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T rials & ribulations ns



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Visit the Eastern Fourstroke Associations website and Facebook Page for a wealth of club information, results, pictures and much more.

(Submissions gratefully received)

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

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KEEPING TRACK!

2025-2026

Club Fixture List & some other classic events.

25th May	Purls Hill (ACU Champ)
21st June	Foxbourough Pit
5th October	Snaque Pit
23rd November	Thumpers Thorington
14th December	Boxford

Bromley championship trial to be held at Purls Hill, Hedingham, on May 25th as the car park at Bromley is no longer there and weather for the track may make parking difficult, so maybe it will be used later in the year. [what3word](#) [///foam.perfumes.survive](#)

There will be a set of summer trials, dates and venues will be posted when available.

EDITOR'S DABS

Well, not too much happening on the bike, sadly I missed the Wrabness trial but it looked great. However, I have moved on with the Fantic 240 recovery/money pit - but not so sure it will ever run again. I always used to save some parts when younger, did they really need all these washers or shims. After splitting the crankcases I had to replace the output shaft with something better than the one I had. Quite a complicated process, a lot of shims and circlips, anyways I put it all back together and it all fitted in so I guess I'm good, only time will tell. My new shinny clutch basket was looking good. Repaired crankcase and covers. So I decided to get everything vapour blasted... another wise decision, this is beginning to be a labour of love. So after a rather expensive experience of vapour



blasting, I decided I would spray the engine with Cerakote.

Cerakote C-Series is a high temperature paint that can be cured without an oven. I decided to turn the conservatory into a spray booth, I thought it would be good for ambient temperature,



not so sure it was good for the convservatory though :-)

Marc

BACK TO WRABNESS

There seems to be some question as to the last time that the EFA used Wrabness. All I can tell you is it was several years ago. The last Trial we ran in the woods it was very very muddy. Down the bottom near the stream was a very wide and long muddy blast flat out in 2nd gear on a Royal Enfield and further on was a drop down through trees which was so slippery that nobody could stop to turn at the bottom. Thanks to the hard work of one member of the committee ie John Beasley we have managed to run their again. What a difference it was so dry I could not believe it. The cutting out team did a great job in getting 10 sections, as nothing had been done there for years. There is a lot of scope still there for future trials. Everyone enjoyed the day the sections were just the right severely and marks were lost. Hope to see you at Purls Hill.

Ted

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Robyn Slater

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WRABNESS TRIAL

Wrabness "Sanctuary" Trial											
Eastern Fourstroke Association											
No.	Rider	Machine	Class	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
HarfRed Route											
33	Paul Whitehead	BSA 350	Pre 70	Red	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
15	Mark Fletcher	Triumph 500	Pre 70	Red	0	0	0	0	0	0	6
32	Brad Woods	Triumph 200	Pre 70	Red	0	0	0	0	0	0	19
29	Steve Newman	BSA B40	Pre 70	Red	0	0	0	0	0	0	37
42	Bill Rhodes	BSA B40	Pre 70	Red	0	0	0	0	0	0	43
20	Andy Nurm	BSA Baram 165	2 Stroke	Red	0	0	0	0	0	0	8
41	Alan Day	BSA Baram 175	Pre 70	Red	1	2	0	0	0	0	14
12	Kevin Pummer	BSA Baram 165	Pre 70	Red	0	0	0	0	0	0	22
24	Mark Teagler	Fantic 240	Twint Shock	Red	0	0	0	0	0	0	3
43	Kevin Palmer	Fantic 240	Twint Shock	Red	0	0	0	0	0	0	3
46	Steve Lillie	Aprilia 330	Twint Shock	Red	0	0	0	0	0	0	9
8	Kevin Palmer	Aprilia 1.5 320	Twint Shock	Red	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
10	Rab Cameron	Aprilia 320	Twint Shock	Red	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
31	Nick Radley	Aprilia 320	Twint Shock	Red	0	0	0	0	0	0	23
19	Andrew Blbow	Fantic 240	Twint Shock	Red	0	0	0	0	0	0	25
11	Terry Thompson	Ossa 250	Twint Shock	Red	0	0	0	0	0	0	25
37	Bob Wheatlall	Fantic 240	Twint Shock	Red	1	0	0	0	0	0	72
16	Andy Wilson	Yamaha 175	Twint Shock	Red	1	0	0	0	0	0	3
17	Coin Hudson	Yamaha 175	Twint Shock	Red	3	1	5	5	2	0	15
5050 Route											
4	John Daly	Matchless 400	Pre Unit	5050	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	Joel Cantier	BSA C15	Pre 70	5050	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
44	Michael Smith	Triumph Cub 255	Pre 70	5050	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
40	Andy Pugh	Yamaha XJ400 250	Pre 70	5050	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
45	Paul Smith	Triumph 350	2 Stroke	5050	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
48	Steve Dannelly	Yamaha 175	Twint Shock	5050	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
38	Alan Miller	Yamaha 175	Twint Shock	5050	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
48	Paul Cudington	Honda 200	Twint Shock	5050	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
WhiteEasy Route											
14	Chris Maze	Enfield 500	Pre 70	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
13	Robert Oakie	BSA C10 320	Pre Unit	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
18	Phil Smith	BSA C15 250	Pre 70	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	Coin Black	Triumph 350	Pre 70	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
27	Joe Knight	Triumph 500	Pre 70	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
23	Chris McKenzie	BSA C15 - 333	Pre 70	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
47	Trevor Hill	BSA Baram 175	Pre 70	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
30	Adrian Studd	BSA Baram 175	Pre 70	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
35	Coin Miles	Greeves Anglian 250	Pre 70	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
50	John Radley	Greeves 250	Pre 70	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	Brian Cooper	Bram 165	Pre 70	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
39	Jon Reiman	Bram 175	Pre 70	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
7	Paul Cooper	Greeves Anglian 250	Pre 70	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
26	Bruce Davis	Yamaha 250	Twint Shock	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
52	Alister McFarquhar	Montesa 349	Twint Shock	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
22	Paul Blizow	Yamaha 175	Twint Shock	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
26	Alan Rednson	Honda TL200	Twint Shock	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
35	Kevin Bowmes	Armstrong 240	Twint Shock	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
43	Chris Sudge	Fantic 200	Twint Shock	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
21	Ray Back	Yamaha 160	Twint Shock	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
54	Gary Smith	Fantic 156	Twint Shock	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
36	Peter Teagler	Yamaha 175	Twint Shock	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
53	Nick Hodgkiss	Blanco 325	Twint Shock	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
9	Warne Orange	Yamaha 175	Twint Shock	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	Tommy Derrick	Yamaha 250	Twint Shock	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
51	Coin Stabler	Montesa Honda 125	Twint Shock	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
34	Arthur Teagler	Beta 80	Mono	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
34	Kevin Godsmith	Royal Enfield 350	Pre 70	White	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

To all who put the effort in for this weekend's EFA trial at Wrabness - Thank you.
To all who put the effort in for this weekend's EFA trial at Wrabness - Thank you.
Ably set out by our Chris, Bob, Kevin & gang. Thank you to Kevin & Chris (Sec's of Meeting), and all the Observers Derrick, Edie, Brian, Christine, Allie, Sidge Richard, Aaron, Peter & Colin, AND the housekeeping crew who go unseen by most at the end of the trial clearing up to make it another successful day!
Thank you to the Landowner for allowing us for the use of the perfect trials setting.

WRABNESS



WRABNESS



ENFIELD TO EVEREST

Continuing with second chapter of the epic adventure undertaken by Ian and Syliva Preedy in the summer of 2001. Travelling by motorcycle from Kathmandu to Lhasa via the Everest Base Camp.

2. OVER THE BORDER

It is not very easy to take any vehicles over the border into Tibet as each motorcycle must have its own documentation. It is not unusual to get to the border and not be allowed to take your bike or truck into Tibet. We had an agent from Kathmandu who twice went to the check point on our behalf to try to secure entry for us, but he was unsuccessful. We seemed to be in an impossible position. We could not go back to Kathmandu and we could not get over the border into Tibet.

We were told our agent was going to have one more go on Wednesday morning and I understood he was going to try a different type of negotiation. Whatever it was, and each of us had our own ideas about it, it worked and at 10.30am, Patrick said, "Get your gear on we are heading for the border". Things were now looking hopeful.

At the border, which is on a steep hill, there is a dusty, dirty little village full of trucks, buses and various other forms of transport as well as people, dogs and open drains. It was now raining and not a very nice place to be. Amidst all this, the local lads were playing pool outside in the rain on tables that were so ancient and dilapidated that they were propped up with rocks at the corners where the legs had got broken and it looked as if every kind of bug had eaten away at the green baize. Be that as it may, the intensity with which each player took his turn equalled that of international matches! After



about two hours and more form filling, we were finally let out of Nepal with our Royal Enfields. All our luggage had to be transferred to Land Cruisers from the minibus as this was not allowed to leave Nepal.

After about two miles of no-man's land, the anticipated problems at the Tibetan border never materialised. The Chinese officials at this check point were efficient and smiling, what a change! We all had to file across to the official desk and take any hats or helmets off so that our faces could be scrutinised and compared with our passports. They smiled, we smiled and received our passports back. A quarter of a mile later our party, soaking wet and a little confused by the whole bureaucracy thing, staggered through the doors of a little restaurant, sat down and beamed at each other. We were in Tibet!!

After a light snack, we were on our way and after only two miles the tarmac gave way to cart-track. This is called the Friendship Highway and is the most unfriendly road we have ever ridden on. It is a rocky unmade track with in places, deep sand, as well as gravel and shale. There were also high mountain passes and wide stony river crossings. Our guide was quick to point out that we were very lucky as there was no mud and there had not been any landslides to block the track. Yeah, really lucky! This road was going to prove to be the undoing of some and the making of others, and a never ending source of amazement to us all. The whole six hundred miles of it until we got to Lhasa.

Seventy miles later we arrived at our first Tibetan guest house at Nyalam. It was early evening and we both got off the Royal Enfield, walked slowly to the reception area and slumped into some ancient armchairs. We were at an altitude of thirteen thousand feet and we both felt absolutely awful - altitude sickness had hit us with a bang. It's a bit like having a bad hang-over and flu at the same time with an upset tummy flung in for good measure. The toilet facilities were primitive, the hole in the ground variety, with no running water, no lights and rather smelly. Unbeknown to us, these facilities were

absolute luxury compared to what we would find at our next four guest houses.

After a sleepless night, we set out for Tingri which was about a hundred miles away and at an altitude of fourteen thousand feet. After an overnight stay at Tingri, we were going to turn off the main track and attempt to get at least five Royal Enfields to base camp at Everest. There the altitude would be sixteen thousand feet.

At 9.00am the next morning, our party left Tingri for base camp at Rumbuck. The party consisted of five Royal Enfields, three Toyota Land Cruisers, our amazing Chinese truck, plus our staff of ten including mechanics, drivers and guides. It soon became clear that we were in for a rougher ride than we had first expected, as the stream crossings became more numerous and the rocks got bigger. After we had been riding for about an hour, we came to a stream that was too deep to be crossed by foot and could not be attempted two up. The bikes were taken across by the riders and this was not without incident as most of the other riders were not trials riders. Carbs were flooded and points soaked and mechanical first aid had to be given. Meanwhile, the pillion passengers were still on the other side trying to find a suitable place to take their boots off and wade across.

Just as we had decided that we were going to get more than our feet wet, help arrived in the shape of a huge Tibetan army lorry loaded with young soldiers. They crossed the stream without any bother at all and stopped to see if the riders needed any help. "Yes please", was the answer, "can you fetch our women across for us?". Without any hesitation, the soldiers all jumped out and the empty truck went back across the stream for them. After they had deposited the women on the other side, the soldiers



went on their way, refusing politely to have their photo taken with us as they were in a hurry. Sylvie had by this time come to the decision that she would continue the rest of the way, until we met up with some decent tarmac, in the Land Cruiser. She knew that I was in my element and that to have her on the back would not only make the going more hazardous but would slow him down too much, apart from that she was so busy looking at all the places on the road to tell me not to go near that she wasn't seeing the wonderful scenery around us. The place is a geologists and botanists paradise.

As the five Royal Enfields set off we were slowly climbing. The track was very rough and the mountains all around looked magnificent in the sunshine. Riding the five motorcycles were our guide Patrick, Carrie, a very capable woman rider in her thirties, Dave, a big strong lad from the Canadian Rockies, our great friend Wayne from Los Angeles and myself. Wayne and Dave had never ridden off-road before so after they had both flooded their bikes trying to get them across a stream it was tuition time. As I have ridden hundreds of miles off road during my forty six years of motorcycling. I told the lads to go slowly through the water, keep the revs up and slip the clutch. For those of you who know the West Highlands of Scotland, the going was very much like the Mamore Road from Fort William to Kinlochleven, and we still had about fifty miles to go to Rumbuck.



ARIEL REUNITED

Having left the Eastern Centre back in 2000 , my last job of merit before I did, was being clerk of the course for a Castle trial at Thorrington. I had no idea what the future held, but whilst my Norman Blackmore built, Ian Preedy feetled Ariel stayed in Elmstead, I did stick my helmet in the van along with some boots just in case. A trialing sabbatical, ensued, as I along with my wife had to see the lie of the land, and try and find something that would keep a roof above our heads. Fast forward five years and the Ariel had arrived, sadly the newly built Ian Preedy 650 Mettise had to be sold to finance our new life, but trials were back in my thoughts. Back in the early Trials in France were few and far between but they existed and as I had previously stated, it meant many km's in the van. I was still in contact with John and Sally Kendall, and one of the first trials we did was the Mont Ventoux trial in Provence. This as some will know is a team trial and our third member, was a very keen Mick Grant. We rode the hard route on our pre 65's and whilst

we didn't make the podium it was an enjoyable weekend. The memory of John trying to speak French had us in fits of laughter, and will live with me forever. The Mont ventoux trial was perhaps the first of the big European trials that captured the attention of the Classic English riders. Held in Province in the shadow of the famous Mont Ventoux, October, usually sunny, dry and very popular. Twenty sections per day, with a very long ride round. A team event, three riders, four ability levels, from easy to tough.... Bike age is handicapped, pre 65, pre 80 and post 80. Teams can be made up of riders on different age bikes as it is the overall team score that counts once the handicap has been calculated. From a personal view, I question the overall fairness of this in 2025, as some pre 65's are as good certainly as a pre 80 if not post 80 bike, so understandably, those teams hunting the trophies ride Pre 65. After a few years away there are discussions of a Gary Baker racing team being assembled, the blue tranny, may well be heading south in October.. Lets see.

TOWARDS "SECTION ENDS"

The Brands Hatch practice sessions of the 1960`s were divided into motorcycles, sidecars, and cars. It all seemed to work very well and normally gave each category around twenty-minutes of action every hour. Enough time, I thought, for my potential but fussy Cotton purchaser, to decide whether he wanted my racer or not. Perhaps I should`nt be too critical of having to go all the way into Kent for him to test the bike, as my purchaser - whose name was, "Roland" - did offer to take both myself and the bike to the circuit in his shiny new and vast looking, Ford "Transit" van - the first one I had ever seen.

It was a somewhat variable day weatherwise. We had a few brief showers along the A12 but reached Brands in good time - in those days via the tunnel. Activity was already taking place on the circuit and we quickly unloaded the bike whilst Roland climbed into his leathers. We were a party of three, as my friend Nick, who often accompanied me to race

meetings, also came along - the wide bench seat of the Transit easily occupying all three of us.

The Cotton started with a push and Roland now in a spotless suit of gleaming black leathers and a dazzling red `pudding bowl` helmet, clambered aboard.

"He`s much better turned out than you -" commented Nick, with one of his `funny` smiles, " - and he looks as though he knows what he`s doing..."

In those days the paddock did indeed empty out to the circuit proper just on the outside of Paddock bend, perhaps the most famous turn in British motorsport, just after the beginning of the lap. Nick and I sat on a low wall and waited to see Roland come round. Come round he did - at a pretty rapid pace - and did so for lap after lap. But I was getting uneasy - I did not like his line coming into Paddock..

"He`s going a damn sight faster than you ever did - " commented my good friend Nick. " - I`m going to put the watch on

him...~”

Roland`s times were indeed better than mine. And the bike looked good out there – I wondered if I should be selling it after all? Yet the way he was coming into Paddock Bend, I knew was wrong.

The Brands Hatch short circuit hardly possesses any straight at all. As you leave Clearways and bomb along the finishing `straight,` you do so in along a slightly rightish curve with varying gradient – down and up. Paddock bend itself is tricky, the gradient drops under your wheels as you sweep right. A wide approach on the left and a slightly longer hug to the inside as you drop down and out of the bend, is the basic rule on this one. Not for `rapid Roland` - he was coming up much too far to the right and made the bend – admittedly fast – but having to lean right over. I felt it was far too dodgy. And so it was. There was just the flurry of a shower – enough simply to damp the surface and after a couple of “o.m.g.” times, the combination of less tyre friction, centrifugal force and gravity, had their

unified effect... i.e. He fell off - down and out - sliding towards the high bank, both he and my lovely red Cotton now divorced and having to proceed briefly on their own. I should perhaps be ashamed as to which I was looking at most. The Cotton slid along – bits of fibreglass tearing off in chunks, accompanied by multiple sparks. Losing speed, it gave one “death leap” twirl and finally banged down. The marshals of course, stopped any further action and Nick and I ran up to both bike and Roland. Luckily, he was unhurt. Not so the Cotton. A marshal actually gave me a cardboard box to gather up the bits on the circuit. Eventually we got everything back into the safety of the Paddock.

All through the “post crash” period, Roland had not raised his goggles – now he looked at me and I looked back at him.

“I suppose I’ll have to buy it now...?” He mumbled.. I could have easily sworn – but merely nodded.....

Sidge

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