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## THE RUTLAND STORY

The Rutland C.C. has been one of the greatest long distance clubs ever. They have won the team championship at 24 hrs. five times running 1955 to 1959, and have provided three National Champions. Here, STUART THOMPSON gives a personal account of some memorable years, and helps to explain how it all happened .....

The story really begins in 1948 when pre-war 24 Hour star, the late and sadly missed Benny Hudson joined the Rutland to link up with long distance expert Ron Masterman. In 1949 Benny finished second in the championship to Stan Harvey putting the Rutland name in the record books for the first time. The following year Ron Masterman persuaded a comparative newcomer Joe (Lofty) Leversidge to join the team. At this point I should say something about Ron, a remarkable chap with an infectious enthusiasm and a way of bringing out the best in others. It was under his inspiring leadership that Rutland C.C. launched their first full scale assault on the championship '24' in 1950, to such purpose that they added 18 miles to the existing comp. record.

Unfortunately this was rather overshadowed by the achievement of the redoubtable Addiscombe team who added 60 miles to the record. One bright feature was the impressive debut of Lofty who set off like a bomb with 4.28 for the first 100, but slowed later to finish with 430 miles. Ron was just behind and Benny broke club record with 435 miles. Thus the foundations were laid of a 24 Hour tradition in the Rutland C.C.

'51 was a disappointing year, only Ron managing to finish the '24', and that after much mechanical trouble. '52 saw the North Road club promoting the championship, and my own baptism as a 24Hour man. The memory of this experience is engraved more deeply on my mind than any of our more successful exploits. Ron had taken up an appointment abroad and was unable to ride. Our little company - Benny, Lofty, veteran 24-Hour man Johnny Bassnett and myself - was rather like a ship without a rudder. Having a couple of reasonable 12 Hour rides behind me, I decided to ride the first half as I would a '12' and hope for the best afterwards. As the race progressed I moved steadily through the earlier part of the field finding at the checks that I was gaining on my colleagues. I felt rather pleased with myself at the time as I didn't think that I was taking too much out of myself. This state of affairs became more alarming when, after about 100 miles, I was the only Rutland representative left in the race. However, things went smoothly and I covered 242 miles in the first 12 hours by which time I was well out in front as most of the faster men started towards the end of the large field. So far so good, but later things didn't go so well. In those days our helpers had no mechanical transport and could only manage to hand anything up on three or four occasions on this largely out and home North Road course. My main food supply was a large currant loaf carefully cut and buttered in a bag which I was dim enough to tie under the saddle; unfortunately spray from the wheel had reduced the contents to a doughy mess, and I was forced to resort to a sit-down feed. Still, progress was fairly satisfactory until dawn began to break on the Fens with just over 300 miles covered, then on the desolate 'wilderness' leg I found that Eddie Mundy was closing up on me. As I started to fight my way out of the Fens, the wind began to rise and grow more chilly. I felt a sudden weariness, my legs were numb and stiff - and so began the hardest 8 hours of my life. Eddie came by at about 350 miles and seemed to be lost from view in no time at all, but I plodded on, knowing that I had only to keep going to beat club record.

Consciousness almost deserted me on several occasions when I found myself swerving on the wrong side of the road, but I managed to make the finishing circuit before sleep finally overcame me and I fell from the bike into a deep ditch. I shall never know what time elapsed before I came back to reality, but vaguely remember climbing back to road level to find my machine lying, surprisingly undamaged, on the verge. Only an hour to go now, and with riders speeding by I stumbled on, dropping from 2nd to 5th place but achieving my ambition by adding 10 miles to club record. Eddy Mundy had gone on to break comp. record with 467 miles.

In 1953 the Mersey Roads course was the venue for the championship. We couldn't raise a team, but I was well looked after by my clubmates. After laying second to the 'favourite' Nick Carter for 11 hours I had the misfortune to do 14 miles off course, which really dispirited me. I was persuaded to carry on and eventually finished in the same position as the previous year. For me the thrill of the race was in watching the amazing Johnny Arnold, on his trike, contesting the lead right to the end with Nick Carter to produce what must be one of the greatest rides of all time.

Determined to make amends I rode in the North Road '24' later in the year, and was fortunate in having Ron Masterman on leave from Nigeria to follow me in his car. The race was a see-saw battle right from the start with Tom Fensom who started a minute in front of me, and though we weren't often in sight of each other the lead must have alternated 5 or 6 times before I finally managed to wear him down just before the finishing circuit to win my first 24.

The Wessex course is in many opinions, including my own, the finest and fastest course in the country, and it provided the setting for the championship of '54. Prior to the event I had met Nick Carter up at Brock before riding the Lancs. R.C. '12'. He reckoned that we could sort things out between us in the Wessex, and as things turned out he wasn't far wrong. After some of the early fliers had shot their bolt, we were well out in front with Nick having the advantage. At one stage, after I had lost a little time with a spill on wet roads, the gap was increased to 15 minutes, and, try as I might, I could make little inroad on this comfortable lead. Again we were without a team, but the Rutland boys were down in force to give wonderful support and though without motor transport they seemed to be all over the course. Their untiring work was to be rewarded in a sudden and dramatic manner at about 350 miles when, on one of the legs, making my usual time check on Nick, I found him to be one minute down, instead of the expected 13 minutes up. "It's all yours, Joe" he shouted as we crossed, he had been off his machine with cramp, and shortly afterwards had to retire. I am told that Colin Keeton performed a jubilant war-dance a little to the embarrassment of the more respectful members of our party. The only adversary then seemed to be the competition record which I was fortunate enough to beat with a total of 469.8 miles.

Chasing me round in the championship had set some of our lads thinking that if I could do it, so could they, and later that year when I paid a return visit to the North Road, it was in the company of Tony Fouldes. Looking back, I was fortunate to win this event in the end, so many times was I near to packing, everything seemed to go wrong. I started the event with a large abscess in a most inconvenient place, the relic of a very bad season, and it was in trying to ease the pressure that caused agonizing back-ache in the later stages. Coupled with this I suffered punctures at 50 and 100 miles, causing a loss of over 20 minutes. This combined to put me in a quite dejected state of mind, only tempered when I forged gradually back to the front to win a duel with Alan Blackman of the promoting club. Tony, perhaps the toughest and most determined rider I know, finished very strongly to take third place.

His success prompted Ron Coukham to enter the Catford 24, the championship event of 1955. Ron's racing career started as far back as 1948 but his experience at the longer distances was not extensive, and yet he was to make an immediate impact on the 24 Hour scene.

Though I went into the event as champion, I was under no delusions regarding the challenge presented by Ken Price, a leading B.A.R. contender, but newcomer to the 24 Hour field. From the start he set a cracking pace on a fine, very warm day; it was quite a relief to feel the cooler evening air as we started on the long leg which stretches along the South coast. Ken's lead over me here was about 3 mins. and still he maintained his pace, but it was pleasing to see the excellent progress of Tony and Ron, both well placed at this stage.

And so the pattern of the race was set, through a fine night, a mild morning heralding another hot, but breezy day, Ken Price continued unyieldingly

on, never faltering, and running out a worthy winner with a splendid new record of 478 miles. My own total of 474 miles, together with those of Ron and Tony was sufficient to add 35 miles to the existing team record and thus end Addiscombe's wonderful run. Ron, riding a beautifully judged race, had come up on the post to pip Tony for third place with a fine ride of 462 miles.

Although '55 was a prelude to a run of five successive championship team wins, it was also a good year for Cupid, and the beginning of domestic commitments that were to limit the training particularly of Tony and myself.

If the Wessex is the fastest course, then the North Road, except in the calmest of weather, must surely be the most arduous. Fighting the wind, which usually sweeps across the unsheltered fenland roads as dawn breaks, presents a real challenge. Invariably a head wind, it strikes when spirits are lowest and has the effect of sorting the wheat from the chaff. The championship of 1956 was no exception. The first half of the race ran pretty true to form, Hanning of the 'Veg.' and myself disputing the lead, with Tony and Ron not far behind. Also in the picture was a rider unknown to most of us at the time, Fred Burrell of Middlesex R.C. Ken Price, not riding to his usual form, had retired earlier. Coming back from the Peterboro turn with 300 miles covered, I was able to discern two or three riders in pursuit. "You're just up on Hanning" shouted one of our helpers. "Never mind that", I replied, "a chap I passed 15 hours ago is catching me fast!" Sure enough, Fred Burrell soon came by. I tried to hold him for a few miles, but paid for it dearly later; however I was not alone and only Burrell did not falter on the hard trek to the finishing circuit, having in the end a runaway win with 477 miles. Again I was second with Jim Hanning holding off a late challenge by Ron Coukham to secure third place. Tony Fouldes had been having a very rough time of it, but to his credit stuck it out gallantly through many bouts of sickness to give us our second team win. I formed the opinion at the time that Fred Burrell was the finest 24 Hour rider I had encountered in hard conditions and subsequent events have given me no reason to change that view.

1957 saw a further restriction of activities for Tony and myself. Tony decided not to ride in the Mersey Road Championship, and I took such a hammering in a 50, that I decided I couldn't finish a '24', but there was no lack of good substitutes and Joe 'Lofty' Leversidge made a re-appearance together with George Steers and Jimmy Hall in support of Ron. The brilliant but unpredictable 'Lofty' at last did himself justice and dictated the race from start to finish. Ron in second place finished with 462 miles for the third consecutive time. Jimmy Hall surprised us all by narrowly beating George to make up our third winning team.

Should it seem that these team wins were 'a piece of cake' I might say that rarely did we start the race as favourites, and on this occasion it was thought that the 'Veg.', who were strongly represented, would have the beating of our lads, but even rider of the calibre of Keeler, Hanning, and Duncan had to give them best. They were nevertheless expected to take their revenge in the Wessex championship of '58. We were present in force, Tony and myself returning to augment the victorious '57 team. I had ridden a '12' instead of the 24 the previous year and surprised myself by managing 253 miles. This gave me some confidence to tackle the Wessex in spite of a lack of training. I foresook my customary gears to ride 86" fixed (quite low for me), and had the easiest ride of my 24 Hour career, without the tension of fighting for the lead. These roles were taken up by White, Keeler and Coukham. It was my first view of the immaculate White, the wonder rider who had beaten the 'evens' barrier; many were dubious whether he could stand up to the strain of championship competition. What I saw impressed me greatly, but he needed all his style and stamina to stave off first the mighty Keeler and later a tenacious Ron Coukham. The fight for team honours was developing into a battle of the highest merit, with the 'Veg.' boys matching us, man for man. Gradually we gained the ascendancy, and suddenly they cracked, leaving Dave Keeler to fight on alone for individual honours, but even this was to be denied him. White went majestically on his way to equal his own record of 484 miles, Ron responded with a magnificent effort of 477 miles and I repeated the mileage

that had earned me the title 4 years earlier to push Dave Keeler out of third place. George Steers pulled out a personal best to earn his first team medal and help us to a new record of 1402 miles.

Four team wins in a row - could we keep it up any longer? Many thought not, especially when in the Catford of '59 Tony and myself were again absent, but once again Lofty stepped into the breach. Ron was thirsting for his first victory, and in fact the Rutland boys dominated this star-studded field right from the start. We had thought the gusty conditions would favour the hardy Rutland and checks at 100 miles showed George, Lofty and Ron fighting neck and neck for the lead. White, Harding and the 'Veg.' boys were in close attendance. There was little to choose between the leaders at the half-way stage, but gradually Ron, riding very aggressively, emerged as the potential winner. Only the indestructible Arch Harding and a valiant Lofty were in striking distance. Few realised that Lofty was still suffering from the effects of a very severe accident in which he had been involved the previous year. Once again the 'Veg.' challenge disintegrated before the finishing circuit was reached, and even White was well below his usual form. There was no holding Ron now and he went on, after so many near misses, to gain a well deserved first place. Arch Harding's finish was too strong for Lofty, but he was assured of third place with George not far behind to complete the winning team and make it five in a row. Ron had won a medal on each occasion!

And so to 1960 and the end of an era. Once more the North Road course lured me back, the temptation to do battle with my old adversary was too strong, though I had hardly touched the bike for nearly two years. Tony too paid a return visit, and in fact numerically we faced the timekeeper with the largest team we had ever assembled. Even so there was no air of confidence about the team. The strain of the years of high level competition was more than ever apparent among the more seasoned riders. Men who once lived only for cycling now had other interests and commitments. I had attempted to get fit for the ordeal with a six-week training programme and three rides at 25, 50 and 100 miles proved quite satisfactory, but a touch of 'flu the week before the race reduced me to a state of depression. This was heightened during the event, when after an encouraging start I punctured at 20 miles and I had a feeling this was not my day; still, "I must press on, might feel better later on." It was in this frame of mind that I witnessed perhaps the most amazing occurrence ever seen in a 24 Hour championship. Due to a freak of chance in the order of start, about half a dozen of the top men had congregated together before the 100 miles mark was reached, and were scrapping it out, mile after mile, for all the world as though they wanted to settle the issue there and then. It was with some apprehension that I noted Ron among this group, battling for his title with Keeler, Harding, Burrell and Hanning, a trial of strength at this stage could prove disastrous.

With dismay I found my fears confirmed when, a little further on Ron retired, the first casualty of this private battle. Tony too had not been seen for some time and we learned later that he was the victim of a nasty spill at about 30 miles. The shades of night were falling fast as we came back onto the A1 to make the long run North. A bobbing tail light ahead turned out to be that of Dave Keeler, a second casualty of the earlier mêlée

The Middlesex R.C. were in full flight now with Burrell holding a small advantage over Harding, and even at this stage the race was virtually won. The heavy flow of traffic in the darkness of the A1 was very disconcerting on this much altered North Road course, and though this would not have worried me five years earlier, now I couldn't help thinking of my responsibilities to my three little girls and anxious wife at home. More than 200 miles covered as we made the journey into the quieter Fens but soon even George Steers, whose cheery grin had brightened many a '24' decided to call it a day. On through the old familiar places, small market towns, sleepy villages, and for the first time since that first '24' I found a sudden tiredness came over me.

Ron Masterman and Lofty who were looking after me frequently applied a wet sponge to rouse my reeling senses. Burrell and Harding were now in an unbeatable position ably backed by Poole, but I was pleased to see my old friend Johnny Arnold going very well on his come-back ride. The first bright rays of the morning sun broke through on the same old dreaded stretch from Guyhirne Bridge to Cambridge. The cold was intense, over 350 miles covered, only another 50 to the circuit, so near and yet so far. My legs had no life in them, my brain was muddled, but I couldn't help feeling that this was where I came in 8 years previously. Then I had something to fight for but now the reward could not repay the agony. My old foe had triumphed at the fifth attempt.

On the finishing circuit we saw Fred Burrell gain the distinction of being the first man to win the championship for the second time, gaining a narrow victory over his team mate Arch Harding, both magnificent rides. Poole's ride was good enough for the trio to eclipse our competition record. Our less fancied riders Jimmy Hall, Arthur Warrington and Harry Cook all finished with creditable rides, but those of us who looked on all seemed to feel that, for us at least, this was the end of the road.

A notable chapter in our club's history was completed. Many people too numerous to mention played their part in it. We enjoyed wonderful support over the years; Bert Ridge, Colin Keeton and Ron Masterman were perhaps the guiding lights. The unselfish and tireless efforts of our helpers, not forgetting our long suffering wives, are deserving of our heartfelt gratitude. Shall we ever ride again? Well, the enthusiasm for '24's' is still there and perhaps, if circumstances allow, the old firm may someday be seen in action again.

#### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The A.G.M. will be held on Sunday, 5th May 1963 at 10.0 a.m. at Anne's Pantry, Bickenhill. This is a cafe on the A45 Birmingham to Coventry Road on the right hand side one mile before Stonebridge. Propositions may be sent to the Secretary, Sid Genders. Members will recall Fred Cowling's proposal re postal voting and anyone unable to make the A.G.M. could write in on an issue they want discussed or that they want voted on by post.

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS

These are due (5/-) on January 1st 1963. Members who joined in October, November or December of this year are of course paid up for 1963 already.

R. N E A L . . . . 4 0 9 m i l e s

THE STORY OF HIS RIDE IN THE 'CATFORD'

"My first and last 24 hour" I said at the finish, and they laughed at me and said "we have heard that before, you will see", so I shall wait and see. But why do we submit ourselves to all that is unnatural physically and mentally, to sweat, strain and suffer? For me, like all other riders, because it is a challenge, not unlike a marathon runner, a cross-channel swimmer, or the mountain climber who was asked why he climbed it and he answered 'because it was there'. That just about sums up the feeling from me, a first-timer.

It starts at about 2 a.m. that morning when I woke up and tried to sleep again until 6.30 and wished it could have been 8.30, just time to get ready for my callers at 9.30 and less time to think, although one has plenty of time to think from, in my case, 12.29 until 12.29 the next day. I had made up my mind that I was still going to be on my iron at 12.29 that next day, if it was only 400 m.

I was one of a team, so to let my thoughts get the better of me, no matter how much I was suffering, would not only be letting myself down but worse still, let the team down, and to submit to defeat like that, I could never have accepted.

So, 5 - 4 - 3 - 2 - 1 - h-e-a-v-e, and I was on my way 300 yds. left and down the Brighton road - am I fit? This is two 12's and more - 200 m. to 10 - 10.30 to make good - turn left now - first leg - soon see them coming back from the turn, watching for your team mates, getting to know new faces as they pass - nodding or calling as the mood takes one.

Phew! this is a warm day - pace? is it too fast or am I unfit? - still, must make the pace, the field must know the pace - catching my first rider now - he is an older rider. Past now, taking a bend now and I can see two more ahead - I don't think I shall pass for a time, stay with them now for a bit yet, but still the gap becomes less and after an hour or so I pass one or two more and one or two pass me, but I ride as I feel, but too slack, not too fast, a long long way to go yet. Sweating starts to bring on cramp, first the left leg under the calf, then on top - it comes and goes and I curse myself for forgetting the salt tablets (although some time later I am handed up salt water and that did the trick) but later it was to be my feet. But now it was the sun, gee! it's warm. Passing a restaurant now, people sitting under shaded tables on the lawn, sipping ice-cold drinks, relaxed, enjoying their tea. How I envy them, spectators, officials, just sitting by the roadside in the shade, why am I riding, why making myself suffer, just to try and prove to myself that I can do it?

I wasn't carrying a watch, personally I do not like to on a long distance, but the shadows were long now and it was not so hot, must be near 8.30, roll on night so I can watch for the dawn and then only  $\frac{1}{3}$ rd the distance and time to the finish.

Now it's 10.25 p.m. and I stop for my first rest of 5 mins. I laid down with my feet up on the van bumper. Half a cig. in 10 hours, that's a record for me. I sway as I rise: "dodgey" I say, "dodgey", but more time means less miles and when someone said "195 and a sit down at Arundal" I felt better. I was glad of two pies that my helpers managed to get as arrangements for feeding went out of order just 5 miles after that, when I had arranged for my helpers to watch for my lamp in my feeding cage. This snapped and fell off and as I wasn't carrying a bracket I had to place my lamp in my down tube cage, so as no one knew of my misadventure, it was understandable that my helpers did not recognise me after that. Still, I did not want for anything, except a new pair of feet, and for all that I had eaten, to digest. To breathe in through my mouth hurt as much as my arms, and a new saddle was not helping me, as I had hoped it would.

But this was over half-way now and I could see the new day in the East. Soon it will be light and the end not so far away. 16-18 sprockets was all I could use except down hill, so my 14 was soon to be used less and less and not at all after 7.30. Now it was the turn of the riders I had passed earlier to get their revenge, 'ye Gods' I thought, how can they go so fast when I can only just push my two gears slowly around. Further and further they went ahead of me and I could not find the energy to stay with them. By now the sun was getting well up and my moral going down, with my limbs crying; "stop, rest" and my mind saying "go faster", move faster" but by now I found I could only use a 16 sprocket down a slope and 18 was in use for most of the time after that. With the cars on the road, thick and fast and noisy now, after the quiet of the night, the noise was playing hell with my temper, I was swaying once or twice. If one hit me I felt that I could not care. Up I went, off course now, I would not turn back. I would not care, I had not seen anyone for some time now, maybe I am off course, so what! No, I am not, there is someone on an island ahead or is it just a signpost, or someone waiting to cross the road? Closer now, they have their hands out, turn left, thank goodness, up on 16 honk now, make a show. Off the main road, only a short leg so I'm soon back on that cursed main road again.

I shall have to stop for a few minutes. Just long enough to gain some energy. All that food inside it still on top, it must digest, just rest for 10 minutes, it is only the third time I have been off my machine. I know this will cause concern to others, but I must rest. How lovely it feels to have my feet up instead of down, to have my back resting against this seat. I look over at my iron standing there looking so fast and me feeling so slow; but before I could finish my cig. (after that bar of chocolate, my second smoke for 21 hours) I was made to mount my machine (as they say in the films) "the rider must get through," although I was just going to, anyway! I did not argue as I could understand their cause for concern, but that short rest made me feel like doing a 59 minute '25'. It did not last more than an hour but then I only had 2 hours 20 mins. odd to finish. So as long as I could stay on and make 400 I would do so. If I could only have a new set of feet and a new backside I would go on for twice that amount.

At last I was on the circuit. By now each crack in the road was like a chasm each lump like hitting a brick, each slope a 1 in 7, roll on the last lap, roll on the last check, will I have to pass this point again? 12.15 - 12.20. 25. 26. 27, my last check calls out "2 mins. to go". Shall I go on? I call out "two minutes can't make any difference by now?" "Yes", came the reply so on I go. Then Beep! Beep! goes the van horn. I turn round, it's over. 12.30 by the watch, just to make sure, thank goodness.

How have I done? Everybody seems to be more concerned than me, me, I am just glad to have finished, how I am standing up I don't know. I must just lean against a car as a steady and I think "Was it worth it?" "Yes, just for the experience it was worth it" and now to know that I can stay in a 24 hour. My first and last, I shall wait and see!

Reproduced from Harlequinade. Many thanks to Reg Randall and R. Neal.

#### THE NORTH ROAD 24-HOUR - 1962

This event was rather late this year being in the middle of September and there was a rather small field. However of all the 24's this year it was the closed race with the narrowest result. There were 37 on the card; prominent names among these were Reg Randall, John Arnold and Cliff Smith. Reg Randall had hoped to go for the London-Edinburgh record and as the wind appeared to be right he duly attempted it and thus did not ride the N.R. Cliff Smith had said earlier in the year he intended to ride 3 24's this year - the Catford, the National being the Wessex, and the N.R. He had won the Catford with 462 and was 2nd in the National with 463. For John Arnold this was his first 24 since the 1960 N.R. when he was 4th with 459.9, it being the National that year. He had said at the Wessex this year "I'll probably go



over to the North Road". This was said to be his first event of the season.

The weather was breezy and dry with sunny periods but not over-warm at the start at 12.01 p.m. and during the early afternoon. Later on, however, a heavy storm for over an hour soaked and chilled the riders. At 100 miles Smith led with 4.41.12 and Arnold was at 6.26. Summerlin of the Oundle was 3rd at 12 mins., Ken Davis 4th at 13, Vic Gibbs at 14 and N.B. Stark at 15.

At 147½ miles Arnold had closed to 3½ mins. and was really putting on the pressure. Harry Nelson, busily brewing yet more porridge for him, looked thoughtful and said this was really like the old trike days. Smith lost his lead by 160 miles as Arnold, first on the road, pressed on up the North Road into the night, riding an 84 in. freewheel. Smith rode his usual No/Publicity hub gear giving 75, 31, 86.

At 203 miles Arnold led in 9.50.45, Smith was at 4 mins., Gibbs 3rd at 39, Summerlin 4th at 42, Davis 5th at 51 and Baines 6th at 57. A. Dalton had omitted a detour but on average speed was about equal 3rd.

At 12 hrs. Arnold had done 246 and Smith 245. There was little wind in the evening and early night and it was mainly clear but very cold especially by dawn. Smith lost a little time when he lost his helpers due to their car breaking down. By 301 miles Arnold was 8 mins. up on Smith in 14-56. Gibbs was 3rd at 61.

Heading back from the Fens the riders had a tough ride into a very cold and strong Westerly wind. At 393 miles Arnold came through Ettisley, prize winning best-kept village, with little time to admire the well combed green. Nearly half-an-hour later Smith came past now 1½ mins. down but fighting back hard. Arnold was slowing rather but his considerable efforts of the last 13 hours had given him sufficient lead to win. He entered the circuit 11¾ min. up and lapped in 57 mins., 55.19 and 54.12. Smith went round in 54.5, 51.41 and 52.26 and got within 3½ mins. of Arnold but the latter was defending his lead stoutly and when time was up he had won by 1½ miles.

The finishers were:

1.	J.F. Arnold	Middleton C.C.	462.982 miles
2.	C. Smith	E. Mids. C.C.	461.429
3.	V.J. Gibbs	Luton Wh.	438.041
4.	A. Dalton	Bradford R.C.C.	431.252
5.	J.R. Baines	Icknield R.C.	431.000
6.	J.A. Westcott	Icknield R.C.	411.264
7.	W.A. Cliff	Southgate C.C.	392.688
8.	R.H. Clarke	Leic. Forest C.C.	390.071
9.	C.C.P. Davies	Hants. R.C.	386.282
10.	N.T. Channon	Medway R.C.	380.169
11.	S.M. Searle	Hants. R.C.	377.517
12.	D.C. Culverwell	Hants. R.C.	373.240
13.	A.C. Jones	Hants. R.C.	372.409
14.	R.J. Burroughs	W. Suffolk Wh.	368.989
15.	W.B. Sargeant (T)	Century R.C.	363.967
16.	R. Griffiths (T)	Mephisto C.C.	351.411
17.	H.S. Spelling (T)	Wren Wh.	343.282
18.	P. Reeve	Elite C.C.	337.429

Team: Hampshire R.C. - 1137.039 miles

WE HELPED HENNESSY - An Aspect of the 1962 National

There's an unanswered question in my mind about 24's - which is the best fun, to ride them or to help in them. I've done both since I caught the fever when helping in the National Championship (Catford) in 1959.

Phil Hennessy and I upheld the Southboro' Wheelers name by finishing the Catford 24 with reasonable rides and were both keen to ride the National that was promoted by the Wessex R.C. this year, but hit a snag when we were unable to obtain sufficient helping transport. Eventually it was decided that only Phil would ride, on a bike this time, with his own car driven round by Geoff Boxall and Terry Hughes of Southboro' whilst I would give added support in my car (really my father's) crewed by Ken Jones and his fiancé Barbara Leuty, Veronica Osbourne - all of Central Sussex. After the inevitable midnight oil burning sessions we arrived at some vague plan of action and the grey Saturday of July 16th saw a Morris Traveller loaded high with stores and equipment for any contingency plus four occupants make its way westward towards the New Forest.

The layout of 24's and the story of the 1962 Championship should be well enough known to readers not to need recalling, so our story will only tell of how the 24 impinged on Phil and ourselves and the odd little incidents that we still remember.

We arrived at the official feed at Lyndhurst Road around 1800 hours, the clouds had lifted to give a bright evening but a strong cold S.W. wind that kept the temperature well down. Carline had already come through as though he was completing the final miles of a "100", so we had a long wait for Phil; time enough to inspect what must have been the most mobile of sit-down feeds and which consisted of a battered blue Dormobile loaded to the gunwales with cooking equipment and bearing the sign "Wessex R.C." The sit-down feed part was arranged by the simple expedient of removing the seats and placing them on the ground. It was here that we witnessed the actions of a vagrant gentleman who, wearing a clapped-out raincoat and wheeling an equally clapped-out bike, was procuring dog-ends by the economical method of picking them up as they were thrown down, thus saving himself the trouble of re-lighting them. He was also cadging food from the official feed which left us wondering if he possessed an R.T.T.C. handbook and did this at all distance events.

Night fell as we saw Phil over the New Forest roads and met up with Geoff and Terry in the other team car, who had been watching over him since the start of the event - there was no difficulty in finding them as the large lighted "SDW" sign mounted atop of a vintage Austin 7 quickly proclaimed their whereabouts. Accompanied by the strains of Radio Luxembourg that emanated from Terry's transistor we calculated a theoretical plan of action whereby we would cover Phil on the S.W. part of the course, leaving the others a good sleep before taking over the northern legs in the morning - needless to say it didn't quite work out like that.

Our drive down the Christchurch leg was enlivened by a mobile chat with Roger Wilkings and then by losing our way in the Bournemouth environs, but at least we had acquired the knack of handing up hot coffee to a rider in the dark.

Before progressing too far, readers may be interested in a thumb-nail sketch of our rider. Red-bearded and bespectacled Phil Hennessy is the precocious child of Southboro' cycling, tricyclist, tandemist, cyclo-cross, youth-hosteller, road-racing clubman - he has tackled every sphere of the cycling game bar cyclo-polo since he started with the Southboro' Wheelers at the age of 13. Started racing at 14, first '12' at 16 and first '24' at 18 and now riding his fourth '24' before reaching his 21st birthday. Phlegmatic is the best word to describe Phil's attitude to distance events, his easy-going way and complete absence of any wild fancies or histrionics made our task easier by tenfold in fact the strongest words I can remember Phil using were "Bloomin' heck!"

Reaching Fleet Corner at midnight we were informed that Nim Carline was 25 miles ahead of the field and still going strong. It was here that I practically fell in Poole Harbour as a result of getting over a concrete

parapet to answer a call of nature.

Two miles up the road was the night H.Q. and main feed which seemed a good place to wait. Phil wouldn't be along for  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hrs. so we passed the time by reading the "Agony columns" in various women's magazines that Barbara had brought along, it's funny how male and female differ in their approach to the problems that appear therein. Phil came by somewhat down on his 'shed' and said that he wouldn't be stopping except for more clothing, and this being so the four of us visited the night H.Q. taking in the unique atmosphere of the place and tried to console Roger Wilkings who was sitting down looking red-eyed and far from happy.

The moonlight looked lovely over the Corfe Castle leg - the southernmost part of the course - as we set up a feed near the turn. The straight but undulating road caused competitors lights to appear to be on waves until their silhouetted shapes sped silently past. The ladies took polite leave of Ken and I but returned somewhat hurriedly, having met a dog when in somewhat unfortunate circumstances.

Time dragged as we went out on the long Overmoigne leg, so having fed Phil on the "up line" we settled down for a long wait. My mind pondered on what the aforementioned women's magazines would have made of the situation of two boys and two girls in a car on a lonely road in the middle of the night. I had a good idea, but in reality it would be hard to get romantic after 12 hours of driving, a hot thermos in one hand, a peeled orange in the other and trying to calculate riders return times while peering over one's shoulder into the near darkness.

Dawn appeared as we waited on the Gollows Hill leg; shortly afterwards we had a chat with the Middlesex R.C. helpers who were complaining that Arch Harding kept stopping for cigarettes. The wind that had blown throughout the event felt colder than ever as we waited on the Downs near Dorchester. Scattered along the lay-by were vehicles containing somnolent helpers. Some of the girls who, 12 hours ago looked radiant, now were somewhat worse for wear in contrast to our ladies who, except for drowsy times, appeared to come through unscathed.

Perhaps the event was taking a slight toll though as the game of pass-drink-repass seemed to be coming round a bit quicker, but we put it down to Phil getting an inspired spell and at one point caught and dropped Arch Harding though he paid for it later as we had to administer massage in an attempt to cure "fade" in the Hennessy knees.

Bailey Gate was crowded with most people connected with the event. As it was 5.30 on a Sunday morning, this caused a look of amazement on the faces of some German tourists as they drove round the roundabout. It was here that I had a chat with Jack Spackman which terminated in me becoming a member of the Fellowship and this article appearing in the newsheet.

By the time we were doing the Verwood leg around mid-day on Sunday, the sun beat down and Barbara and Veronica were administering the sponges to every rider as well as setting up an unofficial feed for all, for by now we knew most of the riders and they knew us. In this way we used up the last of the tea and coffee, now 26 hours old and of a thick brown-grey consistency. If any of the riders read this, I hope we will be forgiven.

On to the circuit now and a quick chat with Gooff and Terry to get an idea of Phil's capabilities and the general position of the race. Weaving our way through seemingly every clubman and woman in southern England, we took up positions on the back leg of the course to feed and sponge all and sundry until we all became victims of 'Bonk' ourselves and collapsed into the car. A 20 minute siesta followed by a mad sprint past C rline's winning effort to see Phil run out; then suddenly, although there were other riders going past, it was all over. Phil ran out his time under a large oak tree. Yes, it had been very hard, yes, his knees were aching, otherwise it was the same imperturbable Phil with a distance of 389.1 miles. A strange emptiness descended on us, another '24' was over.

P.J. Crowsley, Southboro & District  
Wheelers.

LETTERS

Post-Mersey Thank-You

Dear Sir,

Many congratulations to you (and your helpers?) on the recent issue of the Fellowship Journal - or the "Stayers' Gazette" as I call it.

If the future issues are as equally informative, and as well produced, I don't think that our members will have many complaints on that score.

I would also like to thank members of the Fellowship who, although having riders of their own to look after in the recent Mersey Roads 24, took time off to help other unfortunates like myself.

Although I do not wish to detract from the excellence of my own helpers, the extra 'helpings' I did receive along the way of such 'goodies' as peppermint, fancy-smelling sponges, and sliced pears (thank you for the latter, Mrs. Blow) helped matters along no end, and I do think that the riders owe a considerable debt of gratitude to these selfless people, and many a hearty cheer should be raised in their direction, for without them there just wouldn't be any events. One laddie in particular must have covered more miles than I did myself, and was forever popping up in the unlikeliest of places, being quite recognisable in that he was the possessor of a knitted head (or it may have been a close-fitting woolly cap that he wore), so thank you also, Mr. Arnold.

Finally, a big bouquet to Dave Stapleton of the Mersey R.C. for organizing this, his first '24' - an unenviable task at any time, and one exceptionally well carried out.

Eastham, Wirral, Cheshire.

Len Scarratt, Birkenhead Victoria C.C.

Postal Votes, Official Feeding and Time of Start

Dear Sir,

I don't usually comment in writing on articles in magazines, etc., but in the latest of the 24-hour Fellowship journal, there were a couple of items that I would like to express my opinion on.

The first item is the question of postal votes, and in his letter, F. Cowling has put a good case for the consideration of this item, and stresses the fact that time and distance must obviously prevent many from attending; by these circumstances these people cannot have any say at the meeting, and they could, by these factors feel that the Fellowship is really only for those members who can be present in body as well as spirit.

The other item is the question of feeding, or rather, lack of feeding as suggested by reason of riders getting personal attention from club-mates; I would not like to think that I was riding in an event where the promoters had this idea, for I am one of those who only ride with an idea of finishing, with no cavalcade of cars and helpers to inspire or brow-beat to continue, chiefly because my club is very small and I haven't got the funds required to meet the expense of a car plus helpers, for in an event of this length, obviously, one cannot impose on the generosity of club-mates who are fortunate enough to own a car. These people are quite willing to turn out to help in a 100 mile or 12 hour event, but a 24 hour event is another matter entirely.

Also I am a low mileage rider, being very definitely a long marker, and there isn't, understandably, the same enthusiasm to help a rider such as myself compared to a member who is out to do a 'ride'; though perhaps I am not doing justice to my fellow members, for on the occasions that I have ridden in these events the other active members of my club have had an event to ride in or assist some considerable distance away, though on one occasion I took my son away with me and arranged for him to turn out on the finishing circuit or thereabouts, but due to feeling so sleepy that I was in danger of or to other roadusers, I got a nights kip at the sit-down feeding station about 2.0 a.m. (the event started at midday), and never reached the circuit.

contd/

What I have had to do in the past, is to supplement the promoting club's feeding efforts with what I could carry round the course in a little saddle-bag, and it has been mainly rice and sultanas boiled at home prior to leaving the day before the event. My wife has found it very hard to estimate what consistency to have it when it is hot, so that when I am needing it during the event it isn't too solid and I am afraid that so far, even with or despite my help, the happy medium has so far eluded both of us.

Anyway, I know that there is a lot of truth in the saying, 'there is no fool like an old fool' and I am getting near the half century; I don't think I will be riding in any more day and night events, though sometimes I think I am capable of adding a few more miles to my best.

Another item that I would like to express an opinion on, is the ideal time of starting. I have only ridden in events that started at midday, and I was quite surprised that other clubs have different ideas on the right time to start. I would like to see a start about 10.0 a.m., then the rider could have a full night's rest, a proper breakfast and be able to amble to the start, though perhaps this only applies to those who are in digs for the week-end, and for those who come down in the morning, the midday start is just the job.

That is all for now, and though, at the moment I am not contemplating riding in any 24's next year, it if is at all possible I would like to offer my help to any rider who could do with a little extra, though from what I have seen during my riding I would be of greater assistance as part of a marshalling or feeding group.

Romford, Essex.

W.S. Dobbin, London Clarion C.  
& A.C.

#### Night Marshalling

Dear Sir,

We have both been very interested in the contents of the Journal and take this opportunity of making one or two comments:-

What's wrong with the present Magazine title? If people must dress it up, why not have an illustrated heading?

We find the articles of advice on 24's very illuminating and would look forward to reading comments by riders on how marshals etc. can help, especially at night.

We'd be very glad to know at any time of any help we can give in any 24. We always make the North Road 24 and occasionally the Catford, but prior advice of others would be welcome.

We don't like the suggestions (once mentioned in the Journal) of a different class for riders and helpers. That doesn't sound like "fellowship". With best regards,

Barnet, Herts.

Ivy and Bert Brown.

#### Fellowship Feeding

Dear Sir,

I feel certain that there are many members like myself who are unable to obtain motorised support for a 24-hour event. I would like to suggest that an organising committee be established within the fellowship, to act as a liason between riders who want transport and members willing to transport them. For example, assuming that 9 people in the Home Counties wanted motor support for the Wessex 24 next year. If they could be gathered into three groups of three, surely three members with cars could be found within the area who were willing to take them down to the New Forest and give them support, petrol and expenses being paid, of course, by the riders. I feel certain that there must be plenty of motorised clubmen who would be only too glad of the opportunity of a petrol paid trip to Hampshire to look after two or three riders. As many people already realise, feeding on an event of this sort is hard work, but also damned good fun.

Perhaps the committee of the fellowship might consider the practicability

contd/

of these suggestions and members might write and express their own views on this plan. If the proposed Yorkshire 24 gets going with no official feeding then this type of service would become invaluable to many unsupported riders.

I really hope that this scheme will be adopted and that by its adoption, many more recruits to the fellowship will be forthcoming.

Erith, Kent.

Brian Kent, Mephisto C.C.

#### SOME COMMENTS ON FELLOWSHIP FEEDING

Several letters in this issue mention this subject. I would like to say especially to Bill Dobbin who, like many others, relies on official feeding, that we certainly are not advocating the abandonment of such feeding. On the contrary, any attempt to help members would be an addition designed to encourage the lone wolf or even more the newcomer who perhaps lacks any help at the time from his club. I think individual help not only helps the self-confessed long-marker to gain miles by cutting down stops at sit-down feeds but also allows the very ambitious rider to exploit his abilities to the limit knowing if a big crash-up occurs helpers are reasonably near.

While knowing that the ability to finish should be a main consideration with 24-hour men, a rider aiming for 500 miles must run more risk of an explosion than one aiming for 400. It would be a strange thing for the man with the 500 schedule to be without personal help. If the 400 man also had help he may do 420 instead of 400. I also do not accept the contention that helpers' are harder to get for the slower rider. If the helpers know a serious attempt is to be made they will not be asking about what schedule is on the top tube and they will be quite content merely to see the rider complete the time, having had the satisfaction of feeling that several miles have been added to the rider's total mileage due to their efforts.

Coming down to practicalities it will obviously take time to get things going well. Apart from expert helper No. 1 Sid Genders, the letters show that several others will assist. I think that if every rider who would like help offered to help in at least one other event then half the problem would be solved. Most people enjoy watching and helping in distance events anyway but I'm sure many members will agree that much extra knowledge and technique can be learnt round the course for one's own riding.

#### NEW MEMBERS

We are very pleased to welcome several new members:-

F.J. Young	Watford R.C.C.
G.D. Seward	Middlesex R.C.
M. Dunn	Catford C.C.
F.J. Summerlin	Oundle V.C.
N.R. Kellett	Mid-Shropshire Wh.
K.D. Hughes	Mid-Shropshire Wh.
H.T. Brissenden	Mid-Shropshire Wh.
N. Carline	Morley C.C.
P. Reeve	Elite C.C.
W.D. Nock	Birkenhead N.E.
L. de Mouilpied	Beacon R.C.C.

ANOTHER KIND OF 24 - HOUR

AN ACCOUNT OF THE C.T.C. LIVERPOOL & DISTRICT 250 in 24 RELIABILITY

TRIAL HELD ON 1ST JULY

The start was from Woodside Ferry at 7.0 p.m. on the Saturday night and 19 riders from various clubs (including one representative from 'ours') started out of 33 entries. A bunch of riders also left at this time from Earlstown Market Square, and in theory the two groups were to have joined up at Whitchurch but the 'Woodsiders' made good time on the run down and were thro' Whitchurch and the first check at Redbrook just after 9.0 p.m. - and then via Welshampton to Ellesmere, where a short stop hard by the Mere gave a leading group of four - (Brian Sedgewick, Liv. Century, Billy Nock, B.N.E., Harold Waring, B.N.E. and Len) time for a 'jar and a wad'. The night clouds closed down and on the run to Oswestry Harold disappeared all of a sudden and the Earlstown mob joined up with a whoop and a long scrap then ensued right down to Newtown (at the 83 mile point). Groups of riders were constantly passing and re-passing now, and a small pile-up occurred about 1.0 a.m. on the Newtown - Llanidloes road, fortunately with no ill effects.

The hills were very close now and it was difficult to see the road in the blackness of the valley and not a few blundered off into the sides - and after the Llangurog road appeared, the first gradients made themselves felt to the now perspiring riders - a short stop for a beaker of tea after Llangurog put a little life into the riders in readiness for the climb up Plynlimmon (in the 2,000 ft. class). For the gradient a medium or low 50" seemed to suffice for most of the 'field' - but on the steeper pitches those who had geared around 42" or lower came off best and in no time at all the field was split into small groups of struggling riders as they wound up Plynlimmon into a thick cold mist, out of the night and into an early grey dawn, with no-one but the mountain sheep for company. Quite a few called 'quits' at this stage and the remainder crossed over a ford after the mountain crest, and went into the worst leg of the ride to Devil's Bridge and Tregaron. The rule again here was that the very low gears ruled the roost as some of the pitches sloped like the roof of a house, and more riders said 'goodbye' on the slog down to the Tregaron check point at 130 miles. This was reached at 8.0 a.m. and tired legs were urged in the direction of Aberystwyth along switchback roads with only the promise of a full breakfast keeping more of the riders going.

Through Aber town and a further snorter up the 1 mile Coronation drag - a 1 in 5 all the way brought the riders to Bow Street through Talybont, and a thankful drop into the Dovey Valley and Machynlleth. From there, a ride up the beautiful valley through Cema-aes, brought the breakfast stop at Mallwyd (175 miles) into view. This was an enforced stop of one hour, and some riders made it permanent when it was found that 'Cross-Foxes Pass had yet to be tackled.

On the road again, a short but pleasant drop into Dinas Mawddy gave a brief respite before it was again a case of up, up, up and slog, slog, slog up 'Cross Foxes, even some cars had trouble getting up and over. A long drop to the penultimate check at Bont-Newydd Station near Dolgellay gave the survivors a 75 mile grind home into the now freshened wind, and legs were cursed into motion again for the ride up the Union Valley, through Bala to Druid, and over more switchbacks to the final check and dinner-stop at Bryn-Eglwys (225 miles). After the enforced half-hour, a grind or two over the remaining gradients and the Llandegla Moors saw the riders pedalling down to Cood-Talon and Pont-Bleddyn. The run through Penyfford, Hawarden and Q'Ferry was accomplished with a small group doing 'cob and chunk' for the remaining miles in order to get back exactly 3 hours before deadline - this they did at 4.0 p.m. precisely.

E. Sags

THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP 12-HOUR, 1962

This year's event promoted by the East Mids. C.C. in the middle of the season and the centre of the country attracted a very large entry which included nearly all the stars of longer distance time-trialing. Coming just four weeks after the sensations of the combined Bath Road and Championship 100, there was much speculation before the start as to what the amazing Colden would do this time. No mean performer at 12 hours back in his last "serious" year in 1960 - he did 261 miles - he was nevertheless up against '60 and '61 champion Roger Wilkings who's best of 271.30 is only yards short of Blower's long-standing competition record. On the other hand Colden had 12 mins. in 100 miles over Wilkings in the Bath Road event and Colden's devastatingly strong finish into an unfavourable breeze in his remarkable record 100 had proved he was not just a short-distance star hanging on to the finish.

The morning dawned cool and grey and soon most riders had to ride through two hours of quite heavy rain. A definite breeze blew but the course was fairly balanced at 50 miles. Colden came through in 2.1.44, with Chris Holloway 2nd at 43 secs. Holloway had caught Wilkings 5 mins. but soon after a quick stop for a wheel change Wilkings caught him back and passed him. Despite this puncture he was still near his 4.12 1st 100 schedule but at this stage was well down the field due to the extremely fast starts made by many riders, some of which slowed drastically later or retired on the wind-against 2nd 100 miles.

The next 50 miles gave quite a lot of wind gain. An early sensation at 100 miles was local star Alan Bland, 3rd with 4.10.42. He retired 8 miles later. Meekins, 7th with 4.14 disappeared soon after, but fast starter Stone of the Camberley, 5th also with 4.14, although slowing badly, did finish and in 12th place.

Check at 100 m.		Check at 150 m.		Performance between 100/150m.	
1. Colden	4. 4.17	1. Colden	6.26.10	1. Wilkings	2.15.21
2. Holloway	10.23	2. Wilkings	29.56	2. Kirby	15.29
3. Bland	10.42	3. Holloway	32.01	3. Fairhead	20.18
4. Penny	12.56	4. Kirby	32.25	4. Holloway	21.38
5. Stone	14.31	5. Brown	38.51	5. Colden	21.53
6. Wilkings	14.35	6. Fairhead	39.14	6. Brown	22.52
7. Meekins	14.39	7. Stone	40.35	7. Jones	24.45
8. Gilkes	15.46	8. Penny	40.47	8. Carline	24.49
9. Brown	15.59	9. Gilkes	40.58	9. D. Clayton	25.00
10. Carline	16.11	10. Carline	41.00	10. Gilkes	25.12
11. Kirby	16.56				

Another local favourite Mick Brown was a mere 12 secs. up on Nim Carline, the newly emerged 24-hour star and third place-winner in last year's National 12. These two had a ding-dong battle to the end. The sun was now out and it was quite warm but hourly the breeze was becoming stronger and the direction of the course now lay generally into the wind. At 130 miles Wilkings (No. 60) came by obviously having a tremendous go, perhaps having realised how he needed to regain time on Colden. When the Camberley rider came by (No. 100) it looked as if he had slowed rather and the watch confirmed this. At this point Wilkings was up to second place  $6\frac{3}{4}$  mins. behind but by 150 miles he had reduced the margin to 3.46. Kirby had passed going tremendously fast, having also been delayed earlier with a puncture. Later it was seen Kirby had ridden 2nd fastest to Wilkings along this stretch. Stone had slowed considerably but clubmate Fairhead moved up a lot and Jones of Uxbridge Wh. and D. Clayton began to appear in the first 10. Carline was steady and stayed 10th at 150 miles. Holloway continued to go well and remained 3rd.

Everybody was very disappointed when Colden crashed in avoiding a cat at 160 miles and retired with a damaged knee. Soon after Kirby also retired.



The 55 miles from the 150 mile check to the circuit were mainly into the freshening wind. The loss here was much more than the gain earlier in the other direction and of course the riders were, theoretically, more weary. This was where the very strong knocked minutes out of the less strong, and only five gained on evens on this stretch. Wilkings was still going strongly and at 172 miles led on the road by 2 mins. but he was not fastest over this section, as by now Carline pushing even larger gears than Wilkings, really began to fly and came up 8 places in 50 miles finally displacing 3rd placed Brown at 175 miles and 2nd placed Holloway at 200 miles. This great gain after a steady start was most impressive and the great power displayed was similar to that used in his great 24-hour title ride in a gale earlier in the year. On the last 10 miles to the circuit he was 2.20 faster than Brown and 1.45 faster than Holloway neither of whom were slowing much.

Check at Circuit 205.406 m.

Performance 150 to Circuit

1. Wilkings	9.10.00	1. Carline	2.35.48
2. Carline	16.48	2. Wilkings	40.04
3. Holloway	18.08	3. Brown	43.24
4. Brown	22.05	4. D. Clayton	45.20
5. Fairhead	28.51	5. Holloway	46.07
6. Penny	29.24	6. D. Middleton	47.15
7. D. Clayton	29.27	7. Jones	47.38
8. Jones	30.52	8. Penny	48.37
9. Stone	32.45	9. Fairhead	49.37
10. W. Clayton	35.10	10. W. Clayton	51.08

With a lead of 6.48 Wilkings was comfortably ahead but it appears he was aware how fast Carline was going and now Wilkings again displayed his power. His first circuit in 42 mins. established a pattern as remarkably in each of his 4 laps he was within a quarter of a minute of 42 mins. Carline with 46 mins, 44.20 and 41.55 could only match this at the end and thus Wilkings ended up 13 mins. ahead. Carline averaged 21.4 on the circuit and did not slow comparatively to the others but Wilkings speeded up and averaged 22.3 m.p.h. here. It seems indicative of his reserves when it is seen that this was only 1 m.p.h. less than his average for all the 12 hours. Wilkings seemed to be enjoying himself; the enormous crowd on the circuit cheered and clapped him on his last circuit and he seemed a bit startled at all the interest. On the hill near the start of the circuit where the crowds were thickest, he looked around a bit dazedly then got out of the saddle and with two or three thrusts of the pedals the cycle shot forward and he was away and out of sight soon to end up with 268.7 miles, or the third best ever done. Without delays and with less wind and a closer battle it seems he would have been over 275 miles.

Mick Brown meanwhile averaged 20.9 on the circuit to gain third place from Holloway (av. 19.5). A fierce battle raged for all places from fourth to tenth. Penny, well up early on and steady throughout, finished 6th, being beaten by fast-finishing D. Clayton (21.0 m.p.h.) Jones, 15th at 100, 11th at 150, 8th on to the circuit moved up to 7th and D. Middleton, even further back at 22nd at 100, 18th at 150 and 11th at start of the circuit, finished 8th. Fairhead after his big mid-race effort slowed then held on to 9th. Wes. Clayton came up from nowhere to 10th. Of these 10 only 5 were in the fastest 10 at 100 miles; D. Clayton was 17th then and Carline 10th to finish 2nd. The biggest slow-down was Stone, 5th at 100 m. and 4 secs. up on Wilkings, who finished 12th 17 miles down. With such determination the Cambridge, even without the star-rider Colden, won the team.

It is to be hoped that the battle between these London giants, Wilkings and Colden, is resumed next year.

Ian Shaw.

THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP 12-HOUR, 1962 (contd.)

The Result and those above 250 miles:

1.	R.J. Wilkings	Gravesend C.C.	268.650
2.	N. Carline	Morley C.C.	263.538
3.	M. Brown	Nottingham R.C.	260.758
4.	F.C. Holloway	Bristol South C.C.	258.227
5.	D. Clayton	Tyne R.C.	257.828
6.	J.V. Penny	Charlotteville C.C.	257.015
7.	J.W.M. Jones	Uxbridge Wh.	255.903
8.	D. Middleton	West Pennine R.C.	255.780
9.	K.J. Fairhead	Camberley Wh.	255.661
10.	W. Clayton	Tyne R.C.	255.484
11.	E.W. Matthews	Altrincham R.C.	253.145
12.	A.W. Stone	Camberley Wh.	251.716
13.	C. Smith	East Midland C.C.	251.420
14.	D.M. Saxton	Yorks. Century R.C.	250.523
Team:	1st. Camberley Wh.	2nd Tyne R.C.	
	Fairhead 255.661	D. Clayton	257.328
	Stone 251.716	W. Clayton	255.484
	Rogers 248.043	H.F. Oliver	241.067
	<u>755.420</u>		<u>754.379</u>

SUMMARY OF RECENT LEADING DISTANCE RIDES

1962 12-Hour Rides over 260 miles

R.J. Wilkings	Gravesend C.C.	National	268.65
N. Carline	Morley C.C.	National	263.54
J.A. Baylis	Southampton Wh.	Poole Wh.	263.50
D.E. Meekins	Barnet C.C.	Middlesex	262.43
M. Brown	Nottingham R.C.	National	260.76
R.F. Colden	Camberley Wh.	Middlesex	260.67
E.W. Matthews	Altrincham R.C.	Manch. & Dis.	260.15

1962 24-Hour Rides over 460 miles

K. Usher	Crouch Hill C.C.	Mersey	474.02
N. Carline	Morley C.C.	National	472.05
E.W. Matthews	Altrincham R.C.	Mersey	467.12
C. Smith	E. Mids. C.C.	National	463.67
J. Arnold	Middleton C.C.	North Rd.	462.98
C. Smith	E. Mids. C.C.	Catford	462.16
A.C. Harding	Middlesex R.C.	National	462.00
C. Smith	E. Mids. C.C.	North Road	461.43

It may be of interest to compare the names with 1961:

1961 24-Hour Rides over 460 miles

A.C. Harding	Middlesex R.C.	National	470.36
F.A. Burrell	Middlesex R.C.	National	467.4
C. Smith	E. Mids. C.C.	National	464.7
R.W.E. Poole	Middlesex	National	461.2
C. Smith	E. Mids. C.C.	North Road	460.62

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Kent, B.T., 87 Av  
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n C.C.

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Secretary: Sid Genders, 71 Lingard Road, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

Journal Editor: Ian C. Shaw, 27 Cofton Church Lane, Barnt Green, Nr. Birmingham.