

August 2007

NBRC

News Letter

The new look of
North Bucks Road
Club.



LONDON TAKEN BY STORM AS TOUR FEVER HITS.

Never one for an early Saturday morning, unless of course 'The Chap Olympics' beckons, the 7th July found Nell, Brian, his good lady Chris, Chris Parkes & myself all meeting up in London Village, for the local cycling race. Well almost accurate, we were all taken in & enthralled by the spectacle that is 'Le Tour De France'.

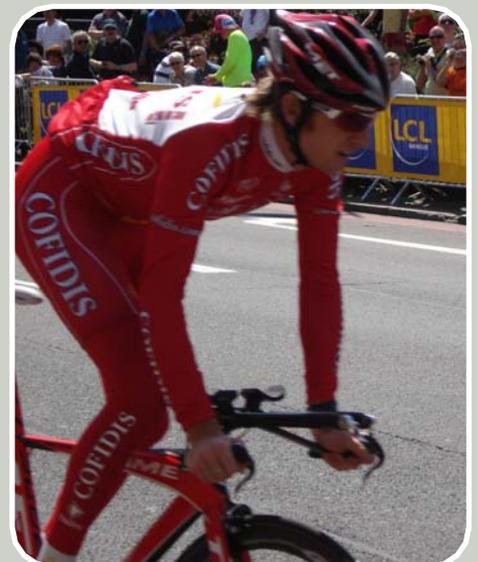
Lasting impressions were of a very well organised, well attended event providing a days entertainment for over a million cycling & non-cycling fans alike.

After a bit of a trek we found an ideal spot on the corner of Park Lane, where we could get onto the barriers. The weather couldn't have been any better with glorious English sunshine for the whole day.

After waiting for the tour caravan to depart, nervous first timers & cycling's superstars took to the road for the warm up. With all the riders receiving a cheer from the waiting crowds. Even the likes of Shaun Yates were seen pedalling the course in civvies.

Then the racing got underway, with cycling's best providing the best in free entertainment.

After two hours cooking on the railings the coolness of Hyde Park beckoned. The final hour was spent with hundreds sitting on the grass watching the enormous video screen whilst the riders raced past 30 yards away. I'm sure the speed camera at the end of Hyde Park must have done a roaring trade, as motorcycle



outriders, cyclist's & support cars, sped past.

A thoroughly enjoyable day was had by all, with not a hint of trouble, whatever happened to the Lycra louts that the newspapers would have you believe in?

Letter to the NEW Newsletter Editor

Carrying on the task from Frank Allcorn, Jerry & Jason, Dick, Ian, Rob and now you

Dear Sir or Madam,
First of all, Congratulations on your promotion from official club choir-master to Newsletter Editor (subject to trial period of 5 years)

I hope you will have more success with this venture than your last one. It was disappointing that the choir did not take off despite your best efforts, I think it all hinged on the shortage of sopranos, plenty of base voices, but you were never able to achieve the balance of harmony necessary in this discipline.

Also the Barber Shop Trio did not work because you concentrated more on finding a suitable hairdressers shop to practice in than on moulding the talents at your disposal. The concert has had to be cancelled regrettably and Gilbert has reluctantly agreed to refund the ticket money to the audience (4 people).

We (the club) are delighted with Nell's progress under Mary's tuition as an apprentice timekeeper. I was disappointed to find that we (numbers 2 – 15) did not qualify for a kiss on starting as did number 1 (who was that rider?). On the other hand he did get a kiss and a puncture!!!! so perhaps I should say nothing.

On the subject of club-runs, when are you going to make it to the tea-stop? This creeping off with AL et al has got to stop! A couple of weeks ago 4 out of 9 starters including yourself did an escape at Stewkley, then later Dick and Tony Brunton decided to support Glenn McMenamin at the Mentmore road race (he finished 9th), which left only 3 to get to Wendover (Richard and the Murphy's Frank and Daniel), so you can see that this regrettable habit is infectious and spreading amongst the more gullible members. Finally the committee has decided against using the 5 mile course that you found in the Maldives, they felt that competing on pedalos would be frowned on by CTT.

Keep up the good work and remember that regularity is more important than the number of pages in the newsletter.

Anon
(name and address supplied)

So there i was minding my own business one Thursday morning (relaxing in my shimano smoking jacket, stoking my briar with navy shag), only to open my email & be informed that promotion had sought me to the lofty heights of North Bucks Road Club News Letter Editor. Well make that Editor's, as it is a joint venture with my wife Nell, who for her sin's is also assistant time keeper for the time trial league. Its true what they say, some people are born great, some become great & others have greatness thrust upon them. This can be loosely translated as some manage to talk themselves into it without uttering a word, but it looks very much like someone was thrusting & i just didn't get out of the way in time.

Anyway, i am most honoured & in the spirit of all things new we've decided to try a new format, this may take a few issues to work out, so bear with us on that one.

We also wish to add that the news letter will only be as good as the contributions it receives from its readers, so keep your tales (& pictures) flowing in to nellandalan@hillsidebarn.orangehome.co.uk, to keep this lengthy tome alive.

So with that in mind we both wish to welcome you to issue No 1 of the 2007 North Bucks Road Club news letter, well after all it is only August.

Alan & Nell



From Top : The Guys Dieppe 2004, Swiss lost in Dieppe, Shaun Yates takes a lap out with a flat at the Pro Tour

PHOTO BOOTH



Your chance to have your obscene pictures published, so keep sending you photo's in with your stories. From the top :Human statue on the Condor stand at the London bike show, Sunny day at Astwood, Rainy day in Dieppe

QUIET RIDE.

By Derek & Rina

It was a sunny day as I rode my bike towards town to do a bit of shopping, little did I realise what a surprise was about to overtake me. To be honest I wasn't going much quicker than usual and really wasn't in that much of a hurry.

Suddenly without any warning a group of racing cyclists overtook me all in a line, they each called out a greeting of sorts and I waved to them. Now they didn't seem to be going that much faster than I was so I just tucked in behind them just to be what I thought was friendly.

After a couple of miles the one at the back of the group glanced behind and spotted me and the look on his face was amazing, he nearly fell off his bike. He called out to his mates that the little old lady was tucked in behind and that they obviously weren't going as quick as usual.

Well at this point we were starting to go downhill so just for a lark I put on a spurt and passed them much to

their surprise. So much so that by the bottom of the hill I'd gained quite a few hundred yards on them and then called it a day and eased up.

What these young lads didn't know was that in the previous weeks I'd been on holiday in the Alps and had ridden over a thousand miles, so that little spurt was nothing compared to what sort of riding I'd been doing.

Now Gordon the leader of this group of lads had spotted this young lady from quite a distance before and remarked to his pals about the nice pair of legs on the girl cyclist in front. As they passed they all grinned and realised she was quite a lot older than the sight of her legs suggested, in fact she was almost looking like a granny. Gordon smiled as he told the others about the granny they'd just passed and said what a mistake they'd made.

What followed really shook him and him with all that winter training he'd done too, it just goes to show there's always someone somewhere who will show you up just when you think you're invincible. What a tale he'd be able to tell at the club the following week.



Happy faces & warm tea on a club run.

A slow bike through India

Editors Foreword : Recently received this account from Clive Williamson (76 & one of the clubs founder members) on his cycle trip through India.

And why go any faster. The beautiful landscape, friendly people, not to mention the hilly terrain, encouraged leisurely cycling with low gears, frequent pauses and time for contemplation of all we surveyed.

We, being a CTC tour group in the province of Kerala and its neighbour Tamil Nadu, in the extreme south of India. Our leaders, John and Pat Ashwell, experienced, dedicated and efficient, together with the local guides, gave excellent support including 3 back-up vans for luggage and stragglers.

A few thoughts and comments which might be of interest to club members:

The Ashram

Co-incidentally a friend was taking a 4 week yoga teachers training course at an Ashram close to our starting point, Trivandrum, and I arranged a visit for a day and a night. A condition of being allowed to do this was that I participated in all the activities of the Ashram. This meant being pitched into an alien routine with students, mostly female, 50 or so years younger than me. Some may think this was an entry into the gates of Paradise, but I assure you I expect Paradise to provide a somewhat easier life!

Meals were taken sitting cross-legged (cross-ankled in my case) on the floor in total silence, using the left hand only for eating, while the right rested on the knees. The big challenge for me was to (lithely?) get to my feet in the total silence, without filling the silence with my creaking bones! I thought my experience singing in a choir might help with the chanting routine, but the nasal whine I was expected to produce would give our choir master apoplexy. And I drew the line at yoga exercises – even at my age I don't want to do myself permanent injury. Meditation was easier, I meditated myself out of

the front gate! All in all a unique experience, helped enormously by the kind attention of my young friend.

The Temple

A 7 hour train journey from Trivandrum took us to Madurai in Tamil Nadu, which was the real start of the cycling part of the tour. Before that however we visited the city and in particular the Sri Meenakshi Hindu Temple. Madurai is an ancient city, for centuries the focus of Tamil culture, this position being consolidated by the building of the Temple during the 17th century. It is an extraordinary building, covering 6 hectares, with towers adorned by carvings of celestial and animal figures, long corridors leading to sanctums of the deities, and a hall containing 1000 pillars. It also has a very clever performing elephant in one of the courtyards, which will take your rupee note, but hasn't yet learned how to give out change. Close observance of the carvings by the school parties visiting the Temple, would provide a comprehensive sex education at one sitting!

The Hills! The Hills!

When you think of a range of hills, the Chilterns or the Cotswolds come to mind. So when our itinerary mentioned the Western Ghat Hills, the Cardamom Hills, the Palni Hills, similar levels of difficulty were anticipated. But a climb starting at 30m rising to 1600m is, in my book, unequivocally a mountain! Why the Indians describe them as hills is a mystery. I can only think that having the Himalayas, the highest mountains in the world, in the north of the country, they set the standard for what can be considered a mountain. If so I consider that to be topographical arrogance on their part.

At least they have learned the meaning of gradient when constructing their roads. Gradients of around 5 – 6% were normal, more, I think, in consideration of the ancient buses plying the route, than a group of western cyclists. The surfaces were predominantly asphalt, with varying degrees of wear, and we did have some off-road sections which were easily manageable. My Ribble coped perfectly well with the conditions. The big surprise for me was the standard

of minor roads, many of which were asphalted.

Howzat!

Not once during the trip did I see any youngsters, or indeed anyone, playing football, either casually or in organised games. Cricket is king. Any round object which has more or less a forward trajectory on bouncing, is suitable as the ball, while rough hewn bats were used with great skill by the boys. I emphasise boys because girls are definitely not invited. Not that they could cope in their saris anyway. It doesn't even keep the kids off the streets, because they play on the streets. That indicates the level of traffic we found in some regions. The sports idols are the likes of Ganguly and Tendulkar. David Beckham? Who he? What a haven it is!

Ancient Airs and Dances

I do not subscribe to the view, as has been expressed to me, that performances of folk dancing and music by professional groups specially trained for the tourists, are inauthentic, and that performances by groups from within the local communities are much to be preferred. Such groups are becoming a rarity in the context of modern day living, and the professional ensembles are often the only ones keeping the old cultures alive. We were privileged to have a special performance by a professional dance troupe accompanied by four drummers, for our cycling group alone. The setting was perfect, in a patio area within the hotel grounds, a bonfire providing the only light in the pitch darkness of the night. The spellbinding rhythms of the drums gave inspiration to the dancers, who seemed almost to be in a hypnotic trance, such was the intensity of their dancing. They displayed the explosive energy of Chris Hoy combined with the endurance of Brad Wiggins. Their sheer fitness put most of us to shame!

We were of course invited to make idiots of ourselves at the end of their performance by having a go ourselves, whereupon, with the help of free-flowing Kingfisher beer, we duly obliged. A magic evening.

Birdies and Beasties

We did actually see kingfishers swooping over the rivers, a sight that seems to have become a rarity in this country. Birds of course abounded. No shooting in India, where all creatures are treated with reverence, apart from the poachers who are killing off the tigers for vast profit. The most familiar birds inhabited the waterways and rivers – herons, cranes, coots, storks and sandpiper. In the mountains we saw birds of prey – buzzards and kite principally. We had no bird experts in the group, so many of the birds, particularly the smaller ones, were unidentified. One strange bird I saw in the ashram, quite large, black, had the strangest, very distinctive cry. I don't know if it was trying to join in the chanting. If so I'm sure that the god Vishnu, who preserves the cosmic order, to whom we were chanting, would not be amused. Animal life for tourists such as our group, remain the preserve of the National Parks, of which there are many in India – certainly in the area we passed through. We had a boat trip on a beautiful lake in one of these parks, the Idukki Wildlife Sanctuary at Thekkady. We were able to observe elephants, deer, bison, wild boar and giant squirrels going about their daily business. We did see monkeys quite frequently, usually small tribes scavenging around villages. Fortunately they were not as aggressive as others I have come across in south east Asia., in fact seeming quite tame. Of course we cycled through many forested areas which would be teeming with a wide variety of wildlife. However we did not venture far from the road. Coming face to face with a king cobra was not an enticing thought.

You are what you eat

If that epithet applied to what we were eating in India, we would indeed have been consumed with fiery impulses and either at each others throats or indulging in septuagenarian orgies. We were fortunate to be staying in excellent hotels which provided a wide variety of dishes of varying degrees of spiciness. India really is a vegetarian's paradise. The choice of vegetable dishes and tropical fruits would satisfy the most particular

'veggie'. The Malabar coast of Kerela is of course world famous for its spices, such as turmeric, coriander, saffron, cardamom, and over the centuries a wonderful local cuisine, has developed. Some dishes use as many as 15 spices usually to flavour meats or stews. The proximity of the sea and the waterway systems of the coast provide a wide variety of fish, the most popular item in our group. Unleavened bread such a chapatti or naan was always available and a type of pancake was often used with various fillings. We occasionally had them for our daily picnic lunch. Some wonderful fruit drinks were offered to us as a welcome on our arrival at the hotels, usually accompanied by a garland around our necks. Indian welcoming and courtesy are second to none. One big surprise was the availability and popularity of ice-cream. Very much a western import I would think. However we were very careful only to eat ice-cream in the hotels. Deli-belly was not a problem for the group. The Indian tourist industry seems to be trying to clean up its reputation in that regard. Although it is probably possible to find most of the dishes we ate at a UK Indian restaurant, eating in a fully Indian environment seemed to add, shall we say, spice to the experience.

The Women

I have a photo of a young woman walking alongside a black cow followed by a dirty, wizened old man dressed in rags, presumably her father, who was poking the animal with a stick from time to time. The woman was dressed in a beautiful sari, had long black hair halfway down her back, and walked with an elegance and poise that would grace an haute couture cat-walk. Such incongruity was a common sight in rural areas. The women seem to have a pride in their appearance that belies the circumstances in which they live. Poverty exists, of course, but not the abject poverty I have seen elsewhere, or indeed that certainly exists in the cities of the north of India. One manifestation of poverty to western eyes is the absence of obesity, and the women consequently keep their figures for most of their lives. Women seem to be second class citizens in

most societies, and unfortunately that is also the case for Indian women. However in the south women seem to enjoy greater freedom than their northern sisters. Kerela was the first province to appoint policewomen, and women are also active in politics. We also noticed a relaxed intimacy between couples which gave the appearance of domestic harmony. The situation can be different behind the scenes though. The dowry system still pertains, and domestic violence can result particularly when the dowry does not meet the greed of the husband. Divorce is legal but social mores militate against women going through with it. For the most part though, I believe women get a better deal than in many countries.

Oh Lordy Lordy - but which one?

The strong impression is that Christ is King in the religious stakes in Kerela. Christian churches abound in a wide variety of architectural designs. The principal church is the Church of South India, which is associated with the Anglican Church, but there also seem to be many non-conformist denominations. Some of these appear to comprise a single church or chapel serving a very localised congregation. A local preacher simply wanting to do his own thing perhaps. The region was of course visited by St Thomas the Apostle during his missionary journey, and I think the local Christian communities are very proud of that fact. Further north Goa was colonised by the Portuguese which consequently was converted to Roman Catholicism. Hinduism is probably the dominant religion in Tamil Nadu. It is the religion of the Tamil people, but its practices are much less in evidence than, for example, in Nepal. Like Islam, Hinduism proclaims a life that must be led within the strictures of that religion, by which every thought and deed leads to the resolution of that life. Very little of that was evident in the life of the communities we passed through, particularly in Kerela. Many of the Hindu temples seemed abandoned, and if they were still in use, they were not looked after like the Christian churches were. There was one exception we came across. We visited a small Hindu shrine on a hill-

top which seemed to be highly venerated by the local villagers, who had been assigned the task of caretakers for the shrine. We had a guide to take us there, and were not allowed to take photos.

I cannot recall seeing a single minaret during the trip which gives an indication of the importance Islam holds in the religious culture of the region.

There are Muslims of course, but relatively few in number. More importantly, we were not awakened at dawn by the wails of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. Likewise I did not see a single effigy of the Buddha, seemingly a virtually dormant religion in that part of India.

Most importantly, all of the active religious faiths have been absorbed amicably into community life, without any evidence that we saw, of rivalry or prejudice.

Cruisin' down the river

A 20km descent from the Cardamon Hills, brought us to the coastal plain, which is networked with a combination of rivers, canals and lakes. We boarded a boat for a day and night cruise along these waterways, and entered another world. The river provides most of the needs of the people living along its banks. Water for washing clothes, bathing, transport and even drinking. Quite small children crossed the river, some 300 yards wide, in flimsy boats, without adult supervision, to go to school. Always there was activity on the river, with fishermen - the rivers are teeming with fish - boat taxis, cruise boats like ours, commercial traffic - although this was infrequent - and people just moving around on errands. Peace reigned supreme as we floated along, sunk into our cushioned chairs, eating a wonderful meal cooked and served by our marvellous crew, quaffing down the beer conjured up by our chief guide Raj, in spite of government strictures against alcohol on the boats. When Raj magically produced a bottle of the Indian equivalent of pocheon, peace disappeared down the gullets of the drinkers!

Conclusion

The main conclusion is that if you have never been to India, then go! A wonderful country with beautiful landscapes, a rich culture and history, friendly people interested in you as a foreigner and an infrastructure very much suited to cycling. I haven't mentioned the heat, but it can be debilitating, and consequently I would advise going with a group with appropriate back-up. Keeping to the coast is an option but I believe that going inland into the hills offered a more interesting and varied route. Above all - go!

Vets Racing

Hello all,

Please would you kindly note that our club is promoting a Vets road race on Sunday 26th of August, 2007. Race start is at 10.00hrs. The race is based at Towcester.

To insure the safe running of this event your help and assistance with marshalling etc. will be required.

Offers of help please to the event secretary :-

Mr Dave Atkinson,
3 Banburies Close,
Bletchley,
Milton Keynes. MK3 6JP Tel No.
01908 375198

Competition Time.

Well to make things a little more interesting & to encourage contributions to our fine periodical (well hopefully anyway), we've decided on an ongoing competition.

We would like to receive picture's of NBRC kit on interesting people or in interesting places.

So if you have a pic of Idi Amin (other 3rd world dictators are available) sporting a NBRC cap (well he obviously wouldn't squeeze into the gillet), then we'd like to hear from you.

Send your entries into alanandnell@hillsidebarn.orangehome.co.uk

On the subject of kit the below is still available, at very attractive prices. But in the words of QVC, stock is limited so hurry.

Bib shorts M.32	51.70
Overshoes 8-11	11.15
Road Jersey long sleeve	
Full zip M 38	40.15
Rain Jacket sleeveless	
Full zip M 38	51.70
Track Mitts M-XL	10.64



NBRC TIME TRIALS

Once again Gilbert has been doing an excellent job, collating the North Bucks Road Club time trial results.....the story so far

Name	Cat	Overall Points - best 5 places	LR1 18/4/07 SS			LR2 2/5/07 Astwood			LR3 23/5/07 SS			LR4 6/6/07 A5			LR5 18/7/07 A5			LR6 1/8/07 SS		
			Time	Pos	Points	Time	Pos	Points	Time	Pos	Points	Time	Pos	Points	Time	Pos	Points	Time	Pos	Points
LEAGUE 1																				
Tony Parks	V	730	27.54	3	130	23.49	2	140	26.45	1	150	22.20	1	150	21.04	2	140	26.21	1	150
Kevin Stokes	V	610	28.28	5	110	24.50	4	120	27.36	2	140				22.36	5	110	27.53	3	130
Paul Owen	S	600	29.34	6	100	25.44	6	100	28.54	3	130	23.57	3	130	22.19	4	120	28.50	4	120
Rob Saunders	V	540	27.43	2	140	24.01	3	130							21.36	3	130	27.32	2	140
Ian Stokes	V	540	29.55	8	80	25.33	5	110	29.34	5	110	24.00	4	120	23.01	7	90	29.08	5	110
Tim Carter	V	450	25.33	1	150	22.16	1	150							20.19	1	150			
Jason Whittam	V	360	27.56	4	120	DNF						22.48	2	140	22.44	6	100			
Chris Wood	S	290	29.50	7	90				29.05	4	120				23.11	8	80			
Andy Lambeth	V	216				26.49	8	80							24.34	13	46	30.33	7	90
LEAGUE 2																				
Chris Hartley	V	370	31.34	10	60	27.33	9	70	30.48	7	90	25.13	7	90	24.17	10	60	30.58	10	60
John Buchanan	S	350	32.08	11	50	28.06	11	50	31.40	8	80	24.58	6	100	24.19	11	50	30.44	9	70
Brian Primett	V	340	30.05	9	70	26.45	7	90	29.55	6	100	25.20	8	80						
Eddy Page	S	246	32.45	15	42	27.35	10	60	33.36	14	44	26.01	11	50	24.44	14	44	31.20	12	48
Gilbert Wheelwright	V	241	32.11	12	48				31.42	9=	65	27.34	14	44	25.19	15	42	32.08	15	42
Darren Haydon	S	240										25.25	9	70	23.55	9	70	30.08	6	100
Alan Lawson	S	240	33.12	17	38	28.50	12	48	33.09	13	46	26.06	12	48	24.27	12	48	31.17	11	50
Tony Brunton	V	236	32.30	13	46	29.28	14	44	DNF			25.45	10	60	25.35	16	40	31.34	13	46
Gordon Batcock	V	174	32.36	14	44	29.31	15	42	32.44	12	48							33.03	16	40
Martin Paul	S	110										24.42	5	110						
Richard Stanton	S	103							31.42	9=	65				26.15	17	38			
LEAGUE 3																				
Chris Selley	S	212	33.04	16	40	28.59	13	46	32.40	11	50				26.55	20	32	32.02	14	44
Chris Parkes	V	192	34.50	18	36	DNF			34.10	15	42	27.53	15	42	26.36	19	34	33.45	17	38
Dick Selley	V	114				30.27	16	40				28.33	17	38	26.29	18	36			
Martin Erasmus	S	110							34.45	16	40	28.28	16	40	27.58	21	30			
Mark Devlin	S	80																30.43	8	80
Brian Hills	V	62	38.15	19	34										31.03	22	28			
Len Burns	V	46										27.21	13	46						

NORTH BUCKS ROAD CLUB ANNUAL DINNER Saturday 10 November 2007

7 p.m. for 8 p.m.

Splinters Carvery, Wavendon Golf Club

Menu: 3 course Carvery with vegetarian option & bar

Tickets £18 per head or £35 per couple.

To book please contact Bryan Scarborough on 01908 379285 or 07734 176779 or any Committee Member

NELL'S TIP OF THE MONTH !



CONFESSIONAL

I do feel somewhat responsible for volunteering my husbands services to Dick Selley as News Letter editor & as penance its only fair that I contribute.

THE ANSWER IS HERE

Gentlemen & ladies, race day approaching? legs resemble the back end of a badger & not a drop of shaving foam in the house? Then fear not, liberally covering your legs with any hair conditioner, will ensure that your razor glides with ease over those sculpted pins.

CRIMES & MISDEMEANOURS

Editors views on life & general rants. This weeks topic 'Harley Hall'.

I can still recall that faithful day of some four years past. I was relaxing on the veranda when my man servant informed me that i had received a telephone call from my long time friend & fellow man of Lycra 'Police Andy'. Why he couldn't send a telegram as per normal I still cannot fathom to this day

Anyhow after several unsuccessful weeks of Sunday rides with a local south Beds road club (who shall remain nameless), whereby club members were openly encouraged to engage in hostilities with car drivers. Andy came up with the goods having arranged us safe passage on a club ride with the prestigious North Bucks Road Club. The deal was set, we were to meet at 'Harley Hall' at the gentlemanly hour of 9-am. Now as i retired for the evening, i began to think to myself of the spectacle that 'Harley Hall' would present. Immediately visions of Brideshead Revisited sprang to mind. I imagined bestowing myself with the view of a Georgian stately home, perhaps it might even be 'gothic'. The vision of us gliding past a row of polished WO Bentley's, with gangs of Nigel Haver's types, polishing the hood ornaments (which for the purpose of this article is not a youthanism) with their old school cricket shirts, whilst spilling the contents of their hip flasks over their Saville Row shoes. My mind still set on that

dip in the lake after the long ride.

However upon reaching our destination, fashionably late of course, I feared I had happened upon the old wood cutters shed.

My fear soon turned to horror when I saw the row of bicycles propped against the side wall.

Perhaps this was some cruel architectural joke, maybe the architect was suffering under delusions of grandeur. Thoughts of hosting the annual Trilby wearing championship at the said venue, vanished from my mind.

However as the years have marched on, all four of them, i have warmed to the place. Maybe the sofa is so bad taste Huggy Bear, wouldn't have it in his apartment. Perhaps the warranty had expired on the boiler whilst we were still fighting the Crimean War. But all of these details can be pushed to the back of our minds. After all it has been the focal meeting point for our club, since the god that is Mr Shimano was still a lad.

Anyway, unless you happen to be a blind man on a galloping horse, one could not fail to see the neglect that the stately pile has suffered.



Swiss Tony & chums in the car park

However help is at hand, moves are a foot to ensure the safe return of what is possibly the oldest sporting (using the word loosely of course) club in the area.

The rumour mill is of talk of the insurance company starting work by despatching tree fellers (not sure if this is three Irish chaps, or gentlemen of a horticultural outlook) to site, without delay to remove the root of our problem.

Once completed, structural work can commence & with a final push from club members a fresh coat of paint will ensure its return to greatness. So once again we will be looking onto our membership to assist in these decorative tasks. But one tip, don't ask me for interior design advice, as it will be the very word of minimalist perfection, like the modernist home I force upon my ever suffering wife.

Thanks honey, how is high tea coming along & have you managed to find the door handle yet?

Want to express your view on the mighty Harley Hall?

Then simply email your comments to alanandnell@hillsidebarn.orangehome.co.uk all usual bribes & hostage exchanges accepted.



Have an article / pix for submission, or nearly wish to complain about an item of Italian manufacture, then....

NBRC NEWSLETTER

Needs you ! Yes you!