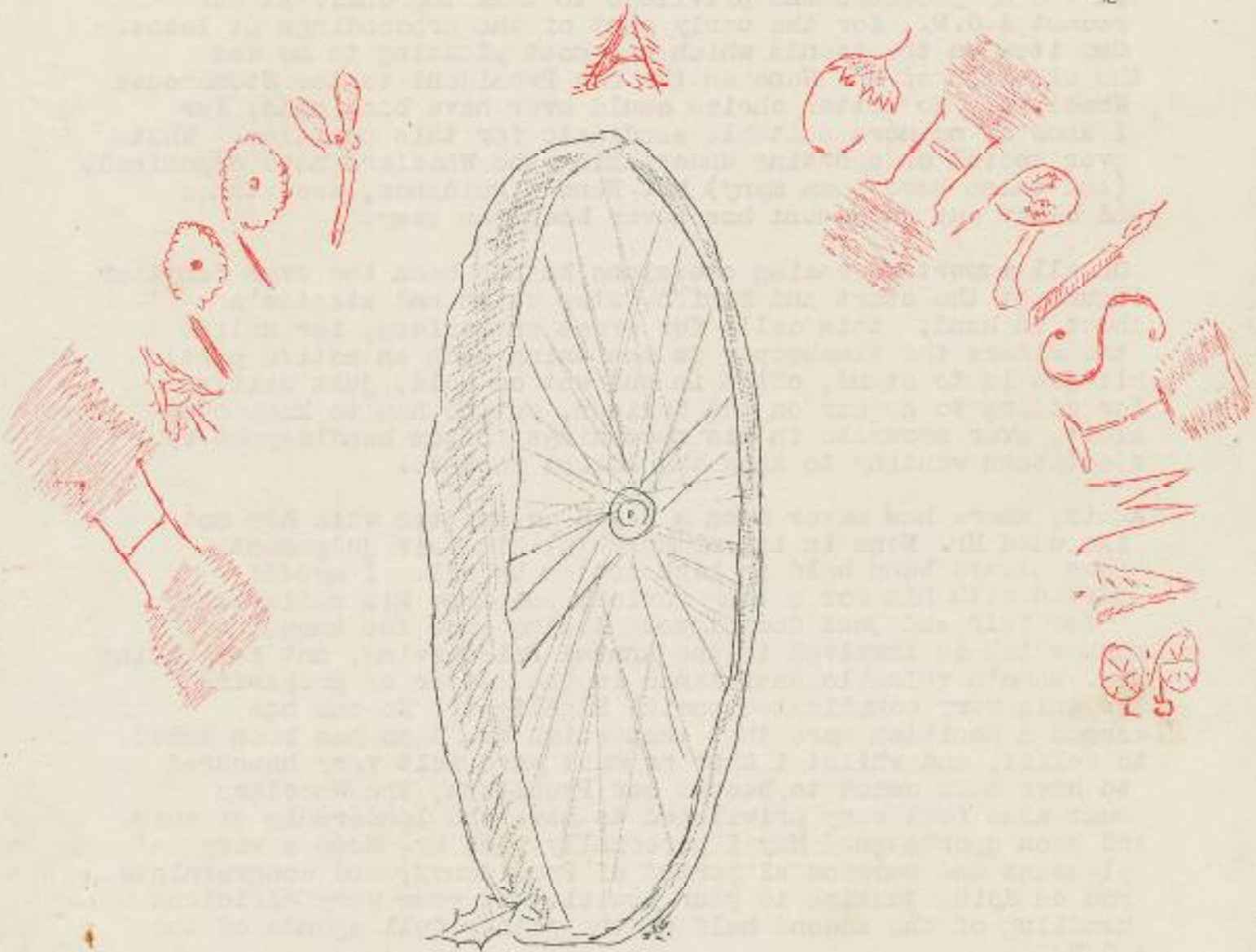




STONEHOUSE WHEELERS



TO ALL OUR READERS!!

## EDITORIAL

Only a few more shopping days to Christmas. Amid the frenzy and gaiety of good food and high spirits(!) we are sure you will find a few moments to read your Christmas issue of The Spoke. A Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year everyone!

\* \* \* \* \*

## OUR NEW OFFICERS

It was my pleasure and privilege to take the chair at our recent A.G.M., for the early part of the proceedings at least. One item on the agenda which was most pleasing to me was the election of Mr. Neno as the new President to the Stonehouse Wheelers. No better choice could ever have been made, for I know of no more suitable candidate for this position. Whatever social or sporting undertaking the Wheelers have organised, (and these have been many) Mr. Neno's guidance, assistance and clear cut judgement has never been far away.

On all important racing occasions he has been the ever familiar figure at the start and finish, stop watch and starter's sheet in hand; this calls for great enthusiasm, for unlike the riders the timekeeper is not taking such an active part; his job is to stand, often in the wet or cold, just waiting for riders to appear on the horizon, yet he has to keep ever-alert, ever accurate in his recordings, often handicapped by spectators wanting to know the latest results.

Again, there has never been a B.A.R. committee which has not included Mr. Neno in its membership; his fair judgement has always been held in high esteem by all. I myself served with him for a long period, and know his reliability for fair and just decisions. I also know the amount of work which is involved in the Annual Prizegiving, not forgetting Mrs. Neno's valuable assistance in the matter of preparing for this very complicated social highlight. No-one has earned a position more than that which Mr. Neno has been asked to fulfil, and whilst I know he must have felt very honoured to have been asked to become our President, the Wheelers must also feel very privileged to have the leadership of such an keen sportsman. May I personally wish Mr. Neno a very pleasant and successful period of Presidency, and congratulate you on doing justice to your position by your very efficient handling of the second half of the rather full agenda of the A.G.M.

I would also like to pay tribute to Mr. Artus (known to all as Tony), and was pleased to note his long and active connection with the Club. He has been recognised with the position of Vice President.

Thanks must also go to Alice and Peter, as Club Leader and Treasurer respectively, both have served a long term of office in the Club; Congratulations must go to Peter on his succession to Club Leadership, and a welcome to Joyce as our new Treasurer.

Last, but not least, many thanks for Peter Deninle's services as a most efficient secretary, a rare and valued asset to any club.

Good Luck, Stonehouse Wheelers, for a successful and enjoyable season in 1960.

G. Tindall.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY

with apologies to Thomas Hardy.

It was a cold, November night towards the end of the year 1959. The club was returning along the well-known main road between Cirencester and Stroud after partaking of their usual hearty tea at the Blue Door, in the aforementioned town of Cirencester.

We started off well enough, though from the beginning a somewhat strange foreboding was felt to hang over us, by certain members.

We had not travelled far out of the ancient town of Cirencester when it was discovered that the tandem was missing from the back of the section. This, coupled with the fact that the four members at the front kept breaking away was the first portents of the weird happenings that followed.

Presently out of the gloom, a faint light crept upon us from behind. It behaved, for all it was worth, like a willow-o'-the-wisp, for sometimes it was there and sometimes not. It proved to be our friends on the tandem having much trouble with their lights.

But meanwhile, the four aforesaid friends in the front had vanished altogether into the distant darkness. It is thought that they were affected more than others on this strange evening. From the front of us, as we travelled along the dimly lit road, we heard strange hootings and howlings as if they called to each other. Thus, we travelled in this fashion until we reached the foot of Cowcombe Hill, where tragedy overcame us.

We had just reached the level road, when we lost the tandem again. We found it on the canal-bridge with a puncture in the back wheel. After pooling resources (will those concerned please return the borrowed spare inner-tube to its original owner) we had them on the road once more. This did not last for long, however, as on reaching Brimscombe Railway Station

a cry went up that we had lost the tandem for a third time. Our unfortunate friends had come into close contact with one of those four-wheeled unmentionables driven by more than man-power. It had almost led to disaster and in fact the back tyre went quite flat again, from the shock.

This incident, it was felt, should not be lightly overlooked so a deputation repaired to the local Police Station to report the matter.

It was while we were waiting for these friends that we discovered that the strange spirits abroad on this cold night had affected certain members much more seriously than others. Indeed, they were almost to be pitied, for it appeared to have somewhat gone to their heads. However, their sorry plight served to amuse us while we waited.

One certain gentleman, who shall be nameless, insisted on doing a "Cha-Cha" on the edge of the main London Road. This after doing his 'morning exercises' to save time the next day, coupled with at least sixty press-ups, was indeed a feat of endurance. Shortly after this, another gentleman amused us with some genuine 'Maurice' dances, while our former friend joined in with a Daniels Fandango, a new dance from the Continent.

It was then decided that we should send a reserve force to find the deputation. After all, they might need bailing-out and we could not leave them to drown, with an easy mind. It was with some trepidation that we let certain members go, for after the way they had been behaving it was doubtful if they would be allowed to return.

However, we need not have worried, for soon we heard the tramp of weary feet down the highway, and it was not long before all of the company was safe, each in their own home once again.

But most certainly, there was some strange spirit abroad on that road on that November evening, but what it was we shall never know.

Please note: The characters in the above extract are entirely fictitious, and have no connection with any character in any book, novel, magazine, paper or any other writing; The Author.

\* \* \* \* \*

Technical News from our  
Special Correspondent.

Of special interest to racing cyclists is the latest light-weight braking system. It incorporates features of the disc-brake (now fitted to all the fastest cars) and the air-brake (fitted to all high-speed aircraft) and will shortly be available in the form of a do-it-yourself kit for modifying your existing brakes. This is quite a simple job; first remove the brake from the bike, replace the blocks and shoes with the special

light alloy discs supplied, refit the brake to the machine, making sure that the discs are well clear of all parts of the bike. When the brakes are applied the discs clamp firmly onto a large portion of air, and you stop amazingly smoothly and rapidly. We hope to complete road tests in time to give you a complete table of stopping distances at various speeds in the Stop Press.

\* \* \* \* \*

### BELLERISMS.

And not, latest in the line of the famous Bell products, we bring you Bell's revolutionary puncture outfit. The Tire-some.

Imagine the scene. Fred Tuss is cycling along when suddenly .. hss-sss-sss! In a flash he realises that that noise, coupled with a dull ca-flop as the now completely flat tyre carresses the roadway, means that either a cat has squeezed itself between his spokes or that he has a puncture. Pulling up instantly (see Bell's GAA-ZUNK) and cursing freely he inverts the bike. In the process he transfers a large proportion of the grease on his chain onto his person. He applies one tyre lever and clips it into position on the spoke, which unfortunately being rather slack comes away with the lever. Nothing daunted he finally gets the tube off, with the loss of all his fingernails, a nail file, and four more spokes. Now to find the puncture. Extricating the tube from the cover he starts pumping up, car pressed to the tube, oblivious of a rapidly increasing swelling approx. 2" south of the aforementioned car. The proximity of the swelling to the car and the explosion force him to the conclusion that he has found a puncture. After he has walked six miles to the nearest cycle shop, only to find it shut, and then missed the last train hom, he wished he'd never started. No more of this. All that is needed is BELLS TIRE-SOME. No patches, solution, french chalk, chewing gum, blasphemy, etc. Yes, Belle Tire-some does away with all this, and more. With each outfit we supply .. one solid rubber tyre. GET YOURS TODAY.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Youth Hostel News.

Since our last issue we have had Ye Bonfire Run to Duntisbourne Abbots Youth Hostel, about which I hope you will read later on in this issue. On 5th December, 11 of us again made our way to Duntisbourne for a Christmas Party. After a marvellous chicken supper (and Christmas pudd.) we played a variety of games and had lots of fun before retiring to bed at about midnight.

There is to be a small working party at Duntisbourne on 9th January, with the intention of decoration one of the dormitories. Six members may go, and three places have already been taken.

Would anyone who is interested, and willing to work hard please make early application to me. Free bed and board!

Also, on 19th March, as you will see from your Runn List for Jan./Feb. Jim Willis is once more giving a colour slide show entitled "Awhool in Norway". This is, once again, at Duntisbourne. Several members enjoyed such a show by Jim Willis this year, and we feel sure that this will be as successful. Please book early.

If anyone has any ideas for hostelling week-ends, I should be very pleased to hear them.

Dot.

\* \* \* \* \*

### I Spy the JESSEBELL Bird.

Well, chums, this rare bird can be seen on most mornings, whirring down from the hills towards the Severn. It has a bell-like call, but sounds a little cracked. The more you hear it, the more noticeable it becomes.

It likes to perform tricks before an audience, usually in the evening. Once it was seen, resting on the handle of a spade in the Rodborough district. However, on seeing it was being observed, it started to dig a hole.

A short time ago it was seen in Stonhouse, hopping around some cycles, making queer noises and poking its beak into saddlebags, probably looking for food.

When we sometimes see it on club runs, its frinedly cackle usually keeps everyone amused.

"BIRDWATCHER".

### Letters.

Myrtle Cottage,  
Welcome, Wilts.

Dear Editor,

During the recent heat of the BCTC. I believe some of the Marshalls, under 'remarks' on the score sheet, put "good-looking", and "Smashing" against some of the lady riders' names. Don't you think this might influence the judging?

Win Flowerdew,  
Welcombe Wheelers.

\* \* \* \* \*

### HIGHWAY CODE

You watch the fellow who rides ahead,  
And the fellow who rides behind.  
But the fellow you really have to watch  
On the Highway you will find,  
Is the fellow behind the fellow ahead,  
And ahead of the fellow behind.

## FIREWORKS

The main group of us assembled outside the Post Office at S tonchouse at 3.30 on Saturday afternoon, 7th November, armed with fireworks of all sorts. Some had rockets with long handles protruding from saddlchaga, looking for all the world like knitting needles, but all were pretty well loaded. We started off, going towards Stroud, from thence passing through Thrupp and Chalford. Most of us walked Cowcome Hill; the more energetic ones waited at the top of the hill for the 'slackers'. As we neared the top in the gathering gloom, one member of the party was heard to remark, on seeing a little huddle by the roadside "is that them, or is it cows?" We took to the side roads and put on our lights. As we cycled along one narrow lane we could vaguely see some obstacle across the road. As we drew nearer it turned out to be a female, who was obviously waiting for us. One in our party remarked "one of the C.T.C. bods" in a knowing voice, to which the reply came "not it's not, it's yer brother!"

We arrived at the hostel, a little chilly but in good spirits, at about 6.15 p.m., and duly went to sign the housebook, paid anything we owed and pattered off to make our beds. This done, we who were self-cooking made our way to the members' kitchen, laden with sausages, eggs, bread, milk, soup, etc. We had an excellent supper, so too did the provided mealers. All wrapped up and well-fed, we beetled off into the garden, or grounds, or what you will, to see ye firework display. A marvellous bonfire had been built by several keen and energetic types who had spent their morning at the hostel. This was blazing at a tremendous rate. Several responsible (?) females were doing all the letting-off of the fireworks. There were bright ones, dull ones, ones that lasted ages, and some that could manage only a fizzle, big ones that banged, and even worse, little ones that banged. Shricks rent the air, as scared shemales scampered out of the ways of the tiresome boys who thought it was funny to throw bangors at them. Little things, etc. Anyway, it really was an excellent display.

After the last few embers of the fire had died away, and the dog-onds of the fireworks exhausted, we turned in for cocoa, during the drinking of which the Warden held an Auction Sale. Various people bargained for biro's, a hair brush, a lovely man's sweater (or should I say a man's lovely sweater?!=) and various other white elephants. After a sing song, we went reluctantly to bed. We were (most of us) as reluctant to get up the following morning, but we got ourselves down to breakfast, and then buzzed off to do our respective duties.

On the Sunday mornig we were joined by some of the Stroud C.T.C. members, on what seemed to be a 'ten little nigger boys' run. Some members left at the hostel gates as we started through the lanesto Cirencester, where we had elevenses, were joined by four more C.T.C. types, and lost two C.T.C. and four 'Whelors. After passing through Ready Token (without discovering what sort of token was ready for what) and Bibury we were joined by both members of the General Section and said farewell to three racing lads, who had to get home for tea, as 'racing lads' are too delicate to be left out in the cold night air! Continuing through Aldsworth the Club soon

reached the lunch place. Lunch was followed by tea (cups of) at a roadside cafe. Soon after it was realised that some of our members were missing. Eventually they turned up and said they had been "watching some old dears fighting". As a result of some careful questioning it was discovered that what they had really seen was some deer fighting in Barrington Park. The run then turned into a walk for some people as we went over some rough stuff, to rejoin a road near Sherborne. Then we went through the lanes for tea, where we were joined by one more member. The return route was through Fosse Cross, Calmesden, Perrott's Brook and Park Corner.

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Wanderings of The Children of Stonchouse.

And so it was that they departed from their dwelling places about the third hour, for it was decreed that they should gather together in the place of the scribes and messengers.

And at the appointed time that they did climb upon and mount passing strange machines known as Cy culls, and joyfully was it that they departed from the land of Stonchouse.

Thus it was that they journeyed for many hours and they lifted up their eyes and beheld a place of comfort in the distance.

And one of their number rose up in their midst and did cry out in a loud voice "sprint!" And so it was, and he sprinted and they sprinted and willingly was it that they did so, for their bones were weary with travelling and their souls cried out against them.

Many wonders did they see at this place called Cafe. And they marvelled at the fiery serpents which lay upon the ceiling giving forth light.

There arose a mighty roaring as of thunder and a rushing of steam and the children of Stonchouse were sore afraid. Then spake the soothsayer calming them saying "tea, four measures of copper, coffee half a piece of silver".

Then joyous were the travellers thereof, and they spake amonge themselves saying, come, give us the sugar and get yer flippin' elbow out of my cream bun.

Sorrowful were the children of Stonchouse when the time came to depart from this place of wonders.

And it came to pass that after many hours of wandering the Klubb (for so it was that it nameth itself) did camp for Din-Din in a grassy place. And the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field and those that runneth and the serpents and the fish of the see did flee unto a place of safety for the sound of the munching of lettuce sandwiches was a terrible noise to fall upon the ears of the innocent.

When the feast was ended there arose the Run Leader in their midst and he said unto them Brethren, let us depart. But it was that the Klubb was sore displeas'd and beat upon their breasts saying Nay, Nay, for they did not wish to leave this land of milk and honey.

Now there came a strange man with revolving feet and three wheels and he prophesied saying "mount upon your cy culls, for I say that upon this day the pump of C---n will descend upon you"

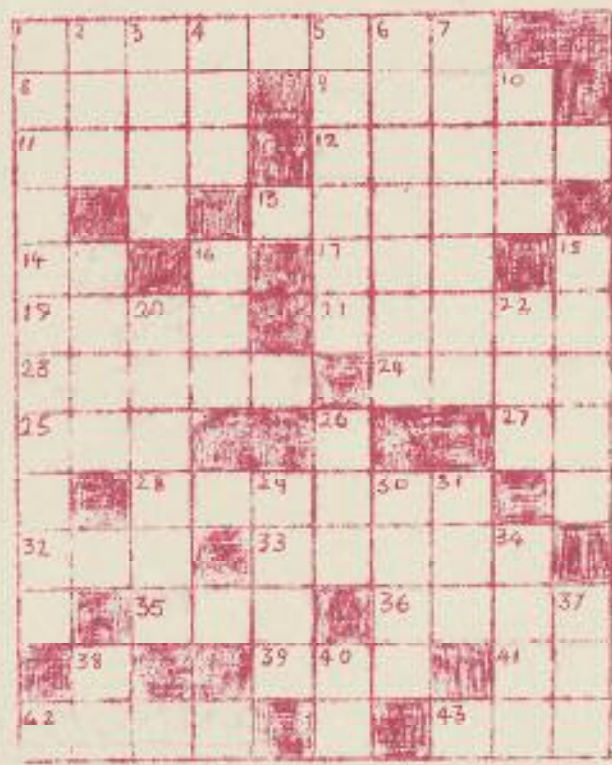
Next thrilling installment in next issue.

Copy for next issue to be in to Co-Editors by 29th February, please.

Finite.



# "THE SPOKE" CROSSWORD



## CLUES ACROSS

1. A chilly game. (8)
8. You'd be deaf without them! (4)
9. But not crafty (4)
11. Small (4)
12. Peeled off (5)
13. Unlawful observers (5)
14. Conjunction (2)
17. French summer (3)
19. Rich soil (2)
21. Jottings - maybe a tune? (5)
33. Method of lighting (5)
24. Reply if you please (abb.) (4)
35. A queer bird (3)
27. ... by gun! (3)
28. Before Monday (6)
32. Grain used for fodder (3)
33. Keen (5)
35. Wet grass - not rain (3)
36. Not begins (4)
- 39 & 37 down - Sorrowful (3)
- \* 41. Automobile Association (abb.) (2)
- \* 42. Difficulty (4)
- \* 43. Naughty (3)

## CLUES DOWN

1. Gears (11)
3. Girl's name (3)
3. A region (4)
4. A Welsh river (3)
5. An event does this (8)
6. Person guilty of betrayal (7)
7. Thoroughfares (7)
10. Affirmative reply (3)
15. Latex, or edge of leaves (4)
16. Unit of electricity (3)
18. Kind of poplar with trembling
30. Entertained (5) /leaves(5)
22. Adam's companion (3)
26. Girl's name (3)
39. The papers are full of it (4)
30. Old (4)
31. Japanese monetary unit (3)
34. Royal Academy of Dramatic Art
39. See 39 across. /Ansg. Abb. (2)
21. A proposition. (2)
40. Indefinite article (2)

\* \* \* \* \*

\* Solution in next issue

\* \* \* \* \*

\* We would tender our apologies to any members whom we have offended in our last issues. Such offence was not intentionally given!

\* Also a word of thanks must go to all contributors to THE SPOKE. Please let us have some more!

\* By the way, Andrew Hampton's idea of washing a S.W. pennant does work - we've tried it!

\* \* \* \* \*

Extracts from a Dictionary of Cycling.  
 Fender: what Dad did when the kids misbehaved.  
 Fixed gear: one that has been repaired.  
 Clu's run: someone going courting.

THAT IMPORTANT PRESENT! HAVE YOU BEEN TO —

S. G. NENO.

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