EPISTLE ACCORDING TO DAVE

Panic was the order of the day on the Tuesday before the G.P. The reason, one persistently dead Moto-Guzzi alternator. A brief examination showed the stator plate trying to rotate with the rotor, Hmm expensive. MICK WALKER LTD, confirmed my worst fears when they priced the replacement at £220 + V.A.T. and so I made a mental note to forget any chance of affording the annual pilgrimage to Silverstone. Things were looking bleak with the current difficulty in getting mortgages, but someone in Sheffield offered to do me a rewind for £10.20, so, suddenly it was all on again.

AL TOFT provided his 'WING' to allow me an armchair trip to Silverstone, Cheers AL! So it was at 9.30 a.m. on the Saturday morning that JOHN HOXWORTH, PAUL UNDERWOOD, HARRY ?, FRANK (ONE MAN ROAD RUN) PICKARD, JAN, AL and I set off from ROSCOE'S down the A34 towards KAMI KAZI LAND (BRUM), where I took great delight in having FRANK in front of us, to fend off all the four wheeled morons and carve a clean path thro' the concrete jungle.

Once thro' we stopped to recover and get some dinner which was a swift pint and a cheese roll for all except PAUL, who had a plateful of assorted, and HARRY, who pinched off the plate whatever he could help to fall out of the rolls.

On again then to the other side of Stratford where FRANK and PAUL proved that they really are limp wristed by dragging a miserley 75 and 92 mpg out of their 550 HONDAS.

On get again to BRACKLEY where we invaded the OLD CROWN HOTEL just in time to see the bar shut (HELP, DISASTER).

After ditching the luggage PAUL, HARRY, JOHN, AL and I decided it was much too hot to stay in the HOTEL so, we went to cool off under a tree in a local park in the company of a bottle or six of jungle juice.

HONEST 'FRANK' PICKARD said he was going to stay behind to have a bath. Thats two this year!

Meanwhile back at the park, we were having trouble with some of the local lasses who wouldn't believe that we were old enough to be their fathers. One even followed HARRY into the bushes to make sure. We decided that it was time to eat, so we upped and left, closely followed by HARRY (HALLO SMILER) for the hotel.

We got back to find the bar open, SHAME! so we had a quick taste and then went into the restraurant for dinner.

Food, service and liquid refreshment were all first class and get an EGON SEARLE recommendation for a return visit. After filling ourselves with large quantities of steak and various other items we retired to the bar to give the meal a chance to settle before going out to survey the entertainment available.

Take it from me, the beer wasn't too bad but the prices soon made up for that. At over 40p a pint rounds became very expensive, very quickly. On returning to the hotel, after an excellent evening out, we found that they'd made the mistake of allowing the residents after hours drinking. Needless to say elbows were very quickly exercised in the appropriate manner. Retirements came gradually until eventually I was forced to leave the manager to drink on his own.

The following morning found most people in excellent spirits, including my bed which had just won the night long battle and finally deposited me on the floor, at about 7.15 with a caravan shaking crunch which succeeded in waking everyone else on board.

Breakfast ended up as a competition between PAUL, HARRY, AL and I as to who could eat the most, and FRANK, JAN, RICK and JOHN as to who could disown as the quickest. 10.0 o'clock saw us packed up and in the usual British G.P. weather but fortunately by the time we arrived it was drying out a bit.

FRANK (MR.ROUTE MARCH) PICKARD decided we all looked much too unfit, and parked at the opposite end of the circuit to Stowe so that we could benefit from the walk.

Once there we shoehorned our way into our seats just in time to see HAILWOOD and AGOSTINI doing some demo laps on two gorgeous sounding MV's.

Racing kicked off with the BZA, conventional, sidecars spot on time. Racing was initially quite close but once ROLF BILAND got into the lead things opened up and only DICK GREASLEY and JOCK TAYLOR were really staying anywhere near. The race ended with TAYLOR making a titanic bid for 2nd and just pipping GREASLEY at the post, with BILAND taking 1st. Next on the list was the 350 cc. race with Aussie GRAEME MCGREGOR looking like a winner from the off, as he grabbed about a 20 yd. lead in the first lap! Unfortunately for him his commanding lead vanished when he slid off at COPSE leaving GREGG HANSFORD in front with BALLINGTON, FRUTSCHI SAYLE FREYMOND and ROUGERIE in two. BALLINGTON soon took over the lead and pulled away just enough to hold it to the finish with HANSFORD just fending off SAYLE to take second.

The 125 cc race saw HAROLD BARTOL get a flyer off the grid and pull well away for the first few laps but he retired on lap 7 leaving NIETO, BENDER and BERTIN to scrap it out for the lead. In the end NIETO took 1st BENDER 2nd and BERTIN 3rd with only 0.18 of a second separating all three on the line.

Next came one of the most exciting races of the afternoon, the 250 cc. G.P. with GRAZIANO ROSSI leading virtually right from the start until crashing only $\frac{1}{2}$ lap from victory whilst being pressed a bit by KORK BALLINGTON. The real dice, however, was for 2nd place with ANTON MANG, RANDY MAMOLA, SADEO ASAMI, GRAEME MCGREGOR and ROLAND FREYMOND swapping the lead several times between each corner let alone each lap. Several times the group were seen to touch each other travelling only millimetres apart at speed of up to about 140 mph. The final result was: 1st BALLINGTON, 2nd MAMOLA, 3rd MANG 4th MCGREGOR, 5th FREYMOND which gives BALLINGTON his second 250 cc World Championship.

The main event of the day, the televised 500 cc G.P., can only be described as scintillating, altho' HONDA and JAN were not very ahppy when local hero MICK GRANT set his bike on fire when crashing out on the first bend of the first lap. SHEENE nearly overcooked things, when his bike almost did a back flip from a huge wheelie off the grid but he managed to stay aboard and joined WIL HARTOG for a battle for the lead with a slow starting, fast accelerating KENNY ROBERTS. Eventrually HARTOG dropped out of the battle leaving SHEENE and ROBERTS to swap rude gestures with the lead on virtually every other lap. SHEENE was unlucky to be baulked by ALEX GEORGE on the last lap, but tried so hard to win that he came off the track and onto the grass, as he swept thro' the flag, to take a well deserved 2nd place to ROBERTS with HARTOG 3rd.

If the 500 cc was the most exciting then the award for the most entertaining race of the day must go to the B2B sidecar (RELIANT) race. After five laps some specially imported Manchester rain made a dramatic entry and only a few laps later the leader ALAN MICHEL pulled into the pits to change onto wet tyres. This took less than a minute and he was soon out racing again in 7th and rapidly moving thro' the field the rest of whom were on slick (UNTREADED) tyres. At Stowe corner, where we were, the track rapidly turned into a swimming pool, with the result that about half the entries did some beautifully graceful straight on and spin manoeuvres, much to the delight of the crowd. Fortunately no-one was hurt and no damage done, MICHEL's gamble payed off on the last lap,an HOLZER spun at STOWE although restarting quick enough to take 2nd with KUMANO 3rd.

The last race of the day saw an amazing ride from GRAEME CROSBY, on his remarkably standard looking Kawasaki, who was just beaten at the last minute by Honda works rider ALEX GEORGE, MICK GRANT much to JAN'S patently obvious dismay, or possibly disgust, made it two in row and threw it away although this time at BECKETTS. Rumour has it he's looking for a job as a mechanic cos his riding's "gone down" quite a bit recently.

That was the end of the racing and so began the long trek to the other end of the circuit for the ride home.

The route back we decided had to be M1, M6 to save time so we set off north only to stop at the first services for food.

Just as we were about to leave who should arrive but PAUL (BOY RACER) TOOTALL, followed a few minutes later by TONY NOBLE and FRIEND of TIME TRIAL fame. After exchanging a few words and breath or two of some foul smelling smoke produced by the aforementioned BOY RACER, we decided we'd had enough and AL and I together with PAUL and HARRY vanished into the cool, dark, refreshing carbon monoxide on the motorway.

All in all an absolutely bloody excellent weekend and thoroughly recommended for a visit. For anyone who is interested FRANK PICKARD might just be persuaded (with a hammer) to run the trip again next year. So if you want to go please see him and let him know.

DAVE SEARLE (P.R.O.)

DIARY PAGE

Sept. 11th	Tues.	Slide Show (re training scheme and rallying)
Sept. 13th	Thurs.	White Horse Disley 8 p.m. General Meeting - re clubroom future
Sept. 16th	Sun.	President's Cup Road Trial start Robin Hood 10 a.m.
Sept. 18th	Tues.	Film Show (Mikola Motor Cross Master Champion Car Rally)
Sept. 30th	Weekend	Camping weekend
Oct. 10th	Wed.	Meeting of Klu Klux Klan (Alias committee)
Oct. 14th	Sun	BMF AGM at Meriden (Detail see Ian Bottomley)
Oct. 19-21st	Fri-Sun	Dead Ants Rally
Oct. 28th	Sun	Trial Cheshire Centre Championship Round Harrop Grange Farm Peak Forest
Nov. 6th	Tues.	Films 1) Petrol (is there any left? Ed) 2) 2 strokes 3) Shell Economy Run