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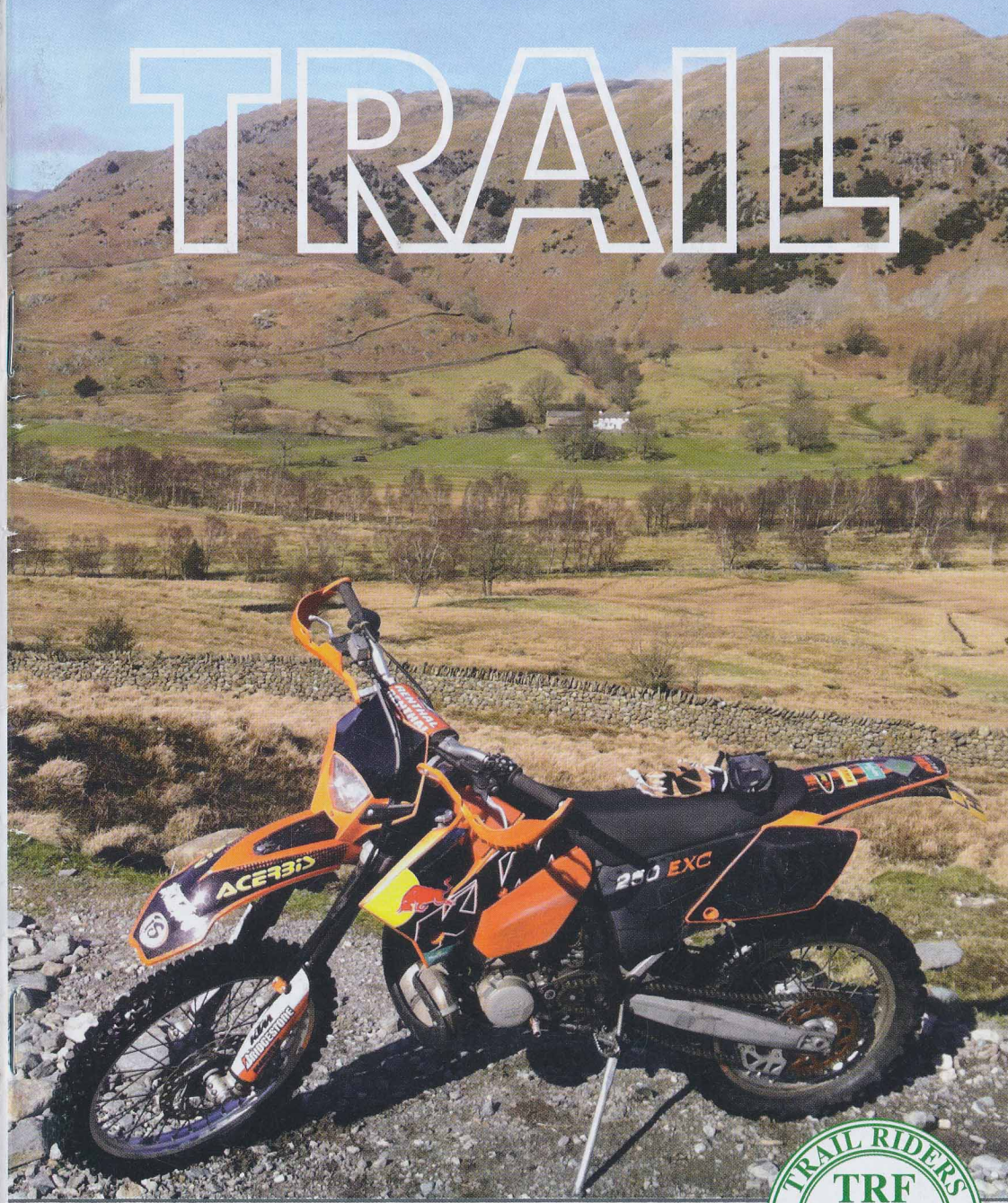
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Taken between Guildford and Dorking.  
Photo by Dave King.

# TRAIL



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

APRIL 2012 No. 404 EDITOR: FRED ELLISON



Patron: Lord Fairfax

# A FLAWLESS RIDE ON ANY TERRAIN.



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Dear TRF'er,

No time to waste, so I will cut to the chase: two appeals which require YOUR URGENT RESPONSE.

1. Those rascals in the North Yorks CC are trying to bend the rules see below.
2. For the first time ever the TRF are asking for recognition of our right to a place in the countryside by organising a peaceful protest ride in the Peak District (see page 4).

We are law abiding citizens (not bikers) and must fight for 'our **right** to a place in the countryside'. I suggest we take this forward as our slogan. Walkers do not have exclusive rights.

Fred Ellison, Editor

## YOUR URGENT RESPONSE NEEDED BY 27/04/12

NYCC is currently consulting on the future management of its network of UCRs, and has produced a consultation document.

I urge members to have a read of the document and respond, it is quite a short document and, in my belief, quite poorly put together.

<https://forms.northyorks.gov.uk/WebForms/WebForm.aspx?ID=EE2873C617FE47439B68544283825534>

I sit on the Yorkshire Dales National Park Local Access Forum (YDNPA LAF) and have been involved in discussing the management of routes within the Park (which won't be part of the NYCC program) and we have found a way to manage routes that works and would like to use a similar method in the rest of North Yorkshire.

I think we all support management of routes, but this must be done on a route by route, evidence based basis, there is no need for altering the status of routes.

Other user groups are concerned about routes being downgraded to whatever status seems to fit and are also concerned about the 2025 cut off date for the definitive map.

We feel a massive response might stop it in its tracks and since the idea isn't even popular with other user groups we stand a good chance of success. Hundreds, if not more, green lanes are at stake but we don't have much time as the consultation ends on the 27/04/12.

If we aren't successful in stopping this then it may have a domino effect and other counties may adopt North Yorkshire's stance.

Stuart Monk, Local RoW Officer

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### WANTED:

RUN REPORTS

RIGHTS OF WAY • NOTICES

BIKE & RIDING GEAR REVIEWS

COVER PHOTOS

YOUR VIEWS ON TRAIL RIDING RELATED TOPICS

or anything you feel would be interesting

### COVER PHOTO:

Photo by Gareth Olley.  
My KTM in Cumbria on a sunny March afternoon.

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

All contributions to THE EDITOR  
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## STATIONERY & LEAFLETS

Keepers of Stationery:	<b>Debbie Hutchinson</b>	Leaflets & Membership Forms
	<b>Fred Ellison</b>	Letterheads & Compliments Slips
Display Equipment:	<b>Leo Crone</b>	01325 463815 (7a.m. - 5p.m.) Display boards held at Ut 10, Red Barnes Way, McMullen Road, Darlington DL1 2RR

## REGIONAL RoW ADVISORS

Wales & West Midlands	<b>Tim Stevens</b>	01547 529946 Offa's Road, Knighton LD7 1ES
South & South West	<b>Dave Tilbury</b>	See above for contact details
Eastern	<b>Richard Sugden</b>	01354 651390 <a href="mailto:home@rlsugden.fsnet.co.uk">home@rlsugden.fsnet.co.uk</a> 122 Station Road, March, Cambridgeshire PE15 8NH
East Midlands	<b>Robin Hickin</b>	See above for contact details

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## NOTICE BOARD

### TRF EXECUTIVE MEETING

**Sunday 22nd April 2012**

Quorn Lodge Hotel, Melton Mowbray. [www.quornlodgehotel.co.uk](http://www.quornlodgehotel.co.uk)  
The meeting will start at 10.00 am and, if we can keep Andy on track,  
we will try to get you away just after lunch.

We hope that as many of you as possible will come along.

Jack Knight

## FORTHCOMING EVENTS

**TRF Executive Meeting** 10.00 am Sunday 22nd April 2012. Quorn Lodge Hotel, Melton Mowbray.

**BMF Peterborough Showground** Saturday 19th - Sunday 20th May 2012.  
Please contact [mike@mandktrading.co.uk](mailto:mike@mandktrading.co.uk) or [marketing@trf.org.uk](mailto:marketing@trf.org.uk) if you are able to give some time.

**Wessex Wanderer Weekend 2012** Saturday 19th - Sunday 20th May 2012. Email any enquiries to [keith.johnston55@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:keith.johnston55@hotmail.co.uk)

**Bristol TRF Fun Time Trial** Saturday 26th May 2012, 12 noon - 4.30 p.m.  
For more info contact Dean Allen on 07989 466204, no voice mail please.

**Northumbria TRF Bikes, Bevvies & Banter 2012**  
2nd & 3rd June. For further info please ring Neil on 07939 038180 or Nic on 07940 133871.

**Teesside & North Yorkshire TRF Forest & Heather Trail Riding Weekend** Friday 3rd - Sunday 5th August 2012.  
For further information contact Richard 07834 632040 or visit [www.nytrf.co.uk](http://www.nytrf.co.uk)

## 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.



# April 24th Call to Arms

For too long now we have pontificated about who should do what and when we should do something about the continued reduction in the lanes available for us to ride. The TRF, both nationally and locally, is doing a great job winning back some of the lanes but public opinion is against us and combined with the Authorities it is clear the agenda is to stop us riding the Green Roads.

It is time we made a stand and with the backing and in the name of the TRF we are going to start fighting back NOW before its too late.

April the 24th is a Tuesday and most of us have to work. Significantly this particular Tuesday is the 80th Anniversary of the Kinder Trespass. Back in 1932 the Ramblers took on the game keepers and fought for the rights of everyone to be able to enjoy the countryside and opened up the lanes and footpaths of the country for everyone to enjoy.

They appear to have forgotten the "Everyone" bit and are now pushing local residents, landowners, Authorities in making it illegal for users of Motorised vehicles to use the lanes and will not let up until they have their way. I personally believe that once we are off the scene they will start on the Bicycles, Horses and then the ramblers themselves but that's another story. We are going to remind them maybe even shame them into remembering the "EVERYONE" bit.

To do it you are required to take a day off

work on Tuesday the 24th April, team up with your mates and ride the Peak trails in a responsible and proper manner. And whilst you are riding about enjoying yourselves I would like you to hand out leaflets\* to everyone you see on the Trails. Put them on car windscreens, hand them to residents, put them up in shops. I want you to make Tuesday the 24th of April, the 80th anniversary of the Kinder Scout Trespass, to be the day the TRF and Trail Riders came to town. I want to make the 24th April 2012 National Trail Riding Day. (\* Leaflets will be available to print from the website nearer the time - Members Area - Members Files - TRF Files)

This will be the most important day off that you will ever take as far as it will mark the day that the Trail Riders started to take back the green roads, not just for us but for everyone.

Get into groups of up to 6, Make your own way to the Peaks and have a good day's trail riding. If attending email me at [mike@mandktrading.co.uk](mailto:mike@mandktrading.co.uk) closer to the time and I will tell you where we are going to meet for lunch. I cannot tell you too soon as it will spoil the surprise.

I look forward to your support on the day. I am sorry it's a work day but if you can manage it it will be worthwhile I assure you.

Mike Irving,  
Cambridge TRF

# RoW NEWS

## A message from Suffolk police

I had a phone call from Suffolk Police.

It wasn't entirely unexpected as I'd previously been approached by Suffolk CC RoW Dept to see whether I'd act as a TRF contact to discuss various vehicle access related problems that they'd been having lately.

We had a very interesting and positive discussion about these issues, some of which were not new and were unfortunately all too predictable.

As a result I've been asked to pass on a request from Suffolk Police to trail riders who use the byways around Thetford/Kings Forest on the Suffolk/Norfolk border. In particular this is aimed at riders who use the lanes around Culford Heath.

It seems that there have been a number of complaints to the police from residents about anti social riding by motorcyclists in this area. This mainly relates to issues of excessive speed and aggressive riding but there have also been reports of abusive behaviour to residents who've asked riders to slow down.

As a result the matter has now been adopted as a "Safer Neighbourhood Team" priority and will therefore receive more attention from the police.

While the police do recognise our right to use these byways and acknowledge that the majority of vehicle users are reasonable and responsible they also warned that anti social behaviour will not be tolerated.

Hopefully by working together with the police, the highway authority and the local residents we can resolve these problems without further

threat to our right of access. However, I would appeal to all riders who use this area to exercise some restraint, particularly with regard to speed!

I know these lanes well and have ridden them myself many times. Some of them are very long, very straight and, in byway terms at least, well surfaced. They encourage speeds which, although quite probably within the legal speed limit, are not appropriate on an unsealed highway.

Some of these routes also have a number of isolated residential properties along them and it is these residents who are understandably most concerned.

In the short term we have been discussing the possibility of site specific signage asking motorists to SLOW DOWN and SHOW RESPECT for residents etc. The police have already held a number of stop checks in the area and previously erected temporary signage warning that anti social riding could result in prosecution/s59 warnings etc.

In the longer term there may be consideration given to a reduced speed limit or other restrictions. At this point however there is no suggestion from the authority of stopping up or a TRO but we know from experience that where these problems go unaddressed the pressure for restriction can only grow.

So, use your head, exercise some restraint with the throttle, keep both your speed and noise down and tell your friends (especially those who are not aware of the TRF code of conduct) that anti social riding in this area is threatening all of our access and will not be tolerated!

Richard Sugden,  
TRF Eastern Area RoW Advisor

# The Price of a Highway?

This case concerned an application by Northumberland County Council under s.116 for an application to stop up public rights with motor vehicles on BOAT 22, Whittington, whilst retaining restricted byway rights. This byway is a through-road, of which about a third is a very well surfaced unclassified road, leading up to the farm of The Honorable Mr Matthew Arthur, who applied to the council under s.117 for the closure to be sought. Mr Arthur agreed to cover the council's costs in the matter. The council stated in court that the excellent surfacing leading up to Mr Arthur's farm was carried out at the public expense at some earlier time.

The Hon. Mr Arthur runs a 'horse chiropractic' business at the farm, and Judge Earl notes that he treats "valuable horses, thoroughbreds up to £300,000", although Mr Arthur said in evidence that he treats 'million-pound horses.' When Mr Arthur and his wife bought the property in 1985 he "did not know of the existence of the public rights of way" although Byway 22 is also county road 8160, and has been so publicly recorded by the council since at least 1960.

Mr Arthur told the Judge that he had no knowledge of the county road until 1994, when he was told about it by a walker. He said that the public with vehicles did not start using the road until 2008. The 'objectors' to the application (local TRF, and local CTC) gave evidence that they and club-mates were using the road in the early 1980s, and since that time.

Alan Kind ('a person who uses the highway') presented a case against the application, which encompassed the legal arguments in the cases of the other objectors present. Mr Kind asked Mr Arthur why, if he had such valuable horses on site, he could not fence the road off from his field (about 400 metres) and why he could not use an electric fence? Mr Arthur replied that it would 'cost several thousand pounds', and be 'uneconomic' compared to the loss to the small number of persons enjoying the highway. Mr Arthur showed the Judge photographs which, he said, showed "weather damage and rutting of the byway." The 'objectors', on this point, asserted that vintage motorcycles have used (courtesy of the late Brian Thompson) this road, and could easily do so; that, as cart roads go, this one is most certainly not out of repair.

Alex Bell, giving evidence for the council, told the Judge that in his view there was limited recreational use of the byway (there was no positive evidence from any other recreational users of there being any recreational use, other than from the TRF and the one cyclist) and that it had no utility as a general purpose road, a point that was not disputed at all. The byway, said Mr Bell, had "no intrinsic recreational value." The Judge notes that Mr Bell said that in

the last 5 years he had added more than 40 BOATs to the definitive map, comprising 52 kilometres, within 10 miles of Byway 22, but does not record that Mr Bell confirmed under cross-examination that much of this mileage was already recorded as unsealed unclassified road, a substantial amount is cul-de-sac, and that a substantial amount is subject to traffic regulation orders.

The Judge next heard evidence from the 'objectors', including Tony Whitehead, who put in annotated maps to show that Byway 22 is, to the TRF, a valuable link in an already sparse local network; and Ray Smith, a horse owner, who explained how grants are available to plant quick-growing hawthorn hedges suitable to separate the field and horses from the public road.

The council and Mr Kind made submissions. Mr Rickitt for the council stressed Mr Arthur's evidence on lack of use of the road, and Mr Kind said that a BOAT, by its very character, if not definition, generally had relatively light use by the public with motors, and submitted that this was now primarily a recreational user road, and that this fact should inform the exercise of the court's discretion against allowing the application.

District Judge Earl set out 'Facts that I have found.' He finds that this route is a "very small percentage of the overall routes available", and that the road has been recorded on maps since 1769. He decides that "fencing is not an option that I am satisfied is necessary given the likely outlay costs for usage by motor vehicles" and that "there is a potentially dangerous exit issue at the east end [for which evidence had been led that this is far more dangerous for horses and horse-drawn traffic than for motorcycles]" and "in bad weather this will likely lead to mud on the road and this could affect site safety and that of road users generally" [no evidence had been led of there ever having been a mud problem here].

In his 'conclusions' the Judge finds that the road is not necessary for "general and utilitarian public use" [which was not disputed] and that "I am satisfied that the route is or has been used for very limited recreational use and certainly nothing more than rarely in the last few years." He takes "account of the landowner's real concerns for patient animals and livestock generally on his land. Again, this is a real concern but not highly likely to be a significant issue, again given limited usage by motor vehicles annually." He continues, "Finally, and perhaps somewhat controversially, I take account of the fact that we are in a period of increasing financial constraint for public authorities. This must now play on the exercise of any discretion, to some degree, taking into account all local byways available, the general nature of the definitive map for all types of user and the cost of maintaining this for the future necessary public enjoyment. Public access must have a cost and the authorities must act reasonably to get the best cost value for the most enjoyment for the majority.

"Secondly, I question whether even though I find the BOAT to be unnecessary, I should exercise my discretion to allow the applicant authority consent to stop it up for motor vehicle users. I take account of the locality, my findings as to user and the nature of the track and the likely impact upon it of either not exercising my discretion or doing so [The Judge heard no evidence that the level of public user would, or might, change in the future]. I have decided that it is an appropriate husbandry of this ancient route to restrict the type of user to which it is put, in order to best ensure that it continues to be enjoyed by the majority of the public for many years to come. I therefore grant the application by the local authority ..."

# Open Season on Trail Riders?

A rather unpleasant item was posted on the Devon open forum last week by our RoW Officer Mark Fishwick. I emailed the Sidmouth Herald and had a chat with a reporter who contacted Mark and ran the story below. Steve Harcus, PR & Media Officer, Devon TRF

As postman Mark rode along a lane he faced . .



## Metal wire death trap

▲ Postie Mark Fishwick struck a potentially lethal length of wire strung across a country lane.

A SIDMOUTH postman had a narrow escape after nearly colliding with a potentially lethal length of metal wire strung between two trees.

Mark Fishwick says if he had been riding faster than 10mph down the country lane near Otterton, he would have been pulled off his bike and seriously injured.

The 48-year-old was on his way back from work to his home in East Budleigh when he decided to use the leafy lane connecting Frog-

more Road with the B3178.

He said: "Fortunately, I was going extremely slowly when I saw a length of electrical fence wire stretched across the lane at chest height and I had enough padding to take the strain.

"I'm six-foot one; but if I had been shorter and I had been going faster it would have hit my neck."

The narrow track, registered by county chiefs as an 'unclassified road', is a legal right of way.

The postman added: "I'm extremely angry. Imagine

if it had been a child on a push bike?"

"It's attempted manslaughter."

Mark is part of the Devon Trail Riders Fellowship (DTRF), and said this was not the first time members have encountered the same technique in a bid to prevent them from using a lane.

He said a friend of his was taken off his bike and injured in Sidmouth, and others have found six inch nails hammered into wood, buried under leaves, with

the intention of puncturing a tyre.

"It is thoughtless and very dangerous," he added.

Mr Fishwick said DTRF work with police and the county council on legal rights of way, but said one of the problems is that many lanes do not indicate if they are legal to use by the public.

He added: "Some people obviously don't want bikers, cyclists and horse riders on what they think is a private road. We're not a group of young tearaways;

we are responsible trail riders, we have a code of conduct and we never exceed 25mph."

Police Community Support Officer Donna Baker said: "This is obviously very dangerous.

"We have no way of knowing if it is malicious or somebody is just not thinking.

"The public cannot take it upon themselves to close a road; only the public rights of way officer at Devon County Council can do that."

\*\*

*\*\* Ed: I cannot understand the police view of these potentially lethal actions. Do they not realise the danger to horses and other users?*

# RIDE OUTS

## RHYADER

South Wales cordially invites you to attend the Annual SWTRF 2012 Rhyader Rideout which has been offered to other TRF's in the past.

This is a long ride-out ranging between 120 miles and 235 miles one way with the same mileage or thereabouts for the return journey.

The rideout is set on the August weekend commencing very early Saturday 4th August with an overnight stay in secure B&B accommodation returning back to South Wales on 5th August 2012 for mid evening

This is a seriously good long rideout and not really suited for complete novices but catering more for intermediate/expert riders.

Stamina will be an issue but we do have a 66 year old already booked on so we definitely cater for all.

If any members are interested please note that I will need a £35 non refundable deposit for the B&B

No other hidden costs other than your fuel and any food en route.

Please contact myself christian@swtrf.org.uk or ring me on 01446 410073 for further information.

Please check out the details on our website [www.swtrf.org.uk](http://www.swtrf.org.uk) - rideouts - SWTRF ANNUAL RHYADER RIDEOUT - 4/5 August 2012.

Christian James

## NORTH WALES

This time its a North Wales Rideout which has not been offered to other TRF's in the past.

The rideout is from Llangollen and has lots of extremely scenic routes around the North Wales area by expert guides

You will have to get your bikes to Llangollen and the accomodation will be secure and also very scenic.

This again is a seriously good rideout and not really suited for complete novices but catering more for intermediate/expert riders.

If any members are interested please note that I will need a £35 non refundable deposit for the B&B

No other hidden costs other than your fuel and any food en route.

Please contact myself christian@swtrf.org.uk or ring me on 01446 410073 for further information.

Please check out the details on our website <http://www.swtrf.org.uk/index.php?topic=480.0>

Christian James

# Namaste

Stone road of dry river bed

Namaste a Nepalese greeting that is sure to bring a smile to every face. I think the first word any child utters in Nepal must be Namaste. From two to ninety two all respond with great affection. This is a Country of Smiles even though the poverty would bring tears to most Westerners' Eyes.

Harry and I flew into Kathmandu on a bright sunny day (22°C) having just experienced the magnificent sight of the Himalaya range. Every snow capped peak from Annapurna to Everest was lit up before us.

Mike, the tour operator of Mountains and Motorbikes, and Suria the Driver were at the airport to greet us. Adorned with garlands we made our way through the chaos of traffic, to the Village Park Hotel, in cross-town Kathmandu.

Kathmandu has grown from less than half a million to three and a half million in the last ten years. With 500,000 motorcycles (90cc to 125cc) and 90,000 cars, buses, taxis, three wheeler Rickshaws, cyclists and pedestrians, the roads were congested to say the least. Riding the tarmac in Nepal was as exciting as trail riding anywhere.

After a good night's sleep we arranged for a guided tour of the Buddhist temples in the centre of Kathmandu and some of the back streets. Culture shock I'll say. What we would consider intolerable conditions and deprivation was just a background to daily lives. I must say I never felt threatened in any part of Nepal, even the poorest areas and the people were friendly. Buddhism has a lot to teach the West.

The Living Goddess appeared at her window. She is a child chosen when she is three for ceremonies. At puberty she is cast out as an untouchable and never marries. A stark contrast in life expectations presumably overcome by quiet Buddhist contemplation.

Then we were introduced to the local meal "Dahl Baht" which consists of a bowl of rice, bean soup, spiced vegetables and pickles.

Tasty, Tasty, very, very, Tasty, it's very Tasty!!

Next day the bikes arrived. 2010 fuel injected tractors, sorry, Royal Enfield 500cc. We were introduced to the rest of the group of ten riders and four crew including a mechanic. They carried the luggage and equipment in the

4X4 backup vehicle.

Every rider, each in turn, was launched into the traffic, as pillion, on the back of Mike's bike, to teach us survival techniques, in a land with very different motoring rules.

Then Dawa Sherpa arrived, our Tour Guide. A Sherpa from Kangchenjunga (3rd highest peak at 8586m), he had worked as a porter and then a cook, on Everest expeditions, before being promoted to Head Sherpa. He made the Summit of Everest in 2006 with Oxygen and then in 2007 without Oxygen.

He freely admits he nearly died on the way down. He got to base 4 and could not walk any further. After three nights in a tent, resting, he had to choose to descend or die of cold and starvation. Too weak to walk he slid down to the next camp on his backside where he got help. They had already written him off as dead.

As he says people pay £36,000 for a permit to climb Everest and most people either die on the ice field above base camp or on the descent or have to give up due to altitude sickness and fatigue. Dawa, an interesting character, and a modest, but brave, man.

A stroll after dinner, into the suburbs, brought us to a school and we were invited to look round. All the children were in uniform and immaculately behaved.

I took some photos and showed them to the pupils and they were amazed to see an image of themselves on the camera screen. The school was bereft of any equipment, bare walls, in poor condition. Education is highly valued here and English is taught as a second language. You have to experience the deprivation in order to understand their dire needs, even for basics like pens, paper and reading books. I for one will do something to help the education of these deserving pupils and dedicated staff. A drop in the "Ocean of need" but every little helps.

Next morning we set off into the traffic and escaped into the countryside heading towards Pokhara on the Prithivi Highway. This highway was featured on the BBC as one of "The Most Dangerous Roads in the World". Once you know the rules it all makes sense. What appears to be suicidal overtaking is very much controlled. There is far more courtesy shown by drivers than in our country. I did not witness one accident only a few broken down lorries at the side of the road. Most vehicles would have been consigned to the scrapyard years ago in Britain but here they did sterling work in a cloud of dust and black diesel fumes.

We turned off the main road and took a mountain road up 3000 feet, through multiple hairpins, to the Bandipur Green Peak Resort for an overnight stay.

A beautiful Old Hill Town, Bandipur was full of character and characters with smiling faces. Unlike many African countries there are very few beggars in Nepal. No one expects a handout. Maybe it is a product of Buddhism and inner peace. It is not a country in pursuit of materialistic wealth. Let us hope that technology, TV and the internet does not change their attitude to life, though history tells me otherwise.

Next day we experienced a manic ride through the city of Pokhara. Two riders went astray.

Armed with mobiles they rang Dawa, our team leader. He said "Put one of the locals on the phone" and within minutes they knew where they were and we all waited by a Monastery while they were retrieved from the chaos.

There in the background was our first sight of Dhaulagiri, the Fish Tail Mountain, a Sacred Mountain close to Annapurna, its beautiful outline features picked out in snow, barely visible in the haze. Magnificent.

Then the tarmac gave out and the dirt roads

started as we approached Tatopani, through the spectacular Kaligandaki river gorge. One of the deepest gorges in the World (outside China). The Hotel with natural, hot, springs nearby was welcomed by the riders after a bumpy and dusty ride.

Riding the Enfields off road is taxing for beginners. The uneven surface assures you a "kick up the rear" every few metres. Standing on the pegs or absorbing the movement in your thighs, is the order of the day. Harry and I loved the off-road sections, others struggled, on what was a steep learning curve. After a couple of days most were pleased with their progress as their confidence grew and they felt they had achieved a lot.

Onward and upward to Marpha, a sleepy village. The capital of apple growing country where apples were peeled, dried and sent to markets all over Nepal.

The final leg to Mustang saw us riding up a dry river bed for about five miles, as the road had been washed away in the last Monsoon. The bed was about a quarter of a mile wide and made for an exciting ride.

We arrived at Muktinath, at approximately

14,000 feet, within the "altitude sickness zone". Muktinath has a Pilgrimage Temple where Buddhist and Hindus go to assure their place in Heaven. Ritual bathing and prayers are the order of the day. A very moving experience although I did feel it was a little intrusive. The people themselves have no such hangups, they welcome everyone.

The views of the Annapurna Range from Mustang were spectacular. We were at 14,000 feet looking up another 14,000 feet at the peaks. It was difficult to get your head round the sheer scale of the landscape. Prayer flags abounded. The multicoloured flags brightened the stark landscape. Each flag has a prayer and graphics printed on it.

We stayed overnight in the Red House, Kagbeni, a farming community. Every inch of fertile land was planted up and animals roamed the streets. Something akin to a community in Yorkshire probably two hundred years ago.

This was the end of the first leg of our journey.

*To be continued...*

John Robinson



The Test Ride

# Rules of the Road in Nepal: Organised Chaos

**Rule 1:** There is no such thing as "Right of Way".

**Rule 2:** You must sound your horn before passing any other road user (pedestrian, rickshaw, ox cart, buggy, bicycle, motorcycle, car, van, bus, lorry, cow, goat or dog) or be liable to, on the spot, compensation and jail in the case of an accident.

**Rule 3:** A Continuous blast on the horn is compulsory when wanting to overtake. Everything will then move over enough for you to overtake.

**Rule 4:** If a vehicle signals to turn right (our country), in Nepal, this means you can overtake on the right-hand-side. In reality overtaking and undertaking occur simultaneously.

**Rule 5:** If you want to turn right: move over to the centre of the road and SLOWLY move into the oncoming traffic until you cause a traffic jam, then you get across.

**Rule 6:** Pedestrians walk SLOWLY into oncoming traffic when wanting to cross the road.

**Rule 7:** When approaching a roundabout drive straight across into the flow, blasting your horn. Might is right and bullying tactics prevail.

**Rule 8:** Buses have outriders, hanging out of the doorway. They lean out during overtaking manoeuvres and wave their hand when the bus is about to cut in front of you (due to oncoming traffic) or stop by the side of the road.

**Rule 9:** Heavy Goods Lorries do not give way. Air horns are common and welcome.

There are 500,000 motorcycles in Kathmandu and 90,000 cars. Reminds me of the "Fifties in Britain" when motorcycles were the working man's transport. Traffic flows at 15mph on the tarmac. 10mph on the dirt. Most motorcycles are 50cc to 150cc. Petrol is extremely

expensive for the locals. Many Motorcycle and Scooters carry three members of the family. Traffic is four to six vehicles deep on the main road in the cities, flowing at 10,000 vehicles an hour.

I did not witness one accident in three days riding in this chaos. It was just as exciting as Trail Riding. Instead of potholes, ruts and gravel you have every conceivable animal, person and vehicle to contend with.

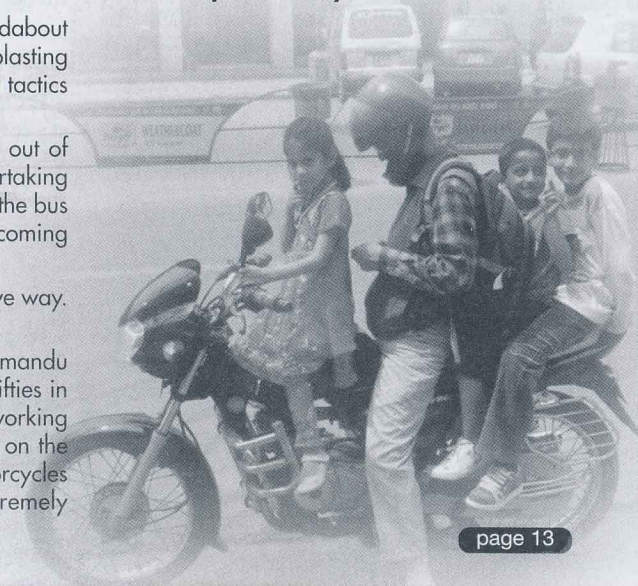
Everyone is acutely aware of everyone else and extremely polite (or terrified of causing an accident). You leave a space for braking and it fills up within seconds. Hence "nose to tail" traffic in towns.

The continuous horn cacophony, which is considered rude in our country, is all part of the experience.

Kathmandu has grown from a population of less than a million to three and a half million in the last ten years. Dust and pollution is increasing correspondingly.

In Nepal everything happens slowly.

**Lesson: Speed really does Kill.**





# KTM UP THE BUNDOU

## Continued...

On one of these excursions, in search of remote trails, we fought our way to the top of a ridgeline, using Antelope paths. The paths climbed in zig-zags, up steep slopes, the floor made up of the usual loose tennis ball sized stones, interspersed with larger football boulders. Our fight for traction interspersed with stumbles and falls made the climb a marathon of endurance in 35 degree heat. As we neared the top, Acacia thicket closed in, head high narrowing the path and our field of view claustrophobically and capturing the heat. Wait behind thorns snagged the mesh of my UFO armour and into the flesh below, goggles as ever steamed with sweat. I got the fright of my life when a herd of Impala exploded from cover, just in front of me, high kicking to disperse scent. (Impala are definitely faster than KTMs in closed in Acacia scrub.) Reaching a ridge about 1000ft above the plain below I expected to be met with a magnificent view of Ngongs 40km in the Northern distance and mount Suswa, the extinct volcano 60km far off to the West. The view was there but spoiled by a Maasai Moran (youth) sitting on a rock, transistor radio pressed to his ear, scornfully regarding our approach. This Maasai example was not your normal tourist, tartan blanket, warrior but dressed in torn suit jacket and trousers and no shirt he was more urban in appearance. Incongruous in this wild bit of bush. We stopped and chewed the fat, my riding mate of that trip breaking the ice with offer of cigarettes to the Moran. The Moran's Swahili

(Kenyan lingua franca) was worse than ours, our knowledge of Maasai non existent but we managed to converse in broken English. We learned that he climbed the hill to get radio reception, none being available in his Manyatta (homestead) below. But his batteries were now running low and he would appreciate if the next time we were to visit, if we would bring him new ones to go with the Marlboros. I was bemused because the guy seemed unsurprised and un-phased by the arrival of the Orange Ninja Turtles on the top of his mountain. It is a rule of Africa that wherever you stop, no matter how remote, a person or persons will appear to assist you, scrounge from you, or rob you.

Following the ridgeline, the Impala scampering a mile or so ahead were more distressed than the Moran. So we aborted our planned route down over the gently descending ridgeback and instead, to spare Impala sensibilities, plunged down a gulley in an avalanche of rolling stones. At least the descent was easier than the climb.

The animals are not always cute and cuddly. They sometimes come in a more distributed form. In 2005 Kenya suffered from a drought. This affected wildlife, cattle and people in varying ways. The Maasai as they are wont to do, breaking council by-laws, as Kenyans break any law they see fit, drove their flocks of goats, cattle and donkeys to graze on the Nairobi grass verges, right into down-town. Some of the herds of hundreds did not find this

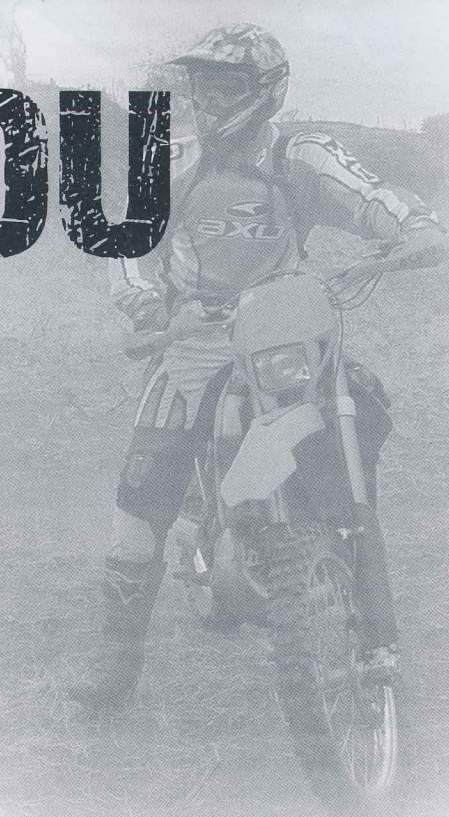
safe urban pasture. On a ride up the edge of the Ngongs via a valley leading to the second peak the going was harder than normal. Less green grass and more brown tussocks with cracks in the ground to catch and cross rut front wheels into high side offs. But also the 200 yard wide route, criss-crossed with hidden fissures that dropped seven and ten feet into narrow drops was also littered with other hazards, sharp enough to tear punctures in tyres. These were the bones of cattle, bleached white in the sun, some cracked and shattered, probably by the teeth of hyena and other scavengers. This valley was the final resting place of a Maasai herd, forty or fifty, unable to make the final ten mile trek into Nairobi. Our tyre hazard represented a tragedy for a Maasai family, part of Africa's unceasing misery of poverty, close to the capital, whilst we Mzungu played on our dirt bikes.

The roads into the Great Rift Valley were littered with the bloated carcasses of Donkeys and Zebras, inflated in the heat by belly gasses. Too rich a feast for scavengers gorged with other fine pickings, so left to bloat in the hot sun.

On the same day as the road of bones (not Charley and Ewan's) we saw a bachelor herd of Giraffe (a dozen or so) unusually close to the base of the Ngongs and Nairobi cultivation. A few days later one of their number presented an unusual track hazard. A two tonne 20ft bio hazard sprawled, recently

deceased, across the main route. Causing confusion to some farmers and their pick up truck as they tried to pass. We easily skirted on dirt bikes, breath held in defence against the stench.

On other weekends I joined larger groups of riders who would get together for adventures further afield. Taking the bikes on a trailer, or in my case on a rack on the back of the Landover, to explore, round the base of Mt Longonot, an extinct volcano. Longonot is a national park run by the Kenya Wildlife Service. Entreaties to them to let us explore up the treacherous routes to the top fell on deaf ears. Instead we rode a route circumventing the mountain, just outside the park boundaries and about a third of the way up the slopes. The route riven with luggas represented a





Refuelling

challenge. The terrain, mostly made up of Dakar type feche feche, was a lot of first gear stuff with very steep sliding descents and banzai charges up slopes out of the ravines, to loop out at the peak. Riding at the rear of a group of five, I managed a mysterious disappearing act when, catching a hidden fissure just off piste, I fell bike and all into a seven foot deep and very narrow chasm. The guys looking back for me were confused by the now you see me now you don't routine. Gripped by hysterical laughter I was wedged firmly but also concerned with snakes and scorpions. It took all five of us to get bike and rider out. That day I lost the clutch as the seal in the master cylinder popped making the foot wide trails, balanced precariously with forty foot drops on one side, more precarious as I fought to drag the bike on brakes but without clutch to the slow wiggling speed necessary to swerve round rocks. On the six hour ride I badly dehydrated having consumed the two and a half litres of re-hydrant I carried with me. Heat in the thirties mangled everyone and the ride was mainly accompanied by the sounds of KTM 525 fans. Most of the four strokes were doing their customary battery flattening tricks when subjected to this sort of abuse. In six hours we only covered 30 klicks

according to my trusty Garmin.

Luggas are wild playgrounds. A friend of a friend visiting from the Gulf deserts, joined us on a ride, as part of his pre nuptial holiday. A ride to Mount Suswa (another extinct volcano) from Nairobi was planned. This 250km round trip would take us via a village where hand pumped petrol could be obtained. Half way on the journey we were going up a lugga, the fifty foot walls forming an amphitheatre for sand surfing in third and fourth gear, through

corners until stopped as the lugga petered out in rocks and narrowed to nothing. A climb out up the fifty foot sides in zig zags was found on a goat path through long clumps of grass. Our visitor was caught out by another of those narrow hidden fissures. This time he was spat off forward, the bike again doing the disappearing act into the gap. The poor guy though head butted onto a small rock, just small enough to fit through the opening in his helmet. He fractured his skull. One hundred kms of technical off road from civilisation. First aid was given by the competent in the group. Our adventurer felt up to a ride by the lengthier road route back to town, fighting his concussion. However the Kenya cops, usually the most corrupt in the World, waved us happily through all the road blocks on the main roads as if we were a VIP Paris- Dakar delegation.

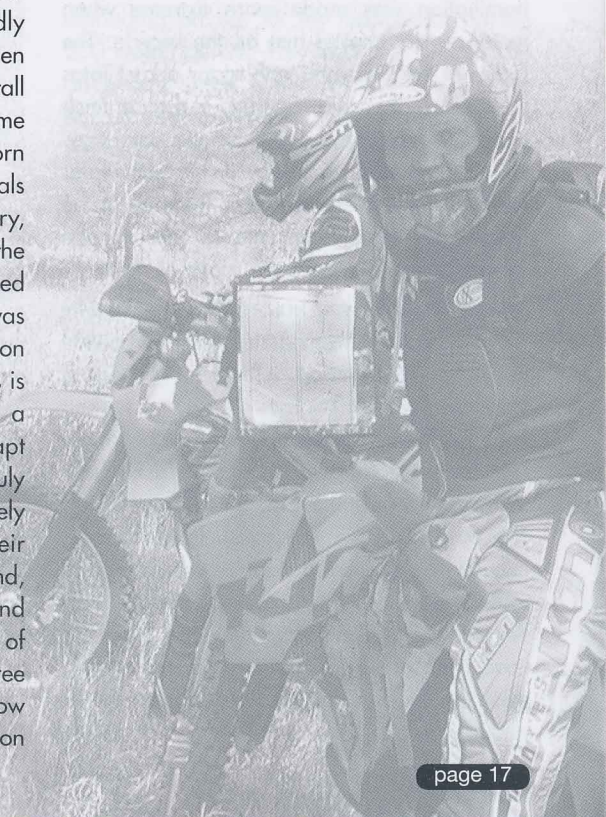
I had my own contingency plans for this sort of emergency. Particularly necessary as I had taken a few less experienced mates out on rides, on another bike I had found and rebuilt. I worried about the competence of visitors, particularly those from outside of Kenya, to cope in an emergency. Membership of flying doctors, GPS for location, a satellite phone

and GSM for communication and a check in system with the wife or other responsible adult, at various stages, mitigated some of the risks. I also carry tools, water, tyre weld, first aid kit, pepper spray and money. Just enough for bribes/ food/ rescue, but not enough to worry about robbery. Before setting off I brief visitors on procedures in an emergency.

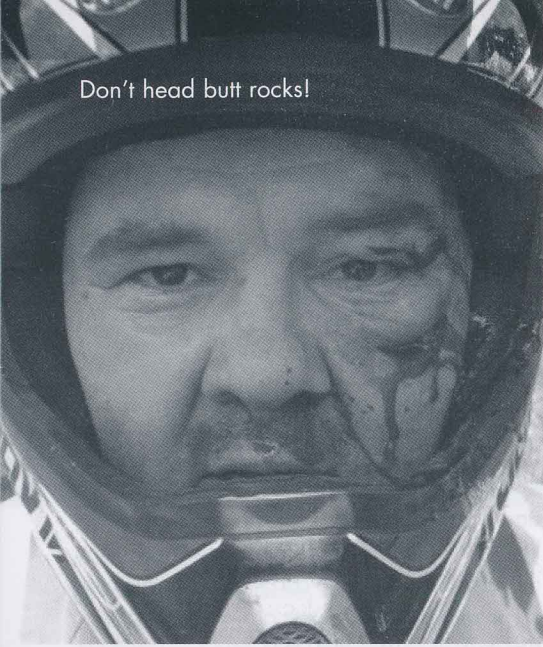
Bribes for police and prospects of robbery aside, actually hassle with the bush population is very rare. Certainly less than the bobble hats in the UK. The Rift area we ride through is mostly occupied by the Maasai tribe. The tartan blanket clad, bouncing, skinny warriors, familiar to all from Kenyan tourist adverts. Men are usually aloof but sometimes enthusiastically welcoming. Kids excited at the orange alien invasion. Small gifts ease any tensions. On one run out, we stopped at a remote Manyatta in a valley. A family of Maasai live in this small habitation, with their goats and cattle and other worldly possessions. A fantastic undulating, rock then sand, up down through acacia thicket and tall shade trees track passes close to their home and boma (cattle stockade made from thorn fencing.) A buddy, rock rider, schoolboy trials champion of his home mountainous country, showed me this route. And how to keep the locals happy. Le Mountain Goat carries boiled sweets with him for the Toto. One of these was given an unwrapt sweet to eat. The expression on Totos face as the sugar hit his taste buds is akin to the first hit of crack cocaine for a canary wharf stock broker. Totos rapt expression and bulging eyes indicate the truly deprived sugar addict. Maasai are fiercely independent and retain much of their traditional culture, living in this arid bushland, close to nature, tending their cattle and subsisting on meagre staples in diet. Some of the kids are now benefiting from Kenya's free primary school education but many still follow the traditions of stock guarding, circumcision

with no anaesthetic, hooligan Moran behaviour followed by marriage. (The men that is the women have a life of subservience fetching water.) The orange alien visit therefore may be the most entertainment they ever get. (Maasai men by the way are probably faster than a KTM through closed scrub bush but not in the open where they can easily be out run.)

One of the first times I rode this rocky track, I was taking a mate from the UK on a ride out. I passed a Moran pushing his ancient style, sit up and beg, Chinese made bicycle. Hanging from each handlebar and across the saddle and luggage carrier, were a number of twenty litre, yellow plastic vegetable oil drums, used universally in Africa to carry water. In this case 5 containers, so 100 litres of water, or 100kgs. Carried on a bicycle! This guy was pushing this thing up a track I was having difficulty riding up. A mile or so later, my visitor from



Don't head butt rocks!



the land of health and safety regulations (UK) had stopped as he was struggling. His humiliation was made more extreme when water carrier passed him on the bicycle. The ladies at the Manyatta with sugar addict Totos in hand, makes two journeys a day to fetch water; each journey takes two hours each way. That is almost the whole day, just to fetch water for the family. Every day, until the man of the house gets a younger wife to take on the menial duties. Maasai tribe. Hard as nails!

Moran though are not always universally friendly. They are warriors after all. On a ride to Suswa, we went on a fantastic undulating track over some three foot pipe culverts. Then a lugga sand playground, ten kms of frozen lava slabs, leading to an open grassy plain towards Suswa's volcanic 500ft deep crater. The Maasai in that area dispute the access, levying illegal entrant fees on the very rare visitors. Sort of a tough Maasai TRO. To stop the traffic and extort their tolls, they block the road with small rocks. Enough to stop a 4X4, these obstacles form little impediment to an enduro bike. Sometimes you are forced to slow

down to jump them. My buddy following me on his 525 was amused when a Moran ran from cover as I crossed his obstacle, blanket and skinny legs flapping, taking wild swipes at my rapidly departing back with his rungu (club.) I was oblivious to this as I rode off. Had I known I was under attack by Mr Angry Moran I would have challenged him to a dual with my size ten Alpinestar. (As I have said Moran are not as fast as KTMs in open terrain.)

There was also the time that robbers in a Nairobi wood tried to stop my 360 riding mate. He powered past them, heart in mouth. They threw a panga (African Machete) at him in frustration.

The 200 was proving to be an ideal trail bike. Light and fast enough, although keeping momentum in the deep sand of the luggas was a problem. Everyone else rides 525s or 450s. The 200 also suffers from KTM handling flightiness, made worse as I usually have the suspension set up too soft, preferring comfort over rock hard. The handling can cause that heart in mouth moment when you clip a rock at high speed and the bars flap. A departure from controlled flight as aviators say. Its main problem though was its reliability. It had too much of it. Apart from occasional piston ring replacement and gearbox oil draining there was nothing to tinker with. I wanted something to work on.

I found a 1986 XR600 for sale. The first of the type, with twin carbs, drum rear brake in a 17 inch rear rim and all red bodywork. The bike was a shed and worse. It had been "rebuilt" by its most recent Kenyan owner.

I tackled the most serious problems that could be identified. Replacing wheel bearings, linkages and repairs to stripped threads. Such was the state of the engine that should have been sponsored by helicoil. Such are the realities after twenty years of African

maintenance. Stripping the engine I found all healthy, apart from a bore damaged by standing with water ingress. A good spare cylinder came with the bike, so with piston and rings replaced, valve guide oil seals, gaskets, oil and filter, chain and sprockets, front calliper rebuild kit, braided hose, new front disc. new tyres, new brush guards and whey hey we were ready to go. A workable dirt bike for about 1500 quid. Not cheap by UK standards but the shortage of bikes and high duty rates in Kenya drive prices up. A new 525 or 530 would sting you for about £9000. Anything with pedigree and a couple of years old would go for 5K. The XR by local standards was cheap as chips. It rode pretty well as well. Its archaic looks attracted comment from mates on newer tackle. "Does it run on coal?" they would ask. "No, give it a bag of oats," I would reply. African petrol station attendants all seemed convinced it should be filled with diesel. XR6s are great bikes for Kenyan trails. Way too heavy over rocky tracks but fantastic on the fast and loose. Stability like an oil tanker and would forgive mistakes which would set the 200 flapping like a humming bird.

My extra bike allowed me to offer rides to visitors and friends who were lapsed bikers. Strangely they would all choose the 200 over the XR. One or two of these friends have subsequently purchased their own bikes but most, although happily accepting a free ride and professing delight at the adventure, would return to their normal expatriate golfing pass time. The appeal of golf escapes me. The courses are too boring to race enduros on. What is the attraction of spending five grand a year on sticks and to chase a little white ball in preference to petrol head heaven?

Every ride was an adventure. I ripped the valve out of the XR tube on one ride. Tyre weld is not even a temporary fix for this damage.

Twenty miles of riding off road on a flat, followed by ten miles on the road. Every African we passed would wave hysterically, shouting that I had a puncture. "Yeah, I had noticed," was wasted irony. I just shouted back "mzuri, mzuri, everything is OK, I always ride like this."

On another ride out, we were on our normal route, when I spotted a track descending the hill side down into a river valley. It looked inviting and challenging with shade trees down at the river, purple coloured some miles in the distance. I was surprised that none of my Kenyan running mates had previously taken me down this track but believing that I had found a new treasure, we set off. A steep rocky descent surfaced with loose boulders was just passable but we both realised that if the way out was blocked getting back up the track would require external intervention. Like a lift from a helicopter. I figured though that if I was managing on the XR my compatriot on the 200 would be OK. The route was blocked by an acacia thorn cattle fence but a smiling Maasai was on hand to let us through. He seemed happy to see us but had the normal



perplexed expression you see on local's faces when you meet deep in the bush. My enquiries about the route were met with many unconvincing mzuris. I was wondering if something was getting lost in translation. As the scrub closed in all around we were certainly getting lost. Finding the river and fording across, on a very rocky crossing, we discovered that the trail petered out at a cattle drinking hole. Muddy from hooves, the track was impassable beyond the river. We retraced our steps beyond the ford to find another cattle path leading up a steep hill from the river. But the slope was steep and the rocks loose and large enough to ground the bikes sump as we struggled to fight our way up. With two of us struggling with each bike over 200 yard sections, we just about managed to wrestle the bikes up. However the climb out of the river took two hours, on top of the two we had ridden already and we used all our water, were parched and the XR was beginning to run short on fuel. We were very relieved to reach a gentler track, after a heart and lung bursting struggle, rock to rock. This led to the tarmac of the Magadi road and a five mile ride back to corner baridi. Do you know by the way that twin carb XR600s are the hardest things in the world to start when they have

been dropped? Try doing it forty times in two hours. I can still be recognised as I walk in circles thanks to my massively muscled right thigh compared to my shrivelled left.

Other tales and other trails. Up "hells gate" gorge used for filming in Lara Croft tomb raider 2. With 100ft valley walls echoing exhaust and geysers steaming on the river banks. Splashing through shingle river crossings and trying not to allow the large leeches to become too attached. Climbing hills, like 300ft high volcanic molehills. A blast up slopes of talcum like pumice powder. Max revs in fourth, stand up, attack, drop to third, second, first and fail the climb. Struggle to turn around and slide in powdery descent to the bottom to try again. Third time make the top. The 525s and the 450s ride their waves of torque to the top first go.

Trail riding in Kenya though is not adventure enough. No challenge at all really. I am persuaded by other Kenyan riders 'Trails in the bush are boring. There are other things to do with a KTM'. As Steve McQueen says in the classic film Le Mans "racing is life, everything else is just waiting."

Mark Harding

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# My Little Sister

**Name:** Jane Sampson

**Age:** Never you mind

**Occupation:** Secondary School Teacher (IT)

**Lives in** Exmouth

Bikes owned: Yamaha DT100, Honda XL185, Suzuki SP400, Beamish Suzuki 250, Honda 400 four, Suzuki GS650GT, Honda XL500S, Honda XL500R and currently a Yamaha TTR250.

Jane started riding bikes in 1978 when she bought her DT100 swiftly followed by the XL185. She passed her test first time and had many happy years riding until a car licence (and a Datsun Cherry) made her decide to reluctantly mothball the riding gear in 1985.

Last year, with the kids old enough and a rather reluctant but accommodating husband she decided to return to her first love.

Having a brother (me) who has also a long history of biking telling her about green laning and the TRF, sending her pictures of recent rides and TRF events probably helped her finally take the plunge.

The decision was made. A Yamaha TTR250 would be a perfect machine to start riding again and there so happens to be arguably the country's most knowledgeable TTR connoisseur living within 5 miles of home. Brian Sussex ([totallyttrs.com](http://totallyttrs.com)) soon sorted her out with a mint 1992 TTR, a bit old perhaps but with trail bikes condition is all, they can have a very hard life.

On Saturday 3rd December 2011 Jane and I set off for some easy green lanes close to home. Suffice to say she had a ball. The picture at the top was at the end of her very



first lane, the grin says it all.

Much fun was had in a few hours and Jane has progressed well, having been out on several rides with experienced TRF members who regularly offer runs for newbie's and more experienced riders.

To date Jane has improved dramatically, doing an off road training course at Wheeldon Off Road Centre ([wheeldontwo.co.uk](http://wheeldontwo.co.uk)), has joined the TRF (and attended a meeting where she was very impressed with the welcome) and has plenty of pictures to impress the kids to boot.

I am delighted Jane has returned to biking, especially green laning. I can't wait to show her more challenging lanes and hope she'll attend some of the numerous events coming up with Devon TRF.

As her brother I feel a certain responsibility in persuading her to get a trail bike, and helping her choose the TTR. I recently had one so know what a fantastic bike it is. It appears she is enjoying it as much as I do.

Steve Marcus, Devon TRF.

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# Art Exhibition

An Art Exhibition capturing the spirit of the South Pennines to open this month at the Manor House Museum, Castle Yard, Ikley on Saturday, April 21st and will run until Sunday July 1st.

The exhibition will bring together a wide variety of work from the collections of Bradford Museums and Galleries by artists for whom the moors have been their muse as well as the results of a photography competition spanning the four seasons, and also family photography workshops.

PHOTOGRAPHS from the last four seasons will hang alongside artworks and objects in an exhibition to inspire all to experience the ever changing moorland landscape for themselves.

"The Moor Views exhibition brings together a really diverse range of artworks, literature and contemporary pieces, to illustrate just what a hugely inspiring place the South Pennine uplands, with its very changeable weather, has been in the past, and continues to be for today's creative artists and writers. Free guided tours will take place each Sunday from April 29 to June 3, at 1.30pm and 2.30pm. The two tours on offer entitled: Hidden Treasures: History, Heritage and Collections of the Manor House; and Moor Views: and Artists and Photographers Inspired by the Watershed Landscape, will take between 20 and 30 minutes.

The Watershed Landscape project aims to

enhance and protect the important ecological and heritage features of the landscape for the benefit of future generations and celebrates the uplands as a place of inspiration for all to enjoy.

The Manor House Museum is free to enter and is open Tuesdays, 1pm to 5pm; Wednesdays to Saturdays, 11am to 5pm; and Sundays, 1pm to 4pm. It is closed on Mondays, except bank holidays.

The second Inspired by Landscape exhibition of the year, Ways to the Stone House, featuring the work of photographer and filmmaker Simon Warner, will be held from September 28 until December 3 at the Bronte Parsonage Museum, Haworth.

For more information visit  
[www.watershedlandscape.co.uk](http://www.watershedlandscape.co.uk) and  
[www.bradfordmuseums.org](http://www.bradfordmuseums.org)



## Emergency Treatment

### HOW TO TREAT A BROKEN FINGER

- Wrap a bag of frozen vegetables in a thin cloth, then place on the injured finger.
- Elevate the finger above the level of the heart to reduce swelling.
- If you cannot get to a doctor within several days, place the injured and one adjacent finger on a lolly stick or other flat, straight piece of wood and tape the fingers together and to the splint.
- Try to move the hand as little as possible.

## COPY FOR TRAIL

**COPY DEADLINE:** The first Tuesday of the month.

**COPY:** Via email, typed or handwritten (please try to make it legible!) to The Editor, Sheepcote Farm, Moor Lane, Wiswell, Clitheroe BB7 9DG, email: editor@trf.org.uk, fax: 01254 887999.

**PHOTOS:** Digital via email on CD or DVD; scanned originals (high resolution 300dpi jpeg or tiff); or posted originals (please include an s.a.e for return). We prefer you not to include your photos in 'Word' documents, if possible please send images separately.

**CAPTIONS:** Please caption your photos!

**EMAILING:** It is best not to place too many images on one email document.

**WORRIED ABOUT YOUR SPELLING? DON'T HAVE A COMPUTER?** Don't let this put you off, send it in and we'll sort it out, handwritten or otherwise.

Photographs submitted for publication may also be used for other TRF purposes.

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**YAMAHA TT250R** 2005 (55 first reg 11/2005), one owner, 1500 miles only road use. Excellent condition. £2000. **Also Erde 2 Bike Trailer** - as new £450. Tel: 02476 677423 (Coventry) or 07880 780570.

**WANTED** KTM front pipe for 200 EXC 05. Tel: 0771 1688777.

**WANTED** Rear 18" wheel for Kawasaki KDX/KLX. Please contact Clive on 07778 195533 or 01691 648870.

## ACCOMMODATION

**LLANERCHINDDA FARM GUEST HOUSE & SELF CATERING** - Llandoverly, mid Wales. Ideal base for trail riding with local guide available, map room, secure lockup, spray wash & drying room. Contact: 01550 750274 or info@cambrianway.com or www.cambrianway.com

**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.

**LLANERCHINDDA FARM GUEST HOUSE & SELF CATERING** - Llandoverly, mid Wales. Ideal base for trail riding with local guide available, map room, secure lockup, spray wash & drying room. Contact: 01550 750274 or info@cambrianway.com or www.cambrianway.com

**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

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38. Ribble Valley
39. West Yorks
40. Cumbria
41. Teesside & North Yorks
42. Northumberland
43. South West Wales
44. Virtual Peak



## GROUPS

**AXE VALE** David Clegg, Tel: 01275 373652 (Home), Mob: 0793 1220895. dccje@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 Seven Wives, Ramsey Road, St. Ives PE27 5RF.

**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 Bluebell, Heversham - 1 mile N of Milnthorpe on the A6.

**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 DT11 9AZ.

**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** James Osborne, Tel: 01531 822728 1st Wed, 8pm, Wagonworks Club, Tuffley Ave., Gloucester.

**HERTFORDSHIRE** Ken Marshall, Tel: 01438 312602, marshall.k@sky.com 2nd Wed, 8.30pm, Shire Park Social Club, Shire Park, Central Drive, Welwyn Garden City AL7 1AB.

**HIGH PEAK & POTTERIES** Steve Hyde Tel: 07931 728956. 1st Thurs, 8.30 - 9.00pm, The Foaming Quart, 5 Frobisher St., Norton Green, Stoke-on-Trent, ST6 8PD.

**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** Eddie Mace, Tel: 01189 333380 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 Last 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** Steve Pickford, Tel: 01865 463626 steve.pickford@gmx.net 3rd Thurs, 8pm, The Gladiator Sport & Social Club, 263 Ilffley 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, Chatburn, Clitheroe (off A59).

**SOMERSET** Fran Bunce, Tel: 01278 662605 2nd Thurs, 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 Last Tues, Corner House Pub, Commercial Street, Ystalyfera, Swansea.

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

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

**TEESSIDE & NORTH YORKS** John Robinson, Tel: 01287 623588. 3rd Tues, The Ranch House, Thoraldby Farm, Stokesley/Hutton Rudby Road.

**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 Jones, Tel: 07825 142511 1st & 3rd Thurs, Scott Bader Social Club, opp. Parish Church, Wollaston, Wellingborough.

**WEST MIDLANDS** Steve Whetton, Tel: 01527 451089 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.



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For bulk enquiries or orders, please contact [shop@trf.org.uk](mailto:shop@trf.org.uk)

Happy Shopping!



Nappa Scar, Wensleydale. Photo by Graham Chamberlain (Cumbria Group)