

# GLOUCESTER CITY CYCLING CLUB



**SPRING 2024**



# SPOKESPIECE

Spring 2024

## The Newsletter of the Gloucester City Cycling Club



### EDITORIAL

The Open 25, held in memory of T. G. Hall, was again a great success, thanks in no small part to the organisational prowess of the Club's Racing Secretary Daryl Stroud. There's a summary of its results within, but perhaps the most significant consequence of its success is that we have been asked to host the National Championship Team Time Trial on the course in June. I'm not sure whether this is the first National event the Club has run (my knowledge only goes back a few decades!) but it is certainly an exciting development. Club members are already forming teams of three and practicing their through and off skills on our home course. Perhaps you will join them.

On the touring side of the Club, Sunday runs continue to be well attended, as was the visit to Warwick for the biennial touring weekend, featured inside.

All Club members are now able to reap the benefits of the new County Cycle Spine, now almost complete between Gloucester and Cheltenham. Funding for this came from a grant from central government (curiously, considering the pro motorist stance of so much of its rhetoric). Just before going to print a General Election was announced so the funding of its extension cannot be guaranteed but let's make sure we enjoy what we have and hope for more.

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**Editor :- Malcolm Taylor**

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# Six Day Racing

By Chris Vasey

The seed for 6 day cycling was sown back in 1878 in London, when a professional cyclist called David Stanton was challenged to ride a penny farthing 1000 miles around a track in 6 days. Mr Stanton remarkably managed to achieve this target in just 73 hours.

Over the years the event evolved to have single riders attempting to ride as far as possible on a track in six days, Sundays being kept free of racing. Sleep was kept to a minimum. Each rider was assisted by a personal “soigneur,” with allegations of amphetamines being administered to keep the riders awake (who would believe such allegations in cycling?).



After laws were introduced to limit the number of hours riders could compete each day race rules were changed to allow two riders to take it in turns by pushing or pulling their team mate into the action. This style of racing became very popular in America, and was named the Madison, after Madison Square Gardens.

My own first experience of six day racing was way back in the seventies, at the Skol Six in London. The Madison was still the main focus of the 6 days, with the pair completing the most number of laps being the winner.

By this stage Madison racing sessions were limited to two sessions of around 100 laps per evening . Other races held included the fastest lap, Devil take the Hindmost (now better known as the elimination race), and the much loved events behind the little Dorny motorbikes blowing out fumes, usually with a rather rotund pilot on board to create a good vortex for the rider to sit in.

Smoking was permitted at the track so that, when combined with the exhaust fumes from the Dernies, a hazy and smoky atmosphere was created for the riders.

The best loved rider on the Six Day scene back then was a Belgian called Willy Deboscher. He would clown around, riding with his feet on the handlebars and reading a newspaper. His favourite pastime was in the Devil race, where he would hang off the back of the bunch of riders before sprinting over the top and blowing a whistle and pointing at the rider he had eliminated. A great character for sure.

Roll the clocks forward to the 2023/2024 Six Day season where I attended the Ghent Six and the Berlin Six with Charles Rose. Times have changed, and it's much more like a nightclub atmosphere now with the lights and music. We had VIP tickets which gave us access to the free bar and food, which we made the most of!! My school friend moved to Ghent after school, where he rode as a pro with 7-eleven, so he came to the track too. It was good to have an expert with us.

Lindsay De Vylder and Robbe Ghys were the winners at the end of the week. When the racing finished, which was at about 1.30am, we headed back and called at the bar owned by the family of local cycling hero Iljo Kaisse. His bikes and pictures were all around on the walls. We were chatting to a chap working in there and we asked if he knew Iljo. He replied "I am his father." He then proceeded to tell us stories of the riders, including Mark Cavendish, who had partied the night away in there until morning after riding the Ghent six. It was a great way to finish the evening.

January came, and off we went to Berlin. We made friends with Ian, our flight attendant, who was from Dublin. We had club class tickets, so he amused himself by keeping my three champagne glasses topped up with complementary champagne. The six day there has now been reduced to just two nights of racing.

The highlight of our visit was spotting the famous Didi, the Tour de France devil who lives in Berlin. He was very keen to have photos taken, then play air guitar with his trident up on the stage with the Berlin police band who were banging out AC/DC tunes.

Another local celebrity is the man with the huge thighs, Robert Fosterman. He rode a couple of events, winning the Keirin. After some great battles with Dutch world champions Jan Willem van Schip and Yoei Havic the German team of Roger Kluge and Theo Rheinhardt were the overall winners.

Chris Vasey



# Spring Tour to Warwick

**Friday 19 April 2024, by Alastair Goldie**

I had the pleasure of leading ten members to Warwick. We joined the new B4063 cycle path to Cheltenham in Staverton. Motorists must have been delighted to see so many cyclists using the cycle path and not holding them up, a win-win situation all round. Our path through Cheltenham followed the disused Honeybourne line, complete with a suspension bridge and a couple of other bridges.

A short cut through the racecourse took us to Kayte Lane before the quiet lanes to Gotherington. After Dixon Hill a marvellous descent to Alstone rewarded us then we passed through Ashton under Hill and Elmley Castle, attractive with spectacular displays of bluebells. A warmish tail wind had helped us but after breakfast at Clive's Fruit Farm at Crophorne it veered north westerly, dropping the temperature fall, and creating an unhelpful head wind.

Our next stop, after riding through Fladbury and Flyford Flavell (try saying that after



a pint or two), was at the Old Bull at Inkberrow. Although these villages share names with Folk dances no merriment was to be seen. The pub is reputed to be the one on which the long running Archers radio programme modelled The Bull. It was certainly attractive and quintessentially English, with lots of memorabilia inside, but how can you have memorabilia of a fictitious pub? Either way, “Joleen” took a photo and the beer was good.

Somehow my eagerness to negotiate Alcester meant that a cake stop was missed but the anticipation of a ford was welcomed. It was believed that the ford was impassable and a few riders went off to explore, leaving the others and Terry mending a slow puncture.





Impassable, even for Toby



Don't make waves!

In due course we came to the Edstone Aqueduct, the England's longest. Regrettably, my enthusiasm for Victorian engineering was not matched by that of others, but those who did stop were rewarded with a narrow boat sailing along the bridge with the water level at shoulder height. Fortunately it was travelling slowly, otherwise they may have got wet from the wake.

After a stop at the Snitterfield Arms, where thirsts were quenched, we rode on to Warwick. Finding Premier Inns has always been difficult, as they tend to be out of the centre, and Warwick's was no exception. We approached via the Grand Union Canal but arrived on the wrong bank.

A hazardous crossing of the gates at Hatton Bottom lock was made by some, carrying their bikes, but others wisely chose the road bridge.

We had arrived at the hotel just as it started to rain so in the evening we took taxis to an Indian Restaurant for a good curry in a dining room decorated more like a boudoir than a restaurant.





## Day 2, by Malcolm Taylor & Toby Wooldridge

Warwick, like Gloucester and many other cities, has grown so that the roads that pass it by are its de facto boundary and so it was that our hotel, being close to the Warwick bypass, was close to open country. The trick was to get there! Research showed a nearby bridle path that crossed the A46 and with some informed optimism it was the route we chose out of town. Imagine the delight that it proved to be metalled! Unfortunately, it was also uphill and potholed, but as they say, you can't have everything...

Joining the King's highway, we put potholes behind us (for the county's roads were remarkably free of them) and turned east, to follow a route between Warwick and Kenilworth to Ryton Park.

Coffee was available here, but our most stylish rider instead chose a bubblegum flavoured ice cream cone to match her jersey!



The park claimed “excellent surfaced paths enable easy walking and provide access to an adjoining ancient woodland” so our route was obvious, but its description failed to mention a less than excellent chicane or an immediately subsequent sharp rise that meant that some were forced to enjoy the “easy walking”. In due course the path levelled out and, apart from a single muddy woodland spot

found by the ride leader, all emerged clean and dry onto blacktop for a crossing of the Fosse Way, after which they enjoyed a gravel topped disused railway line.

Climbing gradually through a long cutting, thick with cowslips, we caught sight of the dam holding back Draycote Water. This reservoir holds five billion gallons of water, pumped from the River Leam and retained by the dam that makes up most of its five mile circumference. We rode along its windswept top to a visitor centre that provided lunch, but not ale.





Plenty of water but a “dry” lunch stop

No need to worry though, for pubs were surely ahead. Or were they? At Barby: The Arnold Arms, closed. Willoughby: The Rose, closed. At Grandborough, reached with a broken cable: The Shoulder of Mutton, open, but serving ale so disappointing it might as well not have been.

The tour’s mechanic concluded that a new cable was essential so the main group said farewell to single-speed Emma, escorted to a cycle shop by our leader, the Club President, who left the stand-in leaders with a job to do!

The road south was a delight, and flat, but in pleasant terrain. Passing the former station for Flecknoe, it was further south to Lower Shuckburgh, across the Oxford canal. Over a staggered cross roads and up a gated road of small proportions – three gates holding in many ewes and their recently arrived twins, this was a true delight. The descent into the outskirts of Napton on the Hill was fast; some riders overshot the left turn but soon realised their mistake. A complex set of roads saw one rider lost whilst the rest arrived at the 2<sup>nd</sup> and highly recommended stop: The Folly pub, a classic canal-side venue. Full of character we added some additional colour. Here, the ales were splendid, settling the riders from their previous poor experience.

Departing, there was an extreme hump-back bridge over the canal to contend with, followed by a decent climb through the village and north to where a descent to the A425 was enjoyed. We were now Warwick-bound, but much navigation was required.

On minor and quiet roads and back over the old railway and the canal, now the Grand Union, to ride alongside on tarmac, then joining the towpath to take in the nine locks at Stockton.





Passing swiftly through the village we continued west to meet the construction near Offchurch – more HS2. We were unable to locate the railway path into Stratford, and with it getting late, decided to press on. Our first encounter with levels of traffic – actually not too bad – took us into Royal Leamington Spa then, keeping south of the Avon, Warwick eventually presented itself. Over the fine bridge to take in the site of the castle, up and over the hill and base camp was soon reached.

The day was rounded off with a meal in a canal side pub that Colin had identified and booked. After excellent food, lively conversation, and much good ale, discretion meant that the walk back eschewed the unlit towpath.

### **Day 3, by Malcolm Grainger**

Few may recall the sight of tourists sheltering, with their bikes, in the hotel lobby prior to departure on our final day. However, with a chilly breeze outside the only alternative, seven punctual tourists awaited the slightly delayed eighth member to set off. The missing ninth was already on his way and our lauded Saturday leader, the tenth, had opted to catch us up later, after a visit to Stockton locks. Opting for a speedier exit from Warwick than that offered by tow paths, a largely deserted city centre met this requirement, allowing us also to collect the aforementioned tenth member along the way.

As we made our way into the country along Gallows Hill and the Harbury Road, for those who had previously passed this way the changes were striking. History's open fields have given way to seemingly uniform housing with roundabouts confusing our leader's memory of a formerly straight road to the Fosse Way. But as we neared the Fosse Way, development decreased and more open country returned. Once the Fosse Way had been crossed and the height of Windmill Hill gained, the windmill was there to be seen and digitally recorded for posterity before we pressed on to Bishop's Itchington.

Turning southwards onto the B road, we welcomed a full tail wind that had already given us a taster for the previous few miles. It certainly compensated for the increase in traffic as far as Gaydon, allowing us to shorten that exposure somewhat. Though not summoned by the bells of Kineton church, we enjoyed a brief pause, their splendid peal accompanying our continuing journey bound for the Tysoes: there being several. And as we enjoyed more of Warwickshire's back wind along this stretch, we encountered successive well disciplined sizeable club groups enjoying the challenge of heading into the wind. Very impressive. There were more to come later, seemingly headed for Edgehill.

Pausing in Middle Tysoe for our leader to consult his map for the first time, thoughts of a short refreshment halt were aired. But his thoughts were elsewhere, confused by the "Shipston 7" label on the sign when he believed it nearer. So, ignoring this distraction, he signalled an advance. Lending some weight to this encouragement, one member followed the seven mile route and had to be hauled back to what our

leader had discovered: there was a shorter cycling route, avoiding a busier road posted for the motoring fraternity.

Emerging from this cycling route at the Côte de Shipston-on-Stour, our leader opted to avoid the busy A3400 and remain on the cycling route through Willington, and Toddtenham before heading off piste to Great Wolford and Four Shires Stone. It was noted along this section that the proportion of open gateways did not conform to either the Normal or the Poisson distribution but were seemingly randomly distributed. Nevertheless some advance scouting resolved a pressing matter well before the first official stop at the Revolution café at Moreton in Marsh.

At which point the insertion of a Commercial Break might be apposite. Full marks to Sara and her team at the Revolution. Given days' advance notice of a possible mass late arrival she had set aside sufficient to fully restore us in spite of many NCCC riders arriving just before us. Chapeau!

By now, of course, we were into home country. The oaks were no more advanced than their Warwickshire cousins, struggling to emulate their more precocious arboreal relatives. But they looked in better health, living in Gloucestershire, naturally. Even the village greens looked lush, our leader mistakenly trying out their cycling capacity in Evenlode when navigating an inner by-pass.

Passing through Broadwell, our Captain sprinted ahead to gain the ford and others were seen to have several crossings to make up for more caution on the more testing version yet to come. Hence to Donnington and the Swells before the challenging ford at Upper Slaughter on the way to our afternoon halt: the Farmers Arms at Guiting Power. Here was another welcome with pre-booked tables, snacks and carvery on offer.



Well refreshed and persuaded that the steady climb to Roel Gate was an easier option than the Eye valley to Hawling, the summit at 913 feet was gained to precede the descent to Brockhampton. Splitting the group between aquaphobics and those keen to add another ford to their tally we regrouped at Sevenhampton for a familiar run back to the Bell in Shurdington. Another small split allowed the remainder to find their ways home after farewells by Chosen Hill school.

Daily runs (approx) 70, 63, 71 totaling 204 miles.



# TG Hall Open 25

The annual T. G. Hall Memorial 25-mile time trial, hosted by the Club, saw riders compete on the out and back course along the A417 between Gloucester and Ledbury. The challenging race, part of the WTTA Hardriders' series, was made more difficult by very wet roads, drizzle and a cold temperature of around five degrees Celsius, accompanied by a brisk headwind out.



Jake Sargent (Team Bottrill) and Ashia Reeder (Pronto Bikes) battled through cold and wet conditions to take the open and women's victories respectively.

Scratch rider Sargent, from Bristol, stopped the clock in 51-55, over a minute slower than his course record. It was his sixth open win from seven starts this year. Tony Chapman (Frome and District Wheelers) led the battle behind with a time of 57-36 ahead of Aaron Pascovitch (Bristol South Cycling Club) in third (58-07).

In the women's event Ashia Reeder posted a winning time of 1-5-23, five minutes faster than her nearest challenger, Jo Wilkie (Cheltenham & County Cycling Club) in 1-10-52, while Marianne Carpenter (Bath Cycling Club) was third (1-12-41).

Vince Douglas won the T. G. Hall Handicap Trophy with a time of 1-1-42.

The undulating terrain attracted a good road bike field from which Kris Poole (Cheltenham & County Cycling Club) was quickest with 1-5-23 in the open category.

Quickest in the women's road bike category was Emily Marr (Bath Amphibians Triathlon Club) who stopped the clock in 1-14-32.

# To E or not to E (bike) by Alistair Goldie

I have cycled in the Canary Islands several times, always on the same route: from Maspalomas via Arguineguin, Taupass, Ayacanta, San Bartolome de Tirajana, and Fataga to return to Maspalomas, a loop of just over 50 miles. I succeeded this year but only with the aid of an e-bike, which I hired.

It was a Specialized Turbo Creo Comp Carbon with a 320Wh motor. The single 44T chain wheel was matched with 11-50 sprockets at the rear. The gears were electronic and the disc brakes hydraulic. A motor was incorporated in the bottom bracket, which added to stability. The bike weighed a surprisingly light 13.9 Kgs. Its smooth tyres were 35mm, which performed well over some rough gravelly surfaces.



The hire shop (Freemotion Cycle Rent) Meloneras recommended that it would do the trip I had planned (50miles with 6500 feet of climbing) provided that I was careful with the motor assist. The hire charge was €55 plus €13 insurance.

My only previous experience of e-bikes was my wife's step through and heavy bike that generally does a good job, but drags when 15 mph is exceeded. It is very hard to pedal when the motor is switched off. The Specialized was not like that at all. When the power ceased there was no jolt or drag, and descending with the motor switched off, the bike just behaved like a normal road bike.

For the first 15 miles along the coast road I wanted to conserve battery power for later so did not use the motor at all. When I reached the steeper parts (4%+) I used the motor on level 1 of its 3 levels of assistance. Power selection was very simple via a button on the top tube. Level 1 sufficed for most of the first part, which I had ridden before and was therefore familiar. At some parts at 9% I used level 2. There was no noise from the motor and though I could feel the help I still had to use the lower gears to climb.

At the road to Soria I was feeling good, though I had had to stop to cool off as the temperature was 32°C. The battery was showing about  $\frac{7}{8}$ ths full but I knew that the next 3 miles would be steep: 10-16%. I found that I needed level 3 assistance over some gravelly steep rough surfaces on hairpin bends. I stopped at the top to assess the situation. I had never gone beyond this point (18 miles & 3050 ft.) but I was still feeling good and, being higher, it was cooler at 27°C.



My Garmin gradient display showed buff, red and purple yet to come. At home I do not like this display but here it was useful as I had to assess what battery power I would need. The display was rather daunting but battery power was still over half with 1500 feet of climbing still to come, plus a bit at the end (which turned out to be more than a just a bit, but a brutal 379 feet).

I had never cycled beyond this point so was concerned and the road surfaces were not as good as I expected. By coincidence as I considered I was joined by another cyclist, a very nice chap from Norway on a road bike. He had not cycled this stretch, to the highest point at Ayacanta 4,300 feet. We both agreed to continue and this gave me the confidence I needed. We did not cycle together but did meet up at the top to discover that the café was closed, it being Sunday. During the climb, an average 5% with 14% in places, I used level 2 assistance most of the way with level 3 when necessary, the Garmin display proving helpful. By the time I had reached the top there was just a little over a quarter energy left and though I knew there was another climb to come I was beyond the point of no return.

There was a marvellous 6 mile descent to San Bartolome de Tirajana, complete with masses of hairpins, all controlled by the very efficient disc brakes with no fear of rims getting too hot.

Ahead my Garmin was showing the upcoming climb: an average gradient of 6% with 15% in one place. The road, although well surfaced, was quite narrow but had little traffic. I needed to use low gears with level 2 and 3 assistance most of the way as I was beginning to tire. A rest at a view point marked the last of the climbs. The battery indicator was showing less than a quarter but that was no problem now. It was downhill all the way to Maspalomas, about 9 miles away, although it looked a lot further than that.

Although it had been my ambition for years I certainly could not have done that route on a road bike. Strava showed me that I had earned achievements but they were only my third best times. I had actually pedalled faster when I was younger (5 years ago). I had thought that with an ebike I would have been faster but I was holding back on the battery as I knew I had to make it last for the whole journey.

The ebike really did make a difference and I ended feeling reasonably fresh. I now have to decide whether I should I buy one. The one I used would have been OK on a Club run. On hills, there would be no problem and on the flat, when the motor cut out, I could exceed 15 mph, although having to pedal a harder as it was a heavier bike. On a typical 60 mile club run, the battery would surely last the duration. I may feel a little guilty using a e bike but if it enables me to continue to ride with the Club and other rides then why not? I can always sit on the front to lead the Club against a stiff head wind.

54.4 miles, 6150 feet climbing, Average speed 11.6 mph, Steepest Gradient 17%

# Where do four lads go on tour?

My wife was surprised when I announced our destination was Benidorm.

On previous cycling trips abroad, we have booked our flights, car hire, accommodation, and taken our own bikes. For this trip, we took the easy option of a half-board package holiday and hire bikes. Not having bikes meant that all four of us could pile into Derek's car for the trip to Birmingham airport. Those that know Derek will appreciate that his requirement for a full breakfast at the airport, after which we boarded our short flight to Spain. Joining us at the luggage carousel in Alicante was the Wolverhampton Wanderers academy, waiting for their 22 identical bags. Ian did remark that the first team wouldn't have to collect their own baggage!

We had our eyes opened on the transfer bus as it wound through central Benidorm making drop-offs. While I am sure some of the hotels are very nice, the strip looked like the worst parts of Blackpool and Las Vegas, multiplied by ten. Luckily, Nigel had found us a hotel in the quieter town of L'Albir about five miles out of Benidorm.



The bikes, new Scott Addicts, were delivered on time. After setting saddle heights, we went for a short shake-down ride to Calpe. We all managed to lock-up the back wheel at some point as we got used to brake controls that were the “wrong” way round. A beer was swiftly consumed, as we were worried about daylight for our ride back to the hotel, where we found the dining room occupied by the same Wolverhampton Wanderers academy!

We had preloaded our Garmin units with some routes, supplied by Dave Waddington, and selected the Port de Confrides for our first ride. Stopping at Callosa for an early



coffee (€1.20), we were amazed as peloton after peloton passed us. Our Garmins reported a 14 mile 2,200' climb ahead. Sadly, the electronics were telling the truth, and it was nearly two hours later before the summit was reached.

Passing several closed restaurants on the descent was worrying, but eventually we stumbled on an establishment willing to serve us with tostados jamon y queso, which is about the limit of Ian's Spanish. In the restaurant, we met a couple of motorcyclists from Tewkesbury, who asked if we knew Steve Jones, I assume from his cycling, not his police, career – small world. The route took us round the amazing blue coloured Guadelest reservoir, which was worryingly only half full. This was the only poor road surface we encountered on the whole trip. 56 miles, 5,400' ascent.

Buoyed by a successful first ride, we selected "Col de Rates – both sides" from the list for the second day. This was more popular with cyclists than the Confrides, and crowds were streaming up it (and passing us). The first long ascent was a mere 5.2 miles and 1,344' ascent, but a streak of yellow Visma Lease-a-bike kit flew past everybody, including those that had flown past us. If you were quick, you could identify the rider as Jonas Vingegaard. Sadly, Strava didn't associate us for long enough so he missed the opportunity to have Strava report "Jonas Vingegaard rode with Mike Benham, Nigel Jones, Derek Dowdeswell and Ian Wareing". I am sure he is disappointed. The cafe at the top was full of cyclists, including Janet Topping, who introduced herself and asked if we knew Marie Cook – indeed a small world.

There is something psychologically off-putting about a four mile descent, knowing you will be going back up it later in the day, and it caused a dawdle around the loop at the bottom before the climb. However, we did all manage the climb and, after another coffee, enjoyed the descent back to the coast. 65 miles, 6,700' ascent.

There was a split in our group on day three as some reported heavy legs, and went for a short 30 mile ride, leaving the A team to battle another mountain, managing 65 miles, 4,700' ascent. Even though we were not in Benidorm, there was no shortage of local bars when we got back to Albir, and their short ride gave Derek and Ian an ample opportunity to sample a range of strong Belgium beers.

Whether a cumulative effect of the cycling or the effect of the beer, or a concern to get back in time for the bike pick-up, our last ride was also a short one, with only 2,200' ascent.

The transfer bus back to the airport picked us up at 6:00 in the morning and gave us more insight into the delights of Benidorm, still populated by some rather unsteady revellers. Nigel had missed his chance to visit the Northern Soul club!

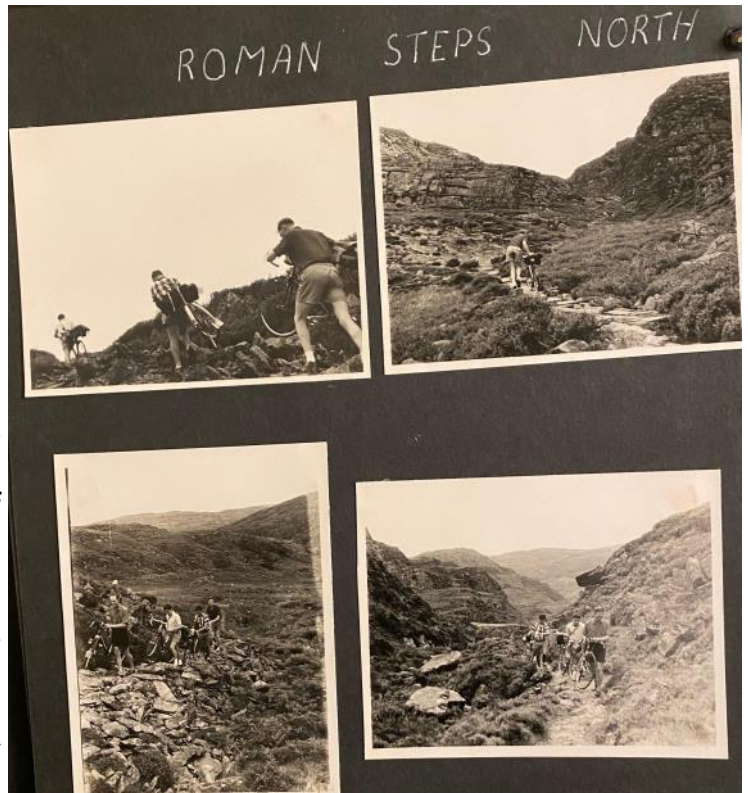
We all agreed that it had been a great trip, and had got as much cycling out of it as our bodies could cope with. The food in the hotel was plentiful for hungry cyclists, although it could not be described as at all Spanish. We would recommend the package holiday and bike hire as a way to take a trip, as it makes everything easy, and in the off-season, works out very inexpensive. I would also recommend Albir or Calpe as destinations. You are quickly out in the countryside, and there is a lot of great cycling. While the mountains are lower than those in Andalucia, with the immaculately surfaced roads topping out at around 1,000m, there is plenty to ride up.

Mike Benham, Nigel Jones, Derek Dowdeswell, and Ian Wareing

## WHO ARE THOSE GUYS? By Ted Tedaldi

Spokespiece's Winter 2024 edition contained a picture (right) of a Club run over the Roman Steps North and I thought it would be of interest to provide a little background to these Clubmen. Although two of the Club members pictured have passed away, the remaining hardy souls are still around.

It is thought the Roman steps were created in the Middle Ages to provide a reliable route for a packhorse track from Harlech to markets in England and on their way picking up herds of Welsh mountain black cattle. It could well be that the Romans used this track in earlier times as they had a fort in the Trawsfynydd area. The year is probably 1960/61 and it was possibly a spring time ride. This pathway is far more strenuous than any track in the Black Mountains.



Leading the pack is Alec Goulding, recognisable with a camera (probably an Agfa) on his back, Alec lives in Hartpury and still rides his bicycle. Alec's steed was an Ellis Briggs, a classic bike in its day. Next in line is David Hall, a comedian. He and his brother Derrick still amble around on bicycles. Derrick lives in Staunton and David in Sutton, Oxfordshire, David always had a smile and could see the amusing side of any incident. Why is he wearing a black and white shirt? Did he support Newcastle United? Was it to blend in with any roaming zebra's? No, it was a kind thought for his mother, who would only have to wash the white stripes. Third in line is Morris Panter, a huge fellow. He always rode a large bicycle which, coupled with his size, protected you from any head wind. Morris departed the Club when his call up papers for National Service arrived.

Their bicycles were built with 531 Reynolds steel tubing with Nervex lugs. The wheel rims were of alloy or chrome steel with rustless spokes shod with Michelin or Dunlop tyres, either  $1\frac{1}{4}$ " or  $1\frac{1}{8}$ ". The chainset was probably a Williams, with steel cranks and a 48 tooth chainring, matched with a five sprocket block. Brakes were Weinmann side pull, and there would be a Brooks saddle and saddle bag.

Photograph two shows Tony Chalkley on his own. Tony very rarely missed a club run, his name is etched on the Club touring trophies. Photograph three leading the way is Ossie Andrews our super veteran of the day. Ossie usually rode a fixed wheel, his steed being a Carpenter bicycle. By a strange quirk Toby now owns one of Ossie's bicycles. Ossie is being followed by, Alec, David and Morris.

The fourth picture views the same riders. The photographs were possibly taken by Tony Goulding.