



VELO GAZETTE

Published

Quarterly

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS CYCLING CLUB

President: F. Martin
Hon. Sec: E. Carpenter
Gazette Editor: C. Blank

EDITORIAL

In spite of a sun starved spring, we have had our usual intake of new members. Owing to this annual occurrence, the club continues to flourish.

Most new members register a marked preference for cycle racing. We would, however, like to spotlight the fact that there are many phases of the sport to appreciate and enjoy.

We hope you will sample Sunday club runs, and the Y.H.A. opens a wide horizon of home and overseas touring. Not forgetting the many social activities of this popular association and also within the club.

The organisation of our club is carried on by ordinary members serving on the committee, and by filling the many offices. Since the pleasure of shared endeavour and achievement is so much more satisfying than just sitting on the touch line, we hope that some of you will volunteer to fill some of the offices at our A.G.M. in November.

By doing this you will widen your own cycling interests and help to give the club a new lease of life.

Wedding Bells have rung for Ian and Margaret, Brian and Judy. We wish them every possible Happiness.

Before the next issue of "1066", John and Jessie, that extremely popular "HE and SHE" from Sidley, will be Mr. and Mrs. I know that all members and the many friends they have made in other clubs will join me in wishing them long life and happiness. C.B.

With an increased entry for our

OPEN 50

we shall need the services of every available member for marshalling

THE DATE - JULY 7th

THE SALE OF THE YEAR

Tandem with Bungalow attached

No fantastic offer refused

Contact Tony or Margaret and

join the queue at

99 PILOT ROAD, Hastings

After a hard training session why not relax with a good book?

e.g. "Eighty Years Awheel"

by J.H. Southerden.

President's Letter

My dear Members and Friends,

After a winter of fog, frost, snow and dangerous roads, we move into an English spring - every hour has brought new life for us to enjoy our cycling.

The racing section have already collected quite a number of various honours, and in a few weeks we shall have the clubs great day - THE OPEN 50 - when, I hope, all members will be ready to help in any way the EVENT SECRETARY wishes.

We are all proud of the racing section, but in this letter I would like to write a few words on the Touring Section's cycling.

As we ride out early in the morning, often soon after dawn has parted day from night, we meet a different world. The early dew is rising from the grass, birds begin their odd warblings and fragments of song until it increases into a torrent of joyful noise all over the countryside. You are hearing sounds beyond the power of man to create or even to silence. Flowers unfold to give brightness to the morning. Colours are never so bright nor the air so sweet as at the opening of day.

Next time you are out cycling take a few moments from that discussion regards the merits of the various multiple gears, or the person best of the racing men, and look for some of the marvels around you.

Does it seem out of place in this age of speed, **Sputniks**, and Moon Rockets to talk of listening and staring? Not to the touring cyclist! He is thankful to have the humble cycle on which even the FAST man can travel slowly enough to enjoy nature's wonders.

FRED MARTIN.

Last night the Hastings and St. Leonards Cycling Club held their 200th anniversary. The celebration took place at the traditional site of where the old Castle Hotel once stood, now occupied by the Astral.

The club is now the oldest cycling club in the country and has been for some 35 years.

There were many guests from all over the world as now the sport is considered unique. The 200th anniversary was a great attraction to all sportsmen, therefore the whole proceedings were televised in three dimensional colour by World Television and also relayed to the near Planets, which have been colonised this last 40 years since twenty thirty six.

May be the main reason for the recession of the cycling sport has been caused by the great changes which have taken place in mechanical engineering. By this I mean when this ancient club was founded by the mid-Victorians the driving power of the machine was applied by crank shaft and pedals fixed to the front wheel. Only 13 years later by the turn of the last century the drive became via a crank wheel, a chain and a sprocket fixed to the rear wheel; this was a very stable system, it was augmented by various methods of gearing, some fixed and some being selected while the rider was in motion. This system prevailed for well over 100 years until the joint discovery was made by Soviet and United States Engineering Research Centre of what is now known as the plasma drive which outmoded all other means of mechanical traction. The propulsion unit was provided by a pocket sized atomic motor. These engines from which streamed extremely high speed electrons, (which are called the plasma), were made to do all types of mechanical duties.

May be the final fall of cycling as we knew it took place as the first International Cosmonauts placed their feet on the planet Mars, for they soon

discovered that the population of Mars were not war-like as had been expected, but were ingenious engineers, so much in fact, that one Zino Brammer had invented in 1742 A.D. a device to make all materials weightless. This was made possible by reverse action known as antigravity. The formula was brought to our planet by flying saucer as early as 1947, but was only partly deciphered by 1964 so we had to wait until 1984 when we arrived on Mars.

These inventions needless to say provided a vehicle with noiseless propulsion, which during its time of motion never touched the ground. You can understand how out of place the cyclist was, in fact sheer hard labour for the twenty-first century lad who only works three days a week and then not manually. But now I am running away with myself.

The dinner last night was attended by a lot of people seeking excitement, but among the celebrities were a number of members that had joined the club at about the end of the last Great War, 1939-45. These, then young people, have since been fortunate to receive the first life prolonging drugs, hence after 150 years and last night they stood up to it very well. Beer is no longer brewed but tablets No. 334 were taken with vitalized water from Venus and toasts were made in honour of the founder members. Representatives of the Peoples Government were present as the club has long been financially supported as a past art. The age old art of cross toasting still exists and still vigourously contested - yes, the comradeship is still as strong with cyclists as ever although it is now not uncommon with all peoples. Putting it into a nut-shell, last night's dinner was a vastly different affair than that of the centenary of 1976, but the spirit was there.

That was yesterday, but today there took place a conventional club run. You will note that it is the 25th of Feb. but thanks to the Central Weather

Control, we no longer have to cope with winter, but now throughout the period of the old winter we now have a perpetual spring with a minimum temperature of 13 deg. cent. Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday are rest days, therefore we have no rain during the day, instead we have a slight damping at night.

The run consisted of 25 riders, the maximum permitted and started at 9a.m. international time. The route had been passed by the Central Committee of Transport. Six ancient machines were used with the once familiar tyres filled with air. The frame of the machine was constructed of a very heavy material, possibly a type of steel. Hand pumps were carried to reinflate the tyres from time to time. Braking was obtained by a crude friction system on the rims of the wheels, one machine was fitted with a gas lamp, using in its hey-day a compound of calcium now unobtainable.

In twenty seventy six a single rider could not be expected to ride these unwieldy machines all day, so the riders took the task in turn. The 19 other machines which are known as ucyclones are manufactured from metal that is imported from the hot planet, Mercury. The metal which is ten times lighter than aluminium is as hard as diamond steel. Braking is effected by an electromatic principle. One can determine the weight of the machine by Zino principle.

Our first call was the ancient town of Rye, no one now lives at this once hive of activity as the whole place is preserved as an historic example of ancient architecture. It has only altered slightly since 1900.

Alas, half of Romney Marsh has now gone, this wonderful part of England, this extremely romantic place was partly destroyed by man. Destruction came swift on the morning of the 4th October 1999 when an accident took place at the then out-of-date atomic power station, this was the

second serious explosion of this kind that took place in the twentieth Century. As a result of this unfortunate occurrence Brookland now stands on the water front and so does New Romney as it used to do before the Great Storm of 1187 A.D.

Our main objective for this run was to go to Canterbury to use the transducer. Let me explain, the transducer is an invention of the planet Jupiter. For many centuries now they have used this truly wonderful instrument. In short, the transducer is able to clothe the spirits of our long past friends in a material that is vibrating at a certain frequency that is acceptable to our perception. When we arrived at Canterbury we entered the large building that housed the transducer and were seated around in a somewhat circus fashion - we a circular space in the middle; there to behold in a few minutes we saw materialize before our very eyes most if not all of our old friends that had once enjoyed our game and had been members of our club. The proceeding might have lasted an eternity, but in fact only 15 seconds passed.

The joy into which our journey continued almost into Hastings was unimaginable, but alas, our six ancient machines were tiring us and as we descended into Hastings one of their front tyres burst - there was a terrible clatter - then all went black; I fell down, down, down, then bump, I had landed, yes, on the bedroom floor.

I lay there for a moment gazing up at the ceiling and wondering why I had so abruptly dropped into 1963.

C.R.S.

My 1,200 Miles Awheel in France

I cannot remember when first I thought about spending my holidays cycling abroad; it was probably browsing through travel books in the library. It seemed rather adventurous at first, since although I had spent some 70 days Youth Hostelling as a walker, the furthest I had ever been on my bicycle was Canterbury. By late June however it had become a serious proposition and I was reading travel books and making enquiries. I obtained both the International and French Hostel handbooks and a supply of booking cards. The latter make booking abroad even easier than booking in England for they are simple to fill in and one is not required to send money with them.

Having planned a route and my departure date I booked a flight on Silver City Airways from Lydd and started sending off to the French Hostels. I booked for the first 12 days, leaving the last week to chance, and all replies came back with reserved accommodation. As it happened I found later that it was quite unnecessary to book as all the Hostels were far from full. I believe though that it might have been necessary to book at some of the larger towns in July and early August.

As I had done little serious cycling to date I went on a few day rides and covered about 600 miles in the four weeks before I left.

I set off from home at 6.30a.m. on August 21st. My luggage was a minimum and filled a medium sized saddle bag and a small one across my handlebars. I arrived at Lydd in good time for the plane which left at 9.10a.m. I would advise anyone going across the

channel to travel by air and not by boat. The two pound extra is well worth it for a number of reasons, e.g., the air voyage is very much more comfortable than a sea voyage, ones bike is treated with the maximum of care, and the trip only takes 20 minutes. By 9.45a.m. I was on the roads of France and heading south through flat 'Pevensey' like countryside to Abbeville. I had soon got used to riding on the right, but not to the annoying habit of French car drivers to hoot at you however near you are to the kerb. Leaving Abbeville I took the wrong road for the first and last time on my trip, and found myself on the N35 instead of the N.I. With the aid of my Michaelin map I discovered a road leading back onto the N.I. which proved to be more of a rough track. I had bought eight Michaelin maps before I started but since most shops stock them and they are 9d cheaper in France, it is better to buy them over there. Once back on the right road I made good progress along the picturesque valley of the Somme to my first stop Amiens.

My first view of a French Youth Hostel was a shock. The hostel was the top storey of a derelict four-storey building. Sanitation was poor and although the dormitories were passable I was glad to leave the next morning and dreaded what might be in store at following hostels. After a tour of the magnificent Gothic Cathedral and the Picardy Museum I left this busy town with some relief having already had one encounter with a gendarme as I attempted to go the wrong way up a one-way street. Avoiding the busy N.16 I headed south to Beauvais along the undulating D210 against an annoying headwind. Beauvais is a charming town and contains many fine buildings including the famous cathedral. An interesting feature of the cathedral is the astronomical clock which is made of 90,000 pieces. The hostel at Beauvais was modern and comfortable and its only fault was that the warden was very fond of his bed which caused some delay in signing out the next morning.

From Beauvais I headed south again along minor roads passing through golden wheatfields. France is networked with these quiet little roads, such a contrast to the depressing Routes Nationales. I crossed the Seine at Meulan and followed the valley of the river Mauldre. After passing Rambouillet I became tired and thirsty, having cycled some ninety miles, and stopped to buy a cheap bottle of wine at a small village. Having rather foolishly drunk half of it on a nearly empty stomach I had some difficulty in preventing myself from falling off my cycle before I reached Chartres, my next stop.

The following morning I visited the cathedral whose world famous stained glass windows were the most beautiful I had seen. The days ride to Blois was uninteresting and I had to contend with drizzle and a headwind. The hostel at Blois was very like an English hostel and although the Warden was an ex-legion type I enjoyed my two nights stay there.

The next day dawned bright and I rode into Blois to see the chateau. It was the only chateau I visited to have an English speaking guide and he was quite a character. His English had such a strong French accent that the Americans could not understand him. He took great pleasure in describing the gory details of the murder of the Duke of Guire.

In the afternoon I crossed the Loire and cycled over to Chambord. This is one of the most magnificent of all chateaus with its maze of pinnacles, chimneys and bell-turrets on the terraces. It is surrounded by a vast park completely enclosed by 20 miles of walls. The conducted tour was unfortunately very brief, and I felt that it would take many more days to completely explore this vast building. I returned that evening to Blois.

it continued to be very hot for a week. It was only about 40 miles along the Loire to the town and so I took the rise slowly and stopped at Chaumont to see the chateau. On arrival in Town I was intrigued with a game of bowls which was being played on a rough clay court by the river. It was very unlike our own game, the bowls were aluminium and the players could throw them into the air. After sitting in the sun for an hour by the Loire I made my way out of the town to the hostel. This must be one of the finest in France, being newly built and holding some 180 people. It was also the first hostel I had been to at which meals were served, and although supper was 5/- it was excellent value in view of the price of food in France. One generally finds that large hostels are unfriendly, but here one quickly got to know people of many nationalities, and in the evening there was a sing-song.

The next days ride to Saumur was mainly on long, straight, undulating roads and I broke the monotony with a stop at the chateau of Azay-le-Rideau. This is a fairy tale palace with its spires and peaceful lake. At Saumur I was surprised to find only one other occupant in the hostel.

So ended my first week and indeed the first part of my holiday, since the next day I was to turn my back on the Loire and head south to Poitiers.

To be concluded in the next issue.

R.J.Hartzig.

MAP READING COMPETITION

You will note from your runs list that a map reading competition will take place on the 28th July.

As no race fixtures are announced for this week-end, there should be a good entry.

All entrants need is an Ordnance Survey one inch map, sheet No.184, very useful for years to come, and an entry form, price 1/-.

The competition will start after elevenses from Bodiam Castle.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

It has been decided to hold a photographic competition on the 27th October.

Now is the time to start thinking of those pictures. The light is good at this time of the year, and many will go far afield. Remember a good picture starts before the shutter is released.

The competition will be open to members of any cycling organization, and will be divided into two main groups - monochrome and colour.

Avoid harsh sunlight on buildings and large masses, especially where there are large areas of shadow.

If you are using a meter, be careful the sky does not give too high a reading. It is usually best to tilt the meter down a fraction. Those who do not possess a meter will be surprised how reliable the guide enclosed with the film can be. Cut it out and stick it inside your camera case.

Black and white entries must be half-plate size (approximately $6\frac{3}{4}$ " x $4\frac{1}{2}$ "), or if you have a square negative, between 4 and 6 inches square.

To get a nicely balanced picture, remember all the negative need not be enlarged. To improve the picture, it is best to leave out unwanted foreground, sky, or any blank or unnecessary matter either side.

The following subjects are open to competitors:-

Club Life
Landscape
Buildings
Pictorial

A maximum of 4 black and white or 6 colour slides may be submitted by any competitor.

This is our first attempt at holding an annual photographic display, and there is no reason why we should not have an interesting exhibition. Everyone takes photographs at some time or another.

Prizes will be awarded, and at the moment we have our eye on a personality well known in photographic circles to judge and comment.

Get shooting everybody, and look out for final details in the next issue of the Gazette.

STAN RUSSELL.

Almuneca, Espana,
March, 1963.

Dear Friends,

I write on a wave of homesickness for the green Sussex woods and twisting illogical Kent lanes that seem so far from the indigo sky and the cruel mountains of Spain. Not that I would change it, for the grass seems always greener on the other side, and a sudden pang for the tea and sympathy of a spring club run is countered by the excitement of a land where everyone has a very real struggle against nature, and results are all that is respected.

The world seems a smaller place than Sussex, at times, for in the time it takes Frank Colden to ride a 100 we had flown to Gibraltar, and were drinking our first Vino Muscatel in a bar in San Roque, in shirtsleeves.

We have had some storms and cool days, but the weather generally is two months ahead of England, and now we are basking in May-type sun with the temperature in the 70's. We have a 4-bedroom villa on the beach in Almuneca, a seaside town of Malaga, which clusters round a Phoenecian fortress pinnacled on one of the many headlands. The coast on either side alternates in bays and headlands like the Cornish coast, but the mountains at the back are high, 6,000 feet, and so the coast road climbs every headland, keeping close to the sea, in a series of hairpin bends which would do justice to the Tour. I brought my rusty iron with me and seem to be doing a fair amount of riding without trying too hard. There is only a mountain track inland from here, so I am limited to a coastal ride in either direction. Fifteen miles east is a town and port called Motril, where the main Granada road meets the sea, and to take this route inland is an experience as it climbs and descends a series of giant spurs until the stream which the road tries to follow finally gives up hope. Then there is a steady climb of 21 km. never steeper than one in ten, using tunnels, bridges, and narrow mountain ledges until the Puerto de Suspiro^{pass} is crossed, and the ancient Moorish capital of Andalusia, Granada, lies at your feet.

Successive waves of invaders have ravaged this coast from some long forgotten African negro tribe, through the Greek trading posts, Phoenician tower builders (Martello towers!), Visi-Goth emperors, Romans hunting for slaves, Carthaginians just passing through, Moors bringing Islamic civilization staying for 600 years, only being driven off by the conquistador spirit of the Golden Age in Spain, in 1500. And now the trading posts of every nation, English, American, Swedish, Swiss, German, Norwegian are spreading ^{north} from Gibraltar along the Costa del Sol, and south from Barcelona and the Costa Brava, trading hard currency for sunshine, cheap living and new hotels.

The standard of living and wages are higher than six years ago, but the people can no longer afford to retreat into their Catholic customs and Arabic lassitude, and bear the bemused incredulity of an African native presented with a Cadillac. But, as in France and Italy, they know how to run bike races.

The first race I saw was the 8-day Tour of Andalusia, notable for its large bunch sprints and dominated by the powerful KAS team, with Barrutia the final winner and King of the Mountains. KAS is a coffee firm, and, as in Italy, the professional teams are an odd collection of toothpaste, radio, wine and even kitchen utensil firms, each with an animated Latin directeur technician who fusses over his brood of riders like an old hen. The distances between big towns in southern Spain is so great that many of the longer stages would be mostly promenades if it were not for the idea of splitting the stages in half. Thus the last stage, which I saw, had begun in Granada, climbed the Suspiro and Black Cliff passes and came to Motril at noon. Here the young Granada rider who had taken a chance on the first col and kept a 2-minute lead into Motril was carefully timed in, as was the second man, one min. 50 secs. later, and the peloton 2 mins. 18 secs. down. At 3.30p.m. the race started on its second half, with the break-away first and the main group 2m.18s. later. I saw the young amateur honk up a long drag, accompanied by two motor cycles and a spare bike, to the cheers of a Sunday crowd crying, arriba gwupa (climb beauti-

fully) and similar exclamations. Two and a half minutes later came the bunch, having caught the second man, desperately lead by the leader, Barrutia, and eventually with 18 miles to go, the amateur was caught, all flat, but deserving of the £6 prize he took for the most aggressive rider.

Time trials are unheard of here, except as a sort of qualifying trial to join one of the sponsored clubs, here one having to average 40 k.p.h. to get in. There is not much amateur racing, but at Easter and in August each town has a free-for-all kermesse round the streets, and the butcher boys scream round on anything with two wheels. What they lack in bikes they make up for in keenness, and the one who can stay on longest amid the mules, dogs, cats, pedestrians, lorries and loose gravel which abound in every town is always the winner.

When I go for a modest ride, more to see the mountains than to keep fit, I get yelled at and encouraged on every hand. One has to look as if one is trying as cycle-touring is not known here. If I slow on a steep bend I have to suffer the embarrassment of being pushed by small boys, who not being able to read, never know whether its the Tour of Spain or just a training ride. Being two months ahead with climate and having gruelling climbs, sometimes 15 km. long, it is ideal country for training. Why not try it?

I should think that even Jack has only managed about 1,000 miles so far this year, mostly with snow chains and a plough in front! I believe the sun has been seen in parts of Britain this week, so perhaps tyres are being pumped up and chains oiled ready for an assault on the less accessible parts of ESCALAND. I suppose the brothers Chambers and Senor French will be fitting their special ice-proof 25 oz. tubs with steel hook treads, putting the baby's hot water bottle under the saddle and preparing to pound up the Col de Filsham Road amid the wildly cheering Convent children.

Perhaps, if your polar conditions remain, dear Fred can combine the opening run with the Christmas party, and all the races be forecast by a committee of experts, led by Esther, a la the football pools,

which should increase the popularity of the sport and not leave anyone crippled with stiffness for a week.

Send all my prizes back to their rightful owners as I am boozing and broiling in the sun, with no idea of pedalling faster than the average Spanish bus, which, with a coffee and wine stop ever 10 k.m. is pretty damn slow. The cloud which crossed the sun and reminded me of England has now passed over, so before I have the traditional bath in olive oil I will send you my best wishes for a happy season.

Your foreign correspondent,

John L. Davies.

CLUB RUNS FOR JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST

June 2nd

Scaynes Hill

London Road. 9.00. A.M.
Elevesens. Magham Down.
Tea. Ashburnham.

June 9th

Breakfast Run

Harrow. 6.30. A.M.
Breakfast. Flushingurst. Elevesens. Lenham.
Lunch. Herne Bay. Tea. Stone.

June 16th

"Tyred Tims" Run

London Road. 9.00. A.M.
Tea. Holland

June 23rd

Vice Captains Run

Harrow. 9.00. A.M.
Tea. Hawkhurst.

June 30th

Hastingsleigh

Harrow. 9.00. A.M.
Elevesens. New Romney.
Tea. Stone.

July 7th

OPEN 50

Kings Head. 5.45. A.M.
Bathing after event. Littlestone.
Tea. Littlestone.

July 14th Presidents Tea Run

Harrow. 9.00. A.M.
Tea. Battle.

July 21st Balcombe Lakes

London Road. 8.45. A.M.
Eleveses. Uckfield.
Tea. Holland.

July 28th Map Reading Competition

Harrow. 9.15. A.M.
Eleveses. Bodiam.
Tea. Bodiam.

Sunday August 4th
and Monday August 5th

Y. H. A. Tours

August 11th Club and Esca "12" Hour

Tea. Magham Down.

August 18th K. C. A. "12" Hour.

Bathing after event. Littlestone.
Tea. Littlestone.

August 25th Horsted Keyens

London Road. 9.00. A.M.
Eleveses. Ringmer.
Tea. Ashburnham.

From the T.T. Secretary

Looking through the time book it seems that times are slower so far this year than for the corresponding period last season. This is not surprising in view of the bitter weather which we had during January and February which virtually brought cycling to a standstill and made it impossible for anybody to train until the racing season had started.

However, Bob chalked up his first win in the Hard-riders 12 doing 36.31 on a cold, dry morning while some snow (and lots of grit) was still on the roads.

Paul also did a good ride of 39.37, but we lost the team prize to Eastbourne by 1.22.

We then had our moment of glory at the ESCA 25 when Andy Kirk, Scottish pursuit champion, rode in Hastings colours. Andy was staying in Hastings on business and joined our Club so that he could race while he was here. Unfortunately he caught 'flu a week before the ESCA event and spent several days in bed. He was far from fit on March 10th, but managed to win by nearly two minutes in 1.4.55 on a cold, hard morning.

Andy, Bob and Maurice won the team award clocking 3.24.22.

Esther also had her moment of glory on the same morning. When she finished in the ladies 10 the time-keeper said "23 minutes". After making sure that the watch was still going Fred went off to telephone the Olympic Selection Committee and somebody was heard

to say "Why, that is faster than B.B." "Oh, no" said Maurice, "I don't think she is as fast as Brigitte". It was then that a marshall came up to say that Esther had missed the turn and had only ridden 7 miles. Oh, Well, we still had Andy Kirk!

The following Sunday Bob, Maurice and Jack rode the Sussex C A 3 up team time trial (31 miles) and finished 4th in 1.27.0.

The 24th March saw Bob take second fastest in the K C A 25 clocking 1.4.52, only 30 seconds slower than the winning time.

The last Sunday in the month saw the Rye - Hythe - Rye, and the Junior 15. It was a bitterly cold morning with a howling north-easter, and Jack did well to clock 2.0.0 to win the senior event. Paul won the 15 in 43.53.

On the first Sunday in April our A Team won the ESCA 3 up $35\frac{3}{4}$ mile event - Bob, Martin and Jack clocking 1.35.4. This win was quite a tonic for Martin who needed just that sort of encouragement to help him get fit. Our B Team (Geoffrey, Paul and Peter) did not finish as Peter had a cold and could not get going.

While this had been going on Maurice had been among the barrow boys riding in the London East T A 25 clocking 1.12.4 and 1.15.25.

The 7th April also saw Esther take 3rd fastest and 1st handicap in the ESCA Ladies 10 doing 31.10 and 29.40. Good old Esther!

Bob, Jack and Maurice rode in the Long Valley 25 on Easter Sunday - Bob doing 1.5.27. The next day Esther rode another 10 clocking 31.51 in the K.C.A. event after losing 1.5 at the start.

On the 21st Jack did a good ride in the V.T.T.A. London 25 coming 6th in 1.8.34 nearly a minute faster than his London Valley effort and on the same day Bob won the Crawley C.C. Kermene (32 miles).

The racing season is now in full swing and with the warmer weather and everybody getting fitter we hope to see some good rides in time trials and road racing.

Tom.

BRONZE, SILVER and GOLD STANDARDS

SENIORS

	<u>25 Ml.</u>	<u>50 Ml.</u>	<u>100 Ml.</u>	<u>12 Hr.</u>
BZE	1h 6m 0s	2h 10m 0s	4h 40m 0s	220 ml.
SVR	1. 3. 0.	2 . 6 . 0	4 .30. 0	230 "
GLD	1 . 0 . 0	2 . 0 . 0	4 . 20 . 0	240 "

JUNIORS

	<u>10 Ml.</u>	<u>15 Ml.</u>	<u>25 Ml.</u>	<u>50 Ml.</u>
BZE	25m 30s	39m 30s	1h 8m 0s	2h 15m 0s
SVR	24 . 30	38 . 30	1 . 5 . 0	2 . 12 . 0
GLD	24 . 00	37 . 30	1 . 2 . 30	2 . 6 . 0

Seven days notice to Racing Sec:

Fees - 2/6 per event

or

10/- per annum All events considered.