

Broadsheet of the South Western Road Club

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EDITORIAL

Well here we are, at the end of 1965, and as you think back over the last twelve months what Club event stands out? I suppose it depends on your point of view, but surely the real get-together, is the Dinner. And yet the marvellous crowd that assembled at Oxshott showed that the Club socially is far from finished.

On the racing side, Bill Reed's efforts have borne some fruit, principally his 2-up T.T.T, and the Combine 100 still shows our best side. When it comes to the active side we take it in small doses, but rewarding ones, nevertheless.

We must all look to '66 with a resolve to move out of the state we've been in for the past few years. Here's hoping anyway.

BEST WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

ACTIVITY

Good to see a real action shot of Jim Dabbs, in "Cycling". The result of his entry in the Whitewebbs Gents '10', for "trade" people etc, an annual "do". Sorry you didn't beat evens, Jim; still, what is 33 secs among friends!

COMMITTEE CAPERS

The October meeting is a bit dated now so lets get on with the November one.

Interesting item was information from Fred about event promotion at the Crystal Palace. Events can be run by clubs on Tuesday evenings (summer), and it is reckoned that 150 entries can be had just for the asking. There would be 4 groups 1 2 and 3 category, plus juniors. We have decided to get a meeting with the circuit manager to clear up a few queries. More later.

Reply from the North Road. They accept our ideas of 3-men team and medals, and also that Sunday morning would be a better time.

George's report was as follows.

Bank	...	£49.15s. 6d.
Cash in Hand	...	£ 6. 7s. 8d.

This was the situation at the close of the financial year. The slide show had made a £3.12s.0d. profit. We had prizes value £30 to pay for.

We had some discussion at this point about our losses this year and the 12hr. came up for some changes. Entry fee was raised

Other costs were Newsletter £13, and loss on Clubroom £11.

Bill Reed (Social) declared the Battersea lecture a success, and Bill Clements 'Tokyo' outing had 31 supporters so far. Les Warner was worried about the dinner, only 30 tickets sold so far. The social programme was fully discussed and a film show was planned for mid January 1966.

We had some members quite keen on cyclo-cross recently. Wise had done well, coming 3rd in the De Laune event, 4 miles in 23-44; only 8 finished.

To round up the evening, Ted announced that another Skittle weekend was planned for next year.

Well, this was the last meeting of the present committee, the A.G.M will probably re-arrange the personnel.

J.N.B.

CERTAINLY NOT - 'U'!

I hear that the Eastern D.C. R.T.T.C have declared that they will not accept any future courses which include U-turns, all turns must be via roundabouts.

BELGIAN BOGGOLODOURS

Having camped, cycled and hoofed it in the high hills for over thirty years we are well versed, not to say expert, in that most ancient English Art of Coarse Bogging. The word English should be interpreted to include our Welsh, Scots and Irish cousins, although it should be pointed out that in Wales, particularly in the quarry areas of the north, that the art is more likely to be known as "Slate Lifting".

Our family, who have perforce followed our trail by bike, tent and foot are also well versed in Coarse Bogging, and in view of reports I must say that it was with some trepidation that we ventured this year into Europe. It was soon clear that our fears were to be justified and the art does not appear to exist in Belgium where we first set foot. It does indeed seem possible that the art has never been known there, possibly the absence of roadside hedges and bushes has played its part. It is, after all, difficult to spend a penny in flat treeless landscape where one can see for miles in all directions. The second cuppa is truly supped at one's peril.

Certainly, occasionally in towns there are circular metal troughs set in the odd wall here and there, that seen "à la mode" for gents; these are true "public" conveniences but require a type of courage not to be found in the real coarse bogging expert. In England after too many cups at elevenses we would in due course nip behind a hedge and reappear in due course possibly examining a leaf and pass some erudite comment about the shape or colour, which deceives no one but does leave some doubt and is all in accordance with accepted practice in the art.

In Belgium you can see to your personal comfort only in a cafe, but this means buying a drink so that not long after getting back on the street a vicious and expensive circle starts again. At the beginning of our visit a certain male of our party walked the streets of Bruges in some agony and at last decided in desperation that the station might provide the answer. It did, but to his horror he found that ladies and gents shared the same facilities presided over by an old dame. However desperate remedies are

"Ne pas Wee wee!" "Ah" says she and leads him in. Up to a cubicle which she opens "Pardon Madam" shuts the cubicle and tries another. Fortunately empty, so she briskly dusts the seat, tears him off a too short strip of AFB and shuts the door.

He duly rejoined us very quiet and not only his hair was red! It was some time before we dragged the story out of him. London may not have a 'Mannikin ---' (neither at that has Brussels now) but long live England and her 'Ladies' and 'Gents'.

F.C.E

BRAKE CABLES

Some welcome news from Chester. Percy Hughes, who was recovering from 'flu at the time of writing, wrote me a long letter telling of some new facets of his old enthusiasm - the "out of doors" life.

Percy and the children have joined the Chester Rambling Club and have had some pleasant walks in the Capel Curig, Aber Falls, and Church Stretton areas. Evidently the local bus company run special trips for ramblers.

They were all up at Moss Hill, that traditional Club haven, on Guy Fawkes weekend, and after the usual fire and fireworks they had a slide show.

They had intended to go up part of the Pygtrack on the Sundry but rain intervened, so they "cruised" by car around the tracks above Harlech, an area which Percy says is worth exploring in better weather.

Christmas will be spent with an old cycling friend near Chester, giving Percy a no doubt much needed rest.

A recent letter from Helon Davis gave us news of that never-to-be-forgotten character, Ollie. Not only has he changed his abode to 147 Queen Anne Avenue, Bronley, Kent, but is also in the process of changing his career. At present he is "swotting" it out at a one-year full time course at Garnett College, and - if the results are successful - this time next year should see our Ollie as a fully fledged teacher in further education.

Let's hope he won't "half wheel" his students as he did to all and sundry in those never-to-be-forgotten days after the last war. Best of luck Ollie!

Frank Brighty, that other star performer of those days, also put pen to paper recently.

Evidently he and Pam are engaged in this ever-popular but painful quest of finding the "ready" for purchasing a pile of bricks and mortar. Apparently the horseless carriage was the first sacrifice - the reason for our not seeing them this year.

Suddenly a dark thought crossed my mind, "is he a secret drinker?" Does he indeed, despite outward appearances, look upon gather wine when it is red - and when others are not looking? Perhaps these eternal ergange juices are but a front. How else, I asked myself, could he face the wine waiter at the Savoy Hotel with such aplomb and - when handed the initial glass out of the bottle -

a wine fit for them to drink.

We were sorry to hear of the death at the age of 58 of George Bartlett of the Ross Wheelers, who for many years was the President and guiding light of the South West London Combine. Many of you will remember him well on Combine mornings just after the war, and in his shop on the Chertsey Road.

Our active young lads are in the true line of Club tradition having a go at "mudlarking" - Cyclo-cross.

Young Bob Wise has done best so far, getting a second place.

Ron Gould recently sent our George a bit of news which will recall some memories. It appears that he met a bloke in the course of his everyday duties and the talk turned to cycling. The bloke turned out to be Bob Smith, late of this Club.

Ron did not know him but many of us will recall him in the Denning, Morrison Bros, Dacre era.

Bill Reed

ESSEX

(From the Kentish Wheelers Gazette)

Arise I say, too long have you "Lazy B----s" been safe behind the natural barrier of the Thames, and the fear of the fight through the great Metropolis; take courage (not the beer) and make the effort, for the reward is there, never I say has a County to offer so much. A flat uninteresting County it has been said, but what do they know of Essex who say it?

This County that faces the North Sea has stood four-square against our foes from before Caesar's day till now. Once it was forest all the way from London to Colchester, but the woodlands fell back as the centuries came on, and the Essex Forest became Waltham Forest, Waltham Forest became Epping Forest, the menacing finger of progress was pointing at the heart of all this natural glory when the City of London, seeing a chance to do a noble deed, saved the Forest from shrinking away, and has now preserved 5000 acres of forest land, a piece of England left to us as it always was.

Rivers like the Roding, Pant and Colne have on their banks villages and towns that are a source of wonder and beauty, places where the passage of time has left its mark. The Romans came and left towns like Camulodunum (Colchester), Caesaromagnus (Chelmsford), and Braintree, and in practically every village and town you will see Roman bricks or tiles in some church or hall. Bricks and tiles that the Romans made, the Saxons handled, and the Normans used again.

The stamp of the Romans is everywhere in Essex, three main roads, "Icknield Street" from London to Colchester, "Stane Street" joins it at Marks Tey, having come from St. Albans to Bishops Stortford, there to run due East across the county. And the "Via Devana" from Cambridge joins Icknield Street at Lexden, having come by way of Castle Hedingham; many other roads too bear witness to their road-making abilities.

Colchester was the first Roman City in the land, and has

preserved for us hosts of beautiful things, and the touch of the Roman hand. It was to this City that Boadicea swept down on the small Roman garrison, and placing her name in history forever, took them by surprise, a terrible revenge for a bitter wrong; every man, woman and child in the city was slain. The victorious Queen fought her way in triumph to St. Albans and London till she slew herself in sight of her defeated army, for in the end defeated she was, and the Roman City rose again.

The County has a fine array of buildings of all periods, and as it has no native stone it is rich in exquisite timber work; one has but to see the church at Greensted, a "Saxon Shrine", built of split oak trunks, each log with a tongue of wood to fit into its place.

It was to this place that the body of Edmund Ironside (St. Edmund?) was rested for the night when it was being carried back to the grave at Bury St. Edmunds, from where it had been hurriedly removed by monks, in their fear of the Danes.

But come, let us be on our way, the tourist in Essex no less than the native will have his favourite village or town, and the atmosphere of that place is largely determined for some of us by the character of the local Inn, and for many of us some of the pleasantest hours of our lives have been those spent at the typical English Tavern. By this social institution all the grace of those delightful houses may be enjoyed by any of us, at the cost of a shilling or so, as though they were our own.

The Inn will tell the traveller more of the locality and its temper than the church may. Its existence depends upon its keeping pace, and we who are past middle age have seen how easily it can adjust itself to changing conditions and tastes.

Wherever you go in the County you will be in contact with the story of bygone England. You may walk along a stone passage with 14th century pilgrims; you may light your pipe in the room where Richard 3rd stood and fumed. You may sleep in the bedroom where Charles 1st slept, and in rooms used by Charles 2nd, Pepys, Turner and Dickens. You will I hope, have meals which will be something more than just food, in a William & Mary, or Regency dining room. You may go up to your room by an Adam staircase, and be able to sit in a Stuart Hall, or by a fireplace as good to the eye today as it was to the traveller in the days of the Armada. And there will be tales to hear of what has happened in and to the old inns during the war years. Some of the tales no doubt, will be added to the store of the Inn's history, or perhaps they will have nothing more urgent to tell than an arid story of occupation by Civil Servants!

As we wander about the County every village, hamlet, town, is steeped in history; to name but a few, the Rodings, Felstead, Pleshey, Great Maplestead, Coggeshall, Finchingfield, Great Bardfield, and Bradwell-on-Sea, where there is a little Saxon Church.

And so friends, let us turn our wheels north-east to the County that has given untold pleasure to myself and family, and I am sure you will have much to remember in Essex as we have.

Curly

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Len Harris has announced his move from glorious Devon to quiet Dorset - 7 Grange Park, Thornford, Sherborne, Dorset.

The Allmans are now at this delightful address:- 'Parador',
Dormans Park, Lingfield, Surrey.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS!

I had some old Newsletters dropped on me recently, here's a few bits that make you think.

1947

Standards Gold 10, Gold-centre 8
Silver 12, Bronze 9.

		Started	Finished
Entries	Club	101	85
	Combine	85	63
	Open	95	75
	Total	281	223
			187

This was the Road Club!

MY BEST SLIDES

This slide show, like the one we ran last winter, was a pleasant "do", supported by about 30 people.

Ted Shead had the master's touch, when he originally composed his shots of the Scilly Isles. The coast he showed us certainly set one yearning to go there and sample those beckoning beaches.

Next, Nobby gave us Sardinia. He certainly has a knack of going some place different and before the inevitable holiday-makers descend on a place.

Fred Parsons gave us club people and club outings, closer home, but also some interesting shots of Bruges.

John Dunkley teased us with some fruity shots of you can guess what!

Bill Clements took us to Erin, Tim Healey's Pass, Dunloe Gap and Fuschia growing wild on almost every hedgerow.

Finally Dave Kewell had a grand collection of castles, seen on his trip to South West Wales.

DATES TO REMEMBER

December 25 Christmas morning run. You are invited to the Slingo's at 6 Oakfields, Walton-on-Thames. See you there!

Mid January '66 Film Show, actual date to be fixed. Keep in touch with Bill Reed or John Dunkley.

March 26 Yes it's a bit far on, but make your plans now, to support the Big Skittle Week-end, down Hampshire way. Ted Shead will have everything laid on.

February? date of next issue, if you have any items of club interest let me have them by first or second week in February. (Editor)