

The Edenhall Trophy Trial 28/01/2018 Croglin 1

It's always interesting to go to Croglin 1 with its myths, mysteries and microclimate. It's a poorly documented fact that the hollow where the trial is held was formed by a meteorite strike which killed a cow and frightened a small boy on a bicycle. The hills for this trial were set out on Saturday by Phil and Don McHardy (who must have done their Climbing in the Rain) and a challenging set of snugly bunched inclines they were too. Not only that but once the trial was under way Neil was up and down like a bride's nightie tempting the bold and confusing the careless – i.e. he kept moving the poles.

Hills 1 to 3 were laid out to the left of the track with starts buried in the rhododendrons and sections meandering up the lumpy slope to a finish close to the boundary fence.



Colin Campbell administered Hill 1 tucked close to the wall of greenery that has swallowed cars whole on wetter days. Mike and Linda Lawn supervised Hill 2 which started off with a wiffle round the shrubbery then a blast to the three pole, anything after that was in the lap of the gods. Phil Yarwood governed Hill 3 in pristine dayglo. Incidentally Phil, I think it must have been the light reflecting off that jacket that made it *look like* we knocked that yellow over. Hills 4 to 6 radiated from the wooded hillock which lies to the right of the

central track that leads up to the top field where the Headless Shepherd of Long Moor was last sighted but those reports coincide with the tale of the old boy whose cap blew off in a gale. He wandered down to the hedge but could only find a battered brown trilby two sizes too big, it came well down over his ears and he couldn't see a thing but that was better than buying a new hat.

The three hills were slotted together like jig-saw pieces making best use of a limited area of rising ground. Hill 4, lovingly tended by Andy McHardy, initially headed East towards the brambles but soon turned back to traverse the bog and snake up the hillock amongst the pines. On the other side David Morris marshalled Hill 5 with aplomb and a warm hat. It started on the rutted track that runs inside the western perimeter, rose briefly for a taste of the trees, then dropped back to the ruts leading to a more serious assault on the West face. Hill 6 cunningly started at the top but after careful descents competitors were expected to climb back up . . . twice, all under the watchful eye of Commodore Jager. A field of twenty plus cars assembled on the stubble for the preliminaries including new members, Geoff and Tom Wolfenden. They turned up with a red Concord and looked like they knew what they had let themselves in for. Most of the usual suspects had turned up but missing from the ranks were Simon, Bill and Mark Campbell.

Bill, of course had Dr Dynorod delving into his ducting on Tuesday but Mark has retired from the sport with health issues and his car is up for sale. Mark showed what a great competitor he was by winning the Fiddles Trophy after some time away from the hills. He will be missed but he takes with him all our best wishes.

The hills were reasonably welcoming at first with plenty of clean rounds to be had but after the surface had been taken off some of the climbs and the pole fairy had been round there were a few more stops before the tops. A whisper started circulating after lunch that Boyd Webster hadn't dropped any points – but at Croglin, a place clouded in myth and drizzled in mystery, was it fact or fable? And, although it's a small site, you tend only to see the cars in your half of the draw. Richard Sharp was following and he seemed to be picking up

