# THE

# WORTHING WHEEL

MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

**APRIL 1968** 

Vol 1 No 1

# THE WORTHING WHEEL

# Journal of the Worthing Excelsior Cycling Club

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D. Lock, 70 Lincoln Road, Worthing.

A good luck wish for our venture into journalism from World Champion - BERYL BURTON.

Five Farthings, 28 Northwood Park, Woodlesford, Leeds.

27th February, 1968

Lear Don and Worthing Excelsior Members,

I hope that I'm not too late to wish you "all the best" in the first issue of your club Mag.

We are now nearing the end of the "rhubarb harvest" which means that soon I can call a halt to ry 8.30 a.m. - 10.30 p.m. working day, get back to normal hours and start serious training.

Your club was founded about 71 years before ours, that means I will be over 100 years old before the Morley C.C. attains such venerability - what a fantastic thought.

So from the young upstart Morley C.C. may I say Long may the Excelsior aged legs keep those wheels turning, get fit and enjoy your cycling.

Yours awheel

BERYL BURTON

# SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS 1968

April 7th	Southern Counties C.U.	25. G.131
April 12th (Good Friday)	Crawley Wheelers	25. G.131
April 14th	Dulwich Hamlet	25. G.131
April 21st	Sussex C.A. T/T/T	25. G.933
April 28th	Club	30. G.941
May 5th	Southern Counties C.U. East Grinstead Road Race	Dormansland
May 12th	Club Junior	15 Local
May 18th	Central Sussex Road Race (60 m.)	Plumpton
May 19th	Club Championship	25. G.931
May 25th	Start of Milk Race	Brighton
May 26th	Sussex C.A. Team Champ.	25. G.933
June 2nd	Area Heat Schoolboys National Championship 10 WORTHING PROMOTION	G.111
June 14th	Evening Criterium (36m.)	Laughton
June 15/16th	Catford 24 hours	G.181
June 21st	Evening Criterium (36m.)	Laughton
June 23rd	Inter Club	30. P.10
June 28th	Evening Criterium (36m.)	Laughton
June 30th	Southern Counties C.U.	25. G.931
THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF T		

## ..... Came the Dawn

The dawn broke, or so I am told, but fortunately I was still in bed, therefore, unable to see it. A hairy hand crept upon my left shoulder, wrenched it violently and lo and behold the pleasant dream was shattered. 9.30 a.m. already? Such an unearthly hour on such a bleak morning. With this in mind my eyelids twitched again and returned to their normal position. 10.30. Being the early riser that I am, I grovelled my way out of bed, peeped through a crack in the curtains, only to be shocked by a faint glimmer of sunlight. This however, was deceptive as the shivering birds? soon revealed. Being conscious of the fact that I have little fat to keep me warm, (being fit as I am) and shuddering at the thought of even looking at a bike. This bliss was not to last long, for a few minutes later the hairy hand appeared again and an anonymous voice proclaimed the joys of spring. With a sudden purst of vigour I leapt down the stairs, seven t a time, changing garments en route. With a nore reluctant enthusiasm and still wearing a yjama top I showed the "object" into the car oct, praying that it would have disappeared hen I reopened it. This was Judgement Day or to those uninitiated, the start of the 1968 ing season.)

If I drove carefully and slowly, two bings uncommon in my life, I would arrive in me to see that last man disappearing into the stance, and not have long to wait until openg time. Also, it must be understood that a n with such a condition as mine, namely lack enthusiasm, laziness and the most terrible ld imaginable, should not so much as sit on hike. This scheme materialised and I

arrived just in time to see the gallant Bob Smith setting off towards distant horizons, like a man possessed.

With a somewhat clearer conscience I drew up at the start in a shining car, opened the door, hobbled out wheezing violently. This gave me enough time to think how to phrase my excuse. With a sharp blow of the nose and a croak I played the role superbly - or so I thought. Meanwhile the daddy of them all ?????(Roy Humphrey) was efficiently recording the somewhat amazing times of those foolhardy enough to compete. With another sniffle I remarked that I certainly couldn't have done any better - even without this terrible affliction. trying not to look surprised at such times as 33 minutes 51 seconds recorded by Dick Marchant, (who, needless to say beat me at bowling the same evening) Comrade Mike Venner proved his worth by flying around the course in 33 minutes 59 seconds. This was a fine time (considering the conditions) and we have now found out why he is called Batman. Bob Smith, presumably recovering from his victory of the day before, gained third place, clinching the team award for the 'Grinstead'.

Still wheezing strongly, followed by a strong band of supporters we made our way back to the May Tree Inn for light alcoholic refreshments. This was obviously the cure I had been searching for and within minutes the severe bronchial condition abated. Instead, a new handicap arose, that of pangs of hunger, thus signifying the greater need for dinner. With a tear in my eye I left the merry band This was overcome by a feeling of peaceful contentment due to the mornings effort.

It was with a sly grin that we passed the unlucky riders wending their way home. Several I
noticed with glee had fallen by the wayside.
However, a sudden pang or conscience arose as
I realised that I too would have been in that
predicament if I had not succurred to the delights
of the motor-car. Still, I suppose there is
always next week. ????????????

"Spider"

With thanks to "Her" for carrying cut the menial task of composing this masterpiece.

# FROM CLUB MINUTES

# 27th May, 1924

Resolved that ladies riding in competitions may use gents cycles.

#### ROAD TIME TRIALS REGULATIONS

No. 47 Competitors must ride entirely alone and unassisted. They must not ride in company with, nor take shelter from, any other rider or from any vehicle on the road. If one competitor overtakes another he must pass as widely as possible, and no shelter must be given or received. The onus of avoiding riding in company shall be upon the rider overtaken. Competitors when dismounted must wheel or carry their machines without assistance whilst covering any portion of the course.

"Unassisted" does not prohibit taking food or drink from stationary helpers but it would, the taking of food or drink from moving cars or other vehicles.

"Not to ride in company" quite clearly includes both motor vehicles and cycles and care must be taken to ensure that any helpers in events are also aware of these provisions, for they could so easily albeit innocently, cause your disqualification. They should use alternative routes to get to the front of the rider if possible.

"Passing as widely as possible" This, however, does not mean that you should cross the crown of the road unless there is a lengthy obstruction, even if riding on a dual carriage way.

"No shelter to be given." This is often forgotten; the rider who has overtaken can become guilty by assisting the other rider in this way.

'Distance" It will be noted that a conspicuous omission from this regulation is that there is absolutely no mention of any distance and it is therefore just as guilty to hold station 50 yards behind a rider as it is to ride 5 yards behind him.

Your only true guide to compliance with this rule when in actual competition is your conscience.

You will know whether after having been overtaken you are taking pace or not and, remember that taking pace is not merely taking shelter.

## EXTRACT FLOM "CYCLING" 1907

I have of late visitel many places where cyclists mostly do congregate within a relatively short range of London, and investigate quietly the question of gears. I have come across literally scores of youths using 80" and 90" gears quite immature and undeveloped youngsters, many of them.

As a result, a 20 mile spin appears to use them up more or less completely and beyond that distance from town, few appear to go.

This thrusting of big gears with undeveloped but growing muscles can have but one effect, viz., the nardening and slowing of muscles which for cycling should be light and quick, the frequent application of a small mount of power being the thirg called for in this form of sport.

Any enquiry as to the reason why these gears are used usually reveals the fact that the youth belongs to a club in which the crack rider uses a high gear. The lact that the crack is 26 years old, and his imitator is apparently a factor not considered by the latter. It would be of immense future advantage to these lads if they could be persuaded that it is much easier to cultivate agility (i.e. rapid pedalling)

than to grow muscles that the latter process takes time and that such muscle is invariably slow whereas agility can be constantly improved and increased speed acquired thereby.

That high gears are really of no use on the road is proven up to the hilt by the road racing results amongst the cracks. When all the members of a club are on high gears no argument can be deduced from the result, but if any active youth were to lower his gear and, of course, take time enough to get set to it and cultivate some agility, he could upset some of his big geared competitors, provided the race was a relatively long one, certainly not less than 25 miles and preferably 50.

In shorter races, which I regret to learn, some clubs are running on the road, the conditions approximate to path racing, and higher gears are useful; but if club authorities would set their faces against any race under 50 miles, it would assist to lower the gears in use, and the youths who "blind" out 15 or 20 miles, loaf all day, and then "blind" home, would ride further, and, on the average, faster than they do today with less danger of strain to the heart especially.

It would assist materially to this end if the gears used by notable road racing men were known, and it would also be useful to know the age and weight of the users. Such information would carry weight with the "young idea" and a lower average of gear would be further encouraged if the club authorities would adopt the suggestion I make above as to the distance of road races. The rapid movements of a speed cyclist call for light, quick muscles, not heavy strong muscles, the latter certain to become "muscle bound" in a year or two, a future which 90% of the juniors are assuredly laying up for themselves by driving big gears with immature muscular development. If youth will cultivate agility, it can be retained in after years if not cultivated in youth, it can seldom, if ever, be acquired.

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Your Treasurer received a letter recently from Crawley speedman Ron Ford.

Ron was claiming his award value for winning the Club's Open 25 held last October, but it was the last paragraph of the letter that interested us. We quote:-

"The Funnell was smoking well on Saturday at our Dinner.....and drinking.....and taking an interest in the other sex! Has he gone to the dogs?"

----000----

## FOR SALE

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4.8

My view of this event will be similar in some respects to that of other participants but in other respects I assure you it was very different.

The event comes just 7 weeks into 1968 and unlike some I had to start training from scratch on 1st January. Why these events include the word reliability in their title I do not know, for the weather can not be relied on, one's own considered fitness can not be relied on and in my case, an old badly worn pair of Dunlop Sprite pressures could not be relied on. The weather turned out absolutely perfect, but everything else was hard and unsatisfactory.

The 20 mile ride to the start was comfortable even with Mike Poland half a wheel ahead most of the time. The snack in the Cafe before the start was enjoyable and I can also say that I enjoyed about the first 5 miles of the event. I lost contact in Ewhurst after stepping to pump a deflating rear pressure, then in an effort to catch up, followed the main road to the right and went off course.

Retracing the half mile or so and chasing over the first of the stiff climbs I caught up with Richard Shipton, John Lucas and Dave Hazler, although this grouping was soon split when Dave stopped with John who had punctured a tub and Richard and I descended to Cranleigh. I suppose that it was because we were enjoying this descent so much that we missed our turning and I was again off course to the extent of about a mile. I was lucky to see John and Dave again crossing the Common just outside of Cranleigh and joined them for a further period.

cont'd/...page 14

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## Reliability Trial, continued from page 11

I must say here how very well John and Dave were riding. They had been off their bikes for some couple of months or more and this course was not chosen for riders without miles in their legs. I know Dave was suffering over the last few miles but this was the rule rather than the exception among all riders.

I was lucky to be with these two on this part of the course, for they followed the course correctly although an arrow had apparently been knocked to a misleading angle. This meant that we arrived at Shillinglea Park and Theo's soup wagon, and to quote Theo's own phrase, which pleased us no end, we were the first of the <u>fast</u> boys to arrive at this point. Ilan Orman, Mike Poland, Colin Miller and Nick Lelliott had been leading the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hour section up to the wrong arrow and were taken a mile or two out of their way. The consequence of this was that they errived as we were leaving Theo, and they decided not to stop. So at this stage there was once again a fairly large group.

It was just before the notorious Blackdown Hill that I decided to repair the puncture in the rear tyre and was glad of assistance from Marshall Ray Douglass. This I should estimate put me about 3 minutes behind the group, but by the top of the climb (I walked most of it) this had no doubt stretched to 10 minutes or more. On reaching the main A 286 I rode for a while with a youngster from the Brighton Excelsior through to Fernhurst and Henley. I thought that the route sheet read as though the King's Arms was in Fernhurst and having passed through this village to the extent of about a half a mile I retraced, dragging the Brighton youngster with me only to be advised by 'Organiser' Brian Weir that I was for once on course.

I think now I would have done better to have stopped at the Hostelry in Fernhurst which I had noticed was adorned with the bikes of our friends from Brighton. At Henley I stopped where a number of riders were sat down for lunch and was grateful to Mr. Allibone for the drink of tea. Being advised by Geoff Allibone however, that about 16 miles remained and with only a few minutes over one hour remaining in which to cover this distance I promptly commenced the "walk" out of here but had to sit down after reaching the summit to mend another puncture. The riders I had stopped with went passed, and again at about 5 minutes I started after them. I passed Richard Shipton after a few miles and I must say that I did not see him again at the finish. I trust he made it home O.K., I again caught John and Dave but by this time was feeling very weak and when we reached a point where a signpost said Loxwood 7 miles Dave estimated a further 5-miles from there, and my watch said a bare 30 minutes to go. I suddenly felt weaker still. We returned then through Shillinglee Park and I decided that Theo's soup was worth stopping for on a second occasion and wished good luck to John and Dave in their effort to reach the finish then 10 miles away in a "Orman - Lelliott" time of about 23 minutes.

I'm araid that my ride from this point was leisurely and I reached the finish, which I now learn was at a distance of  $51\frac{3}{4}$  miles some 14 minutes out of time.

The last stretch on my own was not, however, uneventful for I was overtaken on my right by two deer in the fields at the side of the road. They were travelling, I should think at at least 25 miles an hour and they seemed to be looking for an opening in the hedge. One found such an opening and practically leapt across the narrow road and through the hedge on the left side.

The other found an opening shortly afterwards and crossed in the same way, but was not so fortunate, on the other side of the road for the point at which he entered the hedge was covered on the inside with wire netting. I saw him fall in the scrub a good 10 or 12 feet inside and lay perfectly still. I went and looked and from the peculiar angle of its neck and head I would think that its neck was broken.

The journey home was tiring but uneventful and strangely enough I did not have another puncture. With the one at the start I had three and you will understand therefore, why I now have my eyes on the New Dunlop Sprites on my wife's bike.

'Ed'

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BENEFITS OF MEMBERSHIP OF THE:

BRITISH CYCLING FEDERATION

## 1. FREE LEGAL AID

If you meet with an accident for which someone else is responsible, the B.C.F. will take up your case, negotiate a settlement, and if necessary fight the case, free of charge. You will receive every penny of the compensation obtained without any deductions. The costs are borne by the B.C.F. win or lose. Legal costs can amount to many bundreds of pounds.

# 2. THIRD PARTY INSURANCE

If you are involved in an accident, and are wholly or partly to blame, having a claim made against you, the B.C.F. will handle the matter on your behalf and make any payment necessary to the other party.

as a member of the B.C.F. you are insured free of charge when riding or wheeling your machine, against claims up to £5,000 for any one accident.

#### 3. TOURING

If you are planning your cycling holidays at home or abraod the Touring Bureau will provide you with itineraries and answer all your queries for a journey to an unfamiliar area. Routes arranged between Youth Hostels where you prefer this type of accommodation. The annual Touring Handbook contains all the information you will need for week-end holiday cycling maps can be loaned or purchased from the B.C.F. map library.

#### 4. RACING

If you are interested in cycle racing, the B.C.F. provides all the facilities you need for Track or Road. The B.C.F. is internationally recognised as the body representing cycling in G.B. The B.C.F. is responsible for selecting riders for the World Championships, Olympic Games, Commonwealth Games and all other international events. Every member is entitled to take out a racing licence in his or her appropriate category and compete in the programme of events listed in the Racing Handbook.

## 5. CYCLE INSURANCES AND/OR PERSONAL COVER

The B.C.F. has a special arrangement with the London and Scottish Assurance Corporation Ltd., whereby all members can insure themselves and their bicycle at reduced rates not available to non-members. Your Treasurer has details of the various insurances available and proposals forms and will be pleased to supply these on request.

ERRY ATTERBURY, a former and extremely fast member of this club was recently back in this country on a visit from his new home at Houston in Texas and a number of members visited him and enjoyed a chat about 'old times' with the Excelsior. Gerry was the first Worthing rider to beat the 'then' magic hour and was also for a time the holder of the club 100 mile record. It is understood that Gerry is engaged in alectronics work in the American space programme, another loss to G.B. down the brain Grain. Gerry's wife, Margaret, (formerly Margaret Beeston) is also a friend and previous member of the club. A glance at the recently issued list of club records will soon give anknowing members an idea of the racing capabilities of this mere girl.

## THE FIRST SOUP RUN

Arriving outside the club room, early for a change I was astonished by the number of cyclists illing about. All, I imagine, members of the Worthing Excelsior', although I must admit that there were more than a few faces that I could not out a name to. The vast number can only have been ttracted by the promise of a hot mug of soup. Why on't we get this sort of enthusiasm for our normal training bashes? The rewards are far greater.

Eventually the word was given and we were off. t first I wasn't quite sure whether I was in the Paris - Roubaix or a Belgian Kermesse. We snaked our way through various unsuspecting housing estates along well lit roads.

Suddenly we turned onto the Littlehampton road and plunged into darkness. On we thundered, or it seemed like, onward, onward, rode the six hundred.

Nearing Littlehampton sea-front, somebody said that if we did not turn soon we would end up on the beach. We did not turn and narrowly avoided becoming a branch of "Worthing Sub-Aqua Club". I must say that this is probably the nearest that I will ever come to experiencing the 'sea of blackness'. Back on course we flashed along the seafront into the town and over the bridge. Here again we plunged into darkness and Chris Beckingham was summoned to the front withhis searchlight. He really can claim to be the leading light of the club now.

Turning right, we went up past Ford open prison. Then, suddenly, very suddenly, we turned left up a glorified car track. All went well until we reached a fork, here a moments indecision at the front caused two or three riders to bite the dust. Actually they said it tasted more like grit. I couldn't understand why they could not wait until they got their soup they couldn't have been that hungry. By the time the fallen riders had elevated themselves to their former position a scouting party reported back that they had been up to the main road and there was no sign of the soup. Also at this stage an irate Ray Douglass rejoined us.

The decision was eventually taken to try the other fork. This lasted for precisely three quarters of a mile as the road petered out into nothing. Then, at last, somebody realised just where we were supposed to go and eventually we arrived at Theo's brightly illuminated vehicle.

One scalding mouthful of the soup was enough to feel that it was all worthwhile. The burnt throats would soon heal. It was at the soup wagon that one or two club members came into their own. The art of a second helping received a violent reincarnation from the days of 'Oliver Twist'. Actually they went considerably further than second helpings. I think that Dave Funnell just pipped well known gourmet Colin Miller at the post.

Too soon we were back on our bikes. No orderly bunch this time, as if it was orderly before. It developed into a blinding thrash back to Worthing. In fact Dave Funnell was so blinded that he tried to ride through a kerbstone, this met with immediate failure and he decided to dismount. Luckily he was not hurt too badly.

Ray Douglass inadvertantly let his rear light go out and was lectured by the 'Elliot Ness' of Worthing on the joys of showing a red light to the rear. At the same time Don Lock was 'held up' as a glowing example as he not only had a rear light, but, a reflector as well. What is a reflector?.

All in all it was in my opinion a success. Probably it would be safer in the lighter summer evenings.

... ... ...

## ROUGHSTUFF

Chris Beckingham is probably the best exponent of this branch of cycling in this area and we hope to include routes and suggested roughstuff trips in future issues. For this issue Chris starts near home, at the top of Washington Bostal.

## "THE SOUTHDOWN TRACK"

The track is of prehistoric origin and follows the northern ridge of the Southdowns, there are views northwards to the Surrey hills and southwards to the sea.

The surface is mainly stony but in parts grass. It is easily rideable except for some steep parts where main roads cross the route.

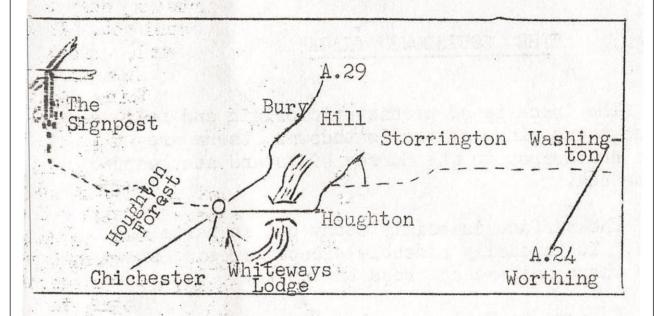
An easy to follow section (11 miles) which you may like to try starts at Glaseby Lane at the op of Washington Bostal and proceeds wastwards. steep climb up the lane gives way to a flictuck. By following the main track, easy to a will pass over Kithurst and Rackham Hiller or condition Houghton where refreshment can

Continue up Houghton Hill (B 2139) through Car Park near Whiteways Lodge at the Top. is is Houghton Forest.

Through the gate a forestry road can be tollowed. After a short distance fork left and pass through another gate. The route then continues for about half a mile to a third gate,

turning right at the next track junction which will take you to a signpost showing Regnum and Londineum etc.

There is a fine view northwards from here and a choice of ten tracks radiating from the signpost which are well worth exploring, but more about those another time.



## FROM CLUB MINUTES

# 21st February, 1906

Resolved that the club be affiliated to the National Wrestling Association at an annual fee of 2/6.

#### ROAD TAX

I am advocating that at an early time there shall be introduced in this country a road tax for cyclists. Mrs. Barbara Castle, Minister of Transport has also been requested to look into this question by senior members of her Ministry and also by the Treasury as a means of raising further revenue. There is no doubt that this is a tax which is long overdue and increasing pressure from motorists to be relieved to some extent of the immense cost of the road building programme is also to be expected.

It has been argued that cyclists should not pay for various reasons, but, I will not discuss them, for they are in any event not points of importance. In my opinion it is sufficient that they are road users and therefore should be taxed in the same way as the poor Motorists.

As to the amount which should be charged I would consider something in the region of £5 per annum per machine.

This would, I know, mean that some cyclists with many machines would be paying more than some motorists who own just the one car. But this does not strike me as unfair when the value of some of the cycles is considered as against the value of some of those old cars still being dragged around after thirty or more years of motoring.

I await the imposition of this tax with impatience.

"SGU 873"

I trust that this first edition of 'The Worthing Wheel' will be read and enjoyed by many, I hope also that you will be prompted to submit articles and ideas to assist in future publications which, it is hoped, to bring out every three months. Cycling will, of course, provide the bulk of the items in each issue but non-cycling articles will be included so let me have anything which you think may be of interest.

The Worthing Excelsior Club has had a Club Magazine before, this was some years ago and older club members tell of its failure through lack of effort and contribution. The Magazine Committee are determined that these causes will not again bring about failure. As well as contributions please do all you can to increase the circulation and distribution, with your assistance we shall succeed.

The name given to the magazine is for this issue, but not necessarily for future issues and I welcome all suggestions, in writing please, for a permanent title.

EDITOR.

