



**THE WHEELER**

**Autumn 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:** Winner and Runner-up of TOB racing through Herefordshire

**Photographer:** Maurice Tudor

## PRESIDENT'S INTRODUCTION

Hello members,

The Club membership remains strong at about 198, with cyclists taking part in various cycling activities such as a variety of club rides, time trials, audax, sportive and cyclocross, Well done everyone for putting our club out there. Keep it up over the winter and you will see dividends next season!

Turbo Training at Sutton St. Nicholas School starts Thursday 5<sup>th</sup> October. Hopefully this will be well attended again with existing members and some new faces. These sessions are organised by Stu McFarlane with the help of Graeme Thomas. If you are interested in joining in, come along one evening whether you have a turbo or not, (a club turbo could be available) and get a feel for what is involved. Once you have your own turbo, training in the winter could not be cheaper with an opportunity to stay dry! Entry is still only £2 with free tea, coffee and biscuits. We are hoping there will be the usual visits from the massage students from the college. Every 6 weeks there is a 20 minutes threshold test to check on your individual fitness level/improvement and at Christmas you get the chance to do a 10 mile Time Trial for a Secret Santa prize. Sessions are every week until Christmas and afterwards up to the end of March. Check on the Wheelers website for more details.

The 2017 racing season is complete and I am working on the result details for the Prize Giving from the event race calendar. Could I please ask Prize Winners from last year to **return their trophies to me ASAP** ready for the Prize Presentations at our forthcoming Club Dinner on Friday, 24<sup>th</sup> November. The venue this year is moved to De Koffie Pot, so please come along to congratulate our winners and, if you are not a winner, a chance to catch up with club members. Also don't forget the Quiz and Chips night at the Rowing Club on Wednesday, 18<sup>th</sup> October. This was a fabulously fun evening last year, with members showing their true competitive nature. Further details will follow from Valerie Hurrell shortly.

The Easter Monday Open '25' is again on the calendar for 2018. Open events must be entered on official forms, (available on the website) at least 2 weeks prior the date of the event and sent to me. Please support this long-standing Wheelers event taking the opportunity to ride an early season race with cakes and refreshments available at Weobley Village Hall afterwards.

To reiterate and for clarification – 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Claim – the rules are clearly defined in the CTT handbook but basically, as a rider you need to declare to the officials your intent to ride for a particular Club during the race season. You are allowed to change once in a given race season. Hereford Wheelers Cycling Club allows any rider to enter its races but only declared 1<sup>st</sup> Claim members to be rewarded with Club Trophies.

The Sunday Winter Training Rides (0915hrs) starting Sunday 1<sup>st</sup> October, will be lead by the motley crew of Ed Hadley, Mick Cumbes, Dean Prosser and Ray Mobbs. They will be there each week to keep you motivated and encouraged. Please arrive at 'Steels' ready for a steady 40-60 mile training ride. If you consider this too energetic the Brisk Club ride (0930hrs) lead by Andy Hurrell, maybe of interest to you. Don't forget the club has other rides you may wish to participate in:

**Wednesday Wheeler's** ride (meeting at Jules Cafe at Weobley for coffee and cakes at 10am)

**Friday Wheelers** ride to Ewyas Harold; 9.30am start from the Great Western Way Railway Bridge

**Easy rides** (one a month during the winter, fortnightly in the summer)

The selection of rides and groups available to club members is varied so please take up the opportunity to ride, socialise and eat cake! See website for more details [www.herefordwheelers.com](http://www.herefordwheelers.com).

**Happy Cycling.**

*Chris Hughes, President*



## ARTICLES

### Wheelie Big Cycle – 93 Mile Ride

I think it was sometime in April during a chat on a Sunday morning café stop when I casually said that I planned on doing the 60 mile Wheelie Big Ride in July in advance of my Ride London 100 on 30th July. “Oh no” came the reply “we’re doing 100 miles”. I gulped and then thought; well they wouldn’t be suggesting this if they didn’t think I could do it. My planned solo ride was a completely different matter; I’d just be letting myself down if I didn’t finish whereas here I’d be part of a team. In for a penny...

Ride day, weather ok... ish, a bit on the windy side but no rain. Bike in perfect working order, whereas I was feeling a wreck: a twinge in my back, my knee, my ankle.....all phantom pains it turns out! Spares packed and enough supplies in my back pockets to all but throttle me. Nervous yes, excited definitely.

Col de Wormsley, a cruel start but managed magnificently by the intrepid 5. The 5 being: Andy & Valerie Hurrell, Barbara Alsford, Dave Unsworth and myself. Andy explained that we would be turning into a brisk headwind from Yarpole onwards and that we should rotate every ½ mile. How right he was, we settled into a steady rhythm stopping briefly at Shobdon and Bledfa. The latter offering mashed potatoes before the long climb which we all attempted at our own pace. We headed to Crossgates where we stopped for coffee and cake, or in some cases beans on toast.

Revived we were now faced with another challenging climb but the fabulous views were



Photo by George Burgess Photography

the perfect distraction. This is where I had a bit of a wobbler; I should have taken a gel earlier. I soon remedied that and was back feeling fine within no time. The ride from the top to Kington was downhill all the way; I've never travelled so fast for so long without pedalling.

The signage, as we approached Kington seemed to disappear but Andy knew the way. When we reached the next drinks station they were packing up and were surprised to see us; our Café stop had thrown a bit of a spanner in the works but a quick phone call ahead meant our way back to Hereford was clearly marked.

Medals received and 5 happy Wheelers at the end of a long and satisfying ride. Full of gratitude to our team and utmost respect to Dave proving once again that age is just a number.

Will I do it again? You bet!

*Sue Bissell*

### **A successful failure?**

London Edinburgh London 30 July – 4 August 2017

London Edinburgh London (LEL) Audax UK's blue ribbon event, happens every 4 years, a fully supported audax ride that does exactly what it says on the tin. You park your car at the start in London, ride to Edinburgh then pedal back to your car. Simple. 25% of the route is signed, GPS route files provided, printed route sheet, sleep stops, food at regular controls. Sounds easy, right? In the autumn 2016 edition of The Wheeler I wrote about a ride in Scotland and may have implied this (LEL) would be easy...but no one read that so I think I got away with it. My exact words could have been 'If I remember to change my socks this will be a doddle!' .....oops.

Everyone I had spoken to, who had ridden LEL previously, told me 'it will be easy, you'll breeze it'. The bad influences being, in no particular order; Nigel Jones, Luke Williams, Daryl Haytor and Antony Waddington. I thank you all for your lies. I blame you all for what follows.

It cost £320 to enter, which given the support, facilities and food over the time involved I thought represented great value. 100 hours to ride 1,441km, which was the box I ticked when entering. I missed my time, finishing in a little over 102 hours. So as a ride statistic I was a DNF. There I've said it. I did not finish the ride. However...I did complete the ride under my own steam and I am happy(ish) with that. In the build-up, despite the internet chatter and comments about how great a ride it is/was, I am not sure how much I liked the idea of doing it. I saw it as a process and as such I am not certain I was as mentally ready for this as I should have been. Physically this was doable, but I may not have



been really 'up for it'. Retrospectively I'm not sure I gave this the respect it deserved. Training wise, compared to last year, I think I was one 600km ride short of being fully prepared. My pre-ride aims were to enjoy the event without pushing physical limits, use the support, eat and sleep. Roughly thinking to cover about 400km each day, but with no fixed schedule in mind. Start-finish-go home.

Regardless of my efforts, huge congratulations to Daryl Haytor who rode, or floated round, in under 90 hours. Daryl's start time was 30 mins earlier than mine, so at controls we occasionally overlapped. I can honestly say that at no point did he appear stressed or troubled. I hate him.

Sunday 30 July at 7am I started in a group of 25 riders from Loughton, near Epping on the outskirts of London (Junction 27 M25). Groups of riders would be starting every 30mins until 4pm. The overnight rain was clearing, and patchy drizzle and a nagging wind stayed with us to the first control at St Ives 100km north. Two front wheel punctures for me in the first 100km was annoying, but the control stop had spare tubes for sale along with a track pump. Tubes were being rationed to 2 per rider as I was not the only one to fall foul to the wash out of flints – apparently the region is notorious for it. With 1500 riders passing through I heard they cleared out the local Halfords and other bike shops of inner tubes that day.

Across the flat lands of Cambridge and Lincolnshire, despite there being more sunshine than showers, I struggled to see the aesthetic charm. Oh for a hedge, hill or corner. The tower in Boston was the only visible mark on the sky line for miles and miles and miles. I hate that tower.

Spalding (161km) was reached mid-afternoon, and I took advantage of another brilliantly supported control. Food and volunteers were excellent. I began to appreciate the support and logistics involved in such an event. (600+ volunteers!) Onwards and northwards into a nagging headwind, whilst not tired as such, I was definitely feeling like I was not rolling along as I should...but more on that later. My left big toe became sore, but not enough to slow progress.

Yorkshire appeared on the horizon, and a series of rolling climbs broke the terrain, Castle Howard was scenic in the fading light. Through to the next control at Thirsk I stopped 407km done.

Day 2 (Monday) started early but with time in hand. I stopped a few km's out where I recognised a rider who was on the side of the road. Someone I had known from previous audax rides. He had a broken rear spoke. There were not many spokes in his wheel to begin with; losing one meant the wheel was jammed against the frame. My spoke key did little to help. I left him with my emergency Kevlar spoke and encouraging words about pulling the wheel back into line. He was not so sure, and sent me on my way. I am yet to hear how he got on. A second breakfast at the Barnard Castle control (474km), a school that resembled a stately home, I collected a drop bag here and pushed on to Brampton (560km) in the Borders and focused on what was billed as the main climb of the event, Yad Moss (590m). Long and steady, first half ridden in torrential rain. Towards the top I went to stand on the pedals and felt a pop in my right hip, now every time I put weight on my right leg I got a sharp pain in my hip. 'Ignore it, keep going, ride it off, it will ease is what I told myself over the next few hours.

Brampton to Moffat (632km) was a struggle; the wind was strengthening and the roads around Lockerbie poor. But I liked crossing the border, at Gretna, into Scotland as it makes you feel a long way from home, just do your best not to think about the ride back as it is a bloody long way.

The climb out of Moffat (400m) was steady and long, but even with a tail wind the descent felt like hard work, a couple of other riders came past me and I struggled to see why I could not stay with them. The ride into Edinburgh (712km) I enjoyed, nice evening, good scenery and light traffic.

I left Edinburgh, just under half way, but obviously you convince yourself that it is all downhill from here. On the last climb of the day it was getting dark, the descent to Innerleithen (755km) was cold. I was happy to stop for a break. Here I ate and slept for a couple of hours. This timing appeared to be working well enough, sleeping when it was dark and cold. The added bonus being the pain in my left big toe had stopped – result



Day 3(Tuesday) Stepping out from the warmth of the control into the dark the cold was a shock. All layers used. Pre-dawn drizzle, developed into more positive showers and a few longer spells of rain and of course the headwind resulted in much effort required to maintain any kind of pace. My confused and tired brain faffed over clothing options. Stopping a couple of times to put a jacket on and take it off, I finally gave up trying to keep dry and decided I would dry off as I went. Luckily the weather did dry up, largely thanks to the strengthening (head)wind. Eskdalemuir (804km) lived up to its reputation as apparently the wettest place in the UK(?) it was raining and the village hall control was welcome for another breakfast.

I was focused on getting to the Brampton control (865km) for lunch. On arrival it was busy with riders heading north from later start times. I ate quickly and got away. Riding on wet roads in glorious sunshine I got back over Yad Moss. I liked watching the storm clouds push up the valley towards me, knowing they would miss me as the road snaked down the other side! Unfortunately the descent was wasted in the wind, but at least it was dry.

From mid-afternoon I was feeling pretty strung out. I remembered there being a massage guy at the next control, a return to Barnard Castle (946km). Perhaps he could work wonders on my hip? An Italian guy stroked my leg for half an hour. Looking back I hope he was the massage guy, maybe I should have checked his qualifications. Anyway, he did little for me. I pushed on, still unable to put much weight on my right leg. The next 30km was the only time I thought we had a tail wind. Now came a loss of appetite which I knew was not a good sign. The next control was at Thirsk (1,013km), just before I stopped to buy pain killers hoping to ease the hip. Getting caught in a heavy shower 5kms out meant I arrived slightly damp. At Thirsk I forced down food and resolved to carry on to Pocklington (1,080km). I was starting to think this whole ride was becoming harder than it should be. Leaving Thirsk I managed to dodge a few showers and the sky cleared, it was a lovely evening. I caught Daryl who had stopped on the side of the road with a broken rear gear cable. He had a spare but could not get the old one free of the shifter. Our combined tool kits offered little help, so he rode the remaining 3 hills, 30kms, with 2 gears. He left me behind. I still hate him.

That evening I got to Pocklington, to say I was feeling rough was an understatement. I collected my drop bag and changed into fresh kit (yes it was club kit). I tried to sleep but with no luck I got up and left the sports hall dormitory feeling queasy and not wishing to disturb the few folk in the hall I made my way outside. It was now 2am (Wednesday), I hit the fresh air and spent the next hour throwing up. I reached a physical and mental low. I really thought that was the ride over but the logistics of pulling out where not easy. It involved trains and taxis and a lot of hanging about. Nothing could be done for a couple of hours so I sat in a dining hall and dozed and considered my options. A phone call home at 5am and some moral support. I talked through what was going on, and

bugger it, I realized it was easier to keep on pedalling than bail out. If nothing else at least the train ticket was getting cheaper the closer to the end I got.

I could not face the thought of food, but forced down some toast. A few km's up the road and I stopped again to be sick. So much for breakfast. I was drained and resigned to feeling terrible. Time for a bit of mind over matter. Self-preservation kicked in, a lack of energy and fuel limited physical effort, but what I was not ready for was the mental effort required to keep going.

I had it fixed in my mind that if I could get back over the Humber Bridge then the hills would ease and all would be well. Just before crossing the bridge I bumped the bike over a kerb to get onto a cycle path. As I pulled a little wheelie I noticed that the front wheel did not look like it spun freely, I stopped and sure enough when I spun the wheel it would not do a rotation. Stupid and annoyed are two emotions. Many words were muttered and shouted. Having exhausted my knowledge of old English I loosened the front skewer, there was a little clunk and the wheel aligned itself in the front fork and spun free. Lesson for all, when fixing a puncture on the first morning of a ride do ensure you put the wheel back in properly. How much extra effort had it required to pedal I do not know but on top of being ill, lack of sleep, jippy hip, dodgy toe and the relentless wind, this just compounded the difficulties. I could have laughed, but I was a long way from home and running on fresh air. I was not in a happy place. And I don't mean Hull. On the other side of the bridge at about 10am I stopped for beans on toast at a café, hard to eat and keep down but I knew to keep going I had to keep eating.

I got to Louth (1,177km) just after lunch; I tried to eat but could not manage much and opted for an hours sleep, by now I was knackered. A concerned volunteer advised me to sleep for longer. I did look and sound pretty rough. I had 5hrs still in hand, but after some negotiation and a promise not to overdo it, I continued to the next control at Spalding (1,261km). I wanted to get there before it got dark. The forecast was for more wind and rain. It was right. The weather across the Fens was miserable. Long straight soul destroying roads. 'Why was I here doing this? Just stop and go home, no one will mind. Hell, it's been tough...no shame in stopping' were the voices in my head. I genuinely found this the hardest section of the ride, a phone call home at 6ish caused a wobble and I could have pulled the plug. It took every ounce of resolve to throw a leg over the bike and push on into the wind. Oh look there's that dam tower again. The down side to such a well-supported event is the opportunities to stop are frequent, and the reasons not too are less. I mashed a gear change and managed to wrap the chain around the crank, minutes felt like hours as I tried to untangle the oily mess on the side of the road. In danger of starting to feel really sorry for myself I pressed on.

I got to Spalding (1,261km) at 8pm avoiding food and went to sleep. I told the helpers not to wake me and would sleep till morning and probably look at getting a train. I woke,

however, before 12pm thanks to some enthusiastic snoring from a shape in the hall. I decided I felt a bit better and managed to eat some rice pudding, porridge and toast. It stayed down, obviously good both physically and mentally. I find food always improves mood. No excuses now, why sit about for 6 hours waiting for a train when I could ride on? Into the night I went, something I had hoped to avoid as I know how difficult I have found riding through the early hours previously. But there is a logic to riding on, I now saw it as the only way I was getting myself to the finish. Only two controls remaining...focus on the first, can't bail out now.

My 2am revelation was that in the dark the landscape of the Fens had improved dramatically; you cannot see how dull it is. This little gem kept me amused until sunrise. It was still windy and exposed and progress was slow, but I was gradually feeling better and made St Ives (1,322km) at 6am (Thursday). I was genuinely tired and knowing I was out of time with regard my finish, but strengthened by the fact I was determined to finish under my own efforts. 2 hours sleep here was needed to reset the system, breakfast of sorts and then I was underway, through Cambridge, which was pleasant and I was impressed by the cycling infrastructure in the city. Naïve perhaps but I had not seen it before! Cyclists and cars behaving well in close proximity to each other, cyclists looking over their shoulder and indicating was a novel experience. Appetite returning I stopped for a Costa coffee and emergency flapjack from a garage. Sat on a wall in the sunshine eating food, drinking coffee with 60km to go, life seemed much better. A quick phone call home to reassure I was going to finish and I rolled on. The little hills of Essex were welcomed. Hedgerows started to appear, and even corners, I loved them; they all helped provide some respite from the wind.



I was riding OK by now, slowly recovering, and even in my depleted state I calculated that if there was another 200km I would have ridden myself back within my time window! How messed up am I! I ate at the last control, (Great Easton) a full meal of pasta and Mediterranean veg. It tasted great. I sat there and happily watched my time window tick past 1,393kms done but missed by 48km.



1pm Thursday I rolled to the finish, glad to have completed, happy that it was over and relieved I had struggled on. Not finishing at all would have been harder to accept than just not completing within my time. Daryl was at the finish, all showered, smiling and boasting of the amount of sleep he had. Now I hate him more.

34% DNF the ride, (350ish riders) of which I am one. Despite everything I do think I had a good ride. Yes with challenges, some unexpected, most overcome. Long periods where mental and emotional effort were far greater than the physical. I rode the majority on my own and was happy doing so. I had no trouble with traffic, route finding or equipment (apart from the front wheel thing, but we are not talking about that). I liked riding the length of the country, accents change with the scenery.

A few friends and family electronically stalked me through the event, both via the event website and GPS tracker I was carrying. Weirdly knowing your progress is being monitored does help with the incentive to keep going; I think that is what I discovered. Whether it was value for money, stubbornness, not wishing others to see you fail, or simply the fact I bought an event jersey and would not feel right wearing it if I did not complete. Reasons ebbed and flowed depending on my mood.

On inspection at the finish the reason for left toe cure became apparent; I had snapped the nail under the skin. I think when it snapped it stopped causing pressure and contact. It could just flop about not vibrating after every bump. As for the pre ride aims, yes I did change my socks, yes I did enjoy bits of it and yes I did need and use the support. This was far from a doddle!

The obligatory finishers photo cost me £25. Having carried that cash, unneeded, all the way round the ride I was attached to it and slightly reluctant to give it up, but a photo never lies. It came in the post the other day, the eyes have it, I am a ghost. Two weeks on and I am still tired, prone to nearly falling asleep mid-afternoon. My hip still hurts; fingers on my left hand are numb. I have been on a bike since, but only a short ride – might only be short rides for a while.

Costs: £320 entry, £37 parking, £80 Travelodge, £52 event jersey, £56 event gilet, £25 finisher photo, £10 to have a drop bag posted home after event

*Jon Tetley*

## **Semaine Federale 2017**

At the end of July we three Hurrells set off in our car loaded with three bikes and camping equipment to drive to Portsmouth to catch the ferry to Ouisterham, heading for

Mortagne au Perche in Normandy for the 79<sup>th</sup> Semaine Federale. On arrival we were directed to our campsite in a field on the edge of the small town of Mortagne ( Perche relates to the Percheron horses that are named after this region). Around 15,000 cyclists participate in this annual event which takes place in a different area of France each year. The majority of the helpers are volunteers and regions bid competitively to host the event, as it is so popular and brings money to the local economy; all those cyclists eating, drinking & shopping! Supermarkets and restaurants are warned of the incoming lycra-clad army, who swarm into town at the end of every ride. Local boulangeries along the routes frequently sell out of cakes and bread.



We were meeting up with a group of long-standing cycling friends from all over the UK and were camping in a “Brits Ghetto”. Among our friends were the Payton family, whose daughter Hannah rides for the Drops Team. She was to be seen stringing out the groups on the ‘A’ rides, with groups of male riders hanging on to her back wheel. Needless to say, Andy and I didn’t ride with her, but Emma managed one ride on Hannah’s ‘rest day’.

There were five different road rides ranging from 20-120 miles, plus MTB rides daily. All routes were waymarked with refreshment stops provided. The rides all started from the Permanence, which was the HQ based at a local high school and provided a large cafeteria and local artisan foods and drinks. In the exhibition hall were cycling retailers, local traders and tourist organisations. Social events were arranged here and at all campsites throughout the week. There were also walks and day-trips for non-cycling family members.

Throughout the week we traversed the local area covering 50-60 miles most days in rolling, wooded and peaceful countryside. We visited chateaux, historic towns, ancient churches, abbeys, villages and a Percheron horse stud farm. At every town and village the riders were welcomed by the local populous and we were cheered and clapped wherever we went and communities vied with each other in their bicycle-themed floral decorations in the streets and in shop windows (the Tour de Yorkshire must have been inspired by this custom). On the final day there was a grand cycling procession throughout Mortagne which progressed slowly along virtually every road in the town. The French rode off in their Departements, then the other nationalities followed in their groups. We all dressed in Union Jack kit and there were a few good-natured calls of 'Brexit' from onlookers. The streets were packed with the residents who had turned out in their hundreds to cheer and wave and they were shouting 'Merci' as they were truly appreciative of what the event had brought to the town. The atmosphere was incredible.

To anyone who enjoys touring rides in France and French culture the event is highly recommended and was well organised by extremely hard-working volunteers. As well as basic camping there are other accommodation options; self-catering and B&B. The location for the 2018 Semaine Federale is Epinal in the Vosges Mountains.

Why not check out the website - <http://sf2018.ffct.org/>

*Valerie Hurrell*

### **British Cycle Quest – going places!**

Anyone who has ridden with me in recent months may have wondered why I have taken a photo of the AA box in Eardisland or the cannon at Ludlow castle. Well, the reason is that Valerie and I have embarked on the British Cycle Quest.

This challenge is administered by Cycling UK (or CTC as they used to be known) and the aim is to visit checkpoints around Britain and to answer a question to prove that the checkpoint has been visited – by bike obviously! Most areas are based on counties but smaller counties are combined in some cases so Herefordshire and Worcestershire count as one area. Each area has 6 questions and there are 402 questions across England, Wales and Scotland. There is no time limit and the awards for visiting 100, 200 or 300 are certificates. There are engraved trophies for those who have visited all 402.

This quest will encourage us to visit places around the country that we might not think of going by bike so will next year's holiday be in the Shetland Islands or Cornwall or somewhere in-between?

The question in Eardisland asks for the number of the AA box so you now have the answer to one of the questions – only 401 to go! Take a look at [www.cyclinguk.org/british-cycle-quest](http://www.cyclinguk.org/british-cycle-quest) if this appeals to you.

*Andy Hurrell*



## **Emma conquers 1,000km Challenge for Trafficking victims**

**The article below by Keith Ramsay is about a challenge undertaken by Emma Hadley, Wheelers member Ed Hadley's daughter.**

St Heliers resident Emma Hadley is so serious about the issue of human trafficking, on the opening week of the Tour de France, she set herself a crazy challenge of cycling 1000kms over four days and climbing 10,000 metres of hills to raise money for Tearfund's anti-trafficking work.

Emma planned to enter Tearfund's Poverty Cycle, which is a cycling event that raises funds for the organisation's anti-trafficking and exploitation work overseas. However, she realised she would be in England on the day of the event. "I was riding to work thinking about a crazy challenge I could set myself when I came up with the idea."

She says the 1000km was not a really huge challenge, although 250km a day back-to-back is tough—it was adding the 10,000 metres of hill climbs that really took it to the next level. Emma had a goal of raising \$2,500, but she has been 'blown-away' by the response, raising more than \$6000.

However, Emma was yet to face another big challenge. The weather over the four days she cycled from July 6 to 9 was appalling. She had to change the route several times because of slips caused by torrential rain. "On one of the days, the rain was so heavy I couldn't even see the rider in front of me. I was really struggling, but I told myself, 'Emma, there are people in this world in far more serious situations'." It was the thought that she was riding for the freedom of others that got her through the really challenging stages as well as the promise of being offered a \$1000 donation if she completed the ride, Emma says.

"I have been to Thailand, but I just wasn't aware that 21 million people are trapped in forced slavery. About 4.5 million of them are victims of forced commercial sexual exploitation. It really shocked me. That's the population of New Zealand. It is a really good feeling knowing that the money I have raised will help these victims."

As if this wasn't enough of a challenge, the team of riders who joined her on the adventure had to repair 50 punctures along the way. She is thankful to her 'amazing team of riders'. For many of them, this was the longest rides of their lives and one rider did the whole challenge with her, she says. Emma plans to come up with an even more crazy challenge next year.

## MEMBER'S QUESTIONNAIRE

**This edition's questionnaire is by Dave Whitby, lifelong cyclist, Wednesday Wheeler and recent member of the new knee club.**

**WHERE WERE YOU BORN?** South east London on the Kent border.

**WHEN DID YOU START CYCLING AND WHY?** As a young man after the war years it was the only way to get around.

**WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST BIKE?** Raleigh Humber.

**WHEN DID YOU JOIN THE WHEELERS?** Beginning 2012.

**WHAT IS YOUR BEST CYCLING MEMORY?** My first ride to the coast and back in a day as fourteen year old. Going to Majorca for the first time with many of the old pros, if you like cycling this is the place to be March, April, May time.

**WHAT WAS YOUR BEST CYCLING PERFORMANCE/RIDE?** Competing in the Morecambe and Southport open criticism weekends – not a lot of success but finishing in a bunch. Later ridding the Stephen Roach sportive out of Paris and doing good performance.

**WHY DO YOU ENJOY CYCLING?** Cycling has always been my way of resting and winding down from my business life. One of those sports where status money or social standing has no place.



**HOW OFTEN DO YOU RIDE?** Three sometimes four times a week.

**WHAT BIKE(S) DO YOU CURRENTLY OWN?** Trek Madone, Ribble winter bike.

**WHICH IS YOUR FAVOURITE BIKE AND WHY?** Having ridden for so long I can't say any one. The ,Trek is carbon fiber and beautiful to ride but in the early seventies I had a Major Nicholls which at the time, when I took racing more seriously, seemed the dream bike to own in the midlands.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE RIDE? **Any one with the friends I have made since moving to this county as long as it is flat.**

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE POST RIDE MEAL? **At my age the rides are so short but I do like a good scone with butter and jam.**

WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER TO BE THE BEST CYCLING INNOVATION IN THE LAST 30 YEARS? **Low gears and lightweight carbon fibre.**

WHO IS YOUR CYCLING HERO? **Eddy Merckx and my old class mate at school John Clarey.**

DO YOU HAVE ANY HOBBIES? **Staying alive and seeing the grand kids grow up.**

HOW WOULD YOU IMPROVE HEREFORD WHEELERS AS A CLUB? **More attention being paid to road racing; you will never make the big time only time trialling.**

## NOTICES

### Hereford Wheelers' Easy Rides

The new Easy Rides group started in June on an experimental basis to assess the demand for less-fast shorter sociable rides than currently offered by any club in Hereford. The programme offers twice-monthly rides running up to the end of October. Rides cover 20-25 miles at an average of 10–12 mph and are suitable for people returning to cycling or those who are new to club riding and wish to develop their fitness. They start at the tennis courts near Hereford Leisure Centre at 9am on Saturday mornings (full programme on website).

The first ride attracted two new riders and one returning former member and three 'leaders'. Since then attendance has steadily increased to 10-12 participants, resulting in a number of new club members. Due to the popularity of the rides a decision has been made to continue the programme as an ongoing activity, throughout the winter and into 2018, although it may be necessary to make some adjustments to allow for adverse weather conditions.

The rides have offered the opportunity to visit cafes that are usually too close to Hereford to justify stopping; favourites have been Court Farm at Tillington and Madley Plants – both are highly recommended for their cakes.

Thanks to members who have come forward to lead rides to date; Bill Berry, Ken and Linda Green, Mark Montez, Jon Tetley (and Evie) and Clive Walker. Offers to lead future rides would be welcomed by the co-ordinators Andy and Valerie Hurrell, who would be pleased to see existing members joining and supporting the group for social rides.



# Hereford Wheelers CC Annual Dinner & Prize Presentation 2017

**De Koffie Pot, Left Bank, Hereford – Friday 24<sup>th</sup> November**  
**7.00 for 7.30pm**

Tickets are available from 2<sup>nd</sup> October, from Valerie Hurrell and Bill Berry; price £15.00 for a buffet-style (mild) curry meal, including free 'lucky ticket' raffle. This year we are adopting a new approach to move to a less-formal venue and meal in a city-centre location.

We are pleased to welcome as our guest of honour Mick Bennett of SweetSpot Ltd, the event management and sports marketing company behind major UK cycling events, headlined by the Tour of Britain, the UK's biggest professional cycle race and a cornerstone of the British sporting calendar, and the Women's Tour, the UK's only multi-day race on the UCI Women's World Tour calendar.

Payment in advance in cash, by cheque payable to Hereford Wheelers CC, or by bank transfer to account: 00198014, sort code 30-94-14.

**Please pay and advise the organiser of food choices by Thursday 9<sup>th</sup> November**

## **MENU**

Chicken Tikka Masala **OR** Vegetable Curry  
Accompanied by: Onion Bhaji, Vegetable Samosa and Naan Bread

*Please speak to the organiser regarding special dietary requirements – gluten free curries can be provided.*

*Valerie Hurrell*





## Hereford Wheelers Quiz & Chips Evening

**Wednesday 18<sup>th</sup> October 7.30pm at Hereford Rowing Club**

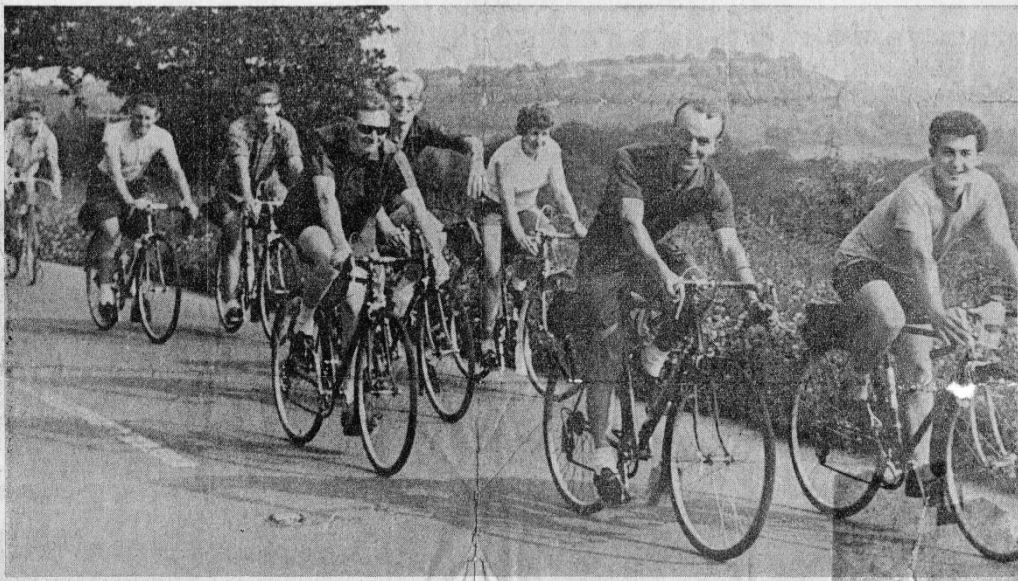
All welcome; bring own cutlery and condiments. Use of Rowing Club bar. Meal choices and payment by 12th October please. Cheques payable to HW to Valerie Hurrell [evahurrell@aol.com](mailto:evahurrell@aol.com) – 07599314155 or by bank transfer to club a/c no:00198014 sort code: 30-94-14

Teams of 6; make up your own team or join a team on the night. If you intend taking part, but are not eating, please advise the organiser.

Item	Cost
Cod & Chips	£5.20
Chicken & Chips	£4.60
Sausage & Chips	£4.30
Just Chips	£1.70
Just Fish	£3.50
Chicken Chow Mein	£5.00
Vegetable Chow Mein (Veggie)	£4.80
Special Fried Rice	£5.50
Mushroom Fried Rice (Veggie)	£4.80

## ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

HEREFORD EVENING NEWS, TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1968.



"The Hereford Wheelers are essentially a touring club"—members are seen here leaving the tea place during a Sunday club run.

This clipping from a 1966 edition of the Hereford Evening News was recently submitted. In the archive we found the original photograph and Ian Boushear says:

'I think we were cycling home from Mrs Williams' at Usk, but I'm not 100% certain. Old Harold Beeks, as I remember, was the sweeper on club runs (he made sure that anybody off the back was ok and not in difficulty). The names underneath the photo are incorrect; Mick Griffiths is not in the photo. Clive Watkins is definitely the guy in sun glasses.



Ian Boucher, Mick Bradley, Jean Reynolds,  
David Hickling, Mick Griffiths,  
Gordon Pitts, Keith Hayward, Keith Gower,  
Dave Lloyd, Harold Beeks.





Castroviejo, Thomas, Martin, Kiryienka et al at Mordiford

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