

NORTH WALES

John Mills, 7 Brookfield Drive,
Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, CW4 7DT
Tel: 0477 34425

NORTH WEST LONDON

Roger Newark, 76 Hale Grove Gardens,
Mill Hill, London, NW7
Tel: 01 959 2386

SHROPSHIRE

Paul Kingston, 52 St Michael's Close,
Madeley, Telford, Shropshire
Tel: 0952 583812

SOMERSET (formerly EXMOOR)

Nicholas Crocker, Sunnymead Farm,
Halstock, Yeovil, Somerset, BA22 9RR
Tel: 093589 261

SOUTH EAST

Steve Neville, 19 Henley Deane,
Gravesend, Kent, DA11 8SV
Tel: 0474 332785

SOUTH LONDON & SURREY

Brian Wright, 'Little Orchard',
99 Boundary Road, Wallington, Surrey,
SM6 0TE Tel: 01 669 4214

SOUTHERN (HAMPSHIRE)

Pete Wildsmith, 5 Meynell Close,
Eastleigh, Hants. SO5 4DZ
Tel: 0703 617582

SUSSEX

John Penfold, 'Mariners', Nyton Road,
Aldingbourne, Chichester, Mid Sussex.
Tel: 024 368 3036

TEESSIDE

Leo Crone, 4 Saltersgate Road,
Darlington, County Durham, DL1 3DX
Tel: Darlington 380117 (home)
463815 (work)

THAMES VALLEY

Brian Read, 208 Old Lodge Lane,
Purley, Surrey. Tel: 01 660 9620

UPPER THAMES

Dave Moore, 5 Whitelock Road,
Abingdon. Tel: Abingdon 29138

WEST ANGLIA

David Knight, 89 Blackfriars, Rushden,
Northamptonshire.
Tel: Rushden 313816

WEST MIDLANDS

Peter Cookson, 44 Burman Road,
Shirley, Solihull, West Midlands,
B90 2BG. Tel: 021 745 6129

WEST YORKSHIRE

Charles W King, 11 Sycamore Rise,
Wooddale, Holmfirth, West Yorkshire.
Tel: 0484 686383

WEST WILTSHIRE

Bill Riley, 141 Bath Road,
Bradford on Avon. Tel: B on A 3811

WYVERN

Gwyn James, 18 The Spinney,
Wolverhampton, WV3 9EU
Tel: 0902 763824

1st Wednesday. The Fox & Grapes,
Chester Road, Hawarden, Clwyd
(nr Queensferry & Mold)

1st Wednesday. Red Lion Hotel,
Radlett, Herts.

2nd and last Wednesday of month
(except December). Bell Inn,
Cross Houses.

Last Thursday 8.00 p.m.
Ruishton Inn, Ruishton, Taunton.

2nd Tuesday. Pied Bull, Farningham,
Kent.

1st Wednesday. Epsom & Ewell
Football Club, West Street, Ewell,
Surrey.

3rd Wednesday. Priors Inn,
Bishops Waltham - B2177
(formerly the A333)

Contact John (every other month)
4th Wednesday ie. Feb, April, etc)
Hassocks Hotel, Hassocks.

1st Wednesday. The Station Hotel,
Kirby, Near Stokesley.

3rd Monday. District Arms,
Woodthorpe Road, Ashford, Middx.

Last Tuesday. Lansdown Club, Milton
Trading Estate, Nr Abingdon.

1st & 3rd Thursdays. Scott Bader
Club House (opp. Parish Church),
Wollaston, near Wellingborough.

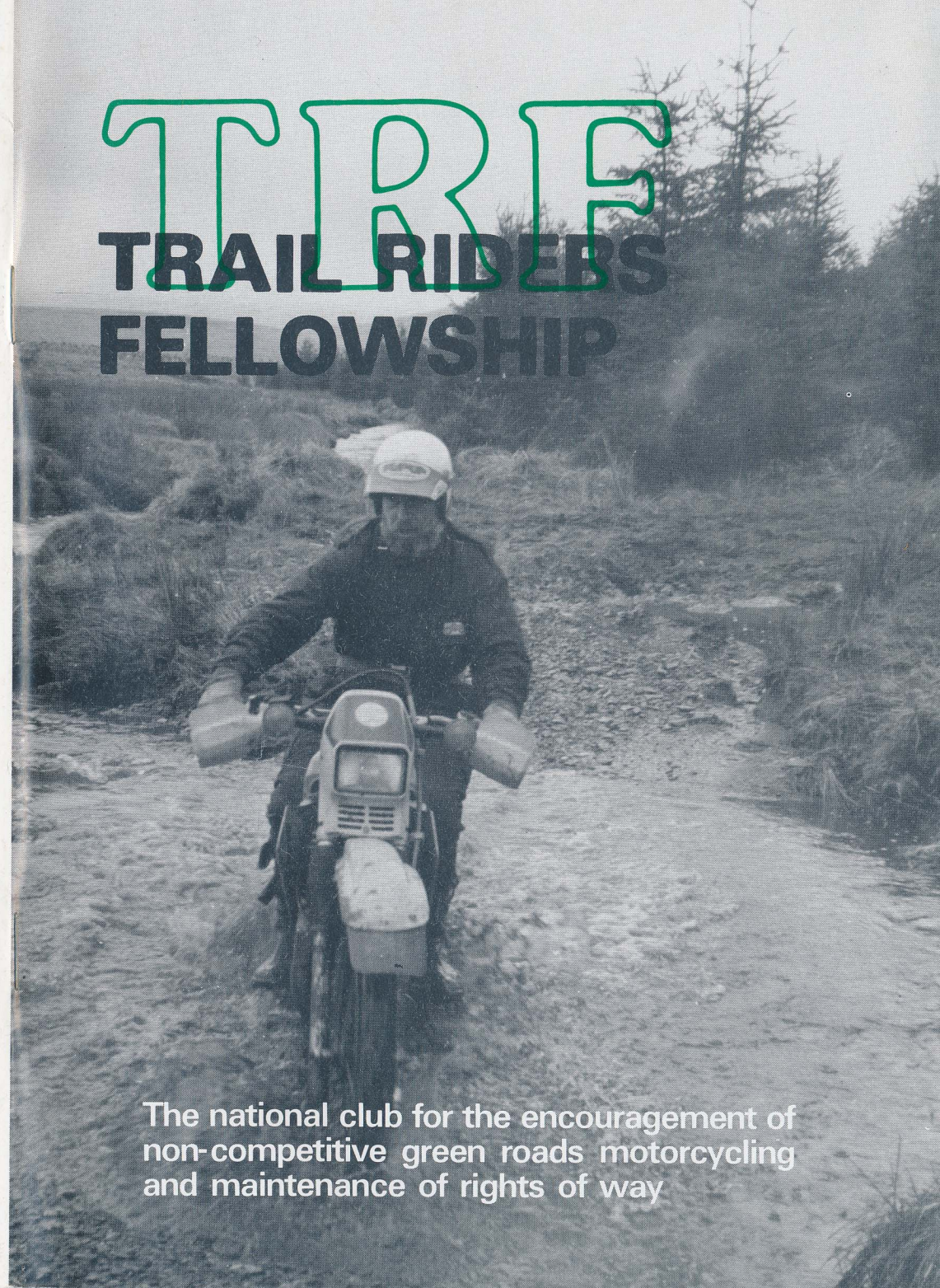
1st & 3rd Thursdays. The Hollybush,
Gorcott Hill, Beoley, Near Redditch,
Worcestershire.

1st & 3rd Monday, Frizinghall
Conservative Club, Off Manningham
Lane, Bradford

Phone Bill Riley

Every Thursday 9.30 p.m.
Hill & Cakemore Ex-Servicemen's Club,
Victoria Road, Blackheath, W Midlands

TRE TRAIL RIDERS FELLOWSHIP



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

To those who have thought about sending something in, please try and find time to put pen to paper, you don't have to be as good an author as Ian Thompson to get something published! What I could use are short articles, and black and white photographs with good contrast, for use on the front cover.

Our Chairman David Giles, in a new approach to the problems facing all of us, has asked if a section in the Bulletin headed 'SHARING' can be established, whereby you, the members, can be kept informed about what is happening nationally. The following is his first offering:

SHARING

Due to the patience and hard work of the attendees at the last two meetings of the TRF Executive, the backlog of business from 1988, issues arising from the AGM, and subsequent criticism have been addressed and the path cleared for forward planning. Furthermore, in response to the deficiencies of our 'old' Constitution, which left delegates at the '88 AGM unhappy. Groups should by now have received for their discussions two alternative suggestions for a 'new' Constitution to take us into the '90s. Our thanks to all concerned.

The next meeting of the TRF executive will take place on Sunday 14th May. It will concern itself with looking ahead and intends to set objectives for a number of vital Access/ROW issues which affect all of us, it is also likely to make decisions about considerable expenditure from the 'Fighting Fund'.

Because of this it has been decided to invite Group ROW Officers (as non-voting attendees) in addition to the normal executive of one nominated representative from each recognised Group, plus your elected officers. To accommodate the potential 70 plus delegates the large meeting room at the National Motorcycle Museum at Birmingham has been booked. Individuals who can prove they are not represented by a Group and wish to attend are requested to get in touch with the Chairman.

To meet the demands of the business in hand the meeting will commence at 11am and run to the published timetable agenda until 5pm Delegates are requested to bring sandwiches so that we are not held up by restaurant queues. The Agenda is published in full following this article.

Thanks to a monthly Bulletin, not only are there more articles and pictures for your pleasure, but an opportunity for greater awareness and participation in the rapidly changing scene that affects our stated goal: 'To be riding as many – if not more – Green Lanes in the year 2000 as we are now'. If you want that then its imperative that the whole membership accepts its share of the responsibility for making it happen through its actions on the trail and in the Group. You know we have a fight on our hands, but what is discernible at the 'sharp end' is that we might just make it if we have clear plans, stand up for our rights, steer clear of avoidable 'aggro' and can 'deliver'. By the latter I mean we can show that we can do what we say we can. In my experience our Code of Conduct and past ability to demonstrate Voluntary Restraint are trump cards when we are negotiating with people, lets keep it that way!

No-one can expect the future to be just like the past, it won't be. But our aim is possible – if we get smart rather than mad!

David Giles,

TRF EXECUTIVE MEETING SUNDAY 14 MAY 1989 NATIONAL
MOTORCYCLE MUSEUM

AGENDA

- 10.30 Arrival
- 11.00 Welcome, introduction to the format of the day
- 11.05 Apologies to the Hon Sec.
- 11.10 Minutes of the March Meeting
- 11.20 Matters arising – essentials only
- 11.40 Officers reports, distributed in writing to the meeting, questions of clarification if required
- 12.00 Lessons of the recent review in Avon. Questions and discussion. Richard Tallon.
- 12.40 Break
- 13.00 Riley v Sec. of State. The importance and implications of this case for us all. Bill Riley.
- 13.40 'Surviving in the National Parks', Questions and Discussions, Geoff Wilson and Tim Stevens.
- 14.20 *The Ridgeways* *South Downs* *Bevis Billingham*
 Berkshire *John Higgin*
Questions and Discussion
- 15.00 Break
- 15.20 Wales: 'Providing for the Future' Brian Thompson
 Questions and Discussion
- 16.00 MOLARA's view of what else is in the pipeline, Alan Kind
- 16.20 Plenary (feedback) session
- 16.50 Noting agreed ACTIONS from the day
- 17.00 Date and time of next meeting

The names of some members crop up quite regularly with articles on various topics. Here's one from Brian Wright of the South London and Surrey Group, on a different sort of Trail Riding:

ON THE TRAIL OF THE TURNPIKE ROAD.

During a recent seminar I was given a copy of some old BMF magazine notes by Norman Smith. These dated from the early 1970's and comprised snippets of information from around the counties. From the depth of detail I would imagine that Norman must have spent an enormous amount of time travelling and corresponding.

A section headed 'Surrey' caught my eye. It referred to an old Turnpike road, 50ft. wide and over 3 miles long. I poured over maps deep into the night. There was a bridleway in the right position. This needed investigation.

In due course I loaded up my mountain bike, two dogs and lots of maps into the van. In my experience it is invariably difficult to find any sort of 'way' in a town or village, so I headed for a convenient road crossing about half distance. Sure enough there was a bridlepath behind a gate. Upon further travel it became wider and more of a holloway. Banks appeared with mature trees (always a good sign) and, yes, the width appeared to be between 40 and 50 ft. The surface was well trodden, with some tyre tracks. Highly excited, I pedalled on. The dogs were enjoying their investigations of the rabbit holes in the banks.

Presently I met a lady horse-rider who asked if I was a 'beater'. Never one to miss a chance I told her I was broad minded. She patiently explained that there was a 'shoot' ahead and I should beware. Soon I heard the sound of many 12-bores. When the noise abated I asked if it was safe to proceed. I was ignored except for another volley of shots. It seems that blasting the life out of small birds is more important than allowing a mere cyclist to pass. I am prepared to try and understand other ways of life, but this did not seem very sporting to me.

I retraced my steps and started in the other direction. At first the surface was tarmac, but soon deteriorated to dirt (yippee!). There is something about riding along an old road, one cannot help slipping back in time, thinking of the coaches and horse riders of days gone by, the spirit of adventure to undertake a journey which we take for granted today.

I was brought back to the present seeing a family outside their house, trimming the verge and cutting back the brambles. I felt as if I was riding along a private drive.

The old road had several junctions which I investigated, some of which may have vehicular rights. At one point it seems that the way runs along the wrong side of the bank due to the correct course being overgrown. After a while the way crossed a field and was bounded by barbed wire fencing restricting the width to 8-10ft. Some old barbed wire lay across the path. Shortly we arrived at a farm where we were accosted by 5 unruly dogs, two of which were Irish Wolfhounds or similar, these seemed to be unduly fond of both my dogs and me. The owners seemed content to look on with some amusement. We were pleased to escape with our honour intact.

After a long muddy downhill section we arrived at the village of Bramley which was journey's end. We returned the way we had come and had to run the gauntlet again past the dogs, along the 'private drive' now almost blocked with clippings, past another shooting party — head down pedal for your life. We passed a large private sign saying 'PRIVATE — NO WHEELED TRAFFIC' and finally back to the van just as the last of the air left my tyres, must have been the clippings.

All in all, not an unpleasant day, but I couldn't help feeling that I was made to feel an intruder. Surely people were more friendly in days gone by? What do we have to do now to stimulate a more friendly welcome? Ride a horse? Cultivate the look of a farmer? Someone, please tell me!

...oooOOOooo...

With the thoughts of summer on our minds, and maybe a problem what to do that is a bit different from the normal 'package deal' type holiday, how about something like the following from member Charles Thompson of Hitchin, entitled.....

LE PROVENCALE RAID

'Meet at 9.00 in the parking behind the Citroen Garage at Forcalquier' the instructions said. I arrived on my Suzuki TS250X with two new French friends on their Yamaha TT600's to immediately feel outclassed. XT600's, Paris-Dakar replicas, XR600's, Husky's, KTM's, Dominators etc. abound, also several 4x4's, Toyotas, Datsuns, Suzukis, and a couple of Land Rovers were already assembled. After a while several more TS250's arrived. It seems they are quite popular in France, and having some similar bikes around made me feel better.

On checking-in everyone was issued with stickers for their machines bearing various sponsors logos, and 'road books', these were moderately useful to the French, but to me were totally incomprehensible, apart from being in some sort of French code. All the distances were in kilometres (my trip meter of course reading in miles). A scrutineer checked all documents and tested the bikes for legality and noise, riders were checked for helmets, gloves, and plastic knees! The first circuit was to be after lunch so we invaded a cafe in the town where I chanced upon one of the route finders who marked up my map in return for a beer.

The route had been marked with red painted arrows and/or strips of red and white plastic tape at most of the junctions. Back in the parking area after lunch around 12 4x4's and 45 'motards' had congregated now, including 6 or so TS250's which were the smallest machines to do the course. As each vehicle was checked out they set off and everyone got on the road south, but the 4x4's, followed by some of the motards, took an immediate wrong turning into a dead end (on purpose?) causing chaos. We found the first piste after 3 miles, a fairly easy gravel track traversing a hillside, which everyone took at speed. The Dominator took a dive after only about 5 miles, £££££££££'s but no blood luckily (later seen in a cafe putting on new plastic knees!)

More similar tracks followed and the running order started to emerge, the pukka enduro riders were fastest, followed by the two TT's with me trying to keep up. Trail bikes came next followed by the Paris-Dakar replicas. These guys however were in no way poseurs, they were really impressive tackling slippery hairpins and picking their way over difficult stages. Not many dented tanks here! The 4x4's brought up the rear. The motards kept up a good pace, 60+mph on some tracks, and the practice seemed to be to stop from time to time at a cafe or viewpoint for a breather, but as soon as a 4x4 was heard, break camp quick and set off again to avoid having to overtake.

The alpine scenery was majestic and the smell of the fields of lavender intoxicating (despite the two stroke fumes), but the pace was too fast for much admiring. We arrived back to check in at about 7.00 having covered about 110 miles. I was knackered, but someone at the hotel produced a bottle of Mirabelle (home-made plum liquor) after supper and I spent the night following red arrows and braking frantically to negotiate gravelly hairpins.



DAY 2

In the parking area at 9.00 we were given our road books and set straight off. I found the TT riders to be going too fast, and decided to join three other TS's. My companions were a graphic designer, a dentist, and a car salesman. They could not get to grips with the road book, and I had no marked map, so we followed some other motards until we got bored and passed them. Immediately we were hopelessly lost in a hillside forest in which we spent a considerable time tracking around, eventually getting down to the road to find some arrows. Back on route we came up behind a Land Rover 110 just about to tackle a steep rocky climb with large bumps. He went for it full tilt and emerged at the top in a cloud of dust, unscathed but a little pale! The rest of the 4x4 convoy was on a similar piste a little further on and we were able to beat them to the top, causing some amusement but no-one took a dive.

Lunch was a prolonged affair at a cafe again, everyone having to sample the Vin Rose, which is the local speciality. The afternoon was supposed to be a ballade along the sides of the Gorge du Verdun, which is like a mini Grand Canyon. The broken macadam track winds along the rim of the gorge for miles with very sharp turns, and no barriers against the considerable drop.

As we progressed the speed crept up as we jockeyed for position and ended up scratching, thankfully the designers chain came off eventually, and we had to stop to wait for him.

More trails ensued and I managed accidentally to completely drench one of my companions in muddy puddle water. L'Anglais was immediately a target at every river crossing or puddle, but I am used to this and stayed dry (outside at least!). We got back at 8.00 having covered 230 miles. Mirabelle was again prescribed to ease aching knees and ensure sleep.

DAY 3

Instructions were to meet at the start of the first piste at 8.00. Knees seemed to function, but 8.00 was too difficult, and we turned up at 9.00. The other TS motards had no spares and the shops were closed as it was a bank holiday, so I was raided for my spare brake pads, fuses, and two stroke oil, which I sold for a good price, but had no takers for my spare cables. My front wheel bearings had developed a rumble, but no one had any spares.

We set off and almost immediately came up behind the 4x4's in a mess. They were queuing for a narrow track behind a Nissan set axle deep in mud. We were able to help by catching the one in front up and sending him back to tow. The roads were now littered with arrows from the previous three routes, and for some reason the organisers had changed Monday into Sunday, so navigation at this stage was extremely difficult. Seeing a cloud of dust on the hillside above us we gave chase. On a plateau we caught the rest of the 4x4's on a sort of Paris-Dakar stretch, quite straight with only the odd bump and the vehicles doing 60-70mph in a long dust



cloud. Turning on our headlights we followed, and finally overtook them when all the vehicles had to leave the piste to avoid a man squatting in the road and refusing to move. I slowed right down to see that he had a little hammer and was digging up an enormous fossil from the centre of the track! The mood was such that no-one really minded, he had as much right to be there as us.

Further on I spotted the TT's ahead. Grabbing a handful of throttle which resulted in a chronic wheel wobble, the tyre rubbed on the forks and I knew the bearing had quit. Travelling gently back to the road I was stopped in a village by a Gendarme (I must have been moving too slowly). I am sorry, I don't speak French didn't work because he took me to the station and found someone who spoke English! It turned out that they had had a complaint about motards throwing stones at ladies (wheelspin I suspect). It was obviously not me, so I was allowed to continue to the finish.

The organisers had laid on an amazing lunchtime feast at a cafe, more and more delicious food and wine kept arriving and the stories got more and more wild and unlikely. When everyone was full, still more food arrived until everyone gave up eating, to the consternation of the proprietor, a large man who emerged from the kitchen to urge us on.

Lunch lasted from 12.00 till 4.30, when people started to say their goodbyes and drift off. Back at the hotel I was taught how to play petanque by the TT riders, and we managed to finish off their supply of mirabelle. Problems of how to get home diminished.

In all I covered 453 miles in the three days, mostly off-road, and in the most delightful scenery and weather. Apparently this was one of the shorter raids. Next year.....

Many of us have from time to time on the trail, come across the intransigent rambler, ready to enter into an argument and confrontation at the slightest encouragement. It was refreshing when I looked through the unused articles to come across the following short note from Gwyn Thomas, our Press Officer:

On October 23rd 1988, the Somerset Group of the T R F took the Ramblers Association — Mendip Group Secretary, Jim Docherty, on an introductory Trail Ride. The leader was Peter Banks, who lent Jim his XL185 Honda, and they were accompanied by Brian Milner and Gwyn Thomas.

We had a good day out, using a variety of Somerset Lanes near the villages of Ditcheat (where Peter Banks lives) and Castle Cary. Jim had a tumble into a ditch, ending up with bruised rib, but reckons that tyres can even-out the muddy hoof prints caused by cows etc., thus enabling walkers to get along more easily.

Thanks Gwyn. Has any other group tried this approach with their local rambles? I am sure that in the end it can't do any real harm. Ed.



Gwyn Thomas with Jim Docherty at the end of the day.

Jim listening carefully to his instructor!



There, riding these lanes is easy!



At the last Executive Meeting, several small points were mentioned, which I have been asked to bring to your attention.

You may recall the suggestion publicised in the weekly motorcycle press, that trail riders should carry identify cards, similar to those proposed for football fans. Your committee feel that such a step is unnecessary, if we all made a point of carrying our TRF Membership Cards whenever we ride, these can be produced to give credibility to our activities.

It is reported that there has been increased Police activity at ACU Trials with regards to the legality or otherwise of competitors machines. Members are reminded that as all the trails we ride are proper roads, their machines should comply with current legislation. We hope to publish articles shortly, to help members who have modified their bikes, and want to be sure that they do not break the law.

Brian Thompson announced his retirement – from full time employment that is, not from the TRF or his rights of way activities! He's looking for another job, preferably related to Rights of Way matters, and is currently burning the midnight oil writing to all the local authorities and national organisations offering his services. Brian is going to continue to write his column in Trials and Motocross News, with committee approval.

The Bike Show is being held this year at the NEC in Birmingham. The TRF will be there from the 1st to 6th November, provided we can get enough volunteers to man the stand. If you can spare some time during that period to help out, by manning the stand or help set up or clear away after, then please get in touch with our Secretary, John Higgin as soon as possible.

Although I have only been in the hot seat for a couple of weeks, I have already had a number of telephone calls from members who have not received recent copies of bulletins. I know that if they don't receive the bulletins then they will not be able to read these notes, but, if any of your friends claim they seem to have missed out, ask them to get in touch with membership secretary, Tony Rose. Envelope labels are sent to the printers by Tony, and he can only send details of members who have renewed their membership. To sum up, 'No subs = no label = no bulletin'. The only spare copies I get are for distribution to advertisers.

Mention of Tony, reminds me to remind you that both he, and general secretary John Higgin, have given notice that they wish to retire from their respective posts at the next AGM in October. If you think you could fill either of the positions phone them up now for more details.

...ooo000ooo...

Following recent reviews of Ian Thompsons' book 'Exploring Green Roads and Lanes of Great Britain', our Chairman, taking slightly longer to digest the contents, makes the following observations:

Well here it is at last, a book dedicated to the exploration of green lanes by motorcycle, written by an exponent of green lanes for twenty years, and our membership secretary of the early '80s, Ian Thompson. It is a book that will surprise some and delight many.

Few will readily associate the publishing house of Haynes with this type of book — it may have the outward appearance of one of their famous maintenance manuals with lots of illustrations and double column text — but the content is very different; this is no manual on the mechanics of trail bikes but rather a journey of exploration and personal challenge, a journal describing and explaining what this rider encounters and reflects over as he looks for the best that the green lanes of England have to offer a motorcyclist in the 1980s.

For Fellowship members used to travelling to a Group run by trailer, where one then follows a leader over a series of sporting but well known lanes for a day, before returning to base and home comforts, this book should perhaps have carried the subtitle 'the alternative trail riding book', so that you know what you are letting yourself in for. But then 10 minutes skimming the captions under the multiplicity of evocative photo's will give a good overview. If you want to know something of the resourcefulness and determination of the man who rides alone, then turn to page 93 and start reading where it says:

I stepped off the bike, and it stood upright by itself, supported by the mud. I tried to lift each wheel in turn, but they were both immovable. I was well and truly stuck.....

That happened in Cornwall, this further extract happened at the other end of the country and gives a different flavour to the menu:

Sitting in the middle of the road, next to the gate, was a huge brown and white bull. Suppose this giant beastie took a dislike to us and our motorcycles while we were trying to unfasten the gate?

I'll leave you to find out how Ian escaped from both these predicaments. Returning to the contents list you will find that Chapter 1 tells us how our green lanes came to be what they are now, the largely forgotten and untarred backroads of a very ancient transport network. Ian explains how motorcyclists have been riding these old routes for years, where to look for them and how to find out if they still have vehicular rights.

You will learn from Chapter 2 what kind of bike Ian considers to be most suitable for his purpose. He makes the interesting argument that Trail Riding is an Americanism which combined with Japanese enduro style machinery could change much of what has been a very English pastime, into a hurried ride to obstacle after obstacle, so that the rider sees little more than the next pothole! I did warn you that the book offers an alternative viewpoint.

We progress through the middle chapters which tell of humble beginnings astride an NSU Quickly and BSA Bantam, of student days in Cambridgeshire and the Midlands prior to starting work in London, and seeking to escape westward to the Great Ridgeway. In Ian's opinion this undisputed highway, striding across the Downs, is the definitive Green Lane, which everyone interested in ancient roads should travel once in a lifetime. He describes this route and the controversy over its use since it was designated a Long Distance Path, in some detail.

That the author has a very deep love of the countryside and a considerable understanding of what is to be seen and how close it came to be there, is very clear. If you haven't spotted it before, it will become apparent as Chapter 5 takes the reader through a couple of typical group trips to Wales.

But all this is merely an Hors d'Ouvres for the main course: two week-long trail rides, one from Dover to Lands End, the other from Scotland to the Midlands. These two sagas form the backbone of the book and are in the form of a journal such as Celia Fiennes or Daniel Defoe might well have written had they lived 200 years later and had had a mechanical horse at their disposal. The first was ridden entirely alone, the second with a series of daily local guides to ease the problem of route finding. Throughout the text, is an intimate mixture of diary, description of the route, its history, and reflections on changing times. I suspect you will either love it or hate it!

Since I have quoted him before, I think it only fair to finish with extracts from Ian's final chapter:

Why is the road there? What purpose did it serve? Trace its progress from prehistory....to Roman road....Saxon Warpath....Medieval saltway....Tudor mining driftway....Georgian Turnpike....to modern byway.

Explore before its too late.

The 'adopt a lane' scheme needs to be spread nationwide. People must care for our green-lanes or there will be none for future generations to enjoy.

They are our heritage, our children's heritage, and our children's children's heritage.

Ed: Thank you very much, David, I've got my own copy, but have found that there is so much to read, especially if you follow Ian's travels on the appropriate map, that I am in danger of being banished to the garage to finish it. Well done, those who have read it all already, but I am enjoying taking my time. For those who have had difficulty in finding a local bookseller who stocks the book, one of our members has advertised in this Bulletin, so if you want a copy, get in touch with him.

ATTENTION TRAIL RIDERS!

EXPLORING green roads & lanes of Great Britain

£12.95 + ONLY £1 P&P

by Ian Thompson

A book for beginners and experts alike – an informative and interesting read

Send cheque or P.O. to:
**P. WILDSMITH
5 MEYNELL CLOSE
EASTLEIGH, HANTS SO5 4DZ**

SHROPSHIRE GROUP RUNS

Date	Leader	'Phone	Start	Type of run
May 7	Andy Stewart	0952-614347	Sutton Maddock	Beginners + 2up
May 8	Paul Kingston	0952 583812	Madely Court	" "
June 11	Steve Rodenhurst	069171 2772	North Shropshire	Wales
July 16	Pat Aston	0743 68007	Shrewsbury	Welsh Borders

THE GHOST OF MOYES GREEN

By and large, for a ghost, I live a fairly peaceful existence. I guard a Public Right of Way in southern England. I live in a lane called Holdenbrooke Lane, although the locals call it Figgs Lane. I am occasionally disturbed by golfers looking for lost balls, but I am usually able to hide them so well that they rarely find them and have to take a penalty. This really annoys them and sometimes makes them swear. It amazes me that grown men pursuing a sport should be so easily upset. I think they should consider themselves very lucky to be able to take 200 acres of beautiful English countryside and dig holes all over it, fill it with sand, and knock little balls about with sticks, taking pieces of turf with every stroke, and giving my animal friends no end of headaches!

Very occasionally a group of heavy vehicles try to pass through my lane. They seem well organised and despite my ghostly antics they usually seem to be able to extricate themselves and pass on their way. One of my favourite tricks is to manifest myself into a watery hole. When they poke a stick in I make sure that I am a shallow hole with good grip on the bottom, but as soon as they drive in I become bottomless mud. It works every time! I have to be careful not to laugh out loud. These heavy vehicles never come back!

In recent winter months I have been visited by strangle garbed people, dressed in bobble hats and with trousers which are too short. They often have bags on their backs, and are always very serious and never smile. They really annoy me as their boots disturb my home and they poke me with sticks as they pass by. As you have probably guessed, I turn into really muddy sticky clay whenever they pass by. I have heard them complain that they would report the condition and have something done about it. Very few of these people return once they have walked through my mud!

Another group which frequents my lane call themselves 'Trail Riders'. I usually try to deter them in the same way as the others. However, I must confess I do not understand them as they seem to enjoy the worst that I can manage. Unlike the 'bobble hats', this group complain that if anything is done about the condition it would ruin it for them. What can a ghost do in a situation like this.

A couple of years ago several workmen arrived with lots of hard-core and began filling in the holes. You can imagine my horror. This would enable thousands of 'bobble hats' and heavy vehicles to invade my home. Imagine the disturbance every weekend, my home would be devalued, no self-respecting ghost would be persuaded to move into a veritable motorway! I thought quickly. Salvation came on the night of The Great Storm. Lots of trees were blown down right across the lane. At last I would be at peace with my friends the wild animals.

Peace however, lasted only a few weeks. One of the Trail Riders came along after the Great Storm and began to clear away the fallen trees. I did everything I could think of. I made it feel very cold (a favourite ghost trick), I hid his gloves, I caused a puncture in his machine, but he was undeterred.

I followed him at lunch time, when he went to a local pub and ordered half a pint, but I stuck my fingers in the barmans ear and caused him to serve a whole pint. I then hid the food order so that he had to have another drink while waiting. Then I sprinkled chilli powder over his food so that he had to order another. In short I caused him to become inebriated! I must say, these trail riders are made of stern stuff, he somehow found his way back to my lane and despite my best efforts — jangling chains, cold winds, and so on — even allowing myself to appear before him, he carried on as normal and soon the lane was cleared of trees sufficient for a trail-bike to pass.

The following weekend the same man led a small group of other riders over my lane. Again I tried to trick them. I assumed the guise of a nicely graded gravel path which they followed, thinking the workmen had finished the job. I led them the wrong way into a private drive. Regrettably they realised their mistake before they committed a trespass! Calling up all my powers I made their leader to take the wrong line and sink into a very muddy rut. Unfortunately he unselfishly called out to the others to pick a better route. I managed to cause one of them to stop as he was crossing a ridge. These humans do not seem to be able to levitate as we ghosts, because this rider who they called Donnell was left balanced on the ridge. It needed only a gentle nudge from me in order to topple him into the muddy mire, and there he sat in a foot deep muddy puddle with water overflowing his boots.

I quickly took the form of a ball of grey clay and clung to the inside of the leaders rear mudguard as he was helped out. I was then able to follow their progress out of my lane. Not surprisingly, they made for a local hostelry to recover their spirits and to dry out. The one called Donnell wrung out his socks and hung them round the nice warm fire. I noted that their leader had not learnt his lesson and was drinking a local brew called 'festive spirit'. The landlord was heard to advise not to ride after drinking this special tippie. This gave me an idea.

I waited patiently for them to recover and proceed. As their leader rounded the first corner, still within sight of all the regulars, I seized my chance, releasing my grip on his rear mudguard, and dropped onto his rear wheel. As the wheel revolved, I provided no grip between tyre and road, and both rider and bike slid along the road in a shower of sparks. Surely I could now return to my lane in the knowledge that I could now live in peace and undisturbed?

Just one thing puzzles me about this group of Trail Riders. Unlike all the other users of my lane, they just seem to laugh at their own, and especially others, misfortunes. However after efforts like these described I am certain I shall never be disturbed by them again!

Not wishing to condone drinking and riding, sound as if some members may be able to recognise themselves in the above tale.....

BURNSPEED

THE BIKE RACK PEOPLE

The Burnspeer Bike Rack fits onto your tow hitch bracket, in minutes. The ball hitch is still retained for towing with the bike in position if requested.

The rack is made from square section British Steel tubing with a wall thickness of 2.5mm all corners are machine mitred and high penetration M.I.G. welding is used for extra strength. The rack is a well engineered robust fitting that transports the bikes with a good solid fixing, adjusts to fit any wheel base.



£49.95

Price includes Post & Packing C.O.D. £1 extra

BEWARE OF CHEAP INFERIOR COPIES!

As supplied to the Army Motor Cycle Display Team and the Special Air Service

BURNSPEED BIKE RACKS

204, WESTGATE ROAD, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, NE4 6AN




TEL: 091-232 1937



GENERAL R O W NEWS

The Bill Riley Case. The Department of the Environment has announced that they are to appeal against the decision in the Bill Riley case, heard in the High Court last year, that lifted the threat to close 2,000 lanes and blocked Byway claims. Why have the D o E changed their mind? In the High Court they announced that they would accept the decision and would not appeal. It is me personal opinion that the powerful anti-byway lobby is pulling a few strings and it is the 4WD problem that has tipped the balance. With fresh outbreaks of 4WD damage in the National Parks, and the new commercial safari activity, pressure is building up.

Costs if the case is overturned by the Court of Appeal could be £25,000. We are being priced out of existence, and Bill Riley and the charity Byways and Bridleways Trust, could be bankrupted. Legal Aid is not available for Rights of Way cases. Money is no object for the Treasury! I call it rough justice when the law clearly favours a Government Department backed by Treasury millions, ranged against one ordinary working man and a small charity. It will take up to a year to come before the Court of Appeal, and meanwhile the decision of Mr Justice Macpherson will be suspended.

Some 30% of all green lanes in England and Wales are at risk and a second chance of Byway status is again blocked until the courts decide for a second time. However we must not be gloomy. There is a good prospect that the higher court will uphold the decision, *if* we can afford to risk such a burden of costs, that is. The only answer to the pressures that could kill of all vehicular use of green lanes within 5 years is to **GO GREEN** in a big way.

TOLL GREEN LANES. Horse riders in Essex have agreed to pay £100 per year for the right to use 30 miles of 'private' bridleways. These add to the 200 miles of existing public bridleways. Farmers are confident that the scheme will attract a large number of horse riders. Their aim is profit of course, and why not? Similar plans are afoot in Cambridgeshire and Nottinghamshire. Another toll scheme in East Anglia has been enthusiastically welcomed by the British Horse Society. The Country Landowners Association says that this sort of toll ride could easily spread to other parts of the country. However, some bridleway users have expressed fears that public rights of way, historically free, may be part of a trend whereby the public will have to pay to use the countryside. Many horse riders have balked at the £100 a year fee, and it could be elitist and a middle-class-only access. The initiative is interesting, a lot of farmers and landowners forced to 'set aside' land once used for growing crops, now surplus to requirements, may look for other ways of earning a living from their land.

Trail riding is similar to horse riding in many ways, and I am sure we shall see 'permissive toll routes' for trail riders before the year 2000. The Byways and Bridleways Trust, (that has the full support of the TRF, BMF, and ACU) are studying the implications of toll routes and will report soon. The ACU have been dependent on the goodwill of the farmers for years. The trick is to avoid a clash of interests and a spot of blackmail! You can hardly ask for permissive trails, and then fight the same farmers in Rights of Way disputes in the courts! If we ever do lose a lot of trails we might need private tracks as a fall back. In Scotland, now that the TRF has established two new groups, permissive tracks are more than likely in the future. Indeed the TRF already has a list of such tracks, and it calls for a difficult balancing act between evidence of public roads and asking for a permit to ride. Once you ask you give away public claims! Trials organisers fell into that trap some years ago by asking for permission to use public green lanes, which 30 years later are used against byway claims.

Already we have a private access agreement with Welsh Water on the Claerwen track for the TRF only, just like the ACU have for their enduros. In lakeland, the farmers have offered a permit to ride Walna Scar to the TRF, because at last, the TRF has convinced many people that we need trails and it would be unfair to ban decent trail riders. But will the average trail rider be willing to pay £100 a year for a permit to use 30 miles of track? Let me know your views.

MORE POLICE PATROLS. Several police forces now use trail bike mounted police officers to try and deal with the ever abuse and trespass by illegal riders. Manchester and South Yorkshire were the first, now Gwent is employing two officers, PC's Brian Toms and Clive Jones, to patrol the countryside. Set up to deal with all kinds of off road motorcycle abuse, I welcome any moves to try and manage and educate riders first, and not, as too often happens, banning them. The first task of the South Wales team is to apprehend the horrendous gang who are deliberately aiming their bikes at sheep, leaving the dead or severely injured. It is the duty of every decent trail rider to report to the police if they see any illegal activity such as this.

To the police, and indeed to nearly everybody in authority, we tend to be all lumped together. Trail riders, trials riders, enduro, moto-cross, practising or lawful riding, it is not much different to them.

The Gwent squad, patrolling parts of the countryside other policemen cannot reach, have been successful in the year long trial period. They have even rescued several injured ramblers lost in the hills, and caught a fugitive who escaped on a trail bike after a £10000 robbery! They operate daily throughout the summer, but only at weekends during the winter. If only more police forces would do the same we should all suffer a lot less from off-road abuse, which is the main cause of closure. Other forces are looking closely at initiatives in Manchester, South Yorkshire, and Gwent, and hopefully the idea may spread.

USER EVIDENCE 'How can I help?', is the question often asked. More user evidence is needed just to keep open lanes at risk. Each month I shall try and feature a green lane at risk, and would ask that those of you who have used the particular lane, to help by providing user evidence when asked.

This months At Risk lane is Foxup Lane, that runs over Foxup Moor in the Yorkshire Dales from Horton-in-Ribblesdale to Foxup in Litton-dale. Ideally we need 20 years user evidence, but anything from 6 years and more is also valuable. If you can help, get in touch either with me or your local R O W representative for the proper use evidence form.

Brian Thompson
Doncaster.
April, 1989.



SEBAC
MOTOR-CYCLE SHOCK ABSORBERS

Large stocks of the New STS
Trial shock absorber range
and the Dromo off-road
range available

NOW at ...

HOLLAND
M R HOLLAND SUSPENSION SPECIALISTS

Distributors Ltd.
P.O. Box 53 Spalding, Lincs. PE11 3UX
Telephone (0775) 66144

SOLE UK IMPORTERS-DISTRIBUTORS

SEBAC
MOTOR-CYCLE SHOCK ABSORBERS



RIGHTS OF WAY MATTERS

NEWS FROM CORNWALL

Restormel District Council, acting as agents for Cornwall County Council, are to take a landowner to court for obstructing a non-definitive right of way.

Thanks to the efforts of Mrs Betty Liddicoat, the highway authority has been persuaded to take action. Mrs Liddicoat has been using Cross Lane herself since 1959, and has gathered user-evidence from a whole host of people in an effort to have the lane put on the Definitive Map. Until Cross Lane is on the official map of rights of way it is very difficult to safeguard its use by the public.

Access problems became serious in the early 1970s when ownership of the land passed from father to son. The lane was obstructed in various ways from then on. Large blocks of granite were placed across the lane. The hedges were not maintained so that they obstructed public passage. Still, public use continued.

Mrs Liddicoat maintained a steady barrage of letters to the District Council solicitor, in support of the public case for access. She lobbied her District Councillors and her County Councillors. This constant pressure and the mass of user and historical evidence she had collected finally persuaded the District Council that they should take some action.

In March 1983 the highway authority wrote to the landowner advising him that he could not obstruct Cross Lane.

For 4 years all the use evidence collected by Mrs Liddicoat were 'lost at the back of a drawer' in the District Council Offices.

By this time the landowner had blocked not only the ends of the lane with large granite boulders, but had grubbed out the bank and hedge on one side of the lane, incorporating the lane into one of his fields, so gaining considerable extra agricultural land.

Cross Lane could not be put on the Definitive Map as a public right of way until the 1971 Wildlife and Countryside Act came into force in Cornwall in 1987. Even then it could not be given priority over the many outstanding Statutory Orders that needed to be recorded on the Definitive Map.

It was predicted that it would be several years before the case of the Cross Lane's definitive status could be resolved.

Barrister's opinion now decided that the highway authority should take the landowner to court for obstructing a public right of way even though the right of way was not recorded on the Definitive Map.

Here is an all too rare case of a highway authority acting in the public interest to protect their right to use a public highway even when it is not shown on the Definitive Map.

Ian Thompson,
St Columb Minor,
7th March 1989.



Fraser M. Scott.
15 Cloberfield Industrial Estate, Milngavie, Glasgow G62 7LN

THE MK 2 SCOTTOILER.

NO MORE GRINDING-PASTE GREASE.

AUTOMATIC ON AND OFF WITH THE ENGINE. Up to 5 times the chainlife with one teaspoonful of Scottoil per hour. Flow rate can be turned up from the saddle for wet weather, dirty roads, trials, trails, beaches, etc...

FIVE INCHES LONG (2.26 OUNCES), FITS ANYWHERE ON THE BIKE. Requires connecting into the vacuum between the carburettor and engine, which in many cases is already pre-drilled and tapped. A second spigot is provided in the kit for single cylinder machines. One fill of 50cc will last eight hours of riding, or you can permanently connect the oiler to a separate bottle from which it will re-fill itself.

ESSENTIAL FOR SEALED CHAINS, as well as all other types of chain. "O" ring seals take 2 bhp out of the transmission, (1.5 kilowatts). Heat and power-loss are minimized if the seals are kept "wet", which will prevent them cracking up. To prove the point, try putting a hand, (preferably not your own), on a dry chain after riding quickly.

SAVE LOTS OF TIME AND MONEY. No more chain removal, boiling in grease, grinding paste, or any of the other dirty hassles. Scottoilers will give you thousands more miles of fully efficient chainlife. Try one BEFORE giving up and buying a shaft.

SCOTTOILERS ARE FULLY GUARANTEED, also, if you are not delighted with the value for money of the kit, return it for full refund.

£24.99 **BUYS ALL YOU NEED.** Cheques, Cash, Postal-orders, Visa, Access or C.O.D. I need to know your address, and the make and model of your bike. Please print clearly.

SCOTTOIL

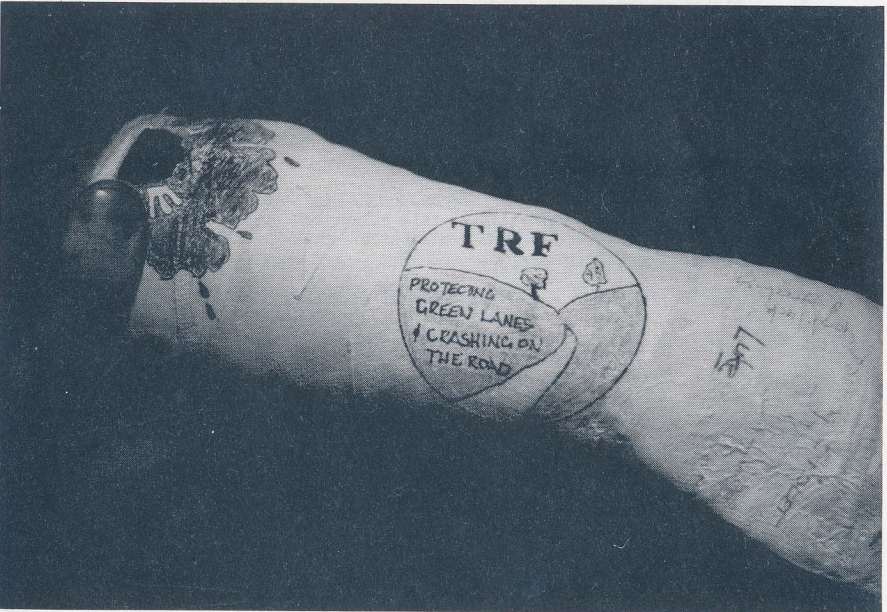
is now available. One litre of this elixer of life, complete with priming/filling bottle, and a Scottoil sticker, will be despatched by return for £6.83 inclusive.

SCOTTOILERS
CLOBERFIELD MILNGAVIE
GLASGOW G62 7LN.

Telephones: -Monday to Friday, 041 956 4155.
After 5.00 pm and over the weekends, 'phone 041 339 5776.
(FAX 041 956 1529 anytime.)

Tel: 041 956 4155(Day), 041 339 5776(Evenings & Weekends)

Fax: 041 956 6593



BMF RALLY

SUNDAY 21st MAY '89
PETERBOROUGH SHOWGROUND

SMALL-ADS

For members use, 4 lines, only £1. Come on, turn out those unwanted spares, and equipment, there are many members looking for ways of keeping down the cost of their hobby. Only £1 gets you 4 lines of text, distributed every month to every member — currently approximately 1200!

MONTESA 250 ENDURO, Late model, little used, 6 speed, rebuild 75% complete, unregistered, hence only £150. **YAMAHA 400 TWIN** Engine, very low mileage, DOHC, 8 valve, 6 speed, very narrow and compact. Complete with carbs and electrics, £95, Telephone R. Davies, Chorley 41289.

YAMAHA DT175MX, Recent tax and MOT, £300. **WANTED** Yamaha DT175MX, Tank cover and bag, rear luggage rack. Telephone Trevor Pointon Welwyn Garden 372252.

TRAIL RIDING HOLIDAYS MID-WALES, Farmhouse accommodation, up to 10 people, room for trailers, undercover parking, workshop facilities and spares. All mod.cons, B & B for members, £10, with evening meal £15. Guided tours by request, also instruction. Dick Sutton and Ann Weir, Pen Rochell Farm, Dolau, nr. Llandrindod Wells, Tel. 059 787 200

LAKE WINDERMERE, B & B, lock-up yard for 12 bikes, Ale house 20 yards, ample parking, all rooms colour TV, and tea makers. B & B £10 mid season, (April-October incl) out of season £9. Brendan Chase, College Road, Windermere, Cumbria, LA23 1BU, Tel. 096 62 5638.

BRECON, Detached Georgian Guest House, standing in its own grounds with ample parking for trailers and bikes. B & B, Evening meal. Family, twin and double rooms. Some en-suite, all rooms with tea making facilities and central heating. Bob and Margaret Smith, The Grange Guest House, The Watton, Brecon LD3 7ED, Tel. Brecon 4038.

BRECON, Ideal for Brecon Beacons and Black Mountains etc., Friendly guest house run by Barbara and Belinda Cox. Central for town centre and all pubs. Lock-up dry barn for bikes. TV lounge, bar, ample good home cooking. B & B £10. 'The Beacons Guest House', 16 Bridge Street, Brecon, LD3 8AH, Tel: 0874 3339.

TRAIL RIDING IN MID-WALES? Be assured of a warm welcome at the Cornhill Inn, West Street, Rhayader. Comfortable accommodation, covered parking for bikes, good food, real ales, guided tours if required, landlord is a motorcycle enthusiast. Tel (0597) 810869.

TRAIL RIDERS FELLOWSHIP

Group and Group Rep

BRISTOL

Richard Tallon, 5 Danvers Road,
Corsham, Wiltshire
Tel: Chippenham 715426

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Glen Pascoe, 12 West Leys, St Ives,
Cams, PE17 4DS
Tel: 0480 67094

CHESHIRE

Mr M J A Johnson, 39 Hawk Green Road,
Marple, Stockport, Cheshire, SK6 7HR
Tel: 061 427 6963

CUMBRIA

Colin Thompson, Craig Cottage,
Colthouse, Hawkshead, Cumbria, LA22 0JT
Tel: 09666 494

DERBYSHIRE & SOUTH YORKSHIRE

David Bonsall, 99 Cobnar Road,
Sheffield, S8 8QD Tel: 0742 748688

DEVON & CORNWALL

Oliver Cook, 35 Drakes Avenue,
Exmouth, Devon, EX8 4AD
Tel: 0395 270104

DORSET

Norman S Howard, Dairyhouse Farm,
Berwick St John, Shaftesbury,
Dorset, SP7 0HQ. Tel: 074788 615

EAST MIDLANDS

Graham Chinnery, The Orchards,
Doctors Lane, Breedon-on-the-Hill,
Derby. Tel: Melbourne 810059

EAST YORKSHIRE

Don Burt, 1 Villa Close, Low Ackworth,
Pontefract, West Yorkshire, WF7 7NR
Tel: 0977 612258

ESSEX

Ray Short, 37 Eagle Lane, London,
E11 1PF Tel: 01 530 2494

GLOUCESTER

Clive Baxter, 29 Linnet Close,
Gloucester, GL4 9XA
Tel: 0452 507424

GWENT

W D Bennett, 14 Coed-y-Pia,
Llanbradach, Caerphilly, Mid Glamorgan.
Tel: 0222 868123

HERTFORDSHIRE

Paul Richardson, 16 Bronte Crescent,
Hemel Hempstead, Herts.
Tel: Hemel Hempstead 41136

LANCASHIRE

Keith Westley, 6 Briars Lane, Lathorn,
Ormskirk, Lancs. Tel: 0704 893215

LODDON VALE

Don Lewis, Ladybower, Dogmersfield,
Basingstoke, Hants. RG27 8SS
Tel: 0252 616359

MENDIP

Gwyn Thomas, Minories Cottage, Priddy,
Nr Wells, Somerset. Tel: 0749 75294

NORFOLK & SUFFOLK

Andy Bedwell, 5 The Woodlands, Corton,
Lowestoft, NR32 5BZ Tel: 0502 730899

NORTHUMBERLAND

Dave Vaughan, 15 Seaburn Gardens,
Sunderland, Tyne & Wear, SR6 8BT
Tel: 091 5293202

Local Group Meetings

2nd Monday of the month 8.30 p.m.
Tennis Court Inn, Deanery Road,
Kingswood, Bristol

1st Monday of the month.
Golden Bull, Boxworth. Off A604
North of Bar Hill

2nd and 4th Mondays. The Robin Hood,
Buxton Road, High Lane, Hazel Grove,
Stockport

2nd Tuesday. Feb, April, June, etc.
Golden Lion, Market Place, Kendal.

2nd and 4th Tuesdays. The Victoria
Hotel, 248 Neepsend Lane, Sheffield

2nd Friday each month. Rising Sun,
Woodland, Nr. Ashburton. Just off
A38 (grid ref. 789698)

1st Tuesday of the month 8.00 p.m.
Stable Bar behind the Drax Arms,
Bere Regis

2nd Wednesday. Three Horseshoes,
Hemington, Leicestershire

2nd Wednesdays. Kettingley Social
Centre, Knottingley

4th Tuesday. White Bear,
Stanford Rivers, Nr Ongar, Essex

1st Monday. Contact Group Rep for
meeting place.

Tuesdays. King's Head Hotel,
Pontnewyd, Cwmbran, Gwent

1st Wednesday. Red Lion Hotel,
Radlett, Herts.

1st Tuesday. The Hind's Head,
Charnock Richard, Chorley, Lancs.

2nd Tuesday. The Lamb, Theale,
Nr Reading, Berks.

Hunters Lodge Inn, Priddy, Nr Wells,
Somerset (ring Gwyn for meeting date)

1st Wednesday. The Blue Lion,
North Pickenham

3rd Tuesday. Ryton Rugby Club, Ryton