

LNCMC Newsletter May 2026

Chairman at Full Chat

I start by taking a moment to remember John ‘Stan’ Sandercock, who passed away suddenly last month. Stan was a regular on our summer events and would often bring a few mates along as well, always great for boosting competition and entries. Stan was our course opener for several years, right up until last year’s Tamar, and was so efficient at this job—never having seen the route in advance but never getting lost.

Indeed, our summer events involving production cars—the format of this is still to be fully confirmed—will now count towards a new trophy in memory of Stan. He will be sorely missed.

After a relatively quiet period of events, the busy summer season is upon us. Starting last weekend with the Northgate Sporting Trial, there was a strong entry of 20 for this BTRDA round. It looked at one stage that the all-conquering Thomas Bricknell would be pipped to the overall, but in the end, he defeated long-distance traveller Simon Kingsley by a single point. The weather on the day was fortunately better than forecast, with a few showers, but ground conditions were surprisingly slippery. Thanks to Andy Prosser as clerk for laying out a variety of sections.

The bank holiday weekend sees the first testing trial of the summer for the Carr Cup. Then a couple of weeks later is the Spry Sporting Trial, followed by the first evening trial on 25th June, and rounding out June is a social run happening on 28th June. We have made a few changes and additions to the original calendar as we try to put on events for all grassroots motorsport tastes.

Make sure you check out the next newsletter as there should be plenty of events to be reported on.

All for now,

Simon Riddle, Chairman

Land’s End Trial or Hopes Dashed Again?

Different car, similar problems: John Turner finds history repeating itself on the Land’s End Trial

Roughly three weeks before the event I had finally gotten around to finishing the supercharger installation in Mona the 2CV. A week later I had managed to blow up the engine, and “Viv’s recovery service” was called into action to recover a stricken car from the side of the A30 (not the first time). It transpires that the little air-cooled engine was just not able to handle the extra heat generated by the blower, so it was back to the drawing board.

An urgent order was placed for a “big” 652 kit to rectify the problem, minus the blower. Unfortunately, the suppliers fouled up and it went to the wrong address, causing a further delay in getting my hands on the goodies. Once this was sorted, it was a frantic few hours in the garage getting it all fitted and up & running. The paperwork with the new cylinder kit laid out strict

“running in guidance”: do not exceed 50 mph or 4,000 revs for the next 1500 miles. Some hopes there!

Once sorted, it started lovely and sounded just like the sewing machine it was meant to. All I had to do now was get some miles on it over the remaining ten available days. I actually managed to clock up 420 miles. Add 90 miles to get to the start and we’re well over 500 miles—sorted!

I collected navigator Phil around 9:30 PM and did a steady run up to Bridgwater by the light of a lovely full moon, which basically confirmed the engine was now run in. Once scrutineered we signed in and were met with the slightly unexpected sight of a wedding party. Rogina was looking resplendent in his/her full wedding dress. Phil and I, to be honest, were slightly taken aback, causing Phil to go and order a “curry” of all things. I can only assume he was in a state of shock and weakened by the apparition. When I saw what he had done, I could only look on in disbelief at the plastic food tray and wooden cutlery. Phil now had a big smile on his face—well, he did for five minutes or so.

1:13 AM arrived and we were off into the night and on to Walfords Gibbet, where we did the handbrake test. Fortunately, no Gibbet was to be seen, although it was very dark.

We followed the route to Felons Oak and deflated our tyres. The section was causing a few problems and we witnessed three failures here, including Erik Juntikka and his son in their Opel Kadett, who had travelled all the way from Sweden to take part in the event. Respect. Seeing the failures meant only one thing: “go flat out” and unleash both horses. It worked, and we flew the section.

A long jaunt followed across to Barbrook for the time control for a 30-minute break and cake-eating. I was chastised here for parking in the wrong place, but Phil and myself had seen nothing in the route card to say don't park in the bus stop with the other cars, so we did.

Soon we were off on to Beggars Roost. With a preferential start line and no restart, more horses were unleashed and to the top we went, albeit with only one headlamp. Checking under the bonnet at the top of the section, we noted some wires had come loose, reconnected them, and thought no more of it.

On through the night to Riverton where there was probably a 20-minute hold-up with a couple of cars being towed up in the dark. This was doing nothing for my nerves—dammit, where’s the hip flask? It was an interesting section with a short downhill slalom, then up past a bumpy restart, and a very sharp left which is always tricky in a 2CV as the steering lock is pants. Add to that, the lights have gone out again, but we jubilantly make it up to the top!

We pump up the tyres and investigate under the bonnet to reconnect the lights, only to find that we have broken both engine mounts. This is why the lights keep disconnecting—the only thing holding the engine down was the bonnet! (*Editor's Note: It was Beggars Roost where the Dellow's engine mount broke a few years back when I was passenger for JT!*) We also find Toby Parkins and his navigator here with their bonnet up. They have a few faults with their Citroen Ami, causing them to retire. Shame.

We plod on, occasionally reconnecting the lights. We’re not retiring because of a “jumpy” engine! After going through Stibbs Cross, we make a right towards Sutcombe. It turns out Devon County Council had challenged Bolivia for the worst condition road, and to be honest, I think DCC are in

with a chance of winning—it was dreadful all the way to Sutcombe. The route card said ‘caution potholes’: if those are potholes, I’d hate to find a crater.

The section at Sutcombe starts with fording the river. In my need for speed to get up, I took it a little too fast. Water hit the air-cooling fan, sending it up to the heat exchangers and converting it into steam, which was then deposited on the windscreen. Zero vision! I’m frantically trying to wipe a peep-hole in the windscreen whilst Phil is shouting, “Stop in the box at the top!” Box, box? I can’t see the bloody section, let alone the box!

Fortune was on our side and it all went well—so well that we stopped for refreshments at the top and reconnected the headlamps again. We head into Bradworthy and I stop in the square, realising I still have plenty of fuel, although one trialler is spotted doing the “Bradworthy dash.” I will leave you to work that one out.

Despite the engine bouncing like a banshee, we are doing ok and arrive at the Wilsey Down control. We sign in and then nip off to a quiet corner to change the engine mounts. We’re both starving hungry, but the car has to come first. We successfully change the broken mounts for some dubious spare ones and sign out just in time. We make a very small diversion to collect a lovely sausage sandwich and a cup of tea that Viv has prepared for us, all wrapped up in foil to keep it nice and warm. Before you know it, we’re at Ruses Mill and the sandwiches are yet to be eaten. Up the hill, we do the restart and special test, followed by a long jaunt to Hustyn, but at least we’ve eaten.

It now dawns on me that if we clear Hustyn, we are in for an award, so I’m feeling quite good. After all, it’s only a tarmac hill with a restart, albeit one in three. There’s no delay, so the marshal at the bottom gives us the all-clear to go. We go up to the restart, the marshal drops the flag, I give it some revs and let the clutch out, only to be confounded by no movement—just a cloud of smoke and a horrible smell of burnt clutch. We fail to move; in fact, we drop back.

In a bid to get us away, Phil gets out and attempts to push. Unfortunately, the car rolls back and Phil has to jump sideways so as not to be run over. Eventually, I decide to drop to the bottom to let things cool off, and with a bit of a run-up, we make it up the hill. We pull into the side of the woods and realise our gallant effort is thwarted. We are both gutted. We now have to think about how to get the car home, rather than carrying on to what would have been our last section, Blue Hills.

After letting things cool down a bit more and slackening off the clutch cable some more, Phil gets his maps out and we quietly head on through Ruthernbridge and up to the A30. Master navigator, our Phil! 😊

Joining the A30, I find that if I keep the car at about 70 mph, it has enough momentum and not too much clutch slip to get up the hills (what was that about running in?). We make it back to Turner HQ under our own steam and the engine at least is sounding good. We’re disappointed, but we live to fight another day... or year. Basically, too many steep tarmac restarts did for us! But I’m delighted to report that at least the Swedes made it to the finish.

The Ilkley (Yorkshire Dales) Trial – Sunday 10th May 2026

Simon Oates heads oop North Bar T'AT



The end of the spring trialling season soon came with mixed results, but the car continues to surprise, always in a good way. I've now managed to fix all oil leaks and added a proper two-tone air horn instead of the feeble Chinese copy that wouldn't wake a dormouse! After the malfunction of the front tow loop on the Torbay Trial, I decided to replace it with a stainless wire rope built for the job that's now thrusting through the radiator grille, only to be held down with a bit of gaffer tape. If I didn't do that, it protrudes and looks a bit rude!

Ready for a return trip to Yorkshire with wingman Paul Bunn, we managed to pick up Nick and Jenny Symons in their competitive Subaru-powered Singer Chamois for the long trip up to Yorkshire. It was their first visit to the trial and a follow-up from last year for us. No hold-ups on the way up and no speeding tickets so far either. We all stayed with Lenny Henry in Bradford for two nights and were relieved the cars and trailers remained intact overnight.

All the organisation and breakfast at Pateley Bridge (the start) were top class. A strong turnout of South West cars included club members Jack & Norton Selwood, Henry & Matilda Hoggart, Karen Warren, and her daughter Beth Warren Carter. Launceston & North Cornwall Motor Club seems to get everywhere!

Rain the day before and a dry sunny day for a casual Sunday drive were the perfect ingredients for a great Trial. We started at Watergate 1, which caught a few people out through a stream onto a surprisingly wet and slippery track, featuring a restart for classes 6, 7 & 8 with a sneaky deviation at the top for higher class cars (I don't mean posh cars). Once at the top, I spotted Andy and Julie Kennett's (Class O) Vincent that we'd rescued on the Land's End, which had blown its diff.

Watergate 2 was off-camber, wiggly, and went up a steep rise with a restart only for Class 8. Then it was four miles up the road to Dry Gill 1, which was only Class 8 last year but included Class 7 this year with a terrible restart. We managed the restart and continuously slipped the clutch in an attempt to keep forward motion without totally losing power, eventually getting to the 5-marker before I couldn't rescue the engine anymore.

Dry Gill 2 was a bit clearer than last year (no hidden gate). I attempted to stop at the top of the restart where the ground crumpled and gave way, sending me back down with wheels fully locked. It was a cocked-up mess with a rollback in my opinion, but they scored it as a clear. I confessed my mistake when the Provisional Results came out, but the marshal's decision stands as I write this. Marshals are the observers of fact, and that's what they're going with understandably; another day it could go the other way.

Six miles along the roads—without stopping at the ice cream van—was Strid Wood 1, featuring a poorly marked deviation for 6, 7 & 8 which we spotted just in time. Strid Wood 2 had moved the restart from last year's position further down the bank onto a horrible camber, which made traction difficult but just doable. An injured biker closed the next section.

On to Hawpike 1, up through a rush-filled field where another car that had completed the section nearly landed on our lap as they returned to the bottom. All we could do was laugh! Hawpike 2 had some large stones on a bank through the trees that caught a few out and caused some expensive noises.

Completed, we drove through some fields to the Highfield Farm Timed Section. It was great last year, slightly modified to reduce speeds a bit this year, but we gave it everything and probably left a bit of time behind, but what great fun again.

Off to Elders, which was a simple drive-through last year. Not so this year, as they had added a right-angled turn into a soft peaty bank with a restart for 6, 7 & 8. By the time we got there, the bank was well cut up with holes everywhere from previous attempts on the section. I didn't go wide or square enough, which resulted in three more points dropped. Time for lunch at Norwood Social Hall and great refreshments, which were maybe a tad expensive.

After the rest and recuperation, we drove three miles to Sword Point 1 with a restart for all and a poorly signed deviation for 6, 7 & 8. Again, we only just saw where the section went, unlike a few others. Sword Point 2 was a slippery little devil weaving tightly through the trees and accompanying roots, to be followed by a narrow steep clearing. We hit it right and scabbled to the top!

Next was Sean's Wood 1 with a steep rise which was similar to a restart just after the higher start line for 6, 7 & 8. It caught a few out, followed by the real restart. Sean's Wood 2 also had a restart for all but only caught two cars out—not any of us!

On to Brimham Lodge for a field trial section on grass which troubled no one. Seven miles on to the Timed Section at Somerset Field, which was a little trickier than last year, and I couldn't really get any speed up without cocking it up. Third in the combined special tests was respectable, and I won't beat myself up about it.

The last section was at West Wood with another steep, tricky start line on a bank before weaving through the roots and trees. The use of variable tyre pressures depending on car class helped to level

the playing field a bit. We ended up with a clean afternoon, 1st in Class 7 and 4th overall. I feel I cheated a little with the rollback, but I was honest. All's not fair in love and war.

Back to the showground at Pateley Bridge to sign off, visit the pub, and discuss the day's shenanigans. The Tulip maps worked extremely well, mileages were generally correct, and the Marshals were happy, friendly, and helpful—many in flat caps, but no sightings of any ferrets.

Similar to how the Edinburgh shows off the Peak District, the Ilkley showcases Yorkshire at its finest, and even more so when the sun comes out. Without these trials, there are so many places that I wouldn't have seen and experienced. Thank you all for a much-improved trial which is 100% on the way to the top of the trialling season. A few more refinements and you're there.

I saw Simon Kingsley last weekend performing well at the BTRDA Northgate Sporting Trial and he said it was the first Classic Trial that he had been the Clerk of Course on. This bodes well for the future of the Ilkley & District Motor Club and its events, brilliantly well done!!

Depending on finances, I'd love to go back next year and not repeat this year's mistakes, perhaps with an Airbnb for 6 or 8 for two nights instead of Lenny Henry?

Tales from the Ed's Bike Shed

With a new bike on the way, Newsletter Editor Richard Simpson has made a minor improvement to his GasGas ES700.



The problem



Offering up the replacement components



The solution

My recent exploits on the GasGas ES700 have revealed that sometimes the internet is right! As reported on the net, there is a problem with refuelling the bike when it's dirty, which is common across the GasGas/Husqvarna/KTM 700/701/690 'badge-engineered' platform. The filler cap is behind the seat, and when it's removed it's easy for accumulated dirt to fall into the tank. Furthermore, the filler cap itself is made from flimsy plastic, and feels like it is about to jam up or fall apart after a bit of use.

Again, the internet provided a solution and, as is almost usual these days, it's from China: NiceCNC to be exact. I can only look at the twin aircraft-style fuel caps on my 950 Adventure and reflect on the long-gone days when KTM really was a premium brand.

The NiceCNC replacement filler has a raised receiver with a screw-on lid all made from machined aluminium, which keeps dirt out of the tank and means you don't need to fiddle with a lock or worry about breaking the key when all you want to do is refuel.

Fitting necessitates removing the rear mudguard and, in the case of my bike, the aftermarket rack. It bolts straight on with the supplied screws. There's even a cable that keeps the cap attached to the receiver, and a nozzle to fit the tank vent/spill hose to. Sadly, the O-ring to seal the receiver to the tank isn't supplied; you have to recycle the old one off the standard component.

When fitted, it looks a bit like something from the plumbing section in B&Q from some angles, but it's an improvement on the stock part. With the rack and mudguard in place again it's pretty unobtrusive.

I'll have some new bike news for you next month... it's safe to say things have taken a different turn from what I predicted last month.

And on the subject of Next Month: we need your event reports, tales of mechanical woe and ingenious solutions, funny stories and more.

 richardsimpson94@yahoo.co.uk