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THE WHEELER

Autumn 2016



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LAST '10' OF 2016

Club Contact Details

President: Chris Hughes 01432 271829, president@herefordwheelers.com

Hon General Secretary: Katie Price, secretary@herefordwheelers.com

Racing Secretary: racing@herefordwheelers.com

Hon Treasurer: Bill Berry 01432 760650, treasurer@herefordwheelers.com

Audax: Dave Unsworth 01432 355261

Coaching & Juniors: Stuart McFarlane, juniors@herefordwheelers.com

Runs list & CTC Rep: Stuart Edinborough 01432 269700

Website: webmaster@herefordwheelers.com

The Wheeler editorial team: Bill Berry - berry@hr4moreton.freemove.co.uk

Maurice Tudor - mandctudor@btinternet.com

Please send all articles (typed or hand written) and pictures for *The Wheeler* to one of the above contacts. Items will be returned promptly after copying if requested.

Front cover photo: Andy Hurrell on the last '10' of the season

Photographer: M Tudor

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President's Introduction

Welcome to all cyclists

The Club membership now stands at 220 members

Turbo Training at Sutton St. Nicholas School started last Thursday evening with a good turnout and some new faces. These sessions are organised by Stu McFarlane and the 1st session was excellent with riders appreciating the effort Stu has put into making the sessions challenging and innovative for all. If you are interested in joining in, come along one evening whether you have a turbo or not, (a club turbo could be available) and get a feel for what is involved. Once you have your own turbo, training in the winter could not be cheaper with an opportunity to stay dry! Entry is still only £2 with free tea, coffee and biscuits. We are hoping there will be the usual visits from the massage students from the college. Every 6 weeks there is a 20 minutes threshold test to check on your individual fitness level/improvement and at Christmas you get the chance to do a 10 mile Time Trial for a Secret Santa prize. Sessions are every week till Christmas and afterwards until end of March. Check on the Wheelers website for more detail.

The 2016 racing season has now finished and I am now calculating the Prize Winners from the 30 event race calendar. Could I please ask Prize Winners from last year to return their trophies to me ASAP ready for the Prize Presentations at our forthcoming Club Dinner on Friday, 25th November organised by Valerie Hurrell. Please come along to congratulate winners and, if you are not a winner, a chance to catch up with club members. Also don't forget the Quiz and Chips night at the Rowing Club on Wednesday, November 16th. Further details will follow from Valerie shortly.

The Easter Monday Open '25' is back on the calendar for 2017. Open events must be entered on official forms, (available on the website) at least 2 weeks prior the date of the event and sent to me. Entry has been held at the £8 fee to include any prizes. Please support this long-standing Wheelers event taking the opportunity to ride an early season race with cakes and refreshments available at Weobley Village Hall afterwards.

1st and 2nd Claim still seems to cause some confusion for some riders so for clarification, the rules are clearly defined in the CTT handbook but basically, as a rider you need to declare to the officials your intent to ride for a particular Club during the race season. You are allowed to change once in a given race season. Hereford Wheelers Cycling Club allows any rider to enter its races but only declared 1st Claim Members to be rewarded with Club Trophies.

The Sunday Winter Training Rides (0915hrs) now have new leaders, Mick Cumbes and Ed Hadley. They will be there each week to keep you motivated and encouraged. Please arrive at 'Steels' ready for a steady 40-60 mile training ride. If you consider this

too energetic the Brisk Club ride (0930hrs) lead by Andy Hurrell, maybe of interest to you. All types of riders are catered for. A mountain bike ride is also being planned for January 2017. Please check the website and further details can be found on Facebook each week about the various rides.

Since retiring from the world of work, my wife and I, have had the pleasure of joining both the Wednesday Wheeler's ride to Jules at Weobley and the Friday Wheelers ride to Ewyas Harold; the selection of rides and groups available to club members is varied so please take up the opportunity to ride, socialise and eat cake!

Valerie has recently organised a new Club kit order. If you did not see/hear about this, sorry you have missed out this time however, some additional clothing in the average sizes have been ordered so you may be lucky and find that the item you are looking for is in stock. Please contact Valerie for any Club kit orders for your future requirements. Full details are on the Wheelers Website – **www.herefordwheelers.com**

Chris Hughes, President

ARTICLES

Riding with a reason, but peddling without a plan

The event is the Highlands, West Coast & Glens audax, a 1,200km ride with a 90 hour time limit. It started 8am Monday 25 July 2016 on Mull and finished just south of Oban. Combined with a family holiday I hope it justified the effort and travel. We drove to Oban on Saturday, towing a caravan to a campsite just outside Oban. Heck it's a long way!

Having entered the ride in mid-2015 there was plenty of time for it to play on my mind. For about 12 months I referred to this as 'the Scottish one' for fear of speaking its name, therefore having to contemplate quite what was involved. My main reasons for entering where to see Scotland, to have the chance to complete another audax distance and to collect another shiny medal.

In audax terms this is an 'X' rated event, which means little or no support. Obvious logistical considerations are additionally complicated by the remoteness, a few ferry crossings and the uncertainty of how to be self-sufficient in an area I do not know. But I worked on the understanding there would not be many 24hr garages in the north of Scotland and I would carry enough to keep me going should food opportunities look bleak.

'Training', as it was, started in October and mainly consisted of regular steady mileage. To prepare I knew from 2015, would need to increase my mileage and ride more to get as fit and conditioned as possible. Using other audax events early in 2016 helped build distance. Big days out when time, work and family allowed, coupled with a few back to

back rides. Basically trying to get used to the idea of riding whilst knackered. I started with 200km rides but this was interrupted over the New Year when back trouble slowed me down.

I DNF'd on a 200km ride in February. Trying to ride before fully fit on a wet and windy day was always a bit of a punt so little surprise it did not work out. Starting in Tewkesbury the first stop was at Allensmore, too close to home to be tempted when riding with a bad back. Sacking the ride and heading home was the sensible thing to do, but it's hard for it not to knock your confidence. And having to recover a vehicle from the start a real pain! But thankfully everything else, over the next few months went to plan.

In April the 300km Elenydd was completed in a range of weather, the highlight being hail on the mountain road to Tregarron contrasted by tail winds and glorious sunshine through Pontrhydgroes into Rhayader. I rode much of the second half of this trying to keep up with Nigel Jones. Knowing he had done 1,000km+ rides in the past I was keen to chat about the merits of various approaches. I listened, and can blame him for influencing much of my planning.

I knew the longer distances was where the real value was, so I rode two 400km and two 600km events by mid-June. Each ride, from 200km upwards was a learning experience and all helped the physical and mental conditioning. All involved overcoming challenges, including fatigue and weather. Decisions over kit, clothing and food were refined on these rides to help determine what I thought I may need in Scotland.

My first 600 of the year was the Bryan Chapman ride from Chepstow to Menai and back. Unexpectedly it was cold at night; I only just had enough clothes to function. A mechanical would have been serious. At 3am the temperature as I rode towards Newtown was -2°C. The second 600 I did on very little sleep, and for the first time experienced nearly falling asleep whilst riding. Very scary and not to be advised, early warning signs are there and should be heeded. But these two rides took me along parts of Wales, and even Herefordshire, that I had not ridden. I thoroughly enjoyed them and would recommend them both. Please ask for details as it is too much to include here.

As a result I think I have seen most of Wales on two wheels, not a bad thing by any means and each ride building towards the Scottish one. I completed the events I needed to and got to the start feeling as fit and ready as I think my time allowed.

Most of my riding over the last year I have done on my Kinesis ATR, in full self-sufficiency set up. This includes Carradice saddle bag, dynamo and a ton of stuff I thought I may need. This was the bike I planned to use. I nearly opted for a different bike that I could put panniers on, and carry more kit but ultimately opted for a lighter weight approach. I had a few mileage schedules in mind, and different strategies to cover the distance. But each of these required knowledge of the area to plan a stop or over-night. So having left it a bit late to start researching and booking I reverted to the plan supported by Nigel Jones, who advised a bivvy bag and stop when you want/need plan, as he said it keeps it flexible and you are not committed to the pressure of a schedule.

A last minute brainwave resulted in a handle bar bag being added to the bike. A risk in the respect I did one 20-mile ride the week before traveling to Scotland with the bag fitted. But it worked and enabled me to carry the range of stuff needed and kept it accessible. Additional kit included 2 large bottles, a bivvy bag and a spork. Whilst not touring it is fair to say the bike was loaded

Oban ferry terminal 30 Monday 25 July



The ride started at Craigure on Mull at 8am. Family followed me on the ferry from Oban, where we enjoyed a second breakfast. There were about 60 starters from a field of 100. Luke Williams and Daryl Stickling where there looking far more relaxed than I felt. We would meet up and pass each other a few times along the way. The typical understated send off from the organiser concluded with the words 'well go on then, get on with it!' So I did. That was the plan; just keep pedalling until the end. Stop when I need to, eat when I have to and just get on with it. As I started to pedal into the drizzle, family were able to catch the island bus to meet me again at Tobermory. Here, after another cup of tea, I caught the ferry to Kilchoan, returning me to the mainland whilst they went to find PC Plum. (CBBC's reference to Balamory. Folk of a certain age may be blissfully unaware of this)

The second ferry crossing was from Mallaig to Skye, the ferry times meant that with a bit of effort the earlier 1.30pm ferry could be caught and a chance to get ahead on time. So a bit of effort over the 130km saw me arrive at Mallaig to watch the ferry sailing away. Effort wasted! Next ferry was at 3pm so time for food and considerations for the next few hours. Speaking with Luke he asked what I had planned. I explained the Nigel plan, he asked if I had a down jacket or something similar, when I said not his response was clear; 'you'll freeze!' The weather so far could have been better. It could also have been much worse, but I was now worried about the night time sections. Two laps of the town

and I failed to find any shops to buy another jacket or even charity shop fleece. Skye was windy, but once over the bridge at Kyle of Lochalsh and back on the mainland the wind pushed us and the rain over a few hills and into Dingwall at 2130. Tesco's then



Towards Dingwall

a takeaway took care of body, but the mind was drifting. Cold and tired I thought of finding a hotel for the night. I think if I had done that it may have spelt the end of the ride. So after a bit of faffing about, I got going with a few others, including Luke and Daryl, out of Dingwall at about 11pm. We separated in the dark and I rode along with two other guys that I would spend the remainder of the ride with.

First night stop was in a church yard, on the grass, against a wall under a sycamore tree. Bivvy bag deployed I put on every layer of clothing. It was surprisingly comfortable. Aided by exhaustion I had 90mins sleep and at 4am I was up. Yes I was cold and glad to be moving and pressing on. Day two had started early, and I was focused on reaching the youth hostel at Trantlebeg, just short of halfway, sometime in the late afternoon.

After Bonar Bridge and Lairg the remoteness became apparent. We were miles from anywhere. The odd shower, a nagging head wind and limited options for breakfast did not take away from the impressive valleys and views. The roads were good, traffic was light, midges minimal and we were heading towards the north-west coast and the scenic bit I had been looking forward to. It did not disappoint, around every corner and headland was another dramatic panoramic that would do any postcard justice. Durness was a brief stop, food options were limited. But a little café in a cabin provided a late breakfast, coffee and respite from the strengthening wind.

The hills so far had been manageable, I had feared huge steep monsters, but so far the bulk of the climbing had been long gradual climbs and nice predictable descents on generally very good roads. Frequency and steepness increased along the coast, but staring at the view was a good distraction, and even the wind remained kind. With spells of sunshine progress was good, spirits high and I concentrated on thoroughly enjoying

the ride.

Towards Durness on the North West coast



Trantlebeg reached at 1530, an oasis. We fed, flapped and sorted kit. By 1615 we were out the door and into the wind as the route turned inland. We met the ride organiser coming towards us a few miles down the road, dropped bags in his van. A quick change in the middle of the road did not appear to scare the sheep. The joy of fresh shorts was bliss. Flapjack and nibbles restocked, the prospect of another night now did not seem so bad. Rumour has it that Luke and Daryl had beer in their drop bag. Well done guys for having the will power to leave the comfort of the hostel. A couple of beers for me and that would have been game over.



Dodging the showers with the benefit of a tail wind

This was the section that it struck me how big Scotland is; long straight roads and little sign of civilisation. It was a quiet still evening. Crossing hills and valleys whose names I cannot remember is an evening I will not forget.

We reached the Spar shop in Lairg at 2130, coffees, food and supplies restocked for the next section to the coast at Lochinver. Cold raining and windy, the best shelter and only place open at 2am were the public toilets. I will save the details and just say in context of where we were and what we had done beggars can't be choosers; needs must.

Leaving Lochniver at 0430 we could see we were in for a tough day. The weather was horrendous; strong wind and rain. Steep coastal hills gave way to a few massive climbs. This would be the pattern of the day. Ullapool was reached at 7am. After a buffet breakfast in the only hotel open we pressed on to tackle what I found to be the toughest section of the whole ride. Only after a nice Bistro lunch and heading inland did it feel like the terrain and weather was relenting a bit.

I was now calculating the remaining time, next stop was Broadford, back on Skye. Back across the bridge and down to the ferry; last one at 1830. From early afternoon it was looking unlikely that we would make it. So plan B was being formulated. Faced with the options of another night out, or keep moving. I knew which I preferred. I could not face being stuck on Skye in a bivvy bag or B&B until the morning ferry, and whilst the road detour was longer it meant we could keep momentum, keep moving and finish earlier.

The road route took us back over the bridge and along the A87/A82 to Fort William. The guy in the Co-op on Skye assured me MacDonald's in Fort William was 24hrs. So that was the aim; breakfast in Fort Bill. He lied. The night was warmer but wet. In the dark you could still sense the size of the hills around us. The GPS had a meltdown and refused to give any accurate info. However, tonight, navigation was simple. Stopping every 50km broke the distance. I remember two big climbs and would like to go back in

Never far from the clouds



daylight to see what we did! On the descent into Invergarry I remember focusing on the rear lights of the guys in front of me. Twice I closed my eyes and nearly lost it. I needed to stop. Bivvy bag in a bus shelter and 30 mins deep sleep. I woke cold but reborn. Now

it was a push to the finish. Through Fort William by 0730 with only a coffee from a night porter in a hotel to sustain us. Kinlochleven, Glencoe, and Rannoch Moor were basking in sunshine and glorious. Traffic was a bit busier through here but not enough to spoil the occasion. Glen Orchy is a hidden treasure, and a pleasure to have ridden through. The last 40km to the finish I savoured. Staggered at how comfortable I was feeling and enjoying the fast narrow lanes similar to those you would find on the Welsh/Hereford border. Family met me 100 yards before the finish. Thursday at 2pm as I staggered off my bike and into Kilmore village hall I was swamped by hugs! That just about topped off the best riding I have ever done.

I handed over my brevet card, sat, undid my shoes. Then the pain hit me. It took a few minutes to be able to put weight on my feet. 4 days of being wet, they weren't pretty. We were the first back because we rode through the night. Most others finished into the evening. We heard of a few abandoners, battered by the weather or caught out by losing time. One guy apparently crashed into a sheep resulting in many broken ribs, punctured lung and a week in Inverness hospital. The realisation that finishing is a combination of factors, luck being one of them. So what do I feel made this possible for me? Family support; before, during and after. I was generally comfortable with the kit, bike set up, just about fed and drunk enough, and my reason for starting was to finish. This I never forgot. If in doubt keep pedalling!

Post event analysis; I am and was definitely tired, but not as physically drained as I thought I might have been. I am not sure how much power or lactate tolerance I had before the ride, but it is less now! Legs have felt hollow for weeks! Left hand is numb and tingly. But my back held out and after a night's sleep I was able to enjoy a few days island hopping and doing the tourist bit with family.

Kit worn; socks and shoes never left my feet! Arm warmers were removed whilst climbing Glencoe on the last morning, knee warmers stayed on. With the exception of the north coast and the last morning I was either in a Gore jacket or water proof gilet. Base layer, jersey and shorts swapped at half way. Full length gloves at night, mitts during the day. Toe covers at night and in the rain. Clear lenses, sunglasses never needed!

Kit I wish I had, extra jersey and leggings. A few folk had a thermarest or section of foam roll, very clever. The Spork was only used to recover the takeaway cup of tea in Tobermory. Milk added whilst bag still immersed, near disaster

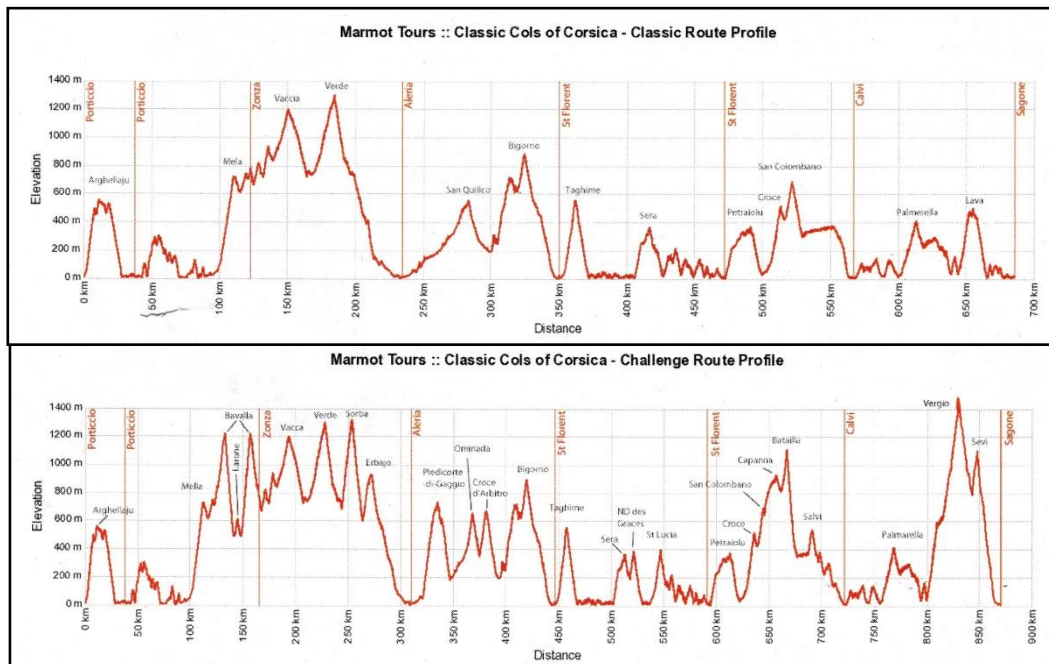
1,400km London Edinburgh London in 2017? Well it would be a shame to miss out! Fully supported and spoilt with proper sleep stops. If I remember to change my socks this will be a doddle! So this winter if I am still riding a bike loaded with bags of kit you will know why, this is riding with a reason.

Jon Tetley

Classic Cols of Corsica

I had visited Corsica once before, in the 1960s, and remembered it as a wild country covered in forests containing many chestnut trees and impenetrable gorse called maquis – the Corsican word used to describe the kind of terrain in which the armed resistance groups of WWII hid in the hills in southeastern France. Why they used a Corsican word instead of French, I've no idea.

When I saw that Marmot Tours <http://marmot-tours.co.uk/> were now offering cycling holidays there, I thought it would be nice to go back to see how it had changed. In short the answer is not a lot. Yes the coastal towns have grown a bit and there are more tourists there now but the interior is very much the same – few vehicles on the road and occasional small villages and hamlets whose inhabitants appear mainly concerned with the rearing of free range goats and pigs as these are by far the major hazards on these rural roads. There must also be a strong Nationalist movement there as I never saw a sign post where the French name had not been obliterated to leave only the Corsican one. The language was not really a problem despite hardly speaking any French and certainly no Corsican. Sign language and guesswork got me mostly what I wanted in cafés and restaurants. Oh! and now Napoléon Bonaparte features a lot in the name of hotels, bars, etc.



Marmot provided their usual splendid service over six days of cycling with always two fully supported routes (and sometimes a third) – the 'Classic' route covering a total of

693km with a modest 8,450m of climbing and for harder riders the 'Challenge' route of 876km and 14,400m. Both routes started and finished each day together and moved on daily to eventually cover the whole island sometimes moving into the rugged interior and at others hugging a fantastic wild coastline.

A van was always present at easy-to-miss turns and the top of cols to facilitate a top up of water or fruit/cake/go bars etc. Each rider kept a 'day bag' in the van that was mainly supporting them so that you had extra clobber if the weather became inclement or you wanted something warmer for a descent. They also had six bike racks on the back of each van for anyone who had had enough of cycling for that day.



The group consisted of a full complement of 20 riders, half on their own bikes and the remainder on excellent titanium framed road bikes hired from Marmot. The big advantage of hiring bikes, as far as I could see was that the two guides cum drivers cum mechanics serviced the hire bikes every evening and, of course, hiring did away with the unpacking and packing of bikes brought out by air. Riders were mostly in their 40s and 50s with one or two younger ones and me, sadly, a lot older. Slower riders like me stuck to the 'Classic' route and made up time by not faffing about too much and not stopping as often or as long as faster cyclists. Even though I rode on my own I was never short of company during the day.

About half the group were old rugby mates who had turned to rowing (eights) when too old for the 15-a-side game and then cycling when they got bored with the river. They had cut their teeth on Raid Pyrenean, also supported by Marmot, last year and enjoyed it so much they intend to continue with this activity 'as long as their wives let them get away with it'. They had not left their rugby habits behind however, and I was easily able to keep up with them due to their inability to pass a bar without having a beer. They

were excellent company in the evenings too. The local brew, Pietra, was good and the local wine was not bad either.



The weather was generally good albeit a little cooler than I expected in the mountains. Forecasts were fairly accurate but we were all caught out one day. Most had reached the summit of col de Bigorno after a marvellously long, gradual, vehicle-free climb before heading some 20kms down to the next hotel in the seaside town of St Florent. During the descent the heavens opened with the most torrential and prolonged thunderstorm I have experienced in the mountains. With thunder claps and lightning flashing all around the road became a torrent of water and breaks ineffective. With no shelter and our boil-in-the-bags becoming totally inadequate the only option was to carry on downhill. Thankfully the van eventually caught up with us before I became fully hypothermic but it was yet another lesson about treating weather conditions in mountains with respect. All of us had a stack of more suitable clothing available on the summit but chose not to wear it despite the deteriorating conditions.

At the finish of the holiday in Sagone, just north of the airport in Ajaccio, I had already forgotten about my sore knees and was contemplating they may just hold out for yet one more challenge in 2017. Perhaps the Classic Cols of the Picos de Europa? I've

heard it's a great ride but the hills are a little steeper. No matter, with the Prime Minister scheduled to start the process of Brexit next year the title somehow seems appropriate.

Maurice Tudor

MEMBER'S QUESTIONNAIRE

This month's questionnaire is from ex triathlete and now tourer and committee member Clive Walker

WHERE WERE YOU BORN? I was born in Gravesend in Kent.

WHEN DID YOU START CYCLING AND WHY? I have had bicycles for as long as I can remember and this included cycling to school on a regular basis – a relatively short journey of 6 miles.



WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST BIKE? My first bike was a three wheeled tricycle with pedals on the front wheel, which I had when I was about one year old! However my first 'proper' bike was a Raleigh five speed racing bike which I rode to school.

WHEN DID YOU JOIN THE WHEELERS? I joined the Wheelers shortly after moving to Hereford in the summer of 2015.

WHAT WAS YOUR BEST CYCLING PERFORMANCE/RIDE? My best performance on a bike would have been whilst competing in triathlon at the Royal Windsor Triathlon in the mid 1990's.

WHY DO YOU ENJOY CYCLING? I just do.

HOW OFTEN DO YOU RIDE? Not as often as I would like but currently twice a week - however when I'm in France I am lucky enough to cycle every day.

WHAT BIKE (S) DO YOU CURRENTLY OWN? I won't list them all in case my wife reads this! My best bike is a Ridley Noah but I also have a Pearson Touché single speed/fixed which I enjoy riding occasionally.

WHICH IS YOUR FAVOURITE BIKE AND WHY? My favourite bike is a Pearson road bike with a Reynolds 853 frame which I have had for over 15 years. It has always been a comfortable bike to ride whatever the terrain.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE RIDE? I am lucky enough to spend time in the Dordogne region of France and there is a two and a half hour loop which ends in a very pretty French village with a great bar/cafe.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE POST RIDE MEAL? Cheese and tomato on toast.

WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER TO BE THE BEST CYCLING INNOVATION IN THE LAST 30 YEARS? It is hard to choose between indexed gears and clip in pedals.

WHO IS YOUR CYCLING HERO? Don't ask me to justify it ... but Lance Armstrong.

WHAT KIND OF BOOKS DO YOU READ? Generally I prefer non-fiction like Andrew Marr (Modern Britain) and Max Hastings (All Hell Let Loose) but recently I have re-read some John Le Carre and also enjoyed Anthony Horowitz's 'Moriarty' and 'The Silk House'.

WHAT KIND OF MUSIC DO YOU LIKE? I have a fairly eclectic taste in music ranging from Gilbert & Sullivan to Mumford and Sons.

DO YOU HAVE ANY HOBBIES? Beyond gardening and cycling I do not have any other hobbies.

HOW WOULD YOU IMPROVE HEREFORD WHEELERS AS A CLUB? For some the thought of going on a club/group ride is intimidating so organising and advertising shorter club rides from time to time may encourage more to join.

NOTICES

**Hereford Wheelers Quiz & Chips Evening
Wednesday 16th November 7.30pm at Hereford Rowing Club**

All welcome; bring own cutlery & condiments.
Use of Rowing Club bar.

Meal choices and payment (cheques payable to HW) to Valerie Hurrell, evahurrell@aol.com - 07599314155 by 12th November please.

Teams of 6; make up your own team or join a team on the night.

If you intend taking part, but are not eating, please advise the organiser.

Item	Cost
Cod & Chips	£5.20
Chicken & Chips	£4.30
Sausage & Chips	£3.20
Just Chips	£1.70
Just Fish	£3.50
Chicken Chow Mein	£4.60
Vegetable Chow Mein (Veggie)	£4.55
Special Fried Rice	£5.00
Mushroom Fried Rice (Veggie)	£4.55

Hereford Wheelers CC Annual Dinner & Prize Presentation 2016

Hedley Lodge, Hereford – Friday 25th November 7 for 7.30pm

Tickets will be available from 3rd October, from Valerie Hurrell & Bill Berry, price £20.00 for 3 courses, including free “lucky ticket” raffle.

We are pleased to welcome Mike Burrows, designer of Chris Boardman’s Superbike, as our guest of honour to present the awards & field a Q & A session. Mike will be bringing some copies of his recently published book “From Bicycle to Superbike” to sign & sell (cost £25.00).

Payment in advance in cash, by cheque payable to Hereford Wheelers CC, or by bank transfer to account: 00198014, sort code 30-94-14.

Please advise the organiser of food choices by Mon 14th November

MENU

Starters

Homemade Tomato & Basil Soup
Fresh Melon Cocktail with Raspberry Coulis
Brussels Pâté served with Crusty Bread

Main Course

Hereford Roast Beef & Yorkshire Pudding
Locally Sourced Roast Turkey with all the Trimmings
Oven Baked Salmon in a Hollandaise Sauce
Nut Roast in a Vegetable Gravy (V)
Pasta Bake (V)

Desserts

Christmas Pudding in Brandy Sauce (V)
Mincemeat Strudel and Custard (V)
Black Cherry Trifle
Includes Tea, Coffee & Mince Pies

Please speak to the organiser regarding special dietary requirements.

Valerie Hurrell

Junior Cycling Bursary

The Club recently received a legacy from the estate of late club member Clive Watkins and the Club committee have decided that the club will match this amount and will award a Bursary to a Junior Rider (Under18) to cover expenses incurred in furthering their cycling career. It has been suggested that this might cover training costs, race entry fees, travel expenses and equipment.

With this in mind nominations are invited from any Junior (U18) first claim club member , male or female , for this award.. Applications should include full name, age, details of their cycling career to date and the reasons why they should be considered.

The applications should be forwarded to the club secretary by 30 October. The committee will then make a decision based on the nominations and the award will be announced at the awards dinner on 25th November.

