

The West Surrey Cyclist



**January – March
2015**

Price £6 (four issues delivered)



WEST SURREY CTC 2015

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WHAT WE ARE

CTC is the national cycling charity. It is the oldest and largest cycling body in the UK, promotes all forms of cycling, and has championed the cause of cycling for well over a century. Its network of local groups, of which West Surrey CTC is one, has 70,000 members. Membership includes third-party insurance, a cycling-related legal helpline, and a bi-monthly national magazine.

CTC headquarters: Parklands, Railton Road, Guildford GU2 9JX.
Phone 0844 736 8450.

CTC website: www.ctc.org.uk

West Surrey CTC website: <http://westsurreyctc.co.uk/>

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Thursday 1st January: New Year's Day at Seale Craft Centre.
From 10:30. All proceeds go to Farnham Hospice, so eat lots of cake!

12th-15th February: The London Bike Show, ExCel, London.
See <http://www.thelondonbikeshow.co.uk/>

Saturday 28th February: Club Annual Dinner, see the article in the magazine for full details; booking in advance required.

Sunday 15th March: Bicycle Icycle (70km) 9.30 4 Quarry Hill, Godalming, GU7 2NW For event details and booking form see website in New Year. See <http://ridewithgps.com/routes/1038768> for route.
Mark Waters 01483-414307, markw48@gmail.com

Sunday 12th April: 35/50 mile Reliability Ride, start 8.00 – 9.00 from Crown Court car park, Godalming, GU7 1EE (SU970440). Roger Philo 01483-233381, roger.philo@virgin.net

Sunday 31st May: Stonehenge 200, Danebury 150 and Elstead 100.

Sunday 21st June: Off road ride, nothing too technical.

Sunday 19th July: 75 and 100 mile Reliability Rides.

Sunday 16th August: Tour of the Hills and Tour of the Greensand Hills.

More details of the May to August events will appear next issue.



The West Surrey CTC magazine, *The West Surrey Cyclist*, is produced every quarter. Subscribers to the magazine also receive the rides list.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR PRINTED COPIES OF THE MAGAZINE AND RIDES LIST IS £6. Send a cheque payable to 'CTC West Surrey Group' to Phil Hamilton, 165 York Road, Woking GU22 7XS.

PDF COPIES OF THE MAGAZINE AND RIDES LIST ARE FREE.
Send an email to the editor (editor@westsurreyctc.co.uk) to be added to the distribution list.

The magazine and rides lists are also available on our website:

<http://westsurreyctc.co.uk/the-club/magazine/>

<http://westsurreyctc.co.uk/rides-and-events/ride-lists-downloads/>

WELCOME TO OUR WORLD

The draft AGM minutes that I have seen make no comment about whether copious supplies of smelling salts had to be administered to those present for them to recover from the shock of a contested election. Such an event is a radical departure from the usual practice of new 'volunteers' being dragged kicking and screaming, metaphorically at least, into the AGM by the outgoing incumbents.

In any club it's always easy to assume that the current incumbents want to continue in their posts. The result can, however, be that in the absence of obvious replacements the incumbents feel obliged to continue long after they would have preferred to step down. The risk then is that eventually several will weary and decide to call it a day simultaneously. That can lead to a knowledge vacuum on the committee. There was for example very little continuity between the 2007/8 and 2008/9 committees.

It seems to me that the solution to this potential problem is twofold. Firstly current incumbents shouldn't hesitate to let it be known that they would like to be replaced. Secondly anyone who would be willing to take on the role of one of the club officers should let the committee know so that when one of them does want to step down, they know where to look for a willing replacement.

TWO MEMORABLE RIDES

By Chris Jeggo

Until last August my most recent 100-mile ride was the DA's reliability ride in 2006. So one Sunday when the weather forecast was good I combined a British Cycle Quest objective with a mile-eating one. Starting early, I found the main roads via Guildford to Horsham quiet, and a watering hole frequented by the Sunday Riders, The Café in the Park, provided good coffee and cake.

After that it was minor roads, mainly new to me after Partridge Green. The buildings in the old part of Hurstpierpoint have a pleasing variety of architectural styles, some having a distinct Sussex flavour. Shortly after that I was winching myself up Ditchling Beacon, feared by many taking part in the London-Brighton Ride. And I last rode it the year that event

was opened to club cyclists (who had previously been strongly discouraged), before any of our present regular riders had appeared on the scene.

The answer to the BCQ question was next to the car park, but I rode on up to the trig point atop the Beacon for the view, for it was a fine day and the atmosphere was clear. After lingering awhile to take it all in, I whizzed back down the hill and followed lanes to Clayton, getting a good view of the Jack and Jill windmills. My lunch pub, The Jack and Jill, has a large, pleasant garden with a few fruit trees to offer shade. Nearby is the north



portal of Clayton Tunnel, scene of a serious disaster in the early days of railways, when signalling was based on the flawed 'time interval' system rather than the block system introduced after this and other accidents and still in use today.

From Hurstpierpoint College I followed delightful, almost deserted lanes for several miles, getting back on to roads I knew soon after Warninglid, past Hammer Pond, along the lovely ridge road to Colgate, then through Faygate and Rusper to tea at Tanhouse Farm. Well refreshed, I was able to enjoy the remaining miles at a moderate pace to complete a really good day out. 101 miles! Yay!

At the end of October the forecast for Wednesday was dire – rain all day – but for Tuesday was excellent, so I caught an early-ish train for the 40-minute ride to Andover. Pedalling out of town via Charlton, I found myself on very quiet lanes from Penton Grafton through Lower Chute to Chute Causeway, an old Roman road along a ridge with superb views. After Marten I picked up the Wiltshire Cycleway past Wilton windmill and down to the outskirts of Great Bedwyn. Then NCN Route 4 led me past the Crofton Beam Engines, built to keep the summit level of the Kennet and Avon canal topped up, through Burbage to Wootton Rivers, a delightful village with a thatched, half-timbered pub, 'The Royal Oak', which provided lunch.



NCN 4 hereabouts follows the Vale of Pewsey, but its meanderings are in sharp contrast to the direct curves of the canal and main line railway. So much so, indeed, that I took a short cut (still on minor roads) through the attractive small town of Pewsey. Back on NCN 4, nearing Woodborough it was time to veer south for the return to Andover.

Two branches of the Wiltshire Avon meet near Rushall, and I headed down the valley on the lanes of the left bank. There are half a dozen pretty villages between Upavon and Bulford, with half-timbered cottages, brick and flint cottages, Georgian cottages, thatched roofs, old pubs and old churches, all interspersed with water meadows between chalk downs. Typical, lovely Wiltshire.

During a banana break in Bulford I studied the map and decided that totally avoiding the A303 would involve too long a detour so I braced myself for a peace-shattering mile of it in order to reach Cholderton directly. This was on the original 'Stonehenge and Back' route, but traffic was much lighter in the 1970s. Lanes through Grately and Monxton led me straight to Andover as the light began to fade, and I freewheeled to the station entrance as an up train appeared on the scene. That was lucky, as I hadn't bothered to consult the timetable, and it made a perfect end to a perfect day.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

From the Editorial of *The West Surrey Cyclist* Number 2

We live in interesting times as I believe somebody once said, at least I think we do but no one else in the DA seems to agree. The arrival of the new magazine has been greeted with total silence, if it is to survive this must change, lets have some lively debate, complaint or just general gossip, get those letters and articles rolling in so that we can look forward to further issues.

Ed: This topic has, I'm sure, been of concern to every editor of The West Surrey Cyclist, not just to Robert Shiels, the first editor and author of the above extract. It's certainly of concern to me at present as even though this is a thinner than usual issue, I have absolutely no material carried forward to next issue. The experience of the previous two years suggests that there will be relatively little submitted in the coming quarter, so you will be facing a lot of extracts from the archives next issue unless people pull their fingers out and write something.

Here's a suggestion: debate whether the club still wants a magazine.

When I first started riding with the club, Geoff Smith regularly tried to get me to subscribe to the magazine. I eventually did so only to keep him quiet, so it is ironic that I should now find myself its editor. Unlike Geoff, however, I do not see it as my role to promote the magazine. Rather I am merely providing a service that members supposedly want. But do they? The reluctance of many to put finger to keyboard to write material for it does make me wonder.

The magazine would of course be easier to fill if I had no regard for

copyright laws. Given the number of times that someone tells me "There was an interesting article about ... in ..." in response to appeals for material for the magazine, I get the impression that some of you expect your editor to 'borrow' material from elsewhere. You'd need a different editor for that to happen.

IT'S OFFICIAL – WE'RE CRACKPOTS!

By John & Jane Gilbe

Our son gave us a book recently: "Mountain Higher: Europe's extreme, undiscovered and unforgettable cycle climbs" published by Quercus. It's a beautiful coffee-table book, covering lesser-known routes from a 111m lump in Belgium (up cobbles) to the 2,829m Tiefenbachferner up a dead end in Austria. (Mont Ventoux, Col du Galibier etc. are to be found in its predecessor – Mountain High.) There are lots of pictures, maps, gradient profiles and tales of epic cycle races on some fairly savage beasts.

Coincidentally this book helped us resolve a discussion about the gender of Colombier/Colombière. It turns out they both exist. The Col de la Colombière is in the Aravis chain west of Mont Blanc, while Le Grand Colombier (described in the book) is further south and just west of the Rhone valley. Being further away from our French Alps Morzine base we were completely unaware of it. It turns out there are four different routes up it, starting at 250m to 600m and all finishing at 1,501m.

As we know from our Surrey hills, climbs can be particularly hard for different reasons. Is it the absolute altitude? Anything over 2,000m is never going to be a walk in the park. Is it the height gained? An easy gradient isn't much use if you have 1,000m to ascend. Or is it sustained sections of steep stuff? A mile or two in excess of 10% will hurt most of us.

Le Grand Colombier isn't particularly high, but there's a lot of climbing to be done and each of the routes has at least one bit of 14% in it. Mont Ventoux has for some years had Les Cinglés de Mont Ventoux, for those who complete the three ascents in one day (136km, 4443m of ascent) and at the beginning of the 1990s some locals set up Les Felés (crackpots) du Grand Colombier. All four ascents plus descents would total 138km and 4,806m ascent. Achieve that in a day and you become a Grand Master.

Three ascents and you will be entitled to call yourself a Master, and two ascents on 15 July qualified us to sign up as Members of the club. Unlike Les Cinglés de Mont Ventoux, there are very few English: we are the 6th and 7th. Jane is the first English female and we are apparently the 35th couple in the total membership of about 1,100. The website is excellent, and the French home page gives the latest news, including recent resurfacing information. <http://felesducolombier.fr/accueil>

We travelled on the morning from Morzine and struggled slightly with route finding, leading to a rather late start at 10.40. I had hoped to do three ascents, but they really are quite hard, even in perfect weather. A rule of thumb of 2 hours up, 1 hour down and recovery for each climb seemed about right for me, though a third climb would probably have taken longer. However, age is (it seems) on our side as mere striplings of 60: on 20 June this year a 78 year old did all four routes!

Eating options are limited: the towns are small and shops shut at lunch time so I was a bit short of food at the end. Also, water is only reliably available at the foot of each climb.

The views are spectacular on the east side routes, with the Rhone and Lac du Bourget in the valley below and big Alps including Mont Blanc further



away. The roads were very quiet and a very good surface except where there were fresh new small chippings. On our drive home Mont Blanc was a beautiful pink after the sun had set elsewhere – a wonderful end to a memorable day.

WEST SURREY CTC ANNUAL DINNER

Date: Saturday 28th February 2015

Time: 19.30

Venue: The Mill at Elstead

Guest Speaker: Chris Juden, CTC Technical Officer for over 30 years and West Surrey CTC President

Menu choices:

Starter:

Roasted Cauliflower Cheese Soup with chunky bread
London Porter Smoked Salmon & Prawn Cocktail with sour dough
Goats Cheese & Roasted Pepper Tart with red onion chutney
Chicken Liver & Green Peppercorn Pate with orange marmalade

Main Course:

Breast of Chicken stuffed with pancetta with Dauphinois potatoes, carrots, curly kale, tarragon sauce
Braised Blade of Beef, horseradish potato cake, steamed greens, mushroom red wine gravy
Three Grain "Risotto", leeks, garlic wild mushrooms, parmesan crisps
Seafood Stew (White fish, mussels, crayfish, tomato sauce) with chunky bread

Dessert:

Mixed Berry Eton Mess
Apple & Cinnamon Crumble & custard
Chocolate Fondant with mint chocolate ice cream
British Cheeseboard with biscuits, grapes, red onion chutney

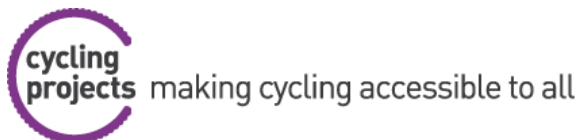
£16.50 2 courses

£22.50 3 courses

Booking: pre-booking is required by Saturday 14th February at the latest, by contacting John Murdoch (ridesecretary@westsurreyctc.co.uk or 01276-681131). Please advise menu choices, and either send a cheque for the full amount, payable to 'West Surrey CTC', or request bank details of the club account in order to pay by electronic transfer.

SURREY WHEELS FOR ALL – MAKING CYCLING ACCESSIBLE TO ALL

By Matthew Wing, Co-ordinator, Surrey Wheels for All



Surrey is very fortunate to have two cycling centres that can give children and adults with disabilities and differing needs the opportunity take part in a fun cycling activity, and thanks to the support of some local CTC



members (Roy Benson, Annette Covey & Adrian Hardy) the charity Cycling Projects has been able to transform access to cycling in Surrey.

The project was set up during 2012 and has grown and is still attracting more members every week. Thanks to support and funding from Surrey County Council (Short Breaks for Disabled Children) Surrey Wheels for All can boast a fleet of over 85 adapted cycles including three-wheelers, accessible trikes, side-by-side tandems for those who want to ride together, hand-cycles and wheelchair carrying bikes.

The bikes are stored at the athletics track at Sheerwater in Woking and at the Harrier Centre in Ewell. The tracks provide a great enclosed flat

surface for people to try out the bikes and to cycle safely.

Whilst the project was initially set up to cater for children, we have had a lot of interest from adults and the regular Tuesday morning session at Sheerwater has been attracting almost 30 people every week over the summer.

Families are amazed at how much fun they can have cycling. Responses vary from “I never knew this was something that I could do” to a comments like “I feel like I’m alive again” from a lady with MS.

We are always on the lookout for volunteers to run cycling sessions and behind the scenes to help develop the project. If you would like to know more, or just come down and take a look, then please do let me know.

Email: Matthew.Wing@cyclings.org.uk

Website: <http://www.cyclings.org.uk/wfa-focus-surrey-wheels-all>

A TOUR OF WESTERN SCOTLAND AND THE OUTER HEBRIDES (part 3)

By Paul Gillingham

After my third and final encounter with Fred and Christine in their motor home, a long causeway took me to the island of Berneray, where Prince Charles, incognito, lived and worked as a crofter for a week in 1991. That evening was the closest I’ll ever get to the crofter lifestyle as I spent the night in the island’s Gaitliff Hebridean Trust hostel, two thatched blackhouses with white-painted stone walls just feet from the waters of the Sound of Harris. With the sun setting over the sea it was magical. There were four other guests and after a convivial evening we retired to our bunks accompanied by the strange call of the very rare corncrake.

Next morning I took the hour-long ferry to South Harris, past seals basking on rocks, and from the village of Leverburgh did a big climb to Rodel to visit St Clements Church, regarded as the greatest medieval building of the Western Isles. It was worth it, not just for the atmosphere and history but because of its magnificent setting.

I then decided to head north via the west coast of South Harris. Again, it was a gloriously sunny day and the scenery was breathtakingly beautiful with miles of white shell-sand beaches bordered by turquoise ocean and a



stunning mountainous backdrop. The setting reminded me of the Maldives but without the people. I stopped for a picnic on a golf course overlooking a white beach with surf rolling in and there was a sign up saying ‘Golf course closed on Sunday’, a reminder that this was ‘Wee Free’ Presbyterian Church territory where Sabbatarianism is so strong that it’s said that kids’ swings in playgrounds are tied up on Sundays.

The road then headed into a mountain pass of treeless gneiss rocks with peat cuttings, a lunar landscape which reminded me of a cycle tour in Israel years before. Two long and tough climbs eventually led to a huge descent into the hamlet of Drinishader nestled in a bay on the east coast and my billet for the night, another immaculate hostel which I had to myself.

The next morning was the toughest of the whole tour, with big and long climbs through mountains into and out of the harbour of Tarbert until I reached the flat, bleak moorland of the Isle of Lewis (not an island at all). The traffic was mildly busy for the first time in the Hebrides but there were nevertheless big gaps. I stopped for a picnic lunch at a cairn commemorating the Park Deer Raiders of 1887, a group of crofters fighting dispossession by the owner of Lewis, the dreadful Lady Matheson. Their only crime was living off the deer in her hunting grounds, which included their village.

Eventually the road dropped down into Stornoway, where I cycled, for the first time in the Hebrides, through TREES! I was soon booked into the Heb Hostel, a busy, friendly hostel run by the delightful Christine, who had her toddler son giving high fives to all the guests at his bedtime.

My final aim in the Hebrides was to get to the Butt of Lewis and visit the Callanish stone circle, so next morning, leaving two panniers at the hostel, I headed north-west along the A857 across bleak moorland to the east coast. It was now blowing a gale from the north-east and I was headed into it, so the last 15 miles to the Butt of Lewis were in bottom gear. I eventually reached Port Ness, where I had coffee and a scone in a café above the harbour and then battled the wind for the final 3 miles to the Butt.

The Butt of Lewis is a bleak headland at the northernmost tip of the Hebrides with a lighthouse built by the grandfather of Robert Louis Stevenson, who was inspired to write ‘Kidnapped’ and ‘Treasure Island’ by such wild places. The gale was blowing hard and the waves were pounding the rocky outcrops as I braced myself on the edge of the cliff for a high-risk selfie.



The route south was a dream ride with the winds now behind me, but with dusk approaching it started to rain. So it was a relief to eventually pull into



Gearranean Blackhouse Village, the last crofting township to be inhabited (until 1974) in the Western Isles. There are now nine stone-built, thatched blackhouses, completely renovated, which include a shop, café, museum, holiday cottages and a superbly appointed Hostel where I was the only guest.

Before leaving in the morning I visited the museum and was treated to a private demonstration of Harris Tweed weaving by a genuine local crofter using a foot treadle on a huge loom. Back on the road the aim now was to

return to Stornoway via the iron-age tower at Dun Charlabhaigh and then visit the Callanish Stone Circle, a slightly smaller version of Stonehenge



but just as impressive. From there it was hard going across hilly moorland and against a headwind. This had proved to be the toughest day's cycling of my whole Scottish tour, so it was a mighty relief to be back in the snug warmth of the Heb Hostel. My Hebridean tour was now over and all that was left was getting the CalMac ferry next morning to Ullapool on the Scottish mainland and then cycling the 60 miles across the Highlands to Inverness. Again it was a wonderfully sunny day, the main A835 was amazingly low on traffic and the lochs and snow-covered mountains were stupendous. That evening I was happily settled in the excellent Inverness hostel and in the morning took an early train across the Highlands to Edinburgh and thence to Euston. The ride from Arran to Inverness had taken two weeks and involved 535 miles of virtually empty roads. There were only two half days of rain, a day or so of headwind; it was mainly warm and sunny and I had the wind as a friend not an enemy, conditions which are atypical of the Western Isles.

The tour had a nice postscript. Two months after my return an envelope arrived at my address (no name) and in it was my notebook, faded and worm-eaten. A message inside said 'we found this on a burial ground wall near the airport on Barra. Regards, Robert'. Neither my name nor address were in the notebook, so its return remains a mystery. Compton Mackenzie, astute observer of the human condition, would surely have made something of it!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By Dane Maslen

Once upon a time there was a tribe called *West Surrey DA of the CTC* that owed allegiance to the Lord of the Winged Wheel and rode their steeds in the fairest shire of the land. But the Lord of the Winged Wheel decided that DA's were passé and that all tribes needed new names, so the tribe met in conclave to agree a new one.

Several of the tribal elders had become tired of herding cats and wished to do nothing more in future than enjoy riding their steeds, so they sought successors amongst other members of the tribe. The Keeper of the Scrolls chose as his victim a simple peasant whose steed was likened by many to a carthorse. The peasant tried to fend off the Keeper of the Scrolls, pointing out that as he would be migrating south with the birds and hence absent from the next tribal conclave, he was clearly unworthy to become an elder, but to no avail. So it was that at that conclave the absent simple peasant was chosen by the tribe as their new Keeper of the Scrolls.

One of the new Keeper's first tasks was to inform the Lord of the Winged Wheel of the tribe's new name. For reasons that weren't clear to him then, and have never become any clearer since, the tribe had had to reaffirm its choice of new name at the recent conclave. Having been absent and hence knowing nothing of what had happened at it until the former Keeper passed on the relevant scrolls, he consulted the scrolls of the previous conclave to find the tribe's new name.

Although the tribe now had a new name, the greedy hobgoblins that looked after the tribe's baubles did not know this as the Guardian of the Baubles was loath to tell them, for he knew that they would require him to perform many daring (well, boring really, but 'daring' sounds much better) feats before they would be willing to recognise the tribe's new name. At the next tribal conclave, however, a new Guardian of the Baubles was chosen and he did not fear the greedy hobgoblins, so eventually even they were forced to know the tribe by its new name.

Like many others, this tribe had a spider's lair where information about the tribe could be made available for all to see, no matter where they might be, just so long as they knew the name of its location. The Master of the Spider's Lair decided that it was improper for the lair to continue to be

known by the tribe's old name, so he created a magic mirror that would allow everyone to use the new name, even though the lair would 'temporarily' remain in the old location until he got round to moving it. He encouraged the elders to refer to the lair only by the new name, so that the old name might eventually be forgotten, but their memories were poor and while some used the new name, many continued to use the old, thereby causing much confusion in the tribe. Alas the Master of the Spider's Lair passed on the keys to the lair to a successor without ever moving it, so the confusion was to continue for many years to come.

Meanwhile the Keeper of the Scrolls had become puzzled. All the scrolls of the tribal conclaves and the meetings of the elders referred to the tribe as *CTC West Surrey Group*, and even the greedy hobgoblins now accepted that that was the tribe's name, but to Lord of the Winged Wheel the tribe was known as *CTC West Surrey*. How could this be? When he checked, he was shocked to discover that this was indeed the name that he had told the Lord of the Winged Wheel when first he became Keeper. How could he have made such an error and caused the tribe to become schizophrenic?

The Keeper consulted the scrolls of both of the tribal conclaves that had chosen the tribe's new name. He discovered that while the first had chosen *CTC West Surrey*, the second had chosen *CTC West Surrey Group*. In fact that second conclave had supposedly been for a tribe named *CTC West Surrey Group*, i.e. a tribe that did not exist until after the conclave. Could a non-existent tribe make decisions? This question was key to determining the tribe's true name, but the Keeper of the Scrolls didn't know the answer.

Could the scrolls of the meetings of the elders that occurred between the two conclaves explain the mysterious change of name? The Keeper consulted them. Although the first two were of meetings of the elders of *CTC West Surrey*, the third and fourth claimed to be of meetings of the elders of *CTC West Surrey Group*, but did not explain the change of name.

Having discovered the problem, the Keeper of the Scrolls did what anyone else would have done: he kept quiet and left it to his successor to decide whether to sort the mess out. Yes, successor, for the Keeper of the Scrolls had decided that migrating south with the birds was more enjoyable than attending tribal conclaves, so had told the other elders that at the next conclave he would once again become a simple peasant.

When the Lord of the Winged Wheel had forced all the tribes to find new

names, some had become 'CTC something', while others had become 'something CTC'. Eventually the Lord of the Winged Wheel tired of this inconsistency and started referring to all tribes using the latter form. Thus the tribe that knew not whether it was *CTC West Surrey* or *CTC West Surrey Group* was now known to the Lord of the Winged Wheel as *West Surrey CTC*. The tribal elders decided that the tribe should formally rename itself in accordance with the Lord of the Winged Wheel's wishes and in conclave the tribe agreed to this change.

It so happened that the tribe now had a new Master of the Spider's Lair who had recently created a wondrous new lair with a name based on how the Lord of the Winged Wheel's spider's lair referred to the tribe. The old lair and the confusion over its name were history. The confusion over the tribe's name was history. Everyone (apart from the greedy hobgoblins, who would of course require the Guardian of the Baubles to once again perform many daring feats before they would be willing to recognise the tribe's new name) now knew the tribe as *West Surrey CTC*. The former Keeper of the Scrolls, the simple peasant that rode a steed likened by many to a carthorse, could now stop worrying about the mess that he'd left behind. Everyone could live happily ever after and enjoy riding their steeds in the fairest shire of the land. Well, just so long as the Lord the Winged Wheel had no further plans for name changes...



Deadline for next issue: February 26th (note early deadline!). Get your cycling stories in to the editor now: editor@westsurreyctc.co.uk

The editor welcomes contributions of all types, e.g. articles about cycling holidays, anecdotes about events on club rides, letters (serious or humorous) to the editor, product reviews etc. Short items are useful for filling the gaps left by longer articles and are very welcome. If you have photographs that could be used to illustrate your article, feel free to send them too. Whether they are used or not will depend on space constraints. All contributions will be acknowledged when received.

Front cover: View from Ditchling Beacon (photo by Chris Jeggo).