
Three for Two was No Picnic

John o'Groats to Land's End on a Tandem Tricycle in under 110 hours

**Muscular
Dystrophy UK**

Fighting muscle-wasting conditions



27th. ~ 31st.



August 1980

The Team

JOHN PECK - support vehicle owner & driver, photographer for this booklet

GLORA PECK - chief cook & bottle washer, minder of “my poor boys”

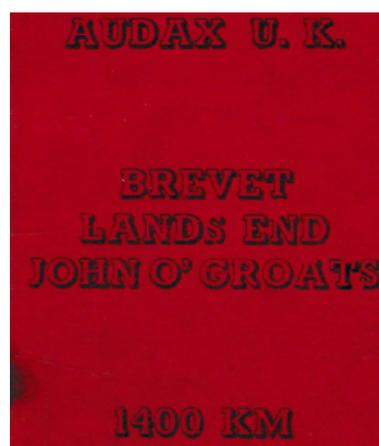
RICHARD OWEN - co-driver, assistant producer

BARRY PARSLOW - tandem trike owner, ultra distance Marlboro’ AC rider

CHRIS RAYNE - solo trike owner, Kernow C.C., author of this booklet



L to R: Barry, Richard, Gloria, Chris, John



Sponsors:



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Apex Garage, Redruth

Mayne's Garage

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Carnation

Truro Tyre Service

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Farley Health products

Wincanton Garage

Through their support and thanks to the generosity of hundreds of individuals the venture was able to raise a total of

£1360 in 1980 - worth £5700 today

All proceeds went to the Muscular Dystrophy Organisation.

<https://www.muscular dystrophyuk.org/get-the-right-care-and-support/local-muscle-groups/south-west/>

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Dystrophy UK**
Fighting muscle-wasting conditions



If you like what you read, please click this logo or the link above to donate. Thank you.



Day 1 miles

John o' Groats	
Wick	17
Lybster	31
Helmsdale	54
Golspie	71
Bonar Bridge	92
Dingwall	119
Beauly	127
Fort Augustus	159
Spean Bridge	182
Fort William	191
Ballachulish	203 ▲

Day 2

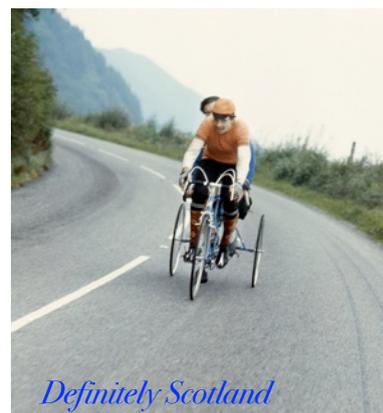
Clifton	33
Tarbet	54
Clyde Bridge	78
Barrhead	87
Stewarton	99
Kilmarnock	105
New Cummock	125
Dumfries	161
Annan	176
Gretna	184
Carlisle	194
Plumpton	<u>212</u>

415 ▲

Day 3

Penrith	2	Wigan	94
Shap Fell	15	Warrington	108
Kendal	26	Whitchurch	140
Lancaster	47	Shrewsbury	159
Preston	69	Church Stretton	<u>172</u>

587▲



Definitely Scotland

Day 4

Ludlow	14
Leominster	25
Hereford	38
Monmouth	55
Severn Bridge	76
Clifton Bridge	90
Congresbury	106
Bridgewater	129
Taunton	140
Tiverton	161
Crediton	173
Copplestone	179
Okehampton	192

▲ **779****Day 5**

Launceston	17
Jamaica Inn	31
Bodmin bypass	42
Indian Queens	54
Camborne	74
Penzance	87
Land's End	98
The End	877



Kitchen, café, hotel, bus, massage parlour...

*Barry signing again**Scotch mist for the start*

Introduction

The idea of doing an End to End by relatively normal transport had been in my mind for a while. Two years earlier I had ridden the 800 km. (500-mile) CTC Centennial Ride Paris to Harrogate and I had caught the bug. I had made tentative arrangements to ride the JoGLE with another friend bent on putting in some good training miles for the season. One week seemed a sufficiently challenging schedule for right minded riders. However, business stopped my partner, so it was back to the dreaming board.

Then, out of the blue, Sue Cockle of the local branch of the Muscular Dystrophy Association, rang me as secretary of the Kernow Cycling Club to ask if we might be interested in doing any sponsored riding for them: *“Anything from many times round a small circuit to an End to End, ho! ho!”* chuckled Sue. *“Funny you should mention that,”* said I, and it went from there. For publicity purposes I thought that riding my trike might have more impact, but I was still hunting for a gullible soul to accompany me.

I had a brain wave. Mileomaniac Barry Parslow, who thought nothing of riding to a friend in Wales from London after work on a Friday night, then back on the Sunday. He had ridden the epic Paris - Brest - Paris 1200km. (745 miler), in 1975 and then the Paris - Harrogate event in 1978 with me. I say ‘with me’, but in fact he finished hours

before me in appalling conditions, riding his trike. I was on a less taxing two wheeler. With torrential rain and a howling northerly against us it was British ‘Hell of the North’. No wonder the event is run once every 100 years!

Barry had been a stalwart of the Marlboro’ A.C., based near Harrow, for years. At the age of 18 I joined up. Barry gave his time to us “bluebottles” by taking us for mid-week rides, meeting at Rayner’s Lane. He was always generous with advice and the impressive workshop that he carried around in his tattered saddlebag.

When I rang him, not everything went to plan. He was keen to ride, but, with rapidly failing eyesight, he could no longer see anything after dusk. He needed a pilot for his tandem trike. It sounded small, but with Barry almost sitting over the rear axle on a swan neck seat post (with saddle attached I hasten to add), I managed to squeeze on. *“How on earth am I going to get out of this, I thought?”* We took it for a hard test ride on a massive 57 tooth chainwheel, using that only on the ski slope start of the super fast High Wycombe 25 course, a hill that racers did not have to climb back up. It’s popular for getting personal bests! The trike seemed to be behaving.

But not for long! We entered a 300km. (186 mile) event in the Leeds area and the rear disc brake insisted that it would be more on than off; bearings in the rear axle sounded like machine gun fire; the front tubular tyre blew

dramatically halfway down a series of 1 in 7s (14%) in the York Moors. Barry kept pedaling until I informed him that we were skiing down the hill on a bare metal rim with no steering and no effective front brakes. “*Stop pedaling Barry!*” Tubulars are held onto the rim by glue (rim cement - shellac). Once superheated by the friction of the brake blocks, the tyre explodes. Entertaining! That was not all. The front tyre blew a second time; the rear gear only liked the middle cog, and finally, on a long climb, we got out of the saddle and the transmission went soggy, then failed completely. I looked down at the chainwheels and noted that the inside ring was unrecognisable as such and was wrapped firmly around the bottom bracket. We took it ever so gently to Middlesboro’ station and caught the next train home. Barry was not a happy man.

Meanwhile, the MD organisation had been getting plenty of sponsorship,

refitting John’s mobile home to take a tandem trike as its crowning glory, and making lists. Gloria was good at that.

We ‘just’ had to ride the juggernaut and make sure it stayed rideable. A tandem trike’s handling has been described as that of a double decker bus with a flat front tyre. Prior advertisement was handled by our publicity man with all the contacts, Peter Keverne, who managed to secure an incredible amount of space in a variety of magazines and papers. Sponsor sheets were distributed to anyone willing to take them.

Certainly, without the knowledge that so many people had assisted in so many ways with this ride, that funds for a worthy charity depended on us finishing, and that we had such an ultra-reliable, always-available team catering for our every need, the ride would never have been completed anywhere near the target of 110 hours, which would earn us the coveted Silver Award from Audax UK.

Thanks once again from Barry & I
to all you good people.



Come on Barry. Walkies!

Prelude



We thought that 7:30am was uncivilised but that was a leisurely lie-in compared with what was to come. On went the tool box, the spares box, a large haversack with tent, Barry's weighty saddlebag (probably full of old fish and chip papers) and last but not least, the crowning glory, the tandem trike. But first we had to get it from my shed through the side gate. In all it made our total height 11'8" (3.6m.), just clearing canopied petrol stations.

By 9am we were off with the van's overheating problems sorted... we thought. By the Cornish border there were kettle boiling noises of great pressure coming from the front, and it wasn't Richard. This laid the first furrow of many on John's harrowed brow. From now on it was a case of driving at under 50mph with one eye on the road, one on the temperature gauge.



Many motorway signs later we were rolling around a pretty way to John Nicholas' house. John was the Chairman and co-founder of Audax UK. Barry was also one of the instigators of all these painful events, having ridden the Paris-Brest-Paris every 4 years since 1966. The short cut took us down a tiny lane that ran under

a bridge signed 11'0". "That's what I said. You've gotta keep to the main roads in this thing" admonished Barry, showing signs of mild panic. Carefully John edged the juggernaut under the central arch of the bridge. Seconds after we all clambered back in, a cattle lorry came thundering around through with an inch to spare, showing us how it's done.

I had omitted to tell esteemed Chairman John that we were five, which sent him rushing between somewhere outside and the kitchen at regular intervals with a worried expression on his face. Each time he returned with bigger handfuls of frozen chips and home-made bangers. As we sat there with widening eyes and rumbling stomachs, and John had disappeared for the nth. time, Richard quipped "He's gone off to hang himself". Dry sense of humour had Richard. Poor John must have wondered why we all had tears running down our faces. Must have been the onions. John kindly plied us with beverage that explains his source of inspiration for the bulletins. Even the ginger beer was alcoholic. He showed us the golden cloth award that we would receive IF..., and with that firmly in our minds we set off in the direction of the Arctic.

MONDAY 25th.

INTO SCOTLAND

The next thing I knew it was dawn in Scotland, somewhere on the Crawford



section of the A74 to Glasgow. I seemed to have ate and slept for weeks, so a short loosening up ride was welcome. We climbed through range from Crieff to Dunkeld, but noticed a couple of other things loosening. Our new front wheel was unlacing itself rapidly, and so was my stomach. My wife had had 'flu the week before. Barry saved the day by producing just the right tool from his mobile workshop (for the front

wheel that is) and proceeded to tweak with remarkable accuracy. Fortunately my stomach dickiness passed by the morning. The 35 miles served as a nice muscle loosener and bedding down run for the trike. We did not want a repeat of that disastrous randonné abandoned a fortnight before where all but 5 of the 32 rear axle bearings had been ground into swarf. We stopped that night at one of the many lay-bys prohibiting overnight parking. We parked up gone midnight; it said nothing about over-morning parking.



TUESDAY 26th. NEARLY THERE

It was still a couple of driving hours from J-o-G. We stopped in Wick for supplies, where the heavens opened. No training ride today then. If we needed training now, God help us. We pottered around the tiny town of Wick (pop. 7000) and found a converted warehouse down a back street that was the Wick supermarket. Taking a trolley, we each started to drop items in. Then there were two trolleys, the second full of little cans of baked beans. Gloria pointed out that it would be cheaper to buy big cans. I agreed. Silly to buy them that way.

Gloria then asked each of us

who had chosen the baked beans in the first place. Each of us denied responsibility. It then dawned on us that it was not our trolley. We sheepishly left it where it stood.

In Wick car park we were approached. This only happened the once throughout the whole trip. A couple just back from the Orkneys asked if we would accept a

donation. Welcomed with open hands. Unfortunately we did not have the manpower to do any fund-raising on the road. This would have required another team. We hoped that the money would roll in from our sponsors back home - and it did.

The rain had stopped and Barry's fish and chip van had moved on - he has an encyclopaedic knowledge of them all throughout Britain, so we drove to the JoG campsite. We circumnavigated in ever-decreasing circles while every person aired their view on where we should camp. Eventually Richard turned the ignition off and stopped. It did not last long. An hour later we were in a different place. Our early-to-bed was disturbed by a group of motorcyclists drinking late into the night, but vengeance was sweet at 6:30 in the morning. Ha! Barry sent my wife a postcard which should amuse those in the postal service. After suffering two nights of close proximity in the van, he wrote: "*Urgent communication: How do you stop your husband kicking in bed? Reply immediately. Barry*"

In getting our brevet cards signed the next morning we learned that roller skaters had set off this morning, hang gliders had arrived last week, and Paul Carbutt had made his record breaking ride of 47 hrs. 23 mins. last year. It would have been 5 minutes faster had not the police stopped him in Penzance for speeding! "I tell you, it's getting so bad you'll have to queue to start your End to End soon" muttered Barry.



Speed picks up ver-r-r-y quickly with 170kg. and a solo's frontal air resistance

WEDNESDAY 27th.

DAY ONE - SCOTLAND

Five different two-tone foghorns were still blasting to one another, as they had been all night. We trundled off down the A9 at 6am precisely. The first rendez-vous point was 31 miles down the road at Lybster. Lybster came and went. No van. The plummet into Berriedale came at 42 miles. No van. We were crawling up the I in 7 (14%) out of Berridale when the van came hurtling by. I did not know that mobile homes could go that fast. They had just averaged a mile a minute having suffered the expected problem. Scotch mist. At 6:30 the van made its first refusal. By 6:45 the whole camp site had been awoken either by the tired starter motor or the expletives of the weary pushers. Many came out to assist, but the hellish motorcyclists did not. They were awoken though. Richard made absolutely sure of that.

Communication to Gloria at the wheel was difficult from the rear bumper. On one occasion the frantic shouts of “Brakes!” didn’t seem to be doing the trick. JoG Hotel was looming ever nearer. If worse came to worst the house was designed such that the original family of eight each had their own exit, so at least there would be seven left. After an eternity for them, and a banana & Mars bar for us, they got it started. “Oh, it’s alright. I knew there was a fish & chip shop in Helmsdale”, Barry reassured them on arrival.



The cool misty drizzle eased as we approached Bonar Bridge with an Easterly not slowing us much. So far we had averaged 17mph. (27.5kph). It was a long sweaty climb up and over the short cut to Cromarty Firth, but it was an impressive escarpment with splendid views. Turning inland at Beauly gave us another chance to defy gravity up the Glen Convinth climb. Most of these are long steady drags and are

easy to settle into. The sharp, persistent climbs of the South West are the ones that wear you down.

The descent into Loch Ness was probably the most death defying of the trip. The combined 27 stone (170kg.) of men and machine were braked by a rear disc which does little more than stop the tail wagging under heavy braking, and two centre-pull rim brakes on the front, one mounted behind the fork, the other mounted on a 3" (7.5cm.) stalk brazed onto the front of the fork. Hard braking, therefore, does amazing things to rims, forks and headset. Watching them flex, rattle and groan makes you appreciate the heavy duty spec of these items. So off we flew down this very long and twisty 1 in 6 (16%) descent with me pumping the brakes to try to stop the consistency of the brake blocks from changing into that of chewing gum. "Hard right!" I shouted to Barry, who obediently sat on the right hand wheel and leaned way out to stop the trike from flipping over. His sight being what is wasn't, his head



missed the upcoming lorry by inches. Just to make it all the more exciting there is a T junction at the foot of this epic descent and the Loch the other side of that. We did manage to stop. I am here telling the tale. Thank you God.

We reached Ballachulish in the dark after $15\frac{1}{2}$ hours and 207 miles. We felt strong enough to continue but that would have meant having to climb the Glencoe Pass and camping in the wild with no shower.

The van turned into the camp site narrowly missing a dog. “Whose is that ruddy dog?” yelled Richard. “Mine” said the warden, appearing out of the gloom. “Oh, please make a convenience of the other wheels” said John. The warden showed no sign of rancour, as when we volunteered to pay for the night he smiled sympathetically. “I havena seen yer”. Once settled, we were out for the count by 11pm. “Speak for yourself” muttered Barry, still bothered by my nocturnal kicking.

[THURSDAY 28th](#)

[DAY 2 - ENGLISH BORDER](#)

A 5am rise, 6am start, anxiously watching the low level clouds scudding across the mountain tops either side of this deep valley. No peace for the wicked, for we were straight into a 1000 ft. climb onto the notorious Rannock Moor. The wind blew us up the climb, but was distinctly unhelpful thereon. The weather deteriorated. The van flew past with a cheery toot and promptly disappeared into the maelström of an oncoming juggernaut. Seconds later we were spitting out the grit, and checking our compass bearings. Barry gave the driver a wave full of meaning as is his wont. Another two lonely, soaking wind-torn climbs before the final drop into Loch Lomond (not literally) and Tarbet. The mountains were tamer. We even glimpsed the sun once.



We weren't too keen on going through Glasgow, so we bypassed it using Erskine Bridge and through Paisley. An absence of signs for Barrhead meant we had to communicate with the locals for directions. We needed an interpreter. The surface was beginning to make Barry's eyes water. The “stoker” sits directly above the rear axle, which means minimum shock absorption. Also, as with any trike, you suffer bumps from side to side as well as up and down. With three tracks it is nigh on

impossible to miss potholes with all three wheels, and by the time the helmsman has spotted the bad ones and shouted a warning it's too late for the stoker to do anything about it. "I now know how a raw steak feels when it gets a beating in prep for cooking" said Barry. Now that does not bear thinking about.

By New Cummock we had covered over 120 miles and were beginning to feel it. Rain, wind, potholes, mountains and yesterday's mileage were beginning to take their toll. The New Cummock stop was a little further than anticipated and the final few miles were ticking by painfully. We felt better after the break (most were 15-30 minutes. Any longer meant the risk of seizing up). We tried to make up time on the long descent from the hills to Dumfries, where we encountered our first traffic light for 366 miles. We slammed through 25 miles in 1hr. 10 mins., but it had been a fatal move. My hamstrings had cramped in the effort. Every rotation was agony. I could hardly get on or off the trike. I found walking difficult and climbing steps impossible. "He's never going to ride tomorrow if he's like this today, is he" said Richard. "He'll ride through it" said Barry, alias Marquis de Sade. To prove his point we went a further 50 miles almost to Penrith, making it 210 miles for the day (340km.). It was pain all the way, but I forgot most of that going down the A74 dual carriageway. It was replaced by abject terror. It was approaching twilight, murky, and juggernauts were hurtling past at 80mph. It just needed two to come side by side and there would not be room for us. For three miles I tried to keep in the emergency lane, but it was very bumpy, full of detritus and there was a seam like a tram line between the road and our lane. This threw the front wheel in all directions. It was with great relief that we saw the van, likewise for them to see us. Both of us had forgotten to take the minor road into Carlisle. They were just debating whether to go back and try to find the lane or



to go on to Carlisle and pray. So the last few miles into Carlisle we had the security of the van behind us with its hazard flashers on. Bliss after the prospect of becoming a couple of 80mph road kill mounted on the bumpers of a juggernaut.

In Carlisle we saw 'A6 3rd. Exit' before a roundabout, and no signs thereafter. We lost ourselves in a pedestrian precinct and asked a policeman. Directions given. Down a hill we swooped, but I had missed a turn at the top. Back up we went. The turning was cobbled, just what we wanted after 200 miles. We were all getting very tired and ratty. At last on the Penrith road and onto a camp site where they took pity and did not charge us, bless 'em. We staggered into lukewarm showers. I kept moving stretching and bending in the hope I would not lock solid overnight. Food consumed with little awareness and out for the count.

[FRIDAY 29th.](#)

[DAY 3 - WELSH BORDERS](#)

Another of those wakey-wakey rise and-shine climbs. This was 10 miles of climbing up and over Shap Fell. Up into the clouds and past the 1100 foot contour (335m.) drop into a 'saddle' then back up again. Today it was my turn to feel good and Barry's to feel not so. It was his 5th. time over the Shap into a headwind every time. His back was beginning to give him gyp, which was hardly surprising when you look at the cramped position the stoker has to take. The rain was becoming more persistent and by the afternoon a steady downpour with roads flooded. Water usually makes for punctures. Sharp things stick to the tyre and embed given time. Sidewalls soften and get weaker. Today was no exception. Three punctures with the last one going off like a rifle shot. The sidewall had given way. Barry removed the firmly glued tyre with one smooth motion and hurled it way, way, way over a hedge sped on its way by a long line of expletives. If there was an Olympic tub throwing event, Barry would win the gold medal. At this point it meant that we no longer had any spare tyres with us and the van was far ahead. With an incredible stroke of good luck Lancaster was close and the bike shop was easy to find. We stocked up and were grateful for the generous discount given. By Whitchurch the weather had brightened and that nagging wind had dropped. We ploughed on in the darkness to a lay-by in Church Stretton. Even that final stretch had its problems. We had stopped in a village to change a rear tyre in the fourth puncture of the day. It was my turn to get gooey hands and Barry did not see the van go by. The van did not see Barry. We found them in a state of panic in a Church Stretton 'phone booth having sped up and down the A49. I mean a tandem trike is not the sort of thing you lose on a main trunk road... not anywhere in fact. It was another midnight bedtime and I proposed that we had an extra hour in bed to

replenish reserves. One almighty row later Barry tutted for the 1000th. time “It’s always his *** decisions. No one takes any notice of what I say”. John had already set the alarm but I eventually relented and went to reset the alarm. All my decisions? John, the crafty swine, had already set it for the usual 5am.

SATURDAY 30th.

DAY 4 - THE CORNISH BORDER

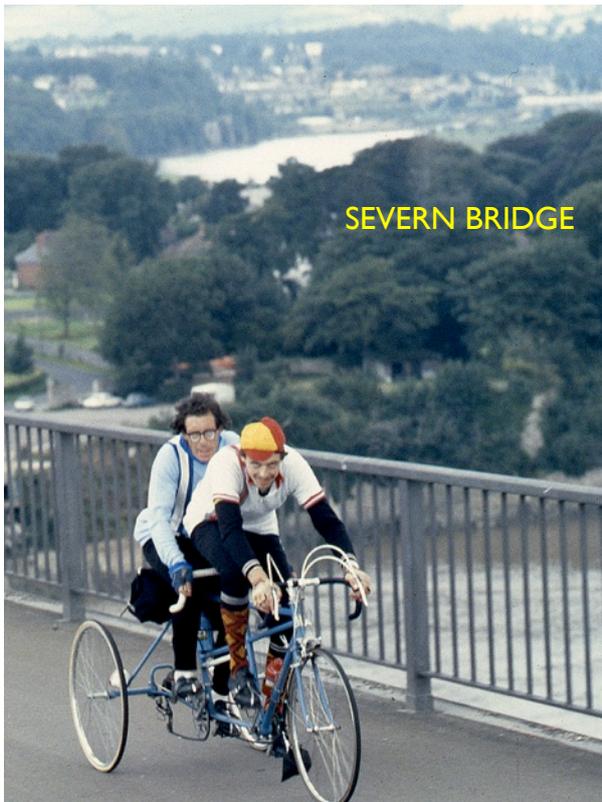
Herefordshire is rarely flat. More of a roller-coaster. Early on I had an urgent need. I was just about to leap over a hedge when the van rounded the corner. I flagged them down, leapt aboard and was just about to take the throne when Richard decided that parking on the corner was not safe. He took off down the road for 100yds. leaving me legless and Barry speechless. This was only a temporary lapse. “He can bloody well walk back here, silly buggar” he said with compassion. Barry’s official comment on the situation was: “As a founder member of AUK I should report Mr. Rayne to the committee for breaking Rule 6 sub-section 3, para 4 which states,” clearing throat, “No person(s) may take any assistance en route and must at all times ride or walk their uni-, bi- or tri-cycle over the whole route”.

Just north of Monmouth there is a tremendous climb to Welsh Newton. It was one of the few where we had to engage crawler gear on the small chainring. But there was relief at the top. Rigby Band, chairman of the SW Tricycle Association, was there to guide us through Monmouth by a very useful pedestrian shortcut. Unfortunately the tendency for the tandem to drop like stone meant that by central Monmouth we had gained half a mile on him. Rigby wisely decided to catch up with the news in the van to Chepstow rather than suffer on our rear axle. Certainly the steady drop through the valley meant that we were holding evens (20mph, 32kph) much of the time until we had to climb out of the gorge and over to Chepstow. Here we could feel the infamous Severn Bridge wind rising and we turned into it to cross the mighty bridge. It looked like Okehampton would be reached gone midnight if this was to continue (not far out)! But we soon had our second morale boost and pilot for the day - Geoff Lonsdale. He had been patiently waiting for hours with his thermos flask amongst the scenic oil refineries. He twiddled his 63” fixed (5 metres covered for each complete revolution of the chainwheel) with aplomb until we dropped into the Avon Gorge. Here gravity took over once again and poor old Geoff suffered valve bounce and worse trying to keep up. Quite another story up the hills of course. He bid us farewell on the Congresbury road.



The Tricycle Association





Through the Mendips and onto the Bridgewater Flats. I was beginning to feel on home ground now. A howling South Westerly and squalls across the Flats reduced us to a crawl. At one point we were having trouble overhauling a granny cyclist with a bandaged knee. Yes I am serious! At Bridgewater we hid behind a billboard in an effort to escape the wind long enough to cape up. The promised TV cameras were noticeable by their absence. We plugged on. Climbing became sharper and more regular as we approached Tiverton. Barry was clearly yearning for his fish & chips at Samford Peverill. He could make his fortune by

publishing a map of British fish & chip shops. We were getting very tired and very hungry. Many lumps later we saw the van in Tiverton having slowed to 8mph over the last few miles. We wolfed the food down (in Barry's case, breathed in deeply) and watched the light fade, putting off the evil hour when we would have to face the really bad climbs of the day.

It was now dark so it was agreed that the van would follow closely behind in order to provide light for the descents. Our feeble 70's lights were nowhere near enough. We resumed our normal 17mph down to Bickleigh Bridge, then the first of many 1in5s... up. We did not have to walk and drag the trike. The weeny little chainwheel was sufficient. Going down the other side was ... er... exciting. Richard had the hair-raising task of sitting 20 feet behind us at speeds of 40mph, feeling like double that in the dark, praying that, if we fell off, we would fall in the same bundle so he could miss us. You think he had worries? If we careered around a corner too fast for the van we were suddenly immersed in inky blackness with van lights illuminating the hedge. At one stage Richard tried to block an overtaking car on a short straight for fear that he had not seen us ahead of the van. The car came flying on through. It was a police car. Richard touched his sweating forelock.

As if we weren't tired enough we took one of my famous 'short-cuts'. It went straight over the top of a hill that the main road skirted as we entered Crediton. I hadn't the heart to tell Barry. By Crediton I had shooting pains in my Achilles tendon whenever I put any pressure on it. We walked up Crediton high street in an effort to rest it. No change. The van was now waiting ahead at Coplestone so I just had to grin and bear it. The allure of 5-star accommodation and my brother from Tavistock were waiting for us in Okehampton. We trundled slowly away from the sodium lights of Coplestone, start of one of the fastest TT courses in England at the time, but not tonight.

Then followed one of the longest 13 miles of my life. To keep myself awake I kept singing in a monotonous drone to Barry's consternation. We crawled up the hills with snails overtaking. The trike veered from side to side as I lost concentration. The van behind was burning its clutch plates. Gloria was very worried about her "poor boys". She did that a lot. After an world record of slowness Okehampton hove into view. We swooped down a long hill down and down, below the level of the lights, only to be faced with yet another cruel climb. It was only a matter of time... Sure enough, over the final brow and I saw my brother Derrick's car, and the Muscular Dystrophy sign. Suddenly there were people all around us. I was lifted off the trike and asked how I felt. My face was sufficient answer. Barry wobbled towards the van for his gear muttering "*You and your bloody valley roads. That's the last time...*"

The little things are blissful when in a state. The bath was the best ever, the shave, the brushing of teeth, the massage, the cup of tea, the lemonade and Ah! The massage! Awareness slowly returned like mist revealing a beautiful day. Downstairs we ate, drank and enjoyed company until the eyelids were finally unequal to the task.





DAY 5 - HOME SWEET HOME

SUNDAY JULY 31st.



The horses are heading home. To our utter disbelief it was a nice day. As we set off with our freshly laundered clothes courtesy of our hosts, the Foster family, the mist hung low in the valleys. I had originally planned to avoid the A30 all the way to Redruth and take the back lanes, but our posteriors could not countenance the idea. Despite a slight headwind our spirits were high and bodies were more willing. My right knee was OK once rolling and my tendon had recovered. Over Bodmin Moor we felt so good that we despatched the van 5 miles further up the road for our mid-morning break. We later discovered that that had involved our carefully prepared cooked breakfast being put back in the pan. “*He who must be obeyed*” muttered Richard. At Indian Queens we were greeted by the heavenly Angells. Eddie and family



had driven out from Penryn to support us, also a father and son from Hull who were tricyclists, one owning a fabled Thompson trike. Andy Thompson was a well known Huddersfield builder who had built a superb bicycle frame for me. Down Fraddon Hill and we were welcomed at the lay-by start of the S6 course by a whole crowd of Kernow riders. Barry made use of the short halt to change

into his racing shoes with shoe plates for better power transfer, psyching out the opposition. The last 50 miles were covered at an alarming rate with the flotilla of bikes darting all around us and Barry giving it welly at the back. The frame was twisting, the axle bearings sounding like machine gun fire, and I was hanging on for dear life in an effort counteract torque steer. The Van Team was panicking, phone calls going fast and furious. “Meet you in Blackwater with the van at 2pm, no, 1:30, no 1:00” barked Richard to his wife. We flew past them at the bottom of Blackwater Hill at 1:05pm., the flotilla far behind.



We deliberately detoured to pass my house in Roskear. There was a tremendous crowd of friends and neighbours there giving us a hand as we came through. Very uplifting!

By Treswithian roundabout only one lad was left with us, and even he found the pace too much for him. He lapsed concentration in Hayle, riding dramatically into our rear axle. The tremendous torque that Barry was putting through the bearings plus the impact amplified the machine gun fire. It now sent shock waves through the whole machine. A few miles the other side of Penzance all that was forgotten as we pounded round the corners onto the sea front with John, our resident professional photographer, perched on a stool in the back of the van with the rear door open. Now that was asking for trouble! The lengths these pros go to to get a good shot! We accelerated hard, almost overtaking the van. The van occupants were screaming “Faster! Faster”. Richard planted his right foot and John demonstrated his gymnastic skill at reverse somersaults. He still got a good photo!

“Now we have to show our disdain for all things material and turn around here, Chris. We know we can do it. We don’t need medals”, said Barry as we rounded the last corner. I kept pedalling. I was also the one with all the brakes. We noticed that someone had set fire to a barn on the last straight, perhaps to ensure a good crowd for our homecoming? We rolled through the finishing tape with silly grins on our faces. *“And all because the lady loves Milk Tray”* I gasped theatrically. A real bottle of champers quenched our thirst. We shook many hands. Loads of colourful cyclists and familiar faces were there, bless their knee-length cotton socks. The Team had their photo taken cuddling each other for the first time that week (honest, John) and it dawned on us that we no longer had to be in a rush to pedal anywhere any more.

We relaxed over a cream tea and a Mars bar and reminisced over the silly episodes of the last week. We had even more champagne with the cream tea. It was over... almost. Just the gradual thawing of nerve ends so that we could feel what hurt where.

Peter Keverne had set up a BBC interview so I sleepily called them and gave some uninspired answers to their questions. Can I go to bed now?



Fiat 500 engine



Turbodiesel



Journey's End.



Flying at 40+mph (65kph)
with 10km. to go at the St.
Buryan turn on the A30.

Horses heading for home.

Lord St. Levan's pad



St. Michael's Mount

FOOD GLORIA'S FOOD

In 4½ days and 1420km.

20 eggs	5lb. meat
1½lb. bacon	40 choc bars 
10lb. baked beans	1 box cakes
5 loaves 	1 box biscuits
2lb. cheese 	4 tins peanuts
15 tins rice	6 bottles squash
20 tins fruit	2 x champagne 

MENU

6am	cereal, toast, tea
8:30am	eggs, bacon, beans, fruit
12-ish	rhubarb & rice
2:30pm	main meal - 2 meat & veg.
5pm	bread, cheese fruit, peanuts
7:30pm	cake & biscuits
10:30pm	sausage sandwich

-  The rule was basically 'little & often' with plenty of liquids, fruit and sweet foods
-  Last meal of the day needs to be small; little energy left to digest
-  Eat before hunger ('bonk') sets in - keep on nibbling
-  Drink before thirsty - keep on swigging
-  Keep water bottles topped up at every opportunity - even when it's raining
-  Having a mobile restaurant with B&B saves a huge amount of time*
-  *Current Audax regs. restrict assistance to only be at planned controls now.

EQUIPMENT AND PREPARATION

-  So you fancy doing an End to End, for for a charity, an Audax award, or for a holiday?
-  Charities will be very pleased to use you as a fund-raising 'vehicle' and will give you every possible support.
-  Mobile phones and GPS equipment make route finding so much easier. If you have support or fellow riders, it is so easy to keep in touch (so long as you can find a signal). In 1980 we had no such luxuries.
-  Accommodation has to be booked well in advance these days. There are literally hundreds of people doing End to Ends over the summer months.
-  LE to J-o-G is the easier way to do it. The relentless climbs of the SW are best attacked when you're fresh, the prevailing wind is from the South West, and Scottish climbs tend to be less savage even though they are longer.

LINKS TO SPONSORS AND INFORMATION

http://www.aukweb.net/handbook/handbook.pdf	AUDAX UK
http://audaxkernow.co.uk/	KERNOW AUDAX
http://letslookagain.com/tag/history-of-brooke-bond/	BROOKE BOND
https://www.carnation.co.uk/products/evaporated-milk-and-cream/evaporated-milk-tin	CARNATION
https://www.cornwall.gov.uk/ from 2009 replaced	CARRICK DISTRICT
https://www.flickr.com/photos/brizzlebornandbred/2129935491	COATES GAYMER
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Farley%27s	FARLEY HEALTH PRODUCTS
https://www.marksandspencer.com/	M&S
https://www.maynesgarage.co.uk/	MAYNES
https://www.muscular dystrophyuk.org/get-the-right-care-and-support/local-muscle-groups/south-west/	MDSW
https://www.pernod-ricard.com/en	PERNOD
https://www.taylorstyres.com/	TAYLOR'S TYRES
https://www.twinings.co.uk/	TWINING TEA
https://www.paris-brest-paris.org/index2.php?lang=fr&cat=accueil&page=edito	PARIS-BREST-PARIS
http://www.aukweb.net/events/lel/	LONDON-ENDINBURGH-LONDON
https://www.cyclinguk.org/join	CYCLINGUK (was CTC)

AUDAX EVENTS

- ▶ Brevet Populaires (BP) may be ridden at min. speed 10km-12.5kph and max 20-25kph
- ▶ Brevet de Randonneurs Mondiaux (BRM) distances may be up to 5% longer.
- ▶ **BRM qualifiers**
200~600 km@15 kph, 700~1200 km@13½ kph, 1300@1800 km@12 kph
- ▶ Audax Awards are extensive (2020) <https://audax.uk/about-audax/event-types/permanent-events/end-to-end/>
- ▶ For the End to End **Gold** is 78 hours. **Silver:** 110hrs. **Bronze:** 116hrs.
- ▶ **Paris-Brest-Paris (PBP)** - every 4 years. 2023 is the next one.
- ▶ **London-Edinburgh-London (LEL)** - every 4 years. 2021 may be the next one.
- ▶ For PBP or LEL you have to ride 200/300/400/600 km. qualifiers in the same year
- ▶ CyclingUK (CTC) highly recommended for insurance & legal aid 24/7. £22 ~ £48 p.a.
- ▶ Audax UK: £18-£23p.a. £3 if non-member or no CTC cover, only valid for events.
- ▶ So why not have a go? Choose a charity, badger some friends and relatives, and do it!

PROOF IS IN THE PUDDING

THE BREVET

Date 27/08/80	Date 27/08/80
Time 12.30	Time 21.15
Miles ridden since last check	Miles ridden since last check
Control stamp and signature	Control stamp and signature



 BRIDGE HOTEL
 BRIDGE SUTHERLAND IV24 3EB
 TELEPHONE: ARDGAY 204 (STD 088 22)
 P. Taylor

FORESTRY COMMISSION CAMPSITE SHOP
 E. LEITCH
 GLENCOE


Date 27/8/80

Time 6.00 A.M.

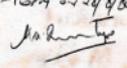
Miles ridden since last check
START

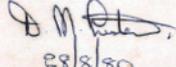
Control stamp and signature



 JOHN O'GROATS HOUSE
 HOTEL
 CAITHNESS
 Paul Barber

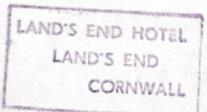
DEPT 6.00 A.M. 28 th AUGUST	Date 28/8/80
Date	Time 22.37.
Time	Miles ridden since last check 125m.
Miles ridden since last check 290m.	Control stamp and signature
Control stamp and signature	

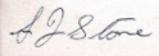
JOBCENTRE
 20 PAISLEY ROAD
 BARRHEAD
 GLASGOW G78 1NF
 1-10 PM on 28/8/80


GREENACRES
 PLUMPTON
 PENKETH
 CUMBRIA

 28/8/80

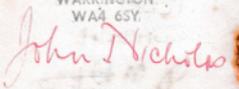
Date 31.8.80	Date 31/8/80
Time 11.40	Time 15.37
Miles ridden since last check 53m.	Miles ridden since last check 44m.
Control stamp and signature	Control stamp and signature


 Indian Queens
 Peter Kovemo
 Puberty Officer
 Kenaw Cycling Club.



 LAND'S END HOTEL
 LAND'S END
 CORNWALL


Date DEP. 29/8/80 6.50.	Date 29-8-80
Time	Time 10.30
Miles ridden since last check 108m.	Miles ridden since last check 63m.
Control stamp and signature	Control stamp and signature

J. NICHOLAS
 188 RUNCORN ROAD
 MOORE
 WARRINGTON
 WA4 6SY


Church Streets.

 R Owen

 (no Support Team)

Date 30 th August 1980	Date 30-8-80
Time 12.10 hours	Time 11.10
Miles ridden since last check 56m.	Miles ridden since last check 134m.
Control stamp and signature	Control stamp and signature

Griffin House
 8 Upper Church Street
 Cheltenham
 Gwent
 NP5 5EX

 6 km
 Single Association
 (SW Region)

MRS A. FOSTER
 84 CREDITON ROAD
 OKEHAMPTON
 DEVON
 Ann Jate

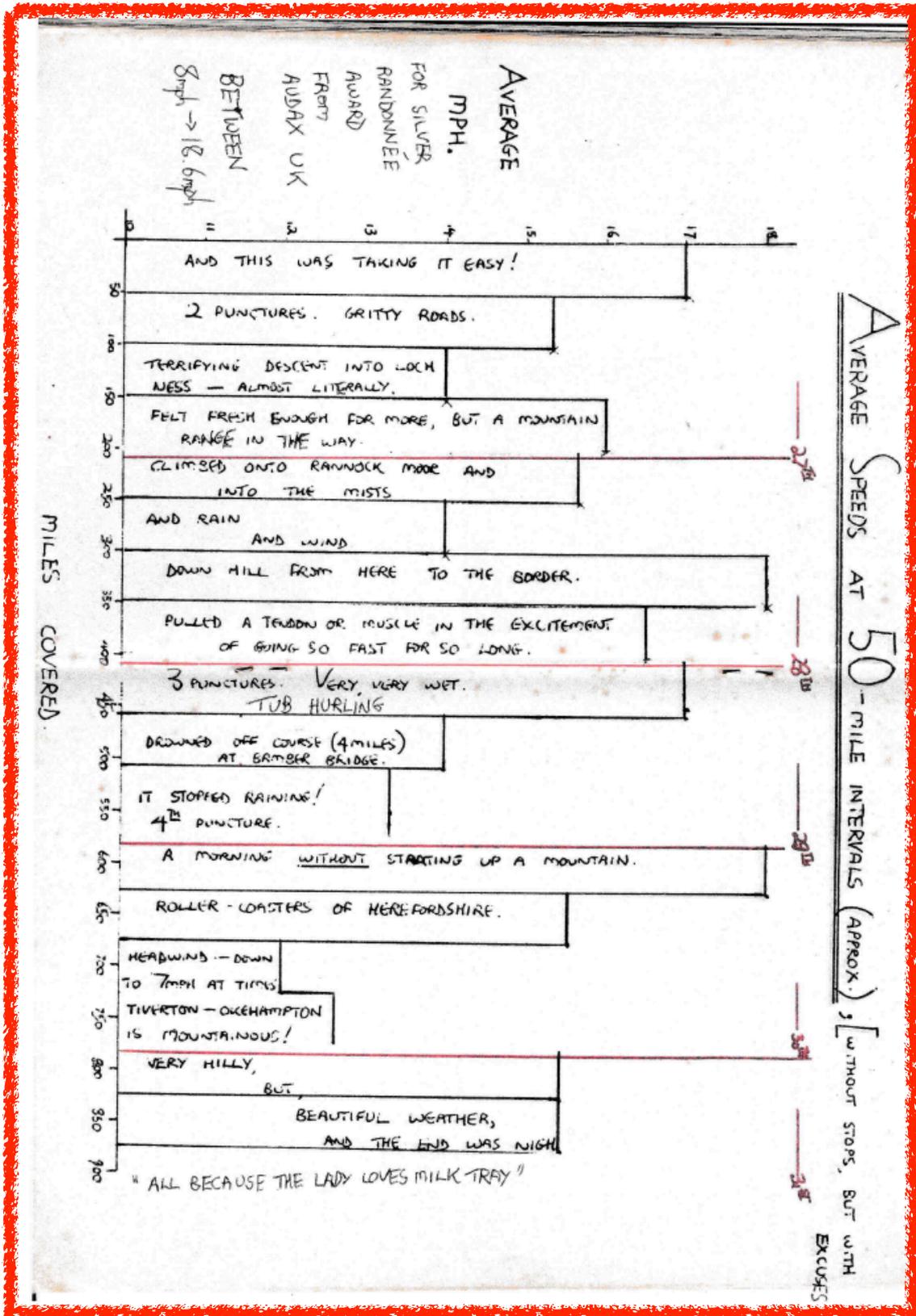
Certified that the ride has been completed in 4 days 7 hours 4 mins and Brevet No. 14 awarded.



 COMMISSAIRE
 des
 RANDONNEURS
 AU
 SUD
 OUEST


 Secretary, Audax United Kingdom
 Well done!

AVERAGE SPEED GRAPH



<https://donate.muscular dystrophyuk.org/public/landing.aspx?content=Donate>

Any donation will be much appreciated. Thanks, Chris.