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circuits



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next week

Motor Cycle

Scottish ECHOES



Extremely tough luck on Dave Rowland (249 BSA), he had to withdraw from the trial and travel south on Friday to attend court as a witness.

Dave knew he would have to go sometime (in fact, he should have gone on the Thursday) but it didn't seem to prey on his mind.

Thursday night's results proved that, for on that day he made the best performance of the lot and was the only rider to drop no marks at all.

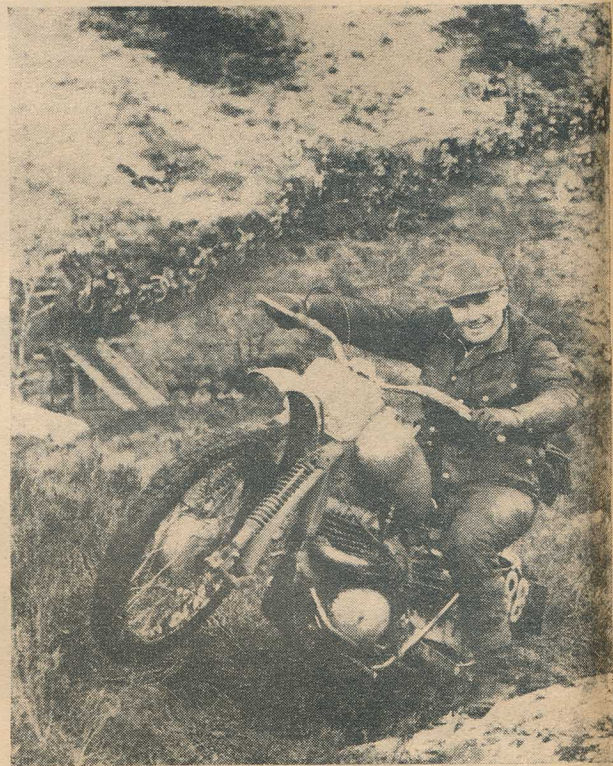
You've heard of the book, "A Leopard In My Lap." A Dot in the lap can be just as

THAT the 1966 Scottish Six Days Trial was one of the finest in the event's long history is irrefutable. How could it have been otherwise when all the elements of a fairytale come true were there?

Here was Cinderella having a ball or, if you prefer it, Jack finally chopping down the beanstalk down which a dozen or more giants were clambering. The cheers which rang out for Sid Lampkin as he strode to the rostrum of the Town Hall at Fort William at the Saturday prize-giving ceremony were genuine and sincere, for there just couldn't have been a more popular winner.

Though he himself left town before the prize-giving, third-man Mick Andrews sent a special congratulatory message to Sid—though Mick, so nearly a winner these past four years, must have been personally disappointed. Another picture comes to mind: of Foyers, long and rocky, and of the storm of clapping which greeted Sid's fighting clean climb—with brother Arthur, waiting his turn at the hill, clapping as hard as anyone.

But then, so many little incidents go to the making of a memorable Scottish week, incidents outside the main story of the trial. Here are just a few of them.



Above: Grin for the camera from Don Hitchcock (246 Greeves) on Tuesday's new hill, Caillich. There was anything up to an hour's delay here, as the long queue of riders in the background indicates

Far left: Alexander Trophy AND Fenella Fielding! Seems worth while entering for

Left: Equal-eighth finisher was Rob Edwards (244 Bultaco), here tackling Altnafeadh on Monday, watched by Gillie, a keen trials-watching terrier from Devonport



awkward (and this reporter still has the bruises to prove it).

The scene was Laggan Locks, on the third day. Up the hill came Eric Adcock but suddenly the machine swung round and charged the bank on which spectators were sitting.

Trouble is, there's nowhere one can scramble back to when that happens.

■ Finding power evaporating gradually on the Wednesday run, Alan Morewood (148 BSA Bantam) decided it was time for an overhaul.

So he did it there and then at the roadside, taking off the cylinder head and barrel and fitting a new set of piston rings which he happened to have in a pocket of his riding jacket.

■ More at home on muddy sections than on Scottish rockery, West German rider Gustav Franke (248 Zündapp) showed rapid improvement as the week progressed; by Friday he could ride hills with the best of them.

But he'd been watching points in other directions, too; walking up a hill to inspect

the going, he was giving that almost unnoticeable little flick of the toe which could move a stone fractionally out of the way.

Gustav is on the ball, all right—and he'll be a *real* menace by next year.

■ No names, but *somebody* took a short cut by riding right across the lip of the Blackwater dam on the Tuesday route, thereby saving perhaps five miles of boggy going. . . .

■ Big headache of the week for the riders was how to get their cars, trailers, pick-ups

and vans up from Edinburgh to Fort William.

The answer might be to start and finish the event in Fort William (as was done just after the war); the townspeople are all for this.

Snag is that it would mean an extra couple of nights' stay for the Edinburgh Club officials and that would have to be reflected in higher entry fees.

■ Ross Winwood, describing the occasion when he shattered his BSA crankcase on an outsize rock: "It made such a devil of a noise that the sheep

Pictures by Bill Banks



Left: Over the slabs of Culross on Monday goes Dave Rowland (249 BSA), who retired for judiciary reasons after a fine four-day performance. Right: Only man to clean the whole of Grey Mare's Ridge was Chris Watts (244 Bultaco). In this Wednesday shot he concentrates on stony Laggan Locks

were running away up the mountainside with their hooves stuffed into their ears!"

Only new hill of the week was Caillich, which rises off the Old Mamore Road, about two miles beyond the top of Mamore itself. Its six sections were cleaned by two riders—Sammy Miller (252 Bultaco) and Gordon Farley (149 Triumph).

This was an especially good effort by Gordon, whose machine was a typical, square-finned-barrel Tiger Cub in

appearance; "Just a smaller hole down the middle," he explained.

Time the one-fifty class had more support, so how about it, specials-builders?

Big blow to the organizers is a demand from the Forestry Commission for payment at the rate of 4d per machine per mile for all Forestry roads used in the event.

This demand came in April, long after the routes had been finalized and, unless negotiations at present under way are

successful, it could result in the Edinburgh Club having to find £100.

True enough, the event could be run without crossing commission territory (except that Laggan Locks, on Forestry land, would be lost) but it would mean rather more mileage on less-enjoyable tarmac.

Let's just say that he was a Scot and not exactly on the leader board. His assault on Ben Nevis ended with a clonk, the machine firmly aground

on an unco-operative rock. The rider's face reddened and swelled as he slowly raised both arms, fists clenched, to the sky. Then, eyes turned heavenward, he let out such a roar of fury that the very hills trembled.

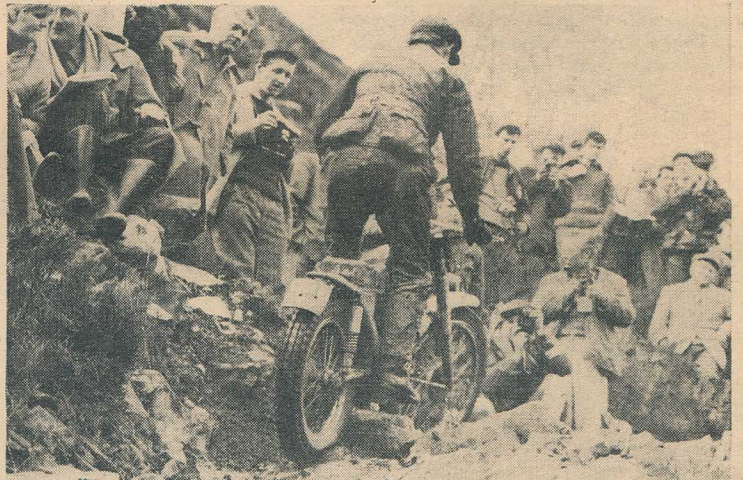
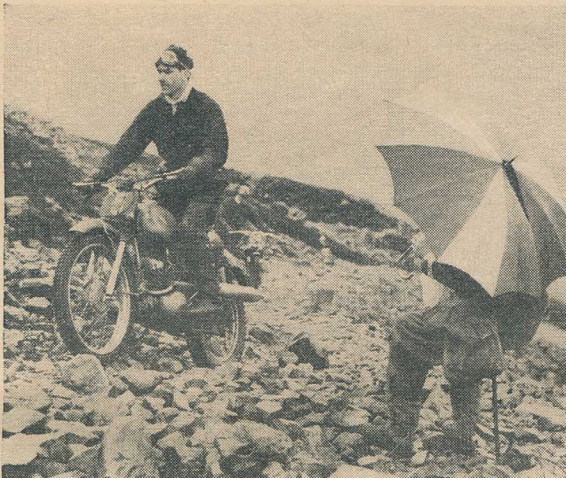
Back to the foot of the hill he went for a second try. Alas, the result was just the same. Again the slowly raised arms, the rage-suffused face.

And this time (so watchers aver) the howl which rent the air started three separate avalanches. . . .

Plenty of body lean from equal-eighth inisher Peter Gaunt (246 James) as he wrestles his way up Lochend, a Wednesday hill.



Below: High on the rocky heights of Foyers, on Wednesday rides Polish entry Remi Szczerbakiesicz (130 WSK)—man with the longest name and the smallest bike in the trial



Above: Swarms of amateur cameramen watch Scott Ellis (249 BSA—and cap!) on the crags of Coalasnaoan



Winner of the 150 cc Trophy, Gordon Farley aims his miniature Triumph Cub into the first section of Tyndrum on Thursday

MILLER TEN UP

WITH Alan Lampkin on the other side of the Pennines, cleaning up at a Sheffield scramble, Sammy Miller hardly had a care in the world during his trip to Lancashire on Sunday.

He won the North Western Centre's Red Rose Trophy Trial at a canter. In company with 79 other cross-country merchants he set off from the Red Lion at Shawforth to cover two laps of a 25-mile course and a total of 50 observed sections.

The major difference between Sammy on his 244 cc Bultaco and the rest of the entry was that he came home with only eleven marks lost. The next best was Yorkshireman Bill Wilkinson (246

Greeves), with 21 and the majority were on the top side of 30.

The only time Miller was in any sort of bother was at Brown House and Cow Clough. Both these sections are routed through the cluttered masonry of tumble-down oid cottages. Each section took three marks from Miller—the rest of his total was lost in single dabs.

Local trophy collectors Eric Adcock (246 Dot) and Jim Sandiford (246 Greeves) were not at their best; they filled the last two places on the first-class-award list. Jim had just fitted some Ceriani forks to his model and these were giving him trouble.

In the three sub-sections at Knowsley

—at the end of the lap—Sandiford was seen during one visit to have a dab apiece in the first two subs of this steep uphill and watery gully and drop three marks as he paddled his way out of the last sub. Still, the weather was nice.

Best Performance.—S. H. Miller (244 Bultaco), 11 marks lost; 2, W. Wilkinson (246 Greeves), 21; 3, D. Jones (247 Sprite), 22; 4, I. Wilson (249 BSA), 28; 5, M. Wilkinson (246 James), 28.

Best Two-Stroke.—S. Cordingley (244 Bultaco), 31.

First-class Awards.—P. A. England (199 Triumph), 31; N. S. Eyre (244 Bultaco), 33; M. Ransom (246 Francis-Barnett), 33; M. News-ham (244 Bultaco), 36; D. Thorpe (199 Triumph), 37; J. A. Sandiford (246 Greeves), 37; E. Adcock (246 Dot), 39.

Best Novice.—B. Pickard (246 Greeves), 98.

Best North-Western Member.—Wilson

Best Club Team.—Bradford: W. Wilkinson, M. Wilkinson and England, 80.