

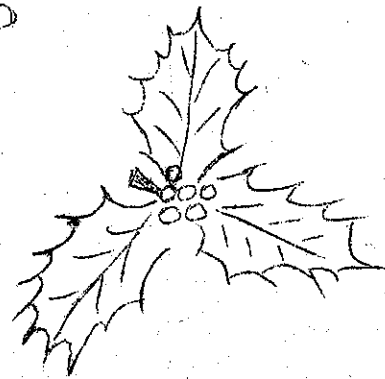
SOUTH WESTERN

• ROAD CLUB •

News Letter



CHRISTMAS
1959



Editor!... W. Reed, 36 Gap Road, S.W. 19

EDITORIAL

Dear Fellow Members,

It is a great pleasure to take this opportunity to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Whatever your aims are for the year to come, be it faster times, more touring miles, Club records, starting Committee Meetings on time, more older member weekends, train excursions to the Outer Hebrides, beating Bill Morgan down hill, not missing races by oversleeping, collecting money from Nob Clark, or just enjoying one more year of good S.W. companionship, I sincerely hope they are fulfilled.

When in our June issue I expressed the now vain hope that the next edition would be on time, my enthusiasm, rather than reason, wrote the words. I have now realised that I can no longer find time to do a Club job and so rather than let the Club down, as I have this year in Newsletter matters, I intend to let reason triumph and resign. I have had a wonderful innings and many years of pleasure and satisfaction working in the Club, and I shall continue to help whenever I can for my enthusiasm is still as fresh as ever, but time is at a premium.

Those of us who recently had the great joy of seeing Les Warner's lecture, "The Pattern of Pleasure", must, like myself, have felt more akin to the sentiment of a lecturer than ever before.

When Ted Shead remarked on the word "tho" he foresaw what many of us would feel when Les had finished, that this was indeed, "The Pattern", "Our Pattern" which year by year gives us satisfaction and great pleasure.

To us, who figured so largely in the photographic pattern of Les's lecture, each slide was a memorable page in a chronicle of pleasure that stretches back many years and which, with luck, will see many more pages added.

Far more lads and lassies than hitherto now race, and yet strangely far fewer tour and Clubrun, recognise the fact that the bicycle is even in this mechanical age, still the best means of transport, the best magic carpet, shall we say, to bring one to the beauty, the quiet, of our countryside, and to that state of contentment which after years of experience many of us find is yet to be bettered.

Many of you will have heard that it has been decided to have Les Skinner and his collection of barndance, ballroom, and rock records to play for our after-dinner dance this year.

This experiment all started at Phil Parkinson's wedding where everyone came under the spell of Les Skinner's enthusiasm and were in less than no time enjoying dances they had previously not even attempted.

Then more recently quite a few of us went to the C.T.C West Kent Barn Dance at Eltham with Les in charge once again and what a night we had; such a mixture of Gay Gordons, waltzes, foxtrots, cha-cha's, jive and many unnamed mad dances that are particularly suited to S.W.R.C tastes.

We hope that the experiment will prove successful and that you can all say once again that you have had a good time.

One bit of advice gained from the West Kent effort: for this energetic dancing comfort is essential so we suggest that the lads come prepared to divest themselves of tie and coat after the more formal proceedings are over and that the lassies dress with a view to being whirled around when Les Skinner tells the boys to "swing your partner".

A new name will be engraved on our Championship Cup this year - that of George Gilleland.

George has had a very successful year, and having had the pleasure of seeing most of his rides, I can say he thoroughly deserves his success.

He never gives up trying; some of his efforts this year were epics of courage, instances of that oft told story in cycle racing that it's not always the super-fast time that denotes a fine ride.

Congratulations George!

Congratulations, too, to our other George - Oliver by name - on being awarded the most meritorious prize.

Not only does he keep our books in fine order, he is always present on Club night with a mine of information and advice to all who require it and most Sundays find him out on some job or errand that is essential in the running of our game.

Without him this Club would be the poorer, and although he disagrees with the award, we know he thoroughly deserves it.

DON'T FORGET THE DINNER DATE -

JANUARY 23RD

AT THE FOUNTAIN

Bill Reed

TREASURER'S REPORT 1959

In reviewing the financial year for 1959, the Club can be said to be in a very satisfactory position, having at the bank and in hand the sum of £97.11s.1d. as against the figures of £79.10s.6d. at this time last year. We have also salted away a further £10 on a Premium Bond, which we all hope will secure one of Mac's top prizes to give us no more concern for the Club's future activities.

After the usual weeding-out, and resignations of several members, the membership is now 93, and apart from two members, subscriptions are paid up amounting to £36.10s.6d. - a drop of £3.4s.3d. on last year. May I remind you here to let me have your subs. early in the year, (or perhaps ask your aunt to pay them for you as a Christmas present) rather than have me remind you at the end, which is for me a most unsatisfactory procedure. Newsletter subscribers were 55, giving an income of £6.17s.6d. Expenses were nominal at £1.16s.10d. but these of course would have been considerably more had we had the usual number of issues.

The social side has shown a profit of £20, mainly from our well supported slide shows, but I fear that with so many of these taking place in the London area, attendances may drop off. It is very noticeable that there is a general lack of our own Club's support for these, particularly the younger members. We should like to see more of these also at the dinner, and maybe the introduction of a new feature at this affair in January will induce them to come along, and thus help to reduce the deficit.

Club room attendances have been excellent, and with our little band of helpers under the supervising eye of Margaret dispersing the tea and cakes, the fees collected from this source have been £34.15s.3d. against the rent of the hall at £38.5s.0d, which works out at about 1s.6d. for the evening over the year, a very small cost indeed for the fun we have there at times.

It is gratifying to note the increased activity in the racing programme. Entry fees for events and T.T's amounted to £15.17s.6d, almost double the previous season's at £8.15s.6d. Standard fees were £4.5s.0d. against £1.2s.0d. In consequence quite a number of standards have been won and coupled with a full list of awards in all spheres our total prize medal and engraving bill will be an estimated £52. Last year £19.11s.0d.

Fees for the Open 12 hour were put up to 13s.6d. and with Frank Brighty as organiser, backed by other efficient supporters, the event cost £6.4s.6d, inclusive of prizes and medals, which are about £15. extra and included above. Jim Dabbs in running the 7/s Road Race made a small profit of 15s.3d, mainly due to his advising us that presenting team medals was not common practice for this type of event and encouraging the trade to supply vouchers for the various stage and prime winners.

In concluding this brief review of the main items of profit and loss I take the opportunity of thanking those clubmen who donated the £11.2s.0d. in varying amounts, and am sure they will continue the good work in view of the fact that it is hoped a runs handbook will be provided in the New Year, and the printers want £30 for doing it.

We are indebted to Jim Page and John Thacker for producing the Balance Sheet, sorting out and putting into concise form the statement of accounts.

Good wheeling and fast times in 1960

George Oliver

BRAKE CABLES

That long awaited event - the wedding day of Phil Parkinson and Dorothy - is now but a memory, but what a pleasant memory it is.

More than half the active and semi-active members were there and by the time the late hours of that Saturday were reached some of the semi-active with "Strip the Willow" and other equally exhausting barn dances in their limbs wondered if they would ever be active again.

When the serious part of the day was over, we all repaired to nearby Rutford Road to be welcomed by the newly weds and a house plastered with posters such as "Welcome to the Plumber and his Mate".

Dorothy, whose energy has to be seen to be believdd, had prepared such a feast for us that even the "hogbins" of the South Western were defeated, and that takes some doing!

5 Rutford Road is a large house with a large garden and lawn, which with the arrival of Les Skinner and his wonderful collection of records soon turned into a dance floor.

I, for one, had never Barn-danced before, but in less than no time Les Skinner had me and many other novices keeping time to his calling and enjoying a wonderful time.

Finally when everybody had wine and dined, and danced themselves through to almost midnight, we wandered our various ways home, vowing to ourselves that, that was certainly a wedding day never to be forgotten.

Our gun-toting, ballseye buster, Ollie Davis, was very prominent at the above "do". He told me that he went horse riding on Exmoor for his holiday - this of course is his wife's influence.

She also shares his enthusiasm for shooting and from their line of trophies I should say that they are a couple of "Dead Eye Dicks".

When we heard that Ron and Lily Gould were going to Broom Hall we instantly said that as soon as they were settled we would visit them.

As before, we always say these things in Les Warner's presence and as always, it was arranged. Tickets bought, seats booked, and route mapped so that all we had to do was to turn up at Paddington at 8 a.m. on a Saturday morning.

Oxford came, and the train went leaving us to pedal our merry way over the familiar countryside of the old 12 hour circuit until we came to the "Trout Inn" at Lechlade where "Chicken in the Rough" and a few glasses of wine fortified us for our assault on the Cotswolds.

The clouds were high and the wind at our backs as we traversed that glorious tumbled area.

Bibury and Northleach dropped behind us, then up on that high road - one of the best of all, I think - thro' Naughton Notgrove, Turkdean and finally into Snowhill, and down that fierce "swoosh" ^{to} tea at Broadway.

From Broadway the road is a Roman one, straight as a dye. With the wind roaring along it we enjoyed riding at great speed, arriving at Broom Hall only two minutes before the witching hour of 7 o'clock.

Ron and Lily were behind their gleaming stoves dishing out the meal and there, amid the clatter of many plates, the sweet smells of food, and the general hub-bub, we saw them for the first time in their new life.

For many of us this was our first taste of Youth Hostelling but the food was good and the company cheerful so we were soon at home.

The meal over and the piles of washing up soon eaten up by many hands we adjourned to Ron and Lily's private room, there to spend a most contented evening with colour slides, music and above all, talk.

The two-tier bunks to which we repaired to later were too reminiscent of the Army, and as most of us in our exclusive S.W. room were "old sweats" the fun tended to be of the low order so dearly beloved by the services and indeed cyclists off the loach.

It's in the rules that hostellers are not allowed in a Hostel between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. but rules are made to be broken.

The hours were so pleasant there at Broom with Ron and Lily that we hung on so long that in the end Lily invited us to dinner, which was just what we wanted.

So after we had cleared quite a few yards of a neglected garden so that Ron could start his horticulture, eaten a fine dinner and made many reluctant farewells, we left Ron and Lily to that lovely house and absorbing job and pedalled our way back to Banbury, the train, and the "smoke", with yet another page in our "Pattern of Pleasure".

Many moons ago I received a letter from Jim Page in which he and his wife Jean thanked their freinds in the Club for the present given on the occasion of their marriage. Jim says it will always be a reminder of the happy days spent in the Club.

A real case of "long time, no see" with regard to Jack and Eileen Bertrand. We hope that all goes well with them and that we shall see them again shortly.

We recently had the pleasure of being conveyed in the Clement's hired chariot to the Farm.

It was one of the loveliest late Autumn days and the house, bright and shining in its new paint with the new garden around it, was a pleasant sight indeed.

We made our usual lunch time visit to the pub in the company of Ted and Jack whom time doesn't alter - a visit to them is just like being on a Club run in the 'thirty's'.

Not having visited them for some time I was very interested in the great improvements and changes that Jack and Ted, Hilda and Sylvia have wrought both outside and in, the slides I saw of the new garden in high Summer showed that there are some very successful gardeners at Brooklands.

The familiar red and grey van which has featured so largely in this year's racing mornings is no more.

Bill and Margaret Squirrell have sold it and bought a "Domobile" car van. This no doubt will be even more loaded with bikes, trikes, tired racing men and young Buster Squirrell in the season to come.

Our young, up and coming members John Bromley and Mac MacDonald haven't gone into hibernation now that winter's here - they rode in the East Surrey Road Club Cycl. Cross, 12 miles. Their bikes still bore the caked mud which formed most of the course when they came to the Clubroom. This to some of us was a sight for sore eyes and recalled the great days of the Club when we were supreme in rough stuff events.

Fred Parsons recently heard from Gertie that she has moved from the old home at Furves Road and now lives at 63, Oliphant Street, Queens Park, W.10

I was pleased to hear that Art. Smith is again in circulation - we shall be delighted to see him again - he now lives at 146, Minars Road, Catford, S.E.6

BARGAIN - Ilford Sportsman 35 m.m. camera, leather case, U.V. filter, and a Thixon light meter for £12. Apply Ted Shead



*CHRISTMAS MORNING RUN - meet at TIBBETTS CORNER - at 9.00 a.m.

Some time ago George Oliver received a letter from Syd and Mrs. Parkinson - what a letter - it made one quite envious.

Syd said they are now settling in well, becoming quite local, on speaking terms with the milkman, greengrocer, and dusty, they are in, in fact.

They both consider they were lucky to find Wells and congratulate themselves every day.

They have a boat as Syd says (a most important part of us) and evidently takes part in the local sailing races, which he says, are just as hectic and full of enthusiasm as the 25's he used to ride.

The sands and scenery make him almost lyrical, they swim every day in the summer and cycle tour around the countryside on their doorstep. In fact, if I were to write all the many and varied pleasures which they now enjoy I should reduce you all to a discontented lot. But one thing's certain, that letter proves what I always know; that Syd and Mrs. P have always known the secret of making the best use of their time - the secret of living rather than existing.

CHRISTMAS MORNING



We are pleased to announce that arrangements have been made for a venue for the Christmas morning run. Unfortunately, our old rendez-vous at Kempton Park cannot cater for us any more, but - with some difficulty - we have found an alternative at:

THE MOLESEY CAFE

HAMPTON COURT

(OPPOSITE HAMPTON COURT STATION)

This cafe is opening especially for us at 10 a.m., and we must leave by 11 a.m. Do please come early, and if you are coming on the run from Tibbett's Corner please note that the meet is at 9 a.m. sharp. Let's have as much time together as we possibly can.

Here's to our usual grand gathering!!

Bill Reed

There has been some discussion on committee this year regarding a new club handbook. One is very badly needed, and by the time you read these notes the sub-committee should have held it's first meeting. The necessity for a new handbook has been increasingly shown lately, particularly in regard to club Time Trial rules and questions we have had on the various novice awards that we make. Duplicated Time Trial rules have been circulated where necessary, and rules affecting novices are also available. This year has shown a greater number of young new members than recent years, and we welcome yet another who has just been voted in : Geoffrey Filbey
69, Limes Gardens,
Southfields, S. W. 18. he has joined as a First
claim under 21 member and recently rode a Time Trial after a club event.

With regard to time trials we have been discussing the club rules re date of entry for club events and the paying of the entrance fee. According to our rules the fee of 2/6d. should be paid to the T.T. Secretary when the entry is made, and this entry should be made not later than the second Club night before the event. These rules have been increasingly overlooked during recent years, and they do in any case need reviewing. Many members like to join a club event the Wednesday before the event, for various reasons, but with the entry list closing late there are difficulties put in the way of handicappers and also we would like to see a start sheet. We are also worried because we think some young members may be clocking up a lot more half crowns than they think.

Following the Inter Club 50 this year with the North Road and Veg. we have received a query regarding the method of determining the winning team, our result sheet showed the winners as the team of three best rides totalled, but the North Road were of the opinion that the winners are the team of four riders with the lowest points, reckoning the fastest man as one point, and the second fastest as two points and so on. Our records have now been further checked and the minutes of 1952 show that the winners are certainly determined on a points basis, but that the team should consist of six riders. In any case the North Road would still win and the ultimate result is not affected.

As you know we have been having trouble with the club's duplicator and as a result I wrote to Ron Gould, who always managed to produce excellent work. But first three of us had a go with no good result and the last News-Letter was produced elsewhere. Roneo sent along a mechanic who after an examination said it must be the original turned out by the first Mr. Roneo and said it only had a curiosity value. Ron has sent us a list of very good suggestions all to do with the preparation of the paper and we hope to get it working properly. Reading between the lines I think Ron believes that some of us are a bit dim! (me included)

The Old Members 25 with the Belle Vue was not exactly a howling success this year (except for the wind on the morning - no connection with the night before) We are buying the Medals this year and the Belle Vue magazine suggests

that the event may not be run any more due to lack of entries from our Club. We don't want this to happen and a reminder will be sent to all old qualifiers who can get inside 1.50 somewhere round about next April. Frank Brighty, Owen P. Ollie Davis etc please note.

We had a spot of insubordination at the last committee meeting from a recently elected committee member. We were talking about the present to be given to Phil Parkinson and Dorothy as a wedding gift from the club. An available list showed 120 feet of garden hose as being very acceptable and our Social Secretary was asked to purchase same. As the Social Secretary is a member of the fair sex you will not be surprised to learn that the club gift was of oven ware and dishes. Apparently you don't give garden hose as wedding presents, although our roving reporter who was at the wedding reception did notice that some other person had bought a hose and fittings.

Following requests for help in the W.L.C.A. and Middlesex Twelves, some club members spent enjoyable Sundays in Berkshire and Oxfordshire. Firstly Dan Allman drove a party to Lew (near Bampton) where we were kept busy with a food, drink and sponge station, and incidentally found time to pick masses of blackberries. Later Ted Shead drove another party up to Hatford in the Parkinson Fire Engine, where the only job was handing up packets of sandwiches at the main feed. We had enough help on hand to have run the feed ourselves, but we had a nice day.

We are making a provisional booking for our usual Mass Start Open Road Race for the usual course and date next May. The date fixing conference comes along very shortly and we have to get in before the A.G.M. The event is of course, subject to ratification by the Annual General Meeting in December.

HANDBOOK APPEAL FUND

As many of you will already know, the Club is urgently in need of a new Handbook, and arrangements are already being made for the production of a new issue early in 1960. The printing of the Handbook is, however, quite a costly item, and at the recent Annual General Meeting it was agreed that a special Handbook fund be started so that we shall have less of a direct strain on our general finances.

WILL YOU HELP?

Our old friend and benefactor George Oliver has very kindly and generously offered to start the ball rolling with a personal donation of £10, and would be pleased to receive contributions (he is also our treasurer of course) from those members who are willing to assist in some way.

Please follow George's example, and let him have a donation - no matter how large or small - to help this Handbook effort on its way. George's address is: 124, Alderbrook Road, Balham, S.W.12 and he will be pleased to hear from you.

Having four days for the Whitsun holiday, I welcomed the invitation from Percy and Lydia Hughes in Chester to spend it with them. In passing they wish to be remembered to all their old friends, and should any of them be in the Chester area to look them up at 33 Lord Street. Chester like so many towns of Roman origin is very narrow in places and consequently gets a terrific build up of traffic on its way to the Welsh pleasure resorts. But take the lesser known roads out towards Whitchurch and Nantwich, the Peckforton Hills and Beeston Castle and you have the Cheshire landscape pretty well to yourself, predominantly agricultural, but always in the distance are the houses with their well known "Magpie" architecture, very pleasing to behold.

Nantwich whose earlier name was Wich Malbank has much to offer in the Elizabethan style, and in fact owes its existence to Good Queen Bess, for after the greater part was burnt down in 1583 it was mainly through contributions by her that it was rebuilt. On the gable of an old house can be read these lines.

God grante our Royal Queen
In England Long to Reign
For she hath put the helping
Hand to build this town again:

The grinning 'Cheshire Cat' now hangs as a sign over a restaurant which was for 300 years an almshouse. My wanderings round the town were rewarded by pleasant glimpses of narrow streets, rich in the black and white Tudor style of the houses, lasting evidence of the 16th century builders.

Seeing that the grounds of Chalmondeley Castle (pronounced I believe Chumley) were open to the populace by courtesy of the Earl of Rocksavage, with tea served at the house I had visions of drinking from the crested china, but it was only a rough old marquee hired from a local caterer. Still it was a fine garden. Over then to Tilstone Lodge and another even lovelier garden, home of Mr. D.J. Bibby. Enquiring of a very nice lady whether there were any connections with the Bibby Line of shipping she answered "Yes, my husband's the Chairman, would you like to see the house?" I was left to wander round just as I liked, admiring the collection of china, the trophies of the chase, the billiard room; the very essence of gracious living, the portrait in the hall lit by fluorescent lighting is "My Mother" she said, by De Laslo.

Reading that Piet Van Kempen is now 61 years old and living in comfortable retirement in Brussels, brings to mind those pre-war sixes which were staged at Olympia, when we used to stay until the early hours of the morning watching the "squirrels in a cage" tear round the wooden bowl, and then proceed to work a few hours later. I shall always remember one occasion during a terrific flat out 'jam' in the last half hour of a 'six' when a burst tyre caused a big "stack-up" with Piet just behind, how he grabbed his front wheel with his gloved hand in an effort to nullify the impact. He came down with the rest, and after frantic attention

by his helpers in his bunch resumed the race to win. Known as the Flying Dutchman, he was the greatest rider of them all, taking part in 151 cycling marathons, winning 34 of them.

I never cease to wonder at the antics of the 'Top People' of all types, that are related by the gossip writers of the press. Latest to catch my eye is a paragraph recording that Reg Harris, after giving 24 miles start to a racing driver John Dalton, who is 11 years younger, beat him by 7 mins. in a race on bicycles from Derby to Ashbourne. After overtaking Dalton, he slowed down to comb his hair and have a drink Dalton being the loser of the contest paid for a champagne dinner for 12. Well, I suppose it's another way of keeping your name before the public.

Our two members Ron and Lily Gould who are now fully competent hostel wardens, gave me and a rider from the Marlboro the opportunity of re-visiting Colchester recently by way of a free trip on Father Thames on Woolwich Ferry, round the gas-works at Beckton, to eventually evade the traffic at the Chelmsford road for tea at Maldon on the Blackwater. Early on we had been surprised at Hither Green by Elsie and Charlie Budcoke waving to us from their car on their way to Sheppey. We were well received at Colchester, Lily cooking as well as possible after falling down stairs and fracturing a wrist, which was on the mend by now. Having breakfasted, and joined Ron and Lily in a coffee and biscuits not usually afforded to hostellers, we rode homewards through the lanes, avoiding Braintree, Dunmow and Stortford to be swept once again into the mass of London's traffic at Waltham Abbey. We had remarked more than once during the week-end of the absence of club cyclists in this once prolific area for cycling of the wise men of the East. As my friend surmised the plaque must have been far reaching.

From Colchester our wardens are transferring to Broom Hall near Stratford-on-Avon, so a few week-ends there will be fitting to explore the Vale of Evesham a bit more, tho' for most of us it will mean a trip on the "rattler" to Oxford, as it is about 100 miles each way.

THIS IS JUST BREATHING SPACE!!

Please carry on over the page - (especially the racing men).

TIME-TRIAL REPORT

The autumn curtain has fallen on yet another racing season: one which saw the South-Western's time-trial fortunes take an upward trend, as witness the total of 130 entries for club events and the 30 standard medals gained. True, times at the longer distances were nothing startling, but this was only to be expected, as most riders were in their first full season, the ex-club champions being too busy for one reason or another, to train seriously this year.

A good pointer is the unprecedented way in which enthusiasm has lasted from early March to late September. In this respect the weather has, of course, played a major part in providing such a glorious summer. In time of drought it is very difficult to remain unfit. In fact, everybody who rode regularly did their best times at the distances attempted and this, in spite of the fact that everyone took their holidays and our racing activities consequently dropped, during that period of warm, super-fast mornings from our Open 12-Hour day to to Mid-August: a period when competition records were broken with much regularity.

Our initial venture on the Chessington course was rather unsuccessful as the first man, having only ridden previously on the circular Hampton course, and therefore knowing nothing of turn marshalls, decided after 11½ miles that he had been riding for the devil of a long time and had better about-turn. He did so taking the next three on the road with him. Fred Parsons' eyes popped out of his head when these four came storming in doing short "one's". However everyone seemed to like the course. It certainly makes a change from the Staines area and the Surrey lanes around Dorking are unbelievably different at 7 a.m, freed as they are at that time from crowds and obnoxious petrol fumes.

Two weeks later, 12th July, the hundred-milers moved off to Pangbourne Lane, complete with van, tents, domestiques, slaves and much food. Transistor wireless sets blared all night to drown the noise of the wind howling, and the general jolly atmosphere was reminiscent of the 1930's when (so we are told) the pre-race beer drinking contest was of prime importance. Unfortunately next morning, Ken Verco blew up at Speen and George Gilleland was slowed by a puncture and an attack of cramp which forced him off his bike for a few minutes. But Bill Squirrell, 4-50-8, and Bob Maylin, 4-54-10, did very good rides in their first "100", especially when you take into account the genuine half-gale which made the leg out to Froxfield extremely hard.

On the same day we fared badly in our inter-club with the Belle Vue. Fred Parsons had to hold the fort alone. Lumbago had laid a few venerable gentlemen low and Bill Reed, who had trained fanatically for just this event, went suddenly stale. Never mind, there's always next year.

The best rides in the next few weeks were effected by George Gilleland and Les Warner. George clocked 2-7-13 in the Belle Vue "50", easily the best ride in the Club since Graham Collins went into the forces, and one which settled the fate of the Club Championship in no uncertain manner. While Les in his inimitable, once-a-year ride, took a few seconds off his previous best performance with 1-4-50 in a club event. Who said C.T.C men weren't fast? He now has a colour slide showing himself "trying to get out of his 1-4 rut",

just to take the wind out of the sails of any "racing-men only" who might be at his lantern lectures.

The 23rd August was the day of the Inter-Club "25" and also the day on which all coureurs had been ordered to reach peak fitness. It was to be another camping week-end. "Mac" McDonald brought along a lightweight two-man tent and in some strange manner it turned into an enormous bell tent and we all dropped into it and covered the bikes with the other tents.

John Thacker and Bill Squirrell (trike) pruned a few seconds off their best times but the rest of our riders inexplicably went back a bit on what was a fair morning and a super course. Otherwise the event was a great success. Thirty started out of an entry of thirty-one (one Westerley man had found out that Army leave, as they say, is only a privilage). T. McGavin was fastest, 58-35, and his club the Charloteville recorded a team time which would, on the day, have won any open event in the country. The Westerley also did well and so, as you will note from the results below, we are to buy the medals again.

The Club "30", won by George Gilleland, a week later, produced the usual tear-up. Although the very cold conditions forced the standard medal hunters to lower their sights a little. An exception was Bill Squirrell who proceeded to put up a new club tricycle record 1-25-47, and take first handicap as well. Bill has been steadily improving his trike "25" time and later in the month he finally broke club record in the W.L.C.A event with a fine ride of what turned out to be a cold misty morning on the H.10. We look forward to seeing him trundle his barrow around the "12" next year.

On the 6th September Bob Maylin, Bill Squirrell and family, and myself went up to the famous North Road course to try for a fast "50". But once again that persistent north wind produced a thick mist before the sun got up and we were slower than anticipated. Nevertheless we all had a good time cooking steaks and brewing cocoa by van-light. I must say I had some misgivings about camping the night before a race. But they proved to be entirely unfounded. In fact I think you go faster. There is none of that horrible transition from a nice warm bed to the outdoor air and you can't possibly wake up feeling tired because you never get to sleep in the first place. We now have quite a widespread reputation for ruining the beauty of the countryside. The timekeeper of one open event was heard to exclaim, after Nos 3, 4 and 5 had failed to report, "Well at least we know No. 6 (Maylin) will start. The South Western are camping just down the road. Ugh! They must be mad".

On the same day Bill Reed timed half-a-dozen privates on the Hampton. George Gilleland was fastest in 1-2-22. Ken Verco, with a personal best of 1-2-36, distinguished himself by catching our erstwhile member Dave Laws, who has had a good year while gaining the club championship of the South Eastern R.C.

Some of us decided to have a go in the Epsom C.C Tandem "30" on the final racing weekend of the year. Strange to say, our museum pieces stayed in one

piece and Gilleland-Thacker finished tenth in 1-9-9, with Maylin-Bromley a few places back in 1-10-54. Despite the icy chill which slowed the field, a couple of minutes we all agreed that it was much better than solo racing. In fact I can honestly say it was the only event I've ever ridden, in which I didn't sell out; the only real difficulty is slowing down for the turn.

Summing up, George Gilleland is a worthy club champion with an average m.p.h of 22.631. Ken Verco is runner up with 22.18 m.p.h and he is closely followed by J. Thacker, W. Squirrell and R. Maylin.

The Junior Championship Cup has been won by John Bromley from the fastest bunch of juniors that the club has ever had.

Peter "Windmill" Woolhouse, the only man who can push a "108" with ease on the Hampton course, is Champion Novice with a very good 22.21 mp.h, after having knocked a minute off his "25" time in each of his half-dozen rides. At that rate of improvement he must soon be near the hour.

Don't forget to come out and shout "Up, Up," on October 18th when Bob Maylin, fresh from his exploits on 'La Route des Alpes', leads a South Western team in the Catford hill climb. The club hill-climb will be on October 25th, probably on the dreaded Flinthouse.

Finally, the racing men join me in extending our thanks to those who have marshalled in club events this year, especially to Frank Slinger, Brian Morrison and Phil Parkinson, and also of course, to the panel of timekeepers. Thanks are also due to Bill Squirrell and his van for providing much needed transport on so many occasions.

J.A.T.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS

and
all
the
best
for
the

NEW YEAR
