



Keeping up with the Redmon Cycling Club

Editor's Comment

J A

Happy new year, and welcome to the first Redmon newsletter of 2020 and a bumper one it is too. This newsletter is twice the size of any previous edition and packed full of information. I do hope that you enjoy reading it.

2020 is going to be an exciting year for us. The first club event is not far away, on 30 April. Hopefully the weather will improve from the current round of storms and more members will come out and join us than last year. Don't forget as a Redmon rider you will get free entry! Details of the dates are later in the newsletter.

Let's try to make the club events really successful this year. Please do make sure that you all come out at least once. Perhaps we can get the Redmon rider numbers up into double figures again?

We are planning two open 10s this year both on our usual course the G10/42. The first, which is not far away on 9 May – road bikes, hub gears and TT bikes. The road bike event is part of a national series too! Our second 10 is in September: for solos and tandems. Hopefully, we will have some Redmon tandems competing. It's been a long time.

I plan to publish the next edition of the newsletter in April, so I will need contributions by around 20th April. Please help me as I don't have the time to write it all. If there is not enough material to fill the pages, it is not worth the effort. So, if you don't contribute, don't be surprised not to receive a copy. I need articles about cycling, club history, reminiscences, race reviews etc.

Many thanks to Jean Walsh for sending me some Redmon magazines from the 1950s! I was surprised to see they contain similar articles to the current newsletter; and did I laugh at the complaints made to the committee, time just repeats itself! It was interesting to read about my Dad: he broke a Redmon record on the tandem in the 50s which I never knew about. And more importantly: I now understand why he bought a 'Leader' bike. The magazine was called the 'Leader' presumably due to the club's relationship with Ted Woodall's business, Leader Cycles. Do any of the club's older members know any more? More about all this in the next issue...

In the meantime, please keep an eye on the [website](#), [Facebook](#) and [Twitter](#) because as always, the latest news will be there first. I have published many new articles on the website recently, with some old photos of Geoff's. Any racing results will be there first too.

Future of Redmon Competitions

J A

Now fewer Redmon members are racing and competing for the trophies, the committee has decided to simplify the annual competitions. We have approaching 40 trophies, which is just too many for a club of our size, and very time consuming for the committee.

So, for 2020 we are doing away with competitions that haven't been won for some time, and those for 'non-challenging' single events, such as fastest 25 miles. We will also no longer be awarding the (physical) trophies but awarding medals or similar. The existing trophies will be presented to the 2019 winners to keep. Details of the prize presentation will be announced soon, and will be informal in an agreed pub somewhere local.

The 2020 competitions will be:

- 10 miles champion
- Hill climb champion
- 185 miles
- Sporting courses
- Vets BAR
- Club BAR
- Club events
- Open events
- Evening series
- Vets Competition
- Randonnée
- Interclub
- 12 hours
- 24 hours

Full details of the events making these up are detailed later in the newsletter.



REDMONster – has mis-judged
some of those puddles

Redmon Club Events for 2020

D W

We let you know the good news in the last newsletter that the evening '10s' are running in 2020, and here is a reminder of the dates to encourage good attendance. And don't forget no entry fees for Redmon riders!

Date	Course	Distance
30-Apr-20	G10/42	10
07-May-20	G10/42	10
14-May-20	G10/42	10
21-May-20	GS/483	15
28-May-20	G10/42	10
04-Jun-20	GS/483	15
11-Jun-20	G10/42	10
18-Jun-20	GS/483	15
25-Jun-20	G10/42	10
02-Jul-20	GS/483	15
09-Jul-20	G10/42	10
16-Jul-20	G10/42	10
23-Jul-20	G10/42	10
30-Jul-20	G10/42	10
06-Aug-20	G10/42	10
13-Aug-20	GH/41	1120 yard

Derek needs the usual help, time keepers, pushers off, marshalls etc for the events to run and be successful. Please let him know if you can help as soon as possible.

All offers will be appreciated.

Mick Coward

C W

At the beginning of October, Joy and I drove to Whitehaven in the Lakes for our annual meet up with Joy's family.

On the return trip we thought that it would be nice to call in and see Mick Coward - he's not really on the way home, but it's not far off the route. He lives in Keighly, West Yorkshire.

We phoned Mick, who said it would be good to see us.

A smiling Mick opened the door to us, invited us in, and made us coffee. Mick is doing okay, but not as good as he would like. He is 83 now and has a heart problem which the NHS is a bit slow to fix. So he hasn't ridden his bike for two years. He has a mate who drives him about if there's any distance involved. I don't know if you remember his dog. But even he is showing his age a bit, poor old thing - just about pads around the house, but still a good companion.

Mick is okay, remembering the old Redmon members and Redmon times.

He is obviously frustrated that he can't ride his bike. He mentioned that ten years ago, at the age of 73, he did a 23 minute '10' and rightly proud of it.

He still has a lot of 80's and 90's bike stuff to get rid of, there is a list six sides of A4 long. If anyone would like a copy, please contact me. He also has copies of his book (a good read) still available. His phone number is 01535 661 278.

It was good to see Mick again.

2020 Trophy Competition Events

J A

Here are the events for the main 2020 competitions.

Sporting Courses Trophy

Kingston Wheelers	14m	GS/292A	09-Feb
Redhill CC	18m	GS/478	16-Feb
Sussex CA	25m	GS/145	01-Mar
Dorking CC	30m	GS/491	08-Mar
Southern Counties	21m	GS334	15-Mar
Southern Counties	10m	G10/46	21-Mar
Crawley Wheelers	42m	GS/196	10-Apr
Brighton Mitre	10m	G10/44	11-Apr
Southern Counties	10m	G10/41	16-May
Sussex CA	10m	G10/45	29-Aug
Sussex CA	25m	G25/49	31-Aug

Club Events Championship

Farnborough & Cam	10m	H10/8	14-Mar
Kingston Phoenix	10m	H10/42	04-Apr
Farnborough & Cam	25m	H25/8	18-Apr
East Sussex CA	10m	G10/87	25-Apr
Redmon CC	10m	G10/42	09-May
Charlotteville CC	50m	H50/8	10-May
Hounslow & District	100m	H100/8	24-May
Horsham CC	10m	G10/97	20-Jun
Reading CC	25m	H25/1	05-Jul
Newbury RC	15m	H15/1	19-Jul
Club Championship 10	10m	G10/42	23-Jul
Club Hill Climb	1120yd	GH41	13-Aug
Epsom	10m	H10/8	15-Aug
Newbury RC	25m	H25/1	16-Aug
Redmon CC	10m	G10/42	12-Sep

VETS Championship

VTTA (Surrey/Sussex)	10m	G10/87	18-Apr
VTTA National	10m	H10/3A	25-Apr
Lewes Wanders VTTA	30m	G30/88	31-May
East Sussex CA VTTA	50m	G50/90	14-Jun
Alton CC	10m	H10/8	20-Jun
VTTA Ldn+Home	10m	HCC178C	06-Aug
Bec CC	25m	G25/93	16-Aug
VTTA Ldn+Home	25m	G25/89	20-Sep
VTTA Ldn+Home	25m	H25/4	04-Oct
Redmon CC	10m	G10/42	12-Sep

May Open 10

JA

Our first open 10 for the season is on 9th May. There will be three events for road bikes, hub gears and TT bikes.

The road bike event is part of the 'Aerocoach' Road Bike series. Full details are on their [website](#), with the list of events and prizes. The rules are simple:

1. No aerobars, clip on bars or extensions can be used;
2. Hands must hold the handlebars whilst racing;
3. Wheels: min 12 spokes, max rim depth of 90mm;
4. Helmets must have no visor; and
5. Ears must not be covered by the helmet.

We hope being part of this national series will improve the size of the field, and we do want many Redmon riders to compete.

The 'Tin Can' event is a classic, and may even encourage young Mr Eccles out of retirement, on his classic Ephgrave!

So, Redmon riders why not get your entries in before its too late. There are only a few weeks to go, and it would be great if we could really make it a success. Perhaps a field of half a dozen Redmonites? I might even do the Road Bike event this year on my Dad's 1950s machine.

Of course, Richard will need all the usual helpers, so please keep the date free and let him know if you can help as soon as possible.

Lanterne Rouge

DE

The Last Man in the Tour de France - by Max Leonard

'Being Lanterne Rouge is about so many more things than being last...' This is what Max Leonard sets out to explain in this quirky but highly informed book. On the one hand it's a detailed account of some of the more curious facts and figures about riders who ended up being the last man on the General Classification, and on the other a philosophic examination of what 'losing', or for that matter, 'winning' really means. In between is a stream of anecdotes and commentary on this fascinating aspect of that great institution, the Tour de France.

It's not entirely clear when the award of an actual red lantern as a trophy was begun. The picture sections of the book show British rider Tony Hoar receiving a paper lantern in 1955, Gerhart Schönemaker with a road-menders lamp in 1979 and J Pfister with a tin can version back in 1927. As well as a bit of humour, some riders considered the award as an honour. Added to which there was on occasion a cash bonus – a bit like a 'prime' – usually offered by sponsors rather than the stuffy tour organisers. This made the last place worth actually fighting for, (J Moulidor back in 1920 earned almost as much in intermediate prizes as the eventual

yellow jersey.) But not as easy as it might sound, given that riders going for it had to make sure that they didn't get eliminated by the time cut for each stage. In 1980 Tour supremo Lévitán (worthy successor to the dictatorial Tour founder Henri Desgranges) was so incensed by the media-fuelled shenanigans at the back of the race that he imposed a short-lived rule which eliminated the last man within the 'cut' on any given stage! It didn't last long, since it merely had the effect of turning the tail of each stage into a 'Devil', each contender aiming to come in second last. Extremely difficult to manage in a TT stage, when the slowest on GC goes off first and has no idea what the best time is going to be.

If, as often has happened, the lead of the Tour is locked down by a powerful well-organised team protecting a star yellow jersey – think Armstrong and US Postal, or Froome and Sky – then the cameras will focus on the other jerseys, the sprinters, the climbers and even on occasion the humble lanterne rouge. So being associated with a 'loser' is not always a bad place for the sponsors to have their logo in front of the cameras. Schönbacher in '79 achieved this to maximum effect on the Champs Elysées when, having contrived the lanterne rouge position over the final stages, he then crowned the achievement by dismounting and walking his bike the last 100 metres to the end, where he kissed the finish line: what a showman.

Then there's the story, or should it be legend, of Abdelkadar Zaaf, the Algerian rider who collapsed from heat and exhaustion on the Languedoc/Provence stage of the 1951 Tour and was infamously revived with red wine by spectators, kind helpful folk who had failed to realise he was a teetotal Muslim. Or so the story goes; Leonard gives at least three versions of it. Whichever one is the true one, Zaaf went on to capitalise on the notoriety of his lanterne rouge position, even to the extent of appearing in advertisements for non-alcoholic tonic wine.

Or what of Jacky Durand, 'Dudu' to his many fans, master of the solo breakaway, that tactic so often doomed to failure, but which enlivens many a stage on an otherwise predictable Tour. Vélo magazine once published a 'Jackymètre' in its columns recording how many kms he had spent in front of the peleton. Dudu certainly earned his lanterne the hard way and deserved it as much as the combativity prize in 1999; continuing to race after going down twice on the slippery Passage du Gois causeway and having a team car run over his leg. Heroics in this line appear several times in the book. How about Iker Flores, lanterne in 2005 while suffering from hepatitis virus and a team manager calling him lazy. Courage of a different order was required by Pierre Matignon who 'lost' his lanterne

by attacking, and beating, the ferocious Eddy Merckx on the Puy de Dôme in 1969.

Then there is the doping which inevitably comes in for mention. Pierre Gaumont had not initially planned to go for the lanterne in 1997, but having overdone the EPO, it had the reverse effect of 'blocking' him with 3 kilos of extra weight through water retention and swollen legs feeling like lead. Getting the dose right was tricky we are told, Bjarne Riis had the nickname 'Monsieur 60%'. The Tour winner '97 was Jan Ullrich, say no more.

These anecdotes are possibly the best bits of the book, if one skims over the philosophical musings and the intense attention to detail (every LT in the history of the Tour is listed in an appendix). But the stats are sometimes revealing; the difference between the yellow jersey and the last man in terms of average speed is often less than 2kph. And getting the lanterne should not be seen as a failure: when Iker Flores was told dismissively by a journo that he was last he says, 'No, make no mistake, 200 came here, I am 120th.' Last place in the Tour is well ahead of abandoning it. And, hey, losing can be good for you. In our times when some kids get nothing but praise for whatever they do, may it not lead to a sense of entitlement and consequently [wise editorial insight] harder falls in later life?

Lanterne Rouge is published by Yellow Jersey Press (Penguin Random House) in paperback at £10.99

Ollie's Hour of Power!

JA

I don't know how many of you watch the GCN cycling show on the internet, or are inspired by some of their exploits. I certainly am. And if you don't watch the show, I do encourage you to look. It's better than what's on FreeView.

The Global Cycling Network is a specialist [YouTube](#) cycling channel presented by some great and well known cyclists. Their latest project was an attempt at Eddy Merckx's hour record using modern methods by the cycling journalist Oliver Bridgewood which took place on Monday 17th February.

Eddie and I were keen to see it, and were up early on the day to drive to Newport to watch the spectacle.

In 1972 the great cyclist Eddy Merckx went to ride the track in Mexico City to see how far he could go in one hour. He used a very light custom built Colnago bike, that would not be UCI legal today, and wore wool cycling kit with a leather helmet. He was very successful, in shattering the previous record with a staggering 49.431km.

Oliver wanted to see how far a mere mortal and an 'everyday' amateur cyclist could achieve using the latest technology, equipment and training techniques. His

carbon BMC track bike was equipped with two disc wheels, custom made AeroCoach aerobars and a riding position refined in the wind tunnel. His kit comprised a special custom fit skin suit made with Noprinz proprietary aero fabric also developed in the wind tunnel along with a Bell aero helmet.

Ollie's training was something else; and followed on Strava by many enthusiastic cyclists. He was coached by two of the 'Sufferfest' experts, one of whom has coached two previous attempts at this record: Evelyn Stevens and Rohan Dennis. I can only describe his workouts as brutal, although possibly Eddie might disagree with me!

The question was: could the expertise of today's sports science with power optimised workouts, yoga, mental toughness training, and modern technology help Oliver match (or beat) Merckx's record?

When we arrived, the car park was flooded thanks to Storm Dennis, and we had to wade into the velodrome! Not a great start – his mental toughness training would be put to good use. The excitement mounted as he warmed up and the time to the start approached.

Then at 10:00am he was off with the first tough lap on his high gearing, which I think was around 107". Once going he seemed to be maintaining steady laps of just over 18 second. There was a great crowd of supporters to cheer him on, and cheer and shout they did.



The target was 200 laps or thereabouts, and at ½ an hour he was a little short, but the plan was to start slowly and build up towards the end. As he got closer to the end, you could see the pain in his face, but impressively he held the same smooth aerodynamic position and steady pace for the whole hour. And for someone with only a little track experience he held the line pretty well. I certainly couldn't have done it.

With a few minutes to go at around 180 laps, the volume of the cheering and shouting in the velodrome became deafening – just like watching the 2012 Olympic time trial event. Quite an experience for Eddie and me too, which you don't often have the opportunity to witness.

And then it was over... I'll bet Ollie was glad – I can't begin to imagine the pain. He managed just over 190 laps, with a result of 47.593km, quite an effort, and an amazing distance. To put it in perspective he was just over one mile short of the 'greatest cyclist's' distance and *mind bogglingly only 400m* short of the current women's World record!

Well done to Ollie!

I'll put some links on the Redmon website when I have a spare moment for those of you that are interested seeing more. Meanwhile use these links:

[#SUFHourofpower](#) and [YouTube](#).

Geoff's Reminiscences: Two Ups & Grand Prix (part 2) **G G**

From my last article you may have gathered that I had a love for the paced and two up events.

When I got used to the way my pacer, Alan Steinle performed, Bill Ollis asked if me I would be interested in going over to France in the Autumn to ride a "Grand Prix"? My answer was, as you would expect yes.

In due course I received an invitation to ride the Ivry-le-Temple "Trophee le Municipalite Course Cycliste Internationale". The details were in French, which had to be translated; and it turned out to be a course of about 18 miles.

I contacted my pacer, and Alan was up for it. This would mean a long weekend away, so first and obviously I needed to get a long weekend pass from Brenda. Next - I needed a racing licence, which was no trouble. Then booking the ferry and accommodation near to the venue.

Bill Ollis and his pacer were going too, so we all met up late on Friday. Once in France - we all made our way down to the race HQ for the event. We signed on and got the details of the course for the Sunday's event, with the start sheet and details of the riders. There were riders from several European countries, Swiss, Italian, Dutch and Spanish, and of course French.

We found our digs, then had lunch. Next, we would do a dummy ride of the course for Sunday's event.

Sunday morning came around all too soon, and we had to collect our numbers and close by were drivers asking if you wanted a following car, which we accepted. This was so much different from racing in the UK, and also on closed roads.

Our starting time came up and we went up on to the starting ramp. Once up there our names were announced over the tannoy. Off we went and onwards through the French country closed roads. There were loads of people around the course giving you a cheer.

Finishing you went into a great hall where there was food and drink of all sorts. When everyone had finished the results were put up on a very large board as there were well over 120 pairs.



This wasn't the end of the event, as there was an evening dinner and prize presentation. The dinner was a grand event and wine in plenty.

The presentation of prizes was a grand event. The winners got a very large trophy each, then the size of the prizes got smaller, all pairs got a medal or small trophy. Alan and I were placed 37th and both got an award. It was a late finish before we went back to our digs.

In the morning we were up early for our return to the ferry and home after a great weekend.

Over the years from 1978 to 1990, I did seven of these Grand Prix and in some of the events were well known riders such as Joop Zoetemelk, Bossis, Walter Plankaert, Kneeteman and several more. I still have all my start and finish sheets from these events.

Something to look on and dream of the good old times I've had on two wheels.

A Change of Plan **P H**

"Don't worry if Plan A fails – there are 25 more letters in the alphabet". I recently saw this quotation in a magazine and thought it rather apt in the context of some personal experience the week beforehand.

My friend Geraldine and I travelled up to North Wales for a few days' holiday, for the third successive year staying at the delightful retreat centre of Trigonos, in the little village of Nantlle, a few miles inland from Caernarfon, and on the north-western edge of the Snowdonia National Park. It is a haven of spiritual peace and tranquillity, with wonderful spacious views across large gardens and open land down to the lake, with a majestic ridge of mountains which stretches behind it as far as the eye can see.

On our previous visits we had done a fair amount of walking in the area, as well as just relaxing in the

nurturing environment of the old house and its gardens. The question of whether to attempt climbing Snowdon itself had cropped up a couple of times: Geraldine had climbed it with a walking group ten years ago and commented that it nearly killed her.

And I had been up it fifty years ago on a family holiday. (I vaguely remember we went up the easy ascent, alongside the railway, and got away with it just wearing sandals.) I was not too bothered about repeating the experience, and, despite being fit from a great deal of regular cycling, was not in any way hardened to serious mountain walking.

We had thought in advance of this visit that maybe we would enjoy the scenery in an effortless way by taking a ride on the mountain railway. However, when we looked at the map to find out what would be involved, we realised that it would mean an extra round trip to Llanberis of about 40 miles by car to get to the starting point, not what was desirable after having already travelled 270 miles from Surrey to get to our holiday venue. (There are few direct roads to anywhere in the Welsh mountains.) A chance conversation with one of the guests at dinner on our second night there gave us some useful information on the subject.

He told us that, in this fine late spring weather, the train would be busy, and that the summit would be heaving with people. Also, the last time he was up there, it was swarming with large flies (perhaps a consequence of rubbish being left around by visitors.) So this seemed to be a further reason to abandon Plan A. However, he did mention that there was a route up the mountain, next to the South Snowdon station of the Welsh Highland Railway, beginning from the car park in the village of Rhyd Ddu, only four miles east of Nantlle. This sounded a useful compromise, and we thought it would be worthwhile to walk the lower slopes of Snowdon, have our picnic lunch and enjoy the views, before heading back when the going became significantly more difficult. It felt good to formulate a plan for tomorrow, ending our state of indecision.

We duly began our walk fairly early the next morning, in glorious sunny weather. The car park was filling up quickly, with some serious-looking walkers already on their way. They soon dispersed, and for a large part of the time we had the lower mountain slopes to ourselves. We had a few passing conversations with people, including a group of Americans from Seattle, and a local Welshman, already returning from the summit, who now does voluntary work as a mountain ranger and guide. He retired early, aged 52, from his office job with HSBC Bank, and is now far happier, and very fit. It seems he goes up the mountain most days, and he said there are 22 alternative routes (almost as many as the letters of the alphabet!) In winter the conditions can be severe: he recalled one occasion

when the temperature, factoring in the enormous wind chill, equated to minus 31 degrees C. At one point we were overtaken by a Yorkshire couple with a tiny, skinny white poodle, obviously intent on doing the whole climb. We felt sorry for the poor little dog, who didn't appear very happy, and wondered how his feet would cope with the rough terrain.

After a couple of hours of fairly leisurely walking, punctuated by regular stops to admire the view, we tackled a section of steeper and more demanding terrain across open mountainside, where there was no longer an obvious path, and several alternative scrambles emerged between great rocks and loose boulders. Just beyond here we found a grassy slope, and a suitable flat and nearly vertical rock to lean against – a perfect place to stop for lunch, before heading back home. We had probably climbed nearly halfway. At this point, Geraldine noticed that one of her boots was damaged, with the sole having parted company, and the heel flapping loose. She wasn't considering any further climbing anyway, but the part we had just traversed could now become a safety issue on the descent. I improvised by cutting off a section of the drawstring from my rucksack, and tying it around the toes of the offending boot, so that the sole would be unlikely to catch on anything.

We hadn't hitherto used walking poles for this trip, although I had brought a Leki stick with me in case needed, and it would now clearly be a useful accessory for Geraldine, who was intending to descend slowly and carefully. She suggested that I might like to attempt the summit on my own, and said she would be happy to wait for me at the car park. I hadn't seriously considered the option, but in this weather it did seem an opportunity not to be missed. From our picnic spot, the slope looked like an uninterrupted line to the summit, and I estimated it would take maybe half an hour – which soon proved to be woefully optimistic.

Mountain terrain can be very deceiving in this respect, and I was aware of the optical illusion of distance – sometimes the more one labours, the further away the destination looks! What I hadn't realised was that there was a hidden chasm, where the narrow and rough path follows a horseshoe shape, with a near precipice on both sides (the Bwlch Main).

A good head for heights was needed, and it was inadvisable to look sideways too much. I would not be keen to be up there in a gale. I questioned my sanity at least a couple of times.

Such was the gradient that my breathing and heart rate were seriously tested (a good cardiovascular workout, I thought, as useful training for forthcoming cycle races.)

As I neared the summit, and the route became more congested with walkers in both directions, it became

necessary to pick my path ever more carefully. I noticed the white poodle on his way down, looking happier than before, and his owner commented that he was more sure-footed than the humans on the tricky descent. (I noticed that the nails on his paws were quite long and curved.) At the age of ten and a half, he was clearly a seasoned campaigner!

Finally, reaching the summit an hour and ten minutes from our picnic spot, I took some photographs to record the event, looked at the fantastic views – even the mainland of Ireland was visible – and then began the descent without delay. Although it was less busy than feared, I had no wish to hang around, and the uninviting cafe resembled a hideous concrete military bunker. Thankfully, I didn't notice swarms of flies, but I did find some time later that my shirt was peppered for a while with very small ones. It had occurred to me while climbing that the date, May 15th, marked the hundredth anniversary of my father's birth, which seemed a fitting tribute and celebration.

I had realised, not long after setting off from our lunch spot, that the sole of one of my walking shoes had become unstuck, and was also flapping loose. I decided to continue regardless, but was extra mindful of every footstep, even more so on the descent, which took nearly as long, back to that point, as the climb. Obviously Snowdon has a way of testing footwear to destruction! By now I was suffering from some very sore muscles, and regretted not having walking poles, but despite this finished the last two miles of gentler descent in a little over half an hour. My feet survived unscathed, with no blisters.

Back at the car park, I found that Geraldine had had a relaxing time, and had enjoyed some interesting company and conversations. A fellow walker had noticed the repair on her ailing boot, and, after driving off, re-appeared a few moments later, saying he had remembered that in the back of his car he had a spare pair of stout shoes which he never used, and she would be very welcome to have them. What kindness, from a complete stranger!

We also re-connected with the couple and their poodle – a feisty little chap called Benjamin.

It was endearing to see him by now curled up, fast asleep on the front seat of their smart red Volkswagen Beetle, worn out from the day's effort.

Needless to say, we took the following day of our holiday very easily, and spent most of it quietly relaxing at Trigonos. Just to ease the muscles, we took a short and gentle afternoon walk on the flattest local terrain we could find. Perhaps the moral from this story would be: always be willing to modify your plans in the light of circumstances, and to act spontaneously in the

moment. Thus, unexpected and fulfilling results can sometimes be achieved.

2019 Trophy Winners

C B

Sporting Courses (Points)

- 1st Chris Brewer 17
- 2nd Eddie Allen 12
- 3rd John McGlashan 11

Evening Series (Points)

- 1st Eddie Allen 100
- 2nd Peter Horsfield 65
- 3rd John Allen 61

Open Events Shield (Number of events)

- 1st Peter Horsfield 16
- 2nd John McGlashan 14

New Vets Trophy (Points)

- 1st John Allen 17
- 2nd John McGlashan 6

Handicap Trophy (Points)

No Handicap in place this season

Club Events Championship (Points)

- 1st John Allen 33
- 2nd John McGlashan 29
- 2nd Peter Horsfield 29

Championship 10 (Fastest Time) - Handicap Medals

- 1st Eddie Allen
- 2nd John McGlashan
- 3rd Tony Tuohy

25 Mile Trophy (Fastest Time)

- 1st Eddie Allen

30 Mile Trophy (Fastest Time)

- 1st Peter Horsfield

50 Mile Trophy (Fastest Time)

- 1st Eddie Allen

100 Mile Trophy (Fastest Time)

- 1st Peter Horsfield

12hr Trophy (Farthest Distance)

No claims for 2019

Ladies 10 Mile Trophy (Fastest Time)

No claims

Hill Climb Championships (Fastest Time)

- 1st Eddie Allen
- 2nd John Allen
- 3rd Peter Horsfield

Marshals Trophy

Geoff Goat

Track Cup

No claims

185 Bar (Avg MPH)

1st Peter Horsfield

Vets Bar (greatest VTTA plus over 25, 50, 100 miles)

1st Peter Horsfield

Club Bar (best mph over 25m, 50m, 100m and 12 hr)

No claims for 2019

Randonneur Trophy (Mileage)

1st Mike Wakeley

Interclub Trophy

Not Raced 2019

Maurice Hens Trophy

No claims

Bert Lowe Trophy

(award to the club member who has done the most to enhance the name of the club)

Derek Wardle for the evening TT events

2019 AGM

JA

The Redmon Annual General Meeting took place on Saturday 9th November, at Walliswood Village Hall. 16 club members turned out on the day, with two apologies. We had a nice chat with tea, coffee and cakes.

The committee has remained basically the same, but as you know Eddie Allen resigned as Club General Secretary, due to relocation. Fortunately, Richard Hoskin has agreed to take on those responsibilities and Clive Walton was voted in to fill the vacancy on the committee.

Herne Hill

DE

This is rather alarming out-take from yesterday's news email from the Friends of Herne Hill Velodrome, Apparently, they have plans to use a grant of money from Rapha to: *"build washroom facilities in the middle of the track..."*

Won't it be tricky having to move out of your line to avoid people taking showers in the home straight, or worse still on the banking? Crazy? What do you think?

Important Change of CTT Regulation

JA

All time triallists note that the CTT have changed the rules to make the use of a rear light compulsory in all events: this includes our Redmon club events too.

This is not a rule for disqualification, it means that you will not be allowed to start an event without a rear light, so make sure you have one in your kit bag. No rear light, no ride!

Website

JA

As mentioned in the editorial, the website is the place to look for the latest news about the club.

I am still working on the archives, but as and when new articles and information is available it will be on the website first.

The racing results of the 2020 club events (evening 10s and opens) will be reported regularly, as last year. It is the easiest and fastest way to publish the times – so keep an eye out!

As I have previously said, hopefully it is easier to use. But please, if you have any ideas and suggestions to be included on it, or notice any mistakes or typos, let me know.

Diary Dates

01-Mar-20	Spoco comp event: Sussex CA 25m
14-Mar-20	Club comp event: F&C 10m
25-Apr-20	Vets comp event: VTTA National 10m
30-Apr-20	First club evening 10 for 2020
09-May-20	Early season Open 10
12-Sep-20	Late season Open 10

Contributions and Views to the Editor?

JA

Please email your articles, letters or news items to news.letter@redmoncc.co.uk, or post to: 15 Ellis Avenue, Onslow Village, Guildford, Surrey, GU2 7SR. Email is preferable, to avoid retying.

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