

RESTART

*The Quarterly Bulletin of
the Classic Trials World*



The official newsletter
of the Association of
Classic Trials Clubs
Volume No: 31

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Cover photographs :

2019 ACTC champions

Stuart Bartlett, Crackington League

Matt Facey, Wheelspin League

Kathy Martin, Pouncy League

(Photos by Dave Cook)

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EDITORIAL

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As those of you who have any experience of editing magazines it is always a challenge—will I have enough copy—or will I have too much and perhaps have to disappoint some authors?

As Jonathan decided to enter the Exeter this year, in Class 0, I thought I would get some copy in hand and write an article myself—always good to have something on the back burner. As things worked out I didn't need it. (I have sent it to Celia for inclusion in Triple hopefully, so perhaps you will be able to read it anyway). My chosen authors for the Clee came up trumps and I even had some unsolicited articles from people who had enjoyed the Trial, which was great.

One was by a marshal, Ken Banfield—it's always good to have a different angle, one from the winner of Class 0 on his first ever classic trial, George Houghton and a short piece from 16 year old Mary Baxter, who was driving her Father's 1930 Austin 7 Ulster.

How you ask?? Well Dad did the roads and Mary the off-road sections! Also good to hear of 13 year old Charlotte Lewis, who passengers for Simon, her Father, in his X90. Our sport needs more youngsters.

Also many thanks to Kathy Martin for sending me an unexpected article.

We were very lucky with the weather on the Clee, some of the best we have had for years, which cannot be said for later events—with two cancellations and one postponement. As an organiser I really feel for the people involved with these trials. There is always such a lot of work to be done in advance of the event by many people. But in the circumstances it was very understandable.

As Dave mentions we have a good number of competitors this year—which is great. However not all have competed in any events so far, so to save some space I have only added the people to the tables who have scored up to now. Hope to see you all out on the hills later in the year. And as always, very many thanks to all the contributors to this magazine.

Best wishes,
Pat



Clee Hills Trial car park
(Photo: Dave Cook)

CHAIRMAN'S CHAT

With Launceston Motor Club celebrating 100 years of local motorsport it's got me thinking will classic trials be around in another hundred years? With threats from global warming causing unusual weather patterns and dumping lots of storms off the jet stream causing the cancellation of the Exmoor and the Northern, the using of fossil fuels becoming an issue with a view to alternative fuels, and the use of suitable cars to go off road, which means that if you are you reading this there is no time like the present to get out into your cars and bikes and start getting them on the hills before they are longer there to be climbed.

What looked like a promising start to the 2020 calendar with a very well supported Exeter Trial followed by a trip up north to do the Clee Hills and then the popular Cotswold Clouds, the season got off to a flyer and there was hardly time to keep the cars repaired! Then came along storm Ciara which took out the Exmoor, then Dennis which hit the Launceston and finally storm Ellen which finished off the Northern, hopefully Francis will keep away from the Torbay.

The first ACTC Council meeting of the year is going to be held at the Exeter Court Hotel, which is a change from the usual venue at Tormarton, food is available to buy and tea and coffee will be served. On the agenda is the reclassification of Dellowes into classes 2, 5 and 7 and a discussion on the relaxation of wheel sizes on cars. If you have any further concerns on other issues you need to contact your council rep and get it added to the agenda ASAP for inclusion at the meeting.

Keith and I have been working hard on getting the Torbay Trial ready and with the entry forms just hitting the web already 40 have entered. The working party of Keith and I will be going out soon to check on all the hills and this year we have a couple of new sections, and if anyone is planning on coming down to watch we are desperately short of marshals and please contact me in the first instance to help.

Norton Selwood has done an amazing job in getting over 70 signed up for the championship this year with all proceeds getting ploughed back into ACTC which pays for keeping the Championship running, all the officers give their time for free and don't take any expenses, which is a timely reminder to anyone who thinks they can do a better job then please step up and not shout up. Whilst out competing I've heard a couple of moans about tyres and tyre mounting racks, whilst we try to keep an eye on what's going on unfortunately we are only a very few unpaid volunteers, so if you do have major concerns on any issues please step up to the mark and take on the roles that are needed to keep the sport as you would like.

The ACTC dinner this year is being held at the Exeter Court Hotel where the Torbay starts and is the night before the trial, I'm reliably informed we have some past winners making an appearance and former Chairmen as well.

I would like to finish by personally thanking Pat for the editorial of Restart, which is what keeps us informed and creates the history of trials for us for years to come. Thank you, Pat.

Dave

Bill's Bits

Since my last offering I have competed in two trials, the Allen trial last November and the Cotswold Clouds earlier this month. Now that Liz has retired from trialling following medical advice, I use the Selwood bouncing agency to find my bouncers, what a great service they provide!! Norton bounced for me on the Allen trial and I have to say our good result was down to his expertise.

For the Cotswold Clouds trial, I thought I'd better let my grandson Tom have a go, he is very keen and apparently thoroughly enjoyed his day out. Tom would like to do it again but unfortunately, he is a butcher by trade and normally has to work on Sundays, but I'm sure we will find a way for him to experience the little green car again.

For the Exmoor trial I returned to the Selwood Bouncing agency and this time I was allocated Jack, another very experienced and keen member of the Selwood team. Unfortunately, due to storm Dennis the Exmoor Trial was postponed for safety reasons so Jack and I didn't get to play together on this occasion.

Because Pete & Carlie Hart and I had booked the Ceders Hotel for two nights on a special rate which couldn't be cancelled (or at least we couldn't get our money back) we decided to go down to Barnstaple anyway and enjoy the weekend doing some local touring, mainly watching angry seas which actually was quite invigorating. We had two very pleasant evenings before driving back to South Gloucestershire.

The pre-war MG Triple-M engines are OHC engines and the cam is driven via the vertical dynamo fitted at the front of the engine. These dynamos are fully enclosed with no air flow passing

through them and because of this they are prone to overheating if called upon to produce too much charge. This is the reason why I have converted all my lights to LED greatly reducing the amperage requirement. It also means I can have good headlights to drive with at night greatly increasing the safety especially when the weather is bad and it also reduces the driving fatigue, again further increasing road safety.

I have recently purchased a special "dynator" which fits in place of the original dynamo, but which contains an alternator capable of putting out up to a maximum of 50 amps. Now of course I'm not allowed to use this on my trials car because alternators are banned in Class 2, something I don't quite understand when it's a safety feature and doesn't help you to climb hills, but at least I can fit it to the Rocket, my touring car.

This is the current project in my garage, I want to fit it with wiring which allows me to easily change the charging back to a dynamo if for any reason the alternator doesn't work satisfactory. Knowledge of the electrical side of a car is my weak point, so I'm having to read books and try and learn the best way of achieving the above.

Despite this, I might have to call on a friend to help make sure I've got it right. I'm looking forward to testing this new charging system, it should help when climbing mountain passes in hot weather and using the electric cooling fan which takes around 8 amps. Also, I won't then have to worry about running with the lights on in bad weather.

Well, I must start preparing the paperwork and agenda for the ACTC meeting on Sunday 5th April, this all needs to be distributed to the member clubs in time for them to consider and instruct their delegates on how to represent their views at the meeting.

Please also note that the April ACTC meeting is being held at the Exeter Court Hotel, Kenford.

Bill Bennett

Bike Bits and Stuff

Wow. Well what a start to the year this has been!

Last time you heard from me I was wading through the joys of organising the Exmoor Trial with the team from the NDMC. We got as far as marking out the trial on the Wednesday before the event, the main discussion was around the storm forecast for the weekend coming. We worked around the route noting how much conditions had deteriorated since a week before when I'd been dropping off PR letters and how we'd stand if the weather got worse.

That night I hardly slept, constantly checking all the weather sites I could find. It was looking bad! So eventually, at half 12, I emailed the rest of the team and pulled the plug! Gutting or what. It was a wise decision as Dennis gave us

hell. I drove around the route on the Friday, took all the markers down and within the 2 day period got stuck 3 or 4 times, in a 4x4 with diff lock etc.

It's a real shame to cancel an event, but safety of competitors and observers is always paramount. Other events have also been cancelled and this weekend we're waiting for Storm Jorge to hit us. Will this foul weather ever stop!

So until some events actually happen this year and we get to see some riders out and about there's not a lot to report, we had a good few Championship riders enter trials so far in all Classes. A, B1,2 and 3. C and D. Just shame not that many have got that muddy yet!

So hopefully will see you out and about soon, try and keep dry, keep the boots clean and your feet on the pegs.

Chris Barham



Ever attentive marshals on Simms

(Photo by G. Proctor)

The Camel Classic Trial by Dave Haizelden

The final round of the 2019 ACTC championship finished as usual with the Camel Classic Trial, the championship this year for the Crackington was going down to the wire between James Shallcross and Stuart Bartlett, who had travelled over 300 miles to the start.

The Wheelspin Championship had already been wrapped up by Matt Facey in the red BMW with a round to spare, Matt had handed the keys over to Duncan Stephens, so that Duncan could shake off his cobwebs.

The usual start at the Borough Arms, so a large entry of over 70 cars and bikes leave for the hills, this year Ian Cundy, Clerk of the Course, had decided not to bring the markers down the hill, this was an old trait of Hans, but which gave Ian the opportunity to run class 8 at the back of the field.

First hill for the cars was Grogley Moor which is a straight climb curving around to the right with a restart for all classes; this didn't prove too much of a challenge for the seasoned competitors, although John Cox and Keith Sanders were surprising failures here. Next stop was Actress, a section with a tricky restart for the higher classes. Ben Tonkin and Emma Groves both came to grief, having both dropped 5s and this was to cost Ben the class win.

Further along the track was Bishops Wood, a hill that is used on the Land's End Trial. This section didn't cause too many problems, although Paul Merson and Stu Green managed to stop in the wrong place. Next was the infamous Hustyn, which in recent years has been a lot kinder. Nick Deacon nearly got the X90 to the top, but came up short at the 1 marker, Dean and Jack dropped a 7 from which they didn't recover. Norton

Selwood who was driving the Green Golf managed to break an outer CV joint, James and Mike Greenwood stopped and helped change it to keep them mobile.

Further into the woods was Chestnut "bloody" Rise, marshalled by the ever-youthful Ann Robinson, the hill had a 90 degree turn onto a track with deepening ruts. This was the end of all the competitors who had clean sheets, highest climb of the day here was Dean Partington and Jack Selwood who got all the way up to the 2, no doubt still angry, as did Emma and Simon Groves and Tom Powell with Chris Glasson in the passenger seat and not far behind getting to the three marker was Dan and Lester, Ryan and Emma and Stuart Bartlett in class 8. Andrew Rippon forged ahead of Gary Browning by also getting a 3, whilst Gary got a 5.

In class 7 Phil Thomas and Ray Ferguson matched each other with 4s. In the class 5 battle of the Reliant Scimitars it took a turn in the favour of Aaron as he powered his way to the 4, Keith Sanders was not far behind as he got the red Scimitar up to a 5, but unfortunately yours truly didn't get round the corner and dropped a massive 10. Duncan Stephens in the championship winning BMW dropped his first points with a 5 and James Shallcross kept the pressure up for the Crackington Championship by also getting to the 5.

Back up to the main forest track was Jab and Left Hook, with the restart watched over by Ian Moss. The restart was around to the left and through some very deep ruts with only three cars clean from the restart, Stuart Bartlett, Tom Powell and a fantastic climb from Aaron in the Scimitar.

After looping back past the start line we carried on down to Pump House, yours truly finally getting a climb on getting to the 1, Craig Allen got to the 2 and John

Cox went on tour over the top of the bank and got a tree, the growing variety not the marker!! Dee Champion the navigator thought that it was part of the section.

Next section was Polmorla, which is in the market garden, this section turns sharp right up a steep stony muddy track which offers no grip, best way is full attack. Duncan Stephens was a little too ambitious and hit the bank and stopped quickly at the 11, Andrew Rippon found some grip and screamed the Beetle up to the top of the section and claimed clean, with tyre gauge discarded and valve cores removed I proceeded to throw the car at the section and was really pleased with a 7 only to see Aaron spoil my day with a climb to the 1 marker.

Helligan 1 this is a funny section which you can either throw your car hard or slow at and still get the same score. Dan Keat unfortunately threw the Fugitive too hard and broke the gearbox and retired, which was a kindness as he was getting a kicking. There were only two cleans here Dean Partington and Stuart Bartlett.

Shell Wood saw a large gathering the bottom of the section, as it was a long reverse to get out of the hill and also the sun was shining directly into the drivers eyes, one clean was seen all day and that was Stuart Bartlett, Phil Thomas took a grip on class seven with an impressive 1, Paul Watson in the BMW Z3 stormed to a 2, which was one of the highest climbs in the saloon cars.

The competitors then drove past the foot of Clinnick to make their way to Penkestle. This section starts on the bottom track of a forest before winding its way up to the higher track from there it takes a 90° turn up through some deep ruts. Duncan Stephens encouraged on by watching Matt Facey was urged to drive the BMW harder into

the section, unfortunately this resulted in ripping a tyre completely off the rim and Duncan stopping at the 6-marker. This section also claimed a noticeable big-name when Andrew Rippon had to retire the Beetle with the engine sounding very poorly.

Next was the famous Clinnick, this is a section after 25 years of trialling I've never seen the top of apart from taking a walk to the summit. Clinnick was back in this year after having a rest last year with the extensive railway works up on the top of the viaduct, this year the class 8 restart proved very difficult and stopping the entire field except for you guessed it - Stuart Bartlett who was the only car to move off the restart. In class 7 Ray Ferguson rediscovered his touch by clearing Clinnick, Gary Browning was pipped for the class 6 win by Roger Teagle, who cleaned Clinnick whilst Gary dropped a 2.

The last two hills Laneskin and Ant Hill didn't trouble the score too much, so all competitors returned to the finish at the Borough Arms to sign off. Star man of the day was Stuart Bartlett with Kieran in the passenger seat, who only dropped a remarkable 3 points and won the Dave Keat Trophy and also beat James Shallcross to the Crackington Championship.

Aaron who destroyed class 5 went on to win the Jon Kessel for best Camel Vale, Craig Allen took the class in the amalgamated class 3/4, Roger Teagle won class 6, Phil Thomas won 7 leaving the old man Fran in the distance, Tom Powell won class 8.

Many thanks to Ian and Pete for a fantastic day's sport.

3rd Time Lucky? The 2020 Exeter Trial by Simon Fairbanks

As usual my Dad and now full time MCC Trial passenger, following his very successful years behind the wheel of a VW based Buggy in the 1980s, had prepared his class 3 Red BMW 318iS and completed all the necessary pre-flight checks in preparation for our adventure all the way from Kidderminster to Torquay on what was my third Exeter trial and my third attempt to secure that elusive first medal.

We arrived at our Cirencester start point in good time and we were already talking about finally attempting Slippery Sam in daylight. I did think talking about the final section before we'd even started was jumping the gun just a little, but we were staying positive none the less.

As it got closer to our 21:31 start time my nerves were building and having read all week on social media about the repairs to Tillerton Steep (climbed 1 out of 2 attempts), Simms (climbed 0 out of 2), Tipley Hill (Climbed 0 out of 2) and Slippery Sam (climbed 0 out of 2) I could feel the pressure created solely by myself beginning to rise. The first test could not come soon enough.

We left Cirencester on time, unfortunately it only took a matter of minutes for me to miss hear one of my Dad's instructions and off in to a hospital car park we headed.....ooooops. Fortunately, that was the only time on this trial we got lost so there's a positive straight away!

On arrival to the Haynes Motor Museum the car park was brimming with activity. I do enjoy being an "early" starter as you get to see both bikes and cars at the

rest halts and get to have a look at some classic machinery being used as it was intended, or in other cases modified heavily so it can be used on these type of events with some success.

Following some wonderful and well needed nourishment we set off at 2:01 arriving at the first test, which I was curious of as we'd seen it was a tarmac public road but had a restart, the dreaded restart.....I must admit that word used in any context in trialling fills me with fear. However, with only a little wheelspin both Windwhistle Hill and Windwhistle Test were cleared without issue and my initial nerves were put to bed.

Onto Redscrip which we cleared, and at the top crossed the main road and entered the forest towards the next section, Underdown. The forest track had been recently visited by the loggers and the ruts were deeper than ever. Just as my Dad reminded me to be careful on the final steep slope down to the section begins sign, whack, the steering wheel shot full lock to the left nearly breaking both my thumbs in the process. I've since been told, when off road keep your thumbs on the outside of the wheel. Of course, I stopped the car, applied the hand brake and explained to my Dad that I could not move the wheel back to a straight position. At 4am and having only completed one off road hill was our trial over?

Thankfully not. Amazingly while skidding and sliding down the steep slope, not one but two large rocks had stuck to the driver side front wheel and been dragged up into the wheel arch jamming the wheel to nearly full left hand lock, I say nearly as this was our saving grace, Dad immediately said "jump back in Si, turn it full lock left" and hey presto the rocks were loose enough for me to kick out of the arch. I must say though both our thoughts were, is this the sign of things to come?

Although very wet we climbed Underdown and once at the top my Dad gave the wheel arch a quick check using his torch, he was worried as the brake pipe goes from the wheel into the engine bay through a hole very close to the area where the rocks had been squeezed into. No leaks were spotted, and the brakes seemed to be performing as they should on the journey to Normans Hump and Clinton.

There was an unusually long wait before the got chance to tackle Normans Hump, it was still dark and I could only think this was going to be a tough hill, a stopper!! I've climbed both of the hills, but never on the same trial, stupidly failing Clinton last year after giving it "the beans" far too early. So, was it 3rd time lucky could I finally get the double? Well firstly I re-enacted my climb of Normans Hump from 2019 to the millimetre even bouncing into the same bush as I had the year before. Onto Clinton, heart racing, Dad telling me to stay calm and not mess it up, thankfully I didn't. We'd done it, 3rd time lucky.

Onto Waterloo, a very twisty and tight hill which we had another long wait before we could attempt as a car in front of us had "blown up" not my words, and was stuck in a place where the recovery vehicle could not get to safely, so it had to be man handled down the section (I believe). Once we got going again the hill seemed to go on and on something I failed to remember, but we climbed it successfully and my smile was getting wider by the minute.

Stretes and Core Hill were completed and onto Passaford Lane and our only restart. I'd not failed this hill yet but the restart has always been tough and placed in an area on deep ruts, which in 2019 we slipped into but managed to get out of, this year it stopped right in the deepest part and as we pulled off my Dad said he could feel the earth pushing through the bottom of the car

and also creating a loud scraping noise. Once out of the restart box the hill gets steep, but its soon over and we're both out of the car looking at the fabulous views that surround us at what is now dawn. What a night!

Crealy was another welcome rest and a chance for us both the stretch our legs and indulge in some more wonderful food, this time prepared by my Mom in the form of a picnic, thanks Mom. Same again next year please.

Onto Kingswell, which this year was one long section from the bridge to the farm exit. I must say the ruts were deeper than 2018 and the ground was sloppier than then too. All I could think about during the climb was 1, Who gets out if we get beached? and 2, what was it we were actually driving through, as it most definitely was not 100% mud...? Kingswell cleared but the car certainly had a different smell for the rest of the journey from that moment on.

Tillerton next, I failed it in 2019 but was hoping the repair works would aid our success this time and they did. It is still a tough hill to climb but there is now much less chance of this rocky hill causing damage to your chosen vehicle. Thank you Exeter Team.

Onto another firm favourite of mine Fingle Hill, and this year although we missed out on going over the famous bridge we got to use a new access road that followed the river for a good mile or so and it was beautiful, a great addition to the trial route. The hairpin after hairpin on this hill is such good fun, some you can cut tight and others you need to stay wide as the steps are deceptively steep and slippery. Cleared. Wooston Steep was cleared and then it was onto Islington for another short break to fire up the butterflies before the dreaded Simms, which I had never climbed but after the talk of repairs we believed we had a chance, we

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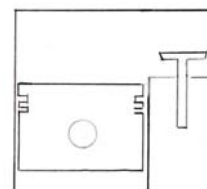
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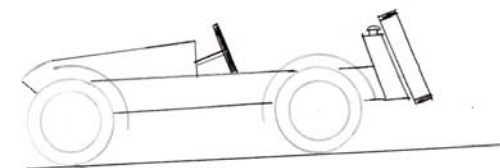


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Roger Ashby
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discussed our plan of attack on our way down to the start. The conclusion KEEP LEFT, I did but we bounced into the banking losing a lot of momentum, we climbed further than the last two years but not quite far enough, straight up the middle in 2021 then.....

The track down to Tipley was a challenge as it was very rutted but on arrival there was no queue this gave me a sense of optimism had the repair work helped our chances of claiming a Bronze? Yes they had! I'd never seen Tipley in day light and never ever seen the top! I was elated.

Onto Slippery Sam, we arrived in day light a real bonus and were again

THE EXETER TRIAL 3rd & 4th January 2020

Richard & Valerie Tappin

Every year the Exeter Trial seems to come around more quickly and I get excited about the thought of conquering Simms. With the car loaded and ready to go a few days before the event and the extra few days holiday due to Christmas and the New Year I was rested and ready to go! On the Friday we always try to get some sleep in the afternoon, with varying degrees of success.

We are lucky living in Holsworthy, which is only 20 miles from the Cornish start at Betty Cottles Inn near Okehampton, so we only have to leave home a couple of hours before our start time. At about 20.30 my brother in law and his wife, Michael and Jennifer Vanstone, along with a neighbour of theirs Nigel Eveleigh, with his son in law Matt Snookes as his passenger (Matt's first trial - nothing like jumping in at the deep end!) called for us - they were both driving X90s.

hopeful having read that the farmer had put some work in, on the "step" to decrease its size. We flew up and around the S bend narrowly missing a keen-eyed spectator who had gotten a little too close to the action and had to jump out of the way from a flying Red Rocket. Silver it was.....Over the flippin' moon!

We even found the finish without issue for the first time. 3rd time Lucky? It sure was. Obviously it goes with saying but thanks to the MCC, all the observers and organisers your hard work is really appreciated.

On arriving at Betty Cottles we were soon signed on and scrutineered and after a drink in the restaurant and a chat with various people including Bonham Jewell, a local enthusiast who is always around when there is a trial on. He is an ex motorbike competitor, a regular marshal and always ready to offer advice. His parting words were 'see you at Simms' (I hope he wasn't too far up!).

We left Betty Cottles at 22.36 and headed for Haynes Motor Museum, I know people have mixed feelings about this part of the trial but I am definitely in the in favour camp when it comes to this, as I feel we would be letting down tradition if it was stopped, and also if they could do it many years ago in much less comfortable or capable machinery than ours we should have no problem with it today.

Arriving at Haynes we had a short wait for scrutineering, no problems here so park up and have breakfast (or is it supper?). After the mandatory stop we left at 03.06. Being in the last starting group from Cornwall we anticipated quite a few delays, and this proved to be

the case. With such a large entry this is inevitable, but I am always amazed how happy and chatty the marshals are throughout these events, even though they have been at their posts for many hours, so if any marshals happen to read this a big thank you to you all we do really appreciate it.

From Haynes we travelled through Yeovil and Crewkerne to the first section Windwhistle Hill. This was tarmac with a restart for all classes; it was a matter of do not run back from the start or restart, a fairly tame affair but I guess it was put in to break up the road miles which I am all for. At the end of this section was Observed Test 1 aptly named Windwhistle. The format was start on A, drive over B reverse back over B drive forward stop astride C, I was pleased to see we were fastest in the new 90 class.

On through Chard to Section 2 Redscrip, no problems here a - straight-forward track, but you get the feeling the trial has now started.

We then travelled 0.3 miles to Section 3, Underdown, there was a very long run downhill through a forest on very muddy and rutted tracks to reach the section. I remember some sections better than others usually because they have caused problems in the past. This is one of those sections, on my first Exeter I let the tyres down but did not expect the grip to increase halfway up and ran out of power and failed, no such problem now as I go with a few more pounds in the tyres and lots of aggression. I

t was a further 14 miles to the time control at Musbury, we arrived in time to get our due time of 05.31.

The next section, Normans Hump, stopped me on my first Exeter, broke my suspension on another but has been good to me over the past few years. I attacked it in the normal way, the rough

bottom half seemed to be giving the car a bit of a pounding, but I needed speed to clear the top half after crossing the restart area and all was well. While waiting to cross Normans Hump on the way to Clinton we saw Dick Feather in his Peugeot 206 fly by, but he then came to a stop on the steep part and he told me later it was a puncture that stopped him.

Arriving at Section 5, Clinton, tyre pressures were on my mind again, as this section has high grip levels just around the first corner, but the rest of the section needs more grip. I know this from experience, as it is another section that has nearly caught me out on more than one occasion. We managed to keep the revs up, so the steeper high grip part did not cause us any problem and for the rest of the section it was a case of enough speed in the right place, as the section rises and falls.

Unfortunately, my brother in law Michael ran out of power on the afore mentioned grippy part and failed, this proved to be costly later in the day as he was one of only two X90s to clear Simms.

In 1 ½ miles we reached Section 6 Waterloo here we had a 30-minute wait, this was because the marshals had to manhandle a broken-down car out of the section. Waterloo is a long winding section with a number of sharp bends in it. We made sure we had enough momentum to get around the first right bend, as I remembered it can be tricky when the soil has been worn away from the tree roots, the rest of the section was uneventful and a pleasure to drive.

After 13 miles we arrived at Section 7, Stretes, an easy lane section, which was easily cleared. Observed Test 2, Core Hill with the same layout as Test 1 seemed to suit us and again we had the fastest time in the 90 class.

On for 4 miles to Passaford Lane, Section 8, this was our second and final restart. Last year I stopped with my back wheels in the restart box, the car grounded and we failed. This year I stopped with the front wheels in the box, max revs and we flew off to clear the section. On through Sidmouth we headed for The Crealy Park Control and rest halt. I was ready for breakfast and a break.

After our hour's break we had a 12-mile run partly via M5 & A30 to Section 9, Kingswell. This is a long and very muddy section running along the sides of fields and through a farmyard. It was not a steep section, but the mud meant you couldn't relax at all, as with our late running number it had become rutted on the corners and without care you could have easily got crossed up and slipped off the track.

Blowing the tyres up was a rather smelly affair and it seemed to linger for the rest of the day. Speaking to the crew of 199, an MG Arkley, the next morning they said they had mud everywhere even in their hats and they could still smell it the next day.

Tillerton Steep had had a lot of work done on it, so it was a lot better, except for the restart area, where we managed to get the front airborne 3 or 4 times, but we cleared without drama and then we were off to one of my favourite sections Fingle Hill. There was a route diversion here, which meant our approach to the section was a very pleasant drive on a well stoned track through woodland, with a river running alongside.

After several miles I thought if this is not the right way it is an awful long way back! On reaching the section we could go straight in, as I find I can run on road pressures, as usual an easy but enjoyable section, it reminds me of my rallying days but a lot slower!

Section 12 Wooston Steep was a short drive from Fingle the section can vary in grip from year to year, so I find plenty of welly is the best way to attack. It's a forest section, which a partly stone partly soil base with humps keeps you on your toes, but this year it was dry and easily cleared.

A 16-mile drive across the moors, through Moretonhampstead with a fuel stop en route took us to the Ilington Control and rest halt. Having refuelled the car and ourselves we were ready to attack Simms. I went up the left-hand side, seemed to be going well until we hit a few bumps and when back on the ground the momentum and the Gold were gone. Ah well here's to next year with a different plan! After reversing to the bottom and taking the escape road we could see Michael & Jennifer talking to the marshal, well done to them one of only two X90s to clear Simms.

Then the holding control at Lenda Lane and into section 14 Tiple Hill, another section the MCC had spent a lot of time effort and money to improve and it was an easy clear. With time slipping by due to a number of holdups it was starting to get dark as we made our way to the final section Slippery Sam. Again a lot of work had been done here and it was easily cleared.

Back to the Toorak Hotel in Torquay to sign off and claim a Silver. The Event was well organised. My congratulations to the organisers and marshals and thanks to all landowners and anyone else who contributed to the trial. Only one small criticism, the printing on the final results is rather small and with the entry mainly being a little older than middle age perhaps larger print would be worth thinking about?

91st Exeter Trial 2020 - Class R by Alan Foster

MCC events are expensive to promote. In round terms, the Exeter costs about £20,000 to provide us with an event to enjoy. The hundreds of hours put in by the organising team and marshals is given voluntarily. To be financially viable but retaining the entry fee level in line with how it has been (proportionately) for much of its 110 years of history, the Exeter needs at least 250 competitors.

When I first entered MCC trials, if one's entry wasn't in within a couple of weeks of the entry list opening then it meant joining the reserve list. Times change and for whatever reasons, entries have declined over the years, although it is refreshing to see that this trend has perhaps turned the corner and entries are now increasing year on year, totalling 290 in 2020.

A few years ago, this downward trend in entries led the MCC to explore ways of attracting potential car and bike competitors who were not currently entering. Some years prior to that, the introduction of the less demanding Class 0 had been a success, this year's Exeter for example attracting nearly 50 competitors, most of whom probably would not have entered the main trial. Attention thus turned to those who could enter the events with an unmodified road car without fear of damage, but who would enjoy the atmosphere and heritage of joining in an MCC trial.

From these deliberations, Class R emerged, 'R' standing for Retro, although it could equally stand for Regularity as the intention was to return to the format of early MCC trials where keeping to the time schedule was as important as cleaning Observed Sections and Tests. The class was to target those who had not previously

competed but had an ambition to dip a toe in the water; were priced out of other motor sport disciplines; couldn't contemplate having a separate vehicle for competition; or perhaps already competed in local or historic rallies and wanted to try something a little different.

The well-established MCC rules apply. For an award, competitors must not arrive at time controls early (but timing on arrival, not on sight); up to 10 minutes late for a Gold Award, 20 minutes for a Silver and 30 minutes for a Bronze. The required average speed is kept low and the roads used are now all tarmac except for short distances on smooth Forestry Tracks to reach timed Tests. In addition to these Tests, which need to be fault free to avoid a penalty, a number of steep tarmaced Observed Sections have to be cleaned, most involving a restart part way up. A restart, with no roll-back, on a corner of a steep, narrow, wet Devon lane, in the dark, is a challenge all of its own!

So, 4th January saw 17 of the 18 Class R entrants assemble at the start from Haynes International Motor Museum, just off the A303 at Sparkford. All were cars except a brave Jon Jackson on a Honda 90. This was also the starting point for Class 0 and the assembly point for the main event starters from Cirencester, Popham and Okehampton, so an excellent chance to catch up with friends competing in other classes. The Museum cafe opens specifically for the event and is an excellent place to eat, drink and enjoy the compulsory one-hour rest. Some even managed to fit in a sleep as well!

The Class R entry was diverse: capacities ranged from 90cc to 3900cc; 5 were front wheel drive; the most represented brand was MG, in various forms, followed by Morgan. Cars ranged from an MG J2 to a Fiat Cinquecento. Crews included old handers, like us, and former organisers of this event, Tim and



Roger Ashby / Ralph Brown
Class D, Yamaha



2020 Exeter Trial

Simms

by Duncan
Stephens



Simon & Debbie Eddy
Class D, Honda XR

Anne Wellock, to first timers such as Howard Burton and Geoff Wood and Charles Neal and Iain Leviston. Worthy of comment is that all 3 Morgans also compete in race and speed events, illustrating the versatility of the marque which has been involved in the Exeter since 1910.

Thankfully it was a dry mildish night for the 3am Class R start. The Class had its own road book in straightforward English which must have been a comfort to those navigating for the first time. A familiar route (for some) took us through Yeovil and Crewkerne to the first Observed Section at Windwhistle Hill, with an hour allowed for the 23 miles. This was used by the whole entry, so the marshals did well to keep delay to a minimum and run a competitively placed restart. This was followed by the first timed Observed Test, involving a line A start, all wheels over line B, all wheels back over line B and finish astride line C. All good fun in the dark!

On through Chard with a Passage Check to note near Wilmington (A4 size code board) before the first Time Control at Musbury Garage which stays open for at least 6 hours to deal with the full event.

After another Passage Check near Fairway, Devenish Pitt Time Control and the second timed Observed Test came next, followed 6-mile on by the historic Pinn Hill Observed Section, again with a restart. After nearly 90 miles and over 4 hours, the 60-minute compulsory stop at Crealy Park Time Control and cafe for breakfast near Exeter was a welcome interlude. Dawn was beginning to show itself by this stage.

Around Exeter and on through Dunsford to Windout, another Observed Section with a long MCC history. The section starts immediately after a ford, so water is carried up the hill on the tyres all the way to the restart. Who said Class R

was a pushover? Now in daylight, the route then took us through delightful and little visited parts of Devon's countryside via mile after mile of three-ply lanes. Just beyond Moretonhampstead is another traditional Observed Section, the very narrow and tricky Pepperdon, but a delight to visit.

Just inside the Dartmoor National Park, Ilsington's village hall is always a welcome stop where the locals serve the whole entry with homemade pasties, cake and hot drinks. Just down the road is Simms, first used in 1932, and the locals still welcome us, despite bringing the village to a standstill for most of the day. Profits from their hospitality have paid for various improvements in the village over the years so we have a genuine "win win" situation with the locals.

On to the finish in Torquay via two more Passage Checks and time for a brief kip before the well-attended Club Supper. A most enjoyable 12 hours of motorsport, even if a night's sleep is lost, and an event well suited to both older and modern vehicles, being challenging and non-damaging.

The final results listed three Gold Awards, three Silver and two Bronze. Patrick Shaw and Adrian Wiltshire (MGBGT) deserved a Gold, but regrettably failed to sign off at the finish, illustrating the need to stick closely to the rules. A few competitors were irritated by receiving a penalty for not recording a Passage Check which had been omitted in error from the road book, although clearly visible on the route, apparently. The rules apply to organisers too and imposing a penalty for missing something not mentioned in the event's instructions should simply not happen.

The future of Class R? It is early days, but the Class has not attracted the number of additional competitors the

MCC had hoped for. It involves a lot of work for the organisers with a different route, an additional road book, and more critically, more marshals. The Class really needs more tarmac Observed Sections with restarts - even double restarts - to provide a real challenge for competitors, but person-power is the problem.

If the Class continues, then please persuade family and friends to support it by competing or marshalling this year in the Land's End and Edinburgh and the next Exeter.

Make a date - 8/9th January 2021!

Clee Hills by Tony Branson

This year the Clee had arranged the almost perfect combination of weather conditions, wet weather before to get the sections into good shape and a beautiful day for the event. The 'almost' relates to the early frost which made the roads between the first few sections more challenging than the sections themselves. We fret on the Northern Trial about the distance between the start and the first section but the 15 miles from the Squirrel to Castle Hill is easily justified by the excellent start venue.

Castle Hill as usual was a good starter. I don't think it stopped anyone but was fun to drive. The road section from there to Ratlinghope was somewhat more of a trial, going uphill made us wonder if we should have deflated the tyres and the downhill bits we did in low gear, using the handbrake and avoiding any of the pedals as the footbrake removed any pretence of steering and the clutch started a handbrake turn. Anyhow using the discretion that is the better part of 'Valerie' we safely reached the timed test. This we did with considerable care but no speed. It is worth remarking that the Branson family bracketed class 7 with Hal recording the fastest time and mine the slowest with the rest of the class occupying the 4 and a bit seconds in between. We were a bit confused by the section that followed it, we assumed correctly it was for others but didn't stop just in case.

We had a moderate delay at Gatten's, but were entertained by a collie trying to catch shadows. The section was cleared without bother. The other side was used as a section a few years back and I tried then to be clever by starting out of the ruts but slipped across them and got really stuck. This year I did much the same on the way down, fortunately Nicholas Aldridge in the extremely powerful Smart roadster kindly pulled us out.

We then made our way to the Prior's Holt complex, last year we managed to get a bit lost but this year the signage, or perhaps our reading of it was better. The class 7 restart on PH 4 was a bit lower than before and we made short work of the section. Class 8 had a much harder time.

PH6 is a relatively new section and has to be my favourite of the trial. It starts all innocent and then you are confronted by deep muddy ruts made more difficult by a chicane. I'm not sure whether it was I or the car that decided the route we took but it was the right one and we cleared the section, with much exhilaration once we had got our breath back.

PH1 had been combined with the Slab. There was a sharp left-hand hairpin between them. It initially seemed to me that this was more a test of wheelbase than driving skill, but I had to retract these thoughts when at least one Marlin got round the corner. I had intended to try and take the corner as slowly as

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possible to avoid the characteristic Marlin understeer but never got the chance. I went at the Slab with a bit too much enthusiasm. The car lurched to the left, I applied correcting lock to no effect, I have now seen a photo which explains that, both front wheels had left the ground. I applied more lock at which point the wheels landed and we tried to cut the apex of the corner which brought us to a rapid halt in a cloud of tyre smoke, a pity.

Flounders Folly was its usual slippery self. We struggled over the first bit and then picked up some momentum which got us past the fork but not much further for a 5. Before Meadowley it became apparent that the screen washer bottle had developed a leak and we had run out of fluid. I made the mistake of not cleaning the screen and in the gloom higher up the section I failed to see the rise after the tree roots and didn't have enough speed to get over it, we scored a disappointing 6.

The Jenny Wind was slippery and we were pleased to score 6. Harley Bank remains my least favourite section. I had wondered if a more gentle take off might result in less wheelspin and more acceleration, we certainly achieved the former but not the latter, largely because I had inadvertently selected 4th rather than 2nd, by the time I had corrected this aberration we were on the slope, got maximum wheelspin and our customary 9.

I had filled the screen wash bottle with San Pellagrino which fortunately seemed to work all right, as the sun by now was coming at us horizontally and forward vision was extremely limited. It took us several passes to see the turn into the Easthope sections.

The lower reaches of Easthope 1 were very sticky with ruts that threw us from side to side. It seemed as if we were going to stop but with some excellent bouncing, we picked up speed and cleared the section. Hal unfortunately had a fuel starvation issue (not enough in the tank) and slowed to what the marshals judged to be a halt at 7 although he did manage to coax the car out of the section.

We had a long wait at Major's Leap while the Smart Roadster firstly replaced 2 punctured tyres and was then lifted back into the grooves to reverse down, almost certainly worth it for the 2 they scored. However for us the ruts at the bottom held us fast allowing a brief escape to score 11.

Strefford Wood seemed less slippery at the bottom than in previous years, but the fading light and fatigue meant I didn't get going fast enough to bounce over the bomb hole scoring 8. Simon Woodall caught us as we were leaving and directed us through the ford for a much shorter journey to the finish, most welcome with the prospect of a 5-hour drive home. Thanks to all the marshals for standing out in the cold, at least rewarded later by sun and allowing us an excellent day's sport.



Tony & Eric on Easthope 1
(Photo by A Hart Photography)

Clee Hills by Simon Lewis

Glorious weather and spectacular views from the hill tops added the final lustre to an excellent trial.

The frost did make the many secluded lanes rather tricky early on and even late in the afternoon some remained glass-like and kept the average speeds very low. This coupled with some lengthy recoveries along the way meant we tackled the last couple of sections in Priors Holt woods in the dark and the very last, The Slab, was cancelled as visibility was causing safety concerns.

Our loop began at Harton Wood, which this year had no restart and was a thoroughly enjoyable blast up through the trees hampered only by blinding low sun at the summit, but who can honestly complain about sun in January? There was rather more ice around at Flounder's Folly and despite running minimal tyre pressures we could only get about halfway despite some energetic bouncing from my passenger, 13-year old Charlotte, my daughter. It did work quite well, we crawled at least two posts further than I thought possible once the initial wheelspin set in.

Back at the foot of the hill we found Paul Watson's BMW boiling away its water, after a very spirited attempt at maximum revs. He borrowed our can of water and it must have helped as he was still going strong at the end.

Hungerford Steps involved a long wait and much socialising on the roadside verge, but it was worth it, what a great section! It was missing from last year's route, so I'd never tackled it before. I think it took nearly 3 minutes of solid foot-to-the-floor motoring to emerge at the far end, clean. Just. Those ruts at the end ... with the third one down the centre from numerous grounded diffs! Fellow X90 driver Keith Dobinson said

he came to a halt just at that very point, yards from the end and had to be towed out.

We didn't do well on The Jenny Wind last year (I'll be honest - we didn't do well on many sections last year...but then it was our debut trial). We didn't do much better this time either! Scoring 10 was a fairly feeble effort but the exit route up the bridleway is rather good fun, mindful of the seemingly large number of dog walkers on the track at every turn. Give them their due nearly all smiled and waved back as we cheerfully acknowledged them stepping back to allow us past.

Then came the first major delay. Someone had pulled a tyre off the rim towards the top of Easthope 1 and the queue was growing as the minutes ticked by and the section remained blocked while said wheel was carefully replaced with the car still in a precarious location. It was probably an hour before normal service resumed and Nick Deacon, fellow X90 runner set the bar high by cleaning the hill just ahead of us. We didn't match him, but we did seem to get a long way up the very muddy slope, at ever decreasing speed with much bouncing and swaying, before the car finally turned right all on its own just two feet short of a 5.

To compound the delay a Scimitar had gone off the edge at nearby Ippikin's Rock and took a while to retrieve. This section seemed to have a much shorter approach run than last year and so the temptation to arrive at the extremely tight hairpin way too fast wasn't there. Our X90 turned on a sixpence and dug in nicely to go clean.

Eight miles down the road and another queue had built up at Heywood Common as the two loops crossed over (or so I was told). The section is a real blast, short but lots of fun and unlike last year we cleaned it, giggling like a

couple of kids at the top. An even longer delay followed at Castle Hill where it appeared the front wheel drive Class Os were finding the constantly changing cambers and cavernous potholes rather too much of a challenge. Nothing seemed to move for almost an hour but the location was so pleasant, alongside a babbling brook with the sun lighting up the hillside up ahead and with considerable good natured banter going on between the crews and section controller Dave Nursey, that it didn't matter very much. At least gave us an opportunity to break out the flask and sandwiches.

When action resumed, we charged up with gusto and although I did something of a head-banger on the door window at one point (ouch!) all seemed well. But on re-pressurising the tyres, one was clearly punctured so we had a rapid wheel change. Thankfully the ground was nice and flat here, so it didn't delay us much.

The run out from this point to Ratlinghope Test was very picturesque but a little tricky with many of the lanes still white with lingering frost under clear blue skies. Having avoided the ponies and the sheep we found yet another delay. The same class Os that struggled on Castle Hill were now having similar problems on the steep rutted exit road from the test. One was parked with two wheels up a bank, heeling over precariously at forty-five degrees. It took a while to affect a recovery. Finally, we crossed the picturesque ford and lined up for the timed forward-back-forward test, which was way shorter than last year due, I imagine to the deterioration of the surface just beyond it which was certainly trapping Class Os! No matter, it was an intense 10.98 seconds and the finish marshal said we'd been quite quick, which was reassuring as the gear change on "The Monkey" isn't exactly fast.

The long bumpy run up Gatten's Gamble presented no problem, the rocky descent back to the farm yard on the other side seems fairly perilous by comparison but again presented splendid views, as did the long climb back up to the gliding club, where the sun was already setting over Wales, and in the company of the Fairbanks' BMW, Keith Dobinson's X90 and Paul Watson's BMW we made our way carefully along the Portway which was almost as slippery as some of the sections. Charlotte went flying on the ice at one point while running back to the car from gate-shutting duty. She was unhurt and got back into the car roaring with laughter.

Into Priors Holt woods, now shrouded in long shadows, we cleaned Priors Holt 4, the only point on the route where Charlotte was a bit late with a direction: Restart. We just made it and the car then pulled up the following slope like a train. By Priors Holt 10 we were running on headlights and spots, it was so dark among the trees. The mud defeated us early here, a 10 being rather disappointing, but unlike last year we did get out under our own steam after another run at it with the chicane removed. Paul Watson said he'd done much the same in our wake, so we weren't too disappointed.

But that turned out to be our final section as The Slab, which followed, was cancelled just as we reached it. The controller deciding that running the last few cars up a nearly impassable section with a perilous reverse back in pitch darkness was just too risky. We were OK with that we had no spare tyres left and a puncture here would have been a major problem.

We headed back to the Squirrel at Ludlow and the finish having cleaned seven of the eleven hills we tackled and enjoyed every minute.

Clee Hills Trial 2020 – a canter through a Dellow's ups and downs by Hilary Farbowski

The forecast was much better than last year; there was no oil on the clutch plate, and we got scrutineered the night before. So, all set for a fabulous Clee Hills on Sunday 19th January, is what we thought... Having booked a nice B&B about two miles further on from The Squirrel, we left Cheltenham about 3.30pm on Saturday 18th January. The weather was bright: sunshine, blue skies, winter chill and the Dellow was running extremely well (unlike last year, when Andrew noticed the clutch slipping - on the way there, on the Leominster bypass). We made it to Ludlow in about an hour and a half, checked in at the B&B then retraced our steps to The Squirrel.

We were second or third car at scrutineering and had no issues. After signing on, it was back to our B&B and then a pleasant walk into town for a tasty meal at the Thai restaurant. Ludlow has some fine old buildings and an elegant, ruined castle.

Next morning, we were up early for breakfast. It had been a cold night and the Dellow's windscreen was frozen inside and out. Some nocturnal creature had left tiny paw prints in the frost on the tonneau cover. We scraped both sides of the screen, carefully folded the stiff tonneau cover back, then of course, found the car would not start. It was not used to life outside in winter, and the battery was too cold. We were too, but that was soon remedied by some aggressive pushing of the car around the quiet cul de sac and down a fortuitously close, but sadly gentle, hill. Andrew got in, I kept pushing, struggling for grip on the icy, frosty road. Eventually the engine started and,

relieved, we headed for The Squirrel and the start.

We met some fellow competitors that we knew: George Houghton and John Harris in another Mk1 Dellow. Unfortunately, Simon Knight who had entered in Class 8 in his recently acquired Dellow, had had to withdraw, suffering with a shoulder injury. Brian Partridge and Lee Peck were looking lively in their Ridge Cannon and Roger Ashby very happy in his special, the Coates Orthoptera. We saw Matt Johnston (a fellow Dellow member), in one of his Cannons, with accomplished trialer, Emma Wall. Everyone was bright and cheery, like the weather. What an improvement on the previous year when it had been dull, overcast and damp.

Shortly before we were due to leave, another Dellow member, Tony Martin turned up. He was keen to spectate on one of the hills. Unfortunately, we had no time to discuss, where the best place might be, and advised him to seek advice from the trial officials in The Squirrel. Clearly the advice he got was good, as I later found out Tony had spent about three thoroughly enjoyable hours at The Slab. Then 09:12 came and we set off, full of excitement in the crisp, clear winter sunshine.

Our first hill was Harton Wood. En route, beautiful countryside and charming villages, and in one field, we glimpsed above the hedgerows, strange plumes of steam or smoke rising at fixed intervals. Who knows? Silage drying huts? Badger houses? With sheet ice on the smaller roads, and frost everywhere, it made for an interesting drive. We passed a car, which had been ahead of us: No 58, the black and white Morris Minor. They thought the supercharger had gone.....

We arrived at the holding point for Harton Wood and were advised it would be a rolling start, off the road and then



Matt Johnston / Alex Thorsby
Dellow



2020 Clee
Hills Trial
Flounders
Folly
by Dave
Cook

George
Houghton /
John Harris
Class 0 Dellow
Mk1



Dick Bolt / Abbie Jeffrey
Ford Popular

2020
Exeter
Trial
Simms

by
Duncan
Stephens

Mary & Richard
Baxter

Class 0
Austin 7 Ulster



Laurence Payne / Sue Fidler
MGB GT



Martin & Monty
White

Class 0 MGB

Adrian Marfell /
Ifan Davies
Class 8 VW Spl



Andrew Brown /
Jonathan Ellwood

Class 7
Marlin Roadster

Les Rayfield /
Chris Young

Class 8
ABS Freestyle



Kathy Martin,
Class B1
Honda CRP

Clee Hills 2020

Flounders Folly by Dave Cook

Charles Whitaker,
Class B1
Beta Alp



John Kenny,
Class C
Beta RR Enduro

left into the section: there was too much mud to start at the foot of the hill. Bumpy, rutted but we got up it. Some confusion at the top – a marshal, with the sun in her eyes, seemed to wave us left, so we continued a short while then realised we should have turned right. We blew up the tyres then retraced our route and exited the correct way.

On to Flounders Folly, up a track after a grass triangle. We waited in a queue of about six cars, started at the top of the lane on the marshal's whistle: immediately right through a gate then left. It was very muddy, slippery and bouncing did not help. We could not make it beyond 8 – the wheels were just spinning in mud. George Houghton did much better. Thick with mud, we retreated, blew up the tyres in the car park and left, a bit dejected, for Jenny Wind.

Low sun on the road made driving very tricky. We arrived at Jenny Wind - always a sense of foreboding as we remembered the steepness at the top. We had cleaned it in the past – it must have been a dry year. No worries about the steepness this time. We got nowhere near the top: only as far as 8. After reversing out we continued along the track and turned left at a small orange flag, up a track that was almost as challenging as an observed section. Steep, grassy, slippery, we needed 1st gear to get up it. The track eventually led to a gate, which we had to open and close, then onto a main road where a small *Clee Hills* sign on the verge reassured us that this exit was intended for trials cars. We turned right and followed the road, looking for a dip, all the way to Longville village, without finding Ippikins Rock – then we remembered we had had the same problem last year.

So, we turned around in Longville and returned, now looking on the left for our turn and found it this time after a

“Hidden dip” sign. Along a bouncy track, we came to the steep approach leading to Ippikins Rock. A Suzuki X90 (car 64) ahead of us had two goes at getting up the approach track to Ippikins Rock and had to reverse. We managed to nip in before their third, successful, attempt and managed to get up the approach road. Once on Ippikins, we found the hairpin right quite straightforward, as Andrew remembered it from last year and steered wide in the corner. It was a bit muddy but generally straightforward.

And so on to Longville – we had travelled the road already that morning. By 11:45 we reached the section start and realised the hill did not open until 12:10. Never mind, that gave us time for a chat with George Houghton and John Harris in the only other Dellow and Andy Fox and Alex Hewitson in the Austin 7 (car 67). Around 12:00 the hill marshal arrived, gave us some useful warnings about the top of the hill, as it exited onto the road then we were off. Two bends, 90 right 90 left – all good. Then sure enough, at the summit there was a nasty dip on the left just before the track went up and over onto tarmac.

Onwards. En route for Heywood Common, we recognised the left turn where the main road headed right and uphill and reached the section start. While Andrew reduced his tyre pressures, I thought it odd that there was a fence across the track, soon after the start. In fact, the track bent sharply round to the left before the fence, behind which was a turkey farm. We set off on what looked like an innocuous track, swinging left to avoid the turkeys. However, muddy ruts soon got the better of us and we had to reverse back down, turning around by the turkey farm, under the watchful gaze of one of the feathery residents.

A bit crestfallen, we headed for Church Stretton and a welcome break at the Applegreen Garage. After refreshments

we set off again bound for Castle Hill. Last year I remember waiting to start this hill in front of a 1929 Ford Model A. Back then, we were all a bit damp as the weather had been drizzly most of the day.

This year we had had big blue skies, mostly, and a crisp winter chill. Andrew reduced the tyre pressures, there was no queue and we were off. What a scream! The section was like a rollercoaster. Deep ruts on left and right – off camber. I did some of my best leaning, in an attempt to keep the car balanced and personally feel more secure. Rough, muddy it was incredible how the car got through the section; it just seemed so bumpy. There were a few overhanging branches, but they were forgotten in the excitement of the ride. What a blast.

Next it was on to Ratlinghope Observed Test and Ratlinghope (Section 2A). There was a ford just before the test and Andrew stopped this side of it to adjust his tyre pressures. The test was fine and Andrew did a respectable time (we found out later he had been quickest).

Straight into the section: deep ruts on the left and as I heard Andrew say “We’re out (of the ruts), we’re out we’re in” the deep ruts on the left seemed to call to us and we finally dropped into them, but they soon grew shallower and we made it to the top and to a gate which had to be opened/closed. The hill was challenging but as nothing after Castle Hill.

Next up, the gliding club, via Dangerous Hill (which wasn’t). We arrived at the Control along with the George Houghton’s Dellow and the Austin 7 of Clare and Robert Renshaw. What a fabulous drive over the moorland to The Portway. Once the control marshal had given us the “all clear” to drive past the glider landing area, we made our way across the Portway track and into the

forest. After I had opened and closed a couple of gates, we arrived at Priors Holt 5, an innocuous enough looking hill; aren’t they all?

Priors Holt 5: we did not have to worry about what to do at the summit as we only got about 25 yards along the track, described as “track over grass”. It was more like track through deep mud and the occasional pothole. We lost speed and the wheels started to spin. I did some sideways shimmying and we seemed to start moving again but then a serious clatter from underneath the car gave us a hint we might have a problem.

I managed to push the car back towards the start, where a marshal joined in and helped move it out of the way.

Andrew jacked the car up and I got out my trusty Waitrose carrier bag as a makeshift ground sheet. The news was not good. Nothing to see but as we pushed the car backwards and forwards, the back wheels jammed. Luckily for us, two local chocolate Labradors were passing with their owner, who kindly offered us a tow out of the forest back to tarmac, where we were able to arrange transport home. Unluckily for us (!) we missed The Slab.

Back home and further investigation revealed we had broken teeth off the diff pinion and they intermittently caused the axle to jam. Despite our unfortunate and abrupt ending, we nevertheless thoroughly enjoyed our day out in the winter sun and the fabulous countryside, among great, like-minded enthusiasts – marshals and competitors.

Better luck next year maybe, when we return to play in the Clee Hills.

Clee Hills - Stuart & Kieran Bartlett Class 8 Cannon

Well it's that time of year again when the alarm clock goes off at silly o'clock on a Sunday morning for trialling, this time it was for the Clee – a local event for us, only 90 something miles away, and heading West for a change instead of having the long drive South down the M5. We arrived at Ludlow Park and Ride at 7.30, unloaded and headed for scrutineering at the car park opposite the Squirrel Pub. It was then into the warmth for signing on and a breakfast.

Our start time was 8.45, 2nd class 8, following Adrian Marfell who yet again was 1st car. It was a lovely clear, frosty morning but boy was it cold in the Cannon driving the 18 miles to the first section.

Castle Hill – no deviation here this year so a straight climb out. We then had a glorious drive over the tops, we were following some motorbikes across here and they were riding very cautiously due to the frosty / icy conditions on the roads, we certainly didn't envy them. On to: Ratlinghope Special Test – a very short special test this year after crossing the river, start on line A, stop astride B, all behind B and stop astride C.

We then followed the track up and down through the gates, at the last gate it sounded like the Cannon had tappet rattle, which is very unusual for the Japanese engine, it wasn't until we'd got onto the road that I noticed we'd got no oil pressure, quickly pulled over and took the bonnet off only to be presented with an engine bay dripping in oil, the oil filter had been hit and had dislodged the oil seal. Oil filter taken off, seal re-fitted and engine filled back up with oil and then the "has anything else been damaged" moment, nope oil pressure

absolutely fine. Good old Japanese engines. The comradery of class 8 is great, all drivers had stopped to see what the problem was, either that or they didn't want to run second car. And many thanks to Ian Davis for the engine oil, without this our trial would have been well and truly over.

Gattens Gamble – we caught back up with Adrian here as the bikes were still going through so thankfully our oil problem hadn't delayed us, cleared the section and again a nice drive over the tops down into the farmyard.

We then had a 10 mile drive to the Priors Holt sections, where we were delayed at the glider club along with the bikes for a good 30 mins, we were given two reasons, 1. sections weren't quite ready for us, 2. the padlocks were all frozen on the gates, the delay was one or the other. I had a quick check of the oil issue again whilst waiting and all was fine. Eventually we got the nod and for those of you who have not done the Clee before the scenery across the glider club to Priors Holt is outstanding with far distant views.

Priors Holt 4 – first restart of the day for us on 16 PSI, we watched Adrian fail the restart, roll back 3 foot and drive out of the section, stay low I was told by Kieran, I went high like a muppet and went nowhere, rolled back 5 foot to where Adrian had rolled back too and drove out of the section, if only I'd stopped low.

Priors Holt 6 – quite a drive through the forest to this section and whilst driving down the track a deer wandered across in front of us, we stopped for a short while expecting a second to come out but no. Onto the section, whilst having a chat with Stewart Green we heard Adrian on full throttle somewhere on the section, he cleaned and then us, up through the section to a slight deviation, fluffed the gear change here as I

dropped into 2nd gear and had to get a move on to clean the section, with a nice tight bit at the 1 marker, but had we cleared or had they marked us as a 9, very harsh if the marshal had.

Priors Holt 1 Extra – this section was a combination of the Slab and Priors Holt 1. Onto the hill, a quick blast up the slab and then we had a tight hairpin, straight round in the Cannon and then onto rocky, slippery hill, we got to the 5 marker and that was it. We were winched out of the top by the Land Rover boys – thanks for this but I think next time I'll reverse back down the section, it would have been a lot quicker.

We were now done in Priors Holt and it was an 8-mile drive to: Flounders Folly – at last a section with no tyre pressures, Kieran dropped them flat as this section is claggy clay, onto the hill, a deviation at the bend were all of the lower classes turn right, down with the throttle and we were clear. First time I've ever cleaned this section.

It was then yet again a long drive to the next section, 20 miles to Meadowley Wood. It felt like we were doing a long distant trial with all the road mileage, and it was still very cold.

Meadowley Wood – tyres set at 12PSI and into the section, second gear, flat out and we cleaned the section. Boy is this section getting cut up now, but still a cracking hill. We stopped on the way back round to watch Stewart in the Gruffalo, he was going nowhere, he didn't make the 12 marker and his tyres were smoking with the effort he was putting in.

An 8-mile drive to: Jenny Wind – Dean Partington, Mike Chatwin and Celia Walton were marshalling on this hill, some years of trialling marshalling on this hill. Celia was on the start, Dean was at the 3 marker and Mike was having a chat with Bob and Terry Hart at

the 8 marker. We've never been out of the top of this section and today was going to be no different, tyres on 15PSI and we got a 5, (I'd love to have a go at this hill on free tyre pressures – take note MAC).

Shortest distance of the day next – 200 yards - onto: Harley Bank – no tyre pressures here so we were flat. This is a great section and we got to the 3 marker, which we were well pleased with. We stopped at the escape route and waited for Stewart in the Gruffalo, he didn't make it, we then watched Ian in the Buggy, he had a great climb and cleaned the section.

A 4-mile drive to: Easthope 1 – at this point Adrian was well clear of the section and Stewart had got in front of us after Harley Bank and was waiting on the start line when we arrived. He attacked the section and got to the top bend where he had a tyre off of the rim, we had at least a 30-minute delay here whilst the marshals got him clear of the top. Tyres set and we attacked the section in 2nd gear, the car was thrown about in the tracks but the next thing we saw was the top, we were clear and Stewart was just finishing off his tyre change.

Down the track and along the old railway line to: Majors Leap – the mud at the bottom of this section was horrendous, 2nd gear flat out and we got an 11, we were going nowhere, the diff was buried in the claggy mud. Brian Partridge next and he had a great climb through the bottom of the section, he cleared the mud. Russ Clarke next in the Troll, yep you've guessed it his diff stopped him. Ian Davis next, he had a great climb – definitely a Buggy day – but he couldn't reverse out and got stuck on the bank, it was here that we all had to push the heavy Buggy.

It was then another 13-mile drive to our last section: Strefford Wood – for those of you that have never done this section

you don't know what you are missing, it's a tyre as flat as you dare go section with the throttle to the floor. Adrian had been and long gone by the time we got here, Simon greeted us with a "where have you been, you're at least an hour behind". Our response was – "driving". Anyway, onto the section, it's a climb up a track, through a bomb hole and another climb up a very leafy track. The bomb hole was well muddy and we cleared this with no problem, it was then onto the leafy track, we got to the 4 marker and were still climbing, bouncing like mad we got to the 1 marker, the highest I've been on that hill for I don't know how long. We were both well pleased.

Clee Hills by Mary Baxter

At five o'clock in the morning there I was scraping the ice off my Dad's car while Dad was faffing about inside before setting off on our three-hour journey to Ludlow. Dad thought we were being really brave, and he was worried about all the things that could go wrong bearing in mind our lack of mechanical expertise, but I was really excited. When we got to Ludlow it felt about minus a hundred degrees but despite that our 1930 Austin 7 Ulster started first time after I reversed it off the trailer.

The deal was that my Dad would drive on public roads and that I would do the rest, as I am only 16. After scrutineering, signing on and grabbing a bacon sarnie we set off. Well, we tried to. Minor panic mode but turns out I forgot to put the choke in. We got to the first section and was faced with quite a rough looking hill with a big tree root that we managed to get over and got about ¾ of the way up before reversing all the way down again.

We carried on through the morning sections clearing one of them. Then after lunch we reached the moors, with

It was then a 12-mile drive back to Ludlow for signing off, we didn't hang around here as we'd got a 2-hour drive back home. By the time we got back to the trailer park we'd covered 105 miles, on a beautiful cold, clear day.

Thanks to the MAC team for putting on a very hard and challenging class 8 trial.

And finally, special thanks to all the marshals who had to stay at the section they were marshalling all day due to the loop system that MAC run. Without you all we wouldn't have a trial.

gorgeous blue skies and herds of wild horses, stopping to take pictures of the scenery.

Then on the next section I managed to get stuck sideways in an Austin 7 swallowing sized rut and Dad clambered out rather unathletically and pushed me out reasonably athletically. The next gorgeous scenery was the flying club, which was ace because I could drive all the way around these hills.

The last hill in the forestry sections I nearly cleared but managed to get stuck and slid back so that I couldn't reverse back down. The Land Rover boys towed me out which was a good experience as I haven't been towed out before.

Once we had sorted ourselves out and had 30 psi back in the tyres, we bimbled back to Ludlow, as we had time to spare even with the photography breaks! All in all, we had a fantastic day out, great sections, none of them too rough (certainly in class 0). It was my first big boy trial and I'd recommend it to anybody who is like me and mega up for having a go.

My First Classic Trial by George Houghton

During the summer of 2019 I purchased a 1950 Mk1 Dellow from Jeremy and Melodie Nightingale, who are probably known to many people in the Midlands motor sport community. Having bought the car I started researching its past and it became clear that it had an interesting competition history.

The car was number 9 of the Mk1 production run built in March of that year and was sold to B J Bodenham, a well-known exponent of the pre and post war trials scene. Further research from Pat Toulmin's history of the Clee Hills Trial revealed that car and driver had won the trial outright in 1953 in difficult conditions with a clean sheet, and had also won several first class awards around the country during the early 50s.

With encouragement from the previous owner, who wanted to see the car used as intended when he sold it, and from Adrian Tucker-Peake I decided to try a classic trial, and the Clee Hills seemed to be the obvious choice, given the history and my MAC membership.

The first step was to see if the car would be reliable, so we did some road miles supporting static displays at Classic Nostalgia and the MAC display at the Pershore Plum Festival classic car section. The car seemed fine, although it can be a bit of a handful at speeds above 45mph! (it is capable of just over 60 mph on a good day.)

The next step was to enter a PCT, this being the MGCC event at Bromsgrove in October of 2019, run under the auspices of the said Mr Tucker Peake. For this event we were restricted to 13 psi tyre pressures minimum as a Dellow is theoretically a class 7/8 car under ACTC rules. We managed a respectable

performance missing a podium by a couple of marks, having made a hash of a couple of sections through bad choice of line as it got slippery in the later laps of the trial.

I took from this exercise three important principles. Tyre pressures are important, choice of line is critical, and building momentum is everything. I already knew this applied to bikes, as I ride classic 2-wheel trials in the winter but was surprised that it's even more critical on 4 wheels, especially the momentum bit.

So, we decided to do the Clee Hills Trial in January 2020. I recruited a co-pilot, John Harris, a friend from the MSCC. Up to this point he had believed that the harshest ride possible was to be found in a Morgan, he has since modified his view and is still in "post-trial therapy"!

As for car preparation – The car is extremely original, with front friction dampers, Ford 1172cc side valve engine, 3-speed gearbox with the luxury of synco on second and top, pre-war Ford Pop front suspension, cable brakes, torque tube and Ford Pop rear axle. It's on twin SU carburettors and produces around 32bhp. With such good originality I was reluctant to make any major changes.

Specific trials preparation consisted of oil changes for engine, gearbox and rear axle (thick stuff - EP140 for the transmission bits), a tightness check round all the fixings, mainly mounts and suspension. A grease up of the numerous nipples round the steering and suspension. A new AFFF 2Kg fire extinguisher and spill kit as per regs, a new set of spark plugs, refurbishment with new spindles and butterflies for the carburettors, a 12-volt compressor and accumulator with pressure gauge for rapid tyre inflation post sections. A kit of tools and spares, and a full tank of fuel. (It's a 15-gallon slab tank behind the rear axle so it improves the weight

distribution!) The only other crucial bit of preparation was a thermal waterproof onesie for the pilot.

So, we entered class 0 as complete novices at a discounted rate, applied for and got our RS clubman licences and waited anxiously for 19th of January to come around. We had an early start on the day, loaded the car on the trailer and set out for Ludlow, a journey of around 40 miles. It proved a difficult journey with fog and icy roads for the first 15 miles, but it cleared and we then made good time. We unloaded at the park and ride, and made scrutineering in good time, and passed without incident. We signed on and made a final check over the kit and the car, read the route book through four times then had the anxious wait for the start.

We were released by the starter at 9.14 am and made our way out onto the A49, running on 3 cylinders for the first 4 miles. Not a good start, but it turned out to be condensation in the distributor cap as we had warmed the car up and then let it stand in zero ambient temperature for 15 minutes before the start. It cleared and off we went at the obligatory 45mph maximum speed a further 10 miles up the road to "Harton Wood".

We had a look at the section from the road and dropped the tyre pressures, but not too much as it appeared rough and stony. We were called forward and up we went, trying to maintain momentum irrespective of the holes and ruts, it was rougher and steeper than we were expecting. I took the approach of maximum attack, within the limitations of not bursting a 70-year old engine and drive train. (I still can't get used to the idea that it runs around 10 psi oil pressure when it's hot)

Much to our surprise and satisfaction we shot straight out of the top, one down and nine to go.

To be honest most of the other sections were a bit of a blur of nerves and adrenalin, but we cleaned the rest of the sections, with the exception of the two grassy/muddy ones where, having taken more liberties with the tyre pressures as they were free for class 0, we scored a 7 on Flounders Folly, but someone else in the class managed a 6 so we got adjusted down to 1, and then a 5 on the Jenny Wind, achieved by flying round the first turn on "maximum attack" again and then searching for grip wherever we could find it, but eventually running out of puff, as its much steeper than we had expected.

The best moment of the trial? Flying out of the top of "The Slab", the last, shortest and by far the most intimidating section for a first timer, and then a steady relaxed run back to the finish.

The car is amazingly capable for a vehicle that celebrates its seventieth birthday in the spring of this year, and is a testament to the engineering and development skills of Delingpole and Lowe who created it. The fact that we lost 6 marks in the final results and achieved first in class 0 has far more to do with capabilities of the car than the pilot.

We will be back, but will probably have to pick our events, as the sections in some trials look a little rough for such an old lady. As a first event it was a thoroughly enjoyable experience.

It also became clear, as we went round, the huge amount of work that had been put in by the organising team in setting up and running the event, it must have taken months! So, we offer our thanks to them, the marshals, and all the other people involved in creating such a successful event.



Bill Bennett /
Tom Ford
Class 2 MG J2

Cotswold Clouds

Nailsworth Ladder by Dave Cook

Jason Warren /
Martin Kelly
Class 5 Mazda MX5



Ashley Biffen /
Tom Walker
Class 8
Ford Spl

Ice, Ice Baby!! *By Kathy Martin*

I rode the Cleve Hills Trial last year and it felt like I spent way too much time on my arse, disrespecting Humphrey. So, I hadn't necessarily planned to have another go. Until I received an email from Simon Woodall "Hut hummm, I haven't seen your entry". So, you know what I did next? Being a relatively last-minute decision to spend around £200 round trip to fall off all day, I decided that I would make a weekend of it. Do a bit of sightseeing to lighten the blow. So Tintern Abbey was on the cards, only to get there and it be closed to a private function! No problem, I have a few toys in my van. So, I went swimming, got the mountain bike out, found a trail to ride, headed into Ludlow to see the Castle, street market, charity shops, coffee & cake and chat to some locals.

I plonked my arse next to a couple with a dog on their lap. "Hi, lovely day" I repute. We engage in conversation and they earnestly ask, "Do you walk"? Do I hell" was my reply, "That's what wheels were made for"! They were kind and laughed. Our brief encounter concluded with us begging to differ. They were ramblers, walking this area for 20 years and have never seen so much mud. I smiled. I said, "Well tomorrow I am off to rip up more Shropshire mud for you guys to slip and slide on", they laughed and agreed that they would get their studded boots out. I did however put them straight about not ripping up their countryside, to which they replied, "It wouldn't matter, live and let live", brilliant.

When I viewed the entry list I messaged John Kenny and asked if I may be his trailer for the day. Luckily for me he agreed. And I made another friend Charles Whittaker. This made my day as it isn't much fun riding around on

your own. Phil Sanders was absent with his lovely family taking precedent this weekend. Little did John know that he was going to be a babysitter for the day!

What a brilliant idea, chance to scrutineer and sign on the evening before. Simon was outside in the freezing cold making scrutineering a breeze while Barbara, Pat and others had their paperwork set up and running like clockwork. Never before have I sailed through so fast. So, thank you and I headed for a meal with good friends, that being part of this sport has given us. Thoroughly enjoyed listening to the motor sport stories of the past that Celia Walton reeled off, as if they were only yesterday. Get those memoirs on paper missy. I left the pub early as with another exam looming, led to one boring Kathy, revision!

The morning arrived and I was ahead of schedule. And for once I had slept. I felt brilliant. So, I'm milling around in the Travelodge room, next minute its 7.50 and I know as rider number 11, I start at 8 something. I wasn't dressed, stuff everywhere. I was in chaos. Walking outside the air was so cold. Willing my van not to be frozen, but it was. Eeek, I felt panic in my stomach. I hoped the rear doors would open. Phew, they did. In I get. Once I'd undone the endless bondage of chains and padlocks that were embracing Humphrey, my steed made his appearance from his lair and saw first light. I throw my bags in the back of my van, boots on and then oh bum. I'd forgotten to put on my leggings. Knowing I was keen on time to get to the start, I thought stuff it. I'll go without.

The lovely Dave Cook was milling around near the start. He came over and was chatting with people as they start their trial. "Cold isn't it" he commented to me. Sadly, I lowered the tone by admitting that I was so hot I had a puddle of sweat between my boobs! What, it's the Tourettes, honest!

Waiting on the start line I ask if I may ride with John up front. But no. I was last bike and had to start on my start time. Ok. What a gentleman John was, rode slowly and soon I was with him. I must say, the early wheelies I saw made my cheeks hurt from grinning and definitely helped with the warmth as the heart pumped faster. Oh, I wish I could do that. Having a front wheel next to your head is exhilarating. Of course it wasn't anyone on the trial, but whoever you were, keep doing it)

Very quickly along the A49 I realised a huge mistake. Not putting on the leggings. My quads felt like someone was blasting ice cold jet of air over the top of them, freezing them layer by layer. I tried all sorts of leg positions to alleviate this numbing sensation. Nothing worked, it wasn't going to. It was cold! So I cut some shapes wiggling the legs to keep the blood pumping. And once the icy air had numbed the skin, I no longer felt anything, so all was sorted.

With the gentleman on the start of Section 1 telling us there is no deviation (I couldn't remember one) he said its straight up. With that one done we begin to notice the scenery. Wow, thank you for such a stunning ride around. With the blue sky there was nowhere else I'd rather be. And then there was ice. And a lot of it. The good thing with having a large butt is that you can clench either side of the seat for stability. We rode across some moors, with crystal white roads. It felt like I was riding on diamonds.

Although I had asked to follow John Kenny, his babysitting duties were being put to use. (Sorry Charles), but we were periodically pulling over and John jumped to action. Charles' bike was tired. Although it isn't an old bike, it needed to have regular lie downs, on the ice. Humphrey wasn't impatient, no he's quite the opposite, he's placid. But

he does like to show me his dominance. After all he is male, and he insisted we soldiered on, he felt there was a challenge to conquer just getting to the sections.

As we ride along, experienced enduro rider, Irishman George tags on, aboard his brand-new Beta. More the merrier. We arrive at Founders Folly. As I approach, I remember this one, which is unlike me. Because I fell off on it last year and couldn't stand up, let alone pick Humphrey up. Thank you marshals for your endless help.

I look on as bike No 7 exits the section. No not because I know him, but No 7 is my son's UK race number. We make eye contact and I foolishly ask "Slippery?" To my surprise and like a punch in the stomach, the rider John Cull says "You have the perfect bike, hook a gear and open it up. If he had seen my pathetic attempt last year, he would have said to me "Don't bother love, spare that poor bike's handlebars from getting bent and take a 12 now"

To be honest he didn't give me the confidence to do the section that he probably thought he had. He pissed me off (no offence meant whatsoever). Tell me something I don't already know. This bike is capable, with a decent rider on top. Many a time I do things on Humphrey and have to apologise to him for making him look stupid. But the dear little lump of steel is so forgiving he always fires up again for me, even if in the back of his throat he is flooded with petrol and gargling while I attempt to defibrillate an engine and resemble a beat.

Yes, for sure he is trying to teach me, but I'm female, and will I listen? Think we all know the answer to that one. But that bike has the patience of a nun, the curb appeal of a Ferrari and the turn on capability of Jason Statham. Well after all he does throb!

So, we take to the start line. The lovely marshal shows me the diagram asking me to stay left at the tape. I nod and thank him for the info, but behind my agreeing eyes I'm thinking - 'Oh god, exactly where am I going to fall off?' However, Humphrey heard that man. And I just felt Humps have the killer attitude of my horse in the jump off against the clock. All I had to do was point him and hold on. So, I did. I remember hitting a small bank, Humps getting a little airtime and buggar me, he roared like I have never heard him roar before, passing the 7 onto the 3 and beyond the 1. Stop Humps stop. But no, he was out to prove a point to me and he rasped like he was a 450, throwing leaves out behind him, as if he had his mx rear on (Ok so he probably didn't fire any roost, but we both imagined he did). The higher we went past the 1 marker the dryer it got, the faster he went and neither of us wanted to stop. We were like the final scene in Rambo where he goes into the bivouac and opens up the machine gun at the computers, arrragagagghaghaghagaga.

But Humphrey was the decider. Having proved his point and dominance to me, he lowered his tone, signalling to me to back off. So, I shut him down like an aircraft before V1, and soon we were stationery. We'd done it. Top gun Humps.

Whilst riding along, George on his new Beta had run low of fuel and was on reserve. And with no garage in sight Charles kindly gave him his spare fuel. Top gent. We rode onto a section called Meadowley. I thought it was going to be in a meadow. Nope. Probably the most inappropriate name for this section, but wow, what fun. More like 'have a go if you dare'. Great bit of narrow, slippery, greasy, rooty, rutty, even a challenge to get off the start line. Perhaps if we could put a foot down here and there we may of got further... or maybe not!

On again we rode, and George was sharing his worry with the lads. Woops, that fuel from George had been drunk. All gone. One thing I know is it definitely didn't evaporate. With no garage noted on the route card, this time John presented George with a further litre of fuel, with the words, 'If I run out you're pushing me!!' I queried why they all carry fuel. I employed that I felt guilty as I only carry food for me, nothing for Humphrey. Johns reply was "You don't need to, you've got a Honda". Can't begin to tell you just how big my smile was and breathing out a big sigh, I was like a mum with a newborn, bursting with pride.

There was one moment through the day whereby we all looked at each other and were lost for words. We were riding downhill on a main road with running water over ice with high banks. A guy on a road bike with a slick rear and no leathers took past us at probably 70+. Downhill into a right hander as we drifted off left onto a road. Oh my days, I didn't want to turn off, I was just waiting for him to end up in a heap at the bottom ... probably hoping he would as it would be one less dick on the road. Surprisingly he made the corner, lucky buggar certainly used one of his 9 lives, and he probably made it home too.

As if the quads hadn't had enough pain with the cold for one day, within a mile of the finish a gritter went by, and yes, showered us with grit, it stung like hell, but Humphrey didn't flinch. It was a long day out on the bike, but one I will remember as a good one..

And the results? Who cares? That's an extra gift, a bonus I recon, after riding such an awesome event. I think every bike rider I saw was enjoying the ride, so thank you Midland Automobile Club..

Kathy & Humps. X

Squirrels, Toads, Mud and Catkins – A Winter's Tale by Ken Banfield

Squirrel

This was my second marshalling experience for the MG Car Club's Midlands Centre. Simon Morris the chief whipper-in had been in touch some months ago and I was pleased to find that I was free to participate in the Clee Hills 2020 Trial. This time it's a bit further from home justifying another overnight stop in Bessie the Motorhome.

Now this is where the Squirrel comes in. Not the cute cuddly / verminous pest (depending on your view) ones but the pub and restaurant situated next to a Travel Lodge on Foldgate Lane, Ludlow. A pub with a kindly attitude to customers overnighing in their car park. On arrival I could see that The Squirrel was the epicentre of the Classic Trialling fraternity. It was after all the night before the Trial itself. Nearby parking was available for scrutineering purposes after which those that were staying for the night headed to the pub for some grub.

The landlord had generously agreed to allow some tables to be littered with entry forms and other vital paperwork. The tables were manned, or should I say womanned with enthusiastic and knowledgeable people. They were keen to ensure that those that had troubled to get to the pub in good time could ready themselves for the slippery challenges to come.

Toads

The pub soon filled with gentlemen of a certain age. As a Billy No-mates I could easily have been standing about all night but the camaraderie of Triallers is such that within a few minutes I had been bought a drink and was sat at a table with some very convivial folk from somewhere north of Ludlow.

Cheshire, I think was mentioned along with a Vauxhall Type 9 and Ford Model As. Many other fascinating facts about the guys who had teamed up to enjoy a day in the mud with old friends were revealed during the evening. A meal and a drink is the perfect way to preface a trial, in fact it is an essential ritual it seems. The connection between my companions seemed to be an extremely informal club called "Toads" which I understood relates to their vehicles resembling those driven by Mr Toad of Toad Hall. I think that was it anyway.

The food was fine, and the company was entertaining. After dinner and a couple more glasses of the good stuff I wandered out into the car park bidding my new 'friends' good luck. I noted the crisp fresh frosty air which as I had no electric connection to Bessie meant fingers crossed that Bessie's gas heating would work - it did - phew! I had learnt over dinner that a cooked breakfast was available from 7am. Never one to miss such a treat I set an early alarm allowing enough time to layer up as I knew I would be doing a fair bit of standing about in the cold. The good news was that the weather was clear, dry and later on, sunny - a perfect day in fact.

There were just a few minutes available after breakfast to wander around the car park and to take in the wide variety of vehicles that the competitors had come equipped with. They fell into broad groups; motorcycles, older mud guarded cars, more modern mainly rear or mid engined cars and then the purpose-built specials or class 8s as I now know them. The event started from the Squirrel's entrance gate; the first car was scheduled to leave at 8.25a.m. I had not initially appreciated that the muddy stuff, was in fact about a 20-minute drive away. I did have plenty of time to get there, however.

En route I was reassured that I was going the right way when a stream of trialling vehicles many identifiable by the twin spare wheels fastened on the outside of the boot above the driving wheels came by. Clearly these were true road legal cars, although I suspect many of the creature comforts originally available in the showroom versions had been sacrificed in the interest of competitiveness

Mud

My mission, which I had chosen to accept, was to find Simon Morris at a layby on the B4371 between Church Stretton and Much Markle. When I arrived, as expected, he was there. After further layering up and ensuring my rucksack had provisions to sustain me for a day off grid, we were off.

A group of fluorescent marshals were gathered in a clearing, introductions were made, and our tasks were reviewed. I was to be stationed at Ippikins Rock until 1.30p.m. We would then move on to Major's Leap. Sounded all very dramatic. Other marshals went to courses at Easthope Woods to do different things.

We were ferried about a mile along a muddy track in a 4 x 4. The course included a vicious right-hand bend which climbed steeply up a track through the trees. Surely only four-wheel drives could get up there!

Oh! did I mention the mud. It was quite difficult to even walk on the track because beneath a light covering of leaves and soil the ground was slick mottled grey clay. Ippikins was a simple pass or fail stage. If you rounded the bend and reached the marker you passed. Competitors were then able to carry on up the track emerging into a shallow lay-by. The significance of which I had not yet understood.

I was given the yellow flag my task was to marshal the intercourse between

competitors and the traffic on the public road much of which was passing at speed. I would hold the triallers at the lay-by until the road was clear. Then there was a curved ball. The competitors all needed to stop before driving on. "Why"? I hear you ask. Well to re inflate their tyres of course.

A big part of trialling is to have the right tyre pressure for the conditions. In the case of a muddy slope that might be as low as 8psi which of course would cause all sorts of trouble for cars on the public highway. So out came portable tyre inflators or in some cases the cars had been fitted with internal units that had hoses that just needed to be attached to the valves on the wheels. Some careful management of a potentially dangerous situation was required. Thankfully all passed without incident and the triallers expressed their appreciation for the help given which was a nice gesture.

Catkins

Inevitably when marshalling there are periods of high activity separated by periods when not much happens. This downtime is useful for coffee and sandwich breaks but also to admire the wonderful woodland surroundings. I couldn't help noticing that arching over the exit point into the layby were tree boughs laden with catkins. Maybe global warming is responsible as it does seem a bit early to see them in January.

Moving swiftly on to Major's Leap, here was a much more challenging course only motorbikes and specialist vehicles were able to tackle this slope. The track was deeply rutted and good ground clearance and sump guards were essential. There were 12 marked points and scores were awarded depending on how far up the course the competitor and his or her bouncing passenger were able to travel. Getting to the top scored zero but only a "1" was managed by the best of breed on this day. Many scored

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in double figures despite the tachometer busting revs being applied. Major's Leap no longer has an exit as this is considered too dangerous a point to meet the passing traffic. Consequently, the cars needed to reverse back down the slope. Whilst the steering was of some help going up that was less the case when in reverse. This was how my closest encounter with the mud occurred.

One particularly impressive feat was the ability of a competitor to change both rear wheels and tyres which had punctured, on a muddy sloping track. After "cracking" the wheel nuts a piece of metal plate was placed under the scissor jack and a cordless impact wrench was applied to lift the car. This was repeated on the other side which was very close to the edge of the track. The quick-release spares were lifted off and they soon replaced the much muddier punctured ones. All present had great respect for the confidence and ability of the competitor and his son who worked as a well drilled team. With the tyres restored our Smart heroes were then able to retreat down the track without further drama.

Cotswold Clouds by Simon Lewis

The deep puddles in the car park at Fromebridge Mill, the start venue, gave us a good idea of how soggy the sections would be on this year's Clouds. Even if there wasn't the snow of last year, a lot of people we talked to during the day thought it was generally more difficult this time around. This was the first time we have tackled the Clouds, so everything was new. You can watch it all on YouTube but it's never the same in real life. Everything is so much steeper!

Right from the first section the mud was causing delays, and these proved to be

Straightening the cars as they slithered backwards often required quite a bit of manhandling. Whilst this was happening the car tyres were searching for something to grip. When they found something, it was mud. As students of physics will know a spinning wheel does not hold mud but spits it out rearward. The outcome is that anyone in the firing line (like marshals pushing) gets pebble dashed. More experienced marshals had dressed in waterproofs having anticipated the splattering. Thankfully I had taken the precaution of wearing older clothes which I was able to peel off and leave in a heap inside Bessie at the end of the day.

Having slipped into something more comfortable and after saying goodbye to my new marshal friends, Bessie and I travelled home through the fog around Birmingham having enjoyed a great event and learnt some lessons that might be helpful for the next time. Thanks to all those involved in the organising of the Trial which provided great enjoyment for a lot of people some of whom travelled considerable distance to be there.

considerable at various times during the day. Even the fairly easy opener, ALF'S DELIGHT had a long line of cars at the foot, which progressed very slowly as the conditions were clearly causing issues. The section itself was fun but the major hazard was the hairpin right just after the finish, where it didn't affect the scores, thankfully!

Having got past this early bottleneck, the route up to CROOKED MUSTARD ran more to plan but it was clear from the number of returning cars that few were going clean at this point. It's a fearsome section and there was a good crowd lining the high banks to witness it as we set off. The right hander was fine, but we just spun up and ground to a halt

on the following left despite some energetic bouncing. Our attempt seemed to be about par for the course with a score of 7.

The following section, AXE, proved the big hold up of the day. I think we spent a good 90 minutes lined up behind Lee Peck's VW Beetle in the lane as very little seemed to happen up ahead. Word came back that the top surface of clay was still deep and hadn't yet ground through to any rocks beneath. There was no grip. Three local girls passed among the cars with trays of cakes and every now and then a cacophony of revs could be heard in the distance prior to a blast of a horn signifying the reversing of yet another failed attempt. When it was finally our go we started well and we were really enjoying the slightly other-worldly view up between the overhanging ferns, vertical clay banks and beneath the fallen tree. But three quarters of the way up we just ground slowly to a halt with the wheels spinning. The reverse back down really was very long indeed. No wonder the queue had built up so much.

Some sections you look really forward to in advance of an event, Blue Hills 2 for example, and NAILSWORTH LADDER was 'the one' for us this time. But I made a right Horlicks of it, charged the first slope too fast so the front just reared skywards, bounced and we stopped in a cloud of tyre smoke having gone nowhere. Damn! I allowed my passenger (13-year old daughter, Charlotte) to beat me up over that one. I deserved it. That was a hat full of marks we should not have lost. I shall know better next time.

We had a bit of a slow front puncture by this point, and on HAM HILL it manifested itself at the right-left section in the middle, the lack of turn-in slowed us right down at the wrong moment and for what felt like a solid minute we struggled to keep going around these

two bends at crawling pace on maximum revs. I was sure we would fail. Progress was just painful. But eventually with the front wheels back in line, we picked up some momentum and cleaned it with much relief. Much time was now lost re-inflating the front tyre as our on-board pump seems about to breath it's last and takes forever to do the job. We really must get a new one, the tyres on an X90 do require a lot of air!

The other side of Stroud, having refuelled, we found BRYAN'S and nearby WICKED JUNIPER both much of a muchness, 11 on one, 10 on the other. Sitting in line for the ROGERS test which sits between them and must be the shortest and least complicated test imaginable, it looked like most people were finding the same. The surfaces were just slick and greasy. Car after car ground to a halt in the same place and joined the line behind us.

Out through picturesque Slad (I read Laurie Lee's famous book, set here, to my daughters at bedtime when they were a bit younger) and up to MERVE'S SWERVES where the access road is almost a section in itself. The competitive bit was good fun, overlooked by a fair number of spectators. We scrabbled up to the exposed tree roots on the top right hander for a 5 before digging in. That wasn't bad but CLIMPERWELL was better. The ruts were pretty ferocious all the way through this one and we seemed to spend most of our time leaning at forty-five degrees to one side or other, often within half an inch of a tree. It was great fun and we cleaned it, giving photographer Calvin Samuel a cheery wave at the halfway point. "Show off" said Charlotte, "Concentrate on the driving..."

The restart on BULL BANKS stopped us dead. It shouldn't have, but that's the way it goes sometimes, I guess. The

one on OLD STATION LANE didn't cause any trouble and the following section, JERRY'S, gained us a 3 on its serpentine little switchback, which we were quite pleased with. The second test (BADGERS) that followed almost immediately was a bit more interesting than the first one. Too much wheelspin wasted a second or two on the final forward part.

That left only TALBOT'S TERROR a couple of minutes down the hill. The dead-end nature of this one generates a bit of a wait and we had pumped the leaky front tyre back up just before, only for it to finally pop on the run to the first corner. No steering, no forward progress. An ignominious 12 to round off the day. Or not completely round it off, as there was the exit route to tackle. In the meantime, we changed the wheel.

We should have done this before, but we thought things were under control and that the leak was just from the bead being badly seated on the rim. Clearly not. Charlotte worked the wheel-spanner, I did the jack and we were ready to head off again in about 5 minutes. It was a rather efficient 'pit stop' and Charlotte was chuffed at how much of it she had done herself. She certainly never shies away from any of

the 'work' aspect on a trial. We spent quite a part on the route following Emma Wall in her Dellow and I could see Charlotte making mental notes under the heading "In a few year's time..."

I have to ask, why isn't the steep twisting, muddy exit route from Talbot's Terror used as a section in itself? No doubt there is a good reason, but as we followed several others who successively got stuck, or needed a push, and then we had a couple of second-goes at getting round trees and sudden steep climbs, ourselves, the question did arise. It is enormous fun.

Finally, free of the woods it was a quick run out to the finish at the Old Course Golf Club to sign off having negotiated a hallway full of abandoned muddy boots first.

It was a tough event and a poor result for us after a good run on the Clee Hills a couple of weeks earlier, but we enjoyed the route and sections very much. The learning curve still remains steep a year on from our trial debut, but I guess from now on we will at least be on more familiar ground at most events. Thanks to the troops of the Stroud & District MC for such a memorable and friendly day's motor sport.

Cotswold Clouds Trial: A view from the front by Mal Allen

When I saw the entry list my heart sank, we were listed as running number 3 on the road. "Oh Dear", I thought (or something like that). A day of clearing leaves and mud for the other cars. On reflection I did realise that in the past I have been a recipient of other drivers clearing the hills for me, so it was my turn to enjoy the chance to practice my reversing back down the hills. As I said to my passenger, Donny,

"Let's just enjoy the drive in the country". What I failed to mention to her was that with a starting time of 8.03 we would need to set the alarm for 5.00. For those of us that are retired that sort of time is a bad nightmare. Another thing that did not bode well for the day ahead was I noticed one of my new door mirrors had been broken, does that still mean 7 years bad luck or has the EU changed the rules on that?

We trailed the Marlin to the SKF site, as we like to sit in the warm and dry car for as long as possible before we jump into the Marlin. As we unloaded the car,

the Security Guard wandered over and causally asked if we had been to China lately, No we replied, He then said "Good, as the company would not allow anyone who had visited China to come onto the site"!!

Scrutineering (amid the large puddles in the car park) and signing on were completed at The Fromebridge Mill (the passenger showing off her new competition licence as now required by the MSUK). As we were running number 3 on the road, I thought we would have a delay free day, HA!! Now, I've got nothing against BMW Z3s. BUT...

Alf's Delight. We arrived at the start line raring to go, but no, a BMW Z3 had punctured a rear tyre and was stranded. So, for 20 minutes we sat chatting to the marshal (always a pleasant interlude to the muddy job of trialling). The best bit being Howard's reply to my passenger's (Donny) suggestion that he should just nip up the hill and give the BMW a push out of the section. Anyway, eventually the crew managed to get the car into a safe position and change the wheel and drive out of the section.

It was then our turn, off we go up to the restart which this year was relatively easy, past the section ends board, one down 12 to go. As we drove across the carpets (always in place on this trial to protect the grass) at the end of the section I looked ahead and thought "Good God, someone's out cutting the grass on their ride-on mower" but no, it just **John Hamill** sitting on his Class 8 special. Always nice to have few words with him.

As per usual these days, the entry is now split with the even numbered cars going to **Axe** and the odd going to **Crooked Mustard**. So off we go to The Mustard, somehow, we have overtaken car 1 and are now first car to attempt this hill. We drop the tyre pressures as low as allowed and creep through the

houses to the start line, "You can go when you are ready" said the marshal, so looking at the track full of rotting leaves I was thinking that I might be ready in a couple of months when the hill would be a lot easier! Anyway, I couldn't keep the spectators waiting any longer, I'm sure some of them had tables booked somewhere nice for lunch. As expected, we ground to a halt just past the second bend, close enough to give the spectators a cheery wave.

Next a quick run around the lanes to join the queue for **Axe**. Whilst in the queue I got mugged by a gang of local kids selling cake, actually the cake was very nice, and the proceeds were going to charity. Again, I think we were in the first half a dozen cars to attempt this hill. Now, the problem with **Axe** is it's a looonnnnggg hill and again covered in leaves and mud. Now, if you're planning to fail it's better to do it near the start line. Or, like me, you can drive about 2/3 of the way up, get bogged down in the mud and spend a good few minutes reversing back to the start. Even with my new mirrors it didn't do my back any good looking over my shoulder all the way down.

I have come to the conclusion that I must be bloody good at clearing leaves and mud off of the sections, because when I looked at the result, the drivers further down the starting order were getting farther up the hills. Or maybe as a "friend" suggested the other drivers were just better than me.

I'm getting a bit bored writing this rubbish now, so I'll just run through the highlights of my day.

Nailsworth ladder is always a fun hill, I think we were third car up here. A friend spectating here took a free shot of our Marlin over the step, three wheels in the air, I felt it when we landed, knocked the breath out of me. A lot of spectators here quite close to the track. That plastic fence won't stop a runaway car.

Ham Mill, no real problems here.

Bryans, Struggled to get to the 8 marker here, looking at the results this hill did not get any easier throughout the event.

Wicked Juniper, another hill that did not improve as the day went on.

Merves Swerve, when we arrived the marshals told us the restart line had been moved to give us a better chance, Hah, in your dreams!

Climperwell, I think the ruts get deeper every year, on the rev limiter all the way to the restart, on the rev limiter all the way to pop out onto the tarmac lane, the marshal at the end does a great job of waving us out onto this tarmac lane, I think if we had to stop in the track we could be well and truly stuck as the muddy ruts are quite deep here.

Bull Banks, easy for a change.

Old Station Lane not a problem here either.

Jerrys, we got to a 4 here, which seemed to be par for the course.

And so to the last hill **Talbot's Terror**, I will admit that by now I knew we had a cricket score (one that I'm sure any English middle order batsman would be happy to have) so my heart wasn't really in this attempt and we stopped at the 9 marker. Also, we were running a bit ahead of schedule so were looking to signoff, a quick drink, back to the trailer park and home in time to get the trailer onto the drive in daylight.

Did I mention I've got nothing against BMWZ3s? The exit track from Talbot's Terror runs for about half a mile through the woods, it is quite up and down with a few deep dips, so when our small convoy of trials cars ground to a halt at the top of one of the humps we found in

the bottom of the dip, with a flat rear tyre, as I'm sure you have already guessed, a BMWZ3!!!! There's no way to get a jack underneath it, so a half dozen drivers and passengers try to move it, we pushed, we pulled, we tried to lift it. No way would it move, the wheel and tyre were now well lubricated with mud, so the wheel just spun in the tyre. Eventually with the help of John Bell's Melos we managed to drag it onto the top of one of the humps, which allowed the driver to change the wheel. The Driver and Passenger were most apologetic, but as we said these things happen on trials and I'm sure most of us been in similar situations.

Off to the golf club to sign off, the biggest problem here is getting out of the muddy boots and clothing before going into the club. Having signed off and thanked the organisers (especially for arranging for the rain to hold off long enough for the trial to run). We sat and had a well-earned shandy.

Having returned to the trailer parking and loaded the car I decided to go home via the M4, Donny was sound asleep before we got to the motorway, these Passengers have definitely got it easy!! And we did get home in daylight (just).

Another well organised **Cotswold Clouds**, and looking at the high number of entries an event that is very popular with the drivers. Thank you **Stroud & District Motor Club**. Congratulations to all the award winners especially **Aaron Haizelden**, the overall winner and only driver to keep his score in single figures.

P.S. As I'm getting older my memory for names and faces is not as good as it should be, so apologies to those marshals and other competitors who said, "Hello Ma!" and received a slightly bewildered look in return.

Wheelspin Table 2020 up to Cotswold Clouds

		Exeter	Clee Hills	Cotswold Clouds	Exmoor	Northern	Torbay	Lands End	Yorkshire Dales	Exmoor Clouds	Taw & Torridge	Edinburgh	Tamar	Kyrle	Hardy	Allen	Camel Classic	Best 9	Total	Events Scored
Aaron	Haizelden	.	8	10	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	18	2
Dave	Haizelden	.	6	9	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	15	2
Adrian	Tucker-Peake	3	8	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	11	2
Nick	Deacon	.	10	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	10	1
Adrian	Marfell	.	3	6	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	9	2
Paul	Merson	.	.	8	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	8	1
Simon	Woodall	.	8	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	8	1
Stuart	Bartlett	.	.	7	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	7	1
Mark	Smith	5	2	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	7	2
Bill	Bennett	.	.	5	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5	1
Ian	Cundy	5	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5	1
Ian	Davis	.	5	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5	1
Brian	Hampson	5	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5	1
Dean	Partington	5	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5	1
Gregory	Warren	5	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5	1
Robert	Holden	3	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3	1
Mark	Hoppe	3	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3	1
Rob	Wells	3	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3	1
James	Shallcross	.	.	2	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2	1
Dick	Bolt	1	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	1
Keith	Dobinson	1	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	1
Ray	Ferguson	.	1	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	1
Stewart	Green	.	.	1	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	1
David	Middleditch	1	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1	1

Navigators' Table 2020 up to Cotswold Clouds

		Exeter	Clee Hills	Cotswold Clouds	Exmoor	Northern	Durham Dales	Torbay	Lands End	Yorkshire Dales	Exmoor Clouds	Taw & Torridge	Edinburgh	Tamar	Kyrle	Hardy	Allen	Camel Classic	Best 9	Total	Events Scored
Kieren	Bartlett	.	8.0	10.0	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	18.0	2
Hara	Duberley	.	8.6	8.0	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	16.6	2
Patrick	Warren	5.0	.	9.8	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	14.8	2
Mark	Ensell	.	7.6	6.0	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	13.6	2
Melanie	Oliver	.	5.0	7.0	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	12.0	2
Nick	Sherrin	.	.	11.0	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	11.0	1
Mike	Greenwood	.	.	10.3	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	10.3	1
Arther	Thorn	.	.	9.0	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	9.0	1
Rick	Lees	.	7.0	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	7.0	1
Gavin	Lane	.	6.6	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	6.6	1
Tom	Aubrey	.	6.0	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	6.0	1
Donna	Allen	.	.	5.0	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5.0	1
James	Trainer	.	.	4.0	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4.0	1
Michelle	Hoppe	3.0	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3.0	1

Crackington Table 2020 up to Cotswold Clouds

		Exeter	Clee Hills	Cotswold Clouds	Exmoor	Northern	Torbay	Lands End	Yorkshire Dales	Exmoor Clouds	Taw & Torridge	Edinburgh	Tamar	Kyrle	Hardy	Allen	Camel Classic	Best 9	Total	Events Scored
Mark	Smith	5.0	9.4	8.8															23.2	3
Aaron	Haizelden		10.6	11.0															21.6	2
Nick	Deacon		10.4	10.8															21.2	2
Adrian	Tucker-Peake	3.0	8.0	9.8															20.8	3
David	Middleditch	1.0	9.0	10.0															20.0	3
Dave	Haizelden		9.6	10.0															19.6	2
Ray	Ferguson		10.0	9.0															19.0	2
Adrian	Marfell		10.0	9.0															19.0	2
Sam	Holmes		8.4	10.5															18.9	2
Keith	Dobinson	1.0	9.4	7.8															18.2	3
Stuart	Bartlett		8.0	10.0															18.0	2
Paul	Watson		8.6	8.0															16.6	2
Gregory	Warren	5.0		9.8															14.8	2
Andrew	Brown		8.0	6.0															14.0	2
Stuart	Highwood		7.6	6.0															13.6	2
Stewart	Green		5.0	7.0															12.0	2
Ian	Davis		11.0																11.0	1
Paul	Merson			11.0															11.0	1
James	Shallcross			10.3															10.3	1
Bill	Bennett			10.1															10.1	1
John	White			9.5															9.5	1
Keith	Sanders			9.0															9.0	1
Simon	Woodall		8.0																8.0	1
John	Charles		7.0																7.0	1
Russ	Clarke		7.0																7.0	1
Rodger	Ashby		6.6																6.6	1
Philip	Aubrey		6.0																6.0	1
Brian	Partridge		6.0																6.0	1
Mal	Allen			5.0															5.0	1
Ian	Cundy	5.0																	5.0	1
Brian	Hampson	5.0																	5.0	1
Dean	Partington	5.0																	5.0	1
John	Bell			4.0															4.0	1
Peter	Ashford			3.8															3.8	1
Robert	Holden	3.0																	3.0	1
Mark	Hoppe	3.0																	3.0	1
Chris	Morison		3.0																3.0	1
Rob	Wells	3.0																	3.0	1
Dick	Bolt	1.0																	1.0	1

2020 Pouncy National League

		Exeter	Clee Hills	Exmoor	Chairman's	Northern	Torbay	Lands End	Yorkshire Dales	Exmoor Clouds	Taw & Torridge	Edinburgh	Tamar	Tarka	Hardy	Neil Westcott	Camel Classic	Total	Best 9	Events Scored
Kathy	Martin	10	13															23		2
George	Godkin		12															12		1
Rick	Lees	10																10		1
Byron	Williams	6																6		1

2020 ACTC CALENDAR

2020	Event		ACTC Cars Champ 2020	ACTC Invite	Car/Bike Class 0?	Pouncy League 2020	Red Rose 2020
Fri 3 Jan	Exeter	MCC	Bonus Round	No	Yes-Both	Bonus Round	Bonus Round
Sat 4 Jan	Exeter	MCC		No	Yes-Both		
Sun 12 Jan							
Sun 19 Jan	Clee	MAC	Round 1	Yes	Yes-Cars	Round 1	Round 1
Sun 2 Feb	Cotswold Clouds	Stroud	Round 2	Yes	No		
Sat 15 Feb	Exmoor Fringe	VSCC					
Sun 16 Feb	Exmoor	North Devon	Round 3	Yes	No	Round 2	Round 2
Sat 22 Feb	Northern	Fellside	Round 4	Yes	Yes-Both	Round 3	Round 3
Sat 29 Feb	Derbyshire	VSCC					
Sat 29 Feb	Syde Classic	Stroud		Yes	No		
Sun 1 March	Camel Heights	Camel Vale					
Sun 8 March	Chairmans	Holsworthy		Yes	No	Round 4	Round 4
Sat 14 March	Herefordshire	VSCC					
Sun 15 March	Herefordshire	VSCC					
Sun 15 March	Durham Dales	MECVC Bike only		Yes	Yes		
Sun 15 March	Launceston	L&NMC		No	No		
Sun 22 March	Mothering Sunday						
Sat 28 March	Awards Evening						
Sun 29 March	Torbay	Torbay	Round 5	Yes	No	Round 5	Round 5
Sat 4 April	Scottish	VSCC					
Sun 5 April	ACTC Meeting						
Fri 10 April	Lands End	MCC	Bonus Round	No	Yes-Both	Bonus Round	Bonus Round
Sat 11 April	Lands End	MCC		No	Yes-Both		
Sun 26 April	Presidents	Camel Vale		Yes	No		
Sat 2nd May	Kimber	MGCC					
Sun 17 May	Bovey Down	Windwhistle		Yes	No		
Sun 24 May	Yorkshire Dales	A&PMCC	Round 6	Yes	Yes Both	Round 6	Round 6
Sun 5 July	Testing Trial	MCC					
Sun 19 July	MECVC Bike Trial	MECVC		Yes	Yes		
Sun 30 Aug	ACTC AGM						
Sun 6 Sept	Exmoor Clouds	Minehead	Round 7	Yes	No	Round 7	Round 7
Sun 20 Sept	Taw & Torridge	Holsworthy	Round 8	Yes	No	Round 8	Round 8
Sat 3 Oct	Edinburgh	MCC	Bonus Round	No	Yes-Both	Bonus Round	Bonus Round
Sat 10 Oct	Welsh	VSCC					
Sun 11 Oct	Welsh	VSCC					
Sun 11 Oct	Mechanics	Stroud		Yes	No		
Sun 11 Oct	MECVC Bike Trial	MECVC		Yes			
Sun 18 Oct	Tamar	L&NMC	Round 9	Yes	No	Round 9	Round 9
Sun 25 Oct	Kyrle	Ross & District	Round 10	Yes	No		
Sun 1 Nov	Bodmin	Camel Vale		Yes	No		
Sun 1 Nov	Tarka	North Devon		Yes	No	Round 10	Round 10
Sat 7 Nov	Lakeland	VSCC					
Sat 14 Nov	Cotswold	VSCC					
Sun 15 Nov	Hardy	Woolbridge	Round 11	Yes	Yes-Cars	Round 11	Round 11
Sun 29 Nov	Allen	BMC&LCC	Round 12	Yes	No		
Sun 29 Nov	Neil Westcott	Exmoor				Round 12	Round 12
Sun 6 Dec	Camel Classic	Camel Vale	Round 13	Yes	No	Round 13	Round 13

