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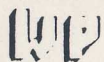
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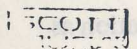
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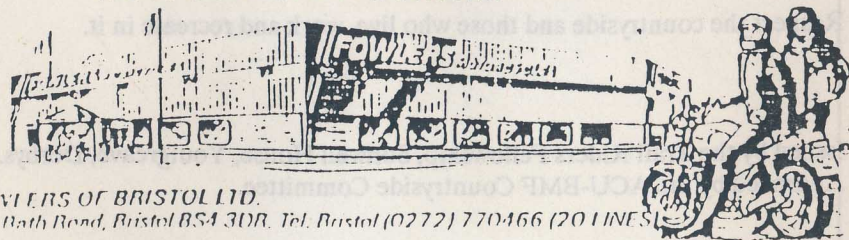
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TRAIL RIDERS FELLOWSHIP

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

BRISTOL GROUP



AUGUST '89

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

SECRETARY: Steve Say, 56 Fairlyn Drive
Kingswood, Bristol.
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TREASURER: Bob Harris, 29 Court Farm Road,
Willsbridge, Bristol.
Tel. Bitton 4066

RIGHTS OF WAY: Martin Harding, 100 Cavendish Road,
Patchway, Bristol.
Tel. 0272 696674

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

**RUN
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Patchway, Bristol.
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Derek Jones, 27 Collins Avenue,
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EDITOR: Jason Bamford, 73a Church Road,
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CLUB NIGHTS: 2nd Monday in the month.

VENUE: Tennis Court Inn, Deanery Road
Warmley.

EDITOR

Welcome to my first edition of the Bristol Group TRF magazine. I would like to be able to publish the mag on at least at quartly basis from now on, so I am going to need as much input from you, the members as possible.

I would like the mag to be full of lots of good news as well as the not so good, so let's see lots of run reports please. Also I would like to see lots of pictures, so we can all have a good laugh at the previous months thrills and spills. I promise to take good care of any photos sent to me and I will return them to you as soon as possible. So get your pen and paper out and write (in your best hand writing) an article for your magazine.

Other useful information that the magazine should cover would be reports from members on their mishaps or experiences with their machine. Perhaps reports on engine overhauls, and where the good places are to buy spares and services at keen prices.

One last thing I would like to add is that my list of current and past members is a little muddled, so if you receive this copy and you are not a currently payed up member of the Bristol Group we would be pleased to see you at the monthly Monday night meetings, where you can sign up !

Christmas 1959, I an eager 8 year old looking forward to my main present, a number 4A Mechano set with clockwork motor!

I've always been interested in making, mending, and constructing things from Mechano, progressing to model boats, flying model aircraft, and also in later life, that is from 12 years onwards an active interest in two wheeled velocipedes, starting with a Brockhouse Corgi (to the uninitiated, one of those small folding motorcycles of 98cc. As used by the Paras) progressing onto a multitude of different bikes.

1987 the N.E.C bike show I spy the TRF stand and having just bought a Suzuki TS185. I thought I would justify it's existence and so joined up. I enjoyed my first Winter season with the TRF but wanted a bike more purpose built for green laning. And so to my next trail mount. I wanted a light bike with mono shock suspension of less than 250cc four stroke if possible, but two stroke if it keeps the weight down, and under 400.

Short list; Honda XR200-250, not many around under 400.
Honda XL185, same again, not too many around in good nick.
Honda XL250, a bit too heavy and again over my budget.
Yamaha IT175-DT175, I got fed up looking at rattly over priced recks.

So let's build one, it won't be too difficult. Get a second hand Motocross rolling chassis, a second hand trail engine, and bung it together - Says He!

I managed to track down a chap named Rex, who stripped and sold secondhand Motocross bikes, so I gave him a ring and he said come on round. When I arrived, he took me to the rear of the house, mind the holes! said he, as we stepped over planks and cavernous craters. (He was having his concrete council house rebuilt with bricks.) There I found an Emporium, around 15 bikes in various states of repair. "Take your pick", so I started with a Honda CR250, and found it a bit tall, A Kawasaki 125 twin shock, but I still wanted a mono shock. Propped up between a KTM and a MAICO was a Yamaha YZ100 school boy Motocrosser with no engine, so I swung a leg over it, seemed Ok and in good condition for the year, about 1983. So 100 was the asking price, duly knocked down to 95. I've got the makings of a Green Laner.

On returning home, and taking a closer look, I found the bottom steering head bearing shot, and parts of the suspension seized up.

Looks a bit tight for a four stroke, as the rear power shock goes under the tank, and would foul the carb and cylinder head. So a two stroke it would be.

Taking a cardboard pattern of the available space for the engine, I arrived at Bristol Bike Breakers, and found them very helpful. Looking around I found a Suzuki ER185,

and a Yamaha DT175, these being complete bikes. They wanted 159 for an engine. For that they would strip and check it out and fit new crank seals. I thought this to be a lot of money so managed to do a deal for the DT175, 100 for the whole bike, but with no guarantee, so a deal was stuck.

Back to the Mechano set. Fitted new bearings to the head stock and front wheel, and unsiezed the suspension.

Problem number 1. The chain line was the wrong side, so I inverted the swinging arm, and cut of the suspension anchor point and rewelded it in the correct position. OK!

Problem number 2. The existing hub of the ZY100, had its brake and sprocket mounted on the same side, but I need them to be on opposite sides, to align with the new drive and brake pedal, also the mounting for the sprocket was too large a diameter to take the right size sprocket to obtain the correct gear ratio. So the only thing to do was to build the DT hub into the ZY rim. I was fortunate to find that the spokes in each wheel were the same length which would save money. I wanted to use the YZ spokes as they were thicker.

Problem number 3. Four of the spoke were damaged when I stripped the wheel, so go to Fowlers and buy some as they were metric form threads and not interchangeable with imperial ones. "Sorry skip don't sell them separately, only complete set of 36 spokes and nipples at 18.50 + VAT". For that price I could have the wheel built for me including new spokes.

After recovering from the shock, I told him what he could do with his spokes! and on the way home I had a stroke of luck on popping into Different Stroke M/Cs. And telling them my plight, they managed to sort out 4 nipples at a cost of 80p. Moral -- Don't give in to the Japs part suppliers too easily.

The rebuilt wheel was fitted to the bike, the correct chainline was found, engine mount made and fitted. Starting to look like a real Green Laner. The DT exhaust was cut up, rewelded to fit, and worked out OK.

Then I stripped the engine, had a re-bore, new big ends, mains and seals. One gear in the gearbox was suspect, but I was lucky to be given parts to an old engine, by Dave at Yate Motorcycles, so swapped the gearwheel over. Lucky for me I did as I found out a new one was 29!

Re-painted the frame with Smooth Hammerite after fitting rear footrests. A paint which I found very good, was Hammerite "Bike Pot Black" it's in a tin and I used it on the engine cases, barrel and hub. If it is sprayed on to a warmed or hot surface, it bakes on like Stove Enamel and has the correct semi mat black finish, and very

abrasion resistant.

Back to the Mechano again. Almost finished. Unfortunately it needs a metal tank so the DT tank was pressed into action after a bit of cutting and welding (And no I did not blow myself up !!).

Just the lights, horn, brake switch to sort out, also I didn't want the weight of a battery, so fitted a 7.5v Diode to prevent bulbs blowing, and ran direct off the mag, an A.C horn was fitted as the old type squeaky horn, is no longer legal, as a continuous tone is required by the building regulations 1986. A Sammy Miller speedo fitted, and off for an M.O.T, it passed OK after fitting a reflector and chain guard.

At last I can apply for a registration number. To do this you have to fill in two forms, V/627/1 and V/55/5 and send in insurance, M.O.T, 20 for tax, and receipts for frame and engine. If as this bike is an off road bike it has to be inspected by the Police. All this was done and I was sent a new disk, and reg number Q521 RAE and now have a Green Laner ready for action.



John Hitchins followed by Hugh Boyes in the stream near Woolard.



Derek Jones steers while his son shouts out the depth-soundings on the lane near Woolard.



Andy Horsman, suitably attired for the Christmas fun run, with tinsel on his helmet in the stream near Woolard.



Paul Downham keeps his toes dry while riding down the stream bed near Woolard.

11 DEC 1988

SOUTH EAST AVON RUN

ANDY HORSMAN

The weathermen promised a mild, dry day and for once they were right. I had been looking forward to this run for some time as my first outing ever on a trail bike was in the spring of this year on the same lanes. It would be interesting to see if I had learned anything during the last 8 or so months of sliding and crashing.

The meeting place for the run was in a layby near Dunkerton and Richard Tallon exercised run leader's prerogative by being late with a feeble excuse that his 'steed' was so down on 'horse' power that he would be lucky to pull the knickers off a Page 3 girl! Or was it skin off a rice pudding? Well something like that! After half an hour of tinkering matters improved and during this spanner-twirling Martin Harding roared into the layby at his usual 50 punctures from the previous day's run in Devon led by Steve Say and hence his reason for late arrival. With Martin's arrival this brought and the numbers up to 7 with the runners and riders as follows:

Richard Tallon	-	knackered DT 175
Martin Harding	-	XL 250
Hugh	-	MTX 200
John Hutchings	-	newly acquired XR 200
Davie Giles (National Chairman)		DT 175
Myself	-	TS 185ER and finally a mysterious KMX 200 rider

whose identity shall remain nameless for security reasons - job security that is.

At last we were off, the first lane starting only a few hundred yards from the layby and comprising a figure of eight incorporating 2 short sections of the Fosseway. The first lane was overgrown and narrow. You know, the type that makes you thankful for knuckle protectors. The second part was downhill and waterlogged. After untying several wires across the lane, the lane opened out into a field and our exit gate is in sight. What appears to be solid going reveals itself to be a soggy marsh and I'm stuck axle deep and in need of a push. The other more experienced riders stick to the higher ground where the going is firmer and once past the cows and bull we are back onto the road.

After another 1/4 mile its back onto the Fosseway with an easy climb and then level section climbing once more to end abruptly on the main road. We came back on ourselves through various lanes and onto White Ox Mead. A fast lane with lots of water filled pot holes and it is in one of these that John's XR 200 stops dead with water in the electrics. However after a few kicks it fires up again and off we go in pursuit of the others. After another short road section its across the field at Shoscombe. The going is very heavy until we clear the open section and get to the hedge where it is much easier. Richard's DT is still down on power and on the climb up Brinsombe Lane it nearly comes to a complete stop and we end up pushing him up the lane to a flatter

section to have another look at the engine. The engine refuses to rev out properly and only just manages to get into its power band. Blocked jets or alternatively water in the carburettor are diagnosed so John and Richard strip and clean the carb and this seems to help for a little while.

The next lane gives us a chance to clean the bike with plenty of water splashes which when combined with the sun in our eyes makes life somewhat interesting! After New Plantation we get to Hassage Farm with an ill-defined route across the fields to Norton St Philip. We let a group of horse riders past and Richard scouts on ahead. A quick wave and were off again and after a short section of road we adjourn to the Pub at Hinton Charterhouse for a spot of lunch. Suitably fed and watered we dragged ourselves out of the pub and back into our muddy riding gear and head off on the bikes in the direction of Wellow. Just before we get to Wellow its off on the rough stuff again through Hankley Wood. Although the lane is quite wide its very muddy with the mud being some 6-9 inches deep in parts with lots of hidden branches at angles across the lane. Dave falls heavily a few bikes in front of me. His bike is dragged upright and he is in pain from an injured leg. He obviously didn't have enough alcohol at lunchtime to act as an anaesthetic. He finishes the lane but decides that his leg is too painful to allow him to continue. Its only later that we learn he has cracked a bone below his knee and is in plaster. Warning: 'Trail Riding can seriously damage your health'. Perhaps one of the more experienced club members could do an article on body protection for us newer recruits?

After saying our goodbyes to Dave and wishing him a speedy recovery we head up to Midford for Pipehouse Lane. About a third of the way up we meet a group of about 20 ramblers. Luckily for them we have been halted by a tree trunk lying across the lane which Martin has been unable to ride up and around. We drop logs over from the bank to place by the trunk to get some grip and once the last of the ramblers has gone we head off again. Martin stops further up the lane to take some pictures which hopefully accompany this epistle and I reach the top with Hugh and we take a breather while we wait for the rest to arrive.

Richard's bike is still giving problems and at the end of Pipehouse we decide that there must be water in the petrol tank which is finding its way through to the carb. We get to a garage on the main road to flush and refill the tank and this seems to do the trick. With the afternoon wearing on its time to head back to Dunkerton via Baggridge and White Ox Mead Lanes

Whilst the other load up their bikes ready for the trip home and Richard debates whether to chuck his bike in the nearest hedge and claim the insurance money, the rest of us head for home via the Fosse and so ends another enjoyable day's riding.



Richard Tallon, run leader for the New year's day 2-up fun run.



Start of the New years day 2-up fun run, and as a Trials bike has only got one seat, Trevor stuck an elephant in a Kiddie-carrier for the run.



John Davey foots carefully on the ladder which we dragged up from the bottom of the 4 ft. hole in the lane approaching Priston Mill.



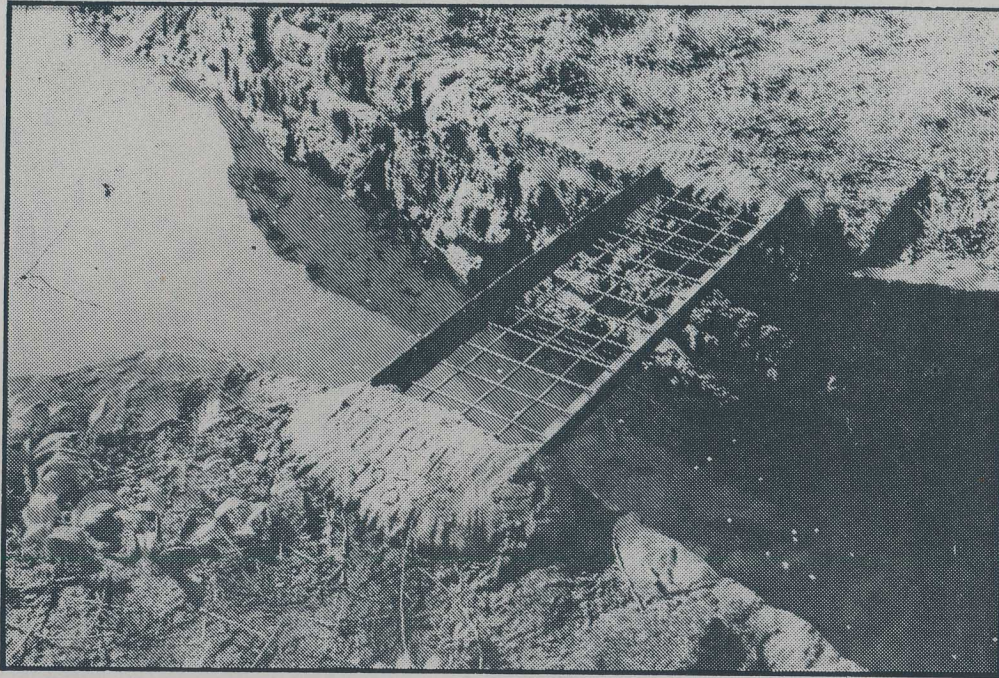
Norman and Carly Winkworth on the point of no return, as the engine stalls. In amongst all that lovely mud poor Carly found a rather large stone to fall on!



John Bracey's Kawasaki still looks new despite being Trail ridden frequently throughout the year.



Richard Tallon followed by Steve Say and others on the Roman road, Upper Weston to North Stoke, near Bath.



Close up of the bridge for motorcyclists, walkers and nimble horses put down by Gwyn and Christine Thomas on the R.U.P.P. near Wraxall.



Nick Crook has an excuse with his "low-down" power for not making this muddy incline, while Richard Tallon's steed makes a refusal and throws him as well.

I arrived at Yate car park in the fog to find nobody there. Was I in the right place I asked myself, or was it because I was fifteen minutes early. Obviously I was too keen.

The fog started to clear about 9 o'clock, but as soon as Derek gunned up the battle ship the fog drew in again. Or was it the exhaust. It was difficult to see which. Anyway six of us set off from Yate into the fog. We came to the first lane. It looked very innocent with grass and things, but to my amazement the first little puddle, which looked no more than two inches deep, managed to engulf the entire front end of MTX200. After fishing the bike out, we continued to find the whole lane was much the same all the way down.

As the morning progressed our run leader started to use some very clever tactics. He would pick a really muddy land to go down, and when I'd just got to the end he'd say "O.K. back we go!" At which point I'd just collapsed in a pile of mud, and by now looked like a pile of mud.

We nearly lost Derek shortly after when my chain came off in the middle of the really deep stuff. We all dragged my bike out to find Derek nearly up to his knee's in mud. Still the bike was out! It was only now did I find that the most important part of my rider tool kit was missing. 'The MARS BARS'. How could I have been so thoughtless.

For lunch we descended on an excellent little pub where for a quid or two a suitable feast was had by all, with a good swear about the mornings mud and a laugh from Derek about the afternoon to come.

The afternoon sorted out the men from the boys, as we discovered when we got to the top of a muddy climb where we could of had a tea party when the MTX 200's came to the boil, as us air cooled chaps were just smelling strongly. By the time we had completed the last lane I was completely shot when Derek cracked the best joke of the day, 'If anyone wants to do a few more lanes I'm happy to lead!!' Nice one Derek, but an excellent days riding all the same.

ITEMS NECESSARY FOR A DAYS TRAIL RIDING

O.S Map covering areas being ridden.
Compass.
Money (For fuel, Phone, Food, and Beer).
Cycle pump or some means of inflating tyres.
Tyre levers.
Puncture repair kit (With usable glue).
Spare valve cores
Pressure gauge
Inner Tubes. (A 19" can be used for back and front at a pinch)
Chain links and splitting tool.
Spare spark plus. (New ones)
Spare control levers.
Spare throttle and clutch cables. (And tools to fit them)

TOOL KIT (Including at least the following)

Plug spanner.
Wire cutters.
Wheel nut spanners.
Both Philips and normal screwdrivers.
Penknife.
Insulation tape.
String.
Rubber bands. (Cut from an old inner tube)
Wire. (for electrical faults)
Clean rag.
WD-40 or similar water dispersant.

FIRST AID KIT (To include)

Plasters.
Bandage.
Sling.
Headache pills.
Glucose sweets (Barley sugar etc.)

And last but not least a MARS bar or three.



Derek Peacock gets ready to duck in case the bike in front of him gets wheelspin and showers him in mud.



Kevin Ashman and young lady pillion struggle through the rut, pushing a branch before them.



Nick Crook has so much "low-down" power in his engine, that he frequently grounds it in shallow gulleys!



Bob Allerston who has only been riding a motorbike for three weeks prior to the New years day run copes admirably with mud, rocks and water on his first run.

A RUN LEADERS RAMBLINGS

STEVE SAY

(No pun intended)

Gloom and despondency descended upon the monthly meeting of the Bristol TRF mainly because the same people were fed up leading runs for the same familiar faces. Into the firing line steps yours truly and offers to lead my first TRF run (Loud applause from the audience!). After trail riding for the last three years, the recent 10 months with the TRF, I had a reasonable idea of most of the local lanes in Fosseway area but still decided to look out a few more, out of the way lanes the week before. With a well known red haired lunatic with the most impractical trail bike in the Bristol group we fired up the Triumphs and looked at the start and finish of three lanes north of Tetbury, and finding them all open and looking forward to the following weekend to see what dark forgotten secrets would unfold when riding them.

Saturday morning dawned and as I climbed from beneath the sheets I was conscious of a large glowing object in the sky which I hadn't seen so often this year (The Sun for the people reading the article under the influence). This I thought was a disaster as all trail riders enjoy wallowing in thick mud with the rain running down their necks, don't they?

At ten past twelve with the Montessa raring to go and spare petrol stashed in every available nook and cranny (1 gallon tanks don't go far) I set off to the Shoe hoping that someone else would turn up. On arrival at the Shoe after touching 150 mph and wheeling the complete length of Tog Hill (some hopes) I was surprised to find one chap from the West Wilts branch already there and keen at that. The next ten minutes saw a further six people arrive and shock horror, Dave Smith (I haven't been trail riding for over a year!) was one of them.

At just gone twelve-thirty we set off down Star Farm lane, yes down the lane made a change and headed off past Colerne aerodrome to several lanes I personally had not ridden. Although both dry and dusty the second lane was well overgrown and resulted in myself emerging from the lane with a rather colourful bunch of flowers sprayed all over the front of the bike. The next stop was the petrol station at Castle Combe because naughty Norman was low on gas having ridden numerous lanes with Martin on the way to the start. Past the racing circuit we took a left down the lane heading back towards the Fosseway and encountered our first mud, which was enough to slow the progress of the 185 in our party and Tony's trench digger. The end of that particular lane resulted in two rather surprised people replacing the majority of their clothing in the back of a car as we rode past. They weren't expecting us up from behind!!

Onwards to Littleton Drew where we rode one of the many Fosseway feeder lanes and then down the Fosseway in a southerly direction back to the Gibb. My plan was not to ride straight up the Fosse but to Zig-Zag from side to side when lanes permitted so. From the Gibb we set off to East Dunley lane, yet another Fosse feeder lane. This quite long lane contains open fields, flat overgrown rutted tracks and a rather rocky climb all in one, a must if your in the area. Back across the Fosse and over to three lanes in the Huckington/Sherston area gave us our first Ford of the day, and some interesting sticky mud, however everybody got through and up to now I hadn't got completely lost and I don't think anybody had taken a tumble (is this a record).

Meanwhile back on Fosseway we headed north for Tetbury through some rather deep lagoons, at least it seemed that way sat on a trail bike. Onward to the first river crossing and as the Sun was still shining Martin decided to have a puncture so we could all sunbathe for half an hour (Not exactly a Williams pitstop!) . The Cows thought it all highly interesting. Further on at the second river we came across a group of 4 wheelers doing their best to make the whole area into a liquid mud-bath. The statement "We come here every weekend" summed them up perfectly.

At Tetbury we turned off the Fosse and headed West to the three lanes myself and Tony had looked at the week before. All three were long lanes, the most exciting was the last we rode, being very overgrown and consisting of over a mile of continuous twists and turns through thick bushes, well worth the visit.

Time was getting on so we headed east back to the Fosseway at Kemble aerodrome and then straight back south to The Gibb and home. Fun I think was had by all and I look forward to leading another.

12 FEB 1989

TINTERN

JOHN DAVEY

We had a great days riding on Sunday 12th February in and around the Wye Valley, Tintern to Monmouth section. Our run leader took us up and down some really challenging lanes that were so different from our local Avon scene.

The climbs were excellent and the views an added bonus on reaching summits. John (YZ175DT), SARAH (DT125), ROGER (IT), MARTIN (KWACKER) and myself (XT350) all inspected the leaf mold more than once, and Sarah's DT turned sauna on her after the second climb, You could say she knows how to get a bike on the boil after ten years of Moto Cross !! But after Roger borrowed a bottle of water no further trouble occurred.

After descending what looked like a 1:3 drop with plenty of bumps we stopped for lunch break at an excellent pub on the river Wye. Lovely warm sunny afternoon, waterfalls in gardens, and good food. An interesting place very popular with all travellers, which included the Cardiff 4wd club, who we met early in a lane, but the main groups seem to be cyclists. Plus of course five Bristol TRF'ers. It did cross my mind what a good chance for a rights of ways users forum. But then again I wouldn't have sacrificed the afternoons ride for anything.

Martin took us on plenty more climbs, (one of which I wouldn't have got up even with the aid of a rack railway). Quiet forest ways to test main jets and finally a drop back into Tintern car park and the trailers.

Martin Harding has done his homework in the Wye Valley. Not only does he know the rapps but his knowledge of roads in between seems faultless. My thanks to him and the other riders for a really good days riding.

RUN DATES

July 26 1989:
6.30pm:

Kendleshire Lay by.
Tony Webb.

August 5 1989:
9.30am:

The Shoe Pub.
Steve Say.
Telephone : 571070

August 19 1989:
9.30am:

Exmoor Run, Map ref. 181-979-432
Steve Say
Telephone : 571070

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.