



Keeping up with the Redmon Cycling Club

Editor's Comment

JA

I do wonder if Redmon members are at all interested in what is going on in the Club. It's been a disappointing quarter, as I've not really received any contributions, and have resorted to republishing past articles.

Geoff has kindly provided me with another of his wonderful cycling adventures, first published in 1981, although it will be in parts since it's very time consuming to retype (AI only does half the job!). He's also sent me some details of a bike collector/dealer that might be interested in some of your old bike stuff! And we have also some news about Club racing.

This newsletter was introduced to keep Redmon members informed of club activities and perhaps entertained by some informative articles. Sadly, if no articles are received from you, there's nothing to include in it. So, don't be too surprised if there is no newsletter next quarter.

Please let's keep the interest going with the newsletter and send me your contributions. All we need are a few words from each member about cycling generally, fitness, racing, the Redmon or your memories.

To those winners of last year's competitions, we do hope to have a prize presentation sometime this year, so do make sure that you come. Perhaps this could be done at one of the evening 10s?

A Reminder about Club Events for 2022

RH

Just a reminder in case you had forgotten that our Open 10 is on Saturday 4th June, in the middle of the new Platinum Jubilee holiday weekend. The course is the G10/42, Holmwood course, the start time 2pm and the HQ The North Holmwood Village Hall. At the time of writing the event is two months away but it's sensible to ask now for volunteers. I will need marshals and kitchen helpers plus some cakes please. Because of Covid restrictions last year's 10 was held in an outdoor environment, no presentation, no results board and no refreshments. I have decided that there will be no pushing-off this year as I believe that Covid is still in the air.

Our Evening 10's start on Thursday 26th May at 7.30 pm and run through till Thursday 4th August. Unfortunately, the Tea Urn is no longer with us but you could always turn up for a chat or do some marshalling. We have an extra event this year. We are running a joint 10 mile TT with Morden CRC, details as follows,

Saturday 11th June, G10/42, start time 8am, riders please and marshals too

2022 Racing Results – so far ...

JA

We have two keen riders this season so far! Paul Scaplehorn rode 25:48 at the Barnesbury CC / Velo Culture event on 10 April (course M101) and Peter Horsfield rode 1:18:42 at the Farnborough and Camberley 25 on 9 April. Good for them – and Peter is now leading the Club events competition. Paul also started a 20 mile sporting event, but DNF, our commiserations, nothing worse than making the effort to get there and not finishing.

REDMONster –



– usually obeys the road signs

Odd and Ends

GG

Yes, we have them all – in the shed or garage. We spend out pounds on new equipment for the bike, and loads of their replacements. What do we do with all this stuff? Ditch it in the bin or recycle? No we say that might come in handy, so in the corner of the shed or garage it goes.

There is a way to get a few 'bob' for these old items, like when I brought my old cycle and bits back from Spain.

Give Paul a ring on 07739 775810 – he will ask what you've got and decide if it's worth calling on you on one of his visits. He travels miles picking up stuff, and he did me proud with what I had.

I've got some more stuff for him again and I could do with a few extra 'bob'!

[Me too! How strange, I've been listing a lot of my old stuff on eBay recently. Surprising what you can make – Ed]

SATURDAY: The good weather of January gave encouragement to get those wheels rolling; only a couple more months and we would be racing again. A trip abroad might help, and out of the blue came a trip for me to Spain, Valencia.

Saturday, 17 January, I collected a few things together and stuffed them in a saddle bag and I was off to Gatwick. The morning was frosty and a car "cuddling" a lamppost told me the road was a little suspect. I was passed by the Addiscombe CC, J Smith, Withey and Co. I duly caught them in Redhill, where the road again was like a skating rink and one of them had met the road.

Gatwick was eventually reached, and I then began the task of preparing my cycle for air conveyance. Relieved of cycle and baggage I passed through to departure and met up with two colleagues from work, Ian and Mario. There on the tarmac stood our British Airways Super 737, ready to lift us off to some Winter sun. We were soon being shepherded through and on to the plane and 11:00 we were away. It wasn't long before drinks were being served, followed shortly after by lunch. All this happening it was only a short time before we were being told to prepare for landing.

We stepped off the aircraft at Valencia into lovely sunshine. Had they put my cycle on? Yes, it came down the conveyor belt surrounded by expensive cases. Minutes later it was reassembled. Ian and Mario had waited whilst I did this. We decided to meet that evening and we separated, they by taxi and I by cycle into Valencia, a distance of about seven miles.

Once in the city, I made enquiries of Avánida del Puerto, where the local Youth Hostel was situated. The first persons I ask must have been associate members of the Redmon, they were as drunk as lords!! No sense here, so pushed on and asked again. At the hostel I was confronted by eight bell pushes and a "speak box". After pressing number four I was finally spoken to, in Spanish. Phrase book at the ready, I explained my requirements. Moments later the door opened, and the warden appeared. He explained that they did not open till 7pm. I in turn asked if I could leave my cycle and baggage, this he agreed to and it was locked away. I returned on foot to the city, happy that I had survived the language barrier via the "speak box". I was ready for anything now!

The shopping centre was reached and I browsed around for an hour before meeting Ian and Mario for dinner. Just after six we met and set off for a suitable eating house, this we found in the main square. Over the meal we talked of our accommodation, they were fixed-up in a hotel. I explained my "speak box" encounter. Mario gave me details of the hotel should I hit trouble next week. The meal over, bill paid, we went our ways.

Back at the hostel, it was "speak box" time again. There were now several people at the hostel, even so, I had a double room to myself. It was phrase time again, I required bedding, I did not have a sleeping bag with me. The hire of bedding and room cost me 275 pesetas (about £1.50), not a bad start. I was soon bedded down, it had been a long day.

SUNDAY: Bright and early I was up but could not get under way as I was unable to find the warden. Finally, at 10:30 I was away, now to get out of this city. I needed the route for Barcelona. This was found but it was the motorway route, so finding the ring-road I searched out the normal highway going north. This found, it wasn't very long before I caught another cyclist, a Spaniard. We rode together for some time, exchanging words. Eventually we parted.

Out of Valencia, my way took me along the coast, the blue Mediterranean on my right and on my left acres of orange groves, I was soon passing through Sagunto, Nules and Castellón, my stomach told me it was about time I ate. Stopping by a cemetery, I went off into the groves and selected a few oranges. I sat by the road and had a snack, washed down with delightful fresh oranges. On my way again nothing very exciting along this road, today was a travelling day to reach my tour starting point.

Mid-afternoon I felt the pangs of hunger again, just outside Torre Blanca I found a restaurant, soup, main course, desert and a beer came to just over a pound. The road now went inland away from the sea to Alcalá de Chivert. Soon I was to see the signpost for Peniscola. I had been told to pay a visit here as it is a beauty spot. In the late afternoon with the sun settling low, it truly was a picture. Camera happy, I took a couple of shots. Along the front the road followed the sandy beach to Benicarló. Apartments and hotels lined the road between the two towns, oh, to have money or a rich wife!

On reaching Benicarló, I selected a bar and went in for a drink and to enquire the whereabouts of Avánida del Yecaa. I was two roads away, after a second beer I set off. I knew they would not be open until 7 00 pm, so I sat on the steps at the entrance for an hour's rest. Just after seven a young couple came and opened up. I explained my needs, and was shown up to my room. One bed was occupied, I was later to find out, by a Spanish student. After washing the dirt of the day away, I changed and set out for a meal. Just around the corner from the hostel I found an eating house. The 90 miles plus had given me a good appetite. After a first class meal I returned to my room and was soon knocking out "Zs". My room-mate must have returned later than myself as I was awakened the following morning by him preparing to depart. Unlike myself he was returning that evening again.

MONDAY: I prepared to leave, paid my bill, and went for breakfast in the town. Today was to be my first day up in the mountains. Leaving Benicarlo on a "B" road I set off via Calig to San Mateo. I intended to stock up with oranges before leaving the groves, but left it too late, they were no more, as I reached higher ground. At a small village shop I stopped and bought mineral water to quench my thirst. After San Mateo I joined the main road for Morella and here the road really started to climb. The views were fantastic, mountains all around me. In the distance I eventually saw the pinnacle which was to be Morella de Castillo. Here was an impregnable bastion. The road wound its way up to what was the old gateway to the town. Through this the road continued, upwards still, inside the walls that surrounded the town, hardly touched by the passing years. Tiny narrow streets were here and there at all levels. The main street had quite a selection of modern shops, screened by over-hanging buildings, supported on rows of pillars and was very narrow. I continued upwards through the town until I came to a large square, here you were able to look over the walled battlements to the surrounding countryside. Still towering above was the main castle bastion, an imposing objective for any invaders of old. My historical appetite was satisfied, and I wended my way back down to lower plains, occasionally looking back at what I can only call a "land battleship", standing out in the afternoon sun.

The condition of the roads I was now to meet had much to be desired. My speed of travel was reduced not only by the state of the roads but also by the climbs I was now encountering. The day was well on, and I was thinking of my night's resting place. I was behind schedule, so I decided to make the next village my stop over.

As I entered the village of Cinetorres, women were filling water carriers and buckets from the village tap in the square. I found what I thought might be a pension/bar went in and ask "Para Una Persona". After some haggling, I was taken down a side street by an old man, to another similar abode. Here he called up the stairs, and in due course told me, "pension completa". I returned to the first bar for my cycle and belongings and was soon to enjoy a first-class night's accommodation with a Spanish family.

My room was clean but small, with a giant of a double bed made up with crisp white bedding. This was to be my first cold water bath of the tour. The water, I feel, must have come direct from the mountains, it was ice cold, but refreshing. After changing my attire, I went down stairs, where I was greeted and told to make myself comfortable. I spent the evening here, watching Spanish TV, drinking and eating peanuts until dinner was served.

Dinner was taken local style with the family, a bottle of wine too. This was the real Spain, away from the "real English tea served here" and your "real fish and chips" of the coastal resorts. This was an experience to remember, I was now ready for those clean white sheets and was sure I would do them justice. The morning came all too soon, and I must be on my way. Shaved and washed I went down, desayuno (breakfast) was waiting for me. I was sad to leave Cinetorres, but leave I must. My night, complete, had cost me three pounds. Before leaving the village, I had a look round the fine old church, down one little street chickens were clucking from an upstairs room, this was life primitive style but happy.

To be continued in the next issue...

Club Website

JA

I have updated the Club website to list the details of the Club events programme and the competition counting events. The results of the evening 10s will be posted there regularly, as will our open 10, so please do refer to it.

Diary Dates	
26-May	First 2022 evening 10
04-Jun	Club Open 10
11-Jun	Joint 10 with Morden CRC

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