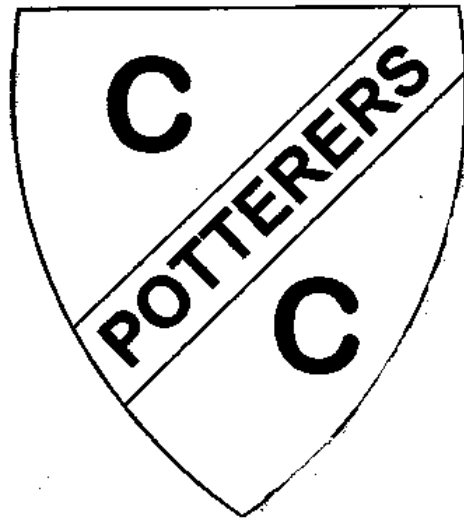


POTTERING
AROUND
September 2019

Founded



1971

Usque Ad Mortem Bibendum

Founded by Jim Catt, Ted Harrison, Arthur James Ted Upton

President Bob Friend

Club Chairman Dave Rodd

Club Secretary Stephen Pollard

Club Treasurer Peta Masey

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Leslie Osborne, the Potterers former Secretary died in July 2019 after a final battle with cancer. He spent his last few months at the Pilgrims Hospice in Canterbury.

Dave Rodd, Derek, Norman, Bob, Peta and I attended a service of thanksgiving with Holy Communion for Leslie at St Mary of Charity Church, Faversham on 27/5/2019.

From listening to the tribute to Leslie at the service we learned that Leslie had a number of serious health problems while growing up but he overcame these. Leslie had to do his National Service just after World War 2 ended and spent a couple of years “abroad” on the Isle of Wight. After successfully completing a joinery apprenticeship at Swan Hunter shipyards in Newcastle, in 1954. he worked for them for several years while attending evening classes. This allowed him to qualify as a teacher in 1956. Leslie went on to teach at 3 schools before becoming interested in adult education which led to him moving from Newcastle and running these services for Swale Council in Kent.

Leslie met his wife Jenny while working for Swale Council and they married in 1985. He retired at the age of 55, the same year. Leslie constructed various wooden items for his local St Mary of Charity Church including alter rails and various tables. He’d always been a keen Morris Dancer and enjoyed walking, cycling and taking caravan holidays in France discovering Normandy, Charente and the Pyrenees.

Leslie served as our Potterers Cycling Club Secretary from 2010 to 2015, succeeding Jean Bomber in that role. Stephen Pollard took over from Leslie when he stood down from the Potterers Committee.

C.W

Advance Warning Of Potterers 2019 Christmas Dinner

The Potterers Christmas dinner will be held at the George and Dragon, King Street, Fordwich, Canterbury on Wednesday 11th December. Details of menus and prices will follow in due course.

Submitting Content For Pottering Around

The Pottering Around editor needs any articles that members would like included in Pottering Around to be submitted at least 2 weeks before the committee meeting that's usually held on the second Wednesday of the third month covered by the next issue of the magazine. For example, contributions for the next magazine (December 2019) need to be submitted by 27th November 2019.

Digital photograph jpeg files are a nice addition to any text but please could any photos be given a title so the editor knows exactly what they are illustrating?

Pilgrims Hospices Cycle Challenge 2019.

Paul, Richard and Gerry, all members of the Potterers (Marine Division), together with Gerry's wife Tina took part in this event on Sunday 7th May. A fine day. Dry but with a persistent but moderating northerly wind.

Several challenges ranging from 45 -125 miles were advertised; we opted for the Classic 45. Curiously this was programmed as 48 miles; I recorded 49 miles and I told my wife it was 50 miles.

The ride started from Canterbury University where excellent facilities and support organisation got us away efficiently shortly after 9-30am. Some 1200 cyclists took part in the event. Routing, marshalling, signage and catering arrangements were excellent.

Our ride initially took us to the Ashford Hospice via Petham, Waltham and Wye. Here we found food and drink were available together with loos, masseurs, Bike Doctors, etc. Half an hour's rest then we were on our way again via Smeeth, a long drag up Stowting hill, Rhodes Minnis and Lyminge to our next stop at Bike Tart just south of Barham. More food and drink (I ate four cheese rolls and 3 bananas during the ride).

Onwards; the last leg via Bridge and Patricbourne to Canterbury and a cruel final climb up St Stephen's hill to the finish at the university.

Our successful completion of the course, with only minor flesh wounds, earned us each a huge medal. We celebrated this with 4 excellent pints of Whitstable Bay Blonde lager from the Students' bar for the grand sum of £10. Perhaps we should consider the University Bar as a future Potterers' venue!

We turned to our retired P&O Ferries colleagues for sponsorship and achieved a modest sum for the Hospice. Our thanks to them.
Richard Brown

Cognac Semaine Federale 2019

I made a very last-minute decision to try to attend the 2019 Semaine Federale that was being held at Cognac, near Bordeaux, in early August. Peta & I had been to a Semaine held at Niort a good few years ago and had thoroughly enjoyed the picturesque local towns and coastline. We didn't visit Cognac on that trip but it was relatively close

by. After more research I found out that Cognac was on the branch railway line between Angouleme (on the TGV route from Lille) and Saintes, where you could change for Rohan or La Rochelle, both coastal towns. The latter with its historic port area we'd visited while on the Niort Semaine. I'd thoroughly disliked the trip I made by European Bike Bus to the 2018 Semaine Federale at Epinal, near Nancy so thought I'd try taking a Brompton folding bike from Ashford International via Lille and Angouleme to Cognac. It would be a long 10 hour journey allowing time for train connections but still preferable to an overnight coach ride with no idea of arrival time in Cognac. I didn't know how easy it would be to ride a fully laden bike 10 miles or so from an unknown location in Cognac (campsite or ride headquarters coach drop off point) to the accommodation that Peta had found for me. My GPS needs a route set up in advance to give turn by turn directions so it was straightforward to do this between the nearest station (Jarnac, 10 minutes train ride from Cognac) and my lodgings.

The day soon came to set off with the folded Brompton, small rucksack and medium sized wheeled zip closure suitcase. I took a Eurostar service to Lille then walked across to the domestic Lille Flanders station for the TGV train to Angouleme. The TGV was much less crowded than the Eurostar until we got to Charles De Gaulle Airport station where it really filled up. I got to Angouleme at 7.14pm only to find there was a 50-minute delay on the local service towards Jarnac and Cognac. There was no explanation for the delay and no staff to question. The train was waiting on the indicated platform.

To start with there were only a few passengers milling about between the train and platform then a huge contingent of French Boy Scouts arrived who took up every available seat. After that someone appeared to hand out bottles of free water as the temperature was in the mid 30's Centigrade. The train eventually pulled away but I was getting concerned as it was starting to get dark. After half an hour we

arrived at Jarnac which was completely deserted. I really struggled to try to attach my very heavy, medium sized suitcase to the Brompton small rear carrier with various elastic ties. The whole bike fell over with a crash as the suitcase weight suddenly shifted around and the impact knocked my chain off the chainwheel. It was really awkward and stressful.

I finally set off following my pre-set Wahoo Elemnt directions but had more problems as my heels were catching the badly mounted suitcase and we were leaving Jarnac to head for open countryside as daylight was fading away. After travelling some distance and seeing a sign to my booked accommodation with the accompanying direction arrow faded out by time, I retraced my journey back towards Jarnac as I thought I must have passed my destination. It was at this point I had a great stroke of luck as Jarnac's only English-speaking female cyclist with a relative who lived a few doors from my accommodation, appeared in front of me. She took over guidance duties from the Wahoo and rode with me to a set of massively tall gates at the entrance to my Logis, then she pointed out how the buzzer entry system worked.

The Logis turned out to consist of multiple foliage covered buildings separated by huge swathes of gravel courtyard. The wonderfully obliging host, hostess, family and dogs all lived in the longest building running the full courtyard length and all the guests were housed in a separate 2 storey chateau type building on the opposite side of the courtyard. The guest building had the very high ceilings, creaky wooden uncarpeted staircase and medieval looking doors and huge door keys. The ground floor had a large lounge fitted out with white painted wooden frame settees and chairs next to the breakfast room with it's long single table that after Saturday accommodated 9 guests who were all taking part in the Cognac Semaine Federale.

I'd arrive on Friday night so I had all of Saturday to work out the easiest way to get to Jarnac and Cognac and pick up my Dossier pack. This contained daily route sheet guides, a wrist band chip for storing credit for accueils (route refreshment points) and security passes. I spent most of the day in Cognac getting to know the town layout, eating, visiting museums and looking in on the Permenance (ride headquarters cycle exhibition and bar/restaurant). I got the train back to Jarnac as that meant an easier, shorter 4 miles ride back to my Logis rather than 9 hilly miles direct from Cognac.

Planned rides started on Sunday so I intercepted the opening common stage of the rides about 5 miles from my Logis and took part in a high speed, fast pace ride down to the first accueil point positioned in a local football stadium at Chateauneuf Sur Charente. Accueil points sell a broad range of drinks like draught beer, cider, Orangina, cans of panache(shandy) or Perrier fizzy water and still bottled water. They also offer grilled meat, baguettes with various fillings, desserts, oranges and bananas and coffee. Live musical entertainment is usually provided and toilets are always available.

Everyone else at the Semaine was riding normal road bikes or tandems so my 16 inch wheels were a distinct handicap as they had much less flywheel effect and the bike was heavier. I still made reasonable progress however. At the accueil I met up by chance with Alison, whom I'd talked to at the dossier collection hall. She'd ridden down to Cognac carrying her own luggage, from one of the English Channel ports, in 6 days. Alison said she was still feeling good so was going to try to complete the P4, second longest route of the day at 135km (84 miles) with 1100 metres of climbing, to Angouleme. I decided if she was going to try so would I.

The ride turned into a harder exercise than I'd allowed for when the marked route circled around the back of Angouleme on very bumpy, hilly minor roads with no signposts so I was dependent on the

Semaine organisers paper arrows for directions or catching up the very few riders who were also doing P4, assuming they knew where they were going! Angouleme was situated on a tall hill above a flat plateau. Our route took us to an accueil placed right up on the highest point of land with nice views over the ramparts. I had to attend to a slipping Brompton seatpost saddle clamp before grabbing a chicken baguette and 2 cans of Perrier fizzy water. The accueil closed shortly after I reached it at 2pm but I decided to keep cycling rather than catch a train back to Jarnac station. It was a long grind back through featureless villages with no café's or refreshment points for over 30 miles in 35 degree Celsius temperatures. I did do some draughting behind a French rider who stopped and talked to me in English, just before we got back to Jarnac. He'd worked in Southampton for some time so that's where his language skill came from. The benevoles (volunteer helpers) were all having a sing song and getting drunk when a reached the Jarnac accueil but I got some free Perrier water and beer as they couldn't be bothered to charge me for the items.

On the following day I rode into Cognac and did the shortest P1, 63km, 528 metres of climb ride, to the nearest accueil. This refreshment point had been set up near farm buildings and was incredibly busy but very well organised. Lanes had been set up for grilled meat, baguettes filled with chicken or ham, apple pie and coffee. A volunteer deducted food cost from my wrist band chip before I reached the service counter. In the background scores of volunteers were making up the finished sandwiches. After finishing the P1 circuit I returned to the Permanence where a modern pop band with attractive, stylish female singer, drummer and electric guitar player entertained the returning riders with a full hour of great tunes. All the lyrics were in English rather than French.

On Tuesday I had a rest from riding and explored Cognac. The modern Cognac Brandy museum was especially interesting. It

contained exhibits describing how Cognac is produced but all the special edition Cognac bottles in many different shapes were more striking. The museum also had a collection of stylish full-size Cognac advertising posters from the middle 20th century.

On Wednesday I took a 30 minutes train ride to Saintes, the next significant town west of Cognac. Saintes has existed since Roman times and I went to see the impressive ruins of a Roman amphitheatre that was built to hold 20,000 people in the 1st century AD. The Arch of Germanicus, a Roman triumph arch was also worth a look. This arch used to stand on the approach to the old bridge across the River Charente but today stands on the river embankment.

On Thursday I was riding again towards the traditional picnic site at a country chateau. I intercepted the day's route rather than going to the Cognac start. Like all the riders around me I took a wrong turn due to a misleadingly aligned arrow stuck to the road surface so ended up doing a loop back to my starting position. I got things right at the second attempt. I was rather behind the majority of riders due to my route-finding problems and was very thirsty. I stopped at a small corner shop that had some outside tables occupied by cyclists. That was my best decision on that day because the establishment sold big bottles of water, coffee with separate hot milk in a jug and all the riders were British so I had a good chat with them. They left before I finished drinking and I missed one direction arrow a mile or so from my picnic site objective but then got completely confused by a 4 exit roundabout with Semaine Federale cyclists approaching me from 3 directions. I was very tired, hot and bothered so I abandoned any hope of reaching the chateau accueil point and headed back to Cognac.

Friday was a lazy day for me just eating the dish of the day at lunchtime in a very pleasant Cognac restaurant and having a really detailed look at the bike trade show exhibits at the Permenance.

On Saturday I took a guided tasting tour conducted in English, of the Hennessy Cognac Company in Cognac. Semaine Federale cyclists saved 20% on the normal 20 Euro admission price. The tour started with a boat trip to one of the company's 60 warehouses where oak barrels of Cognac were stored followed by a tasting session to end the 90 minute experience.

Sunday is the traditional Semaine Federale hosting town, fancy dress bicycle parade. Sunday morning was the first day of the week that had heavy rain, lasting till 1pm. I stayed at my Logis till the rain stopped then rode to Jarnac for lunch.

My Logis host was kind enough to give me, my very heavy suitcase and folded Brompton a lift to Jarnac station to start my return journey to Ashford on Monday morning. Angouleme station platforms were being rebuilt so I had to carry rather than wheel the Brompton to the far end of the station, due to the unmade surface. The TGV train was very crowded until after the Charles de Gaulle Airport station stop. There was light rain falling as the train reached Lille Flanders terminus. I had a 4 hour wait until my Eurostar left Lille Europe station, a 5 minute walk from Lille Flanders but I sat outside a bar opposite Lille Flanders watching people pass for a lot of that time.

I thoroughly enjoyed my 10-night stay in Cognac. It's a really attractive area with the impressively wide River Charente and acres of very neat grape vines used to produce Cognac Brandy. The local railway line from Angouleme to Jarnac, Cognac, Saintes then Royan on the coast near Bordeaux or Rochefort and La Rochelle, provides a convenient way of getting around without a car. The weather was sunny with blue skies and mid 30 degrees temperature until the rain on the final Sunday morning. Semaine Federale organisation was well up to its normal high levels. Lots of Cognac shops had the traditional historic bikes in their shop windows or on pavements outside their businesses, which was a nice touch, going back to the days of the

Perigord Semaine years ago. My Logis was a very upmarket establishment with delightful hosts who provided first class breakfast included in the room rate and plentiful supplies of water and tea and biscuits at the end of the day. Travelling with the Brompton by train all the way to SW France was a viable alternative to getting to the Semaine Federale by European Bike Bus. The train journey was about 12 hours long including time spent waiting for connections but that was still better than the overnight journey with no sleep offered by European Bike Bus. The double deck TGV train from Lille Flanders to Angouleme was impressively smooth, comfortable and offered wider better upholstered seats with more leg room than Eurostar trains. Limited luggage space was probably the only downside of the TGV but Eurostar trains have the same problem. Trying to fit anything bigger than a folded Brompton onto either train would be very difficult. The Brompton performed very well all week. I had to use some less than robust Zefal plastic adaptor straps to attach a bottle holder to the



River Charente At Jarnac



My Accommodation At Jarnac



Gerald, Richard And Paul At Finish Of Hospice Ride



Cute Feral Kitten That Peta Has Informally Adopted, In France



Potterers At Peta's Beach Hut Meeting



Accueil Refreshment Lanes At Semaine Federale (Benevole Volunteer Helpers In Orange Tea Shirt Tops)



Scenic Bridge On Semaine Federale Marked Route



Jarnac Canal (Jarnac Main Bridge Over River Charente In Background)



Saintes 1st Century 20,000 Spectator Roman Amphitheatre

bike's top tube as the machine is sold without any bottle holder provision at all. The Brompton's small size was useful even on Friday

and Saturday local trains around Jarnac that were packed out with travellers arriving or departing on holiday or going to markets.

Next year's Semaine Federale will be held at Valognes on the Cotentin peninsula, 20 miles south of Cherbourg in Normandy from Sunday 2nd August to Sunday 9th August 2020. C.W

Front Derailleur Woes

For some time I've had problems shifting under load between the largest and middle chainring, on the bike I use when staying with Peta in the south of France. The chain has been forming a loop within the front derailleur cage.

On our most recent trip I decided to adjust the vertical position of the derailleur by loosening the clamp band around the seat tube, to see if that would improve things. Unfortunately I made the mistake of leaving the inner shift cable attached to the derailleur while trying to reposition it. Spring tension pushed the derailleur all over the place making it very difficult to line up just above the teeth on the largest chainring. To compound my problems my left-hand Shimano STI combined gear/brake shift lever that operated front changing then stopped moving any cable at all. I was left with a bike I could only position the chain on the inner 30 tooth ring at 3pm on a Saturday afternoon.

I rode the bike in very low gear down to a local bike shop on the road to St Tropez. The shop was extremely helpful and immediately put my bike on a work stand and started to investigate. The mechanic had to completely remove the existing shift cable, unwrap the lefthand side handlebar tape and unwind the cable from the STI shifter. The single polymer coated stainless steel inner cable had somehow jammed the shifter. This inner cable with a polymer coat applied in a spiral pattern was relatively new and much more expensive than a basic

stainlesssteel cable but helped lighten the gear shift action. My bike had a 10 speed (rear cassette with 10 sprockets) Shimano Ultegra gear shifting which routed gear cable under the handlebar tape and round tight bends, so coated cable helped reduce friction.

A new cable solved that problem but it had to be inserted into a complicated routing within the shifter, the bar tape and adhesive tape covering the cable had to be replaced and the front derailleur repositioned on the seat tube. After 45 minutes steady work the mechanic invited me to go for a short test ride to check the gear indexing was working properly, just leaving my Wahoo GPS mount on his workbench so I didn't disappear down the road without paying him. The shop only charged 20 Euro including the cost of a new shift cable so I was very pleased to have a functional bike restored at a very reasonable cost, in so short a time.

C.W

Bob Friend's Cycling Life

I seem to remember learning to ride a proper bike on one belonging to my friend's sister when I was about four or five years old. By the age of seven I was riding to school on my own bike and leaving it in a friend's father's shed opposite the establishment. He was Mr Gerard the baker and when I came out of school to pick it up we used to feast on sultanas and currants from the tea chests standing alongside.

At the age of eleven I got my first "racing bike" (a Raleigh) courtesy of my aunt who said her son wouldn't mind as he was away in the army. I don't know whether he minded or not!

I started at Chatham House School about the time World War 2 broke out. I had a train season ticket To Ramsgate but most times I cycled. One day our housemaster found that I hadn't brought my gas mask, so that meant another ride home to fetch it.

The following June the two lower classes complete with their masters were evacuated to Uttoxeter in Staffordshire and I had my bike sent up to me shortly after the move. Mr Phillips, one of our masters, used to organise cycle rides on Saturdays. One of these rides was to Dovedale, about 15 miles away. On the return journey I got in front and reached home sometime before the others. Mr Phillips arrived on our doorstep, all hot and bothered and very annoyed. Perhaps he thought I'd got lost? In my childish way I couldn't understand why he was so upset!

When we were due to go up to year 3, we were sent to Stafford to join the rest of the school. I used to go cycling with my pal Alan. We used to call ourselves "the Pussyfoot Wheelers"! We were allowed to go home to visit our parents at holiday times and one summer when we were about 16 years old, we decided to cycle home via Youth Hostels at Evesham, bath and Graffham in Sussex. We did well until we were riding through Folkestone when a policeman stopped us because we were in a "restricted area". He let us go when he found out what we were up to. When we reached Sandwich Toll Bridge we discovered we needed a pass to go any further so we had to detour via Preston.

Not long afterwards the school returned to Ramsgate as the war was nearing its end. One night I was cycling home to Minster about 11pm and had turned off my front lamp to save the battery. Who should be standing on the New Inn, Minster corner but Police Constable Ansell. "Where's your light?" he asked, "I'm saving fuel", I replied (that was all the rage in those days). The headline in the local newspaper described the outcome of this encounter-"Cyclist Saving Fuel Fined 10 Shillings"!

In the middle of June 1947 I was cycling home and a chap came up behind me and said they were reforming the Margate Cycling Club. I joined up and went on a number of rides with them. Unfortunately I

was called up for National Service in September and that finished my cycling for a while.

The following February we were sent abroad to Egypt. One day I saw an advert for a bike in Standing Orders. An officer was selling a bike for £5. One of the pedals was wonky so I beat him down to £4-10 Shillings. I can't remember much about cycling in Egypt but can remember being chased along Suez Canal Road one dark night, pursued by a pack of dogs.

Eventually I was demobbed, only to find the Margate Cycling Club had disbanded and members had either joined the Thanet Road Club or the local Cycle Touring Club (CTC). I joined the Hardriders section of the latter. We used to think nothing of doing 100 miles or more each Sunday.

In 1956 I married one of our young lady members and we bought a Claud Butler tandem. Next year our first baby daughter arrived and we bought an aluminium sidecar.

Three more children were born in quick succession and we bought a Dormobile car to get around. With the new family and market gardening I didn't have much time for cycling for quite a number of years until I retired.

Joe and Sylvia Duncan used to cycle past my house quite often and they got me to join the Potterers. At that time I had a cheap Falcon bike so I decided had better get something better. I bought a lightweight machine from Apollo Cycles in Tenterden. A few years later I bought a Thorn "Audax" bike from St John's Street Cycles, to tie in with the fact that Dennis Brunwin had persuaded me to join the Audax Cycling Club. I joined in their activities and became a "Super Randoneer" (200km, 300km, 400km, 600km Audax rides ridden in one Audax Season).

Nowadays, on my second Thorn (which all sounds a bit uncomfortable) I continue to attend Wednesday and Thursday Potterers meets in order to exchange banter and gossip with fellow members.

Bob Friend

Medium Security Bike Locks

In my opinion the compromise all bike lock manufacturers have to make is between how secure the lock is and how much the lock weighs. I need to carry a lock with me at all times rather than leaving a very heavy lock clamped to a cycle stand at a favourite supermarket or workplace. U-locks are generally the most secure type of lock and typically weigh about 1.5kg. If you have a metal, standard round tube bike you can carry the lock in a plastic clamp attached to your frame. This is not usually possible for carbon bikes as tubes are much larger diameter, oval or completely custom shape. It's quite uncomfortable hauling a 1.5kg U lock in a rucksack, on your back, if you ride a carbon bike that has no rear rack or large saddlebag.

One promising answer to this conundrum is the Hiplok Lite wearable chain lock which is Bronze bicycle secure and weighs 1kg. The Hiplok uses 6mm hardened chain enclosed in a fabric sleeve with reflective detailing, an 8mm hardened shackle and has a 75cm locking diameter. The lock is Velcro adjustable for waists from 28 inches to 44 inches. Halfords have these locks on sale for around £30 so I thought it was worth giving one a try. I'm pleased to report that I don't really notice the weight around my waist and feel less concerned than before at leaving my bike locked up with the Hiplok for a relatively limited time. It's best to put the lock around your waist with a cycling jersey or jacket on top of the lock as otherwise the lock position blocks access to your rear pockets that contain hankerchiefs or snacks etc.

Hiplok make Silver and Gold wearable bicycle secure locks that use 8mm or 10mm chain rather than 6mm links. The Silver and Gold secure locks weigh 1.83kg or 2.4kg respectively, which I'm sure would really be noticeable.

C.W

How to Thoroughly Clean A Bike

Most of my mountain bike riding is done in the summer, in the south of France. The countryside and bike trails are great but very dusty which accelerates drivetrain wear. As the top of the range, Shimano XTR components I use don't come cheap, I try to minimise this effect by regular cleaning.

The first stage in my cleaning routine involves a good scrub down with warm, soapy water using car type, long handled brushes with small heads and long bristles. This enables me to get to awkward places like hubs, spokes, drivetrain mechanisms etc. I rinse the soap off with clean warm water and allow the bike to dry. That's not a problem in the south of France!

My next step in the cleaning process is to open the quick link holding my chain together and soak the chain in bio-degradable degreaser. Removing my chain is relatively easy as I use re-usable quick links that don't require permanent removal of chain rivets or use of a chain breaker (rivet driver). De-greaser is sold by Halfords, cycle shops or on the internet. A shallow oven pan makes a good place to contain everything and thoroughly clean the chain with a stiff bristled brush.

I carry on brushing until the chain is completely clean then hang it up to dry. My next step is to remove the rear wheel and cassette. Removing the cassette allows me to thoroughly clean it without getting de-greaser into the hub bearings. I clean the front chainrings and front and rear derailleurs on the bike with brushes and degreaser.

A small heavy-duty tarpaulin covered with newspaper placed under the upside-down bike soaks up the oily crud.

After everything is clean and dry I reassemble the bike and treat the whole drivetrain to a spray of silicone dry lube, wiping off any surplus. I use dry lube because dust is my main enemy in the south of France. Using wet lube would result in a lot more gunge sticking to my chain. After having carried out all the steps described I sit down and have a nice cold glass of lager!

Ian Ewers

Shimano SD5 SPD Sandals

I was very limited in available space inside my cabin style, zip closure wheeled suitcase that I wanted to take on my Cognac Semaine Federale holiday so didn't have room to take normal sandals to walk in and mountain bike shoes fitted with SPD cleats for riding. In the end I decided to try Shimano SD5 SPD sandals that have removable rubber covers over a standard 2 bolt SPD cleat mounting.

The experiment with SD5 sandals turned out very well. They were very cool and comfortable on the long train journey to and from Cognac but also provided a reasonably stiff pedalling platform. I didn't have any problem with feeling the SPD cleats through the sandal footbed when riding or sense any more pressure on my feet than using a full mountain bike SPD shoe. I was able to walk considerable distances around Cognac in the SD5 sandals with recessed cleats fitted. They felt pretty much the same as my standard leather walking versions.

The only peculiarity of Shimano SD5 sandals is their sizing. I use continental size 45 cycling shoes to give enough room for my wide feet. Feet expand when they get warm so it's vital to start a ride with

some spare room in your shoes. The SD5 sandals came as size 45-46 rather than just size 45 as normal. They were very large giving a lot of sandal overlap from the tip of my toes. Wearing oversize shoes or sandals is dangerous if you're using them with a standard wheel size bike as it's very easy to put your extended foot through the front wheel spokes when making sharp turns. This is not a problem with 16 or 20 inch wheels that are further away from the cranks.

C.W

Faversham Wednesday Meets For Sep, Oct & Nov 2019

<u>Sep</u>	4 th	The Rose In Bloom, Whitstable	01227 276502
	11 th	The Alma, Painters Forstal	01795 533835
	18 th	The Shipwrights Arms, Hollowshore	01795 590088
	25 th	The Three Horseshoes, Staplestreet	01227 750842
<u>Oct</u>	2 nd	The Rose & Crown, Perry Wood	01227 752214
	9 th	The Castle Inn, Oare	01795 533674
	16 th	The Black Lion, Lynsted	01795 521229
	23 rd	The Chequers, Doddington	01795 886366
	30 th	The White Horse Inn, Boughton Street	01227 751343
<u>Nov</u>	6 th	The Queens Head, Boughton Street	01227 751369
	13 th	Railway Hotel, Preston Street, Faversham Committee Meeting. Members Please Gather In The Bar.	01795 533173

	20 th	The Castle Inn, Oare	01795 533674
	27 th	The Alma, Painters Forstal	01795 533835



Traction Engine Outside Vineyard Near Gassin, South Of France
Thanet Thursday Section Meets For Sep, Oct & Nov 2019

<u>Sep</u>	5 th	The Rose Inn, Wickhambreaux	01227 721763
	12 th	The Chequer, Ash	01304 273680
	19 th	The Haywain, Bramling	01227 720676
	26 th	The Red Cow, Sandwich	01304 613399
<u>Oct</u>	3 rd	The Bell, St Nicholas At Wade	01843 847250
	10 th	The Gate Inn, Marshside	01227 860498
	17 th	The Red Cow, Sandwich	01304 613399
	24 th	The Black Pig, Barnsole/Staple	01304 813723
	31 st	The Rose Inn, Wickhambreaux	01227 721763

<u>Nov</u>	7 th	The Bell, St Nicholas At Wade	01843 847250
	14 th	The Red Cow, Sandwich	01304 613399
	21 th	The Half Moon & Seven Stars, Preston	01227 722296
	28 th	The Rose Inn, Wickhambreaux	01227 721763



Cognac Barrel In One Of Hennessy Cognac Warehouses

Thanet Section Sunday Meets for Sep, Oct & Nov 2019

<u>Sep</u>	1 st	Two Brewers, Whitstable(Booking Req)	01227 272150
	8 th	The Bell, St Nicholas At Wade	01843 847250
	15 th	The Gate Inn, Marshside	01227 860498
	22 nd	The Black Pig, Barnsole/Staple	01304 813723
	29 th	The Anchor Inn, Wingham	01227 720392
<u>Oct</u>	6 th	The Chequer, Ash	01304 273680

	13 th	The New Inn, Minster	01843 826142
	20 th	The Half Moon & Seven Stars, Preston	01227 722296
	27 th	The Five Bells Eastry	01304 611188
<u>Nov</u>	3 rd	Two Brewers, Whitstable(Booking Req)	01227 272150
	10 th	The Black Pig, Barnsole/Staple	01304 813723
	17 th	The New Inn, Minster	01843 826142
	24 th	The Anchor Inn, Wingham	01227 720392



Decorative Cognac Flask In Cognac Brandy Museum