



Keeping up with the Redmon Cycling Club

Editor's Comment

JA

What has happened to 2022? We're nearly into August, and the best of the racing season is nearly over. In years "gone-by", we would now have been looking forward to the Redmon's late season events. It's not that long ago, we were competing on both solo and tandem in the Open 10 and in October enjoying the tea and cakes after the Grand Prix des Gentlemen.

Sadly, it doesn't seem to be just our Club in decline, but the cycling clubs in general, as well as the time trial racing scene. Unfortunately, we aren't the only club to cancel an open event due to lack of interest, looking at the CTT website shows many previously popular events cancelled. Saturday afternoon Bentley 10s used to have full fields and this year have only 40-50 riders! I'm sure that there are many reasons for this: Covid, perhaps riders losing interest, breaking the habit of racing, losing fitness etc. This extends to Club events too as there are only two evening 10s left this year, please show your support for the Club, and come along.

As you will see if you read this newsletter, the general content is the same as usual, as are the contributors. I am not sure if members are particularly bothered about the newsletter – many do not download it, so obviously do not read it. Please let me know what you want, as it's now about the only Club communication remaining between members apart from the AGM.

If you want the newsletter to continue, please write something for it. I just need a few words from each of you during the year to keep it going - anything about cycling generally, fitness, racing, the Club or memories.

Redmon Open and Club Events So Far

RH

Perhaps I should say a very slow start! At the time of writing, we are three quarters of the way through the season, three more Time Trials to go and we have had more cancellations than racing. Last week, Thursday 21 July, we had a field of five, the largest this year. There would appear to be a general malaise in the sport with smaller fields all round. This is not much consolation to organisers who turn out every week during the season.

If you feel like a ride, come down to the Holmwood course. The last Ten is on Thursday 4 August - bring a few mates with you!

With considerable reluctance I decided to cancel the Redmon Open 10 on Saturday 4 June due to lack of entries, 23 on the closing date.

Redmon in 2022

CB

The season so far has been up and down. Richard has found it difficult to get the evening 10's going for various reasons, but to his credit he has stuck to his task and is pushing forward in hope that the numbers grow. With the spell of good weather, you never know what will happen, so by the time you read this, things may have taken an upward trend. The number of Redmon riders in open events remain low unfortunately. I am not up to race speed yet and may even miss the whole season, but I will try my best to get an event or two before the year is out.

John Allen, Peter Horsfield and Paul Scaplehorn have been keeping the club's name going on the Open TT circuit. Thanks for the effort chaps and keep it going! Looks like I know where all the trophies will be going this season!

All results can be seen on the CTT website for those interested to see what's been happening.

In general, there are fewer open events taking place with rider numbers down on a national basis with a continuous downward trend with events being cancelled due to lack of entries and clubs not being able to take the losses in the present climate. Let's hope things improve or TT's could become as rare as hen's teeth!

REDMONster



*– should take more care when
celebrating the Jubilee*

Results: Open Events

JA

Despite the low number of Redmon participants in Open events this year, we have quite a few results to report, mainly thanks to Peter Horsfield. As usual he is the most prolific racer in open events.

I've been very pleased with my 2022 results, even achieving a PB at 10 miles. If this is down to improved fitness (riding more consistently), a better bike position (after my bike fit with Andy Fenn, former Team Sky rider) or perhaps Eddie's advice, I don't know, but it's certainly satisfying.

P Horsfield	24-Jul	Sussex CA 13.5m	40:19
J Allen	09-Jul	North Hants 10	24:26
P Scaplehorn	06-Jul	Barnesbury 10	25:38
J Allen	03-Jul	Reading 25	1:02:39
P Horsfield	03-Jul	Reading 25	1:13:07
J Allen	25-Jun	Utag RT (PB)	23:18
J Allen	18-Jun	Alton 10	24:06
P Horsfield	18-Jun	Alton 10	27:58
P Scaplehorn	05-Jun	VTTA/Cleveland 10	25:10
J Allen	05-Jun	Farnham RC 10	25:15
P Horsfield	05-Jun	Farnham RC 10	29:25
P Horsfield	29-May	Hounslow 100	5:29:35
P Scaplehorn	22-May	Hartlepool 10	25:38
P Horsfield	22-May	High Wycombe 25	1:11:19
P Horsfield	15-May	Reading 50	2:34:58
P Horsfield	08-May	Sussex CA 25	1:17:25
P Horsfield	01-May	Westerley 10	28:53
P Scaplehorn	16-Apr	North Tyneside 10	25:04
P Scaplehorn	10-Apr	Barnesbury 10	25:48
P Horsfield	09-Apr	Farnb & Camb 25	1:18:42

Results: Club Events

JA

It's been a disappointing season for our Club 10s, with several cancelled as no timekeeper, one due to road works and another was too wet. We have run three events, one with no Redmon riders. Only Peter Horsfield and I have taken part. The results so far are:

	Nos riders	P. Horsfield	J. Allen
23-Jun	2		
07-Jul	4	28:48	25:05
21-Jul	5	29:24	25:31

Many thanks to Richard, Clive and Malcolm for their efforts in running them, which has been no mean feat.

Pedersen Pilgrimage

DE

It's not often that one witnesses the coming together of nearly forty Pedersen bicycles in one place, but that's what happened on the 9th of April this year over in Gloucestershire. And it's not often you'll find that more

than half of them were originals, the rest being repros from various sources.

The older machines were built in the 1890s, the more modern in the 2000s; it's quite a testament to the design of this curious frame that it has retained its appeal over a span of three centuries. The ladies' version with its strange tangle of tubes is even more curious and it comes as little surprise that the inventor is credited with avoiding the problems posed by proposing designs for a divided skirt. As far as we know there are no surviving tandems although Mikael Pedersen certainly built them. Modern versions do exist however: this is a 1988 Sutton, and one has to imagine that under pressure it must flex a bit.



It is doubtful whether Mikael Pedersen, despite prolific inventiveness, could ever have conceived a tricycle featuring the familiar complex triangulated frame somehow grafted on to an Ackermann type front-steering pair of wheels. This is the Bradshaw 'Tri-ped'.

On the day the riders, both of old and newer machines, made the short ride from Slimbridge into Dursley, site of the original Dursley-Pedersen factory. There they were welcomed by a substantial crowd including a lookalike Mikael, in a somewhat unconvincing beard, and the press (there's a YouTube video under 'Pedersen Pilgrimage'). They were then able to do a brief tour of the various associated sites; the great man's house, the original site of the factory, the Dursley Heritage Centre and the graveyard where he was eventually laid to rest.

The Pedersen Cycle company was taken over in 1905 by the engineering firm of Listers, who continued to make the machines and the three-speed hub gear until 1917. Listers, who created many other machines, including marine engines, sheep-shearing equipment and electric generators, are no longer in Dursley although in their heyday they employed some 4,000 workers, not bad for a modest market town in rural Gloucestershire.

The writer's own machine, tentatively dated at 1913, functions either on single fixed or using a near-contemporary Sturmey-Archer FN three-speed hub with internal back-pedal brake. The latter a less than satisfactory device in London traffic. As the original

'cow horn' D-P handlebars had been removed before the bike was acquired, Clive Walton was pestered into creating a pair to resemble those featured in old pictures of D-P record machines; a ticklish bit of engineering, given that everything in the build of the contraption is silver-soldered. The woven hammock saddle was recreated in a narrower form to suit the present rider, a job involving several miles of cord and infinite patience.

Solo but not so low *part two (of three)* **GG**

TUESDAY: Leaving the village of Cine Torres and climbing again, I looked back, there was peace. I was now zig-zagging up the side of the first of four major cols I was to climb today. The weather was great, bright sunshine but still a hard northwest wind. Up and up I went, passing through tiny little mountain villages, one I stopped off and bought food for the day. This was La Iglesuela del Cid, the one shop sold everything. It was a lovely little village, but time marched on and so must I.

I was now climbing very steeply and was soon to see snow and ice, at Cuarto Pelado, 612 metres. The road, sorry track, was soon to fall before up again to Cillarroya, 1655 metres, next was Salloventos, 1468 metres. Even up at this height there were small villages, nestling round a little stream. The inhabitants only living appeared to be the keeping of a few cattle or farming small ledges of soil. My last climb of the day was De Cabigardo, 1552 metres, from here I dropped just over five miles into Teruel. A hard day had been many times rewarded by the scenery and the views from on high. My only fright had been the very high winds coming over the cols, and the sheer drop on one edge of the road.

I had the address of a hostel, in the process of finding it I met with the first spoken English since leaving Ian and Mario on Saturday. This luxury wasn't to last, the warden explained that Teruel was a university town, and the hostel was full. He directed me into the main town, and it wasn't until the fourth attempt that I found a roof for the night, of very ancient structure.

My room had a low entrance and need I say more - every entry I made I received a bump on the head! In my room I had the choice of two double beds, all sparkling white. Washed up, I went down for dinner, a very fine repast with vino. After dinner I went for a stroll around the town, which was quite large. Evidence that this was a university town was everywhere. Having walked my dinner down I returned to my pension and slept and slept. In the morning breakfast was waiting for me when I went down. My bill, here again, had only been just over £3.00 all in.

WEDNESDAY: After settling my bill, I wandered around Teruel for an hour or so. The Moorish architecture was here again in evidence, the lattice work on the towers

as at Granada. Eventually a fond farewell was made to Teruel and I made my way along the road to Saragossa.

The morning was bright and crisp and there was still that nagging, dry wind. I had 7 kms of main road now, before I turned off. The area was wide and open, no shelter at all from the wind. Onwards I pushed, eventually the turn off for Albarracin came. I've been on some long straight roads, but this was the limit. It just went on and on into the wind. The last 20 kms had taken me an age.

I came to the village of Gea de Albarracin and the road from here on followed the Rio Guadalavian. The road and the river wound its way up gradually through a gorge. Enormous promontories of rock jutted out, worn into sizes and shapes beyond belief. As I pushed upwards, I was aware of a noise from my gear block. At first, I ignored it, then I looked down, to see the whole assembly wobbling and ball bearings falling out.

This was the end I thought, I was by some religious statue. I placed my cycle by it, then searched and picked up the bearings I could find. Taking the back wheel out, I set to rebuilding the block. The remaining bearings and those I picked up from the gravel and dust I cleaned and reset them in with the aid of "Germoline"! Replacing the wheel, a quick check and things were working again, I was once again mobile.

Albarracin, a town which is classed as a Spanish National Monument was just down the road. What a place, the whole town was built into and onto the wall of the gorge. Houses appeared to be suspended from the sky, with their balconies just hanging on. My way went on through a tunnel, under the neck on which Albarracin stood. Emerging the other side, I was again in another narrow winding gorge. Here again "Mother Nature" had been at work shaping and moulding the rocks. Where there was the odd ledge or shelf a farmer had worked the soil, or grazed his sheep and goats.

The road, what there was, was deteriorating fast. Down through Frias de Albarracin, surely no motorised traffic came this way. The track went through what I feel must have been a farmyard. Children were playing in the village square, I checked with them the way to Cuenca. Beyond the village the track was paved for a short distance with cobbles. A signpost, nothing about Cuenca, a recheck with a farmer, yes all was well.

For the next 51 kms I encountered the worst road conditions I have ever met in my life. The road and track twisted and turned, up to 1752 metres and down through pine and fir trees, here and there a good coating of snow remained. The melting snow overnight had frozen on the dirt track and was now slowly thawing. As I cycled along, so all this wet soggy mess churned up and became lodged between my wheels and mudguards. It clung to everything; I was indeed a

"pretty sight". Surely it must end soon I kept telling myself. I duly came to a fork in the track and a survival hut. Water from the mountains was trickling down, so I quenched my thirst and filled my bottle. Off and I was climbing again, scenery beyond comprehension still unfolded, it relieved my mind of the mud beneath me.

Quick trouble again, that b••• block had worked loose again. It was much easier this time to put right. Evening was approaching fast, and I was well short of Cuenca. Should I make it the next village or try one further? I pushed on by Laguna de la Una, whose waters fed a nearby power station. Darkness had caught me up, at the entrance to the power station I met a friendly face, I asked if there was a pension or hostel nearby. I was directed to the next village a mile or so down the road. In the darkness and going down a slope I ended up in a pile of gravel, no damage or injury. As I neared the village there was a large restaurant, I had a coffee and asked if he did accommodation. There was a hostel up in the village, this I found. An old lady all in black took me to my room. What a joy, after the day I had survived to feel the comfort of that bed. My one regret of the day was the fact that due to my problems I had missed seeing the Ciudad Encantada, this was a series of weathered rock formations.

After a shower I walked back to the restaurants I had been in earlier for my evening meal. A hard day deserved a good meal, money no object, I went to town. For starters, 'Spastor' (soup with toasted bread, veg and two fried eggs covering the bottom of the bowl), main course 'Parilla' (a very large steak, two chops, Spanish bacon, a large sausage and French fries), caramela for dessert, oh and a couple of beers. This repast was completed with a lovely cup of coffee. My God, now for the bill, it worked out at about £3 50! I returned to the hostel satisfied need you ask, slept around the clock.

One small thing I missed, when the old lady took me to my room, she returned shortly after with a bar of soap. I must have looked a very sorry dishevelled sight.

To be continued in the next issue...

David Boyd

R H

I am sure that you have all heard the sad news of the death of David Boyd. David had a long association with the Redmon, was a good friend to the club and was Club President for many years. David had great organisational skills. Through his employer Phillips, the Auction House, he obtained generous sponsorship for the Redmon Grand Prix, and ran the Club Thursday Evening Tens a few years ago. He organised holidays

for Redmon members and friends - his African Safari was a great success. Before his recent illness he ran the Redmon Supper Club.

If you have a particular memory of David, please send it to John Allen, Editor of the Redmon Quarterly and it can be included in a future issue of the magazine.

David's final years were marred by the onset of Parkinson's Disease, a debilitating and unpleasant illness and unfortunately the Club rather lost track of him. It must have been a difficult and distressing time for his close friends and family. Our thoughts and good wishes go to Pat Boyd and the Boyd family at this sad time.

David's funeral took place at Randalls Road Crematorium, Leatherhead on the afternoon of Friday 22 July. A decent number of old Redmon members attended, Susan and Richard Hoskin, Tom Woodland, Lionel Blackman, Joy and Eric Osborn and Clive and Joyce Walton. There were a good number of family members in attendance too. After the Service we met up at Heathside Brewers Fayre at Burgh Heath for Teas, coffees, "Something a bit Stronger" and light refreshments.

I was pleased to see that the club was well represented. It was sad to see the passing of David who had been an enthusiastic club member and organiser for many years.

Club Website / Facebook

J A

Please do look at the Club website and Facebook page regularly as I try to update them with more news about the Club than can be included in this newsletter, and the information will be far more up to date.

Diary Dates

28-Jul	Penultimate evening 10
4-Aug	Last Club 10 of the season

Next Edition: **28-Oct-22** Copy date: **10-Oct-22**.

Committee Members

Chris Brewer (CB)	chris.brewer@redmoncc.co.uk
John Allen (JA)	treasurer@redmoncc.co.uk or webmaster@redmoncc.co.uk
Richard Hoskin (RH)	richard.hoskin@redmoncc.co.uk (020 8642 4778/07748 835907)
M Wakely (MW); J Chatterton (JC); Clive Walton (CW)	

Newsletter Contributors

David Eccles (DE), Geoff Goat (GG).

Data Protection: the presumption for GDPR is being as a paid up member, you consent to receiving communications from the Redmon Cycling Club relevant to your membership. To opt out you must contact one of the committee members in writing.