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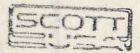
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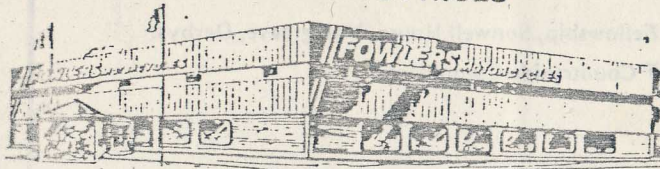


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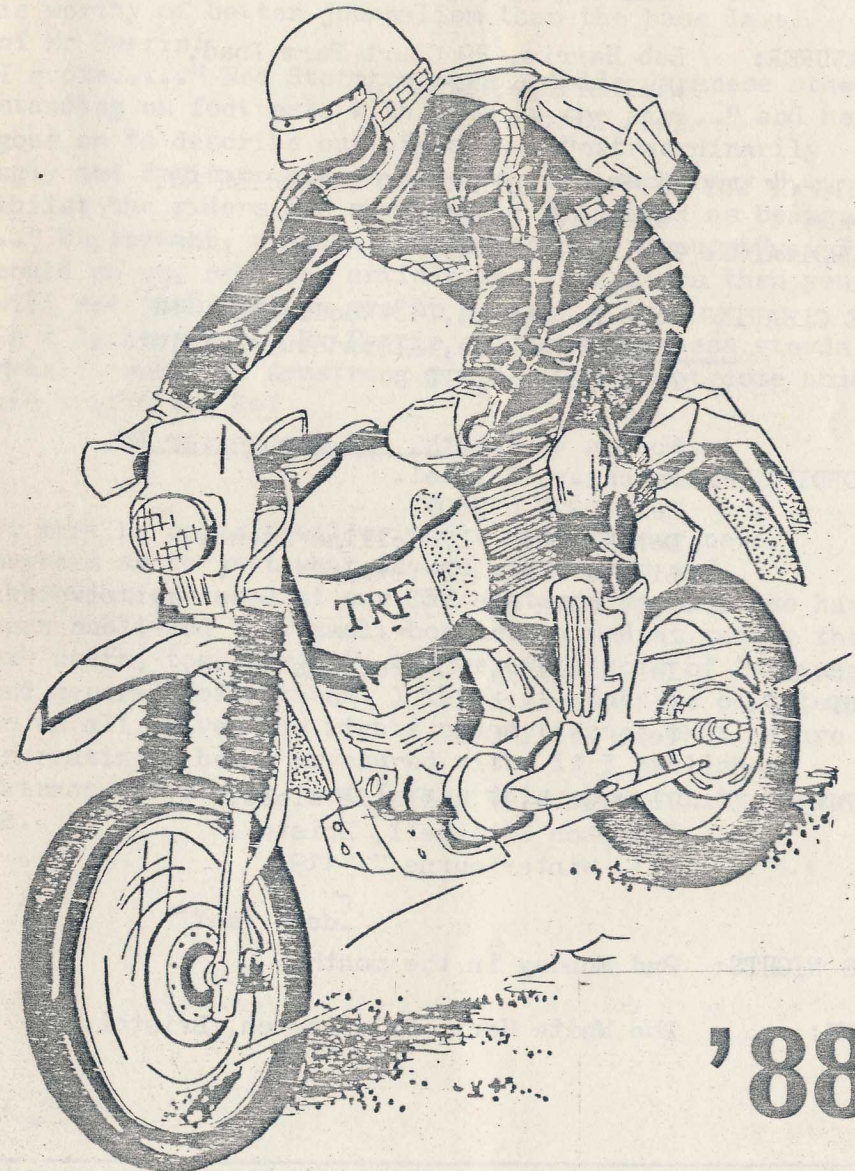


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TRAIL RIDERS FELLOWSHIP

The national club for the encouragement of non-competitive
'green-road' motorcycling and maintenance of rights-of-way

BRISTOL GROUP



'88

OFFICERS FOR 1988

CHAIRMAN: Richard Tallon, 5 Danvers Road,
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715426 (Home)

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LANE CLEARING: John Hitchings, 88 Woodlands Park,
Woodlands Lane, Almondsbury, Bristol.
Tel. 0272 615272

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EDITOR: Tony Webb, 7 Hillside Close,
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Tel. Winterbourne 775119

CLUB NIGHTS: 2nd Monday in the month.

VENUE: The White Hart, Brislington, Bristol.

EDITORIAL

Happy New Year to all in the TRF.

I Have in my possession a copy of an article entitled "Way and Means" as written by Jim Perrin. If you have ever wondered just how biased some people are towards motorcyclists in the countryside then I suggest you ask me for a copy.

I did consider printing it in full but our magazine is worthy of better journalism than the base level of Mr Perrin!

I quote....." Neo Stormtroopers astride Japanese steeds, standing on footrests with bums in the air..." and he goes on to describe our bikes as..."extraordinarily ugly and dominant pieces of contorted machinery"... whilst the riders are summararily dismissed as being..." Unpleasant, unaware and inadequate poseurs"... I could go on, read the article for yourselves then you will see just what we are up against..

On a lighter note, Mr Perrin mentions Japanese steeds, myself owning an Armstrong presumably do not come under his criticism, Ho!

It must be quite bewildering to some of our newer members as to just what some of the names and abbreviations used at our TRF meetings mean. These have been published in a small booklet, aimed at mainly the 4x4 users, together with the relevant acts of Parliament and general definitions. I think it would be of interest to us all, given the rights of way issues that we are increasingly being pressured with, if I published extracts from this, and I take this opportunity to do so..

Tony Webb.

EXTRACTS FROM 4x4 GREEN LANING GUIDE

" The main Acts of Parliament we are concerned with are:-

National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act 1949

(NPAC 49)

Countryside Act 1968

(CA 68)

Highways Act 1980

(HA 80)

Wildlife and Countryside Act 1981

(WCS 81)

These Acts of Parliament define the status of a public right of way, and the usage to which they can be put.

DEFINITIONS

Each public right of way is defined by law, and it is essential that we know these definitions and can quote them if challenged.

" Public Right of Way " and " Highway "

These terms mean broadly the same, namely a way over which the public have a right to pass and repass. The nature of the right will depend on the type of way.

Note: To pass and repass has been challenged in the courts. Picnicking on a right of way is not a right.

" Footpath "

A highway over which the public have a right of way on foot only- is defined in the Highways Act 1980 and Countryside Act 1981.

Note: At one time, if a way was defined as a footpath no other higher rights could exist. Now, higher (ie vehicular) rights might exist, but it would be up to the user to prove.

" Bridleway "

A highway over which the public have the following, but no other rights of way, that is to say a right of way on horseback or leading a horse, with or

without a right to drive animals of any description along the highway. The Countryside Act 1968 gives the public a right to ride bicycles on bridleways, provided they give way to walkers and horseriders. (Horses as above, include ponies, asses and mules).

Note: Higher, ie vehicular, rights may well exist, but it is up to the user to prove these.

" Road Used as Public Path " (RUPP)

A highway, other than a public path, used by the public mainly for the purposes for which footpaths or bridleways are so used. This definition comes from the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act 1949. This section of the Act is no longer in force, as the HA80 and WCA 81 have suspended it.

Note: The NPACA 49 was unclear as to vehicular rights, in that Section 27 (6) implied vehicular rights, but Section 32 (4) said that it was only conclusive evidence for use on foot or horseback. Several Court cases ensued, and the RUPP's are now, under WCA 81, to be reclassified as BOAT's (see below) or bridleways.

RUPP's have been used by vehicles and until reclassification is completed, can still be used by vehicles, unless specifically banned by a TRO (see below).

" Byway Open to All Traffic " (BOAT)

A highway over which the public have a right of way for vehicular and all other kinds of traffic, but which is used by the public mainly for the purpose for which footpaths and bridleways are so used. As defined in WCA 81, sections 53 to 66.

Note: Conclusive use by vehicles, unless TRO (Traffic Regulation Order, see below), is in force.

" White Road ", " Green Road " " CRF " " CRB "

These are all terms used to describe rights of way, but have no force in law.

WHO CONTROLS THE RIGHTS OF WAY?

The Highway Authority. This means your County Council. There is no particular department in all Councils. Some Councils delegate the job to the Surveyors Department, others to the Recreational Section; or the Engineers, or the Highways Department. However, if you wish to contact the appropriate person, persistence will eventually get you there.

DEFINITIVE MAP

NPACA 49 S 32 (1) requires the surveying authority (the County Council) to prepare a definitive map and descriptive statement. The WCA 81 amended this Act in certain aspects.

The Definitive Map describes all rights of way, with their status (ie RUPP, BOAT etc) the route of the way the width, and any other relevant information. It is the conclusive proof of a right of way, and is produced in any Court hearings. You have a right to inspect the Definitive Map at the Councils' offices."



Hooray for open face helmets. At least you can identify these two. Glyn Sawyer and John Beddis.



Geoff Wilkie on XR 200. South Glos run, 15 Nov '87.



John Bracey followed by Mervyn Webb thoroughly enjoying themselves trying to keep balance on gripless leaf-mould.



Now we know why Norman's friends call him 'Dyno-rod'... He clears enormous blockages!!

RIGHTS OF WAY NEWS

1988 is going to be a very important year for the Bristol Group. We are going to be severely tested on the rights of way front in particular, and we may also be featured in a public relations exercise in an environmental T.V. series to be made by BBC Bristol.

I hope that we can count on all members to assist with the mammoth task that is going to be necessary to keep our lanes open for vehicular use.

I have just been informed by Avon County Council that they have started their reclassification of RUPP's, for the Wansdyke area. This means that all of the lanes between; CHEW MAGNA - KEYNSHAM - SWAINSWICK - WELLOW - NORTON RADSTOCK - UBLEY, could be lost FOREVER. I have received a list of 85 lanes to be reclassified; please help the ROW Team as much as you can.

Secondly, the BBC have been in touch with me, about the possibility of using the TRF in a programme about conservation. They may turn up at the start of any of our rides, so, as usual, make sure you are on your best behaviour etc. etc.

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL,

Richard Tallon.

FOSSE WAY SAGA

I have recently visited the Fosse Way Site at Easton Grey with Mr. Rogers of the Wiltshire County Council Highways Dept.

He has promised to move some of the fences to make the track wider, he will attempt to get this done in the next three weeks. He would then like us to go in and clear back some of the blackthorn to make the entrance more visible.

We have provisionally set a date to do this on ; FEB. 28th at 10am. If you can make it, please ring me for confirmation nearer the date.

Richard Tallon.

HEALTH AND TRAIL RIDING !

The majority of us are fit and healthy. We eat and drink with little regard for what we are actually feeding ourselves so long as it tastes good!

These days a high degree of people suffer from heart / vascular complaints, therefore, should we, as a physically active group, look towards not only what type of oil our two stroke burns or what sort of chain drives our sprockets, but be aware of the fuel we need to drive ourselves?

Recently we had a chat from a first aider who told us of what to do if things go wrong on a run. These, he informed us, are fairly easy to do, the damage done by an imbalanced diet is much more difficult to put right. The activity we all enjoy is physical and gets us all panting, eyes bulging and heart throbbing at times. Who can't remember pushing our bikes up St. Katherines and collapsing at the top with not enough breath to chat to the farmer who always comes out to pass the time of day?

Look at what we do: Ride our machines through bogs, up hills, through flooded rivers, over snow topped mountains etc. etc. All this requires energy as well as skill.

The newer members will identify with all these feelings! As you become more experienced the aches and pains will slowly disappear, I grant you. With practice and perseverance the energy expounded becomes less, so the enjoyment gets better. Remember, if you only do a thing once in a while, the muscles used will ache, so exercise them. (Not only on runs!) The fitter you are the more easy movement becomes.

Someone once said " you are what you eat." Remember, if you are carrying too much weight you will strain the pump we call the heart, so overloading a possibly tired system.

A good healthy and varied diet with plenty of exercise may mean we have members riding with us regularly who are over 100. (Only 2 years to go Derek!!)

SPOTLIGHT ON THE EDITOR

At the recent AGM. it was mooted that in order to assist recognition, and help us all get to know each other, that a short profile of each of the members be produced. I have decided to cover your editor to start things off..

So, here is the 'truth' about
MR TONY WEBB

(I bet he doesn't print it all..)

(Bet he does! Ed.)

Tony Webb is a 29yr old strapping(?) red haired 6'+ nut case. A member of that rapidly dying breed of batchelors, who spends the majority of his time and money on things mechanical.

Living in the palacial splendour of the parental home in the idyllic village of Frampton Cotterell, unfettered by irritations of mortgages, wives, bills or babies (that he knows of...), Mr Webb is able to devote all his energies to his burning passion for motorcycles.

He has a penchant for obscure (some would say obsolete) machinery. When I first knew him a ' MAICO ' was his chosen steed for the gentle, meandering and exploring of our local lanes. But, Maicos are big, nasty, antisocial two strokes and I'm sure the peculiarities of the beast did little to dampen the ' balls out ' style of Mr Webbs' riding. (Can I say ' balls ' ?) It is said by those who have known him longer than I, that preceding every run Mr Webb would have to find a safe spot to leave his brain until the run was over. - such was the effect of the Maico.

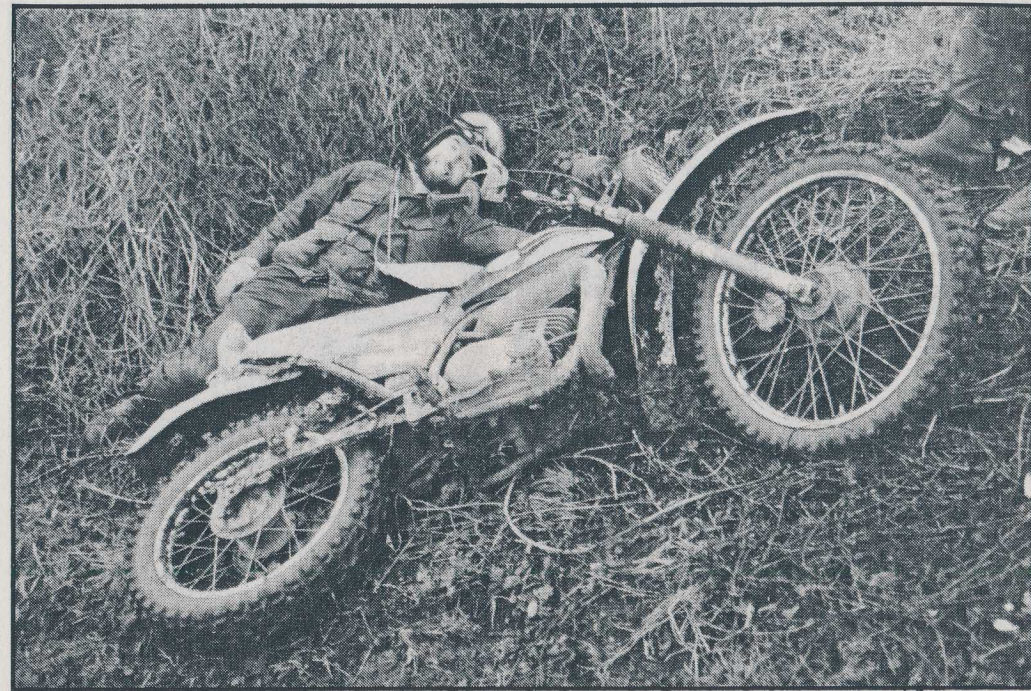
However, please don't gain the impression that ' Big Tone ' is a selfish person living purely for his own gratification, - far from it.

In line with his love of 2 (+3) wheeled vehicles he invests much time looking after an aged, obsolete ' TRIUMPH '. A well loved and long time (from new 1979ish) member of the Webb stable.

The eager way in which he pours money, love, affection and more money in the direction of this museum piece of a motorcycle shows the sort of chap ' Tone ' is. All that effort for so little reward (Ho! Ho! V Twins rule!) However, we digress.- More recently the ' SUZUKI / MAICO ' hybrid he created with his talented hands using an ' SP370 ' motor in the Maico frame, was in my opinion a near perfect trail bike. I think the cost of piston rings and petrol spurred this modification and conversion to the 4 stroke camp. This beast covered innumerable miles green laning, commuting and even some competitive trials, providing endless fun. Yours truly has ridden it in first gear with the clutch fully out with the throttle shut being punched along at tick-over with no snatching or stalling - bliss! It was also a pretty good submarine, as he proved with alarming regularity. (Photographic evidence shows that he's ridden it submerged with only his head above the water.) This machine, probably in protest at its' constant abuse, came to a long overdue demise. One day it said " enough, dead, no more - I don't want to go," so Tone, being Tone, said " right, go away nasty motorcycle, I want a different one." Unloading this piece of now scrap metal on an understanding club member (sorry Steve) he started looking around for a new toy to play with.

Sitting talking over a beer or four, his eyes would glaze over and he'd start muttering ' ARMSTRONG ' ' ROTAX MOTORS ' ' BIG SINGLES '- must have! So it was no surprise when he phoned one day and said " Guess what I've bought..? " The so and so had picked up a 1983 ex motocross 500cc ' ARMSTRONG '- surely the ultimate in 4 stroke mayhem. The thought of this machine being connected to Tonys' right hand makes me shudder - something has got to give! We shall see.....

Presently this mean machine is undergoing conversion to make it road legal. (Lights, horn, tyres, silencer - what silencer??) Very soon we shall be treated to the maiden voyage of this volatile combination - just as well we had a talk on first aid! (Any lanes near Frenchay?)



Richard Tallon eats dust after being defeated by a gentle slope. 2-up run.



The same gradient also gets the better of Ian Hingley but at least he doesn't fall off!!



Tracy holds on tight as Richard Tallon squirms his way through the mud and foliage on the 2-up run.



Richard Earle hangs on even tighter as he navigates his Honda XR 200 submarine.

So in conclusion, Tony the tall red haired batchelor has my undying admiration. His capacity for beer, fun and enthusiasm for trail riding makes him a good man to know and an essential club member. We need the extremes to counteract boring married men like me (and give us all a laugh). Working as he does as a toolmaker he can make metal do what he wants (such talent) and can create machines and do modifications that I just dream of - one day.

Tony is very approachable (not for foreigners though, his company are very strict on that..) Please talk to him especially if your opening line is " do you want a pint? " (Real beer, not Euro fizz.) Or " I've got a 20yr old unmarried sister!! " (- This is the problem whereby I envy him his freedom, searching for the ideal lady... probably to do the typing for the magazine!)

Bristol TRF would be a poorer place without him.

Anon.

(I must be desperate for copy if I have to resort to printing this sort of rubbish! Ed.)

WYE VALLEY TRAIL RUN

Sunday 24th May

Tintern Abbey 9.00 - Dave Tew in charge. (Like many, I forgot, and no report was done. If everyone did it - no club magazine. Remorse came over me, well, just a guilty conscience!)

A good number of 11 met and we duly started. Due to the delay in writing I can't remember much of the route but it was a thoroughly enjoyable run full of all sorts of incidences;

We missed our turnings a number of times.

Some people just have not learned to watch the man behind so much retracing of steps.

I ride a 2 stroke but why do some people insist on revving at traffic lights. It really does our reputation no good.

Why do ' HONDAS ' - still under warranty - lose second gear? Is that why they start with 6 ?

My swinging arm lost a nut (plastic ties are quite good - thanks Derek!)

Norman has to outshine all of us:

He has a puncture (good job Paul was along - only took 10 minutes. Just for an old patch!)

Some lose a gear, Norman loses 4 and limps back to finish.

One final word, if you go to Usk visit the ' Greyhound Inn '. Good food, good company and they welcome motorcyclists. Thanks for finding it Dave and thanks to all run leaders - without you, no runs.

Footnote:-

Due to an old cartilage injury in my right knee giving problems, I am having to curtail off road riding. My club membership was short, but very sweet. Thanks to all those who made me so welcome. I wish you all well for the future. Keep on riding, protecting and opening up those long lost rights of ways.

Ken Ladd.

THE TWO UP RUN, NEWTON ST. LOE

2nd September '87

My dad and I got up at 8.00am then we got in our camper and drove to the ' Globe '. When we got there we found that John Hitchings was the first there. Then everyone else started to arrive. We all started to get our motorcycle gear on. My dad, Norman was the run leader. There were 6 people who turned up. We started out in the outskirts of Bath in a few lanes. We fell off about 4 times. When we fell off the bike was on top of my leg and it was trapped. Then in one lane it was up a hill and someone was overtaking us so my dad shut off and the person rode off so my dad revved up again and the bike found some grip and shot off up the bank. The bike was caught on a little branch and we both slid off the back. I ripped my suit on the number plate. My dad fell on top of me and I was squashed. My dad couldn't get the bike off by himself so some other people helped him get the bike off the branch. When we got the bike down we rode off again.

We went in more lanes but sometimes my dad took the wrong way. At about 12.30pm we went into a pub and had some food. Then we were off again into more lanes. Some people went home after lunch. We got home about 5.00pm. I enjoyed it very much, I wish there were more 2 up runs in the future.

Sarah Winkworth. (13)

TINTERN AND WYE VALLEY RUN

Leader Martin Harding

The 4th October is here at last, and we are all assembled for what proves to be an extra special run. Over the past few months leading up to it, Martin has given up a lot of time and put in a lot of research to make this a run to remember.

He told us that during the research he had a few run-ins with local farmers and had to be patient on many occasions. Until he went to Gwent County Council to prove the rights of way.

Anyway we're now here at Tintern Abbey for a 9.30 start. 11 riders turned up for this run. The weather on the day was overcast but dry. We had had a lot of rain beforehand, so this was obviously going to make the going very sticky.

Our first lane was a climb of some 3 or 4 hundred yards through a woody section. We then went on to some lanes which we have experienced before which are also very good. We worked our way down round to the Caldicot area and up round through the woods at Wentworth Reservoir. I really don't know how Martin found all these lanes, but we went into one and out of another and into another and so on. It seems as though we were in the woods for hours, a really enjoyable ride.

From there it was time to go to the pub for lunch. Martin certainly knows his pubs because we had a very enjoyable meal.

After lunch we continued to another section which Martin asked if we wanted to attempt to climb. This climb was approximately b....y steep. Being run leader, Martin had first attempt - we all now know what the bottom of an 'XL 250' motorbike looks like. Especially John Hitchings because he happened to be the nearest but missed both of them. Anyway eventually we all managed with a struggle to get to the top. At the top we were once again into a wooded area which we drove round lane after lane. We were travelling down this lane which was a long stretch, when all of a sudden poor old Johns' bike felt ill, he looked like Martin on Friday night, pissed and broke. Fortunately we were quite near



Paul Downham discovers that a couple of trowel-fuls of cement is the perfect way of quietening Derek's bike.



Line up for South Avon run led by Norman Winkworth on Nov 1st 1987, starting from Gordano services.



John Hitchins crosses the small bridge put down by Gwyn and Christine Thomas near Flax Bourton about 4 years ago.



John Bratton, on 4-stroke Honda special, only needs to fill his tank every 4 runs. Hence the smile! South Avon run.

home by this time and Martin told us the way home and you can take it from me that Johns' bike goes better without an engine than with, because I could hardly keep up with him, when I eventually did I towed him back to the start. The rest of the lads said they were going to do a few more lanes. We were back at the start for approx. 15 mins. when we looked up and saw poor old Derek Jones pushing his motorbike with what turned out later to be clutch trouble. When everyone finally returned we all went home. The end of a very enjoyable run.

Norman Winkworth.

P.S. During this run we encountered a very irate farmer who came up to us in his car after chasing us round the countryside, hot-blooded, and questioned us as to why we rode across his land. Martin answered him by saying it was our legal right to ride across this land as it was a public right of way. He would not accept this and Martin started to quote map refs. and gave him the number to the lane. We all kept our cool with this irate farmer, but as we did not see any point in getting into an argument we all drove off, knowing we were in the right.

Anyway Martin, thank you for everything you have done to put on this run and the research involved.

BRISTOL RUN REPORT

Sat. 12th Dec. 1987

It's always a bit tricky finding the starting point of this run at the triangle of lanes which form a layby 5 miles south of Warminster on the Shaftsbury road, MR 183 888383. Travelling alone I had the map beside me on the passenger seat counting off the features - then I almost overshot in the prevailing misty conditions. Distance run from home 170 miles, so you can see this is a favourite run of mine, which I enjoy for the many miles of open green lanes it affords across the Wiltshire Downlands.

The lone waiting rider Philip from the West Wilts. Club on a big Yamaha, looks relieved that someone else has turned up, but we are both early. Realisation of the low temperature and chill factor from the breeze bite into me as I try to change as fast as I can. John Brattons' big Volvo overshoots the lane entrance in the gloom but reappears within 5 minutes to unload his '185 engined SPECIAL' along with Normans '200IT' and a lad who I only know as Ivor with a black helmet and one of the earlier 'SUZUKI 185s'. Steven on a '250 MONTESSA' trial bike arrives from Bristol closely followed by a trailer with a chair on it (a 250 BEAMISH SUZUKI) and run leader Steve Thomas, who as usual unloads an immaculate looking piece of machinery. I can't believe my eyes because I'M looking at an '80cc HONDA' - on this run ?? But Steve proves to have the almost ideal bike for the day - as we were to discover..

Off we go with my possession of a map making me the ideal candidate for 'Tail End Charlie'. We can see about 150 yards and as I expected the pace is a brisk canter as we ride the signposted byway 3 miles N.E. to Tytherington. We turn right onto the road, up the hill and then off onto the next series of green lanes which are only intersected by very minor roads and the A303 all the way to Wilton outside Salisbury, a distance of

12 miles.

You know the ground is a bit slippery but the realisation of how hard it is is emphasised by the mud ruts which have no give in them what-so-ever. You stay feet up for so long, then prod and flail with the legs, the front wheelcrabs and totally fails to grip. The bike gets cross-rutted and stops. Fight it back into line and set off in pursuit. Ivor on his Suzuki is sliding in all directions, which would be amusing if I was doing any better, or was even in control of the situation. I go down with a bang! Pick myself up and find I'm getting wheelspin at 20mph. with the bike vertical. I go down again on a grass track and slide a long way face down. This is supposed to be fun and relaxation but to tell the truth it is neither. As I straightened out the front end I spy John Bratton climbing up from beneath his bike. John and Julian from W. Wilts. in the sidecar outfit are not having that easy a time as the ruts tend to throw them about a lot. It looks very strenuous.

We stop for a 'Mars' bar, fag and / or breather where the lane drops off Gravelly Hill into Wilton. I take my carburetor to pieces because it is flooding so badly that I have to keep switching the fuel on and off. I can't find anything wrong and it continues to flood. Taking one hand off the bars for even a split-second today is asking for trouble. Steve Thomas solves the problem by pointing the overflow pipe skywards and I get by running on a rich mixture.

At Wilton we turn south on our longest stretch of road of the morning, all 2 miles of it, before turning S.W. on the old Shaftsbury coach road which runs along the top of the Downs above the modern A30 valley road. Conditions much as before although we make better progress.

Dropping down White Sheet Hill just before the lunch -break John loses control of the outfit in a big way...! Winter rain has cut a series of diagonal trenches 19" deep across the pathway which he just can't get around. Coming out of one hole the sidecar wheel is thrown so

high that John, (who is driving) has his right shoulder forced against the bank, ripping him off the bike. The pilotless outfit plus Julian continue to the next washout where the whole lot starts the first of three complete end over end rolls, spitting Julian out in the process. It looked horrific but neither party was hurt and the outfit only superficially damaged.

We refuel on the main road where my bike is still giving trouble so I decide to ' call it a day ' when we get to the lunchtime pub at Ludwell. I have a chat with Steve who isn't surprised, and then head back by road. On reflection I think this run is perhaps at its best in late spring or early autumn.

Dave Giles.

POST SCRIPT: Notes of the afternoon, by Steve Thomas.

Poor old Dave! What a morning!! As he disappeared into the gloom the rest of us tucked into our lunch in the pub in Ludwell.

The afternoon brought a slight thaw which made things even more slippery.

As we made our way along the ' Ox Drove ' we passed some genuine romany caravans complete with horses, dogs and very suspicious looking occupants! We passed without incident and several miles later paused to regroup. John and Norman did not appear so Steve and I retraced our steps, back past the gypsy encampment, but found nobody. Back past the gypsies again!! Let's hope they go for Steve and not me, to report back. We decide that John or Norman must have trouble and must be even further behind. Back past the gypsies again!! We find John and Norman right back at the road. Johns' bike is out of commission with no compression and Norman dutifully volunteers to tow him back to the car.

By this time everybody has returned (past the gypsies..) and we convince Ivor to stay on the run and not go back with John and Norman (he is thinking of the ride back to Bristol). They promise to wait for him, so off we go again. This time with total disregard for the code of conduct. I roar past the gypsy camp at full throttle and I'm by before they realise I'm



Oops Martin! At least its a nice soft squelchy landing in Englishcome to Inglesbatch lane.



None the worse for wear after his tumble Martin declines an 'encore'.



They say you make friends in the T.R.F. but isn't this carrying it a bit too far!



I never thought Trevor George actually rode a bike. He always seems to be standing, pointing a camera at me when I fall off!

coming.

We have great fun on the Ox Drove in the mud, and before we know it are back at ' Stratford Tony ' and preparing to cross the ford. Steve does not appear and we find that he has taken a gutser in the still very slippery conditions. He makes light of it, but next time we see him he has torn ligaments and a back slab plaster. Hard man! He choses to carry on and we cross the ford. Nobody risks a wet foot with any heroics and we trundle on past Salisbury Racecourse and back to Wilton where we decide, due to the failing light, to return to ' Longbridge Deverill ' by this mornings route. I find this the most enjoyable part of the day as with John and Julian in my wheel tracks we take up the challenge of the treacherous going and set up a cracking pace for home. Pausing occasionally to wait for a tired Ivor and an injured Steve we arrive back in total darkness (as usual) to a warm welcome from John and Norman - " Where the hell have you been ? " -- We've been trail riding.....

GOSSIP.....

Did you know that Glynn's bike was stolen from the guest house car-park on the Brecon run? Paul found it thrown in a ditch - the thieves had realised it was an ' IT465 ' !!

DECEMBER FUN RUN

" Ten pints please! " must be a rather unusual request from someone who walks into a bar by himself at seven minutes before closing time, but the barman looked quite unperturbed, after all it was the Sunday after Boxing Day so he probably thought I had been practising. The rest of the 'gang' stumbled in from the car-park which now contained fourteen very muddy trail bikes - the result of our Christmas fun run 1987.

It had been the usual good fun on a mild and grey day which had most of us riding with our jackets half open for a cooling breeze, although wary of the man in front because there was a lot of mud flying about. About half of the group were two up: Richard with Tracey led followed by Norman and Sarah, John and Matthew, Paul and Louise - Derek being missing on this occasion - claimed by the new found responsibilities of becoming a grandfather. Scattered in-between them were the solo riders but sadly there were no chairs this year. Two or three riders were making their debut; John and Derek on a pair of ' 250 KWAKS.' with clean ' Barbour ' suits, and Alan Priddy with a 600 of the same make which he found to be a bit too tall and heavy on ' Inglesbatch '.

During the day I saw most riders footing heartily or picking their bikes up, but never Richard Earle whose ability and style keep him clean and tidy to the end. Trevot George probably saw the most as he frequently went ahead in order to snap riders going through the difficult bits. - So that's how he came to witness tail-ender Martin Harding do his extremely impressive attack on the slot beside the footbridge at Englishcombe. The intention was to launch the bike nose-up off the bank, the result was somewhat different when the bike landed nose-first and looped!

I followed Glynn Sawyers into Middle Wood where his ' 400 YAM ' made light work of the tacky going, but our ' DT ' bogged down, making Steve walk. As usual

we took turns at walking and riding the lanes. The four-stroke beat of Ians ' BSA ' went missing somewhere on the Fosse - broken chain - but he soon reappeared thanks to Martins' spare chain link. Then we did Priston Mill where making an impressive splash for the camera at the ford, Rich Tallon filled Traceys' wellies with water - that poor girl does suffer!

Stanton Prior, then Wilmington and Inglesbatch again before beating it back to the pub where I traced out our 20 mile route on the map for Dave Clegg (250 SUZUKI) a ROW. Officer from Herts who, like me, had brought his bike along when Christmas visiting. He thought it excellent sport, so see you again next year..

Dave Giles.

Thanks to Debbi Smith for typing this edition.

TRAIL RIDERS CODE OF CONDUCT

USE ONLY VEHICULAR RIGHTS OF WAY

Trail riding is only legal on unsurfaced public roads. It is an offence to use Bridleways and Footpaths without permission. If in doubt check with the County Council or TRF.

KEEP TO DEFINED WAYS ACROSS FARMLAND

Wheels can damage crops and grass. Wandering from the road onto farmland or moorland is trespassing. If in doubt, ask.

GIVE WAY TO WALKERS, HORSES, AND CYCLISTS

They have right of way. On narrow lanes, stop and switch-off engines.

FASTEN ALL GATES

Except those tied open for farming purposes. An open gate invites animals to stray endangering themselves, crops and traffic.

TRAVEL AT A SAFE SPEED

Ride at a reasonable speed taking regard of conditions and visibility. This should not exceed the voluntry maximum of 25mph.

RIDE QUIETLY

Machines must be effectively silenced. Use the throttle with discretion as exhaust noise can offend.

HONOUR THE COUNTRY CODE

Respect the countryside and those who live, work and recreate in it.

Issued by the Trail Riders Fellowship, Sonwell House, Youlgreave, Derbys.

Approved by the ACU-BMF Countryside Committee.
