



Keeping up with the Redmon Cycling Club

Editor's Comment

J A

Strange times. Whilst the lock down has now been eased, and the cycling governing bodies have allowed racing to recommence, unfortunately the rules for running events under 'Covid19' are very onerous. It is just too much for our small club to comply with, so we won't be running any events this year.

Sad news. For that are unaware, long time club member 'Jack' Jackson sadly passed away at the beginning of June. Redmon club members and cycling friends went to pay their last respects at his funeral a few weeks ago.

As announced in the February newsletter, we are simplifying club competitions and will no longer be awarding the trophies. Any trophies won last year will be presented to the winners to keep if they wish. Richard has given full details regarding the remaining club trophies later in this newsletter.

I plan to publish the next quarterly newsletter in October, so I need your contributions by around 20th October. Please make the effort with an article about cycling, club history, your reminiscences or race reviews. If each member sent me just a paragraph or two, there would be enough to keep the newsletter interesting for the next few issues. Please email your articles, or post to me at 15 Ellis Avenue, Onslow Village, Guildford, Surrey, GU2 7SR.

Redmon Club Events

D W

In the current situation the committee have had to consider all potential risks involved in running the club events this year, bearing in mind many club members are in higher risk categories and sadly all evening time trials are cancelled until 2021. Plenty of time to train then ...

If any club members wish to compete in club events Kingston Wheelers are running their series on Wednesday evenings. You will have to enter the week's event by the previous Monday evening using their on-line entry form. Full details are on our [Facebook](#) page.

Redmon September Open 10

R H

I have decided to cancel our Club Open 10 planned for 12 September 2020 on the G10/42. I realise that this is disappointing news but our club relies on an aging and unfortunately shrinking group of members and friends

to help with these events so on health and safety grounds I am not prepared to put anyone at risk.

I have also been confronted with daunting lists of guidance and advice by CTT which doesn't help.

If social distancing rules are relaxed, I plan to organise two Club Open events next year, early May to include road bikes and hub gears and early September to include tandems.

2020 Season Racing Report

J A

I reported in the last issue the two pre-lock down racing results and have just been looking at the CTT results website: I can see that one Redmon rider has started racing again! Good for Peter Horsfield. His results are:

25-Jul	Addiscombe G10/42	28:06
26-Jul	Sussex CA G30/91	1:29:35

So, we have two contenders for the competitions...

Club Kit Shop

J A

I know that there are a few club members who fancy some new club kit, if not for racing, then for social riding and training. Unfortunately, the demand is not sufficient to place a club order, so I have asked Impsport to set up (reintroduce) the club shop. You will then be able to order directly from them through their website. I will advise when this has been done through the club [Facebook](#) page and [website](#).



REDMONster – wishes everyone
kept to the 2-metre rule

Club Trophies

R H

The Club currently owns 33 trophies, many have not been awarded for years. As our Club is unfortunately declining, 30 paid up members at the time of writing, it is an appropriate time to rationalise our collection. All the trophies are listed below in two separate groups.

The Club is indebted to Mick and Della Deen who have for many years looked after our trophies, arranging their maintenance, cleaning and engraving. If any member would like to take over the care of our trophies, they are most welcome though I doubt that there will be any volunteers. Trophies can be collected from my home or by other arrangement

Group 1.

These trophies have recently been awarded to members in the last two seasons. The winners of these trophies may keep them permanently and have them engraved at the Club's expense.

The Club Events Shield	2019: J Allen
The 185 Trophy	2019: P Horsfield
12 Hour Trophy	
Vets BAR Trophy	2019: P Horsfield
100 mile Trophy	2019: P Horsfield
BAR Trophy	
(New) Vets trophy	2019: J Allen
Hill Climb Trophy	2019: E Allen
Randonneur Trophy	2019: M Wakely
30 mile Cup	2019: P Horsfield
The Bert Lowe Trophy	2019: D Wardle
Sporting Courses Trophy	2019: C Brewer
50 mile Cup	2019: E Allen
25 mile Cup	2019: E Allen
Open Events Shield	2019: P Horsfield
10 mile Championship Trophy	2019: E Allen
The Marshall's Trophy	2019: G Goat
The Jack Hatton Open 10 Memorial Cup	2013
The Triers Cup	2017
The Jim Burrow Memorial Tandem Trophy	2014

Group 2.

These are old trophies from defunct Redmon events, The Hilly 73 for example. These trophies will be given to any member who is interested in owning one.

The Pat Wright Memorial Trophy

KPRC/Redmon Interclub Shield	2016
London to Brighton TT	1991
Hilly 73 Cup	No plinth
Ted Lees Memorial Trophy – fastest 25 on std	2015
The Gwent Cup, aka Sutton Benger	1990
The Junior BAR	2011: E Allen
Junior 25 Cup	2011: E Allen
Kentish Wheelers 25 Novices Cup	1999
Cyclo Cross Trophy	no plinth
10 mile Handicap Series	2016: C Brewer
The Marge and Bill Griffiths (Grand Prix de Gents Cup)	2014
The Maurice Hens Tankard	2016: M Deen

Geoff's Reminiscences

G G

Reading about Peter Horsfield's experience on Mt Snowden in the last issue of the Redmon Newsletter, reminded me of the problems, and disaster when I attempted to climb Spain's highest mountain on the mainland. My first attempt was a failure.

On tour, I stayed at a B & B in the town of Orgiva, after paying my bill, I packed my bike ready for the climb. The winding road passes up through typical white Spanish villages of Paqueira Gorge and Pampaneira in the Valle de Lecrin.

I now pass into Las Alpujarras and start the climb of the lower slopes up through Bubion. The next habitation is the small town of Capileira at 4849 feet, set into the side of a steep mountain.



The real metalled road has now virtually come to an end, and going starts to get hard, its rough gravel, stones and dusty. I can see snow on the higher ridges. In places where its really rough, I have to walk and push my bike.

I meet a guy on a mountain bike and we exchange greetings and what we are about. Hel tells me that there is snow ahead and he says its doubtful if I will get very far, but I press on hopeful.

My luck runs out at just over 9,000 feet, when I have been climbing for five hours. A couple in a car stop and

tell me the way ahead is blocked. I'm not a happy bunny. The clouds are rolling in and the weather looks to be getting grim and a mist is descending, soon I am in thick fog. It's time to start winding my way back down. I meet other people on their way up and advise them of the situation and conditions.

Getting down I need to find digs and plan my way ahead.

Just like Peter with Snowdon, there is always another day, if you can stand it, I will tell it in the next quarter.

Goodbye Jack

R H

Cecil Albert Jackson. 5 August 1928 to 9 June 2020.

Commonly known by his friends, family and Clubmates as "Jack"

Jack's funeral took place at Randall's Park Crematorium on Monday 29th June 2020 at 12.30 pm. Eric Palmer, Clive Walton and I arrived at Randall's on our bikes at 12.25 to find that the service had already started.

There was a good turnout of bikes and Redmon kit, Jon, Wendy and Luke Frost, Ed Clarke and Alistair Lang. William and Guy Pearson and Wilf Sinclair arrived on their bikes.

We all stood outside the Crematorium tent. There were about 20 people inside who were relatives, friends and neighbours. We didn't hear that much of the service from the outside. It included a hymn, "Morning has Broken" two readings, a Tribute from Jack's nephew Paul and The Lord's Prayer. There was no Jazz or Big Band music - pity as I thought that Jack was a fan.

After the Service we walked around the side of the building and chatted at a social distance. I was able to speak to Jack's widow Betty to say how much we will miss him at Club events as he was such a loyal supporter of the club for so many years. I will miss seeing Jack's cheery face at our Club and Open events, he was there to marshal, usually at Beare Green or Rusper or to help at our Open events.

As Jim Walsh said, "The thing about Jack is that he's always there."

Bodging

D E

There was once an old geezer with a few old bicycles who lived in a south London suburb. We'll call him Mr B.B. for now, (that's not Mr 'Bottom Bracket' but rather Mr 'Bike Bodger'). The neighbours came to notice him fiddling with the machines from time to time and were inclined to bring their mechanical problems to ask advice despite the fact that he professed to know nothing, more especially if the problem involved disc brakes, power shifters or anything remotely modern.

Problems came in all sorts, but here are a few of the common ones:

Punctures, of course. The simplest puncture isn't a puncture at all. 'Are you sure it's a flat?' he would ask. 'Oh yes, I've tried pumping it but nothing happens.' Well, trying to pump a presta valve with a connector meant for schrader valves is sort of hard work. Less simple were the more serious punctures where the entire inner tube has somehow been wound round the cogs of the gear cluster and tightly finished off with two or three granny knots. Or the rare business of a tyre bursting because the brake blocks have been coming on the sidewall of the tyre, instead of the rim. Perhaps the ultimate puncture was presented by a young lady who turned up on the doorstep with a completely naked back wheel, claiming to have ridden the last three miles on the rim; Mr B.B. didn't enquire as to the fate of the tyre, inner tube or rim-tape.

Occasionally the same puncture might return, years later, like a lost homing pigeon. An old acquaintance might be recognised by a curious existing patch of French origin or the (possibly) unique B.B. method of fixing a bust rim-tape with gaffer tape. Often paternalistic advice might need to be given on the inadvisability of having a 26 x 1¹/₄ tube in a fat 700 x 40 tyre.

Wheels, now: 'Oh please, something is rubbing somewhere and the thing seems to be much harder to pedal nowadays.' Alas he couldn't do much with a seriously pretzeled wheel, but if it only required replacing less than a dozen broken spokes and a bit of basic trueing then the applicant could usually be satisfied. Sometimes the rescue would be less obvious: a machine buried in a garden hedge with a good third if its front wheel sunk in the soil needed a bit of rust removal, most seriously around the bearings which might be solid. But then new cones, balls and fresh grease and we're back on the road.

'Something rubbing' was very often the tiresome business of brakes (when they weren't lacking, that is). 'Ah, squeak a bit do they?' he might say, observing that while the starboard block was happily aligned with the wheel, that on the portside was pointing up to the sky. Or possibly one of the callipers, at 25° ahem, was in need of heaving with the big screwdriver to get it in line again. Sometimes he found that easy magic could be performed by simply re-hooking that funny curved tube thingy that v-brakes have, 'It'll work better now I think' he'd remark, trying not to sound smug.

Gears, oh dear, not a strong point. Mr B.B. might sometimes be asked why they weren't changing very well, with an inclination to revert into top. When a cursory glance revealed a broken cable the solution would be simple. 'There, you'll be able to get up the hills now.' And when the chain had been moved off the

block to get stuck against the frame he could usually adjust that, but those were the limits. With a hub-gear however his little eyes would light up and the would-be customer would find theirs rapidly glazing over as lengthy explanations ensued, usually on the simple adjustment of the toggle-chain (the what?)

Then the business of the bars not being quite the right height. Amazement that the stem could be raised or lowered; Horror when the large coal-hammer is produced; Shock when the half pint of rusty water hits the pavement. (Well, if you must leave it outside in all weathers...) Ditto for the seat-post of course, though advice on sore bums was not so readily dispensed: nothing much he could do about a broken saddle rail.

The bottom bracket was to be avoided too. Though once, in response to a worry about the cranks wobbling a little bit – that is to say, a misalignment of 45° at each pedal-stroke – he did dismantle the whole caboodle, starting with those intractable monsters, the cotter pins – to discover a very nasty compound fracture of the axle. The two halves were only engaged by the jaggedness of the break. (Aren't bikes wonderful, the lady owner was still riding it.)

Mr Bike Bodger usually drew the line at sourcing bikes for people. Though once he was commissioned to finding an 'un-stealable' bike, a thing as everyone knows which does not exist – unicorns are a pound a dozen by comparison. Despite which, and working on the principal that the more grotty the thing looks, the less attractive it would be to naughty boys, he obtained a heap of such decrepitude as would nearly meet the criteria. It even had a generous growth of moss on the non-moving parts. Which was of course retained. Cunningly concealed within its carapace of rust and ancient filth was a reasonably functioning bicycle. Despite rarely being locked the machine lasted many years un-stolen, until the sad day when the totters took it away by mistake.

Mr B.B. lives in the faint hopes that one day someone will appear with a rare and beautiful classic lightweight, wanting to be rid of it because they don't like the colour. Mrs B.B. is of the opinion that if he bothered to charge people every time (for what would be £50 plus in a shop), he could have had a brand new Pinarello by now. Or a decent fortnight's holiday in Palermo for her.

(Afterword: by Mrs B.B. who says she is always hopeful that the curtain of 30 wheels which hide her store of jam will one day evaporate on to some of these bikes.)

Letter from Jean

J W

While taking my dog Jack out for a walk one morning, I was surprised by the shout of "Up the Redmon"!

I turned around and a guy wearing cycling gear, cycled over to me and said he had been a regular customer in the cycle shop, Jim had bought a few years ago (it was George Reeds) well known, off the Kingston-by-pass.

I worked there for some time, and would often see riders going to Richmond Park for training, and on their way back would call into the shop for me to make them a cup of tea, or two cups!

As we know cyclists never train, "just out for a potter" they would come out with. Of course Richmond Park is ideal for any sort of riding, and good for getting the miles in without too many cars. So being a generous soul, I gave him the club details. With a loud bark from my dog, Jack, he went on his way and said I may join the Redmon one day. Wooff! On yer bike I said!

Recent Memories

I wonder when we shall go back to Herne Hill again?



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