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Ray's favourite distance was the 100; in fact he won the National Champs at that distance five years in succession between 1955 and 1959 with times just hovering above the magical 4 hours. He also excelled in the 12 hour winning the National Champs five times. He was BBAR three years in succession between 1955 and 1957. His younger brother Gordon was also a top class rider. They came from the Nottingham area and rode for the Ericsson Wheelers and whilst in the army (this was in the days of National Service) for the Army Cycling Union. One of the premier events of the time trialing world in those far off days was the Bath Road 100, promoted by the west London based Bath Road Club on the roads around Newbury and Hungerford: what we would call today the M4 corridor. It started and finished on the hallowed Pangbourne Lane, just to the west of Reading. It was quite usual for upwards of 500 club folk and members of the time trialing fraternity to converge on "The Lane" for the event.

It was against this background that Ray produced a ride that is still remembered and talked about by all club folk both of that era and those that followed.

The dawn of that Sunday morning in July 1956 on the Pangbourne Lane did not augur well for fast times, it was drizzling and at times pouring down, although the wind was fairly light. Riding off "scratch" on his locally produced Raleigh track frame with 84 inch fixed, sprints and tubulars, and with cold porridge in his bar mounted bottle, Ray stormed round the course in 3.58.28. This was the first ever sub 4 hour ride by any rider and was greeted by rapturous scenes on the "Lane" Apparently nearly all present shook the hand of the quiet unassuming clubman from Nottingham.

The historic ride was cycling's equivalent to the first sub 4 minute mile by Roger Bannister two years previously, but like all cycling coverage in the media both then and since, it never got the recognition it deserved. The time was not bettered for six years, when Frank Colden using gears produced a 3.54.23 in 1962.

I once met the great man years later at a club dinner in the early seventies and found he was true to his image of the quiet modest clubman.

John Ward

Does this sound familiar - Extract from CTC Mag. "The Night Shift". "In a mountain of cycling clothing stuffed in the corner of the wardrobe I find my jersey. The waterproof jacket hangs dripping still next to the bib longs. My shoes are sat warming upon the boiler. "Have you seen my gloves" I call out. My wife usually ignores the first demand but she knows that it's unlikely I'll replace whinging with actually looking for them. She rises and plucks the gloves for the empty radiator. "I'm sure I looked there" I say.....

The New Seeson by Billy Boardman Age 5

K Roberts

Christmas is now over and I am busy getting redy for the racing season, daddy has let me have another turbot trainer to replace the one he threw in the skip after I demolished the video player that time when I flew off the rollers on my bike in the living rume. I have been doing wot they call an intents training regeem but it dusnt mean that I actually ride my bike in a tent, that is wot they call altitude training. My uncle Chris Boardman has been advising me abowt my cycling, he advised me to give it up and buy a snorkel I havent given it up but I did buy a snorkel, witch I use attached to my crash helmet when I am out cycling in the bludi awful wet Lancashire weather As uncle Chris wasn't much help I asked his old trainer Peter Kene for sum advice, he said I should do some intervals witch I thought was wot you get when you go to the picture, but it isn't I get on the turbot trainer and go like hell for 5 minutes & then I get off & eat a plate of beans, then I get back on & do another 5 minutes & then I eat another plate of beans, this lasts about an hour and is called fartlek!

I have bean building up my time trial bike for the seeson ahead, it has an ahead stem bicos I am going to use it for the seeson ahead, it has the brakes & the geer levers orltogether, I tried to change geer by pulling the leevers back but I just kept stopping, then I tried ramming them forward on the advice of Simun who is my chubmate, then they broke off, they are corled STD, witch apparently stands for Shimano Total Disintegration.

My secret weapon for the new seeson relies on me not smashing the replacement video to pieces. I bought a video of the Lightouse Famuly live on stage which I watch & listen to when I am on the turbot, but my times for 10 miles never got abuv 29 mins. So I foned Peter Kene & he sed try a tape of Motorhead live on stage instead, so I did & the furst time I put it on my split time at 5 miles was 11 minits. I was goin like a bludi train but just as that Lemming bloke who sings was shoutin out!"ACE OF SPADES, ACE OF SPADES", daddy came in to find out wot the racket was. I think he shouted out "WOT THE HELL ARE YOU DOIN BILLY?" but over the noise it was hard to tell. "A SHORT 22 DADDY" I shouted back, then he pulled the plug out & my second split was 20 minits, I think an investment in a pear of earplugs might be my next move!

(Billy)