

THE SILVER JUBILEE : 1954

Clearly this chapter is different, coming half-way through our story. There could be no better way of registering this than by republishing the Christmas issue of the magazine as it contained a concentrated summary of this year's happenings, including many pictures of really active members. Furthermore, its composition as a programme for a celebration pantomime, gives it a novel style we hope, even though, unfortunately, the reader will be without the accompanying music which was by Valerie Rone on her piano accordion; and the base-drum beats which accompanied the Founder Members' rendering of the yearly chants in the pattern of the famous wartime comedian Tommy Handley.

It also incorporates the original title block of the magazine and reminds us of the very active part members played in the Solihull Carnival in those days.

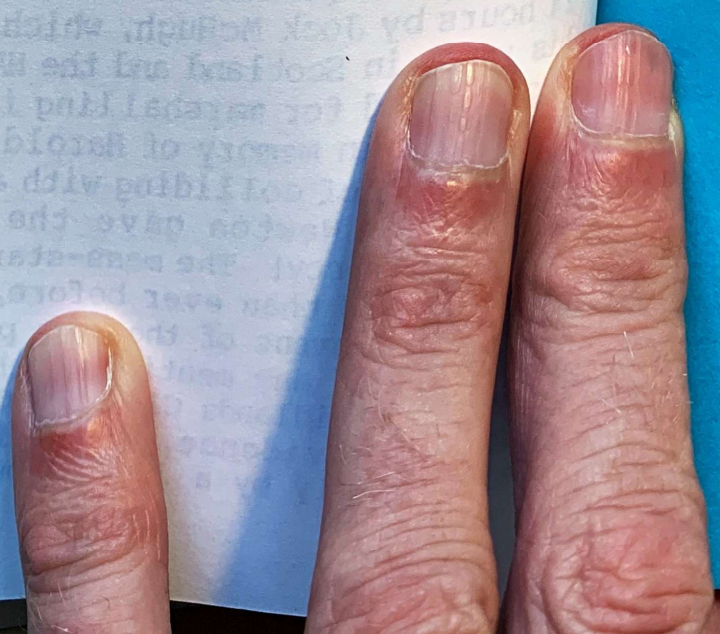
The Club was presented with a trophy for the 24 hours by Jock McHugh, which he had won in his youth in Scotland and the HAROLD MUSGRAVE Cup awarded for marshalling in events, was presented in memory of Harold who had died, the result of colliding with a car. Gladys and Ernie Newton gave the Club a free Birthday Party! The mass-start section won more prizes than ever before, but the most shattering event of the year perhaps was the omission of any mention of the Club from a review of Midlands Clubs in CYCLING. There was some evidence that this was caused deliberately by a local journalist ill-

disposed towards the Solihull C.C. but
a prompt reply in the form of an
"AIRNEY PAIRKINS" cartoon in AWHEEL
and an appeal to Vice-President Harry
England, the editor of Cycling and a
Club Vice-President, saw the Club more
than compensated by a double-page fea-
ture in a later issue of that weekly.

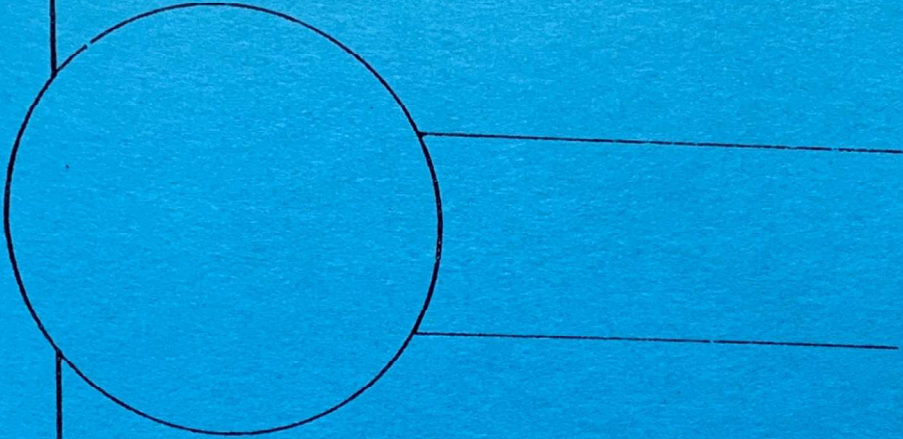
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The Club was presented with a trophy for the
11 hours by Jack McHugh, which he had won in
1904 in Solihull and the HAROLD MURRAY
for a special kind in events, was
a memory of Harold who had died,
colliding with a car. Gladys
gave the Club a free
The new-start section won
the year before, but the most
of the perhaps was the
the Club from a
CYCLING that
was caused
by a smaller 11-




Awheel



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1929



1954

General Secretary and Stage Manager, John T. Moore, in Period Costume leading the Club's display on a Quadrant Chainless bicycle (1897 vintage) in the Solihull Carnival Procession. Bettina Moore (Pantomime Producer) on 1908 Sunbeam, adjusts hat. Cycles kindly loaned by Runwell Cycles Ltd. Photographs by Taylor Bros.

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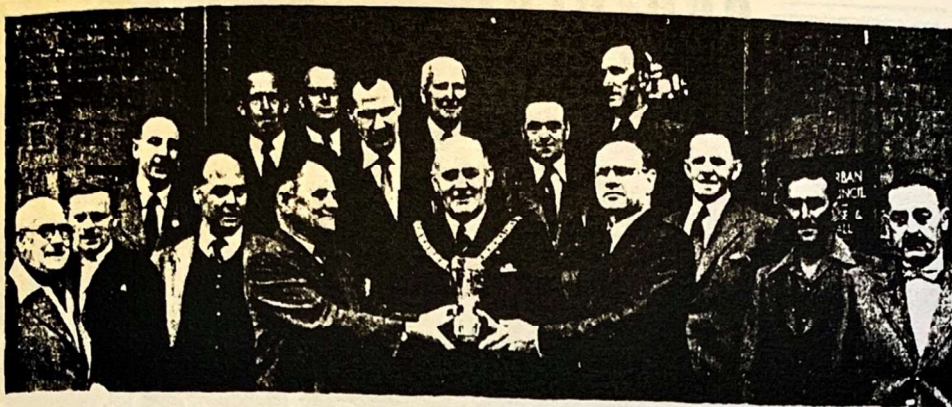
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 Stan Bray PATRONS:
 Ken Topliss THE WORSHIPFUL, THE MAYOR
 Ken Humphries OF
 A. Y. JARRET SOLIHULL F. GREENWOOD
 ALDERMAN DOUGLAS COOPER, J.P. Eric Walker
 President : H. N. BREALEY — R. G. DICKINSON (J. B. Brooks) W P WALDRON

1954-AND ALL THAT!

I ALWAYS knew it. Sooner or later that versatile member Stan Bray was bound to break out into History, not for himself, of course, because that can't happen until he's dead so that puts it somewhere about a hundred years on. But to plunge into historical research, to learn, live and write history—well it was a foregone conclusion. Since it must happen I suppose that our 25th year provides a sufficiently good excuse, so we must be prepared to take it. S.P.V.B. aided and abetted by sundry other conspirators (appropriately enough I am writing this on November 5th), is to produce a pantomime, "Little Red Robin Hood and His Merry Cyclists" or something of the sort, and they are to inflict it upon us after we have fed at the Annual Dinner. Twenty-five years of Solihull Cycling history are to be gayed (appropriate again) probably I expect by veterans of the Hobo Run, since they are obviously the most skilled members of the Club at acting daft. Pantomimes are traditionally supposed to be written for children but enjoyed by adults—whether our scriptwriter and his collaborators have written this particular panto for the younger members, the veterans of the Club, our distinguished dinner visitors, or just to amuse themselves remains to be seen.

In this our twenty-fifth year we have achieved a number of successes in our modest way, and from time to time kept the name of Solihull in the cycling news. We even managed to make news by, paradoxically enough, being missed out of the news. Our premier cycling newspaper, in a midlands review, got bogged down in its geography and completely forgot that the appropriate Barts map shows Solihull quite distinctly between Birmingham and Coventry. Subsequent letters and postcards from astonished and incredible members would have been sufficient to fill the next issue—but the journal has since made handsome amends.

I think pride of place for outstanding achievement this year must go to our Polo team who won the league championship without losing a match and failed, narrowly, in only one ambition, the cup final. Our dinner menu cover pays a fitting tribute to Welsh Internationalist Tommy Watkins and his low gear twiddlers.

We can achieve something even by partial failure—to celebrate birthday number 25 a "mass" attack was planned on the Manchester and back record and while, for a variety of reasons, only one of the four attempts was successful, the versatile Bray again, the Club spirit shown in planning the attempt is worth its place in our history.

One other happening must be recorded in these random notes which will preface the "book" of the pantomime—as the photo at the top of this page shows, the occasion of the presentation of the Brooks Trophy for the open mass start race saw the largest-ever gathering of Vice-Presidents of the Club—a welcome and encouraging sign for the future.

Here's to the next quarter-century.

H. N. BREALEY.

SOUTHERN SUNSHINE

By Albert Taylor

The 'B.E.A. Viscount' left the tarmac with perfect smoothness, and we climbed rapidly over London to a height of 19,000 feet. Geneva was only two hours distant . . . the International train rattled into Modane, and soon we were all set for another Continental cycle tour. From grey skies to blazing hot sunshine in a few hours!

Between Samselbourg, where we stayed the first night, and Nice on the French Riviera, lay a string of mountain passes, straddling the Alps. A wonderful journey which took us five days.

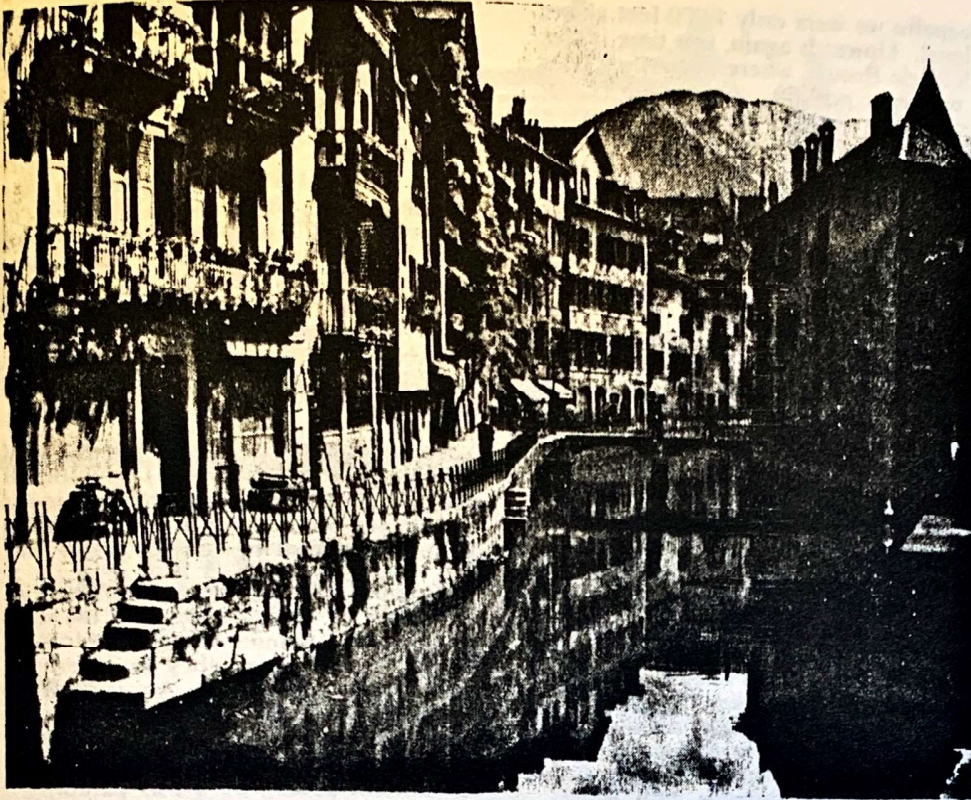
The 'Mont Ceris Pass' climbs immediately from Lanselbourg, which can be seen on a diminishing scale until quite near the summit. High snow-clad peaks surrounded us, and the mighty 'Col de le Issern' (highest in Europe) can also be clearly seen. An impressive monument has been erected at the summit (6,835 ft.) as a tribute to the French Alpine Troops who were engaged in bitter fighting on these lonely mountains during the last war. The frontier lies just beyond the beautiful lake of Mont Ceris, and entry into Italy was a mere formality. All frontiers have two sets of officials, Customs and Passport Control, but the Italians usually separate them, sometimes by a mile or so. At the second of these controls, a flutter of excitement was caused when an extremely large American sports car was pulled in. It was soon surrounded and I could not resist a picture, which included half a dozen smiling officials. Our descent to Susa was rapid, and we lost no time in sampling a delicious gelati once again.

The 'Montgenèvre Pass' commences at Torinese, which is quite an attractive village. While retaining its age-old atmosphere, it is much cleaner than many of its neighbours. With their characteristic zeal, the Italians are modernising this pass, involving the construction of a series of tunnels which we saw in varying stages of completion. Klavier, which is situated at the summit (6,080 ft.) adjoining the frontier, must have had a difficult time during the last war, for many of its buildings bear battle scars. At the foot of the French side of the pass lies Briançon, an interesting walled town. Down its steep cobbled main street a stream flows rapidly

adding a freshness during the heat of the day. We intended to stay the night here, but we reckoned without the 'Tour de France.' Stage eighteen was just finishing when we entered the overspill of the town. It was an amazing spectacle; thousands of people in temporary grandstands and enclosures, scores of super-advertisement vans, and every bit of space crammed with cars. The last rider had barely crossed the finishing line, when the dismantling squad were busy tearing down the stands and fencing. Meanwhile the publicity people were distributing shoals of pamphlets, and novelties for the children. The whole event is bound up with high pressure advertisement of commodities not even remotely connected with the sport. The flood of traffic continued to arrive; race officials, cars carrying spares, journalists, radio and television equipment. All the roads were jammed, and blaring loud-speaker systems added to the confusion. We found that every hotel was full, and eventually we made our way out of the town to seek accommodation further on.

The 'Col de Vars' is part of the long established 'Route des Grandes Alpes,' which connects central France with the Riviera. The ascent from Guillestre is quite rapid, and affords splendid views of the surrounding mountains. Although there were few snow-clad peaks, there was a wonderful range of contrasting tones to delight the eye. In common with many other Alpine passes, the summit (6,926 ft.) is not outstanding, but the descent to Borcellonette commanded some fine views.

The descent of the 'Col de Cayolle' was for me quite exhilarating with the rather narrow road winding down the mountain in a series of acute bends, and a few short tunnels. One section was completely devoid of vegetation, and in the evening light we thought it resembled the surface of the moon. We decided not to continue to the valley, still some distance below, but instead stayed the night at a hotel in Entraunes. Before long we were joined by five Newcastle lads who had apparently come to the same decision. We were nearing the end of an excellent dinner, when another four burst into the candle-lit room, (the electricity having failed), making the English contingent up to



" . . . an artist's paradise"

Annecy

twelve. The last arrivals included a "tandem-trike" team. The room soon resounded to an excited exchange of experiences. Undoubtedly the "trike" team took the honours however, for to descend the Col de Cayolle in the half-light on a bicycle is no mean achievement, but on a tandem-trike it was a near miracle, especially as their rear hub had practically burned out. Crazy? Perhaps, but the steersman had had plenty of experience, including some "24-hour" scraps with "Our Stan."

Some places have so much written about them that they become almost legendary. We build up a mental picture that sometimes outstrips reality and accordingly there is a sense of anti-climax — even disappointment when first we visit them. Would this be so with the fabulous 'Côte d'Azur' (The Blue Coast). I wondered as we approached Nice. I am happy to say that this was not the case, for this wonderful coast line possesses a magic that still captures the imagination in spite of intense commercialisation. Nice itself is rather too large for my liking, but the extensive promenade looks most impressive by night with its miles of lights flanking the velvet blackness of the Mediterranean. The smaller resorts, Ville Franche, Cap

Martin, Menton etc., are more easily appreciated, whilst Monte Carlo has a fascination all of its own. The Palace of the Prince of Monaco commands a prominent position overlooking the famous harbour. When illuminated by night the Palace becomes a notable landmark. It is, however, the renowned Casino which attracts most attention by night, for tourists are drawn to this famous spot from all along the coast. It is true of course, that most of the other resorts have their own casinos, but none can compare with the magnificence and atmosphere of the casino at Monte Carlo.

The origin of the popularity of this beautiful coast-line was of course its remarkable climate, which we found most favourable. Swimming becomes a pleasure that can be enjoyed at length, and in consequence our stay alternated mainly between the beach and the sea.

Somewhat reluctantly we turned away from the sea at Menton to tackle the 'Castillon Pass.' As we climbed higher we caught tantalizing glimpses of the sea, whilst the sun burned down, seemingly hotter than ever. The pass terminated in a short tunnel, then a sweeping downward rush cancelled out most of the climb, for

at Saspello we were only 1,000 feet above sea level. Upwards again, this time it was the 'Col de Brouis' where the yellow wild pea was very prolific. At the top (2,880 ft.) splendid views of the road weaving down the beautiful valley could clearly be seen.

The 'Col de Tende' is another international pass which saw considerable activity during the last war, and of this there is ample evidence. The most dramatic being the crippled railway. This railway was constructed in the face of many natural hazards and involved the construction of many tunnels, bridges and via-ducts. To-day the broken arches and rusting rails, mark man's conflicting prowess. The village of Tende is crowded on the hillside high above the road, almost like a fortress guarding the pass.

A rapid succession of closely knit hair-pin bends brought us to the frontier at the entrance to the tunnel. There are many road tunnels among the Alps but this is the longest and darkest of them all. It is a little over two miles in length, and is lit only by dim lights in the roof at infrequent intervals. The first mile, which is serviced by the French, is reasonably well surfaced, but the remainder is very bad indeed. The road abounds with water-filled pot holes which of course are felt but not seen. Meanwhile cold water drips down steadily from the roof! Now this is bad enough when there is no traffic, but when great lorries come rumbling along, their sound echoing along the tunnel, the cyclist is forced to the side, where occasional heaps of gravel add to the hazards. Ah! daylight at last, and we officially re-enter Italy.

After descending the 'Col de Tende' we skirted the mountains to cross fertile countryside to Dronero, and saw yet another facet of Italy. The industrious farmers still cultivate without mechanical means, using oxen, and spending many hours at their tasks. It was here too, that I first saw grapes being grown in the fields instead of the usual mountain terraces. It was easy going and quite a change from mountain climbing, but as we neared Fenestrella, the mountains closed in on us again.

The 'Finestre Pass' is practically undeveloped and presents a fair picture of an Alpine pass prior to the motor age. Rising very steeply from Fenestrella, the rough track wound upwards through the trees. High overhead a cable-car took a straighter and easier cause. At the terminus, situated at nearly 6,000 feet, was an extensive sanatoria, thus explaining the existence of this mode of transport. As we rode past we received an ovation from the "Gallery" assembled on the

balconies. A little further on the pass became less steep, and took a more gradual sweep across the mountain. Alpine plants grew in greater profusion than I have ever seen. These exquisite miniatures provided yet another subject for colour photography. Incidentally, the 'Finestre Pass' is so full of opportunities that both Frank and I each exposed a whole roll of colour film (20 pictures), whilst crossing it. The summit (7,140 ft.) being on a ridge, commands a fine view of both sides of the pass which is rather unusual and very impressive. The descent was hazardous but rideable, and undoubtedly this pass is a "must" for the "rough stuff" enthusiast.

In the evening at Susa we saw a typical religious procession. High Dignitaries of the Church preceded a procession around the streets. Such scenes are often enacted on the Continent on "Saint's Days," etc.

In order to avoid a second crossing of the Mont Ceris Pass, we took the train through the 10-mile tunnel to Modane. Down the sweeping valley to Albertville we rode, and then on to Annecy. What a charming and contrasting place this is: a lakeside resort, a thriving holiday centre, and, in the medieval portion surrounding the ancient prison, an artists paradise.

When we were still 10 miles from Geneva, the famous fountain could be clearly seen sparkling in the sunshine, reminding us that the last lap was near.

In the pale light of the dawn, the Alps and lakes of Switzerland appeared like a giant relief map far below us. The eastern sky brightened from a pale straw to a vivid orange . . . the greyness of London lay but two hours ahead.

RUNS PROGRAMME

Runs start from the Barley Mow at 9.30 a.m. unless otherwise stated. Both Sections amalgamate for winter.

Dec. 5th :

A and B **ROUGH STUFF**. Capt.: Miss J. White. Tea : Henley-in-Arden.

Dec. 12th :

"**AFTER DINNER RUN**" Capt.: D. Hopkins. Leave B.M. 2 p.m.! Tea : Bentley Heath.

Dec. 19th :

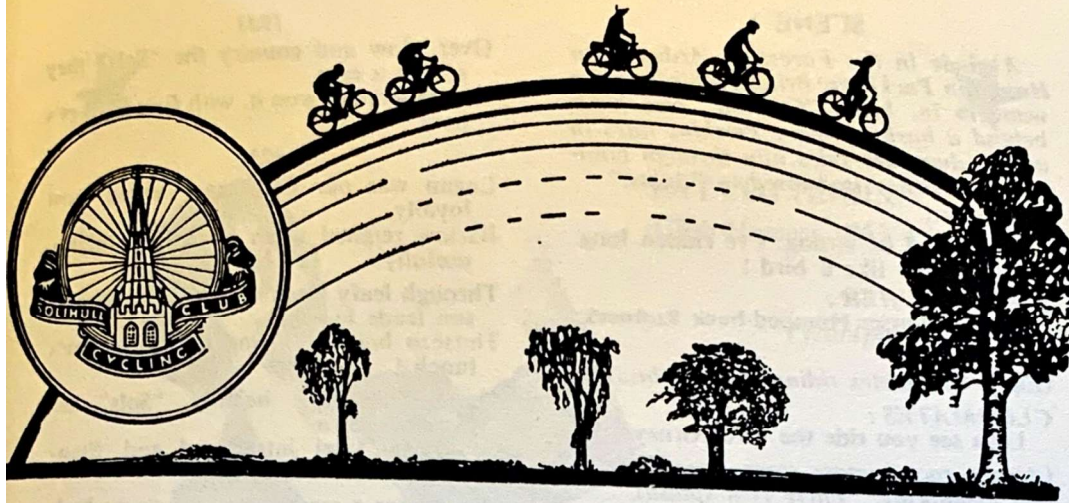
HOLLY RUN. Capt.: W. Annison. Tea : Fen End.

Dec. 26th :

INFORMAL RUN. Capt. Kidd.

Jan. 2nd :

WIXFORD. Capt.: S. Bray. Tea : Beoley.



LITTLE RED-RIDING HOOD

OR

Twenty-five Years of Solihull Cycling

CAST

IDLEJACK—"AIRNEY PAIRKINS"	Colin Gidley
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD—"BAIRTHA"	Gladys Newton
THE WOLVES OF ARDEN—"SOLIHULL HOBOS"	{ Ernie Newton (Chief Hobo) Albert Taylor Frank Taylor
BIRDWATCHER	Vivian Bray
PRINCIPAL BOY—"CLUB CAPTAIN"	Pat Cotterill
CHORUS—"CLUBMATES"	{ Joan White Ken Snape Jean Ramsay
DAME HOOD—"HONEST GRAN"	Chris Littlewood
POLICEMAN—"P.C. BOLDER"	Bernard J. Randle
THE SOLIHULL SPIRITS—THE FOUR FOUNDER-MEMBERS ...	{ Eric Walker Tommy Hawks Arthur Houlston Ivor Goodman
Scriptwriters	S. P. V. Bray and "Yabbergabber"
Musical Accompaniment	Valerie Rone
Producers	Bettina Moore and S. Bray
Stage Manager and Effects	John T. Moore
Scenery painted by	R. Barton
Materials for Scenery and Lamp Post	T. Watkins and Leslie Bridgewater
Loan of Cycles	Vic Pegg

Costumes and special properties designed and scrounged by MEMBERS.

Grateful acknowledgement is made to ALL those who willingly or unwittingly helped the show to go on.

SCENE I

A glade in the Forest of Arden, near Hampton Packhorse Bridge. A birdwatcher wanders in, hears "Cuckoo" and hides behind a bush. Airney Pairkins rides in and birdwatcher spies him through binoculars. Airney is dressed in "tights."

AIRNEY:

Tho' wind be strong, I've ridden long.
I flew here like a bird!

BIRDWATCHER:

Ha! a Lesser Humped-back Ruffneck.
I wot!

(Enter Clubmates riding towards bridge).

CLUBMATES:

Let's see you ride the ford Airney.

(Airney races across stage towards ford and disappears. There is a splash).

CHORUS (Clubmates):

In a babbling brook, what a dive he took
There he glowers, one of "ours" —
"ditched" we'd say.

What a twirp you look, in that babbling
brook

Now we'll leave you there and on our
way.

As an escort "bod" you will muff the
job

And the toughs in wood they'll likely
catch you

A girl had better choose a smarter guy
than youse

For you **FALL DOWN ON ALL YOU
DO.**

(Airney returns wet through, swimming, covered in seaweed, with goldfish in his mouth.)

CURTAIN.

The Four Founder-Members, reading from Minute Book in front of curtains, hold up year cards and chant:—

1929

Twenty-eight were present when Tommy
Hawks explained,
Vic Pegg elected Gen. Sec. — S.C.C.
proclaimed!

One mile race for members at British
Legion Sports,
Thirteen reinstatements—N.C.U. retorts!

1930

Public Hall in Solihull—Silence please!
A-hem!
Bunch of unknown "scrubbers" hold
first A.G.M.

Out in Parry's Tea Room they find some
cosy fare,
Decide on Club Headquarters — **OUT
THERE!**

Membership drops poorly, something
must be done,
Only Hall and Walker turn up on Sunday
run,

Hot from the grape vine here's the latest
flash,
Hall treated Club to cakes—felt rash!

1931

Over plow and country the "Sols" they
staged a race,
Ivor Goodman won it, with Eric Walker's
pace!

1932

Logan was our Chairman, served most
loyally,
Barlow reigned when he retired, mighty
usefully.

Through leafy lanes of Warwick, Dick-
son leads bunch,
Thirteen bods with one idea — where's
lunch!

Membership now healthy, "Sols" are
getting known,

'50' Time Trial introduced and 'Stan-
dards' of our own.

In this year a member new to us we had,
Ron Dowson was the capture—**GRAND
LAD!**

In M.C.C.A. "50" we won an open team,
And Mary Dodd wore Club Badge—first
seen!

1933

Without Eva Andrews our Hon. Sec. E.
Walker would find the job hopeless
with troubles galore.

So all honour to Eva, who sticks the old
geezer—who imposes on her more and
more.

1935

Round the houses Time Trials staged in
Jubilee,

Astounded Cycling press - men's purist
dignity!

Agreed to run a Classic — a "25" for
"Cracks."

Then we met some fast boys — **NO
SNACKS!**

336 Club diners in Public Hall crammed
tight,

Concert, Play and Dancing — **SOME
NIGHT!**

SCENE II

The HOBOS CAMP in Forest of Arden. They are seated round fire brewing up and singing to the tune of Old Father Thames:

Gents of the road, Knights of no abode
Vagabonds and scruffs are we,

Shufflin' along, hobblin' along

Miking to brew up tea.

We do as we please, beg, rob and
thieve

But keep fresh the memory
Of old Hobo Bob, the King of the Mch

who made Hobo History.

There's others too we think of, whose
names we write in gold,

Humphries, Sandford and Newton, and
others quite as bold.

Gents of the road, Knights of no abode,
Vagabonds and scruffs are we,

Shufflin' along, hobblin' along

From 'edge, 'ome and 'ostelry.



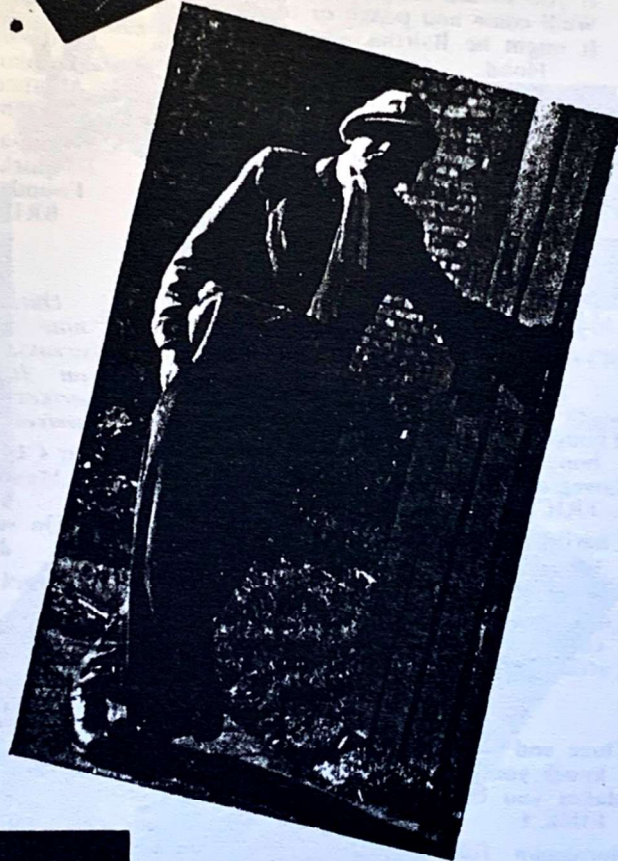
PAT COTTERILL
(Club Hostess 1953-4)

as
"Principal Boy"



COLIN GIDLEY

as
"Airney Pairkins"



THE TAYLOR BROTHERS

as
"The Wolves of Arden"



BIRDWATCHER enters :
I'm sorry all you Scrubbers but my
failure you must pardon
For I saw no 'birds' with plumage in
the depth of the Forest of Arden.
I saw no nymphs, tho' I caught a
glimpse of a neck the hue of mus-
tard
Over bridge it honked and in ford it
plonked—
Was probably a Diving Bustard !

*(Club Captain is behind a bush, working
with maps, set-square, compass, dividers
and sextant etc., when he overhears this
plot).*

HOBOS :
There's bound to be some birds about
So scarper off and give a shout,
If you should see one in the wood
We'll come and poach or trap it good.
It might be Bairtha. Our Red Riding
Hood.

CLUB CAPTAIN :

(In a loud whisper to audience).

No scruffy tramps will feast their lamps
or snare Red Riding Hood,
I'll foil their game, and rescue dame in
Arden's lovely wood.
I know short cuts, where no path juts.
I know the glades and dells.
I'll round up the lads, outwit these cads,
and prove that mapcraft tells.

CURTAIN

1936

Thought we'd try Bike Polo — Bailey
bought the "sticks."
Lovegrove got a team up — **LEARNT
TRICKS !**

Charlie Dawes made President—Graced
the job for years,
Guided Club with wisdom, **BIG CHEERS**
Lovegrove was a very, happy married
chap,
Carried baby's nappies, in his bowler hat!

1938

Three and six Club Dinner ! Boose to
knock you pink !
Makes you blooming wonder — **AND
FINK !**
Borneman followed Walker, running
"Spinning Wheel,"
Eric far too overworked—**NEW DEAL !**

In obstacle races where club girls show
paces, Freda Walker has never won yet
'Cos that Pirie-like styler—Mrs. Margery
Tyler—honks round the course like a
jet !

1939

Bashing half round England with a '12-
hour' victory,
Juggins broke Club Record—did 233 !

1940

Possart takes the B.A.R. sweeping all be-
fore,
Also third in Westerley with head-lined
praise **GALORE !**
Finances of Prize Fund getting less and
less,
But "Forces Fund" quite healthy **GOD
BLESS !**

1941

Pinson shakes the fast boys, faster still
he'll get.
Has he done a 1 0 ? **NOT YET !**

1942

Stay-at-homes in war years numbered
fifty-eight.
Worked to keep Club solvent — Strove
great !
Fifty in the Forces, foot slogging on the
square,
Moaned that sisters pinched their bikes —
T aint fair !
Wang-a-ling a week-end pass, homewards
quick they honk.
Found that Army "char" and "wads" —
BRING BONK !

SCENE III

*Outside the Barley Mow, as clock strikes
nine—Stage empty. A policeman strolls
across. Notices the time and turns clock
on. It flies back as he walks off. Clock
strikes ten—a cheerful - looking cyclist
arrives.*

1st CLUBMATE :

Maybe I'm too early, being late I think
a sin
On such a lovely morning — just why
do chaps lie in !

*Clock strikes eleven. Half a dozen
cyclists arrive and chatter in groups for a
while, then start singing : (Tune of Abey
Abey).*

CLUBMATES :

Airney, Airney, our pride and joy,
It's you that we're waiting for now.

*(Airney enters on his knees, with a large
parcel on back).*

CLUBMATES :

Where have you been Airney ?

AIRNEY :

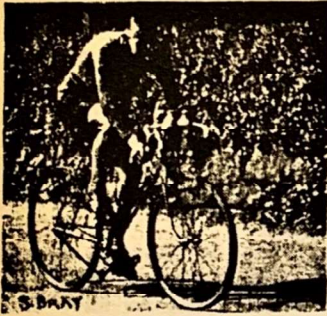
I've been racing in the Scratch 25 and
I'm done. It were hard ! and did I
suffer ! Ralph Dougherty won.

**CLUBMATES (Holding up year card for
1939) :**

Cheers for Ralph Dougherty, a speed-
man full of power,
First in Invitation — Underneath the
'Hour.'

(Cheers from behind scenes).

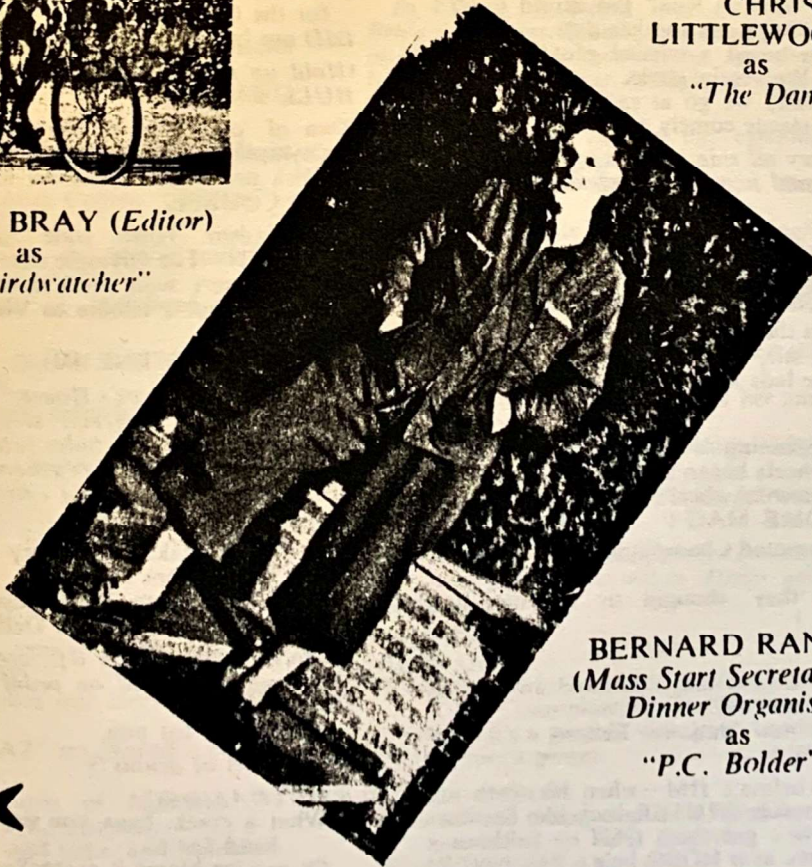
GLADYS & ERNIE
NEWTON
(*Social Secretaries*)
as
"Principal Girl"
and
"Chief Hobo"



VIVIAN BRAY (*Editor*)
as
"The Birdwatcher"



CHRIS
LITTLEWOOD
as
"The Dame"



BERNARD RANDLE
(*Mass Start Secretary and
Dinner Organiser*)
as
"P.C. Bolder"





TED SCHILLING (*Runs Secretary*)

CLUBMATES :

It's about time the Club Captain turned up.

(*Club Captain enters as clock strikes twelve*).

CLUB CAPTAIN :

Hello ! lads and lassies, don't nag me 'cos I'm late,
The "Bowsie Run" I'm afraid is off !
We've got another date.
I overheard a wicked plot, by Hobo Wolves in glade.
So away we go at racing speed -- to rescue comely maid.

(*Off they all ride or walk, wheeling fairy cycles and juvenile tricycles*).

CURTAIN

1943

Serving in the Forces—Army, Air or Sea,
Membership to Solihulls—BUCKSHEE.
Against the game of Polo, Sandford caused a stir,
Did the lads all back him—NO SIR !

1944

The "Spinning Wheel" stopped spinning
its wheels began to sag,
But a new "Awheel" stepped up the pace
--SOME MAG !

We promoted Championship for National
"25,"
Proof 'they' thought us capable, and
alive !

1945

Dickie Bowes and Maitland in Archer
Tandem "do,"
Put up new National Record -- THEY
FLEW !

Now Thelma's JIM—when his teeth are
IN, makes WINTER look like Summer
When he's got them OUT -- without a
doubt-- as a HOBBO he's a STUNNER !

1946

Basil Francis 'boiling' hitting headlines
high,
Busting 'Compo' times up--FAST GUY !
"R.J.M." and Dennis riding full of steam,
For championships at Zurich -- MADE
TEAM !

Oscar Moreton finished third in Manx
Isle Bash.
Only beat by Frenchman--NO SASH !

1947

Ted, Dick, Bob, Oscar in Isle of Man's
famed climb.
Formed the English "A" team -- DII)
FINE.

C. F. Dawes a real good friend from Office
now departed.
H.N.B. elected "Pres" and takes it on
STOUT HEARTED !

Maitland really steaming B.B.A.R. near
got !
Second National Hill Climb QUITE
HOT !

1948

Schilling and his drawing board, gormless
guy created.
Airney Pairkins doings now EAGERLY
AWAITED !

Our Polo team make history in FINAL.
for the Cup !
DID our lads near beat 'em--SHURRUP!
(*Hold up card NORWOOD 13-- SOLI-
HULL 2*).

Two of 'ours' for Windsor in Britain's
Olympic course.
If Dick had rode, would we have won ?
OF COURSE.

To Windsor Town rode tough VIC
BROWN--The Olympic race to witness
After Bayaert won -- Vic returned to
Brum--what a tribute to Vic's fitness !

SCENE IV

*Outside the Mayor's House. The Bird-
watcher enters furtively, sees Bairtha's
bike outside house, so hides behind goose-
berry bush. Bairtha enters walking
towards bike with pile of entry forms.*

BAIRTHA :

I fain must take these entry forms and
betting slips as well,
To "Honest Gran" the Treasurer, who
lives by Hampton's Dell.

*AIRNEY enters from left, sees her and
stares, goes to stand on pedal and falls,
saying :*

I could fall for you,
(*Falls--roll of drums !*)

BAIRTHA (turns) :

What a crack, have you bumped your
head ?
we blame it on to Ted ?

AIRNEY :
 I'm sorry I slipped and my big head I
 chipped
 For I'm off for a ride and a ramble.
 If you'll join me in run, I'm sure we'll
 have fun !
 That's if on me you're willing to gamble.

BAIRTHA :
 I will if you'll come on this errand for
 dad.
 You can guard me from evil and any
 bad lad.
 Come, be my protector, to visit my
 Gran
 For your physog. will frighten any bad
 man !

off they ride with the Birdwatcher leering)

BIRDWATCHER :
 The Wolves I'll tip to stop this pair
 The lad so gormless, maid so fair.
 The lolly's there with lots of swag
 For I saw her stuff it in saddle bag !

CURTAIN.

1949

Winning team in National, in round the
 clock ALL-DAY,
 Who led "Sols" to victory--STAN BRAY!

1950

Down in the jungle. Sols all feeling gay.
 Celebrating 21st--BIRTH DAY !

1951

Whamming up the Mountain in Manx
 Island bash.
 Dickie Bowes "took" Willmott -- AND
 SASH !

printing 1,000 metres and 880 yards on
 grass.

Jurlacher won Mid. Centre "Champs"--
 SOME CLASS.

Joug Osmonde was the first of 'ours' on
 M.R.R.A. Lists,

with record ride to Holyhead -- NO
 TWISTS !

Parkey rode to Oxford and "ALL THE
 DAY" as well.

Setting two more records -- THAT'S
 SWELL.

Handicap runs are happy ones--its object
 one cannot fault.

But when ARTHUR HOULSTON leads
 one, it's STOP, START, GO or HALT!

1952

T. Moore's dry humour, we think a lot
 of rot,

Planning this year's Dinner, a bar he
 quite FORGOT !

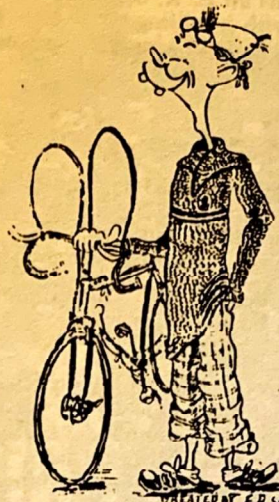
Lad Newton takes our ladies '12' then
 '25' does win.

Went in with "BAZ" on Warwick run --
 USED PIN !

Three more records of M.R.R.A. by
 "SPIV" and A. R. Cooper.

1-hour on bike and trike, and Manches-
 ter. SUPER DUPER !

AIRNY PAIRKINS



We joint promote a Road Race, first
 under N.C.U.

Did we provide the winner? TOO TRUE!

SCENE V

*In Forest of Arden, near Packhorse
 Bridge. Honest Gran is hobbling about
 picking up sticks, mushrooms, etc. near
 her caravan. Chorus behind the scenes
 is singing :*

Little old lady passing by, catching
 everyone's eye.

You have such a dodgie manner, deep
 and sly.

Little old musette crammed with dough,
 worth how much? -- none will
 know.

When she hears the shout "They're off"
 that's when she'll go.

Quite a lot of punters here, missed the
 cash she owed them there.

Lots of folk would like to meet her and
 her loot to share.

Little old twister, welshing bods, that's
 how she's made thick wads.

Bilking all her racing public, carving
 up the odds.

*(Honest Gran moves back to her caravan
 and sits in front of crystal as Airnev and
 Bairtha enter).*

BAIRTHA :

Hello Gran !

I've brought you some late entries for
 Club Championship Twelve Hour.

I reckon it's a gamble with your handi-
 capper's power.

HONEST GRAN :

You tell the chaps, that their handicaps
 are based on what they do.

Excuse my sniff--but who is this stiff

He turns to Honest Gran, whose musette giving her name is showing.

AIRNEY :
Sorry Lass ! I must have nipped it.
(Bairtha slaps his face).

AIRNEY :
It's all your fault—(then he sings):
Just an old fashioned Grandma with
new fangled ways.
And a smirk that says likewise to you.
A tight-fisted twister who very rare pays
Hoping favourites will never get through
What she's worth no one knows, under
mattress it goes.
Where she lays on it most of the time.
And the gee-backing bods, only get
half the odds
From that grasping old Grandma of
thine.

HONEST GRAN (leading Bairtha to the front of stage):

Come here dearie, and I'll tell you
some truths.
I'm your book-making Gran, the head
of the Clan
While you are my only Grand-daughter.
You're a painted up doll and a wheeler
gang's moll
With your pants showing more than
they oughter.
Be modest and meek, expose not thy
cheek.
Remember the town has New Charter.
This district so fair, I knew when 'twas
bare,
Bare'er even than you my grand darter.
If you're invited to Gala in Charter
Mayor's Parlour
Treat it as honour and duty.
And from bookmaking Gran tell all
who you can
'Twas from me that you got all your
beauty.

CURTAIN.

1954

Some Slippery Elm slid from Stan's shaky
swipe so a Solihull slogger sagged
sadly.
In a stunned and shocked stew, past a
"STOP" sign he flew.
Seymour's super '12' shook him so badly.
Arthur Stanley and Stosh did a tandem
'12' POSH !
Taking record of Topliss and Baker,
It had stood through the years before
"Benelux gears"
For racing bods started to cater !
Our Polo team beat 'Norwood' up,
We scored THIRTEEN goals to FOUR !
Tho' in NATIONAL TITLE, where it
win was vital,
We needed just three more.
But NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPS
are our POLO PERFORMERS.
In the BIG BOOK they go down in
FAME

And we claim without Fear they're the
team of the year,
And the Bradleys King Pins of the GAME.
Sec. Miss Pauline Chappell does efficient,
ly grapple,
With her duties concerning the Forces.
As a checker and Marshall she's fair and
impartial,
And the Committee our CLUB THANKS
ENDORSES !

Six men and a boy set out to enjoy the
Tourist Annual to Rhyl,
And gallant young Clive who accom-
plished the ride, reckoned it quite a
big thrill !

Highlighting our Club with a full page
write up,

"Cycling" broadcast the Sols history,
Twenty-five years Awheel is an epic we
feel, the toast then is our JUBILEE !

Down amongst the Mass-men, no race or
circuit barred.

"Tiny" lams the "wham-man" life's
HARD !

Without any "DOOTS" our slant artist
Lutz — The Mid. C. A. Hill record
grabbed.

Sols have quite a name at this "ANTI
GRAV" game, for also the Team Prize
we nabbed !

On a tandem Stokes and Stanley the Club
'12' Record took.

Then the Maitland/Bowsie Oxford bash
they also gave NEW LOOK.

Wading through the "Mersey" flood,
against the tide all day.

Who of "OURS" logged 433 ? STAN
BRAY.

S. P. V. Bray strayed away they say, far
from the path that's narrer.

The next we know, three records go
real ripe 'uns from his BARRER !

Concorde staged a road "Grand Prix"
they thought they'd win with Towers.

But "Tiny" thought "Oh no they won't"
and made it one FOR OURS.

What with Road Race WINNERS and
SOLIHULL DINNERS, Bernard
Randle's quite a NAME.

As a man of many parts, he's ever in our
hearts, for the labour that he's put into
the GAME.

Way down in OAK FARM, where Freda
is Maarm, no dust on the carpet can lie,
For a vacuum so new in the Leger she
drew, with a ticket for NEVER SAY
DIE !

A treble win by half-a-twin, the first
since race began,

Means Solihull have lost a cup, to the one
whose Mum calls Stan.

Through winter's deepest snowdrifts, in
ten degrees below,

Bowsie led his ice-pack SO SLOW !
Starkey and Ken Humphries for long
we've kept as pets

Still quite young at FORTY ! VET
JETS !

★ The Founder Members Four

Dicky Bowes at Lawford outsprinted all the lot.
The bell then clanged for Final lap — big CLOT!

From Council House to Nurseries —
"Porky" squirted by
Proving little pigs can fly—ACE HIGH!
In team for Tour of Ireland—picked for speed and style.
Broncho Bowes does Cowboy stuff!
AND DIAL!

SCENE VII

Underneath a lamp post in Hampton Lane, Solihull.

*Club Captain enters, arm in arm with Bairtha and looking lovingly into her eyes.
Airney passes by, sees that he's "had it" as far as Bairtha is concerned, stops and sighs.*

AIRNEY:

Hello Bairtha,
I'll say so long, for I must feel strong,
for a "50" tomorrow morning.
A good night's rest, means a "Personal Best."

A ride we class as storming!
Goodnight. *(Exits).*

BAIRTHA (turning to Club Captain):
Can't he think of anything else but cycling?

Do you?

CLUB CAPTAIN:

Yes dear,
I think of marrying you, with lots of offspring too.

We'd form a club for cyclists all our own.

They'd soon grow and reach the pedals,
and maybe win gold medals,

We might produce a Champ when they have grown.

We'd name club, "SOLIHULL," no club runs to be dull,

We'd tour the lovely country and lakes and tarns.

For our cycling, sons and daughters,
we'd have our own Headquarters,

I've a place in mind called CATHERINE-DE-BARNES.

Enter the four Founder Members slowly and silently from the darkened wings.

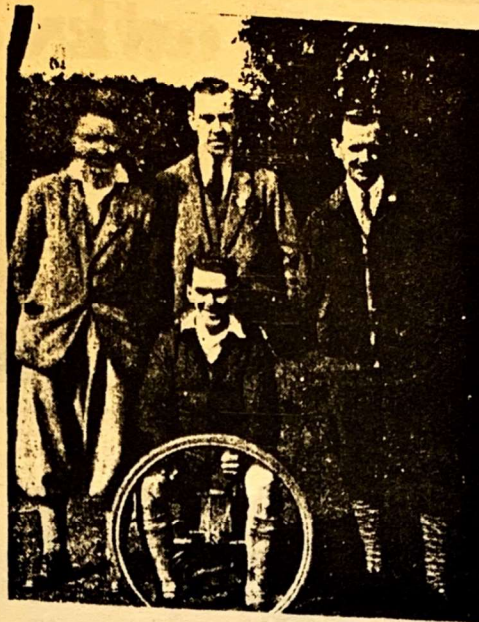
FOUNDER MEMBERS:

Come off it, cos: *(to the tune of Lile-larlene).*

Underneath the lamp post in year of '29,
Goodman, Hawks and Walker had all this in line.

Arthur Houlston also was there that night

With plans quite bright and stockings white.



A. HOULSTON I. GOODMAN T. HAWKS
J. E. WALKER

And so the Sols got started, that's when we chose our name.

And so the Sols got started, and since rode on to fame.

The four shake hands, while Club Captain and Bairtha look on mystified at these ghostly figures, which after shaking hands part, saying:

Goodnight Eric, Goodnight Arthur,
Goodnight Ivor, Goodnight Tommy.

CURTAIN

BAIRTHA AND CLUB CAPTAIN stand in front of curtain and sing:

Yours till our 'Stars' lose their glory.

Yours till the "Sols" cease to shine.

Yours till our road men ride poorly

And our "Grimpeurs" decline.

Yours till our time trialists suffer.

Dying in early morn hours.

I'll never love anyone the way I love you.

How could I, when we belong to 'ours' just 'ours.'

FINALE

Sung by all to the tune of Anniversary Waltz.

We know we've taken quite a chance

In this Anniversary show for you.

With Twenty-five years of romance, with

our Anniversary dreams come true.

Let this be the anthem for our future

years.

Plus millions of miles pushing hard at

our gears.

We pray we've pleased you all the time.

With our Anniversary Pantomime.

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The Club



THE POLO TEAM



MALCOLM LAWTON
(Treasurer 1953-54)



CHRISTINE MERCHANT
as
Magazine Distributor 1954

OPEN WINS — MASS START ROAD RACES

Baycliffe Trophy	...	84 miles	...	R. W. Bowes
Midland C. & R.C.	...	115 miles	...	R. W. Bowes
South Wales Eppynt	...	63 miles, circuit...	...	H. T. Reynolds
Birchfield C.C.	...	52 miles, circuit...	...	H. T. Reynolds
Concords R.C.C.	...	84 miles	...	H. T. Reynolds
Apex Trophy	...	92 miles	...	P. Janes
Wellingborough	...	48 miles	...	P. Janes
Crooks Trophy	...	(2nd Class), circuit...	...	G. Wood

TEAM WINS

Manchester Wheelers	R. W. Bowes, P. Janes, C. Charlton
Apex Trophy	H. T. Reynolds, P. Janes, R. Bowes
M.C.C.A. M/S Championship	H. T. Reynolds, C. Charlton, R. Bowes
Birchfield C.C.	H. T. Reynolds, P. Janes, R. Bowes
"Circuit of Bray" (Ireland) Rambler Silver Trophy	R. W. Bowes, H. T. Reynolds, J. Russell

JUNIOR

Church Lawford	36 miles	J. T. Scattergood
----------------	-------	----------	-------	-------------------

NATIONAL HONOURS

- Winners of National Bicycle Polo League (*without losing a match!*)
- Finalists in National Bicycle Polo English Cup.
- Winners of All-Yorkshire "Sporting Record" Trophy.
- Winners of Silver Mallet Trophy.
- Team: T. Watkins (Capt.), J. E. Walker, K. Bradley, J. Bradley, C. Sheashy, G. Rowledge, N. Sidaway.
- Veteran T.T.A. 25-Mile Championship. 3rd C. A. Starkey.

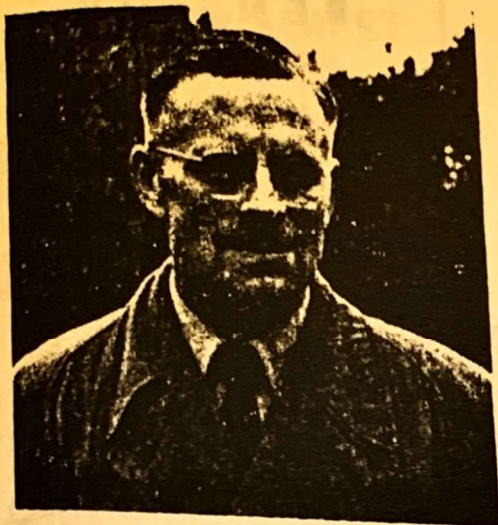
MIDLAND HONOURS

- M.R.R.A. Birmingham to Oxford and back record
A. Stanley and A. D. Stokes—4-40-7
- M.R.R.A. Birmingham to Manchester and back tricycle record
S. P. V. Bray—8-41-51
- Winners of Birmingham Bicycle Polo League.



LUTZ DURLACHER

as
The Trackman



KEN HUMPHRIES
as
Open Events Secretary



TRACK AND HILL CLIMBS

Winner of Raleigh International Challenge Trophy (660 yds. scr.)	L. Durlacher
2nd Midland Centre 1,000 metres T.T.	L. Durlacher
2nd Midland Centre 4,000 metres Pursuit	L. Durlacher
2nd Midland Centre 10 mile	L. Durlacher
1st Hampshire Hill Climb (Record)	L. Durlacher
1st M.C.C.A. Hill Climb (Record and Record Team)	L. Durlacher, G. Wood, M. Lawton
1st Team Oak Hill Climb	L. Durlacher, G. Wood, A. Baxter
1st Team Worc. C.A. Hill Climb	L. Durlacher, G. Wood, M. Lawton

CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS

25-miles Charles Dawes Memorial Trophy	H. T. Reynolds
50-miles Championship	E. A. Seymour
50-miles "Wally" Jones Handicap Trophy	M. Hewitt
100-miles J. W. Bryan Cup	S. P. V. Bray
12-hours W. R. Crabbe Trophy	E. A. Seymour
12-hours Handicap "Pop" Maitland Trophy	E. A. Seymour
24-hours G. McHugh Trophy	S. P. V. Bray
25-miles Ladies — Evelyn Hamilton Cup	Miss S. M. Chappell
5-miles Scratch Track W. E. Wright Trophy	L. P. M. Durlacher
1/2-mile Scratch Track Championship	L. P. M. Durlacher
1-mile Handicap Track — Vic. Pegg Trophy	L. P. M. Durlacher
Best All-Rounder (open)	C. A. Starkey
Best All-Rounder (Club Events) Gilbert Barlow Memorial Trophy	E. A. Seymour
Best All-Rounder (Junior) "Pop" Bray Trophy	M. Hewitt
Ladies' Attendance Award — The Mrs. H. H. England "Femina" Trophy	Miss P. Cotterill
Men's Attendance — Peter Bennett Shield	B. F. James
Hobo Trophy	E. Newton
Silver Jubilee M/S Championship	H. T. Reynolds
Marshalling — Harold Musgrave Trophy	Miss P. Chapman
Hill Climb Championship	L. P. M. Durlacher

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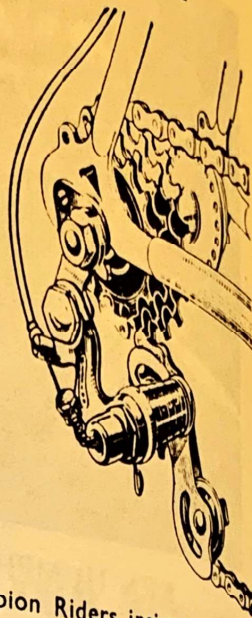
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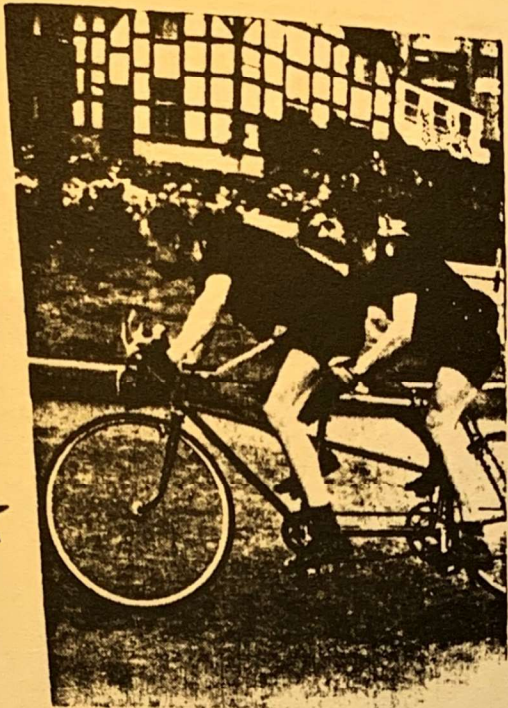
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 and have a chat



CLUB RECORDS

Tandem 12 hr. T.T.	A. Stanley and A. D. Stokes	263 miles 815 yds.
B'ham to Oxford and back (twice)	A. Stanley and A. D. Stokes	4-46-53
24-hour T.T.	S. P. V. Bray	4-46-7
50-mile T.T. Tricycle	S. P. V. Bray	442 miles 1,478 yds.
30-mile T.T. Tricycle	S. P. V. Bray	2-25-40
25-mile T.T. Tricycle	S. P. V. Bray	1-23-37
	S. P. V. Bray	1-8-53

TRACK

440-yard S.S.	I. P. M. Durlacher	29.2 secs.
880-yard S.S.	I. P. M. Durlacher	58.4 secs.
1,000 metres T.T.	I. P. M. Durlacher	1 min. 13.9 secs.



LADIES

12-hour B'ham to Oxford and back	Mrs. G. Newton	187 miles 1,077 yds.
	Mrs. G. Newton	6 hrs. 57 mins.



SHEILA CHAPPELL
as
The girl who kept the flag flying
and

PAULINE CHAPPELL
as
Forces Secretary 1954



**SILVER JUBILEE MASS-START
CHAMPIONSHIP**

	POINTS
1. H. Reynolds	49
2. R. Bowes	48
3. P. Janes	41
4. J. Russell	35
5. C. Charlton	24
6. J. Scattergood	13
7. G. Gordon	11

(Six other riders gained points).

CLUB MAGAZINE BEST ARTICLE PRIZES

1st- G. Kemp: *Cycling in Kenya (Nyanza Province).*
2nd "Yabbergabber": *"Navigating a Cloud."* "Crasher" Bowes.

PRESIDENT'S PRIZE FOR BEST ACCOUNT OF CLUB RUN

R. Borneman for his article *"The Perfect Day."*

OPEN B.B.A.R. (50, 100, 12 hrs.)

1. C. A. Starkey	2-9-18, 4-30-48, 245.07, 21.927 m.p.h.
2. S. P. V. Bray	2-13-1, 4-38-33, 236.53, 21.373 m.p.h.

CLUB SENIOR B.A.R. (25, 50, 100 and 12 hrs.)

1. E. A. Seymour	1-4-39, 2-10-14, 4-41-47, 232.44, 21.725 m.p.h.
2. J. A. Godsall	1-6-45, 2-20-15, 4-59-27, 194.14, 20.019 m.p.h.
3. D. Lawton	1-10-26, 2-22-32, 5-4-24, 211.43, 19.919 m.p.h.
4. K. E. Humphries	1-14-45, 2-25-40, 5-20-26, 201.54, 19.045 m.p.h.

CLUB JUNIOR B.A.R. (5, 10, 15 and 25 miles)

1. M. A. Hewitt	14-8, 26-20, 39-59, 1-8-56, 22.070 m.p.h.
-----------------	---

TOURING POINTS, 1954

GENTS

1. B. F. James	127
2. S. Dodge	94
3. E. R. Schilling	60
4. B. J. Randle	56
5. J. T. Moore	47

6. W. Annison
7. W. Atkins

LADIES

1. P. Cotterill
2. B. Moore
3. J. White

R. A. DOBSON

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Beryl Burton O.B.E. receives the B.S.A.
Silver Bowl from president H.N. Brealey
on winning the Ladies Open 25, 1-6-58.
Bas Keogh officiates.

1955 - 1961

"The annual growth rings regular".

The Solihull tree had survived a world war in a robust state and celebrated its first 25 years. Now it was mature but had to face a changing environment yet again. One in which the 'freedom of the individual' was to deteriorate into 'licence to do what you like' - the so-called Permissive Age of the sixties and seventies. How would it respond? With vigour to be sure, for while its 'bark' of experience protected it from the more direct assaults, its 'sap' of lively democratic rule enabled it to throw out still more new shoots. "It was mature and ready for a great new life" to quote from Doug Osmonde's toast to the Club and President at the Silver Jubilee Dinner.

One surprising change in the Cycling world, was the demise of the national magazine THE BICYCLE, at a time when there was increasing interest in the pastime in the country. Started by J W Mills, himself an ex-professional racing cyclist, with Rex Coley, nom-de-plume "RAGGED STAFF", a nationally known member of the Midland C. & A.C., raconteur and cycling humourist as editor in 1945, it apparently catered for what many organised cyclists at least wanted - Road Racing, professionalism and publicity, yet in August 1955 it ceased publication. Perhaps cyclists were too mean or too individualistic to buy two cycling journals, so the older established CYCLING continued, the only national weekly.

In four years time the N.C.U. and the B.L.R.C. were to amalgamate, meanwhile the uneasy interplay now that the N.C.U. permitted massed-start racing on the open road, did not conduce to loyalty to Clubs by enthusiasts of this form of racing because the N.C.U. held an 'ace card' in that it alone could select teams for International Competition. May be this prevented the Solihull C.C. seriously suffering from loss of riders to the league. It certainly resulted in riders like Ernie Clements and R Jones coming over to the 'Red, White and Blue' for brief spells as the seemingly evergreen and popular Dick Bowes attracted round himself more potential future stars, such as Harry Reynolds, Pete Janes, Derek Russell, Colin Charlton and Gerry Charlton.

A competition for a new title-block for the Club magazine was won by Albert and Frank Taylor who had joined in 1949 due to witnessing such "CLUB SPIRIT" at a feed near Fen End in the annual Inter Club 12 hour. A four fingered signpost out in the country with a cycle propped against it indicated RACING - POLO - TOURING - SOCIAL, emphasising the comprehensive activities of the Club. This was used in the August issue to augment what the editor had termed the NEW LOOK YEAR, and the production of a CYCLISTS' CALENDAR, suggested by Bernard Randle, had been well received. Strange as it seems now! - Bernard, organiser of the Club Road Race suggested that the public interest in Road Racing seemed to be waning and he should have known!

Another influence, still with us and one which always will be, might be as MONEY. As spiritual

principles relating to good aims or bad aims became less influential, naturally the problems of making events pay their way, increasing due to the changing world financial conditions (possibly the emerging of an entirely new financial system), tended to intrude more and more. Organisers looked round for someone to pay the bills, riders desperate to compete on equal terms with the Russians, who used sport as a political advert and saw to it that their national team members were given full time training - in the army or the Americans who retaliated by giving their representative Sports Scholarships for full-time training at Universities, succumbed to hidden payments for their performances. Thus the concept of 'sponsorship' was developed, soon spreading to every sport (apart from cycling) with the consequences we see today.

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The Club Calendar, after its first issue with a touring picture and an "AIRNEY PAIRKINS" cartoon on each month changed to an International or National "Star" Rider each month and sold well over 1,000 copies each year, making a profit which contributed towards the cost of the magazine more and more as the income from advertisements declined as the smaller manufacturing companies were either swallowed up by amalgamations or went bankrupt. The printer had been changed to Martin Brothers of Acocks Green in 1954. The Club minutes are full of complaints that members are not supporting the Dances and the Slideshows.

In the competitive sphere the Solihull continued to flourish with Harry Reynolds confirming his Junior promise, coming seventh in the Manx International and leading our

Club team of P Janes and Dick Bowes to a victory. The Polo team again won the National League without losing a match, emphasising their superiority by winning the ENGLISH CUP for the first time. Cyril Starkey set up a national V.T.T.A. 30 mile Age record as well as winning the V.T.T.A. 50 mile Championship and second in Vets. BAR while Stan Bray finished second in the Mersey R.C. 24 hour with 449.2 miles, the best by a Midland rider. Dick Bowes came second in the Solihull Road Race, and the Scratch 25 was won by N. Shiel (Molyneaux R.C) 57-50, later to become World Pursuit Champion and a National Director of Cycling. P Janes was "the revelation of the Tour of Ireland" as well as winning track events along with Harry Reynolds, Dick Bowes, Trevor Bayliss and Lutz Durlacher, little wonder that the SUNDAY MERCURY gave the Club a double page spread of pictures taken on club runs round the Warwickshire Lanes.

1956 - The Reynolds star was in the ascendant, selected to ride in the World's Championships at Copenhagen; a pile-up; puncture and icy cold rain put him out; the Olympic Games in Melbourne (Silver Team Medal); Isle of Man International, England A team (fourth); Paris - Dieppe (eighth); Holland, Beek Kermesse (ninth) and many home road races so it was fitting that he won his own Club's event for the Brooks Trophy beating John Pound (Dulwich Paragon) leading the Solihull C.C. to a team victory backed up by Pete Janes and Reg Pee.

The Time-Trialists relied on the Club's veterans. Cyril Lovegrove backing up Cyril Starkey 236.03 miles (second) in the Veterans T.T. Association's National 12 hour with

207.75 miles to win the team championship. Stan Bray dropped one place from 1955 in the Tricycle Association's B.A.R. to eighth (19.523mph) but was second in the 12 hour Championship 214.76 miles, a second beating of the Club record to go with his 100 miles 5-0-37 and 50 miles 2-24-50. Lutz Durlacher was fourth in the Maccabiah Games Road Race.

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The poloists won the National League for the third time and English Cup for the second time, making this double their prerogative for the next four years until the unbeatable nature of the Solihull team centred round the Bradley brothers was deliberately broken up for the good of the game by them forming a new team.

So we follow the fortunes of Harry Reynolds, 30th in the 1957 World Championships after puncturing, third in the National R.R. Championship, he was selected for the World Professional Road Race in 1958 but due to the confused state of British Racing rules he had got an Independent licence and was ineligible to ride but came fifth in the Tour of Britain. When called up for National Service he won the Army Cycling Union 100 mile T.T. and many more road races in Army colours, and in 1959 turned professional to ride the Tour de France but when doing well on the twelfth day suffered a pile-up while descending a col resulting in a broken collar bone!

In 1956, Ray Richards joined the Solihull from the Ivy Wheelers (which Club, sadly now defunct, had also provided some of our Founder members), becoming General Secretary for 1958 and continuing to give the Club a good stint of nine years during these years of change.

An efficient organiser, he was perhaps the man for the job, although not the greatest person at "pouring oil on troubled waters!", for he was full of energy, racing in mass-starts, time-trials and cyclo-cross as well as on a trike, so was in touch with the trends of the times. Eventually, Cyclo-Cross became his main pre-occupation leading him to General Secretaryship of the newly formed British Cyclo-Cross Association and organiser of the first World's Cyclo-Cross Championships held in England at Crystal Palace in 1972.

During this 1955 to 1961 period each year saw the Club gaining National and even International successes while the normal Club life of weekly runs, social events, proceeded vigorously as the 'sap' - the many new members flowing through the monthly minutes and the magazine pages - registered their own individual talents. The membership rose to the 200 mark in 1957 and hovered there until 1962, with as many as 43 new members joining in a year (1960), thus is only to be expected that new growths flourished.

Just to list the more outstanding names may be boring but surely recalls exciting memories. E A Arthur, R Pee, J Hanlin, A G Winters, R G Richards, D Pearce, Miss S White, J Monk, J B Shaw, G Hoole, E Blakelock, D Briggs, D Russell, R Gordon, B Hitchcock, R Middleton, L Harris, A Moss, C Moseley, P King, G Quinn, E Lewis, J Taylor, W R Storey, B Kent, S Lloyd, H Bayley, D Shakespeare, Misses J Raponi, Goulding and Tomkinson, Bob Richards, R Shuttleworth, T Tall, C Wright, J Ashton, A G Richards, T Hill, D Bolton, T Bull, B N Moss and G P Webb.

Tragically, three of the above were destined not to fulfill their clear potential. John Shaw and Eric Blakelock, after several seasons enthusiastically riding mass-start events chiefly, gaining in stature all the time, they were first and second in the Club's Mass-Start Championship awarded on points gained in Open events, were killed while on a cycling tour of Bavaria in September 1962, not on their cycles but while returning from a Beer Festival in a minibus. Their close friend Bob Richards was thrown clear with terrible injuries but thankfully, eventually recovered and in later years, although moving south in his work, achieved prominence, winning R.T.T.C. Team Championship medals with the Antelope C.C. The third sad loss was John Ashton who, after showing tremendous promise as a Junior in Club Time Trials, was forced to give up cycling due to serious health problems.

One may discern a trend for racing men to have less time for Club social events, especially if they had any talent, as they develop aims like becoming a professional, riding in the Tour de France, and presumably becoming rich. About this period it was only the 'star' riders who were affected, not as in present days, almost everyone at least hoping to get some sponsor to pay their expenses, so attendance at the Reunion Run, the Birthday Run, and President's Prize Run, fluctuated widely, but fortunately the newer younger members supported them and so kept the "Solihull Spirit" alive, along with the Club's veterans.