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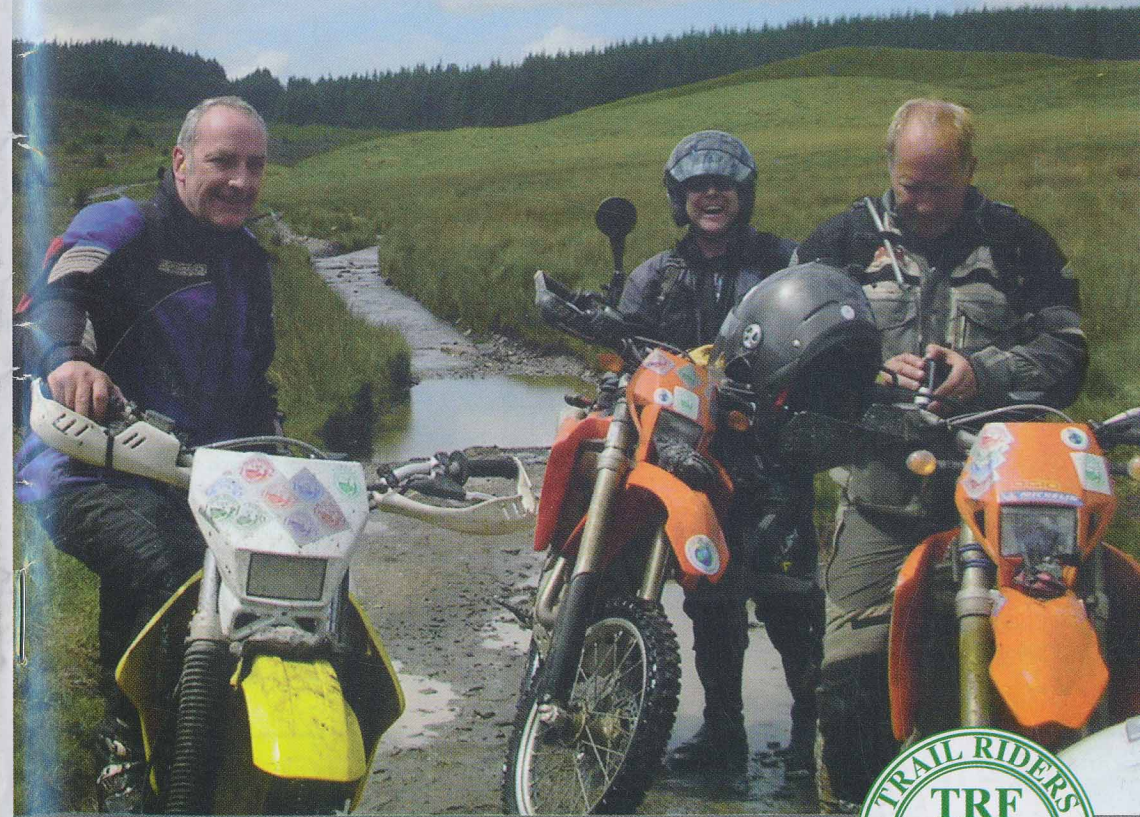
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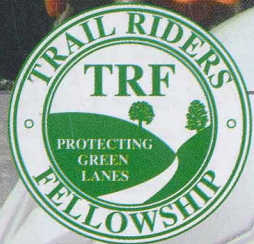
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# TRAIL



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

JULY 2012 No. 407 EDITOR: FRED ELLISON



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# EDITOR

This month's TRAIL is big on rights of way issues beginning with Robin Hickin's RoW update on page three with updates on the Peak District, Dorset map scales and North Yorks CC's amazing refusal to accept UCRs having vehicular rights of way. Then Dave Tilbury is struggling to come to terms with a highway authority's proposal to create a paddling pool in the middle of Mill Lane!! All this followed by problems with what constitutes the definitive map.

This is an insight into what the TRF does behind the scenes to keep open the green lanes network.

For an interesting view on illegal off-roading in the Peak District log onto the British Mountaineering Council website <http://www.thebmc.co.uk/illegal-offroad-driving-peak-district>

What is really interesting is the way in which TRF members are shown to be respected for their knowledge and the way in which they conduct themselves in the countryside.

*Fred Ellison*

Editor

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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:

From Mark Mason Mid Wales

**COPY DEADLINE:  
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All contributions to THE EDITOR  
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BB7 9DG [editor@trf.org.uk](mailto:editor@trf.org.uk)

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# NOTICE BOARD

## TRF EXECUTIVE

**Sunday 22 July 2012, 10.00 am**  
**The Heritage Motor Centre, Banbury Road, Gaydon,**  
**Warwickshire CV35 0BJ. Tel: 01926 641 188**

This is your opportunity to influence the management of the TRF. Since this is the last meeting before the AGM, we would like to discuss any proposals for constitutional change at the meeting.

Please make sure your group is represented. If you don't belong to a group you are also welcome to join the meeting.

The Old Ford Rally will be held at the museum on the same day. So:

- you will need to tell security that you are attending the Trail Riders Fellowship meeting
- you will need to be on site by 9:30 if you wish to park near the meeting room
- security may ask you to park in the top car park and you will have to walk across the site to the museum building where the meeting is held.

Polly Cody, TRF Secretary

## BRISTOL GROUP CHANGE OF VENUE

New venue: Portcullis, 130 High Street, Staple Hill, Bristol BS16 5HH.

Contact *Glen Summers 07708 407061*

# FORTHCOMING EVENTS

**TRF Executive Meeting** 10.00 am Sunday 22nd July 2012.

Heritage Motor Centre, Gaydon.

**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)

**BMF Tailend Show** Saturday 15th - Sunday 16th September 2012. East of England Showground, Peterborough.

## MAKE SURE YOUR EVENT IS LISTED

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

# ROW UPDATE

Well Summer is upon us once again and as it will be written somewhere "The wettest Winter I ever encountered was the Summer of 2012 in Great Britain". I was fortunate to have a Jubilee Run last month, riding from home (Warwickshire) through Gloucester, Somerset, Devon, Dorset, Wiltshire, Oxfordshire. A total of 625 miles in five days accompanied by three colleagues from Westmidlands TRF who also took advantage of the extended break to test their metal (and bike seats) on this most enjoyable excursion. Enough of my enjoyment and back to the serious business of the TRF.

## PEAK DISTRICT NATIONAL PARK

Peak District National Park requested views on management of Roych Clough & Long Causeway. Local and national organisations were invited to provide views on the possible introduction of Traffic Regulation Orders on these two iconic routes within the Peak District National Park. I, as national ROW Officer, presented a response on behalf of the National TRF and PROWI did the same as a local response. It is evident, from the contact with officers of the PDNPA that the constant stream of letters phone calls and emails from that small band of anti vehicular lobbyists that the board members receive officers have been instructed to take action. It might be appropriate for members both local and national when visiting or using the PDNP to make a comment to members of the board about their experience.

Details of the members can be found at: <http://www.peakdistrict.gov.uk/looking-after/npa/members>

Finally in the Peaks the challenge to the Experimental TRO on Chaplegate goes on and a date for a hearing has been set for

November 2012 less than four months before the ETRO is to end. Even if we win we will have lost over a year's worth of enjoyment of the use of Chaplegate. Justice is a rare and expensive commodity for the average member but we will keep on defending your rights if you keep on supporting us. Thanks to all of you who put forward an objection. Hopefully if our legal challenge to the ETRO is successful we will save the PDNPA some time and effort in dealing with all the objections they have received.

## DORSET MAP SCALES

Dorset Map Scales comes to a conclusion, as you will see from Dave Tilbury's report in this edition of Trail. I would like to offer the thanks of all our members to Dave and Alan for their sterling work in this case. No matter what the outcome you have done the TRF proud. Hopefully by the time you read this, the decision will be known and we may have notched up another victory for all of you

## NORTH YORKSHIRE CC

Our friends in the North are engaged in a difference of opinion with North Yorkshire CC who for some reason now believe that all UCR's do not carry vehicular rights. Recent advice from Defra on this subject says in a letter dated 11th June 2012:

"I can confirm that the Government's advice on this matter has not changed since 1998 and remains as set out in Susan Carter's letter of 24 August and Martin Steer's letter of 30 September 1998."

Both of which form part of the TRFs UCR Report 2005 and are included on the DVD version.

"What Susan Carter's letter says is that UCRs

shown on the list of streets may provide evidence of vehicular rights. Martin Steer's letter goes on to say that if a UCR is shown on the list of streets as an all purpose carriageway then that would seem to be a clear indication that vehicular rights exist."

The interpretation of these letters by the TRF and others is "UCR's can be presumed to be vehicular unless evidence to the contrary exists" although this statement is not countenanced by Defra.

However they do say in the same Defra letter

11th June 2012

"We are prepared to accept that the vast majority of unsealed rural routes shown in the list of streets held by most highway authorities are likely to be shown to be carriageways on investigation."

Isn't that what we have assumed to be the case all along!

Any feedback on any of these issues please send to Robin row@trf.org.uk

Robin Hickin

# Denbighshire

Denbighshire C.C are considering using LARA Voluntary Restraint Notices on 2 popular routes nr Llangollen.

1. Allt Y Badi possible restraint Full or Wet Weather dependent to enable drainage work and problem of a residents drinking water affected by vehicular use of route.

2. Conquering Hero possible Voluntary Restraint to enable maintenance work in next 12 weeks, and also removal of obstructions made by farmer due to aggravations of some vehicle users!

These proposals are suggested to avoid

Temporary and/or Permanent closure

At the time of writing route 2 is obstructed and should not be used. When finalised info is available it will be advised in due course.

In addition volunteers are required to help with Treadlightly projects on Denbighshire Byways etc

This information is given to avoid further problems, so not to cause offence of wasted journeys

Further info available from flights1234@gmail

Aleck Coulson, TRF/& Treadlightly

# WWW.TRF.ORG.UK

## TRF WEBSITE & FORUM

PLEASE TAKE A LOOK AND SEE WHAT YOU THINK AND SAY HELLO ON THE FORUM.  
WE WILL BE PLEASED TO HEAR FROM MEMBERS WITH ANY FEEDBACK  
OR IDEAS FOR CONTENT THAT YOU MAY HAVE.

TRF members need to be aware that in order to access the Members' Only Areas, you will need to ensure that the email you use to register your account on the website is the same one that we have for you on the TRF database. If you have any queries or difficulties please contact it@trf.org.uk or web@trf.org.uk

ALSO WHY NOT TAKE A LOOK AT [WWW.BBTRUST.ORG.UK](http://WWW.BBTRUST.ORG.UK)



Towards the end of last year I received a consultation from a highway authority on a proposed TRO. All motorists and equestrians (and I guess cyclists) were to be prohibited from a ford, thus creating two cul-de-sacs, to provide a safe environment for youngsters paddling. I objected:

"I am not an expert in the matters related to the RTRA '84 but my understanding is that the main purpose of this legislation is to facilitate the free movement of traffic, restricting proscribed traffic to a minimum (s.122) so that permitted traffic has an advantage. Even the most strained construction of the Act cannot come close to facilitating children swimming in a carriageway." ... etc.

Apart from there being no public right to bathe on a highway (as this is not a component of passing and re-passing ...) such use would be seasonal, thereby not requiring a year-round ban even if such use was relevant.

The report that went to Members did

acknowledge my objection but commented: Legislation Mr Tilbury refers to is correct, however this is used in a general context and the circumstances surrounding the proposed closure are both from a maintenance, environmental and overall safety point of view. It is important to note that the ford in Mill Lane is not classed as a true carriageway in its entire length as the made carriageway stops either side of the ford and then it crosses the River Whitewater. [...] Only large recreational vehicles could access the ford."

Errrr - no! The List of Streets shows this as a through route, the U245, from end to end. The old 1980s map of maintainable roads shows a solid orange line, not the broken line of an "Unmetalled Road with County No." So, where does this balderdash about "... not classed as a true carriageway ..." come from? Errrr - no - number 2. Horse-drawn vehicles trail bikes and cyclists are not "large recreational vehicles" and the alternative for

them is a busy main road. Why then is the word "yes" inserted in the Report to the Director .... against "[ ...] safer and more secure for all" when that is plainly not the case?

As might be expected I heard no more, until some five months later when I was informed that an Order had been made. Where, pray, is the balance of power and duty in this Order? This is yet another example that begs the question 'can we trust local authorities with our highways?' Or, do we need an overarching body that can, without local political influence, manage our highways for the benefit of the user, as statute demands?

Now that the ford is traffic free would it be unjust to compel those who sought and made the Order to bathe there throughout the year?

"Go on my son. Get in there. You'll not get run

over...."

To further inflame my ire I know that it is my taxes that fund this sort of stupidity and deceit, and it would be my personal money that would be spent challenging such abuses of power. And, if that is not bad enough, it would be my taxes that the Order Making Authority would spend defending their decision.

It really is time that these snivelling sycophantic malfeasants were given a lesson on the meaning of integrity, duty, quasi-judicial, public and rights. There seems to be no shortage of Court time; legal aid; lawyers, etc., to defend the rights of foreign nationals who preach violence against the British people (whilst living on British taxes) but when it comes to our highways the public lose at every turn.

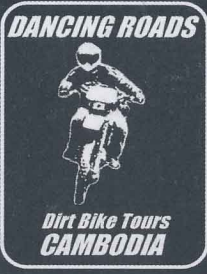
Dave Tilbury

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# Why is it so hard to modify the definitive map?

As many in the TRF will know we sought Judicial Review of a decision by a highway authority to reject a 'claim' for BOAT because, as they asserted, the map was not drawn to the correct scale. On this I will expand, but we have had our day in court and the Judgment was reserved. So, I am writing this without knowledge of what the Judge might decide so that no one can accuse me of 'sour grapes' or 'triumphalism'.

The facts are that a series of Schedule 14 applications (claims) to record lanes as BOAT were submitted to the highway authority in 2004 and accepted. Then, five years later the highway authority decided to refuse to make Orders for the claimed BOATs because the maps used as part of the claim were enlarged 1:50,000 (Landranger) and the statute called for maps drawn to a scale of at least 1:25,000 (Explorer). Thus, they claimed, an enlarged map was not originally drawn to the scale required, thus invalidated the claim.

Now, in anyone's book this is splitting hairs, but it gets dafter. The maps submitted with the claim were produced from mapping software (commonly available) that states on the box that they are suitable to be printed at scales of 1:15,000 to 1:60,000 thereby being well within the statutory requirement of 1:25,000. The statute under which Schedule 14 applications are made mentions only scale.

There is no reference to detail of even Ordnance Survey maps. In 1980 the legal draftsmen could have had no concept of digital mapping for the masses and the term 'drawn' must have envisaged pencil on paper. Remember that the Schedule 14 process was only there to enable the man in the street to seek amendments to the definitive map and thus no great level of technical expertise could have been envisaged.

So, the highway authority argued on the very narrow point (as observed by the Judge) that even though the application maps were presented at the prescribed scale, they were enlarged from what looked like an Ordnance Survey 1:50,000 map.

The ridiculous gets ridiculous. If we win on this point we get five Orders for BOAT, which we will invariably then have to fight at Public Inquiry, because the Order Making Authority are most unlikely to prosecute the Order themselves, given their current track record.

If we lose this case, and there is always the chance that we will, largely because our simple argument was buried under a heap of (in my view) quite irrelevant issues raised by the highway authorities barrister, then the public at large lose. This is, in part, because one of the routes this case is about consists of, at one end, bridleway and at the other, footpath - BUT, there is a section in the middle

that is not recorded at all. This is currently not a definitive through route for anyone. It is an old road, thus the correct status to make the claim for was BOAT.

There is, of course, a risk that the Judgment will include comment that in these modern times an Ordnance Survey map is required. Fine, but the applicant would strictly need to buy an OS license to use OS data. We could end up needing a professional surveyor to create an accurate map for every claim - not just for BOATs but for all 'claims'.

The Order Making Authority had the discretion to make an Order for Restricted Byway, if they felt that the claim was caught by the Natural Environment & Rural Communities Act or the Winchester Case but they chose to reject the claim on the slender grounds that they did, hence our Judicial Review.

The record shows that it was the Green Lane Protection Group that was behind the Order Making Authority's position and surprisingly they have the support of other user groups - groups that will loose out if the GLPG view prevails. This lobby group have scored a number of 'own goals' in their campaign to keep BOATs off the definitive map.

The South Downs Way lost a useful link due to their opposition to BOAT. An Order to upgrade a definitive footpath to its correct status of Restricted Byway (and thereby get horses and cyclists off a busy road) was quashed following an application by GLPG and, across the country we see the initials GLPG behind Schedule 14 applications to show BOATs as footpath on the definitive map for a variety of spurious reasons.

It could be that as I advance in years I'm loosing all sense of reality and reason but then it could be that highway authorities have forgotten the words of Lord Justice Lane in R v

Surrey CC ex parte Send Parish Council (1979)

"The local authority must at all times act with the object of protecting the highway and of preventing or removing any obstruction, and more broadly speaking, of promoting the interests of those who enjoy the highway or should be enjoying the right of way and the county council must likewise operate against the interests of those who seek to interrupt such enjoyment of the highway."

This sentiment is enshrined in the s.130 of the 1980 Highways Act, so maybe there is room to wonder why a highway authority is so concerned about the word "drawn" when on the face of it it means to delineate or depict, which is what the printer does when outputting a map from software.

In some ways the case could be continuing even now, had the highway authority's barrister chosen to expand on "drawn" to mean haggard, disembowelled, dragged or pulled, getting your pistol out ... etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. Is this just the beginning? Will we have to engage Counsel every time we wish to engage one of NERC's exemptions to s.67(1)?

Maybe we should do the opposite and attack highway authorities every time they choose to waive the impact of s.67(1) without due investigation to the same extremes that are applied when the boot is on the other foot.

So, after a two year battle the matter got to court. And, that is another two years off the twenty-five given to get the definitive map correct before it closes to additions. The public's rights over our ancient ways are not being protected - by the law or by those bodies charged by the state to protect our rights.

Dave Tilbury



## British Motorcyclists Federation

*Ed: The BMF tirelessly campaigns for motorcyclists rights and has done for the last 50 years so is worthy of your support. Anyone attending next year's NaOMC AGM, on behalf of the TRF, can put forward their own suggestions for discussion and they might even be included in BMF future policy.*

### Summary of the National & One Makes Clubs (NaOMC) (AGM), The TRF comes under this umbrella

*Held in Rugby on Saturday 23rd June 2012.*

The AGM was quite well attended with 17 motorcyclists present, representing 8 of the National or One make Clubs which form the NaOMC part of the BMF and apologies were received from a further 5 clubs.

There are 70 clubs on the NaOMC register and between them and the 250 plus local clubs they have almost 80,000 members who are all affiliate members of the BMF. The smallest national club has just 15 members whilst the largest club has around 7,500 but most importantly all our clubs share their interest in motorcycling and the importance to us of continuing to enjoy our hobby without interference from others.

### BMF Chairman's Report

We were given an address by the BMF Chairman Roger Ellis who updated us on how the management team (MT) now meets weekly through the medium of Skype which is working very well for us and keeps travelling costs and time requirements to a minimum. Over the last year or so the MT has undertaken a "root and branch" review of how we operate. The BMF

# NEWS

has now been in existence for over 50 years as the leading Riders Rights organisation and is well respected in Brussels, Westminster and at more local and regional levels.

We discussed the newly introduced e-mailing scheme where we can now target e-mails directly to specific groups and members to keep them informed about what the BMF is up to and doing on our behalf.

### BMF Show Report

The meeting then heard a report from Martin Chick of Mulberry, the organisers of our BMF Show, and heard that, despite the poor weather, the BMF May Show at Peterborough had been a great success.

There were more clubs present this year and the quality of many of their displays was excellent, so well done clubs, and one trader reported he had had his best year for many years.

Paul Morrison (Hobos Independent Marshals Club) who is one of the Chief Marshals at the BMF Show gave us a talk about the show from a marshal's perspective and asked that all clubs who attend the show be encouraged to volunteer a few persons to undertake marshal duties for 4 hours each day. This will allow the clubs a few more free tickets to the show and swell the numbers of marshals which is really needed now as some of our existing marshals have been doing it for ever and are coming up to retirement.

The meeting was reminded that the Tail End Show is back at Peterborough again 14th - 16th September so please make every attempt to attend and if possible assist as marshals.

## PR & Media Matters

After lunch Jeff Stone our PR and Media manager got the graveyard slot and kept us all amused with his presentation on the black art of Public Relations.

Jeff gave us examples from a number of sources of how the media can take things out of context to gain a soundbite or a headline. He advised us that out of 34 million registered vehicles in the UK only 1.4 million are motorcycles and as some folk have more than one, we make up a very small proportion of the road population. This makes getting the motorcycling message over to the general public quite difficult.

Jeff regaled us with stories of his involvement with interviews with the national press, radio and television and how sometimes they don't want the truth to spoil a good story. He also referred us to the Visor Down website which is well worth looking at from time to time. [www.visordown.com](http://www.visordown.com)

## Current Issues and Lobbying

Anna Zee updated us on the current issues and what the BMF was doing on the lobbying front.

In summary the annual requirement to re-sorn vehicles is to be dropped. The requirement for vehicles registered before 1960 to have an annual MoT test is also to be ended. Changes are to be made to the motorcycling driving test. As of yet we haven't got implementation

dates for these but the BMF will advise us when they are agreed by the Government.

Anna also informed us about what is going on at the European Commission and perhaps more importantly what is not being said by them but which has been misreported in a number of places.

## NaOMC Chairman's Report

Finally our own NaOMCs Chairman, Steven Davenport, gave us an update on the affiliate club membership scheme whereby affiliate members can sign up to become full members of the BMF though their Club and thereby save both their Club and themselves some money. Details of this scheme has been circulated to all the clubs but will be reissued with a short article for their websites and magazines.

The benefits are that the process will increase the BMF's individual membership and also encourage the affiliated clubs to get more involved in the operations of the BMF.

The meeting appointed 8 Councillors to serve on the BMF Council in 2103 and will not be presenting any motions to the BMF AGM for consideration.

So now you know what you missed why not represent your club at next year's forum which will be held around the same time in Rugby next year. We would love to see you,

John Gardner, NaOMC Secretary

# Northern England Coast to Coast

Coast to Coast trips from the west to east coast of the UK seem to be fashionable at the moment, be it walking, cycling or otherwise. I've fancied trying it and a plan formed. The plan was to cover 250 miles of green lanes by motorcycle, starting on the west coast near Ulverston and ending up near Alnwick on the east side. Anyone with a map will notice this is a diagonal crossing, not a straight line and the route itself is even more convoluted to incorporate a good selection of lanes. This wasn't an easy selection of lanes. There was a wide selection of terrain, including some deep fords which locals associate with Alnwick.

So the day arrived and four riders and some helpers all managed to meet up at 2am. The plan was to take two vans and one car over to the east coast carrying seven bikes, six riders and the support crew and we managed to fit the people and bikes into vehicles as planned. We set off with a further two stops to pick up the other riders. We were surprised to see two cyclists cycling over Hartside at 3:30am. The roads were otherwise quiet and the convoy had an uneventful trip over.

The sun started to rise as we arrived and unloaded with the Irish Sea in the background. After a quick loop around the beach, where the tide was in, we set off at 5:30am. We were soon onto green lanes with the hills of the Lake District looming in the distance. I was quite taken with the second lane we did, it obviously doesn't see that much traffic and was rather picturesque. One of the reasons I like trail riding is seeing some of the ruined buildings in the middle of nowhere and imagining what they perhaps once looked like and who lived there. At this time of day the landscape was an

interesting mixture of highlights and shadows. Within the first couple of lanes I'd managed to catch my right hand radiator shroud on a gate. It pulled one of the mounting bolts through leaving the other two. "It'll be fine" I thought to myself but a few miles later, Neil was gesticulating at me. It was down to one bolt and bent at an angle I didn't think would hold. Our leader was not happy at having to stop already, sorry Steve! A couple of cable ties had the issue resolved.

The trails started to get more interesting and more Lake District like, i.e. we started to find hills with rocks and lumps of hillside becoming part of the road. On a rocky section Neil accelerated past me quickly disappearing into the distance, evidently showing us how to do it. At the end of the trail he had shown us how to do it. Get a puncture that is. We changed the tube, set off and found that we'd punctured the new tube when putting it in so it was a near immediate stop for a second puncture repair.

We had to stop briefly to let a flock of sheep pass and continued with lots of rocks, lumps of hillside and tree roots. The YZ was enjoying itself on some of the rocks! We ended up on what is marked as an old coach road which seemed quite good going at first but started to deteriorate in places. Towards the end I managed to avoid several rather large puddles before ending up in what turned out to be a rather deep one and got soaked. Michael then ran out of fuel so we transferred some from one of the other bikes.

At junctions the rule is you look behind and if the person isn't in sight, you wait for them. There was nobody at the junction I came

## And if a hard day's Trail Riding fails.... How to Treat Insomnia

Take a warm bath; eat a bedtime snack; drink warm milk or herbal tea; cover illuminated clocks; lie on your back; rub your stomach; flex your toes. To prevent insomnia, avoid caffeine, nicotine and alcohol. Light exercise or stretching an hour before bedtime can help relax muscle tension. Count sheep.

to so some group members were not playing by the rules. Thankfully I had the route in my GPS and my GPS suggested left. A short distance later I realised Nic, behind me had gone right, also following his GPS. Hmm, Nic can probably read his better than I can, right? We therefore both U-turned and met at the junction. We decided it really was left (which it was, thankfully). Frustratingly Michael's bike was out of fuel again. What was going on?! Upon having to stop for fuel a third time, enough was enough and we hooked it up to the tractor, er, I mean TTR and towed it to the first fuel stop just a couple of miles up the road.

It now felt like lunchtime except it was only 10am! This was the first fuel stop of the day at the Rheged Centre, Penrith and were about an hour behind schedule. At this point we concluded the power valve on Michael's bike has seized which is why it was drinking fuel. It says something that the TTR was on reserve, as was Neil after sharing some fuel and yet my YZ was not, despite us thinking it was going to be the worst offender for fuel range!

The next section of the trip left the Lake District behind us and took us over the middle of the country and the North Pennines. We headed North West of Penrith initially taking some routes I'm not familiar with. I started to have significant issues with my number plate about this time. When going over larger bumps I could hear horrible noises from the back end which was the mud guard and plate catching on the rear wheel. Before long the plate had fallen off. Michael helpfully told me "it came off back there". I went back the short distance and retrieved it, putting it back on with cable ties. Sadly, cable ties were not enough and it came off twice more before I gave up and put it in the backpack.

I wasn't the only one having issues. Steve managed to land the bike hard on his bash plate instead of the wheels and even though he could cable tie it back, the shape it was in prevented him finding top gear. Neil's new and rather flimsy looking number plate and rear light were also broken off when he decided to ride a little too enthusiastically over a section.

At Hartside cafe there were a large number of road bikes out enjoying the lovely weather. There was a strong cool wind blowing over the hillside and I wasn't complaining as otherwise the riding gear would have been unbearably hot!

Riding around Hartside with your plate in your backpack isn't the best thing to be doing on a day like this. I managed to get a couple of steel bolts off Steve and reattached the number plate. There was nothing I could do about the mudguard itself catching, just live with it and slow down when it happened. It would continue to catch and plague me for the rest of the day.

The terrain here is definitely a lot more gentle with rolling hills and comparatively smooth surfaces. If it was wet, this would have been a very different proposition though as there are sections here you'd just sink into the mud. I suspect we skipped some of the smaller technical lanes on our way down to Alston to try and make up a little time.

The fuel station at Alston had just been rebuilt and was rather new and shiny. This was the first time I'd been into it. We were greeted with an announcement over the tannoy asking all motorcyclists to remove their helmets before any fuel would be dispensed. I must remember the balaclava for under the helmet next time.

I have to admit I was surprised when I saw the next piece of the route on the map. It climbed from Nenthead over to Garagill, one of the highest surfaced roads in the country and where you'll find snow and ice in winter long after it disappears anywhere else. From here the route takes us through Tynehead, the start of the River Tyne (confusingly in what I'd consider the Tees valley). The major river valleys (Tyne, Wear and Tees) play a big part in the geography of the area and give rise to the county I live in (Tyne and Wear), the area (Tyneside) and play a big part in the major cities which sit on the rivers (Newcastle and Gateshead on the Tyne, Durham and Sunderland on the Wear) leading to Tynemouth and Wearmouth. Each valley has a road along it leading to Alston and makes great road bike riding, but I digress!

So it was onward through Tynehead which was probably the greenest lane we'd done so far on the route, practically being fields for a lot of its length. The last time I tried this route it was near impassible at one end due to deep snow but today things were easier.

This was a trail I knew and I'd come to a stop just before the end as I knew it was one deep boggy mess and I was going to choose my line carefully to get to the road. Michael obviously didn't take my stopped bike as a hint, hit it a little hard and nearly went over the bars. Oops.

Up the side of the Wear valley were some trails we all knew well, followed by some tedious roads to cut over to Blanchland and Slaley Forest. We made our way through Slaley, all made it through the first deep ford crossing I ever did on a bike, which people will know well from Northumbria camping weekends. We ended up in Hexham for our lunch stop at Nic's house. I'm sure his neighbours loved the bikes and vans descending on a quiet residential area. Some people sat and enjoyed the sun, I hid in the garage, out of it as I was way too hot to start with.

The route was simple now, winding over lanes heading North East for the coast over the green hillsides of Northumberland. Despite this route being nearly on my doorstep, I've not done many trips to Alnwick so whilst I've done the lanes, I've not done them more than a handful of times. They're definitely less used than places closer to Hexham. The first couple of ford crossings seemed to go ok. The next one was a sharp turn as soon as you went in, under a tree, then across the river which made for an interesting route. With the lanes becoming noticeably greener with long grass in places it was hard to tell what the surface was like underneath. We were all starting to feel we were near the end and wanted

to get finished!

This brought us to the final deep crossing of the day. Here, the engines made interesting noises as they were near enough totally submerged. I watched Nick get through, me next. The water was unusually clear so you could try and miss the big rocks. Just before the end I did hit something and got thrown off line but keep the bike upright, running and made it over safely. Nic next. We wondered where he was going initially as he seemed to be heading off down the river but he made a good recovery and joined us.

Sadly, Michael had the same problem but worse, stalled it. He ended up pulling it back out, getting the engine going again and Neil gave him a hand to get it through after nearly also getting swept off downstream.

We then arrived in Boulmer (of the RAF fame) with the sea now in sight. I was paranoid about the final little ford crossing and then we found the support crew waiting for us on the headland.

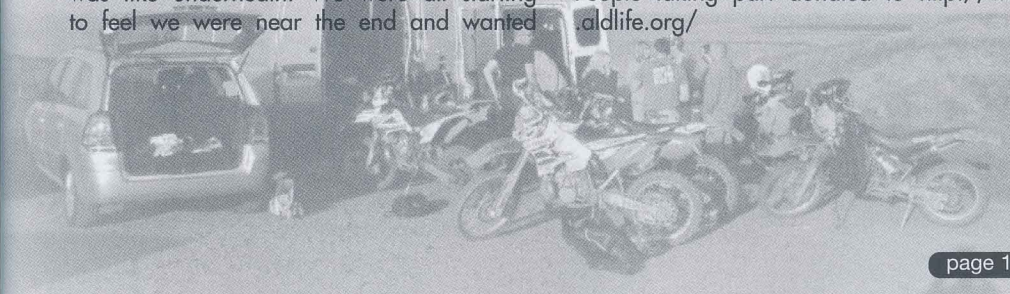
We'd all completed the route, it was 6:55pm as we pulled up and it was time for a well earned BBQ next to the beach!

At this point I have to thank everyone involved, it was a team effort. Particular thanks to the support crew for staying up half the night to get us there and collect us and Steve for planning and leading the run and organising things. It was a long day, quite an effort at times but enjoyable and I'm pleased to have done it.

Richard Purdie

A version of this with many pictures taken from the helmet camera can be found at <http://www.rpsys.net/wp/rp/c2c/>.

People taking part donated to <http://www.aldlife.org/>







# TRF BRISTOL BRANCH Fun Trial at Ubley Drove

Flicking through the copy of Trail each month, you see countless reports from all over the UK of various events that local groups have organised. From Forest rides on Exmoor to two day runs in Northumberland, it's evident that members of the TRF are very good at putting on events for the entertainment of their fellow riders.

However, it had been a good while since the Bristol Branch contributed to either the Event reports or indeed the forthcoming events page, and this point had not gone unnoticed by TRF Member Dean Allen. But rather than simply raise the issue at the monthly meeting and expect someone else to jump into action, the enterprising Mr Allen set to work. By the time we met again for the next meeting, we had a date, a venue and regs available on line. The Bristol TRF Fun trial was on!

In the intervening months between inception and event, a host of the local members - even the most competition shy ones - were invited, persuaded and cajoled to put in their entries in and get themselves an ACU trials licence to take part. Dean had cunningly managed to 'piggy-back' our event onto an existing time trial organised by his mates in the North Somerset Motorcycle Club. With a track due to be laid out by Andy Frost and Gerry Walters for the NSMCC members to ride in an early evening Time Trial, Club Secretary Paul

Manning agreed to allow the motley selection that is the Bristol TRF to use the track before them. Paul even offered to sort out the complicated ACU form - what a guy.

The other club members were also throwing their enthusiasm into the event, voting unanimously to donate £250 of club funds to the Great Western Air Ambulance and invite them to attend the event for a further bucket collection on the day. We just had to hope none of us needed their services on the day....

So on a beautifully bright, if slightly breezy May 26th, we all headed for the stunningly beautiful setting above the tiny village of Ubley. The area is well known to TRF members as there is a cracking lane running up the side of the hill - Ubley Drove is one of those magically tricky stony climbs that are becoming more and more rare in the post NERC landscape. The field in which the paddock was located enjoyed a fantastic view over Blagdon Lake and the rolling hills of North Somerset. Perfect.

As the riders began to arrive in an array of vans, cars with trailers, bike racks and even actually riding to the event, there was a palpable air of both excitement and nervousness. For many of us former motocrossers, this was the first dabble into the dark side of trials, and many feared the embarrassment of failure. With riding kit

squeezed into place - itself a frightening range from 2012 MX gear in 'slimming black' to hideous 90's Day-Glo - we squeaked our way down the paddock for the briefest of briefings from Paul. Andy and Gerry had laid out twelve sections within the field and deciduous woodland, all of which had to be completed three times. To sort things out in the unlikely event of a tie, a motocross style loop had to be completed once against the clock. Simple.

The forty or so riders returned to their machines and split off into two groups to avoid gridlock at the first section. It didn't matter which order you did each section, although inevitably the course designers had planned the route to flow from one through to twelve. The sections were between twenty five and fifty yards long, snaking between the tree trunks and over a mixture of grass, soil, rocks and roots. A team of volunteer observers from both the Bristol TRF and NSMCC were manning each section, ready to deduct 1, 2 or 3 points for dabs, 5 for failure.

After an initial reticence to begin - everyone waiting for each other - the event got underway. Quite a range of riding styles were in evidence, from the feet up smoothness of the Devon TRF members Tim & Rom on their super grippy trials tyres, to the more basic stand up/sit down/wobble and hope being employed by the rest of us. Successful sections were greeted with muted approval, catastrophic get-offs with loud laughter and derision - that's what mates are for! Some of the sections were being cleaned by nearly all riders, others were catching out all but the skilled. The dry conditions did add a certain assistance to progress, as if the event had been wet, just about all of us would have had a

score card fuller than an MP's expense account.

Within a couple of hours, we'd all completed our three rounds of the course, so headed back to the paddock for a bit of a breather and, in most cases, a double cheeseburger for lunch. The banter flew back and forth between the contestants as the morning's activities were reviewed and dissected. Everyone had big grins on their faces and everyone had managed to get round without major disaster.

For the rest of the afternoon, it was free time back on the course, so groups of riders headed in all directions to perfect their technique on the sections, or just mess about in the woods. Some of the more experienced guys headed further down the hill to try out the more tricky sections that had been left out for our event, others just bombed about on sections of the motocross track. On a sunny afternoon in May, there are not many better ways to spend the day.

When the results came out, it was somehow fitting that one of our visitors from Devon TRF - Tim Hayford took the honours, narrowly pipping Dean Allen to become the first winner of the (hopefully) Annual TRF Fun Trial.

Congratulations to all that took part and made the day highly enjoyable and event a huge success. Thanks to Dean Allen for putting it all together for the Bristol TRF, and to Paul, Gerry and Andy for their assistance with organisation, venue and track layout. Lastly thanks to all the Bristol TRF members who got behind the event and raised a great deal of money for Great Western Air Ambulance. See you all next year.

Julian Challis

# Boa Viagem

Continued...

## DAY 3

### Penha Garcia - Vila Velha de Rodao 110 miles

After being served a King's breakfast inside our cottage, a 5 mile trip to the East had us back on the trail and heading towards our next cultural town-on-a-hill-in-a-castle of Monsanto. A very steep and narrow path/ancient road of slippery granite cobbles wound up the hillside via many switchbacks to appear in yet another deserted village straight from the medieval Lilliput Lane collection. The relative lack of detail on the GPS ensured we saw much more of this surreal place than the mountain bikers before us. When we'd finished messing around, the surfaced exit road turned to cobbled path and then to a single track which had the handlebars scraping at both sides and in places both pegs folded up.

Rain was a big feature of the rest of the day. Despite it not being cold the wind chill was actually making my teeth chatter. I gave in early in the afternoon and conceded to wear the bin bag I'd been offered the day before over the last remaining dry shirt I had.

The lack of light added to the challenge as my only goggles had shaded lenses for the anticipated bright sunlight. I had some difficulty negotiating the trails with any sort of reasonable pace as I simply couldn't see. The puddle strewn faster tracks provided a regular kidney jarring as the pace/lack of vision

combo made them impossible to avoid.

By now, the 400 had clocked up another fifteen hours since an oil and filter service. This was causing me some concern as we still had over 350 miles to do before the finish. The 690 on the other hand, with road bike service intervals, still had a couple of thousand miles to go before requiring attention.

The city of Castelo Branco provided a solution. Riding much deeper into the city than I had hoped, we came across a fuel station with a full selection of oils and a disused tyre bay which served as sanctuary from the weather, drying room, coffee stop and service bay.

I bought a litre of fully synth at the 'bargain' price of 22 and assuming that the drain port below the gear lever was for engine oil proceeded to dump all of my perfectly good gearbox oil. Another 22 and a crawl around to remove the bash plate left me faced with the two drain/screen ports. Taking a guess would have undoubtedly have dumped the gear oil for a second time so a series of calls to England resulted in the fine fellows at Craigs Motorcycles dictating the service manual over the phone. Service complete and clothes less wet I was a happy bunny as we headed back into the wilds.

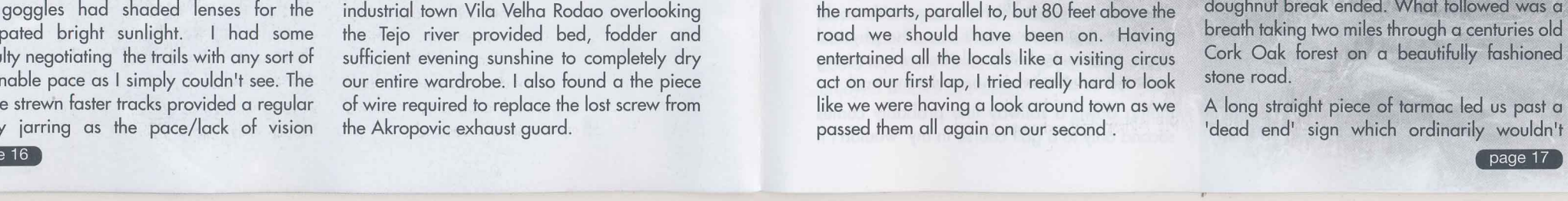
The Adventure Centre at the rather smelly industrial town Vila Velha Rodao overlooking the Tejo river provided bed, fodder and sufficient evening sunshine to completely dry our entire wardrobe. I also found a the piece of wire required to replace the lost screw from the Akropovic exhaust guard.

## DAY 4

### Vila Velha de Rodeo - Mourao 178 miles

Back end of the morning we arrived in Castelo De Vide. Once again following the GPS route gave us a very scenic tour of the historic streets/ footpaths/small gaps between houses that belied normal classification, arriving in the town centre past the first road sign we'd seen which indicated no vehicular access to the places we'd just been. We couldn't find anyone who cared so I declared it time for a brew. The very cheery lady in the coffee shop was cosmopolitan enough to serve coffee with milk in it and after a couple of minutes of largely fruitless conversation it turned out that the bemused old fella outside who had been eyeing us up with thinly disguised mirth on our arrival could speak English. Whilst he could, he certainly didn't want to, but I determined that he had learned to speak English in America. I insisted that the Americans didn't speak English and when we'd finished agreeing to disagree he took revenge by taking a cracking photo of the ground just in front of us.

We completed a lap of the town centre one way system and headed off on our route which we got within spitting distance of as we toured the ramparts, parallel to, but 80 feet above the road we should have been on. Having entertained all the locals like a visiting circus act on our first lap, I tried really hard to look like we were having a look around town as we passed them all again on our second.

A person wearing a helmet and riding gear is riding a motorcycle on a dirt road. The person is leaning forward, and the motorcycle is in motion. The background is slightly blurred, suggesting speed.

After a couple of miles too many on the road we returned to the trail and onto a section which, in parts, appeared to have been repaired with rocks no smaller or flatter than a football. The original track was largely solid granite interspersed with mud. I glanced up momentarily, realising that my field of vision had become the three feet in front of the bike, to see Ian waving frantically. In response I braked hard and hit the slippery granite slab with my knee as quickly as I could. When he could get a word in, Ian explained that he'd like to take a photo. With tears in my eyes I thanked him for his forward thinking.

Back on the road for a spell we climbed toward Marvao. The trail directed us up a 'no access' path into the old town. We passed on the tour and picked-up then lost the trail almost simultaneously in a police station car park. When we found the correct way it was marked with a 'residents only' sign. Having just detoured the trail we decided to claim residency and got off down it before the doughnut break ended. What followed was a breath taking two miles through a centuries old Cork Oak forest on a beautifully fashioned stone road.

A long straight piece of tarmac led us past a 'dead end' sign which ordinarily wouldn't



us to a hotel in the fortified town of Mourao. Dinner of 'Various Meat with Chickpeas' in an antique winery/restaurant was definitely the most bizarre dining experience I'd ever had.

## DAY 5

### Mourao - Santa Clara 175 miles

A couple of miles of tarmac suddenly gave way to a gravelly descent to a river crossing at Santo Amador. The way in and out were clear to see but inbetween thirty yards of fast flowing river meant we weren't crossing here. Ian, now down to his 'budgie smugglers' went straight in to confirm that it wasn't going to happen. He walked up the banking fifty yards and sailed back down the river in order to have his little swim without ending up in the Atlantic.

Backing out the scale on the GPS revealed a detour of ten miles to the East and we conceded to tarmac for the next forty-five minutes. A coffee and fuel-up in Moura had us reflect upon a frustrating couple of hours but the next couple of hours would compensate many fold.

Miles of fast country lane led us to the Guadiana river again. An elegant new bridge took us across whilst looking down on its decrepit predecessor. On the opposite bank the trail turned back under the bridge and down to an old railway station. The obligatory graffiti cock-n-balls pointed to the trail which was the railway track itself. I set off along the overgrown track and within a couple of minutes I had lost all feeling in my arms. A narrow path to the side of the rails provided some relief until the shrubbery and sheer banking forced me back between the rails. I tried to find a pace which the suspension could deal with but there wasn't one. The physical abuse went on for half a mile before a crossing point led us off onto a more relaxing track.

Riding down a railway line probably comes second only to a golf course in my 'wouldn't it

be great to ride' list. Awesome.

The afternoon consisted mostly of top gear gravel roads between the grape vines and grain fields of the Alentejo. No diversions to the trail made a pleasant change excepting the dual carriageway which had swallowed up the trail for a couple of miles at Ourique. The trail turned North again here for a while before turning West and South through the most fantastic Eucalyptus forest. Rollercoaster forest trails meant the grin inside my helmet was making my cheeks hurt.

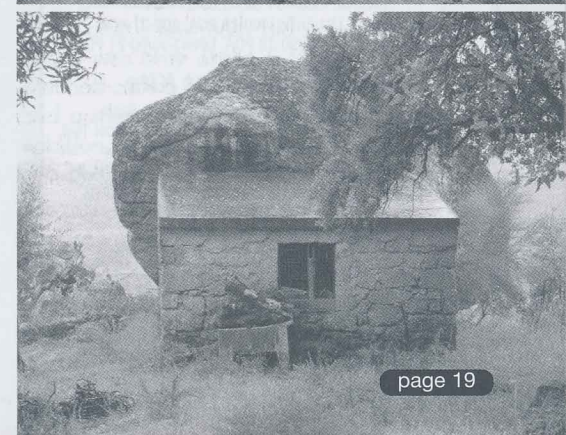
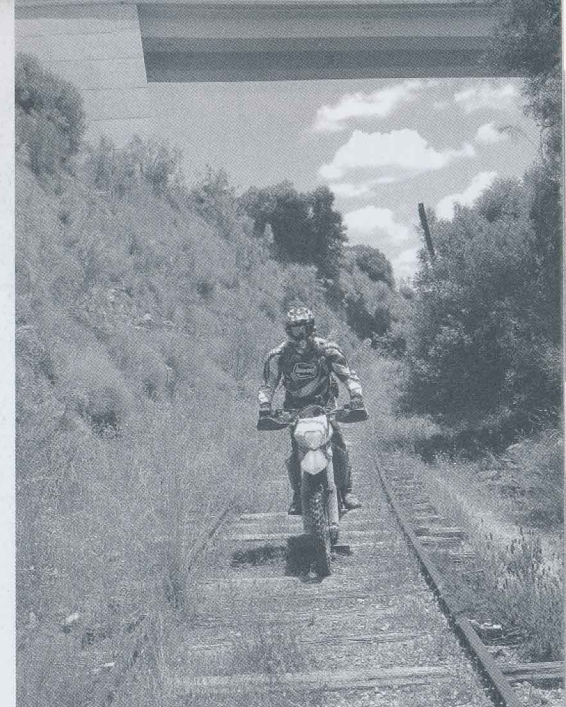
Rolling into Santa Clara indicated the last couple of miles of the trip. This was close enough to my house to allow us to get home and return to finish the trail proper the following day. The very last 500 yards of the GPS had us ride across a level crossing which had long since gone as the line had been upgraded. A rather less than safety conscious trip across the line left us five minutes from our celebratory beers and a further forty minutes to a familiar bed.

All in, a fantastic trip, the memories of which will stay with me for many years. The detours, although a pain at the time, became part of the adventure. The trails, scenery and unending history and culture were truly outstanding. The route will now be modified using the wonders of Google Earth and any future trips can use this route with fewer detours.

Apart from three bent levers on the 690 and a missing screw both bikes performed faultlessly. My decision to stick with the 400 and let Ian, the far better rider, ride the 690 worked very well. At no time did I suffer any fatigue.

Many thanks to Dougal for logistics well beyond the call of duty and to Ian, my companion and serial snorer without whom I could not have done the trip but would have enjoyed much more sleep.

Mik Stansfield



have applied to us. At the end was our trail leading straight into the overfull Abrilongo Dam. A fenced field scuppered any wide berth and the grumpy farmer scuppered our first detour attempt. The next farmer along happily directed us across his expansive olive plantation.

A fast flowing river crossing gave Ian the opportunity to demonstrate his selfless Bear Grylls attitude to water by wading across, doubtlessly encouraged by the return of blazing sunshine. Following him down to the river I briefly saw my first adult Wild Boar which had returned to the track after he had passed and vanished again as soon as it spotted me.

Just South of the nearby town of Elvas we were frustrated in our quest to stick to the trail yet again by a newly fenced off field. Not before Ian, in his attempt to clear a boggy section of track, had spectacularly launched the 690 into the air to land cross rutted in the gloop. A couple of hour's worth of effort compacted into ten minutes was expended extracting him. Two laps of a field of four foot thistles had us off for another detour. An abandoned smallholding turned out to be not so as a bewildered old fellow came out to find us scattering his chickens. He was unexpectedly cheery as he explained there was no way through.

A brief trip around Monsaraz and a couple of miles of bridge over the Guadiana river saw

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# Good Time Romania

It all started with Gary on a recommendation from a guy at circuit training to try some extreme trail riding in Romania in September 2011 with Good Time Xtreme Tours. On his return he just kept banging on about it being the best Trail riding ever and that we all had to go.....

So it was agreed that Gary would organise a return trip in April 2012 to Sibiu in Romania. All we had to do was put down a deposit of 150 and pay for a flight ~ 250 from Heathrow through Vienna to Sibiu. Gary mustered 8 of us, Gary, Courtenay, Curly and Martin Somerset TRF members, Lee and Graham other Somerset Enduro riders, Brendon from Buckinghamshire and Nick from Scotland.

It was one of those situations where no one (except Gary) really knew any of the detail for this trip. Just turn up at Curly's in Taunton at 2.30am with all of your bike gear in one bag for check-in, a passport and 600 cash to pay Catalin when we got to Romania for the bikes and hotel. 6 of us piled into his van with all the gear and headed for Heathrow for a 6am flight. We met Brendon and Nick at check-in, all ready for three days extreme trail riding in Romania on 450 KTM's. And that is really all we knew about this adventure other than Gary keeping on about monster climbs and massive down hills!

Flying on Austrian Airways through Vienna to Sibiu, we got to see some of the local terrain on the landing approach, snow covered Carpathian Mountains, rolling hills and lots

and lots of space!! Sibiu is pretty much in the middle of the country and in the Transylvania region of Romania. A pleasant 16 °C greeted us on this Thursday mid-afternoon. Catalin, the owner of Good Time Xtreme Tours was waiting at the airport with a van for the gear and 2 cars to take us to the Hotel. His attention to customer service was clear from the first minute, top guy.

The Golden Tulip hotel based in the centre of the City was 4 star and just like new, very contemporary and as good as any in Western Europe. Having dumped our stuff in the rooms, we met up in the bar for the briefing and filling in forms with Catalin, handing over cash and getting our Good Time Xtreme ride shirts all whilst being fed with beer and the local plumb based fire water 'down in ones' which after a few really did start to take its toll, and it was only about 5.50pm! So already well half-cut we went to a local Restaurant and had a meat feast and more beers, all except Brendon who thought he would try some local peasant dish. Bad choice Brendon....

The guys behind these Tours are Catalin on the business side and Emile on the bike and run leader side. These guys have been involved for years in the Red Bull Romaniacs extreme 4 day Enduro and Sibiu is the home base for this event. Catalin told us that the concept of these



Led Ride Tours that we were on is to push you to your technical and stamina limit and give you the most memorable challenging riding possible. "GOOD TIME ROMANIA" became the shout when it really did get tough!

Friday morning with all our bike gear on we met in the Hotel Garage to see 8 KTM 450 EXC I 2009/2010 spec all lined up for us to take our pick. Some had bar risers, but really all pretty much the same. Our names were put on the bikes to save confusion for the 3 days and after a lot of photos and some handle bar and control adjustments to suit each person we were ready for Transylvania (well we thought we were).

By 10am with Emile our ride leader for the 3 days on his newish Husaberg 450 with Radou taking up the rear on a 200 KTM smoker we were off through the city back streets and within 1 mile we were 'urban' off-roading still in the city but working our way to the countryside on every little track, path and wood section whilst still in the suburbs of the city, and we were already flying. It had rained for a few days before we got there and the wood tracks were real slippery with us getting used to the bikes and Emile testing us from the off.

We were then out on sort of open grass fields and common land with various tracks. There were gulleys to jump, mounds to launch off, all sorts of obstacles and at the pace we were travelling you had to keep total focus. There were forest sections, sandy gully's, goat tracks, and a hill climb that required flat out revs in second gear from a standing start to get the pace to reach the top, putting your weight over the front wheel to stop it flipping. "GOOD TIME ROMANIA"

And it just kept coming, hill after hill, forest after forest after forest, very steep climbs and very steep drop offs. Luckily the group was all about the same and there was little hold up.

Lunch time was at a small restaurant, different each day, a relaxed hour or so with some really good food and beer for some if wanted/needed.

Then we were off again venturing further into the hills and countryside. We went through a small village which was a real eye opener for us

all, no tarmac, just rough earth roads, real old buildings with horse and carts and little old women about 4 foot tall all in black. It felt like we were going back 100 years. Over the three days we came across a lot of people in the countryside working the fields with horse and plough and by hand, very few tractors seen at all. Up on the hills the shepherds were tending their flocks of sheep and goats in the traditional way. They stay with them and have a pack of dogs to look after things, small dogs to herd the sheep and real big dogs to keep the wolves off. Now the big dogs like to put up a chase to the bikes. No issue however it became obvious that Curly had a real issue with dogs and despite his many attempts to hide or put another rider between him and the dogs, they just seemed to sense his fear and home in on him. It was hilarious, especially when at lunch on the last day Courtenay managed to put a ham knuckle bone on the outside of his camel back bag behind the string. He never twigged all afternoon.

Over the three days riding we had the most extreme climbs and drops I think any of us had ever done. One of the goat tracks across the side of a wooded hill had a couple of hundred foot drop on the left, a track about 6 inches wide and roots and rock faces that you just had to power over to get back on the track the other side, it was best not to think too much about it! There were real testing rocky river bed climbs, the Grand Canyon sandy dry river bed with 10 foot high berms. Naturally terraced hills that just got steeper and steeper, you name it, we had it and all the time Emile was just finding our limits and just pushing us beyond these. On the last day we went up into the snow line on the higher mountains that were really Alpine in flavour and very beautiful.

Nights out in Sibiu are easy and if you select well, cheap with good quality. Having said that after a day's hard riding, there was not a massive appetite for Xtreme night life, we were there for the riding after all!

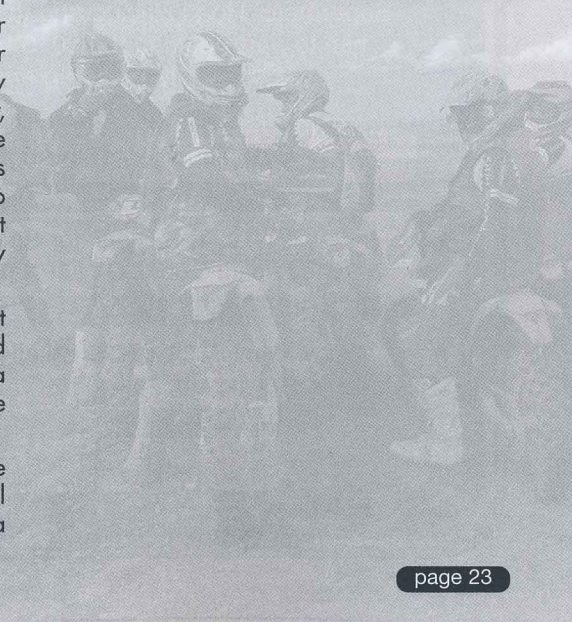
This place is incredible for trail riding and the way Good Time run things is very professional and really focussed on everyone having a

challenging and fun time. Nothing is too much trouble for Catalin. We were a fairly fast group with less experience on serious ups and downs (from Emile), however they can cater for all types of group although getting people together with similar riding standards and speeds is quite important to get the most for the experience. Catalin can accommodate whatever is wanted. We did a 3 day ride but he also regularly does a 5 day ride as well as tours that follow the Red Bull Romaniac Enduro over the week riding the course they ride after the experts have been through.

I have agreed with Catalin a discount to all paid up members of the National TRF and I have offered to assist him in organising any groups from the TRF that wish to go (or a mixture of members and non-members). The riding season is March until November. Have a look at the website and the Facebook links for lots of pictures of the Tours; <http://www.endurotrips.ro/tours.php?id=short>: [www.facebook.com/GoodTimeXtreme](http://www.facebook.com/GoodTimeXtreme) Tours and [www.facebook.com/CatalinRaduEne](http://www.facebook.com/CatalinRaduEne).

Contact me for any information on the options and your bookings to make sure you get the discount.

Martin Keswick, Somerset TRF  
07709 460644  
[martin.keswick@btinternet.com](mailto:martin.keswick@btinternet.com)



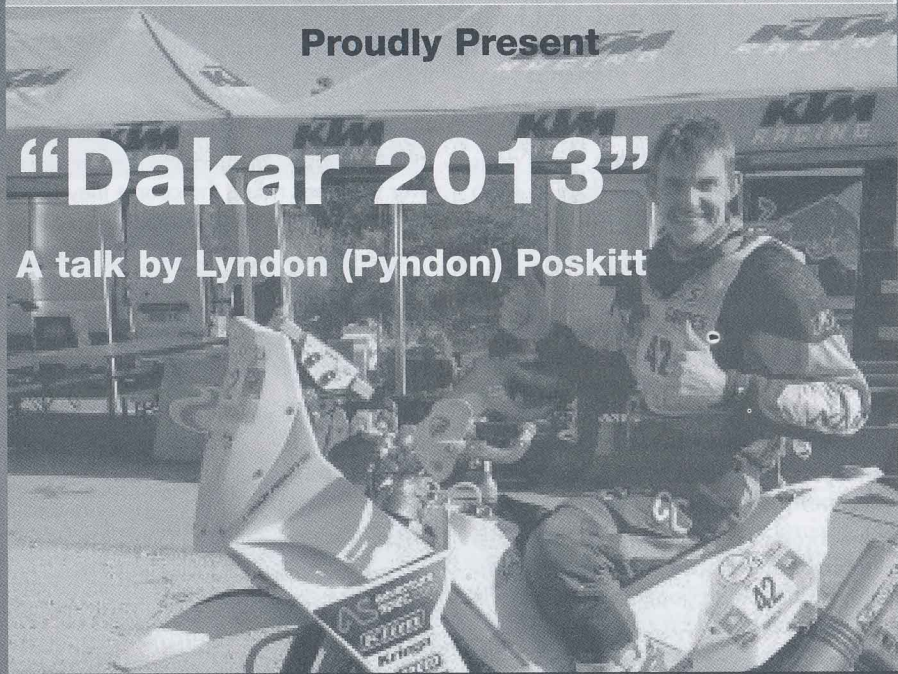


Oxford TRF Group

Proudly Present

# “Dakar 2013”

A talk by Lyndon (Pyndon) Poskitt



A profile of Lyndon’s biking career that has seen him compete in Trials, Supermoto, Road Racing and the Baja 1000 that has now led him to participate in the 2013 Dakar, the World’s toughest test of man and machine.

**On:** Thursday 16th August 2012 at 7.30 p.m.

**At:** The Gladiator Sports & Social Club,  
263 Iffley Road, Oxford, OX4 5PN (Next to Motorworld VW Garage)

**Contact:** Email Steve Pickford  
on [steve.pickford@gmx.net](mailto:steve.pickford@gmx.net) for tickets

**Contact:** £5.00 per person

# SOUTH AMERICA

*My name is Paul Liversidge, I have been a member of the East Midlands Group of the TRF since 1979. I have often thought about contributing a few written words for the “TRAIL” magazine over the years but have never had anything of great interest to write about!*

*I could have written about my days as a sidecar passenger with Fred Wallis (including competing in the 1969 Isle of Man TT), dabbling as a solo road racer, making a fool of myself in trials, and then thoroughly making myself a complete laughing stock in the noble art of motocross. However, my writing skills leave a lot to be desired.*

*What follows is an e-mail from my friend Allan Cole (and his wife Linda). Allan emigrated to South Africa in the early 70s with his first wife Eleanor; he later got divorced and met and married his second wife – Linda. They now live in God’s own biking country: New Zealand.*

*I have not seen Allan since he emigrated but I managed to make contact with him via a mutual friend, and the internet, a few years ago.*

*Hope this letter finds you all happy, healthy- and if you are really lucky wealthy!! Another year almost gone, a few more wrinkles, grey hairs, but WOW – what a year we have had.*

All Good!

We got our citizenship at the end of last year. Allan has a kiwi passport, but will keep his UK one, and I will get a kiwi passport when my British one expires, but will also keep my British. Having a kiwi passport allows you to work /live in Australia freely.

In April/May, we did a trip we have both dreamed of doing for years and years. We went to South America. This time we only had 4 weeks, which was not long enough – not like when we went to India in 2008/2009 and had 7 weeks.

After months and months of trying to hire a bike we managed to hire a Kawasaki 650 KLR in Cuzco in Peru for USD100.00 per day (not cheap!) We flew from NZ to Santiago in Chile, and then onto Lima in Peru, and took a domestic flight into Cuzco Peru. Cuzco is about 3500 metres above sea level. We got off the plane, took a taxi to the city and straight to Peru Motor Tours to see about the bike. It was to be ready in 3 days time (we had wanted to take it straight away). We then decided to look for a backpackers – and slogged up this cobbled street, which had hundreds of steps, with Allan carrying both my backpack and his. We had to keep stopping every couple of steps, so out of breath with the

altitude! That night we both woke up with fierce headaches, and Allan was particularly ill. We had done everything we shouldn't have done – left our altitude tablets in our hold luggage, so couldn't take it the day before, physically exerted ourselves getting to the backpackers, and ate a huge meal! We started to take the altitude sickness tablets, but I stopped after a day or two, as my eyes could not focus, and I felt nauseous. Cuzco is a fabulous city – it is the gateway really to the Inca Ruins, the most famous being Machu Picchu – which was a few 100 kilometres away. The city has quite a Spanish feel to it, and geared up for tourists – but retains a real Peruvian feel. The Peruvians are a short race (the average man is my height) and have almost Red Indian features. Not many people spoke English, and our Spanish was non-existent. We hired a smaller bike for 2 days and explored some minor ruins and the Sacred Valley, where the Incas grew their crops. The scenery was magnificent – enormous snow capped mountains, rugged valleys and we were amazed to see crops growing up the mountains – it hardly seemed possible for a person to get up there!

We were really excited to get our bike, and fitted as much as we could into the 2 large side panniers, rear bag pannier and tank bag – which I can tell you was not much more than 2 changes of clothes.

*Right – now Allan writing below – just so you know that I (Linda) did not have to 'change gears!*

We set off towards Lake Titicaca (highest in the world) and rode to the top of a 4,350m pass. I was a bit worried as I had to change gear 6-5-4th to get up! It seems everyone does the same there and we were still passing other vehicles-amazing! At Puno, we visited the floating islands built with reeds, man-made and people still live there, then saw a British-built steam boat that was transported (in bits) by mules, over the Andes, taking 6yrs. We

reached nearly 5,000m on the way to Colca Canyon (worlds deepest) where you can see huge vultures called Condors. When they fly overhead, they cast an enormous shadow over you – their wingspan is about 6 feet..

I was getting cold, so headed down to the coast, through a lovely old Spanish-looking city called Arica. We rode in the shadows of 6,000m volcanoes, one called "El Misti" being on the outskirts of the city. Crossing into northern Chile, we spent a couple of days in the seaside town of Arica. Here was a famous hilltop fort with a proud military history. South American culture idolises the army and here we were treated to a (often repeated) grand march-past of all the different battalions.

Heading south, through the desert, we stopped at an "oasis" for food where I saw they served "cuy", a local delicacy made from Guinea pig. I imagined a stew, not a flattened little body, complete with claws and teeth! It looked like they had just scraped it off the road outside! After the surf city of Iquique, it was back up into the mountains, climbing past salt flats and reaching the Chile/Bolivia border in the company of snow-capped peaks again. Next day, I realised we shouldn't have picked such a remote spot. It took hours to negotiate the border formalities, then the rest of the day was spent wobbling along a soft, sandy "diversion" to get to civilisation at Oruru. We treated ourselves to a smart hotel.

We wanted to go down the other side of the Andes, to the jungle, so when an English-speaking local recommended the route as quick and easy-going, we pressed on. The hairpin bends, huge climbs, lumbering monster trucks and charging, mad dogs didn't match his description and when we dragged ourselves into Cochabamba, we were dismayed to find that we weren't even halfway to the jungle. After a tasty meal of chips and bacon, topped with melted cheese and cream (for \$1 US) we went for a stroll to town. Unfortunately, within 10 mins, it turned into a

run back to the hotel toilet for me! The rest of it – well will leave to the imagination – not a pretty sight!! It is usually Linda that has all the tummy troubles, but she was 100% on this trip and I had a few incidents!

It was a hard decision, but we decided to back-track to Oruro and then on to La Paz, - Bolivia - highest city in the world. There we tackled the "World's most dangerous road" *Ed: not another one!*. The plan was to go with a well-respected bunch of mountain-bikers on this famous mountain track that drops 3,000m in 80kms, down to Coroico, where there was an animal refuge centre that Linda was keen to see. The concept was a bit daunting for her, so she chose to take the "safe" option and ride in the bus. You can imagine who was safest on this trip, eh? The bus was just wide enough to avoid going over the edge with, literally, inches to spare, even if the driver was an ex-rally champ! (he was). The animal refuge was pure joy to Linda. After a meal there, we all climbed on the bus and went back the way we had come and really appreciated the extent of the drop offs which were less scary on the bikes. Didn't lose anyone on the bike ride, though quite often people go over the edge, never to be seen again!

*Linda writing now.*

La Paz was fascinating - the driving was worse than in South Africa and thousands of taxis ...we very nearly wrote one off. Frankly, I was uneasy the whole time in Bolivia as we could not get bike insurance, so was quite pleased when we left La Paz and made our way to the Bolivia/Peru border through bleak altiplano landscape, dotted with small villages periodically and the usual llamas and alpacas. We now found ourselves heading up the other side of Lake Titicaca, on the Bolivian side, and the scenery was magnificent. When we were not too far from the Peru border, we met 2 Spanish guys (who work for the European Union – one in Columbia and the other in Peru) who were on fantastic touring bikes –

KTM's 990 CC. Well Allan rather fancied the bikes, and I rather fancied the drivers! Charming and friendly and good looking to boot! It was just as well we met them as they told us that we had better stop admiring the scenery, as there was a ferry to cross to get to the closest border town Copocabano – so we followed them. Well the rustic ferry was doing it's last crossing, and we loaded the bikes on the flat barge – they had old wooden planks with bits of the floor missing and we had to hold onto the bikes to stop them from falling in. Our charming Spaniards did all the negotiations. Well, Copocabano was like arriving in heaven. Perched on a hillside on the side of the lake, very small and laid back and we got a flash hotel (judged by the standard we had been used to on the trip). We had a fantastic evening with the Spanish guys and learnt that one of them was actually married to a Kenyan girl. They were so interesting and well travelled.

We were sad to have to leave the next day, but the Spaniards were heading into Peru as well, and we had experienced such challenges with all our border crossings, we felt we should take advantage of their Spanish and reasonably influential positions in case there were the usual problems. Just as well, as there were the usual issues and it took some three hours to get over the border, with much negotiation on our behalf by the Spaniards. The joke of it, we got through and then they had problems because their temporary import/export permits had expired. We bade farewell to them and wondered what would happen to them – I think they had to go back to La Paz or somewhere and get the permits renewed.

Well, a sigh of relief to be back in Peru and decided to try and get back to Cusco – but by mid afternoon, it became apparent that this would not be possible, and we ended up staying in Puno again (the Peruvian side of Lake Titicaca) However, just before we got to Puno – the inevitable happened. We were stopped by the Police at a road block and the

situation that ensued was so typical of South America, but quite funny too. Speaking very little English, the policeman informed us, upon scrutinising the bike papers, that the insurance covered only the driver, and not the passenger. Allan pointed out to him the bike took 2 persons, and the insurance covered 2 persons (he could see that from the insurance policy) Well the conversation went round and round with no real end in sight – but Allan was standing his ground. When the conversation had reached a stalemate – that little word in English – **solution** - which is similar in Spanish was raised by the policeman and we got the idea there was a bribe coming on! Not to be taken in by that we got our cell phone out and told the policeman that we were going to phone the bike hire company owner, and check the insurance status with him. We dialled the number and couldn't get through – but that must have freaked the policeman out, because he motioned us to put the phone down and all of a sudden he became Allan's best buddy, shaking his hand, and laughing with him, repeating both our names over and over again, and waved us on our way, with no further discussion of a solution being sought!! I had had visions of me having to catch a bus to Cusco while Allan rode the bike.

We spent the night in Puno, and left for Cusco the next day, travelling through the altiplano again, and seeing my beloved mountains!! It was so good to be back in Cusco, and we only had 5 days of our holiday left, and the second last day we were booked on the train to Machu Picchu. (we had purchased train tickets at the beginning of the trip for the end of the trip, because we wanted to be sufficiently acclimatised to do Machu Picchu) We had still not managed to get down into the jungle, and spent several hours at a tourist office, trying to find a way we could do this before we had to go to Machu Picchu – but it was evident that it was going to be too rushed and stressful, so gave up that idea, and just enjoyed being back in Cusco again – which felt like home.

We kept the motorbike for another 2 days and visited several more Inca ruins not far from Cusco, and drove to Ollyantaytambo, where there was a huge Inca site built on top of a high hill. The stones of which it was built were hauled up there from another valley and over a torrential river. And we think we are quite clever these days?? It was mind boggling. The Incas worshipped the sun, so always built their sites up high, and their food on terraces.

*Allan writing now....*

On the way back to Cusco, we came up behind a funeral procession. It seemed as if the whole village was walking and taking up the entire road. Not wanting to upset anyone, we trickled along behind for a while, then slowly squeezed through, smiling and being as respectful as we could. Riding back along the mountain pass, after climbing out of the Sacred valley, we had to go single lane past a landslide that wasn't there in the morning!

Next day we set out on the first leg of our journey to Machu Picchu - we had to go by bus/train up the narrow end of the valley. There's too little space for a road, so it's just the raging river and the railway line. We then got out at Aguas Calientes, a crazy place where the train runs through the middle of the streets and restaurants! We went the 2,000m+ almost vertically up to Machu Picchu, where, in spite of being a tourist favourite, we almost could get lost amongst the ruins. It still felt wonderfully magical, the mist drifting between the buildings and the llamas wandering around. We had seen it so many times on travel programmes, but it exceeded our expectations, and was quite an emotional experience.

The return trip to Cuzco was scary, we had stayed late and the buses were now full. There was nothing for it but to get a local taxi, something we'd been told not to do at any cost! So along with a worried looking young Japanese backpacker, we took a chance (again). Fortunately, we had been up and

down this route a few times, so I made sure we didn't take any "wrong" turns. Linda's imagination was running riot, and she was hatching an escape plan the whole way back. When our driver swerved to avoid a huge hare running across the road, we relaxed a bit and knew that we were probably not going to be kidnapped and have our bank accounts emptied.

After a final day around the city shops of

Cuzco, it was time to leave. Miguel, the owner of our accommodation (called Marques de Saphy) which was his converted family home, had a present for us as we left. It was a personalised, leather bound bottle of the local spirit known as Pisco. We were so grateful, but we were so sorrowful next day at the airport when, unable to take it on the plane, I had to tip it down the sink in the toilets.

Linda and Allan Cole

# THE FORUM

## STOLEN BIKES

Please all keep an eye out for my two bikes that were stolen last night from my locked garage (18th June 2012). They are an orange KTM 525XC Desert Racer and a KTM 990 Adventurer in White.

The 525XC (OU06 FPO) is an off-road model which is quite distinctive since it has a large Acerbis fuel tank for long range use. It has an orange 50tooth rear sprocket and the 2007 front mudguard and light (It is a 2006 bike). It also has USD black forks with WP suspension stickers, Loddon Vale stickers on 3 sides. It also has a tool pack on the rear (I know the contents). Rear Maxxis tyre and front EnduroCross. Both wheels & hubs straight and true. Newish orange drive chain.

Exhaust is standard KTM but has some burn marks on it from my trousers (again I can recognise it). Distinctive top anodized tripleclamp - this is a rare imported item from the US and is unlikely to be on UK bikes. Also has mount for SatMap. Bike is in excellent mechanical condition but slightly scruffy externally

[img]http://i247.photobucket.com/albums/g

g126/mer195/P1010558.jpg[/img]

[img]http://i247.photobucket.com/albums/g126/mer195/7158600320\_d161b7ea73\_o.jpg[/img]

Second bike was a White 990 Adventurer 2009 (FJ09 DFF) with a grey rear topbox. There is a distinctive alteration in that it has a black high front mudguard rather than the typical white close to wheel one. This mod was only made this weekend so I have no pics but it is very distinctive - The brake lines for the front wheel are held up with wire holders (similar to a 950 SE). This bike is otherwise standard (bar a scott-oiler).

[img]http://i247.photobucket.com/albums/g126/mer195/S8302459.jpg[/img]

[img]http://i247.photobucket.com/albums/g126/mer195/S8302467.jpg[/img]

Please can you keep an eye out as they are both likely to be either stripped for parts or stolen to order. Helmets were also taken (Arai Tour-X with GS logo down each side).

Please contact me on 07723 474075 with any information.

Mike Rendall



# MEMBERS CLASSIFIEDS

**HONDA CR125** s/hand front forks wheel, caliper, spindle, disc, yokes machined for CRF230 circa 1999-2000 for CRF230 conversion. £100 ono. **Suzuki GS400F** almost complete engine, carbs, all cleaned good cond. used as display & wheels & new gasket set. £100 ono. Worcester 01905 454173.

**BETA RR400** Low mileage, good tyres. MOT & taxed for 12 mths from April. Dec 2005 bike. Brush guards, new battery. Email me for pics [trev.birkbeck@gmail.com](mailto:trev.birkbeck@gmail.com) Sorry, lost address of guy who requested pics. Great bike but looking for something a bit lower. Based in N. Yorks. £1950. Tel: 01765 658486 or 07836 342312.

**FOR SALE TTR 250R** 1994, Tax & MOT to end Oct 12. Looks a bit tatty but has always run well. Currently a non-runner (starter motor?). Open to offers. Looking to upgrade to WR250/450F or similar. Would PX. 07979 500232 (Oxfordshire).

**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](mailto:editor@trf.org.uk)

**XT225 SEROW SPARES** From 1992 model 3rw2 all working when bike as dismantled 6 yrs ago. Phone for prices & email pics. 01535 644330 (West Yorks) or 07966 258357

**PART WORN FIM ENDURO TYRES** Mostly Michelin, Enduro Comp 3 rears, size 140/80-18 with 1-2 mm of wear and Comp 4 fronts, size 90/90-21 with virtually no wear to tread depth. Been used for racing but still ideal for trail riding. Road legal, big selection, £15 ea (can post). Tel: 01275 892649 or email [dijem@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:dijem@hotmail.co.uk)

## ACCOMMODATION

**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.radnorrevivals.co.uk](http://www.radnorrevivals.co.uk) or telephone 01597 840308 for a brochure and information.

# GROUPS

**AXE VALE** David Clegg, Tel: 01275 373652 (Home), Mob: 0793 1220895. [dccjei@talktalk.net](mailto:dccjei@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: 07708 407061 4th Mon, 8pm, Portcullis, 130 High Street, Staple Hill, Bristol BS16 5HH.

**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 Wheatshoaf, Maldon Road, Hatfield Peverel, Essex.

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

**HERTFORDSHIRE** Ken Marshall, Tel: 01438 312602, [marshall.k@sky.com](mailto: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** John Gardner, Tel: 01695 622792 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, The Griffin Inn, Mold Road, Mynydd Isa, CH7 6TF. Ref SJ 257 638.

**NORFOLK** Terry Reeve, Tel: 0771 5013 665 2nd Wed, 8pm, White Horse, Trowse, Norwich.

**OXFORDSHIRE** Steve Pickford, Tel: 01865 463626 [steve.pickford@gmx.net](mailto:steve.pickford@gmx.net) 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, 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](mailto:kingy@virtualpeaks.co.uk) Tel: 07966 289778 This is a virtual group at [www.virtualpeaks.co.uk](http://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 [info@wytrf.org.uk](mailto:info@wytrf.org.uk) 1st Thurs RoW 6.30 pm, Main Meeting 7.30pm, 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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# 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			
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TRF Branded Stainless Steel Travel Mug	£ 4.25			
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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			
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TRF 2011 Sticker*	£ 1.00			
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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 \_\_\_\_\_

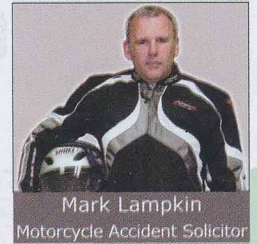
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Name:	Payment Details
Delivery Address:	I enclose a chq to the value of: _____
	Please make chq's payable to the TRF
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	Name on Card: _____
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## TRF SHOP

Remember to pay a visit to the TRF shop at [www.trf.org.uk/shop](http://www.trf.org.uk/shop)

where you will find a selection of:

*Embroidered polo shirts available in green or grey from small to XXL large, an assortment of mugs in a variety of designs in either black, green, white or grey along with pens, stickers, key-rings and travel mugs along with other items.*

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

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