



PRESTON WHEELERS NEWSLETTER

Issue 23 October 2007

www.prestonwheelers.com

From your President

From the editor

Hi and welcome to the October Newsletter.

I hope you all had a good summer despite the weather and managed to get some decent miles in. For the racing fraternity I hope you all managed some good rides and personal bests.

Judging by our results in the comic we have had another good season on the national time trialing scene and also locally in the Petts evening tens. This is despite Gethin not racing since early June. With Terry's help, I have tried to pull together some of our more notable successes on the back page.

Jose has had an outstanding season and this forms the basis of an article appearing later in this Edition, we also have contributions from Craig Noonan, Ken Roberts, Geoff Duteson, Gethin Butler and Dave Littlefair. We also have an account of an amusing incident involving Dot and Ken (Mayor of London) and an account of my End to End ride earlier in the summer.

Don't forget if you have a tale to tell on any aspect of our great pastime of cycling please let me know and I'll willingly include it in the next edition.

It is sad to report that the switch to Wednesdays club night has not been the success we had hoped for last January. The average attendance has only been around 10 or 11, which out of a membership of 80, is pretty poor! We hope to discuss it at the AGM on November 7th, so if you've any strong views or suggestions how we can make club night more attractive come along and have your say.

Meanwhile I hope you enjoy the Newsletter. John Ward

My email address -
johnbward@btopenworld.com

Club Night every Wednesday from 8.30pm onwards at Our Lady and St Edwards Parish Centre, Marlborough Rd, Fulwood. (No club night on the 3rd Wednesday in each month) All welcome

YOUR CLUB NEEDS YOU.....

Could you help promote a PETTS evening ten next season? Terry Kay who has done the job since the PETTS began, is taking a well earned rest, although he has agreed to carry on with the timing of events. **Thanks Terry for all your work over the years.** The job involves organizing signs, marshalls, signing on, pusher off and refreshments. We are responsible for 4 events.

If you think you could help either for one event or all four please contact Terry on 01995 603467

Diary dates

- Gents' Weekend Ruabon 26/27 October. Contact Jack Stokes 01772 768234
- 7 November (Wed) Club AGM 8.30 at clubroom
- 14 December (Fri) Christmas Party Please contact Gillian on 01772 258740 to help.
- 16 December (Sun) Christmas Meal at Bell's Farm, Pilling £11 Contact Roy for reservations 01772 616111
- Boxing Day 10 11.00

Well - as I write this it's already mid September and up to now this month we've had some glorious days, in fact some have been better than mid Summer, there's a hint of Autumn in the air with dew on the grass in the morning and the birds (the feathered variety that is) are just twittering now instead of the usual morning/evening chorus.

There are only a few races left this season excluding the Hill Climbs of which I think most of the racing section have already done one on Snow Hill at Scorton, the final event of the PETTS and very enjoyable it was too with the Wheelers having the overall winner on the night in Jimmy Wright and also the Team Winners in the series. So congratulations to all riders and helpers in the events.

Also, many thanks to Terry Kay, Royston Freeman, for making the Petts events enjoyable for me with the "watch and then the Teapot" and all the other helpers Gethin, Jack Stokes, Cyril et al.

Sadly to report the clubroom attendances have taken a turn for the worse with attendances on some weeks down to single figures, so come on down to the Clubroom there's a good craic and plenty of tea and cakes and the bar as well, it's surprising what you miss by not coming down.

I suppose our thoughts now will be what to do leading up to Winter, I hope the Sunday clubruns can continue as they are very enjoyable and we have a good laugh, what with the informal Freewheel contest then it's find the best Café followed by the reports on the Website - all good fun, so why not give 'em a try.

That's all for now, so hope to see you all soon.

Kind Regards - Geoff D

Here Dave gives us a first hand account of what it was like to drive the lead car in this year's road race plus a report on the race itself, thanks Dave

Preston Wheelers Road Race or 'Racing the easy way'

As the organiser of the road race I ended up driving the lead car for the Elite Road Race. So bright and early I turned up at the Cockerham HQ ready to do my first job; setting out the course. Bill from CDNW informed me that the last club to host one of their road races had failed to return their staple gun, but not to worry as he had some zip ties.

Stopping at the first place that I had to put up a warning sign I discovered that the zip ties wouldn't reach around the lamp-post or adjacent telegraph pole. Briefly stumped, a miracle occurred. Not on the feeding the five thousand scale of miracles I'll admit but there in the hedge just behind my car was a load of tangled up string, someone was definitely on my side today.

45 minutes later after only falling into one ditch and being chased back into my car by just the one irate farm dog the course was set out.

I returned to find the HQ which had had tumble weed blowing through it when I left was now a hive of activity with the familiar sights, smells (embrocation & sweat; mmmm nice) and sounds of pre-race activity going on. I spotted that Malcolm Elliot had arrived along with Mark Lovatt and several other well known riders. Suddenly I felt nervous, what if I somehow cocked up driving the lead car leading to the death or injury of some of Britains top riders. I could imagine the headlines in Cycling Weekly, none of them good, all calling for me to be cut up into little pieces and the bits burned to ashes. I didn't normally get these feelings of when racing myself, did my premonitions of doom mean something!

20 minutes later I was sat in the car at the head of the bunch having been shown how to use the radio and with a board saying cycle race approaching stuck on the roof. The riders pulled out of the HQ and a voice said 'lead car away'. That was it, we were off. At first it was

difficult to get the distance right, several times I was told over the radio to pull further away from the riders only to be told to pull back closer to them. After a couple of miles I started to get it right and from then on it was mainly plain sailing. Possibly the easiest 70 miles of racing I've ever done. I flashed my lights to warn on-coming motorists most of whom pulled over and slowed and were generally good natured with just the odd one gesturing wildly that we should go forth and make the beast with two backs.

The only incident of any nature was an irate farmer who tried to stop the race with his 4x4. Somehow, with much swearing and gesturing and a little aggressive driving I managed to force him out of the way just in time to avoid the break riding into my rear bumper. (Incidentally, I have no idea what carnage would have ensued had he not moved when he did, as the break showed no signs of slowing and I had to absolutely floor the throttle to pull away from them).

Anyway this is supposed to be a race report; so here's the bit you've all be waiting for. Andy Tinsley attacked from the gun and was quickly joined by eleven other riders including Neil Swithenbank, Malcolm Elliott and Leigh Cowell. Sadly Jimmy Wright missed the break, despite being in excellent form. By the second crossing of the sands this group had built a lead of a minute and the bunch was fragmenting under the witheringly strong Westerly coming off the sands. By the third lap the peloton had shattered into several small chasing groups and with such a strong leading group it was clear that the winner would come from this group. At two laps to go 5 riders were tailed off leaving seven to contest the finish. With one lap to go Leigh Cowell put in the first of several attacks but each time was brought back, his last attack came at 4 miles to go and he went up to 15 seconds clear but was reeled in with little over a mile to go. Well done Leigh, whilst it came to nothing at least you tried to win it!

In the end the sprint was won easily and unsurprisingly by Malcolm Elliott!

Thanks to everyone who helped on the day. I very much enjoyed driving

the lead car and being first over the line, albeit with the help of an engine. Only one thing spoiled it really, if ever you get to drive a lead car for a 2.5 hour race don't forget to pee before you set off!!!!

Thanks Dave and congrats to you Danni and Alec on your new arrival Lillard.

Dot and the Mayor of London

Here is a story passed on to me by Frances Pearson, who is the Editor of the Merseyside Ladies Cycling Association's Newsletter and her friend Gill Lord who was accompanying Bob Maitland at the *Grand Depart* in July.

Here Gill recalls the incident :

" Bob and I spent Saturday night in London, we had a brilliant time, an experience I shall always remember, really made you feel proud to be British.

Dot really enjoyed herself, stole the show, having been making the most of the abundant champagne was returning from the 'ladies' escorted by me, when she grabbed this man by the arm saying 'don't I know you? are you a cyclist?' to which the guy replied - 'no I'm the Mayor' his entourage burst into laughter and Dot was in hysterics, you can imagine the scene, Bev would have loved it. Ian Steel was still laughing the next day.

Ken Livingstone and Transport for London certainly made an awful lot of people very happy that weekend, and the City looked wonderful, they had really gone to town." ...



I am sure that anybody who was in London for the Prologue will agree with that last paragraph. Also, the outstanding national press coverage that the Tour received made the

whole event an unqualified success for the sport of cycling.

We can only hope that subsequent events later in the Tour doesn't stop Dot's new found friend from wanting to host the Tour in future years.

Bob Maitland shown below left with Dot, was one of Britain's early pioneers of international road racing and rode the 1955 Tour de France with our own and sadly missed Bev Wood.
JW

A minute with JPS

As we all know, Jose has had a brilliant season and he kindly agreed to answer the following questions put by your Editor.

Previous clubs ?

I rode for Central Lancs Road club in 2001 and 2002 winning the club BAR both years mainly because I was the only member who did any racing those years. I then approached Gethin in January 2003 hoping to have a good season and asked if I would be welcome in Preston Wheelers. I joined but unfortunately the season got off to a bad start and my first proper season with Wheelers was 2004.

Personal Bests?.

10.....20.53
25.....55.27
50.....1.50.52
100....4.02.58
12 hr...259.683
24 hr...472.79

How did you start cycling and how long ago ?

I was one of those kids who couldn't wait to drive at 17 but I remember when I was 23 a guy who I worked with was selling a bike, it was a maroon Peugeot. On the same day that I bought it from him I crashed and broke my wrist. It didn't put me off. I went cycling around the Isle of Man the next year and when I was 26 I started doing lots of Audax rides. I only started racing in 2001 when I was 33. I can't really remember why I started.

What do you consider your best ride ever.?

Leaving to one side my triumphant conquest of the 'one peak' it has to be my silver medal in the 24 hour, not in 2002 but 2004 just 9 months after my treatment ended. It was a

real shock for my consultant who said it was unlikely that I would ever ride competitively again. It felt great to prove him wrong.

Has this been your best season ever.?

Overall I would say yes but obviously 2004 meant something special at the time.

What if any goals did you set yourself at the beginning of the season.?

This year was always about the 24 hour but I knew if I was to have any success that I needed to improve my speed. After the NLTTA 100 I realised I might have a chance at the NLTTA BAR as well so I made sure I finished the 12 hour! I think overall it went to plan.

Pick out the highlights of the season in chronological order including what you consider your best ride.?

I felt good early season and managed a 21 in 2nd petts 10.

The Lancaster 50 on Cockermouth was a tough day but for some reason I felt awesome. I remember catching Stirfs and David Sharples for 7 and 8 minutes coming through the trees before Embleton Bank (that's the team prize in the bag I thought). I narrowly missed the win to Derek Parkinson.

Then the NLTTA 100, I felt really good but had a slight altercation with a car in Garstang, I must have lost at least a minute and battled the next 80 odd miles trying to make it up. Again I was beaten, this time by Matt Hodges by 14 seconds.

The National 100 was when it all seemed to go well. Ric was feeding me and I decided to go hard from the beginning. The course was a killer towards the end (thanks Gethin!) but I still managed a PB, and was pleased to beat riders like Ian Stott and Carl Saint.

The 24 hour was as hard as ever, but I was pleased to get another medal, especially as I haven't had bronze before! Thanks again to Gethin for turning out and also at the same time getting in some running practice!.

My last decent ride was the 12 hour although by then I was already starting to feel it in my legs from the efforts of 24 hour and everything leading up to it. I managed to hang on and it was this ride which clinched

the NLTTA BAR.

Reasons for your success?.

It has been a strange year as I have had 4 different jobs since December and as a result I have had to organise my time better this year. Three weeks of big mileage in January and a week in Mallorca in March gave me some early season form, which had a knock on effect giving me more confidence than in previous years. I try to ride every race like it's my last one....you never know, by the end you could decide that it was!

Diet, training?

Nothing sophisticated here, I eat what I want, coffee, tea, chocolate! I do eat a lot of pasta though just be-



cause I like Italian food. As far as training goes I ride my bike.

Bikes/equipment.?

I did start the season with a new frame as per usual, although this year I had an excuse for spending the money because I cracked last year's frame.

Presumably you are club BAR for 2007.?

I think I might have just clinched it with my rides locally but I know a certain rider who has been trying to topple me by riding some fast 25 and 50 courses on the other side of the Pennines.

What plans have you for next season?

There is a rumour about a 24 hour team for 2008 but I haven't committed to this fully yet. I hope to get a good winter in and as I'll be a vet next season there will always be something to go for.

Is it true you were seen on the A6 by Roger Miller returning from a training ride from Penrith at 6.00am one Wednesday morning after having ridden the Petts 10 the night before.?

Well, I do like riding my bike although I'm surprised I was only spot-

ted the once.

An account of another epic ride taking in all the hills we love to avoid on club runs, by our regular contributor Craig Noonan. Thanks Craig.

Pendle Pedal

The weather forecast said sunny spells early on and heavy rain later. I prepared with the customary rain jacket stowed away in my back pocket and wore arm warmers.

An hour into the ride it was sweltering hot and the average temperature for the day was 27 degrees. Ah British weather forecasts! It turned out to be the hottest day of the year.

The ride starts in Colne and after no more than a mile the first of the many hills arrives. This is a short sharp shock and a reminder of what's to come. In all the ride covers 100 miles and involves around 9,700 feet of climbing, proving Lancashire's fells are a match in terms of toughness to similar events in the Lakes and Yorkshire.

I will spend most of the ride with Tom Sheehan from Preston Cycling Club and Mark Wilson from Southport as well as Martin Calvert, brother of Wheeler Tony, who joins us at the Crook O'Lune stop.

No more than three miles in and the ride hits Barley Fell. This is nice steady climb but I'm already sweating profusely with the heat and the fact I've started with arm warmers, which will get ditched soon.

The descent is one of many fast and windy downhill's that are to test riders' abilities. Shortly after this we hit Downham before passing Chatburn on the way to Waddington Fell. This is one of my favourite climbs, I get in to a good rhythm but let Tom and Mark head up the road, as I don't want to over cook it too early in the ride.

We regroup at the top and plunge down the other side. A couple of Ribbles Valley riders are up ahead and I have a near miss as one loses his saddle bag which bounces across the road but thankfully away from me as I hit 45mph on the descent.

The short steep climb out of Newton has everyone moaning but then it's a quick run into Slaidburn and the first of the feed stops. Its here that I decide to stop and top up my water bottle and grab a bite to eat and Tom and Mark carry on. I won't see them again for around 10 or 15 miles.

The feed stations are brilliant, you can have as many SIS Go bars and gels or fruit loaf or bananas as you want. There are also energy drinks and water. I made the mistake of taking the energy drink which tasted awful and the energy bars are no good for your fillings!

Then it's onwards and upwards across Lamb and Tatham Fells. These are fantastic climbs and with bright sunshine and blue skies, this really is what cycling is all about.

Last year I rode the event with Geoff Duteson and it (he!!) nearly killed me. I felt awful and really unfit. This year I've done a few sportives, including the Etape du Dales, and it seems to have paid off. I feel really good on the hills and take everything at my own pace. I have a 39x27 on the back, which allows me to spin at a comfortable pace and is easy to push when out of the saddle.

The long descent takes us to Wray. This next section is as flat as it gets but the undulating hills to the Crook O'Lune allow me to pick up a few riders and we're soon haring along in time trial formation. Up the road I see a group of around eight riders and recognise the kit of Tom and Mark. I sprint on to try and catch them up and those riding with me think they've just entered a road race. I soon catch them up and hit the front of the group. I thank Tom and Mark for waiting for me in Slaidburn!

We soon make it to the Crook O'Lune picnic site and the next feed and the area where you have to run over the timing mats. Again there is plenty of food and drink. We stay for a while and are joined by Martin Calvert. After a break the four of us set off for Quernmore and the climb to Jubilee Towers.

The foot of Quernmore is carnage, all you can hear are the clunking of gears as riders struggle to find their

lowest ring and from here to the top of the climb riders are swerving across the road. I rider most of the climb with Mark and Tom and Martin crest it before us but we catch them on the descent which was spoilt by a strong headwind which kept the top speed right down. Next it's the Trough, Mark tails off near the top of the climb and we slow for him near Dunsop Bridge. There's another feed station at the foot of Little Bowland, which we head up next. It's here that I see the familiar sight of a Wheelers jersey and it's Geoff Duteson out for a ride. But I'm too busy stuffing my face with food to shout!

Little Bowland is followed by a fast drop into Chipping before we head into Longridge and then we climb up and then descend to Stonyhurst College. The views along the top of ridge out of Longridge are stunning but looming hard on the horizon is the Nick O'Pendle, or as Tom calls it, "The beast of Pendle." Those riding the event for the first time think that this is the sting in the ride's tail – although I know from last year's experience that there are a couple of tough and very steep climbs to follow it which caught me out that year!

We stop at Clitheroe at the final feed station. Mark's been suffering with twinges of cramp and has started yo-yoing off the back. We refuel and set off through Clitheroe Town Centre.

We have to wait to cross the busy A59 which allows Mark to catch up again, however, as soon as we hit the climb he's off the back. Martin, Tom and me climb together. Plenty of riders are walking up the climb, a lot were doing the shorter 100km route but plenty doing the long ride are suffering as well. I'm spurred on knowing that my wife and boys and father in law – Wheeler Roy Sharples - and mother in law are waiting at the top to cheer us on.

We have a short stop and regroup. My life flashes before me on the descent as a sheep decides to cross right in front of me. I realise the danger before the sheep gets directly in my path and brake early. Thankfully the brakes work very well and I avoid the animal. However I will have my revenge and have a lamb roast for tea! (Apologies to any vegetarians!).

At Sabden the road veers steeply upwards, again more riders are wobbling across the road but Tom and me are quite comfortable and plough on.

The true sting in the tail comes after a fast and dangerous descent. You drop down the valley which then kicks up at a ridiculous angle in front. You can see the road which you have to climb and a steep s-bend section has many walking or catching their breathe at the top. From here on in it is a little undulating before a fast descent back into Colne.

I complete the ride in 7 hours 14 minutes and am the 68th to finish out of around 220. I love cycling the Lancashire Fells and the route is great fun. It's a very hard and demanding ride but I might just go for the triple and do it again next year, as I'm a glutton for punishment!

Craig Noonan

In a change from his usual contribution, Ken describes how his hero and famous drummer Ginger Baker used being a cyclist to his advantage

Drum Break

Besides cycling I have always enjoyed music & having been a teenager in the 60s was privileged to live through the music of that era & even better the progressive rock music which evolved throughout the 70's. At about the age of 14 my dad bought me a 'very basic' drum kit which I proceeded to learn to play with great enthusiasm, so much so that our next door neighbour changed his employment to shift work to alleviate the noise from our attic.

My great hero from that era was 'Ginger' Baker, who I first saw playing for the 'Graham Bond Organisation' & latterly along with Eric Clapton & Jack Bruce in super-band Cream.

What I didn't realise at the time was that my drum hero had in fact been a racing cyclist, viz, "as a boy Ginger had a very special interest in bicycle racing and he was constantly racing on a regular basis

but by his mid teens he developed a big interest in music, drums and percussion".

This is at odds with myself who had a very special interest in drumming but by my mid teens developed a big interest in bicycles & cycling.

The story continues that, "it was through Ginger's bicycle racing that he would develop his leg muscles that would help him develop the drumming style that other drummers would follow, using double bass drums".

So it just goes to show what riding a bike can evolve into, one minute you're riding a PETTS evening 10 & the next you're playing musical instruments better than everyone else because you're able to achieve a short 21 on a regular basis.

As well as enabling Ginger to play his drums so incredibly well, from his background in cycling ensued a piece of musical iconic history, viz, "it started as a joke. Mick Turner one of Cream's roadies was discussing with Ginger Baker, how he fancied one of those bikes with 'Disraeli gears'. He meant, of course, derailleur gears, but the band found the mistake hilarious and so the name of one of one of the UK's premier psychedelic albums was born".

Along the way Ginger met Phil Seaman, an established jazz drummer who was greatly into African rhythms but even more greatly into heroin abuse & somewhere along the way Ginger fell into heroin addiction himself.

So you can see the familiar pattern emerging: *bikes, drugs & rock 'n roll*, somethings have never changed!!

Ken Roberts

Welcome new Preston Wheelers members

A very warm welcome to Chris Meredith, who joined after riding four PETTS events.

Well done Chris and hope you enjoy our company.

Geoff (Membership Sec)
Now we know what Gethin's been up to all summer, read on.....

Retirement ?

June 3rd draws to a close with the knowledge that this is the last race for a good while. There will be a change from the year on year slog of training and racing that has prevailed over the last two decades. My time will be my own! Now I can indulge in all those things that 'normal' people do. I might even resort to a bit of DIY around the house. A very big might, of course!

July 1st arrives with my fourth weekend free from the drag of racing. I can feel my head wanting to explode as my body feels the need to do something physical. This must be what 'cold turkey' feels like for drug addicts! This feeling is probably being exacerbated by the oppressive and depressive weather that seems to be occurring everyday. But at least I'm not getting wet every Sunday morning. In desperation I dig out my old running shoes and set off for a lap of Avenham and Miller Park, even though it's raining. After about 2 ½ to 3 miles I'm home and feeling more relaxed. I may have to repeat this prescription soon!

It's July 10th at work and Ian Murphy mentions that he's thinking of doing a triathlon relay and he's obviously more interested in doing the cycling leg. Like a fool I say that I'll do the running leg. At least it will give me a reason for doing the running. The distance is 10 km and the event not until September the 16th. Should be plenty of time to get a bit fitter.

July 12th sees the first run as part of the race training program. A 3 ½ mile jaunt round the old tram tracks near the river. I decide I'll have to resort to slightly longer runs but with at least a day between to stave off any chance of shin splints. I also dispense with a watch as I know it will make me competitive.

August 1st – 12th sees us all in France visiting John and Edna in their new mansion for a couple of days, before moving on to Perigeux for the "semaine federale" and meeting up with my family. Doing runs first thing in the morning and then following it with rides with Annwen on the tag-along was very arduous and led to a very tired little boy. Annwen soon got the hang of it. When going uphill freewheel and let daddy

. Annwen soon got the hang of it. When going uphill freewheel and let daddy take the strain and on descents, when daddy's hands are on the brakes, pedal like billy-o. But I did decide that I needed new running shoes.

August 18th found me in a local running shop (Run In) searching for a comfortable pair of shoes which were duly found and bought. While there I noticed entry forms for running races to which I helped myself. The proprietor then informed me that the Preston Harriers met on a Tuesday night at the Arena if I wanted to go down.

August 21st and I'm to be found down at the Arena to discover the delights of training, running style. With my usual aplomb I've turned up on a night where they are doing a Pyramid training session. For those that don't know what these are you're lucky, for those that do know but haven't done one you're intelligent and for those that know and have done one the less said the better! The evening consisted of running 400, 800, 1200, 1600, 1200, 800 and 400m hard with a lap jog/walk in between. As you can imagine this was great fun. I surprised myself and probably them as well and at the end of the evening they produced an affiliation form, in case I was interested, and mentioned that there was an inter-club 4 mile race on Wednesday 5th September that I could do.

August 23rd two days after the session and my legs are still in pieces. I attempt a feeble run/ jog/hobble along the Ribble Way. This is worse than I feel after a 24hr.

September 1st results in a quick dive into the running shop to buy a Preston Harriers top. I go for a close fitting top, explaining to the owner that being a cyclist I'm paranoid about aerodynamics.

September 5th arrives with a bang and I spend the whole day at work trying to save my legs, worrying I'll be shattered before I get to the race. I'm as nervous as a schoolboy and it brings to mind some of those races that really mattered in the past. I warm up with some of lads from the Harriers. Gillian has come to watch with Annwen and they can tell I'm

tense. Gillian has already commented that I'm more grumpy than when I ride a bike! I get to the start line and loiter round the front of the group as if I'm at the start of a road race. The starter says go and pandemonium reigns. I spend ½ the race thinking that if I had my bike I could ride past them, it would be so easy, and the other ½ praying for the end. I finish 10th in 21.46 and surprise myself. We win the team race.

September 15th arrives as I sit here writing this article and worrying what the weekend ahead will bring. Already the objectives have changed from just trying to win the relay to trying to do a fast run split. Hopefully one of the fastest. Instead of beating 40 minutes now it's 36 minutes. And what of the future? Well, I've always wanted to do a marathon and what about the 3 Peaks Fell race?

So much for retirement. Here we go again!!

All I can say to you Gethin is "come back into the fold," asap!

Racing Roundup, brief details of Members' successes over the last couple of months or so.

29 July Warrington RC 50

Winner

5th J Morgan 1.59.17

29 July PW Open 50

Winner C Riise 1.56.10

5th M Stell 2.01.07

6th P Fleming 2.01.13

8th JPS 2.02.47

PW Team winners

5 August Pennine CC "50"

Winner V Macklam 1.47.11

JPS 1.53.49

5 August VC Cumbria 25

Winner R Meadows 52.35

3rd J Morgan 55.03

P Fleming 55.27

11 August Pendle Forest 10

Winner

J Morgan 20.40

P Fleming 21.14

JPS 21.08

19 August Lancs R C 12

Winner C Hayes 263.25

2nd JPS 259.42

P Fleming 244.01

D Sharples 216.98

21 August Club Hill Climb

(incorp into Petts Hill Climb)

1st J Wright 2.51 (course record)

D Brooks 3.12

JPS 3.29

M Braithwaite 3.35

K Roberts 3.39

P Batson 3.39

F Bowman 3.44

G Duteson 3.44

D Bolton 3.46

D Sharples 3.49

D Littlefair 3.52

M Bolton 3.52

G Counsell 3.56

T Calvert 4.05

H Smith 4.10

R Miller 4.22

D Goodenough 4.38

25 August Yorkshire C F 30

Winner C Saint 1.04.46

5th J Morgan 1.08.23

10th P Fleming 1.10.08

M Stell 1.10.37

1 Sept Barrow Central 10

Winner N Bowdler 20.09

J Morgan 20.56

M Stell 21.19

P Fleming 21.35

D Littlefair 22.08

G Duteson 23.13

N Fort 23.16

T Calvert 23.17

8 Sept Kent Valley 10

Winner C McCulloch 18.51

P Fleming 20.56

M Stell 21.17

JPS 21.23

R Miller 23.49

D Goodenough 24.54

(good ride, Dave)

9 Sept Wigan Wheelers

Winner N Higgins 56.10

2nd M Stell 56.59

3rd P Fleming 57.23

6th P Batson 58.29

Team winners

15 Sept Wigan Wh 10

5th J Wright 20.40

M Stell 21.32

D Littlefair 21.45

JPS 21.58

P Fleming 22.03

T Calvert 23.45

D Sharples 24.05

H Smith 25.09

D Goodenough 26.26

16 Sept Lancaster CC 25

Winner M Holtom 55.53

7th M Stell 59.14

D Littlefair 59.52

P Batson 1.00.40

JPS 1.02.03

PW team winners

23 September Combined Clubs 25

Winner D Hilton Southport 58.22

D Littlefair 59.10 H cap 58.00

P Batson 1.00.22 1.00.22

R Miller 1.03.31 54.01

T Calvert 1.04.06 58.21

T Calvert 1.04.06	58.21
M Bolton 1.05.26	57.26
H Smith 1.09.49	1.00.34
A Trigg 1.18.01	59.01
J Iddon 1.29.35	1.01.35
DL 2 nd fastest overall	

Ambition Forfilled or how I finally managed to do Le Jog (Part 1 to Garstang)

What am I doing here I ask myself as I ride into Preston Station complete with bar-bag, saddlebag and cape roll. I am waiting to catch the 10.48am Virgin Voyager arriving at Penzance 7.5 hours later. I ask myself why I feel so nervous, after all I have been thinking about doing the End to End on and off for about 40 years. (my wife says that's normal for a Ward!)

Before real panic sets in the train arrives and we're underway, I enjoy the journey until Exeter when I realize that the country side has become hilly and that I am going to be riding through it in the opposite direction in a couple of days.

It is very overcast at Lands End with a light south westerly drizzle, luckily for me this was to characterize the weather for my trip up through England. As I tell my non cycling friends it's not the rain that's important on a ride like this it's the wind direction (as Gethin will tell you). Over the next fortnight or so, I was to become fixated on the 6.30 weather forecast (my wife says even more than usual)

It is definitely warmer than Preston as I speed through Penzance, Helston, Penryn to Truro. The roads are good and fairly traffic free. Anxious to make the most of the SW wind I eat choc bars on the bike rather than opt for café food something I did all the way to Garstang. (Arthur Trigg would have been be proud of me) My intended over night stop was St Austell but I was going so well I pressed on to Lostwithiel with the hills getting steeper by the mile! I had done 65 miles at an average speed of nearly 14 mph.

After an early night at the local pub I knew that the next day would be a hard day's cycling. It wasn't helped by a Liskeardian sea gull which decided to deposit the contents of its intestines all over my bottle. Over-reacting, as you do so far from home,

I had visions of me being airlifted home with salmonella poisoning! After using a two litre of bottle of Evian to clean up the mess I was soon on the hill out of Gunnislake and into Devon. I was nearly run down by a lady motorist emerging from a left hand lane at the steepest part but she made amends by waiting at the top and apologizing!

Then it was Dartmoor and the long decent down into Moretonhampstead. I can't believe the last time I cycled across Dartmoor was on an YHA tour in 1960 on 68 inch fixed. The ponies and the prison bring back the memories. 51 miles at 11mph achieved today.

After staying at the best hotel in Moretonhampstead, I asked a local gang of road workers how far it was to Crediton, they just smiled politely and said it depends on which way you go, I showed them my map (which unfortunately for me was a large scale road atlas with no relief to speak of). After about a mile I was going down a 1 in 4 with grass and debris in the centre and then up a 1 in 3 in the dark because of the trees arching over the road.

At Tiverton I accidentally found myself on a nasty bit of dual carriageway for 1½ miles. I felt very threatened (far worse than anything our local roads in Lancashire can offer!) When I looked at the map I realized it was on the only dual carriage way between the M5 and Barnstaple (30 m), so you can imagine the need for the cars to overtake the lorries.

As soon as I got to Somerset the cycling got easier and I was soon in Bridgewater trying to find a decent pub for the night. 72 miles at an average of 12 mph.

It was cloudy with rain in the air as I set off across the Somerset Levels towards the Mendips and Cheddar. The road through up the Gorge was not as steep as I had remembered it from my youth but nevertheless impressive with the tops of the cliffs bathed in mist. Managed to go off course because of the mist and nearly found myself in Wells before I realized my mistake.

Dropped off the Mendips into nearly blue skies and set about navigating

my way around Bristol. Going through the commuter villages it became obvious they were going through a property boom; with several villages although without a Post Office or shop they all had estate agents' offices.

Soon I was on the Bristol to Bath Cycle path (the first of its kind in the country and pioneered by Sustrans) It was lovely to get away from the traffic and potholes, if only for 10 miles. I eventually made it to the A38 north of Bristol and found a nicely refurbished pub at Falfield. 70 miles achieved at nearly 13 mph.

A short easy day on the roads that I know which means a break from map reading. It was up the A38 to Gloucester and across the "back roads" to Malvern, the roads of my early cycling days. Going up towards British Camp I got mixed in with the cyclists in a triathlon event and managed to get a round of applause at the top of the hill!

The next day I had built in as a rest day being looked after by my Dad

With a good weather forecast for the next two days I was looking forward to going north through Worcestershire and Shropshire and managed to get as far as Market Drayton the first day and got home to Garstang on the second day averaging 13 mph. I had covered 470 miles and the first leg of the great adventure was over.

The picture below kindly taken by Cyril Singleton
(part 2 to JO'G next edition) J Ward



Think about it
Bacon and Eggs: hens are involved but pigs are committed.

A seminar on time travel will be held two weeks ago.....

Democracy: Four Wolves and a Lamb voting on Lunch.

5 out of 4 people have trouble with fractions.

Final placings in PETTS League Table PW riders only

Pos			Rid- den	Best
2	Jimmy	Wright	SEN 8	20.47
3	Jose	Pinon Shaw	SEN 14	22.05
5	Paul	Batson	V40 10	21.59
7	Dave	Brooks	V40 14	21.54
14	David	Sharples	V40 9	23.19
16	Tony	Calvert	V60 14	23.36
17	Neil	Fort	V60 10	23.42
21	Mark	Bolton	V40 13	24.00
22	Roger	Miller	V60 14	24.27
23	Daniel	Bolton	SEN 8	24.43
24	Ken	Roberts	V50 11	24.20
25	Mick	Braithwaite	SEN 7	22.57
26	Frank	Bowman	V40 10	24.23
30	Neil	Stirzaker	V40 7	23.07
31	Harry	Smith	V60 8	25.13
34	Gary	Counsell	SEN 11	25.59
38	Dave	Goodenough	V60 12	26.21
39	Alan	West	V50 8	25.47
45	Dave	Littlefair	SEN 5	22.12
48	Dom	Lakeland	SEN 5	24.06
49	David	Herne	V40 6	26.40
54	Andy	Bray	V40 4	23.02
56	Richard	Holmes	SEN 3	23.10
61	Matt	Stell	SEN 2	22.20
72	John	Ward	V60 2	27.34
73	John	Rawcliffe	V50 2	29.11
74	Gethin	Butler	SEN 1	22.05
76	Craig	Noonan	SEN 1	25.02
82	Roy	Freeman	V70 1	29.11
83	Jack	Iddon	V70 1	34.10
84	Darren	Tootle	V40 1	27.09

We had four riders in the top ten places and won the team prize. T Calvert won best V60 . Congratulations to all riders.

26 July 2007 or a red letter day in the annals of Preston Wheelers Cycling Club.

It was the usual band of brothers : Andy, Jack V, Roy, Jack I, Arthur, Jack S and John.

Having all met at Woodplumpton, the ride started like any other normal Thursday run. At first no one noticed, but as we neared the Derby Arms on the edge of Inskip a murmur went around the group, something was very wrong.

Nothing was openly said, but by the time we reached Wilson House most of us were beside ourselves with astonishment and disbelief.

Across the Moss we went, still with no one daring to speak openly about what was in our midst. Carefully we manoeuvred Arthur on to the front with John so the remainder could stare in awe and amazement.

Garstang came and went and we were at the Smithy Garage in Winmarleigh in no time at

all. Then it was over the A6 and into Scorton along Station Lane to the hallowed portals of the Priory Café at Scorton.

Now, no one knows why Thursday mornings is such a popular meeting place at Scorton, but it seems that all roads lead there on Thursdays. Even Terry has been known to call in there (sometimes on his bike!) distributing his start and finishing sheets or even merely looking for marshals.

However had we known beforehand what we had discovered on our ride that morning we could have guaranteed Julie double the numbers of cyclists without any problem at all.!



Yes, you've guessed it, Arthur was riding a Ribble 753 with not only Shimano 105 Dual pivot brakes, but with an 8 speed block and STI levers. Club history had been made on that famous day last July! JW

Appeal

The AGM is coming up on 7 November and this is the traditional place to air your views about the club and the way it's run. At the last Committee meeting we discussed ways in which we could get more members involved in club matters and especially how to get more along to the club nights on Wednesday.

If you have any views then please come along and have your say at the AGM. JW

(Apologies to Craig , Geoff & Jack, I ran out of space will include your unpublished articles in the next issue. JW)