

Rumours & Lies

The Newsletter of Westbury Wheelers Cycling Club.

April 2010

FROM THE CAPTAIN'S SICK BED - ONWARDS AND UPWARDS - It is my sad duty to report the death of Rick Wills, a past member of Westbury Wheelers who many will remember was a keen, capable member of the Wheelers and a very strong cyclist; he was a member of the Club team in the National 4-Up Time Trial Championships on 2 occasions and always proved to be an excellent team mate when riding 2-Ups with other club members. Despite suffering severe injuries when taken out by a car on his daily ride home from work, he stuck at his recuperation and returned as strong as before. Rick moved to Weston-Super-Mare where he had bought a house to renovate and to use as a base for his business ventures. Subsequent to this he was diagnosed with Leukaemia, which although it went into remission in 2009, tragically returned to claim his life on 13th April 2010; he was aged 37. At his funeral in St Johns, Warminster, the Club was represented by Ted and Lorraine Walcroft, Simon Hurd, Marc Hinton and Tom Woollard.

For those of you looking forward to the Giro, Tour de France and the Vuelta, I have decided to run a Dream Team competition for each of these tours. You can take part by clicking on www.westburywheelers.org and joining the Discussion Group. Here you can find comprehensive rules and tells you how to pick a team. Prove how knowledgeable you are and see how well you can do. As they say 'it's just for fun' unless your name is Timlett and then it becomes very serious.....

The 'Summer' rides are up and running and the new programme is attached. Note the presence of the Forest of Dean ride; a ride which is truly worthwhile, giving fantastic views and a variety of countryside. Swooping downhills and tree enclosed climbs to make you dig in, flat valley roads for a bit of speed and intricate lanes and the crossing of the old Severn Bridge to add to the magic. Travel by car from Westbury to the Severn Bridge, meeting at 0745 in the Market Place; back by 1430. Make the most of your Club Run – onwards and upwards!.....*Ted*

Editorial - Another day, another dollar - another new season and a good kick off from the early season classics. Cancellara going like a train, Charlie Hoover aka Tom Boonen trying his heart out but unable to match Fabian, Cav not yet on form either from dental problems????? Or from too much time spent with his new Spanish girlfriend. Lance seems to be struggling a bit but he is one crafty yank (no that's not a typo). Millar trying hard and in my mind earning more respect now that he is "clean". Terrific ride from Roger Hammond in Paris Roubaix sooooo close to a podium place, what a gutsy rider!! Wiggo shaping up well but nothing spectacular as yet. (I have just read Wiggins' book "In Pursuit Of Glory" an honest account of his life so far. 'Phone 01373 826757 to borrow and pass on) And what of the aspirations of the famous Westbury Wheelers? I've no idea. What about some of you letting us know about your plans for 2010 and maybe beyond. All it would take is an email or a 'phone call so we could get something about the club and its members in R&L instead of the drivel I am too often forced to conjure up. Perhaps we should rename the club? The Illiterates, The Indifferents. What do you think or perhaps "Do you think?" Best wishes to you all for the 2010 season.....Ed

SPOT THE WHEELER

1. Which Wheeler recently forgot that track bikes have a fixed wheel? 2. Which Wheeler in the past deserved an ASBO for litter after he threw his bike in the hedge? 3. Which Wheeler was once 'mugged' by a cat in a Time Trial? 4. Which Wheeler currently sports half a 'Brazilian'? 5. Which 4 Wheelers recently formed the Club Curling team? 6. Which Wheeler once mounted a goat? 7. Which ex Wheeler was so aggressive that he could start a fight in an empty room? 8. Which Wheeler 'plays dead' so he can molest old ladies? 9. Which Wheeler had to be rushed to hospital after speaking more rubbish than he normally does? 10. Which Wheeler fed crows with underwater rice?

12LB BICYCLE FOR BRITAIN

Editor's Note: 1936 Caminargent Bordeaux-Paris. This piece is prompted by a very tattered page from The Cyclist 1938 passed to me by Keith Payne. Pierre Caminade produced one of the most beautiful bicycles ever built when he began production of the Caminargent in 1936. Made of octagonal-sectioned butted aluminum tubes fitted to cast aluminum lugs, Caminargents possess an Art Nouveau style that places it in the pantheon of industrial design. To see more pictures of this and other Vintage Cycles go to:- <http://www.theracingbicycle.com/Preservation.html>

On the Continent the vogue for alloy bicycles has increased enormously in the last year or two. The tradition that only steel is serviceable for the frame has been set aside, and in all the big cycling countries the connoisseurs and sportsmen are taking an interest in ultra-light machines. Naturally the interest has spread to England, and several of the lightweight specialists have handled an occasional aluminium or similar machine.

We are now able to announce that the well-known concern styled Ricking. of Haves. has been appointed sole concessionaire for the British Empire for the Caminargent duralumin model a French make which has gone a long way towards proving the complete practicability of the all-duralumin bicycle, and is marketed and used for all purposes in the regular way on the Continent. Mr. Hicking is importing a quantity of Caminargent models at once and deliveries can be given with practically no delay. There are many unique features about the Caminargent, which we illustrate on this page. The "diamond" of the frame is of duralumin, and the forks and stays of abmasilium. The frame "diamond" members are octagonal and are detachable. The lugs are fitted with cork inserts and are so designed that they clamp upon the tubes by small bolts, turned by special square-ended keys. Naturally the rider, using this key (which is supplied with the machine), can take the frame to pieces for conveyance, or can get one or more tubes replaced and fitted in a few minutes. All forks and stays are detachable, although they are of round or oval tubing. The effect of the cork inserts is to strengthen the lugs considerably. The strength of cork is well known. The wheels are 27in., with tubular tyres (any make can be fitted). Mr. Ricking intends later to import frames separately, to enable English customers to have a wider choice of their favourite wheels and other accessories. He is the agent for the Basi-Canti rims, which he claims are the lightest. and he would fit these when he begins to import the separate frames. At present, however, customers can have wired-on tyres with alloy rims if they choose. The bracket is a very neat assembly, and the cranks are cotterless. They fit on to a squared-end axle, and are locked by a neat little cap.

The weight of the road machine, with two caliper brakes, mndgnards, and free wheel, is 141b., but the track model comes down to 121b. If a free wheel is used, of course it must be of steel, but the fixed sprockets used are of duralumin with the rest of the machine. Swiss hubs are fitted, and an English chain. At present the price for a complete machine. road or path, is £20. if the buyer requires a derailleur. this is available with three to eight speeds, and the extra price depends upon the type chosen. Handling such a machine, although familiar enough nowadays in Continental light-weight circles, is a novel experience to the Englishman. When he picks it up, he finds it hard to believe that this is a full-size rideable machine ready to go anywhere and at any speed. We have given the Caminargent a short test and find it a delightful

A French Deliverance

A confession. I suffer from compulsive behaviour disorder. This puts me a rather unhealthy distance along the autistic spectrum, something you should consider before trying to box me in when on a club run. My reaction may at best be unpredictable.

I like order and routine in my life. Those that have had the misfortune to share a bathroom with me will know that I have a lengthy routine when preparing for a ride that must on no account be disturbed. This has at times meant that I have emerged, pristine, from the sanctity of said

bathroom to find that I have missed the ride completely thus requiring that the whole routine be repeated...in reverse.

This disorder translates itself into a tendency to be one sort of rider or another. I'm either a road cyclist or a mountain biker. Never both. When I started riding 30 years ago I was a roadie. When I moved to Salisbury Plain around 15 years ago I threw myself totally into mountain biking. I am now a roadie again.

Which brings me to the point of these ramblings. An unexpected foray into the grubby world of off road last summer.

Some of you will know that I spend my holidays in France. We have made a number of friends over there, one of whom is a British builder who goes under the bizarre name of Ted. Now being a builder, Ted is a fit strapping lad (I use the term "lad" loosely as he's older than me.) He decided two years ago to give up trying to kill himself riding very large motorbikes, and took to the more leisurely pursuit of racing mountain bikes instead. In his first season he came third overall in the masters category for the whole of the south west of France. Not an inconsiderable achievement.

Being a bear of very little brain I was persuaded by Ted and his team mate Jean-Christophe to accompany them on a training ride in the hills and forests where we live in Central France. The second most obvious thing to do (the first would have been to decline his offer) was to borrow his spare bike. Ted is 6' 2". It may not have escaped your notice that I am not.

Having rammed his seat post as far down the seat tube as possible (it got similar treatment later – more on this later) we set off for what I expected to be a leisurely amble through the hills. After all, this was a recovery ride for them since they had both raced the previous day.

How wrong could anyone be? Now I have competed in one or two mountain bike races in the past. They tend to be eyeballs out from the start. On this occasion, my eyeballs rapidly disappeared from their sockets and emerged from my arse. Remember, this was last summer, and the temperature that late afternoon was +40 degrees.

We very quickly hit the woods. Wearing my darkest and coolest shades we plunged into the blackness. Apart from the rasping sound of my breath as I fought to suck in sufficient oxygen to stay alive, all I can remember was wanting my mummy. As well as the hills and the woods, the

terrain is very rocky out there. In almost complete darkness I was taking massive hits and pogoing around on Ted's long travel forks, as we plunged headlong down the steep valley sides. I was rapidly dropped by two guys who had clearly forgotten to fit brakes to their bikes. After an hour or so, we emerged onto a forest track and into a clearing where there appeared a house that owed more to the Adams' Family than an oasis. "Est ce-que Pierre ici?" God, please no. Was this the Pierre whose left testicle was found dangling from his brake lever one day after he went over the handlebars? He was so pissed he didn't notice. Was this the Pierre whose photograph I had once seen with a massively aggressive three foot American Whip Snake dangling from his thumb by its fangs whilst he roared with laughter? Was this the Pierre whose jet black beard was bigger than his head? Please tell me he's not joining us. "Pierre pas ici." Hallelujah, there is a God. And off we shot once again. Whilst the mountain bike trails out there are all sign posted, it's still all a confusing network of tracks, and before too long you lose all sense of direction. Wearing my completely useless black glasses and with eyes full of sweat, I had absolutely no idea where we were, so had no choice but to try to hang on. Every now and then we would emerge from the forest to cross a road or pass through a village that I would recognise. Then it was back into the darkness at terrifying speeds.

The descents were simply suicidal. I had no chance of holding the wheels. Being somewhat smaller, and a little lighter, than Ted and Jean-Christophe I thought "not to worry, I'll catch them on the climbs." You sad deluded idiot. The guys just changed up a couple of cogs, stood up, and were gone.

This part of France is an impoverished backwater. Was that movement in the grass a wild boar? Is that a snake hanging from that tree (or Pierre's remaining testicle?) Was that a banjo I could hear? Fear does amazing things to a man, aside from the effect it has on the bowels. I stamped on the pedals and took off up the steep rocky climb that confronted me at a rate that my heart was telling me was not possible. At last I rounded a bend and found Ted and Jean-Christophe twiddling happily away up the climb as though they were off for a picnic.

This pattern was repeated for what seemed like weeks but in reality was about 90 minutes. We eventually arrived back at the start, which was

Ted's beautiful mill overlooking the lake. I collapsed onto his terrace staring wild eyed into the distance. My head felt as though it had been boiled, as sweat cascaded from every pore. A beer was stuck in my hand. My erstwhile training partners looked as though they'd just ridden down to the shops.

"You did all right on the climbs" said Ted, "but I did notice you were a bit slow on the descents." Now remember where I am on the autistic spectrum? Ask Ted how long it took them to retrieve his seat post from his arse.....**Paul Timlett**

Back From The Dead?

A warm welcome to a returning "old" member Andrew Henderson known to his friends as The Goat Killer of Cheddar Gorge and an exponent of the ancient art of falling of a roof. Seems to have made a complete recovery from his former exploits. Good to see you again Andrew.

Medical Matters

Our mole within the NHS reports that Captain Ted has had a new improved pacemaker fitted. The club's boffins are working on a remote control device so that he can be safely controlled from the back of the bunch. A low powered version has been requested by Loraine so that she can exercise more control over Ted's libido. (*What's a Libido? I want one!! ED.*)

.MGB was also hospitalised for a while on suspicion of having had a Stroke - lucky sod . He was released when someone pointed out that talking complete gibberish was perfectly normal for him.

WHY MEN DON'T GET DEPRESSED:

Men Are Just Happier People--

Your last name stays put.

The garage is all yours.

Wedding plans take care of themselves.

Chocolate is just another snack.

You can never be pregnant.

Car mechanics tell you the truth.

The world is your urinal.

You never have to drive to another petrol station restroom because this one is just too icky.

You don't have to stop and think of which way to turn a nut on a bolt.

Same work, more pay.

Wrinkles add character.

People never stare at your chest when you're talking to them.

New shoes don't cut, blister, or mangle your feet.

One mood all the time.

Your best friend never comes up to you and says "So, notice anything different?".

Phone conversations are over in 30 seconds flat.

You know stuff about tanks and engines.

A five-day vacation requires only one suitcase.

You can open all your own jars.

You get extra credit for the slightest act of thoughtfulness.

Your underwear is £4.95 for a three-pack.

Three pairs of shoes are more than enough.

You never have strap problems in public.

You are unable to see wrinkles in your clothes.

Everything on your face stays its original colour. The same hairstyle lasts for years, maybe decades.

You only have to shave your face and neck.

You can play with toys all your life.

One wallet and one pair of shoes -- one colour for all seasons.

You can wear shorts no matter how your legs look.

You can "do" your nails with a pocket knife..

You have freedom of choice concerning growing a moustache.

You can do Christmas shopping for 25 relatives on

RUNS LIST

April

11th Wilton Garden Centre

18th Chippenham Garden Centre

25th Wookey Hole Cafe

May

2nd IOW Randonnee - Meet 0800

Lymington Ferry

9th Henstridge Airfield

16th Cheddar

23rd Amesbury MEF

30th Marlborough

June

6th Chew Valley Lakes

13th Half Day Ride, Forest of Dean. Meet 0745 in

The Market Place, back by 1430

20th Malmesbury Garden Centre

27th Cranmore Station

July

4th Sherborne

11th Compton Abbas Airfield

18th Glastonbury

25th Severn Bridge

Editor's Contact Details:

John Weaire, 7, Park Road, Dilton Marsh, Westbury, Wiltshire

BA13 4BN Tel: 01373 826757

e-mail john.weaire@blueyonder.co.uk