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Please contact me if you have any comments or would like to suggest news or an article for the magazine.

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Distribution

This magazine is primarily distributed by electronic means. This saves the club time and money. If you're reading a paper copy that you received in the post and would be willing to switch to reading it on your computer or printing it yourself, please let the editor know.

Bumper Summer Racing Issue

Packed with racing results, this summer issue reflects the peak of the racing season and the appetite for competition held by many club members. Inside for your reading pleasure is a 3-page feature on the club's flagship Open 100, plus the Open 10, Interclub 25, and many club events including evening 10s and the Midsummer 25. Also news of three club records falling and an attempt on another one. It's all inside!



Jan Richardson is racing through the years, p8.



What is the club president doing, where and why? Find out on the back page.

Would you enter the Dragon? Find out what happened when two H&DW riders did just that.



The two chefs: Geoff and Tony. The club barbeque in May, organised by Mick Luke, Antonio Ambosino and Geoff Shaw, was a great success. Photo by Mick Luke.



New club jersey and shorts. Modelled by Nic Stagg. Photo by Simon George.

For more information about Hounslow & District Wheelers, visit our web site: <http://www.hounslowanddistrictwheelers.co.uk/>
To discuss articles in this issue of the club magazine, you can use the forum: <http://www.apollonia.org.uk/hounslow/>



Open 10, 14th May

Press report and photo by Chris Lovibond

Pete Tadros (InGear-Quickvit RT) was one of the few riders in the Hounslow 10 who seemed to be unaffected by the windy conditions last Saturday.



Tadros finished in 20 minutes 10 seconds which gave him a comfortable 21 second margin over second placed Simon Tout (Velo Club St. Raphael) who recorded 20.31 and Peter Weir (Maidenhead & District CC), third with 20.57.

Among the ladies Julia Shaw, the reigning national champion, was, as could be expected, the clear winner with 21.18. Rachael Elliot (Newbury RC) was second with a creditable 23.31 which made her a prize winner in an open time trial for the first time in her career.

Similarly there was little surprise that the Veterans' Standard prize went to John Woodburn, although anyone outside the sport would find it surprising that a 74 year old could ride at an average speed of 25 miles an hour. His actual time was 24 minutes exactly.

The Hounslow did have the consolation of winning the team award. The counters were: Nic Stagg 21.59, Paul Holdsworth 22.30 and Rob Gilmour 22.34.

Second claim Hounslow member Rob Richardson must have ridden further

Continued on page 4

Hounslow & District Wheelers 100

Topham tops podium, tandem record falls to club duo

29th May 2011

Report by Chris Lovibond

Adam Topham (High Wycombe) riding only his third ever 100, discovered unrealised potential at the longer distances by beating former British Best All Rounder Nik Bowdler (Team Pedal Revolution). Topham recorded 3 hours 38 minutes 46 seconds to Bowdler's 3.41.38.

It was not an easy day: among the early starters seventeen of those who finished were out in the strong and blustery south west wind for over five hours and no one should imagine that Nik Bowdler did not do a good ride. He was leading at 50 miles with 1.48.02 to Topham's 1.48.51, and when he went over the finishing line in a time that beat his own course record by a minute and forty five seconds he must have had hopes of victory, but it was not to be.

Back at the HQ the winner said: "Previously, when attempting this distance my power output has dropped in the last 25 miles - today it was constant. All the same, it still hurt." He added that his "three hour turbo sessions have proved their worth." His strategy had been to go hard into the wind and ease off a little on the tailwind sections.

With a trajectory like this, perhaps these are the words of a future BBAR champion.

The National Vets' Mixed Tandem record (and the Hounslow club record) fell in this event with Paul Holdsworth and Jill Bartlett (Hounslow & District) recording 3.56.40.

Paul was pleased and a bit surprised that they had got under four hours in that wind and Jill, when asked how she managed to look so fresh replied "well, it didn't seem to take very long - if I'd been on my own I'd probably still be out there!"

For the full result sheet see page 4.



Winner Adam Topham, photo: Adam Topham



Above: Runner up Nik Bowdler rolls a big gear.

Right: National and club vet's mixed tandem record for Paul Holdsworth & Jill Bartlett



Photos by Chris Lovibond

Event secretary's report

By Trevor Gilbert

With 100 entries, including two tandems, the highest number for several years, all looked good for the event. What looked at the start would be a difficult morning – dull and windy – improved as time passed. The first three all broke the course record, four of the top five achieved personal bests along with eight others, twenty-four novices finished, nine recorded current bests. So, perhaps the 16 who did not start made a mistake!

Adam Topham's winning ride, a course record by 4 minutes and Fastest Veteran. Nik Bowdler went down fighting in defence of his title being fastest at 50 miles. Steve Berry, in 3rd place, improved by 5 minutes. These rides show the potential of the course – let's hope we get a better morning next year.

Fastest Lady, Liz Brama, improved by 6 minutes – this ride being a warm-up for an Ironman Triathlon. Second lady, Liz Pinches, was riding her first '100'.

Paul Holdsworth and Jill Bartlett's first tandem '100' was successful in setting a new VTTA age record as well as a Club record – a superb ride, I wonder what more is to come? Novice winner, Stefan Harrison, close to 4 hours, has promised more next year – let's hope so! The Team award, by a large margin, went to Kingston Wheelers.

I must mention Elaine, Jess, Pat and Patsy who fed and watered everyone. A splendid first effort.

Six riders phoned to say 'thanks' for a well-run event – so we must be doing something right!

That is the public image of the event; unfortunately behind the scenes things were not so rosy. I had difficulty finding enough marshals and helpers to run the event.

One member rose to the occasion by doing three jobs! I needed at least four more helpers so as not to have to ask any member to do more than one job.

After the event I discovered that some members who race themselves went out for a ride on the same morning. I ask that everyone who races search their conscience when the club is organising an event; if not riding your help is needed.

When I started racing in this area (1957) there were 6 or 7 '100's and 3 '12's, now our event is the only one left! Next year's event will be Sunday, 27th May.

Hope to see you all on the day.

“unfortunately behind the scenes things were not so rosy”

Ron Brown 1920 - 1968

By Chris Lovibond

Why is the Hounslow 100 known as the Ron Brown Memorial?

Ron died in an unexplained cycling accident in 1968 but he is still remembered vividly by those who knew and rode with him. Since there now remain only a diminishing number of these contemporaries who knew him in the flesh it is time for a reminder of the man.

It must be said at some point that Ron only had one arm. He himself would not have wished this to be mentioned prominently since he succeeded in ignoring his disability and was always insistent that no allowance should be made for it. However we lesser mortals cannot help but notice and wonder.

Although he made cycling the centre of his life he had a career in the engineering trade, again ignoring the absent right arm. His employers included Park Ward, the Rolls Royce coachbuilders and Gillot's, the famous South London bike shop and frame builder. It is said he could assemble a bike quicker with his one hand than most can with two.

His philosophy of training went along the traditional lines of 'every mile pays a dividend'. Most of those who knew him as young riders, and are still in the game today, remember following his wheel into an oblivion of fatigue. Not scientific perhaps, but it seems to have had a beneficial hardening and tempering effect since they are still riding today.

Here is Mal Rees' obituary, published in Cycling 22nd June 1968.

[‘Ron was the most popular star of his generation and remained at the top throughout his long career.](#)

[He came to fame with the Calleva Road Club in the war years being especially notable for his rides at 12 hours, winning the South Western “12” in 1945 and placed frequently.](#)

[He was 8th in the first ever RTTC championship 100 \(Bath Road\) in 1944 with 4.37.18 \(won by Arch Harding, 4.28.12\) and was in the winning Calleva BAR team of 1946.](#)

[This season he had succeeded in getting inside the hour at 25 miles \(59.48, Basildon\) a terrific ride for a man of 48 and a feat still exceptional for any veteran \(40 and over\).](#)

[His manifold championships and wins, remarkable as they were, did not entirely account for the great esteem in which he was held by clubfolk over 30 years.](#)

[The perfect gentleman always, he took pains to ensure that his armless handicap was not taken into account or high lighted ever.](#)

[He stressed that, having lost his arm as a child of four before learning to ride he could see nothing remarkable in the fact.](#)

[The most marvellous bike handler in traffic, he could “honk” a hill better than most and rode kermesses during the war years.](#)

[He insisted that journalists and photographers should not pin point his physical deficiency nor make news of it.](#)

[The sport has lost one of its greatest sons, the like of whom we shall never see again.](#)



Photo: Vic White

HOUNSLOW & DISTRICT WHEELERS

Result Sheet

OPEN 100 MILES TIME TRIAL

for the

RON BROWN MEMORIAL TROPHY

SUNDAY 29th MAY 2011

Including scratch, ladies, veterans
group handicap & team awards

Promoted for, and on behalf of, Cycling Time Trials under their Rules & Regulations

COURSE: Farnham/Alton A31 (H100/88)

EVENT SECRETARY & GROUP HANDICAPPER: T.Gilbert

TIMEKEEPERS: Chief Ron Osborne (Farnborough & Camberley CC)
25 Miles Don Ashton (Farnborough & Camberley CC)
50 Miles Kathleen Collard-Berry (a3crg)

PRIZEWINNERS

SCRATCH

1 st	Adam Topham	High Wycombe CC	No 90	3-38-46
		<i>and to hold the Ron Brown Trophy for 1 year</i>		
2 nd	Nik Bowdler	Team Pedal Revolution	No 100	3-41-38
3 rd	Steve Berry	San Fairy Ann CC	No 80	3-43-20
4 th	Geoff Loveman	Fareham Wheelers	No 85	3-56-06
5 th	Matt Malloy	Finsbury Park CC	No 91	3-59-51

LADIES

1 st	Elisabeth Brama	Brighton Phoenix TC	No 35	4-22-31
		<i>and to hold the Rolph-Brambleby Trophy for 1 year</i>		
2 nd	Liz Pinches	Thames Turbo Tri Club	No 64	4-56-57

FASTEST VETERAN

	Adam Topham	High Wycombe CC	No 90	3-38-46
		<i>and to hold the Veteran Cup for 1 year</i>		

FASTEST VETERAN ON STANDARD

1 st	Stan Maciak	Didcot Phoenix CC	No 93	+91-49
2 nd	Shay Giles	VC Elan	No 55	+91-10

FASTEST at 50 MILES

	Nik Bowdler	Team Pedal Revolution	No 100	1-48-02
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GROUP HANDICAPS

A	Adam Topham	High Wycombe CC	No 90	3-38-46
B	Matt Malloy	Finsbury Park CC	No 91	3-59-51
C	Jim Lay	Kingston Wheelers	No 72	4-08-59
D	Paul Buxton	Finsbury Park CC	No 43	4-20-54
E	John Beer	Kingston Phoenix RC	No 5	4-42-26

FASTEST on FIXED WHEEL

	John Beer	Kingston Phoenix RC	No 5	4-42-26
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NOVICE

	Stefan Harrison	Team Echelor Rotor	No 65	4-03-05
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TANDEM

	Paul Holdsworth & Jill Bartlett	Hounslow & District Wheelers	No 40	3-56-49
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FASTEST TEAM

	Kingston Wheelers 12-49-47	<i>Hounslow Medals</i>		
	Jim Lay 4-08-53, Steve Irwin 4-08-55, Kevin Thomas 4-32-59			

Interclub: Twickenham Team Triumph



Report by Chris Lovibond

Nic Stagg again upheld the honour of the Hounslow and District Wheelers by recording the fastest time in the Interclub 25 last Sunday.

His time of 58 minutes 35 seconds was 19 secs. too good for Liam Maybank of the Twickenham CC who did 58.24, with Clayton Edge (Twickenham) in third place with 59.21.

However the main award in this event is the handicap team prize which is won by the club team of three riders with the best result on handicap, and this was won by the Twickenham with the Hounslow second and the Westerley Road Club third. The Weybridge Wheelers failed to finish a team.

The event was held on the West of Windsor course and attracted 59 entrants.



Individual winner: Nic Stagg.
Photo by Paul Buckley.

1st Lady
N. Creswick, Twickenham, 1:05:25
J. Wells, Hounslow, 1:12:30
J. Foster, Twickenham, 1:15:58
1st on Handicap
M. Mansoori, Twickenham, 51:49
A. Toghill, Twickenham, 52:12
B. Henry, Twickenham, 53:52
Team on Handicap
Twickenham, 2:37:53
Hounslow, 2:47:15
Westerley, 2:49:13
Team on Actual
Twickenham, 3:02:27
Hounslow, 3:09:37
Westerley, 3:13:37

Open 10 - continued from page 2

than anyone else on Saturday. He arrived at the start already having covered 63 miles from his home in Devises, and then after recording a respectable 23.49 he rode home. Crazy? Well he is preparing himself for the 24 hour Championship in July.

At the result board the winner was modest about his performance "In an event like this, without the big boys riding, I can sometimes win." The simplest research shows that Pete Tadros has entered eight time trials so far this season and of those he has won six. In the two cases where he did fail to come out on top the victor's margin was tiny: two seconds in the Sussex CA 10 and a single second in the Kent CA 25 - surely this is an outstanding record.

On the subject of scientific preparation, widely practised and discussed in the sport at the moment, Pete said: "No, I don't really bother with it - I just like riding a bike. I've decided to race on gears this season, but I believe fixed wheel suits me best for training, and I think the benefit comes from the combination of suppleness induced by spinning at high revs, while strength comes from having to climb on a relatively high gear".

Scientific or not, from the roadside he looked a sleek and aerodynamic winner.

1st Lady: J. Shaw,
www.drag2zero.com, 21:18

1st on Standard: J. Woodburn,
VC Meuden, +09:18

Best Improvement: P. Williams,
West Drayton Beyond Mountain
Bikes, 01:49

Team on Actual: Hounslow &
District Wheelers, 1:07:03

Tandem: T. Compton (W) / R.
Sparkes Redmon CC, 26:29

Full results are on the website.

Interclub 25 8th May 2011 HC0001

Pos.	Rider	Club	Time	H/Cap Time
1.	N. Stagg	Hounslow	58:35	58:35
2.	L. Maybank	Twickenham	58:54	55:54
3.	C. Edge	Twickenham	59:21	56:51
4.	A. Halliday	Westerley	1:02:30	55:45
5.	J. Sullivan	Westerley	1:03:03	57:33
6.	B. Skinner	Hounslow	1:03:56	59:56
7.	T. Bell	Twickenham	1:04:12	1:00:12
8.	M. Treadwell	Twickenham	1:05:11	54:41
9.	N. Creswick (W)	Twickenham	1:05:25	59:25
10.	M. Veldmeijer	Twickenham	1:05:42	56:42
11.	M. Spindler	Twickenham	1:06:03	1:00:03
12.	S. Kistruck	Twickenham	1:06:21	57:51
13.	G. Kirkin	Twickenham	1:06:32	54:32
14.	R. Archer	Twickenham	1:06:35	55:35
15.	D. Schwier	Twickenham	1:06:53	58:23
16.	S. Greenwood	Hounslow	1:07:06	57:36
17.	S. Wroxley	Hounslow	1:08:01	59:46
18.	S. Townsend	Westerley	1:08:04	57:04
19=	V. Dey	Westerley	1:08:54	56:24
19=	D. Paice	Twickenham	1:08:54	57:54
21=	R. McMichael	Hounslow	1:09:04	57:34
21=	R. Sandercombe	Twickenham	1:09:04	54:04
23.	J. Marshall	Hounslow	1:09:16	1:00:31
24.	A. Toghill	Twickenham	1:10:12	52:12
25.	D. French	Weybridge	1:10:25	1:03:25
26.	M. Mansoori	Twickenham	1:10:49	51:49
27.	R. Collicott	Westerley	1:11:02	59:02
28.	A. Caldwell	Hounslow	1:11:04	54:04
29.	G. York	Twickenham	1:11:20	57:20
30.	J. Wells (W)	Hounslow	1:12:30	1:01:30
31.	P. Buckley	Hounslow	1:12:35	
32.	S. George	Hounslow	1:12:45	56:15
33.	T. Kirkin	Twickenham	1:13:14	1:00:14
34.	B. Beavsoleil	Twickenham	1:13:21	1:03:21
35.	R. Blackburn	Twickenham	1:14:27	56:27
36.	B. Henry	Twickenham	1:14:52	53:52
37.	N. Ferrelly	Hounslow	1:14:56	56:56
38.	J. Foster (W)	Twickenham	1:15:58	56:58
39.	C. Veldmeijer (W)	Twickenham	1:17:09	55:09
40.	D. Adamson	Twickenham	1:19:09	57:09
41.	R. Bell	Twickenham	1:19:47	56:47
42.	R. Spindler	Twickenham	1:20:38	59:38
43.	L. West (W)	Twickenham	1:22:36	56:36
44.	D. Tucker	Twickenham	1:23:35	1:07:35
45.	N. Hergarten (W)	Twickenham	1:24:06	1:06:36
DNF	B. French	Weybridge		
DNF	T. Reid (W)	Twickenham		
DNS	R. Callum	Weybridge		
DNS	N. Holdsworth	Hounslow		
DNS	N. Howson	Hounslow		
DNS	F. Jacques	Weybridge		
DNS	G. Mitchell	Twickenham		
DNS	D. Newman	Westerley		
DNS	T. Newman	Westerley		
DNS	D. Peck	Twickenham		
DNS	F. Proud	Westerley		
DNS	J. Rowland	Twickenham		
DNS	M. Silver	Hounslow		
DNS	J. Warnock	Twickenham		

28th April 2011 10 Miles HCC083

Pos.	Rider	Club	Time
1.	N. Stagg	Hounslow	23:30
2.	M. Yeoman	Private	25:21
3.	D. French	Weybridge	26:08
4.	J. Snell	Private	26:28
5.	D. Gunn	Private	26:52
6.	S. Hawlins	Private	27:36
7.	R. Gilmour	Hounslow	27:38
8.	R. Lindsay	Hounslow	28:09
9.	P. Buckley	Hounslow	28:16
10.	J. Wells (W)	Hounslow	29:04
11.	S. George	Hounslow	29:20
12.	N. Ferrelly	Hounslow	29:45
13.	J. Bartlett (W)	Hounslow	29:48
14.	M. Saetta	Private	29:58
15.	M. Reavett	Private	31:10
16.	B. French	Weybridge	37:22
DNF	T. Page	Private	

5th May 2011 10 Miles HCC083

Pos.	Rider	Club	Time
1.	N. Stagg	Hounslow	23:26
2.	J. Martin	Private	24:29
3.	M. Bixley	Private	25:11
4.	C. Hall (W)	Private	25:17
5.	P. Gadd	Private	25:52
6.	S. Stow	Hounslow	25:56
7.	R. Gilmour	Hounslow	26:37
8.	S. Wroxley	Hounslow	27:12
9.	D. French	Weybridge	27:26*
10.	B. Skinner	Hounslow	28:06
11.	T. Page	Private	28:22
12.	J. Wells (W)	Hounslow	28:26
13.	B. McMichael	Hounslow	28:30
14.	G. Shaw	Hounslow	28:55
15.	S. George	Hounslow	29:04
16.	A. Reynolds	Hounslow	29:08
17.	M. Joseph	Private	29:26
18.	J. Bartlett (W)	Hounslow	30:02
19.	M. Readett	Private	30:42
20.	D. Rose	Hounslow	31:50
21.	R. Bell	Private	33:05
22.	T. Wroxley	Hounslow	33:14
23.	B. French	Weybridge	36:47

*30 seconds late start

12th May 2011 10 Miles HCC083

Pos.	Rider	Club	Time
1.	J. Martin	Private	22:00
2.	N. Houldey	Private	24:03
3.	P. Holdsworth	Hounslow	24:23
4.	A. Towersay	Private	25:30
5.	P. Gadd	Private	25:41
6.	J. Harris	Private	25:46
7.	C. Hall (W)	Private	25:51
8.	S. Hewlins	Private	26:51
9.	D. French	Weybridge	26:58
10.	M. Lorenzi	Hounslow	27:09
11.	S. Wroxley	Hounslow	27:15
12.	R. Gilmour	Hounslow	27:40
13.	M. Williams	Private	27:48
14.	A. Watts	Private	28:27
15.	J. Wells (W)	Hounslow	28:57
16.	J. Bartlett (W)	Hounslow	28:59
17.	S. Spence	Private	30:26
18.	I. Seccombe	Hounslow	32:16
19.	G. Thorne	Private	34:50
20.	M. Joseph	Twickenham	34:58
21.	B. French	Weybridge	38:28
DNF	N. Stagg	Hounslow	

Results from club events

April - July



19th May 2011 10 Miles HCC083

Pos.	Rider	Club	Time
1.	W. Sybrandy	Hounslow	21:37
2.	P. Horsfall	Private	24:15
3.	S. Stow	Hounslow	24:51
4.	R. Townsend	Private	25:07
5.	R. Swallow	Private	25:31
6.	D. French	Weybridge	25:32
7.	I. Pucci	Private	26:24
8.	M. Lorenzi	Hounslow	26:33
9.	R. Archer	Twickenham	26:35
10.	R. Gilmour	Hounslow	26:50
11.	M. Joseph	Twickenham	27:18
12.	S. Wroxley	Hounslow	27:21
13.	P. Buckley	Hounslow	27:26
14.	B. McMichael	Hounslow	27:37
15.	A. Pucci	Private	27:38
16.	A. Togmill	Twickenham	27:50
17.	J. Bartlett (W)	Hounslow	28:46
18.	N. Herriot	Hounslow	28:58
19.	N. Ferrelly	Hounslow	29:30
20.	D. Rose	Private	30:10
21.	R. Bell	Twickenham	31:34
22.	B. French	Weybridge	41:58
DNF	I. Seccombe	Hounslow	

26th May 2011 10 Miles HCC083

Pos.	Rider	Club	Time
1.	P. Holdsworth	Hounslow	25:39
2.	P. Gadd	Private	27:53
3.	D. French	Weybridge	28:35
4.	S. Wroxley	Hounslow	29:22
5.	N. Ferrelly	Hounslow	29:56
6.	M. Reavett	Hounslow	30:39
7.	J. Davies	Private	31:02
8.	I. Seccombe	Hounslow	31:10
9.	J. Bartlett (W)	Hounslow	32:36
10.	A. Kuttler	Private	37:52

9th June 2011 10 Miles HCC083

Pos.	Rider	Club	Time
1.	J. Walters	Private	22:38
2.	P. Holdsworth	Hounslow	24:04
3.	L. Chaplin	Private	24:35
4.	D. Larkin	Private	24:37
5.	S. Stow	Hounslow	24:50
6.	D. French	Weybridge	25:57
7.	R. Archer	Twickenham	26:37
8.	G. Bowell	Private	26:47
9.	M. Joseph	Twickenham	27:43
10.	P. Buckley	Hounslow	27:46
11.	A. Toghill	Twickenham	27:53
12.	G. Kitchen	Hounslow	28:06
13.	N. Holdsworth	Hounslow	28:14
14.	R. Lindsay	Private	28:17
15.	A. Reynolds	Hounslow	28:54
16.	J. Wells (W)	Hounslow	28:55
17.	T. Wroxley	Hounslow	29:58
18.	S. Baker	Private	30:20
19.	S. Wroxley	Hounslow	32:03
20.	R. Bell	Twickenham	32:06

16th June 2011 10 Miles HCC083

Pos.	Rider	Club	Time
1.	D. Larkin	Private	25:20
2.	M. Yeoman	Private	25:22
3.	J. Harris	Twickenham	27:18
4.	S. Wroxley	Hounslow	27:23
5.	M. Joseph	Twickenham	27:33
6.	P. Kelsey	Private	28:20
7.	R. Archer	Twickenham	28:24
8.	G. Kitchen	Hounslow	28:33
9.	T. Wroxley	Hounslow	28:59
10.	D. French	Weybridge	29:12
11.	M. Readett	Hounslow	29:15
12.	S. Griffiths	Private	29:33
13.	R. Bell	Twickenham	31:28
14.	F. Jacques	Weybridge	32:14

23rd June 2011 18.2 Miles HCC137

Pos.	Rider	Club	Time
1.	N. Stagg	Hounslow	41:49
2.	P. Holdsworth	Hounslow	43:35
3.	S. Stow	Hounslow	46:22
4.	B. Skinner	Hounslow	46:28
5.	R. Gilmour	Hounslow	47:23
6.	D. French	Weybridge	47:52
7.	J. Woodburn	Private	49:39
8.	R. Lindsay	Private	49:56
9.	N. Holdsworth	Hounslow	50:49
10.	M. Joseph	Twickenham	50:50
11.	J. Wells (W)	Hounslow	51:53
12.	S. Wroxley	Hounslow	52:20
13.	A. Reynolds	Hounslow	52:36
14.	M. Readett	Hounslow	53:46
15.	R. Bell	Twickenham	59:20

30th June 2011 10 Miles HCC083

Pos.	Rider	Club	Time
1.	N. Stagg	Hounslow	23:06
2.	P. Holdsworth	Hounslow	24:02
3.	D. Larkin	Private	24:17
4.	S. Stow	Hounslow	24:21
5.	P. Gadd	Private	25:25
6.	A. Toghill	Twickenham	25:54
7.	M. Joseph	Twickenham	26:16
8.	R. Archer	Twickenham	26:22
9.	D. French	Weybridge	26:43
10.	G. Kitchen	Hounslow	26:58
11.	A. Hussain	Private	27:37
12.	I. Parker	Private	27:40
13.	J. Wells (W)	Hounslow	27:46
14=	J. Marshall	Hounslow	27:51
14=	S. Wroxley	Hounslow	27:51
16.	R. Lindsay	Private	28:10
17.	C. Morgan	Hounslow	28:20
18.	J. Bartlett	Hounslow	28:57
19.	M. Buckley	Hounslow	28:59
20.	T. Kirklín	Twickenham	29:14
21.	S. Baker	Private	29:23
22.	N. Ferrelly	Hounslow	29:27
23.	J. Davies	Private	29:57
24.	R. Bell	Twickenham	30:27
25.	F. Jacques	Weybridge	33:04



Midsummer 25

Report by Chris Lovibond, photos by Paul Buckley.



There are some days when you get out of bed on the right side and things just go well.

Last Sunday (26th June) Paul Holdsworth (Hounslow and District Wheelers) had intended only to ride a Surrey League road race, but he made a last minute decision to ride the club Midsummer Cup 25 in the morning as well. ("There's nothing much on next weekend - I'll have a rest then" he said.)

There's a healthy rivalry this season between Paul and the club's other current time trial star Nic Stagg, who had a clear victory over Holdsworth in the last club 25 on Good Friday, but this time the positions were reversed: Holdsworth fastest with 56 minutes 43 seconds, Stagg 58.03. Alt-

hough Nic seemed a little disappointed with his performance, it should be remembered that any under the hour ride on the tough West of Windsor course is an achievement that most can only dream about.

Having won the first event of the day, Paul made the journey to Alfold (Surrey), got out his road race bike and was ready for the afternoon start of the Festival RC race: "It's only 65 miles and I often go well when it's hot" was Paul's thinking.

And he was right: with about six miles to go he got across from the bunch to what became the winning break which finished 30 seconds clear and took the third place (from a field of 80 starters). The winner was Mike Coyle (Brighton Mitre CC).



Paul Holdsworth: busy Sunday



Jo Wells: fastest lady

Results

26th June 25 Miles HCC001

Pos.	Rider	Time
1.	P. Holdsworth	0:56:43
2.	N. Stagg	0:58:06
3.	R. Gilmour	1:00:03
4.	M. Luke	1:06:06
5.	G. Kitchen	1:06:11
6.	P. Buckley	1:07:45
7.	J. Marshall	1:08:06
8.	S. Wroxley	1:08:26
9.	J. Wells (W)	1:08:52
10.	N. Holdsworth	1:09:35
11.	S. Greenwood	1:10:00
12.	A. Caldwell	1:11:49
13.	J. Bartlett (W)	1:11:54
14.	M. Readett	1:12:16
15.	G. Shaw	1:12:52
16.	N. Ferrelly	1:13:39
17.	I. Chipman	1:14:20
Private	P. Williams	0:59:33
Private	A. Forth	1:00:37
Private	D. French	1:05:50
Private	K. Forth (W)	1:09:11
Private	W. Blaxstone	1:10:50
DNF	M. Deevy	
DNF	R. Engers	
DNS	A. Butler	
DNS	P. Innes	
DNS	F. Jacques	

In it to win it?

Club members are reminded that times from two 25-mile (including the interclub) and five 10-mile club events are needed in order to qualify for the end-of-season rankings.

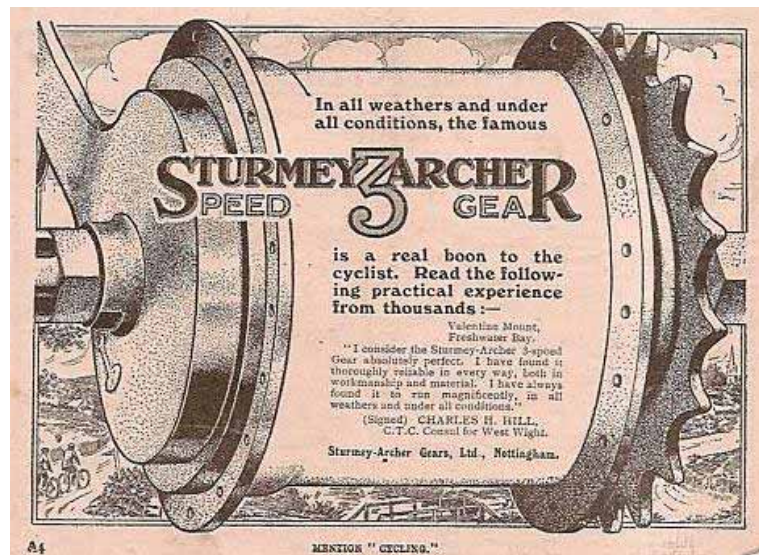
Results from club events - continued

14th July 2011 10 Miles HCC083

Pos.	Rider	Club	Time
1.	N. Stagg	Hounslow	23:20
2.	P. Holdsworth	Hounslow	23:42
3.	M. Joseph	Twickenham	26:07
4.	R. Archer	Twickenham	26:16
5.	A. Hussain	Private	27:21
6.	M. Buckley	Private	27:41
7.	J. Wells (W)	Hounslow	27:49
8.	R. Lindsay	Private	28:48
9.	T. Wroxley	Hounslow	28:51
10.	S. Baker	Private	28:54
11.	M. Readett	Hounslow	29:05
12.	J. Holliday	Private	29:19
13.	J. Bartlett (W)	Hounslow	29:24
14.	R. Bell	Twickenham	30:45
15.	J. Tennant	Private	30:56
16.	A. Lindsay	Private	31:41
17.	S. Wroxley	Hounslow	34:02

Try something different

Undeterred by the cancellation of the Tandem Worlds at Castle Combe in September, Mark Silver is turning his attention to hub-gear racing. The H&DW Open 25 in September will now include a category for hub-gear bikes and a £25 prize courtesy of Mark. So get your old bike out: competition is likely to be fierce!



If this is a bit too competitive for you, Mark has another proposal: "if you ever felt like having a go on a tandem bicycle, then here's your chance. On Sunday 11th September, I'll be dusting down my collection of these machines, so that I can lead a ride of tandem novices around Windsor Great Park, after gently coaching both driver and stoker as to how it's done. This is just a taster session, not a 'high athletic workout', so bring along your partner and have a go."

Contact Mark Silver at markandjojo2001@yahoo.com

Memories

Jan Richardson looks back on a life in cycling that echoes down five generations of her family

I was introduced to cycling at the tender age of two, albeit in a sidecar.

My paternal Grandparents had started it - they used to ride a tandem trike, way back in the twenties (but I think Grandad started in the late 1890s and was a founder member of the Tricycle Association which was, I believe, started in 1926). My Uncle continued it by joining the Belle Vue CC and participating in the racing scene. Then my parents joined in, not club members, but thoroughly enjoying the touring aspect as well as for utilitarian purposes, although, on many occasions, they were out helping at events. My father always maintained that whilst helping his brother in a "12", he actually rode more miles than my Uncle! My mother's introduction to cycling (she couldn't ride a bike at the time) was to be sat upon the back of a tandem with my father up front, then riding from London to Bath and back one weekend! My sidecar riding is obviously not remembered, my earliest memory at the age of four was when my mother and I travelled down to Cornwall by train. I still recall, all these years on, the absolute wonder I felt at knowing my father had cycled down overnight and was there at Penzance waiting for us. (In retrospect, he must have cadged a lift in a lorry to travel so far, so quickly, but he never let on!)

When seven, my parents took my brother and me cycle camping/touring to the Isle of Wight. Just imagine the load; my father carrying camping gear plus one small brother and my mother carrying me, together with all the clothing. That holiday lingers long in my thoughts and, my biggest memory was standing by an aeroplane with my brother to have our photograph taken. An aeroplane in close up 1937 was a sight to behold.

The war then intervened and I was unable to have my own cycle until hostilities ceased. That bicycle, which still makes me cringe to think about it, was an old loop frame, picked out of a rubbish tip by my father and painted best utility black. In 1946 I went touring with my parents. That is another holiday I'll not forget. Money was scarce and holidays were on a shoestring but we were able to enjoy the countryside and, something which is a scarce commodity these days, the freedom of the roads with traffic almost non-existent. We were, as usual, lugging around heavy packs. My father was carrying, once again, the camping gear

"we were able to enjoy ... the freedom of the roads with traffic almost non-existent"

plus the clothes this time and my mother carried little brother. To my disgust a radio was placed in my saddle bag and, in those days, radios were large, heavy and had lots of valves in them. The wretched thing didn't work any way after the first night so it was an utter waste of time and effort. But, that first night! Just imagine, we cycled all the way to Laleham Camp Site. From Bedford! The radio which caused me such dismay and my annoyance is still vividly recalled. Food would have been so much nicer to carry.

Another memory of that holiday was sitting down on the green verges of a small country lane, sun shining down and the family munching their way through hot crusty bread which had just been bought, from a village baker, somewhere near Stratford upon Avon. That was a feast fit for kings.

Then, for me, came the ultimate of enjoyment in cycling. I was introduced to a local cycling club, the Feltham Road Club. I got my first lightweight - a Fred H Scott, and tasted the joys of club runs, progressing to time trialling. This proved to be the pathway to my future for, at the club room, I met Ron. He used to visit the Feltham club room in the company of other members of his club, the all male Calleva Road Club, presumably on foraging visits searching out the local talent of which the Feltham boasted quite a few! I hasten to add that I was NOT at the top of that list and very many months passed by before I went out with Ron.

We travelled to events by bike in those days, spending weekends away in "digs". People couldn't afford cars and carried our racing wheels on brackets mounted on the front wheel. That magical place Pangbourne Lane was still in its prime, a place with an atmosphere of its own, the like of which has never been equalled and which mere words could never describe. To ride an event there, was to a raw recruit like myself, an awesome thing, surrounded by such revered and legendary names - I mean, how could one ever compare to Eileen Sheridan, to name but one and later, of course, the great Beryl Burton?

In 1951, Ron and I went cycle touring in Scotland and the weather was incredible. The way Scotland should be seen, brilliant sunshine, overwhelmingly grand scenery and oh, such friendly people, so hospitable and generous. Of course, there were ex-



ceptions and I recall one miserable old lady in Oban (they said she came from Caithness, as though that explained all) who kept a guest house full of cats, the smell of which permeated the air, most unpleasant, as was the owner. However, the debit side was more than made up with our welcome to a house in Dundee. They normally didn't supply accommodation but, as we had difficulty, they shuffled their family around so that Ron and I could stay with them, gave us an evening meal, bed, breakfast and then elevenses (it was raining for a while in the morning) and still didn't want us to go. All for the princely sum of 5/- (25p) which, even then was remarkably cheap but they absolutely refused to take more. Then I recall the lady in Inverness; we'd been caught in a rather spectacular thunderstorm, brief but violent, whilst riding across a wind and rain swept Moor with the lightning crashing down into the hills on either side of us and torrential rain tipping from the skies. When we arrived at Inverness, the accommodation was easy to find and the lady took one look at our panniers with soaked clothing and got it all dried for us overnight.

It is strange when thinking about it in retrospect, the latter two instances which stand out in my mind were just about the only times we had rain during the whole holiday and they remain vivid, whilst the rest is almost - except for Oban - a blur of brilliant sunshine. It was another lovely holiday.

After our marriage in 1952, although we went on all the winter club runs, summer riding took a back seat whilst we got our house in order. However, after Sunday club runs, we used to stop in a pub in Stanwell Moor, where we lived, and Ron Brown used to come back to our house and we'd play cards until the wee small hours!

Our second Scottish holiday came after a year of marriage and, again the Scots were found to be welcoming and friendly. I well recall cycling alongside the eerie, sombre waters of Loch Ness, expecting the monster to jump out and grab me any second! I think that legend played havoc with my

imagination but there was, surely, an atmosphere, quite unexplained around that place.

I remember, too, reaching the end of the Loch and turning off through the Glass Valley in search of a CTC listed Temperance Hotel at Tomich. What an experience. This was 1953, some eight years after the end of the war, but it still continued up there. We passed through Cannich to get to Tomich and, as the latter was not signposted, we stopped to ask directions from a local. Only later did I discover that Tomich and Cannich folk hadn't spoken since the Victory celebrations in 1945 due to some argument over the decorations or entertainment and, at the time of asking the way, I couldn't understand why the lady wouldn't talk directly to me but spoke only through a third party, the milkman, who in turn repeated the directions to me! Anyway, Tomich was finally reached and there, never to be forgotten, stood the Temperance Hotel. On entry, it was a different world, dark, gloomy, old fashioned and very run down, in a shabby comfortable way; one had an illusion of grandeur, now faded, from days gone by. Today it would be fashionable as 'Shabby Chic'! We were asked to sign the visitors' book and I did the usual thing, I browsed through. Imagine our amusement and surprise to find that it was the original book, started back in the twenties and only up to the sixth or seventh page. I felt that that hotel could not have paid its way.

On being shown to our bedroom, it was disconcerting to find, right outside the door, a stuffed wild cat in a glass domed case; a very unpleasant encounter when leaving the room in the small hours to visit the bath room - no en suites in those days. Oh, those glaring eyes! I can see them still. After a very pleasant meal we retired to the parlour and found that all the locals met there in the evenings, even though it was a "dry" establishment. It was an evening of great entertainment as we were regaled with many legends and stories about the monster and I felt somewhat apprehensive about going to bed, especially with that wild cat outside our door! My imagination has always been very vivid.

However, alarm was replaced by laughter when getting into bed. Can you imagine sliding down into what on top looked like beautiful laundered sheets, smooth, fresh and crisp, only to find it was a complete illusion.

Apart from the top turnover, the entire sheet, from top to bottom, edge to edge, was a mass of darn upon darn upon patch; just one very large area of extremely beautiful mending, meticulously done, very knobably to feel but, a sure sign of a parsimonious Scot! Laughter developed into giggles and it seemed a fitting end to a very entertaining evening. It was almost sad leaving the place next morning and I often wonder if it still exists and, if so, what page of the



visitors' book has been reached. It was somewhere in the area of Glen Affrich where a huge dam was being built so it must have gone by now.

Another day of that holiday was spent trying to find a rough path across the north shore of Loch Laidon which petered out into bog and nothingness after a mile or so. We returned to Rannoch station and took a train to Spean Bridge - bet Beeching put the axe on that line! We were enthralled by a lovely journey through beautiful gorges which we would not have been seen had the original plan to cycle been carried out. Ah, yes, that was a beautiful time, only to be spoiled by the weather. For several days our cycles were right under a shower of incessant rain whilst, in the next valley the brilliant sunshine could be seen but with which we never seemed to catch up.

Frustration set in and I could stand no more. I asked if we could please go home. We made tracks to where our transport awaited us, the transport being a motor

cycle with a platform on sidecar chassis, on which we stacked the bikes and gear. A rather bizarre way to travel which provoked no end of inane comments from the uninitiated who couldn't understand why, when we had motorised transport, we would wish to cycle.

Soon after this time, the Calleva had become defunct and neither of us were club members. I'd been in the Spelthorne but that, too, had folded. After a few years, in 1955, I thought I'd like to try racing again so joined the Hounslow but, although several ex Calleva members had joined HDW by now, Ron took a while to succumb to the temptation of becoming a Hounslow member!

A year of half hearted attempts to revive my enthusiasm for racing passed, without success but in 1955, a group of us did go on a cycle tour in mid Wales, amongst us the irrepressible one-armed Ron Brown, much loved and respected by all who knew him. My Ron rather lost his cool with me on that

holiday when I used a drain as a bike rack with a full load of panniers on the back. Result, an “L” shaped wheel, much laughter from Ron Brown and me but rage from my Ron!

My Ron then had a resurgence of interest in racing one year and rode a 100, a 50 and 25 in that order and, if memory serves right, he was either on PBs or close to them in all three.

Our family arrived and cycling took a back seat for a while. After the first “bundle of joy” came on the scene, the urge to race came back and thus I started a season of slow, but PB times.

Looking at women’s racing now, it’s difficult to comprehend that full fields and return of excess entries were then the order of the day! How times have changed. My second season approached and with it my already waning enthusiasm was rather on the way out. I did keep going until the end of the season when I had the misfortune to crash rather badly, whilst riding a 25, which put me out of action for a while and also made me extremely apprehensive about riding again.

The second “bundle” then came onto the scene but, complete inaction was averted before the arrival of number one, as I’d decided that when my family were off hand I should have an interest which I could take up again. Thus I became a club committee member in 1955 and later went on to become event secretary for the ladies’ open 25 which was allegedly the longest running ladies’ open event in existence until it merged with our men’s 25. I can remember one 25, when I was riding and not event secretary, there were 120 ladies riding and Ron, who’d not then joined the club, was asked on the morning, by Harry Ferris, if he could help and he ended up pushing all the riders off as no one else was around to do it! I don’t think that situation prevails nowadays, quite the reverse in fact.

A third “bundle” made his presence felt and life became hectic for a time, although, true to my promise to myself, I kept in contact with the cycling scene, remaining as event secretary and committee member.

A few more years passed by and the club reached its golden years; they had a team of riders, Martyn, Jeff, Kevin, Ken (Clapton), Bob Porter and Bob Garlinge who, between them won more BBAR medals than any other club.

Not being very active, Ron and I put all our efforts into supporting our riders and thus travelled all over the country to different championships and events, at times using our large frame tent, dubbed by some wag

“the canvas mansion”, to house them giving a cheap night’s digs as it cost only the fee for pitching the tent. A few times several of us decided to have an extra day, rather than travel home on the Sunday. On one such occasion we pooled our food, there were twelve of us. The largest amount of anything I gathered was eggs so I decided to scramble them for everyone. I never lived down the fact that I burnt them and no one, with the exception of me insisting that they were good, could eat them!

Another occasion we decided to have an extra day in York and I said I’d like to look at the city. So several of us went, including some of the lads who had just ridden the Championship 100. I just couldn’t understand why there were so many complaints and tired looking bodies, especially when, having walked some distance, we looked over the city wall to see our VW caravette very many feet below us, with the knowledge that the only way back was the way we had come.

It wasn’t until I rode my first 100 that I found out why they were grumbling and I fully appreciated it when some bright spark suggested that maybe I’d like to go for a long walk after the event!

On achieving veteran status, I had another go at racing and, to my surprise, I did a series of PBs not to mention firsts in the way of 100 miles and 12 hours. My enthusiasm spread and Ron followed my path with the same results. Neither of us was ever fast but a lot of pleasure was gained from the sheer feeling of participating. My final downfall came when, just after I retired and was thinking of getting fit again, I was hit by a van driver, sustaining some unpleasant injuries. Not being as brave as many other people, I lost all my confidence in riding on main roads and endeavoured to find unused country lanes which got more and more difficult. Then, having developed heart problems, and, on top of that, meningitis, that, really, was the end of my cycling but not of my interest. I still miss going out with Ron for a bike ride and feel quite envious when he goes off on his CTC rides.

Of our three children, who all tried cycling, the only one to get hooked was Rob but both girls, Caroline and Katie enjoy riding. The eldest, Caroline, tried it for about a year and then gave it best, although she has come back to it. She thought it too much like hard work but, instead, for a few years, turned to canoeing - as much hard work as cycling in my estimation! Katie is a pleasure rider and likes to get out on her bike. Rob started riding when he was nine (before age regulations were brought in) and on a very small Gillott lightweight cycle - which started with Pete Wright’s daughter,

“Ron and I put our efforts into supporting our riders”

Jenny, and has done the rounds of the young club members and has now been claimed by Jamie, our eldest grandson. Rob’s a fourth generation cyclist and has achieved more than any others of our family. No doubt Grandad would have liked the thought of his pastime carrying on down the line and, who knows, it may go on so for many generations.

The Club had a second generation spate of good riders adding to the number of BBAR and National Championship medals and I’m proud in the knowledge that our son, Rob, has been amongst them, they were Colin Roshier, Paul Holdsworth, Rob Richardson, Loz Wintergold, Phil Young and Marc Cunningham and in varying line ups won BBAR Championship honours for quite a few years. Paul, Rob and Mark ventured onto the 24hr scene in 1998 when Paul was second, Rob third and with Marc won the Championship Team, leaving only the 25 mile championship event not to be won by the club.

For many years I did all the timekeeping for the club events, most of the open events and was a CTT official timekeeper. [Trevor Gilbert has now taken over]. As said previously, I ran the open 25s for many years and, in Spring 1974, instigated the comeback of the club magazine to replace a News Sheet, which, in 2009, I passed on to pastures new and, oddly, a return to a News Sheet! What goes round must come round as they say. Other jobs I’ve done have been a great deal of typing for various people within the HDW and which to this day, I still do.

The time has come in our lives for the reins to be passed on to younger people and we don’t go out to many events now but our memories are still there.

Some years ago we discovered the Forty Plus Club and I managed to get out with Ron to several of the Surrey/Sussex venues by dint of driving out to a quiet area and riding from there to lunch. Then ill health brought an end to that.

However, my grandchildren are now 5th generation cyclists, with Rob’s son, Jamie, being interested in riding on the track, hill climbs, the odd time trial and mountain bike down-hill racing. Sam, Caroline’s son likes going out riding and Katie’s son Luke is a very competitive rider who, as he gets older, could go far, while his sister Ellen, although she does cycle, has no great ambition.

It is good to have experienced all the pleasures, camaraderie and successes afforded by being associated with the cycling world. Ah, dear Grandad, if you but knew what you had started all those years ago over a century ago in fact!



New kit in action

The first order of the new Paul Innes-designed club kit is now being worn by members and proved to be popular attire when it debuted on the Sonning club run on 24th July (see above photo). Further orders have been placed. Contact Dave George to get yours.



Club run favorite the Henley Tea Rooms has recently changed ownership. Let's hope it remains as good as when Mick Luke snapped these cakes in May.

Welcome to new members

The following new members were elected by the committee at their 6th June or 7th July meeting.

Merill Readett, senior
Ian Davies, veteran
Paul Carpenter, veteran

Clubman Trophy

The prestigious competition to honour the rider who rode the most club runs is still tight at the top. On the 4th of July, club points stood as follows.

Men

Norman Howson	31
Antonio Ambrosino	27
Andy Cauldwell	25

Women

Jo Wells	27
Patsy Howe	25
Jill Bartlett	17



On the road to Henley,
by Mick Luke

Spot the club rider

It takes one to know one.

Sportives attract thousands of riders every weekend, but many are not members of a traditional cycling club and lack the skills and etiquette for safe group riding. With a little experience you can tell who is and who is not, and pick a safe wheel to follow.

A club rider:

- ◆ Pins number to jersey pockets.
- ◆ Holds his/her line on corner.
- ◆ Rides tightly and smoothly in a group.
- ◆ Points out holes in the road.
- ◆ Collaborates to ride into a headwind.
- ◆ On the look out for fellow club riders to work with.
- ◆ Sometimes wears a club jersey – dead giveaway.

Not a club rider:

- ◆ Pins number in middle of back.
- ◆ Weaves around erratically, runs wide or breaks unnecessarily on corners.
- ◆ Leaves gaps in a group.
- ◆ Keeps accelerating and breaking to hold position.
- ◆ Does not point out holes in the road.
- ◆ Will ride alone into a headwind 10 metres behind and in front of other riders rather than collaborate.
- ◆ Attacks the group pointlessly on every little hill.
- ◆ Sometimes wears strange clothing; over- or under-dressed.

Club records fall

By Chris Lovibond

Jo Wells improved her own Ladies Veterans club record at the A3 CRG 25 on 27 June, recording 1 hour 1 minute 15 seconds in the Monday evening event. Jo overcame the tricky descent away from the start at Hillbrow.

Another club veterans' record fell in Whitewebbs CC 10 on 2 July when Nic Stagg recorded 20min 08 seconds: a new 10 mile record and a new personal best .



Hour record attempt

Nic Stagg has announced his intention to attack the club hour record. He plans to use Reading track and will make the attempt around the start of September. Never lightly undertaken, the hour record involves riding as far as possible on a cycle track in one hour. Nic will follow the convention established by former world record holder Chris Boardman by eschewing modern aero equipment and using a bike similar to those ridden when Eddy Merckx took the world hour record in 1972 and R. Garlinge set the current club record of 24.732 miles. Look out for further announcements on the forum.

National 24 Hour Championship

Report by Chris Lovibond

25th/26th June

Rob Richardson, a second claim Hounslow and District member, rode the 24 Hour Championship held in East Sussex on the last weekend in June.

Rob did 455.67 miles which gave him sixth place. This will seem a superhuman effort to us ordinary mortals, but the result left Rob feeling a little disappointed. He last rode this event in 1998 and was credited with 459 miles which gave him the bronze medal in the championship.

Let us leave aside the thought that being twelve years older might be a disadvantage (Rob is now 48) and he himself does not believe this to be a problem "Yes, I'm not as fast as I was at the shorter distances, but I'm psychologically tougher than I was 13 years ago, and I think I was better prepared this time".

In fact Rob's ride should be seen as a great performance, if only because the Sussex course used this year was hillier and therefore harder than the '98 course. To add to the problems one of the hardest climbs was at Wartlington on the finishing circuit and had to be tackled by riders at the very end of their reserves of stamina.

Suffering for a good cause

Rob used his 24 hour ride to raise money for **MacMillan Nurses**, in memory of his mother in law. The total is edging towards £1,400 pounds, thanks to excellent support from many people, quite a few of them from H&DW. If you feel inclined to donate you still can at:

<http://www.justgiving.com/robbierichardson>

Rob certainly got everything out that he could. He stopped for a sit down feed just after 9am (about 4 hours still to go) and looked exhausted, but after 10 minutes he was back on his bike, hammering along, showing no external signs that he'd already been riding for 20 hours. That was how he looked from the roadside, but he was suffering – among other things his feet had become painful (quite a common problem at this distance, apparently) "my left foot felt as though it was swelling out of its shoe". At the finish it was hard to tell whether he was unconscious.....or just asleep.

It seems clear that because of the hilly nature of the course this was at least as good a ride as his '98 effort, if not better. No one who had seen both events would doubt it.

Which brings us to the champion and silver medallist. John Warnock (Twickenham CC), the defending champion, did a great ride and finished with 517.64 miles, which would normally have carried the day, but was overshadowed by the phenomenal Andy Wilkinson (Port Sunlight Wheelers).

Wilco started the event as the competition record holder (525 miles) who had twice been champion in the past ('92 and '97). He did 541.17 miles which gave him the championship and the competition record – quite possibly for ever.

"I'd heard some one had his eye on my record, and I thought I'd put it out of his reach."

Some more on Rob's racing history with the Hounslow can be found in Jan's article on pages 8-10.



Rob Richardson after 23 hours' riding. Photo by Chris Lovibond.

Overheard at the 24 hour champs

Martyn: (to Nice Old Gent, who had the name of his old and once famous club prominently displayed on his equally ancient car) "Are you the last surviving member of your club?"

N.O.G. "Yes, pretty much. Which is your club?"

Martyn: "The Hounslow."

N.O.G. "Oh that's interesting. I used to know Martyn Roach pretty well at one time."

Martyn "Probably not as well as I do."

N.O.G. (Falling into the trap he has dug for himself): " Really, what makes you say that?"

Martyn "I am Martyn Roach."

Result: (top ten out of 80 finishers)

Pos	Rider	Club	N1	N2	N3
1	Andrew WILKINSON	Port Sunlight Wheelers	541.17	167.64	3:57:30
2	John WARNOCK	Twickenham CC	517.64	-	4:14:13
3	David SHEPHERD	GS Stella	483.93	118.74	4:18:11
4	Andy PAYNE	GS Stella	464.67	91.14	4:42:45
5	Sean CHILDS	Royal Navy & Royal Marines CA	462.72	68.97	4:15:51
6	Robert RICHARDSON	Chippenham & Dist Wheelers	455.67	84.94	4:33:11
7	Ishmael BURDEAU	Agiskoviner	453.50	68.55	4:50:08
8	James HUGHES	Bec CC	449.61	-	4:21:58
9	Stuart EDWARDS	Royal Navy & Royal Marines CA	446.92	70.56	4:42:44
10	Peter MOON	Eastbourne Rovers	443.63	78.44	4:48:48



Dragon Ride

By Simon George, pictures by Sportive Photo Ltd.



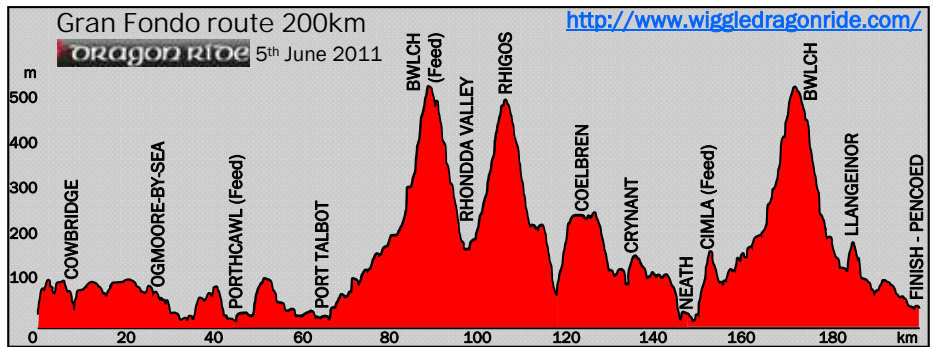
The Dragon ride is perhaps the UK's premier sportive event. Next year it will be part of the UCI Golden Bike World Series. It combines the beautiful scenery of South Wales, excellent organisation and challenging terrain. Two Hounslow riders took the challenge.

The route for this year started in Bridgend and worked its way South through rolling terrain to the spectacular Glamorgan coast line, passing through Wick, the home town of Olympic champion Nicole Cooke. After following the coast through Ogmore-by-Sea, Porthcawl and Port Talbot, the route turned inland and headed for the mountains. First was the mighty Bwlch, after which the route split with the Medio Fondo returning to Bridgend, while the Gran Fondo put in a loop on the edge of the Brecon Beacons including the Rhigos pass and a second ascent if the Bwlch before re-joining the Medio route to the finish.

Simon George rode the Medio Fondo.

|| The night before I was obsessively checking the weather forecast, which seemed to get worse every time it was updated. At 7am the next morning I found a hotel breakfast room full of carbo-loading cyclists, all talking about rain. So it was that at 7:45 I trundled off to the start in the cool damp morning air, prepared for the worst.

The popularity of this event meant big queues at the start but eventually I got to the front and set off with the initial excitement that leads to an adrenalin-fuelled but unsustainable pace. Eventually it settled down and I got in a group that stuck together to the first feed. The threatened rain was



nowhere to be seen so we were able to enjoy the rolling roads and beautiful coastal scenery. The greatest challenge was the wind and avoiding the odd stray sheep!

The foothills of the Bwlch are quite shallow so it is tempting to push too hard and have nothing left for the top. My usual technique of blasting up hills that served me well on the North Downs was no good on these longer climbs. Lacking the practice I cracked in the long, steep section with a howling headwind. Other riders were too spread out to offer much shelter so I struggled on one pedal stroke at a time. At last relief came with a change in direction away from the head wind, then shelter from some trees, the gradient eased and the climb was over. It wasn't long before I was back in the big ring pushing on over the top of the pass towards the second feed station. It was cool but happily still dry as I refuelled.

Most riders were turning left for the Gran Fondo but knowing my limits and the weather forecast I turned right for the run down to the finish. It was a fun descent, initially quite steep with a couple of hairpins but soon requiring pedalling to keep up speed. The downhill was interrupted by occasional rises plus a couple of tricky corners with poor road surface. I felt good, so motivated by the chance of a gold medal and the possibility of finishing before the rain came, I put the hammer down.

With few Medio riders around I had to ride a lot on my own. I passed a few riders before reaching a small group that I proceeded to drag along behind me for the last 8 miles or so. Just as I was wondering how far it was to the finish, the roads became familiar and at last my three companions took turns on the front. As we wound it up for the sprint finish I was in prime position at the back but I paid for my earlier efforts and only managed second. I was dead chuffed to find that I'd beaten the gold standard time with 120 km in 4h21'06". As for the weather, I was so lucky: as I entered the tent for my free pasta and massage, the rain finally arrived in buckets.

The Dragon Ride was really well organised and marshalled; even the police were stopping traffic at some junctions. Crisps at the feed stations was a nice antidote to all the sweet food and drink on offer. There was a technical problem with the timing chips that affected some people including me, but that was not enough to dampen my enthusiasm to highly recommend this event to you! ||

Rachel Jarvis rode the Gran Fondo as training for the Etape du Tour and endured a "long, cold, wet, very tough but brilliant" day in the saddle, completing the 200 km



route in 9h16'29". She was able to get in groups and conserve energy well before reaching the mountains, suffered up the Bwlch into the headwind the first time around but took encouragement from the fine views. She found the Rhigos harder than expected with the Bwlch in her legs, but again compensated by sunshine and great scenery. Riding alone over the short but steep climbs that followed, she eventually hooked up with a group of Bicester CC riders and made up some time until the Cimla climb, whereupon the heavens opened.

Rachel takes up her own story on the second ascent of the Bwlch. "About 1.5 miles from the top, I suddenly developed an acute case of Tourette's again: who cares about the view the second time round; you couldn't see it anyway as it was raining... or words to that effect. I thought I was quietly muttering to myself until there was laughter from two gentlemen behind me... apparently they'd been listening to me for a couple of minutes and found it all quite amusing! Really embarrassed, the three of us decided to complete this beast of a climb together. Without them I'd still be there."

With just the mostly downhill section remaining and the rain easing off, Rachel put her head down and charged to the finish but frustratingly missed out on a bronze medal by 12 minutes.

President hits



By Gavin Kitchen, 1st June
No, not the sign thankfully!
Nor has he hit 70 mph on a bike... well, not in recent memory!



No, Jeff Marshall, our illustrious leader has reached the grand young age of 70. Hard to believe I know, but it's true.

Jeff celebrated his birthday whilst on a family holiday in Majorca. Included in the party were the Contessa (alias Linda), daughters Jane and Katie, son in laws Doug and Gav and the five grand children. Now when I say family holiday, I use the term loosely, very loosely, because despite being in a beautiful villa with pool, surrounded by his family, Majorca means only one thing to Jeff: cycling and lots of it. So I spent half the holiday with Jeff cycling the delightful lanes and not so delightful mountain climbs. Well, delightful in a kind of a masochistic way. The rides we went on were wonderful but no thanks to Jeff's navigational skills. Despite claiming to have attended many training camps in Majorca, the only route Jeff seemed to know was the ride to Formentor. But he clearly did not know it that well, as he suggested we did it the day after a long ride in the

mountains (Lluc Monastery) as a light recovery ride. Some recovery ride! This will make sense to those of you who have cycled out to Formentor. Anyway, thankfully, most of the rides were led by one of Jeff's life long friends Dave Stalker and one or two other ex-pats including Phil Axe, whose claim to fame is that, he is the oldest elite rider still competing at the age of 59!

On the day of Jeff's birthday it had been arranged that we would cycle to the beautiful mountain village of Orient and in doing so accomplish the obligatory 70 miles. However, the weather let us down and we cycled much of the route in the rain; not pleasant, even in Majorca. The route was modified but we still managed to reach the magic 70 miles. In fact we ended up doing 75 for as we approached the Villa in Pollensa I noticed we were too early and in danger of spoiling the surprise lunch and party that we had arranged for him at Tolo's restaurant. I think Jeff thought I'd gone mad when I suggested we should do another few miles when we were so close to home and soaking wet. Anyway the surprise party was fantastic and Jeff's face was a picture all day and thanks to Tolo's generosity, a considerable amount of alcohol was consumed by all. Good job we were not planning to cycle the next day!



Now it is hard to believe that Jeff is 70, as he is so youthful in so many ways. However, he did have what we thought to be a very senior moment. On the day of departure for England, Jeff announced that he had lost his passport. "Rubbish",

said Contessa and the girls and they all proceeded to undergo a thorough search of the Villa. Now as you will know the Contessa and her girls are all very thorough, so when they announced that the passport was indeed lost, we had no reason to doubt them. Two visits to the local police station and an appointment at the British Consul in Palma resulted in Jeff being issued with an emergency passport, which enabled us all to get home on time. During all this time Jeff was a worried man: had he indeed lost his marbles? Was this the beginning of the end? He just could not work out how he had lost his passport. He was a very troubled soul. But Jeff was about to be redeemed and prove that he was indeed only 70 years young. For on returning home Jeff had a call from the Villa Company saying they had found the passport. "Where did you find it?" said Jeff. "In the sheets of your bed" came the reply. Talk about looking smug, if you had seen Jeff's face as all attention turned to the Contessa, "the thorough one", who along with daughters Jane and Katie had announced with such confidence only a day before, that the passport was not in the Villa and therefore Jeff had carelessly lost it at the airport. Now there are a couple of things that we can deduce from this situation. The first is that there was clearly very little action going on in Marshall love nest and secondly that it is the Contessa and not Jeff who is losing his marbles! So there you go 70 years young and if any of you are still doubting the 'young' part of this statement then just pop along to the chain gang training session on a Tuesday night and watch the 70 year old in action!

Happy Birthday dear father in law, lots of love and respect from all your family and friends.



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Next Issue

The next issue will be published in the autumn. Please contact the editor with your contributions or suggestions. It's your magazine!

It will feature all your latest racing results and club news.