

Laid Back Cyclist



Sampler



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Memories of Anna

Anna Jenkins was a member of the BHPC for many years and her ready smile and infectious laughter are what many people will remember about her. I first got to know her in 1998, cycling across Denmark to Roskilde. Anna was undaunted by the mosquitoes, the snoring and seemed to enjoy (and go faster) on the flint lined cycle paths rather than the beautiful smooth roads. This started a friendship that carried on over the years, not just cycling, although that was at the heart of things, but Anna loved sewing and was very clever with her hands, whether making samples for Rohan, or a handbag out of scraps of material Anna was at home. We did a handbag making course together in Hampshire one weekend and she was always willing to share her knowledge of crafts and dressmaking with anyone who wanted to learn. New techniques fascinated her, and if you wanted wheel discs, or anything else made out of PPTertex, Anna was your woman. And of course, in the last couple of years Anna has designed and created some beautiful, and award winning quilts.

When Anna was first diagnosed with cancer and underwent surgery everyone was concerned that she would find things hard, slowing down and not being able to live life to its fullest, but only months later she was back cycling and even racing round the tracks at BHPC events with a smile on her face and really enjoying herself.

Anna didn't give up and lived her life to the full, my thoughts and those of the club are, I'm sure, with Kevin at this time. She would not want us to be sad, but encourage us to enjoy the races, be sociable and laugh at whatever life throws at us. One thing she would enjoy would be for us to challenge ourselves, do something we haven't done before, try something new. In that way Anna's spirit lives on. I know I intend to - my aim is to run a 10k race this year, something I've never done before and something that will stretch me. Will anyone else take up the challenge?

Fiona Grove



LaidBackCyclist

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**All letters, articles, photos, and
any other interesting things
are always welcome.**

Who We Are:

The BHPC was formed by a group of people who wanted to race their fast but funny looking bikes and trikes more than once a year. This is mostly what we do today, but we also have a social side. And individual members will organise touring rides and other non-competitive events, many on a local basis. And as little is set in stone, new ideas are always welcome.

Web Site: www.bhpc.org.uk

Front Cover:

Anna Jenkins racing at Fowlmead.
From a photo by Nick Marshall.

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Note: Below are the contents of the printed magazine. You can see pages from a few of the articles in this sampler.

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BHPC Pages

Building Beany

by Lee Wakefield

When I built my faired Fujin in mid 2008, I never intended it to be a long-term thing, more something just to dip my toes into the world of riding a streamliner. In late 2008 I had the opportunity to buy the fish from Nick Green. However after almost a year I decided it was not really for me, the fit was not ideal, I did not get on with the handling and I found the cranks (120mm) too short.

I did consider doing some fairly major changes to the fish for 2010 but I also played with the idea of building my own composite streamliner from scratch. I looked at various

fairing-building techniques on the Internet and sketched a few designs. I also investigated the possibility of buying a ready-made fairing due to my lack of experience with composite materials and lack of a suitable space due to the mess involved. At hog hill 2009 I had the opportunity to do a few laps on Slasher's bike. I was impressed with how well I fitted it and how easy it was to ride and handle. After some correspondence with Miles (maker of the Beano) he agreed to sell me a spare Beano shell and some bits to go inside of it for a very cheap price which I could not turn down.

Continues in printed magazine...





Fraser Tomsett

Review: M5 Carbon High Racer

by Keith Davis

The Challenge Fujin SL II - now there's a bike. Not that I wasn't happy with my HP Velotechnic Street Machine Grande Turismo Evolution (except that its name lacks a bit of snappiness). The SMGTe is a great bike, and I'd strongly recommend it to anyone looking for a touring or utility bike. No, I was looking for something a bit lighter and a bit more sporty. Something to go out for a blast around the island on a summer's day, time-trialing, weekend of credit card touring - maybe even a bit of off island racing. Not that you can't race on the SM - just ask Fards and Dave T about the second championship race meeting at Reading in 2006, or just take a look at the results on the web site.

As well as the Fujin, I'd also considered the Bacchetta Carbon Aero. Their bikes have a good clean simple design, and the single straight tube makes sense for their metal framed bikes. But carbon fiber offers so many more possibilities without a significant weight

penalty. For me, a bit too much focus on a simple design, and not enough about the rider. Though not as bad as those road going bikes where the rider is forced to crouch over the handlebars!

So Challenge Fujin SL II it is then. Then I saw a photo from Cycle Vision (2006). It was a vision indeed - an ascetically striking frame that placed the rider 'in' the bike rather than 'on' it! It had a carbon fiber frame - this was a bike that was going to place strength and weight over ruggedness and price. Just what I was looking for. What's more it had dual 700C wheels - the world would be my oyster when it came to selecting wheels and tyres! The M5 Carbon High Racer looked like one kick-ass bike. I wanted it!

But was it the right bike for me? As we are all told, the first rule of buying a recumbent is

1) Try as many as you can to find the one you like.

and the second rule:

2) Try as many as you can to find the one you like!

From what I read, the UK

retailers who are open minded enough to stock recumbents do a great job of letting people try their bikes (and trikes) out. But you run the risk of getting a bike/trike because it's easy to ride, not because it is what you want. For me the rules for buying a recumbent are:

1) Work out what you want to use it for - utility, day touring, sportif/Audax, extended touring, racing on road circuits or track racing?

2) Do your research - use internet fora and manufacturer websites - if in doubt, go for a bike/trike from an established manufacturer with a larger range.

So 1) I wanted a race bike for the road, and M5 with their big range and over 20 years in business ticked the box for 2). Decision made, job done.

Continues in printed magazine...

London to the Berber City of Fes

A brief account of a short bicycle tour undertaken by Patrick Field

8/10/10

M.V. Normandy docks at Ouistreham before dawn and - after yesterday's ride to Portsmouth and a sweaty night on-board - I turn West along the coast for a few hundred metres, lean my bike by an imposing D-Day memorial and trot down the beach. It's a long way to the water. On the last dry sand bank I take off my shoes and clothes, stack them neatly with my passport, cards and cash, then run into the shallows to bathe.

Returning, scouring the gloom for my possessions, I imagine losing them to the incoming tide. When a dark pile becomes my stuff relief breaks in a warming wave. On a trip like this you have to trust yourself, trust others and the World.

Normandy sand stays in my shoes until I swim in the Loire - camping wild on a river island - two nights later. Two more and - like some low-rent Richard Long - I'm rolling in the *Atlantique* at



Soulac sur Mer. Sleeping to the sound of crashing waves, hooting owls and mysterious cracking noises, too diverse to be human, on the nearly deserted camp-site; some kind of nocturnal woodpecker is my first guess? In the morning I work-out it's pine cones, loosed by the breeze, hitting chalet roofs.

14/10/10

There's no sign for Spain until you're 1500 metres from the *frontera*. Is this because I'm on the old coast road rather than the *autovia*, Francocentrism or sensitivity to Basque nationalism? Funny to find a whole country, an empire, treated like some municipal amenity. Orwell called Spain "a lump of Africa crudely soldered onto Europe" is there still evidence you're entering a new continent, a new World view? The small "Welcome to Spain" sign has - predictably - been defaced by Basques, with something about "Nazios".

My morning coffee in France was often taken in an empty bar, or one shared by a rheumy-eyed town drunk nursing a - not necessarily unfortified - orange juice or coffee, and wondering where it all went wrong? In Irun I nip into the first local, a small room, nearly full of big men with bellies and moustaches, smoking, shouting and drinking spirits in generous measures.

My arrival causes some muted interest as they go out in ones and twos to check my *bici-comico*, a Burrows Ratcatcher. They politely don't engage me in conversation as I drink my *con-leche* but, after I pay and bring my drinking-bladder in for the barman to fill, they burst into a raucous chorus of "Whisky-Coca' - Whisky-Coca' - Whisky-Coca' ". It's tempting to build psycho-geographical theories on an anecdote. My first coffee in Spain was slightly later in the day and in a more urban setting than those necked in rural France...
...but it did make me think?

60 km uphill to the first continental pass at 847 metres. Near the top the new road runs in a tunnel, closed to cycle-traffic, so I climb further, alone on the old highway, winding gently through intricate forest hairpins. An unfamiliar road sign - the silhouette of a petrol pump? - indicates a spring-fed, roadside fountain. Two elderly men in shabby clothes are filling plastic bottles, putting them, four at a time, in carrier bags and loading them into the back of a battered saloon car.

They stand aside to let me wash my salty face. I ask how far it is to the top? "Not far" The first suggests.

"A kilometre?" I ask.

"More or less" offers the first.

"Less than half a kilometre" adds the second.

"More clothes."

"More clothes." They agree.

The cloudless evening is drawing in and I face a 25 km drop to Pamplona.

At the Hotel Yoldi - mentioned by Hemingway in "The Sun Also Rises", where, every Saturday, by

tradition, Miguel Indurain hosts a get-together for his extended family - they insist I park my bike in the lobby, among the designer furniture, as "an exhibition". I'm certainly not in condition, not tough enough, to ride weeks of consecutive 150 km days on a classic bike.

Late night department-store shopping yields a set of maps for the Iberian diagonal.

The high plains of Castille are cold in the mornings and hot in the afternoons under skies of blank Velásquez blue. I see the towers of Madrid from the hills above Guadalajara. In Peurto llano, a mining town strung along a valley like South Wales; well-dressed people in early middle age have rickets. Not long ago this was poor country.

The roads in Spain are mostly even better than France's, but occasional sections are rough; on some cycle-traffic is exiled to a dirt-track service road, I can't identify these from my 1:200,000 maps.

Continues in printed magazine...



Ⓜ Patrick's Ratcatcher in Tetouan, Morocco
Ⓜ And at Oldcastille, Spain