

GRAHAM DOUCE SLIPS AND McMULLEN GRABS TITLE

Just one slip gave Dave McMullen the Southern area cyclo-cross title on Sunday, instead of Graham Douce, his Wembley RC-Nico Sport clubmate, who slipped and fell with two laps to go in the championship race at Shirley Hills, Surrey, where the outcome looked to be resolved by a sprint finish.

"I was preparing myself for the sprint when I fell off on top of the descent," said Douce, elder brother of national champion Steve Douce. "Dave and I were just about to go past a lapped rider, when he went one day and I went the other."

"I was lucky when Graham came off," said McMullen, who had added the Southern title to his London championship. "In the middle of the course he was much stronger and it would have been a sprint finish."

It was a chilly and unsatisfactory ending to this otherwise fine South Western RC promotion with its excellent sponsorship by the W. F. Holdsworth Company of Putney.

"It was a good course," said McMullen, "but I prefer it the other way around. It feels good to have won the Southern title as well as the London one, but I won't be going to the World's in Czechoslovakia, there are too many good riders in front of me."

"It is a pity that the national championship is after the World's and if I'm not in the first six at the 'nationals' I will retire."

In one of the biggest fields seen for some years for a Southern cross, 77 riders started

Keith Mernickle finished 15th, four places behind his clubmate and old rival Ian Jewell, who took the veterans award.

"I am not putting much in it these days," Mernickle said, "so I cannot expect to get much out of it. I am now doing 50 miles a week, whereas I used to do 50 miles a day. The old magic has gone."

"The standard is not very good these days, and even on my little training I have managed to get three fourth places this year. In the race in Italy recently where Steve Douce finished 23rd, I was third in years ago. He said he was tired after all the travelling, but we used to travel just the same. John Atkins regularly made the first six in the big Continental races."

DAVE McMULLEN (Wembley RC-Nico Sport) 1-7-0; **G. Douce** (Wembley RC) at 12sec; **M. Bell** (London Fire Brigade CC) at 3-38; **P. Bennett** (Ross Wh) at 4-42; **G. Pearson** (Surrey RCC) at 5-0; **M. Bradbury** (Poly CC) at 5-12; **D. Rosbotham** (Festival RC) at 6-34; **I. Harris** (VC Elan); at 1 lap; **N. Luxton** (VC Elan); **S. Cope** ('34 Nomads); **I. Jewell** (Southern Velo); **C. Neal** (Surrey RCC); **S. Tottle** (Southern Velo); **C. Bracewell** (Finsbury Park CC); **K. Mernickle** (Southern Velo); **G. Moore** (Central Sussex CC); **N. Hoban** ('34 Nomads); **S. Marchant** ('34 Nomads); **I. MacDonald** (GS Europa); **S. Dennis** (E Grinstead CC).

Juveniles. - **KEIRON BATT** (Bournemouth Arrow-Fircroft Hotel) 31-57; **A. Bostock** (Clarencourt CC) at 53sec; **G. Glen** (GS Europa) at 1-23; **R. Hammond** (Hounslow & Dist); **P. Bowley** (Alton CC); **D. Hackey** (Medway Velo); **D. Icott** (Redhill CC); **R. Clarke** (Southern Velo); **D. Attack** (Redhill CC); **A. Hooke** (Surrey RCC).



Graham Douce leads from McMullen and Pearson in the early stages of the Southern area meeting at Shirley Hills.

INSIDE

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Bayliss and God in accord

May 9, 1874 London: The grand lady of the theatre, Dame Lilian Bayliss, was born. When not much more than 20 years old, she took charge of the Old Vic, a task to which she devoted the rest of her life. One of the true great English eccentrics, Dame Lilian believed she had her own personal hotline to the Almighty. She once informed a young actress foolhardy enough to ask for a rise, 'Sorry dear, God says no'.

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Yesterday: Temp: max 6 am to 6 pm, 0C (32F); min 6 pm to 6 am, -4C (25F). Humidity: 6 pm, 83 per cent. Rain: 24hr to 6 pm, trace. Sun: 24 hr to 6 pm, nil. Bar, mean sea level, 6 pm, 1033.5 millibars, rising.

Testing time

England ended the second day of the final Test match against Australia in Sydney struggling on 132 for five. Earlier Australia were all out for 343 Page 34

120 indicted

Lima (Reuter) - A Peruvian court has charged 120 people, including seven former police officers, in a case against a ring said to have smuggled six tonnes of cocaine to the US annually.

Pedal power

Edwards Air Force Base (AP) - Lois McCallin pedalled the Eagle, an 88 lb plane, over 10 miles of desert in 37 mins 38 sec to set a record for woman-powered flight.

TUBS! TUBS! TUBS!

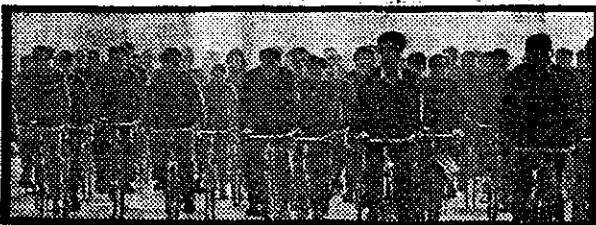
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Bill Boakes Memorial Cup



(for airport safety) WESTERN pilots have been warned about cyclists at Peking airport. A Jumbo Jet's wing passed over one who was riding on the edge of a runway. No one was hurt.



8A Criterion Buildings, Wintersbridge, Thames Ditton, Surrey, KT7 0SS

Well folks, I trust you caught the result of our open cyclo cross in your copy of The Times where in fact, the Club also got a mention with young Brian Curtis taking 3rd place in the under 12's race. In case you missed it (and I guess that wasn't difficult), here it is again for all to see. Not often 'we' get column inches in a national newspaper let alone one as well known and respected as The Times. It made me wonder if this was the first time or whether the Club has a long history of exposure within such a prestigious newspaper, although, come to think of it, The Times was already over 100 years old when the bicycle was invented.

CYCLO-CROSS

SOUTH OF ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIP: 1. D McMullen (Wembley RC), 1hr 07min 00sec; 2. G Douce (Wembley RC) 1:07.28; 3. M Bell (London Fire Brigade) 1:10.38. Veterans: 1 Jewell (Southern Velo). Under-18: 1. K Batt (Bournemouth Arrow), 31.57; 2. A Bostock (Starencourt) 32.50; 3. C Glen (GS Europa) 32.23. Under-12: 1. J Rice (Gemini BC); 2. W Rice (Gemini BC); 3. B Curtis (South Western Road Club).

Our cyclo cross proved to be an excellent event and of course, included the South of England championship, won by Dave McMullen. Unfortunately, the SWRC didn't have many riders actually competing but, as usual, many attended. However, Simon Broad has raced very well this season and he won the Oxonian CC cross in early November, something which has not been done by one of our members for a very long time. I think he ought to be congratulated on this achievement and even if 'Cycling' can't get his name right, here is the result they published. (Don't worry Simon, I'm sure Bond sounds faster and more impressive anyway.)

Oxonian CC cyclo-cross. - SIMON BOND (South Western RC) 7 laps in 54-53; 2. R. Burt (High Wycombe CC) at 5-8; 3. P. Wickers (Anglia Sport) at 5-47; 4. K. Blann (GS Europa) at 5-56; 5. N. Hemming (North Road CC) at 8-44; 6. K. Ibbotson (NatWest Bank CC) at 8-54; at 1 lap; 7. D. Sawyer (Oxonian CC); 8. R. Rowles (Archer RC); 9. J. Vallis (Oxonian CC); 10. R. Burch (Oxford Poly). Juveniles. - MATTHEW OSBURY (Oxonian CC); 2. N. Cole (Didcot Ph). U-12s. - GEORGE MANINGHAM (Oxonian CC); 2. T. Grestorex (Oxonian CC); 3. J. Naddary (Oxonian CC).

One of the great benefits of riding a bike for me is how I'm able to relax and consider, without any interruptions, simple, everyday, weighty problems, dilemmas or tight corners. Like the meaning of life, why are we here and what to write about in the next editorial! I often recite this fact to any prospective new member thinking of taking up the sport on his first visit to the clubroom. It takes me about 75 minutes to ride home from work, that is Dorking to Kingston, usually twice a week, other times I use the car. I don't think it's any exaggeration to say that one or two kitchen extensions and several shopfronts have been designed on the roads across Epsom Downs from Headley. As these past few weeks have been snowed up and a car journey every day what a pleasure tonights trip turned out to be, cycling really does clear the grey matter, even if the old legs are complaining.

We have a new club treasurer in the shape of Clive Walker who takes the place from Geoff Parsons after a number of years in the job. Clive would appear to have all the right qualifications for this post being quite senior in Barclay Bank and having his wife, Catherine, in the same employ. The position of Treasurer is of course a very important one within any organisation as it will not function properly, or at all, if it's finances are not looked after with care. It is a hard job as Geoff will testify, especially in a club such as ours where goodwill often prevails rather than a cheque for subscriptions. Streamlining the rates is one thing, getting the cash is another. I hope Clive is able to impress his own character upon the office, in all it's aspects, so that the Club will have a secure future. Don't forget it's now £5 for membership or £10 to race.

Cheques or postal orders.

Plat

HOME NEWS

New members.

Alec Taylor
6 Marble Hill Gardens
Twickenham Middx.
Tel: 01-892-1691.

Paul Fisher
69 Hollies Avenue
West Byfleet
Surrey KT14 6AL
Tel: Byfleet 41349.

Martin Shoesmith
25 Laverstoke Gardens
Roehampton
London SW15 4jb
Tel: 01-789-5052.

John Haschka
22 Forest Road
Worcester Park
Surrey
Tel: 01-644-4012.

Dave Lucas
22 Bickney Way
Fetcham Leatherhead
Surrey
Tel: Bookham 50154.

Nigel Fletcher
"Brambles"
Stonehill Chertsey
Surrey KT16 OBW
Tel: Ottershaw 3523.

Annie Potter
126 Bishops Mansions
Bishops Park Road
Fulham London SW6
Tel: 01-736-6759.

Ken Dolman
12 Vaughan Road
Wintersbridge
Thames Ditton Surrey
Tel: 01-398-2354.



* * * * *

John Haschka took part in the Epsom and Ewell Short Course Triathlon on Sunday 8th January, he finished 55th out of 101 competitors.

Johns comments:

"I got up at around 6.30am unfortunately suffering from a cold. Arrived at 7.30 to sign on then off to change for the 660 yd swim."

"The swim started at 8.49am with 4 or 5 others in the same lane, I had some difficulty in turning but finished in 11 mins 15 secs."

"Bike ride - 13½ miles. Time 53 mins 56 secs. Found the first few miles hard and took approximately one lap to get going. Nearly came to grief when a motorist passed me, stopped and opened his door."

"Run - 4½ miles. One lap of bike circuit. Time 37 mins 11 secs. Again I found the change in pace and using different muscles hard. Legs did not really get going for about one or two miles."

"The winner was Peter Moysey in 1-14-08."

Comparison:

	Swim.	Ride.	Run.	Finish.
John.	11-15	53-56	37-11	1-42-22.
Winner.	8-26	41-36	24-06	1-14-08.

* * * * *

AGM

No great changes this year, '86 minutes were approved and usual affiliations to various bodies. In 1987, we promote an open hilly time trial, a Surrey league road race, club events, an open cyclo cross and a randonnee.

Club officials for the year are: President: Bill Squirrell.

Gen. Sec.	Bob Squirrell.	Treasurer:	Clive Walker.
T.T. Sec.	David Squirrell.	R.R. Sec.	Ray Robinson.
Social Sec.	Margaret Squirrell.	Runs Sec.	Martin Simmonds.
Press Sec.	Brian Wareham.	Newsletter.	Phil Parkinson.

Committee: Charlie Bayliss, John Bromley, Graham Jones, Gus Huckle, Grayham Bromley, Tony Fantham.

Auditor: Colin Quemby.

Bob's Normandy tour.

“ Really for some of them the tour started on the Friday, as six rode down on Friday afternoon. I took all the luggage and Stephen, leaving the car at Portsmouth for Bill and Margaret to collect on the way home from their tour. (Two weeks in Brittany)

It was Ray Timms, Tony Pantham, Simon Broad, Stephen Boorer, Bill Roulston, Ted Pratt, Bob Wyman and me that caught the overnight ferry from Portsmouth to Caen, a five and a half hour crossing, and we got off the boat, I think it was half past six in the morning. Saturday morning. It was quite cold and there was about a 15 kilometre ride into the town centre. It was early and there weren't any shops open so we went on to a town called Thury Harcourt, some 30 km.

This area which we started to go into is called the Normandy Alps. It's quite a nice region but it was thick with mist in some parts and quite cold. We stopped there for a coffee, some changed money and then continued through 'the Alps', mostly 1 in 7 or 1 in 8 hills, I was quite surprized. Beautiful scenery, no cars, quite a pleasant area to ride in and we were fortunate that as the day went on the weather got better. Working our way across to Pont- d'Ouilly, one of the highest points in the area with about 100 km (60M) done and a lot of climbing. We did over 100 miles this day, it was a little bit further than we thought.

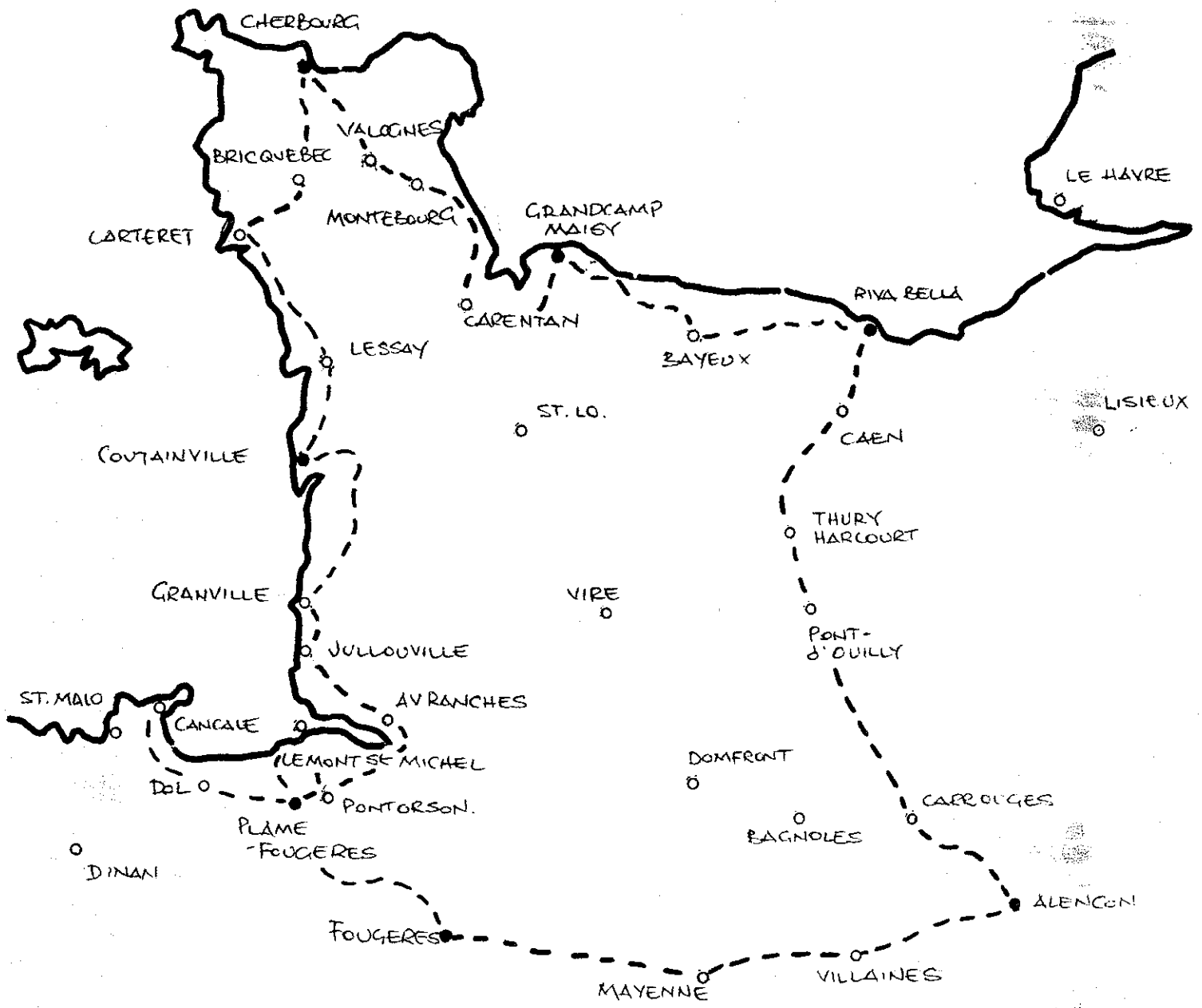
All around here, especially from a place called Roche d'Oetre, you can see miles back down the valley, a tremendous view. Quite spectacular.

It flattened out a bit and we carried on through the lanes to Fromental where we stopped to have a bite to eat. Down to Ranes and Carrouges, then a side road to Alencon, our first nights stop. The hostel was on the outskirts of Alencon in a suburb known as Damigni. Quite a quiet village and not very busy at all. I think there was about half a dozen others at the hostel. We later wondered into the town for something to eat and on the way back came across a large firework display, obviously some local celebration.

Perhapes it was a bit far but then it got us down to where we wanted to be. A long day although we still had enough energy to go for a walk in the evening -a good start.

Our second day was to ride from Alencon to Fougères, about 140 km (86M). We had breakfast in the hostel and left at around 9 o'clock, not stopping in the town for long. Onto St. Leonard-des Bois, another hilly area, and we were strung out a bit with me struggling a bit at the back. Working our way across country to Villaines, a nice day again and as we moved towards Brittany it seemed to get warmer. Quite Pleasant. We stopped for lunch in a town called Mayenne before all the shops closed at 12 and picniced on the roadside a little further on. So far only Steve Boorer had suffered a couple of punctures, nothing else.

Fougères is a walled city where we eventually found the hostel after some help from a young lad on a moped, after a guided tour of the city! A large hostel but again, in October, fairly quiet. All facilities there, including its own bar and dance floor, except it was closed. I think it worked out just under four pounds to stay there for the night, including breakfast.”



app n°	nbre pers	prix	date d'arrivée	nom et adresse
15-16	8			

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- 2
- 3
- 4 Repas d'affaires
- 5 Banquets
- 6 Mariages
- 7 •
- 8 Spécialités
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- 10 fruits de mer
- 11 et
- 12 poissons
- 13 •
- 14 Cartes de crédit
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- 23

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4	QTY	8
5	PRCE @	64.00
6	MENU 1	512.00
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“We had a little bit of difficulty finding somewhere to eat. When we had come up through the town at about 5 o'clock there was quite a lot of restaurants and bars open but, when we actually walked down into the town later, there was very little open. Eventually we found a hotel which we dived into and had a very good meal for about six pounds. I think the lady was quite pleased to see us. We were certainly glad to see her!

On the way back, Tony, Ray, Bill and Simon decided to go in a bar while the rest of us wondered back to the hostel for an early night. In fact, they had a job getting back into the hostel because of the dogs guarding the front door which was left open all night. Eventually, the warden came and let them in so there wasn't any problem.

From there we were due to ride to Pontorson near Le Mont St Michel, only about 74 km (46M), quite a lazy day really. Unfortunately I woke up on the Monday morning not feeling very well. I was the only one and quite pleased that it was going to be an easy day. With encouragement from all the others we moved off to St. Brice and then, Bonne Fontaine where there is a large chateau and we sat in the pleasant square. I began to feel better, we stocked up with food and drink and passed an hour away. The chateau was closed so on to a town called Trans for lunch stop in a field with an afternoon doze, as we didn't have much further to go.

Our hostel at Plame-Fougeres only been up 18 months, it was like staying in a hotel, everything brand new. Once we had found it, we rode via some lanes to Le Mont St. Michel and spent the afternoon sitting in the sun. It was packed with tourists so we didn't go up into the cathedral, the last stretch of road from Beauvoir is all hotels. Coaches everywhere, car parks full etc etc. We took some photos and then finished the afternoon in Pontorson itself before going back to the hostel at 5 o'clock.

A quick look around the village to find somewhere to eat, not bothering to find out if they would be open. Had a shower in the hostel before returning to the village only to find that everything was shut. Not a single shop open, even the street lights were off - and this at about 7.30. Eventually we found a light on in a small hotel and putting our heads around the door, there didn't appear to be anyone there until a lady came out who we asked if she was still doing meals. She looked at us strangely but showed us through to the restaurant of the hotel. Accepting whatever she had rather than any menu, we all sat down and she bought out cold meats with french bread and cheese, all very pleasant. Then two big bowls of lamb stew with vegetables followed by fresh fruit. It turned out a very good meal, and all for about four pounds each, in the end I think she had to throw us out because she wanted to go to bed!

The next day was another short day and as we were staying two nights in this hostel, no luggage to carry. Our destination was Cancale on the coast where all the oyster beds are. First stop was a town called Dol de-Bretagne, quite large with evidence of a bike race either just happened or just about to. Unfortunately, we couldn't find anyone to get information out of and as no-one spoke good french it remained a mystery. Just outside Dol there is a short climb of about 1 in 4 to the top of Mont Dol and a shrine to the Virgin Mary. Inside you can see what is supposed to be the devil's hand scratched into the rock and further down the cliff face his footprints. This was the hottest day of our holiday really beautiful.”

“Everybody wanted to sample the oysters except me and Stephen. Along the coast road you can see the oyster farms but Cancale itself is like a tourist attraction and they sell the oysters on the beach. As the tide went out you can look right across the bay and see all the beds, tractors looked like matchboxes in the distance. Oysters were about £1 a dozen and we decided to go into a restaurant for lunch to try them. Those who wanted them had oysters to start with, at least 12 each. After lunch we wandered around the town, looked at a replica wooden boat they are trying to rebuild, the oyster beds while Bill and Simon tried to catch the last of the sun. Quite a pleasant afternoon.

We rode back to Dol and went into the town deciding that we would not risk trying to find somewhere to eat again. Stocked up with a load of bits and pieces in the local supermarket and went back to use the new kitchen in our hostel. A couple who had just come from St Malo said that they had a very rough crossing from England where it had been raining all day.

Avoiding the main roads as best we could towards Le Mont St Michel and along the coast road to Avranches. A quick look at the cathedral, very high up just here which we entered through some back roads to avoid using what looked like the M1. The climb was unbelievable, I wondered when it was going to stop. Along the coastal road to Granville still very pleasant but the weather was starting to change, quite fresh although the sun was out. At Genets we looked right across the bay back towards Le Mont St Michel, beautiful scenery. At Jullouville we stopped for lunch in the sand dunes, out of the wind. Granville itself is a complete walled city, with spectacular views, a drawbridge that still works, maritime museum etc etc.

Our overnight stop was to be Coutainville, a small seaside resort. Generally speaking the countryside is getting a lot flatter, except for the coastal road and there are many seaside resorts. Comparing this area of France with Brittany, I would say there isn't so much to see in the villages and towns and you need to go looking for places of interest, whereas Brittany is much more picturesque.

We had no hostel for this night so we had to find a hotel. There was only two hotels in the whole place that we found open, they both looked expensive. However, we were made most welcome with a place for our bikes, lovely rooms, en suite bathrooms etc and I was surprised at the price which worked out at about £7 per person. Good value for money. We ate in the restaurant, a very lavish affair catering for non residents as well but again not expensive.

The next day we were due to ride up to Cherbourg, quite a long haul. This area was very flat and I think that on the road to Lessay you could have promoted the championship 10, 25 and 50 on the same road because it just went mile after mile of dead flat, wide road. The only thing really to see inland was odd farms, on the other side, seaside resorts. We were riding right into the wind which made it generally hard going especially as it was this open countryside. After coffee in Lessay, we continued to Barneville-Carteret for our lunchtime stop. We were going to the Carteret itself but someone started a bit of a tear up before we got to the town and turned off left which brought us onto the wrong side of the harbour. We sat in the sand dunes out of the wind and it was still pretty warm.”

“Originally we were going to take the main road but, deciding against this, took some quieter roads to Bricquebec. Then some lanes to St Martin and Hardinvast which brought us out right on the top looking down onto Cherbourg. I didn't realise Cherbourg was so hilly, the climb from St. Martin, the last 20 km or so, seemed to be all uphill.

The hostel in Cherbourg is in the arts centre, right in the middle of town. It wasn't a very good hostel, very basic. We used the restaurant where I had been in July when we went over to see the Tour. Had a nice meal and sampled the local cider. Unfortunately, Tony had contracted a touch of bronchitis and wasn't feeling too well this day. In fact, the next morning he felt so rough that he decided to call it a day, and took the boat back to Portsmouth.

After sorting out Tonys ferry, we carried on along the coastal road, turning inland and followed the route of this years Tour stage to Valognes. Ted broke his toe-clip here and with some help from the local gendarme, we sorted him out. So far, although it looked as if it might rain, it hadn't but, was it blowing. It had turned around overnight and we had it against us again.

We decided to go and look at Utah beach, a facination for us, to see what it was all about. Making our way into Montebourg, then Fontenay for something to eat. We made our way along the beach, looked at all of the memorials, the American one being the most prominent. It is very well looked after. Had a quick walk around one museum but the wind - it was unbelievable. So strong.

Following the road to Carentan and then a very busy stretch of road before turning off to Grandcamp-Maisy, where again, we had to get a hotel for the night. The hotel we chose had been used by President Reagan for the D-day celebrations, they had his photo up and all the rest of it. We went to two or three places but they were all closed up and this was the only one open, actually I thought at first it would be too posh of the likes of us but they made everyone feel most welcome. The chief cleared out the garage so that we could put our bikes in there and we ate in the restaurant.

We had got away with a couple of odd showers so far but, the one thing we didn't want was waking up to find it pouring with rain and unfortunately, it was the next morning. However we didn't have a lot of choice heading for Bayeux via the coastal road stopping at Vierville s-mer to look at the Omaha beach and get in a museum out of the rain! In Bayeux the rain poured down and we wondered around the town with a quick coffee before four of the party went to see the tapestry. It must be a couple of hundred feet long, in fact the whole exhibition was very good. There is a slide show in English telling you all about it, then a walk through with more information followed by a twenty minute film. Finally, the tapestry itself. We spent a hour and a half in there.

Aiming for Riva-Bella and the ferry, many more memorials along the road, mainly Canadien and English. Quite built up also with casinos and snack bars etc. Unfortunately, we lost Stephen at the port and at one stage looked as if we would miss the boat. He turned up in the back of a gendarmes car who he had contracted to take him to the port when he realised that he was lost. Sensible kid. ”

Words by Bob Squirrell.
Interview by Whiskers.

PROFILE



1. Name. Terry Andrew Bayliss.
2. Age. 21. Where born. Addlestone. Star sign. Capricorn.
3. Height. 5' 10". Marital status. Single.
4. Occupation. Tool maker.
5. How and when did you start cycling? In 1979, Bob Squirrell helped me start. I knew him because he is my aunties, husbands, sister's husband. (!)
6. What type of bike did you start with? A Raleigh Sun GT.
7. When did you join the SWRC? In 1980.
8. Did you belong to a previous club? No.
9. What was your first event and time? Club 10 on Hampton. 31-41.
10. How many hours per week do you spend cycling? Mid season - 29 approx.
11. Do you cycle as training for racing only? Yes.
12. Which type of events do you prefer to ride?
Road racing, then time trials.
13. What is your favourite TT course? Why?
Newbury 25. Mainly because I won the Simon Ottolangui trophy on this course.
14. What is your favourite RR course? Why?
Lyne, as I live near and know the roads very well.
15. Do you watch your weight?
I don't need to in the season.
16. Do you have a special diet?
Yes, lots of calories, fruit and fibre.
17. Have you ever done any continental cycling and where?
I have raced in Belgium once.
18. How many times have you ridden the Paris - Roubaix?
Once.
19. Nastiest moment on bike? Crashing, due to a car, in the first five miles of the Tour of the South Downs, resulting in seven stiches to my face and hours of dental work.
20. Happiest moment on bike?
Riding the supporting event to a pro race in Belgium which Sean Kelly was riding in.
21. Most embarrassing moment on bike?
Getting caught by a lady rider in a ten when I first started cycling.
22. How many bikes do you maintain? Three.
23. Do you build your own wheels? I have built and sold one pair of wheels
24. Where do you purchase your cycle equipment generally?
From Tony Mills. (Dauphin Sport).
25. Do you find cycling an expensive sport? Yes.
26. Have you been on a cycling holiday in the last three years? No.
27. Which professional riders do you admire? (If any.) Tommy Simpson, Reg Harris, EDDY MERCKX, Sean Kelly/Yates, Tony Doyle, Robert Miller.
28. Who would you like to see as the next World Champion?
Robert Miller.
29. What do you enjoy most about SWRC?
Takes part in all aspects of cycling and is a respected club.
30. Have you ever written an article for the newsletter?
Yes.

The first two weekends quiet by our standards, Jan 3rd just 65 miles and Jan 10th 78 miles. Both Surrey lanes, 11's Warners, lunch Shere, last pub on the right going up the hill out, tea Mac's at Guilford, then 11's Edsers at Leatherhead, lunch Sutton Abinger and tea at the Top Shop at Reahill. Cold both times but we enjoyed ourselves, we didn't have the clothing today's cyclists have, we were cold riding home at night. 16th January was the Re-union at Slaters in

Kensington, the usual evening, toasting George 'Bumbles' Morden, who was champion that year following his fine riding in 1936. As usual Sammy Austin took the run on the Sunday after the re-union. The meet was at Richmond Bridge timed for 9.30 a.m. Nobody got there on time the day after the re-union but I arrived at about ten o'clock to find no one there and no elevenses left up in the usual board by the papershop nearby. I cursed them for being early and not leaving a note and remembering that Sammy was talking about Farn.... somewhere went off as fast as I could to Farnham. No one there, so back to Farnborough where I arrived at the same time they did! They did not get to the meet until 10.30 and came straight to Farnboro. At least in got me in 85 miles for the day. Next Sunday Gertie Kemp took the run, sedate but persistent, Gertie was a very fine pedaller.

More Surrey lanes ending in the rain with tea at the Red Tea Pot at Holmwood. This was a good place, on the old road now, just off the foot of the Dorking bye pass on the then main road to Holmwood. End of the month and John Dunkley took us out to Bucks doing a lot of miles ending with tea at Chalfont St. Giles, another favourite place, 86 miles covered with rain all the way home. We seem to have had a lot of winter rain then, but I don't remember riding in a lot of snow. At the moment the road behind our present bungalow at Winterbourne Moncton is closed, nothing moving as snow drifts have blocked the road either side of the village, but I don't remember a lot then. My run again on 7th Feb. It rained all day, we rode to Ripley and had 11's in that little room up the flight of stairs in the yard. We stayed there for lunch and did not leave until 5 p.m. because we had tea booked at Mac's in Guildford and had to go! We got a wriggle on going home along the almost empty Portsmouth Road. A run to Bucks again with tea at Cornerways at Taplow, we always knew what the food would be, tea places then dished up their offerings and we simply scoffed them. Cornerways always had stewed fruit salad made with dried fruit, prunes pears apples and so on. And always 'rubber' fairy cakes. These very tasty little cakes were such as if you took one in your hand and compressed your hand as hard as you could, when released the cake would spring back into shape and taste as usual, which was very nice. We had a change at the end of February. Boys only and me on the back of Bert Batchelors tandem, down to Littlehampton with 11's at Southwater, lunch on the beach and tea at Warnham, covering 115 miles in somewhat of a hurry.

Still doing a lot of ice skating, generally at least twice a week, Richmond, Earls Court, Wembley and Streatham, but always going back to Richmond which we looked on as our home rink. Also tried roller skating at Brixton, but although the actual skating was OK, the way of stopping in a hurry is different- so I did not continue. We seemed always to have something on, out somewhere every night as near as possible. Certainly no time to be bored and moan about having nothing to do, and this in the depression years of the thirties. But then no one told us there was a depression, did they?

End of February and there was snow on the Sunday morning, we still went out. Met at Kingston and to Weybridge for 11's, nice little cafe, the usual one, also a teaplace. Out to Pirbright for lunch and the snow has stopped, on to Chobham Ridges to 'play' in the snow on the bikes. This day we had the company of Nobbie Fry, Bumbles and Fred Cox as well as our usuals. Still snowing the next week end, only four of us braved the conditions, bit of luck there were no private cars in the winter months, most car owners

only licensed their cars from April to September, no heating, no indicators, no windscreen washers, no comfort at all in a car then. Just Bill and Graham Gardner, Archie way and myself, and we got in 76 miles out to Loudwater and back. We hardly deviated from out and home to Robinsons of Loudwater, it always was 38 miles home for me from there. Good place, always tea of boiled egg and a banana plus bread and butter and Lyons cakes with as much tea as we could and did drink. Those were the days of very large tea pots with constant hot water and the tea gradually getting weaker and weaker. We didn't seem to care.

The bike was in use as a hack vehicle as well. In those days I was a fairly avid follower of Fulham Football Team, I still look at their results but these days I don't cringe when they lose which seems to be most of the time. At any rate I followed them to all the London grounds in turn, always riding, thus in March I rode out to West Ham to see them there, as it happens it was a three all draw. Park the bike near the ground, probably 2d. fee, always there when you went back and then ride home through London, I wouldn't fancy the journey today.

Most of our runs at this time were in Surrey or Bucks, natural, I suppose from South West London. Easter was coming up at the end of March, rather early. Sammy Austin had a car, today it would be a curiosity. Soft top, side panels of celluloid, spare wheel on the side of the bonnet on the near side. I don't remember whose idea it was, but five of us where to go to Yorkshire for the Easter by car. Sammy the only driver, John Dunkley, Nobbie Fry, Archie way and myself. We rode to Euston on the Good Friday morn, I left home at 7 a.m. Parked the bikes in the station, took our saddle bags and train to Bletchley where Sammy was waiting. I think Nobbie got the front seat by Sammy. The weather got worse as we went north. Three of us huddled in the back with not a lot of room. No heating, the wind pouring through the gaps with the side screens. Northampton, through Sherwood where we had to stop, had magneto trouble. Limp to Doncaster where we stopped at a ~~large~~ garage, where it was dried out, trouble was the driving snow/rain through Sherwood. I don't remember us eating, but vaguely remember hot tea in Doncaster. Then on to Otley, Ilkley and Bolton Abbey, now in semi darkness, up the Wharfe (not Literally) to Kettlewell and over the top to Wensleydale, the roads apparently a sheet of ice. We stayed at West Witton Farm, then it did a fine catering service in true Yorkshire style. We were confronted by a roast leg of lamb, with all the extras, followed by a pudding and then Yorkshire scones and what have you. Including Wensleydale cheese. My great memory of the drive, was the discomfort from the cold, and the frozen ~~lands~~ landscape, we could just see Kilnsey Crag on the way past. Saturday and a fine day with the sun out. The road surfaces are good, very little residue of the snow and ice. We drive through Hawes to Ingleton and park. We then climb Ingleborough, a straightforward enough slog uphill to the summit, we eat a packed lunch on the way sitting in the sun on a group of rocks. On to the top where it is cold and windy. We head south from the summit down a steep snow slope, Nobby sits on his coat tails and tobaggans down, soon we are all doing it and have a fine old time, albeit with rather damp tails. we get down to Gaping Ghyll and then the track to Clapham, I believe we had a car back to Ingleton to pick up Sammy's car for the drive back in the dusk to West Witton. This evening it was a roast leg of prok, followed by the rest of the meal. I don't think we cleared a single table here. Sunday and Aysgarth Falls to Keld for lunch at the Cat Hole Inn, walk down the river to the falls, back and over the Butter tubs pass to TanHill, the highest licensed house in England. Masses of snow at the side of the road. Back via Reeth and Leyburn. Monday and home, a long way. Back to Bolton Abbey, but then west via Skipton Keighley, Hebden Bridge, Glossop, over the Snake Pass to Matlock and Derby. At Bletchley we say good bye to Sam, then train back To Euston. Maybe not exactly a cycling tour, but memorable.

Ted Head
Nov 1986.

Why the Bath Rd is in my blood.

In 1933 a number of us rode in the West London C.A. 25, staying overnight at The Falcon in Theale. We must have been taking it seriously. There were 150 entries. Well, Harry Ferris, an elder in time trialling who joined the club in its early days, was an early starter and was back with a recorded 1-8 before we had finished our breakfast! Then "Lippy" (Lipscombe) the scotch man came in and said, as a result of our tentative enquiries "it's hard, but it's fast", small comfort.

Then it was my turn to face the timekeeper, one of the "God's", people who hold split second watches and great authority. Well, to my surprise, after about three miles I realized I was enjoying it, I couldn't hurt myself, it was just great to keep trying, to overtake other riders and when I approached the turn to see I was up on a top flight rider who used to be scout master when I was a cub! I did not catch him. He said afterwards, when he saw me he had to get down to it. Well, I rattled on the slope up from the 49th to the Rising Sun was no problem and then the 45th in sight & the entrance to the lane (Pangbourne Lane) and the finish with an enjoyable dash to the line and shouting out of number. Eventually we learnt our times, we did not possess watches. Arthur had clocked a 1-4 and three of us 1-5's and surprise surprise, won 1st team award. And that was my first really enjoyable time trialling experience on the Bath Rd.

Around about 1935 we decided to set up a base camp in the Theale area and so cut B & B costs to riders and helpers. We found a site at the top of White Hart Lane, a lane going north from the Bath Rd at the 44th m.s. with the White Hart pub on the corner, up a 1 in 4 to the fields beyond, on the edge of Tilehurst village. Adjoining the field we had permission to use was a large old house standing in its own grounds occupied by Mr & Mrs Rust and Mr Rust's father, a kindly old gentleman, and they agreed to let us use part of their cellars for storage of equipment & use of their outside tap.

We purchased two ex-army bell tents, some bits & pieces and we were in business! Alf Cox made two super trestle tables about 7' long x 3' wide. Alf was one of our skilled carpenters. In those days, in elementary education, males were encouraged to train in manual skills & females in needlework. Teaching was basic & simple, simply in the main, with a view to your potential of getting work in the limited fields available.

I digress. The camp went with a swing & peaked in its activities around 1936-7, when there would be as many as 12 to 15 under canvas plus others for Sunday mid day meals. In the early part of the season there were times when you had to break the film of ice on the water to wash before ripping down the lane to the start. If you were early you walked down the 1 in 4 to save your tubs, as the surface was pretty poor, if you were late, you took a chance & rode.

Taking part in these camping week ends meant there was time to explore the lanes north & south of the Bath Rd. Knowledge we were later to put to use.

As the peak of enthusiasm waned the stalwarts found they were pulling away the gear and towards the end of a hectic day it became more & more arduous, and so, we started leaving the bell tents up, and that was it. One week end we arrived, one bell tent was in shreds, the cows had done their worst.

The answer was to use light weight ridge tents and Mr Rust kindly suggested we used his glade with open fronted summer house - perfect & near the cellars.

During all this time as we moved into 1938/39 and the increasing threat of war, we had been competing in 25, 50, 100, & 12 hrs; each distance giving me a greater insight & feeling for the Bath Rd. To think the Heat London 6 & 12 hrs started at the 11th mo, Hornsdown, out to Hindson & back via Runnymede, along the Bath Rd to Heale, via Colnbrook, Slough, Maidenhead, Reading; no by-passes or one way streets. At Heale, out to near Oxford & back, via Pangbourne, Wallingford & Stratley. Then out to the 72nd at Savernake Forest, then all the way back to Slough along the Bath Rd, then extra detours to Over & Staines if you had time & then London wards. With "runners out" ready to pounce there was never a dull moment in the last hour.

... AND ELGAR CAME TOO.

Strange how from time-to-time along life's wandering highway one can acquire a hankering to visit a particular place. It generally happens for no especial reason, or at least doesn't seem to; sometimes the dream is sadly never realised; yet the first awareness of the "call" can - over a long period of time - develop almost into an obsession.

I suppose it was rather like that with me and the Malvern Hills. Not that I had never seen them, for stored away in the deep recesses of memory was a fleeting glimpse of their distinctive bulk as I hurried on a long haul home from a Whit weekend way back in the early fifties. Twenty years or so later, they were sighted again from the train window as we clattered past en route for a family tour in mid-Wales. Perhaps those two brief encounters had sown and nurtured the seeds of longing. On the other hand, however, perhaps not: rather, I think, was it a growing affection for the music of Elgar, much of whose life was bound-up in the area and who had somehow been able to breathe the very essence of the English countryside into his orchestral writing. No, not the patriotic "Land of Hope and Glory" stuff: that wasn't exactly his own favourite cup-of-tea, anyway.



Maybe I should admit to a little television influence as well, namely that now old but classic "Monitor" programme based on Elgar's life, with one particularly happy sequence depicting him pedalling away like mad on an early Rover Safety as he stormed the Malvern Hills. Always an enthusiast for new inventions of the time, Elgar as a young man readily took to cycling, and spoke in later life of how "my friends had to go on long bicycle rides with me". One of those friends was Rosa Burleigh, headmistress of a local school, who has also recalled that "Edward and I used to cycle for miles together in the lovely countryside that surrounds the southern part of the Malvern Hills".

So there it was. My own Holy Grail: an equation of The Malverns = cycling = Elgar. And on a memorable day in May 1986 I at last managed - as the saying goes - to "get my act together".

The curtain had in fact risen the previous morning, when Phil Parkinson and I set off on the first leg of the pilgrimage from the cherry-blossomed outskirts of Evesham, wheeling away through the lanes from our B&B cottage in the village of Little Comberton, to drop off the slopes of Bredon Hill and make for the Avon valley and Pershore - where the plums come from and the Abbey is a masterpiece. The Severn lay ahead, and as our route to riverside Upton wound through the parkland of Croome Court there in the distance rose the Malverns, the long-backed ridge of hills - singular and proud above the plain, shimmering through the blue haze of the afternoon. As Wordsworth "almost" said ...

... My heart leapt up when I beheld them, painted on the sky.

No trouble booking in for a couple of nights at the YH: a mere handful of us among the 54 beds - and consequently lashings of grub. Anticipation-day

dawned breezy and bright with spring sunshine, absolutely perfect as an opening theme. With the pace appropriately 'moderato', we rode first to the centre of the town, there to turn steeply uphill and climb the winding hairpins to St Ann's Well. The considerate local authority doesn't allow you to ride; and for that excuse, much thanks! From the Well onwards it's "Shank's Pony", anyway, so with the bikes abandoned behind the café and ourselves suitably refreshed by spa water from the spring (honest!) we made for the summit of Worcestershire Beacon.

Malvern itself dropped away below as the path took us high up, out onto the rolling, rounded slopes; the nine-mile line of "tops" stretching north towards Worcester and more impressively southwards to the Herefordshire Beacon and the Forest of Dean way beyond. And what a fortunate, marvellous time to be up there. A wide blue bowl of a sky, clusters of drifting cumulus, and a boisterous wind to make you catch at your breath; scattered white lambs wandering under the watchful eye of their wary mums, and some of England's loveliest "coloured counties" laid out at our feet. Hardly another soul about, either; though Elgar himself might have been at our shoulder. He had mused that he might return to walk those Hills, and that - if so - the air would have been filled with his "Introduction and Allegro". He would certainly have heard it that May morning. For me, at least, it was everywhere: that great uplifting surge of strings - rising to the Beacon and the heights beyond, and making light of the buffeting breeze. One might go a hundred times and never find it so fair.

We thumbed our noses at authority and rode down the hairpins (good for a picture, anyway), particularly as less romantic matters were pressing: Phil's rear wheel needed a new spoke - and it was nearly lunch-time. Malvern Link provided both without difficulty; in fact we found quite a good "bikie" shop with an ex-Londoner in charge who spied my Evans and turned out to know a number of the lads in the Redmon, and the neighbouring pub didn't take long to satisfy our appetites. Hungry work, all that walking!

Then it was homage-time again, and to our astonishment (horror?) there - fixed on a lamp-standard just down the road - was an official sign directing us along the "Elgar Route". Complete with symbolic violin, too! God save us from package-tourism and the English Tourist Board. If it had been a little later in the year we might have cancelled our plan to visit the maestro's birthplace in the village of Broadheath, on the outskirts of Worcester: today, however, we had the approaching lanes and the cottage almost entirely to ourselves. It's a delightful, unpretentious little place, set in a well-tended garden, the Curator giving us a personal welcome as he came up the path with his afternoon cuppa (our hint that the pot might stretch a bit further obviously wasn't direct enough). But, for once, tea was of secondary importance. We entered the tiny front room to the haunting slow-movement strains of the "Serenade for Strings". Piped maybe, but perfection. The Curator started to explain the lay-out of the crowded museum, but I was off his wavelength. "Leave him alone for a few minutes" said Phil, understanding as always, "until he comes down from Cloud Nine".

We had an interesting hour or so browsing among the memorabilia; there's a lot of it, though Elgar spent only a brief part of his childhood in the cottage and never actually worked there. Friend curator came to see us on our way as we retrieved the bikes, and enquired of our route back to Malvern. "Do you know about the windflower?", he asked. Strange question perhaps. Well, I knew that it was a common name for the wood anemone, but also recalled that Elgar had referred to part of the Violin Concerto as having "windflower themes" as a way of writing into the music the pet-name he had for a lady of whom he was rather fond. (.... and no Passes!)

Anyway, the upshot of it was that we were recommended to divert from our route at Berrow Green and take a narrow private lane (just mention my name if there's any trouble!) to the banks of the River Teme "where the windflowers and cowslips grow in profusion, undisturbed and unpicked: a rare sight".

Dazzled by such an idyllic prospect in the May sunshine, we duly diverted. The gritty lane plummeted dizzily down, not to the banks of the Teme at all - but straight into a farmyard, where we were all but savaged by a ratbag sheepdog. Some idyll! We foot-slogged back up the way we had descended, searching for the side-track we had obviously missed. No sign of anything negotiable; but there below lay the sparkling silver ribbon of the Teme, the hills on either side cloaked in the white geometry of well-tended orchards. It was reward enough, but we saw not a single windflower.

There were drifts of cowslips in the fields, though, as the road wound on to Ravenhills Green, a picture-postcard landscape stretching out before us: sheep safely grazing among the heavy-blossomed trees, a patchwork of green and brown fields cradling the river, and ahead the ever-beckoning Malverns - softer now in the evening light. Down we coasted to Alfrick, to cross Leigh Brook where Elgar used to fish, and then a long, dragging climb up and over Birchwood Common. Time was against us now; so much so that I rode straight past the entrance to Birch Wood itself - the house where some of the best-loved music was written - without realising it. Cloud Nine was obviously evaporating.

It was 'allegro vivace' all the way back to the hostel ... and we made it with about ten minutes to spare before the final coda of the supper-gong. Time enough, though, to reflect a while on another memorable - and rather special - day: cycling at its very best, and another ambition fulfilled.

In the years ahead, will the record I bought at Broadheath recall those few sunlit hours awheel in The Malverns? Who knows? - though one of the short pieces is sub-titled "That's for Remembrance".

I only hope, Sir Edward, that we conducted ourselves to your liking!



Les Warner

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MINUTES OF THE MEETING HELD ON TUESDAY 11TH NOVEMBER, 1986
AT THE HOOK AND SOUTHBOROUGH PARISH HALL, HOOK, SURREY AT
8.15P.M.

Members Present : Margaret Squirrell, E.O. Shead, C Bayliss
P D Parkinson, W Squirrell, C Walker,
R Robinson, D Squirrell, M Simmonds,
B Wareham, J Bromley, G Jones, G Huckle,
R Maylin.

Chairman : R Maylin

Minutes of the meeting held on Tuesday 30th October had been distributed. These were proposed by P D Parkinson, seconded by M Simmonds. It was pointed out that Gus Huckle had been missed from the attendance list. Apologies from G/S.

Points Arising : Nil

Secretaries Report

1. The agenda for the R.T.T.C. National AGM had been received. The G/S reported he had gone through the agenda and checked against the handbook and could find no significant changes proposed.
2. The South West London Combine AGM is to be held on Sunday 18th January at 2.30p.m. at the Hook and Southborough Parish Hall, Hook, Surrey. The committee were asked for any proposals for the agenda to be submitted at our own AGM.
3. The date had been set for our own AGM - Thursday 16th December at the club room
4. Letters had now gone out to those owing jersey money.
5. A letter had been received from R.T.T.C. London West requesting a copy of a police notification form for an event on Sunday 14th September, 1986. The G/S had written explaining that although we had requested an event on that date, the Club Event's Secretary for London West, T Barr, had not granted the event due to a South West London Combine "25" being promoted on the same course. It was asked for the G/S to report any further action at the next meeting.

Time Trial Report

It was reported by our Secretary, David Squirrell, that the Hill Climb had been held on Sunday 2nd November at East Clandon. Twelve riders took part with Paul Jones taking the title for 1986 with a time of 5.09 for the 1½ mile climb. Three of the clubs Vets rode for the Graham Jones Trophy which was to be awarded on standard. Our new member Alex Taylor took the new trophy. The fastest "25" Trophy had now gone to Paul Jones with a 57-32.

Road Race Report

Our secretary Ray Robinson reported he had been placed 3rd and 8th in the last two Surrey League events.

In the year long points series in the League the South Western was placed 8th out of 43 clubs and members had won a total of £209.05 during the season.

In our own championships, Ray had gained the most points to take the championships from Paul Jones with Terry Bayliss winning the 3rd category trophy.

Ray and Brian Wareham had attended the League AGM and confirmed that our promotion will be on Sunday 5th April 1987. Also that our Hilly Time Trial was to be included in the Easter 3/4 day.

Cyclo Cross : Again Ray reported that all was going well with the arrangements for our promotions of the South of England Championships. All that was needed was lots of help on the day and good weather.

Regarding results for the first time that can be remembered in the club Simon Broad had won an open cyclo-cross at Tame near Oxford. He had also gained several places which including a fine 2nd place to professional Sean Yates at Westerham on Sunday 9th November. Giving support to him, Ian Maylin has been placed 12th and 14th in his last two events. Congratulations to both riders.

Social Report

1. The menu and price for the Luncheon had been set at £9.50. A notice will go out with the Annual Report.
2. Arrangements had been made for a coach trip to see the National Cyclo-cross championships at Birmingham on Sunday 15th February - cost £4.75 per ticket.
3. A provisional date had been set for a training weekend to Bournemouth - 14th/15th March cost for B.B. and evening meal £16.00 per person approx.

Runs Report Nil

Press Report

Due to work, Clive, had been unable to make any reports plus there was a lack of information to him.

Newsletter

Our editor Phil Parkinson reported that the next issue was due out this week.

Regarding the three awards which are decided by the committee at the last meeting of the current year, the following are the reciprecates :

Most Meritorious Performance Trophy

Award to Steve Boorer - Proposed by Bill Squirreel, seconded by Graham Jones. Awarded for his continued enthusiasm throughout the season which resulted in nine Juvenile time trials awards, three places in the first six in-circuit races. A new club '10' mile schoolboy record with 24-28 and a time of 1-2-08 for a "25", The Simon Ottolangué Trophy for 1986 and a R.T.T.C. National Junior B.A.R. Certificate.

Morden Medal

Awarded to Les Warner. - Proposed by E.O.Shead, seconded by John Bromley. Awarded for his ride in the clubs own Open Hilly 33 mile time trial last Easter which was in very arduous conditions including snow. Recording 1-52-01 for his first competitive event since a '10' mile time trial in 1962. This ride also gained him to Bill Reed Memorial Trophy.

5. Sams Tankard

Awarded to Dick Brodrick - Proposed by Ray Robinson, seconded by John Bromley. Awarded for continued support throughout 1986 to our randonnee riders. This included taking members over to ride the "Tour of Flanders" and "Ghent Wevelgem".

All three propositions were put to the committee and carried.

Meeting closed at 9.45 p.m.

CLUB EVENTS.



The following list are club events that have been applied for at time of going to press - these have not yet been confirmed. Please check with David Squirrell. (Byfleet 43358).

Date	Day	Event	Course	Start
8.3.87	Sunday	Club 2 up 18m.	C.C.156 Twice-Chobham	9.31am.
22.3.87	"	"	"	"
5.4.87	"	Club 25mile	C.C.138-Ottershaw	8.31am.
6.5.87	Wednesday	Club 22km	G292-Hungry Hill	7.01pm.
13.5.87	"	Club 15km	C.C.156-Chobham	7.15pm.
20.5.87	"	Club 22km	G292-Hungry Hill	"
3.6.87	"	Club 15km	C.C.156-Chobham	7.30pm.
10.6.87	"	Club 22km	G292-Hungry Hill	"
17.6.87	"	Club 15km	C.C.156-Chobham	"
29.6.87	Sunday	Club 10mile	G232-Ports.Road	7.01am.
1.7.87	Wednesday	Club 15km	C.C.156-Chobham	7.30pm.
8.7.87	"	"	"	"
12.7.87	Sunday	Club 25mile	C.C.138-Ottershaw	8.31am.
15.7.87	Wednesday	Club 15mile	G432-Beare Green	7.15pm.
22.7.87	"	Club 22km	G292-Hungry Hill	7.30pm.
29.7.87	"	Club 10mile	G434-Holmwood	7.00pm.
5.8.87	"	Club 15km	C.C.156-Chobham	7.30pm.
9.8.87	Sunday	Interclub 25	C.C.138-Ottershaw	8.31am.
12.8.87	Wednesday	Club 22km	G292-Hungry Hill	7.15pm.
12.9.87	Sunday	"	"	8.01am.
26.9.87	Saturday	Interclub 10	G232-Ports. Road	7.01am.
27.9.87	Sunday	"	H10/6-Thorpe	8.01am.
5.10.87	"	Hill climb	West Hanger	10.30am.

Entries are 50p to David. Don't forget the handicap, points and memorial trophies are included in these events. Details from Dave.

Another racing day.



This little tale will I'm sure be very familiar to all the ladies in the Club, be they wives, mothers or girlfriends. Whether their men are competing now, or years ago. A racing day in the life of a cyclist would be difficult to understand by 'outsiders'. I'm sure that we would hear cries from family and friends (non cycling of course) of, "How do you stand it?".

Quite easily, - now! Because its only for today. Race day!

Preparations begin the night before the night before the race. Have I washed, dried, aired and ironed his best club top? His best racing shorts? His whitest of cotton socks? The answer of course, is always, "Yes Dear". Well, nearly always, thank goodness for tumble driers!

Something nice and filling for dinner, Pasta or Steak and Chips or something equally fattening - that I'm not supposed to eat. Its very important, this evening before meal because it's now that the build up begins, literally, hungry or not he will, out of dedication to his body's need for nourishment to carry him through the race tomorrow, shovel it all down, hungry or not.

A few hours of relaxation, perhapes a video to inspire him, before an early night. Don't misunderstand me here, the video is of Sean Kelly winning Paris - Roubaix and the early night is for much needed sleep. I don't like going out on Saturday night anyway.

Sunday. Race day has arrived. My morning begins with the continuation of the feeding process. He will, for the next half an hour, demolish everything that I put in front of him. Then of course there is the food to eat before, during and after the race to be prepared, which I do without the bat of an eye! (He is still in bed, resting, eating more toast and marmarlade - it's a long race today!)

Everything is ready, including the great athlete himself. I'm exhausted and we haven't left the house yet. How do single men manage to get themselves to a race? We must of course leave early, a final check to make sure he has everything. A quick rummage through that bottomless bag of his settles his mind and we are off.

You get to know what is expected of you at the event, I am expected to leave him now to complete his own preparation, the mental kind. I have done all I can and now it's up to him.

I am afraid I'm a bit lacking in enthusiasm when it comes to time checks, I give him a cheer as he goes past - if I can see him! To actually work out who is where and at what time is, I'm afraid, beyond me. He can however rely on me to cheer and applaud as he crosses the line, be he first or last.

The race is over for another week, that is the riding of the bike. Now comes, what I expect is also part of the fun, the post mortem. The tactics that should have been used - but weren't. If only that last climb hadn't been so long, the lack of support from the bunch when he tried to attack, and so it goes on. While all this goes on, I have been queueing up to get the much needed cups of tea and slice of cake.

Half way through the second cup of tea, the racing cyclist, that single minded, perhaps selfish person, who was so full of THE RACE, a few hours before, is now receding to allow the husband and father to come back to the surface. Because it's only for today, race day, I can stand it, some can't. It is a fascinating sport, more so for the participants than for those left on the side of the road. By the side of the road, with me, are lots of other supporters, and that describes 'us' wonderfully because we know the kind of preparation that has gone in to get them there and the little bit we did to help. Some more than others!

All the riders, no matter how good they are, are just as keen and just as competitive as any professional, in their own way. Until you become part of the cycling world you would never understand how we all put up with it.

The seasons over now and we can all relax on a Sunday, the only season we are interested in is the social season, where no one has to worry about being out late because of the race tomorrow. There is of course the 'club run' and some people take this as seriously as any race!

KAREN WAREHAM

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1986 PRIZEWINNERS.

<u>Steven Boorer</u>	Schoolboy time trial champion. '10'	24-28. 24-28.	24.711mph.
	Most Meritorious performance trophy.		24-28.
	Club schools ten mile record.		1-04-00.
	Simon Ottolangui 25 trophy.		
	Club BAR certificate.		
	RITC National junior certificate.		
	Schools circuit race champion.		
	Junior award memorial series.		
	Club points series event 4/6/86.		22-55.
<u>Ray Robinson</u>	Senior road race champion.		
<u>Graham Jones</u>	Veterans award memorial series.		19-56.
	Club event handicap award.		
<u>Terry Bayliss</u>	3rd category road race champion.		39-57.
	Club point series event 21/5/86.		
<u>Paul Jones</u>	Hill climb champion.		22-13.
	Fastest 10 trophy.		57-32.
	Fastest 25 trophy.		1-05-10.
	Inter-club 25 team award. (Weybridge whlers.)		

<u>CLIVE WALKER</u>	TRACK CHAMPION	
<u>Andy Murray</u>	Memorial trophy series winner. Fastest 50 trophy. Inter-club 10 team award. (Kingston/Weybridge Wheelers.) Inter-club 25 team award. (Weybridge whlers.) Club event handicap award. 28/9/86. Club points series event. 27/9/86.	2-21-53. 24-36. 1-00-09. 23-41. 23-20.
<u>Simon Broad</u>	Points trophy series award. Inter-club 10 team award. (Kingston/Weybridge Wheelers.) Club points series event. 11/6/86. " " " 18/6/86. " " " 16/7/86. " " " 30/7/86. " " " 13/8/86.	58 points. 25-48. 22-04. 21-48. 38-52. 38-37. 21-53.
<u>Ted Pratt</u>	Veterans time trial champion. '10' 27-12. '25' 1-11-49. Handicap award series Club event handicap award. 7/6/86. " " 29/6/86.	21-552mph. 29 points. 24-19. 24-21.
<u>Ray Timms</u>	Club 2-up series award. Medium gear 25 award. Team award open hilly 33 mile event. Inter-club 25 team award. (Weybridge whlers.) Club points series event. 7/5/86. " " 6/8/86.	1-10-18. 1-34-40. 1-04-34. 22-41. 22-01.
<u>Steve Gowar</u>	Fastest 100 trophy. Winner open hilly 33 mile event. Team award open hilly 33 mile event.	4-10-46. 1-27-22. "
<u>Les Warner</u>	Bill Reed veterans memorial trophy. Morden medal award.	1-54-01.
<u>Bob Wyman</u>	Club 2-up series award. Club event handicap award. 2/7/86.	23-15.
<u>Richard Brodrick</u>	Sams tankard award.	
<u>Ross Laing</u>	Inter-club 10 team award. (Kingston/Weybridge Wheelers.)	26-20.
<u>Brian Wareham</u>	Team award open hilly 33 mile event.	1-35-16.
<u>Dave Celino</u>	Club event handicap award. 1/6/86. " " 10/7/86.	21-23. 38-02.
<u>Ian Maylin</u>	Club event handicap award. 13/8/86.	21-46.
<u>Bob Squirrell</u>	Club event handicap award 14/5/86. " " 27/9/86.	20-22. 23-03.
<u>ALEC TAYLOR</u>	Veterans HillClimb Champion	

