

South
Western
Road Club
F.W.
EVANS
WOKING

Winter '89

South Western Road Club / Evans Cycles Woking

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Greetings fellow club members at this festive time of year and my best wishes to you all.

We do, as a club, have a special reason for celebration at the moment after taking the major decision to move direction in no small way and become a sponsored club. At least it is a cycling club being sponsored by a cycle shop! It ought to be considered a significant event as in our 60 odd years to date very few events can surely have had such a fundamental impact both on those inside the club and those who will view us from outside.

There is no doubt that the members who are heavily involved in running the club feel that the sponsorship deal in principle is a good one for our future. Of the 31 who attended the meeting to vote for the proposal all voted in favour and there was very little spoken against the motion. It is not quite a leap in the dark for us but it is one that is certainly felt worth taking and I am sure that equally applies to our sponsor, John Oaks of F.W. Evans Cycles (Woking).

I have to say that I feel the opportunity has come along at a time when the club has definitely needed something of a lift. Only 12 months ago, it seemed to me that there were signs of a lack of interest and enthusiasm generally and aspects of club life were beginning to slide (I know this is true because only me and John were in the pub!). However, John Oak's involvement has resulted in an about turn in this respect and we are on an upward curve again. Let us take the opportunity to promote the South Western as much as possible during the early part of this new decade.

Although we are moving forward in this way, we must not forget our past as this is an essential part of our club structure in this modern time. This was brought home to me recently in a couple of ways. Firstly, by Art Smith who writes within these pages about Fred Robby, a past president, who he feels "helped form the club into what it is today". Robby was a founder member but a recent chat with a new member made me realise that this is where our roots lie. He left his previous club as they were "Unorganised and going nowhere" (no knowledge of sponsorship either!). We can offer him 60 years of experience, and I for one am looking forward to the next 60.

May I wish you a happy Xmas and a prosperous New Year.

SEASON'S GREETINGS



BOB'S noticeboard

CLUB LUNCH: This will be held as usual at the Surrey Hills Hotel on February 18th 1990. Cost is to be advised. Please contact Bill or Margaret Squirrell for details Tel; 09323 43358.



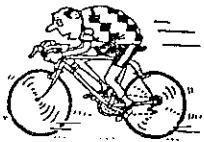
CYCLE JUMBLE: 27th January 1990 at Ripley Village hall, Ripley. From 10 am to 2 pm. Stalls from £5 each, contact Bob Squirrell on 04867 81429 to book yours. Admission 50p. Car parking available. Refreshments.



SWRC AGM: NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING TO BE HELD ON TUESDAY, JANUARY 9TH 1990 AT THE HOOK AND SOUTHBORO PARISH HALL AT 8-15pm. YOUR ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO RULE 10; ANY MOTION ALTERING THE RULES OR CONSTITUTION OF THE CLUB MUST BE GIVEN TO THE HON. SECRETARY, IN WRITING, AT LEAST 10 DAYS BEFORE THE MEETING AND NO SUCH MOTION SHALL BE CONSIDERED UNLESS AT LEAST 3 DAYS NOTICE OF THE MOTION HAS BEEN GIVEN TO ALL MEMBERS. R.E SQUIRRELL 13 OVINGTON COURT WOKING GU21 3RE

ATTENTION

CYCLO-CROSS: To be held on Sunday, January 7th 1990 at Shirley Hills, Croydon. First event 11-30, main event 1-30. Marshalls (with whistles) will be required so please attend if at all possible. If you are really keen, marking out the course starts at about 8-30.



NEW MEMBERS: Paul Hicks 27 Orchard Gardens, Farncombe St. Godalming
Mr W J Wheeler 46 Cardinal Ave, Kingston, Surrey
Mrs M A Wheeler as above.
David Pinder 1 Botsford Road, Raynes Park, SW20
Stephanie Thorne 2 Brunswick Close, Thames Ditton, Surrey

NEW

CLUB SUBS: These are now due! If not already done so, please forward your cheque for the following amount to Clive Walker, 41 Overdale Ave, New Malden, Surrey, KT3 3EU

£

Racing member: £11 (senior)
Racing member: £6 (under 18)
Non-racing member £6
Family membership £15

ROAD RACES: Surrey League event for 1/2/3 cats will be held on Saturday 7th April 1990 at Ewhurst. Starts 1pm. SHIMANO GP will be held on Sunday 20th May 1990 at Ewhurst. 3/J cats in morning. 1/2/3 cats in afternoon. Make a note in your diary now. Ray Robinson is organiser.

SHIMANO

CLUB CLOTHING: 2 x racing jerseys and 1 x training top at £10 each. Racing caps at £1. Contact Brian Wareham 01 661 9386

TOUR OF FLANDERS 1989

It's 8.00am on Friday 18th August, and Brian, Ray and Myself (Caroline) are heading for Dover. Our mission is to ride the Tour of Flanders Randonee. After an uneventful crossing we land in Calais, and drive to Ypres to book a hotel for Saturday night, then back in the car and off to a suburb of Ghent. We are booked into a hotel come sports complex, and after a slight confusion over the garage key, we locked the bikes away settled in and had our evening meal. Then off to sign on, everything was in order, as we had been entered in advance by our tour operator (Ray). On the way to the signing on Cafe, Brian noticed that the car exhaust was making a noise as if it had a hole in it, we did not really think any more about it until we were driving along the road looking for somewhere to get a drink, when the exhaust broke and started dragging on the floor. After a little gentle persuasion Ray broke it off completely and deposited it in a car scrap yard which just happened to be opposite. We stopped and had our drink and then drove off in what now sounded like a Light Aircraft or tank, we could not quite decide which.

Breakfast the following morning was a 6.00am Brian and I were up at about 5.45 and ready on time meanwhile Ray had been up since 5.00am. We had decided to leave the car at the hotel and cycle the four miles or so to the start, after all what's a few extra miles when you have only got 223 kilometers to go. Dave Lucas and Gary Wolf were at the start, but we carried on ahead, wanting to get away as early as possible so as not to be too late back in the evening. We actually left at 7.15. It looked as though it would be a lovely day, definitely shorts and racing jersey (Club colours of course). Brian and Ray were both used to cobbles, but I must admit that the first two cobbled climbs and stretch on cobbled road was a shock to my system, but with advice from the lads, such as push a bigger gear on the flat and not to get out of the saddle on the climbs, I soon got the idea. The sun quickly began to shine and there was a pleasant but very slight breeze, just right for cycling. We were all together at the first check point, although Ray did get there first, and after receiving our free waffle cake it was back out in the saddle. There were a number of English people over there, including a party brought over by Alan and David Way. The climbs were all tough as most of them were cobbled and short and steep, rather than long. It's difficult to remember in what order the climbs were and exactly how the ride went. It turned out to be a very clear warm day, which was just right, I would hate to think what the cobbles would be like in the rain. At about half to three quarters distance Brian left us, Ray was beginning to suffer and I was not able to keep up with him.

It was good to get to the last check point, now it was only about 32 kilometers to go and two climbs left. The first of these climbs came as soon as we got on our bikes, having stopped to get our cards stamped. Ray and I got attached to a small group of Italian riders and stayed with them until the finish. We were clocked in at 10 hours, while Brian had finished in 8 and a half. It was then a question of cycling the 4 miles back to the tank to then drive to our hotel at Ypres and then out for a well earned meal.

The following day Brian and I cycled and Ray was director sportif, the idea was for me to have a go at the Kemmelburg. We rode at a nice steady pace, I certainly could not have gone any faster, and I struggled up the climb. We rode as far as Mont Cassel and then climbed in, I had had enough. We had a lunch stop and while Ray had an afternoon nap, Brian and I had yet another Ice cream. We had an uneventful journey home, except for the noise of the car and arrived in Sutton just after nine.

THE NOVICE VETERAN CLASS OF '89

I view cycling and the Club from an unusual perspective. Having taken part in a variety of sports over the years (notably Squash - I still regularly coach a member of the Surrey junior squad), I took up competitive cycling for the first time at the tender age of 40 (Competitive?.....Ed.), and what an adventure it has been !!!

I started down the slippery slope some three years ago. At a lunchtime pub session a colleague floated the idea of a cycling trip to France. "A great idea" I replied casually. Two weeks later my colleague returned with a detailed plan. I tried to back out: "I haven't got a bike" - the perfect excuse I thought. "But I've managed to get you a bike on loan" came the reply. In due course a Raleigh touring bike weighing about half a ton arrived. This trusty steed carried me to France, up Cape Griz Nez (not Alpe D'Huez admittedly but a hefty climb for a novice), surviving on the way a mass pile-up in Calais dockyard not 200 yards into the trip - caused by a dangerous combination of alcohol, cobble stones, rain and kamikaze riding skills by other members of the party.

However on return from France I was well and truly hooked! I immediately purchased a second hand racing bike of dubious parentage. I showed it to my near neighbour in Ewell John Bromley, who commented that he "hadn't seen a brake-set like that for years". Only subsequently when I joined the Club and found out just how far John's cycling career goes back did I realise the significance of this remark. Still after a while he did encourage me by saying that I was "starting to look like a cyclist".

Having moved from Ewell to Epsom Downs I contented myself by pottering around the Surrey lanes for a couple of years. But seduced by the allure of Roche and Delgado hammering over the cols, I decided that it was time for me to compete. But how? "join a club" someone said. So I called on John one evening, and we arranged for me to come down to the club. The rest is history as they say, which runs a bit like this:

Week 1 - return home from club night minus £35 but in proud possession of one club racing jersey and a year's membership.

Week 2 - agree to ride club time trial;

Week 3 - tell fellow club members that I'm unable to compete in time trial having been knocked off bike. Get distinct feeling that others think "this new guy's all talk and no action";

Week 4 - ride first event at Hungry Hill. Bob sends me off at number 1 assuring me confidently that the course is easy to follow. When I reach the outskirts of Guildford without being caught, I realise that Bob's confidence is misplaced and I'm off course!!!!

Week 5 - actually finish an event at Hungry Hill. After two hours when my pulse rate has returned to normal and my eyeballs have been replaced in their sockets, I give some serious thought as to why such a simple efficient machine requires so much human effort to make it go fast;

Week 6 - efficiency issue partly solved. Dauphin Sport do not sell heart and lung groupsets (they'd only stock Italian if they did of course), but Brian Wareham is prepared to exchange a Rossin frame for 200 sovs. Wife is not convinced that "its only my old frame re-sprayed". If you've seen the colours you'll understand why!

Week 7 - complete 10 mile time trial at Chobham. Feeling rather pleased with myself I roll up to John Haschka, stop, and ask him how he has got on. Forgetting that I am strapped-in, I fall gracefully (?) to the ground, feet firmly anchored to the pedals.

I'm pleased to say that since week 7 things have gone rather better. I suppose that I'm learning the hard way at 40 the lessons that other hardened competitors learnt in their teens. Its true I've had the frustration of working for 20 minutes to catch my minute man only to unship my chain and lose my advantage at once. I now also realise how hot and sweaty it can be riding under a triathlon style hard hat, and how difficult it is to remain dignified when a young Squirrel shouts "look mum he's leaking". But I did come third in the Bill Reed Memorial. I know that Leo, Alan and various other speedsters were away at their events and that in the annals of world cycling it doesn't count for much, but I was quite chuffed and that's what its all about surely?

Paul Cannon

PREVIOUS WINNERS OF PRESIDENTS AWARD

1950:Mr & Mrs S Parkinson
1951:Mr E O Shead
1952:Mr O H Davies
1953:Mr F R Brighty
1954:Mr R F Gould
1955:Mr L Warner, Mr G Collins
& Mr B R Morrison
1956:Mr G Collins
1957:No award
1958:Mr W Reed
1959:Mr S G Oliver
1960:Mr W T Squirrell
1961:Mr F C Parsons
1962:Mr R S Morgan
1963:Mr G Gilleland
1964:The Farmers
1965:Mrs M Squirrell
1966:Mr M Smith
1967:Mr J Bromley
1968:Mr R Ward
1969:Mr I Jewell
1970:Mr D Leek
1971:Mr S Parkinson
1972:Mrs M Squirrell
1973:Mr R E Squirrell
1974:Mr W T Squirrell
1975:Mr & Mrs P S Parkinson
1976:Mr P D Parkinson, Mr C Parkinson
& Mr S Gowar
1977:Mr F C Parsons
1978:Mr W I T Clements
1979:Mr C Parkinson
1980:Mr E O Shead
1981:Mr S Gowar
1982:Mr A Fantham & Mr S Gowar
1983:Mr S Gowar & Mr C Parkinson
1984:Mr G Huckle
1985:Mr D Smith
1986:Mr S Boorer
1987:Mr K Dolman
1988:Miss C Schouten
1989:Mr L Speck



CLUB TROPHIES:

No.1 The Presidents Award/ F.W. Robinson Memorial.

The Presidents Award is made annually to the person (or persons) who, in the opinion of the committee, has accomplished the most meritorious performance during the past year. In conjunction with this, The F.W. Robinson Memorial Trophy is presented annually to the recipient of the most meritorious performance award. This performance may be in all spheres of the sport, either in active competition or honorary work, within the sphere of the club or the sport as a whole. The definition of a performance being meritorious shall be the committees assessment of endeavour by the person or persons concerned, relative to the action or work being considered as a meritorious performance.

Fred W Robinson was a founder member of the Road Club and President between the years of 1937 to 50. He was a very well known timekeeper in his day and was a stalwart member of the club during it's early years helping many of the 'novices' who joined at that time. 'Robby' as he was known to those around him also had the further nickname of 'fat' or 'slow' Robby to distinguish him from another chap called Robby who was known as 'long' Robby. Apparently Robby rode two 24 hour races every year but was somewhat disheartened as his best ride of 392 mile was just short of the elusive 400 mile mark.

After the second world war, Robby as the then president, gave a monetary prize to a worthy recipient hence the 'Presidents Award' came into being. Later, after Robby died, Ted Shead his successor was instrumental in buying our Golden Book in which was entered the name of the recipient and why this award was made. The trophy was presented by the club itself in appreciation of a great man who helped to form the club into what we have today. It is known as the F.W. Robinson Memorial Trophy.

Art Smith writes "Robbie was a great help to the club in the early days. As I was older than most members, I was club handicapper and he gave me advice for ever club race I handicapped in the first year. We had over 30 riders in the 25's and 50's and 12 in the 12 hour for which we used the W.L.C.A. event. Robbie was also a national timekeeper and timed many place to place records in addition to the National 100 and 12 hour events that were organised by the Club.

I knew Robbie very well after I met him in the 1920's when he was a well known racing man, a vegetarian, and a member of the famous North Road Cycling Club. I remember when I first saw the famous North Road badge on his lapel I called him Sir. He came to the meeting at Craven Hill when we formed the club and with his speech saying half the CTC membership were racing men, both he and H.E. Stancer, the CTC secretary who was also a racing man in his younger days, carried the day against the anti-racing brigade. In his twenties, Robbie was a racing car driver but his love was the bike and he had a stable of three bikes and a tandem and raced until he turned 40. I would say he, Les Warner and George Oliver were as near as possible 'real' cyclists refusing to pander to the motorcar".

PROFILE

1. Name. Gus Huckle
2. Age. 60 Where born. Stockwell Star sign. Aries
3. Height. 5' 10" Marital status. Yes
4. Occupation. Typewriter engineer
5. How and when did you start cycling?
Approx 1978 - because of Brimblesby (John Bromley)
6. What type of bike did you start with?
Claude Butler
7. When did you join the SWRC?
1979
8. Did you belong to a previous club?
No
9. What was your first event and time?
10 mile TT 32-00
10. How many hours per week do you spend cycling?
Not enough
11. Do you cycle as training for racing only?
No
12. Which type of events do you prefer to ride?
Easy ones
13. What is your favourite TT course? Why?
Thorpe course, not too dangerous.
14. What is your favourite RR course? Why?
Don't have one
15. Do you watch your weight?
Sometimes
16. Do you have a special diet?
Sometimes
17. Have you ever done any continental cycling and where?
Yes, in France
18. How many times have you ridden the Paris - Roubaix?
Twice
19. Nastiest moment on bike?
20. Happiest moment on bike?
Finishing Paris - Roubaix
21. Most embarrassing moment on bike?
Falling off for no apparent reason.
22. How many bikes do you maintain?
Two
23. Do you build your own wheels?
No
24. Where do you purchase your cycle equipment generally?
Dauphine 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.)
Bernard Hinault
28. Who would you like to see as the next World Champion?
Sean Yates
29. What do you enjoy most about SWRC?
Camaraderie
30. Have you ever written an article for the newsletter?
No

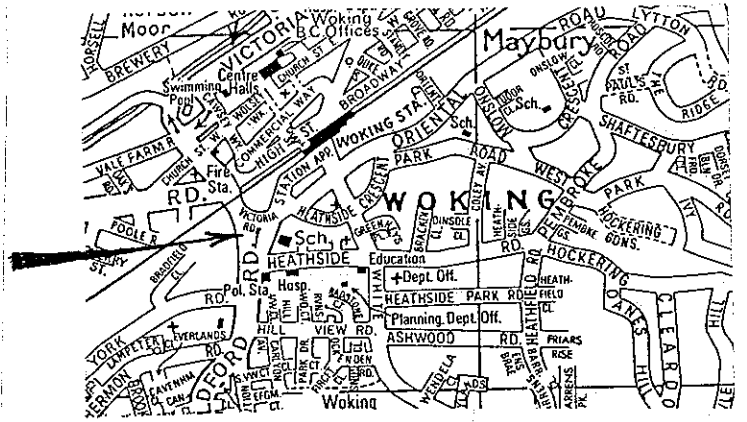


Brimblesby & Gus

FW EVANS

A
FEW WORDS
FROM OUR
SPONSOR.

(WOKING) CYCLES LIMITED



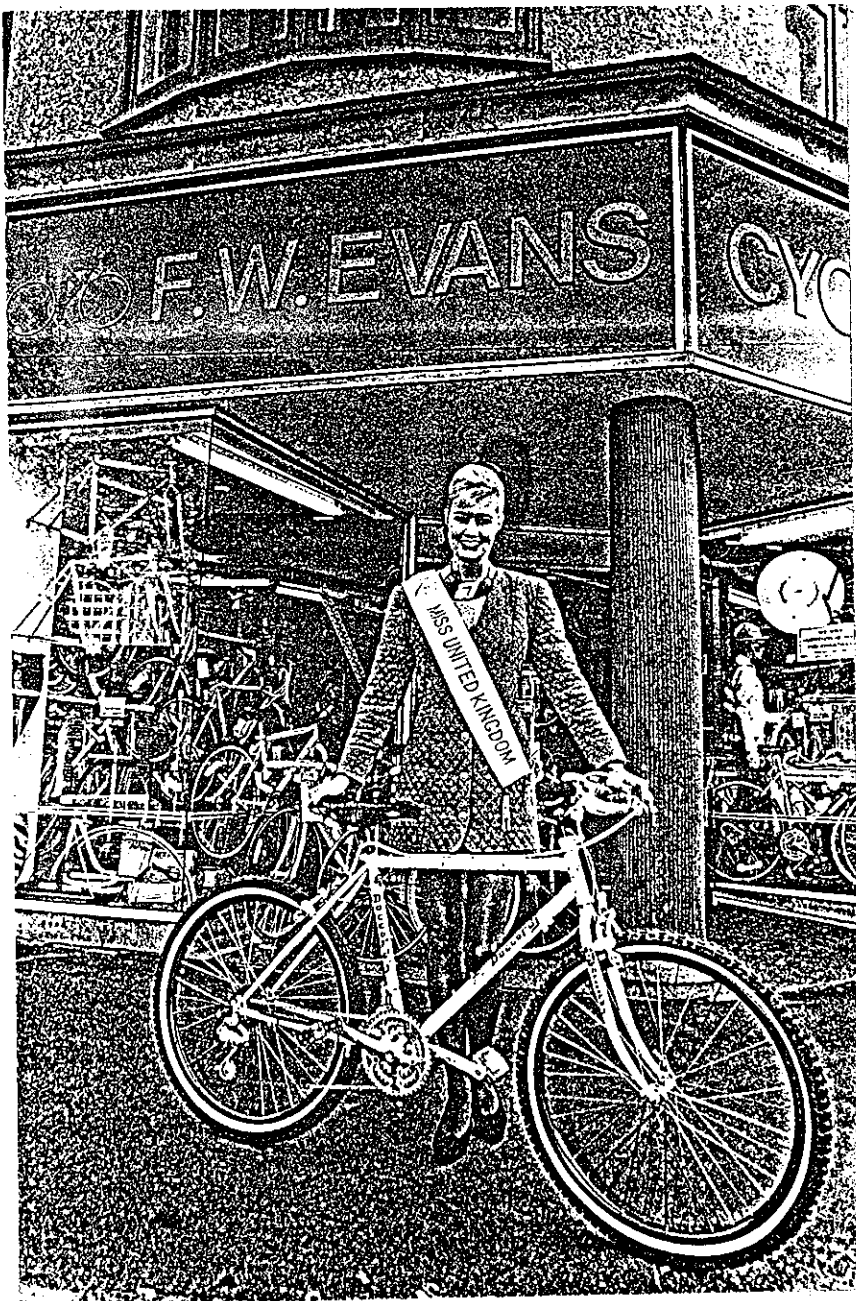
John Oaks, manager of F.W. Evans (Woking) explains;

What experience did you have in cycle retailing and how did you get involved in F.W. Evans?

"Joined Ron Kitching as a rep in 1985, thus met Gary Smith at his shop. He approached me in 1987 about opening a new shop".

When did you start trading at Woking?

"September 1987. We were opened by Miss United Kingdom! (below)



How many staff did you start with and how many do you have now?

"Started with 3 (+ 2 Sat), now; 6 full time, 4 part time + 4 Saturday".

Are any of the current staff club members?

"Yes; Lee Fleming - full time, Simon Jordan and Caroline Schouten - Sat + Mark Langman, occasionally".

What equipment and bikes do you stock at Woking?

"Dawes, Raleigh, Peugeot, Shimano, Campag, Suntour, Lusso. Anything you want, we can get it".

What is the discount on purchases at the shop for club members?

"10% bikes and frames. 15% all others".

What are the normal opening times of the shop?

"9-30 - 6-00 Mon/Fri. 9-00 - 6-00 Sat".

What is the address and phone number?

"1 Guildford Road, Woking. 0483 723876".

INTRODUCING JOHN OAKS.

How and when did you get involved in cycling?

"As a schoolboy; the Brighton Mitre clubroom was in a school at the back of my house".

Which cycling club did you start with?

"Brighton Mitre".

Were you immediately 'hooked' or was it a little while before taking hold?

"A little while; messed around for 2 years, then nightclubs etc until 21, then had another go, not serious, until accident in 1976 when I broke my back".

Did you have any particular ambitions as a young rider?

"None".

When did you start seriously racing and how long for?

"1979 (I was 27/28), last full competitive season, 1984. Packed up in May 1985 after nearly getting killed out training".

Did you find training difficult or was this never a problem for you?

"Not difficult, just time consuming. It's as hard as you want to make it. You only achieve things by training hard, there is no easy solution".

What type of racing do you prefer?

"I like riding the road but preferred time trials as best man on the day wins - not always the case on the road. However, I started racing on the track (Preston park, Brighton)".

Who were your main rivals?

"Lloyd, Pyne, Adkins, Cammish".

Which riders did you admire or aspire to?

"Dave Lloyd, his attitude".

Did you ever consider becoming a professional cyclist at any time?

"No because by the time I learnt how to train and race properly I was over 30".

Did you aim to peak during the season or simply ride well throughout the year? Did you ever achieve this? Any particular event that went well for you?

"No just ride well all season. Used to fly early season then start to fade July/Aug. However, in 1984, aimed to peak for National 4 up TTT. Did this and won".

Did you prefer to ride locally or were you prepared to travel?

"Preferred local events. Didn't travel well alone but was OK when with a team".

Did you race abroad at all and what results did you achieve?

"Yes, Crono Madelenois. (50km french hilly test) Rode this twice. First time in 1981 and 14th with a 1-14. Stephen Roche won with a 1-4. Sean Yates second. Beat GB team of Pyne/Cammish/Longbottom. Also rode in 83. In addition, 83/84 - Ronde Loise a french stage race; 84 - Amateur Tour of Luxembourg (12th in test with Jesper Skibby 13th); 83 - Amateur Ghent - Wevelgem".

What would you say was your best ever performance?

"Winning Nat 100km 4 up TTT in '84. This was the hardest I ever raced, buried myself, was determined to win, dropped Ian Browning and Roger Dunne was hanging on".

Did any particular event give you a great deal of pleasure?

"Always enjoyed East Surrey Hardriders".

Were you surprised to break the National 30 comp. record?

"No, I had felt good all week and had a gut feeling I would do it. It was the best I had ever felt, before or since".

What is your personal best rides?

"10 - 20-11

25 - 51-48

30 - 1-01-46

50 - 1-53-16

100 - 4-06-20".

Were you ever disappointed with a particular race?

"Last ever 10 on Portsmouth Road. I had won ever event on it in 83/84 only to be beaten by two riders who were seen tucked in behind lorries".

What sort of training did you mainly do?

"Due to work (8-30 - 5-00), training split into 2 quality rides per day. 1½ hours before work and 2 hours after - mainly speed work".

Did you find it difficult to hold 'form'?

"No because I rode my bike every day, even if just to work".

What was the main reason for giving up racing seriously?

"Training became a grind; too much traffic on roads; lost enthusiasm".

Do you have any advice for a young rider today?

"Don't do too much too soon and burn yourself out. When you start training properly, (19/20), you have to train hard, there is no easy way out. Take plenty of rest".



A DAY IN THE ALPS part two.

You may remember that this was a split stage climbing the Col D'Isoard in the morning from Briancon with lunch taken at Guillestre. Awards so far were Dave Jordan leading the town sign sprints contest, and Dave Lucas, King of the Mountains.

The afternoon should have been an easy ride back up the valley to Briancon, the two towns were at virtually the same height on the map. It came as a surprise to continue descending after lunch. Infact we dropped like stones for about 5KM until we reached the main road where the sign said left to the Col de Vars or right to Briancon - real Tours de France country.

The main road was very busy, with large lorries grinding north towards the motorways. We decided to go straight on, cross the river, and continue paralell to the other highway on a very minor lane, just shown on the Michelin map. After a false start which took us into a camp site, we located the correct route and sociably rode through the trees, northways.

It was early afternoon and the temperature was in the high eighties. Very gently the road eased above the trees and we could see the river and main road about half a mile away to the right. We begun climbing the left hand wall of the valley, No problem, no doubt we would descend again soon, but we didnt. As I mentioned earlier I was going well that day with hands on the tops, just like Coppi. I drifted off the front thinking I would stir it up a bit. The side of the valley had an unhospitable look to it now, with sandy soil, knarled small trees and bushes which gave no shelter at all.

At the first hair-pin it became obvious that the road meant business, it snaked in and out of gullies all the time climbing the wall of the valley, this coupled with the heat made me wonder if I had bitten off too much. The top came quite unexpectedly, very narrow with a drop of a thousand feet or so to the river. Gary came up after a couple of minutes with the two Daves further back all proclaiming foul. I don't care if it did not have a name, that Col was mine. We stood against the bank in a patch of shade for a few minutes admiring the view and getting our hearts back to normal before the descent.

In the burning heat the road descended and climbed in turn, climbing to the wall of the valley, every now and then crossing small ravines that carved tributaries down to the main river, or we passed through tunnels under rocky outcrops. Suddenly the road turned left up a major canyon, this was bad news, we were now travelling at right angles to our desired direction. Quick look at the map, it appeared that in a small village a few kilometers up the gorge there was a bridge. A bit more climbing and we came to the village, instant consternation, the bridge had gone. What there was across the chasm consisted of a few new concrete beams with some construction workers wandering about on them over the drop, to the river of about 50feet. "Can we get across?" we called, answered by Goullic shrugs and gestures up the valley. Quick look at the map, there did not appear to be another bridge for miles. Suddenly someone noticed a very narrow temporary footbridge slightly down stream from the construction site, our end of it had been hidden by some large excavators. "What about that? Can we go across there?" we called again. The Workmen looked across at the footbridge as if seeing it for the first time. "Oh that bridge, of course you can use that bridge". So carrying our bikes we clip-clopped across.

We now descended back to the main road of the North/South valley and continued on our side of the river, we could actually see Briancon shimmering in the heat about 10 kilometers away. Eventually our lane crossed the main road and rounding the shoulders of the mountain we could see the town about 5 kilometers away and 600 to 700 feet below us. Everyone noticed it but nobody said anything.

The tempo raised slightly, one by one we eased off the back, tightened toe straps and had a quick drink, fondly imagining that it was unnoticed. We rounded a long gentle right hand curve and suddenly a town sign popped up out of the hedge 300m away. Dave J dropped onto the hooks, straightened his back, took another look to judge the distance and sat up. Wrong town the sign was too long, in fact it was Villar St Pancrace.

All pretence was now forgotten, we all knew what we were there for. As the road continued downwards the big ring was selected and the speed went up to slightly below eyeballs out. On the straight sections we were four abreast (it was a very quiet road) but when the road started to spiral downwards into the suburbs we lined out and as luck would have it Dave J was in front when the Briancon sign appeared from nowhere on the exit to a hairpin bend. (This is not the way he tells it). We then calmed down and continued at a more sedate pace back to the town square, where we had left the car. The computers said 100 kilometers for the day, but the distance was meaningless, I cannot remember a more enjoyable ride with such excellent companions.

We loaded the bikes and set out for St Michel de Maurienne, tomorrow was going to be the ascent of the Telegraph and the Galibier and it would be Gary's day, but that as they say is another story.

Bob Maylin

* * * * *

OBITUARY FRED 'CURLY' ROBINSON

Curly Robinson was closely associated with the South Western over many years largely due to his friendship with Bill Reed who he had known since schooldays. It is thought that he never actually joined the Road Club but was a member of the K.W.'s and might have been second claim to us.

Art Smith writes; Fred 'Curly' Robinson has joined the club run in the sky, he was about 78, a very old friend of Bill Reeds and they were always great friends until Bill left us. Bill introduced him to the Club and he was very popular but he had moved to Sanderstead in the later years so we didn't see much of him although he used to go down to the farm for holidays etc so we kept in touch. He then moved to Leckhamstead in Berks and got a job at Harwell as he was a very clever engineer and toolmaker. In fact, he made by hand 4 or 5 clocks, cutting all the gears, the spindles, the hands etc in his workshop in his garden. He moved to Cornwall about 2 years ago to be near his daughters.

folk column

A dip or two in the bran-tub has brought forth a miscellany of news-packets for this Seasonal Issue, gift-wrapped in rumour and humour - not to mention a little decorative padding. Where do "we" dredge it all up from ...

Globe-trotters first, this time, with Alan Parkinson departing for Toronto in early October and then "hitting the road" by car with three pals for company. The foursome headed west over the Rockies to the West Coast - then east to Florida. There was mountain-biking to be had in Colorado and wind-surfing in Florida, which doesn't sound bad - though we hear (not with any great surprise) that there were a few car problems along the way. Greater excitement (!) may have been in store had they been uncomfortably close to San Francisco at the time of the earthquake, but they were lucky to be far enough away to miss it.

Alan is expected home in time to share the Festive Fare at Christmas, full of traveller's tales no doubt.

Already back from his sojourn in the States is "Superstar + A-team member", Tony Fantham (described in my notes as "reputable and famed"!) - having spent some eighteen months mainly 'bumming around'. Tony was home in early November, apparently little changed - with the exception of rather less hair on top, but sporting a fashionable little pigtail à-la-Fignon. A little more worldly-wise as a result of his travels, too, but unsure as to his future plans. He seems very much to have enjoyed the States, though, staying mainly in the San Francisco area, and may make a return trip some time.

Clive Walker's travels seem to be of somewhat shorter duration; jet-setting with a vengeance, in fact. Our man from Barclays recently had a meeting in Bermuda (no, not Birmingham!), requiring him to fly out, stay just one night, attend, and return the next day. As might be expected, however, (don't they allow for these things?), his plane was delayed so long in London that he didn't arrive at his destination until the early hours on the day of the meeting itself; so only time for a quick shower instead of the expected overnight (hotel room - £100.00+). As might also have been envisaged, the meeting went on longer than expected, which meant sandwiches (not corned-beef, I hope) for lunch and then a quick dash to the airport for the flight back home.

The mind boggles at the way we now seem to accept this "life style". As for the expense, no wonder "my" bank makes it so difficult to get interest on a Current Account!

And talking of life-styles, Bob Maylin and wife Jill had a week off in mid-October for a break at their No.2 residence near Lake Geneva in Switzerland. Cycling and running were the order of the day - every day for a week. If you're thinking it's all roses, though, they did have to "live" in their car for about twenty-three hours on the return journey as a result of getting caught in the Dover-Calais Ferry strike.

Nil desperandum, however: they plan to go back to their mountain retreat for at least three ski-ing trips during the coming winter months. (What's this about cycling still having a cloth-cap image!?)

From jet travel to sea-faring, any of you who may be devotees of the TV serial "Howards Way" in recent years may not have realised (personally, I am out of my depth) that one of the cast was at one time a member of the South Western. Edward Highmore, who apparently plays "Leo" in the programme, joined the Club as a schoolboy during the mid-70s as a school friend of David Squirrell.

His cycling career seems not to have been particularly spectacular (whose is?) but he did hang on for some years, until acting - which was already part of his life - claimed him entirely. Since then, Edward has been to Drama School and gradually moved into television: he played parts in children's programmes and Dr WHO before the part in "Howards Way".

How come no starring role in the recent "Me and My Bike"? But, then, they weren't play-acting.

Time to move the ladies into position, and welcome news is that Annie Potter has been keeping her racing pedals revolving - seen regularly at a number of events, mainly Surrey League but also some "Jo Brunton" for good measure. We understand that Annie rode in the Ladies National Road Race Championship and got a 40th placing: she also gained one point in the series for the Jo Brunton Trophy - no doubt our first lady to do so. In addition, there is news of her trying her hand at Biathlons (run and bike), though she finds the running "hard work". Plenty of time made-up in the cycling section, however. Not much enthusiasm on Annie's part for Triathlons: they include swimming, and she is not particularly enamoured of getting wet!

Bringing Annie Potter and Bob Maylin together (just for this column, you understand!), they both rode a Run-Bike-Run and Semi-Triathlon at Chobham, with an initial three miles on their feet - then fifteen miles in the saddle - and another mile of running to finish it off. Bob reported that the final run was "unbelievably difficult" after the cycling section, and he even contemplated walking at one point (no doubt others actually did so). Anyway, he finished 103rd out of about 200 competitors. As for Annie, she was apparently not at all well, and in fact found the cycling section the hardest part: however, she did finish the course, placed around 160th.

Still with the fair(er) sex (I knew that word would creep in somewhere one of these days!), Caroline Schouten recently pulled off a unique feat by getting Ray Robinson and Brian Wareham - two of the Club's most infamous Pro Road-Race advocates - out to marshal in a Ladies-Only time-trial at 6.30 on a Saturday morning.

The event, held in September, attracted a field of 23 riders, and was held on the Portsmouth Road for the S.W.London Ladies C.A. A good prize list meant that the first ten were well compensated for their efforts, Shimano kindly stepping-in here by courtesy of Ray! Caroline herself was organiser .. and was 5th in the result sheet, too.

Chagrin for Frank Brighty, who telephoned Bob Squirrell for an entry-form for the Bill Reed Memorial event - only to find that it had been held the day before! The date had been slightly changed from the corresponding one in '88, which "threw" me, too, and I was away touring the Welsh Borders on the chosen day. Have to let the others have a chance, though (!), and Ollie Davis - who made the journey across from Southend - would have taken the honours had he still been a full racing member of the Road Club. As it was, Congratulations must go to Barry Packman, whose ride on "standard" won him the coveted Trophy.

Pause a moment for the sad news of the passing of an old friend of the Club, Eileen Bertrand's mother - who recently passed away at the great age of 98½. Eileen's own long association with the South Western meant that her mother was known to many of the older members. We extend our sincere sympathy to Eileen and her family: much devotion and loyalty were given to Mrs Baker in her later years.

Disappointing news, too, of Ian Maylin, who has had a difficult year as a result of several hospital visits and consequent operations, all resulting from trouble with an inflamed lymph gland which laid him low in early Spring. Much improvement now showing through, however, as he has been convalescing on a holiday on the West Coast of America (here we are again!) with friend and fellow Club member Simon Broad. Obviously an enjoyable experience, too, on the usual tourist-trail of San Francisco, Rocky Mountains, Colorado River etc.

Another of our "younger members" was Alan Grainger, who joined as a schoolboy some years ago and raced for a while into the Junior category. We hear that, now having reached the grand old age of 19, Alan has now settled down with his "sweetheart" (that's what it says here!) Karen, living in deepest Kingston. Not much bike-riding now, though, it seems.

Winner of the Senior Road Race title for the past year is Rick McKeller, after a late run-in with a number of high placings during the last few weeks of the season. He was pushed all the way (metaphorically speaking!) by Mark Langman, who also had a run of good performances in the autumn. A dynamic duo... Rick's achievement is all the more noteworthy in that he had a nasty fall part-way through the season, hitting the deck and needing stitches for a head wound. There were other accidents during the season, too, disposing of three frames! Anyway, undeterred Rick also won the Club Hill Climb Championship into the bargain. I leave you to guess who was second.

Also in the market for a new frame was Junior - Leo Speck, who arrived at College one morning to find that the forks on his fairly new machine (nine months old!) had snapped at the crown. Useless - and dangerous. At least the supplier has agreed to replace it.

And what better note to finish on than to extend a welcome to our newest of new members - Paul Hicks (Godalming), who flourished his Application Form and sub. at the finish of the Hill Climb in November. Perhaps it was the thought of impending sponsorship (and the free shorts)!

Paul first chanced his luck by accompanying Les Warner on his 60th Birthday celebration ride, and they finished the day with 125 miles on the clock. Not a bad initiation, even for a postman who is not exactly unaccustomed to moving about under his own power (he's been a racing-cum-marathon canoeist, too). Acquisition of a lighter machine followed, built around one of George Oliver's pre-war Neate frames, and regular jaunts with Les - usually on weekday evenings or in the early hours of Sunday morning. Peak achievement in 1989 was a solo all-in-one-go ride to Torquay (180 miles) on one of the few windy and wet days of the past summer.

Sights are now set on a racing iron, and a spot of time-trialling during the coming year. Guess who's supposed to be "making the running"? Big deal!
