



PENDLE FOREST CYCLING CLUB NEWSLETTER - 2007

Dear Member

Our thanks to Angela for creating another newsletter and to the members who have contributed. Please help us keep these few and far between publications going and us some content. Articles on almost anything will be greatly appreciated.

The Pendle Forest has enjoyed another busy and successful year. Race's and evening leagues have been as successful and on occasion controversial as ever. We have had some great social events and weekends and gained some active new members. Lets try to keep the momentum going over the winter and in to the new year.

I am afraid I owe Jason Bateman an apology. Unfortunately I mislaid his entry for the club 10 on Levens leaving Jason missing out on his ride. What makes it worse is there was a reasonably certain chance of Jason getting a personal best on what was a very good night. Anyway, my apologies to Jason. I promise not to loose him again.

The club dinner has been booked for 17th November with a change of venue to the Alma at Colne. If you would like tickets please get in touch as soon as possible, the venue is limited in size so the sooner you make your reservation the better. We will be putting some transport on and will release details of this at a later date. The menu choices are enclosed with this newsletter, please let me have your choices with your order.

The new club web-site has proved a great source of information for members. We are still building on the content so if you have any ideas please let us have them. We have been trying to get riders results on as promptly as possible and hope to improve this next year. If you have ridden any type of event let me know and I'll stick a bit on the site about it. Hopefully this way we can compile a comprehensive log of each years goings on! While the web-site is great not all members have internet access which is why it is vitally important that we keep the newsletters going.

Thanks for your support throughout the year, I look forward to seeing you all soon.

Yours In Sport

Paul Whittaker

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Saturday October 6th - Nelson Wheelers Hill Climb, Salterforth.



Sunday October 7th - Pendle Forest Hill Climb 11.00 am start, Wheathead Lane, Blacko and afterwards at the 'Pendle Inn', Barley.

It has been decided there will be an extra prize for the overall winner of both these events, to be presented at each of the club's Dinners.

Saturday November 17th - Annual Dinner Dance and Prize Presentation at the 'Alma Inn', Colne



December 26th - Boxing Day Downhill Race, 11.00 am start Blacklane ends. Venue for after the event TBA.



TIME TRIAL JOY FOR SIMON

SIMON was overjoyed to win his first UK National Time Trial Championship for his age group.

He put in a time of four hours 21 minutes and 52 seconds to complete the 100-mile course from Garstang up to Lancaster, down to Knott End on Sea and back.

He finished first in the 45 to 49 year olds age group and 27th overall. First place was taken by a senior racer in three hours and 44 seconds, followed by second place with three hours and 56 minutes.

The Garstang race was only his second this year at that distance, having set a time of four hours 13 minutes in his first race on the same course last month.

Simon said: "It's a first for me, a winner of a national championship in my age category, and I was really pleased with the performance."

Well done Simon



THANK YOU

to
FRANK SPEAK

AND

KEVIN BARKER

**On behalf of the Evening League riders
and the Committee**

**for turning out each week to the evening events
without them the events would not happen**

SATURDAY RUNS LIST 2007

8 Sept	Torrisholme	9.00 am
15 Sept	Knaresborough	9.00 am
22 Sept	Caton	9.00 am
29 Sept	White Lines	9.00 am
6 Oct	Ingleton via Ribbleshead	9.30 am
13 Oct	Scorton via Slaidburn	9.30 am
20 Oct	Otley	9.30 am
27 Oct	Patley Bridge	9.30 am
3 Nov	Halton Gill	9.30 am
10 Nov	Malham via Darnbrook	9.30 am
17 Nov	Hebden Bridge	9.30 am
24 Nov	Settle via Attermire	9.30 am
1 Dec	Chipping	10.00 am
8 Dec	Burnsall	10.00 am
15 Dec	Impromptu	10.00 am
22 Dec	Christmas Run	10.00 am

All runs start from Walton Lane, Nelson unless otherwise stated.

**ANNUAL DINNER DANCE
AND PRIZE PRESENTATION**

on
SATURDAY, 17 NOVEMBER 2007

at

THE 'ALMA INN', COLNE

MENU

Starters

Carrot & Coriander Soup

Mains

Roast Turkey with traditional accompaniments
Roast Beef & Yorkshire Pudding

Vegetarian option

Tart Fin

A thin tartlet topped with aubergine, courgette,
red pepper & feta cheese

Desserts

Christmas Pudding & Brandy Sauce

Alma Mess

(A jumble of soft berries, meringue, toffee sauce
& clotted cream)

Tickets now available from Paul Whittaker price
£18 per head. Please let Paul have your menu
choices ASAP.

QTY	ITEM	PRICE	SIZE
3	Windtex Thermal Jacket	£ 45.00	5
1	Windtex Thermal Jacket	£ 45.00	3
1	Roubaix Bib Kniks	£ 35.00	5
1	Lycra Bib Kniks	£ 35.00	6
1	Lycra Bib Kniks	£ 35.00	5
1	L/S Premium Skin Suit	£ 57.00	6
1	S/S Road Jersey	£ 30.00	6
1	L/S Road Jersey	£ 32.00	5
1	Gilet	£ 30.00	5
1	Gilet	£ 30.00	4
1	Coolmax Bib Shorts	£ 35.00	5
		Small = 3	
		Medium = 4	
		Large = 5	
		Extra Large = 6	

C
L
O
T
H
I
N
G

S
T
O
C
K

L
I
S
T

Please contact Paul Whittaker if you would like to order any of the above clothing items.



Wherever, Whoever, Whatever,
A man always has to get his leg over!

EVEN WHEN HE'S 70

Happy belated Birthday Frank from everyone in the club

Have you visited
the Pendle Forest Cycling Club
Website Recently?

To view visit:
www.pendleforestcyclingclub.co.uk



To Worlds End and Back (or isn't it Fun Being in a Muddy Field in Mid-Wales in October)

Its all starts innocently enough with me sat on a wall outside a Catholic Church on the outskirts of Burnley, opposite a travel-lodge and a Volkswagen garage (answers on a postcard please) on a drek Friday afternoon. Its fun being idle on a working day and watching the world go by, marveling at the sheer numbers of cars on the road.

"Your mission Jim should you wish to accept it is to go to Worlds End – this tape will self destruct in five seconds" (cue Quincy Jones – dum, dah, dah, dah, dah,).

The Berlingo arrives and whisks me off Wales-wards.

Points of note on the way down:

- The Roxy, and the Mirror Group newspaper plant at Hollin wood
- Pear Mill, Stockport;
- The Pyramid at Stockport (which Pharos is buried here? Why isn't he at Giza or the Valley of Kings?);
- Stanslow petro-chemical plant and the sea cliffs opposite: and
- Seeing a road sign for Gresford, which reminds me that this area was once a mining area and of the terrible pit disaster on Saturday, 22nd September 1934 and the terrible loss of 266 lives in the Dennis and the Slant, on the night shift. 800 children lost their fathers. What price the price of coal?

Further on we pass the Australian (gud-day mate), and just before Llangollen (a box of genuine Welsh treacle toffee made in Wigan to the person who comes up with best, but not necessarily the correct, pronunciation), but just before the stainless steel sculpture of acorns and oak leaves, Paul coverts a wind driven speed warning slow down sign and thinks that the propeller and generator would work wonders on the roof of his mansion on his estate on the east coast; producing endless amounts of free electricity and boiling water.

We turn right just before the bridge and taxidermy at Llangollen, up over the cut, right and straight up the hill, up the single-track road.

Paul says "its quiet round here in't it!" unfortunately his words are drowned out as two low flying Puma troop carrying helicopters buzz us. Now at the campsite half the crew has arrived more or less simultaneously and we do a quick cost / benefit analysis of the site, (five English pounds per person per night). Finally on the wet rippled concrete of the farmyard a unanimous decision is reached, we spit on the palm of our hand and a deal is done. The lady farmer points us to the damp pitches in the far corner of the field. We express our concern over our fellow campers, the Duke of Edinburgh kids and noise thereof. Lady farmer assures us she will put them in the furthest, farthest flung reaches of the field, away with the ewes and any way, they are only there but for one night. Placated we pitch.

The field is slutchy and splated with sheep-poo, but its high level and in the crystal clear air, has great views of the surrounding hills of Denbighshire. On a good day looking southeast you can see

the Eiffel Tower; looking northwest, if you stand on your tiptoes you can just about see Canada.

Settled in we explore the facilities and find that, outrageously, a shower costs one silver 20p piece; fortunately I have lots and the others don't; it's a sellers market and I not unreasonably offer said 20p pieces at a knocked down price of 25p.

Avoiding what the sheep have left behind we pitch camp in the right angle of a mixed Hawthorn (*Crateagus monogyna*), Hazel (*Coryellus avelana*) and Blackthorn (*Prunus spinosa*) hedge, next to the gate.

Tea is deep frozen sausage and bean casolet a'la berlingo, with a side order of stomach cramps, then it's off to the fleshpots of Llangollen.

Danny hasn't arrived yet.

Just next to the taxidermy rather surprisingly we bump into a nurse, a police lady and a bunny girl. I pass no comment, only to say that the taxidermy full of stuffed owls in various poses provides a surreal backdrop to this gaggle of fuzoku.



The nurse definitely did not look like this

The Bridge Inn is jam packed solid, so after a pint of Unicorn, on the recommendation of Stevo, the PF food and drink correspondent and Sven Goran-Erickson World Cup look-a-like competition winner 2002, we remove ourselves down to the Ponsenby Arms. It confirms all my suspicions and prejudices about Welsh pubs, mediocre ale, no atmosphere, poor carpets and a tooth achingly bad Karaoke, which makes you want to jump out of the window, screaming to be put out of your misery. Steve in his defence says, "well it was OK last time I was here (1993)". I rest my case m'lud.

After Ponsenby (named after the Brigadier at Waterloo?) we aimlessly wander back and forth over the River Dee looking for a decent pub. We end the night back at the Bridge. Early next morning I wake in my sleeping bag, in my tent, in my field, to the sound of a Robin, patrolling its tactical area of operations; I think also there is a Wren in there somewhere, plus in the background the Crows are circling and re-establishing their territory, noisily kicking their fellow Corvids, the Magpies, off their patch.

Breakfast is muesli al fresco, tea, toast and mud, why oh why didn't I bring my wellies?

Today Steve is the acting route-meister and has plotted us a cracking route of passes and lakes.



A rough facsimile of what the horseshoe pass looks like

Out of Llangollen we head straight for the Horseshoe pass, it's a bit of a pull with only 2-3 miles in our legs, but do-able. Mid way, there is a sign warning of 1:5 but Steve reckons this is nonsense. At the top we re-group and drop down the other side past the Ponderosa (what happy memories this brings back to me, of Friday nights spent in front of the tele with Lorne Green and Dan Blocker, it was my Grandma's favourite, next to the Clampets), but hang on, wasn't the Ponderosa in Wyoming not Wales?

After Horseshoe the road meanders down hill, then left, then right and in keeping with the western theme we pass

a herd of Bison, yeah! Bison, great big brown hairy things. All we need now are some Olagala Sioux and Wild Bill. Unfortunately the tableaux is ruined by a burger van right next-door, "do you want onions with your Bison burgers?"

Its then filter left, up a bit, past the glass factory and down to Bala and a non-existent sprint. We left Harry at Corwen, happy to make his own way back to base camp.

I was once in Bala as a nipper, touring in the family's midnight blue Morris Minor 1000, but I just don't recognise it now, (Bala that is, not the Morris Minor). Is this a good thing or a bad thing? I don't know. Dinner is in a (cyber) café and is a good thing. After dinner its down the north western side of the lake, down to the steam train, then back up the other side. The hedges are full of big fat purple Sloes.

Before Corwen, and just beyond (the) Pale, we meet the main road and turn left, drop down the hill, over the Dee, then right at the war memorial. Now starts one of the best cycling routes I've done all year. It's a single-track road with absolutely no traffic barring one or two Pheasants, sunny and cool with brilliant early autumn colour, and a few short, sharp pulls, just enough to open the pipes. We stop on a terrific stone bridge over the Dee, and then head up to Cynwnd where we stop for a bottle of water. Outside the post office we wait for Paul who has gone in side. We talk amongst ourselves, chewing the fat while we wait. We have a look at an interpretation board of the village and its psycho-geography, done by the local school kids, then wait a bit longer; watching as a young lady in an hi-vis vest jumps out of a transit van and delivers papers to the post office, we wait some more, the lady comes out and drives off, still we wait. In our idleness we notice that there are two pubs opposite one another. "What **IS** he doing there? Has he been adopted by the Postmaster and his family? Has he been kidnapped and sold into slavery? Outside we slump over our bikes in the cooling late afternoon, still waiting.

AT LAST! Paul appears, water in hand and then it's off we go to Corwen.

The old road from Corwen to Llangollen is another gem, with great views down over the Dee. For me it's like spending time in the world's biggest arboretum, with fine specimens of Quercus, Fraxinus, Fagus and Malus but to name but few. Finally, riding our luck, we get caught in a short, sharp, storm and end up very, very wet.

At Chain Bridge we stop to marvel at mans industrial achievements, here before us the road, canal and railway all rub shoulders with one another twixt river and hill. There is also the chain bridge, which Steve assures us he has banged his head on whist canoeing this stretch of the river, this despite the bridge being a good thirty foot above the current river level. We set off for Llangollen just down the road, unwittingly leaving Danny behind tampering with his bike, pulling various bits off.



Danny's bike after a spot of roadside maintenance

Back at base camp and after 20p's worth of hot shower, it's tea-time and a fully de-frosted curry. Kevin didn't bother with the bike today electing instead to watch the international canoeing event that has been in progress on the Dee over the weekend. He

shows us the photos he's taken of a young lady canoeist doing her best not to loose it in the brown peaty waters. But i am over egging the pudding here, as you can't actually see her; only the tip of her paddle shows (which makes it all the more dramatic) as she battles gravity, thousands of tons of foaming water, and the Welsh water sprites, who all combine to drag her down in to the deep and pin her against the rocks. Contrary to the old saying, she has a paddle but is still up the creek. Fortunately she cheated them all with but a broken ankle.

A niffed off and forgotten Danny finally appears, after being left behind at Chain Bridge whilst fettling his bike. He claims he missed Llangollen (actually he rode straight thru it!) and ended up on the outskirts of Wrexham.

Cold night falls and it's down to down town Llangollen again, which is spent in the Bridge with Unicorns, lighthouse and Karl Marx for beginners courtesy of Danny. Later on the weather takes a turn for the worse and I spend the night with wind flap and rain, as snug as a bug in a rug, in my sleeping bag.



I was snigger that this little fellow tucked up in two-inch thick pile Axminster

After hurricane Gruffydds, the morning is promising. It's Worlds End today.

Setting off its all up hill, on the right we ride alongside the limestone scarp of the Eglwyseg hills, they look familiar and are not unlike our Dales. These hills are a haven for the lesser-spotted crag rat.

After a lot more up hill, suddenly Steve announces this is it, wow! Worlds End, so soon! Well it had to come, so here it is a last. Well er not actually, its somewhere up there, and we can't take the bikes.

So, next to a slippery ford, at the confluence of two streams, I post guard over the bikes as the rest of the brave band of explorers pluckily march off to meet their destiny at Worlds End (shades of Stanley Spencer at Crookham here, or was that judgment day?).

Peacefully, I share these Elysian Fields with only a Robin to keep me company. However this tranquil spot turns out to be busier than Burnley on a Saturday night and within the space of ten minutes becomes populated with variously, twelve Duke of Edinburgh Scouses, seven over laden hikers, six mountain bikers, three Offa's Dyke ramblers, two range rover riders and a Partridge in a pear tree, (OK, so I made that last bit up).

I am gratified by the rest of the gangs' safe return and am regaled with tales of magic and wonderment, depending on who you believe; apparently Worlds End is:

- a) one vast plain grazed by herds of wildebeest;
- b) Populated by scanty clad ladies;
- c) full of toadstools the size of large Beech trees; or
- d) a bloomin long drop.

If only had I gone! Oh no! I feel a sequel coming – Return to Worlds End, starring Doug McClure.

Now off to the aqueduct at Pontysceillen, Tommy Telford's over engineered industrial masterpiece. When we get there we view it from bottom to top, to get an impression look on the PF web site to

see some of Steve's brilliant photos. At the canal basin a lady bargee executes a 45-point turn and then heads off towards mid Wales. On reflection, the basin at Staybridge is better.

Once there I am pulled towards the aqueduct and plucking up every ounce (gram?) of courage, timidly wander along the cantilevered towpath just far enough to start looking down on the Ash trees that grow in profusion here; and just enough for the vertigo heebie-jeebies to start kicking in.

Like many true vertigo sufferers I am sickly drawn to the edge and the sheer drop, also, I get this terrible, terrible urge to float out blissfully into the void. Thank God for high railings and common sense, which prevails, and I turn back.

And that's it really; it's a short ride down the main road back to Llangollen where we stop for a late dinner in a café next to the cut. I believe it's in the Guinness books of records for having the slowest service in the universe. It took 40 minutes to prepare beans on toast, I have heard of slow food but! Thank goodness the café was almost empty or else we would still be waiting. Kevin fares worst though, having to wait for his egg and bacon on a **current** teacake. Perhaps a local specialty?

Back at base camp, it's a quick change, can't be bothered with a shower and anyway its free at home, besides, we've hardly worked up a sweat. We throw the tent in to the back of van; it'll dry it off in the garage when I get home. Steve and Kevin decide to have a brew first and then make move.

In summary it's been a right good weekend, different routes, great countryside, Captain Methane's odour-less flatulence, good site, good tent and a karaoke. What more could you ask for? (Ok so a lottery win would be nice, but then you can't have everything).

Derrick Whittaker

WHAT SORT OF MUSIC WOULD YOU PREFER THE DJ



AT

THIS YEAR'S DINNER DANCE

TO PLAY?



WHEN YOU PUT YOUR MENU ORDER IN

WHY NOT PUT YOUR MUSIC ORDER IN TOO

THIS WAY YOU HAVE NO EXCUSE, AND CAN TRIP THE LIGHT FANTASTIC



REVIEW OF THE YEAR SO FAR

Circuit of Ingleborough (March)

This event ran smoothly again this year with the winner being Paul O'Mahoney from Pro Bike Kit in a time of 1.4.59 an first placed PF rider being Simon Phillips in 1.16.47.

Road Races (April)

There was a good turn out for the Bowland Road Race again this year and our thanks to Margaret Roper for organising again. Andy Westwell turned out a good performance in the Colne Grand Prix earlier in the year taking 10th place and also 15th place in the Rochdale town centre event.

York Rally Weekend (June)

Despite the bottom end of the campsite being badly flooded by the rains of previous weeks, the owner of the campsite suggested we all pitch in her Rally field which actually turned out better than where we'd pitched in previous years. After a few heavy downpours early Saturday morning, the rest of the day stayed fine in order for people to spend their cash at the show. Sunday was a family affair with a short ride and café stop again with a few showers but that didn't stop the kids having fun. See website for photos.

Levens '10' and '2-up 25' (August)

A good weekend was had by all who camped up near Levens to marshal and ride these two events. Jason Macintyre won the event, despite a little controversy, in an impressive time of 18.12. Dave Metcalfe was runner up with a time of 19.56 and 1st placed PF rider was Graham Waddington in 21.23. Dave Metcalfe was also on form again on Sunday morning to win the 2-up with evening league rival Carl Pawson in 53.18. First placed PF team were Martin Welsh and Steve Singleton in 59.52.

A HUGE THANKS TO ALL MARSHALS AND HELPERS AT THESE EVENTS, WITHOUT THEM THESE EVENTS WOULD JUST NOT GO AHEAD

Evening League

The evening league has been a tighter contest this year. The points system seems to be working well. Dave Metcalfe and Carl Pawson have been battling to get the ten record. Dave held it in the early part of the year, Carl then broke it with 21.40 only for Dave to equal Carl's record on a late season event leaving them on an equal footing for next year. It has been suggested we go to 100ths of a second next year, but I think Kevin will have something to say!

Latest Open Events

Both Simon and Jason PB'd in the Kent Valley RC '10' on Saturday, 8 September. Simon's time being 20.56 and Jason's 20.33 with Graham in 38th place in 21.24, Martin Brass in 55th place with 21.53 and Dave Metcalfe of Clayton Velo in 3rd place with 19.39. Jason was also 5th in the new speed BAR for the North DC with Graham in 13th place. Jason narrowly missed out on 3rd place by 0.1 mph in the Lancaster CC '25' on Levens on Sunday 16 September.

PENDLE FOREST CYCLING CLUB

RIDERS RESULTS

2007

RIDER: -

CAT: -

Please provide below details of your racing season 2007. This is to help with the Trophies and records to be presented and acclaimed at the annual club dinner.

Please provide below your best times and placing in the events listed below.

PLEASE INDICATE ANY PERSONAL BEST PERFORMANCES.

EVENING LEAGUE

Thornton 6.05 _____
Skipton 10 _____
Skipton 15 _____

OPEN EVENTS

10 Mile _____
25 Mile _____
50 Mile _____
100 Mile _____
12 Hour _____
24 Hour _____

SPOCO EVENTS

Event name, distance, time and placing.

(1) _____
(2) _____
(3) _____
(4) _____
(5) _____
(6) _____
(7) _____
(8) _____
(9) _____
(10) _____

NATIONAL EVENTS RIDDEN

Distance, course, time and placing

(1) _____
(2) _____
(3) _____
(4) _____

cont.....

PENDLE FOREST CYCLING CLUB

RIDERS RESULTS

2007

TEAM WINS ACHIVED

Event, distance, time and teammates

- (1) _____
- (2) _____
- (3) _____
- (4) _____

TEAM TIME TRIALS

Event, distance, time and teammates

- (1) _____
- (2) _____
- (3) _____

HILL CLIMBS

Event, distance and time

- (1) _____
- (2) _____
- (3) _____
- (4) _____

ROAD RACING

Event, placing and point gained.

- (1) _____
- (2) _____
- (3) _____
- (4) _____
- (5) _____
- (6) _____
- (7) _____
- (8) _____
- (9) _____

DIVISIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

Event and placing.

- (1) _____
- (2) _____

cont.....

PENDLE FOREST CYCLING CLUB

RIDERS RESULTS

2007

EVENT WINS

Event, type, distance and time

- (1) _____
- (2) _____
- (3) _____
- (4) _____
- (5) _____
- (6) _____

NUMBER OF EVENTS RIDDEN

Road Racing _____
Time Trialing _____

Thanks for your co-operation in completing this form and good luck in the events you ride next year.

PLEASE RETURN A.S.A.P.

Craig Cowgill
29 Church St,
Briercliffe,
Burnley
BB10 2HU
01282 434576 or 07891 817736
Email – craig.cowgill@hagemeyer.co.uk

THANK YOU