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SPRING

SUMMER

1984

AUTUMN

WINTER

Editorial

Well here it is, the last edition of the Club magazine which I will produce as editor and secretary. I would have stepped down in any case at the AGM in November but redundancy and the distinct possibility of having to move to continue my career has caused me to resign earlier in the hope that I can hand-over the reins in a tidy fashion rather than 'disappearing' and making it more difficult for those who follow.

Having made that noble speech it's just possible that I will 'hang around' for weeks getting in everybody's way; the future is that uncertain. Whatever, I will certainly continue to ride if and when I can and will pen something for the next magazine if requested.

The magazine has been something of my own 'baby' and also a 'rod for my own back' over the last two years. At present I know that members say that they wish it to continue, good! but you will have to positively support the new editor/editorial team and accept some inevitable change. Perhaps for reasons of production in format and appearance.

Personally, I have no doubt that the magazine will continue and the Club go from strength to strength. My departure may turn out to be a blessing! of one thing I am certain, the Club has the talent, it just needs an opportunity to come to the surface. Look at all the super reports that have been written by those who said "Don't ask me, I can't write". Rubbish! (and thank you!). We all know that as long as there is someone else making half a good job of it that we slip off and let him get on with it.

Dave Giles

WELSH COAST TO COAST RUN

I don't remember the exact time of departure from home, but it was early. Steve drove Pete Taylor Snr and myself to the starting point at Aberavon beach. We arrived in perfect time with $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to get the bikes off of the trailer, and for us to get toggged up. The weather looked like staying fine so I decided to wear dry weather riding kit as did most other people although, I did see one or two people in "body wellies" sweating profusely.

Now starts the saga of the lost guides which almost spoiled the weekend. From what I could find out it appeared the ABTA approved tour operator had been "let down" by the locals who were supposed to be leading the various groups. Eventually enough people, with some knowledge of the trails, and had been wise enough to bring maps, were briefed by Ron on the general route to follow.

Being keen to get riding after an hour of waiting around I left with the first group which included Bob and Johnathan Harris and Pete Taylor who had rightly been press ganged by Ron into joining the T.R.F. Pete was riding instead of Steve who was expecting to be unfit after a knee operation earlier in the week which didn't happen (a good old N.H.S. cock-up). This was the last we were to see of the other groups until the night stop at Machynlleth.

Confusion reigned as individuals were flagged of at 10 second intervals only to either wait at the next junction for the rest to catch up or to go like hell to try and catch the preceeding riders without getting lost. I'm sorry Ron I didn't see any point in that exercise.

There followed a very exasperating, not to say confusing, twenty two and a half mile ride along Motorway 'a' roads and 'b' roads and then eventually the first actual unmade road. it turned out our

stand-in run leaders didn't have the first map required and were following main road signs until we were on their map (good for them, bad for the tour operator).

Once on the trails the whole complexion of the run improved especially one trail called SARN HELEN and with a few exceptions we made reasonable progress to stop for din-dins at a PUB next to the Crychen Forest (where they do the enduroz). After dinner we set off in the mid-day sun heading north for the night stop at Machnylleth which incidentily is pronounced MACHNYLLETH. One lane near Rhayader claimed a member of our party on a XL185 Honda, he went down hard on his shoulder and was only able to continue in pain and was a non-starter the next day. We were able to do the famous Monks Trod with comparative ease due to the bogs being dried out with only a few wet areas. As the evening progressed and we neared Machnylleth the sun was going down over the hills etc,etc, you could see nothing except one mountain behind another, behind another, which was very impressive!

On arriving at Machnylleth Pete and myself had to find a hotel, we went to the livliest hotel in the main street where not only Bob and Jonathan were staying but all the Cwmbran loonies as well.

The hotel was fully booked but the landlady was not going to turn money away and for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour her husband was lugging beds, lockers etc into a newly decorated room.

For about an hour you couldn't see anything except half naked trail riders looking for an empty bathroom. After cleaning up food was definately in order, so after walking barefoot up the high street (because I hadn't any shoes), we decided to eat in the hotel which by now was the centre of Machnylleth night life. Just after we had started our meal a T.R.F. "chap" arrived with a



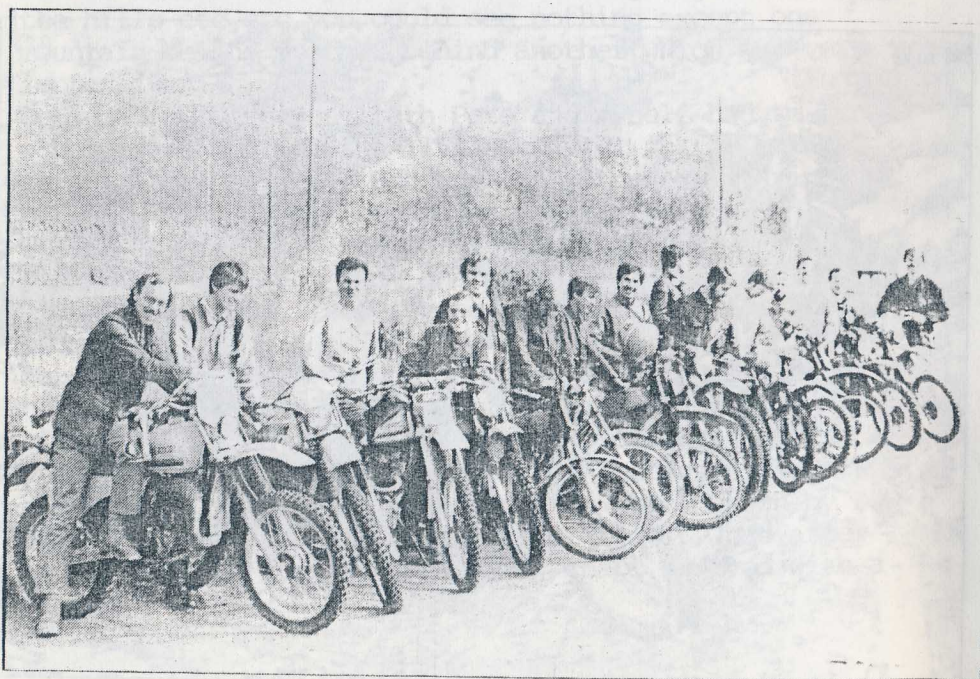
Bob Harris brushes through the undergrowth



Dave Giles ploughs through the section and reaps a clean.



Richard Tallon claws his way through the sections with ease. "I wanna tell you a story".



Waiting for the start of the North Avon run in a layby near Yate. (12 Aug)

garbled message saying who else but Ron had run out of petrol in the middle of nowhere. I assume the support vehicle was dispatched because Ron was there next day with that stopwatch to start us away.

The next day started with a hearty breakfast and an even heatier Bill. We all milled around outside our hotel which seemed to be the meeting point, the problem was that there weren't enough maps to go around and people were making notes etc and trying to get closed newagents to sell them maps. Two hours later the first group was away, most people left as their respective run leaders left. Our group lost the XL185 crash victim, but were joined by "Blasting" Brian Walters who had returned overnight from the I-O-M T.T. races. The first obstacle was a shallow river crossing, Brian showed us how to cross on one wheel thus avoiding falling foul of the slimy rocks. Most people went for the slow feet down technique which has been proved over the years as fairly reliable, all except Pete who tried the nose dive technique which was almost as neat as Granville's river crossing method. It was a good job Brian was with us because he knew how to fix a drowned XR250 and after a 3000 mile service it was successfully pushed into life. The trails were harder to find on Sunday because our stand in run leaders were not familiar with the ground and a lot of time was spent looking for the lanes. Incidentally I understand that Ron's party were stopped by the law for riding forestry tracks and that naughty Ron's bike wasn't quite road legal. (tut-tut) After a very slow days progress Brian decided to explore the region of mountain which we knew had a R.O.W. crossing it, unfortunately Brian's route took him front wheel first up to the mudguard in very well disguised bog. After prising his Honda from the grip of the bog we rejoined the road. After another long pow-wow it was decided that everyone except Brian and myself had had enough and so we said our farewells to the run leaders who were returning to Machnylleth.

Brian, Pete and myself then took to the road for Colwyn Bay to meet up with the car and trailer and the FINISH.

I don't know how many rider finished, perhaps Ron can tell us, I thought it was an excellent idea which if our entry fee had been used to supply run leaders with marked up maps etc would have worked a lot better.

The countryside is terrific and most of the lanes are long, continuous and interesting. unfortunately the run lacked the organisation which would have made it a great weekend, but never the less the going along bit was 10 out of 10.

Finally I'd like to thank Brian for bringing Pete and myself home which was very much appreciated and saved us a long ride !!

I'm just sorry we couldn't help with staying awake.

I hope the other parties enjoyed the run, it was a good opportunity to meet TURFERS from other groups.

Tim Salvesson

COTSWOLD RUN 17/6/84

Riders: Eddie Mills, (our host and run leader from the Gloucester Group), Dave Giles, Tim, Steve, Ian, Tony, Richard Earle, Andy and myself.

Hot? Don't ask! Eddie got us rolling just after 10am on a blistering hot day, from Bulls Cross on the B4070 north of Stroud. The first few lanes near Bisley with Lyppiat and Miserden gave us all a taste of things to come, being dry and horrendously dusty, but providing plenty of grip. South of Thorougham Slad we had a close encounter of the ambulatory kind:- ramblers, adorned with Bermuda shorts and back-packs. They stamped on by in silence, with no unpleasanties experienced.

Onward bound through Oakbridge and Frampton Mansell, we then looped eastwards towards Sapperton, and then south skirting Rodmorton. Here we came across one particularly overgrown lane which really called for machettis on the handlebars. Here Tony bent his rear brake lever and Ian collapsed in a heap lassoed around the ankle by vine. Andy's DT125 then sucked wind without warning and Andy quizzically equired "What Next"? Mr Webb replied that now was good time as any to "put the pedals back on". (Would'nt that de-restrict it?). On to "The Bell" at Sapperton for the traditional 'TRF Pub-Lunch' and after re-fuelling back again to Oakridge, and east to Woodmancote. The rocky ascents tackled in the afternoon proved difficult for me, hampered (honest!) by being on unfamiliar machinery (XR200) my own self diagnosis was a 2-stroke withdrawal symptoms. Evidenced by his close proximity behind me on the climbs Tony was obviously keen to see just how well his new-round front wheel could flatten the unwary. (My vivid recollections of the undesirable effects of the 'Log Flume Syndrome' (Brown Trousers) prompted evasive action on my part, close the eyes!!). Other than Tony's 'detachable' kick-start, the only mechanical failure was my XR's chain tensioner, although that was soon rectified by Richard's technical ingenuity. After a brief stop at a cafe on the A417 near Duntisbourne Abbots to replenish lost body fluids, we made our way back to Bulls Cross to end a superb days riding.

Grateful thanks to Eddie.

JULIAN DAGGER

Club Trail Bike Trial and Barbeque, Hanham,
Saturday afternoon & evening 30th June

Without a doubt this was the highlight of our summer calendar. The 14 riders thought so, the ladies thought so and the kids had a great time; thank you Mr & Mrs Richard Earle.

It was hot as Richard gathered us together to explain the layout and organization of the event. Two laps, follow my leader style, only the bike in the section and the next contender with engines running to keep the noise down please, penalties 1,2,3 & 5 to be marked on your own record card which like the grub at half-way was superbly organised.

We came to the eight sections in turn. Richard walking the route, pointing out the cards and tape, and then going first. Initially I thought some of the sections quite severe, but Richards judgement was to prove correct in the dry conditions and the steep climbs, steeper descents, loose turns and minor nagery proved very fair sport. One of Richards friends from the North Somerset Club took his DT175MX around the second lap for only 2 or 3 marks lost. Most of us added a zero behind those figures. But what the hell, it was great fun. Certainly it favoured the light bikes. Martin Chandlers trials Honda 'toyed' with all of it and Mike kept loosing his Tiger Cub to eager riders. But Dave Barnett and Brian Walters got their big 4 strokes around.

Richard Tallon summed it up: "This is superb, we should do it again, but not too soon, how about next weekend?"

Dave Giles



Andy Kitts bags the best line through this section



Dave Barnett cuts out the awkward camber with his new line through the section

RIGHT OF WAY SUPPLIMENT



Brian Walters trickles into the steep drop of the section



Tony Webb's feet stay firmly on the rests for this event

The Countryside Commission has launched a new long distance path alongside the Thames from source to the Houses of Parliament. Members wishing to read about this and other matters of interest to countrygoers should ask to see the newsletter which at my request is now sent regularly to the Bristol TRF.

The creation of LDR was/is a stated objective of the Commission, an organisation which providing it can maintain its credibility by steering a middle course through the maelstrom of vested interest, has a most important role to play in the preservation and creation of access for the people and by the people of this nation.

I am genuinely saddened therefore to see that the Commission has bowed to pressure from certain groups to formally request of the County Councils of Berks, Oxon and Wilts a TRO on the Ridgeway. To their credit Wilts and Oxon are resisting. Berkshire however intend to go ahead on what I honestly see as the infringement of a public liberty. It is after all undisputedly a road - the oldest road (4000 yrs) in the country, if not Europe - one which the Countryside Commission now wants reclassified to ease a problem they originally created! That is not the way to impress and influence the public.

You must write now to the Solicitor for Berkshire County Council, Shire Hall, Shinfield Park, Reading, saying this, objecting to the TRO, requesting that your letter be put before the Council and calling for a public enquiry in the strongest possible terms.

At present the issue has received more emotion than sense, without question exacerbated by the accident between a motorcyclist and a pedestrian last Autumn. This criminal - the motorcyclist - has cost us dear. At the July magistrates court the motorist (does that look different) was convicted of driving without a licence, insurance, tax and MOT, but NOT of careless driving. He was fined £175.

The accident appears to be just that, an accident. The bikes came from behind at reasonable speed and the walker stepped to one side, unintentionally into the path of the vehicle. The injuries did NOT include a broken leg.

Put this incident into the context of any other highway with the proposal to ban all future motor vehicles as a result of the criminal actions of one individual and one begins to see a distinct lack of good sense and even more important natural justice.

Larkhill Ranges The enquiry for this, I am reliably informed, will now take place in Devizes in early November. May I suggest a club evening could well be set to one side to discuss this issue and that we invite Bill Riley to attend.

THE FOSSEWAY SAGA

Part I (The Authority)

Following a decision in early May to attempt to clear a section of the Fosseway near Easton Grey, I received from County Hall at Trowbridge a large scale map, together with the offer of tools and a letter thanking us for our offer to re-open RUPP 1 Easton Grey. (it's official title).

Part II (The Major)

A meeting was then arranged with the landowner Major Turner, his land agent Mr Pridmore, Steve Thomas and myself. (Rich Tallon), representing the TRF, called in Allen Francis of County Hall for support.

The major and his agent turned out to be two of the very best! With the aid of the large scale maps the five of us walked as much as was possible of the much overgrown Fosse. The Major pointed out that parts of the Fosse were not on his land, but he was quite prepared for us to make a small diversions onto his land to avoid any inconvenience to the neighbours. The only stipulation being that we did not damage any of the large trees, and that we could use his field for access for clearing if we kept to the edges and did not stray onto his crops.

Part III (The Neighbours)

County Hall sent a letter to the other two landowners, and on Monday 16th July I received two irate phone calls from them. Apparently they had been told I would be on site at 8am (it should have been 8pm) not a very good start!

Steve and I arrived on site at about 6.30pm. Steve organized the willing workforce, (more about them later), while I spent the next 2 hours trying to persuade two not very happy people that the Fosse did exist and did cross their property.

D

On this occasion however, my silver tongue failed me, and I agreed not to touch anything on their property until they had time to consult with their Solicitors and County Hall etc.

Part IV (The Workers)

A dozen Bristol Group members and Bill Riley (from Wiltshire Group) who supplied most of the tools (thanks Bill) assembled fit and keen to commence work. Signed on, and the battle began.

It was a very one sided affair and in a short time a very pleasant and reasonable trail emerged.

The trail was I think cleared with a minimum of disturbance to both vegetation and local inhabitants.

The workers then ended the day in traditional fashion at a local hostelry.

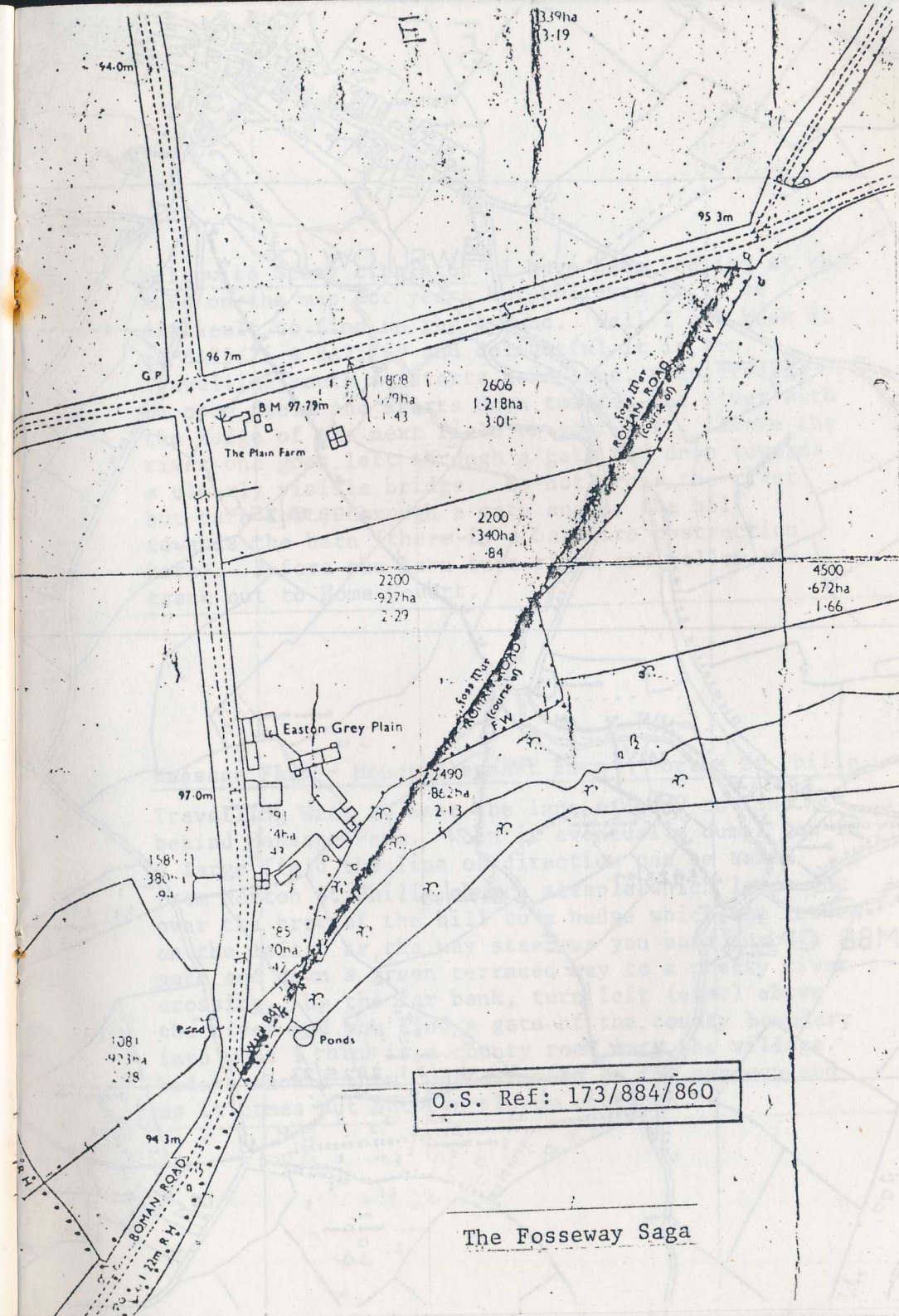
Part V (The Saga Begins)

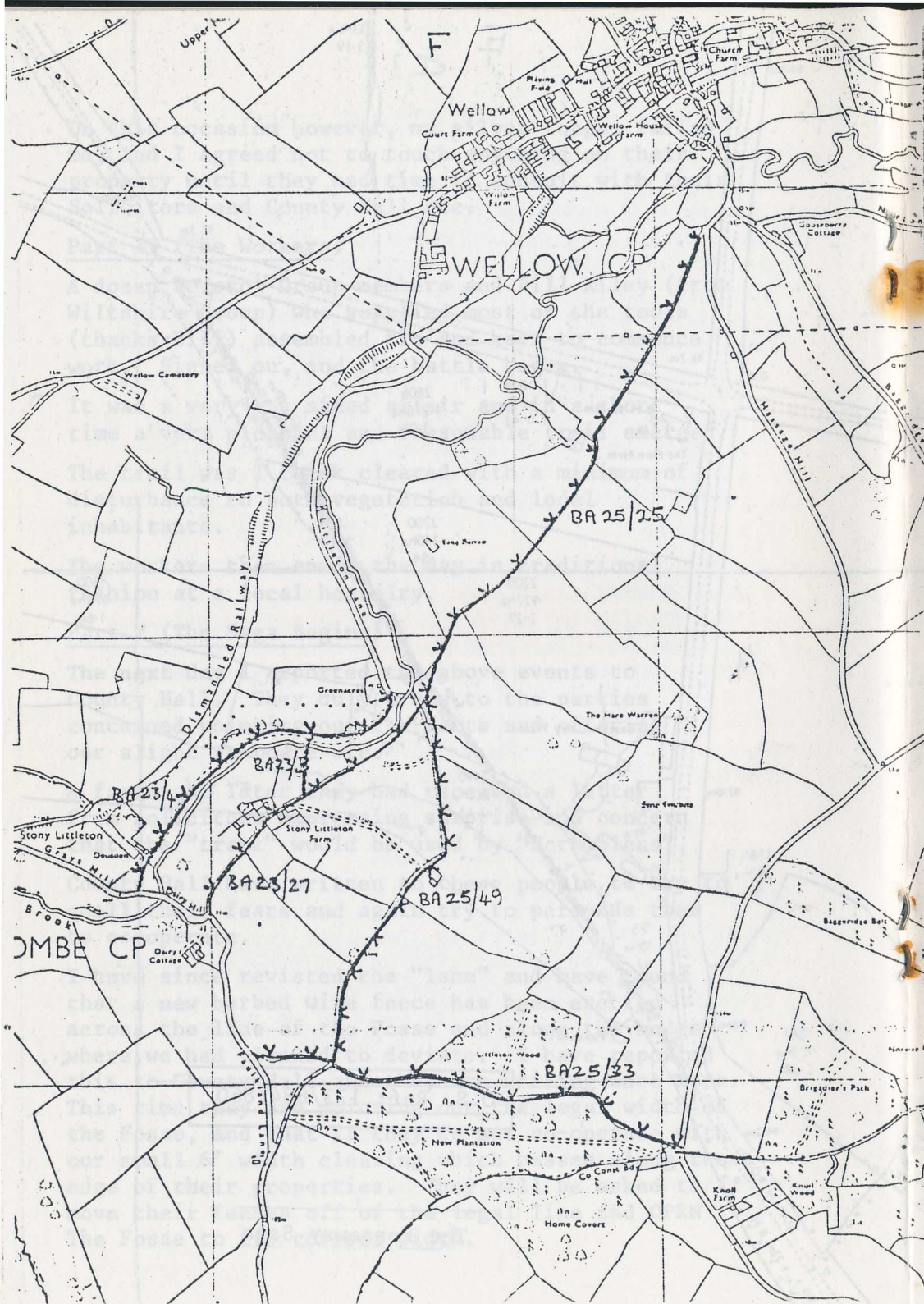
The next day I reported the above events to County Hall. They duly wrote to the parties concerned pointing out the facts and offering our slight re-route etc.

A fortnight later they had received a letter from solicitors expressing surprise and concern that the "track" would be used by "Scramblers".

County Hall have written to these people to try to quell their fears and again try to persuade them to co-operate.

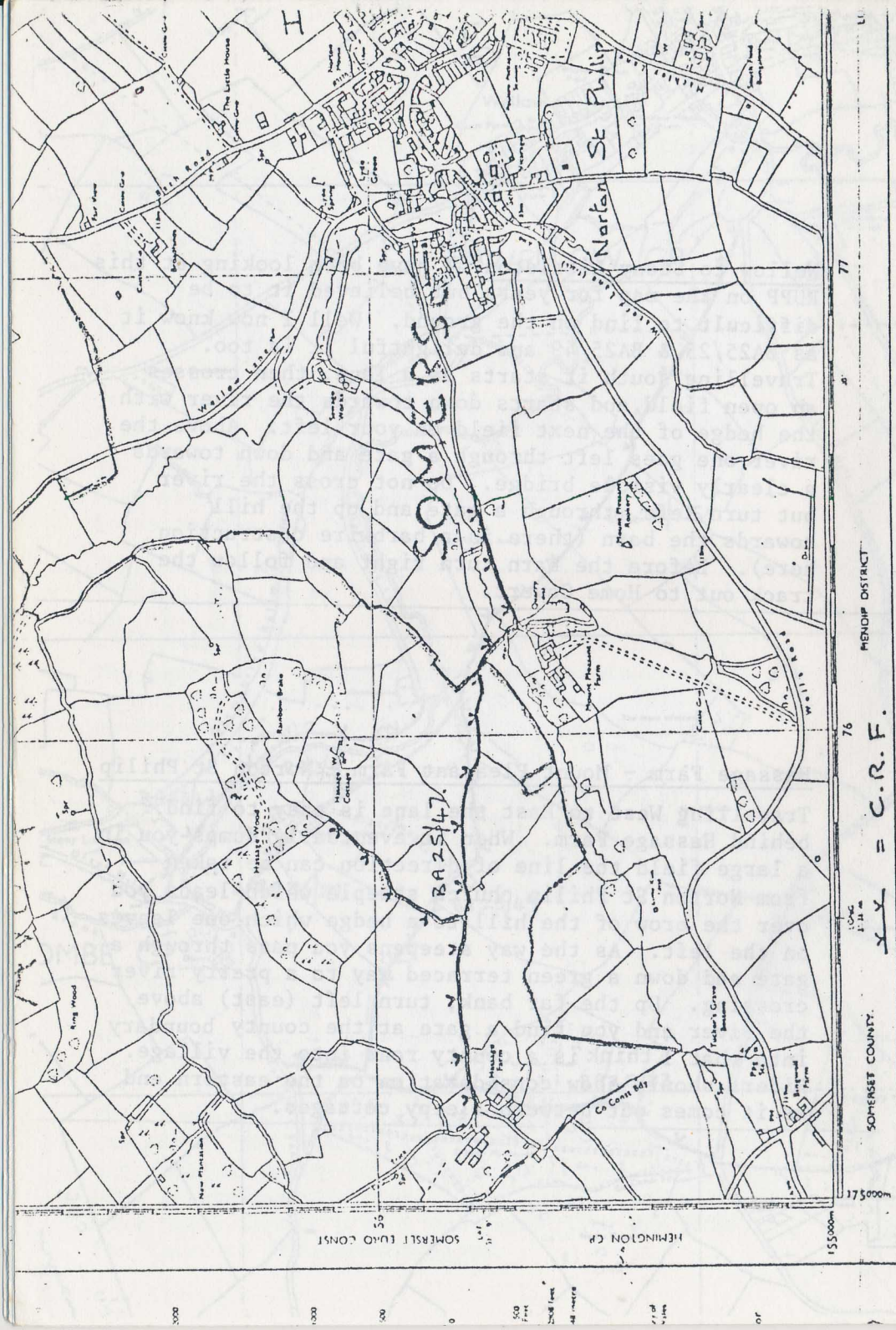
I have since revisited the "lane" and have found that a new barbed wire fence has been erected across the line of the Fosse and along the hedge where we had planned to deviate. I have reported this to County Hall and they are writing once more. This time they are pointing out the legal width of the Fosse, and that if they do not co-operate with our small 6' width clearing which passes along the edge of their properties. They will be asked to move their fences off of the legal line and OPEN The Fosse to its correct width.





Wellow to Stony Littleton I have been looking at this RUPP on the map for years but believed it to be difficult to find on the ground. Well I now know it as BA25/25 & BA25/49 and delightful it is too. Travelling south it starts as a lane, then crosses an open field and starts down towards the river with the hedge of the next field on your left. Above the river one goes left through a gate and down towards a clearly visible bridge. Do not cross the river but turn left, through a gate and up the hill towards the barn (there is a barbwire obstruction here). Before the barn turn right and follow the track out to Home Covert.

Hasstage Farm - Mount Pleasant Farm - Norton St Philip Travelling West to East the lane is easy to find behind Hasstage Farm. When it eventually dumps you in a large field the line of direction can be taken from Norton St Philip church steeple which leads you over the brow of the hill to a hedge which one leaves on the left. As the way steepens you pass through a gate and down a green terraced way to a pretty river crossing. Up the far bank, turn left (east) above the river and you find a gate at the county boundary into what I think is a county road into the village. Riders should show consideration on the eastern end as it comes out between sleepy cottages.



H

VALUE FOR MONEY Should anyone doubt the necessity of our annual subscriptions to the national TRF body and in individual cases the BBT one needs to look no further than the latest edition of both journals. And the subject is RAILWAYS. Bill Riley's letter on page 15 concerning the action of British Rail is incredible - that such a major national organisation should so blatantly break the law underlines the necessity of TRF for the defence of every citizens rights. In the latest issue of the 'Byway & Bridleway' Christopher Padley writes on the importance of 19th Century Railway deposited plans in the County Records Office as a source of definitive information on the status of ways crossing the then proposed line. Please do read both articles, on one stretch he found five carriageways to be now incorrectly designated as bridleways.

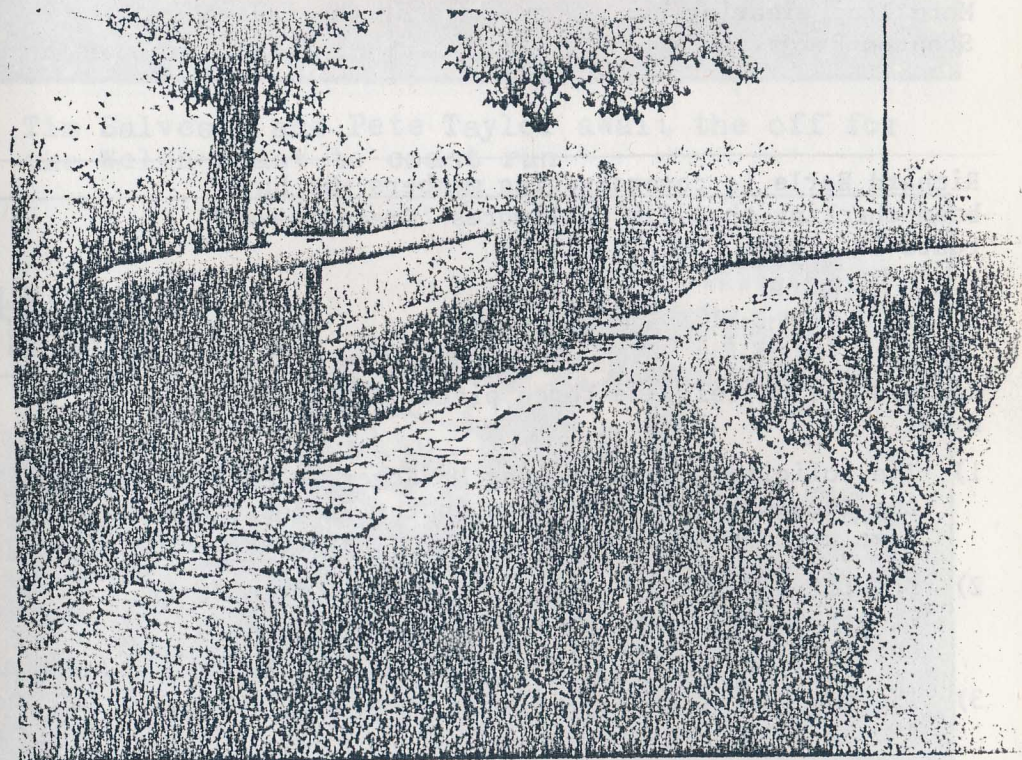
HOW! Not the American indian version, but the 'How the bloody hell...exasperated version!

On the 9th September our good friend Jim Cullimore will be running another of his excellent road trials which will attract an entry of more than 100 riders simply because of the sporting element introduced by many miles of green lane going. Almost without exception everyone will be riding a trail or enduro bike. But very very few will be members of the TRF or BBT, because, I presume, they fail to see the necessity.

For the last two years Jim has enclosed publicity material from Bristol TRF with the posted results, but it has had no visible effect whatsoever. So any member feeling he would like to be more actively involved in the clubs affairs please get stuck into this one.



Serendipity Is, I was once informed, the finding of valuable things in unexpected places. Here is one such example: when out checking an obstructed bridgeway for the BBT and horse riders I stumbled - almost literally - over a disused road! Between Ring O Bells Farm and Doynton as an eastward extension of the RUPP out of Pucklechurch; it runs first as a bridgeway and then as a footpath named 'Snowdowns Lane' and 'Back Lane' respectively. Would somebody like to take up the investigation, please?



Maud Heath's Causeway, Wiltshire.

MEDIEVAL ROUTES

The photo overleaf shows part of a very old trade route built in the 15th Century by a pedlar woman, Maud Heath of Chippenham who must have died rich. This and other interesting information comes from 'Lost Trade Routes' by Shirley Toulson, Shire Publications, 95p (yes 95p!)

More lane clearing has taken place by the lads at Stanton Prior.

Richard Earle is co-ordinating members who have been checking that Jim Cullimore's 'Greensleeves' route is clear.

Richard Tallon tells me three pieces of interesting news:

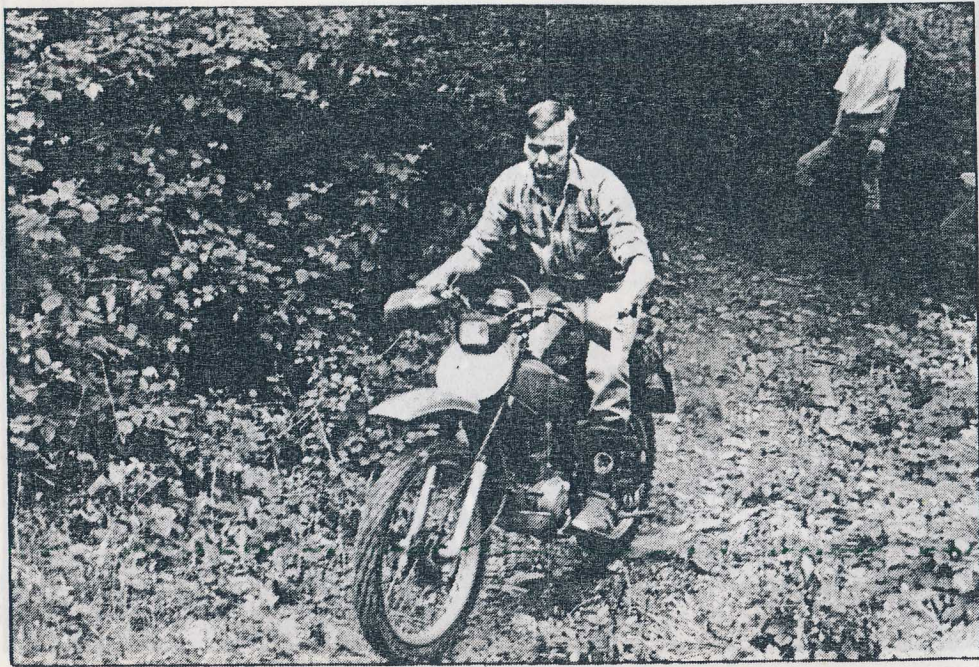
- 1) The solicitors representing Mr Rogers & Mr Francis the recalcitrant landowners in the Fosseway saga have written to Wilts CC saying "What Fosseway?" !!
- 2) Bristol TRF through Richard has asked Avon CC if it can provide our lane clearing parties with suitable tools (as Wilts does).
- 3) The RUPP at Priston Mill is likely to be re-opened due to the joint pressure of ourselves & the horse people.



Tim Salveson and Pete Taylor await the off for the Welsh coast to coast run



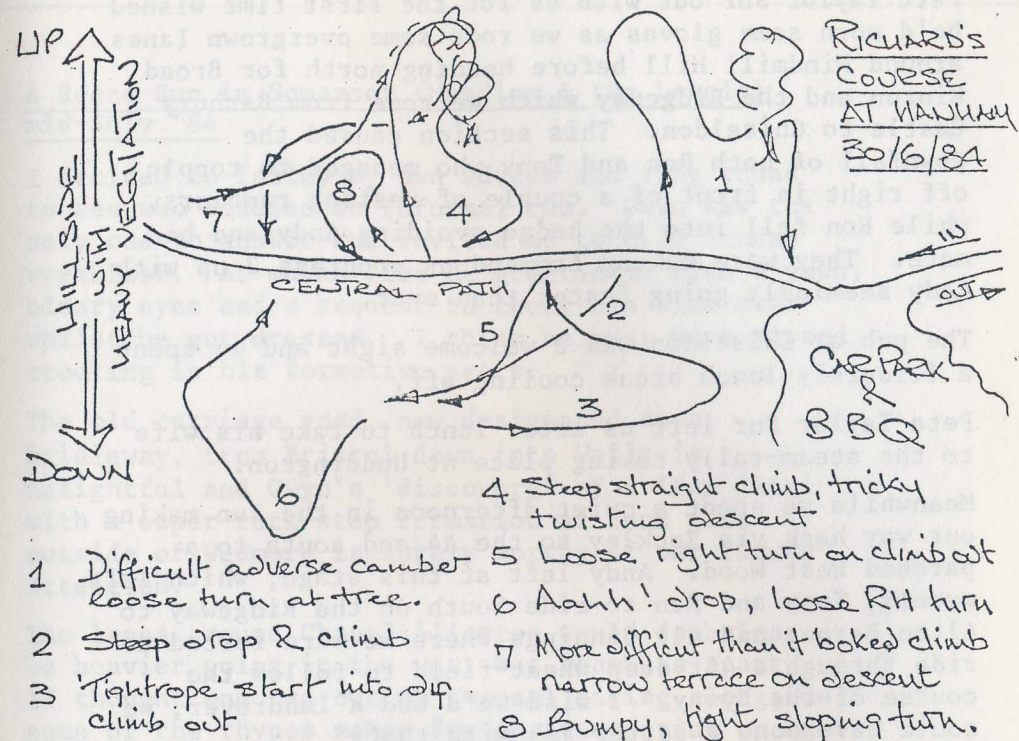
Pete Taylor gets a hearty send-off from Ron Carter for the Welsh coast to coast run.



Richard Earle located the land and marked out the sections. Thanks Richard from everyone.



Julian Dagger knifes his way across a loose camber



Marlborough Downs - 8th July

In the middle of a scorching heatwave I was suprised anyone turned up at Heddington Steps for this mid-summer run across the downs. Final number turned out to be seven with six bikes, as Andy Mossman brought his mate to ride pillion and get a taste of dust - sorry - trailriding. Unfortunately Andy didn't bring any petrol, but Ron came to the rescue with a length of syphon tube and Andy "milked" Dads car.

No trouble this time with the steps and away through Stockley towards the "Wansdyke". Then over Cherhill Downs towards Yatesbury, where Rons clutch decided to jam up. After kicking it did no good, we push started Ron, to jerk his way back to the car and as he changed gear the clutch freed and Ron was back on the run.

Pete Taylor Jnr out with us for the first time wished he'd worn some gloves as we rode some overgrown lanes around Windmill Hill before heading north for Broad Hinton and the Ridgeway which we rode from Barbury Castle to Chiseldon. This section caused the downfall of both Ron and Tony who managed to topple off right in front of a couple of resting ramblers, while Ron fell into the hedge avoiding Andy and his mate. They were making tremendous progress 2-up with Andy seemingly going faster than ever.

The pub at Chiseldon was a welcome sight and we spent a leisurely lunch break cooling off.

Pete Taylor Snr left us after lunch to take his wife to the steam-rally taking place at Heddington.

Meanwhile we spent a quiet afternoon in the sun making our way back via Rockley to the A4 and south to a parched West Wood. Andy left at this stage, which left myself, Tony and Ron to ride South on the Ridgeway to Alton Barnes and All Cannings where we were forced to ride through a 4ft deep wheat-field to follow the course of the Byway. I wish we'd had a landrover, we could have done a better job with that.

By the time we got onto Tan Hill we were pretty exhausted and spent a while watching the Hang-gliders on Milk Hill across the valley before making our way along the Wansdyke to Baltic Farm and Roundway Hill where the green road looked more like a picnic site. With a cheery wave we made our way through and bumped back down the steps from whence we came.

This wasn't a day for heroics but for taking it steady and enjoying the views.

Steve Thomas

Exmoor Run I know Keith Payne led this run and apart from loosing our Chairman which caused some delay that it went well. Oh and Dyllan went a whoopsy and Jims bike threw a big-end. But I'm afraid I haven't had a report sent in.

Editor.

A Recce Run in Somerset (Mendips & the Levels)
mid-July '84

I decided to follow my own advise and ring round to see who fancied an informal run. Gwyn was the only one to answer and invited me to 8.30 Sunday breakfast. At which time he greeted me with a yawn, bleary eyes and a request to check his bike over whilst he got dressed. I think he must have missed scouting in his formative years.

The old carriage road, now designated as a bridleway, from Bristol down into Wells is delightful and Gwyn's 'discovery' of a 'fun lane' with a super rock step formation at Sand just outside of Wedmore is surely worthy of our future attention.

The lanes around Chapel Allerton would doubtless be heavier going in the wet, but brambles apart (I thought one had cut my throat) riding alongside some of the rhynes makes for an interesting change.

We tried several of the North-South RUPPS across Sedgmoor, each one is different; gravel, undulating green grass or loose peat, each one giving a different 'feel' to the ride. All are fast with one common feature; the well disguised, viscious, hump back bridge. My first go at playing aeroplanes was quite heart stopping, but Gwyn gave the game away on the second occasion by slowing and looking back, I smartly gathered myself together and went airborne with more style this time. Gwyn looked disappointed and sprayed me with loose peat as he gunned away.

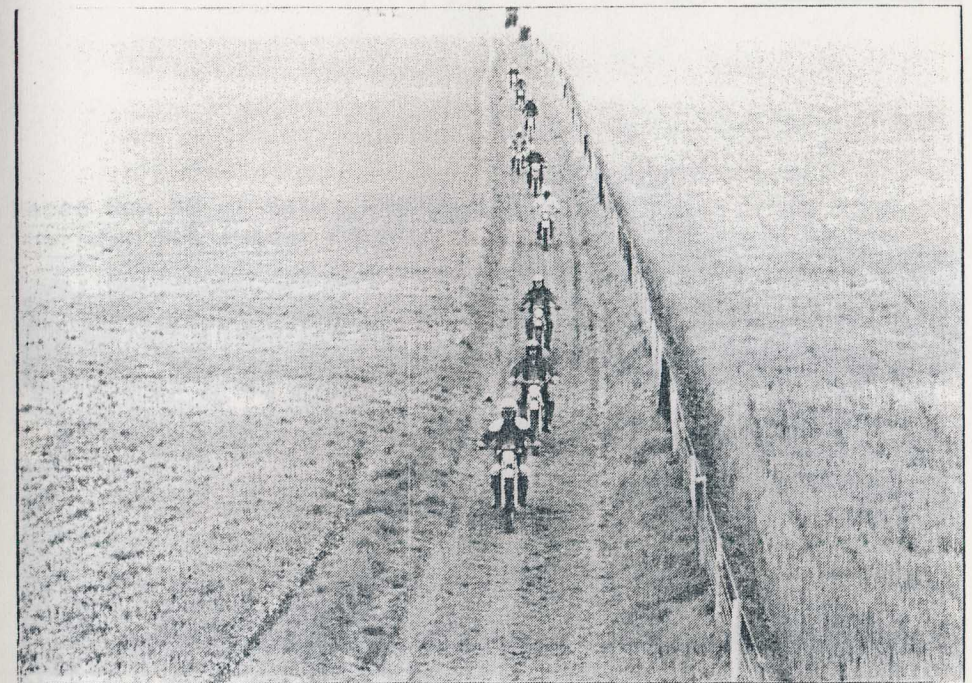
Lunch happened in Compton Dundon, South of Glastonbury, smartly followed by a super climb and discovery of the day a great 2½ mile open lane across Somerton Moor. Somerton old county seat of Somerset. West to Othery where we did a rather flat and less interesting track near Burrow Mount.

Alongside the River Parret to Hoopers Elm Farm to an interesting mature lane.

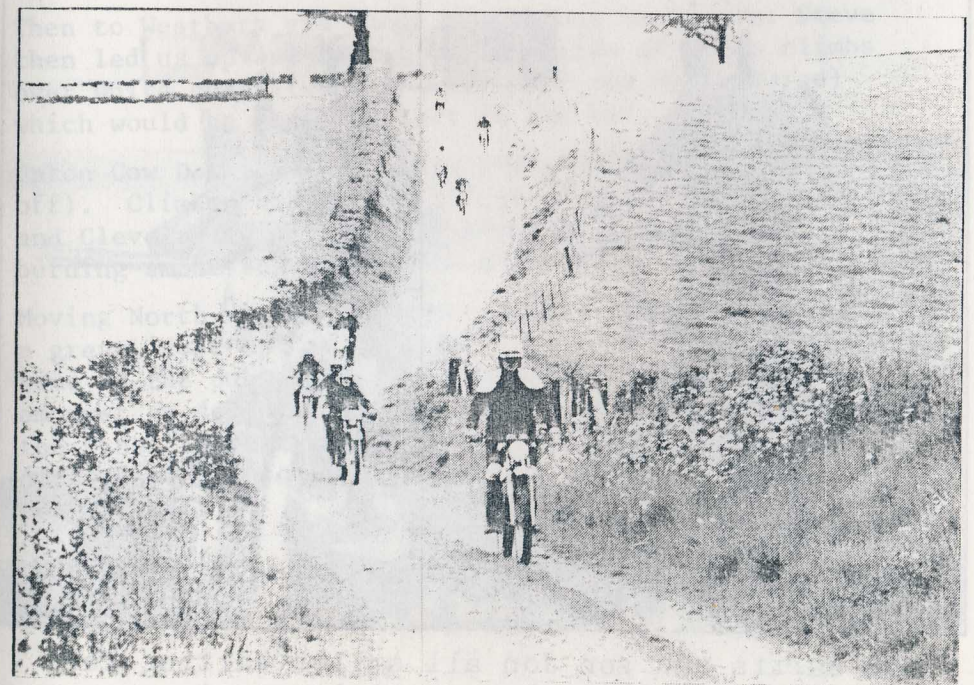
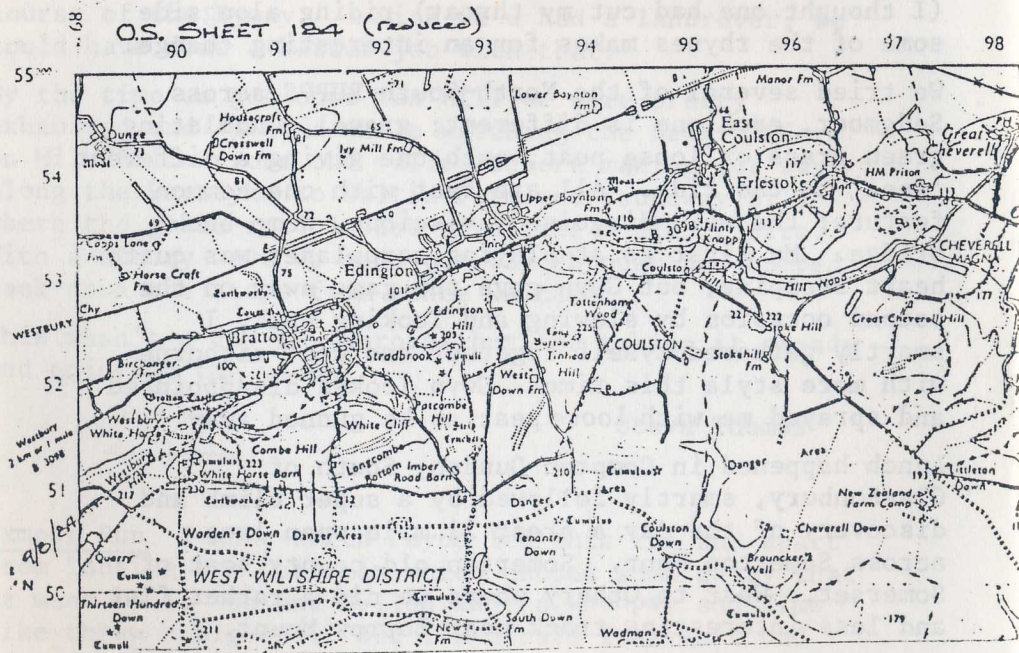
Then to Middlezoy where we had to admit defeat having lost the line of the lane at the back of Westonzoyland airfield. We agreed we needed a map with field boundaries marked to establish the correct way.

Its now a hot afternoon and 'time' has run out so we head for home. When 'home' is marked by a 300ft TV transmitter on the top of a 1000ft Mendip hill which can be seen 20 miles away, one can relax. Distance run, 101 miles, conclusion: we will be back.

Dave Giles



Dave Giles leads. Two views of the Heddington Steps and Vale of Pewsey run in May.





Who says we frighten the animals? A herd of curious cows eavesdrop on conversations about green lanes.



Bob Harris and son Jon all smiles waiting for the 'off' for the welsh coast to coast.

Recce Run SE of Bath, Westbury & Melksham
Thursday 9th August '84

I called in on Dave Barnett when visiting the Bath in-laws, Steve Thomas had occasion to phone me, Julian Dagger bumped into Dave; so four of us set forth in the afternoon from the Burnt House with no fixed route to explore unknown or lesser used lanes.

Combe Hay, Twinhoe(1) $\frac{3}{4}$ mile due south of South Stoke (we must prove this great lane to be an old road) Twinhoe(2) under the S & D railway line onto the Wellow road, through Wellow and then a new departure at the bottom of Hassage Hill via the RUPP to Stony Littleton. Then Home Covert in the reverse direction to usual and another new section from Hassage Farm to Mount Pleasant Farm and then across the Somerset boundary by County road into Norton St Phillips. More details are given in the ROW section - plus maps - on both of the 'new' lanes.

Then to Westbury via Rhode, which was overgrown. Steve then led us up and down a whole series of steep climbs over white chalk (we were very near the White Horse) which would be very slippery in the wet.

Upton Caw Down, White Horse, Combe Hill (way fenced off). Climbed White Cliff, Tottenham Wood, Stoke Hill and Cleverell Hill where we emerged from a stubble burning smoke screen gasping and eyes streaming.

Moving North we had great fun in Potterne Wood and a great 'dust up' at Poulshot to finish at opening time at the pub at Sells Green where one foolish lad amongst us declared he only had a f10 note, to which the other three replied "Good - get 'em in" and so he did. Generous to a fault our D.B. but then we did buy the crisps!

Dave Giles

North Avon: 5th August

A new venue, route and couple of run leaders for us. A photo line-up of 15 riders and off to Rams Hill RUPP alongside the railway which has recently been made up. Things were going well until exiting Doynton Lane onto Tog Hill Trevor rode along the grass verge. Concealed in the grass was a discarded curb stone which brought the totally unsuspecting Trev' heavily to the ground fracturing his wrist and banging his head on the road. Keith went home to get his trailer & car for the Honda and Jim climbed into the ambulance to accompany Trevor. Thanks lads!

So then on to Hamswell, Lansdown and into Bath for a tour of the historic buildings. N.E. to St Catherines and a trials type hill up onto Charmy Down. Then Star Lane where a fallen tree delayed things for a while before doing a few road miles to a nice 'waterhole' at Little Drew. At the slurp and sandwich local maidens eased the dusty travellers eye: ask Tony!

North up the Fosseyway where yours truly did a right turn and an 'extra' lane and then a fast stretch before the Didmarton fuel stop. On towards Wotton-U-Edge & Kingswood returning via Rangeworthy where a horse person deliberately held us up by ambling along a whole RUPP ahead of us. At the end I collected a puncture and the group a very irate and unreasonable person who began to bluster and collect everyones registration number. He was such an ass that the group began to help him, calling out their numbers for him to write down, which he duly did including his own cars registration. Then after an ISDE swift tyre change our only pump packed up! Ian and Steve rescued the situation by taking the wheel to a garage in Yate. And so back via Ramhill to the finish of an eventful run. Thanks Ian & Steve.

Richard Earle

AUTUMN CALENDAR 1984

This quarter the usual inside rear cover programme has been superseded by the "Pull out" in the centre fold position.

Everything should become clear after the business meeting on the 10th September. So please try to attend on that Monday evening, 8pm sharp, Shanshaw's Court Hotel. MR 172/714818

T.R.F. NATIONAL A.G.M.

STROUD

Sunday 14th Oct