



A Lifetime Guarantee

**a history of The Raleigh and the people who
worked there**

by

Andy Barrett

PART ONE

On the stage there is a tandem, a very old tandem from the late nineteenth century. It is covered with an old cloth. There is a screen on which films and images will be projected. The Technician should be clearly seen as should The Stage Manager, who wanders around like a Chargehand in a Chargehand's jacket, clutching a clipboard. The cast are setting their props and getting ready as the audience arrive. Stuart is checking that everyone is alright and when the audience are all seated he begins:

Stuart: Hello everyone, my name's Stuart, thanks for coming along this evening, it's good to see you all; especially those of you who have helped me over the last few months, trying to discover the history of this... (*unveils the tandem*) It's a Raleigh. Someone gave it to me ten years ago. A couple, a lovely old couple, who I met when ... well we'll come that. And I made a promise to myself that I would discover as much about it as I could. Which has kept me pretty busy.

On the screen we now see an image of a leaflet - 'Request for Help. Stuart Bull is trying to discover the history of this bicycle which he has recently taken possession of. If anybody has any information on the bicycle, or would be interested in helping Stuart in any way; then please call him on 0115 8449613 or email Stuartbikeman@btinternet.co.uk'

Stuart: Many of you will have received one of these with your Raleigh pension cheques; or maybe you saw this request for help in the Evening Post...

And now we see a mocked up article with a picture of Stuart holding the tandem and a suitable headline.

Stuart: And this evening has come about because of the response that I had to these requests for help, just about all from ex Raleigh people, because, as it turned out, this tandem and The Raleigh, the factory, seem to go pretty much hand in hand. Which made sense to me because I used to work there too. And once I had managed to gather together as much information as I could, I let everyone know that had helped me in my

endeavour, and invited them all for a drink at The Crown, opposite to where the factory used to stand.

And now we see an image of the cast at The Crown.

Stuart: And, as ex Raleigh people do, we began to share memories; and of course we all had stories from the different shops that we worked in.

And now the image is added to with arrows pointing to individuals and naming their job at Raleigh - Pedal and Bar, Reconditioning, Cox of Watford, Gradual Payments, Powder Metallurgy, Ben Morley's Packing, Cable Shop, Plating, Canteen, Weld Frame (Raleigh Robot), Tube Shop, Bricklaying, Export Division, Reconditioning, Sales and Marketing, Window Cleaning, Product Test Department (Mickey Mouse Factory), Enamelling, Concept Design etc.

Stuart: And after all the talk about the good times and the bad times and the work we did and the nutters we knew someone ...

Shirley: Jack!

Stuart: ... suggested that all of this information that I'd gathered from these people about this bicycle should be shared with others; because as I said, in some ways the story of this tandem could be seen to tell the story of the factory itself. And there are people out there - like many of you - who would want to know that story. Because the factory, The Raleigh, was such an important part of all of our lives. Such an important part of Nottingham itself. And so we started talking about the best way to do this, the best way to make something that none of us had ever made before. And we decided that we would have to go about it the Raleigh way; with each of us looking after a part, a component and then finally sending it to Finishing so to speak, where we would put the whole thing together.

As Stuart continues we see images of the cast in small groups with the name of their 'department' underneath - Script Shop, Costume Shop, Film Shop, Additional

Research Shop, Rehearsing Shop, Historical Authenticity Shop, Technical Shop, Stage Management Shop, Image Sourcing Shop etc.

Stuart: With a little bit of help from one or two of our younger family members of course.

Kaylee waves to the audience.

Stuart: And so this is what we have come up with. Most of it is based on interviews with people that we've traced down, some on letters and information we've been sent, some through old films and photographs we have uncovered. And some, to be honest, is pure guesswork. But we'll make sure that everything is clearly labelled, so you know which is the genuine and which is the knock off. And if we have got anything wrong then Pat ...(*who raises her hand*) ... has taken on the job of Rectification; as we have already had a number of flaws that have been pointed out to us as we have travelled around the city telling this tale. So if there are any old Viewers out there with a keen eye for a defect then please let her know at the end. Marilyn ...

Marilyn now stands on the podium as a slide shows her to be Head of Additional Research. This slide has been 'tampered' with, to poke fun at her. She will not see this, although Stuart will.

Marilyn: There isn't a model number on this but we do know that it is pre 1900, and we're reasonably sure that it's from 1897, because if you look at that year's catalogue ... (*which we now see on the screen – this must look genuine and be very similar to the actual tandem on the stage*) ... you'll see it has the varied level seating of the No. 11; the fully covered, rather than the heavily perforated, chain guard casing similar to the No. 15; and the additional tube linking the head tube to the rear seat tube, running parallel to the main tube that is used on the No. 9.

Stuart: In many ways we should go backwards really, disassemble this thing, but we're not; we're going to start at the beginning. The very beginning. Ladies and gentlemen ... Mr Frank Bowden!

Frank Bowden immediately begins to talk, entering from the back of the audience. On the screen we see the word HISTORY (1897).

Frank B: Ladies and gentlemen just over ten years ago I arrived in England, from California, with a very weak condition of body and but little energy of mind. And no-one seemed to be able to help. Until one day I arrived in Harrogate to take a course of the waters, and whilst there consulted a highly regarded local doctor. Taking me to the window of his study, he drew my attention to a man who was slowly and steadily driving a tricycle around the Square and told me that three weeks previously this man had been unable to move his legs due to partial paralysis. And that since then cycling had done and was doing wonders for him.

All: It's a miracle!

Frank B: And so that winter I bought a low geared tricycle, shipped it over to South West France and became a cycling enthusiast. And when I returned to this country and saw a most splendid bicycle with the name of a small Nottingham workshop emblazoned upon it; I can tell you that my breath was taken clean away.

Well you all know what happened next. How I came here to Nottingham and hunted down this workshop, one of many in this town, and discovered it hidden away on Raleigh Street. How I took it over, extended it into larger premises and built up its name across the world by persuading the greatest riders of the day to race on our machines; a policy that was crowned by our partnership with this man ...

An image of the Arthur Zimmerman poster on the screen as Mark dressed as Arthur Zimmerman runs across the stage and onto the bike, beginning to cycle as fast as he can.

Jane: Look its Arthur Zimmerman!

Kaylee: The greatest racing cyclist the world has ever known!

Jo: He's more famous than the President of the United States!

All of the cast now join in the scene, either responding to Arthur or back in the office dealing with the rush of publicity and sales.

Frank B: The bicycle boom was upon us! Now that the Safety Bicycle had been invented, with Raleigh leading the way in its design, we had no need for the Ordinary with its attendant mishaps!

Arthur: I won every race there was.

Don: Al! Paint another poster!

Frank B: The publicity was incredible.

Margaret: The telex machine can't cope!

Frank B: We opened a sales depot in New York.

Arthur: I still kept winning races.

Don: Peggy! Make sure you're getting all this down!

Frank B: We opened a sales depot in France.

Arthur: You mean dee-pot.

Frank B: Sales networks were set up in ...

Bowden is handed a cane as on the screen we see a map of the world from around 1900. As he points to it, old fashioned bicycles appear as markers in each country,.

Frank B: ... Warsaw and Prague...

All: Velkolepy!

Frank B: Sweden and Finland...

All: Upea!

Frank B: Portugal and Spain!

All: Magnifico!

Don: And still people kept buying machines.

Al: Mainly the wealthy.

Chuck: Cads on castors.

Arthur: And still I kept winning races.

Don: Chuck! Take another photograph!

Engineer 1: Our mechanics are noted for their skill.

Engineer 2: It enables us to provide cycles that are unequalled in value ...

Engineer 1: Unequalled for correctness of construction, accuracy of detail, easy running, durability, beauty of finish ...

Engineer 2: And general excellence!

Arthur: And still I kept winning races.

Don: Our diamonds are trumps and bound to win.

Engineer 1: We're going to need a bigger workshop.

Engineer 2: A much bigger workshop.

Frank B: Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome! Welcome to the opening of our new factory here on Faraday Road. A factory that I hope this town will be proud of.

Engineer 1: A factory that has been constructed to the new American designs.

Engineer 2: And has been installed with American machine tool technology...

Frank B: A factory which will enable us to make bicycles completely from steel.

Don: A factory which will put the name of Nottingham on the map.

Frank B: Ladies and gentlemen I give you ...

All: The Raleigh!

Chuck: Say cheese!

All: Cheese!

OWNER NUMBER ONE - GEORGE WHITELEY (1897? - 1908) now comes up on the screen alongside a photograph of a man with the tandem from 1903 - this is the 'real' George Whiteley. The performers on the stage disperse as Arthur is now handed a suitable coat and hat to adopt the role of George Whiteley.

Stuart: This is George Whiteley, who we think was the first owner of this bicycle, who worked in the new Drawing Office. We are not sure how he came to have it. Whether he had enough money to purchase it himself, or whether it was a bicycle that he had drawn the specifications for and which, after the prototype was built, never went into mass production.

Marilyn: But we do know that he lived in Wollaton with his wife Hilda ...

RE-ENACTMENT. A woman, Hilda, now appears and joins George on the bicycle.

Pam: ... with whom he used to go riding on a bicycle, presumably this bicycle, every Sunday afternoon.

George and Hilda now cycle. Birdsong begins to play as a film is projected behind them of Wollaton Park.

Hilda: Can we please not talk about Raleigh today darling.

George: But there's so much I want to tell you.

Hilda: And you are becoming a dreadful bore. Even our friends at the Bridge Club are beginning to say so.

George: Are they?

Hilda: Especially after last week's episode.

George: I was simply trying to explain how liquid brazing works. It really is a fascinating process and a huge advance on our previous techniques.

Hilda: It's dull dear.

George: But we are now able to guarantee that every cycle is built dead true and can be guaranteed for ever. For ever Hilda.

Hilda: 'Til death do you part.

George: Exactly. Our men have no experience of the jerry built machines that affect other centres of the trade.

Hilda: And there you go again with this endless boasting.

George: I think you're being rather harsh my sweet. I am simply stating the facts. And with the three speed gears that have been developed by Mr Sturmev and Mr Archer our machines have become even more advanced. Do you know that Mr Mills tested the invention by riding over eight hundred and fifty miles on the hilliest roads in western Scotland?

Hilda: Well I wish you had joined him George.

George: And now we are experimenting with variable gears as well.

Hilda: I do not have any notion of what you mean when you speak of bicycle matters George, as I have expressed on countless occasions; all of which seem to be totally ignored.

George: I'm sorry my darling. I shall attempt to be quiet and enjoy the scenery.

Hilda: Good.

They cycle silently for a while. George is desperately trying not to speak. Eventually we see someone in the distance, who waves, and George and Hilda wave back.

George: My brother Harold is being moved to sales you know. It's frightfully exciting.

Hilda: Be careful George.

George: Our bicycles are being used by the Calcutta Mounted Police.

Hilda: What did I just say?

George: In the city of Bologna in Italy, the firemen are racing to conflagrations on our machines.

Hilda: This is your final warning.

George: And we are now not only exporting to Russia, but to countries that many have never even heard of.

Hilda: I do not care!

George: Liberia...

Hilda: George...

George: Tasmania ...

Hilda: George ..

George: Java, Trinidad, Nigeria, Argentina, Madagascar!

At some point in this Hilda has got off of the bike. We see her entering the film and walking off in the distance.

George: Hilda! Hilda!

Stuart: George Whiteley stayed with the company until 1908 when Raleigh celebrated its 21st birthday by sending out a gold badge to every dealer who had been with the firm since its foundation.

George: I, we, moved to London on my wife's suggestion and began to work for the Great Northern, Piccadilly and Brompton Railway on their new underground rail systems. Unbelievably fascinating work.

Hilda re-enters.

Hilda: George! Come on!

George: Yes dear.

They exit.

Stuart: There is one other photograph of George that we have discovered ...

Marilyn: That I discovered.

Stuart: Yes. Taken during a visit to the factory of The Kumar Rajah of Bobbili who was a faithful customer, as Raleigh expanded into India.

And now we see a picture of the Kumar Rajah of Bobbili with George standing next to him with the tandem. HISTORY. Marilyn comes forward.

Marilyn: And we have received this too.

Stuart: Have we?

Marilyn: By special delivery this afternoon. To my address. Can I?

Stuart: Uh .. yes. Why not? Of course.

Marilyn: A letter sent to Mr Frank Bowden from the Reverend John Ings in Noakhati in East Bengal. Julian; perhaps some suitable music to underscore please?

Technician: Hold on!

The performers at the side are looking at each other with a 'here she goes again!' attitude. Music begins. Marilyn is not happy.

Technician: It's all I've got!

Marilyn: 'In November 1900 I purchased from Messrs W. Leslie & Co, in Calcutta, a Raleigh machine. It has carried me over all sorts of roads, including formed and unformed bullock tracks, rice fields and ploughed country, and on it I have traversed the

interior where the only mode of travelling has been the elephant. The workmanship of the machine has proved so reliable and trustworthy that I want no other’.

Stuart: Wonderful Marilyn. Moving on!

OWNERS NUMBER TWO - Bill and May Hardy (1908 - 1921) now comes up on the screen alongside a photograph of them both on the tandem from 1911.

A performer playing May (who is not the May in the photograph) comes forward. As she does so the words ARCHIVED ORAL HISTORY are added to the image.

May: My husband Bill was a Raleigh man. Had been for a good few years, one of the first to start in the new factory, when men used to wait outside the gates on Faraday Road hoping for a job, and things were really taking off. In the paint shop; that’s where he was. He used to say that every building had its own smell. That you could walk round there blindfolded, with corks in your ears, and still tell what went on in each shop you passed.

We had a tandem; Bill bought it off this chap from the Drawing Office that he used to play billiards with and who moved off to London I think. He painted it when he got it of course, to make it our own. A lovely blue colour it was. Very light. And it had lovely saddles too, that’s what I remember now. Brooks they were. I think they’d been added by the chap who had it first. Bill used to joke that Brooks knew bottoms better than anyone else. And that if he wasn’t at The Raleigh that’s where he’d like to be. In the testing department at Brooks. Female saddles mind. Making sure they were just right.

We used to go out on it all the time, that tandem. Like lots of others. Cycling to Matlock with a few friends. And when we came home we’d have a race from the Fish Pond Hotel in Matlock Bath to Nottingham through Ripley, and we used to do it in an hour and a half. We went some I can tell you. And there was one village, I can’t remember its name, where they had gravel roads which had to be watered in the summer with a cart, which would come down with a hose spraying all the water out to lay the dust. And the smell was delicious. And Bill would say ‘this is even better than the paint shop’.

He came home from the factory one day and told me, that they had started to paint bikes a khaki colour. That the army wanted them. And then a few weeks later we were told that war had broken out. And for the next few months that's what he was doing, painting bicycles in camouflage colours. A lot of the girls started shouting 'get in khaki' to the men, stupid things, though I don't suppose they knew any better ... who did? ... and so most of the young ones signed up. About two hundred and fifty in all. And it got very busy at The Raleigh then.

Apparently Bowden had gone to see the government. Told them the war would last years, that if they thought it would be over by Christmas they were mistaken, and that they needed factories like theirs to start turning over to munitions. And before you knew it there was this Colonel swanning around with the Foreman, and the press shops weren't pressing steel parts for bicycles anymore but were making magazine pans for this terrible gun he'd invented. The bicycles pretty much stopped. The only ones they were making were to be sent off to the front. Bill wasn't happy about it. Where they were going to. It was strange really; the things he said. That the shop started to smell different. That he didn't know what it was, but he didn't like it. That it was something to do with this new colour. The khaki.

And then he was called up. And sent off to the same place as all those bloody bikes. Which was when I started, at The Raleigh, along with all the other women. Hundreds of us. Gaines Relais fuses; that's what we did. Thousands upon thousands of the things. Sometimes you'd be in the Press shop, along with the men, making the fuse bodies with these great big presses, the whole room full of heavy machinery, and us all in rows, back to back, and your arms aching so bad from all the work. Or if you were lucky you'd be on assembly. Though I never enjoyed that. Because they had kids there too, working alongside us. Making fuses for shells. What kind of work is that for a kiddie to be doing?

They made us gather for Frank Bowden's birthday to try and cheer us up. Seventy he was and it was the thirtieth anniversary of the company too. A big do at Victoria Hall. All the men got cigars and all the women a bottle of scent. I dropped mine on the way home. I was sure it was a bad omen. I didn't sleep for two nights.

But nothing happened. We just carried on, day in, day out until it was finally over. And I was lucky; Bill came back. Not like a lot of them. The family next door lost three. He was changed mind. Very quiet. Never said much. He didn't go back to the factory, he could have done but he just said he was finished with it. And that was that.

After the war I stayed on for a bit. I had to, Bill wasn't up to much. And it got busy. Even more started cycling, like Bill and I'd done before he went away. But not us. I mean I rode to work. But that was it. Bill just wasn't interested. The tandem just sat there out in the yard and started to rust. I'd keep saying to him that he should touch it up, work his magic, make it gleam again. But he never did.

I reminded him, of what he'd said about the saddle, that maybe he should see if there was a job going at Brooks. But he just looked at me and didn't even smile. It was a real shame. It was such a lovely tandem that was. Really, really lovely.

May exits.

Stuart: May Hardy gave the bicycle away a few years later, to the next girl in our story ...

Marilyn: (*interrupting*) ... who had moved to Denman Street, only a few doors away, and who had her own young man.

Stuart: But before we continue on we should pay a visit to that event at the Victoria Hall, where Frank Bowden was celebrating his birthday along with his son Harold ...

Marilyn: (*again eager to be involved*) ... who had been called to the company from Cambridge.

HISTORICAL RE-ENACTMENT. 1918. Chamber music begins to play as a small group of men in top hats enter with glasses of champagne. Amongst them are Frank and Harold Bowden.

Frank B: When this war is over we need to make sure that we can ensure a speedy return to bicycle manufacture. People are going to want to get away, out in the country; get this awful thing out of their hair.

Harold B: I hate to say it but this war has been good for us. The government munitions contracts have been lucrative ones and it's a much larger factory now than it was when the conflict began.

Frank B: Which is why we need to get back to full production as soon as we can. You'll need to set up a meeting Harold, with the government to make sure that we can import raw materials from America.

Harold B: I will. And we'll need more investment. It's essential that we build a machine shop. Our greatest threat will be that we simply run out of components and have thousands of men waiting around because of a lack of pedals.

Frank B: It's time we made everything ourselves.

Harold B: I agree. Within a year or two, if we get this right, we'll be the biggest bicycle maker in the world.

During this conversation Chuck, from the Sales Team, has come over with the camera.

Chuck: Gentlemen, if I may, for posterity.

Frank B: Of course. A toast. To bringing back the bicycle!

All: Bringing back the bicycle!

We see a photograph on the screen showing the 'real' group of Harold and Frank Bowden and several gentlemen. This 'real' Harold will later be seen in a film. The group disperse.

Stuart: So onto the next owner, a young woman ...

OWNER NUMBER THREE - Clarrie Tomlinson (1921 - 1938)

Stuart: Clarrie Tomlinson, who turns out to have rather an incredible story all of her own. Which needs a little bit of explanation.

HISTORICAL RE-ENACTMENT / GUESSWORK. Twenties cinematic music as on the screen we now see 'The Raleigh. 1924. The Sales Office' in a glorious Hollywood font. The Raleigh Sales Team enter. Don - the Head of the team - is drinking whisky and smoking a cigarette. The other three members of the team - Chuck, Al, Pete are walking around in a state of nervous excitement. Peggy, the secretary, is taking notes.

Al: Have you seen how much money we've been given? It's colossal.

Don: Advertising and selling are now our concentration points; that's what we've been told.

Pete: I don't think there's another company in England that's been given as much money as we have to advertise.

Al: Frank Bowden would be rolling in his grave if he knew.

Pete: There's a lot of bicycles to shift. Have you seen how quickly they're making the things? This place has become a powerhouse. It's got a life of its own I'm telling you. It's like a town out there with its own road system and rules and customs. It still knocks me out everytime I walk round the thing. Just listen to it.

Pete 'opens' a door and we hear an enormous roar of machinery. He closes it.

Don: The biggest bicycle maker in the world Pete.

Al: So how are we going to sell these things to the colonial markets?

Chuck: And the Far East?

Pete: We still need to expand the English market.

Chuck: Nobody makes machines as good as us. Everybody knows that.

Don: What have we done up to now Pete? Give us a rundown. And make it snappy.

The following are accompanied by images of old Raleigh posters.

Pete: Informative, Sporting Success, Gentleman's Pursuit, Patriotic, Self Congratulatory...

Al: Maybe we should embrace the current artistic trends Don. Our bicycles are machines of technical innovation and our advertising should be too.

Don: What do you have in mind?

Al: We could go Cubist. Like this.

A mock up of a Picasso with a Raleigh bicycle in it.

Don: This is Lenton Al; there'll be no cubism here!

Chuck Let's get our name out there through other things than the posters and the sales catalogues.

Don: Like what?

Chuck: Christmas cards ...

Al: ... playing cards ...

Pete: ... calendars

Al: ... we should make Raleigh match booklets.

Peggy: Maybe you could have a neon sign.

Don: What here in Nottingham?

Pete: She's right. We could put it opposite the Empire, above the tripe shop.

Don: We're not having a neon sign above a tripe shop.

Peggy: I was thinking maybe Piccadilly Circus. Bovril have one so why shouldn't we?

Don: What a splendid girl you are Peggy. Why didn't any of you think of that?

Al, Chuck and Pete are looking a bit put out by this. After a moment ...

Pete: There's a lot of people use that tripe shop.

Don: Pete!

Peggy: Maybe you should aim for all sorts of different markets.

Don: Go on.

Peggy: Outdoor Pursuits, Family Values, Adventure and ... Women.

Al: Women?

Don: You're right. And we need glamour. It's the Roaring Twenties after all.

Chuck: There's not much roaring in Radford.

Don: Somebody give me something here.

Al, Chuck and Pete are unsure.

Peggy: A woman. A woman who wants to escape from the monotony of pent up places and ordered routine. On a bicycle. The most perfect machine for the modern girl.

Don: We need a model.

Chuck: There's that Tomlinson girl in the three speed gear shop. She's a looker.

Don: Alright! Al get your paint box and head down there straight away!

Seductive music and smoke as Clarrie Tomlinson enters. She is 25 years of age and in a red coat. It is a glamorous visual moment that is punctured by the sound of an engine that she is trying to start. Al runs across with a canvas and paint brush and is staring at her, transfixed.

Al: You're beautiful.

Clarrie: You what duck?

Al: It's just like something from a movie. With that coat and the smoke. Like Seventh Heaven.

Clarrie: This bloody Cass engine is hopeless in cold weather, always belching out smoke when you're trying to start the bogger. Mind you it's even worse in here when it's hot. Bloody sweat box. And do you know what they do love, to get us through the shift?

Al: No.

Clarrie: They give us oatmeal to put in our drinking water. Like bloody 'osses.

Al: Can I paint you?

Clarrie: What colour do you want to paint me?

Al: No; it's ...

Clarrie: You're not police are you? I'm innocent, whatever it is.

Al: It's for a poster I'm working on.

Clarrie: Why me?

Al: You're the most glamorous woman I've ever seen in this place.

Clarrie: Have you been sniffing the fumes in the enamelling department?

Al: Like a star of the silver screen.

Clarrie: Oh that's right. I'm just like Greta Garbo I am. You know that film she's in, where she hangs her coat on a nail and then feeds and cuts steel clutch rods on a lathe all day.

Al: I've had a word with the foreman.

Clarrie: To get me out of that place?

Al: For a few days at least.

Clarrie: That's alright then.

The rest of the Sales Team now come on and dress Clarrie and arrange the background as Al begins to draw her.

Stuart: And Clarrie Tomlinson became Raleigh's Woman in Red.

As Clarrie is moved into various positions by the Sales Team so we see a series of images of the posters from the 1920's and 1930's featuring The Woman in Red.

Marilyn: And her fame spread around the factory.

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE. *This is a scratchy silent movie from 1932 titled 'Raleigh - Onwards Ever Onwards!' Harold Bowden and Clarrie Tomlinson are the 'real' ones that we have seen in the photographs.*

- Look at this busy factory; home to the working men and women of Nottingham.
- 1925 and Raleigh has just made its millionth bicycle!
- Hugh Gibson rides round the coast of Britain in a little less than twelve days on a seven horsepower Raleigh with side car.
- But twenty three year old Margaret Cottle achieves the same feat going in the opposite direction, arriving ten minutes later at the finish line.
- Bad luck chap, the ladies are getting the attention on this one
- *(We see Harold sending a telegram)* 'the greatest motor feat achieved by any woman'.
- Here's Mr. William Sharp producing rustless stainless steel rims.
- And now what a controversy!
- *(Mechanic)* 'Our new racing machine 'The North Road Model' has a very low slung bottom bracket – only 10.5 inches off of the ground'.
- Raleigh responds by writing to hundreds of cycling clubs to ask for their advice.
- 1926 and The General Strike is hardly noticed here.
- 1927 and now they have introduced the Terry's Spring Saddle.
- Look at Clarrie Tomlinson, Raleigh's very own Woman in Red, bounce along!
- 1928 and jolly good news. The low bottom bracket is a hit! All models will now be fitted with this!
- 1929 and Mr F.J. Davar is cycling round the world on a Raleigh.
- By May he has travelled 47,000 miles and has passed through 36 countries.
- The first to cross the Andes and the Sahara on a bicycle!
- *(Bowden)* 'The bicycle is carrying civilisation to the uttermost parts of the earth. In places where roads hardly exist, the hum of the wheel is being heard over the land'.
- 1930 and yet more visitors to the factory.

- What a lot there have been.
- The Duke of York!
- The King and Queen of Greece!
- The Sultan of Zanzibar!
- All honoured to see the hard working men and women of Nottingham who make these incredible machines.
- Under the watchful eye of Mr Harold Bowden, who has the good of the working people as his number one priority.

As the film ends the stage version of Harold Bowden (as opposed to the 'real' film version) comes forward. HISTORICAL RE-ENACTMENT (1930)

Harold B: I promise you that what I desire more than anything else is reciprocal loyalty between workers and management. I am aware that no man or woman is a mere number, but we have no choice than to work harder and harder to face down the competition. And so Foremen will take on greater responsibility. Charge Hands will be directly responsible for supervision, and there will be shop floor committees formed for co-operation and bargaining. A fair day's pay and a fair day's work, this is what we should all be concentrating our efforts upon. There is no vacancy for slackers in the Raleigh organisation. Put aside all of these fantastic schemes for bringing utopia in five minutes and embrace hard, honest work, self denial and mutual effort. So shall we win through to the prosperous times that loom ahead of us all.

Stuart: In 1931 the new Head Office was opened on Lenton Boulevard, not far from where I grew up.

Marilyn coughs; this is her bit. Stuart concedes.

Marilyn: This was an imposing building ... (*image*)... which informed everybody who was not yet aware of the fact that Raleigh had now become of central importance to the city. Downstairs there were offices, and upstairs a ballroom with a sprung dance floor, cinema projection equipment, a stage, and enough space to seat a thousand people.

Stuart: Clarrie was there for the first official function; and then a few years later she cycled to work on this tandem with her cousin behind her, starting his first day.

A picture of Clarrie on the tandem with her brother Ernest. The words 'Ernest's first day!' are written on the photograph. The fictional Ernest comes forward. ARCHIVED ORAL HISTORY (1935)

Ernest: When I was fourteen I was sent off to see Mrs Bartland at Personnel. That's what you do in Radford. I live on Croyden Road and you can walk up and down every street and say 'Raleigh, Raleigh, Players, Raleigh, Players, Players, Players, Raleigh'. Unless a house has both of course. And a lot do. And she sent me to the Turnery, on the first part of Raleigh along Faraday Road. And I tell you this - when I went in for the first time and I saw all these people running around like moles by these great big machines I thought 'what have I let myself in for'? It was frightening, there's no other word for it. A big, dark, frightening place full of quiet men lighting their fags on the red hot glowing ends of newly machined rods of steel.

I was put on this tool punching holes into wheel hubs. It was a very difficult job; you just couldn't earn your money. One and threepence a hundred. How they came up with that figure I'll never know. You may as well have stayed in bed all day for the amount of money you were going to earn. And once you were on it that was that. Nobody was ever going to offer to swap jobs with you. Nobody wanted it. And then this lad who lived over the way from me told me how to get off of the machine, because he'd been stuck on it once. And it was simple really - if you put the wheel hub onto the lathe backwards then the tool would break. And if you broke the tool then you'd get taken off of the job.

It took me a bit of courage to work up to that. They weren't stupid. That machine had been broken quite a few times. But I thought never mind, it'll be worth it. But it wasn't. I was given as right dressing down and they put me on Banding. Even worse. Taking off all the little bits of scrap metal from the screws and nuts that had been drilled and tapped. It sounded easy enough, it always does. 'You just pick up the screws and touch them on that emery band. That's it. Three pence a hundred'. But the screws were that small you could hardly pick them up, and as soon as they hit the band, that was going backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, they would ping out of your fingers. Terrible.

When I went home after my first stint I could hardly pick up my knife and fork. But my dad told me not to moan. That I needed to grow up and become a man; like my cousin who had started on polishing, and came home every night with a black face, and revelled in it

And he told me that I should stick at it too, when I said I wanted to leave. That Raleigh was the best company you could possibly work for. And then this lad who worked with me was fired. Because he was sixteen and due a bit more money. That's all; no other reason. And I realised what was going on. That whatever my father said, however much the name Raleigh meant here and overseas, the bottom line was that we were just cheap labour. That Harold Bowden, just like his father had been, was eagle eyed on every penny. And I left. He didn't talk to me for months after that, my father. Felt I'd let him down in some way. Either that or I'd cottoned on to something that he didn't want to admit too.

An image of a well dressed man from the thirties - this could be an authentic picture

Stuart: This is Donald Butcher; who was to become Clarrie's husband. Buoyed by her fame, she had married above herself, as they used to say; for Donald worked at the Head Office on the three wheeled Raleigh Karryall project (*image of the Karryall*) one of various forays over the years into motorised transport which seemed to be picked up and then discarded by management at will, and which was about to reach it's strangest point with the introduction of the 'Safety Seven', a three wheeled passenger car that could travel at 55 mph.

We see an image of this as one of the performers comes forward.

Donald: It's going to launch this company into a golden age. Ford of America will have nothing on us.

Stuart: Leading to the total abandonment of experimentation with motorised production for nearly twenty five years.

Marilyn: Donald and Clarrie had children, needed the space, and when a national call went out for scrap metal they put the tandem onto the pavement. Where it was picked up by...

OWNER NUMBER FOUR - John Priestley (1938 - 1954). A picture of a young man - John Priestley - in a Raleigh football team.

Stuart: John Priestley who worked in the new tube mill, played in the departmental football team, and who was the first to notice that there were one or two German engineers around the place, installing new plant that had also come from Germany. After an approach by the War Office as it turned out.

Marilyn: And who was sent off to fight and left the tandem with his aunty, (*image*) who worked in the canteen and who had a sister who played accordion in the Works Wonders band (*image*). And who befriended a young girl called Rose, who also went on to work at Raleigh (*image*) but now lives in Stapleford...

Stuart: ... where I met her.

Marilyn: And I would have done too. If I hadn't been sent to the wrong address.

We now see a series of pictures of Stuart talking to a woman in her eighties in her home as we hear her being 'interviewed'.

Audio Rose: They would both cycle in on the thing, Jessie and Ruby. And one day I was taken in as well by my mother to help with a tea that was being held for the wounded soldiers, because it was a big family Raleigh; you must remember that. Everyone cared for everyone else. That was the thing. I mean the work wasn't much fun really and so you only had each other, you had to help each other get through the day; and that meant there was this amazing spirit.

RE-ENACTMENT. A trestle table. Jessie Priestley is making sandwiches. Rose, aged 12, enters.

Rose: Are you Mrs Priestley?

Jessie: I am. But you can call me Jessie. Are you the young lady who's been sent to help?

Rose: Yes.

Jessie: So what do they call you then?

Rose: Rose.

Jessie: And where's your mother Rose?

Rose: Working. She's always working.

Jessie: Double shifts?

Rose: I never see her.

Jessie: I'm the same. I've got kiddies too you know and they think I've run off with the postman.

Rose: What do you mean?

Jessie: Never mind. I don't think I've seen you before.

Rose: I only moved here three months ago. What a silly place to come to, right next to a place that makes bombs and stuff. Hardly very safe is it?

Jessie: No I suppose not. We try not to think about it.

Rose: I don't like it. Living here.

Jessie: What's wrong with it?

Rose: It's smelly.

Jessie: Course it is; it's a factory. And a blooming great big one at that.

Rose: The neighbour said that you get used to it eventually.

Jessie: She's right. And it's always easy to find your way home during a blackout. Just stick your nose in the air and the smell of suds and grease will lead you back to home sweet home.

Rose: It's noisy too.

Jessie: You just wait until this stupid war is over and all the men start marching back to work first thing in the morning, with their studded boots cracking along the pavement.

Rose: Why've they got studs in?

Jessie: To keep their boots lasting longer. You should hear it when its time for their lunch break and they all try to be first in line for the canteen. Deafening it is.

Rose: I don't like loud noises.

Jessie: Come on; do you want to spread the marg or slice the Spam?

Rose: I'll spread.

Jessie: Good choice. Sometimes I wake up and put my hands to my face and I'm sure that my fingers are made of Spam. I can't get rid of the smell however much I wash them; I've handled so much of the stuff.

Rose: Do you think I'll have to work here when I'm older?

Jessie: Well you're working here now.

Rose: No I mean properly.

Jessie: A lot of girls do.

Rose: My father doesn't want me to, I know that. I heard him, the night before he was sent off to war, telling my mum that if anything should happen to him that she had to promise that I wouldn't be sent here.

Jessie: I'm sure he'll be fine. And when he does come back you can help me in the canteen. There's nothing wrong with this job.

Rose: I bet you have to peel a lot of spuds.

Jessie: Three and a half thousand meals, and ten thousand cups of tea a day. That's what I'm doing now. So yes, I do.

Rose: It's bigger than where I used to live you know, this place; bigger than my whole village.

Jessie: Well it's like a town all of its own isn't it? And it just gets bigger. I tell you what, when we're finished you can sit on the back of my tandem and we'll ride all around the factory and I'll show you everything and tell you everything that happens here. Where the Home Guard do their drill and the Firemen practice; and the stores where you can't move for jerrycans.

Rose: Will you?

Jessie: Course I will.

Stuart: And they did.

Rose and Jessie get on the bike and begin to cycle. We hear the audio again and see Old Rose again. It would be good if we can use film here - maybe of clouds and the sky - to help with the romance of this moment.

Audio Rose: I'll never forget it. This beautiful old tandem, great big clunky thing it was. And we cycled along Faraday Road and Triumph Road and Cycle Road. Past the Fork shop and the Debrassing shop and the Press shop, and all the other shops where the women were making fuse bomb bodies and mortar covers and little bulbs of DDT. Past the new surgery where queues of men and women were waiting to be tested by Sister Ringham with some strange new machine that no-one had ever seen before, to find out if their lungs were working properly. Past the canteen where the Works Wonders band were playing one of their lunchtime concerts. And we went faster and faster until you thought you were going to soar up into the sky, up high above the factory and the rows of terraced houses of Radford...

Rose: ... up above the Athletic Club on Coach Road with its lovely woodland and tree bordered pool ...

Audio Rose: ... and men and women in the Club Room rehearsing an evening of light entertainment as others used vaulting horses in the gymnasium.

Rose: Higher and higher still until Lenton and Wollaton and Bilborough and Aspley and Strelley all melted into one.

Audio Rose: Away from the grease and the smoke and the noise and the worry.

Rose: Do you think it'll ever be like this?

Jessie: Like what?

Rose: Clean and clear and colourful.

Jessie: One day duck. Maybe one day. But it's a factory isn't it? And even if we end up making the most magical bicycle that's ever been ridden you still need men and

women from these streets to punch holes in great big bits of metal and dip frames in vats of acid.

Rose: I suppose so.

They continue to cycle for a few moments. A hooter goes off (it should sound like the hooter Raleigh used to signal the end of the working day). The SM comes on.

SM: That's it everyone. Break time. Back in fifteen minutes please.

INTERVAL

PART TWO

The second half begins with a short film 'Raleigh - Welcome Home Boys!' using visual excerpts from The Factory and Thus We Served, alongside Raleigh war images. Harold Bowden (our film/photo version) is narrating the film. At times we hear his voice over the images, at others we see him talking from behind a desk.

Harold B: Welcome home to The Raleigh; it is good to see you all after so many years. We know that your time in service has been difficult, being away from your family and friends here at the factory; but now you are back, and we are confident that all of you will exhibit those great British characteristics of pluck and initiative, of fortitude and service, that will allow us to win the peace as have done the war.

Some of you may find yourselves disorientated as we continue to redesign the factory to ensure that we can be as productive as is humanly possible; with a great network of conveyors now being introduced to cover the whole site. Within weeks components and bicycles will be moving around this factory constantly, gliding from shop to shop as we move ahead into the future.

And being Raleigh we are of course constantly striving for technical innovation and development. A new Dyno-hub factory is to be built on spare land at the old gas yard in Faraday Road. And brazed joints and lightweight tubing, as used in aircraft, will ensure

maximum strength at minimum weight. For now that peace has returned the lightweight bicycle will come into its own. Just think of the influence of millions of American boys who have enjoyed cycling in Britain. And whilst Raleigh still has a place in people's hearts as Britain's Foremost Bicycle, the Americans will soon be pushing their workhorse machines upon us; and so we must retaliate and take the battle to them. Already our Sales Team have drawn up advertisements for The New Yorker, National Geographic, and Esquire with catchy slogans such as 'Keep fit and trim the pleasant way – ride your Raleigh every day'.

Oh yes, we are confident that together we will succeed. And we must remember that the principle of duty that has carried us through these darkest of days must continue to guide us. For ever bicycle that we export is of vital importance to the health of the British economy. So welcome back to Nottingham, welcome back to Raleigh, and welcome back to years of hard work and well earned prosperity.

During the film Stuart has come up onto the stage.

Stuart: John Priestley, remember him ...

We see his photograph - in the football team - again.

Stuart: ... was one of those who saw this film on his return, and who took the tandem back from his sister Jessie as production quickly resumed to a frenetic pace. And like many others his experiences in the war had changed John. Changes that would seep into the factory itself.

RE-ENACTMENT. *John Priestley now enters with his father Cyril; both are carrying fishing rods. They climb onto the tandem and start cycling, (with the assistance of film) along a canal bank.*

Cyril: You settled back in alright then.

John: Doesn't take long does it?

Cyril: No it doesn't.

John: A lot said they wouldn't return you know. But they have.

Cyril: What else do they know?

John: They know a lot more than they did when they went away, that's for sure.

Cyril: I suppose that some of them were lucky and finally learnt a trade. Maybe they'll be able to do an apprenticeship now.

John: Not me though.

Cyril: No.

John: I'm stuck in Plating, with no hope of escape.

Cyril: Jobs come up all the time; you'll be alright. Fred moved out of the Cable shop and joined up with the Window Cleaners last week. Says he's never been so happy. Sitting out at lunchtime eating his snap and pinching the almonds off the T.A tree.

John: He's done well then. It's been bloody madness there all week. Everyone's knackered.

Cyril: The whole of Nottingham's full of dealers. Thousands of them. Everyone wants a bike John. You're going to have to get used to being knackered.

John: I wasn't just talking about trades dad. When I said that we know more now than when we went away.

Cyril: Well what were you talking about then?

John: That we can see how things work. How it's still like being in the army. How a lot of the foreman's sons seem to be becoming foremen themselves.

Cyril: That's always been the way round here, you know that. Passing the coat on.

John: One big happy family; just don't try and rock the boat and do exactly what you're told. Clock in at seven thirty and keep your head down doing just what the Foreman tells you to do and we'll make sure you have enough money at the end of the day to buy a pint or two and a fishing rod.

Cyril: There's nothing wrong with fishing. If everyone did it there wouldn't be any more wars, that's for certain.

John: You haven't seen how competitive they are at the Fishing Club.

Cyril: Well you may have a point there son.

John: They asked my mate if he'd do nights for a bit you know.

Cyril: Nothing wrong with that.

John: He's been there for four months now. Nobody's mentioned taking him off. And you heard about Danny over the road didn't you?

Cyril: No.

John: Burnt half his foot off trying to straddle a vat of cyanide whilst he was reaching over to change an electrode.

Cyril: Surgery won't be able to fix that then.

John: No; they won't.

Cyril: What a lovely day.

John: Are you listening to me dad?

Cyril: I've come out to fish, not talk.

John: Well maybe that's the problem.

Cyril: What are you on about?

John: Nobody ever saying anything.

Cyril: There's not much worth saying. You'll soon realise that.

John: You're wrong dad. There's a lot that needs to be said. That we need a modern factory for starters. That men have spent years fighting and they come back to find machines that can grind metal to within one thousandth of an inch and yet the factory is still freezing cold, and there are holes in the roof and buckets on the floor to catch the rain.

Cyril: We've had other things to worry about.

John: Have you seen all these advertisements they're putting out? All these smiling colourful young families fit and healthy on their Raleigh bikes? Whilst the folk that make them work in a dingy great factory and then hobble off home to their little terraced houses.

Cyril: I'm happy enough. And so should you be. You're back aren't you?

John: It's not enough dad. Everyone is relying on good will. But we need more than a Sports Day and a Bathing Beauty contest. There are thousands of men now that want to set up family, who want to make sure that they're not struggling like you've had to all your life. Look at the money that place is making. Look at the management; the cars they drive, the clothes they wear ...

Cyril: It's their bloody money that keeps us in work.

John: And it's our bloody work that keeps them in money. And I'm telling you dad that there are a lot more of us than before, that want to get organised. It's always been each shop looking after itself. But we need to start working together now. All of us. However old we are. Every section, every shop. They are dad, they're going to be working as hard as they can to make money and they'll make sure that we have to do whatever it takes for that to happen. And I don't want to do whatever it takes any more. And after all these years neither should you.

Cyril: You're right; of course you're right. But it'll all end up in bloody trouble believe me.

John: We'll see.

Cyril: We will. Have you done?

John: I have.

Cyril: Good. Now keep it closed will you? Unless you want to frighten all the bloody fish away.

They continue to cycle quietly for a while as Stuart enters. Marilyn also enters from the other side of the stage, eager to be involved.

Stuart: John's dad was right, everyone did have to get used to being knackered as another bicycle boom began, and a new factory was opened, in 1952, by the Duke of Edinburgh...

Marilyn: A year after Raleigh produced a million bicycles for the first time, in fact more than a million; one million, ten thousand and seventy seven.

Stuart: Excellent detail ...

Marilyn: And the centrepiece of this new factory was of course this ... (*she nods to the technician. An image of the ramp*) ... The ramp! A huge feat of civil engineering that involved the construction of this elaborate covered bridge over road, river and railway, at a cost of over one million pounds. And where you could go whizzing down on your bike if you were distributing memos like I did ... the men whistling and hollering at me as I rode along in my mini skirt from Lenton Boulevard ... a few years later of course I'm not that old ... past the incinerator that was always burning the old packaging and belching out smoke.

Stuart: Marilyn! Have you finished!

Marilyn: No! And then there was the ramp ... down the ramp ... going as fast as I could ... in and out of the Karryalls singing my head off ... waving back at the men that were ...

Stuart: Marilyn!

Marilyn: I'm sorry; I just get a bit carried away when I remember it.

Stuart: Where was I?

OWNER NUMBER FIVE - Vera Riley (1954 - 1960). A photograph of a young woman and her friend on the tandem.

Stuart: John Priestley gave the tandem to his cousin Vera, a woman who is now eighty years old, lives in Arnold, and who had a lot to tell us. Especially about the works outings.

RE-ENACTMENT. (1956) The sound of trains. Betty and Carol are sitting down on a train. Vera and Di enter and join them.

Betty: Cutting it a bit fine aren't you?

Di: It's that old tandem of Vera's. We're lucky we made it here at all. How that trolley bus missed us I'll never know.

Vera: You didn't have to come with me.

Di: Alright. Keep your hair on. Where's our newspapers and breakfast then?

Betty: Don't worry; it's on its way.

Carol: And our ten shilling note. All crisp and crackling.

Di: They're straight out of the vaults of the Bank of England they are. Untouched. Not like your usual Nottingham note that's been through fifteen pubs, two bookies, and a pawn shop.

Betty: Who you looking for Vera?

Vera: No-one.

Carol: It's that bloke from Finishing she's been going on about ever since the Christmas Dance.

Vera: I don't know what you're on about.

Di: Finishing eh? Lucky you. Everyone knows they get paid more in Finishing.

Betty: Well I'm fine in the Wheel Shop thank you very much. Even with the noise of rims clattering about all day.

Vera: Do you really all sing in there? Together?

Betty: Sometimes.

Vera: That's lovely.

Betty: It's bloody daft. I think half of them wished the war was still on.

Carol: Have you all heard that Vera's sister's got a job up at Head Office?

Di: Ooooh I bet your mother's pleased about that.

Vera: Yes she is.

Betty: Does she eat with you all then, now she's staff, or has she got a little room of her own.

Vera: That's right we stick her in the coal shed.

Betty: I suppose she's got a little square of tablecloth under her plate, and a silver knife and fork.

Carol: Don't tease her Betty. And I think it's wonderful Vee; that she's up there.

Betty: Well I heard it's not as good as everyone says it is. Just rows and rows of women clacking away at their typewriters with the managers giving them all the beady eye from behind their glass windows.

Carol: But she's not in the typing pool is she Vee?

Vera: No.

Betty: So what does she do then? She's not in payments is she? I've been told they've got a computer coming in.

Di: They never have.

Betty: It'll be the first one anyone's ever seen in Nottingham. Size of a bungalow apparently; they're having to move everyone out to new offices so they can fit it in.

Vera: She works as a secretary in the children's cycling department.

Carol: She's involved in naming the kiddie's bikes as well you know. They asked everyone for suggestions and they chose hers.

Vera: You know a lot about my sister don't you Carol?

Carol: Well she's started to see my cousin hasn't she? So one day we might be related Vee.

Di: So what are they going to call the new kiddies models?

Carol: Well the boy's is called Space Rider...

Di: That's good. Did your sister come up with that?

Vera: No she came up with the name for the girl's bike.

Di: And what's that then?

Carol: Wendy.

Betty: Wendy!

Carol: Don't you like it?

Betty: Well it's not as exciting as Space Rider is it? Bloody typical. The boys get all the excitement and the girls get Wendy. (*Looking out onto the platform*) Mind you I'd wish they'd fire half of this lot up into space.

Vera: I don't think they can fit any more on the platform.

Betty: Eh, look there's our Foreman telling them all to get back. Typical. Hello Mr Grisham! That's right I'm in here and you're out there and I can say what I like because you can't hear me! So I hope yer teeth fall out on the roller coaster!

Carol: Betty!

Betty: What you on their side now are you?

Carol: Why do I have to be on anyone's side?

Betty: It's us and them. And they know it.

Carol: Hey look it's that lad that's just won the boxing.

Vera: Did you go to the ballroom and see it?

Di: Course she did; her Billy was getting into the ring for the first time.

Vera: How did he get on?

The others all look at Vera and wave their hands to indicate 'don't mention it!'

Carol: Well I'm not sure he'll be doing it again.

Vera: Right well maybe he can take up something else Carol. I mean every month there seems to be more things to do through the factory. How about table tennis? Or archery?

Betty: Sometimes I think they forget it's a factory and not a bloody holiday camp.

Di: I like it Betty. Having so much to do. I mean if you think about it other than having your breakfast at six in the morning and a bit of dinner when you get home you could pretty much spend your whole life working and playing at The Raleigh.

Betty: And isn't that a lovely thought.

Carol: There's quite a few that do. Sing in the choir and exhibit their canaries and go on golf trips.

Betty: And marry other Raleigh workers and have little Raleigh children.

Vera: Why are you always moaning about things? Especially on a day like this.

Betty: Because sometimes it just feels like they won't leave you alone. You've got the Foreman telling you to go faster, the union rep asking for your subs, and half a dozen people trying to get you to play on their teams for this or that or the other.

Carol: Well it's nice to feel wanted.

Betty: Management just want to make sure that we don't run off to Players or Boots or anywhere else. That's all it is. And don't you think otherwise.

Vera: Look at them. They've all been allotted a time. There's no need for them to push and shove like that.

Carol: That's not even the half of them. There's eleven trains they're loading up this year.

Betty: You'd think they'd have had enough of grease working in the factory all week long and still they go and plaster it all over their heads.

Di: Most of them have had their hair cut in the Tube Shop you know. There's a bloke that turns up with his scissors and does it for 6p a go during the break.

Betty: Not the ones that want to get a girl don't.

Di: And his brother's started showing films in the canteen on an old projector.

Carol: Vera's tandem's going to be in the cinema you know. Her sister is going to borrow it for a promotional film they're making.

Vera: Oh, is she now?

The sound of the conductors whistle as the train begins to pull away.

Di: Oh we're pulling away; give 'em all a wave.

Vera: Blackpool here we come.

Betty: They'll never have enough candy floss.

They wave out to the audience.

ARCHIVE FILM. This is a short film that advertises 'The Circle of The Silver Knights'. As it plays the four girls turn their seats round to watch it. (This includes the tandem). At the end of the film the girls exit as Stuart enters.

Stuart: Vera lent the tandem to her sister two more times.

Marilyn: The first was at the opening of Factory Number 3 in 1957, which extended the factory site to a massive sixty acres. Three thousand dealers from home and abroad gathered to meet Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery ...

We see the footage (without sound) of Montgomery's speech.

Marilyn: ... who tells the guests 'When I was last in Africa I was informed that the first choice of the young African is a Raleigh bicycle. His second choice is a wife. What his third choice is, I did not ask'. Which is very funny. And Montgomery was shown a

selection of vintage Raleigh machines. Including this one. And then it was lent out again, only this time with rather more serious consequences ...

Straight into the opening voice over from Saturday Night and Sunday Morning as we see a group of four people - the same four as in the Sales Team scene in Part One - waiting to go to the cinema. RE-ENACTMENT (1960).

Don: So are we all going to be in it then?

Chuck: Dave went last night and said that he saw the back of this head right at the very beginning, just to the top left of the screen. For a second or two. He was very excited; wouldn't stop going on about it.

Al: How does he know it's him if it's the back of his head?

Chuck: The shape of his ears.

Al: What?

Chuck: That's what he said. It's definitely me; you can tell by the shape of my ears.

Don: No he's right. The top of the left one's a bit bent after that accident in stripping.

Al: He was lucky he didn't take the thing off.

Chuck: Got him relocated though didn't it. And everyone knows Stripping's the worse job there is. All that metal dust going into your lungs. No wonder half of them peg it as soon as they leave.

Pete: They wouldn't have had him in it if he only had one ear.

Chuck: Why not?

Pete: Well it would distract wouldn't it? From Finney. I mean I know everyone thinks that they've suddenly become famous because they've had a camera pointing at them but nobody's looking at us. We're just there to add authenticity.

Chuck: What are you on about?

Pete: Well that's what the film's really saying. According to my lecturer at the W.E.A. it's exploring the demise of the authentic working class and the corruption of consumerism.

Chuck: What a load of nonsense. You ought to knock that on the head Pete. It's about some bloke that's having it away with two women at the same time, hates the factory, and who likes a pint or five at the White 'Oss.

Don: Sounds authentic to me.

Al: Mind you it was my father of course that told Sillitoe that.

Don: Told him what?

Al: 'Don't let the bastards grind you down'.

Chuck: Here we go.

Al: No he did. He told me. He used to see him every lunch time and say 'hello Alan. How's it going? Don't let the bastards grind you down'. Then he stole it didn't he? Sillitoe. Nicked it for his book.

Chuck: If I had five bob for everyone that says they're in the film or used to be mates with Alan bloody Sillitoe ...

Don: Well my grandma's furious because when they knocked on her door to ask if she'd be an extra she refused, said it would be demeaning.

Pete: The next door neighbour washed and dressed the kids up to go to Salisbury Street when they were filming down there. She thought they needed to be looking their best and they got sent back home again.

Al: Is Finney alright now then?

Chuck: What are you on about?

Al: The accident.

Chuck: What accident?

Al: The one on the tandem!

Chuck: I haven't a clue what you're talking about. None of you. Ever.

Al: They were doing publicity photos for the film. The actors on old bikes. And Finney had a go on this old tandem with Nora from wages. Didn't you hear about it? It was all over the papers.

Mocked up headline - Albert Finney In Tandem Accident. Saturday Night Sunday Morning Star Rushed To Hospital. As this is being displayed there is the sound of a mini pulling up and a door opening, before the mini pulls away again. The men are watching this.

Chuck: What the hell's that?

Don: It's one of those new Mini's that've just come out. I reckon I might get one.

Chuck : How could you ever afford a new car?

Don: Gradual payments. Everyone else has started to buy on tick so why shouldn't I?

Pete: Which is why nobody wants to buy a bicycle any more. It won't be long before the man who uses one to get to work is seen as a second class citizen.

Chuck: Here he goes again with his WEA talk.

Al: Well my mate reckons that the Design team are pulling their hair out trying to come up with something to keep people buying, to find a reason for them to want to cycle.

Don: Maybe we'll end up shifting a lot of these new mopeds they're making.

Chuck: They're calling it the Raleigh Roma. Trying to make it sound Italian. Summon up a little bit of Dolce Vita.

Al: That's what my sister's eating to try and lose weight.

Pete: Well we need something.

Don: What happened to that bike that Moulton bloke bought in? The one with the titchy wheels?

Chuck: They told him where to go. Titchy wheels! Who wants to ride a bike with titchy wheels!

ARCHIVE FILM - We go straight into a short and very colourful film 'Titchy Wheels' advertising the Raleigh Small Wheel bicycle. This comes straight out into: OWNER NUMBER SIX - Barry Hales (1970 - 1986)

Stuart: Right we're really moving on now. Owner Number Six. Who is here with us in the audience tonight. Barry ...

Barry stands up from amongst the audience (he hasn't been seen on the original photograph of the cast in The Crown).

Barry: I've made some notes 'cos I'm a bit nervous. Is that alright?

Stuart: Of course.

CONTEMPORARY ORAL HISTORY comes up on the screen.

Barry: What's that?

Stuart: Don't worry, it's just words. Go on.

Barry: Right. Well I got the tandem from this blacksmith at The Raleigh. 'Onealike' he was called, because whatever two he made of anything they never turned out as a perfect pair. It was a bit bashed up to be honest when I got it. I think someone had taken it round to him to get it mended and had just forgotten about it and it had been left there to rot. Anyway as soon as I saw it I wanted it and he let me have it for a few quid.

I used to go down there quite a bit you see. Because I was a junior in Concept Design when it had just started up; and had to get the prototypes assembled. And there were all sorts of things coming out of there. It used to be that a new cycle meant painting the frame a different colour, and sticking on some different mudguards and transfers. But with bikes becoming cheaper and all these kids in America riding these strange looking things with banana seats and high rise handlebars things had changed. Bikes were being used differently now and Raleigh had to deal with it.

I can still remember the looks on everyone's faces as I rode it into town, weaving these circles around slab square. The first Chopper in England. Of course everyone in Nottingham had a Raleigh bike then because everyone knew someone who worked at the factory. But nothing like this. Nothing like the Chopper. And of course within a few months everyone wanted one. One of the delivery guys had his truck broken into and all

they took were the Choppers. They put everything else back in. They even had a Chopper craze in Lagos.

And if you were staff, like me, then not only could you could have a bicycle on loan, but you could have it painted any colour you wanted to. And the colours were getting brighter and brighter, month by month. And my Chopper had a kind of metallic orange colour. I can't remember the exact name; I think it was something like flamboyant tangerine or ecstatic satsuma.

And a lot of things were changing then, as well as the bikes. T.I had taken over and it wasn't a family firm anymore and there were strikes as well, quite a few of them; and lots of union meetings and endless managers running around pulling their hair out. And they'd started doing other things, car seats and toys. My brother in law Daz was in the Mickey Mouse factory, the Product Test Department, working on the prams. My sister would have a new one each week and put it through its paces and tell Daz how it had done over Sunday dinner and then he'd go and write a report. I tell you their poor little kid was black and blue by the time he'd been given the once over in those things. Everyone in our family felt sorry for him. No wonder he ended up like he did.

And of course it started getting more technical at the factory, lots more machines to save on labour. An electro static spray booth, induction welding, powder metallurgy. And the chroming plant which was bloody enormous and where all the best bits of javo went on. The jobs that were done on the quiet, personal things on factory hours; because chrome plating was beginning to be very fashionable. And there was one bloke who did his coffee table. How he got it past security I'll never know.

It was cutting edge for a bit, it really was. Every engineering process you saw in the text books at college they had at Raleigh. And everyone was lapping it up then. Earning good money and getting cheap New World cookers and Creda washing machines at the T.I shop. The Export Division were hobnobbing with Pakistani Generals and Egyptian Princes and dodging wars and revolutions; the Sales Teams were organising their Raleigh dealer do's where they'd get them all sloshed before Hinge and Bracket would turn up. And when you went into town on a Saturday night you could always tell the girls who worked at Raleigh by the smell of their hair. And then when the two week holiday came

and you couldn't get out of there quick enough you'd find yourself in a caravan, or on a package holiday next to someone who worked in the bloody factory too.

And then there was the racing. Which was where this tandem came into its own.

Stuart: That's enough for now Barry!

Barry: But I've just got to the best bit.

Stuart: Never mind. Come on up here. We've got something we want you to do for us.

Barry: What is it?

Stuart: Come on; it won't hurt. In fact I think you'll enjoy it. A round of applause please, ladies and gentlemen.

As Barry comes up Stuart continues as we see images of Barry and his wife Melanie with the tandem, both wearing racing colours. The Stage Manager comes over to Barry to explain that he should climb aboard the bike.

Stuart: Barry used to go cycling on this tandem with his wife, all across the continent to watch the TI Raleigh team, who were beginning to conquer all before them on the race track ...

Marilyn: ... just as they had when Arthur Zimmerman had ridden for them seventy years ago.

Barry: Yeah. It was mainly Dutch riders; after Raleigh had bought up Gazelle, the big Dutch manufacturer. That's what they did. They just hoovered up the competition and then put Raleigh head badges on everything they made. It's a lovely thing this isn't it? Lovely. (*Indicating to his wife on the screen*) She took it you know. Claimed it was hers. Nonsense.

Stuart: Let's not worry about that now Barry. And Loree here is going to play your wife Melanie is that alright?

Barry: As long as she doesn't leave me in the lurch like that one (*indicating the screen again*) did, and take me to the cleaners.

And now a woman gets up from the audience.

Melanie: You got what you deserved!

This was obviously not expected, and causes a little bit of confusion on stage as Melanie comes to the front.

Barry: What's she doing here?

Melanie: It's a free country isn't it? And if there's any cycling to be done on that thing then I'm doing it too. And anyway she doesn't look anything like me.

The girlfriend gets up on stage as chaos breaks out. Marilyn cuts through this by blowing a whistle.

Marilyn: May I set the scene?

Stuart: Please do.

Marilyn: In the early seventies Raleigh Industries Ltd is the world's largest manufacturer and exporter of bicycles, wheeled toys, bicycle parts and accessories. It exports to one hundred and forty countries across the world, making sixty thousand different models of bicycle. But it has a weakness, poor sales in Europe. The decision is made to create a team capable of one day winning the Tour de France and bring the name of Raleigh to the very pinnacle of cycling glory.

Stuart: And this was when just about everyone here was working at The Raleigh.

RE-ENACTMENT / HISTORY / PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS. *Music. Barry and Melanie begin to cycle as the cast now work together with fans and polystyrene and hairdryers to create weather effects. As this happens we will see images and text flying past on the screen.*

Test: 1973. Raleigh enters the Tour de France. Only three riders cross the finish line, unplaced, in the Paris-Nice stage.

The factory is struggling with the demand in America for 'lightweight' or 'ten speed' bikes.

Pat: That was a tough year in pedal and bar. It was so fast you couldn't keep up at times; they were coming at you like wildfire. They always seemed to be wanting more, all the while. And if other departments had a breakdown they'd come in and watch in amazement at how fast we were working.

Text and V/O: 1974. Roy Schuiten is the Individual Pursuit World Champion.

The Enid plant in Oklahoma is opened. Production supervisors are sent to Nottingham to be trained.

Reg Harris at the age of 54, and on a 25 year old bike which has been 'taken out from under a pile of dust sheets at the Raleigh factory' wins the British Professional Sprint Championships.

Mark: I came from just outside Eastwood and I was surprised by how many Jamaican people there were there in the factory, men and women; and everyone was just going flat out. It sounded like being in the worst dentists in the world in the wheel shop, but the speed with which we threaded the spokes and then tightened up the nipples with the air guns was incredible. It was just like everything was speeded up.

1976. T.I Raleigh win the Tour de France Time Trial and have two stage wins.

Bicycles are being assembled in Mozambique with kits being sent from Nottingham.

Iran is continuing to grow as a key market.

Jack: I was in loading dock. Forty foot trailers. You'd twist the handlebars back and then load them up side by side, six at a time, two tiers in each lorry. Loading all day

with these invoices telling us which bikes to put on which lorries. And you'd wonder why are so many going to Iran?

1977. T.I Raleigh win eight stages and are the Tour de France team winners.

Twenty percent of bicycles made in Nottingham are now going to Nigeria.

Jo: I did continental shifts whenever I could. Two twelve hour shifts on the Saturday and Sunday and then Monday off. And you kept going, I mean you had to; if someone on the belt was having an off day then other people would have to pick up the slack and you could get away with that once but that was it.

1978. T.I Raleigh win ten stages in the Tour de France.

Gerrie Knetemann wins the Road World Championship on a Raleigh.

Jane: We were going flat out in the technical design department because there had been a lot of bad press about problems with wet weather braking in the papers and on Tomorrow's World on TV. And then this batch of four thousand leather faced moulded rubber brake blocks were produced and were really promising and we were all very excited. Until Alan MacGregor came in and told us not to be stupid, that there weren't enough effing cows on the planet.

1980. Joop Zoetemelk of TI-Raleigh wins the Tour de France – the only British-built winner in the race's history.

Iran's revolutionary government bans all western imports and Raleigh lose one of its three major foreign markets.

More than a third of bicycles sold in the UK are now imports.

Julian: Everyone worked at Raleigh then, I mean everyone. Bus loads of folk from every part of the city and the special buses from Alfreton and Ilkeston and South Normanton bringing that lot in. You couldn't breathe for the fag smoke on the things. But the minute you tried to open a window ...

All: Shut it!

1983. The final year of the T.I Raleigh team and they are the team winners of the Tour de France once again.

Barry: Can we stop now?

SM: You can.

Melanie: Thank God for that; my legs have turned to jelly.

Barry and Melanie climb off the bike as members of the cast give them drinks. At the same time The Engineers walk forward. HISTORY.

Engineer 2: Steel.

Engineer 1: Perhaps one of the most important words in the English language; a word that we revere, for on steel has our wealth, and our status as an industrial superpower, been built.

Engineer 2: Steel ships, steel bridges, and steel buildings. And of course Raleigh - the all steel bicycle.

Engineer 1: How perfectly English that is.

Engineer 2: Since 1972 we have had to use additional help to produce the quality and quantity of bicycles we needed for America. That additional factory is laid out exactly like this one.

Engineer 1: But it is in Taiwan. In 1977 we stopped making brake levers and cables here. And now spoke manufacture has vanished too.

Engineer 2: Much of this machinery dates back to the 1930's.

Engineer 1: We have forgotten to invest. It has only been war that caused us to develop at the speed we have needed to. And, like Britain itself, we will, I am afraid, now pay the price.

Melanie: Well that's spoilt the mood.

Marilyn: I'm afraid so. But facts are facts and we cannot ignore them. Now can you go please go and have a word with Pat please. That woman over there, look.

Melanie: What for?

Marilyn: To tell us what happened after you took the tandem. We cannot account for it from 1986 to 1991 and your knowledge could be invaluable.

OWNER NUMBER SEVEN - Unknown 1986 - 1991

Stuart: And it would be good if we could fill the gap before the next show.

Melanie: Well can I do it at the end? I want to see what happens next.

Marilyn: No we must strike while the iron is hot.

Stuart: No, that's fine Marilyn. We can wait.

Marilyn: Really?

Stuart: Yes.

Marilyn: Right well, there you go. He's the boss. Apparently.

Melanie: Will I get paid?

Stuart: We'll take you out for dinner.

Barry: See what I mean.

Marilyn: You never took me out for dinner.

Stuart has indicated to the SM who escorts Barry and Melanie back to their seats.

Marilyn: Let me continue with this ...

We see The Vektar on the screen. Donald appears again.

Donald: It's the bike with a brain! The world's first intelligent bicycle. A revolutionary electronic machine equipped with on-board computer, sound synthesiser and radio. It's a stunning combination of pedal power and microchip; the result of four years of development, the biggest bicycle design project ever undertaken by Raleigh. It's so far ahead of its time that the competition won't be able to catch up.

Marilyn: And it failed. Miserably. An omen of what was to come. For during this period profits were to tumble spectacularly, jobs were to be shed, and the Nottingham factory was to enter a period of rapid and terminal decline. If we compare...

Stuart: Actually Marilyn we've had a word in the interval and we're going to change this bit.

Marilyn: What do you mean?

Pat: Well we all thought that when we did it in Arnold it was a little bit depressing. And we thought that we should change it.

Marilyn: In what way?

Chris: Well try and be a bit more upbeat.

Marilyn: But in terms of the historical facts we cannot ignore that between 1984 and 1999 ...

Margaret: Who cares about the historical facts? It was still a right laugh to work there.

Marilyn: Maybe for you, but if you analyse the figures you will find ...

Stuart: They've made a little film Marilyn. They want to show it. Instead of your bit.

Marilyn: And what did you say?

Stuart: I said that they could.

Marilyn: I see.

Stuart nods to the Technician who begins to play the film. The SM comes out again to comfort Marilyn and take her offstage.

We now go into a short film in which various real ex workers talk about working at The Raleigh, 'Chatting in The Crown'. This should include comments about the drinking culture at the time.

The film ends. RE-ENACTMENT. Stuart's father - who is played by the same performer (Robbie) who played Frank Bowden at the beginning - is sat down polishing a lug.

Stuart: I started at Raleigh in 1997. On weld frame. It wasn't much of a job to be honest. But I thought that it would please my father; who revered Raleigh, had been there most of his life as a Tool Setter, made bicycles in his shed, and who seemed as he got older to look more and more like Mr Frank Bowden himself.

Father: Ugly word isn't it, 'lug'. But it's the most beautiful part of a bicycle.

Stuart: We don't see them Dad.

Father: What did you say?

Stuart: I said we don't see them. Lugs!

Father: No.

Stuart: So is it nearly finished?

Father: What?

Stuart: Is it nearly finished? Your latest project?

Father: It is. Jimmy's coming over later and we're going to braze it. You should stay and watch; he's an artist Stuart, a bloody artist.

Stuart: I'm off to the football.

Father: We used to make everything there. Everything.

Stuart: I know.

Father: I lost count of the tools I had to make for the hundreds and hundreds of machines in that place.

Stuart: Yes Dad.

Father: If it's not made in Nottingham it's not a Raleigh.

Stuart: It is made in Nottingham.

Father: It's not is it? It's put together there.

Stuart: We do the frames though Dad and you know they're the most important.

Father: Everything's welded.

Stuart: People don't want heavy bikes anymore. We've just got to do things differently.

Father: That's it isn't it? Make things easier, simpler to use. Get rid of anything that requires time or attention or care or real understanding.

Stuart: They're just bicycles dad. And people will always use them for different things.

Father: What did you say?

Stuart: Nothing.

Father: Do you know how to make a frame ring?

Stuart: You know we don't do that.

Father: It was such a lovely sound. Making sure the joints had brazed. Touching it just so on the floor, and hearing that little ring. Like a bell. And if it didn't; if it made a clunk do you know what we called it?

Stuart: A dead frame Dad. You've told me; a thousand times. And off it went to be rectified.

Father: I don't understand it Stuart; I try to but I don't. How can it make sense to get your gears from the other side of the world rather than from over the road?

Stuart: Parts have been made in other countries for years you know that.

Father: The sports field's gone; Head Office has gone.

Stuart: But Raleigh is still here Dad. It's different; but it's still making bikes.

Father: I knew this bloke who used to be sent out all over the world for the company. He'd just come back from Kenya where the factory they were starting was next to this lake with this huge flock of flamingos on it. And he told me that wherever in the world he was everyone would ask about the Nottingham factory. Because the Nottingham factory was held in awe. It was Raleigh. The rest were just pretenders.

Stuart: Not any more.

Father: You see the thing about a lug is that it's designed to make sure that everything fits together, just so. That everything slots into place. And the factory had a place Stuart. At the heart of Nottingham. It was where we made things. Where Nottingham made things that were used all over the world. I'd go to London on our trips and me and my workmates would point, every time we saw someone ride past on a Raleigh; 'look' we'd say, 'that's one of ours - that's one of bloody ours'. And I felt proud. We all did. Proud of those bicycles.

***HISTORY.** On the screen we see: Mark Todd, Managing Director; May 1999 as the Engineer comes forward again. Stuart and his father watch from the table.*

Engineer 1: I am announcing today that frame production here in Nottingham will cease. It really is a very small department in the company and has been the only one making parts here for around twenty five years. We have noticed a market preference for aluminium frames and as there isn't the facility to make those at the factory we will have to gradually wind down the section. I suppose some people will view it as the end of an era, but this has been known about for some time and is a very small part of the work we do here. Assembly and painting will continue and we will also continue to control the design, specification and quality of the frames we use and of our final product.

Stuart: I only worked there for four years. I didn't get a clock or a watch or a certificate for a long and loyal service. I didn't have a Lifetime's Guarantee. And only one of us here lasted to the very end.

CONTEMPORARY ORAL HISTORY

Leo: Three hundred and seventy five a day; five hundred at Christmas. That was what we needed to do in assembly. And you'd always try and get the work done by half past three so that you could play cards for a bit.

But on the last day we went in and we didn't do anything. The conveyor was off and we just sat around talking. And it was strange. I mean there was always time to talk but the conveyor was usually going. It hardly ever stopped. And when it did, when it broke, when the belt snapped and it made this noise like thunder through the factory, you would hear this cheer go up.

And then we were called up, one by one, into the Head Office and the Supervisor gave us a cheque and a mug that said 'thank you' on it. And they said 'if you want to go upstairs over the ramp there's a function you can go to'. But we didn't; we all went to the pub. And then we drifted away. I didn't feel too bad about it to be honest. I mean I told myself that I was leaving every year anyway. Only this time I did.

I met a bloke who works for Raleigh still, at Eastwood, a couple of months ago. He said that when he first went to China it was a dirt track with a factory at the end. Now you wouldn't recognise it. All the infrastructure and road systems. He said that its Bangladesh now where they're mostly made, that its farmers that have got the jobs we used to have. And some of the factories are just like Triumph Road. But without the sports days. Or the javo. And he's yet to see one that has as many processes as ours did.

It was Vietnam when we left. That's where we were told the bicycles would be made; made and assembled. In Ho Chi Minh City. I went to the video shop when I went home and got out Platoon to see if I could work out what it might be like. You know that film with Charlie Sheen in. But it didn't help. I couldn't imagine it at all. Vietnam.

OWNERS NUMBER EIGHT - William and Mary Priestly (1991 - 2002). William and Mary (not the ones in the picture) get on the bike and begin to cycle.

RE-ENACTMENT.

Stuart: I'd always been a keen photographer and went down to the site as they started to demolish it. I was there for several days. And I always noticed this couple,

cycling through the site. And then on the last day, as I was about to leave, they came up to me.

William: Good afternoon.

Stuart: That's a beautiful bicycle.

Mary: We found it in a skip; can you believe it? I don't think whoever had it realised what they were getting rid of.

William: We used to have one a bit like this. Cycled everywhere on it.

Stuart: I've never been on one. They always seem very English though. A little bit eccentric.

Mary: Have you been taking photographs?

Stuart: Yes. Yes, it's a shame isn't it?

Mary: We used to work here. Both of us. It's how we met. Playing badminton.

William: She was much better than me.

Stuart: There wasn't anything like that when I worked here.

Mary: Well things change. It's always been the way.

William: Have you got a wife or a young lady?

Stuart: Yes I have.

William: Then perhaps its time you tried one of these.

Stuart: Maybe.

William: You can have this one.

Stuart: I can't do that.

William: No really.

Stuart: That's very generous but I couldn't.

Mary: We're finished with it. We're moving to Spain tomorrow to be with our daughter and her family. We can't bring it with us.

Stuart: I'm sure there are people that you know, family, that deserve this much more than I do.

William: I think you're exactly the right person to have this. And that this is exactly the right place to be giving it to you. It needs a bit of work mind.

Stuart: I know just the man to help me with that.

William: You see. Just right.

Mary: We both enjoyed working here you know, very much.

William: Once a Raleigh person always a Raleigh person. That's what they said. They were right too. There you go. It's all yours.

Stuart: But how are you going to get home?

Mary: We'll catch the bus.

Stuart: Wait. Can I take your photograph?

William: Of course.

Stuart takes a photograph which we see on the screen.

William: You know I still make bicycles in my sleep.

William and Mary exit. Stuart goes up to the tandem and looks at it proudly.

Stuart: And they just left it there for me. This tandem. This beautiful machine, one of millions upon millions that have been made by thousands and thousands of Nottingham people, and ridden by millions all over the world. And I got on and I went round that factory again, taking more photographs, trying to capture what I could before it all just vanished into thin air.

Music starts. Pictures of the factory being emptied and demolished.

Stuart: Of course they're still here, Raleigh, up in Eastwood. And I read the other day that they'd been bought up by some Dutch Company. But it didn't make much of a stir. The odd comment in the pub, that was about it. It's full of houses now, the old site, that and the University campus which is lovely to walk through, full of carp and coots and herons, almost like that place in Kenya that my dad was going on about. Anyway, now you know how I ended up with this lovely bike. Me and Zoe took it out most weekends, like May Hardy and her husband did all those years ago. But Zoe's expecting now, she's over there look, comes to every show bless her; and so we've knocked it on the head for a bit. But between you and me I've worked out how we can get a kiddy seat on it.

Marilyn: And I hope you understand why we have tried so hard to find out what we can. And to be as accurate as possible.

Stuart: Especially you Marilyn.

Marilyn: Thank you.

Stuart: And why we've all had a go at doing this.

Stuart beckons to the performers who all stand up.

Stuart: Because it's important. Isn't it?

The performers all nod their heads, say 'it is', 'yes!' etc.

Stuart: It's important that people know. About Nottingham and the bicycles that were made here. By us. And by you. Thank you.

The cast all bow.

Images of the cast as young children riding bicycles.

Fin