

SPECIAL EDITION

# Mountain Biking UK<sup>®</sup>

7 June 2025

Editor: John Stevenson

[WRITE SOME SHIT IN HERE]

**INSIDE**

WOODLAND CEREMONY,  
WHAT TO WEAR?

MEMORIAL RIDE WITH  
GUY KESTEVEN

DISC BRAKES  
'DEFINITELY A FAD'  
FULL STORY P29

NAME CHANGE:  
ALL REVEALED

**JOHN  
DAVID  
ABBOTT  
VALENTINE**

20/3/66 - 4/5/25





# CEREMONY

[Write a two-line strap here, not a word more or a word less, and don't forget and send it to the printers like this]

Celebration of Life led by Kate  
Smurthwaite

Please feel free to say a few words, or  
not, as you choose, when invited or write  
a message for John on his coffin

Committal led by Lynette  
Nusbacher

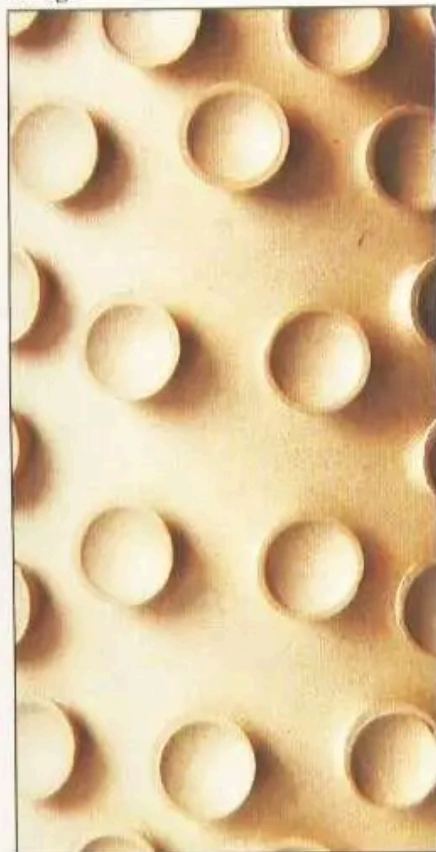
# The John Stevenson Memorial Ride



Memorial ride  
led by Guy  
Kesteven on  
John's beloved  
Scapin

## ONZA OCTOPUS TYRES

Following on from the huge success of their excellent *Porcupine* rubber, **onZa** have just produced the first samples of their new tyre, designed for "slickrock, tarmac



**The sound to listen out for on the streets in '92 comes from onZa.**

and riding home from the pub". Available in 1.55in, 1.85in and 2.15in widths, with a 1.15in version "for nutters" in the pipeline, **onZa Octopus** are far and away the best road tyres we've used – a result of the combination of **onZa's** soft rubber compound and the amazing adhesion produced by **onZa's Suction System** tread which really does grip the asphalt incredibly well.

If the cool sound off-road last year was the rumble of **Tioga** disc wheels, the hip noise to be making on the streets in '92 has to be the soft 'puck-puck' of a set of **onZa Octopuses**.

**From:** NTI UK ☎ 081-423 0824

**Price:** £14.95

**Function:** ●●●●●●

**Value:** ●●●●●●

# Funeral Poems: Our Top 4

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,  
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,  
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum  
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let airplanes circle moaning overhead  
Scribbling on the sky the message "He is Dead",  
Put Crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,  
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,  
My working week and my Sunday-rest,  
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;  
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong

The stars are not wanted now:  
put out every one;  
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;  
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood,  
For nothing now can ever come to any good

*W. H. Auden*

Rhyme Scheme:★★★★☆  
Vocabulary: ★★★★★☆  
Anger: ★★★★★★  
Humour: ★☆☆☆☆

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Our age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my friend, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

*Dylan Thomas*

Rhyme Scheme: ★★★★★☆  
Vocabulary: ★★☆☆☆☆  
Anger: ★★★★★☆  
Humour: ★☆☆☆☆

Let me die a young man's death  
not a clean and in-between  
the sheets holy water death  
not a famous-last-words  
peaceful out of breath death

When I'm 73  
and in constant good tumour  
may I be mown down at dawn  
by a bright red sports car  
on my way home  
from an allnight party

Or when I'm 91  
with silver hair  
and sitting in a barber's chair  
may rival gangsters  
with ham-fisted Tommy guns burst in  
and give me a short back and insides

Or when I'm 104  
and banned from the Cavern  
may my mistress  
catching me in bed with her daughter  
and fearing for her son  
cut me up into little pieces  
and throw away every piece but one

Let me die a young man's death  
not a free from sin tiptoe in  
candle wax and waning death  
not a curtains drawn by angels borne  
'what a nice way to go' death

*Roger McGough*

Rhyme Scheme:★★★★★  
Vocabulary: ★★★★★☆  
Anger: ★★☆☆☆  
Humour: ★★★★★

## To My Husband

If we were never going to die, I might  
Not hug you quite as often or as tight,  
Or say goodbye to you as carefully  
If I were certain you'd come back to me.

Perhaps I wouldn't value every day,  
Every act of kindness every laugh  
As much, if I knew you and I could stay  
For ever as each other's other half.

We may not have too many years before  
One disappears to the eternal yonder  
And I can't hug or touch you any more.  
Yes, of course that knowledge makes us fonder.  
Would I want to change things, if I could,  
And make us both immortal? Love, I would.

*Wendy Cope*

Rhyme Scheme: ★★★★★☆  
Vocabulary: ★★★★★★  
Anger: ★★☆☆☆  
Humour: ★★☆☆☆





# At John's request... sing/whistle along

Some things in life are bad  
They can really make you mad  
Other things just make you swear and curse  
When you're chewing on life's gristle  
Don't grumble, give a whistle  
And this'll help things turn out for the best, and  
Always look on the bright side of life  
Always look on the light side of life  
If life seems jolly rotten  
There's something you've forgotten  
And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing  
When you're feeling in the dumps  
Don't be silly chumps  
Just purse your lips and whistle, that's the thing, and  
Always look on the bright side of life (Come on)  
Always look on the right side of life  
For life is quite absurd  
And death's the final word  
You must always face the curtain with a bow  
Forget about your sin  
Give the audience a grin  
Enjoy it, it's your last chance anyhow  
So always look on the bright side of death  
A just before you draw your terminal breath  
Life's a piece of shit  
When you look at it  
Life's a laugh and death's a joke, it's true  
You'll see it's all a show  
Keep 'em laughin' as you go  
Just remember that the last laugh is on you, and  
Always look on the bright side of life  
Always look on the right side of life  
(C'mon Brian, cheer up)  
Always look on the bright side of life (x3)  
I mean, what have you got to lose?  
You know, you come from nothing  
You're going back to nothing  
What have you lost? Nothing  
Always look on the right side of life  
Nothing will come from nothing, ya know what they say  
Cheer up ya old bugger c'mon give us a grin  
(Always look on the right side of life)  
There ya are, see  
It's the end of the film  
Incidentally this record's available in the foyer  
(Always look on the right side of life)  
Some of us got to live as well, you know  
(Always look on the right side of life)  
Who do you think pays for all this rubbish  
(Always look on the right side of life)  
They're not gonna make their money back, you know  
I told them, I said to him, Bernie, I said  
they'll never make their money back  
(Always look on the right side of life)

