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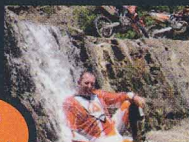
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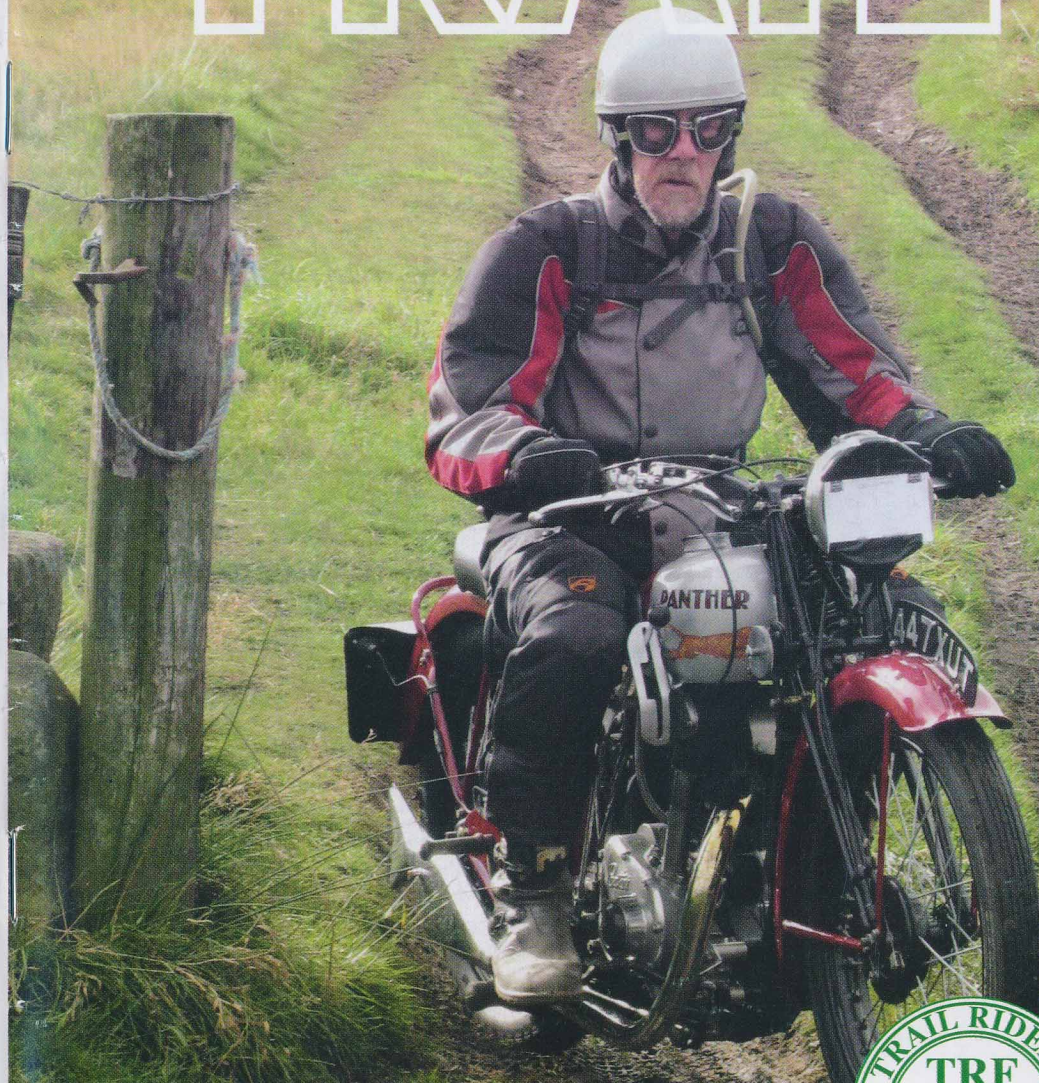
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# TRAIL



The magazine of the TRF, the National Club for all who wish to ride Legal Motorcycles on Legal Carriageways

NOVEMBER 2011 No. 399 EDITOR: FRED ELLISON



Patron: Lord Fairfax

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## EDITOR

It's competition time... still time to win a £25 merchandise voucher in the TRF calendar photo competition and if you know how far it is from Devon to Mongolia via Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, Kyrgyzstan, Tajikistan and Russia you can win an MT43 (I did not know what an MT43 was but a quick Google put me in the picture) trials tyre. All money raised will go to the Multiple Sclerosis Society.

I make that two very good causes to support so please take the winning photo and send it to me. And don't forget a couple of pounds and a good head for figures can win you a brand new tyre.

Even if you do not win either competition it is the taking part that counts. Isn't it?

### IDENTIFY THE BIKES

October Trail, page 9. A number of you got the Triumph right but the other bike had everyone guessing.

Left hand photo: 1934 Red Panther

Right hand photo: Triumph: Ricardo 1923  
(I am reliably informed by the Vintage Motor Cycle Club).

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### WANTED:

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**BIKE & RIDING GEAR REVIEWS**  
**COVER PHOTOS**  
**YOUR VIEWS ON TRAIL RIDING**  
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*or anything you feel  
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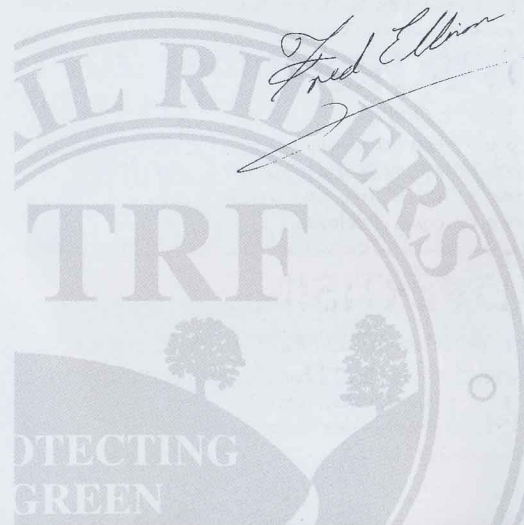
### COVER PHOTO:

From Maggie Smith.  
Paul Farley in the Durham Dales

**COPY DEADLINE:**  
**1st Tuesday of the Month**

All contributions to THE EDITOR  
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JANUARY							APRIL						
S	M	T	W	Th	F	S	S	M	T	W	Th	F	S
30	31				1		3	4	5	6	7	8	9
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
23	24	25	26	27	28	29							

MAY							JUNE						
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15	16	17	18	19	20	21	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
29	30	31					26	27	28	29	30		

JULY							AUGUST						
S	M	T	W	Th	F	S	S	M	T	W	Th	F	S
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3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
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SEPTEMBER							OCTOBER							NOVEMBER							DECEMBER						
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Post your photos or send your high resolution digital images to:

The Editor, Fred Ellison, Sheepcote Farm, Moor Lane, Wiswell, Clitheroe BB7 9DG. Email: editor@trf.org.uk

**ENTRIES BY 6TH DECEMBER 2011**

Please note the TRF reserves the right to use all entries in furthering its objectives.

# TRF AGM

**10.00 a.m. Sunday 20th November 2011**

*Lecture Room 2, The Heritage Motor Centre, Banbury Road, Gaydon, Warwickshire CV35 0BJ.*

Any agenda items must be notified to  
The Secretary, Polly Cody, 52 Conway Drive, Flitwick, Bedfordshire  
MK45 1ST, secretary@trf.org.uk

## NOTICE BOARD

### FACEBOOK

Did you know the TRF are on Facebook? Find us at  
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Drop by and leave a comment on our wall, view our gallery of trail riding pics or even try the TRO reporting feature.

*Adrian Allen, IT & Website*

### PLEASE SIGN

Please sign [epetitions.direct.gov.uk/petitions/16322](http://epetitions.direct.gov.uk/petitions/16322) to stop Brussels from bringing out new rules i.e. full hi viz jackets at all times, not tampering to change factory spec, bikes only to be serviced by the dealer. Please pass on to all bikers you know.

*Tony Broughton, Ribble Valley Group.*

## FORTHCOMING EVENTS

**Motorcycle Live** 19th to 27th November  
NEC, Birmingham.

**TRF AGM** Sunday November 20th 2011  
Heritage Motor Centre, Banbury Road, Gaydon, Warwickshire CV35 0BJ.

**SUSSEX TRF AGM** Thursday November 24th 2011  
Ashington Social Club, Rear of Red Lion, A24, 9 miles north of Worthing. 8 p.m.

### MAKE SURE YOUR EVENT IS LISTED

Send any details to The Editor [editor@trf.org.uk](mailto:editor@trf.org.uk),  
Sheepcote Farm, Moor Lane, Wiswell, Clitheroe, BB7 9DG.

# Tales from the National Parks

## John Robinson's View

Anyone who watched this benign "Jackanory" presentation on the BBC about the Campaign against Vehicular use on "Green Lanes" within the Peaks National Park may have not realised the fallacious grounds and assumptions, that were presented in the programme, disguised as facts. This was a carefully constructed programme that gave "victory" and encouragement to the anti-vehicular movement.

However let me state right from the start the "victory" was hollow and insignificant since every week unsurfaced roads are closed with temporary TROs in order to effect repairs. Eighteen months is the usual time span before reopening.

Many of the facts concerning vehicular use of un-surfaced roads were not mentioned or edited out.

First of all may I say how reasonable (even enlightened) the Peaks Park Authority appeared to be in dealing with the complex issue of ROW.

Without fear or favour seemed to be their motto. NYDNP/NYMNP please take note.

So in defence of trail riding here are a few counterpoints to the programme's accusations ie one man's opinions.

The antis who buy expensive houses in NPs assume they are buying exclusive rights to the land and all its facilities. Further they demand special privileges. It is not enough that they live in an area of outstanding beauty, they do not want to share those facilities, whereas trail

riders will share with any reasonable users. The dichotomy arises: Capitalist (Antis) have everything and want to share nothing. The Communists (Trail Riders) have nothing and want to share everything. Two extremes.

It is my contention that campaign leaders are retired, professional people who have lost their sense of identity and hence their sense of worth. Instead of enjoying their retirement, through active hobbies, they look for a "cause". (Rather like Lord Longford who championed Myra Hindley, to gain attention).

The "cause" restores their feeling of usefulness, they take command, massaging their egos while uniting the community or at least the few people of the same mentality.

Remember not all people are against trail riders or are calling for a ban of vehicular use, on green lanes. There were eight hundred people in the village, only a handful turned up for the meeting.

Remember also that ninety percent of non-vehicular users of un-surfaced roads are friendly. Treat them with respect. Do not assume they are antis. Always slow down. I make a point of greeting everyone on a green lane with a "Good Morning/Afternoon". This helps dispel the myth of "hooligan bikers" and annoys the hell out of the Antis. Politeness offends the Antis, it runs counter to their expectations.

If you cannot bring yourself to speak (shows your prejudice) at least quietly pass by ignoring any protests and move on without a

word. Never swear at protesters, it only provides them with ammunition against us.

I always wave to children to show we are friendly. It only takes seconds and shows we acknowledge the presence of other users and welcome them on these county roads.

The antis would have you believe that a "Green Lane" is a pristine, verdant, grass covered, right of way in need of protection.

They are in fact roads, un-surfaced, county roads, Rights of Way that would not have existed but for transport (including vehicular use) established over generations of use. Yes they require maintenance, usually over short sections of soft ground or areas of poor drainage. If the authorities got the drainage channels right in the first place ninety percent of the problems of erosion would not occur.

Notice I use the term erosion as opposed to "Damage". The antis would have you believe that the green lanes are 'damaged' over their entire length whereas, in fact, most lanes have short sections of erosion.

The lane in the programme was two miles long but they focused on a narrow overgrown section of a hundred yards.

A farmer feared his walls would be knocked down. That is neurosis not reality.

A section of badly eroded ground was shown with horses having difficulty negotiating the ruts. No mention of the use of agricultural vehicles on this lane, that cause most of the erosion during seeding, ploughing and harvesting time. Tractors that would continue to use the lanes even if a TRO were imposed.

Remember ninety eight percent of ROW are Footpaths and Bridleways. Yet these antis choose confrontation on the two percent of vehicular ROW. Draw that out as a PIE DIAGRAM. How fair is that??

The protestors stated they wanted to walk "their" assumes ownership, lanes in peace. There they were walking along, being filmed in peace.

They assumed there is a continual flow of

traffic (you've got me started) on all these lanes. In fact it is mainly confined to very limited numbers of vehicles, less than ten per week, outside working hours and mostly at weekends. These few want to deny the rights of other users.

What they really are saying is "We want to be able to walk down these lanes in peace and quiet any time of day or night whenever we feel like it". Tolerance has no place in their vocabulary.

To prove a point, they engineer a confrontation on a green lane. Along comes a trail rider, slows down and passes by without stopping or commenting as the "old chap", for want of a better term, shouts for him to stop.

The only person that can stop you on a county road, is a uniformed police officer. The "old chap" was committing an offence in his attempt to block a Public Highway. He would never attempt to step out into a surfaced road to stop traffic unless he wanted to risk serious injury.

That is their problem, they will not acknowledge that an un-surfaced road is a road. They labour under the delusion that they are not roads but they regard them as footpaths or bridleways with no vehicular rights. Fanatics never listen to reason or their case would collapse.

Then the emotive ploy is used. The old dear in tears because vehicular use on her lane stresses her out or was it just petulance because decisions did not go her way. Some people have very little to worry about. Maybe she could better employ herself by helping to raise funds for the starving poor in the World and not worry about a few miles of track within sixty thousand acres of National Park.

Then they brought out the hearsay evidence. There have been a lot of complaints from the same people over and over again. Where is your evidence, time, date, numbers, nature of the complaint.

Then the "supposing scenarios" were brought into play. "Those walkers were pressed into the

side of the wall". Supposing there had been children or a dog, they MAY have been injured. How many injuries have occurred between vehicles and pedestrians in the last few years? Answer: NONE, otherwise the papers would have been full of it.

Possible dangers are numerous. The probability of an occurrence is millions to one.

Tranquillity is a state of mind as the RoW Officer stated, yet it is trotted out at every Public meeting by the antis. Nebulous concepts such as tranquillity are a wonderful ideal for the antis because it cannot be quantified but it conjures up a haven of peace. When it is analysed it comes down to just a notion of Utopia. It does not exist. Even if the "Tranquillity" is disturbed how long does it take for a vehicle to pass. Two minutes from first hearing to last. Two minutes in a day. Not much to contend with but some people will let one encounter with a vehicle during the day cloud their judgement and will dwell on it for hours, even days. Surely this is a case of paranoia or an inability to control one's mental feelings. Some antis just love confrontation and actively seek it out because without an "argument a day" they do not feel alive (I am sure you know someone like that). Instead of using the thousands of footpaths and bridleways in their area they actively choose a green lane in order to meet a vehicle and then get really indignant about it. That is what you are up against. Unreasonable people with unreasonable set ways and intransigent views.

Ninety percent of the general public have never heard of trail riders and assume all trail riding is illegal. Hence complaints.

This programme maker has never heard of The TRF or just chose to ignore their existence. Turning a blind eye to a major vehicular user is convenient and adds less weight to the vehicular lobby.

The antis berated the authority for not acting fast enough. What they were saying was "To hell with due process and the rights of others,

we want Lynch Mob justice now".

A piece of journalism it smacked of bias towards the antis and through its editing presented a case devoid of any real argument for vehicular rights on green lanes. We will never know if the 4x4 representative was inarticulate in his defence of vehicular use on green lanes or if the programme maker had a hidden agenda (as most programmes do).

Fortunately the programme is out of date and things have moved on a pace. For one example, the T&NYTRF Group have started negotiations with the NYDNP/NYMNP over future management of the unsurfaced roads with respect to repairs and financial help. TROs are hopefully becoming a last resort, after years of blanket TROs. Maybe the recession has a silver lining.

Give them a wave out on the Trail.  
John Robinson, T&NYTRF Group

## Jack Knight's View

Did you see the BBC4 programme at 9 0' clock on Sunday 30th October? It clashed with Downton Abbey so perhaps many of you didn't!!

It was an independent production, filmed over the course of a year, by a guy called Richard Macer about the Peak Park in Derbyshire and was one of a series of three dealing with issues in the National Parks.

There was a bit of preamble about the Peak Park which was created after the 2nd World War and how it attracts 10,000,000 visitors a year, mostly from the conurbations of Manchester, Birmingham and Sheffield that surround it. The main focus of the programme, however, was the ongoing campaign by residents, led by a former primary school teacher; Joyce Poulter and her husband John, from the village of Great Longstone to close a local byway; Cherpit Lane, to 4x4s and trail bikers.

The visible target of the antis was the PDVUG;

the Peak District Vehicle Users Group, represented principally by Richard Entwistle, a 4x4 driver and the Peak Park Authority. The TRF almost didn't figure at all in the programme although our own Graham Till was featured occasionally scowling and looking frustrated and there was a glimpse of Dave Giles behind closed doors at a public enquiry.

The program obviously did concern us though because of the tendency of opposition groups, of which there were many with various snappy sounding titles such as Rocking the Boat, the Forum for Ancient Byways, Peak Horse Power etc (later all amalgamated under the umbrella organisation; The Green Lanes Alliance), to lump trail riders and 4x4s together to form an easily identifiable target.

Joyce, as is typical of her ilk, is retired and has plenty of time on her hands. She sees her tranquillity and perhaps, if she is honest, the value of her house suffering due to the proximity of this byway. She managed to work herself up to a high state of emotion for the camera, even visibly on the point of tears about the narrowness of the lane and the way the eroded surface makes it dangerous for other users; pedestrians, horse riders and cyclists, whilst striding along quite comfortably in what appeared to be normal shoes. Richard Entwistle spoke at a village meeting chaired by John (who promised an 'announcement') but disappointed the attendees with his entirely practical suggestion that they would organise a working party of volunteers to cut back the hedges and restore the width of the lane to what it should be.

Interestingly, later in the programme a small group of activists headed out into the lane in order to measure its width in high viz jackets and a whistle to warn of approaching motorcycles - presumably the raucous and excessive noise of motorcycles which supposedly is destroying the tranquillity of the countryside was insufficient warning! A small party of 5 or 6 bikes approached, slowed and even stopped in the face of a provocative,

arm-waving John, before riding on. There was a scream, followed by shouts and running, to find that Joyce had nearly been 'run over', well actually, had to rock back on her heels as a bike passed. John was straight on to the police on his mobile to report an incident of 'dangerous motoring,' despite the fact that none of the bikes were doing much above walking pace. There was no mention of whether any action was taken which one assumes meant there wasn't!

All this was reported in an uncritical and unquestioning manner by Richard Macer, despite its implausibility. Or perhaps I am missing the point and Richard is in fact using the Louis Theroux style of reporting whereby everyone else except the subject knows that they are being unreasonable?

There were perhaps a few clues to this tongue in cheek approach. There was the lovely couple who charted their way around the Peak District based entirely on where they bought their fish and chips and where they then drove to sit in the car and eat them. There were the old folks who moaned that things had changed for the worse but they weren't sure why except that things just seemed bigger.

I certainly hope that that was his intention although it wasn't entirely obvious to me. In fairness I received many emails after the showing of the documentary praising its lack of bias - I just can't entirely agree.

The choice of music to illustrate moments of tranquillity when panning across open countryside or potential danger when bikers came into view, the shot of a pony shying, by implication at a passing vehicle or bike, and the completely uncritical recording of every assertion made by the various protagonist for banning 'off roaders', as they called them, from either individual lanes or, in the case of Mark Everard and others, from the entire Park made for uncomfortable viewing in my opinion.

The program concluded with the decision of the Authorities to make Chapelgate the subject

of an Experimental Traffic regulation order and there was a veiled response from Richard about the action that was being taken (financed by the TRF) through the High Court to overturn it.

There were, however, some good things that came out of the program.

Firstly, with the exception of 4 lads who were obviously incited by the camera to give it a bit of gas, the 4x4 drivers and bikers who were pictured or spoke to the camera came across as considerate, reasoned and unthreatening.

Secondly, the Peak Park Authorities responsible for Rights of Way from Jim Dixon, the Chief Executive, through Stuart Prendergast, the Chief Ranger and his Assistant Mike Rhodes all demonstrated an

extremely even handed approach, repeatedly making the point that the park, from its origins through the mass trespass of Kinder Scout in 1932, is there for everyone to enjoy and that their remit is the very opposite of what the protesters are trying to achieve; i.e. it is to increase not restrict access.

All members of the TRF should help them to make the right decisions in future by acting in a courteous and non threatening manner, by riding legal and quiet motorcycles and, in every way possible, showing that the vociferous and bigoted minority of individuals who are pressuring them to get lanes closed are just that - a MINORITY.

Jack Knight

## RoW UPDATE

# BREAST HIGH

"Breast High Road, U3278, between Hucks Brow on the A6 Kendal/Shap road and Bretherdale Head west of Orton and Tebay, where the unsurfaced section ends, is closed by a Temporary Traffic Restriction Order on the grounds of safety. There was an incident involving a 4x4 where the vehicle had to be winched out by the landowner, the vehicle's driver was injured and the Police involved.

Cumbria Highways hope that funds to repair the route will be available next year. Please protect your reputation as responsible users by obeying the TRO until further notice.

Cumbria TRF are fighting the complete motor vehicle closure on the grounds that motorcyclists are not in danger, and certainly

no more so than cyclists. And what about all the walkers at risk on those rough footpaths on the fells!

Although this may be technically irrelevant, unfortunately we do not sit on moral highground, as a number of riders have been diverting from the very rough water damaged track onto adjacent farmland, and I suspect that this really got the landowner up in arms and others feeling sympathetic to him. This is despite pleas I have made on the Cumbria HOTR website and in Trail.

A meeting with Cumbria CC Highways and other interested parties takes place on November 10th.

Steve Pighills

# Bristol TRF

## "Is this an Epidemic"?

Could it be that telling someone you own an off road motorcycle is inviting trouble? Well in Bristol it's as good as telling someone you have a pot of gold ready for the taking just sat there, right in the middle of your garage, that is of course if you are not wise enough to protect it!

4 years ago I was the owner of a nice KTM 525, it didn't last long, they managed to bend a pretty rigid Cardale door in half, they moved my Saxophones (I am a musician and came in late from a gig that night) and my Zed 1000 out of the way to get to the 525, the bike disappeared, never to be seen again, they did all this without making a noise. This was considered a burglary as my garage is attached to my house, the CSI investigator said "no fingerprints to be found", end of story.

I probably helped the situation along by not being sensible enough to check whether or not the PIR in my garage was working, flat battery hence no alarm.

Having already experienced the trauma of a burglary I decided to reinforce the security of the garage, I purchased 2 Garaguards, you know the bracket that is attached to the floor outside your garage door via American style locks, "you only need one of them mate" said the guy at the shop, "no mate I'll have 2 just to make sure", new battery in the PIR, sorted.

February 2005, wet windy night, everything banging and rattling outside, came in at 1.30 am, turned the house alarm on, snug in bed, got woken up at 2.30 am because the dogs were barking downstairs, "it's just the wind love" I said to the missus, no pun intended, off to sleep we went, clever aren't they!

5.30 am, phone call from the neighbour, "your garage is wide open" oh no, not again, my 450 EXC gone and my son's new 250 EXC gone, helmets and goggles and gloves...gone, the

Garaguards were only rated for 1 minute, wish he had told me that when I bought them, and guess what, the battery was flat again in the PIR.

To cut a long story short, the "scrotes" used gloves and overalls, just like the paper stuff you can buy from B&Q, we found quite a lot of evidence in the area where the "scrotes" live which we gave to the police, it appears that the bobby on the beat wants to catch them but the system won't allow it, one of the "scrotes" down here in Brizzle even has a panic alarm fitted by the police into his premises, just in case. Word is he has had to use it several times!

Nobody really knows what happens to the bikes, they are either ragged and destroyed or sold on for drug money, who knows.

The reason why I have written this is because it would be nice to know if this is happening in other areas, this will give more weight to the situation in the hope of getting something done about it, also it would be good to know how you all defend yourselves against bolt croppers, Oxy-acetylene torches and sheer determination to steal your property.

As a warning to those of you who are lucky enough to still own your bikes, beware, they will stop at nothing, they are well organised, they don't care about you or your property, I guess the fact that they hate noise and complication is a good indicator as to how to arm your premises, and unlike me, don't get complacent, they are watching and waiting for an opportunity, and they will take it.

Please feel free to respond with your views and any suggestions, perhaps we can share some ideas for security and how to stop this.

Martin Burman

*Ed: Your feedback on this is needed. Your responses will be discussed at the next Executive Meeting.*



# HONDA CR250/ CRM250AR HYBRID

I have been trail riding for over three years now, but very little over the last year due to this monster of a project. In May 2008 I bought a 1997 CRM250 AR off a friend, which was my first bike since passing my direct access and I hadn't really done much off-roading. I immediately found a passion for green laning, and tried to go out as often as time and money would let me.

My friend had owned the CRM for many years and I've always had a thing for that bike, so as soon as he mentioned he might sell it, I snapped his hand off. The AR model is the last of the range, which Honda stopped making around 1999/2000 due to increased pressures about reducing emissions.

There are many things I love about the CRM, but let's be honest, brakes, suspension and chassis have come on a long way since 1999!! However, the engine still has an excellent reputation, and the power delivery is ideal; with a smooth power curve and plenty of bottom end grunt, plus did I mention a 2 stroke with autolube?

We had talked and joked about putting a CRM

engine into an aluminium frame many times, and I did a little research but didn't think too much about it. After looking at the state of my poor old AR after several years' trail riding and the odd enduro, I had to do something. I began collecting parts, with the intention to fully strip and rebuild it, however the aluminium frame conversion idea kept coming back to me. A few mates had finally convinced me that it would be so much easier riding something lighter and more modern than my 'dinosaur', however nothing on the market really took my fancy.... and I refuse to go orange!! (Sorry KTM fans out there). This is where I decided to go for it, and once I have a strong idea in my head, it's hard to get rid of it. Most people take a CRM, and take weight off it, but I decided to take a CR, and add weight to it!!

I saw a link on a forum (crm250.com) to an AR engine on ebay and I took it as a sign that it was meant to be. I won the engine and it sat in the shed for a while until I decided if I was serious about what I had started without any kind of plan. I don't think my dad was best

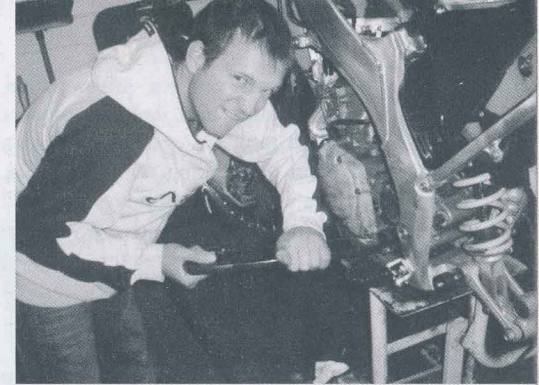
pleased either when the lump just randomly turned up at the door one day.

The engine sat there for a while, and I did a little more research but didn't find much useful information, other than it's a 'rare beast' and requires a lot of skill, time and money!! This is something I have never even attempted before, apart from rebuilding a Derbi Senda with my dad many years ago. The only help I found was a company in Japan that had posted very low resolution pics of this conversion on their website. After many, many failed attempts to contact them, I decided to try my best to just copy as much as I could from the pictures. Many times I was convinced they had photoshopped the whole thing, but I kept telling myself, no Shaun, it WILL fit!!

I began saving, and one day decided to start looking for late CR250's on eBay. I thought I would be much better to stretch myself, and buy one of the latest models as the final product would be as new, and mint as possible. I soon (sooner than I thought) found a 2007 CR250 for sale, which had hardly been ridden. Before really thinking about it or what I was doing, I had bought it. I took her for one quick spin round the fields, before stripping her of her engine and selling it along on ebay, along with other unnecessary items. It was almost criminal to strip such a minter, however I knew all along it was for a good cause.

I decided to keep this project a secret from most of my trail riding buddies, partly because I love the element of surprise (one being a keen CRM fan), and mostly to save myself the embarrassment in case it went wrong. One of the lads at the workshop took one look once we'd stripped it and said 'that'll never get done'. That quote stuck in my head, and was my incentive to plod on, that and the fact I would have wasted a ridiculous amount of money if I gave up part way through.

To cut a loonngggg story short, as with all projects this was a mammoth, and required many special parts to be made, including special bushes, spacers, brackets etc. As much of the work I could I did myself, but had plenty



of help from friends on the manufacture, particularly machining and welding (cheers lads). The project took me around a year to complete as and when time was available, and I hope it returns many happy years trail riding. Some nights I would be at the workshop until midnight, sometimes grafting away, some nights sitting and staring, with cogs turning, and others tearing my hair out. This was literally blood, sweat and 'almost' tears on many occasions. It was good to have the bike in a workshop away from home, as it allowed me to just walk away and left me time to think more about it before rushing and bodging things. My mate Scott said on several occasions 'I would love to log how many man hours you've put into this'. To be honest, I'm glad I hadn't!! The most of the time was consumed measuring, and measuring again, making cardboard templates, building, stripping, building again etc!! I don't want to see a hacksaw or file for a very long time now!! Neither did I log how much money I've spent, but I reckon I could have bought any brand new trail bike out there, however this was a nice way to spread the cost.

The engine was relatively easily, and quickly in place once I had done all the measurements and made some engine mounts. It was everything else that was a ballache to fit around the engine and I had picked the most difficult model CRM. The wiring loom is like spaghetti, the carb is much larger than your average, as is the ECU. There are also two solenoids, with vacuum hoses going all over the place.

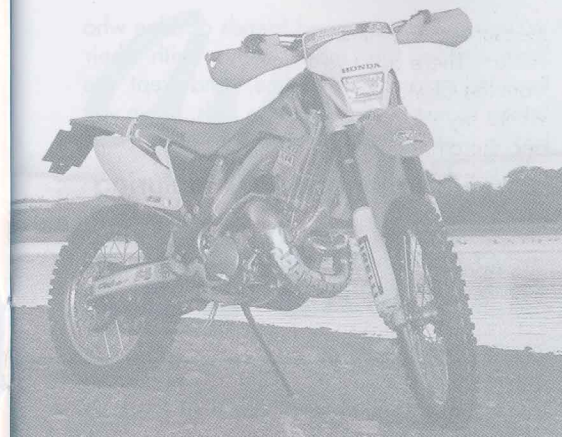
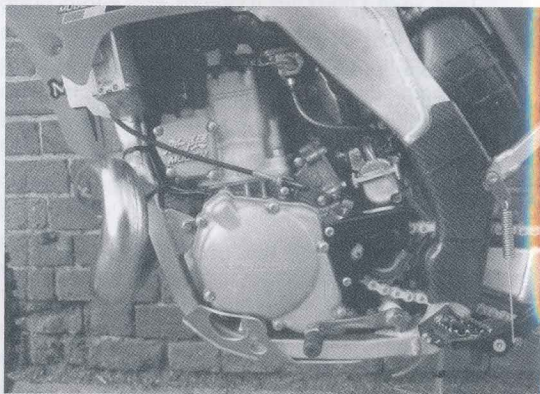
I really have taken my time to ensure nothing looks out of place, or bodged, I wanted it to have that 'factory' look. Between myself and Gary at Fusion MX, we designed the custom graphics, keeping it with the CRM AR theme, I am chuffed with how they came out!! I really wanted to pick all the good bits of the CRM, and all the good bits of the CR and combine them. I even made (with help) a special ali 2 stroke bottle so I could keep the autolube system; another reason for using the CRM engine. It only holds about enough for a day's trail riding, but who wants to mess about

measuring and mixing two stroke at the fuel station. There are two things I will really miss from the CRM. One is the comfy seat, which is where my AR got it's nickname 'the armchair' and the other is the hassle free sealed airbox. I bought an oversize fuel tank to make it more trail friendly, which came from the United States.

The front pipe is a pro-circuit platinum which also came from the US. I had to have a slightly longer flange and a spacer made to ensure it cleared the frame, and I made a bracket for the pipe to use the existing CR bracket on the chassis. The silencer is a CRM DEP silencer which I nicked off my old AR, and modified/made the brackets to suit the CR subframe.

The engine was fully rebuilt by Leisure Trail, including a rebuilt crank and plated bore. I have complemented it with a MUGEN head, MUGEN ECU and jet kit (all from Germany), the above mentioned exhaust system and AKTIVE dual stage reeds.

The radiators had to be moved up 10mm to



allow the bottom joining pipe to clear the front of the engine, and I had to make a special bracket for the ignition coil also to clear this pipe. The wiring loom wasn't too bad after sitting in the front room with several cups of tea, a multimeter, masking tape and a pen. I had help joining all the aftermarket bits to ensure the electrics were all properly grafted together. However, once the wiring loom was all joined, I tidied it up, and then thought, now this thing has to fit somewhere on the bike!! I had done a few tests already, but when it came to properly routing it with clearance and not trapping anything, this was another story. I had to re-route the throttle and clutch cables several times, I think these were actually the only things which fit straight onto the bike.

Later on in the project, I heard from many people that the suspension will be too hard and will benefit from being re-valved and set up professionally, one of the many things I didn't really think about. I nearly died when K-TECH quoted me for this, so began shopping around, and found a decent company in Rotherham. The suspension was re-valved front and rear and set up for my weight and riding style - Cheers Shock Tech.

In addition to having the suspension set up, I've lowered the bike, not only because I'm slightly vertically challenged, but as it generally makes trail riding easier, unless you have the size and skill of David Knight; who can whip the back end out on a horse with his

leg down.

I finished off the bike with some sexy Talon Excel wheels, made to order and some carbon fibre bits, all from MXbits.com

Looking at it, to many, it might not seem that much work, but even looking at it close you wouldn't realise how many things I had to move/chop/make to get it to fit 'properly'. There are so many things to consider when deciding where to put things, for example keeping certain things cool, rubber mounted to avoid vibration, clearing them from moving parts etc etc. Many people have and still might be thinking 'why bother?' - The answer - Because I can!! (OK, I've waited a long time to say that with confidence). The bike may not be everyone's cup of tea, but it certainly is mine!! I'm thrilled to bits with the outcome, I like to be a bit different, and I've got the bike we used to say 'imagine if...' about. This is therefore my answer to 'If Honda continued the CRM...'

I recently got the bike road registered, and took it for it's first trail ride in Derbyshire. Despite terrible weather, the bike ran perfectly. I was surprised I didn't have to dip into my tool bag once! The carb wants fine tuning to get it perfect, but I'm really pleased with the MUGENATOR.

For me, this final section is the most important. I must say a massive thanks to the following people, who have helped me in one way or another towards this project, without you all, I'd probably be sticking a box of bits on eBay. Therefore, a big thanks to:

- Firstly, everyone who has helped me financially, by either lending or giving me money towards it, or buying Christmas/Birthday presents which are now all over the bike.
- Everyone at work that has helped (far too many to mention) for all your time and efforts.
- All the lads on crm250.com for continued support and advice (even though I managed to keep the actual project a surprise).
- Shock-Tech suspension for the suspension re-valve and set up.
- Pro-Racing for all the excellent quality aftermarket electrical items.



- Gary at Fusion graphics for the fantastic custom graphics kit, thanks for your patience!!
- Both my neighbours for receiving parcels all the time when I'm at work!!
- Leisure Trail for sourcing CRM parts, and the full engine rebuild.
- The lads at CJ Ward for all the Powder Coating.
- MX-Bits.com for all the pro-carbon accessories and those lovely wheels!!
- A special thanks to Scott Clarke and Glenn

Williams, two very good friends of mine who have helped in many ways with their knowledge and experience, and kept the banter rolling. Massive thanks lads, I owe you both a beer or three!!

Lastly, this magazine for featuring my bike!!

I would hate to think I've forgotten anyone, but sincere apologies if I have.

Shaun Lindsay



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#### AN INVITATION TO OUR PRESS BRIEFING.

#### Motor sport and recreation in the countryside once again face a difficult and potentially disastrous future.

LARA is hosting a press briefing at the headquarters of the Motor Sports Association, Colnbrook, at 11.00 on 15 November 2011. John Richardson, LARA's honorary chairman, and Alan Kind, LARA's access specialist, will outline the issues and provide background and research materials. There will be an opportunity for one-to-one interviews with LARA people 'in the know' after the briefing.

For over 30 years motor sport and recreation have faced a series of threats to the continuation of almost all the disciplines that do not take place on purpose-built permanent tracks. Some threats have been averted, while others have hit home, causing lasting damage. Sometimes the whole land resource availability is at risk, and sometimes individual venues are lost, one at a time.

In 2011 – 25 years on since LARA's formation in 1986 – there are three major struggles in front of us, and getting an adverse outcome on any will be bad. Losing on all three will be a disaster. These are:

- The Forestry Commission 'sell off' and the need to safeguard forest access for rallies

and enduros.

- Agri-environment schemes, biodiversity surveys, and access to farmland and rights of way for rallies, enduros, safaris and trials.

- The Fortune v. Wiltshire Council case, which is now going to the Court of Appeal. An adverse decision on this could close to the public all, or almost all, unsealed unclassified roads – vital for rallies, classic events, trail driving and riding, and general touring.

Rather better news is that LARA has, for the second time inside 10 years, headed-off a threat to the '14/28 Day Rule', under which most club-level motor sport is staged, and where a change to the planning rules could have been disastrous.

We look forward to welcoming you to our event, to enable further discussion on these issues which are so important to the continuance of motor sport and recreation in the countryside. Please email an interest in attending to Alan Kind at laragb@mac.com and we will get back to you with more details.

Lunch is provided, allowing more time for questions and answers.

# Ayup, tarah duck

Graham Till kindly invited me for a ride out in the Peak District. Clutching my passport I headed north of the Watford gap. I departed Abingdon at 6:15 and touched down next to his XR400 at 8:30. After a brew Pete from Manchester TRF arrived and this southerner was soon flipping through his phrasebook.

The trails in this part of the world are characterised by steep, rocky climbs, dizzying descents, stunning scenery and antis crouched behind every rock.

I loved the ascents and the split second decisions which forced you to choose between maintaining forward momentum or avoiding big lumps of rock. I'm used to riding mile-long muddy ruts so had to experiment with leaning back off the bars or forward over the front wheel. Technique aside, nothing beats the sound of a bash plate earning its keep. Its tough ooop North.

Graham pulled over to point out (not ride!) a lane which was in regular, illegal, use. We were still on the main road, at the mouth of the lane, but within seconds somebody leapt out of a car & started taking photographs of us. Tensions run high in this neck of the woods, make no mistake the TRF will need all the skill, knowledge & funding at its disposal to maintain our right to ride these lanes.

We met plenty of other dirt bike riders out on the lanes & I had lots of opportunities to

practise my "Ayup"s & "Tarah"s. "Duck" didn't seem to work so well, so I'll have to look that one up again ;-)

After fording a couple of streams & scrambling up the rocky river banks a stop at the donkey sanctuary was a welcome break.

Lunch was at a shop/café that can get snowed in for 2 weeks at a time. I think I messed up by not ordering the local cuisine. The Oatcakes looked delicious but you never know with this foreign food, could have been made out of donkey's testicles for all I know.

I had a fantastic time in the Peak District & I'm very grateful to Graham and all those volunteers who do so much to keep the lanes open. If you've seen the ads & are thinking of trail riding in far flung places I heartily recommend it, you'll find nowhere friendlier than the High Peak.

Adrian Allen,  
Soft Southern Jessie.

# LIV TRF Yorkshire Weekend

## continued

### SUNDAY

Sunday morning Roberto cheerfully explained that the battery was not flat after all - just the wire on the terminal loose..... How that man came home with us on Monday in one piece, I'll never know! Sunday was dry! Leo Crone from the North Yorkshire and Teesside TRF had kindly offered to take us around the N York Moors, so we met Leo, his brother and a few other local TRF members in Yarm nice and early having taken the bikes in vans, the 30 miles to the meeting point. Roberto had to ride his bike as Richard was taking a day off, at least it gave him the opportunity to charge his battery.....

In sunshine our slightly more sedate group comprising locals Leo and David; me, Simon, Phil and Roberto we headed off east towards the moors resplendent on the horizon. The first few lanes were very reminiscent of home, across farmland and woodland, a bit of mud and ruts and passing through some very pretty villages with very quaint Norman churches dating back centuries. Seeing the lure of the moors getting ever closer I was getting impatient to experience some climbs and some of the long trails across the moors, particularly as we could actually see our hands in front of our faces today. Eventually we turned off a track and up a very narrow trail through

heather and bracken with some rocks and washed out sections up onto the top of the moors with a lovely view over a dale with historic jet mines in the Raisdale area. From the top of the moor we were afforded beautiful views north and east towards the flare stacks and chimneys of Teesside. Riding off the moor down a clayey, rutted track, Roberto had a little off and was pinned under his big KTM so being behind him I helped him to lift the beast, but at least it was starting today!

We rode across to Rudland Rigg, one of the longest unmetalled trails open to motor vehicles in the country. Starting from the north end we rode up a washed out stony track through the woods and stopped to enjoy another great view before Leo warned us about the climb being a bit bouldery, my neck hairs twitched somewhat... round the corner we were met with another climb with washouts and some fairly huge boulders. I failed to clock Leo's route rather stupidly and wandered off to the right, which I very quickly realised held no happy ending for me and my Serow, which I decided to give a ride out that day. Smacking the foot rest on a particularly large rock the bars twisted and I gently set the old girl on the ground. I righted her and pushed the bike round the boulder, jumped on the seat and bounced my way in my usual ungainly legs flailing way up the rest of the climb. Simon's more venerable XL200 also refused half way up and was manhandled back onto a more manageable line. Once on the top of the moor

we cruised along the easy going track admiring the view. It seems that each time you top a rise, another superb vista presents itself as the moors roll across to the North Sea. We dropped off Rudland Rigg at West Gill Head and picked our way into Farndale before tackling a very indistinct track up onto Farndale Moor. All of the UCRs are unmarked so we were very grateful of Leo's knowledge of the area, never once glancing at a map.

We then rode one of my favourite lanes of the day up onto the top of Danby Rigg, overlooking Little Fryup Dale and another stunning view. Another moorland track saw us in Glasidale. Tracking east we rode a slippery ford into Grosmont in time to see an old diesel locomotive haul passengers into the station along the North Yorkshire Moors Railway from Pickering via Goathland, the setting for Heartbeat. We rode into Sleights, within spitting distance of Whitby to just get into the fish and chip shop before it closed. Picking up petrol on the outskirts of Whitby we now headed west along the very busy A171 and rode a number of grassy low land lanes towards Scaling Dam and across Gerrick Moor. We rode off the moor down through a lane used heavily by Forestry Commission vehicles and a certain amount of falling off was involved in dealing with the very deep muddy ruts. Not by me I hasten to add!

The last little test Leo had for us was a ford across the River Leven south of Stokesley, which I'd heard him mention in hushed tones earlier and set my little alarm bells off in my head and a slight

clenching of the buttocks. We stopped short of the crossing and pushed out way through head height undergrowth and Himalayan Balsom to see the river, which did not look too bad but can be deep where the farmer had tried to dam it and make it impassable. The tricky bit was exiting the stream on the other side as it was slippery, with a few rocks and steepish. Simon and David copped out and Leo showed the way on the tractor-like XR400, bulldozing his way across and muscling its



way up the bank. I dived in next, keen not to be the last across with everyone looking and waiting for me to fall off. After Saturday's antics it was pretty straightforward, deepish but not mental and the mountain goat of a Serow finessed its way up the bank in stark contrast to the XR. Phil nailed the GasGas and as usual made it look easy and Roberto also 'cleaned' the crossing with little drama. We pulled into the Aldi car park as the sun was setting and by the time we'd squeezed Roberto's bike in the van the others arrived back buzzing with excitement, Gary having overheated his 'Berg on a steep climb and John having fallen into a ford and was soaked through. We packed up, said our goodbyes and made for Wensleydale.

## MONDAY

Monday Simon had to have the van back for 6pm so working the time back we reckoned if it were a clear morning, we'd have a dawn ride. Only Simon, Phil and I at Wensley House were keen so at 6am Simon threw back the shutters and declared it a fine morning in the offing. Creeping past the land lady's dogs and out into the crisp dawn we toggled up, free wheeled down to the road, fired the bikes up

and rode into Leyburn and up towards Broomer Rigg and Preston Moor, Phil managed to fall off at a road junction. The only two times I saw him fall off were under bizarre circumstances, stopping in the lane above Hawes and on the A6108! Still being early morning no one was around to laugh at him other than us. We were blessed with a sunrise ride past the old mine workings on Preston Moor then down into Aysgarth to have a look at the famous waterfalls before riding 2 interesting and very tight lanes at Thornton Rust and Throstle Nest before riding back towards West Witton on the same lane we rode first thing on Friday afternoon. The difference could not have been more stark. Stopping to look over Wensleydale, Castle Bolton in the background in crystal clear clarity was the perfect way to finish the weekend.

What an experience, North Yorkshire fulfilled all of the expectations we had beforehand and more. A huge thanks to Leo and his gang and Paul for taking the time to guide us around. The soft southerners headed south, a bit bent but unbroken and huge smiles upon their faces.

Sean Comber



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# Sinking the Titanic

## Rich "XR" Bond Heads East

### Continued...

On the road near Osh I'm passed by a 4x4 that later stops and we discover we're going the same way. They're a Polish father and son travelling in a kitted out pick up truck and dinner and a few beers are very welcome.

I travel with these two through the Pamir for a week. At times when I would be writing this diary, I'm drinking vodka and chatting instead.

The son speaks English, the father Polish and Russian. The father thrives on contact with locals and interacts at every opportunity. I prefer to camp but stay mostly in guest houses this week to accompany them. At times I was frustrated by my travel companions, we were travelling the same way on the same roads and time frame but I didn't understand why the father who spoke no English wanted to share his father son holiday with me. I would say to them not to wait if I fell behind but there was always a text to say they were waiting for me or the gps of that night's guest house. At border crossings the father would talk in Russian on my behalf to the border guards. I got frustrated with this as I felt I was missing out on this part of the adventure so started to ride in front of them near borders so as to carve my own way through this trip. When we reach Ishkashim, the Southern most point on the Pamir Highway I get a little insight. I have

been travelling on the very limit of my Michelin tyres, its looking very dodgy that I will get the 2000km back to Bishkek on the front tyre, making jokes about wrapping them up with gaffa tape. Passing a small bridge the father stops and lights a Polish memorial candle and places it on the bridge. A friend of his died at this spot last year with a front wheel blow out. It was a slow speed crash but he cut his throat on the bike's wind shield. At that moment, purely by chance, a local walks by and the father asks him if he knew of the accident. Not only did he know but he had the bike at home waiting to know what to do with it. The exact spot of the crash is pointed out and the candle properly placed and the local instructed to relight it if it were to blow out. The father is friends with another Polish guy that does bike tours in this area, we meet him in the next couple of days going to Ishkashim to retrieve the bike. This guy has a part worn front tyre in the back of his van for me, I suspect that this was arranged but it is never directly said. I also arrange to buy a set of deserts from this guy in Bishkek and am waiting to hear from him now.

Met some Italians on two Yamaha 650s heading the other way of course.

My Polish friend and our host are drunk on vodka but I'm too tired to join them. I'm sat

outside cooling off and don't have a drinking head on. He had to have some welding done on his truck, the non-drinking Muslim mechanic would only fix the truck if the Polish and the host drank vodka all the time he was working. It took several hours and a bottle each. For the welding five dollars were asked and a ten year guarantee on the work was given. Shame Tremlets doesn't follow the same pattern.

Coming down off the Pamir I met another solo rider, Zimmerman David @gmail.com (going in the opposite direction off-course) who gives me a great bike sticker and these contacts. Almaty: Boris 007773652984, Barnaul {Russia} Lena 0079039487642, Baltiyskaya street 80.

I'm happy to be out of Tajikistan, the landscape in Kyrgyzstan is far more friendly, I swim in the first fresh warm lake in over a week. There is a feeling of abundance compared to Tajikistan and I'm invited to share lunch with locals at the lakeside. I decline because my teeth hurt and a dentist is still three days away. The mountains and lakes here are impressive on a massive scale but access to them is rare as the landscape is steep and sharp. With a thumping head convinced I'd blown the baffle on the bike, it was just my headache exaggerating things. I decide to try and ride down to the water's edge for an early night. The short ride down a goat path took a good hour struggling the bike over difficult terrain. I don't pitch the tent thinking I'll ride again at dawn and catch the Polish. My early night is the worst of the trip, don't laugh but it was the \*\*\*\*ing frogs. Never before have I heard such a natural racket. At first I laughed and went looking for the source of the noise, thinking it was a hen of some sort. Each frog had a call as loud as a dog's bark and as the sun went down they all began to call out. There were about ten of them but trust me, ten is enough and at this stage I had no idea it would continue all night. Then it rained, not heavily so I thought I'd just last it out in my bivy bag but it kept on raining and the frogs kept on calling. I would stick my head out of the bag and hope to see signs of dawn, no luck.

Once the bivy and sleeping bag were soaked I gave in and pitched the tent. Now all of my stuff was wet, no tent meant my clothes were out in the open. In or out of the tent the \*\*\*\*ing frogs were destroying my head. I guess that when the sun goes down they can't see predators and just shout all night, I'm safe I'm safe, I'm safe, I'm safe, I'm safe. If you approach them, one by one they shut up and hop into the water. The only way I could rest my head was to stand were they wanted to be so they would hop into the water. I stood there in the rain much longer than was sane to rest my brain. Come dawn they've all gone quiet and I have to get the bike back up the goat trail with no enthusiasm at all. Amazingly I only dropped it once, down a big rocky hole I just didn't see, my neck hit the top of the windshield and I thought of my Polish friends' dead friend. Once the luggage was off, it was easier to right the bike than expected, the rocks giving good footing and making a ladder effect. Ever since I bought the bike one of the forks have been slightly bent. The drop down the rocky hole straightened it perfectly, with no more bike modifications I'm back on the black stuff for around 7.30am. My ride gear is wet but I figure it will dry once the sun gets warm. Having not been paying much attention to the map I didn't realize I was about to climb to 4000 meters and stay there most of the day. At the top I give up and dress in all the clothes I have, glad I brought those winter gloves with me now. It's sports' bike territory, good roads, no straights and amazing views. I got a text from my Polish friends giving their position and asking me to catch up which I didn't like receiving but all things considered I made the effort to join them for breakfast. The evening before we had had a miscommunication and they thought I was in trouble and they wanted my gps position to come and help. They wanted to know how far behind I was, I had texted them saying that I had gotten the bike down a goat trail to the water's edge and was sleeping out. They had interpreted that getting the bike down had meant that I had crashed and reassurance was needed.

The climb down from 4000 meters is sudden and the views and good roads vanish. Now in crazy city traffic it is hot humid and dirty. The police want to pull me over, I ignore them, they don't follow. The drivers here are the worst so far, no indication and no obvious intention, overtaking two abreast in the face of oncoming traffic. But what annoys me is that they drive close along side me and just stare, and yes they have probably never seen a bike before, there are only a few small 2 strokes here. Shout Akooda (where are you going followed by where are you from) at me and completely box me in on the road. Dodging around the traffic is the local way and the only option.

My polish companions say goodbye to me in Bishkek, a bottle of vodka is put in my pocket.

I might stay with them a night on my way home.

My first food in about 30 hours, lobster tails and banana smoothie. Mmm delicious, I grant that cities have some redeeming features.

#### FRIDAY 22ND JULY

I thought it was Thursday but now I think I will stay in Bishkek and meet the dental appointment I made for Saturday at the posh dentists. The ant-biotics have taken the anger out of my toothache but I still have a root infection that needs treatment. I was going to travel on and put up with it but this is probably not the best idea. Maybe my travel insurance will stomp up for the hotel and dental costs.

# Win an MT43

## Guess the mileage to Mongolia & Back

**£1 PER GUESS**

*Please guess as many times as pounds you would like to donate.*

**All money raised will be donated by the TRF to the Multiple Sclerosis Society.**

I recently rode from Devon to Mongolia via Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, Kyrgyzstan, Tajikistan and Russia. My travel diary is posted under 'Floating the Titanic', <http://devongtrf.activeboard.com>

Winning mileage will be revealed at the Devon TRF AGM on Tuesday 13th December and published in our monthly newsletter and TRAIL. If you are guessing from outside Devon the MT43 will be posted directly to you.

Please send your guess donations to: Devon TRF MT43, Marcliff, Bakers Hill, Exeter EX2 9TE. Double wrap your coin in an envelope along with your name, contact number and mileage guess or pass onto any DTRG Officer or Rich Bond.

**MT43 courtesy of Cornwall TRF**

# Dreams of Dakar

(Leo's title)

# Nightmares of Dakar

(Helen's title)

My love affair with bikes started in the early 80s with road, but soon progressed to dirt, with a spell campaigning an XR200 in enduro, sparking an interest in all things off road on TV or in the papers. So from following the British enduro championship to the ISDE and then the Paris-Dakar when it still was from Paris to Dakar - populated by heroes battling against terrain and fatigue, all at high speed.


For many years the destination Dakar seemed unattainable, too difficult and distant, but after many years of long distance touring and impending old age a time arrived when I knew it was achievable, the route down the Atlantic coast was nearly all tarmac and what was not was rideable.

My philosophy on long distance touring is best expressed in the following maxim "failure to prepare is preparing to fail". With a date of early June 2010 as a departure date my preparations started late August 2009.

The bike, my trusty Triumph Tiger 955 with a few modifications and extra fuel cans. A stretch of highway in Mauritania (500km) is prone to having fuel one week and none the next so I had to have a 500km range on the bike. This

same stretch of road is also best done in one go in daylight, as a number of kidnappings by local bandits have occurred, with the hostages either ransomed or sold on to another militia affiliated to al Qaeda. While having no desire to travel at night, additional lighting in case would ease the prospect so twin spot lights were fitted. A full service, Metzler Tourance front and back and tyre sealant in both tyres had the Tiger ready to rock 'n' roll. I tried to fit everything into the top box and panniers but had to admit defeat and strap the tent on the back seat and fit the Triumph tank bag though both were secured to the frame with steel rope and locks.

Next item on the to do list was organise a travel companion. Using the trusty TRF website, putting word out among friends and motorbike dealers yielded 2 maybes and 4 "wow one day I will" but little else. This could be a deal breaker, the customs in Mauritania are prone to allowing solo bikes in one day and not the next, figuring a group can at least act as its own backup. December approaching and all is quiet on the web, nothing from friends or contacts when my partner Helen steps into the breach



with the idea that she pilot a bike down with me. We talked about the journey. I had travelled twice before in Africa so had some idea what to expect, while this would be Helen's first time third world. She had toured with me for 10 years with the last 5 on her own bike so I felt sure she could ride the route and so I had my travel companion in the lovely shape of my best friend.

Her current steed a CB600 Honda was deemed a little short of ground clearance so a BMW F650 GS was sourced from eBay, a cat C insurance job meant a number of nights in the garage sorting bits and pieces followed by an extensive service. A fellow biker/metal fabricator of my acquaintance agreed to make a set of aluminium panniers and fixing racks to my spec (slightly smaller, lighter and lower than the BMW or Touratech systems) and a lot cheaper.

By February lists were being drawn up. All the usual stuff and one or two unusual extras, mosquito nets, malaria tablets and a list of vaccinations with accompanying paper work which can be checked at borders and if not in order can have you turned around and heading back home. Our local surgery could handle all but 1 shot, Yellow Fever. An appointment was made and 10 days later we were sat in front of a nurse briefing us on possible side effects (one of which was death)

before she administered the £45 of vaccine we had to pay for each. We decide to forego the rabies shots as at £105 each it seemed excessive for an injection which only prevented early onset.

Early May and we just wanted to go, we were weary of planning, we had a trial pack and run out with the bikes, ferry booked and RAC Europe ONLY cover which meant once in Africa we were on our own.

**Sunday 6th June** the bikes were wheeled out onto the street 8.45 am for the day's ride to Portsmouth and the ferry to Spain. Within 20 miles we were in waterproofs and did not take them off until we stopped at the dockside waiting to board the ferry.

**Tuesday 8th June** 'land ahoy' Bilbao. Once through customs we had a 20 minute wait while the dock workers blockaded the road in protest (that's as much as we found out) once out the open road progress was good all the way to Madrid and that night's accommodation on the outskirts of the city (cheap).

**Wednesday 9th** a fairly fluid day in both senses of the word in that I had a vague idea of that night's stop (somewhere near Gibraltar) and it rained non stop. We found a hotel near Estapona which meant not too far to Tarifa and the ferry to Africa.

**Thursday 10th June** blue skies, clear blue ocean and a hot sun had our boots dried out by the time we stopped for breakfast at a small roadside café, then onto the ticket seller Carlos which proved to be 8 euros cheaper. Taking the road from Algeciris to Tarifa it climbs a large coastal cliff system which at its windy peak gives a spectacular view of the African coast, it's here you see how close Tangiers is, barely 20 miles and a brief choppy sea crossing (surrounded by seasick Japanese tourists) had us in the dark continent and facing our future interface with most of the African population, bureaucracy and corruption.

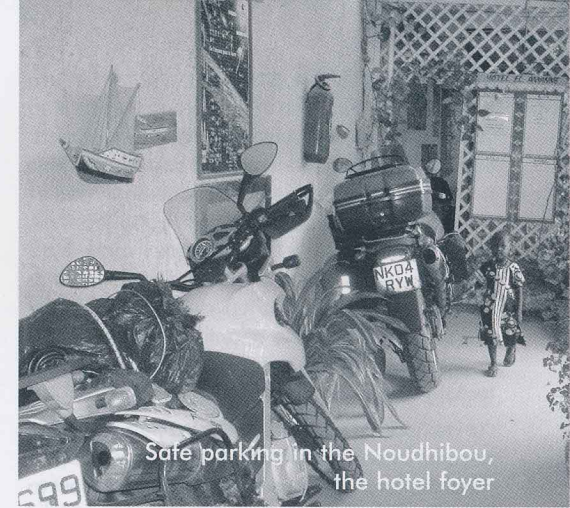
At the border post we had to register our bikes into the country and each receive an identity number all entered into our passports without the help of the numerous men in coats offering assistance at a price, then suddenly we were

out of the port complex and into downtown Tangier looking for an ATM and the road to Rabat. Cash sourced, road found, we left at a steady pace determined not to take the toll roads. Some 30 minutes later at the first police check point we reviewed progress and decided if we wanted to reach anywhere quickly toll roads were the only way, a heady mixture of poor roads littered with livestock, slow lorries and carts pulled along by an assortment of tired looking animals had us averaging 20mph.

£2.80 of tolls for the 2 of us had us rolling off the motorway into Rabat centre before night fall, traffic followed the usual rules in Africa (there are none) survival of the biggest/fastest. Pulling over, out came the trusty Lonely Planet guide, the first hotel was 100 metres from the pullover and even from there things did not look promising, closer inspection revealed a building site, next one round the corner was described as "full of local colour" which is African for filthy hole, third hotel full, fourth hotel had rooms and it was as described "decaying splendour". Still it was clean and at £10 a night it did the job.

Next morning after coffee and a bun we set of f2 up on the Tiger in search of the Mauritanian embassy and the 2 visas, without which our journey to Dakar was impossible. Very helpfully all the road names had recently been changed, but a traffic cop pointed us down the right road. Research on the HUBB website helped me recognise a crossroads very near the embassy and sure enough some 90 metres from the junction was a sign about 30cm long at the side of the road for the Mauritanian embassy and visa office. The forms in Arabic and French were filled out with a little help from some fellow travellers, £52 handed over for the 2 multi entry visas and then everything closed for lunch. We returned later that afternoon, got the passports back and spent the rest of the day exploring the large souk. The evening meal was taken in one of the many open air cafés at which I asked for the chicken to be cooked as black as the tyres on my motorbike. The waitress, although surprised, complied and I enjoyed my meal with no dire consequences.

**Saturday 12th June** Paid the man in the



hotel, paid the man guarding our bikes and set off south on rural roads populated by donkey carts and ancient trucks, at one point skirting the King's beach residence (2km of walled splendour) guards in full dress uniform at every road and gate into the complex. On nearing Casablanca the thought of doing battle through the city centre had us back on the toll motorway. We passed shanty towns of plastic sheeting and tin roof, skirting Casablanca before the motorway ended and single carriageway was the only way to that night's stop at Safi. Like most towns on the Atlantic coast route Safi was a mix of old town with large new buildings sprouting up like weeds. Luckily these always involved hotels, so once more to our occasionally accurate Lonely Planet guide which recommended Hotel Assif, secure parking, air con and running water. Located, booked in, showered, changed, hang out the washing then out to find a safe place to eat. We found a modern café populated with the bright young things of Safi, all watching the World Cup (it followed us the entire trip).

**Sunday 13th** started like any other day, arose early, had breakfast packed, loaded the bikes, changed into riding gear then down to reception pay the bill and pick up the passports, which they did not have. As Corporal Jones would have said "don't panic". To cut a long story short searched the room, bikes (twice), reception and the night safe to no avail at which point I suggested a police

presence may be needed. It's at times like these that the little red book you casually drop into your coat pocket assumes a level of importance sufficient to have me in a cold sweat, so it was a huge relief when Helen found them in one of the many useful pockets in her biking jeans. A hasty retreat, to the bikes and open road, by 2 sheepish bikers had us heading south through arid hills, dusty plains and occasionally dropping down to the atlantic coastline all the time battered by a strong wind that was to be a feature of our time in Africa.

As we headed deeper into Africa petrol stations became increasingly sparse so it was with some relief the large sign on the horizon turned out to be a Shell logo. Sure enough the next town had a station of sorts, the sign advertising the stop was bigger than the station itself. The town resembled a scene from the (motorised) wild west. Vehicles in various states of decay scattered along the dusty road, goats, donkeys and other assorted animals milling about and our presence attracting a lot of attention. We filled everything that could hold petrol before heading out of Dodge passing a Harley towing a 50 litre barrel on a trailer (petrol) coming the opposite direction.

Skirting Agadir we passed a sign for that night's stop, Tiznit 62km, but we took that with a pinch of salt as Tiznit stubbornly refused to appear at 62km. About 10km later we pulled into a layby on the outskirts of Tiznit, broke out the guide and found we had stopped 200 metres from four of the six hotels in town. We chose the romantically named Hotel de Paris and got a double room, en suite with aircon and TV for £12 a night with a passable restaurant downstairs. Dinner was consumed in the company of an all male dining area watching Germany vs Austria.

**Monday 14th** We had breakfast on the restaurant terrace overlooking a busy road junction (better than watching the telly), paid the waiter then paid the guard who had sat outside on a chair next to the bikes, although at what looked like an ailing 60 years old I am not sure what he could have done. Heading south the road started to climb into a small mountain range which when cross dropped us into desert

scrub. We had now left the green verdant Africa and entered the Western Sahara territory, a disputed land which had not long since been embroiled in a nasty civil war between the Moroccan army and a large militia called the Polisario. An uneasy truce had been in operation for some time watched over by a UN monitoring force based in Laayoune. Our next night's stop. From here on police and army check points became a lot more frequent. Always polite, we were expected to furnish copies of our passports and various details which changed from check to check, the more vigilant officers taking up to 10 minutes to fill out all the necessary paperwork. Our worst day had 20 stops which added about an hour and a half to our day's journey.

The upside is the money the Moroccan government pours into the area results in new buildings and a weird attempt at civic pride with the promotion of regional mascots which in Tan Tan took the shape of two 20 metre high white camels. Other desert towns sported models of ostrich and fish. Back on the road as we neared Layoune nomadic tents started to appear near the road, set back, surrounded by herd of scrawny goat and the occasional stupid camel. Laayoune is not only UN HQ but also a garrison town which resulted in most of the better hotels being fully booked. We did find lodgings and secure parking, which turned out to be the pizza shop downstairs currently being gutted.

**15th June** A poor night's sleep, possibly due to the bed bugs, so breakfast was 2 strong cups of coffee opposite the main UN hotel, the car park full of 4 x 4 UN landcruisers with huge whip aerials. We carefully picked our way out of Laayoune in an effort to avoid another fine for not stopping on a solid white line at a roundabout, like I had picked up the previous day. We picked up the N1 and readied ourselves for another long day at the office, with Dakhla our destination. It's on this stretch of road that a visa is required for Mauritania or you can be turned back.

Huge winds, drifting sands, increasingly scarce petrol stations, police and army check points along with wandering camels with no road

sense occupied our day down to Dakhla. The town itself is situated on a peninsula, at one point the sky dotted with multi coloured squares. After a day of mirages I was making no assumptions, it turned out to be one of the best locations on the west coast for wind surfing. Turning to our trusty guide we searched for a reasonably priced hotel, could not find it, sought directions and still failed to find the hotel. Hot tired and sweaty we headed for the 5 star Sahara Regency (£60/night) and crashed out. Mustering the energy we went out to find food and happened upon a café promising Spanish cuisine, all started well with a passable tortilla but failed miserably when the steak hache was camel and nearly inedible.

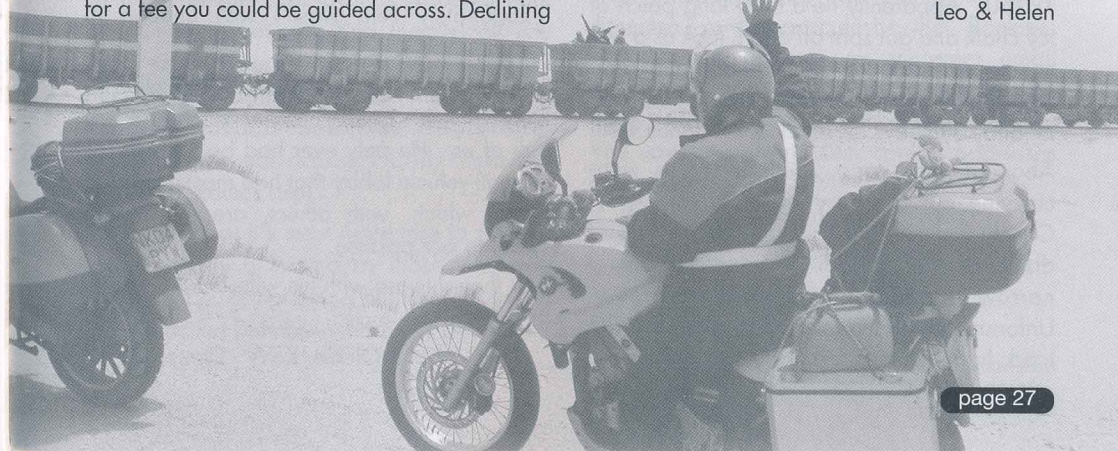
**16th June** a decent breakfast and we headed off the peninsula Dakhla sits on, right at the junction and we were once more Dakar bound. We intended to stop at the sign for the Tropic of Cancer (as seen on the TV programme "Tropic of Cancer" ) but found nothing. We concluded it must have been a sign he carried with him around the world. Pressing on along the Atlantic shoreline we were expecting a small petrol station with 2 shacks at BarBas but instead came upon a large modern hotel. Believing BarBas to be further on we fuelled up and carried on only to come to the border crossing (things certainly had changed at BarBas). The usual gaggle of "helpers" were shooed away and I completed the paperwork in about 20 minutes, and so we left Morocco. Mauritania was 3km from the border of Morocco, 3km of no mans land, a desert rock and sand corridor, landmines either side which for a fee you could be guided across. Declining

the offer, a hot and sweaty 30 minutes later we arrived at the Mauritanian border. Declining the offers of the many fixers we waited while the border guards finished afternoon prayers after which an hour of form filling, currency transactions and the purchase of compulsory insurance had us out of border control and into the sweaty armpit of West Africa.

We had been handed details of Chez Abba, a secure compound with accommodation in the nearby town of Nouadhibou. Our trusty guide had warned of widespread theft in the town so "secure" had us sold on Chez Abba for that night's stop. Our entry into the town was quite eventful, the road was littered with sheep, donkeys and taxis - none of which seemed to have any knowledge of the rules of the road. Sure enough Chez Abba was a secure compound at the western end of town which meant we had passed through a lot of what Nouadhibou had to offer for eating, none of which we deemed safe so it was out with the petrol stove and provisions in the large kitchen area. Stove fired up, cous cous bubbling away a movement caught my eye. A LARGE cockroach emerged from a seat cover by a wall soon to be joined by a slow moving crowd of equally large friends, the place was infested. Meal consumed we retired to our hot room (no air con) to find a deceased roach in the shower and signs of a large gathering for the funeral. Out with the mosquito net which that night doubled up as a roach net. A hot, uncomfortable night in near 30 degrees had us arise from a fitful night's sleep.

*To be continued...*

Leo & Helen



# Peter Boyce

It is with great sadness to report that one of our group's founder members, Pete Boyce, has passed away after a very short illness. Some of us who knew Pete well had a feeling that he wasn't his usual self but he wasn't one who'd be too anxious to be bothering the NHS with a few aches and pains. When he did eventually see a specialist, unfortunately it was too late for anything to be done.

Pete had been a member of the TRF in Dorset right from the start, back in the early 80's, and was the chairman of the group for many, many years. He was a very kind and gentle man and had a great sense of humour. He enjoyed his trail riding immensely and at almost 78 years of age, he'd ride with us all day on an 80 - 100 mile ride. He epitomised what trail riding was all about, trickling through the countryside and stopping to admire the views that abound in the county.

One winter's day, Pete and I were riding west across Waterston Ridge (now closed to us after a failed attempt to get BOAT status) with me in the front. I got to the road and waited for some time but there was no sign of Pete. On riding back I saw Pete picking himself up but there was no sign of his trusty XR250. Apparently he'd hit a long patch of icy chalk and got spat off and it took us a few minutes to locate the bike that had ended up in a hedge some distance away! Pete was ok and as always he seemed to bounce well!

About 4 years ago, the pair of us were carrying out a survey of UCRs for Dorset County Council and at one stage we had to dismount so as to push our bikes over a very narrow footbridge crossing a stream. Unfortunately where Pete had stopped, the track had been undercut by the stream, so

when he put his foot down there was nothing underneath! Consequently he ended up in the stream 2 metres below with the bike still on the bank. He'd bruised his shoulder and so he decided it would be best to ride back home. I said I'd ride with him but he insisted that he'd go alone so that I could finish the task we'd set ourselves.

When I got home I phoned Pete to see if he was ok. He admitted to being a bit bruised but said not to worry as he'd ridden a few lanes on the way home and everything was ok!

I led a run for us "oldies" on July 2nd this year and Pete rode all day on his trusty XR250, a route of 80 miles or so. I organised another run on August 24th but unfortunately Pete wasn't well enough to come.

He's going to be sorely missed by all who knew him, his gentle manner touched every one of us. He only ever had bad words for the anti-vehicle lobby that had master-minded NERC which, with others, are a constant threat to our pastime.

Our thoughts are with his wife Shirley, family and friends.

Dave Oickle, RoW - Dorset Group



# THE FORUM

## THE OPEN FACE DEBATE

I was pleased to see the photo on page 22 of the October mag (Team Blue), because I could actually see their faces and they look like trail riders on trail bikes. Well done lads and John Robinson for his usual well written article. It prompted me to write this letter and then I turned to the letters page to find that Peter Cross had beaten me to it! Well done Peter. We should view ourselves as others see us!

Happy riding, Roger Harris (Cumbria TRF)

## SLIGHT RANT

Must have read the October Trail too closely - a few observations:-

**P4** Routes where the 5 years prior to NERCA exception apply are very, very rare, and if you're going to try to use them you must really know you're right.

At least for the Lake District National Park and Cumbria you can find (nearly) all you need as to where you can legally go by accessing ([http://www.cumbria.gov.uk/roads-transport/public-transport-road-safety/countryside-access/HOTR/Hierarchy\\_of\\_Trails\\_Routes.asp](http://www.cumbria.gov.uk/roads-transport/public-transport-road-safety/countryside-access/HOTR/Hierarchy_of_Trails_Routes.asp))

**P5** I'd say that it's even more true to say our lawful activity is tainted by those who ride not knowing, or not being bothered to make, the distinction between where it is and is not, legal to ride.

**P28** Peter Cross's letter; photos without helmets, good thinking, but maybe just as acceptable to wear an open face helmet (see P22). I know the horse I'm flogging is pretty moribund, but maybe making eye contact and being identified as a human being is a reasonable trade off against some extra vulnerability. More care, less speed and aggression could counter that vulnerability.

Quote from a respected Parish Councillor at a recent lane repair related meeting "in amongst the narrow lanes and small groups of houses here, folk, and particularly newcomers and visitors, are frightened by trail riders - speed, noise, big - they mean tall - bikes, and riders dressed like computer game warriors."

Steve Pighills, Cumbria TRF

## NORTH AMERICA

You kindly published a request from us in October's Trail for contact from members with experience of trail riding in north America and particularly the Rockies. Unfortunately I gave an incorrect email address so apologies to those people who have responded and have heard nothing. You now know why! Our correct addresses are below;

Keith Johnston Wiltshire TRF  
keith.johnston55@hotmail.co.uk

Richard Metcalfe Wiltshire TRF  
richard.metcalfe@giscool.ltd.uk

Keith Johnston



# MEMBERS CLASSIFIEDS

**SUZUKI DR350 SEV** 1999 reg, MOT April 12. Good cond., many extras inc. TSL vinyl tank & seat cover, handguards, Renthal bars, tool bag & CRD s.s. silencer. V. low mileage, 7620. Michelin Cross AC10 tyres, trail ready. Various spares - petrol tank, mudguards, side covers, orig. silencer & more. Viewing recommended but no test rides as SORN. £1700 ono. Contact Geoff 07871 097907 (Kent), Email geoffkeys@talktalk.net

**YAMAHA WR250F** 2009. 2200 miles with handguards, sumpguard, frameguards, radguards. Used for green lane use only. Purchased new & road reg. Taxed until June. Regular oil & filter changes every 500 miles. Vgc. £3500 ono. Call Shaun on 07780 998534.

**HONDA CRF250X** 05 reg 6000 miles, lighting & ignition switch kit, radguards, handguards, OEM spare rad plastics, hotgrips, bashplate, new front tyre & chain/sprockets & rear pads. MOT till 07/12. £2200. Tel: 01527 546442. Email: flights1234@gmail.com (Worcs).

**SINGLE BIKE TRAILER** with loading ramp & built in lights etc. A quality 'Trigano' galvanised trailer with a gross weight of 500kg, can be altered to carry two bikes. Will easily transport up to Honda Goldwing size. Exc. cond. £275. Photos, email rob.rowley@tesco.net or tel: 01952 260011 Telford area.

**Members Classifieds: Bikes, Riding Gear etc FREE OF CHARGE** Enclose membership number. **ALL Commercial Advertising to be paid for - £1 per line, £5 minimum.** Please send all classifieds with payment if applicable to **THE EDITOR, Sheepcote Farm, Moor Lane, Wiswell, Clitheroe BB7 9DG.** Tel: 01254 823893 Fax: 01254 887999 editor@trf.org.uk

**YAMAHA 225 SEROW** 1991 J Plate 9,000 miles in green & white. Taxed & MOT to May 2012. Good cond, good starter & runner. Lady owner. £1,395 ono. Tel: 01984 623445 (West Somerset TA4).

**FOR SALE** Husaberg FE450 last of the old style. Built by KTM in 2008. 840 miles - 34 hours from new. Set up for trail riding. Not being used enough. Fully serviced & needs for nothing except a new rider. £3000. **Klim Chinook pants** Size 38, reg inside leg. Red & black. Bought in April 2011 & used 3 times but have lost weight so they no longer fit. As new cond. £50. Tel: 0208 866 9641 or julian@delawareservices.co.uk

## ACCOMMODATION

**BRENDAN CHASE B&B** Windermere village centre location so close to pubs and restaurants, from £25 per night bed and breakfast. Off street parking for bikes. Tel: 015394 45638. Email brendan.chase@aol.com, website: www.placetostaywindermere.co.uk

**HOLIDAY LODGES IN MID WALES** (owned by member). Ideally suited for motorcycle enthusiasts. Large site with safe, secure hard standing for bikes and trailers. Utility/boot room in all, fully equipped workshops for those essential repairs. Self catering or provision for grocery supplies and home cooked meals delivered to your door. Excellent rates for TRF members. See our website: www.radnor-revivals.co.uk or telephone 01597 840308 for a brochure and information.

## GROUPS

**AXE VALE** David Clegg, Tel: 01275 373652 (Home), Mob: 0793 1220895. dcej@talktalk.net 2nd Tues, 8pm, Windmill Inn, Nore Road, Portishead.

**BLACK COUNTRY** John Oseland, Tel: 01902 656011 1st Tues, 9pm, The Longford House, Watling Street, Cannock.

**BRISTOL** Glenn Summers, Tel: 01454 619246 4th Mon, 8pm, The Midland Spinner, Warmley, Bristol.

**CAMBRIDGE** Tony Lacey, Tel: 07753 820520 1st Thurs, 8.00 p.m., The White Swan, Elsworth Road, Conington, Cambridge CB23 4LN.

**CORNWALL** Adam Hedley, Tel: 01579 349217 3rd Thurs, 7.30 - 8.00 p.m., The Borough Arms, Bodmin.

**CUMBRIA & CRAVEN** Roger Harris, Tel: 01539 725198 2nd Tues, 7.30pm, The Gilpin Bridge Hotel & Inn, Bridge End, Levens, Nr. Kendal LA8 8EP (on A5074 at junction with A590).

**DERBYSHIRE & SOUTH YORKSHIRE**

Mick Ellison, Tel: 07780 674192 2nd Tues, The Angel Hotel, Sprinkhill, Eckington, Nr. Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

**DEVON** John Heal, Tel: 01626 366860 2nd Tues, 8pm, The Dolphin Hotel, Station Road, Bovey Tracey, TQ13 9AL.

**DORSET** W. John Williamson, Tel: 01929 553640, Mob: 07850 727873 1st Tues, 8pm, Greyhound Inn, Winterbourne, Kingston, Nr. Bere Regis.

**EAST MIDLANDS** Graham Chinnery, Tel: 01332 863433 2nd Wed, The Clock Warehouse, London Road, Shardlow, just off the A50.

**EAST YORKSHIRE** Simon Garthwaite, Tel: 07980 680026 2nd Tues, 8pm, Londesborough Arms, Market Weighton, York.

**ESSEX** Cliff eaves, Tel: 07515 330423 2nd Wed, The Cross Keys, The Green, Hatfield Peverel, Essex CM3 2JQ.

**GLOUCESTER** Richard Simpson, Tel: 07812 402021 1st Wed, 8pm, Wagonworks Club, Tuffley Ave., Gloucester.

**HERTFORDSHIRE** John Fox, Tel: 01462 811654 2nd Wed, 8.30pm, Shire Park Social Club, Shire Park, Central Drive, Welwyn Garden City AL7 1AB.

**HIGH PEAK & POTTERIES** Graham Till, Tel: 01782 510533/07971 477024 2nd Tues, 8.30 - 9.00pm, The Stafford Arms, Bagnall. (2 miles out of Leek).

**ISLE OF WIGHT** 1st Wed, 8pm, The Eight Bells Inn, Carisbrooke, Newport, IOW.

**KENT** Steve Neville Tel: 01474 742705 2nd Tues, 8.30p.m. for 9pm, The Moat Pub, Wrotham, near Brands Hatch.

**LANCASHIRE** Tony Davenport, Tel: 07538 195212 1st Tues, Black Bull, Hall Lane, Mawdesley.

**LINCOLNSHIRE** Paul Vernon, Tel: 01522 889079 4th Thurs, 8pm, Lincolnshire Poacher, Bunkers Hill, Lincoln.

**LODDON VALE** Sean Comber, Tel: 07763 870244 2nd Thurs, Inn on the Park, Woodley, Reading.

**MANCHESTER** Phil Kinder, Tel: 07809 647293 2nd & 4th Mon, 9pm, The Fletcher's Arms, Denton.

**MID WALES** Tony Rooney, Tel: 01239 698349 1st Thurs, 7.30pm, The Crown Inn, Rhayader except July & December.

**NORTHUMBRIA** Nic Gilbert, Tel: 07940 133871 1st Wed, 8pm, The Staffs Club, Blaydon, NE21 4JB.

**NORTH WALES** Neil "Timpo" Thompson, Tel: 07980 555874 1st Wed, 8pm, Potters Wheel, Precinct Way, Buckley CH7 2EG. Ref SJ 279637.

**NORWICH** Jeremy McNulty, Tel: 07786 426055 2nd Wed, 7.30pm, White Horse, Trowse, Norwich.

**OXFORDSHIRE** Peter Cole, Tel: 01844 214075 3rd Thurs, 8pm, The Gladiator Sport & Social Club, 263 Iffley Road, Oxford, OX4 1SJ, next to Ridgeway VW Garage.

**PEAK DISTRICT** Alan Gilmore, Tel: 01332 553246 1st Thurs, 8pm, The Joiner's Arms, Church Road, Quarndon, Derby.

**RIBBLE VALLEY** Peter Ashurst, Tel: 07817 928329 2nd Tues, 8.30pm, Brown Cow, Chaiburn, Clitheroe (off A59).

**SOMERSET** Fran Bunce, Tel: 01278 662605 2nd Tues, 8pm, The Old Pound Inn, High Street, Aller Langport.

**SOUTHERN** Colin Lindstrom Tel: 07818 404240 3rd Thurs, 8pm, Southampton & District MCC, Woodside Ave., Eastleigh, (opposite Halfords).

**SOUTH LONDON & SURREY** Steve Sharp, 0208 773 4204 8.30pm, 4th Wed, Nescot Centre for Sports Development, Banstead Road, Ewell, Surrey.

**SOUTH NORTHANTS** Andy Gerrard, Tel: 07803 600571 2nd Monday, 9pm, The Old Sun, 10 Middle Street, Nether Heyford, Northampton NN7 3LL.

**SOUTH WALES** Christian James, Tel: 01446 410073 1st Thurs, 8pm, Ty Nant Inn, Morganstown, Nr Radyr CF15 8LB.

**SOUTH WEST WALES** Terry Brooks, Tel: 07910 050001 1st Tues, Corner House Pub, Commercial Street, Ystalyfera, Swansea.

**SUFFOLK** Richard May, Tel: 01787 374073 1st Wed, Manger Pub, A134 Sudbury Rd, Bury-St-Ed.

**SUSSEX** Julian Flack, Tel: 01306 740586 1st Thurs, Ashington Social Club, Rear of Red Lion, A24, 9 miles North of Worthing.

**TEESSIDE & NORTH YORKS** Leo Crone, Tel: 01325 463815 (8am to 4pm only). 3rd Tues, The Ranch House, Thoraldby Farm, Nr Stokesley, map ref 93...493074.

**VIRTUAL PEAK GROUP** Paul King, kingy@virtualpeaks.co.uk Tel: 07966 289778. This is a virtual group at www.virtualpeaks.co.uk

**WEST ANGLIA** Mark Andrew, Tel: 01933 413458 1st & 3rd Thurs, Scott Bader Social Club, opp. Parish Church, Wollaston, Wellingborough.

**WEST MIDLANDS** David Chamberlain, Tel: 0121 783 3438 1st & 3rd Wed, Wilmcote Mens Club, Stratford on Avon.

**WEST YORKSHIRE** Paul Dearden, Tel: 07901 381629 1st Thurs RoW 7.30 pm, Main Meeting 8.00pm, Cue Gardens, Stadium Mills, Stadium Road, Bradford BD6 1BJ.

**WILTSHIRE** Vic Price, Tel: 01380 724651 1st Tues, The Bell On The Common, Broughton Gifford SN12 8LX.

**WORCESTERSHIRE** David Walters, Tel: 07767 204730 1st Tues, White Hart, Fernhill Heath, Worcs.



# TRF Shop Order Form

	Cost per item	Quantity Required	Colour/ Size	Total
Conserving our Heritage Mug available in White, Green, Black or Grey	£ 4.25			
Protecting Green Lanes Mug available in White, Green, Black or Grey	£ 3.95			
Preserving our Right to Ride Mug available in White, Green, Black or Grey	£ 4.25			
Trail Riders Fellowship Mug in White, Green, Black or Grey	£ 3.95			
TRF Branded Stainless Steel Travel Mug	£ 4.25			
TRF Torpedo Pen*	£ 1.25			
TRF Wind Up Torch Keyring*	£ 3.85			
TRF Ribbon Keyring *	£ 1.50			
TRF Internal Window Sticker (12 x 5 on clear background)*	£ 3.75			
TRF Internal Window Sticker (24 x 2 on clear background)*	£ 4.45			
TRF External Sticker (30 x 2 on white background)*	£ 4.95			
TRF 2011 Sticker*	£ 1.00			
TRF 2010 Sticker*	£ 1.00			
TRF 2009 Sticker*	£ 1.00			
TRF 2008 Sticker*	£ 1.00			
TRF 2007 Sticker*	£ 1.00			
TRF 2006 Sticker*	£ 1.00			
TRF 2005 Sticker*	£ 1.00			
TRF Standard Polo shirt - Green in M, L or XL	£ 14.50			
TRF Standard Polo shirt - Grey in M, L or XL	£ 14.50			

Items marked with a\* already include postage and packaging

Postal Charges: 1 item £2.50, 2 items £3.50, 3 items £5.00, 4 items £6.50, 5+ items £7.00

Or let me know beforehand and I can bring along to the monthly meeting or event.

Goods \_\_\_\_\_

P&P \_\_\_\_\_

Total value of Order \_\_\_\_\_

Name:	Payment Details
Delivery Address:	I enclose a chq to the value of: _____
	Please make chq's payable to the TRF - _____
	I wish to make payment with a credit/debit card _____
	Name on Card: _____
	Card Number: _____
Membership Number:	Expiry Date: _____
Contact Number:	Sec Code: _____
Email Address:	Total to be debited: _____

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## TRF SHOP

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