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Summer has arrived at last, with clouds of choking dust, flies and most of our tracks and trails as hard as the tarmac we try so hard to leave behind us. Give me spring and early autumn anytime. This year's trail-riding has certainly been one of extremes so far.

Bill and Simon's annual Un-Enduro was — as it was last year — one of the most hilarious events in our calendar. The emphasis was on fun and games, not winning medals, although some of the newer members — probably unaccustomed to the purpose of the Un-Enduro — took things a bit too seriously and attempted all sections with the grim determination normally kept for the 'Beacons'. The "Most Entertaining Rider" Award must surely go to Dale Clarke, who tackled the event in the spirit it was intended, and who rode his bike as if it belonged to somebody else, he didn't like very much, with total disregard for his own personal safety.

The strategy of the sales and marketing departments never ceases to amaze me. With the current enduro market wide open, the only serious Japanese Enduro mounts available appear to be the successful and highly popular P.E. range offered by Suzuki, every time I read the ads in the Yankee mags., I eat my heart out. They have a choice of strokes and the capacities range from 175 to 400, Kawasaki even sell a 4-stroke Enduro with 11" fork travel and all at under £1,000. With the Suzuki P.E. 175 SOLD OUT in this country, one can't help thinking that if Honda imported the XR 185 or the Yamaha IT 175, they would clean up. Such is life!

I have been asked to provide a list of committee members to enable members to help us solve their problems.

Chairman:— Bill Kershaw, 20 High Cross Drive, Newport, Gwent.

Secretary:— Phil Herbert, 20 Glasllwch View, Glasllwch Lane, Newport.

Magazine Editor:— (Myself), Whitegates, Mountain Road, Bedwas, Gwent.

Treasurer:— Bob Jeffries, 26 Bryn Heulog, Griffithstown, Pontypool, Gwent.

Social Secretary:— Alan Brown, 26 Cyncoed, Ynysybwl, Pontypridd, Mid. Glam.

Competition Sec:— Bob Perring, 25 Balaclava Road, Roath, Cardiff.

Rights of Way Officer:— Simon Cleaves, Cyncoed Farm, Usk, Gwent.

Membership Sec:— Chris Friis, 29 Caenewydd Close, Culverhouse Cross, Cardiff.

Cambrian Council Rep:— John Poulson, 24 Murrayfield Rd, Birchgrove, Cardiff.

Club Members Rep:— Steve Williams, 20 Coed-y-Llinos, Ty Ralph Farm Estate, Caerphilly, Mid. Glam.

Paul White, 6 Mount Pleasant St., Aberbargoed, Mid. Glam.

Towards the end of the year we hope to provide you with a :-

4 STROKE ENDURO

Anything from a TL 125 to a Hagon Yamaha is eligible. It will be a forestry-type event with a generous time allowance, to give some of the oldies (bikes and riders) a chance. Would all interested persons please send an s.a.e. to Bob Jeffries or myself, as soon as possible.

Jon Shattock

IN SEARCH OF THE HOLY GRAIL

I could reel off map reference after map reference giving a yard-by-yard account of the two day Machynlleth trail run of 2nd/3rd June. I could describe Plynlimon's wild throughfares, boy-by-bog. I could talk about spectacular views, impossible climbs, wicked holes in the road and the boring predictability which this part of wild Wales causes people to fall off motorcycles, damage motorcycles, have punctures, injure themselves, immerse themselves in water, cake themselves in mud. But I won't

The trouble with writing about trail riding lies in communicating its bizarre appeal. Football is easy, rugby easier still. But trail riding, essentially a participant sport, presents a real challenge. It's quite easy to earn the yawn-of-the-year award

Cover Photo "WINDBLOW ENDURO" (Photo—Chris Waite)

when trying to describe to the uninitiated the intense feeling of personal achievement which comes from emerging, unscathed, through a Perin-like bog; or trying to explain away the perverse amusement which one feels on seeing a friend tumble in the possible direction of a hospital bed.

Trail riding is a strange pastime which quite often defies description. So, within the confines of having to (a) write about the Machynlleth weekend and (b) communicate a little of the reality of the two days without resorting to the usual cliches, I give you – for what it's worth – an analysis of habits of the lesser-spotted trail rider, circa 1979.

THE RITUAL OF THE PUTTING ON OF THE BARBOUR SUIT

We all know that the Dyfi Forester is a comfortable inn, rightly famous for its legendary breakfasts. Too much toast induces a false sense of well-being. We all know that the average WTRA member is rightly famous for his sartorial elegance once prised off his beloved motorcycle. So the prospect, post-breakfast, on Saturday 2nd June was indeed a grim one. Toast there had been in abundance; the downstairs breakfast room was ablaze with comfortable yet chic Marks and Spencers cardigans and dashing check trousers bought-from-the-catalogue. Yet, within minutes, this sense of well-dressed well-being was to be shattered for outside in unsuspecting car-boots lurked mud-encrusted, unco-operate Barbour Suits, stiff with a night spent out in the open, determined to punish the owners. And worse! Ten ton wellingtons with strange green spots on the side, unexplicable fins down the front, and the unique capacity for permanent dampness.

THE PROCESS OF NATURAL SELECTION

Around 20 trail riders congregated at Saturday's start. Alan Brown was to lead one group, myself the other. So on the basis that (a) Alan was riding two-up ("A pleasure shared is a pleasure halved" Anon.); (b) my motorcycle being 50ccs larger than his; (c) some riders owning huge meaty four-strokes that had never seen the inside of the Crychan Forest, the party magically split. Only Charles Darwin could have explained this inherent process as the sensible and the sympathetic gravitated towards Alan and I inherited the wild-eyed residue whose brains run on petrol. We roamed off in a haze of blue smoke, heading south in search of the serious trail rider's Holy Grail – the ultimate bog.



Dale Clarke (of Unenduro Fame) entertaining us in Machynlleth.

THE LOVE/HATE RELATIONSHIP

We all know that most riders have a strange, unnatural affection for their machines. They will spend days in freezing lock-ups or centrally heated lounges rebuilding engines, devising devious mods to extract the maximum decibel level out of motors etc. etc. They will talk lovingly and endlessly about their mechanical tricks and fastidious maintenance. Yet given scent of their first sump-cracking session, suspension-shattering rocky ascent or engine-bursting bog, a strang transformation occurs. Adrenalin flows, eyes stand out like organ stops, veins throb, the intellect becomes temporarily suspended, the throttle hand waves goodbye to months of loving care and attention. The left foot stomps down in an often clutchless search of a lower gear as revs soar to five-figures. A strange kind of love indeed? The best place to observe this phenomenon is on the superb ascent from Rhiw-gam to 135 /795 940. If motorcycles had human rights, our trail-riding group of torturers would hold their own in any company of Nazi war criminals.

CRISIS, WHAT CRISIS?

Our party reacted in a most mature manner to the energy crisis and collectively vowed to ride in a conservative, fuel-saving fashion. The highest accolade must go to Jon Shattock, who, in his most responsible style trickled his SWM along in a way that set an example to us all, for in the course of the weekend his commendable restraint resulted in an m.p.g. figure approaching all of 20. Eat your heart out, Arabia!



Tricky things these Grails!



I've had enough of these Quests, I'm selling my BIKE!!! (see page 12)

THE RITUAL BAPTISM

When we found our Holy Grail we didn't quite go down on our knees. A few of our party, however, did feel compelled to examine it at close quarters by, in true lemming-like fashion, pressing the self-destruct button that comes as a standard fitment on all PE 175's and pointing their bikes in the general direction of the bog's deepest recesses whilst relying on blind faith. Then baptism was complete for all forward motion was soon replaced by downwind motion as bike and Barbour suited body inexorably sank into the bog's watery bosom. Of course, there are ways around this mire (at 133/713 864 if you're interested). But don't forget, our party consisted of descendants of Attila the Hun and there are precious few ways of asserting one's manhood as we approach the emancipated enervating 80's. Riding through bogs is apparently one of them

THE STORY SO FAR

That, I'm afraid, is as far as we can go. I haven't told you much about the Machynlleth weekend; though I take heart from the fact that even George Borrow, in his classic book 'Wild Wales' fails to capture the majesty and compelling emptiness of Plynlimon's moorlands and lost valleys. Go and see them for yourselves. It's the only way.

Roger Thomas

ENDUROS THE FRIENDLY SPORT?

The enduro scene has always been one of fun. A sport that allows the competitor a whole day's riding, (sometimes two day's riding) in a competitive atmosphere, without the high stakes of motocross and road racing. The competitor can fall off many times and 90% of the time get back on his bike and finish — one mistake does not cost him the event.

The regular clubman rider that never attains the elusive "expert" grading, nor wants to, has always been the mainstay of the Enduro Scene, always seen with a smile on his face regardless of the weather, temperature or how late he is. The fact that he fell off six times in the special test and lost a half an hour trying to extricate his mount from one of Bob Perrings BIKE TRAPS does not seem to bother him in the least, always polite at the check points and taking time to thank the stamp check crews for stamping his card.

This man makes the job of Enduro organising a pleasure. After the weeks of preparation, route marking, chainsawing and paperwork, the sight of this man and his fellow competitors leaving for home after the event with a trailer full of broken bikes and a car full of smiles makes it all worthwhile.

The "Windblow" enduro was created for the Clubman rider that I have just described. It is also not such a hard event to organise as say the "Beacons" and therefore is more fun for us. BUT (and I'm afraid it's a Big BUT) there is an element creeping in the Clubman enduros scene that we do not like and do not intend to tolerate. Our checkpoints, stamp checks and special tests are run by our wives, girlfriends and fellow members. Nobody makes any money doing the job. They might get their Hotel and a meal paid for — nothing more — and for standing around on the course all day they deserve it. At the "Windblow" they became the subject of abuse and bad manners, when a checkpoint became crowded some of the newcomers' shouted, swore, threatened and generously lost their cool. It is the riders' responsibility to know what time it is. With LED and Quartz wristwatches as cheap as they are there is no excuse. It is also the Riders' responsibility to hand his card to the check crew. If the check is quiet the crew don't mind removing the rider's card from wherever he chooses to keep it (Taped to the tank is not a good idea) but when things get hectic, to shout and swear at check crews for not doing so is NOT ON.

WE WILL NOT TOLERATE BAD MANNERS OR BAD BEHAVIOUR OF ANY KIND. WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO EXCLUDE ANY RIDER FOR CONDUCT PREJUDICIAL TO THE SPORT AND INTEND TO DO SO. WE ALSO HAVE THE RIGHT TO RETURN FUTURE ENTRIES AND INTEND TO DO SO. IF A RIDER IS NOT HAPPY WITH ANY PART OF THE EVENT THERE IS A TIME AND PLACE FOR AN OFFICIAL PROTEST.

I have talked to other Welsh enduro organisers on this subject and the feeling is the same throughout. We do not intend to have the atmosphere of our sport spoilt by a few PRIMA-DONNAS. If our crews are upset or insulted they will not help us again, its as simple as that NO CREW = NO ENDURO. There are only a few offenders and they are usually young and fast. I hope they will not spoil their future in Enduros so early.

Jon Shattock C. of C.

NO CREW = NO ENDURO = NO W.T.R.A. = NO MAGAZINE = PEACE OF MIND

The past few months have been very busy ones for most club members. Congratulations are in order for Bill Kershaw and Simon Cleve for their un-enduro, and Jon Shattock, Bob Jeffries for their hot dusty Windblow. I hope all who participated enjoyed themselves as much as I did.

The magazine has caught me 'on the hop' as I am in the middle of my holidays, so apologies for any gaps in events.

A summary of the events during the next few months follows, but uncertainty as to the availability of a projector prevents me from publishing the date for our film of last years Beacons, however I am trying to arrange a showing at the Castle Hotel on the Saturday night during this years event.

19th August — Two-up Run — With the exception of novices all riders are to turn up with a pillion passenger. **NOVICES — PLEASE NOTE THIS RUN WILL BE SEDATE.**

26th August — No Local Trail Run due to Jubilee Enduro but see below.

26th August — Trail run in Yorkshire, WTRA members are invited. Contact: B. Wilson, 100 Gillroyd Lane, Linthwaite, Huddersfield, Yorks. for further details and start location.

9th September — Trial Bike Treasure Hunt. Start noon at Fiddlers Elbow on the A470.

12th, 13th and 14th October — Trail run in North Devon courtesy of Mick Comber and Gary Bentley, 9 places only so this will be on a first come basis with preference given to run leaders and helpers on previous events.

Once again the next few months will be busy ones with competitive events filling most of the usual organisers time. Any Sundays not mentioned will be filled in with trail runs announced at club nights.

I apologise for any dissapointment caused by places being full on away runs, but until additional people offer to take a group this situation must remain the same.

CLUB NIGHTS

31st August — Here's your chance to have your mug on display at this years bike show. Our display boards are full of photo's taken some years ago. Would you please bring any photo's you have taken and the best will be copied and used on the display boards.

14th September — Slides and or Quiz — Also club member Reps will be coming around asking for any ideas or gripes (moans).

28th September — How to check Difinitive Maps, what to look for, where to go and how to transfer them onto your O.S. Maps.

N.B. Any of the above events may be postponed and the Beacons Enduro film substituted.

Details at preceeding Club Nights.

"WINDBLOW ENDURO 1979"

For weeks before the event there had been no rain and plenty of glorious sunshine something we enduro organizers are not used to. This unusual phenomenon gave up two big problems, the fire risk was high and worst of all there was not a bog in sight. We looked everywhere under stones, behind trees but alas nothing. All we could find was a nasty drop into a muddy stream bed which did cut up rather well (I award myself "One Attaboy"). We could have used the bog we used last year but on inspection we found it totally impossible and it may never recover from the damage you did. So its Riders 1 BOG Nil, yes, you finally did it, you killed one.

So I said to Bob Jeffries, "we'll have to get them on the times then" (only 16% finished on time. I award myself another Attaboy). Seriously though the times were a little too tight and we promise to ease up a bit next time.

There probably would have been many more on time if it had not been for the dust on the Fire Roads. Once you got stuck behind a slower rider, overtaking was almost impossible due to clouds of dust and grit, this was something we did not think of until the day. Still if any of you decide to go desert racing you'll have a head start.

The very dry and hard terrain gave no sympathy to riders or suspension and the St. John's Ambulance had a busy day with an assortment of cuts and gravel rash. The course started cutting up after the first lap, producing Sand Berms on the tight corners, something we normally only see in the Yankie Mags. Did you like the steep drops? We did! This is where the Clerk of the Course uses Perring's 2nd Law of Enduros "If its too steep to send them up send them down".

The event was won by R. Blake on a Bultaco 360 who is a pretty hot Motocrosser so I'm told. Ivor Gubb our resident Clubroom Heckler came second 16 seconds slower on a PE175 taking best clubman award.



Ivor Gubb — Best Clubman

(Photo — Chris Waite)



Some took the High Road and some took the Low Road (Photo – Chris Waite)

The day was not without its problems. Due to many riders lapping slower riders and many late, the check points became the scenes of confusion and panic. There was also problems on the special test, with riders coming into the start faster than they were being sent off. When I arrived there was a queue of about 10 riders waiting and getting impatient. I commend the girls running the S.T. for not paying any attention to the tantrums of the few. Bill Kershaw (our Chairman) and myself decided to cut the departure time down to 10 seconds thus solving the problem (I award myself two Attaboys). Several people are suspected of course cutting on the Special Test, this was obvious by the ridiculous times they set up. We cannot prove this but their times were accordingly modified by the S.O.M. and we will be watching them in future.

All in all, the day went down well. I would like to thank all who helped, without them we could not run the event and all the competitors who took the time to thank us for our trouble

Jon Shattock C. of C.

Editor's Note:

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NOTE: One "AWSHIT" wipes the board clean and you will have to start all over again.

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R.O.W. NOTES

One of the most common questions I am asked is 'Where, may I ride legally, can you show me some lanes!' The simple answer is that, though I know the legal considerations, I don't know and can't. Strange though it may seem this R.O.W. Officer has done very little trail riding and it would appear that even amongst the most experienced trail riding members specific detailed knowledge of lane status is scant. Most of our knowledge for any areas other than Gwent, Glamorgan and parts of Powys has been gained from Ordnance Survey maps which as the writing in the margin information states is not legal proof of status. However, we have used this information and will continue to do so until something else is provided. It is likely that anybody would be prosecuted if he was challenged using these lanes in a sensible manner and could prove that he was doing so in innocent good faith! The R.O.W. Committee is aware of this problem and is trying to do something about it though a solution is not easy. We are working on a scheme of having a reference set of maps which will contain information that is taken from the most reliable sources available. Try county definitive maps, highway depts etc. etc. A pilot scheme is now being done for Gwent because this is where most of us have most knowledge and if this proves successful it is hoped that other work will follow in this line.

Brian Thompson of the Trail Riders Fellowship is having a training weekend for experienced and would be R.O.W. enthusiasts on Sept. 22-23 1979 in Derbyshire. Brian is one of the most knowledgeable R.O.W. workers in the country and I am sure that this weekend would be of great interest and use. Each morning will be spent out on the Peak district green lanes, and the afternoons under instruction indoors given by Brian Thompson and Dick Marshall. There will be plenty of time for questions, no boring lectures and mock Public Enquiry cross-examinations. There will be a pub visit or film show in the evening and finish on Sunday at 3 p.m.

Anyone who would like more information should sent a s.a.e. to Brian Thompson, 39 Warren Road, Thorne, Doncaster DN8 5PP, S. Yorks or phone him on Thorne (0405) 814388.

There is also a B.M.F. R.O.W. Seminar to be held on the 2nd Sept. at Manchester. This is a talk in which is being organised to try and bring together Trail Riders from all areas who have R.O.W. experience so that they may exchange information and experience. Anyone interested should ring me. Raglan 690305

S.F.C.

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY'S REPORT

In this Magazine is another list of Members plus some corrected and new addresses. Total Membership is now 536, over 200 up on 1978. I wonder what next year will bring! With the promise that the "Dirt Bike Show 1980" is to be bigger and better and our stand likewise, the start for 1980 could be very hectic again.

The big problem with a Membership this large is addressing envelopes!! It seems that when the last one is done it's back to the first one for the next issue. I've now managed to borrow a small roller-come duplicator and Card Name Plate. The cards need to be written but once done should last at least thirty applications, that means once I've made the cards out you must renew for at least five years!

If anybody has an easier suggestion I would appreciate them. I would like to thank Bill Kershaw and Simon Cleaves for a very enjoyable day out at the Un-enduro.

Chris Waite, 90 Caerphilly Road, Bassaleg, Gwent.
P. Wilson, 7 Greythorne Close, Gresford, Wrexham, Clwyd.
D. J. Woodley, 20 Cwrt-y-Goedwig, Woodlans Park, Llantwit Fadre, Pontypridd.
P. Robson, 36 Lambourne Avenue, Ashbourne, Derbys.
P. West, 19 Churchill Road, Bicester, Oxon.
M. Ticke, 19 Denbigh Close, Ton-Teg, Pontypridd.
S. Webber, 17 Gleview Road, Bickley, Bromley, Kent.
J. D. Evans, 150 Ton-Yr-Ywen Avenue, Heath, Cardiff.
J. Whitta-Williams, Newtown Motor Garage, Pool Road, Newtown, Powys.
C. Nicholls, Bwlch Farm, Llananno (Llan Bister), Llandrindod Wells, Powys.
A. Jones, 14 Heath Court, Thornhill, Cwmbran.
D. Bell, High Beach, 72 The Drive, Craigwell, Pagham, Surrey.
S. Walker, 17 Bearwood Road, Barkham, Wokingham, Berks.
S. Langridge, Langshaw Head, Hoddlesden, Darwen, BB3 3QD.
A. Clayton, 68 The Moorings, Newport, Gwent.
V. Hurst, 17 Cranbourne Close, Horley, Surrey.
R. Blake, Plusha Bridge, Upton Cross, Liskeard, Cornwall.
I. Hayward, 29 Arthurs Bridge Road, Woking, Surrey.
G. Holt, 60 Brereton Drive, Nantwich, Cheshire.
G. Jenkins, 3 Llanarth Bungalows, Brynawel, Wattsville, Gwent.
R. Maude, March Mount, March Lane, Nantwich, Cheshire.
R. Sparrow, 5 The Orchard, Aldwich Bay, Bognor Regis.
D. Wright, 47 School Road, Tilehurst, Reading.
R. Davis, 47 School Road, Tilehurst, Reading.
G. Wale, 32 Reedley Road, W-O-T, Bristol BS9 3ST.
A. J. Wilkes, 116 Kestrel Way, Cheslyn Hay, Walsall.
R. Simons, 78 Berthon Road, Little Mill, Pontypool.
Ducan Fordyce, 367 Lukes Wood Road, New Canaan, Conn. 06840, U.S.A.
A. Carter, 18 Nidd Close, Bettws, Newport.
Dave Calderwood, c/o Bike Magazine, 117 Paril Road, Peterborough.
P. F. Berry, 3 Bevans Hill, Lynch Road, Berkeley, Gloucestershire.
T. Phillips, The Bungalow, The Eaves, Bream, Lydney, Gloucestershire.
R. Avis, 40 Waltham Road, Carshalton, Surrey.
M. Bilney, 24 Nordown Road, Dursley, Gloucestershire.
D. Clarke, 44 Bacon Place, Malpas, Newport.
D. B. Davis, 10 Waunganol Street, Caerphilly.
P. Dannatt, 50 Packlane, Oakley, Nr. Basingstoke.
M. Evans, Ponthafren, Llanidloes, Powys.
D. A. Gardner, 23 Kerry Road, Newtown, Powys.
T. M. Hughs, The Spinney, Newbridge-on-Wye, Llandrindod Wells.
A. Jameson, 18 Transton Avenue, Newport.
Bob Jeffries, 26 Brynheulog, Griffithstown, Pontypool

B. Jones, 24 Dyfan Road, Barry.
D. Lima, 12 Stratford Green, Coldbrook, Barry.
M. Marsh, Grafton Main Road, Winterbourne-Earls, Salisbury.
W. A. Morgan, 23 Maes-y-Ffynon, Bonvilston, Cardiff.
D. Pinch, 72 Norwood Crescent, Coldbrook, Barry.
D. Pugh, Waengarno Hall, Trefwglwys, Caersws, Powys.
W. Richardson, Dorcrest Motors, Barry Sue Station, Cardiff Road, Barry.
A. C. Smith, 1 Lime Tree Road, Yewtreest, Walsall.
P. Atkinson, 40 Wello Tynning, Peasedown St. John, Nr. Bath.
J. Tasker, 73 Plane Tree Dr. Crewe, Cheshire.
D. J. Taylor, 124 Ellacombe, Church Road, Torquay.
A. Vincent, Slade Farm, Pensliva, Liskeard, Cornwall.
K. Viveash, 15 Deben Crescent, Greenmeadow, Swindon.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

M. Franzen, 22 Underhill Road, Topley, Hereford.
D. Mellor, 1 Camden Cottage, Main Road, Milford, Staffs.
J. Scott, 20A Harwood House, Tybox Road, Cwmbran, Gwent.
B. Snowball, 20 Shakespeare Road, St. Dials, Cwmbran

CORRECTION

R. Tyler, 95 Falstaff Road, Shirley, West-Midlands.

Dear Ed.,

With reference to Pete Plummers comments on the W.T.R.A. Enduro School in T&M/X News.

While not wishing to get involved in a slanging match I must reply to this most unfair criticism, Pete goes on at some length about our 'luckless weekend', as he did **not attend the event** I find his comments unacceptable. My definition of a Newcomer is someone who is reasonably capable at Trail Riding at least, it is not and never has been our intention to cater for riders with no off road experience. If we run the event next year we will query the riders experience and intentions very thoroughly, this will save wasted effort on everyones part.

The instruction which was cancelled on the Saturday afternoon and replaced by short enduro course was done because we were still working clearing trees brought down by the snow, it would have been a simple matter to send everyone home but I do not think it would have been very popular.

The facts are, that despite the bad weather conditions our members had to put up with in preparing and running the event, and lets not forget the St. John's Ambulance people, the event went off very well, most riders I spoke to seemed quite happy.

As far as the date is concerned, no we are not going to change it, if the prospect of riding on ice or snow is to much, stay at home and then we can see the wood from the trees.

As a matter of interest I had two letters complaining, and three praising the event, as Pete has all the information on the event perhaps he would be kind enough to forward it to me so I can see for myself what everyone is complaining about.

I could go on but this will do for now.

Your sincerely
Bob Perring,
Comp. Sec, W.T.R.A.

Dear Bob Perring,

Have you seen the 5.30 Cheng Sin rear tyre? If so, I wonder what are your views on it. Makes the normal Moto X tyre look like a slick and if its as good as it looks it could be the ultimate weapon for events like the 'Beacons' at least until all have them when the damage to the forest could be alarming. I think it could have the effect hastening a ban on all moto X tyres.

I suppose the above could also be bracketed into rising costs due to escalation in the sport. Certainly when I bought the PE two years ago, the suspension was plush. Well now, after 4 events in 4 W/Es, 3 of them virtually long scrambles where stutter bumps appear during the event, it feels like the rigid framed bike that I started on. Where will the next two years lead, only one thing is sure, and that is to more expense. Certainly it is due to the Japs that so many can still afford to ride. The expensive and often less durable Euro bikes are heavy on the wallet. With all this in mind, is it viable to run classes based on new cost of the machine ignoring capacity? This might encourage dealers to keep down prices. I believe that this system, including spares, operation in go kart clubs. It could create interesting comp, e.g. 500 Honda v 125 SWM. Also, the increasing performance of top bikes must cause problems for C of Cs to slow them sufficiently without stopping the little bikes.

I have re-read your article 'Beacons 78' it is much better having an international class. There is such a vast gulf of potential it requires 3 classes. I also read the letters complaining about the training school. My view is that although the chap was carping in tenour (asking for refund) there was some point in what he said. You see, most people in Wales know about enduros before they ride them, but this is not so down here. Before the 75 Beacons which was my first ever event, I had trail riding experience in Hants (all flat) and two days with Pete Smith in Rhayader, and I thought I knew it all. Well what happened is history now. This does however serve to show the thinking of inexperience riders of what enduros are. Perhaps good clubman riders (like Speedy or Alan Keene for e.g.) would be able to bridge the ability gap more easily to teach the raw novice how to traverse logs, ditches cambers, hills up and down etc. I am prepared to help, but some of the pupils were better than me (referring to the chap seen wheelieing on ice at the verandah!)

Yours sincerely,
Mike Crossman

"BEACONS ENDURO (2 DAY)"

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