

# WELCOME TO HUB-UB



The National 25 mile Championship – June 2006

Ruth and her team of enthusiastic supporters

## THE MAGAZINE OF THE BEACON ROADS CYCLING CLUB

Edition 02/06

[www.beaconrcc.org.uk](http://www.beaconrcc.org.uk)

July 2006

## ED'S RAMBLINGS

As editor this is a bad time of the year for me. Despite my pleas, the attraction of being out there riding your bikes in the warm sunshine has proven too much and you've neglected to write your articles. I've held the pages as long as I can so if you find some recycled stuff in this edition I make no apologies and simply repeat my request for more articles.

We now have the internet based 'Beacon Bulletin' which is great for all the up to date information, providing of course, you have access to the internet. So Hub-Ub needs to move with the times and take on a different role. Club events, clubruns, race results and forthcoming club social events etc. can all now be successfully incorporated into the Bulletin. What I need for Hub-Ub are interesting articles about your experiences, memories, ideas, tips etc. They can be funny, serious, controversial, thought provoking or downright outrageous! I don't mind as long as they stay within the bounds of common decency and don't cause offence to others (at least not too much offence to too many people). Get your pens out, reach for your keyboard or whatever and send me some articles. It's your Club Magazine so let's make it a good one. My thanks to all who have contributed both to this and past editions, and thanks in anticipation to all of you who will be sending in articles for the next edition in September.

The end of May finally saw the end of the wet and cold spring weather that had prevailed until then. I well recall fighting my way through the cold wind when walking the dog each morning, wondering if summer would ever arrive. And now it's here with a vengeance and we're sweltering in temperature in the high 20's and low 30's. No, I'm not complaining, far from it, I could stand a lot more days like these but I think we also need some rain to avoid the dreaded hosepipe bans and threats of water shortages. But please not yet as we need to get past the 5<sup>th</sup> August which

is the date of our 'Hog Roast' (see page 8 for more information). We're keeping fingers and everything else crossed that the day will be fine but keep reminding ourselves that this is England and anything can happen.

I've even managed to get out on the bike a few times in the last couple of months or so. Being a fair weather rider I try to avoid the rain as much as possible but a few weeks ago I got caught in a heavy shower. Reaching for my cape I was congratulating myself on having the foresight to keep it in my saddle pack for this very event. Unfortunately it has been in there, folded up for months if not years. The consequence of which was that when I tried to put it on and zip it up, yes, you've guessed – the zip didn't work. There I was, sheltering under a tree with a cape that was about as useful as a chocolate teapot. And the moral of this story? - always check your equipment before going out and buy a cape with Velcro rather than a zip.

On the subject of clothing, Paul Deane has asked me to mention that if anyone wants club clothing he is likely to be putting in another order in September, providing he has enough to meet the minimum order quantity. Please bear that in mind and make sure you contact Paul in good time. He can only order twice a year realistically so you need to anticipate your requirements well in advance; it's no use getting to October and deciding it would be nice to order a gilet or waterproof top unless you can persuade a load of others to do so at the same time!

Finally, to our racing members – I hope you are all achieving your objectives or at least getting near to them. If not – don't lose hope, keep training hard and the results will come. I know many of you have done well this season and Ruth has achieved national honours in winning two silver and one bronze in national championship events so far. So well done all of you and keep up the good work.

*Ed*

PS – don't forget your articles; send them to me as soon as you can.

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## PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

*2006 hasn't gone as I originally planned. It was my intention to win the Vets BAR, the Senior BAR, have a sex change in August then go on to win the Ladies BAR; then things changed and everything went wrong.*

I was having tests as far back as last November, which eventually resulted in my being diagnosed with an aggressive prostate cancer, which required radical surgery. This took place in April.

This was the time when I realised what a lot of caring and lovely people there are in the Beacon. The number of phone calls, cards and visits has been overwhelming and Judy and I have been very moved.

I must mention a few names. First, there is Dennis who, when we were unable to visit Majorca, got a get well card signed by everyone at the Pollensa Park Hotel. And a big thank you to David Duffield, who having had the same operation, dispelled any doubts I had of going ahead with surgery by talking me through the procedure and what to expect afterwards. Mike Kedian produced another of his masterpieces when he created a wonderfully humorous card signed by Club members.

Now I must thank my close family. My son James (a club social member) in spite of a very heavy workload made many visits, often late in the evening on his way home from work, always with a cheery smile and full of optimism. My daughter Nicola was also a tremendous support to Judy and me, travelling twice within a few days from Berkshire, a round trip of 230 miles each time, always being cheerful, caring and loving. I

must not forget their respective partners who stayed at home to look after our precious grandchildren.

Then there is my darling Judy who has been constantly by my side on the many visits to hospital for the tests and scans. She shared the awful realisation when we were told I had cancer, she took me to hospital for the surgery and was waiting when I came round from the anaesthetic. When I returned home, she cared for me, cleaning up after my accidents, often washing clothes in the middle of the night. When I was down she comforted me and raised my spirits with compassion and humour. Judy, I thank you and I love you always.

The Club Open ten mile time trial went very well this year and I must admit that there were several Club members who took over on the day making me almost redundant. A very sincere thank you to everyone who helped by giving up their time and providing cakes. As I mentioned before there are so many lovely people in the Club, it makes me feel quite humble.

I hope you all enjoy the rest of the summer, which at the moment is warm and I expect to see lots of brown legs over the next few weeks. Mine are still off white but I am getting there.

*Trevor*

### A MESSAGE OF THANKS

I would like to add my thanks to everyone for their support over the recent difficult weeks; we will never forget your kindness.

Prostate cancer is very common among men over fifty years old, in fact as many as one in eleven catch the disease to some degree. I know that men do tend to ignore any medical problems but I would ask you, if you feel that something is not right, see your doctor who can diagnose an anomaly with a simple blood test. If there is anything wrong and it is caught early the treatment is fairly straightforward.

**You owe it to your loved ones to take care of yourselves.**

*Judy*

## MARXA DE LLEVANT

18 MARZO 2006

### CYCLOTOURIST CHALLENGE - ILLES BALEARS

*Never one to miss out on a challenge, especially if it involves free food, our intrepid Oscar goes in search of even more fame in the sunshine of Majorca. Ed*

Barry Clarke came round to us during our evening meal in the Hotel at Cala Bona and persuaded us to part with 10 Euros to enter the above event, which started in the nearby town of Son Servera, 2 miles from our hotel at 9.30am on the Saturday morning.

The guest of honour was 80 year old Guillermo Timoner. He has a unbeaten record of six times world Gurney champion (cycling behind a motorbike) 27 times Spanish champion, and with more than 1,500 professional victories on both road and track.

After welcoming speeches the police, with blue lights flashing led the 289 cyclists out of the town centre to start the 100 kilometre circuit. Out-riders on motorcycles rode alongside us then went ahead to close the roads. On minor roads they also stopped all vehicles coming towards us, over here

#### **EVERYTHING STOPS FOR THE CYCLISTS.**

Locals could be seen waving and cheering us through the villages. After a refreshment stop at roughly half way, young and very fit local riders pushed tiring riders up the hills in an effort to keep as many together in the very large group as possible, as the broom wagon and ambulance

followed closely behind. I don't think the ambulance was need as the standard of riding was excellent.

A final sprint for the finish line at Port Vell was followed by an excellent Barbecue on the beach. Dozens of chairs appeared from a nearby hotel as we consumed vast amounts of food, (even to much for me). During the feast we were given 'lottery tickets' for a free draw for various cycling equipment and clothing. None of our riders won anything.

The lucky jersey winners had them autographed by Timoner. More speeches and bunches of flowers brought proceedings to a close. As well as the huge amounts of food there was a wide range of drinks available. I spotted, orange, lemon, coke and beer; and as if that wasn't enough there were 2 large barrels of red wine.

If only we could organise events like that over here.

Some of the regular visitors to Majorca might know that Guillermo Timoner's racing jerseys hang in the Monastery at Sant Salvador.

**OSCAR**

## VIEW FROM THE CHAIR

### *Bread pudding is quite amazing, you know!*

Have you ever been to the park after it's rained and had to prevent the dog from eating stuff that some old lady threw down for the birds last week? Stuff you don't want the dog to eat, because if he does you'll be cleaning it up in the morning?

OK, well you need a dirty great bowl of stuff just like that to make a bread pudding. Next, you dice up a couple of brown apples that have been to school and back in the kids' lunch boxes and come home with token bites removed from random locations. Then you chuck in a few old currants, plus other odds and ends that your other half would have got rid of if they'd been noticed lurking at the back of the cupboard. And, by a trick of alchemy that remains mysterious to me even after several performances of the incantation provided by Pat Baker, an hour or so in the oven turns this distinctly unpromising concoction into the most mouth-watering delicacy ever laid before a cyclist with a hundred hilly miles in his or her legs.

Now, you may not previously have thought of yourself as being in any way akin to a stale crust or a sultana that's past its sell-by date. But the fact of the matter is that you are. Because the Beacon is like a bread pudding. Alright, a bread pudding with superior ingredients ... but a bread pudding nonetheless. Because it's what

happens when you put everything together that really counts.

Personally, I've really enjoyed the string of recent Beacon promotions: the Little Mountain TT, the Audax, the Open 10 and the Track Championship. Four very different events, but four events with a strong common theme. They've all been real 'community' events: loads of people have mucked in with the organisation and loads of people have taken part or just come along to watch. And, as a result, the events have been great fun. The alchemy has been at work.

There are no end of spin-offs from the sense of community that thrives within the Beacon. Such as the practical and moral support that has helped Ruth to continue her amazing progress this season. Or the encouragement that has enabled several of our newer members to get involved in competitive or challenge riding. Or the tide of goodwill that has eased things for Beaconites who have recently experienced ill health or other problems.

So thanks to everyone who's done their bit during the last few weeks. And keep it coming: there are still several club TTs on the programme, culminating in that end-of-season pain-fest, the hill climb. Look forward to seeing you there!

*George*

## BEACON CAMPING WEEKEND AT BRECON

**When** - July 1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> 3<sup>rd</sup>

**Who went** - Debbie Deane; Paul Deane; Ann Cole; David Cole; Andy Terry; Clare; John & Hilary Porter

**Where** - Brynglis Campsite; *Pencelly Campsite*;

**What we did** – Cycling; Walking; Mountain biking; Barbecue; Watched the World cup- England vs Portugal;

**Weather** - Very warm dry sunny

The camping weekend was organized by Debbie as an alternative to the barbecue that is normally held at Paul and Debbie's in July. The majority of us travelled down on the Friday, including Tony, Jane and Debbie who cycled part of the way.

John and Hilary were unable to book a place at Brynglis Campsite so they stayed at a very posh site at Pencelly. They had spent the day cycling around Llandovery as Hilary is searching for clues for the CTC cycle quest.

On Saturday Jane and Tony went for a walk with their dog Floss (a notorious guy rope chewer) and drove into Brecon to buy food for the evening's barbecue. John and Hilary continued on their CTC quest and cycled to Merthyr Tydfil looking for more clues.

The rest of us – Dave, Ann, Debbie, Paul, Andy and his friend Clare were taken on a gruelling walk over the Brecon Beacons by Andy. It was a lovely day and the views of the mountains were fantastic. In fact it was so beautiful that no one seemed to mind the four-mile walk back in the blistering heat, with no shade and a minimal supply of water.

The majority of the group went to watch the World Cup at a local pub. I went back to the campsite with Clare. John and Hilary were waiting back at our site and made us a cup of tea on John's camping stove. Those of you under the age of 50 have probably never seen a camping stove like this, it is a small brass contraption, which is fuelled by paraffin and has a little brass button on the side, which is pumped up and

down to keep the flame going. Having said no one under 50 will have seen this type of thing; John Hitchcock has probably got two or three, along with the rest of his Crimean War camping equipment.

On Saturday evening we had a very enjoyable barbecue, John and Hilary came over from their site and we were joined by Hilary's brother, who lives in Brecon. Paul did a splendid job on the barbecue maintaining a continuous supply of sausages and other goodies.

On Sunday morning Jane and Tony cycled home; John and Hilary continued with their CTC quest, this time cycling to Talgarth; Debbie, Ann and myself went into Brecon along the canal towpath and Andy took Paul on a mountain bike ride over the Brecon Beacons. The mountain bike ride was over the sort of terrain many people would have difficulty in walking over, but they both seemed to enjoy the ride and came back looking as though they had spent the morning mucking out a pigsty.

We were all back at the campsite on Sunday afternoon to take down our tents and pack everything away – and after spending a pleasant hour looking for my lost car keys, which were eventually found in the rear door lock – we all went home.

Thanks to Debbie and Paul for organizing a lovely weekend.

**Dave**