



Spindle – February 2012 – cycleclubsudbury.com

The recent subs' night brought home the well known fact that cycling is getting very popular. That's something all of us knew anyway, but the sheer number of members, new and old, that turned up was both surprising and pleasing. When I joined CCS around 10 years ago, there were about 45 members and I got to know most of them. A few of them have since disappeared but the main body of them still remain which is why we continue to flourish as a club. The committee is constantly trying to introduce new and improved ideas to keep the interest going and hopefully, with the current status at 110+ members, shows we are on the right track. We are still a relatively small bike club but I know from outside comments, that we are held in good esteem by other bikers and clubs and as a 'model example' of how to organise and run events. But, it does take an awful lot of behind the scenes work to achieve this and is invariably carried out by just the committee members. So if anyone out there wants to help or get involved, don't be shy, just let us know.

The recent presentation evening went well with just under 50 guests and riders attending. Thanks to Peter and David for putting in a lot of work to organise it. For those of you who weren't present to claim your cups or medals, can you please contact Peter Whiteley (01787375269) to arrange collection. He has quite a few cluttering up his living room to hand over! The full list of winners is shown on the last page including a few pics.



Keep talking Dave, they won't realise we've given everyone the wrong cups.....

The weekly Wednesday ride for the old, older and retired riders continues to flourish. Although with the increasing numbers now attending, it requires serious forethought on the size of the café destination, to make sure we all fit in. Similar to Mark Gentry's problem on Sunday rides I expect. Unfortunately, on a recent ride, one of our numbers, Robin Weaver, had an involuntary fall from grace and from his bike, thanks to a poorly constructed road gully. The outcome of it all required a visit to Bury A & E department and the eventual conclusion that he had broken a bone in his foot. He has now been mended; and is sporting a plaster cast and is on the slow road to

recovery. He admits that as it happened all too quickly, he was unable to 'click' out from his pedal, which probably didn't help matters. We have all been there and probably got away with it! As one of our hardest working committee members, and a constant source of info' for Spindle, we all hope he gets back in the saddle soon, ready for the summer season ahead. When something like this happens, it really focus's your mind when out riding, on the possible perils that lurk around the next corner or road ahead. Be careful out there and think ahead! This neatly brings me to the 'Crash Cards' that all of you at subs' night picked up with your handbook. It's a simple device to stick inside your helmet and could just be a lifesaver. Please take 5 minutes to fill it in, weatherproof it with tape or laminate, and fix it securely. Those of you, who weren't at subs' night, will get one with your renewal info'.

For further details of this scheme and how it works, see the January edition of Spindle. I managed to get along to the recent Bike Show at the Excel Centre in Docklands. It's not as big as the full blown Bike Show in Birmingham, but it is always worth a visit and easier to get to. What amazed me more than anything was the sheer number of bikes in the £5000-£10000 category that were on offer. They seem to have taken over from the previously high rolling £2500-£5000 bikes which I always thought to be the pinnacle of bike design and price. The world has obviously gone mad. Forty years ago, I could have bought my new house plus a spare one for £8000. Mad, quite mad!

I'm just happy to plod along on my £1000+ bike with no major worries about damaging it or where I leave it. Although the recent spate of bike thefts has also made me a bit more cautious on its security and well being!

My final thoughts of the month are that I need help from some of you out there.

At present, the 'article' bank is running on empty again for the coming editions. Who's got an amusing little anecdote, a year in the life of a returnee or newbie biker, a holiday ride or a long forgotten adventure on a bike?

Every one of you has a story to tell, you just don't know or realise it. A few lines or a few pages will do. It doesn't have to be up to 'A' Level English standard; you only have to read my offerings to realise that. Please help and have a go. You might just enjoy doing it....

CCS's very own 22mile **MAD MARCH HILLY** OPEN TIME TRIAL takes place on Sunday 4th March and is rapidly getting closer!

This event is run from Lavenham Village Hall. If you're thinking of entering (advance entries only) they must be received by 6pm on Tuesday 21st February.

If you're not thinking of entering, you can still take part – signers on, marshals, kitchen helpers etc are required. Just let Stewart Kirk know if you are able to help!

If that doesn't appeal, at least come along and support the Club and our riders – the more the merrier!

Further details on the event, how to enter, etc are on the CCS website (Homepage and Events) and in the CTT Handbook.

Clubman of the Year. *by Robin Weaver.*

I'm writing this, because I know the Spindle editor won't. Clubman of the Year is the editor, Roger Rush, for his commitment over recent years to producing our excellent and action-packed Spindle newsletter, and for his numerous other committee-related activities; photography, graphics, co-coordinating open TT results, producing one-liners at dull moments in committee meetings, etc etc.

Spindle doesn't produce itself! I know that Spindle production is always on Roger's mind during the month, rising to a crescendo about the 20th of each month, then diminishing as those articles and snippets he's always cajoling people to produce start to appear, before publication at the end of the month. All in all, a great achievement, and also a great read.

Thanks Roger. Help keep him sane in 2012 by contributing something yourself. *(Thanks for the vote of appreciation by my peers...A slightly embarrassed Ed shown above!)*



Dieppe Raid 2012

For the last few years, CCS members have travelled to Dieppe to take part in the 'Dieppe Raid' rides, organised by the Cyclo-Club Dieppoise (see www.dieppetour.com). The rides this year are on Sunday, 24 June; a number of different rides are available to suit all tastes, from 20 to 200k – there's even a walk.

In the past, most riders have travelled to Dieppe by car via Dover on the Saturday, returning on the Tuesday after riding the organised ride on the Sunday, and a club ride on the Monday. Others have driven to Newhaven, parked there, and taken bikes and luggage over on the Transmanche ferry direct to Dieppe. We've stayed at the Hotel de la Plage, a well-run hotel at reasonable prices on the Dieppe seafront (see

www.hotel-de-la-plage-dieppe.federal-hotel.com).

Hotel accommodation is a mixture of 2/3/4 person rooms. If you are possibly interested in coming this year, could you let me know (e-mail: robinandpam@tiscali.co.uk, phone 01449 741048) by 14 February.

Robin Weaver

CLUB MEMBERSHIP

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS – NOW DUE

You can pay your annual subscription by post, by downloading the membership form from the Homepage of the website at.....

www.cycleclubsudbury.com, and sending it with payment payable to Cycle Club Sudbury to the membership secretary. Details of membership fees, address for payment etc are on the form. In return, you'll get a brand-new membership card, goodies and a shiny new 2012 Handbook.

WANTED

I am looking for a second hand frame for my partner, who is 5ft 10", no idea what size of frame he would need. He doesn't want to spend lots of money, as he is going to try and get into Audax; he has a good level of fitness. I would appreciate if any one has any bikes they wish to sell to advise me ASAP.

Hopefully someone will reply to this.

Thanks in advance.

Deniece Davidson.

Contact: d.davidson63@tesco.net

Coaching Evening

The club has arranged for Daniel Coughlan from Peake Therapy at Stoke by Nayland, to give us a talk on various fitness subjects including: - Planning injury prevention/management, strength & conditioning, biometrics of cycling and bike set up. It will take place at the Stevenson Centre, off Broom Street, Gt. Cornard on **Thursday 16th February at 7.30pm**. Entry is free (but reserve your place with Dave Fenn) and I'm sure the evening will produce all lot of useful information for biking related fitness.

My Early Years with Bikes

by Terry Law

My earliest recollection of any sort of cycle was before I started infant's school at Dagenham. I had a toddler's trike and was very cross when I overheard my mother saying to Mrs Mills, who lived over the road, 'you can have Terry's trike for Alan to ride'. That's my trike I thought. However she was soon forgiven when a child's 2 wheeler appeared a little while later. This of course was at the start of the war and, with my Dad and elder brother both called up at the outset, Mum decided to get away from the bombing and we moved to Bury St Edmunds. Dad taught me to ride while he

was home on leave for a few days before his ship sailed; to the Med as it turned out. He told me to sit on the bike and pedal down the road while he ran behind keeping me upright by holding the back of the saddle. I didn't seem to have pedaled that far before I realised that he wasn't there anymore. Hooray, I can do it. I used that bike a lot, that and its replacement, a black utility Raleigh. Totally black, frame, wheels, spokes, rims, brakes, pedals, the lot. Metals such as aluminium and chromium were needed for the war effort.

In 1951, and back in our old house at Dagenham, Mum and Dad said they would help me buy a 'racing' bike for my 17th birthday in October. I went to the Hobbs shop in Manor Park and ordered a Hobbs of Barbican 'Blue Riband' completed bike. I couldn't afford gears so I had an 81 inch (48x16) fixed wheel fitted. The first free weekend I decided to go for a ride to Southend. With a fair wind I made good time. I didn't stop at Southend but decided to come back home straight away. As I started back I realised just how strong the wind was. I died a thousand deaths on that ride and finally got home some hours later, completely spent!

A few weeks later, while at evening classes, a friend said that a chap at his depot 'did some cycling' and that I should get in touch with him. I decided to do that which was how I met John Conder. Although John was 3 months younger than me he was obviously much more experienced and in effect became 'my mentor' in those early days. I soon joined John's cycling club, the Gainsborough Road Club and started learning about 'proper cycling'. All my spare cash was spent on the bike, soon upgrading to gears, an 8 speed (48/51 and 14,16,18,21) 'Benelux' set up bought from Buckley Cycles at Dagenham (no connection with Simon's shop at Castle Hedingham). In March John suggested we enter the Castlenau CC's reliability trial. This was a 210 mile ride from Barnes to Bath and back along the A4 and, as you would expect, was a 'burn up' both ways. Starting and finishing in the dark it took us just under 15 hours to complete, well within the 16 hour time limit. We both fell asleep on the tube train journey back home!

In late April I joined the National Cyclists Union and obtained a racing licence to compete in massed start cycle races as opposed to the club time trials ridden so far. The first race was at Great Easton airfield, just north of Dunmow. It was a large entry and just before the end of the first lap I was involved in an enormous crash, suffering cuts and grazes some of which I still bear the scars from today. My next race was at the same venue and with the same result, except that I lasted two laps this time. I remember when I

told Dad he rather jokingly remarked 'you're improving then'. The next race (of several) was at Stapleford Tawney airfield, near Abridge, finishing without any glory mainly off the back. John however, who had an excellent sprint, finished first in one race only to come off just after the line and had to spend several days in Epping hospital. About June time the club decided to organise a club road race championship. This was to start at the Avenue Cafe (a popular cyclists' haunt) on the A127 at Hornchurch at 8pm on a Saturday evening. The course was up to Epping and along the A11 to Norwich! and return back via Epping to finish at the top of the drag after Hog Hill, some 200 miles or so. To prove that we had actually been to Norwich we each had to get a platform ticket at the station. At the due time 15 brave souls took the start. When we reached the A11 it began to get dark and we rode on through the night without any significant attacks to arrive at Norwich



Thorp station just after dawn where we all descended on the ticket machine much to the surprise of a lone railway worker. As we started back riders quickly began to drop off. When we got to Thetford there were only three of us left, John, Bob Sergeant and me. After Thetford, John lost contact (he subsequently told me that he went to sleep in a field). At Six Mile Bottom, Bob dropped off my wheel and I carried on alone. I remember telling myself that I must keep pressing on because I knew I wouldn't be able to hold him if he caught me and jumped past. As it turned out there was no chance of that as he was even more tired than I was and finished in second place about an hour down. I managed to drag myself to the finish line just before 10.am. John, refreshed after his nap at Thetford, finished third only about 5 minutes behind Bob. I didn't wait for the others to finish but rode a final 4 miles home where I slept until Monday.

In July John suggested that we both join the British League of Racing Cyclists, an organisation which held massed start races on the road similar to those held on the continent. This was quite a big deal for us in those days as the NCU had decreed that any of their members who joined the BLRC would be banned for life from the NCU. This was subsequently rescinded when they saw their membership hemorrhaging away. The next Saturday John and I rode up to Collier Row to meet Tony Phillips. He was the secretary of the

Romford Racing Club which was without any doubt the best club in the country at the time. In the 51 Tour of Britain the London North regional team consisted solely of Romford riders and so for the 52 Tour they were invited to enter a team of their own, the only club team in it. In addition they also had 2 members, Dave Bedwell and Derek Buttle, riding for trade teams. Tony was very helpful and arranged our membership applications and also gave us a spare copy of that year's handbook to find some races to enter. The first race I entered was a 2 up TTT with John, 2 laps of a 15 mile course in Northants. I couldn't afford a racing jersey of my new club so Mum, ever resourceful having lived through 2 world wars, cut a band around the chest of a white T-shirt, dyed the top and bottom emerald green (club colours) and sewed the white band back on – voila!, my racing jersey. Luckily before the race one of the club members gave me one of his old racing jerseys so there was no more dyed T-shirts. On the Saturday, we rode up to Market Harborough, where the start was the next morning, and found somewhere to sleep at the local YMCA. The race turned out a bit of a disaster.

John, always a fast starter, went off like the proverbial bat



2 up ttt at Market Harborough 1951

out of hell and I could just about hang on his wheel. By the end of the first lap his exertions began to take their toll and I ended up doing the second lap at the front myself. Not the textbook way to ride a team time trial.

The second race, a road race, was at South Mimms in Hertfordshire. There was a slight problem as the race was 72 miles long and, as junior riders, we were only allowed to race up to 50 miles. A club member suggested we enter and, on the day, tell the organiser that we had left our race licenses at home, a fairly common practice then. The race went well although John had mechanical trouble and retired after about half way. After 7 times up the notorious Botney Hill we had lost about half the field and with about 3 miles to go, there were only 20 or so left in the bunch. In the sprint for the line I kept my wheel in front and managed to hold on to win by a half a length, my first open win.

Dad, who had lung cancer and was in Oldchurch Hospital, had taken a turn for the worse and could now no longer speak. Mum saw him on Monday and when she told him that I had won he gave a

little smile. That meant a lot to me. He passed away that night.

After the race I posted my racing licence to the organiser for my win to be recorded. A 1st place would promote me to second category. I got it back a few days later with a note saying that I was disqualified as I was a junior category rider and the race was over 50 miles long. When I told Sid Aldridge, one of our club officials and a T of B rider, he told me not to worry – he would sort it. After he got back from the next area committee meeting all was resolved. I was now a second category senior (I had my 18th birthday a few days previously). That was my last race in 1952. Later in the year I had a medical for national service and on Jan 8th I went to RAF Padgate for the start of my 2 years in the forces. Unfortunately I was only able to ride in 3 races during that period, night shifts made it too difficult, and I remained a 2nd category rider until I was released to civvie street in 1955. (*I look forward to the next chapter..Ed*)

Diary Dates.....

11th February 2012 Amis Velo Sportive ride.

Start at Boxted (Essex) village hall. 9.00am onwards with 15, 30, 45 & 60 mile routes available. See www.amisvelo.com for details.

16th February 2012 Thursday. Coaching Evening with Daniel Coughlin from Peake Fitness. At Stevenson Centre, Gt. Cornard. See page 2 above for full details.

4th March 2012. Sunday. CCS Mad March Hilly Open 22 mile Time Trial. H.Q. at Lavenham village hall. See details above on page 2

29th April 2012_Sunday CCS Audax rides from Woodham Mortimer: 100 & 200km

26 May 2012_(Saturday)_CCS Audax rides from Long Melford

Peter Whiteley has taken over this CCS Club sponsored event from Andrew Hoppit and offers two new rides from Long Melford Village Hall.

1) Edmunds Folk go Paddling 208km

The route goes through the lanes to Dedham and Manningtree and then on to Harwich to see the harbour and the sea. Riders return over the Tendring plateau and the Dedham Vale to the start for refreshments before doing a circuit round Bury St Edmunds via Wickham Street, West Stowe and Ixworth and Preston St Mary. The route has a high point of 123m but don't confuse that with 1450m of climbing over the whole route! East Anglia isn't quite that flat. There are various café opportunities along the route.

2) Edmund's Kingdom 105km

A circuit of Bury St Edmunds where King/Saint Edmund is buried, who some folk think should be the Patron Saint of England. As with the 208km ride we go to West Stowe via Wickham Street, but then past Ixworth to a control at Langham

before turning south to Lindsey and then west back to the finish. Again, a high point of 123m, but a modest 705m of climbing.

It will be good to see a knot of riders in orange and black participating, but some help is also needed: (offers to Peter please)

- 1) Supervising car parking to maximise use of space. (You can then ride in the 100k)
- 2) help with refreshments from 07.00 to 09.00 / 11.52 to 17.00 and some on to 22.00.
- 3) A marshal (or two) at Harwich near the pier (which has a good café) from 09.42 to 11.24.
- 4) A marshal or two at Langham (near Ixworth) from 10.54 to 12.48 also handing out some snacks and water. A car will be needed.

24 June 2012 (Sunday)

Suffolk Miles for Memories

This is a sponsored ride supporting the work the Alzheimers Society carries out.

Some of you may know that Peter Whiteley was roped in to help organise this event in 2011. He arranged 100k, 100mile (160k), and 200k routes starting from the Green King Social Club in Bury St Edmunds and used quiet lanes and roads in the area. Getting out all the direction signs was a hell of an effort, but he felt the effort was worth it with over £50,000 raised for the research work into this awful condition.

With slightly modified routes, and refreshment (free/included) stations every twenty miles or so we plan to repeat this well-received event in 2012.

It does clash with the Windmill Audax but is much nearer home, and sports a barbeque at the finish. It's £15 to enter and £35 minimum sponsorship is asked for.

Either ride or offer to help with marshalling or putting out signs. (via Peter, thanks).

See their website at: - "Suffolk Miles For Memories"

The Sweden Tour 1978

By Peter Whiteley

Colin Dales invited me to join him for some cycle touring in Sweden the year before I married Ruth. Some of my memories are very hazy like which bike was I riding, but others very clear, about things like the itchy woollen cycle shorts with the chamois leather pad that I rinsed out every night! I've still got them but the elastic has gone.

(Do they still fit! - Ed)

Col took his famous large Caradice saddle bag, and I two canvass pannier bags with enough clothing for three days riding so we rested on the fourth while the washing dried. Also included were two spare tyres as ours were an odd size in Sweden. Carrying food was only a problem on Sundays when everything was closed. Otherwise every village had a well stocked Spa shop with cool cartons of milk, fruit juice, or yogurt to drink

and they were open late enough that you could buy ingredients for supper and breakfast when you were near the youth hostel.

I do remember one hot Sunday carrying 'extra' weight in food and cycling north up this long long road with false

summit after false summit.

Col was in front with his head down and missed the elk I

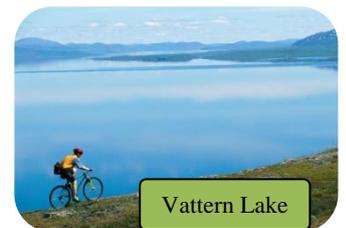
saw in woodland clearing nearby. That was the only relief. I was knackered when we arrived at Sunne only to find the hostel and every hotel were full for a religious festival. The next nearest hostel was a further excruciating 30miles away! It was the only time we didn't find plenty of room. We had cycled to Harwich and travelled on a luxurious ferry which sported a wonderful smorgasbord to Goteborg. (It put our cross Channel ferries to shame.) Thence we rode between the lakes Vanern and Vattern before turning north to Hagfors and Sunne. We later stayed on a Norwegian farm where Col had worked some years earlier, before returning down the coast to catch the ferry home.

Swedish rural roads are built on gravel ridges with a metre of good asphalt between the continuous white carriageway-edge-line and the road edge, which is reserved for cyclists and for slower moving traffic to ease onto to facilitate overtaking. So, good cycling, enhanced by the smell of wild strawberries which often grew on the gravel. There was freer fruit too as raspberries and bilberries grew wild in the woodland. Locals were often seen with buckets hanging from their handlebars carrying this bounty home for winter consumption.

We did encounter a few unmade roads but they may well be surfaced by now.

I don't remember any mechanical problems. One special highlight was finding a small national park with a wonderful rocky cliff where once the Baltic had overflowed south or westwards in a waterfall as wide as Niagara now is. You will have seen pebbles being whizzed round in potholes in mountain streams – here, there were some like huge cauldrons!

As a young woodworker and craft teacher I was in awe of Swedish design, but we only found one shop selling such modern graceful stylish stuff. Most furniture shops only sold heavy dark traditional items! I was staggered.



I only remember one day of rain and I was then using a cycling cape and sweating underneath. The many small lakes often sported a bit of sandy beach and a diving board out on a pontoon which were well used by the local villagers, and were open to anyone.

We also saw strings of lights going into the woods from villages where, in the long dark winter villagers would practice their cross-country skiing. Sweden is a great country for cycling with wonderful views and light traffic on well maintained roads. Remember that when we went, shops were still closed in Wales on Sundays. Maybe they are open in Sweden now too, which would be real luxury.

C.C.S. Reliability Ride

Despite some unfavourable conditions in the form of early morning fog and freezing temperatures, an amazing collection of 138 riders turned up for this event.



This beat the previous record by over 30 and was all the more surprising considering the conditions.

This number included 45 CCS club members which was very good to see. Well done to all of you who took part for braving the elements. Organiser Brian Webber's only headache was having to ship in extra supplies for the refreshments at the end of the ride.

Another well run event by Brian and his helpers which was rightly applauded by many of our visiting cyclists as the best in the area!

An Epic Experience from Long Ago.

That ancient 'tribe', the Rovers of Colchester, held their annual chariot ride, through the lands of the peninsula of the Tend.

On the appointed day, soon after sun rise, warriors of the many tribes of the east, gathered at the Rovers encampment at the village of the Great Brom. All the chariots were of many bright colours, and fashioned from precious metals. The likes of ally-min, tin-tain; and some from the fibres of carbon, and all were adorned with precious jewels. These being from the: - cams-of-pag, shim-man, ren-olds, sim-plex, strong-light and many others.

At the appointed hour, the great chief of the Rovers, Geoff the Keeb, consulted his sun-glass and sent them on their way. But behold, as they reached the road that would take them on the first part of their journey, through the landes of

Ard-leigh, the gods summoned a mighty gale. All the young warriors drove their chariots at great speeds, as if there was no wind at all. Soon, the two old warriors, Mack-er-Demus and Tony the Sheepard were left far behind. Nevertheless they struggled on valiantly over the first mighty range of mountains; through the land of Dead men and onto the great river at the Mist, the dwelling place of the sacred grey-white birds.

On they struggled over more mountainous mountains, through the field of Brad, and the territory of Wrab-the-ness, which was the land of the great warrior Herman, the conqueror of many great audaxes. Onwards and upwards they crept, past the great mill of the Courts of Dover, and the Little Oaks and Great Oaks who screeched and groaned in protest at the gods who sent such a raging wind to batter them.

As they reached the village of Beau-mont, old Mack-er-Demus dismounted his chariot and sank to the ground, and cried out in anguish. "Sod this, I've had enough, I'm going back the short way!" On hearing his words, Tony threw his hands up in horror, and beseeched him not to do such a thing, and to think of the wrath of the great goddess Julier that awaits and would scorn him, she, the Baker of many fine cakes, sponges and buns. Mack-er-Demus listened, and saw the wisdom of his words. He rested awhile and did consume many bars from Mars.

The two warriors mounted again and continued over the last range of mountains that would take them to the great Walt of Naze on the shores of the mighty sea of the north. Here their spirits did rise, as they changed direction and had the mighty wind on their backs. Now they drove their chariots at great speeds of 15 k per hr.

On and on they sped, through the lands of Frinton-of-the gates and the green land of Thorpe and Tendring; where their spirits rose even higher, as they saw in the distance the great tower at the cross of Horsley They knew that they had almost completed their journey.

At last they arrived back at the Rovers encampment and were greeted with kind words of praise; "Where the devil have you been? We've been waiting here for hours and all the young warriors have long since departed!" The elders of the Rovers plied us with their fine beverages and food and we were made whole again.

And so ended this epic adventure.

Mack-er-Demas

(a.k.a. Mac McDermott)



Club Trophy Winners – 2011 Season

Veterans B.A.R.	Gold	Rob Davies	5.39
(On Standard, 10, 25, 50 miles)	Silver	Stewart Kirk	4.83
	Bronze	Barbara Law	2.11
B.A.R. (25, 50 & 100miles)		Stewart Kirk	22.996mph
100 mile Open T.T. Shield		Stewart Kirk	4hr28min55sec
50 mile Open T.T. Cup		Rob Davies	1hr56min17sec
25 mile Open T.T. Cup		Rob Davies	54min09sec
Ladies 25 mile Open T.T. Bowl		Barbara Law	1hr16min15sec
Audax Trophy	Gold	Peter Faulks	8066 kms
	Silver	Dave Fenn	6899 kms
	Bronze	Deniece Davidson	4588 kms
Hillclimb Champion - Senior	Gold	James Rush	52.0secs
	Silver	Rob Harman	55.0secs
	Bronze	Jonathan Weatherley	55.7secs
Hillclimb Champ. - School age	Gold	George Hoppit	1min 02.5secs
Club 10 mile T.T. Champion	Gold	Simon Wright	22min39sec
	Silver	Mat Shotbolt	22min56sec
	Bronze	James Rush	23min16sec
Club 10 mile T.T. Juv Champ		Tom Littlewood	29min56sec
Club 10mile T.T.Ladies Chmp		Barbara Law	31min13sec
Club 10 mile T.T. Vets Champ.	Gold	Simon Wright	+4.03
(on Standard)	Silver	Simon Daw	+3.05
	Bronze	Nick Baker	+2.42
Club 10 mile T.T. Champion	Gold	Darren Rule	16.26
(on Handicap)	Silver	Jonathan Weatherley	16.30
	=Bronze	Nick Baker	16.31
	=Bronze	John Shotbolt	16.31
Club Evening Points Series	Gold	Nick Baker	822pts
	Silver	Tom Moore	816pts
	Bronze	Jonathan Weatherley	781pts
Club Evening Pts Series B.A.R	Gold	Mat Shotbolt	92.13
(All 4 courses)	Silver	Simon Daw	93.32
	Bronze	Rob Davies	94.30
Boxing Day Trophy		Ed Nevard	
Clubman of the Year		Roger Rush	
Rider of the Year		Jonathan Weatherley	
Ladies Trophy		Barbara Law	
Golden Spindle Nut Award		Viv Marsh & Mark Gentry	

