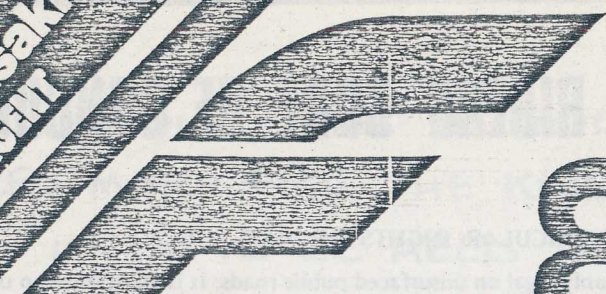


**NEW
Kawasaki
AGENT**



87

FOWLERS MOTORCYCLES

1987 Could this be your season?

Take your pick of the machines listed below

HONDA	XR250RF	£1,295
YAMAHA	IT200	£1,295
YAMAHA	TY250	£679
YAMAHA	YZ100J	£499
YAMAHA	YZ125L	£899
SUZUKI	RM125E	£999

WHITE POWER
SERVICE CENTRE

HUGE STOCK OF
ACCESSORIES FOR THE
OFF ROAD RIDER
IT'S WORTH A VISIT



Prexport
Boots &
Falcon USA



DAMPERS & SPRINGS
Service Centre



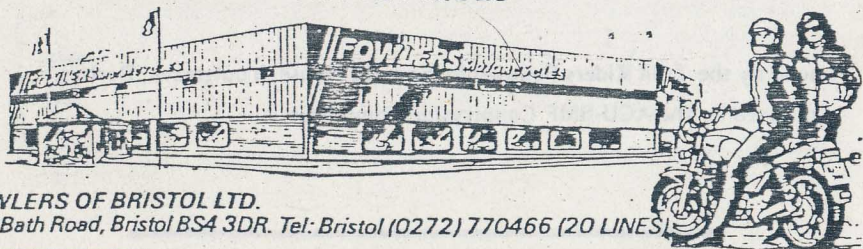
Shell



HONDA

Kawasaki

PHONE THIS NO. BRISTOL 770466 FOR THE
MOST COMPETITIVE PRICES



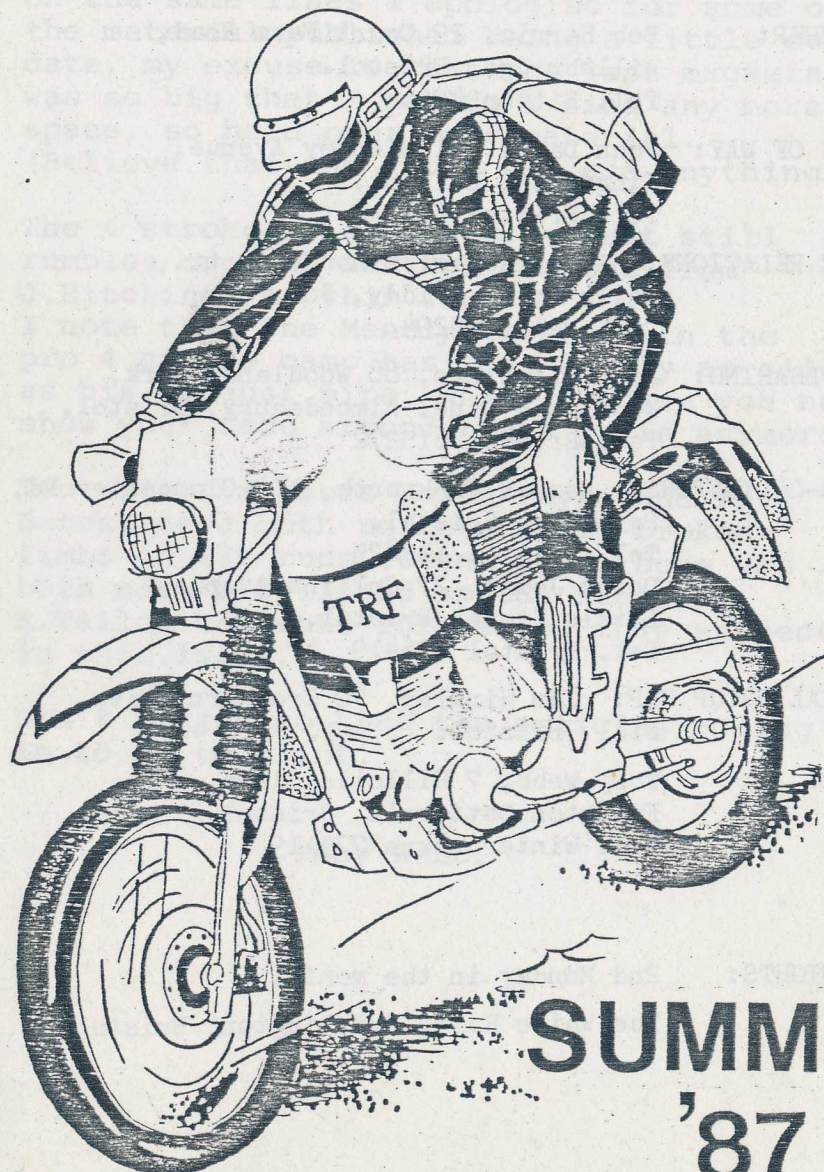
FOWLERS OF BRISTOL LTD.

2-12 Bath Road, Bristol BS4 3DR. Tel: Bristol (0272) 770466 (20 LINES)

TRAIL RIDERS FELLOWSHIP

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

BRISTOL GROUP



SUMMER '87

OFFICERS FOR 1987.

- CHAIRMAN: Richard Tallon, 5 Danvers Road,
Corsham, Wilts.
Tel. Chippenham 653315 (Work)
- SECRETARY: Martin Chandler, 37 Orchard Walk,
Kingswood, W-u-E., Glos.
Tel. Dursley 842528
- TREASURER: Bob Harris, 29 Court Farm Road,
Willsbridge, Bristol.
Tel. Bitton 4066
- RIGHTS OF WAY: John Davey, 21 Glenroy Avenue,
Kingswood, Bristol.
Tel. Bristol 672546
- PUBLIC RELATIONS: Gwyn Thomas, Minories Cott.,
Wells Road, Priddy, Som.
Tel. Wells 75294
- LANE CLEARING: John Hitchings, 88 Woodlands Park,
Woodlands Lane, Almondsbury, Bristol.
Tel. Bristol 615272
- RUN CO-ORDINATORS: Norman Winkworth, 100 Gloucester Rd,
Patchway, Bristol.
Tel. Bristol 615825
Derek Jones, 27 Collins Avenue,
Little Stoke, Bristol.
Tel. Bristol 696419
- OFFICIAL GROUP REP: Ian Hingley, 70 Crockern Drive,
Pill, Bristol. Tel. Pill 4090
- EDITOR: Tony Webb, 7 Hillside Close,
Frampton Cotterell, Bristol.
Tel. Winterbourne 775119
- CLUB NIGHTS: 2nd Monday in the month.
- VENUE: The White Hart, Brislington, Bristol.

EDITORIAL.

Many thanks to those of you who took the trouble to put pen to paper and write something for the magazine, I am most grateful. On the same lines I apologise for some of the material published being a little out of date, my excuse is that the last magazine was so big that I couldn't find any more space, so held over some material. (Believe that and you'd believe anything?).

The 4 stroke, 2 stroke argument still rumbles on with further comment from J.Hitchings in this issue. I note that the Mendip resident in the pro 4 stroke camp has gone nearly as silent as his exhaust pipe. Whats up, dare you not show your face around these parts anymore?

Two of our members Keith Payne and Paul Bates, have both unfortunately broken limbs on TRF runs recently, we hope you both make a full and speedy recovery. R.Tallon comments further on this subject in this issue.

Don't forget to keep the articles coming in to me to print.

Tony Webb.

RIGHTS OF WAY NEWS.

THE FOSSEWAY SAGA CONTINUED:

In 1983 we started procedures to reopen part of the Fosseway at Easton Grey. Although now on the definitive map as a Byeway open to all traffic it is still illegally blocked by Mr. Prichard.

The County Council have threatened on numerous occasions to prosecute the man, but have always backed down. He has also threatened to prosecute the County Council.

The latest move has been called by the Easton Grey Parish Meeting. This time the TRF will be present in the form of Bill Riley and myself (Rich Tallon). Also present will be the county councils and the landowners solicitors, the Byeways and Bridleways Trust, The British Horse Society, Wiltshire Bridleways Association, etc, etc, etc,

The meeting is scheduled for May 27th. So I might have some further information available on our next club night.

R. Tallon.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Editor,

I'm a new member of the Bristol TRF Group having been on only three runs, all led by Martin Chandler. He is a very competent rider and organiser with extensive knowledge of the local pubs. Essential ?

At the end of every run the BIG question is asked "Now then you have all had an excellent days ride whose, doing the run report ?" This duty, as we all know, is regarded as a bit of a chore, and although I feel it must be my turn, I don't as yet know many of the rider's names. Therefore, I am unable, although willing, to do a report at present.

A solution which would help all newcomers would be as follows. Have each club member provide a photo of themselves along side their machine, with their name, address and make of machine on the back. It should then be possible to sort out a decent format for the pictures enabling them to be neatly photo-copied and distributed. Many members already have suitable photographs but for the scheme to work it will need the co-operation of everyone.

Yours Sincerely

Howard Trippe (XT 500)

An excellent idea Howard, have you got a decent camera ?

Ed.

"NOTHING "PERSONAL CHAPS" or "JOIN THE TRF
(ONLY IF YOU RIDE A 4 STROKE)"

There is quite a lobby going on the 2 stroke verses 4 stroke. The people who appear to make the most VERBAL NOISE, ride 4 strokes ?

If the feeling is such by those people, why do they join an organisation like ours? The object of it being by definition to "RIDE TRAILS", secondly to maintain rights of way, though I feel both of them being of equal importance. The jibing has got to stop or the "FELLOWSHIP" will slip from our Epitaph.

Do we take a leaf out of the R.A. quotation book "You have no moral right to" - Bar any road legal machines from the lanes.

Do people who make these complaints ride with us more than once a year, now I'm getting bitchy?

Come on lads the oil & noise is not so excessive as to cause such hard feelings.

N WINKWORTH

Sunday 9th February 1987.

PIPEHOUSE LANE CLEARING.

I arrived at 10.45, no one in sight, so to work. My son Matthew (got the name right this time. Ed) collected some dry sticks and between us got a good fire going, before the first of many others arrived, chain saw in one hand and petrol can in the other. What a well equipped person. It needed little discussion to decide where to start cutting, all we needed to do was to get the saw running. Anyone got a spark plug spanner ?

With an army of willing workers the offending tree was soon cut up and burnt on the new roaring fire. No one brought any spuds ?

The major obstruction then out of the way though its root was left as an alternative way for the more adventurous, or foolhardy riders.

The lane clearing some of the obstructions as we went, before adjourning to the pub at the house.

Before leaving the lane we investigated the possibility of removing the tree root at the top of the lane and decided to attempt this at a later date to keep some people happy so they won't scratch their nail varnish in future ?

Thanks to the people who turned up and worked so hard especially the children :- Sarah & Carly Winkworth, Rebecca Earl and Matthew Hitchings, by the state of you clothes you had a good time.

A final comment:- Does any member have any idea where the bulk of the TRF's lane clearing equipment is, somebody must know ?

J.Hitchings.

Rich Earl can offer a Aluminium Fuel Tank building service. These can be made from card patterns and are tack welded only to begin with.

Contact Richard for further details on (0272 600844).



Richard Tallon stands on the edge of a 100 ft. precipice as John Bratton rolls uncontrollably backwards with a dead engine



Well, Richard lived to tell the tale! At Sarn Helen on the Breckon run in slightly softer going. 12 Oct '86.



John Davey at Priston Mill, during the first exploratory run in January '87.



Dave Tew and Sgt. Steve Scott also on the exploratory run on Priston Mill lane.

THINK BEFORE YOU RIDE ALONE.

On Sunday 12th April, Keith Payne set off up Dunster Park Hill, a lane he had ridden many times before. A typical Exmoor climb, a stony track with patches of leaf mould and a few bumpy sections.

It was a gloriously sunny day. Part way up he slowed to pass a lady with two children and a dog, his cheery wave was enthusiastically returned, the playful dog was restrained by his long lead.

Keith continued his way up the gently winding track, his bike kicked to one side, he automatically stuck his right foot out for a steadying dab, it caught momentarily in a crevice, the bikes momentum carried it on, Keith was thrown onto the rocky ground.

A cold numbness enveloped his right leg from his knee downwards. He suspected instantly that he had broken his leg.

Keith is one of our most experienced riders, but accidents do happen. If it had happened to you and you were riding on your own, could you have coped? I doubt it, so please be warned. DO NOT RIDE ALONE.

Keith was in fact leading one of his Quantocks Exmoor trail rides and was accompanied by a number of other riders; who, on the day managed very well.

If anything can be considered lucky on an occasion such as this then luck was with us on many counts. Firstly Keith did not seem to be in any great pain he was conscious and seemed to be quite calm, he thought his leg was broken, and from the angle of his foot lay it seemed likely it was.

We made him as comfortable as possible, taking care not to move his injured leg. We then consulted the maps to find our exact location. At this stage we were joined by the now rather concerned lady whom we had previously passed, she was able to inform us of the local name of the lane and direct us to a nearby house with a telephone.

Two riders were duly dispatched, and one soon returned to let us know that the ambulance was on its way, and if we wished we could leave any bikes and clothing etc at the house to be collected later.

The ambulance arrived some twenty minutes after the accident had occurred. Keith's boot and trousers were carefully cut from him, his leg was placed in a splint, he was strapped onto a stretcher and driven first to Minehead Hospital and then on to Taunton. This must have been the day for bad breaks as we also carried a footballer with injuries similar to Keith's, and also picked up an old lady with a suspected broken leg. Keith was detained in hospital overnight and most of the next day, he still has his leg in a full plaster, but hopes to be able to attend club nights in the near future.

Several thoughts, indeed worries have crossed my mind since the accident. I know that on the day we did a good job, but could we have coped if the weather was worse and the ambulance could not have reached us? How many riders carry first aid equipment, and survival bags with them? Do you always carry these essential items? Could you make a splint? deal with heavy bleeding? etc etc.

To enable you all to look after me when I fall off, I hope to arrange a first aider to come and give a talk and hopefully some demonstrations in the near future.

Many thanks to Keith Payne for all the trouble he has taken to prompt this article.

Get well soon Keith. We need you for the horse marshalling.

Rich Tallon.

NORTH AVON RUN - DEC 14th (Just a bit late).

Well, this was it, the day had arrived. I had paid my membership fee and become an official green laner, a member of the Trail Riders Fellowship. Not only that, but today I was going on my first 'run' with the 'lads'. Of course, although I hadn't actually been off road before I had read last week's edition of Trials and Motocross News, well some of it anyway. There didn't seem to be a lot of relevant info in there but I thought I had better get a general idea of the 'in' phrases so as they wouldn't suspect anything.

I soon realised that to be accepted as a knowledgeable sort, you had to mention the word RUPP at least three times in every sentence, and build yourself a 'special'.

Well I thought of lots of sentences with 'RUPP' in and built a green lane bike to beat all green lane bikes.

It was a bit of a squeeze getting the YZ125 engine into the DR600 frame, but as long as the araldite holding the engine plates didn't work loose I figured I'd be alright. Boy this would impress 'em. I turned up bright and early at the appointed car park at the map reference given. No one else was there. To while away the time I decided to study the map for local lanes. I then went to the correct map reference. Wow man, all these bikes, all these green laners, what a scene. I stormed into the car park on full lock, smoke pouring from the back tyre just to show them I meant business. I then flicked down the side stand and jumped off the bike. I then remembered I had forgotten to fit a side stand and turned around to pick the bike up.

I rested the bike against a handy car, and got out my 'serious intent' pipe which I understood to be part and parcel of a green laners identikit. Even though I hadn't yet lit the pipe the car park suddenly became foggy. It was at this point that I started hearing phrases like 'Hello Derrick', or 'Oh, Christ Derrick has got his bike going' but as I couldn't see anything I don't know how anyone else knew what was going on.

Eventually the swirling mist abated, and I realised when an emotional event this was, as everyone appeared to be rubbing tear-filled eyes. I also noticed what resembled a half man / half gorilla sat aboard what can only be described as a two wheeled JCB. Whatever it was, it was smiling and as it turned out it kept smiling all day, at least until we all stopped for petrol.

Eventually one fine gentleman announced himself as run leader, so I assumed that we would all be following him. A totally incorrect assumption as it turned out.

Anyway, we all left the car park and to be honest I did find the first lane a bit rough. However, by keeping my speed down to 30 mph and putting both feet on the ground I managed to remain on the bike. Hoping to impress the chap next to me I asked if this lane was the Fosseyway originally built by the Romans. I was then informed that it was called the A420 and built by Bovis.

Not long after, we all turned off the tarmac and dived between some hedges. Well, actually I was the only one who dived anywhere, but I soon recovered my bike from the ditch and emptied the water out of my break dancing boots.

I must admit to making a basic flaw in machine preparation prior to the run. I ordered my tyres from a mail order company and decided to forego the initial impulse to buy Avon Roadrunners or Red Arrows.

However, the tyres I bought were obviously cheap and nasty as they hadn't been moulded properly and it therefore seemed prudent to spend five or six hours going round each one with a hacksaw cutting the surplus lumps of rubber off. It soon became evident from the state of the tyres on the other bikes that no one else had bothered to do this, and for this reason they were able to maintain forward motion. A little tip there for all you novices reading this.

After a while I soon got the hang of this trail riding lark, bit of a doddle really, and I began to appreciate the meaning of words like 'humour' and tolerance. Someone by the name of Norman kept shoving me off my bike and then spraying me with mud from his back wheel. Everyone else was laughing so I knew it must be funny.

During the afternoon we came to a bridge over a swollen stream and it was mentioned to me that it was quite possible to ride a bike from one side of the stream to the other without using the bridge. Well here was my chance to prove myself. I positioned myself on the bank ready to ride across while a nice man called Steve Thomas beckoned me across with constant assurances that I would be alright as long as I kept to the left. I was just about to pull away when there was a red and brown blur and some maniac shot past me into the stream, and vanished. I soon realised the reason for his haste as when he surfaced he was dragging an entire motorcycle with an SP370 engine in it out with him. What luck, fancy him finding a complete bike in a stream like that.

Well the day was drawing to a close, and just to promote the feeling of comradeship amongst my fellows I decided to lead them all in a sing song, the last line of which goes 'and all coppers are -----'. Perhaps someone will explain to me what Dave Tew does for a living one day, but the surgeon at Frenchay Hospital said I was lucky he left the handlebar grips on the handlebars because they would never have got them out otherwise.

A. Ritewon (Alias Rob Gardner).

CHRISTMAS RUN 28-12-86.

It was much warmer than last year, that's for sure, so without the sheets of ice in the lanes around Newton-St-Loe the going could best be described as 'sticky'!

The far corner of the Globe car park already had several cars with trailers, parked bikes and a large camper with attached impedimenta, when Steve and I rode up. The camper seemed to have a large number of boys and girls getting in or out of it and it was quite fascinating to see who belonged to whom, when they finally climbed on to dad's pillion seat and departed, line astern, on the clubs 10.30am two-up Christmas run.

Leading the day was Richard Tallon with daughter Tracy then came about 15 solos mostly two-up and two 'chairs'; for Willis - with enough power to squirt gravel at me - on a big Norton Wasp outfit and Kevin Ashman and partner with a 500 Yamaha. Good to see the sidecars with us again, although our traditional loop to the South and North of the A4 west of Bath is not perhaps ideal country for them.

Old favourites: Newton Park, Wilmington, Inglesbatch, Englishcombe and Middle Wood (an earlier Planning Office enquiry showed the row to be outside of the wood, see our Bristol TRF Mag for summer '83) and a short unnamed county road brought us back to Inglesbatch and the highlight of the morning the newly re-opened Row a Priston Mill.

Entering from the southern Inglesbatch end via a new gateway we descended the field between the hedge and a newly erected post and wire fence on our left. So water logged was the ground here that it required a lot of power to just go downhill.

The watersplash is great; being about 10 to 12 feet across and probably 15" deep. A 150 yard climb between hedges exits steeply through a haunting gate into a field of winter wheat.

There the Row with the planning office pegged route had been ploughed out (twice I'm told) So we just made one wheel track to the larger but shallower ford beside Priston Mill.



Ian, David and Keith of the Yorkshire group, leaders of the Yorks Dales run. 28 Feb '87.



Pete Taylor making an XRceedingly good go of it on the Yorks Dales run.



Tim Salveson swans his way round the stream, his skills being admired by a herd of water rats.



Steve Thomas and daughter with some other familiar faces at the Trail bike trial. 18 Oct '86.



Paul Bates makes a splash with the ladies. 15 Feb '87. Ladies wood.



Richard Tallon's daughter Tracy her father's footsteps at the Trail bike trial held on private land.



John Bratton, Norman Winkworth & Paul Downham on Derry Hill; Steve's snow run.



Martin Harding cleverly avoids getting his right foot wet by putting his left foot down.

With our late start, easy pace and warm mince pie order at the Crown in Weston it now seemed prudent to head for lunch. As usual the skittle alley made a suitable resting place and I enjoyed the company of old friends and catching up on local news.

Oh dear, Richard applying Finilec to his rear tyre before we pull away and climb via Prospect stile to North Stoke. Steve and I continue to take it in turn to ride or work and I am 'glowing' nicely. From North Stoke to the racecourse on top of Lansdown I try Tony's 'new' 370 Suzuki/Maico. Lots of soft-power and super suspension. Its getting to be a grey afternoon as we climb Hamswell and drop into Langride. With a soft rear tyre Richard decided it prudent to leave and asks me to lead the group back to the car park. This causes some confusion in the gloom of Lansdown, some go straight home and a smaller group retrace the wheel-tracks to Newton-St-Loe. A pleasant breeze and fresh air after all the turkey and pud.

See you next year!

Dave Giles.

WELSH WEEKEND - 11th and 12th October.

The cast - Derek Jones & Terry Jones (IT465), Paul Downham (IT250), John Hitchings (TS250), Norman Winkworth (IT200), Chris Mann (IT250), Tim Salvesen (PE175), Richard Tallon (DT175), Steve Thomas (XL185), John Bratton (TY/DT175) and Ian Hingley (Seeley Honda 200).

With Derek, Paul, Norman and John H squashed into the van with seven bikes, Terry, Chris, John B and I followed in my Astra, keeping ourselves amused counting the varying number of lights working on the trailer.

We found the drop in Porlion easily and JB and I chose the room with the en-suite shower. It may have been more expensive, but worth it after a days riding. First down the pub were JB and I where we met our run leader Chris Thomas and the rest of the Loddon Vale group. As the drink flowed the party was completed by the arrival of the Chippenham crew - Steve, Tim and Richard.

Everyone was up early Saturday with not too many thick heads, to a misty day. The trailers and vans were unloaded and we formed into the relevent groups. Loddon Vale split into two parties and we formed a third. Two unknown gatecrashers one on an XR200 and one on a BMW800 were eventually persuaded to join one of the other parties.

Out on the trails we soon climbed out of the mist. The view was simply breathtaking - clear blue skies and glorious sunshine in the hills with the mist still clinging to the valley bottoms. At first we thought mist may have been the exhaust fumes from the IT crowd, but it was a natural phenomenon.

We soon worked up a decent lather climbing the Gap Road and several stops to admire the view were in order. The Gap Road is a marvellous trail, several miles long winding round the side of a mountain. It gets its name from a missing bridge over one of the gullies.

The result is a steep rocky drop followed by an even steeper climb back on the trail.

Chris Thomas on his 560 Armstrong made it all look easy and parked up at the top to watch the fun. There were two possible routes to the top - one a straight blast up greasy rocks and the other winding and less steep, but over a jumble of rocks. Most of us struggled up the latter route, but he-man Steve Thomas decided to go for the steep straight route. He unfortunately ran out of grip/power half way up, and was left with a tricky push to the top. I was also going to try that route but the steep descent seemed to exaggerate the climb and I bottled out. Besides, Chris Mann was blocking the run up (thats my excuse anyway).

All safely to the top we carried on. We met up with the other Loddon Vale parties, complete with the two gatecrashers. The chap on the XR200 insisted on riding off the trail and pulling weeds everywhere. This made Steve Thomas see red, and a verbal dressing down of the rider ensued.

As we neared lunch, Dick Tallon managed to break off a footrest, but we managed to find it again after a search. At the pub stop it was warm enough to sit outside. Whilst we were waiting for food the cook was rushed off in an ambulance! The food didn't taste that bad though. Mean while Dick was bribing all and sundry of the locals with drink, trying to find someone to re-weld his footrest. I don't know why he bothered, he rides with his feet down most of the way anyway. (Sorry Dick). He was eventually succesful but had to forego his pie and pint, before leaving the pub car park Steve Thomas was heard to say in an ominously bold voice 'I've never had a puncture since putting 'OKO' in my tubes'. A few trails further on Steve ground to a halt with a rear wheel puncture!

Before commencing the repair he came in general ribbing for leaving the valve securing ring on the tube. He countered this by saying, in an ominously loud voice 'if the security bolts are tight, the tube can't move, so the ring can stay on'. A few minutes later it was revealed that the puncture was caused by the valve pulling out!

We had stopped near a glider launching field and Dick Tallon kept us amused during the repair with his tales of being dropped behind enemy lines during the war.

The next highlight was a climb called Gwynffor (or similar!), This started steep and greasy, became steep and rocky and soon we came across a hairpin bend with a rock step right on the apex. Chris Thomas zoomed up with no problem and parked up a little further on. The rest of us struggled up in a variety of ungainly styles, either on or alongside the bikes. John Bratton was the best, but most spectacular attempt. He hit the offending step, pulled a massive wheelie followed by a 180° pivot turn, that Steve Saunders would have been proud of, tried a mid air dab only to find the ground about four feet below him and decided to ail off before plummeting over the edge. The gallery of assembled spectators were most impressed, and johns knee protectors certainly showed their value. After dusting himself down his second attempt was probably the neatest of the day. There followed a few hundred yards of very steep loose boulders which was really hard work. At least being on a trails bike paid off on this sort of going and apart from the unflappable Chris Thomas, I was first to the top.

We met one of the other Loddon Vale parties at the top, about to come down - rather them than me. The rest of the day continued with more typical Welsh going, long, well defined rocky trails where concentration was always needed and speeds were up to 'rim-dinging'.

All too soon we found ourselves riding back along the Gap Road in the failing light towards the brecon. The 'gap' was just as daunting ridden the other way, with a few of us trying the straight descent, mainly to stall at the bottom and some pretty ragged attempts at the climb up the other side were seen. Shortly after this Dick Tallon, riding at the back, lost it in a big way. The bike landed with the throttle stuck open and the engine was revving its head off. Shut the throttle no effect, hit the kill button-no effect, turn off the ignition- no effect, turn off the fuel -no effect, pull of the spark plug lead - revs get even higher! By now panic had set in and he turned to Tim Salveson, the only witness for help. Tim nonchalantly shrugged his shoulders! wary of the bike gripping and hurtling over the steep drop, Rich lowered the back wheel to the floor and managed to stall the motor. No doubt this incident will go down in TRF folklore and the revs will become higher and the drop steeper with the passage of time.

Back at base it was time for a shower and a rest before hitting the town. We all settled for a chinese takeaway except Richard 'I've got a family to think about' Tallon who couldn't afford it. The look on Paul Downhams face when told he had to pay extra for a foil tray and plastic fork was a real picture. There was time for a good session down the pub before closing time and then it was time to carry on in the Guest house bar. Terry Jones did a good job as a very young landlord!

Sunday dawned fine, with the bikes covered in a thick layer of frost. Chris Thomas had a front wheel puncture to mend so we had plenty of time for 'maintenance by aerosol', chain tightening, tyre kicking, leg pulling etc. Chris did a good job mending his puncture with so many spectators and managed not to nip the tube.

One man who did no maintenance was Tim Salveson, not wanting to ruin his reputation of having the rattiest looking bike. He even had a special light weight chain with half the rollers missing! Due to a road racing accident the previous weekend (he says dicing for the lead) which dislocated his thumbs and forfinger, Tim rode the entire weekend with his hand strapped up with black insulating tape. It only seemed to moderate his riding style very slightly though. Another person with a problem was John Hitchings who had aggravated an old knee injury and ended the day in quite some pain.

Once the fettling was over we soon climbed back into the mountains. Very early and whilst speeding along a wide grassy smooth trail, Chris, who was as usual well in front, suddenly lost it in a big way for no reason at all, sliding broadside for a long, long way. At least it proved he was human, having ridden impeccably all saturday. He was uninjured and a few minutes judicial hammering with a rock straightened the bent bits of the bike out. I have lost both the Honda and the BSA on exactly similar going without explanation (except poor riding).

We soon reached a really snotty climb - small loose rocks, leaf mould and gripless fertiliser sacks! Chris stormed up first as usual but gradually people lost grip and ground to a halt. Steve Thomas rode through the debris and was second to the top, closely followed by myself. Strange how the only three four strokes were the only bikes to the top unaided. The only penalty of riding a four stroke is that you then have to walk back down and haul up all the struggling two strokes! The whole party was nearly exhausted by the time the last member reached the summit.

Most of the day was dedicated to riding the Sarn Helen - mile after mile of strong track, easy enough to go fast, but plenty of tricky bits to keep you on your toes.



Kevin Ashman with his nice quiet 4 stroke Honda 250 hops over a fallen tree.



Dave Riley of the Wilts group does likewise.



Chris Thomas of the Loddon Vale group who was run leader on the Brecon run, pauses on the gap road. 11 & 12 Oct '86.



What Trail riding is all about. Breath taking views accessible by bike which would take days to reach by foot. Tal-Y-Bont.

Another party of trail riders appeared travelling in the opposite direction. I was amazed to find my old group, Wyvern TRF including the best man at my wedding six weeks earlier. Its a small world! Lunch was taken in a grotty pub in a grotty mining village with kids on the street and most of the houses boarded up. A depressing place with no hope. Paul Downham took charge of taking orders for lunch (chicken and chips 12 times) acting as waiter to bring the food to the tables, take the empty plates away and collect the money and give the change. He also found time for a game of pool, but declined to offer to do the washing up as well. We were all so hungry that not even the sight of Norman's body hidden only by a flimsey red tracksuit could put us off our food.

Suitably refreshed we climbed back on to Sarn Helen. On one stretch Chris Thomas was in front, followed by Chris Mann, Rich Tallon and myself. After a long fast straight the track suddenly dropped very steep over loose boulders. We all flew over the brow to find ourselves going far too fast for the descent, but on the type of surface where braking would have meant disaster. It was a case of dropping down the gears as flat as you could and hoping for the best. We all reached the bottom without mishap and turned to watch those following behind. Unfortunately, no-one arrived and we had to retrace our steps to find Derek stopped mending a puncture. One of the other Loddon Vale groups passed in the other direction, with the BMW GS80 still going well. With Derek back in action we headed back towards the hidden drop. Richard and I decided to stay at the back to watch the fun as the rest of the party didn't know what was in store. By the time we reached the brow, there were bikes everywhere below us.

Steve Thomas had come a real cropper and the rest of the party had laid their bikes down to the rescue. Steve was in fact only winded and the thought of the kiss of life from Derek soon had him back on his feet. The only machine damage was a broken air valve on the front forks.

On the next trail we encountered a group of local riders on a variety of illegal machinery and with ages varying from about six to sixty.

Whilst trying to link trails some undefined going was required. I reckon Chris was lost, but he wouldn't admit it. We had to cross a small river with a steep opposite bank and no trail visible on the far side. We found the trail about 50 yards beyond the water and had to make our own track to it. If you made an early attempt the step up the bank was difficult but the path to the main trail was fairly easy. However, later attempts found the step up the bank suitably worn down but the path had become very muddy. It ended up quite a struggle for us all.

It was all too soon time to be heading back to Brecon. Along quite a fast track there was a boggy patch only about four feet long. There were two lines and I was the only person to try the right hand route. As soon as the front wheel hit the bog it sunk and stopped dead. I sailed straight over the handlebars and landed face first in the mud further on. I believe in Motocross circles this is called a 'flying W' as you fly through the air, but I prefer the trail riding term of 'a real pisser' ! The bike was still standing upright waiting for me to remount. John Bratton seemed to laugh most but did much the same thing a few hundred yards further on. Serves him right. Five minutes later and I was on the deck again. We were riding a narrow trail alongside a wire mesh fence.

With my usual skill I managed to stick my handlebar end through the fence, this had the effect of jamming the front brake on and fetching me off pretty rapidly. Richard Tallon wasn't used to seeing me fall off so frequently and found it amusing for some reason.

On one of the last long rocky trails my chain came off whilst I was riding at the back. It was quite eerie for the few minutes it took me to adjust the chain in perfect peace and quite. However, the friendly sound of John Bratton coming back to see what had happened to me was very welcome. Rich Tallon had a puncture near the end and decided to 'finelec' it rather than get the tyre levers out. The result was, as usual unsuccessful and Rich spent the last few miles sat on the tank to keep his weight off the wheel.

We arrived back in Brecon just as darkness fell, loaded the bikes and headed back to civilisation and a hot bath. It had been a superb weekend, ably led by Chris Thomas of Loddon Vale. We owe him something in return.

Ian Hingley

P.S. For only £5 I can inform anyone about where John Bratton puts vaseline when he's trail riding.

Excellent report Ian, would you be interested in magazine editors job? ED.

MARTIN CHANDLER HAS ARRANGED A
SKITTLES MATCH WITH THE KINGSWOOD
MCC. IT IS TO BE HELD AT
BADMINTON WORKING MENS CLUB
(MAP REF 173.805.827.)

ON SATURDAY 1ST AUGUST AT 730 pm.

WIVES AND OR GIRLFRIENDS ARE MOST
WELCOME.

BUFFET FOOD WILL BE LAYED ON.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED PLEASE CONTACT
MARTIN (0453 842528) SO THAT HE HAS
SOME IDEA OF NUMBERS ATTENDING.

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.

BRISTOL T.R.F. GROUP.

RUN AND EVENT CALENDER
FOR SEPT. TO DEC. 1987.

6TH SEPT : TRAIL BIKE TRIAL OZLEWORTH MR 162 793 929.
(OR SHEET 172)

A FUN DAY OUT FOR ALL THE FAMILY ON PRIVATE GROUND, BAR B'QUE
LUNCH, BRING YOUR OWN FOOD AND COOKING "GEAR"

CONTACT M CHANDLER FOR FURTHER
INFO.

0453 842528.

19TH/20TH SEPT. AWAY WEEKEND IN ABERISTWITH AREA

COST FOR ACCOMODATION £ 32 APPROX. CONTACT

D JONES (0272 696419) OR NWINKWORTH FOR FURTHER
INFO.

20TH SEPT (FOR THOSE WHO CAN'T AFFORD THE ABOVE)!

2UP RUN: LEADER R TALLON, START 10AM,
0249 715426.

AT THE GLOBE NEWTON ST LOWE MR 172 702 654.

4TH OCT TINTERN AND WYE VALLEY RUN

LEADER M HARDING (0272 696674)

START 9AM TINTERN ABBEY CAR PARK

MR 162 533 000.

18TH OCT NORTH AVON RUN

LEADER TONY WEBB (0454 775119)

START 930AM KEDLESHIRE LAY BY

MR 172 665 798.

RUN LIST CONT.

1ST NOV. SOUTH AVON RUN

LEADER N WINKWORTH

NORMAN DOES NOT KNOW THE ROUTE TOO WELL SO THIS WILL BE A "SELF NAVIGATION" RUN SO DON'T TURN UP WITHOUT YOUR MAPS!

START 9AM GORDANO SERVICE AREA

MR 172 508 755.

15 NOV SOUTH GLOS. RUN

LEADER M CHANDLER (0453 842528).

START 9AM K.L.B. SCHOOL KINGSWOOD (W.U.E.)

MR 172 749 926.

29 NOV NORTH AVON AREA RUN

R TALLON (0249 715 426)

START TOGHILL PICNIC AREA 10AM

MR 172 733 726.

12TH DEC WILTSHIRE AREA RUN

LEADER S THOMAS (0249 656663)

START 9.30 LONG BRIDGE DEVERILL
(ON BLANFORD ROAD OUT OF WARMINSTER)

MR 183 888 383.

14TH DEC A.G.M. AT THE "WHITE HART" BRISLINGTON

OUT OF COURTESY IT IS ADVISED THAT YOU CONTACT THE RUN LEADERS BEFORE SETTING OUT SO THAT YOU KNOW THE RUN IS STILL ON AND DETAILS GIVEN ABOVE ARE CORRECT AND THE LEADER HAS SOME IDEA OF WHO IS GOING TO TURN UP.

CPW