



Quarter Wheeler

2016 Issue 1

Spring

The magazine of the Hounslow & District Wheelers

INSIDE

UCI Hour Record for Rob Gilmour

Club results and news

ALSO

Coast to coast

Born to Ride (part 2)

All change in Eastern Europe

PLUS

**Enter that
competition!
You never
know, it
could be you!!**



**NEW 1 HOUR RECORD
ROB GILMOUR
44K & 349 METERS
60-64**

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/>



Club Matters



Editor: Patsy Howe

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

Captain's comments

Hi All,

I decided to volunteer as Club Captain shortly after Graham announced that he needed a break from the job he has done so well for us since he started as Vice

Captain to Norman Howson in 2004, when he started issuing the club run listings by e-mail.

Unfortunately, I have made a very shaky start to my term as Captain. Following a prang on an icy lane in January, ten days before I was even elected at the AGM, I sustained a broken pelvis and as a result have not been able to lead the club ride since! However, I have been able to compile a detailed list of Sunday runs and club time trials up until the end of June, which on this occasion, Graham has circulated for me and Nigel Forward has entered on the club website. By the time you read this message, I hope to be back in the saddle on the club rides and in time for our annual trip to Mallorca during the first week in May; and fit enough to enjoy it!

See you on the club run soon.

Jeff



Hounslow and District Wheelers welcomes new members



September 2015

Charlie Parker	1st claim	Snr
Phil Hearn	1st claim	Vet
Adrian Cotter	1st claim	Vet
Robert Douglas	1st claim	Vet

January 2016

Alistair Benbow	1st claim	Vet
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February 2016

Barry Nolan	1st claim	Sen
Andy Saville	1st claim	Sen
David Sykes	1st claim	Vet
Hugh Johnson	1st claim	Vet

Club Captain, Jeff Marshall, would like to remind all members of the Club Run Code of Conduct:

- Club members are expected at all times, to treat other club members, other cyclists, motorists and other road users with the utmost respect.
- Club Rides are not races and members are expected to treat them appropriately. The Club provides a varied programme of rides from Sunday club rides to fast training runs, however all of these rides are for the enjoyment of its members and are not unofficial road races.
- Greet fellow members, and other cyclists, when you pass them, in a polite and friendly manner.
- Ride no more than two abreast unless overtaking and only if it is safe to do so.
- Ride responsibly, avoiding any actions that could jeopardise the safety of fellow cyclists.
- Respect and be courteous to fellow road users, both vehicles and pedestrians. This means no verbal altercations or obscene gestures.
- Never leave club members with a puncture or mechanical fault alone on the side of the road during club rides.
- Follow the instructions of the Captain, Vice Captain & leaders at all times.
- Always carry personal details and any medical details – critical if unconscious after an accident.
- Acknowledge patient and considerate motorists or other road users with a friendly "thank you" wave of the hand.

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Club ride coffee stop, Seale

Once in a lifetime trip

Competition winner Paul Buckley relates his Tour de France experience



Paul and Marion with Dylan van Barle

When I got a call from Ben at Wiggle, informing me I'd won their top competition prize, I thought it was a friend winding me up, but a few minutes later the email confirmed I'd won a VIP trip to stage 4 of the Tour de France courtesy of Garmin. Any dilemma of who to take with me was soon solved when my wife, Marion, found out it involved a trip on a helicopter!



The day before stage 4 we were met at St Pancras by Richard from Garmin and Chris from Wiggle and travelled to Belgium where our Cannondale-Garmin driver collected us and took us to our hotel. The next day we were whisked off to the VIP area of the start village and enjoyed the free food and drink on offer as well as the publicity caravan passing through. After that we visited the Cannondale-Garmin team bus and met their young rider Dylan van Barle and I drooled at the line of Cannondale Synapse bikes prepped for the cobbles. Jumping in the team vehicle we then drove the route ahead of the race, stopping for a champagne picnic in a little Belgian town before moving on to the highlight of the trip. We stopped before the French

border and watched the breakaway pass, shortly followed by the peloton, before climbing into one of five helicopters and watching the race from the air. 30 minutes later we touched down and jumped into our vehicles and drove the rest of the course, bumping over 5 cobbled sections and into the finish. From there we went into the VIP finish area and watched from the 75m mark to see Tony Martin hold the chasing sprinters off to win the stage.

The next day we travelled back by Eurostar from a truly, once in a lifetime trip!



Tony Martin heading for the stage win

Rob Gilmour: UCI Hour Record Holder!

Report: Chris Lovibond



Photo: Graham Davis

Rob Gilmour (Hounslow & District Wheelers) is now the UCI Hour Record Holder for the 60-64 age group. He achieved this performance at the Newport Velodrome on the 30th September with a distance of 44.349 kilometres (27.56 mph). The old record was 44.228k.

This is a world record, but even so some more knowledge is needed to appreciate fully the outstanding nature of this ride. As it's an age related record some may suspect the former holder may have been a senile wreck, but this is not the case. Kenny Fuller, the previous recordman, is an American with a brilliant career record which includes (according to the USA publication 'Cycling Illustrated') seven world and forty three national championships. He was a member of the 1972 and 76 Olympic teams and, about that time, a mentor to the young Greg Lemond. He got his hour record in 2009 (aged 61) but this was not the end of his career as he has won a number of significant vets' races since then. So it is quite clear this was no 'soft' record.

Although most of us would have been intimidated at the thought of attacking such a man's record, Rob was quietly confident. He had done some speed tests, ridden throughout the season to build up to this day, and bought the bike.

The bike was an off the peg modern track bike with the drop bars replaced by a time trial set up and geared 49 x 14, or 92.7" taking the wheel size to be 26.5". Wheels were a trispoke front and a disc rear, fitted with track tubulars. The machine was rigorously checked by a UCI official to ensure that the rider's position was legal, so the inspection involved a good deal of careful measurement. Apparently this is done to avoid anything approaching the so called 'superman' position, used in the past by Obree and Boardman, and thereby gaining an unfair advantage.



Photo: Chris Lovibond



Photo: Chris Lovibond

Checks and warm up completed, we were ready for the off. The machine was fitted into the complex looking starting gate, and just after 12.30 pm Rob was under way. A helper (Jeff Marshall) was positioned just past the start point with a watch and a red and green marker, with the task of informing the rider whether he was up or down on his schedule. Inevitably the first standing start lap was below the required speed, but the red indicator was quickly replaced by the green and this remained showing for the rest of the hour.

Rob was lapping just fast enough to accrue constant small gains and by the half way point he was 18 seconds up on the old record, nearly a lap since each circuit was taking just over 20 seconds. From this point the rider eased off until his lead had reduced to just under 10 seconds. This caused consternation among the

supporters at the trackside as we are all familiar with stories of riders suffering agonies in the closing stages of these attempts, so naturally we feared that our man was 'blowing' and would fail to make it. We needn't have worried; this slight variation from his metronomic progress was pre-planned. Rob had intended to start slightly fast in order to scoop up various intermediate records and then settle down to his main target, which had always been a modest improvement on the existing record – exactly the same technique he had used on his earlier club and VTTA records.

After finishing he commented: "You only ever know how fast you could have gone when you fail to get your record". His point was that an unsuccessful rider would have been going flat out to avoid failure, whereas the true recordman will have been riding to a schedule aimed at achieving the record, rather than going as fast as possible and risking blowing up. This is an insight into one successful record breaker's mind, but I suspect most of us would just go flat out and hope for the best.

It's worth noting that Rob Gilmour's racing career started with the Clarence Wheelers and so he was influenced by Alf Whiteway's philosophy of training and racing on low fixed gears. Although Rob is keen to point out that he always took Alf's advice with a pinch of salt he tells me that his first sub hour 25 (no tribars, remember) was 57.48 done on an 83" gear. The Clarence system developed many good riders and even now, decades after Alf's departure, ex- Clarence riders are still appearing high up in time trial results. Alf's most famous 'foal' is former World Champion and successful professional six day rider Tony Doyle.

Next summer Rob will have moved up to the 65-69 age band and so we may well see him in action again at Newport. The new target (43.742 kilometres) looks relatively soft by his standards and bearing in mind that the air pressure for this ride was relatively high (1031 millibars, normal UK range 980-1050), we really hope to see just how fast Rob Gilmour *can* go in 2016!

Footnote by Jeff Marshall

International Fame at last for Rob Gilmour?



Rob's name is shown on the Cycliste Internationale, World Masters current website together with a listing of all the masters age group record holders from age 30 to 100, so go to: <http://www.uci.ch/track/documents/> - click on 'Hommes / Men,' then scroll down (hit the 'more' button 7 times) to the heading 'Men- Best Performance', to see his name among riders from all around the world, together with their achievements, on velodromes including Carson (USA), Sydney (AUS), Aguascalientes (MEX), Saint-Quentin (FRA) as well as Manchester and Newport.

Of course you do not just rock up at the velodrome and go, there is much preparation to do, book the time/day at the track, book the UCI officials who will check that your bike is compliant with strict rules, ratify your distance if successful and test you afterwards, work out your schedule and how to indicate progress from the trackside, as you cannot have a computer on the bike etc etc. All this is not inexpensive of course.

Later this year Rob is planning to attack the 65-69 group record, again at Newport. The current record is held by Jan Brander of the Netherlands with a distance of 43.742km, set in 2012 at Manchester Velodrome. I certainly would not bet against his chances of beating it, would you?

When he does some of us will be there to support and help him; why not join us?

Your Hon. Pres.

My 'Magnificent Seven' best bits of a 1980s time trial bike (part 1)

Steve Kish reminisces

In the hope that there are enough readers out there to say 'ooh, I'd quite forgotten about these', I've wandered back in time and listed seven items that floated my boat in the ol' skool days when 'less was more', inspired by the fact that had the list been headed 'seven worst bits', the natural selection would have been my two legs, two arms, torso, head and bum! All before carbon fibre, disc wheels and U-bars were the accepted norm, of course.

In seventh place, I'd put the Omas titanium bottom bracket. Ti was quite new with only Omas and Royce being at the forefront but as well as a considerable weight saving, the sealed unit bearings and both cups being adjustable made this something that you could adjust and drool over at the same time. Fortunately the bearings were a standard size and local bearing suppliers could sell you these for a fraction of what you expected to pay – whoopee!

In sixth place is the tester bar tape of choice, good ol' Benotto tape. Shiny in appearance with all sorts of colours including pink, these were mostly ignored by real men who chose either white or black. Unfortunately the manufacturers (presumably in the Italian section of Mexico, where the stuff was made) slightly overlooked the fact that if you make three-coloured tape, once wrapped around the bars, at least one of the colours is hidden. Yet despite the stupid over-the-bar end plugs and the suggested sealing method of melting the ends with a match, the stuff did go on rather well, could easily be washed, re-used and surprisingly enough, despite the slippery look, did grip hands quite well – unless you applied your own pre-race embrocation and didn't wash your hands afterwards!

Fifth place must go to the Mavic CX18 rim, narrower than the standard ultra-light GEL280 but 30 gms heavier and much stronger. The 18mm profile meant that they were designed (of course) for 18mm tyres, usually Wolber but I ran mine for years with something that we'll mention later. Nice dark grey in colour, the road equivalent of these was the Mavic SSC, immensely strong, either red or grey and probably the strongest rims out there, even though the 'just over 400gms' weight tag made it more of a stage race rim than a tester's choice.

Fourth place goes to the Maillard Dural 6-speed block. Super light with a light brown tinge, both the body and the sprockets were made from Duraluminium, a heat-treated alloy of manganese, copper, magnesium and aluminium. With the glowing recommendation that the 'Hindenburg' went down in 1937 in flames with a lot of the framework made from this, Maillard pressed on to create what was probably the lightest multi-speed freewheel out there. Regular changes of chain were required to prevent tooth hooking but heaven help anybody who tried to strip one down more than a month after they had assembled it!

.. and so, into the medal position for the top three items exclusively (well almost!) in the next issue of 'The Quarter Wheeler'.

Coast to coast (C2C) Jeff Marshall reports

A September ride across Northern England; West to East, from St Bees on the Irish Sea to Tynemouth on the North Sea.

A long weekend in Cumbria/County Durham/Northumberland for Dave Howe, Gavin Kitchen and I in Sept 2014.

Our route from St Bees, the most westerly point in the North of England ran for just over 140 miles, over the northern edge of the Lake District, across the Eden Valley, and the beautiful but bleak northern Pennines, before dropping down to the post industrial landscape of the Northeast. The C2C route we chose to use consisted of a mix of specially constructed cycle paths, off road tracks, and some very minor roads. It negotiates two of the country's main mountain ranges, the UK's last wilderness area and includes some **very** serious climbs.



How we got there: The logistics, heavy cost and the fact that only two bikes were allowed on board put me off travelling by train. So, we went by car directly to our chosen start point at St Bees; a six hour, 350miles drive. We left on Friday morning, 5th Sept. at 7am from West End, where Dave picked up Gavin & I, finally arriving at St Bees by 1.30pm. After seeking the OK, Dave parked his car in the handy hotel car park. We got the bikes off the roof, changed into our kit and fitted our luggage. Going by car means leaving it at the start, so when you finish the ride at Tynemouth, the car is 140miles away, but we found a specialist taxi company that is set up to transport riders and bike back to the start; a 2.5 hrs ride towing the bikes on a specially made trailer.

Our Bikes: Dave used his Van Nicholas titanium hybrid with 35mm tyres, whilst Gavin & I used our Boardman mountain bikes, mine a carbon hardtail and Gavin's; an alloy, full suspension jobby. We travelled light and with three different arrangements. Dave with a small Topeak bag on a rear carrier and a small bar bag up front. Gavin used a carrier fixed around his seatpin and a drybag tied on to it; a bit ad hoc with elastic straps and lightweight rucksac. I used a front mounted luggage system made by 'Wildcat Gear' to carry an ultralight 8 litre drybag in front of the straight 'bars and a light rucksac.

Stage 1 ; St Bees to Keswick, Cumbria.

In 'uncumbrian' bright sunshine, after a photo in front of the St Bees Beach sign, (the tide was a long way out, so we did not dip our wheels in the sea) we embarked on the first stage of our journey which took us straight up the unexpectedly steep climb of the minor road out of St Bees. It was a real lungbuster and came as a shock to the system, after sitting in the car for hours. On the steepest part we breathlessly laboured past two ladies on horseback. If it had not been for them, I for one, would have eased up & climbed off for a 'breather'. But foolish pride drove us on toward Egremont and Cleator Moor on the old iron ore railroad cycle path to Frisington, Arlesdon, Rowrah, Lamplugh, then Waterend where, looking back, we got our last sight of the Irish Sea, and the first glimpse of the Lakes as we skirted Loweswater which appeared on our right. Very minor lanes took us through Thackthwaite and both Low and High Lorton, where we met the uphill slog to Whinlatter and the Pass where we took the forest track parallel to the B5292 as far as the Whinlatter Visitor Centre. From



here the route was proper 'off road' both rough and steep down to Thornthwaite. Gavin's full suspension came into its own here and he shot away from us. My hardtail was bucking like a bronco. Dave, with no susp. had to be really careful here. However, If you dared take your eyes off the track there were some great views of Bassenthwaite Lake off to our left.

We were in the heart of England's only mountain forest. It was a fine day and so possible to admire the highest peaks of Skiddaw off to our left and Helvellyn to our right. It was mostly downhill and through Portinscale to our destination the Twa Dogs Inn at Keswick which we reached after 32 miles at about 6.00pm.

We spent a convivial evening supping a few local ales, developing a taste for the Black Sheep Cask ale and tucking into a fulsome meal, followed by more Black Sheep before finally turning in.

Stage 2 ; Sat.6thSept. 'Over the top' 60+miles. Keswick to Rookhope.

Another beautiful Day dawned. After a full English, over which Gavin boldly decided to put his full suspension MTB to the test, by opting to tackle the nutters route, the 'Old Coach Road' via the 'Castlerigg Stone Circle' and the wild boulder strewn track across the fells and streams to Matterdale End, a tiny hamlet south of the A66, where Dave and I would rejoin him, we having opted to follow the old Keswick to Penrith railway line and the river Greta as far as Threlfeld, then Scales, before bearing left, North, along an ancient gated lane passing through various farmyards to Mungrisdale. From here we could look up left, West to admire the spectacular views of Blencathra and the fells. To our right the Helvellyn range of hills was clearly visible further away.

Just North of Mungrisdale we turned southish passing thro' Berrier to cross the A66 and South, to our rendezvous with

Gavin at Matterdale End. We arrived and waited in the sun for our mate 'fitboy' to arrive. He eventually emerged from a narrow track, muddy and knackered, together with a small group of French mountain bikers he had encountered. It was obvious they'd all had a really tough time, having forded among others, Mosedale Beck and Trout Beck and scaled boulders as big as a house (terrain that no coach could ever have crossed!)

After a brief respite, we regrouped and set off East, towards the looming Pennines along tiny lanes, via Thackthwaite, Sparket and Hutton on our way to the village of Greystoke, which has a church the size of a cathedral, but not much else other than the 3000 acre seat of the Howard family since the 1500's: no sign of 'Tarzan' though! Only 5 miles on was our lunch stop; Penrith, where we refuelled in the sunshine with an al fresco lunch of fish'n chips to prepare for the challenge of the northern Pennines and 'England's Last Wilderness' which lay ahead.

Refreshed, we crossed the Eden Valley, passing thro' Langwathby, where we picked up the oldest member of the French mountain biking group, who had been left alone by his younger mates and was pleased to tack onto us. He thanked us in heavily accented English for riding with him, telling us that he was SOOOO tired. There were plenty of ups and downs thro' Salkeld, Renwick, and Gamblesby. Then on the long hard ascent of Hartside Height at 1903 feet we lost our Gallic friend. At the last hairpin I stupidly followed Gav' up an incredibly steep, loose surfaced 'shortcut' across it, whilst Dave engaged his brain and stuck to the tarmac. We were well pleased to take a breather for a coffee at the popular motorbikers café at the top, the highest teashop in England, but saw no more of our old French friend. The 1000 ft. descent down to Alston, via Leadgate from here is a real cracker even though it had turned chilly, requiring windproof jackets to avoid uncontrollable shivering.

Our destination, the Rookhope Inn was still beyond the highest point on our C2C route, Black Hill, 1998ft. just beyond Nenthead and 6 miles before Allenheads. Both these old mining villages claim to be England's highest at 1640ft. above sea level and have a colder climate than Aberdeen! We paused at the North Pennine Cycles shop in Nenthead and after a steep climb, stopped at the top of Black Hill, and walked to the top of a grassy knoll to better appreciate the 360 degree view of the wilderness surrounding us. This wonderfully remote part was stunning. Unforgettable for me, nothing manmade as far as the eye could see. At Allenheads we could not resist a stop at the only pub, which was 'rammed' but we managed to cram into its warm interior for a much needed pint of 'Black Sheep', delicious! Out of Allenheads we faced our last serious climb of the day, up to Currick and, finally leaving Cumbria, crossed the border into Co. Durham.



From here our route was mostly downhill and we passed the iconic remains of an old ruined lead mine which presented a photo opportunity. Dave and Gav insisted that I should pose in front of it, remarking that it was unusual to get a shot of two worn out old relics at once! Uncalled for I thought..... From here we rolled down into the hamlet of Rookhope and were relieved to see the blessed Rookhope Inn, alongside the Rookhope Burn. It was a warm friendly pub, geared to our needs. Especially where beer is concerned, being recommended by the good beer guide, with a 5 star Cask Marque award. We were done for the day. **Well done!**

Stage 3; Sun 7th Sept. 'The Last Leg' 50+miles. Rookhope, Co Durham to Tynemouth, Northumbria.

After a leisurely breakfast, but with Gavin in fine fettle and impatient to be away and on towards his home turf, Newcastle, the seat of the Kitchen family for generations past! We could not dally long and so set off in fine weather, lined out on the exuberant Gav's wheel, to tackle the last leg of our crossing, starting with the last serious climb (only 500ft !) out of Rookhope, before the mostly flat/ downhill ride to the NE coast via Waskerly, across lovely heather moorland on the Waskerly Way, the route of an old railway from Rookhope to Consett, now converted to an excellent traffic free route for walkers and cyclists. At Consett our route passed into Northumbria around Shotley Bridge and took the scenic route to the 'Toon' along the Derwent Walk to Hamsterley Mill & Rowlands Gill, now through idyllic woodland and pastures and alongside the river Derwent. Only 20 miles to go from here and 17 of them traffic free! As we approached Blaydon and the Scotswood Bridge over the Tyne, Gavin's excitement knew no bounds, giving us an exultant rendition of the Blaydon Races song at full volume, as we crossed! On the North side of the river, heading East, we passed thro' a bit of an industrial stretch but were soon back beside the river heading into Newcastle, which according to my C2C guidebook is the most happening place in northern Europe (never mind England) and has been voted England's best short break destination! But we had no time to sample toon hospitality. The ride along the Quayside in bright sunshine was brilliant and to cap it all, as we approached the iconic Tyne Bridge the runners taking part in the Great North Run were passing across continuously. We had made good time on the excitable Gavin's wheel, so were able to sit for a while in the sun at a small Quayside bistro for coffee and watch as the race passed above us.

The rendezvous with our taxi back to St. Bees was at 2.30pm, so reluctantly we left the Quayside for the last few miles to Tynemouth, which were easy peasy. We had pre-arranged to share the 10 seater return taxi/trailer with another group of 6 riders who had started their crossing in Whitehaven, very close to St. Bees. They had not yet arrived, so we sat in the sun opposite the remains of the 2000 year old Benedictine priory and castle, which stood on a rocky headland overlooking the sea, until they and the taxi arrived. The driver swiftly mounted all the bikes on the purpose built trailer and we were off back to the West side and the Irish Sea. The driver told us we had been very lucky with the weather as he had in the past, collected riders soaked to the skin with hypothermia and yet others dehydrated and totally knackered. We arrived at St Bees at 6pm loaded the bikes on Dave's Car and headed home with Dave and Gavin sharing the driving. We were home again at midnight

What next? Well, there is the 'Reivers' crossing, the 'Hadrian's Wall' crossing, The 'Way of the Roses' crossing and, most interestingly, the 'Coast and Castles' Newcastle to Edinburgh. Watch this space.

Born to Ride Part two

Trevor Gilbert

A slight recap to part 1 when I wrote 'Not much to say about the years 1962 to 65, rode in dribs, all that effort and no BBAR, met Tina my first wife in 1961 and married in 1963.'

Enjoyed riding club runs, Tina joined the High Wycombe along with 3 or 4 other young couples and club life was very pleasant. With racing becoming less important, times got slower and training tailed off. Took part in only 5 events in 1965, racing stopped. Very little riding 1966 to 1968, read Cycling (no Weekly then) so knew what times, records etc were being done. Reading all about a fast man called Martyn Roach in 1968 who

became the first rider to win the BBAR at over 25mph with competition records at '100' miles and '12' hours. What is he riding on? Later I found out that it was a very large plate, piled high with mums' cooking and very, very large cups of coffee.

If I said anything about racing, Tina would say "why not have another go?". Having raced from 1953 to 1965; yes I broke some High Wycombe club records, but it was the disappointment of no BBAR certificate which put me off the most from having another go. Living in High Wycombe and working in London made riding to work (72 miles return) much too far. Going out training in the dark after work virtually left no leisure time. Having decided that, in 1961 I would have a go at the BBAR, I would give it my best, so from the 1st Jan 1961 I devoted all my time to that goal. It was out training in the dark 2 or 3 nights a week. No social life until October, nothing was going to get in the way, but no BBAR certificate, just did not have the DNA; had a bloody good try.

Life took a tragic turn in early 1969 when Tina died in a road accident. Life became very empty and to fill some of the hole I went out to some events. Friends were very kind, some even suggested I start racing again - you must be joking, I have tried that and the brick wall gives you headaches. I now lived in Shepperton and, not sure why, but one Monday in mid April I rode to work and back, 40 miles into a headwind with some rain on the ride home and was totally knackered. I tried again on the Friday, a nice spring day. Decided I would try Mon, Wed, Fri the next week and the plan worked well. For the next 18 years rode to work every day, except on icy days and after the odd night out after work.

Yes, I had the bike but the sprint rims were not fixed to the hubs, however, the whizz of board hard tubs up Pangbourne Lane got the better of me so I decided I would race again. The event would be after 2000 miles or the 1st July, whichever arrived first. Rims were fixed to hubs, not sure about the rules I made for myself. On 1st July I rode the High Wycombe evening '25' (I was still a member of the club) the course was West Wycombe, Princes Risborough, Thame and is probably just a little faster than Drift Rd. The target was 1-9-59. You can imagine my delight with 1-6-43. Rode 17 events altogether that year, did 25-45 in a Hounslow '10' on the Wraysbury Course, but the coup de grâce came in the last event of the season. On 29th Oct, Hillingdon CC '25' on my favourite course, Pangbourne Lane. did 1-01-43; only 78 secs short of a PB.

In my own little way I am back.

I joined the Feltham RC in 1970, mainly because I knew Dave Stalker from our teenage years. I was now 31, Dave is only four months younger than me. To say it became a dream season for me is not an exaggeration. At the start of the season I had never beaten 25 mph at any distance but by the end I had 6 and 10 PBs. The first sign that things were going well came on Easter Sunday in the Charlotteville '50'; did 2-07-14 which was only 17 secs short of a PB done on the same course 11 years earlier. Then came a bit of a surprise in the National '50' Championship based on a course near Jodrell Bank. It was a real 'round the houses' course containing main roads, short lengths of lane and very little dual carriageway. Not a course given to speed but I did 2-05-45 - a PB by 73 seconds. I then decided to try my luck on the fastest course around at the time; Boroughbridge on the A1 in Yorkshire. I phoned the organiser of the Pennine RC '50' to see if I had been accepted, with only a 2-5 it must have been close, with course and comp record of 1-47-34; but



Trevor riding the Southgate '10' on 7th Aug 1971

I was in. My thoughts before travelling to Yorkshire were that I would be happy with a 2-01 and over the moon with 2-00. The night before the event Dave Stalker and I rode about 4 miles up the course to the top of the Boroughbridge bypass, so I knew the final few miles. Come the morning it was warm sunny and there was virtually no wind...

Reached the turn at about 25 mph, at the top of the Boroughbridge Climb with about 4 miles to go and my wrist watch (no micro electronics then) showed just under 1-50. My thoughts were 'is the watch correct or I am I really going as fast as things look?' the last few miles are flat or slightly sloping downwards. Decided to throw caution to the wind ie head as low as safe riding allows and the biggest gear I can get over (had a top of 112) - think I used 104. The watch showed under 2 hours as I crossed the line, the result board told the truth at 1-58-42. Not sure I believe it (even in 2016), my first ride at over 25 mph and to put it in perspective I was 11 minutes behind the winner in 35th place. 48 beat 2 hours and 55 did PBs. I won 3rd handicap of £1.50; that will buy a lot of petrol! But to me it was my gold standard. As I said previously, when I came south in 1956 I was convinced I would beat the 'hour' one day, but never in a million years did I ever think of beating 2 hours. Driving to my parents I still felt I was flying over the tarmac.

After the event I went to stay with mum and dad (Long Sutton, Lincs) for a week. Put in plenty of miles; its only 5 weeks to the '12'. Mon did 40 miles with café stop, Tues' about 130 miles at a good pace of approximately 19 / 20 mph with 2 café stops, Wed morning 40 miles with café stop and that evening Wisbech Whs '10' 23-56 PB. Thurs am 40 miles with café stop and in the evening; Kings Lynn '10' 23-52 (PB). Fri' 60 miles Hunstanton & back with Deryck Gilham (an old racing mate) fish & chips for lunch. Sat' returned to the Boroughbridge course for the Yorkshire RC '100' hoping for another PB (entered with 4-25) to complete a set of 4 PBs for the week. Came unstuck when I punctured at around 56 miles, my CO² pump was empty, had used it in April, so DNF!

Three weeks later I returned to Boroughbridge to ride the Clifton CC '50'. To say it became a festival of speed is putting it mildly. 67 riders beat 2 hours and the top 13 all finished inside 1-50; without doubt the fastest '50' ever. It really was one of those mornings, no PB meant you had missed out. Even today the result would look reasonable. With John Watson, Clifton CC, starting no 80 and finishing in 1-43-46 breaking comp record by 3-48 it was all over. The Clifton set a comp team record of 5-20-40 beating their own record by 12-32. Jeff Marshall 2nd 1-46-05 and Hugh Smith 3rd 1-46-19 both beat the old record but started behind Watson so were not recognised as record holders. The same happened to the Hounslow, Rockingham CC.& Feltham RC teams all finishing after the Clifton set the new record. I improved to 1-56-17; a PB by 2-25 and, like most riders in the event, the times done that morning were never beaten. A true morning of speed.

After the event I went to my parents home to Lincolnshire. Virtually repeated same week as after the Pennine '50'. Did 23-37 and 23-30 in the local evening '10's, both PBs. Returned to Boroughbridge for the Yorkshire Century RC '100'. The course record was a 3-46 comp record, other comp records of 3-50 and Martyn Roach won his first National '100' with a comp record of 3-51-41 add the '50' record of the week before and it showed the speed potential of the course. Based on the 'A1' shaped like a 'P' starting at the bottom of the 'P' ride up to bottom of loop (15 miles) turn right round the loop to rejoin the 'A1' (39 miles) turn left down to start of 2nd loop (51 miles) turn left to complete 2nd lap of loop (74.6 miles) turn right onto 'A1' go south to finish point. Taking into account the fast times done the week before and a course record of 3-46. Assuming similar weather conditions and Watson obviously in superb form, I thought he was capable of taking 5 minutes off the record. As he beat me by 12-30 the week before, I was hoping for a 4-9 an improvement of 11 minutes - remember I had taken 10 minutes off my '50' already that year. Come the morning the weather looked set for another festival of speed. I left the timekeeper at 07.48, quickly settled in to good tempo 24 / 25 mph, things looked very good as I reached the start of 2nd loop (51 miles) in 2-03. Knew that from that point I would need to raise the effort slightly mile by mile if I was to reach the 'A1' (74.6 miles) on schedule, mission achieved, time 3-06/07 which put me 1 to 2 mins up. Now for the grandstand finish, 4-06/07 perhaps, result 4-20-12! Don't ask - was 31st with a PB by 5 minutes, so the morning was not wasted and I achieved 4 PBs in eight days. Perhaps it had something to do with the stiff headwind finish and high air pressure. The saving grace for me was finishing in the 25 to 30 minutes space behind Watson, part of the plan, he was about 11 minutes down on the record ride I thought he might do (obviously I had no idea what the man himself had in mind) being 11 minutes down on my target must rate A - . Hounslow's Martyn Roach, once King of the '100', twice Champion, Record Holder, first rider to do 10 sub 4 hours (13 in total) missed out, gives you some idea of hard it was.

Sunday 6th September - now for the big one, the National Championship '12' hours, course West of Reading. After 7 PBs the previous month and about 1340 miles, I approached the event with a fair amount of confidence. It was 8 years since I tried a '12' and a DNF no motivation. Last timed at 125 miles 5-46-05, keeping that speed would have got me 260 miles. Yes you can fall about laughing along with me, the reason for the DNF was stomach ache - something I suffered from now and then when racing; medical checks found nothing. The only comment I can make is that I must have been making a big effort to add a lot of miles to my 236 PB. I entered the West Suffolk Whs '12' on the last day of the BBAR season, I only need 206 miles to get a certificate, though it will be last place but better than not qualifying.

Also there is the mere matter of the first under the Hour '25', rode six '25's up to end of October. Greenford CC '25' 1-00-44, West London CA '25' 1-00-23 PB by 2 secs, Feltham RC '25' 1-02-49 club event, Maidenhead & Dist CC '25' 1-00-15 PB by 8 secs, Clarence Whs '25' 1-02-48, Hillingdon CC '25' 1-02-01. Except for the Feltham event all the '25's were on the Pangbourne Lane course. Still no '59' only 16secs short, there is always next year.

What happened to the West Suffolk Whs '12'? Started at 5-36am in the dark, a strange feeling when it was fully daylight was experienced, it felt like you were riding a second event. Everything was going well, reached the turn at Thetford 114 miles and started the ride back along the A1 towards Newmarket. I was about halfway up a long drag, when the left hand pedal broke away from of the crank (part of the crank was still attached to the pedal by the thread, although you could not

see any sign of a crack from the outside). Once it had snapped you could see dirt on the broken surface, a sure sign of an internal fracture caused when I had fallen off sometime. No spare bike, DNF, 116 miles in 5-18 a ride of over 250 miles looked possible. At the time I just sat on the side of the road and cried, my whole season has just collapsed due to something I had no control over. Never went to another '12' without a spare bike. It was about ten minutes before my helpers came looking for me, they were further along the road when it all went pear shaped, Jack my helper from my Wycombe days was there, I think he was nearly as upset as I was, went for a walk while Ian White (Weybridge Whs) helped prepare things for the journey home.

Another season finished, no under the Hour and no BBAR certificate were the minuses, the pluses were that it was the first year I achieved 25 mph and in six events! In addition the 10 PBs make it a season never to be forgotten and I was looking forward to 1971.

For the first time I was able to ride to work throughout the winter of 71/72 (200 miles a week) plus club runs. From 1st Jan training rides began. I should say this type of riding was general among serious riders. This gave me a very solid foundation hopefully to turn into speed as spring approached.

The first few events were pretty ordinary, apart from the Harliquins MM '25' west of Newbury. I was on scr — yes I wanted to win, my biggest fear being some rapidly improving youngster spoiling everything. The morning was wet, raw and cold with some rain and a strong headwind towards the finish - not ideal. I was 32 with over 300 events, 'good' I thought, with my experience the tougher it is, the better my chances. Object achieved, a bit slow at 1-02-39 but who cares its mine.

The Charlotteville '50' at Easter was an event best at 2-06-07. Next ride of note came in mid May and was the Feltham RC '25'. I was event sec, with only 70 entries I started three from the end so I could check everything was ok at the event and, if necessary I could DNS. The course was Pangbourne Lane, modified, cannot remember why, started close to the A4 and turned at the Newbury College. Everything was OK so I started; the first mile felt like I was riding through treacle, but suddenly everything changed, with the speed increasing I realised the ride I had spent 12 years looking for was on! I began to panic that I would puncture, sprinted over the motorway bridge (M4) crossed the line in 59-45. Not earth shattering but it felt like a gold medal to me, better late than never.

The next bit of speed (well my version) came in the Bon Amis '50', Pangbourne Lane on a perfect morning, warm, cloudless, virtually windless. Within a mile I realised the morning felt special, gear 104 (1 from the top) spinning with ease, conditions virtually equal whether going out or coming back. Crossed the line in 1-59-15, never dreamed of a sub 2 hours, not done on Boroughbridge or similar. As Martyn Roach said not too many riders can get within 3 minutes of their Boro' ride down PL - I was 2-55. Four days later South Bucks RC evening '25' Amersham to Aylesbury course, 59-33 a PB by 12 secs. Another nine days Southgate CC '10' on the Barnet bypass course, 22-30 PB and Feltham RC club record. Portsmouth CC '30' course near Emsworth, 1-14-08 not a lot of mph, a PB by 34secs. Third fastest '50' and 3 PBs within a month made it seem very much like last year.

Nearly '12' hour time; the week before the big one I rode Fulham Whs '50', Pangbourne Lane did 2-02-54, so speed OK. This is it — the Middlesex RC '12' hours, 12th Sept. With the results achieved so far and mileage covered I hoped to make the 250. The course covered roads to the west of Reading, 50 miles in 2-13-55 (4th), 100 miles 4-34-23 (4th). Everything looked good for the 250, but slowed in the afternoon, no pickup on the circuit, covered 246.68 miles, 3rd and a PB by 10 miles. By finishing 3rd (58 entries) it was my best placing in an open event ever, which is rather ironic as I never finished another '12'. The other side of the coin is what happened during the event. Vin Denson (the first British rider to win a stage of the Tour of Italy) rode and I was 4 mins up on him at 100 miles but he beat me by 4 miles to finish 2nd in 250.86 miles losing out to Ian Marshall by 0.13 miles who did 250.99 miles. But we were all lucky not to be one place lower; Dave Eldridge needed about 262 miles for a top 12 BBAR place and he led everyone until he stopped at 218 miles, so no BBAR place for him — don't know why he stopped.

Due to a broken new frame, badly brazed, in the Bath Road '100' when a 4-15 looked on, and only a 4-30 '100', I was desperate for a faster '100'. I had entered the Western TTA event on the Bristol Gloucester road a week after the '12'. Had worked out I needed 4-18-45 for a 23 mph BBAR place and it was a case of a PB or DNF — nothing else would do. Still feeling the effects of the '12' made for a slow start and at 47 miles things looked very bad. I was several minutes down on the mph required, then the bag of sand fell off! By 75 miles the 4-18 or faster looked on. But a front wheel puncture spoiled the plot; a quick change and the co2 pump worked this time. When I got back on the bike the legs were dead, think I would have been ok had I not stopped. Clocked in at 4-19-27 a PB by 45 secs but 42 secs too slow for the 23 mph.

One more chance next week, last day for the BBAR. I had entered the Brentwood RC '50' on the fast A12 in Essex. A 1-58 was required for the 23 mph. Did not rate my chances, tried as hard as I could but finished in 2-02-31.

My BBAR speed was 22.976 mph (52nd) and I was the first rider under 23 mph! It was the only year I qualified. With Bob Porter in 2nd place, plus me and Pete Long the Feltham RC were 3rd team. I thought we would get a team certificate for our effort, but no. When I enquired 'why no memento' I was told the RTTC could not afford to invite the team to champions night. I explained a team certificate was all I wanted. Even with todays much extended prize presentation the 3rd team are still left out in the cold. I have no problem with extra categories being honoured, more names on start sheets the better, 3rd in each class get an award but not 3rd team (they have to finish a '12'), why?

Finished off the season with four '25's of 1-00-36, 1-00-33, 1-01-18 & 1-01-21.

Now for a little rest and think about 1972.

MEET A MEMBER



Our 'Meet a Member' rider this issue is Antonio (Tony) Ambrosino.

52 year old Tony has been an avid cyclist since childhood and a Hounslow and District Wheelers member for over 10 years. To this day he remembers the first bike he ever owned - it was a navy blue Atila.

Growing up in Italy, he lived in a mountainous region on the outskirts of Naples where cycling was the main mode of transport for him. He told me that he fondly remembers racing up the mountains to visit his friends in nearby towns and took part in road races in the area as a teenager.

He took a short break from cycling to help his wife raise a family.

Tony decided to join the Hounslow & District Wheelers because it was local and the friendly atmosphere of the club was an additional reason for joining. He said 'Everyone was so welcoming, I have made some great friends here'.

He enjoys many different kinds of riding, including the weekly club runs every Sunday and catching up with other members. Apart from club runs, he likes to ride off road and enjoys taking part in track sessions as well.

I asked Tony which ride he remembers best and for what reason. Tony said "That's a really hard question to answer - every ride I have done is uniquely memorable. One particular ride that has stuck out for me is the Hounslow & District Wheelers 75 year Anniversary ride. It was an honour to ride with my fellow members and celebrate this important milestone for the Club's history. One particular highlight has been winning the Hounslow & District Wheelers 'Autumn 25' time trial in 2009 (handicap). In 2010 I received a Clubman trophy for which I came 2nd".

I asked Tony which bikes he rides. Tony said "What bike don't I ride should be a more fitting question! I have 17 bikes in total and I'm sure I have room in my collection for some more (much to my wife's disdain). Anyway, I am partial to riding my Bianchi C2C in the summer and a Condor in the winter. My single speed Raleigh is for commuting to work (and the odd club ride). At every opportunity, I restore bikes in my free time; consequently I have a private collection of customised bikes."

Tony told me that his favourite bike snack would have to be a flapjack. He especially enjoys tucking in to a homemade flapjack at the tea stop in Seale on a club run. And his favourite coffee / bacon sandwich stop? "My favourite coffee shop would have to be Chocolate theatre in Henley. The customer service is excellent and all the staff are very cyclist friendly - which is always a bonus!"



**Next Issue of the
Quarter Wheeler**

Introducing a new regular item: - The 'How to do it' section.

Starting with the basic 'Best Way to Fix a Puncture'

Please contact the editor if you would like to submit an article on this subject or would like to write something on bike maintenance for a future issue.

Discussion and comment on these topics will also be welcome and I am hoping this new item will be of interest to those who are relatively new to cycling as well as those who are just a bit mechanically challenged (like the editor)!

Please also keep the photos and/or articles of your cycling trips, races, tours and rides coming in, as well as articles on your bikes for our (semi) regular '**BIKE!**' section!

Suggestions and comments are always appreciated. Thank you - Ed!



ALL CHANGE IN EASTERN EUROPE

Intrepid tourer, Clive Williams, recalls his travels in Eastern Europe during 1990

Having enjoyed the company of friends and hosts on a circuit of the 'Golden Ring' in Russia, I now looked forward to a lone adventure through newly ex-communist Eastern Europe.

Gorbachov's 'perestroika' Russia did not feel inclined to intervene in the fall of the Berlin Wall or the collapse of communism in many former Soviet States. Europe was in a state of flux, and many people I met on the journey through Poland and East Germany seemed somewhat bemused by the situation they found themselves in. The German currency reform whereby the Deutschmark replaced the former Ostmark, had taken place on 1st July 1990, only three weeks before my arrival, and caused transitional hardship for many East Germans. It was an interesting time to be a traveller through that region as eyes were turned purposefully westward.

Berlin Express: Feminists would not have had a lot to complain about in Soviet Russia, unless they had ambitions for the higher echelons of the Party. Gender equality practices were decades ahead of the west, and I'm sure they didn't need to burn their bras to achieve that status.

So a thank you to Mr Lenin when I found myself sharing a two berth cabin with an attractive buxom East German girl, Gudrun, on boarding the Berlin Express from Moscow. Not only that, I could also take my bike into the cabin with me. The storage area had access from the cabin and spread over the outside corridor. I could fit my bike in without even taking out a wheel. Gudrun, who spoke fluent English, worked as an assistant to a professor at Dresden University. She had been on a bilateral project in China for which she had been given leave of absence and was on the last stage of her journey home having crossed Russia on the Trans-Siberian Railway. So! What do you do in that situation? An attractive young woman and an ageing, but still lusty man, sharing a cabin, with the whole night before them. Well you talk don't you. Which is what we did until the small hours. A hawk-eyed cabin attendant poking her head in the door every few minutes would have cramped our style anyway!

It was for me a real novelty to have a long discussion with a true communist believer who had had no exposure to any other type of political philosophy. All her plans for the future were contained within the warm embrace of the State. She would play her role but the State was always there as a fallback. Gudrun had brought her own food with her, so I left to go to the restaurant car for dinner. The carriage was full with a school party, but as soon as I appeared, obviously a westerner, the children were instructed to leave. I was astounded. There was enough room for me without anyone having to leave. Did the authorities believe that my presence would contaminate them? I was left alone in the restaurant. The food, when it arrived, was awful, but I felt obliged to make an effort because of the previous evacuation. They did not even try to charge western prices. The cost was the approximate rouble equivalent of eighteen pence! We managed a little sleep in the cabin, but our arrival at Brest in Belarus, on the border with Poland, meant a change of bogies from the Russian gauge to Polish gauge. This involved lifting the carriages by crane from the bogies, moving along a track to the next set of bogies and dropping the carriage on to the new bogies. This procedure took quite a while so we took the opportunity to have a reasonable breakfast in the station restaurant. Nobody was expelled while we ate!

Warsaw was quickly reached after we recommenced the journey. Gudrun was continuing to Berlin, so we made our farewells, arranging to meet up again when I reached Dresden, which lay on my cycling route. Hawk-eye was not invited!

Warsaw to Krakow: The train connection to Krakow allowed me some time to have a brief look at Warsaw. Totally destroyed during the 2nd World War, the city was moribund and seemed uncared for. Much rebuilding had taken place of course but without flair or creativity. The beer was good though! In the 25 years since that time I'm sure much restoration and enlightened development has transformed the city. The train to Krakow was crowded and since there was no storage for bikes I had to put mine in the corridor with me. It was awkward with people moving around, but everyone was pretty tolerant about it.

Krakow: I enquired at the station about accommodation and was directed to the local university where holiday B&Bs were available in the student quarters. Very useful it was too. My route through East Germany passed close to my sister-in-law's home, and I needed to let her know the date I would be visiting. No instant communication in those days. International calls had to be booked with waiting times of several hours. The bemused University admin managed to arrange this for me. Although Russian was the main second language at that time German was also widely spoken in Eastern Europe. Having lived in West Germany for several years in the 1960's I had no problem communicating in that language.

Not long before I left for this trip I had read Thomas Keneally's book 'Schindler's Ark' later filmed as 'Schindler's List'. The book had inspired me to start my journey in Krakow. I remembered the opening paragraph describing Schindler driving round the ring road outside the old city alongside the river, turning over the bridge past the University and into the Jewish quarter where he had his factory. I followed this route on my bike and ended up in a housing estate where the Jewish quarter had once been. There was however a monument to the Holocaust victims, so they were not entirely forgotten. There is also now a museum of Schindler's factory.

Krakow, the former capital of Poland, offers unending interest with its medieval city still virtually intact. In 1990 however it

The fall of the Berlin wall in 1989, shortly before Clive's journey



Photo: redpowermedia.wordpress.com

was empty. The Market Square had no buzzing restaurants, no market stalls, no traffic, not even many people walking about. But there was at least one thief on the prowl. Although I had locked up my bike securely, someone took a fancy to my pump. I spent half a day wandering around Krakow trying without success to find a pump which fitted the Presta valves on my bike. The Poles had a different system, so I thought that if I bought a local pump and inner tube I would be safe. There were pumps aplenty but no inner tubes, in spite of the fact that one of the biggest tyre factories in Poland lay just outside the city. So the next morning I set off for Dresden, a distance of several hundred miles, without a pump! I had fortunately fitted new 32mm tyres on my bike in preparation for the trip, so I was hopeful they would keep the flints at bay. Poland at that time had an antiquated but extensive rail network, and every time I crossed a railway line I made a mental note so that in the event of a punctures I could retrace to pick up a train – to where I had no idea, but it seemed the only option to me.

Auschwitz: The road I took to Auschwitz, some 60km distant, was probably not that taken by the prisoners toiling and frothing to Schindler's factory. I used minor roads through undulating country with sufficient small villages to provide sustenance. Auschwitz, when I arrived was something of an anti-climax. Communist Poland had done very little to develop the site as a memorial to the victims. The camp area was derelict with run down buildings and an unkempt open space, like an old factory that had been abandoned. But the iron entrance gates still spelt the same ironic message – 'Arbeit macht frei' (Work makes one free). Facilities for tourists were virtually non-existent. There was one small café whose owner, anticipating the floods of tourists to come, had big development plans. But I wonder if a lone visitor, with the site so forlorn and uncared for, could empathise more with the horrors that happened here, than the thousands emerging from their coaches to a fully developed memorial. Those thousands of course have good reason, whereas I was just a passing tourist.

Border Country: Not many frontier crossing points had at that time been reopened, and my preferred route stayed in Poland until the main crossing into East Germany at Gorlitz. On leaving my overnight stop at Rybnik my route followed a north-westerly direction, initially along the Czech border and then alongside Germany. The Czech/Polish border twists around a lot along this stretch, no doubt for good historical reasons, but over two long hot days I kept as straight a route as I could to Jelenia Gora, which was within striking distance of the Gorlitz crossing. In that heat I was drinking a lot and in the fairly remote area I was riding through it was sometimes difficult to replenish the water bottle. Water was often not drinkable quality, and on one occasion I remember drinking a bottle of fruit syrup straight from the bottle – and without being sick! I reached Bolkow on the second day, desperately hoping for somewhere to stay the night, but was directed on to Jelenia Gora a further 30km. The man who directed me was clearly someone of authority, almost certainly a former communist official. When I arrived at Jelenia Gora a man on the side of the road was obviously expecting me, and was applauding my arrival. Also when I reached the hotel I had been directed to, in spite of it being packed because of a public holiday, a room was waiting for me. My helper in Bolkow, even after the fall of communism, still had influence. He had been very interested in my journey plans, and was amazed to hear that I was cycling from Krakow to West Germany, on my own, across frontiers and without a travel pass. A new world for him. The following day I joined the holiday makers for a while. They were congregating at a lake area outside the town, so I managed a swim before continuing to Zgorzelec, my final resting place in Poland.

Dresden

My crossing of the River Neisse into Gorlitz and East Germany was of an informality that would have astounded my friend in Bolkow. Architecturally there was little difference from the area of Poland I had just passed through. For many years the area of Upper Silesia had been part of Germany and, particularly the town centres, still had strong German influence. For me at that stage, Dresden was the place I would be able to buy a Presta pump, thus relieving me of a lot of anxiety. Indeed it was the first thing I did on arrival after a 100km ride from the frontier. The tourist office found me a hotel close to the River Elbe and then, Presta armed, I set out to have a first look at the city, and what I found in large part was a cleared bomb site. A large area in front of the station had been obliterated. Reconstruction work had been undertaken in many areas of course. It was 45 years after the Allied bombing of the city after all. The Semper Opera House had been completed and reopened in 1985. There had been political impetus behind this, one of the first major buildings to be restored. The reopening was designed to coincide with the 40 year anniversary of the bombing. The wonderful Baroque masterpiece, the Zwinger Palace, was much damaged but its beauty and elegance were still strongly in evidence. The religious sites, under the communist regime, received scant attention. In particular the Frauenkirche had been left virtually as a bomb site. The Frauenkirche, although not the seat of a bishopric and thus not officially a cathedral, was the dominant religious structure in Dresden. No attempt at restoration had been made, and indeed at one point plans had been proposed to turn the site into a car park! Popular opposition fortunately stopped this abomination. It wasn't until three years after my visit that restoration work began. Huge sums were raised, principally by a scheme organised by the Dresdner Bank. The Golden Cross raised on the front of the dome was financed by 'the British people and the House of Windsor'. The Cross itself was made by a British blacksmith whose father was one of the pilots in the raid on the city! Finally consecrated in October 2005, the Frauenkirche still holds regular services in English – thus completing the circle of reconciliation.

I found a good restaurant in a newer part of the city to have my evening meal. It was very crowded and I was obliged to share a table with two men visiting from Bonn, still the capital of a reunited Germany. It was clear that one was the senior of the other. The junior partner was a keen cyclist and they both showed great interest in my trip to Russia and the journey I was currently making. The senior partner spoke excellent English and it turned out that they were from a government department in Bonn charged with the task of discussing and negotiating new working practices. It was a fascinating chat. They were quite open with me about the immensity of the task. The majority of manufacturing units in East Germany had suddenly lost their entire market. The Soviet bloc market had disappeared. The West wanted far higher technical standards than the East was used to or indeed capable of producing. Huge investment and retraining was imperative. Also attitudes had to change! Suspicion, obstinacy at being taken out of their comfort zone, lack of initiative and

incomprehension. This was what this advance party of Western capitalism was confronted with. I didn't envy them. They were going to put a lot of people out of work. Continuing my tour of the city the next day, I set out over appalling cobblestones to one of the suburbs of the city where my wife had spent her infancy and where her father had had his veterinary practice. The house was still there but under an ownership arranged by the Communist regime! At the start of the war my wife had been evacuated to her grandparents farm some 80km to the west – the next stage of my journey.

I later made contact with Gudrun. She still lived in student accommodation of a standard that must have tested her communist loyalties to the limit. She recommended reputedly the best restaurant in the area, located on top of a hill overlooking the city. Superb it was too, formerly patronised by top communist officials, prices were still modest by London standards. I don't think it took long for the penny to drop though! Gudrun was good company, clever and culturally experienced. A very pleasant interlude in my journey.

East to West

The direct route to Gossnitz, my next destination, where my wife had grown up, lay along a former major trading route westerly from Dresden, now a trunk road. I decided to avoid the main highway and map read my way through Altenburg. Altenburg had the worst cobbled streets I had ever experienced which pretty well did for my rear wheel. A further 20km brought me to my destination with Sigrid, my sister-in-law, anxiously waiting for me in the road, thinking I was lost. Sigrid still lived in the old 16th century farmhouse, run down after years of negligence – but now a listed building. She was the only one of the four girls who remained in East Germany. The others fled before the Wall was built. But Sigrid was unmarried and was running an old people's home, and she was unwilling to leave her charges. She told many stories of the war and aftermath. She remained in Dresden throughout the war, and at the end had started work as a secretary. On the first night of the bombing raid she had gone into town to meet a girl friend. They had taken shelter during the raid and went home unharmed when the trams started running. The next night they stayed at home. 650000 incendiary bombs were dropped causing a fire storm which completely destroyed the city. For Sigrid this was very sad – she loved her home city and was indeed a product of it. But no recriminations – at least not to me. She also explained how most of her family ended up in the West. Their father had started up his veterinary practice again after the war, but after the Communists took power in 1947, he was called into the Dresden HQ. Because of the number and variety of people he dealt with in his practice he was asked to become a stasi spy. They gave him 24 hours to make up his mind. He took the midnight train to the West! Eventually the rest of his family apart from Sigrid joined him.

End Game

I was nearing the end of my journey now, which was fortunate because of the state of my rear wheel – much battered and bruised by East German cobblestones. I continued westwards along the old trading route through Gera and Jena stopping for a while at the iconic German cultural centre, Weimar. Home of writer/poets Goethe and Schiller, the town has long been the focus of many leading poets, musicians and artists. The town also became the capital of Germany after the 1st World War when the so-called Weimar Republic was formed. At the time of my visit the centre of the town was a huge building site. Priority funding had clearly been allocated to restore what was almost certainly going to be one of East Germany's major tourist attractions.

From Weimar it was not far to Erfurt, my destination for that day. The tourist office was offering accommodation in private residences and I was sent to an apartment in an outer suburb of the town. The couple there were letting out their daughter's bedroom to tourists, sending her to stay with grandparents whenever they had a booking. By a happy chance the man of the house was a bike mechanic, and in the spirit of the times he had just set up his own bike repair business. We arranged for him to completely overhaul both of my wheels the next day, which meant an extra day in Erfurt. Erfurt has as important a place in history as does its neighbour Weimar, principally through its association with Martin Luther. Luther studied at the university and subsequently became a priest at St Mary's Cathedral. He moved to Wittenberg and famously pinned his theses of criticisms of the Catholic Church on his local church door. Thus was sparked the Reformation and a century later the 30 Year War when the Holy Roman Emperor attempted to close down the activities of the Reformed Churches. The medieval heart of the city has survived with its wooden structures and famous Kramer Bridge which also has wooden houses mostly occupied by artisans, built across the bridge. The Cathedral and St Severus Church stand side by side on a hill overlooking the old town, with starkly contrasting architectural styles. An abiding image which has become closely identified with the city.

On my way again with solidly sound round wheels and nicely pumped up tyres, I only had one more day's riding before me. Continuing along the trade route I passed through Gotha to Eisenach and the former frontier with West Germany. Time was running out for me. I needed to return home quickly, so here I picked up a train which eventually took me to Hamburg and the ferry home.

Journey's End

Impressions? The strongest feeling I had at the conclusion of my trip was one of privilege at having had the opportunity to undertake such a journey on the cusp of a change in the world order. The Russian trip had been made during a window of opportunity. Not possible with such freedom of movement a year earlier, nor a couple of years later. Poland hadn't really awakened to what was happening. The country was still being administered by the former communist officials – how could it be otherwise? East Germany had a wealthy big brother to help them on their way, and there was definitely an awareness and excitement – and apprehension – about the future, sparked at that stage by the currency reform. Also, within a few days I had visited Auschwitz, scene of mass murder by the Nazis – and others, and then a destroyed Dresden, former cultural capital of Europe. Overkill in my opinion – with possibly a touch of revenge?

But all in all, as in most trips, the most abiding impressions have to be of the people I met and the chats and conversations I had. The composite of a trip well spent.

Hounslow & District Wheelers Dinner and Prize Presentation 2016.

Chris Lovibond reports

Photos: Graham Davis and Jo Wells

Saturday, 20th February saw the Hounslow's 82nd Dinner and Prize Presentation. Club President Jeff Marshall was Master of Ceremonies and the Guest of Honour was the national time trial champion (The British Best All Rounder) Adam Topham, who presented the prizes.



The leading prize winners were

Club Best All Rounder Champion – Loz Wintergold.

Loz had an excellent year and achieved an average speed of 26.126 mph over the four distances of 25, 50, 100 miles and 12 hours, where he recorded the excellent distance of 275.81 miles. He is still full of enthusiasm for the 2016 season for which he plans a similar programme of events, although he hopes to include at least one Place to Place record attempt.



Adam & Loz



Adam & Jo

Ladies Club BAR Champion - Joanna Wells.

Jo recorded an average speed of 23.035 mph. She also won the Ladies Club Events Championship and most of the other ladies awards.

Men's Club Events Champion – Stuart Hewlins

Stuart is still a relative newcomer to the sport and has improved greatly during the past year; his average here was 25.086 mph. In addition to other prizes he was awarded a special medal for beating two hours for the first time as a veteran: he didn't just scrape inside the 120 minute barrier, but smashed it by recording 1.54.16. Stuart clearly has natural class as a bike rider, so the club hopes and expects to see great things from him in 2016.



Prang of the year for Nic and (right) with Adam



The Alban Trophy for the most meritorious long distance ride went to Neil Blundell.

This was awarded for his Cent Cols (100 Mountain Passes) ride in France. This involved covering nearly 1200 miles in ten days and included ten mountains each day.

Nic Stagg, a former club champion, took a number of lesser prizes this year, but his season was almost destroyed by a careless motorist who ran into him from behind while he was competing in a time trial in June. He showed great resilience by coming back to win the Club Hill Climb and the



Adam & Neil

Sporting 27 late in the season. Nic is another rider full of enthusiasm for the new season.

However, perhaps the most outstanding ride of the year came from **Rob Gilmour** who took the **Union Cycliste Internationale World Hour Record for the 60 – 64 year old age group** with a ride of 27.557 miles (44.349 kilometres). The previous holder of this age group record was the USA Olympian Kenny Fuller, who had an outstanding international cycling career, so this was no soft target. Rob is confident that he can achieve at least one more record at this level in 2016.

Prize presentations of this type were once almost universal in the cycling club world, but they are now almost an endangered species. For the Hounslow and District Wheelers with much to celebrate and eighty members and guests present to applaud the prize winners, this looks like one annual dinner which is likely to continue.



Adam & Rob

Hounslow & District Wheelers Autumn 25

20th September 2015 Report: Chris Lovibond

Nic Stagg proved once again that it is still possible to win time trials on fixed, even on the hilly West of Windsor course. He recorded 59.48, the only sub hour ride in an event that was blighted by temporary traffic lights.

Although Nic felt he should have been faster (don't time triallists always say this?) his ride should be seen in the light of his accident earlier in the year and the roadworks which hindered every rider.

Stuart Hewlins was a close second, just seventeen seconds outside the hour. His longstanding ambition to beat the hour on our tough club course was frustrated yet again by those road works, and we have no doubt that, given a clear run, he would have easily found those eighteen seconds that were wanting.

Halley Tullett took the first handicap award and was also fastest lady. Her actual time was 1.10.28 which, for a relative novice, shows promise and which we hope to see bear fruit in 2016.

In the Veterans' Standard Plus competition there was yet another example of the scratch winner taking the vets' prize. While everyone recognises the excellence of Nic's ride, it would be good to see the older vets getting a look in. It is noticeable that the oldest rider in this event was sixty four, significantly younger than we would have expected before the revision of the vets' standard tables.

The event was efficiently organised by Neil Ferrelly, Trevor Gilbert held the watch.

Result

Pos	Name	Club	Riders Time	Hcp	Hcp Time	Age	Vet Std	+or-
1	Nic Stagg	HDW	59:48	0.15	59:33	44	1:06:51	1st +7:03
2	Stuart Hewlins		1:00:17	1.15	59:02	44	1:06:51	3rd +6:34
3	Paul Holdsworth		1:01:28	1	1:00:28	51	1:08:14	2nd +6:48
4	Neil Blundell		01:05:41	8.30	2nd 57:11	52	1:08:26	+2:45
5	Robert Gilmour		1:06:13	2	1:04:13	64	1:11:36	+5:23
6	Brent Skinner		1:08:31	6.30	1:02:01	58	1:09:49	+1:18
7	Ian Tullett		1:08:55	10	3rd 58:55	56	1:09:19	+0:24
8	Hailey Tullett		1:10:28	14	1st 56:28	L42	1:12:36	+2:08
9	Mark Silver		1:12:45	12	1:00:45	55	1:09:05	-3:48

Other Rides

Ayrton Pope	In-Gear Quickvit	1 00 25
Jilly Blundell	Maidenhead & Dist	1 12 29

**Not tried time trialling?
Nic Stagg provides the
information to get started**



Evening '10's begin Thursday, 7th April.

Hounslow and District Wheelers promote a club evening ten every Thursday on CC83 (each course nation-wide has a unique code) starting on 7th April and running every Thursday evening until the last event on 25th August; you can enter on the start line. Start times vary due to the evening light but 19:00 is the norm. Anyone can ride; it's £3.00 for club members and £4 for non-club members (although a season ticket can be purchased (£20/£25). Under 18's will need written parental consent (£2 entry or £10 for season ticket). Each rider is given a number, pinned to their jersey/skin suit and sets off at 1 minute intervals. The course is based around the B386 and Valley End (near Chertsey), beginning at the triangle (corner of Stonehill Road and Holloway Hill) and criss-crossing the M3. Full details can be found on www.lwdc.org.uk.

Time trialling is the purest form of cycle sport. The idea of an individual time trial is to ride "alone and un-assisted" if you are caught by a rider you MUST NOT sit on (or draft). Road, (with or without aero clip-on bars), Time Trial and track bikes are permitted (a front brake and lock ring must be used if riding fixed). A flashing red rear light is a good idea as sections of the course are under heavy tree cover. A helmet is advisable.

Open events must be entered 14 days in advance using a CTT form or on-line, these are mainly at weekends.

Full details can be found on www.cyclingtimetrials.org.uk or in the CTT handbook (available for £9 from the website)

Further information of club events is given on page 19.



SPORTING '27' 2015

Pos	Name	Club	Time	1st Lap	2nd Lap
1	Nic Stagg	Hounslow & Dist Whs	1 04 59	21 13	43 07
2	Stuart Hewlins	Hounslow & Dist Whs	1 13 19	23 52	48 28
3	Robert Gilmour	Hounslow & Dist Whs	1 18 26	25 17	51 37
4	Joanna Wells	Hounslow & Dist Whs	1 02 49	30 25	finish after 2 laps
Other Rides					
	Ayrton Price	In-Gear Quickvik	1 05 07	21 11	43 01
	Martin Winter	Twickenham CC	1 10 01	22 44	46 07
	H Sandovat-Hquayo	Private Time Trialist	1 20 36	25 29	52 36
	Simon Kidd	Charlotteville CC	1 22 43	26 19	53 50

End of Season Results 2015

Evening 10s

6th August 2015

Wouter Sybrandy	HDW	22 37
Nic Stagg		23 48
James Cadman		25 00
Robert Gilmour		26 33
Richard Philip		26 50
Brent Skinner		27 17
Russ Wingfeild		28 03
Joanna Wells		28 32
Nigel Forward		29 05
Simon Wroxley		29 30
Kevin MacConville		30 47
Jill Bartlett		31 10

Other rides

Jake Hollins	Canyon	22 57
Liam Maybank	Twick'm	23 22
Andrew Rendell	Private	25 10
Ben Crossland	Private	25 14
Owen Turgoose	Foxhills	25 46
Tom Barnes	Kingston	26 11
Harrison Jeffries	U of Birm'	27 30
Emily Turgoose	Foxhills	31 31
James Lally	Viceroy's	33 07

13th August

Stuart Hewlins	HDW	23 59
Ian Tullett		26 24
Richard Philip		26 29
Robert Gilmour		26 33
Paul Holdsworth		26 43
Hayley Tullett		28 47
Russ Wingfield		29 00
Nigel Forward		29 23
Simon Wroxley		29 32
Joanna Wells		30 04

Other rides

Ayrton Price	IG Quickvit	23 59
Liam Maybank	Twick'm	24 00
Martin Winter	Twick'm	24 23
Ben Crossland	Private	24 34
Joel Crossland	Private	26 05
Harry Webb	RT 316	28 43
Helan Gravatt	Twick'm	28 57
Andy Adcroft	Private	30 56



Stuart Hewlins

HILL CLIMB

Pos	Name	Club	Time
01	Nic Stagg	HDW	1m 53.16s
02	Neil Blundell		1m 56.48s
03	Charlie Parker		1m 58.14s
04	Stuart Hewlins		2m 00.92s
05	Paul Holdsworth		2m 02.38s
06	Andrew Caldwell		2m 06.71s
07	Trevor Day		2m 15.53s
08	Brent Skinner		2m 18.69s
09	Luke Carter		2m 26.01s
10	Nigel Forward		2m 31.57s
11	Dave Howe		2m 33.37s
12	Robert Jones		2m 57.51s
13	Linda Williams		3m 00.21s
14	Kevin MacConville		3m 05.56s
Other Rides			
	J Richardson-Paige	Private	1m 39.40s
	Martin Winter	Twick'm	2m 05.50s
	Angela Abbut	Private	2m 22.94s
	Gillian Scott	Spin Divas	3m 17.18s

20th August

Wouter Sybrandy	HDW	22 21
Stuart Hewlins		23 25
Nic Stagg		23 49
Paul Holdsworth		24 24
James Cadman		25 09
Robert Gilmour		26 20
Ian Tullett		26 42
Hayley Tullett		27 57
Russ Wingfield		28 22
Nigel Forward		29 09
Joanna Wells		29 16
Simon Wroxley		29 33
Jill Bartlett		31 10

Other rides

Jake Hollins	Canyon	22 56
Liam Maybank	Twickenham	23 19
Ayrton Price	IG Quickvit	23 37
Martin Winter	Twickenham	24 32
Joel Crossland	Private	25 02
Ben Crossland	Private	25 23
Tom Smith	Thames T'bo	26 51
David Haywood	Private	26 55
Hugh Johnson	Charlotteville	27 36
Harrison Jefferies	U of Birm'm	27 43
Neil Johnson	Charlotteville	29 02
Michael Haywood	Private	31 56
Heather McCulloch	Twickenham	38 07

27th August

Stuart Hewlins	HDW	24 03
Nic Stagg		24 16
Ian Tullett		27 02
Hayley Tullett		27 38
Russ Wingfield		28 12
Simon Wroxley		29 22
Nigel Forward		29 28

Other rides

Ayrton Price	IG Quickvit	23 44
Andrew Randell	Private	24 06
Stephen Ralston	Lond'n Dy'o	24 27
Joel Crossland	Private	25 11
Clare C-Smith	Born to Bike	26 48
George Watkinson	Private	28 11
Ania Ruszkowski	B 2 P	36 18

**Evening 10's
begin again on
Thursday, 7th
April at 6:45 pm.**

HOUNSLOW & DISTRICT WHEELERS

RACING ACHIEVEMENTS 2015

British Best All-Rounder

Men	17th Loz Wintergold
'50'	1 50 38 27.117
'100'	3 47 55 26.325
'12'h	275.810 22.984
	76.427

ave 25.475 mph

Club Best All-Rounder

Men	1st Loz Wintergold	Ladies	1st Joanna Wells	2nd Jill Bartlett
'25'	54 12 27.675	'10'	25 02 23.968	25 04 23.936
'50'	1 50 38 27.584	'25'	1 05 01 23.071	1 06 15 22.642
'100'	3 47 55 26.325	'50'	2 15 57 22.067	2 17 52 21.760
'12'h	275.810 22.948		69.106	68.338
	104.532			

ave 26.133 mph

ave 23.035 mph

ave 22.779 mph

Club Veterans Best All-Rounder

<u>1st Loz Wintergold</u> age 51/'52				<u>2nd Robert Gilmour</u> age 63/'64				<u>3rd Paul Holdsworth</u> age 51			
	standard	Riders time			standard	riders time			standard	riders time	
'10'	26 50	20 25	+ 16 03		27 59	22 06	+ 14 45		26 50	22 04	+ 11 55
'25'	1 08 14	54 12	+ 14 02	*	1 11 36	56 34	+ 15 02		1 06 51	56 04	+ 12 10
'50'	2 20 27	1 50 38	+ 14 55	*	2 27 51	1 53 27	+ 17 12		2 17 26	1 53 46	+ 12 10
'100'	4 57 39	3 47 55	+ 17 26		5 13 43	4 22 18	+ 12 51		4 57 39	4 00 58	+ 14 10
Total Standard Time + 62 26				Total Standard Time + 59 50				Total Standard Time + 50 25			

4th Stuart Hewlins age 44

standard	riders time
'10'	26 18 21 16 +12 35
'25'	1 06 51 56 38 +10 13
'50'	2 17 26 1 54 16 +11 35
'100'	4 50 29 4 07 02 +10 52
Total Standard Time +45 15	

Club Events Championship

This Championship is restricted to rides achieved in the Club Events & IC 25 only

1st Stuart Hewlins	2nd Nic Stagg	3rd Paul Holdsworth	4th Robert Gilmour	5th Richard Philp
'25'	1 00 05 24.965	59 02 25.409	59 52 25.056	1 01 18 24.470
'25'	1 00 11 24.924	59 48 25.084	1 00 04 24.972	1 03 44 23.536
'10'	23 25 25.623	23 48 25.210	24 08 24.862	25 30 23.529
'10'	23 51 25.157	24 49 25.192	24 24 24.590	25 34 23.468
'10'	23 59 25.017	24 10 24.828	25 30 23.529	26 15 22.857
'10'	24 02 24.965	24 13 24.776	25 59 23.092	26 28 22.785
'10'	24 03 24.948	24 16 24.725	26 10 22.930	26 28 22.670
	175.599	175.224	169.031	163.351
	156.642			
ave 25.086 mph		ave 25.032 mph		ave 24.147 mph
				ave 23.307 mph
				ave 22.377 mph

6th Ian Tullett	7th Joanna Wells	8th Simon Wroxley	9th Jill Bartlett
'25'	1 08 01 22.053	1 12 41 20.638	1 13 31 20.404
'25'	1 08 55 21.765	1 13 03 20.534	1 19 19 18.912
'10'	26 24 22.727	27 07 22.127	28 34 21.004
'10'	26 42 22.472	28 32 21.038	29 05 20.630
'10'	26 55 22.291	28 31 21.040	29 16 20.501
'10'	27 02 22.195	28 34 21.004	29 22 20.431
'10'	27 10 22.086	28 58 20.713	29 30 20.330
	155.589	147.094	142.212
	139.845		
ave 22.227 mph		ave 21.013 mph	
		ave 20.316 mph	
		ave 19.978 mph	

Fastest Lady

Prize Winners Evening '10's

Fastest Rider	Wouter Sybrandy	22 11	Fastest Lady	Joanna Wells	27 07
Fastest Veteran	Stuart Hewlins	23 25	Veteran Best on Standard	Stuart Hewlins	+02 53
Fastest non Hounslow member	Martin Williamson	22 25	London Dynamo		

HOUNSLOW AND DISTRICT WHEELERS

Racing Calendar 2016

Open Events

Event	Date	Organiser	Email address	Closing date
Open '100' TT	Sunday, 29 th May	Trevor Gilbert	trevorgilbert2013@gmail.com	Tue, 17 th May
Open '25' TT	Sunday, 17 th July	Bruce McMichael	mcmichael.205@tesco.net	Tue, 5 th July

Entry for an Open Time Trial must be on a CTT entry form. See www.cyclingtimetrials.org.uk

Audax 'London Sightseer' 100km Wednesday, 22nd June and Sunday, 4th September

Entry on the correct form to Bill Carnaby, see Club Website for full details www.hounslowanddistrictwheelers.co.uk

Weekend TT Club Events

Event	Date	Start	Organiser	Email	Closing date
Good Friday '25'	Fri, 25 th Mar	9:00	Graham Davis	cycleman@ntlworld.com	Sun, 20 th Mar
Inter-club '25'	Sun, 8 th May	9:30	Jeff Marshall	jeffm41@gmail.com	Sun, 26 th Apr
Midsummer '25'	Sun, 19 th Jun	9:00	Peter Sprake	ptsprake@aol.com	Sun, 12 th Jun
Autumn '25'	Sun, 18 th Sep	9:30	Neil Ferrelly	ferrellyn@aol.com	Sun, 11 th Sep
Sporting '27'	Sat, 17 th Oct	2:00	Chris Lovibond	chrislovibond@gmail.com	Sun, 9 th Oct
Hill climb	Sun, 23 rd Oct	11:00	Trevor Gilbert	trevorgilbert2013@gmail.com	Entry at start

*Note: Chobham Common Circuit (course HCC 137) is used for the Circuit '18's (2 laps) and the Sporting '27' (3 laps).
Weekend '25's are on the West of Windsor course (HCC 001)
The Hill Climb is on Windsor Hill, Wooburn Green, Bucks. (Maidenhead / Beaconsfield) (course HHC 011)*

Thursday Evening '10' mile Club TT's Chobham Common Course (HCC 083)

7 th Apr	18:45	26 th May	18:50*	21 st Jul	19:00
14 th Apr	18:45	2 nd Jun	19:00	28 th Jul	19:00
21 st Apr	19:00	9 th Jun	19:00	4 th Aug	19:00
28 th Apr	19:00	16 th Jun	19:00 Circuit '18'	11 th Aug	19:00
5 th May	19:00	30 th Jun	19:00	18 th Aug	19:00
12 th May	19:00	7 th Jul	18:50*	25 th Aug	18:45
19 th May	19:00	14 th Jul	19:00		

Note: on the 26th May & 7th July the events are starting at 18.50 to avoid clashing with Surrey League events using the Accommodation Road circuit

Entry to these events is **at the start line**, so please arrive in plenty of time to sign on, priority to **Hounslow Members**.

Entry fees **Hounslow Members** £3 per event (£2 Under 18). Season Ticket £20 (£10 under 18), Entry fees **NON Hounslow Members** £4 per event (£2 Under 18) Season Ticket £25 (£10 under 18). Entry fees cover all events except Open Events. The Club strongly suggest you purchase a S/T it saves time when signing on, you do not have to remember to bring money and gives excellent value.

Any Problems

Please contact the event organiser and / or myself **Trevor Gilbert** Club Race Secretary & Timekeeper
tel 019 32 867724 mob 07787 797564 email trevorgilbert2013@gmail.com

Club members out and about



Midweek Christmas Dinner and Ride



Nic and Jo enjoying the winter warmth of Sarasota, Florida



Jill and Jo enjoying a mid ride cuppa



Mark and Jo are raising money for the Spinal Injuries Association

They will be cycling over 350 km from Budapest to Vienna for the Spinal Injuries Association because they are a fab charity for the spinally injured! If you would like to donate please go to: - <https://www.justgiving.com/MarkandJoJo> or search for Mark and Jo on the Justgiving website.



Left: Ron Jones & Right: Ian Chipman riding the Pennine Way



Your club committee

President
Jeff Marshall
Chairman
Jeff Marshall
Secretary
Bill Carnaby
Treasurer
Martyn Roach
Racing Secretary
Trevor Gilbert
Captain
Jeff Marshall
Vice Captain
Jo Wells
Membership Secretary
Graham Davis
Magazine Editor
Patsy Howe
Press Officer
Chris Lovibond
Member Representatives
Nic Staggs
Nigel Forward

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.

Next Issue

The next issue is due to be published in summer 2016

Please contact the editor with your contributions or suggestions.

It's your magazine!