



PENDLE FOREST CYCLING CLUB NEWSLETTER - WINTER 2008

Dear Member,

Cycling is riding on a high at the moment and the PF is also doing well. Wednesday nights and Saturday runs are regularly getting between 10 and 15 riders attending. We have had the strongest road racing team for years and a number of young new members which is great for the future of the club.

As you may know we have had a little confusion over the date for the dinner. I can confirm the final date is 24th Jan 09. The main reason for the delay is to avoid clashes with major track events at the velodrome which many members have tickets for. We also hope that Steven Burke will be able to fit us in to his busy racing schedule and attend the dinner as guest of honour. Tickets are £20 and will include minibus transport for those who need it. Please give me a call to reserve your ticket.

We have ordered new kit from Impsport, a new supplier. Members will soon have the ability to go on the Impsport web-site and order one off items directly. Lots of members have ordered new items, you should see them on the road soon.

I'd also like to say a quick thanks to Dan Hurran who has sorted our web-sites home and introduced the Forum Page. If you have not used it yet get yourself on and registered.

As usual we will be having the down hill race on Boxing Day. With Pie & Peas and drinks at the Lord Rodney after.

Yours In Sport

Paul Whittaker

CONGRATULATIONS

to STEVEN BURKE
from all members of the
Pendle Forest Cycling Club
for his

OLYMPIC PURSUIT BRONZE MEDAL
AT BEIJING

We are all very proud



CYCLE SPORT PENDLE at Pendle Vale College Sports Campus

Cycle Sport Pendle is a brand new initiative in Pendle introducing young people to cycle sport and safe leisure cycling. Based on the new Pendle Vale College sports campus in Nelson.

For more information visit their website:

www.cyclesportpendle.org.uk

or contact Martin Brass: 07891 927918

PENDLE FOREST CYCLING CLUB'S

New clothing is now available for you to order

Have you ordered yours yet?

Contact Paul Whittaker for more details



SATURDAY RUNS LIST 2008

Date	Destination	Time	Aprx. Miles
13th Sept 08	Knaresborough	9am	85
20th Sept 08	Bentham & Tatham Fell	9am	75
27th Sept 08	Dent Barbondale	9am	90
4th Oct 08	Chipping Via Longridge Fell	9.30am	60
11th Oct 08	Malham Via Darnbrook	9.30am	65
18th Oct 08	Hostel Weekend York	9.30am	60
25th Oct 08	Burnsall	9.30am	55
1st Nov 08	Clapham	9.30am	60
8th Nov 08	Otley	9.30am	60
15th Nov 08	Longridge	9.30am	55
22nd Nov 08	Cracoe via Hellifield & Winterburn	9.30am	
29th Nov 08	Settle Via Attermire	9.30am	50
6th Dec 08	Hebden Bridge	9.30am	50

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

ANNUAL DINNER DANCE AND PRIZE PRESENTATION



on
Saturday, 24th January 2009

at

The Alma Inn, Laneshawbridge, Colne

With Special Guest – Steven Burke

Put on your best togs and have your playlist's ready to come and join us for our Annual Dinner Dance at the Alma Inn, which has recently been refurbished.

Tickets are now on sale priced at £20.00 each from our Secretary, Paul Whittaker



Have you visited
the Pendle Forest Cycling Club
Website Recently?

To view visit:
www.pendleforestcyclingclub.co.uk

Log onto
the new
Forum
and have a
chat

**FORTHCOMING EVENTS****DOWNHILL RACE**

Start 11.00 am
Black Lane Ends
and afterwards at
'The Lord Rodney',

**ANNUAL DINNER DANCE AND PRIZE PRESENTATION**

Saturday, January 24th at the Alma, Colne
Tickets now available from Paul Whittaker
Priced £20.00 each included mini-bus
if required



Dear Members

As you will be aware I have been responsible for running the Circuit Of Ingleborough and the club open 10 for a number of years now. I have, however, decided that I will not organise the 10 next year and I only intend to do the Circuit of Ingleborough for one more year.

Obviously, it would be nice for the events to continue in future with someone else from the club taking helm. If anyone was interested in sorting the events in years to come I would be happy to help, particularly in the first year. Anyone wishing to run the events would find they get great support from within the club.

This, in no way effects my role as secretary, I would be happy to continue and stand as secretary subject to being voted back. I just find that with increasing work and family commitments, I am spreading myself a little thin and something needs to give. Must be getting old!

Thanks for your help with the events over the years.

Regards,
Paul Whittaker

Secretary

THANK YOU

to

**FRANK SPEAK
and
KEVIN BARKER**

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

**Without them these
events would just not
happen**

The Border Rievers

Just on the other side of Penrith and dawn has not long broken, I know how it feels, I'm feeling a bit like that myself! Looking down at the handlebars, "computer says - 75 miles". Seventy-five miles is not a problem normally, I can usually do this distance backwards, stood on my head, whilst reciting the collected works of the great bard John Cooper Clarke and cracking walnuts between various parts of my anatomy, but this just feels like a big chunk of grief. In mitigation out of the previous twenty-four hours only two and half have actually been spent in precious sleep.

After a quick or in my case a slow and befuddled calculation it slowly dawns (pardon the pun) on me that I have to do this mileage all over again, which would take me up to 150 miles and then throw in around another 50 even if I want to be somewhere near the place I call home. Even with the superb views on the left over the Northern fells of the Lake District, Saddle Back/Blencathra standing tall, just can't lift my sagging morale. It's about at this point that I begin to fantasize about throwing the towel in at Carlisle and catching the train back with a nice breakfast served in first class by some flunkey, my feet resting on the seat opposite.

However, it would mean my name becoming synonymous with failure and forever being branded "**a packer**"; by my peers; future generations of Pendle Forest riders yet unborn, who would sneer and spit on the floor at the very mention of my name, "Oh yeah that's the swine who **packed in** on the Scotland run init?" More immediately could I stand the opprobrium of my fellow Rievers Les, Carl & Chris as they leave me behind shamefaced while they trek onwards through the mists to Caledonia, like the IXth legion, never to be seen again; And whose damn fool idea was this in the first place?

It's an evening in late June and I am sat in a garden in a gite in the shadow of Hill 60, not far from Ypres, in the Low Countries, in Flanders, slap in the middle of the old front line of the Great War battlefield of Passchendaele. Wherever I look there are cemeteries full of my fellow countrymen, who without exception are all far, far younger than me. Woods and Hedge Row sound so innocent, so harmless.

My mobile phone is buzzing, which scares the whotsits out of me, nobody ever rings or texts me, mainly cos usually I never have it switched on. It reads "**Doing Scotland and back in a day, August Bank Hol, start at midnight are you in? Carl**" I must have been emboldened by strong Belgium Trappist ale (Westmalle tripel, 9.5% and Rochefort at 10%, about half a gallon) for in a moment of madness I reply "yep". The die is cast.

It's now late Friday night and the clock seems to have stopped at 11:05, normally I would have been tucked up in bed for a good hour but instead I've just got up after managing to get a couple of hours kip in. I am raring to go, but instead I am sat in my PF strip watching re-runs of Billy Connolly going round New Zealand on a souped up Robin Reliant. RV at Carl's house, twenty four hundred, with Chris. Unexpectedly at the eleventh hour Les decides he is coming too, so we meet him at Blacko. Chapeau Les, we have a demi-peleton.

Blacko passes in insults and other assorted banter, but we soon leave the sodium glow behind and as the darkness beckons I have to concentrate on the downhill and the road in front. Down and down and finally thru the trees to the Ribble just beyond Gisburn and it is pitch black, this is not one of my favorite descents even at the best of times. The thought of a greasy road surface makes it even more intimidating. Danny fell off here one night on a Wednesday run, apparently he went down like a sack of spuds and it hurt him.

With each descent the air cools us and I have had to think long about what kit to wear in order to keep the chill of night at bay but not to be so over laden and overheated during the day. I hope I have settled on a happy medium, with a base layer and two jerseys (long and short sleeves, the extra pockets will give me more capacity to carry stuff) instead of the PF gillett. I have shorts (for daytime) underneath longs (for dark was the night, cold was the ground). A hi-vis vest seems a good idea and completes the ensemble. At least it's looks like it's going to be fine.

Through Wigglesworth and all the way up to Settle it strikes me how these familiar roads now seem so unfamiliar, it's not just the dark, it's the hour too. On the main road again and we are going well up to that well known alliteration - Buck Haw Brow (how much more satisfying though in the vernacular - Bucka); working up a sweat, at the top we stop for quick bite to eat, check lights, adjust clothing. Riding up to Kirby Lonsdale is a joy as usually I try to avoid this bit of road as it's either populated with Kamikaze motorcyclists or it is bumper to bumper with skip draggers.

Just before Sedburgh, past the place where the travelers camp on their way to Appleby and over the bridge we bear left and a mile or so later we stop for more fuel on a bridge over the Lune. It's about 3:00am and the night is still, it's a brilliant experience being here out on the bike at this time of the morning. A quick bite to eat and a stretch and then it's off again. I am finding that I can turn my front light off and sit on the front, my night vision is good and the hedges and walls act as

reference points, so I might as well save the batteries, although I am a bit concerned about not seeing and hitting Brock the Badger who is out for a bit of late night car number plate spotting.

Chris is pilot and leads us up a brilliant route up to Beckfoot and beyond; in the darkness the Howgills loom on our right. Its so good that I mean to ride this in daylight some time soon. Finally at Beckfoot this gentle climb up a hedge lined country lane becomes steep moor. At the top we bump in to the Trans-Pennine Brough / Bowes road and again we regroup, it feels good to be alive, despite the hour. We set off down towards Tebay but I am left trailing trying to catch up and to simultaneously clip my right foot in to the pedal, what follows makes for exhilarating riding. Dilemma. Should I follow the flashing rear lights of the gang that intermittently disappear round bends and leave me disorientated or should I trust to the darkness and instinct and leave my fingers off the brakes? Doing this and sticking to the white lines seems to work fine. On the last stretch we run parallel to the M6 and the oncoming car and lorry lights mess up my night vision. I wonder if the drivers wonder what on earth the four pinpricks of light are.



A tired and disgruntled Rook contemplating making a complaint at the next PF AGM

In Tebay there is a grand house on the left, it looks like its been a coaching at house at one time, then a pub and now as a sign of the times just a house. Further on and at the other side of Tebay we can just about make out the dawn, in the Sycamores on the right just over the dry stone wall we disturb a parish of Rooks from their roost, alerted by our passing the birds high up in the crowns of the trees become agitated and start their craa-craa-craa-ing, although I prefer the Old English onomatopoeic, hroc- hroc- hroc, (Rook - geddit). They sleepily rise and fly off, cursing us I bet - it's the only time they get a bank holiday lie-in and then we come along and disturb them.

A cattle grid announces an unfenced road and heading towards Shapfell we cross some open moor and drop down under the motorway, I vaguely note that the road hereabouts is lined with large grayish blocks of limestone. Right under the motorway Chris on the front rather obligingly and quite correctly shouts out at the top of his voice **SHEEP! SHEEP! SHEEP!** as it echoes round the bridge stanchions suddenly all these grey blocks rise up as one and scatter wily-nilly across the road, forcing me and Carl to slalom round this ovine insurrection. Les has more sense and is hanging off the back. Mine and Carl's panic has cheered Chris up no end though!

Top of the hill and turn left, the limestone quarries on our right are all lit up and look fantastic and could rival the Blackpool illuminations as an attraction though I doubt they ever will; perhaps the Chuckle Brothers could perform the switch on? Passing through a deserted Shap on the other side we pull in for breakfast. With the arrival of the dawn the countryside is now becoming fully formed, a tree is now a tree, a hill is a hill and Les is Les and not some amorphous lump, house lights are being turned off and also turned on and colours are starting to come back.

For some time I given nutrition for the run much thought and have been packing away industrial quantities of pasta and rice and fruit and veg in the week leading up to it, but what to eat on the run itself. I have filled my pockets with my patented home made energy bars which consist of porridge oats, rye flakes, molasses, orange juice, dried apricots and prunes, pumpkin and flax seeds, this is OK to eat on the go but can become a bit monotonous. What to eat for an early breakfast though?

And then I remembered - I once saw a film about Eddy Mercyx, a **Sunday in Hell** (Paris – Roubaix), although it could have been the one about the Giro, can't remember. Before the race his soigner was preparing Eddy's musette for the feed station, it was obviously something highly nutritious and capable of sustaining ultra high performance, yep, that's right they were making him ham and cheese butties. However, with me not being a big meat eater I have settled on a variant of this, with an Emmental cheese and vegemite baguette (I choose vegemite not because of any preference for things Australian but because it was 10p cheaper than Marmite in Asda and we are, after all, in the middle of a credit crunch). This turns out to be an inspired and easily digestible combination with the vegemite forming a piquant counterpoint to the sweet blandness of the bread and cheese. As an added touch of sophistication I have spread one end of the baguette with marmalade for afters. Swilled down with plasticity cold water from the bidon, it turns out to be just the thing to eat stood in an exposed lay-by somewhere in the uplands of Cumbria on the edge of dawn. For some inexplicable reason Les politely declines my offer of a chunk of this culinary treat.

With the coming of the dawn we pass from one realm to the next.

As we drop off the moorland fastness down to Penrith and suburbia, racing the daylight, the scent of Buddleias is strong on the morning air.



Penrith at dawn

Navigating our way through the tumbleweed rolling down the high street we pass through to the other side of a still somnambulist Penrith. For some reason I always think the stretch of road between Penrith and Carlisle is flat, and although the road is all down hill to Carlisle it is pretty lumpy, and here's a cheery thought, we will be coming back this way and it's all uphill to Shap.

At last we are now in the debatable lands, wakey, wakey Carlisle. This country was once fought over back and fourth between the Scots and the English from way beyond memory, but reached its apogee in the 15th and 16th centuries that is until the early in the 17th century in sixteen something or other when things only settled down a bit with the union with England and Scotland, when James the

Whotsit of Scotland became James the Thingy of England (sorry Kings and dates aren't my strong point). Until that time nobody knew exactly where the border lay. It was hard to differentiate between cross border cattle raids and the force of arms of the political ambitions of the local families, of the Armstrongs (where have I heard that name before), and the Kerrs, and the Charltons and Milburns (where have I heard those names before), etc. Think not of highland clans but rather of Cosa Nostra; our thing, friends of friends, of the Colonies and the Five Families Families. Carlisle castle became the bulwark against these raids. The men who carried out these raids were called Rievers.

The center is great but the suburbs of Carlisle are a disappointment with its roundabouts and retail estates, Kwik-fit and Aldi, welcome to Anytown UK and it seems to be a long drag from Carlisle up to Longtown, the last place in England.

Over the bridge and just outside of Longtown Carl puts in a blisteringly fast sprint for the green Scotland sign, which he easily wins and which would probably win him a place on the podium in a Spring Classic. Unfortunately it's the wrong sign, it's not the border but a directional sign saying, in effect, that if you stay on this road you will sooner rather than later end up in Scotland. We now face a further two mile slog down the A7 to the border proper. Modesty forbids from saying who actually won the sprint for the Scottish border - OK so it was me; i always think things are better off out in the open, don't you?

We stick our toes over the border, a picture is taken on the mobile phone and we hastily retreat, probably the shortest invasion of a foreign country on record. It's the "hot trod" now back home. However, on our way back after this brief incursion its pointed out that Chris has just won the sprint for the England border sign. Now for the drag back to Carlisle and a second breakfast.

Back in Carlisle and the others know where there is a really good place to eat, they have been here before, it's just that we just can't seem to find it. Scooting down a footpath going the wrong way down a one-way street (talk about giving cyclists a bad name!) we get talking to an old lady pulling a little tartan trolley (don't wait for me lads, i think I've pulled). Across the main road and through a shopping arcade a man in bib and brace overalls with a mop and bucket orders us to dismount, sheepishly we comply clattering away in our cycling shoes, only to get back on when he's out of sight. By now Chris's nostrils are twitching and as we follow him, Chris from 200 hundred yards away leads us straight to the coffee shop.

Me and Chris lean our bikes on nearby bollards while Les and Carl elect to prop them against the wall of the buildings opposite. The morning is turning out sunny and warm so we take our place outside at the stainless steel tables, the smell of roasting coffee from the vents is so intense that it should be lumped in with opiates and classed as Class A. You don't want to be caught in possession, "Honest officer its only 79% proof grade A", "Yeah well it smells like Carlisle Coffee to me; you're nicked" then you find yourself doing 93 hours community service and two week in cold turkey in the next room to Amy Winehouse, that is until you are finally weaned back on to Nescafe.

As soon as we sit down the attentive waitress is stood at our table waiting to take our order, so drinks first, I know it's a coffee shop but here I confess I am a tea belly so I have a big pot of black tea all to my self. Strong coffee can play havoc with my digestive system and on this day I dare not risk my bib shorts, as unbelievably good as it smells. The others indulge in gallons of extra strong latte.

First to place an order I ask for a veggie breakfast, the conversation goes something like:

"Sorry we don't do veggie breakfast, but I can do you fried eggs, tomatoes, mushrooms, beans and hash browns and fried bread?"

"yep"

"toast"

"yep"

"Brown or white"

"either"

Next;

"Can I have full English but no toms, "

"Brown or white toast?"

"Brown";

Next

"Full English no mushrooms please, extra toast"

" Oh can I have extra toast as well";

"Yeah me too but make it white";

Next;

"Full English can I have scrambled eggs instead of fried,?"

"An extra shot in the latte please"

"no hash browns"

"Forget the toast can I have fried bread?"

"Can I have mushrooms but no beans" etc.

Finally in a state of high dudgeon the waitress retreats.

Amazingly despite all the confusion the waitresses serves us with exactly what we have ordered, although if my memory serves me correct I am pretty sure nobody asked for the pan fried Guillemot with pureed Larks tongues. I may be wrong.

Before long we are happily gorging ourselves on this feast of saturated fats, our arteries waving the white flag of surrender. Things are looking pretty rosy, my attack of the dawn "jim-jams" all but forgotten.

For some mysterious reason the locals have us down as a bunch of "Fancy Dans" from the soft south due to our strange accents, which is strange as I think it is they who have the weird accent, a sort of Geordie lite.

Just as we are leaving the little old lady with the tartan trolley reappears (I think she just wants to adopt me), out of a city of 71,773 souls this is pretty remarkable, she must be a PF groupie.

Setting off again and surfing on a wave of caffeine we hit the bypass and all points south.

Passing back thru Shap there is a pile of bikes outside of a café; make note, decent café in Shap.

Up past the gypsum works again and the head wind is picking up, I was hoping for a bit of shelter here as the last time I rode this way there was large stands of Norway and Sitka Spruce, it looks like these have now been harvested leaving the hill sides barren and us tired bikies open to the head wind, oh how I cursed the Forestry Commission!

One final push and we summit, giving unbelievable views over the Howgills, the Northern Pennines and Ravenstonedale (just for the record this stream of consciousness is not sponsored by the Crow Family Marketing Board (see above reference to Rooks), although if I can get in a mention of Jackdaws and Jays then a deposit of £2000 will be made in my off-shore, safe as houses, Icelandic bank account).

Strangely enough though there is a bit of a Corvid theme running through the local place names here. I have already mentioned Ravenstonedale, but nearby there is Crosby Ravensworth, (a tautological compound? Cros - crows, coupled with Ravens?) and not a million miles away on the other side of Kirby Stephen is Rookby. However, both have **by** or **bi** in their name, which is the Old Norse word for a type of settlement, so I suspect the spellings of "Cros" and "Rook" have become corrupted over time and refer to not the "village by/of the roost of Crows" but are the Scandinavian personal names of 10th Century Viking settlers. Did the leader of a Hiberno / Norse warband take this land by force of arms or were they peaceable sheep farmers and simply moved in to an empty wilderness with their practice of transhumance. Locally Crawshaw Booth springs to mind. I could be wrong.

We have become scattered since Lowther and as we wait to regroup on this exposed spot at the top of Shap the wind blows stronger and colder and dissipates the heat from our bodies quicker than your teeth can chatter "hypothermia", Any colder and we'd need Huskies, not bikes! The only shelter to be found is by hunkering down on the leeward side of a granite memorial to the lorry drivers who risked life and limb to take goods to/from Scotland. Remote as it is, it is difficult to imagine this to be pioneer motoring country, especially in these days of a crowded and over populated island with its wall-to-wall motorways. What was once a mountain waste considered to be a danger to life and limb is now only a hill that an ordinary run-of-the mill car would sail up in top gear, with nary a look over the shoulder.

How things change, I can remember when I was a nipper listening to my father and one of our neighbours Joe talking about going to Whitby and how to tackle Sutton Bank, we were in an over-laden Morris 1000; we were old hands, Joe had a two-stroke Wartburg. They were talking about which gear to be at the bottom and when to change down, when to change back up again, which bends to watch out for. Two Alpinists about to tackle the Iger Nordwand and the

Hinterstoisser Traverse would not have gone in to more detail. I guess Joe would have been OK, he drove a Sherman tank in the break out from Normandy in operation Epsom June / July 1944.

With this head wind what should have been a thrilling ski jump of a descent in to Kendal becomes just another slog as we loose altitude we remove our oxygen masks as we drop into the thicker and warmer air.

Its sunny and lovely and warm in Kendal and Chris finds us a really good cafe, its so warm that we sit stripped down to our vests, with trousers rolled up, and knotted handkerchiefs on our heads. In this suntrap we watch Westmoreland pass by. Our mood is buoyant as the its only another 50 miles over roads that we all know really well, no surprises, no big hills, getting back home is on the cards. As at Carlisle the staff at the café are again curious over our accents, they are though aghast at our ride, they enquire, but I don't think they truly believe us, I mean why should anybody really what to ride over 200 miles for 3 minutes spent in Scotland and then back in a day, well, you can see their point.



Get a good run at it then drop down in to 2nd at the last bend

We leave Kendal by the bypass, which takes us towards the M6 and Kirby Lonsdale, this stretch of road is very busy and I find unnerving. Surprise, surprise a white van coming in the other direction sounds its horn, it turns out to be Simon. Its happened before that in the middle of nowhere (and in my book Lytham St Annes is in the middle of nowhere!) I have been accost by a member of the PF "Why by gad sir I remember back in 58, or was it 63? In the middle of the market place in Ulan Bator bumped into one of our lads warming up on the rollers for the Outer Mongolia middle markers open 10".

Just past the M6 roundabout we all agree that rather than stick together we all go at our own pace so its now every man for himself, we are all happy about this but Carl points out that the road between Crooklands and Kirby Lonsdale is narrow and tricky so its safer if we stick together. Once we get to Kirby our little band of Reviers breaks up with each going at their own speed. Whoop Hall, Cowan Bridge, Ingleton, Goat Gap and Clapham, Rathmell and Wigglesworth are all spirited away under our wheels; It's amazing that with the end in sight I have such reserves of energy.

Back over the roads that we passed in darkness in the wee, wee hours earlier today, only Cold Weather Hill now stands between us and home; not my favorite hill at the best of times. It drags and drags and drags and drags, the only consolation is that once at the top that's it, fini, end of ride, job done, just a nice spin and warm down to Barrowford. Going uphill though Its difficult to find a gear that I can comfortably spin and well OK I admit it, I drop down on to the granny gear on the steeper bits, "steep bits on Cold Weather" I hear you scoff? well believe me laddie-buck with over 200 miles in your legs there are steep bits! And that's how they certainly felt to me.

Finally, finally, hallelujah the white line at the top is crossed. Suddenly there is a flash of brilliant white light, the clouds part to reveal a celestial choir belting out Beethoven's Choral - Ode to Joy - **dee, da, da, da, da, da, dee, da, da dumm**, or is that the theme tune from the Archers?



Its just gone 6pm and boy am I glad I left my car at Carl's gaff so I have a nice cushy drive back home instead of a five mile slog on the bike through Nelson, Brierfield and Burnley.

Look! Its Eddy Grundy!

Back in the garage I wipe the bike down and shower and change and it starts to rain. I am not all that hungry but I force something down, can't remember what, turning the telly on I can hardly keep my eyes open and finally in a stupor at 9:00pm I crawl upstairs where I have an appointment with Morpheous. The long day closes.

Derick Whittaker