

SOUTH WESTERN ROAD CLUB

NEWSLETTER

Easter 1971.

Dear Fellow Members,

I sincerely hope that none of the misfortunes which struck my first effort happen to this edition.

Many of you have never seen the first effort for not only was the postal strike on, but the copies which should have reached you by devious means were left at the Dinner venue and lost.

At that time, I talked of the "Gate of Year" now with Easter four days away, we are well "up the path" and things are stirring.

I have noticed this in my daily perambulations, Sunninghill, Balham and back, early on when the evening ride was in the dark, occasionally an intrepid rider loomed into the headlights on the dark roads around Staines, suffering no doubt in his effort for early fitness. Now with the lighter evenings, the sight is more frequent and it is a pleasure to see so many times, the dedicated concentration being made. The pleasure of the rear view of a hiko and rider, the hiko steady and straight the pedals rhythmically flashing up and down, the rider firm and still but for his pounding legs and when you have passed you say a "real cyclist" for you to have some knowledge of the pain and pleasure that goes into trying to ride a bike fast.

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Club affairs have been very slow to start. Only four riders for the first ten miles and no entrants at all for the early combine events. Ray Ward, we hear, had some success on the road early on and we have heard that John and Graham Bromley are busy training.

With the Clarence Wheelers back in the Combine with their great wealth of youngsters, the job of our speedy young men is going to be harder but looking around amongst the other Clubs in the Combine, it is obvious that we are the only Club that can challenge them, so I hope our youngsters are serious.

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We have recently had a couple of instances of lads entering events in our name whilst not actually belonging to our Club.

As entry fees have not been paid also the Committee held a special meeting of enquiry we find it all stems from a complete disregard of basic rules which would some of you older folk blanch.

However, as "rules" are slightly dirty words these days and so many of our active members are very young, this sort of thing is bound to happen occasionally, it simply means that the Club's Officers have to be on their toes and a little harder than they sometimes are.

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Our thanks to Eileen and Frank Slinger for another fine Dinner. The atmosphere, always good, seemed especially pleasant this year, this was no doubt helped by one of the funniest after Dinner speeches we have ever heard. Art Smith was certainly in good form that night. In discussion at the Committee Meeting everybody voted it a success and equally everybody complained about the only blot in the evening - the awful band.

Although we are a great deal stronger in active members than many famous Clubs, we are well aware that very few new youngsters seem to be coming in.

Unlike the older days, most recruits now come from the Schools and so in an endeavour to promote our Club to the local Schools, we have produced some colourful posters complete with colour photographs of Ray Ward, our Club Champion, finishing a time trial and a start of one of our road races at Dunsfold. They were professionally produced and are, we believe, interesting enough to compel the lads to look when they see them on the School Notice Board and then to come along and see what it is all about.

We are also promoting a special ten mile event at Hampton on May 9th, for these unattached Schoolboys, why not come along and help the Committee in its effort to maintain our Sport.

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Two recent events at the Clubroom warranted far more support than they got.

The first was Ted Shead's show of superb, there was no other word, colour slides of the glories of Scotland and the icy beauty of Finland. The Highland pictures were without doubt some of the most beautiful we have every seen.

The second was a show of Club Films by Alec Stewart, Bill Squirrell, John Bromley and Phil Parkinson they covered racing from Cyclocross to World Championships, Schoolboy mudlarks to Eddie Merckx and were most entertaining, as was the second half show of slides of wanderings in France with the family Parsons.

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No doubt, many of you will have heard of the recent death of Henry Manwaring. Henry was a very active member of this Club in pre-war days, left us and joined the North Road, when he moved house to the North of London.

He became their Newsletter Editor and we always met him through the years at our Annual Fifty-Miles tear up.

He will always be remembered in this Club as "heat light and sound" a nickname he earned in the "thirties" through his habit of asking impossible mathematical questions whilst struggling up the steepest hills.

W.R. Editor.

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Dear Fellow Members,

Our Editor has asked me to write something in a lighter vein. He thinks I have been too serious too often of late. Can any of us just switch on a humorous note. Surely, we all need some stimulation in this respect. The stimulation for example of good Company such as, say, on our Easter tours, when feeling full of well being, there are odd moments when this happens.

Then the jokes fly and the odd prank breaks out. For example, Gordon Simpson pitching a sheet of ice at Bob Squirrell with, of course, a belated friendly warning of "catch". The sheet of ice came out of a rainwater butt.

The stimulation of just riding a bike and suddenly finding yourself whistling. Or just the stimulation of good Company, such as at our Dinner.

Our last Annual function was again a winner, thanks mainly to Frank and Eileen Slinger, how they got by without the assistance of the Post Office is amazing. The Members present, a 131, I believe, was a new high for recent years and the friendly atmosphere right from the word go, had to be experienced to be appreciated. I, unfortunately, was unable to fully appreciate it because for the first critical thirty minutes, I was involved in the intricacies of the Toby Jug's electrical points and a new Projector. Unfortunately, the efforts ended in failure and me arriving at the time of take off in a limp condition. It was some moments after the Dinner had got under way, that I realised what pains had gone into the Menu cards. It came as a great surprise at the end of the prize-giving to receive your presents in recognition of my now 21 years in the saddle.

Thank you, I feel it is I who have received so much in the past years. Twenty-one years is a long time to look back on. Looking back or dwelling on memories is a pleasant and fruitful activity, or can be if your memories help in plans for the future. I have heard it said that the Annual function is a gathering of people living in the past. Surely, whoever said that did not mean, that to them this was all that the Annual function is about. 'Tis rather sad to think this might have been so. No, memories are the highlights of one's experience over the years on which we build for the future. I do not believe that we have reached the point where we are content just to look back.

Again many thanks.

Ted Shead.

OPEN HUNDRED PROMOTION

Sunday, 18th July, 1971.

You will be pleased to know that a course revision has been decided upon which coincides with our thinking. We will start in Pangbourne Lane, go north through Pangbourne to Wallingford, turning in Wallingford using the one-way system. Come back to the Bath Road and up to the Savernake Forest, back to Hungerford. Left to Aldbourne, back to the Bath Road, back to Speen then left along Ermine Street turn, and back to finish in Pangbourne Lane.

I am sure the riders will prefer this course. Can I have your offers of help now please. I would like to make this our best ever promotion.

Ted Shead.

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THE BRIGHTON AND BACK R.R.A. RECORD

A very fine attempt.

In response to Les West's successful lowering of the Brighton and back R.R.A. record by 7 mins. 16 secs. for the Holdsworth Campaquelto organisation, it was hardly surprising to me to have a visit from Ken Bird, Manager of the Clive Stuart team, asking whether I would be able to observe an attack on

these new figures of 4hrs. 18 mins. 18 secs. by Pete Smith a few days later on Saturday, 24th October, 1970.

Assuring him I would be able to undertake this pleasant duty, it was arranged that I would go to the Redman C.C. Clubroom on the Friday evening to see Alec Wingrave who, as with Lest West, had all the arrangements in hand for marshalling all the points of the route, both in London and Brighton.

I was to stay for the night at the home of Redman members, Mr. and Mrs. Osborn on Epsom Downs. Joy Osborn was to be my driver in the second vehicle following Pete, to take over from Alec Bird and Alan Gordon, in the first one, when it became necessary to time the finish. Up at 3.30 a.m. and after a light breakfast, we left at 4.15 a.m. to be at the southern end of the Crawley By-Pass by 5.00 p.m. just arriving in time to hear Alan intoning the last few seconds before Pete was away, rear light dancing in the darkness of the morning. It was noticeably unlike West's morning that there was hardly any wind, but we were pleased to see that there was also an absence of mist and the road surfaces quite dry.

Pete's schedule was made out for 4.15.0. by Dixie Dean of the Tooting B.C. and we were happy to note that Pete was doing 30's on his run into London and was up a few seconds on schedule at Hyde Park Corner. Knots of clubmen on all the junctions urged Pete on with, no doubt, suitable remarks, and the co-operation of the Police in their control of crossings was reassuring to the Rider but under any circumstances a ride of this nature can be very hazardous, as many risks at traffic crossings must be taken.

It was with relief that Smithy had now cleared London and was set for the turn at Brighton. Joy, who had also followed West with Percy Huggett as observer, remarked that West had really got going on the approach to Redhill, but over these miles, Pete was moving somewhat slower with a three minute loss on schedule. Further checkpoints showed him gradually losing, and at the aquarium Brighton, he was almost 9 minutes outside.

Turning for the 21 miles back to the finish, it was disappointing to all of us that this deficit could not be made up, with the climbs of Pyecombe, Bolney and Handcross to come, but with dogged perseverance, Pete battled on to finish 11 mins. 26 secs. outside Les West's record for the 106 miles 1400 yards.

Though West's morning was very windy, in an out-and-home ride, I think he must have gained a good deal of help from it on some stretches, but by beating Ken Joy's time by such a margin it was a great ride by a great rider and will take some beating. Certainly, if tackled again there would be a few minutes in hand at Brighton for the final 21 miles which involves a good deal of hill climbing.

1935	F.W. Southall	4.38.37.
1949	P. Beardsmore	4.36.08.
1949	K.H. Joy	4.34.13.
1950	A.R.J. Hill	4.32.19.
1953	K.H. Joy	4.25.33.
1970	L. West	4.18.18.

Publicity is now given to these records so we see a greater number of people on the route and at the finish, so it was pleasant to have a few words with old friends, Frank Brighty and Ken Verco from Horsham who had hoped to acclaim a new holder of this Blue Riband of records.

S.G. Oliver.

BRAKE CABLES

For the first time for some years, no Easter Tour was organised, however, not to be outdone, Ted Shead and Phil Parkinson came down to my house at Sunninghill to stay the Saturday and Sunday with a view of riding a few miles around the locality.

This news got round, I am glad to say, for at 10.30 a.m. not only were us three ready to ride but we also had the company of Bill Squirrell, Fred Parsons and Curly Robinson.

The sun shone as we trespassed into the great plantation between Bagshot and Crowthorne and rode along the Devil's Highway an old Roman road which runs straight as a dye through the massed trees and just above that well remembered venue for a pre-war run, Lower Start Post.

Skirting Broadmore and suffering the inevitable jokes against ourselves, we left Crowthorne by that magnificent avenue of Redwood trees called Wellington Avenue and after Finchampstead came to rest in a delightful spot at Eversley which provided an excellent ploughmans lunch and beer.

With such quietly beautiful country all around and such marvellous weather, we all remarked we could have travelled further and fared worse and when in a peaceful spot somewhere near Swallowfield Curly Robinson performed his famous afternoon tea trick, we were indeed glad we came.

Later, down the 9 mile drive, old bones began to ache and some suffering was experienced by him who shall be nameless. However, nothing could erase the pleasure of our day's ride of forty miles, another entry in our long list of happy Easter days.

W.R.

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Glad news from the Dunkley clan, to Rosemary a son, Darren, congratulations to John and Rosemary and to proud grandparents John and Vera. What a furor that lad caused when he arrived, a little earlier and he could have attended his first Dinner. Nob Fry, the chauffeur for the evening, acted as midwife and rushed Rosemary to hospital. We are versatile in this Club.

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The annual invasion of Bournemouth for the Wessex Dinner was as always a happy occasion.

The speech making surpassed itself, it was so hilarious and the jokes so new that even our Ted Knowles was reduced to writing them down. On the Sunday after, we had the great pleasure of the company of Sylvia, Hilda and Winnie at lunch at a very nice spot on the main London Road. These sort of informal meets are pleasure indeed.

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Bill Clements "who, God preserve, of the Ministry" has found his master rather hard of late. He has actually had to work overtime and at weekends to, however, the imminent arrival of a Volkswagon caravan sweetens the pill.

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Phil Parkinson recently visited Father Sid and found him in great form. Wells-next-the-Sea have got a new coastguard who turned out to be an active Vet, so Sid looks like having a kindred spirit around.

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We hear that Dorma is coming home for a holiday, evidently Mexico suits her. For her and her husband are staying longer than at first planned.

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Little Ollie, our George, who seems to have had more than his share of mishaps, recently had a bad accident at work when a metal plate sheared into his hand necessitating 29 stitches to close the gap. However, but for a large 'dollie' of a hand, he remains as always cheerful.

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The pleasure of seeing Len Harris at the Dinner was, I am sure enjoyed by many. He has put on a little weight but he told me he still enjoys his life amongst the horticulture. There was a man who knew what he wanted - no rat-race for Len.

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Alec Stewart so cursed with his painful back complaint in recent years, has once again had to have a long period away from work. It is a sad thing to see a man hitherto so active, laid so desperately low and in such pain.

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Gordon Simpson, that pillar of our small race marshalling force is quite the most travelled man in the Club. The list of places he has visited on behalf of his firm B.O.A.C. reads like a world travel brochure. Canada and parts west are the latest venues.

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#### THE HOUSE AT WINDSOR

An old print in the window of an antique shop caught my eye and bore the following intriguing caption:-

"A Prospect of the House at Windsor, belonging to His Grace Charles Beauclerck Duke of St. Albans, Earle of Burford and Baron of Heddington. Capt. of the Hon'ble Band of Gentlemen, Pensioners, Marshall and Surveyor of the Hawkes of his Maj: and one of the Gentlemen of His Maj's Bed Chamber".

The title of Duke of St. Albans dates from 1628. In 1684, Charles II made his son, Charles Beauclerck - his mother was Nell Gwynne - Duke of St. Albans and the "House at Windsor" is, of course, Windsor Castle. Nell Gwynne is a legendary figure in our history and King's mistresses have sometimes achieved more honour than their legitimate consorts. A dubious honour given to Jane Shore Mistress of Edward IV, is the name given to Shoreditch where she supposedly died in miserable poverty about 1527, ending her days walking in open penance for her "sins" 'taken in hand dressed only in her kirtle'.

A less romantic derivative of Shoreditch is merely a corruption of Sewerditch or named after the Soerditch family who were Lords of the Manor in Edward III's time.

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I REMEMBER .....

by Alec M. Stewart.

Bill Reed asked me if I would write something for the "Newsletter". I said what the dickens can I write that would interest anyone else and then as I subsequently gave the matter thought, a whole wealth of memories came flooding back and I realised how by a quirk of fate the Club had done a great deal to shape the course of my life. So at the risk of boring some and, I hope, interesting others, the following is somewhat of a condensed biography.

I was born in Mexfield Road, Putney, in 1913 and my great friend in that road was Eric Morris. We did everything and went everywhere together from a very early age and we lived in each other's houses.

We also went to West Hill School along with Bill Clements, Johnny Hosegood and the Fielding Brothers. Eric was a year older than I and left school to work in a wholesale tobacconist in Wandsworth High Street. He was a great saver and had an eye for a bargain, so it was he who first had a bicycle. I cannot remember the make and I think it was a roadster but many the ride I had on the crossbar hanging on to the backs of "Shell" lorries as they were the fastest in those days.

My first bike I had given me by a cousin, it was a roadster with the saddle so worn that I had to stuff a piece of rag under it to make it usable at all. As an apprentice, my money was 11/9d. per week of which I got 9d. for myself so it took me quite a time to get enough money together to buy a second hand saddle and handlebars though still with rod operated brakes.

I well remember the first Sunday morning I ventured out with my newly painted racing? machine. I had arranged to meet a friend on Putney Bridge from whence we were going to ride all those fantastic miles to Box Hill.

Those of you who know Putney High Street will remember that there is a small hill down from the Station and half way down buses come out of a side turning on the left. With my new steed with the gleaming paint, I sailed gaily down the hill when out from the side turning came a bus, a large policeman with hand up barred my way. I clutched the front brake (rod operated you remember) and nothing happened. I had forgotten to tighten the nut which clamped the rod.

The copper was knocked for six and I went round the corner scraping my head along the whole length of the bus.

I came too, to find a large crowd of people surrounding me, the policeman dusting himself off. While someone had been sent for an ambulance. (Concussion was feared). A bump the size of an egg on my forehead and numerous grazes and pains were all over me. However, the sight of the ambulance produced a miraculous cure and I jumped on my undamaged bicycle (still without front brake) and peddled off madly to Putney Bridge to meet my friend and thence by Putney Bridge road to avoid passing the policeman again and back home to effect repairs to myself and bike.

My father only commented at the time that, that will teach you to check everything before you go out. So after attending to myself (My mother was dead by this time) off we went on the great adventure to Box Hill, this my first ever ride away from my locality.

It was some time after this episode when I had fitted cable brakes to

this bike that one of the levers came adrift and fell in behind the forks which shot me over the bars to make a painful contact with the road. Dad's comment this time was - serve you bloody well right, you never learn. It was not till next day it was discovered by my foreman at work that I had broken my collar bone.

A good friend and neighbour at this time was Rex Webber (of the Fulham wheelers) he was always 'In the money' having a father who was an artist and a restorer of rare china. I met him one day with a brand new "Holdsworth" with a fixed wheel which was a new innovation for me at the time. He would pull up by thrusting back on the pedals thereby raising his rear end, in so doing. Although I had only a free wheel I would ape his antics to suggest to all and sundry that I too was using a fixed wheel.

Then came the great day (through domestic strife at home) when I left home and went to live in one very dirty little room over a coffee shop where the Wandsworth Town Hall now stands. I well remember walking down the High Street with a few sticks of furniture, pots and pans etc. given me by my father on a hired rag and bone barrow. (It sounds like something out of Dickens, does'nt it) but it is the gospel truth. I got one of the wheels stuck in the tramline and I could'nt get it out. At that moment my brother-in-law, who was a shop walker came along complete, all 6' - 8½" of him, with bowler hat, furred umbrella and spats and proceeded to push the rag and bone cart the rest of the way. He never batted an eyelid at the stares he received from the passers-by.

Eric comes back into the story now as he would often turn up with a pot of jam and a loaf of bread or anything he could lay his hands on and sometimes Johnny Hosegood joined us and we had a good feed up.

I was living then on 25s. 0d. per week, room and laundry came to 10s. 0d. so I was left with fifteen shillings for everything else, so I wasn't overfed but in spite of this, I decided to sport 3s. 6d. per week buying a Claude Butler on the never never.

So the great day came when I took delivery of this priceless piece of machinery. What a thrill! To have a 'real' bike at last although my old roadster was still going strong and had done thousands of miles. But with the new bike, I felt I had at last arrived and so started many long and happy weekends. They started after work on Saturday mid-day and continued until Sunday night, sleeping out in capes on beaches or ditches or on the South Downs. My constant companions being Eric, Johnny and Bill Sutham of the Fulham Wheelers. All this was done on a diet of "Ticky Snacks" pies and ginger pop. When I look back, I wonder where all the energy came from on this fare.

We camped too, many weekends with 'Titia' tent and Gilwell cooking outfit. Johnny was always very clumsy and one day he sat in a frying pan of a dozen eggs. So we had an omelet about 3" thick picking out the shell like bones from fish.

Johnny, Eric and I must have done thousands of miles like this, we were never home to a Sunday dinner all the year round, no money to speak of but so much fun and memories to look back on, I could fill a book with them. In those days "Cycling" gave with their January issue a graph form to be filled in weekly with the mileage done. In one year, I clocked up 18,000 miles, a total I was never to beat for the rest of my cycling life.

About this time, I started the "Sperry Cycling Club" and covered much ground with a small band of enthusiasts.

I left that firm in 1935 and went to a firm at Kingston where I met several chaps in the Corrance Wheelers. The N.C.U. had just started their massed start trials at Brooklands Race Track managed by Big Bill Bailey, one time National Sprint Champion.

I went along as "mechanic" to Lofty Jaice and it was there one day I was admiring a beautiful new short wheelbase tandem leaning against the wall. When up came Bill Bailey and said what do you think of it, how about coming round with me and sorting that lot out. So it was I who partnered the Great Bill Bailey round Brooklands that morning. We went right through about seventy riders and out the front going like the wind and swooping up and down the very steep banking a never to be forgotten experience.

My first tour was with Johnny Hosegood one Easter. We had about a £1 each and we went to Bognor along the coast to Rye and home again, the journey home being made on an orange and a packet of spearmint. How lucky we were to be so poor, we would never have had enjoyed such wonderful times.

The next milestone in my life was when I joined the Club in 1935. I remember buying a pair of shorts to come down and see W.G. Morden win a '25' on the Portsmouth Road because I had been told that if I turned up in plus fours, they would be cut off.

Eric was riding that morning too and he seemed to me a bit of a hero and I thought - this is for me - but a friend who had borrowed my bike smashed it beyond repair so I had to wait till I could afford another machine made for me by Morris in Wandsworth High Street before I could enter my first race.

This was the Club 12 of 1935. A bad day, wind and rain from start to finish. By the time I had got back from Oxford I was sitting beside the road wondering why I had ever taken up this sport when Jack Geale came along and said "what are you stopping for?" I think my reply was unprintable but I went on to finish with 190 and my first bronze.

This gave me the idea that I might be good at the longer distances. I was always a glutton for punishment. But once you have got the bug you can't explain it to anyone and although you know in your heart you'll never make Club Champion, that feeling of hard tyres, early morning air and the sing of the tubs on the road is something I wouldn't have missed for anything.

In 1936 we journeyed to the North Middlesex and Hertfordshire '50' where I met Paget of Cape Fame and paid my respects to our dear old friend F.T. Bidlake at his memorial on the Great North Road.

In this race, I beat evens for the first time and was also fastest in the team in spite of a terrible wet and windy morning. One of the riders in that race was Bert Olding of the Uke and the sunny disposition who was to die as a Japanese prisoner of war. How pleasant it was to receive the congratulations from the chaps at the following club night. To those of us who seldom reach the top, it is music indeed.

I had acquired a trike conversion by this time and won a silver at '25' and '50' events. There was great competition at that time with Bill Sandys, Curly Robinson, Ted Shead and myself all riding trikes and I remember one day having a real blind from Theal to Twyford and I just made it by a wheel from the "Iron Man" and we all had a well deserved tea joined by the Frenchman Menzies who was then attacking the year's cycling record doing 250 miles a day!

The Club '12' was a highlight for me that year winning my only gold with

a 215 $\frac{1}{2}$  and first handicap beaten into second place by Vic Harris of the sparkling wit who we were to see for the last time when he attended the Wedding of Bill and Vera at our house.

In 1937, the big event for me was the Catford '24' in which I set up a club record of 378 $\frac{1}{2}$  missing the gold by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Bill and Curly Robinson on a Tandem rode themselves into the ground helping me round the course and Fred Portch came out at Foreham to give me encouragement and a hot drink.

Looking through my medals, I can only find one bronze for a '25' in 1938 so I don't know what went wrong there but I do remember helping Bill in his attempt to beat my '24' but he went off the course and lost six miles which cost him the record.

During all these activities, there was the club nights with all the fun that went with them. I can still remember some of Tidlars rude ones that were told there. The monthly dances that were held at the Battersea Town Hall and poor old Eric who never did learn to dance. The many runs and tours one to Ireland in 1937 for a 1,000 miles while Bill and others went to Germany.

And last but not least, through Bill, I met his sister Peggy who having met only twice I proposed to her on a hard unromantic seat in our old Club room. She thought I was quite mad and still thinks so after 30 happy years.

So what does all this add up to. Two things really, cycling and the Club for without it many of these cherished memories would not have been and none of the unique intangible friendships which exists between so many chaps of all walks of life that has endured for so long.

It is of all this, that I remember.....

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SOUTH WEST LONDON COMBINE

Event Programme for the 1971 Season

Entries close eleven days prior to the event, EXCEPT, at the discretion of the Committee. NO private Time Trials allowed at all. Please ensure that your date of birth is entered correctly on your entry form.

Date	Distance	Course	Time	Entry Fee	Organizer
Sunday March 21st	10	CC75	7.46 a.m.	20p.	M. Smart
" April 4th	25	CC107	7.16 a.m.	25p.	L. Duke
" " 18th	Road-Race	Details to be advised		Entry Fee 30p.	
Thurs. May 6th	10	CC7	7.31 p.m.	20p.	B. Crawford
Sat. June 5th.	50	H35	3.30 p.m.	30p.	L. Blackman
Sun. " 6th	10	CC75	7.01 a.m.	20p.	B. Crawford
" July 25th	25	CC107	7.01 a.m.	25p.	L. Duke
" August 22nd	100	H72	T.B.A.	50p.	W. Reed
" Sept. 5th	10	CC75	7.31 a.m.	20p.	M. Smart
" " 19th	25	CC107	7.31 a.m.	25p.	F. Lock
" Oct. 24th	Hill-Climb	Renmore	?	25p.	B. Crawford

Organizers Addresses

M. Smart	121, The Avenue, Sunbury, Middlesex.
L. Duke	5, Rosemary Terrace, Mortlake, London, S.W.14.
L. Blackman	23, Beeches Road, Tooting, London, S.W.17.
W. Reed	'Quilters', Bagshot Road, Sunninghill, Berks.
B. Crawford	186, Norbiton Hill, Kingston, Surrey.
F. Lock	51, Webb House, Fount Street, Wandsworth Road, London, S.W.8.

Event Secretaries please remember that all monies except personal expenses, must be sent to the General Secretary. Please also pay close attention to the details on the entry forms especially the date of birth on Junior and Schoolboy applications.

Hon. Gen. Sec: R. Warwick. 65, The Causeway, Carshalton, Surrey.

Telephone: 01 - 647 6472