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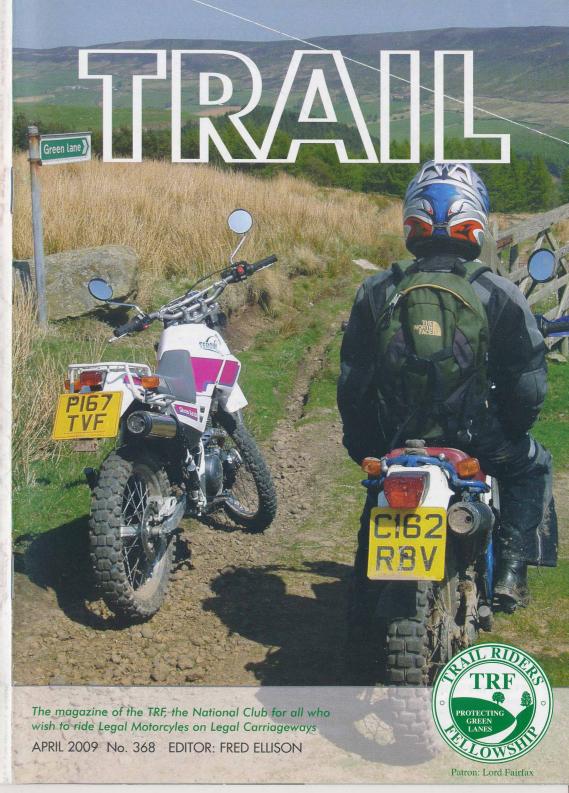
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Please send all classifieds with payment if applicable to THE EDITOR.



Executive Meeting

Sunday 10th May 2009, The Conference Room, The Forest Centre, Station Road, Marston Moretaine, **Bedfordshire MK43 0PR** Tel: 01234 767037 www.marstonvale.org

PLEASE MAKE SURE YOUR GROUP IS REPRESENTED

and bring your TRF membership card with you

TRAIL **ARTICLES**

If you would like your article to appear on the website as well as in TRAIL please forward to Simon Bingham (see contact details opposite).

AGENDA	
NOTICE BOARD	3
BLOOD & ORGAN DONOR	3
FORTHCOMING EVENTS	4
BSA M20	5
WEST YORKS FORAY	9
I JUST HAD TO DO IT	12
VIOLETS LANE	19
LONELINESS OF A	21
ESTOY LESTO	22

WANTED:

- Product Reviews Bike Tests
- Long Term Reviews Cover Pictures

COVER PHOTO: from Bev Davies. Green lane, Scugdale.

All contributions to THE EDITOR Fred Ellison, Sheepcote Farm Moor Lane, Wiswell, Clitheroe BB7 9DG editor@trf.org.uk COPY DEADLINE:

1ST TUESDAY OF THE MONTH

BMF Discount Code: TRF09K114

bike me a

MEETING OF THE TRF EXECUTIVE

Sunday 10th May 2009

Marston Vale Forest Centre, MK43 0PR, 10.00 for 10.30

AGENDA

- 1. Chairman's introduction and report
- 2. Apologies for absence
- 3. Notice of AOB:
- 4. Approval of minutes of meeting on 25th January 2009.
- 5. New Website (Simon Bingham)
 - 5.1 Membership Database (Simon Bingham & Debbie Hutchinson)
 - 5.2 Website
- 6. Report from the 'Rules & Procedures' Sub-committee (Robin Hickin & Simon Bingham)
- 7. PR & Marketing Strategy (Richard Simpson, Mark Williams & Simon Bingham)
 - 7.1 Press releases (Mark Williams)
 - 7.2 Working with other user groups
 - 7.2 National Blood Donor Scheme (Tony Stuart)
 - 7.3 BMF Shows (Simon Bingham)
 - 7.4 National marketing campaign
- 8. Rights of Way Update (Robin Hickin)
 - 8.1 Rights of Way Review Committee (Tim Stevens)
 - 8.2 Cambrian Mountains Pilot Project (Mark Williams & Tim Stevens)
 - 8.3 CCW Seminar (Tim Stevens)
 - 8.4 WORMS (Tim Stevens)
 - 8.5 Draft Marine Bill and the organisations monitoring it
 - 8.6 Unclassified County Roads and Natural England
 - 8.7 LAF Conference
 - 8.8 Yorkshire Dales National Park
 - 8.9 Derbyshire (Dave Giles)
 - 8.10 Rights of Way Workshops
 - 8.11 2009 initiatives
- 9. Political meetings
 - 9.1 Equality Policy (Arnold Brewer)
 - 9.2 All Party Parliamentary Motorcycle Committee
 - 9.3 Recreational User Group (RUG) and LARA (Andy Gerrard)
 - 9.4 BMF
- 10. Other Officer Reports

Time permitting and where notification has been received, other principal officers, coopted officers, group representatives and contractors are invited to bring to the attention of the Executive issues that may be of national importance or other matters that require the consideration of the forum. Please submit reports in writing in advance if possible.

11. AOB (At Chairman's discretion)

Date of Next Meeting: - 9th August
(It's going to be near the Chairman, unless you suggest different!)

Note! This agenda may be subject to change prior to the meeting. Check website for details. Or why not come to the meeting!

NOTICE BOARD

DEVON RUN INFO

For newer members looking for runs and for the half of our membership who don't spend hour after hour glued to the computer, we do have a list of run co-ordinators around the groups area. The guys on the list won't always be able to take you out on the lane in person but may be able to put you in touch with someone who can. Give them a try.

Plymouth & West Devon: Liz Millett, liz_millett@hotmail.com, 07712 582641
South Hampshire: Gary Bishop, gary.bishop@blueyonder.co.uk, 07748 000562
Mid Devon: Mark Edwards, mw.edwards@tiscali.com, 01626 835501
East Devon: Ollie Cooke, oliver.c.cooke@btinternet.com, 01395 270104
North Devon: Jim Pinnock, jim@parminter.co.uk, 01271 890030

Steve, Devon TRF Secretary

Blood and Transplant BLOOD & ORGAN DONOR CAMPAIGN

I am somewhat disappointed that more Groups have not yet responded to the appeal by the NHS Blood and Organ Transplant Service and myself, in February TRAIL.

This is a wonderful opportunity for all members and the TRF to initiate a National scheme to help others. If the majority of (or ALL) Groups support the scheme the NHS want to give us as much local and National publicity as possible.

Whilst I accept that this will involve some work for your Group, I managed to contact 54 members of the Cornwall Group within a week. Of those 45 (83%) were able and willing to be blood donors and 46 (85%) are happy to go on the Organ Donor Register. If all Groups reacted in a similar way we would add over 2,500 people to each list.

Please, all Groups that have not yet responded, make a special effort not to miss this unique

opportunity to be NATIONAL LEADERS by trying to get your own survey done and let me know the numbers by the end of May, so that I can let you know in June TRAIL how we are doing and get the campaign under way.

I have already discussed with the NHS the possibility of extending this scheme a lot further. Whilst that would not directly involve the TRF, only me, the fact that we were the initiators of this voluntary scheme would, of course, get mentioned.

By all means contact me at tonystuart944@btinternet.com if you have any queries.

Hoping very much to hear from ALL Groups soon – don't get left out!

Tony Stuart, Cornwall Group

page 3

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Devon TRF Teign to Tamar Spring 2009: 24th - 26th April 2009 Contact Debbie Hutchinson 07966 438907 or debbiehutchy@btinternet.com

Teesside & North Yorks TRF Group: 8th, 9th & 10th May 2009; 7th, 8th & 9th August 2009 Forest & Heather Trail Riding Weekend, Eskdale, Whitby.

Devon Group Events: See www.trfdevon.org.uk for further details.

South & Central America - A Talk by Sam Manicom: 29th May 2009

Hazelwood Farm: 12th July 2009

Haccadown Woods: 23rd August 2009

Bikes, Bevvies & Banter 2009: 6th & 7th June 2009

Northumbria TRF trail riding & camping weekend.

Trail Rides for Children with Learning Difficulties:

20th & 21st June 2009. Further details from Mike Rees 01495 222728 or mikerees65@hotmail.com

Howard Wadsworth Memorial Run: 4th July 2009

(Also known as Willie Eckerslike). Contact Brian Thompson, brian950@aol.com

COPY FOR TRAIL

COPY DEADLINE: The first Tuesday of the month.

COPY: Via email, typed or handwritten (please try to make it legible!)

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

CAPTIONS: Please caption your photos!

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

WEBSITE: If you would like your article to appear on the website as well as in Trail, please forward to Simon Bingham (see contact details inside front cover).

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

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

BSA M20 500cc side valve as ridden by George Webb

I do enjoy the tales in TRAIL magazine, from around the country, so I thought the members might enjoy something a bit different.

Many years ago I had my first off road experience, {not counting tractors} which included the use of machinery not much sought after these days for serious green lanes. I am speaking of the long in the tooth BSA M20. It was 1963 and I was doing some service for Queen and Country at Fremington, in N. Devon, with the Army's only Amphibious Unit. At this time I was on my third bike which was a lovely BSA Super Rocket of 59 vintage. Our Sergeant Major was an Army Motorcyclist, and he thought we should enter a team for a forthcoming Army event. First off he picked a couple of Sergeants to make up the Team, but they had little or no experience on bikes, so we got the chance for a tryout on a piece of rough ground with these old M20's. The Boss gave me the third place in the team, and at that time I was not sure what a Trial consisted of.

Most Army events were classed as training, and to that end consisted of three parts, plus an element of b*******t. Firstly we would undertake a longish map reading exercise, to prove we could find our way around, secondly a pre-determined number of Trials sections, and last a timed cross country circuit. This would then end with an inspection to make sure the bike was still in one piece, or there would be a further loss of marks.

Once your number is called you go forward and collect your route, which consists of a whole page of map references, which you have to transfer to the map, or maps, as fast as you can as your time is running. Then it's Army

tin pot helmet on, {no BSI approval or ACU stamps for our equipment} flash gauntlets and funny goggles, and down the road we go, but not always in the right direction for some.

I never had much problem with map reading so this was not too big a burden at this point, however this changes slightly, when flying down country lanes and dirt tracks, trying to maintain your time schedule. It was on one such lane that the first interesting event occurred, when having a quick glance at the map, then back to the route to spy a large stone just ahead, which looking back now should have been easy to avoid, but somehow it seemed to attract the BSA in a way that's difficult to explain. Strange thing is that this has happened on more than one occasion over my riding career, so I now refer to these stones as magnetic rocks. Have you come across them yourselves?? After clouting said rock at speed, the BSA, not known for any special handling qualities, went into a giant tankslapper. As I had not trained for this kind of happening, my frantic grabs at the handlebars must have looked quite unprofessional, still as my ill fitting Army lid was flipping first over my eyes then to the back of my head, and everywhere else in between, I felt that just staying on the beast at this stage was worth a few points. It took a little while to get back on the pace, but a few miles later on I was passed by Team Leader Sgt. Major going the wrong way at high speed. Luckily he spotted me and we stopped to see who was going wrong: he was: so he said to me I will follow you. Keen to impress the Boss I set off at a good pace, which soon ended up with me missing a corner and shooting down a dirt

track. I could see why the Boss would think this was funny, as a bit of untidy riding can have a humourous side to it. He said that now that he had got his bearings again he could lead, which pleased me somewhat, so off we went at a fair lick. In case you are not aware, the M20 only has about 3 inches of ground clearance, so as you whiz into a tight bend, the footrests are carving a line in the road before you know it. It was as we piled into another tight corner of these small Somerset lanes with the big banks, it became apparent that all was not as it should be. M20's are best not used for going up banks at speed, the gateway halfway round said corner did not improve matters that much, and the landing too, was a bit untidy, but I believe that staying on the bike is a plus point in my favour, by this time the team leader was long gone.

Never mind just carry on, and after resuming my own schedule, I later found the Boss with his bike expired. Carry on he said and come back for me when you have finished, which I did. Our other team member also expired on the course, so I was the only one to finish, but to this day I have never been shown the results for my first event, and my first bit of off road riding.

I rode the M20 again in Malaya: when I was in a monsoon, the Bike packed up, miles from anywhere on a Jungle road, just as we were losing daylight. At the time there was an element of panic starting when I noticed that the rain was pouring down a crease in the motorcycle coat I was wearing, straight into the open carburettor mouth, I was soon on my way again. I last rode this motorcycle icon in Germany, where it was finally superseded by the much better BSA B40, a bike that would eventually give me 11 years as Army Champion, and the first multiple winner of this event.

George Webb Ripon, N.Yorks., Teeside and N.Yorks Group

WWW.TRF.ORG.UK NEW TRF WEBSITE & FORUM

PLEASE NOTE THE NEW WEBSITE AND FORUM CAME ONLINE ON APRIL 2/3RD 2009.

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



EVENTS 2009

Devon TRF Group is proud to announce the following events for 2009:

South & Central America – A Talk by Sam Manicom – 29.5.09

To be held at The Welcome Stranger Pub, Liverton, intrepid motorcycle adventurer Sam Manicom will be sharing his experiences of riding through South & Central America. Commences at 8pm.

Cost: £5.00 per person.

Please complete the attached booking form to secure your

place.

Hazelwood Farm 12.7.09*

Non-competitive riding on a marked route on private farm land, commencing midday. See booking form for directions.

Cost: £15 per person.

Haccadown Woods 23.8.09*

Non-competitive riding on a marked route on private woodland, commencing midday. See booking form for directions.

Cost: £10 TRF members, £15 non-members.

*Only road legal, quiet bikes displaying a current tax disc will be admitted to trail riding events preferably with rear trail tyres (if dry, a worn enduro tyre will be allowed). BBQ/refreshments will be available at most venues.

If your day will be spoilt by waiting behind another rider until it is safe to pass, please do not come to our events.

Please visit <u>www.trfdevon.org.uk</u> and click on "events" for more details of these and other upcoming events!

Check the Devon TRF Infoline for changes on 07890 643084

Each event will raise funds to support the Group's rights of way work.



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WEST YDRKS' FORAY UP TO THE NORTH

Nine fifeteen on a Sunday morning when six "lively lads", as described by West Yorkshire's rideout man, turned up at Saltburn.

I had asked Danny to back me up in case I was unavailable and Harry was keen to ride as tail man also.

Suffice to say we all left town and headed for the Moors on a bright but cold day's ride.

The first river crossing was very greasy. "How do you feel about water", I asked, knowing the next one was deep and stoney.

"We can live without it" was the consensus. "No good having cold feet all day". So we moved on to Glaisdale Rigg where, without my knowledge, one of the lad's tool bags exploded, scattering its contents across the track.

Danny was last man and spotted the contents and stopped to gather them up. He is far too kind hearted.

I was at the end of Glaisdale Rigg waiting and when I saw Harry appear I set off for Stoney Road.

At the end of Stoney Road both Harry and Danny were missing. "Wait here" I told the group and I retraced my run to the top of Glaisdale Rigg.

Looking back down the Rigg I could see for two miles. No sign of my backup team.

What I did not know was that Harry had gone back for Danny and they were in the only blindspot on the Rigg for miles.

I assumed they had misheard my route plan and had headed off towards Egton Moor when we doubled back at Stoney Road.

I said we were going to Lockton, to the Pantry, "body fuel to die for", but that was a long way off.

Knowing there were two of them I took the group on, being a bit embarrassed that it was two of my lads that had gone missing.

This incident illustrates the disadvantage of taking a full group. Not only that but riders you do not know. I failed to check the numbers, accurately, at each way point.

We reached the Pantry, ordered our coffees and teas just as Harry and Danny arrived to be reunited with the group. "This calls for a photo, I had complete faith in your arrival".

Refreshed we headed over Blackdale, where the

page 9

Farmer has put up wire, to confine the traffic to a very narrow strip of grass. Once that happens the ground starts to become rutted just as they did in the Dales on Lady Anne Cliffords Highway. Fortunately not many 4x4s use this route but the tractor has already ripped up the grass. No doubt six months down the line, he will be asking to have the road closed, on the grounds of damage. Before this wire fencing arrived you could not tell the lane was in use because it was all grass for two miles.

Once into Scarborough woods the lads enjoyed the lanes until I took them down from Silfo top. This very rutted one in four lane proved too much for most of them to ride. It was a feet down descent with one or two cases of "over the bars".

That was just to show you, not all lanes are easy to ride.

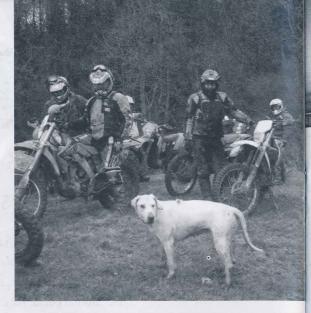
I would not dream of taking them on the Bad and the Ugly, two notorious UCRs through Harwood Dale woods. These lanes are constantly used by 4x4s and are almost impassable.

Heading towards Ravenscar I led the lads down a lane with a tree obstruction. Although I showed them the line to take, some decided on alternatives.

By the time we emerged at the end of the lane the Lads were not quite as "lively" as they had set off

We also picked up a stray Fox Hound along this remote lane. It looked as though it had been on the run for a few days. It had a deep wound in its back, as though a branch had pierced it, while it was hunting through the woods.

If you have never come across Fox Hounds before they are not like domesticated dogs. They do not have bonds with humans. They are totally focused on the hunt and only return to the kennels when they are desperate, once free from the rest of the pack. He followed us for a while,



jumping fences and stone walls. Then he picked up a scent and off he went.

Crossing the Ford at Grosmont one rider (he knows who) managed to do a pirouette. The stones are so slippery with algae at any time of the year and anyone, trying to power across, inevitably ends up in the drink or facing the wrong way.

By the time we got to Glaisdale on the return journey, one Honda had a sticking valve (unusual) and (dare I say it) a KTM had shredded its rear sprocket.

Two other guys said they had run out of time and needed to be home or suffer the wrath of their wives. So we split the group into two.

Danny and Harry took the survivors off to finish the last few lanes and I escorted the rest, back to Saltburn, by road in case of a total breakdown.

I was carrying my tow rope so I knew we were safe and duly arrived back in one piece.

Another interesting day on the trails of North Yorkshire.

Happy Trail Riding John Robinson T&NYTRF Group.





Morecambe Bay Crossing with Lancashire TRF

Saturday May 16th

Start time 10:30 prompt, from Hest Bank Car Park, O.S Sheet 97 SD468666

An opportunity to ride one of the most spectacular and historic public roads in the country.

We aim to travel from Hest Bank, North of Morecambe to Grange Over Sands and return to Hest Bank.

The ride will be led by Alan Sledmore, Official Guide to the crossing and will cover the following route.

"Might I suggest the Grange over Sands route, with the option of crossing the Kent channel if conditions allow to Humphrey Head and have a tractor and trailer in attendance which is a requirement anyway to meet our health and safety requirements. Hest Bank to Grange over Sands, will be a safari across the sands, crossing the Keer channel, where the cockling tragedy took place in 2004 (the remains of the vehicle is still there). Then on to the banks of the Kent channel, towards Gibraltar Point near Silverdale and along the sands to Holme Island, off Grange over Sands, returning via the low tide route to Hest Bank."

The charity we hope to raise money for is **WATER AID** www.wateraid.org,

We are making a charge of $\pounds 5$ to cover administrative fees and the cost of hiring our guide and tractor/trailer.

The aim is raise a minimum of £20 per rider, through sponsorship.

Forms can be downloaded from the following link. http://www.wateraid.org/documents/wateraid_sponsor_form_20089.pdf

For further information and/or to register, please contact Rodger Davies, Tel. 01257 241289 Mob. 07799 460641, daviesrc@talktalk.net

We (Lancs TRF and Big Trail Bike Club) are carrying on from the crossing, to complete the annual 'Rivi Ron Memorial Run', through the Lake District, to Maryport, our stop for the night and then back through Northern Cumbria on Sunday. There are a few places left.



onths of planning, days of uncertainty, odd visits to the doctor for yellow fever and malaria tablets, and finally the hour had come to join the trip of a lifetime with Kevin and Julia Sanders of Globebusters, meeting in Anchorage, Alaska.

I was going to ride my motorbike from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego, through 12 different countries over a period of 5 months.

This would involve being away from my family, my work, and at times being unavailable other than (depending on the odd internet cafe in the weirdest of places) by e-mail.

The trip was fantastic with the changing scenery, people, lifestyles, and social interaction within the group. It was literally a trip of a lifetime.

I had reached southern Chile, approximately 700 miles from the end of the trip on the Carretera Austral and I had taken a gravel road to Coihaique. Having pulled over to let a vehicle pass, I pulled back into the road and my bike went down on some deep gravel.

Thinking nothing of it I prepared to pick my bike up but couldn't. My right leg would not respond, and as I shook it, it flapped pathetically in front of me. I knew at this point that I had broken my leg so I settled down on my bike, elevated my leg (thanks to first aid courses at work), and put on my woolly hat as it was cool.

About an hour later a passing Chilean pick up helped me off my bike and then luckily Matt (one of my fellow group members) arrived. He had taken the same route as me and he was able to assist as well. They all took me to hospital and after a couple of days, and more trauma, I was on my way home with a full leg plaster and crutches.

As are the rules in these situations, the group must go on. They had their trip to complete and they arrived safely in Ushuaia, the southernmost city in the world. They had all travelled from the top of the world at Prudhoe Bay in the Arctic Circle down to Ushuaia.

I was home now and the NHS pinned my leg. My family and friends helped to drive me around, doing all the fetching and carrying until my leg was repaired.

Whilst recovering a plan started to take shape in my mind. The insurance money would pay for my trip back and the hire of a bike, all I had to do was find the money for the fuel, and food and accommodation and follow the

Globebusters route notes for the remainder of the trip.

During my TransAm trip, and three days before my accident, I was at dinner in Osorno sitting opposite a lady named Sonia who ran Motoaventura (a Chilean motorbike tour company), so having got the go-ahead from my family I e-mailed Sonia and she was happy to hire me a BMW 1200GS with panniers.

So, that was it. I was going back to complete my journey. But this time, I was stepping up a notch. I would be on my own. No mates, no backup, and this time, no mistakes!

The day finally arrived and I headed to London and coincidentally I had the chance to meet up with Ron Markiewicz, my Australian roommate for 4 months on the Trans Am Trip (he was in London to see his daughter and organize his bike trip in the Heroes and Legends Dakar Rally next year). So we telephoned around the other members from the trip and Matt Bailey, Jason Godfrey, and Eric Richards also joined us for lunch and to bid me farewell on my trip, though sadly Greg Bennett couldn't make it. It was great to see them again one year on.

After lunch I headed to Heathrow and flew to Santiago and then on to Puerto Montt, and a leisurely bus trip up to Osorno to pick up the bike and drive back into town to stay at the same hotel as last year.

Riding into town on the tarmac and getting used to the bike I knew I had to be focused. One lapse of concentration on the Carretera Austral, Ruta 40, or to be honest anywhere during this journey would be serious trouble again.

I walked into town and had a Caipirinha, Pisco Sour, and quesadillas - top meal! Back in South America and back in the old routine already.

Left Osorno early the next morning and headed towards Bariloche. I remembered the snow-capped volcano on the right, and then headed for Villa Traful and a great dirt road with a view to die for at Mirador Traful. A fabulous blue lake, set amidst the tree-clad

mountains capped with snow. Jason (another member of the Globebusters group) and myself had done this route the year before and loved it.

Past Bariloche and headed for Esquel where, again, we stayed last year, remembering that the wind was extremely strong here as one person in the group had been blown over.

Shortly after Esquel I crossed the border into Chile and briefly said hello to 2 Israeli couples who were travelling the Carretera Austral in a 4 x 4 pickup. None of us knew then that we would meet properly later and under strange circumstances. We passed each other several times as we stopped at different photo opportunities, and they went past me one more time and I slowed as I couldn't see the road for the dust. Shortly after approaching Futaleufu I went round a corner and glanced left and saw a gaucho with a blue beret running towards a vehicle on its side in a water filled ditch - as you have guessed it was the same vehicle I had been inadvertently bumping into all day. Stopped and ran over to help and stood on the sub frame to open up the doors and then unclipped the seat belts of the people on top. They slid down to the brown muddy water below and then climbed out; soaked but thankfully unhurt. We then got their rucksacks out which were also soaked in the

brown soup that was in the ditch.

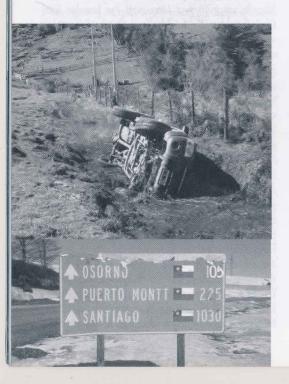
My lasting memory was looking down at a copy of the Lonely Planet floating in the brown water below me in the foot well of the truck.

A lorry pulled over and reversed up to pull out the 4x4. Everyone was extremely helpful, though a little over enthusiastic to wrap the steel pull rope around the sub frame and the brake pipes. It was lucky my limited Spanish managed to explain that and the 4x4 was pulled up onto the road without further incident.

Having checked all the oil/water levels and suggested it stand for 10 minutes, miraculously it started and everyone continued on their way.

Remembering back another fellow traveller (Paul Jackman who I had met on a trip to the Andes in 2006) had said that everything in South America is precarious and how right he was. Anything can happen to anyone at any time.

Just before we all set off on our different journeys I suggested that we stay at the Casa Ludwig in Puyuhuapi which they readily



agreed to, and we all went out to dinner that night to celebrate the safe end to the day. I learnt my first Israeli words - Le Chaim - as we drank a toast. Literally translated it means "for the life", how apt!

Leaving Casa Ludwig as last year, first out and alone. Today I would tackle my demons and take the road on which my leg had been broken.

I stopped at the turning, and the dirt road to Villa Ortega was on the left. The tarmac to Puerto Aissen on the right. What to do? No choice! I had to do it, travelling up the dirt road to the exact point where I had fallen and feeling the gravel move under the bike. Took it steady and reached Coihaique safely and back onto the tarmac.

I called in to see Victor the paramedic who had looked after me at Villa Oretega but sadly he had moved on, would have liked the opportunity to thank him again.

Pushing on to Balmaceda, the airport that I had flown out of in plaster and on crutches. I was short of fuel and had decided to go for Chile Chico round Lago Carrera. Having asked where the petrol station was I was directed to a house where a lady gave me 3 x 5 ltr wine carafes full of fuel (complete with raffia enclosures) to fill up my bike.

Travelling beside Lago Carrera, all on dirt, was fantastic with beautiful views and scenery, culminating in a track leading to Chile Chico through sheer rock cuttings and steep cliff drop offs, at times I had to keep in first gear and there were blind bends and all as dusk was setting.

It was a fantastic day and I agree with Kevin Sanders that this is one of the best routes on the trip, and to top it all I had done it safely and put my demons to rest - brilliant!

Chile Chico was not a tourist trap, but a mining town. Stayed at the only hotel and had an impromptu meal with the owner called Luis. He served me ham and cheese in a roll and a bottle of red wine. We had a chat about football on the television and then he came out with some cold salmon from Lago Carrera. It

was delicious. To be fair I had arrived at 9pm at night and started dinner at 9.30pm. After this I slept like a log.

Next day crossed the border and into Argentina and Los Antiguos.

Today was another important day. Heading for Route 40, the worst road on the planet and for all overlanders the Holy Grail, a rite of passage.

Maximum concentration was required as there are 5 tyre tracks and 6 piles of gravel beside. Lose concentration and the bike could go down.

Halfway down I headed for Estancia Angostura and arrived to meet Tonchi and Maria Victoria who owned the estancia. They have 1800 sheep, 1000 cattle, and all run by 20 gauchos on horseback and a border collie called Poncho.

Tonchi cooked a great meal and we chatted about farming, sheep and dogs. I wish I could have stayed a week there and ridden out with the gauchos and seen the real way of life on a South American estancia.

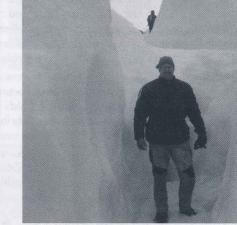
Back onto Ruta 40 and heading for Calafate. Still mentally focused. Weirdest part of the day was being stopped by an Argentinean 4x4 and being asked if this road was Ruta 40 like I was a regular user, but had to agree with him that there were no signs at all.

Today was also wildlife day for me. Hares, rheas, guanaco (guanacos - small llamas - are used to cars but as the motorbike approached them they went off like a grenade, in all directions, so beware).

At Tres Lagos I celebrated the end of Ruta 40 with a coffee and 4 empanadas (a tiny spicy Cornish pasty with either meat or ham and cheese) and also bought Ruta 40 stickers - Yes!!!

Having reached Calafate couldn't find the hotel on the route notes. So stayed with Gerrardo at Las Cabanitas in my own tiny Swiss chalet. It was fabulous and quaint.

Gerrardo was very helpful and booked my trip to walk on the Perito Moreno glacier the



next day.

Got up early and it was very cold on the way to the glacier. Got to the lake and boarded the boat to take us across to the glacier. The view of the glacier was unparalleled. 70 metre high ice walls in a wooded, snow capped, mountain scenery. Truly a must see.

We put on our crampons and headed out across the ice in single file, walking by huge crevasses and pools of crystal clear blue water. What a hostile environment, but so beautiful and calm in our tourist mode.

At the end of the walk a bottle of Famous Grouse whisky was opened and chilled with ice (the ice being hacked off the glacier with an axe by our guide). Sadly just a small swig as I had to drive.

We returned across the lake and I then rode to

the centre of the glacier to view it from the terraces. Watched the ice falling into the sea, called calving, which is a bit of a misnomer as the ice melts as it calves and therefore dies.

Another magical day that was unforgettable.

Leaving Calafate and headed for Torres del Paine, a national park in Chile. It was a bitterly cold day so it was on with my winter gloves. As the sun came up the Torres del Paine Park was beautiful. A magical mix of lakes with a backdrop of granite, snow capped mountains, with wildlife and a beautiful bright red flower called Ciruelillo which stood out amongst the greenery.

Arrived at Lago Grey, a long deep blue lake with icebergs floating in it and at the other end a glacier snaking up into the mountains. Dramatic scenery.

Settled down in a hostal at Rio Serrano and met a couple from Exeter in Devon which is near where I live, and discovered that they live next door to an old friend of mine. How small is the world sometimes!

Left for Puerto Natales and made the fuel station with 16km left on my trip meter which was a bit close. It was a very cold ride towards the straits of Magellan and a ferry trip across to Tierra del Fuego (the land of fires - so called because when Magellan discovered Tierra del Fuego in 1520 his first sights were the many fires of the Yamana Indians).

Tierra del Fuego is a flatland with strong cold winds blowing across it and halfway to Rio Grande there is a monument to the wind, 4 stainless steel tuning forks about 5 mtrs high.

Leaving Rio Grande it was grey and wet and I was still in the flatlands. Reaching Ushuaia the scenery became very alpine, with snow beside the road and the mountains heavily capped.

Stopped at the entrance to Ushuaia and took a photo of the signpost, then rode through Ushuaia to Lapataia the official end of the road

Met a guy called Dave from California who took a picture of me at the World's end. Amusingly Dave wanted a picture of himself on my motorbike and I duly obliged.

How happy was I? Ecstatic! Over the moon!

It was a shame I wasn't with Kevin and my fellow travellers last year, but to have done this on my own I have to say I was extremely pleased with myself.

At last I could wear the trip t-shirt, Prudhoe Bay to Ushuaia, with pride, and a massive sense of achievement.

There were times when it was lonely, and it would have been great to have finished the trip the year before with my fellow travellers, but I am so glad that I eventually did it on my own, with the experience gained from previous trips.

Mark Hamilton





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The Children Need YOU !!!! DON'T LET N.E.R.C. KILL IT

Trail Rides for Children with Learning Difficulties

For over a quarter of a century Welsh trail rider Mike Rees, has been organising a Trail Riding day out for the local children and adults with learning difficulties. They ride as pillion or sidecar passengers around a 5 mile route of forest roads and trails near Abercarn in Gwent. This year's event is scheduled for SATURDAY 20th JUNE and Mike is again expecting 30+ kids to turn up. As the numbers of local trail riders continue to fall because of NERC, Mike is desperate for more riders with suitable machinery to help. The route is suitable for big trailies, little trailies, sidecars, quads etc and it is not unknown for the odd mobile soffa or vintage fire engine to turn out. The only essential is that solos must have some form of rear footrests and **riders must possess the ability to smile and eat lots of FREE burgers**. If you can bring along a spare helmet that would be helpful also. As usual the local TRF, Caerphilly MCC and Trials Cymru MCC and Mike's friends from abroad (i.e. far away England) will be helping out but more bikes are desperately needed.

In an effort to encourage more riders from afar to make the trip Mike will also be running a 'Fun Trial' at the same venue on the following day Sunday 21st June for the more sporty riders to have a go. The sections will be classic in style and set out with the trail bike in mind. 'Special' arrangements are in place for those who do not have an ACU license **AND** the £15 entry fee will be waived for those who provide a bike on the Saturday. Since all profits from the trial will be donated to the Handicapped Kids Club the event will also be opened up to Pre 65 and novice modern bikes. There will be no awards but class winners will be invited to celebrate their success with a further donation to the charity fund. (p.s. the club operates a name and shame policy). Camping/accommodation is available nearby.

Saturday 20th June 13:00 hrs:

Gwyddon Forest, Abercarn. Trail Rides for Children with Learning Difficulties

Sunday 21st June 10:30 hrs

Gwyddon Forest, Abercarn --- Trail bike/sidecar Charity Trial

Both Signposted from A467 at Abercarn. (5 miles junction 27 M4)

WITHOUT MORE SUPPORT THIS EVENT COULD BE THE LAST ONE DON'T LET THE NERCS WIN

Further details from Mike Rees 01495 222728 or mikerees65@hotmail.com

page 18

VIOLETS LANE IN FERNEUX PELHAM, HERTFORDSHIRE

I sorted out a trail ride today based solely around one lane and then I left it until the very end of the day to ride it. I had seen it on youtube and only then it was footage of a couple of Land Rovers making their way down it. The lane looked lovely, it's around ³/4 mile long, 5-foot high banks either side, overhanging trees creating an archway and most importantly, vehicular rights for the entire length. The only problem was I couldn't see the condition of the actual floor surface... because it was under 3ft of water.

Even though it's called Violets Lane, it is also known as The River Ash! The Guinness Book of Records states that this is the longest ford in the UK. This is a linear ford where the river and the road run together. I have heard a few stories about this lane, some of which I have trouble believing, for example one says there appears to be a debate as to who should maintain it, the river board or the highway authority, and as a result nobody seems to do so. When it does flow it can do so with awesome power, that much is true. A Land Rover driver a couple of years back set out to demonstrate how his vehicle could go anywhere. He was wrong. The water washed the vehicle onto its roof and wrote it off. The driver and his wife survived. Whether the marriage did we're not told.

There was also an interesting case when a car travelling up stream collided with a boat travelling down stream. Both had steered to the correct side of the road/river so a collision was inevitable. You make your own mind up on the truth of that one. I found the lane to be a mix of gravel and tarmac and obviously someone has recently spent a lot of money on

the surface (under the surface?). But it has not got a smooth bottom, it goes from 1ft deep to 2.5ft with an abrupt step (or step up depending on which way you approach) which makes for an interesting ride, remember you can't see what's under the running brown water. A colleague of mine, seeing my muddy bike outside work, enquired where I'd been. It turns out he's an experienced Land Rover Discovery pilot, who in December had water up to his windscreen down this very lane and the powerful current lifted his vehicle up momentarily before he was forced to retreat. So it seems the earlier story may have some credence after all.

As we entered the road we stopped to psyche ourselves up a bit. I had to laugh when Ian looked up and saw the big clearway speed limit sign and said "Hey look, we can do 70mph down 'ere!". Bravado aside, we all pulled away tentatively, with just the gravel crunching under our tyres. Travelling north up the lane, I'd read you should stay to the left if you want it shallower, go to the right if you fancy seeing your headlight illuminate the depths! Mine did and even though it's deeper I found there to be less surprises beneath. As I mentioned earlier, we left this lane until the end because starting a morning's ride soaking wet isn't nice but finishing wet is always acceptable!

We took in some fantastic roads before reaching Violets Lane though, every one of them a marked up Byway and in superb condition for so early on in the year. A bunch of 4x4's were ticking over and steaming near Aston, obviously just finished tearing around the woodland we had just passed so not

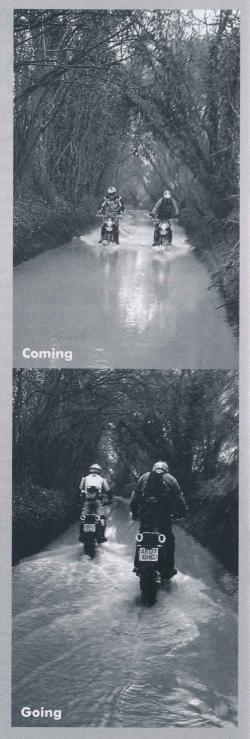
wanting to be associated with these loonies, we waved and rode on past wanting to put some space between us and them.

It may have been the early signs of spring in the air, but it sure seemed to me that the other users of the lanes were happy to share them with us. A few horses were making our way towards us along a tiny road so we pulled up and waited for them to pass. We took our helmets off while they made their way up to us, so we had ourselves a little break. The last lady on a horse said, "As I'm the principle landowner around here, could I ask you to refrain from using the rights of ways that are in this area". To which I enquired "Even the Byways?". She politely said "Oh no they're fine, just can you not go on the Footpaths and Bridleways. We get a lot of people riding anywhere, even across the fields" I explained what the TRF is all about and the Code of Conduct we adhere to, also we only use ROW's (Rights Of Ways) that have vehicular status. Pointing at the TRF sticker on the front of our bikes, I assured her that you could count on us to be doing the right thing.

She said she'd keep a look out for that type of sticker on trail bikes in future as it sounds like your group are the ambassadors for your sport! Nice choice of words ma'am I thought and off they trotted with a totally different point of view and that is more than we could have hoped for. We waited 'till the horses were out of sight before continuing on our way. Just 100 metres up the road was a fantastic Byway, clearly signed and without the signpost leaning at an angle for once, proof that no-one had tried to uproot it like so many we had seen today. Taking the bends cautiously we were all nearly wiped out by an unregistered farm vehicle that resembled one from the Banana Split's driven by a girl who obviously flies round this corner everyday but has never met anyone coming the other way. Alan had to take to the farmer's field to avoid a crash and I couldn't believe he had already forgotten that we are in fact ambassadors for our sport and always stick to the ROW's...

www.youtube.com/glennvieira to see the ride down Violets Lane.

Glenn Vieira



THE LONELINESS OF A RUN LEADER

Any run begins with a group of like-minded enthusiasts out for a ride, not knowing what lies ahead. As verbal directions are difficult, the run leader has to convey to the following riders the direction he is to go. As a rule, new riders not used to riding in a group may be somewhat apprehensive of getting lost, falling off and getting left behind, or taking a wrong turn. And at the end of the day having a feeling of not having enjoyed oneself.

Luckily, not all riders are the same. My earliest excursion out of Kent was organised by Pete Wildsmith of the Southern Group and Frank Page showed me just what a well-led run should be like. From then on I wanted to be up at the front, but in doing so found myself having to explain to newbies about hand signals for slowing down, do a 'u' turn, get ready to stop, police ahead and emergency

stops. But there is nothing worse than getting to the end of a lane to find someone missing, because the person in front did not look out for the person behind as explained before the off. I have nicknamed this the Messersmidt Twitch (a look over the shoulder used by fighter pilots in the Battle of Britain).

The run is not so good when the wind rips your map or an ill-prepared bike lets the group down or someone's fitness curtails the ride, or the route is obstructed by a farmer with an angry looking dog or you wait for someone to turn up at the meeting place and they don't turn up.

Luckily, my wife always says to have a good time as I leave and asks if I had a good time when I get home and that makes it all worthwhile.

Tim Gooderson, Kent Group.



GORDON THACKERY

TRAIL is sad to report the death of Gordon Thackery, West Yorks Group, otherwise known as 'snap-on', in a motorcycle to motorcycle road accident on 5th April 2009. Obituary to follow next month.



Bert invited me down to his Spanish villa, Casa MelBert, situated in the picturesque purpose built village of Empuriabrava, near the Spanish/French/Med border, close to the Bay of Roses. The architect built the village on the coast in the style of Venice, with the added attraction of having a road at the front of your Casa for your car and a canal at the rear where you can moor a boat. In this case, a five and a half litre, vee eight, Chaparral. Swimming pools are optional.

Needless to say this is "Living in the Grand

Since I had guided Bert over the moors the Dales and the Lakes Trails, while he was over here and he knew I was a careful rider, he said just fly down and you can borrow my WR 250F. I jumped at the chance. Generosity or whatss

I packed a bag and kitted up in my winter motorcycle gear, including my MX boots and boarded a plane out of Newcastle for Girona.

I got some funny looks from other passengers when I stripped at security but the weight of the boots and suit would have tipped the limit and incurred a £12 per kilo penalty. No chance.

It seems ridiculous to me, when a twenty stone person can board a plane with the same luggage allowance as a seven stone weakling. I stepped off the plane to wall to wall sunshine for the week. How lucky was that?

I had forgotten there are places in the world where you can draw the shutters every morning, and see clear, blue skys, day after day, in Winter. Twenty plus degrees celsius from ten in the morning until sunset, marvellous.

"You can't ride in that gear", said Bert, "you will be boiled alive". Out came the body armour, MX pants and shirt.

"I am sorry Bert, I can't wear that shirt". "Why not?" asked Bert. "It's red and those trousers are blue and the bike is blue. The photos will look really naff".

"OK, you fussy beggar, here's a new, blue one". Well you have to have standards, besides Bert was decked out in red, to match his red, Gas Gas 250 two smoke. No good being nowt and looking nowt.

Fuelled up, we set off for the beautiful foothills of the Pyrennees that made a wonderful, scenic backdrop to this coastline.

Ninty nine percent off tarmac. The agricultural plain was criss-crossed with access, dirt, roads to the fields and farmsteads, that led to the scrubland and forestry of the National Park.

There were literally hundreds of tracks. All tracks over three metres wide were legal.

There were other, superb, tracks that were used by local agreement with the landowners, well away from the villages.

Bert had learnt Spanish and had been out with the local lads. I was to benefit from Bert's expert knowledge of the local terrain. The shear variety of tracks was mind boggling. One minute we would be on open farm tracks, the next minute through Bamboo groves, then along sandy whoops, through scubland, dry river beds and into pine forests but most of all it was dry and the level of grip was amazing.

Bert showed me just what a trail bike is capable of. I could not believe the gradient of some of the climbs in the foot hills.

Bert shot up "the big one", five hundred feet straight up, leaving me open mouthed at the bottom. When I did not follow, he came back

"What is the matter?" asked Bert, "No bottle" I replied. "Bottle, it's a piece of ****, you have seen me do it. I love um!!"

Up he went again and I followed, the Yam 250 romped up, I would have been fighting the WR450 all the way because the power always tended to push the front wheel at the slightest turn of the trottle. This WR250 delivered all the power needed, in a much more manageable way. In fact on the trails the 250 was faster than the 450 because it was much more tractable

Meanwhile back on the climb, this one in three, rocky climb, literally made my nose bleed, all down the front of the new blue shirt. Not that I knew anything about it until Bert pointed it out.

My heart was beating too fast, I never knew I

Long dusty trails up into the mountains

Bert on the rocks



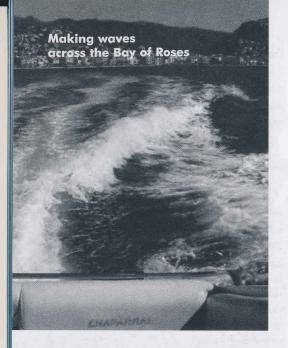
could climb such a steep hill.

Just when I thought I was safe, Bert informed me that, that was only the first of the seven hills. "Wait until you see the descent on the other side" he warned. When you are out with the Spanish lads you either follow or get left behind.

I think that was a hint for me to up my game. Sure enough the down side was horrendous, with a twenty foot, near vertical, drop just before bottoming out.

Being out with Bert, I certainly learnt a lot about how to ride the extreme tracks.

One particular track leading off the mountain had been washed out by a winter storm. We



were about one thousand feet down this steep track when it turned into what can only be described as a dry waterfall. We were surrounded by trees, so we could not see where we were. Bert said he could not remember where it came out but we were close to the reservoir and there was no chance of us getting back up the track again.

I imagined getting to the bottom and finding twenty foot of water. Bert had remarked earlier that the water level had risen twenty feet, when the snows melted.

After a struggle we got the bikes safely down the drop and thankfully the track widened again emerging into the open, within sight of the tarmac road, that led to the reservoir. That was one lunch I really enjoyed. I had envisioned walking out of the "bush", leaving the bikes behind at one point. Lifting a bike out by helicopter is very expensive. The thought of it even made Bert twitch.

In four days of riding and over five hundred miles we never did the same trail twice and once into the mountains the landscape changed constantly. We took in a Megalithic burial chamber, Medieval castles and Monasteries which abound in the foot hills and afford some wonderful views down to the coast.

The Almond and Cherry tree plantations were in full blossom. The hills were full of "Cork bark" trees, the trunks were a beautiful dark brown, when freshly cut.

The vines had all been neatly pruned and were awaiting the onset of spring. Very picturesque. Butterflies were everywhere and the rocky outcrops were spectacular. Just like Brimham rocks on a massive scale.

There is a lot more to the "Costa Brava" than the package tours would suggest. It is not all sand, sun and sangria.

Motorcycling in general and MX in particular are big in Spain. We were greeted everywhere we went.

It seems "Mad dogs and English men go out in the mid-day sun" still holds good, even in Spain. We only saw one shepherd, two walkers and a dog in four days on the trails.

Having said that we did not trail ride on the weekend. Weekends are for rugby and sailing.

The Saturday match was the Bradford Bulls v Catalan Dragons at Perignan Rugby League ground. Bert and Mel are season ticket holders, with all the gear a fan would be expected to wear. I thought the Catalan colours were worn so Mel and Bert could blend in. I did not realise how committed they were to the local team until after the match.

They were in the main stand. I got a ticket in the side stand but among the locals. The ground was three quarters full.

I and two Bulls supporters, from England, in our part of the stand, were out numbered by three hundred locals.

I kept quiet and just photographed every Bulls' try. A great game. Bulls 34 Dragons 28.

Emerging from the ground I met Bert and Mel. "The bulls were just too strong for them" I ventured.

"And how many games have you played?" asked Bert, this ex captain of Middlesbrough Rugby Union said, venting his disappointment.

Apparently when he moved abroad, so did his heart.

Sunday was a lie in day. Bert nicknamed me Sleepy after one of Snow White's dwarfs because I retired to bed every night at nine and slept until eight.

We put to sea for a spin round the Bay of Roses just after lunch. The three feet waves looked like whoops but this was no Yamaha. The boat rode every crest like Adam Raga would ride logs, on his back wheel. Exciting stuff but you would not want to do it all day. I kept thinking, I wonder when the hull is going to burst. These boats are made for the pounding they get, just like MX bikes coming off a Tabletop.

The temperature at sea was akin to winter at home so we returned after an hour for a guided tour of the canals at the speed limit of three miles per hour.

A perfect speed to see all the properties and the different architectural styles.

I had been here five days and never seen a cloud in the sky. Incredible!

Monday was a mega day's ride. I had upped my game. Bert trusted me not to bin his bike and we did some awesome trails by anyone's standard. The best trail ride I have had, ever, for shear variety, technical difficulty and spectacular views. The only ride that comes close was a day in the Lakes, with wall to wall rain, when it was like riding rivers and water falls, all day long. I guess it is the extreme cases you always remember.

Thanks to Mel for the endless cups of coffee and tea. Thank you Bert for the holiday and rising at four thirty on Wednesday morning to drive me to the airport. See you soon in Blighty for some muddy ones. You know the trails you get when it rains!!

Happy Trail Riding John Robinson Teesside & North Yorks Group

POSTBAGE I would also like to ask why the differences

Did anybody watch BBC1's Countryfile on Sunday 5th April? If not, you should try and watch it on catch up TV because it makes very interesting viewing regarding our hypocritical friends the ramblers and the Lake District.

From the early years when they illegally invaded parts of the Lake District en mass, resulting in arrests (but also "the right to roam"), to the serious damage they are causing to tracks all over the District and the hugely expensive lengths the authorities are going to when repairing these tracks, even involving a helicopter!! All at tax payers' expense, no doubt. Rubbing our faces in it or what!

I would also like to ask why the differences between trial bikes and 4x4's can't be acknowledged more by local councils with regards to TRO's, and also, why we can't work with councils to allow TRF members to ride more routes (possibly some bridleways), as we all use the TRF code of conduct thus giving other users little to fear or complain about. Any member reported abusing this code will have their membership terminated and therefore be open to prosecution if found using these routes.

Just a very ambitious thought!

Michael Logan

MEMBERS CLASSIFIEDS

TRAIL GUIDES

The following trail guides are available from me by post only. Not available on the web. This is my private initiative to assist TRF members to discover lawful green lanes. Northern England maps are in colour at a 3 miles to one inch scale showing all lawful trails and valid TRF Byway claims. These are from council sources.

These are for the following popular areas:

- 1. Yorkshire Dales: The most popular trail riding area in the north. These are now supplied on toughened waterproof paper at no extra cost! A total of 90 miles of trails are shown. And is up to date with TRO and NERC closures and valid claims.
- 2. North Yorkshire Moors National Park and East Yorkshire (2 off): The second most popular maps.
- 3. South Yorkshire: Most of the 80 plus trails shown are TRF valid Byway claims made by me 24 years ago and awaiting process. I have stacks of evidence. These claims were properly made and have withstood the Winchester test which has sadly killed off so many TRF Byway claims including 45 of my own in other parts of the north.

The highway authority is the most pro trail riding county in the UK and no TROs are in force. However great care is needed as most of the valid claims are still signposted footpath or bridleway.

4. Northumberland: This county has the most Byways in the north. The map issued does not show the Cheviots in the national park as all trails in that area are closed. Please be extra careful using the Slaley Forest Byways following damage 2 years ago. We are on probation. Any more damage by bikes/4x4s and TROs

will follow say the council. The TRF are working closely with the police to stop vehicles abusing the Byways.

- **5. Co. Durham:** The map also shows the 6 "suspended" byways over Wolsingham Common which are not shown as byway on the OS Map or Def Map. Use these at your own risk.
- **6. Lake District:** Includes details of how to gain access to Gatescarth Pass closed by TRO but the national park allow permissive access for bikes only on one day per month. This service is currently suspended for repairs.

TOTAL OF SEVEN MAPS FOR NORTHERN ENGLAND

For those areas not included such as Lancashire and West Yorkshire, please note there are so few lawful trails that it is not worth issuing a trail guide.

7. Southern Scotland (4 maps covering the area): There are no Byways or UCRs in Scotland. The information is like those maps for England, on small maps, 3 inch to one mile. This information has been gathered and researched by me over many years relying on Scottish trail riders who have used the trails shown for decades without problem. Also my own rights of way research using old maps and books. I cannot take up members' problems with the Scottish Authorities. The TRF has declined to be involved in Scotland. Therefore for Scotland these popular maps are to be used as a guide only and a cast iron guarantee is not possible. By demand a Trail Guide covering the Highlands region (2 maps) is in preparation and will be ready in Summer 2009.

COST OF EACH MAP IS £3. POST FREE.

SPECIAL OFFER OF ALL ELEVEN MAPS £20. POST FREE!

Cheques to me, Brian Thompson, at 55 Warkworth Street, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE15 8ED. Email brian 950@aol.com

MEMBERS FREE CLASSIFIEDS

WANTED Beta Alp Trials conversion kit. Tel: 01925 419525.

2 X TTR 250s 05 taxed 07/09, tested 09/09, 1361 miles £2100. 54 taxed 10/09, tested 11/09, 1412 miles. £1900. Phone 07976 308405 (Yorks).

SUZUKI DR250 SHC 1991 'H' reg, 10 mths tax, 9 mths MOT, electric start & height adjustable suspension. New chain & sprockets. £900 ono. Too many toys! Tel: 01308 867593 (Dorset).

BMW F650GS (SINGLE) TANK BAG as new RRP £101. £40. Oxford magnetic tank bag, new. £25. Baglux throwover panniers, small, used. £10. One Belstaff & one Bering lightweight waterproof oversuit, in own belt bag. £10 each. Tel: 01625 613600 (Cheshire).

HONDA AFRICA TWIN, 2001 51 reg, 29,000m, exc. cond., good tyres, chain, sprockets, Scott Oiler, legal Motad s/s exhaust, h/grips, T&T, crash bars. £2,400. Tel: 01539 725292 (South Cumbria).

OFF ROAD CLOTHING, helmet, back pack with hydration pack, bike lift stand, back protector, gloves etc, all in good condition. Only being sold due to retirement. Offers invited. Tel: Paul 07949 630699.

YAMAHA TTR 250 Feb 1999, sound condition throughout. Well maintained, rear swinging suspension rebushed in 2005 parts cost of £300, new sprockets & chain. £1,750. Tel: lain on

07768 415311, picture & further details on www.Dyche.biz/Yamaha_TTR_ 250.htm.

FOR SALE KTM 525 EXC One owner from new reg 16/11/04, 8488 miles, tax & MOT end Nov 09, 13L tank fitted with std tank & seat inc. All those little extra KTM bits added - air valves on forks, front axle puller, brake pad retaining kit, brake sneak on rear pedal, sump guard. Tyres & chain/sprockets as new. £2999. Tel: 07814 645728.

SUZUKI DRZ400S 2004, MOT, tax, superb, 3,300 miles. £1750. Tel: 01455 291433 (Leics). **HONDA XR400R** 2004 5k miles T&T FSH. Recent MT21s, Renthals & RK Chain & Sprockets. Exc. cond. £1950. Tel: 07986 650102 (N. Yorks).

ACCOMMODATION

BRENDAN CHASE B&B Windermere from £17.50 each × 4 sharing. Bike lock-up, parking, all rooms c/h, CTV, H & C, pub and grub handy, CCTV surveillance. Tel: 015394 45638.

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 members. See our website: radnorrevivals.co.uk or telephone 01597 840308 for a brochure and information.

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INTERESTED?

Contact Fred Ellison on 01254 823893 editor@trf.org.uk

WHERE TO FIND THE GROUPS



GROUPS

AXE VALE David Clegg, Tel: 01275 373652 (Home), Mob: 0793 1220895.

2nd Tues, 8pm, Windmill Inn, Nore Road, Portishead.

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

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

CAMBRIDGE Martin Pinion, Tel: 01353 776252 1st Thurs, Golden Ball, Boxworth.

CORNWALL Adam Hedley, Tel: 01579 349217 3rd Thurs, 7.30 - 8.00 p.m., The Victoria Inn, Roche.

CUMBRIA Roger Harris, Tel: 01539 725198 2nd Tues, The Gilpin Bridge Inn, Levens, Nr. Kendal.

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 Welcome Stranger, Bickington, Nr. Newton Abbott.

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

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

EAST YORKSHIRE Peter Hall, Tel: 01405 862616 1st Tues, The Plough, Snaith.

ESSEX Cliff Eves, Tel: 07845 196064 2nd Wed, The Wheatsheaf Public House, Hatfield Peverel.

EXMOOR Andy Petherick, Tel: 01363 776293 2nd Wed, 8pm, The Hartnoll Hotel, Bolham, A396 1 mile north of Tiverton.

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

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

HIGH PEAK & POTTERIES

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

ISLE OF WIGHT Andy Hawkins, Tel: 01983 617232 1st Wed, 8pm, The Eight Bells Inn, Carisbrooke, Newport, IOW.

KENT Nigel Jeffrey Tel: 07901 776700 2nd Tues, 8.30p.m. for 9pm, The Moat Pub, Wrotham, near Brands Hatch.

LANCASHIRE Keith Westley, Tel: 01704 893215 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: 07973 721059 2nd Thurs, Inn in the Park, Woodley Centre, E. Reading.

MANCHESTER Phil Kinder, Tel: 07809 647293 2nd & 4th Mon, 9pm, Arden Arms, A6017 in Bredbury. MID WALES Tony Rooney, Tel: 01239 698349 Last Thurs, 7.30pm, The Crown Inn, Rhayader except July & December.

NORTHUMBRIA Tony Whitehead, Tel: 07876 598515 1st Wed, 8pm, The Staffs Club, Blaydon, NE21 4JB.

NORTH WALES Richard Hughes, Tel: 01244 533855 1st Wed, 8pm, Cross Keys, Buckley, OS 117 290 637.

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

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

PEAK DISTRICT Steve Cartwright, Tel: 01782 848034 1st Thurs, 8pm, The Joiner's Arms, Church Road, Quarndon, Derby.

RIBBLE VALLEY John Noblet, Tel: 01254 230347 2nd Tues, 8.30pm, Pendle Hotel, Chatburn, Clitheroe (off A59).

SOMERSET Mark Stride, Tel: 07815 062021 2nd Thurs, 8pm, The Crown Inn, Fivehead, Nr. Taunton.

SOUTHERN Colin Lindstrom Tel: 07818 404240/Adam Abel Tel: 07974 354188 3rd Thurs, 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 Graham Walker, Tel: 07841 158820 2nd Thurs, 9pm, The Old Sun, 10 Middle Street, Nether Heyford, Northampton NN7 3LL.

SOUTH WALES Stuart Dodwell, Tel: 01446 710851 1st Tues, 8pm, Bedwas Rugby Club, Bedwas, Nr Caerphilly.

SOUTH WEST WALES 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, Nr Stokesley, map ref 93...493074.

THAMES VALLEY Julian Ogley, Tel: 0208 5799778
3rd Mon, District Arms, Woodthorpe Rd, Ashford, Middlesex.

VIRTUAL PEAK GROUP

Paul King, kingy@virtualpeakstrf.co.uk Tel: 07966 289778. This is a virtual group at www.virtualpeakstrf.co.uk

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

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

WEST YORKSHIRE Richard Hoyle, Tel: 07789 644461 1st Thurs, Cue Gardens, Stadium Mills, Stadium Road, Bradford BD6 1BJ. Rights of Way 7.30pm, main meeting 8.30pm.

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

WORCESTERSHIRE

Dave Gunster, Tel: 01527 456095 Mob: 07960 422523 1st Tues, White Hart, Fernhill Heath, Worcs.