



# Nomads News

[www.hitchin-nomads.net](http://www.hitchin-nomads.net)

The news letter of the Hitchin Nomads Cycling Club

## Editorial

Thank you for the kind words and advice that I have received for my first attempt at the Newsletter.

I really enjoy the club runs at this time of the year because you know that someone is going to set down a challenge for the coming season, and so it came to pass on the Christmas Eve club run to Hare Street where six of us had gathered, three of whom had ridden 12 hour time trials, and were talking over the coming season and this year it is James Cornell who is the man to watch. Neil, David and myself put him at his ease by saying that it was no problem and that he could get club record if he put his mind to it.

So that makes four of us who are probably riding the 12 and I can think of another two possible riders so it looks like we may have two teams riding in the 12.

Now that's what I call Magic!

Clive

## Subscriptions

**Just a reminder that your club subs are due as of the 1<sup>st</sup> January.**

**Please get your cheques to the Treasurer Nigel Tooke post haste.**

## Boxing Day 10 results

My apologies to Tony Furby for not crediting him with pushing off the riders in the last issue of Nomads News and also miss spelling Brian Thompson's name.

When I got back to the hall after my ride I met up with an ex Nomad who gave me a photo of the 1972 Nomads club dinner to look at and the one face I recognised was our Vice President Dave Renny sporting what looked like a walrus moustache.

Dave did you really grow a walrus moustache in 1972?

Here are the times for those who rode the Boxing Day 10

Nomads	Actual Time	H/cap Time
Jamie Tomlin	31.06	
Neil Fraser	31.34	
Toby Blyth	33.08	
Clive Collins	33.35	28.05
Steve Smith	34.00	
Nick Senechal	45.28	

Paul Kelley /Running	1.15.19
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Top three places	Time
Andy Stuart	25.43
Leo Bonito	26.09
Richard Noon /Icknield RC	28.19

Veteran CC	Bike Age	Actual Time	H/cap Time
Ray Miller	1898	32.14	22.36
Steve George	1909	32.01	24.30
John Lee	1949	33.30	24.47
Chris Hartley		29.46	27.54
Simon Layfield	1948	31.06	30.26
Frank Turner	1946	37.13	30.56
Tom Gosby	1952	36.19	36.19
Jonathan Lavery	1952	36.45	36.45
Sophie Bruton	1934	41.00	37.40
Patrick Trench	1947	43.00	40.28

## Club Dinner and Awards

**Just a reminder that the club dinner is to be held at the Sun Hotel, Hitchin on the 4<sup>th</sup> February, 12.00 noon for 12.30**  
Please contact **Frank Turner** for your tickets.

## New Member

We welcome to **Hitchin Nomads**

Jonathan Lavery, we hope that you will enjoy many miles of cycling with us.

### **New Years Eve Club Run** **Repeat of the 1931 club run**

Your intrepid reporter sallied forth to Hitchin town square with notebook and camera hoping for a scoop of a major kind.

On arrival there were only two riders, namely James and Neil, we thought it strange that there were no other riders, and put it down to the weather.

We decided to ride via Knebworth and Datchworth to arrive at the Jolly Waggoner for mid-day. After a few miles Neil was suffering a slow puncture in his thigh that had been a bit troublesome since our start from Hitchin so when James got a puncture it was decided to kill two birds with one stone, one, to mend James' puncture, and two, to inflate Neil's thigh.

Photo evidence supplied



We three got to the pub just after mid-day having put in a solid two and half hours riding and were sitting quietly enjoying our pint when the rest of the riders turned up having gone via Vanstone Park Garden Centre and had spent the morning nattering over coffee!

There was a sense of close friendship with the conversation covering last season and the season to come and our individual targets for the same.

The ride was a great success, and I think the 1931 membership would have approved.

The Land Lady of the Jolly Waggoner kindly offered to take a group photo of us.



From the left the motley crew are:-

Neil Fraser, Frank Turner, Steve Smith, Paul Kelley, Clive Collins, David Ledgerton, James Cornell, Keith Rapley, Tony Furby and Tim Wallis.

## **Endurance Cycling**

Part of the discussion on the Christmas Eve club run was about endurance cycling as a challenge, and I spoke about my effort to ride a 24 hour time trial in 1985 which also started as a challenge in a pub on a January club run in 1985 when I opened my mouth and said that I would fancy riding a 24 hour. I had offers of help there and then in the pub. With hindsight my 24-hour ride has been bit of a thorn in my side over the years because there is a 74-mile minus against my Nomads vets standard. I have checked the club vets standards and I would have to be 73 years old to get a plus on the distance that I rode back in 1985.

Over the years I have wanted to sort it out by riding another 24 to put a better reflection on the record but I think time has caught up with me and it will have to stay as it is.

Dave Wentworth and Corrie Farquharson were my helpers and Dave wrote an article about the ride for Nomads News at the time, (It was then called 'The Voice of the NOMAD') which I asked him to bring up to date and I have reprinted here.

There is a two-page article that I wrote at the time about the ride, which I will not print here, but I have taken some bits from the article and inserted them as italics in Dave's article to give a balanced overview to the day.

## From the Archive

### Christmas Newsletter 1985

#### 24-hour men - Brave, Proud or Crazy

I hear some Nomads are talking about riding the 24-hour next year? Well, don't ask me to feed you!!

*(Well Dave, I will take that as NO! IF I decide to ride another one!)*

In my humble view, anyone who rides a 24 must be Brave, Proud and Crazy. **Crazy** to enter in the first place; **Brave** during the night; and down right **Proud** when they finish.

My involvement with 24's began thirty years ago way back in 1977 when a friend of mine called Tony Wilkinson asked me to join forces with Fred (his wife) and feed him in the North Road 24. Goodness knows why he asked me, 'cos I didn't have the first idea about feeding, let alone dealing with 24 hour men!

The first thing I had to learn was how to get a rider through the night with **no** help – Fred went back to Tempsford for a sleep!! Anyway, despite a bitterly cold night in the Cambridgeshire fens and a clunking bottom bracket that kept other riders awake, we managed to get Tony to notch-up his first finish for several seasons.

The year after and my dear friend Clem - who is sadly no longer with us – asked me and Tony to feed him in the Mersey Roads. Clem was a whole different battle though – a partially sighted diabetic who needed precise food intakes to prevent the real problems of being a diabetic. All was OK until 2am, when Clem wanted a strawberry yoghurt; I didn't have any flavour yoghurt let alone a strawberry one!! “I don't have one Clem,” “I said. “I wanted a strawberry yoghurt” comes back – oh dear. Ten helper's cars later and we have the dreaded strawberry yoghurt. Clem finished.

*(This is what happens in 24 hour TT's you get a bit obsessive with your needs, in my case it was Irish stew, which was being served at the midnight HQ. Big mistake, because as soon as I ate it I had indigestion for the rest of the night and despite pleading to Dave to get me something, **anything**, to*

*ease the pain and discomfort, but he was unable to help me. He eventually gave me something around 6am when he said brightly “ Clive, I have got some indigestion tablets for you”, I said “How long have you had those? He said “Oh, I have had them in the car for weeks, I just forgotten that I had them! I thanked Dave, keeping my thoughts to myself about his memory, because this is the man that had supported me through the night and done a brilliant job of keeping me rolling.)*

Another year on in 1979 and it's “yon fella from Manchester”, my long time friend Chris decides, in his wisdom, to give the Mersey Roads event a bash. Once again it's Tony and me doing the feeding of him. Things went fine for the first 100-miles or so, then the problems started. In a very few miles we collected **three** dicky knees – one for Chris and **two** for me! But once more, we conquered the enormous odds and managed to get Chris to the circuit and his first – and only – finish in a 24.

Then, in 1985, it was Smilin' Clive's turn. In hind sight I reckon Corri FFF, (Corri is the current ladies club record holder for 12 hours with 205 miles) oh Corri Smith 'n me could have made odds of at least 200 to 1 that Clive would finish, 'cos, as far we were concerned the moment he entered he sure as hell was going to finish!

On the Sunday morning the club run arrived at the Cod Father (now the Henlow Fish Bar, or has it changed again?) to give Clive a cheer on. Didn't he look cheerful as he came round the corner? “Cheerful” you say, “looked pretty rough to me!” Oh yes, he looked cheerful alright, well compared to how he looked at 3 am anyway! *(According to Dave, at one point during the night I had taken an hour to cover three miles.)*

I am jumping ahead of myself, lets start with the Saturday morning.

*(I started at 10:36 Saturday morning)*

Things went quite well up to this point, a 200-mile plus first 12 was good and far more than we anticipated, and the gale force winds of the daytime were dropping. Then, quite suddenly the smiles disappear, the weariness sets in, the eyes become heavy, the cold starts to bite, and the hallucinations start, and that's

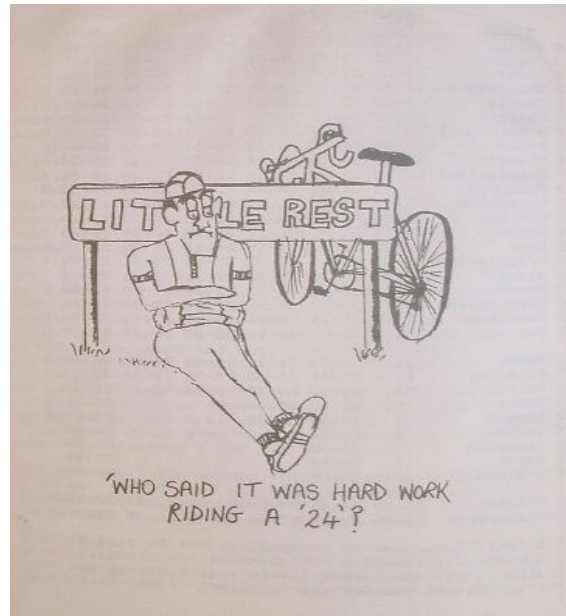
just the nutters who help these crazy guys. Suppose Clive was fortunate in one sense though because according to him his hallucinations were a lot nicer than the usual cats and dogs! (*I can only remember that I was having a cuddle, with who or what? I can't remember.*) Anyway, despite there being only two people, Corri and me, that fully believed that Clive would finish, we arrived at the Cod Father in good spirits.

I reckon its only after you've had to man handle a rider out of the car after he's sneaked in at a light change (me at 9 stone man handling Clive of considerable extra (*about 13ish*) stoneage, yes, and we still laugh about it all these years later) (*I have this image of Dave with one foot on the side of the car trying to haul me out*); or found that same rider fast asleep at the road side leaned up against a street name sign, (*this is where my ride would have finished but for Dave and Corri*), and quite literally pushed the poor soul off down the road again; (*I became very cold through tiredness and fatigue and I was unable to ride hard enough to keep warm until the sun started to warm me up*) or seen a rider through the night, and the sheer hell, purgatory and misery that involves; disturbed someone who's 'sleep riding'; or experienced the bond that develops between marshals, helpers and riders; or shouted out to a dim front light "is that you Clive" "Err" comes the response, so you get the food out, next thing this rider who is NOT Clive says "Cheers mate, needed a bit of food" that you can fully appreciate just what 24's are all about.

Northern tradition says that anyone who has finished a 24 becomes a "Dad". It draws some funny looks at times when I greet my old friend Chris – who is just a couple of years older than me – with the words "Hi Dad"!!!

Once a Dad, always a Dad. Always get total admiration from me, always will. Oh, by the way, "Dad" translates from Lancashire into English as "Just Crazy" as far as I'm concerned!!

Dave Wentworth



This Cartoon was drawn at the time and published in the Club Magazine!

## Conclusion

If you don't do the training!

Then you don't get the result!

## CTT Handbooks

**If you are going to compete in time trials this year then make sure you put your order for a handbook to David Ledgerton as soon as possible.**

### Club runs for January

21 <sup>st</sup>	Welwyn Sports Centre
28 <sup>th</sup>	Wimpole Hall

### Club runs for February

4th	Vanstone Park /Club Lunch
11th	Hare Street
18th	Royston Sports Centre
25 <sup>th</sup>	Marston Vale Forest Centre

### Time Trials

February 25 <sup>th</sup>	North Road Hard Riders
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