



THE WHEELER

Spring 2017



3x2-mile Sprints 2017



Road Bike 10 2017

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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: Chris Hughes taking part in the 3x2-mile Sprints

Photographer: Maurice Tudor

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PRESIDENT'S INTRODUCTION

Hi all cyclists

The Club racing TT season has started with 50 riders participating in the first event of the season, the Road bike 10 mile event. This gives riders the chance to ride road bikes under race rules before they change to aero Time Trial machines for the Evening 10 Series.

The 10 mile TT series will have the Points Competitions for riders to challenge themselves against each other. Please make yourself aware of each award/prize rules as some are only open to 1st Claim Wheeler members.

The Club's main event held on Easter Monday is the 'Open 25' mile TT from Weobley Village Hall. We are delighted to have a field of 42 riders who have taken up the challenge [Entries for this event has now closed]. Please come along and show your support. We would be most grateful for help for marshals and to volunteers to bake a cake and or serve teas at the village hall to give riders well earned refreshments after finishing.

The Cambrian Audax takes place from Leominster on Saturday 22nd April. If you are thinking of giving yourself a big challenge then this is one for you. There is a choice of distances to test you.

The Club's big public event is the annual '**Come and Try it**' held on **Thursday, 15th June**. We are looking for volunteers to assist in making this event run smoothly. Please let us know if you are interested. **Venue – Pateshall, Allensmore.**

The Brisk Club Run Sunday rides run by Andy Hurrell on Sunday are a great ride out with variable routes and good coffee stops, setting off from Steels at 9.30am – all welcome if you can make the pace.

Thanks to Mick Cumbes and Ed Hadley for running the Sunday Training rides throughout the autumn and winter this year, fingers crossed those riders will be on form for the coming time trial season, good luck to them all!

Club Social Rides and Hog Roast, Saturday 17th June – Sutton St Nicholas Village Hall

Decide which ride will suit you and members of your family or friends, then enter via the website www.herefordwheelers.com booking@herefordwheelers.com or by contacting Jon Tetley, Valerie Hurrell or Chris Hughes. This is a great opportunity to chill out, meet new members, and share some good food after an enjoyable ride. All levels of cyclists and friends from other local clubs are most welcome.

May I, once again, thank those members on the Committee for all their efforts on the clubs behalf and wish all the members a great summer season in 2017.

Chris Hughes President

ARTICLES

The Adventures of Ellis (Part 2)

Having not found a cycle shop in Ivrea I wedged my extractor tool into some sturdy wrought iron railings to act as a surrogate Big Tool. I noticed I was being watched with interest by a man across the street, so when I had successfully managed to bend several of the railings but abjectly failed to budge the extractor tool, I went over to my silent witness and asked him in my best Italian if he knew where there was a bike shop.

I wasn't sure what he thought I had asked him, but he said he knew a man and could take me to him. It was quite reminiscent of the days back when I used to wear yellow dungarees, clogs, and not a lot else. I locked Ellis to the aforementioned railings, warned him to have no truck with strangers, assured him I would be back, and taking the wrecked back wheel and panniers containing all my worldly belongings, went off with my 'escort'. After several lefts and rights down various alleyways, again reminiscent of old times, we did in fact arrive at what looked like a fairly decent bike shop. *Chiuso* (Shut). Fortunately, it was due to re-open within 10 minutes, so leaving my panniers with my escort, who I reasoned was probably trustworthy, I retraced my steps to retrieve Ellis and returned to the bike shop. Both escort and panniers were still there, and about half an hour later someone with a key turned up to open the shop. By using a mixture of French, Italian, German and English, but mostly just by pointing at the carnage which was Ellis' rear end and grunting a bit, I managed to explain my predicament. He shook his head and scratched his chin. '*Museo*' he muttered. Oh good I thought, at least he says he will think about it, not immediately realising that Museo actually means museum. From the repeated shaking of his head and much waving of his arms like those windscreen wipers that cross in the middle, I shrewdly deduced that he was saying he could not repair it.

I snatched up a hefty looking monkey wrench and brandished it in the air as though a brilliant idea had just struck me. I won't bore you with the gory details, but suffice to say that approximately one hour later, at least to the unfamiliar eye, Ellis again resembled a functioning bicycle. OK, so perhaps only 3 of his 5 gears were now working, but at least with careful positioning it would now revolve without hitting the frame on both sides, or even the brake, which I had loosened off to the point where there was no danger of it slowing the bike anyway.

The back wheel was Belgian. Now I know the Belgians can be a funny lot at times but I had only met the Belgian a few weeks previously, when by accident I had discovered he was about to be thrown out by a guy who was selling some other bike stuff on Ebay. Oblivious to the possible significance of this, I was more interested in the fact that he was about the right age (60-ish), and most importantly, the right size for Ellis. He looked a long way past his best, in poor shape altogether in fact, but super-bodge mechanic that I am, I was confident I could coax him back into a reasonable enough condition for what would undoubtedly be the most memorable journey of his entire hum-drum Belgian life.

With the situation as good as it was ever likely to get, and having lost over 4 hours

already, I pressed on and tried to claw back some of the lost mileage in what little remained of this damp afternoon. Once I got used to Ellis' new-found-hip-swinging-street-walking style, the queasiness subsided, and together we sashayed our way Eastwards across Northern Italy for another 3 hours. Once my boded 'wing-and-a-prayer-repair' seemed to be holding together, I grabbed a Lumumba in a roadside bar and telephoned Nikki to see if she could book me a room on Booking.com in Vercelli, a further 20 miles on. I reached Vercelli as more dark clouds shrouded the evening sky, and rang Nikki to find out if I had a bed for the night. There was good news and bad news. Yes, I had a room booked in the Hotel Modo, Piazza Medaglie D'Oro but as for where that was in relation to where I was then standing I had no idea.

It sounded like it could be about 3 miles from the centre of Vercelli, possibly to the South, so accosting a friendly looking pasta-engorged chap who was filling up with petrol nearby, I smiled sweetly at him and donning my by now well practised pleading expression, grunted a few key words at him. Hotel? Modo? Piazza Medaglie D'Oro? He seemed to grasp the gist of my fluent interrogation, but instead of giving me the 'Toot-Ah-Dwat' treatment so popular amongst the French, he gave up trying to explain how to get there and very kindly indicated that I should follow him in his car!

His couch potato appearance should have alerted me to what little grasp he probably had of what it takes to propel a bicycle, as off we went at a pace which Chris Hoy in his prime would have been proud to sustain. A red light saved me and snorting like a stuck pig I just about managed to catch up. He clearly thought that my frantic waving was not to get him to slow down, because with a cheery acknowledging wave, he shot off again even faster as soon as the lights changed. Fortunately, the Hotel Modo sign was now visible only a few hundred yards further on, so all was well, although he did seem a little taken aback at my consumptive rasping wheeze as I thanked him for his help.

Day 8 dawned rather damply, but with promise in the sky. Surely today would be the day I would recoup some of my losses? At first we made good progress via Mortara, Garlasco and Pavia, with only one tricky moment on a busy roundabout when the front wheel skidded on a patch of gravel whilst I was pre-occupied simultaneously trying to read the signposts and avoid being run over. Such skids very often end up with a broken collarbone, but as I did a sort of clown-on-a-unicycle pirouette to stay upright, a local yelled out '*Bravo*' to me.

Three punctures in the next 12 miles changed the mood, so I resorted to the extreme measure of taping completely over the rim so that whatever was causing these pinhole punctures, now 8 in all, could not come into contact with the inner tube. That meant of course that I could not now use the back brake at all, but as it had been fairly useless since yesterday's problems anyway, and the fact that we had now left the mountains behind, I reasoned that 3 gears and one 60 year old brake operated by a child's brake lever should be enough to get us through the remaining 350 miles or so to Olympia. Not only that, but my aches and pains had now gone. My back was OK, the torn calf felt fine, and even my '*titanium*' wrist had settled down, meaning that I no longer had to spend half the day riding one handed.

It was now actually hot, well over 30°C, so I rationalised that it was time for a beer and a quick snack. I was looking for a bakery so in the next village I asked a local where there was a 'Panificio'. He gave me a strange look, and pointed behind me in the wary manner of someone who thought he was either about to become the object of a con trick, or had been accosted by a potentially dangerous mental patient. The latter was probably nearer the truth than I would care to admit, but I thanked him anyway – 'Grazie' – because of course I was standing right in front of a bakery!

On Saturday (day 9), with 220 miles left to reach Ancona, we pressed on down the Via Emilia past Parma, Modena and Bologna. It was a day when I had to constantly bribe myself to keep going. 20 more miles and I will have a beer; 10 more miles and I will have a Panini; 5 more miles and I will call Nikki; at the next supermarket I will buy a couple of peaches; at the next Gelateria I will have an ice cream, or a coffee, or a pie of some sort, or indeed anything at all to relieve the mind numbing grind and take my mind off the tiredness.



We pressed on. And on.

Hour after hour, mile after mile, through Imola, Faenza, Forli, Cesena, until finally, in semi darkness we reached the outskirts of Rimini, making it 145 miles that day. I had planned to sleep on the beach, but after a 14 hour grind down the Via Emilia, the prospect of a bed and a warm shower in a mosquito-free environment was a lot more tempting than a sun lounger on the beach, so as it was still a reasonable hour I decided that if I passed a hotel without having to deviate from my route I would give it a try. At this point a very speedy chap on a very whizzy bike overtook me, so I launched myself after him, tucked in on his wheel, and at the next traffic lights asked him in between consumptive gulps of air, if he knew where there was a hotel along this route. He did, so after a further 3 miles of hanging onto his back wheel and diving around roundabouts like a true Italian at well over 20mph, he pointed out a four star establishment on the left.

Although of course very pleased to have found a hotel, in the headlong rush not to be dropped by this would-be Vincenzo Nibali, I had not noticed a pothole in the road and bang! A spoke in the back wheel had snapped, so the Belgian was once again in big trouble.

After a shower, a Pizza, and a pint of Peroni however, things were looking optimistic for Sunday's ferry, now only 75 miles away, but of course with the Belgian now having a broken spoke, and no Big Tool available to remove the gears in order to replace it, things were by no means clear cut. It was 11pm on a Saturday night. The check-in for the ferry closed at 1pm on Sunday afternoon, so I would have to be on the road again by about 5am, with very little chance of finding anywhere I could borrow a 'Big Tool', or '*Chiave Inglese*' as the Italians choose to call them. The night manager of the hotel was able to tell me where I would pass a Fire Station the next morning (because they would be open), and judging by Chicago Fire, there should be plenty of Big Tools available.

Day 10, or rather the first half of the Final day. After 4 hours sleep, I was again on the road, scratchy eyed and very tired, but determined to make it to the ferry in time. No sign of the Fire Station where I was expecting it to be however, so every bump in the road – of which there were many – was a potential showstopper. Press on – but very gingerly! To nurse the Belgian along I was riding like a wayward nun on her way to confession, slowly, reluctantly and apprehensively, as if trying to get her story straight.

The Adriatic coast is flat, so most of the ride was not difficult. However, between Cattolica and Pesaro there is a big hill. So here we are, 200 miles South of Milan, on the coast road, in late June, and there is a hill with warnings about the need for snow chains! And then it rained, proper, cold, wet rain. We crawled for more than a mile up the gradient, not daring to stand on the pedals in case the additional strain did for the Belgian. It took nearly a quarter of an hour but finally we made it without causing further damage.

By 8am we were at Fano, only 35 miles from the ferry. We reached Senegallia by 09:30, so with less than 20 miles left I knew we would make it because if need be, I could probably jog-walk-shuffle the rest of the way by 1pm, pushing Ellis. We reached the check-in office at 10:30 am, not much more than 5 hours after we had started out, so in the circumstances I was very satisfied with the 14mph average.

I went in search of a Big Tool to repair the Belgian. Nobody had one that was an exact fit, but by using one that was too big, and jamming another one in the gap, I was able to

budge my extractor tool to remove the cogs, after which it was a 2 minute job to replace the Belgian's broken spoke and return him to something rather more stable than he had been since he encountered the Rimini pothole



Ellis waiting to board the Ferry at Ancona

It was after 7pm the next day when we docked at Patras, so no point in trying to cover any ground. I just found a hotel, washed my clothes, had dinner, and went to bed.

The next day, Tuesday (the second half of the last day), heralded a perfect morning. I took breakfast looking out over the calm sea with the sun slowly rising in front of me. To reach Olympia within 10 days' riding meant that I had to be there by 4pm BST, ie. 6pm Greek time. With no more than 80 miles to go I could relax, take it easy, enjoy the ride. Big mistake. I rolled out of the hotel gates at a casual 10am EET, but as the sun rose higher in the sky, so did the mercury in the thermometers. On the last climb up to Olympia my bike computer recorded a temperature of 48°C, so even with what seemed like a slight tailwind it was an unexpectedly tough 7 hours as I had to stop every hour or so to get a drink and cool off.

We made it to Olympia just before 17:00 EET (3pm BST), which allowing for the delays and time spent on the Greek ferry, meant that we had completed the 1,250 miles in just under 10 days riding, 2 days quicker than the original target schedule.

At last! We covered the 1,215 miles from Marble Arch in London to the site of Ancient Olympia in 10 days' eventful riding. Job done. Me and Ellis had a great time. We had some obstacles, discomforts, and challenges along the way, but nothing like the daily trials faced by those affected directly or indirectly by Multiple Sclerosis every day. The response has been overwhelming, and we have more than doubled our original target of £5k to cover the cost of an incubator, so this little story is by way of saying a great big thank you to those who have already contributed so generously.



Cycling against the odds



When Valerie asked me to write a piece for the magazine I thought it would be a simple thing to do, However, I find myself struggling to put into words how returning to cycling and being part of The Hereford Wheelers group has impacted so profoundly on my husband's health and lifestyle. Mark and I have been married for 31 years and for the last 14 of those Mark has had suffered from ill health. Sadly, for ten years he was misdiagnosed and treated with medication that caused more side effects than we could have imagined. Mark's health steadily declined to a point where he found even socialising difficult and life became extremely grim despite all our efforts. By chance we were introduced to a new specialist who diagnosed Mark's condition correctly and from that day his physical and mental health has steadily improved, and although Mark came a long

way he needed an independent connection socially.

Then two years ago, Christian our eldest son introduced Mark to the group, although he found the physical effort difficult initially, he continued to train independently and his grit and determination to succeed won out. He has continued to drive himself forward and develop the stamina and fitness level to attend The Wheelers sessions regularly. Initially I was concerned he could relapse and his condition would flare and cause this new-found liberation to fail him but, instead I have watched him grow in confidence, fitness and knowledge of the skills required to ride well. I have watched him thrive within four separate groups, developing new friendships and knowledge of the area. His enjoyment of the preparation of the bike, the ride and the recording of his rising achievements on Strava has been lovely to see.

I am so proud of my husband and his strength of character to overcome so many hurdles and to fight so hard to regain his self-esteem. I am so grateful to the group for the support given to him, for the genuine friendships and the encouragement to keep trying. It has enabled Mark to gain confidence in his own ability, to take back some element of control of his life again, to become competitive and physically fitter than he

has been for so many years. So, I would like to take this opportunity to thank you all for the conversations, the simple smiles of encouragement, the small pieces of advice given over tea and cake, and for the hand of friendship to me too as a very grateful cyclist widow!

Julie Montez

MEMBER'S QUESTIONNAIRE

This month's questionnaire is by Dave Cross – the club's oldest regular Time Trial rider.

WHERE WERE YOU BORN? Hereford

WHEN DID YOU START CYCLING AND WHY? Other than having a bike as a child my first proper cycling was with the Hereford Wheelers in the early 60's riding 10 TTs and Club Runs.

WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST BIKE? My first full-size bike was a Elswick Hopper Lincoln Imp.



WHEN DID YOU JOIN THE WHEELERS? First around 1961/62 and then again in 2012.

WHAT IS YOUR BEST CYCLING MEMORY? Riding as a teenager on self-built scrambler [MTB] bikes racing in the woods trying to impress the girls!

WHAT WAS YOUR BEST CYCLING PERFORMANCE/RIDE? A PB last year in the Leominster 10 TT.

WHY DO YOU ENJOY CYCLING? As an engineer, the ability to use an ultra-efficient machine with little noise and cost. Also to be able to monitor [the decline of] my physical ability and performance.

HOW OFTEN DO YOU RIDE? **Very variable. It could be a couple of times a week but often much less. Sometimes only once a fortnight – other than in the summer, then at least once a week a TT.**

WHAT BIKE(S) DO YOU CURRENTLY OWN? **1/ Dawes Windsor, 2/ Barry Barron 531c Touring, 3/ Eddy Merckx aluminium road bike badged as Karel Minjens (The Belgium Family Company of Richard Minjens, one of Merckxs faithful team members) 4/ Lemond road bike Reynolds steel, 5/ Ribble Time Trial, 6/ Planet X Time Trial, 7/ Trek MTB and 8/ my last bike of the 60's badged as Bloemfontein Cycle Works (If anyone has any info on this make I would be grateful to hear from them)**

WHICH IS YOUR FAVOURITE BIKE AND WHY? **My Lemond; it's multi-purpose and STEEL.**

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE RIDE? **Any of the back lanes of South Herefordshire.**

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE POST RIDE MEAL? **If it is an early morning ride, scrambled eggs.**

WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER TO BE THE BEST CYCLING INNOVATION IN THE LAST 30 YEARS? **Puncture sealing fluid**

WHO IS YOUR CYCLING HERO? **Bradley Wiggins (multi discipline successes)**

WHAT KIND OF BOOKS DO YOU READ? **Local history, natural history and technical reference.**

WHAT KIND OF MUSIC DO YOU LIKE? **Irish, folk and country and western.**

DO YOU HAVE ANY HOBBIES? **Livestock production, pedigree poultry and sheep breeding, running a Smallholding, classic motor cycle restoration and looks like, bike collecting!**

HOW WOULD YOU IMPROVE HEREFORD WHEELERS AS A CLUB? **Ask members to never lose sight of the time and effort put in by the club officials and time keepers.**

NOTICES

**Hereford And District Wheelers Cycling Club
Racing Programme for 2017
(under CCT rules)**

All Thursday evening time trials start at 6.30pm (unless specified). Sunday morning time trials start at 9.30am

All riders are required to sign on at least ten minutes before start. Late entries at the discretion of the timekeepers.

All riders are entirely responsible for their own safety at all times.

Time Trial Sec: Chris Hughes 07970 865 434

Day	Date	Trophy	Event	Course
Sun	26th March		3 x 2 mile Sprints	Stretton Sugwas
Thurs	30th March		Road bike '10'	Allensmore
Sun	2nd April		Weobley Sporting (Approx. 19 miles)	Stretton Sugwas
Thurs	6th April		1st '10'	Allensmore
Thurs	13th April		2nd '10'	Leominster
Mon	17/04/2017	11	Club Open 25TT	R25/8C
Thurs	20th April		3rd '10'	Lugg Bridge
Sat	22nd April		Cambrian Audax (Leominster to Machynlleth) & Shorter event	
Sun	30/04/2017		WCA 25 Championships	R25/3H
Thurs	4th May		4th '10'	Allensmore
Sun	7th May	12	1st '25' (Scratch)	Leominster
Thurs	11th May		5th '10'	Lugg Bridge
Sun	14th May	17	2nd '25' (1st Handicap)	Leominster
Thurs	18th May		6th '10'	Leominster
Sun	21st May		Club 35 mile 3up TTT + Individual	Allensmore
Thurs	25th May		7th '10'	Yazor
	TBC		Club BBQ	Sutton St Nicholas
Thurs	1st June		3rd '25'	Stretton Sugwas
Thurs	8th June		8th '10'	Leominster
Wed	14th June		9th '10'	Yazor
Thurs	15th June		Come and Try It '10'	Allensmore
Sun	18th June	5	West Wales Cyclist League 100	R100/1
Thurs	22nd June		10th '10'	Allensmore
Thurs	29th June		Inter-Club 2-up '10'	Leominster
Thurs	6th July		11th '10'	Lugg Bridge
Sun	9th July	4	WCA 12hr	R12/95
Thurs	13th July	17	4th '25' (2nd Handicap)	Stretton Sugwas
Sun	16th July		WHEELIE BIG RIDE ST MICHAELS	
Thurs	20th July		12th '10'	Allensmore
Tues	TBC		Inter-Club 2-up '10'	Brimfield

Thurs	27th July		13th '10'	Leominster
Sun	30th July	7,9,16	Club '50' Championship	Stretton Sugwas
Thurs	3rd August	13,14	5th '25'	Leominster
Thurs	10th August		14th '10'	Lugg Bridge
Sun	13th August		Welsh CA '10' (Welsh Champs)	R10/17
Thurs	17th August		Pencombe Hill Climb	Pencombe
Thurs	24th August		15th '10'	Allensmore
Thurs	31st August	15	Haugh Wood Hill Climb	Haugh Wood
Thurs	TBC		Caplar Hill Climb - Ned Potter	
Sun	3rd September	5	Welsh CA '100' Championship	R100/8
Sun	10th September	10	Club '30' Championship	
Sun	TBC		Welsh CA 'Hill Climb' (Welsh Champs)	RH/14
Sun	24th September		Welsh CA '50' (Welsh Champs)	R50/1b

Course Key: C10/16 – Allensmore (C); C10/17 – Lugg Bridge; Yazor 10 – Yazor; Leom 10 (Arrow) – Leominster; R25/8C – Weobley; CS/11 – Golden Valley (C); Leom 25 – Leominster; Hill Climb – Haugh Wood.

Officials: S.E. – Stuart Edinborough; D.U. – Dave Unsworth; W.H. – Wendy Howells; M.T. – Maurice Tudor; Pusher-Off – Percy Hughes.

Club event entry fees: £3.00 Hereford Wheeler club members £5.00 Members of other CTT Affiliated clubs (incs. £2 CTT Levy per race) £6.00 All others (including 'One day Membership' – Membership form must be filled in and signed for each race)

JOIN THE CLUB! ----- Membership is only £10.00 a year (1st & 2nd Claim)

DIARY DATE! Annual Dinner & Prize Presentation 24th November 2017

This year there will be a change of venue & the Dinner will be held upstairs at De Koffie Pot in the Left Bank complex in Hereford on Friday 24th November. The committee has decided to try a new approach to move to a less-formal venue & meal in a city-centre location, following falling attendance numbers over the past couple of years. The meal will be a one course (mild) meat/vegetarian curry served with chips & French bread & tickets will be £15, to include the usual lucky ticket raffle.

We are delighted to announce that our guest of honour this year will be former professional cyclist Mick Bennett, who in 2004 formed Sweetspot Management, which organises the **Tour of Britain**, the **Tour Series** & **The Women's Tour**.

Tickets will go on sale 1st October.

Valerie Hurrell

The group photo in the Autumn edition of the Wheeler.

Ian Boushear writes: The date it was taken is earlier in 1959/60. Bob Jones gave me the information and he was sure about the date because John Potter, who incidentally won the Coventry 'Two-Day' event, left Hereford in 1960.

The names from left to right are: Unknown, Colin Rumsey, John Hall (Ross & District CC), unknown, Bob Jones, Mike Preedy (Gannet CC), Colin Tudor, John Potter, David Wilkes and Tony Hickling. The two unknown riders are probably RAF lads from Credenhill Camp (we always had the RAF riding in club events back then). There are 11 people in the shot.

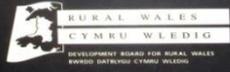
The one with only the head visible is probably a spectator.



NATIONAL CYCLE EXHIBITION

Officially opened by
David Rowe-Beddoe
Chairman
Development Board for Rural Wales
and
Tom Norton
21 March 1997

Agorwyd yn swyddogol gan
David Rowe-Beddoe
Cadeirydd
Bwrdd Datblygu Cymru Wledig
a
Tom Norton
21 Mawrth 1997



RURAL WALES
CYMRU WLEDIG
DEVELOPMENT BOARD FOR RURAL WALES
BWRDD DATBLYGU CYMRU WLEDIG

National Cycle Museum

The National Cycle Museum in the Automobile Palace, Llandrindod Wells, was officially opened on 21st March 1997. It is the UK's main cycle museum with over 250 cycles on display. It is normally open Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, but can usually be flexible for groups.

The museum is organising a cycle jumble/sale of surplus stores cycles and parts on Saturday 6th May at the British Legion Centre in the town. Stall space is available. Please contact the museum on 01597 825531 for details.

The 3rd Llandrindod Wells Cycle Festival (Llandrindod Cycle Fest) will be based at the lakeside 14-16th July. Various rides will be organised – contact 01597 825151.

2017 is the bicentenary year of the bicycle – why not come and see the wide variety of cycle designs over the last 200 years, at the museum.

CAFÉ NEWS

Our irregular update of changes to the cafés of Herefordshire.

Hope Under Dinmore – Peckers Café in Wynnes Countrystore.

Not knowing exactly where the cafe was Valerie and I followed the signs off the A49 for Village Centre, rode through the village then saw a direction sign to Wynnes Countrystore. “Follow the lane to the end then right at the top” it said. The important word was “top”. The lane went up, levelled, went up again, levelled then climbed more. The sign that said “You’re nearly there” was misleading; the lane went up again. Eventually we reached the café and were greatly relieved to find that it was open and serving food and drink. A friendly greeting and good value refreshments meant that it had been worth the effort of climbing the hill. Leaving the café we cut through to Queenswood Country Park on a woodland track then had a wonderful descent down Dinmore Hill.

It is open Tuesday – Saturday, 9 – 4.30. From April it will also be open on Sundays.

www.wynnes.co.uk

Colwall – Café@the Stores

The café in Colwall had been closed for several months but reopened in 2016 after a complete refit. We took a chance and went there on a Sunday clubrun and were made very welcome. The owner insisted on taking a photo of us as we rolled off on the bikes. She said that they won't be doing Sunday lunches so will always welcome cyclists and walkers for light refreshments. However the website now states that they are open Monday – Saturday 8am – 4pm so perhaps we won't be using it on a Sunday clubrun again.

www.thestorescolwall.co.uk

Whitchurch – Woody's Tea Room

This delightful café is upstairs in Woods of Whitchurch village shop by the A40. There was a great selection of cakes and the staff were extremely helpful when we visited on a very cold February clubrun.

www.woodsofwhitchurch.co.uk

Whitchurch – The Potting Shed

Also in Whitchurch is the Potting Shed – one is spoilt for choice in that village! I saw that Ross CC visited recently and Ken and Linda Green selflessly visited to try the refreshments on our behalf. They reported that it seems to be aimed more at the lunchtime business but they were made very welcome for elevenses.

www.thepottingshedwhitchurch.com

Ewyas Harold – Lily’s Tea Room at the Dog Inn

Despite our weekly Friday rides to Ewyas Harold I was not aware of this café which is in one half of the Dog Inn. As we had already had our fill of tea and cakes at the Baptist Chapel we didn’t sample Lily’s offerings but look forward to visiting on a future occasion..

www.thedoginnpubhereford.co.uk

Trumpet – The Trumpet Corner Tea Rooms

The Trumpet Corner Tea Room between Hereford and Ledbury has recently had a change of ownership and no longer opens on Sundays (except, strangely, for some in April). We were going to visit on a recent brisk club run but had to change to the Nest which is not far away.

www.trumpetcorner.co.uk

Pembridge – Ye Olde Steppes

This is Valerie’s favourite café and she was worried that it would close when it was put up for sale last year. Fortunately it was bought by Sam, formerly the manageress, who continues to welcome customers in her effusive way. I haven’t been called sweetie-pie for many years! Unfortunately it’s not open on Sundays but is well worth making the journey to this gem of a village on the Black and White trail.

www.yeoldestepes.co.uk

Winforton – The Buttley Tea Room

This tea room on the A438 near Hay on Wye has closed.

You might like to take a look at the café list on the Wheelers website (select Riding from the menu at the top then Hereford Café List) and please let me know of any changes that you are aware of. andyinhereford@aol.com

Andy Hurrell

YOU ARE INVITED TO

HEREFORD WHEELERS CYCLE RIDE[S] AND HOG ROAST

Saturday, 17th June 2017 10.00am - 5.00pm

SUTTON ST NICHOLAS VILLAGE HALL

All welcome



Choose your ride from:

- ✓ 50 mile 'Happy on the Hills' challenge ride 10.30 am
- ✓ 25 mile 'Take it steady' 1.00 pm
- [Route plans for 50 & 25 available on the day]
- ✓ Treasure Hunt [Andy & Valerie] 12.30 pm
- ✓ Skill sessions with Stuart 6-15 yrs 12.30 pm/
2.00pm

Your reward on return - a sumptuous Hog Roast [with Veggie options] 2.30pm onwards

Hereford Wheelers members and Under 16's free

Non members £5.00 for ride and food

All levels of cyclists and friends, family from other clubs very welcome

Contact booking@herefordwheelers.com to book your ride

Or for more info see www.herefordwheelers.com

OBITUARY

Roy Hobbs 1933-2017

I am sad to report the passing of one of the oldest riding Wheelers – Roy Hobbs – who died on 23 January 2017 aged 84.

I first met Roy in 2010 when he contacted the Wheelers to say that he had an old frame that he no longer had use for and wanted dispose of it. As I was the nearest Wheeler to Roy's home I contacted him and went to see him. The frame was a 1949 Holdsworth Cyclone which Roy had bought new in 1950 from Wraggs of Reigate. Roy was a regular cyclist and used his bike to travel to work from Reigate to Gatwick. After doing this for several years he subsequently found, in a ditch, a Hobbs frame so exchanged the Holdsworth for the Hobbs and put the Holdsworth in his shed. After several moves he came to live in Hereford and brought the Holdsworth with him. When I saw the frame I thought it would make a good basis for a single fixed gear bike similar to one I had ridden in the 1960's. Roy wanted to give me the frame but after a lot of persuasion I got him to accept £20 in payment.



Roy is on the left

Following this meeting Roy joined the Wheelers and began riding again in his late 70's and subsequently became a regular Wednesday Wheeler riding out to Weobley from his home in Hereford. A few years ago Dick Hunt, one of the Wednesday Wheelers, sold him a very rare Vic Braysher bike which he used regularly and was his pride and joy.

Although he had not been able to ride more than a few miles in the last year or so he regularly kept in touch with me and was very interested in the Wednesday Wheelers and Hereford Wheelers. He was a kind and gentle man and will be missed although I will think of him every time I ride my old Holdsworth.

Bill Berry



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