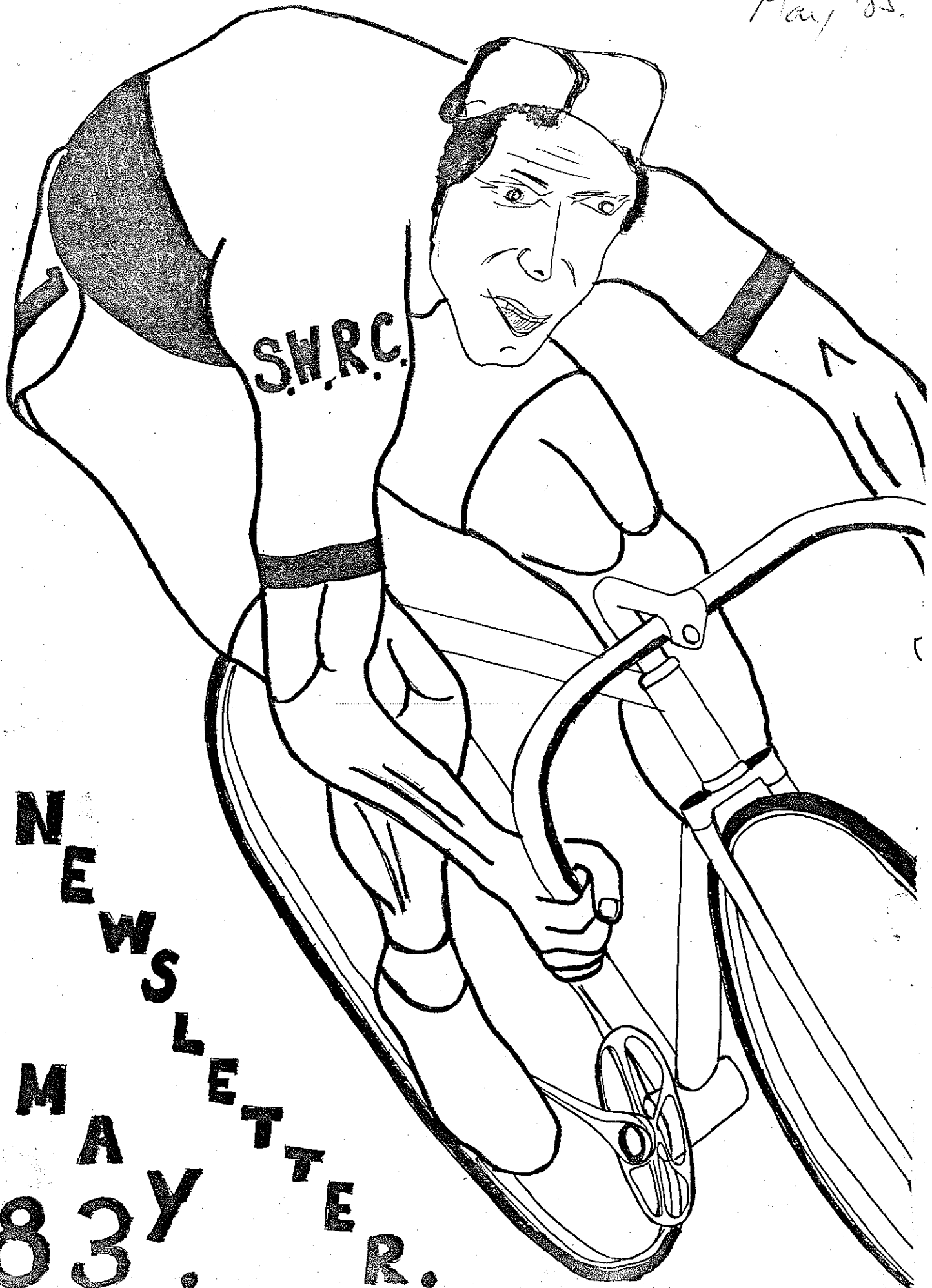


May '83.



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Now that I have had a chance to settle into my new job as club secretary, it has given me a chance to think of a few moments to come in the year. With reports coming from Phil Parkinson Jnr. that 23 members have taken out B.C.F. licences, things look very fruitful for the year. Several riders have already been getting in the results regularly in road events. Our time trial secretary, Dave Squirrell, tells me that 10 teams rode in our 2 up time trial series in March. As many of you know, we have this year introduced a new time trial series called the Memorial Trophy Series; many members have entered this, with a mixture of juniors, seniors and vets taking part.

Moving onto the club itself, things look very good, with attendances at the clubroom staying at a good level. Remember even if you race on Tuesday evenings, please try and come down.

The runs leader, Bob Maylin, hopes to run a few trips to France again this year, with the possibility of a short stay in France during July to see "The Tour".

The club is again this year promoting many open events. The road races have already been successfully run, as has one of the time trials. To ensure that we can promote to our usually high level, help will be needed and I would ask you to note the event days in your diary and contact the event secretary if you can help.

## Events.

SATURDAY 11TH JUNE.....Simon Ottolangui Memorial  
Middlemarkers & Tandem "25"  
2.00 p.m. H25/3(Newbury).  
Event Secretary: Bob Squirrell

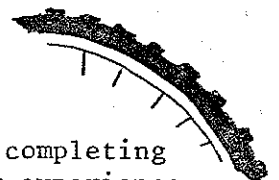
SUNDAY 21ST AUGUST.....Bill Reid Memorial Mens Only "25"  
7.01 a.m. H25/3.  
Event Secretary: Bob Squirrell

SATURDAY 10TH SEPTEMBER.....Middlemarkers "10"  
7.01 a.m. G213 (Cobham)  
Event Secretary: Bob Squirrell

BOB SQUIRRELL



THE THREE PEAKS



The club have kindly awarded me the W.G. MORDAN Medal for 1982 for completing the 3 Peaks Cyclo-Cross, so I thought I would write something of my experience in the event. For those who don't know, the 3 Peaks is held in North Yorkshire over the peaks of Whernside, Ingleborough and Pen-y-Ghent, on the last Sunday in September.

The climbs are all in the region of 800 metres in height (about 2,700 ft.) and this time the race distance was slightly longer than usual - 31½ miles.

I travelled up on the Saturday with Mick Bishop of the Kingston Phoenix, staying in the starting village of Horton-in-Ribblesdale at the Crown Hotel. I was a little worried about my preparation for the race. I was quite fit from road racing but had only managed five nights running at half hour a time and running or walking with a bike was what was needed for this. The 'Peaks' is not a cyclo-cross race in the normal sense; more a sort of marathon mountain climbing exercise.

Main interest in the race was centered on Eric Stone; he was a four times previous winner and was making his re-appearance after an absence of two years. He is a professional sponsored by the race sponsors, Andrews B.M.W. and was expected to battle with the 3 man Swiss team including the previous winner, Arthur Manz.

Race morning - bright and clear and fairly mild. There were about 160 starters and we all lined up in the playing fields at Horton waiting for the off. All competitors have to carry a survival (bivi) bag and whistle in case of exhaustion or bad weather on the hills. The weather can be changeable in these parts and can quickly come down in thick mist catching you unawares. We started at 10.30 and off down the first 5 miles of undulating road to the foot of Whernside. The field was quickly spread out with Stone, the Swiss and a few others going hard at the front with 'Bish' and myself settling in the middle and saving something for the first climb. At the end of the road section it was on to the grass to begin the climb and straight away it was bikes on shoulders to start the 5 mile slog to the top. It soon became one long line of riders; like refugees all following each other. The gradient is really steep in places, especially in the middle and near the summit I was really feeling it. I got over the tough stretch just before the top (nearly on all fours this bit) and there is a kind of plateau to the summit. We were able to ride this section and the view out across the valley with the sun streaming through the clouds was really something. Through the check-point and onto the descent. Too steep to ride at first, you have to walk down with the bike on shoulder again until it flattens out and you can get on again. Over a couple of stone walls and eventually to the bottom and rejoin the road.

It is now about 3 miles to the foot of the next climb and I joined in a group of 5 riders and we did bit and bit to the foot of Ingleborough, where we left the road again and onto the stoney tracks. These soon ran out and became moorland but the last section is very steep and rocky and what with the wind as well, it makes for very hard going. To to the top eventually, through the check-point and onto the descent. Same process as before - too steep and rocky to ride - so it's bike on shoulder and pick your way down through the rocks. At least the visibility is good. This was the point where the year before in the rain, mist and almost nil visibility I had wandered completely off course and came down the wrong side of the mountain, not seeing anyone for an hour. Things were better this time! You soon get away from the rocks and it becomes rideable in places. There was a very steep section about half way which Eric Stone apparently rode down. I didn't fancy it and walked, but a rider came from behind riding down and hit a clump of grass along-side me, rolled his front tyre off and went right over the handle bars. I carried on and did not see him again.

Rejoin the road at the bottom after going over a couple of farm gates, with a couple of miles to go back to Horton and the start of the final climb. This road section has a short steep climb in it, which is a real killer at this stage. My legs were just about gone and I still had one climb to go. Back at Horton I picked up a welcome drink from Bill Beagley and found that Eric Stone has already finished! On to Pen-y-Ghent and this starts with a long rocky path which is just about rideable in places and then on to grass again. It is also the same way up as well as down and you have to watch out for riders on their way to the finish.

After a rocky path I was really struggling, having to stop every now and then. As usual, the last section is very steep and I was slumped over my bike with 200 metres to the top, not able to move for a while. After some encouragement from riders on the way down I made it and started back down again. This was like heaven - downhill all the way to the finish! I really picked up on the descent. I passed 'Bish' still on his way up, after a short time. He was gasping for a drink, having missed Bill Beagley at Horton, but mine had all gone. Once on to the final rocky path to the bottom I was really flying, passing four riders in the last mile. At last the final short road section back to the playing fields finish and 88th place.

There were 118 finishers. Eric Stone had triumphed again, beating Arthur Manz by 1 min. 29 secs. for five wins in a time of 3 hrs 12 mins. 10 secs. My time was 4 hrs 51 mins. 45 secs.

Older readers might like to know that I saw George Gilleland at the finish. He now lives in Yorkshire and was there; fit and well, supporting his clubmates from the Calder Clarion.

'NEXT - THE PARIS - ROUBAIX CLYCLO'

RAY ROBINSON

.....

WILTSHIRE WANDERINGS

Saw note in local paper of inaugural meeting of proposed club based on Pewsey, so went out to see what it was all about. About fifty folk there, mostly youngsters. Club to be formed by Brian Niel and John Andrews (Tour de France rider of the fifties) and enough were interested for a club to start. Some Chippenham Wheelers and Wessex R.C. there blacking their noses as I was. Also John Briant of the Newbury R.C. whom I have started on several occasions this year. The club's main interests will be BMX racing and Road Racing. They will have the advantage of a clubroom in the Pewsey Sports Centre and cheap use of the facilities there, including weight training.

Saw last year from the Belle Review that a party had gone to the Chippenham Dinner and actually drunk beer in the local pub in Monkton. Sent letter of protest to George Yellowlees and this year had letter advising of their call so met them at the Winterbourne Monkton New Inn for a lunch time pint. They were four, George Yeller, Dave Hacker and Charlie and Emma Addington and they came back to our place for a soup and ploughman's lunch, plus home made Dandelion wine and home made beer. Excellent couple of hours and all things being equal they will call again next year.

*Fred Parsons*

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A LETTER TO TED

Dear Ted,

In your letter you told me of the Gassillin (is this right? ED.) of Les Mills. As you know, in the late 20s and 30s he was one of the gang of "Newlands Corner Gentlemen", who camped at Newlands Corner for nearly 14 years. So I just dropped a line to Les's wife, Dorothy. She kindly sent me a letter in return giving me the news of Les's illness. The most surprising fact was that he went all through life with only one kidney, having only been born with one! 18 months ago he was very ill - "Lost all his corpuscles from his blood", and last December 24th they had to operate and found that his only kidney was withering - so Les went on January 3rd.

You know Ted, when one looks back to the dim past, the early days of the S.W. Section, I remember Les coming out at weekends on club runs dressed in plus fours, stiff white collar, tie and cap and even in very hot weather. On long runs he was often way back - sometimes he had nose bleeds. He always came to Tibbets Corner, joined all the runs - long, short, hard or easy. Now one can understand why he seemed to be just that bit slower. Boy, how he must have tried over all the long years. One thing, he had a lion sized heart.

Ted, you may already know all this information, but maybe you could get a line or two in the next newsletter, for old times sake. I've also had a letter from Art Smith. He was involved in a car crash on the 18th February. Evidently, the car was a "write off" and Arthur was badly shaken - he's OK now.

Well Ted, regards to Wyn, may see you when the sunny weather returns. Hope you have settled in your new home and are happy.

By the way, they are building several small estates of flats on the coast similar to yours, looks very nice if one can afford them.

BERT

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TALES OF A CIRCUIT RACER

For most club members, Tuesday evening in the summer means another night down at the clubroom, or for some of the more active members possibly bashing out another "10" time at Thorpe in one of the Clarence Wheelers weekly events. But, for some of the hardened (Hardened?! ED.) road men, Tuesday evening means a weekly trip down to Crystal Palace. 1½ hours of heart stopping action, or as Cycling described it "One big burn up!". The 1 mile circuit, packed with twists and turns, provides thrills and spills for the spectators who pack around the track.

The action starts at 7.00 p.m. Club members drifting in from school or work, fully clothed in their battle dress, ready to pit their wits against the enemy.

One victory, courtesy of a well timed charge by Steve Gowar and three 2nd places from Colin, were chalked up by the South Western last year. Team tactics were simple, to confuse the enemy! This was craftily executed by each club member wearing a different jersey; Colin's red, makes him look like a member of the C.C.C.P. (and he usually rides like he IS!), backing this claim he usually utters the odd Russian phrase or sentence.

This year year should see the usual faces. Will you be one of them?

.....MARTIN SHOESMITH



CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS

Do you know what your annual and weekly club room subs are used for.

Firstly, your Annual Subscriptions. This is used mainly to subscribe to various federations such as the British Cycling Federation, Road Time Trials Council, British Cyclo Cross Association, South West London Combine, West London C.A., Southern Counties C.A., Surrey Road Race League, National Trust, Cyclist Touring Club, Herne Hill Supporters League, plus several others.

So without your money the club cannot affiliate to any of these bodies and therefore if you are a racing member you are unable to race. Money is also spent on race equipment and numbers.

Your Weekly Twenty Five Pence

This provides the necessary money to pay for the club room which at this time costs us just over £5.00 per week. The club room provides a weekly meeting place which is very vital as part of club life. Your 25p also lets you have a cup of tea and a cake or biscuits. So please, don't forget your subs. Without them you could lose not only your club room but the club.

BOB SQUIRRELL  
GENERAL SECRETARY

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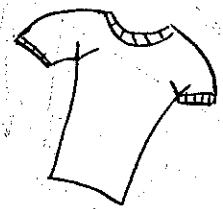
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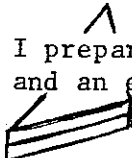
H.M. GOVERNMENT WARNING: RELIABILITY TRIALS CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH!



After a sound nights sleep and a hearty breakfast, I thought it might be a good idea to see what the weather was up to - I was wrong!

Last night's forecast on the B.B.C. had predicted rain at first, becoming windy, gale force in open place with a possibility of snow showers. Perfect cycling conditions for a trip down to the coast in the Clarence Reliability Trial!

Stumbling into my cycling gear I prepared for battle. Armed with two bananas, two mince pies, jam sandwiches and an extra wooly hat, I closed the front door; (my first mistake of the day).



I had arranged to meet the Parkinsons at 9.15 a.m. ready for the "6 hour" group to "depart" for Worthing at 9.30 a.m.. I arrived in good time, the wind but a whisper, although the rain was doing its best to wash away the white lines. I was met by a large grin from Colin and the news that Phil (possibly the wiser of the two) had decided to keep his bed company for the day. Barely recovered from this blow, Colin dealt me a swift left (by actually entering me for the trial) that I was never to recover from.

It approached 9.30 a.m. too soon, and with it the start. At least it had stopped raining, although it was snowing so hard now that you weren't quite sure where your bike started or finished, but that didn't seem to matter very much as I couldn't feel either my hands or feet.

By Dorking, the massive echelon (4 riders) had been reduced by 50% (for those not too good at maths this leaves only Colin and myself). But by Bear Green things did start to brighten up; the wind blowing away the snow (and almost us). We carved up the work between us (well almost) and made good pace due south. Was this "The Race to the Sun"? The sun seemed to think so as it made fleeting glimpses in between the clouds, racing each other across the sky.

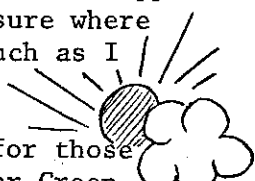
A long haul up Washington Hill and drop down to Worthing and we were half way there. Well, that wasn't so bad was it I thought to myself (second mistake of the day).

After defrosting, courtesy of several cups of tea, and restocking the back pockets, we clambered aboard our bikes and made for home. It wasn't long before we left the coast (and the sun) in our wake and headed for the blackest clouds imaginable.



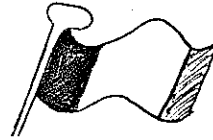
A vicious westerly wind bit into our sides armed with snow, that had miraculously re-appeared, it plastered our left flank an icy white. With fingers and toes re-frosted we wobbled our way along the A2. Despite both hands locked onto the bars, we were pushed and pulled across the road, but as we neared home we were faced with a new problem. Where was the finish? As neither of us knew where it was we decided to stop and ask one of the locals. Unfortunately he wasn't so local and seemed slightly bemused by our appearance. Another stop proved more successful however. We stopped at a garage and asked the way; no luck. Before leaving, Colin motioned to pick up a glossy atlas, with grease encrusted gloves. The garage assistant, before rather nonchalant in appearance sprang to life and located the "Scout Hut" (where do they dig these places up from) which was just around the corner. 5 minutes later we were in the warmth, sipping tea and eating biscuits (although tea had been laid on for 30-40 riders, only 6 made it) ourselves included.

ANYONE RIDING THE 1984 TRIAL??.....I am



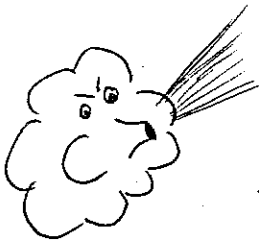


A Day Trip To France.



All day Friday the wind blew and the rain came down, thoughts of riding around the countryside near Calais, getting wet and blown about, did not make me feel happy.

On getting up on Saturday morning and looking out of the bedroom window of my inlaws at Broadstairs and seeing the trees bending, but no rain, I knew the crossing would be a little rough. We all met at Dover (9 of us), and onto the 7.30a.m. Townsend Thorsen ferry to Calais. After a rough crossing, we docked as the clouds were trying to push through. So it was off towards Guines, then through the lanes to Licques, Menneville and our target of the day, Desures. The only mechanical trouble we had all day was young Alan Grainger with a loose head set and Brian Wareham with a puncture.



After an hours stop and 3 cups of coffee, it was off again, this time via Boumouille, Boursin then the climb over "Le Mont". By this time Dave Kewell was suffering and decided to walk up "Le Mont". Time was now running out and at 3-45 the ferry would leave without us. With the help of Ray Robinson and myself we got to the dock at dead on 3-45, but only to see the boat heading for Dover. So it was a 2 hour wait, off we went in search of food and drink. Two of the party, Tony Nixon and Bill Squirrell went back into Calais town for some shopping. On their return we boarded the boat and made ourselves comfortable for the return crossing, which was smooth compared with the morning. Through passport control, then customs and another South Western raid on France was over.

BOB SQUIRRELL.

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New Members.

May I take this opportunity of welcoming Nick Crossfield, 18 years old, who has just been elected to the club. During 1983 Nick hopes to concentrate on Road Racing, but with a few Time Trials in mind.

Also joining is Ron Shoesmith, father of Martin. Ron has over the last couple of years helped out at club events and thought it was time to join us.

Nick Crossfield..... 6 Wendron Close, St. John's, Woking, Surrey,

Ron Shoesmith..... 25 Laverstoke Gardens, London S W 15.

One of our older members, Ted Shead, has moved at the begining of this year. His new address is :

No. 2 The Lawns, Milford, Godalming, Surrey.

Tel: Godalming (04868) 22928.