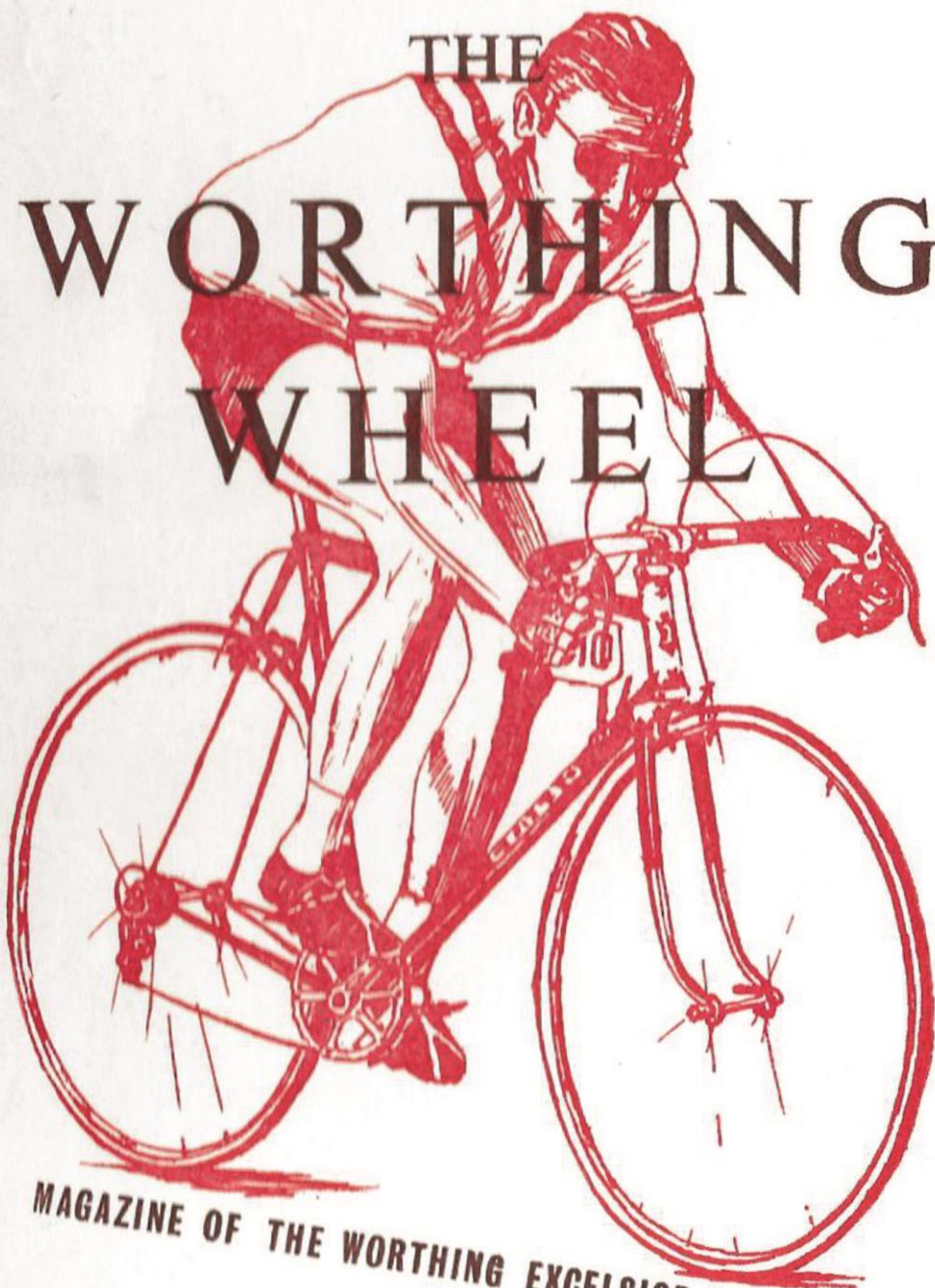


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THE WORTHING WHEEL



MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

WINTER 1971/2

Vol 4 No 4

THE WORTHING WHEEL

The Journal of the

WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

Headquarters: Broadwater Parish Rooms.

President: W.D. Argent, 67 St. Lawrence Avenue, Worthing.

Chairman: C.G. Lednor, 5 Uplands Avenue, Worthing.

Secretary: J. Mansell, 170 Southgate Drive, Crawley.

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ANNUAL DINNER AND DANCE

6th November 1971

A band that was generally thought to be pretty awful is unfortunately likely to be the most remembered part of the Club's Annual Dinner and Dance and Prize Presentation of 1971.

Held this year for the first time at Warnes Hotel, 113 members and friends were given a first class meal, well served, hot, tasty and in good quantity.

The Toast to the President and Vice Presidents was proposed by Tony Hill. This his maiden speech at a Club Dinner, was in verse, and with the expert, almost natural, use of a microphone Tony demonstrated an ability which the Club's General Committee, are bound to remember for future occasions. Duggie Argent replied, taking no exception to the one or two jests in Tony's poetry. Bill Sladen the President of the Brighton Mitre C.C. proposed the toast to the Club, warmly praising the Club and individuals for the 1971 successes. Yours truly with a prepared 15 minute speech, eaten away by the comments of the previous speakers, managed a reply which he trusts was adequate and could at least be heard across the rather large room.

There was at this stage a special presentation by Councillor Nelson, Chairman of the local Road Safety Committee, of a replica of the Trophy won, now, on several occasions by The Worthing Excelsior, for the annual Adult Road Safety Quiz. Accompanied by Mrs. Nelson, the Councillor congratulated the Club and its members on their success in this sphere and presented the

replica to Geoff Allibone who captained the winning team in 1971.

Mrs. Argent then presented the prizes to the successful racing types, the Tourist Trial Rose Bowl to John Mansell and Tony Palmer (see story in this issue) and the Clubman of the Year award to Tony Hill. A gift from the youngsters in the Club to Connie Hughes for all she does for them during the year, followed, informally and unexpectedly, and was very well received.

With a bar extension until 12.30 a.m. and dancing until 1.a.m. the evening should from then on have been really swinging but very few were encouraged to dance and the band must take the greater part of the blame for this, for they appeared uninterested, almost half asleep. That extra hour unfortunately became something of a drag, with many guests leaving early. The raffle at about half past eleven was a great relief and it was a shame it could not have lasted longer.

There will have to be some changes in 1972 and already two ideas are receiving active investigation, one is a discotheque and the other is a barn dance. Somebody who could run either of these who has the ability to enthuse people and get things going is required and we do have people in mind. It was great that so many of our younger members came along and we have got to see that they are catered for and given a really enjoyable evening next year.

SUSSEX CYCLE RACING

LEAGUE

1971 Individual and Club Points Table

1st.	M. Venner	W.E.C.C.	41	Points
2nd.	K. Chandler	Brighton M.	39	"
3rd.	M. Adams	Brighton E.	35 $\frac{2}{3}$	"
4th	K. Duncumb	East Surrey	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
5th	C. Miller	W.E.C.C.	10 $\frac{2}{3}$	"
6th	J. Yardley	Brighton M.	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
7th	R. Matthews	W.E.C.C.	10	"
8th	R. Pannell	Brighton P.	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
9th.	N. Martin	"	5	"
	P. Bealch	"	5	"
11th.	R. Beatty	East Grinstead	4	"
12th	C. Woodcock	W.E.C.C.	2 $\frac{1}{6}$	"
13th.	A. Packett	Brighton M.	2	"
14th	D. Cox	Brighton E.	1 $\frac{2}{3}$	"
	R. Sturt	"	1 $\frac{2}{3}$	"
16th.	N. Tingley	"	1	"
	G. Lade	Eastbourne R.	1	"
	R. Shipton	W.E.C.C.	1	"
19th	J. Lucas	"	$\frac{2}{3}$	"

.....

TEAM

1st	Worthing Excelsior	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
2nd	Brighton Mitre	51 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
3rd	Brighton Excelsior	45	"
4th	Brighton Premier	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
5th	East Surrey Road Club	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
6th	East Grinstead	4	"
7th	Eastbourne Rovers	1	"

Well done Mick. In amassing that total you assured us of top place in the team table. Congratulations also on your fine rides in the 15 Kms. and in the 25 miles track championship.

CORRESPONDENCE

2626 W 36 Ave.,
Vancouver 13 B.C.
Sunday Sept. 27/71.

Dear Don,

Thanks for sanding the Magazine over again. I do enjoy getting it, but it is making me feel very guilty. You seem to put out such a neat little publication and I am dithering around with lots of ideas and getting nowhere. However, I am enclosing a local 'rag' which comes out when the Editor feels like it, it isn't mine in any way, though I write the odd thing for it (not this time).

We have the British Columbia Cycling Association, and get a small grant from the Provincial Government to help promote the sport here in B.C. Most of the money we get goes in assisting riders with their expenses to important races and championships elsewhere in Canada, and as you can imagine with a Country 4,000 miles across that takes a bit of money. However, I feel we should be putting more into interesting the local populace who are buying these ten speeds and havn't the slightest notion of what its all about, to the sad extent that very few people

can even repair a puncture, and many have bought tubs, consider them tubeless, and throw them away the first time they get a puncture! Unbelievable isn't it!

I am hoping to put out a very small monthly sheet. What I have been doing is to try to put out a 10 or 16 page issue every three months, but it is tough building it up, especially as I leave it to the last minute, then collating all that paper for 400 copies is a real chore. A monthly sheet would, I think, keep people in touch better, and during the year they would get the same information that they now get in four issues. The trouble is the mailing of course. Very expensive here.

By the way, how do you measure your T.T. courses? I use two cars and have differed by .4 miles in a ten mile course!

Cycling is very different here, mainly I think because the towns are so spread out, having been built since the automobile came and are therefore geared for them. The result is "urban sprawl" which even small towns have. A town of 10,000 can cover 10 square miles, and then there may be only two or three main roads. However, cycling is still fun, but getting people together from such a vast area to form a Club is really difficult. They always turn up in cars!

I'll keep in touch, and hope to be able to send along more news soon.

Yours in cycling,

Ted Long

PLACE TO PLACE

The somewhat neglected form of time trialling; record attempts, has received quite a boost nationally in the past few months, and there is no doubt that this is a very different and interesting variation on the theme. It calls for planning and produces better rides from certain types of riders. It is perhaps the purest type of time trial without that minute man up the road.

Straight out distances can be "freaky" for they are more dependent on exact weather conditions but the "there and back" ones usually ensure a fair test.

Worthing Excelsior has a good set of standards and records and many remain well within the reach of current riders.

On October 23rd John Mansell brought his "Barrow" out of hibernation and looking quite immaculate in its new coat of paint, and with his expert handling of three wheels manipulated the thing from Worthing to Brighton and back in 62 minutes 57 seconds. This knocked a sizeable chunk off the standard 66 minutes.

Also on the 23rd October, and also revelling in the wonderful conditions, Don Lock attacked the record of Colin Miller for the Haywards Heath and back course. Following a route planned by Tony Palmer, Don covered the $47\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 2 hours 4 minutes 14 seconds to improve Colin's time of 2.8.46 by a margin of 4 minutes 32 seconds.

DON'T FORGET

" 22nd FEBRUARY

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, CLUBROOM.

.....

29th FEBRUARY

SLIDE SHOW, CLUBROOM - 8 p.m.

.....

ANNUAL RELIABILITY TRIAL, 50 MILES

FEBRUARY 27th.

START 9 a.m. AT THE CLUBROOM

TWO STANDARDS 3 HOURS & 3½ HOURS

.....

Please support your Club and do your best to attend these events. As for the Slide show if you have any 2" x 2" slides that would be of interest please bring them along.

.....

TOURISTS TRIAL 1971

The 1971 Tourist Trial was divided into two areas, the morning section was south of the Downs between Worthing and Arundel, an area covered by the Tourist Trial about six years ago. Lunch was to be held at the pub at Burpham, and afterwards the afternoon section was held on the Downs between Amberley and West Chiltington and as far north as Pulborough.

Rain fell heavily before the start at Broadwater Green and the entrants were forced to take shelter in the phone box and in shop doorways in order to study their maps. The route worked out by the organizer, Brian Weir, was designed in such a way that if the competitor obeyed the instructions explicitly they would be able to obtain the names of the licensees of various public houses on route, and to keep the rider permanently in doubt of his own map reading ability, a few fictitious public house names being thrown in for good measure.

The first pubs on route were the North Star and Sussex Yeoman on the A.2032 and were quite easy to find although some people missed them, then on under the Railway line to the Mulberry pub, along Ilex Way and thence via public footpaths and bridleways through to Angmering Village. Brian and family lay in wait on the public footpath across Ham Manor Golf Course ensuring that riders did not ride on the footpath, the route then continued to Lyminster avoiding the Wick road junction which was "blocked" and on to Poling via the fields to the checkpoint manned by Steve Richards, the next portion of roughstuff was to Burpham and lunch, but the downhill paths watched over by Alan Matthews were rough and rutted and the uphill route went through leafy

glades, difficult to negotiate on a bike.

Pints and Ploughman's lunches were taken at the Burpham pub followed by soup and tea from Brian's caravan as everybody sat in the afternoon sunshine by the roadside discussing their own problems which arose during the morning.

The afternoon section was described by Brian as a "talk your way round" method of route finding, the course was reasonably easy to follow but the terrain was hard, three quarters of a mile uphill walk across a ploughed field (the path was there but the farmer had decided to plough it up) followed by two miles uphill ride towards the top of the Downs. The junction of footpaths at the top of the Downs was confusing and many riders disappeared down tracks not really sure where they were going only to return to the summit and try another route. The correct route headed in a westerly direction downhill and was negotiated at high speed and required skill in bike handling to avoid potholes and large flints. On arrival at the Pub at Amerley it seemed as if every entrant was talking to the Landlord whose name we had to find, this gentleman told us that although not many cyclists passed his hostelry he would be keen to provide club tea on the condition that he received prior notice. The Club then moved off, and tended to ride in club run formation instead of individual entrants in an annual competition that required the map reading skill of each rider and not just a devious club run through the lanes. The next Landlord whose name was required by the question sheet was very difficult to find, for it seems that the Landlord of The Swan, Pulborough does not have his name displayed above the door. Ray knew him because of past business transactions, but his lips were sealed and he would not tell anyone. The more adventurous amongst us had to bribe the owner of the local tea

shop to get the necessary information.

Messrs. Antram, Woodcock and Hill quickly sorted out their route towards West Chiltington and were soon pedalling eastwards to the finish and tea at Georges Lane, Washington, but they did not realize that the complex of lanes at West Chiltington had provided a multitude of problems for many club riders in earlier tourist trials and this one was to be no exception. To miss a footpath sign hidden by overhanging branches or turn left instead of right and one could easily spend the next ten minutes sorting out your exact position. Narrow footpaths running alongside streams hidden by ferns switched left and right through the trees brought riders suddenly into the open to find another of Brian's secret checks. These points were manned variously by George or Alan Matthews or Jim and Con, they noted the time that you passed and the direction you followed. Eventually after cycling through this labyrinth of lanes and narrow footpaths riders arrived in ones and twos at the National Trust Car Park in Georges Lane for tea, Chris Woodcock finished the event about three quarters of an hour before the final finishing time of 5.15 p.m. when Theo's mobile kitchen arrived.

The evening meal supplied by Theo was enjoyed by everybody as they waited for the results of the competition. It was difficult to assess who had gone through all the checkpoints and collected the Landlords names. Many people had all the names but had failed on their map reading. John Mansell and myself had achieved 100% and were therefore declared joint winners to share the President's Rose Bowl Trophy for the coming year. Tony Hill finished third very close behind and John Antram was fourth.

ISLE OF WIGHT IN NOVEMBER

The outlook was decidedly dismal for the ten stalwarts who converged on the ferry at Portsmouth which was to convey them to the Isle of Wight for a days visit on November 21st. Two years previously a similar expedition was undertaken in mid-November and a wet one it was. We were hoping for better luck this time but as we boarded the boat the rain drove us down to the saloon. However, as the propellers of our sturdy craft churned the murky water of the dock and propelled us into the Solent, the rain abated. The wind continued to buffet us when we climbed on deck to watch our progress but the sky gave us some hope.

On reaching Ryde Pier we trudged down it's length and were quickly in the saddle and tackling the first of many hills. Minor roads were sought after brief reference to the map and into the wind we headed. Before long an exposed and lengthy hill confronted us, and chains were soon jumping onto the largest sprockets; the top proved to be Ashley Down and the views made every effort in the climb well worthwhile. The Climb also gave Dave Hudson and Chris Beckingham a chance to use their Dinner Plate sprockets and show these "close ratio" men just what a low gear is. Tony Hill on 72" fixed was already wondering what he had let himself in for. Even on reaching the summit progress was difficult and only on the outskirts of Newport was some relief from the wind obtained.

We decided to take advantage of refreshments offered at the Bus Station Cafe in Newport, after which we headed out on the Cowes Road. We passed by the grim facade of Parkhurst Prison then turned left alongside the forest. A rough track through the forest took our fancy, and rough it was.

Tony punctured and whilst a repair was effected various members, who shall remain nameless, like Chris, Mike Poland and your Editor, passed the time scrutinizing the pages of a rather dubious magazine, found by the wayside. Onwards again, bumping over the poor surface, picking our way past muddy patches, climbing fences, negotiating a narrow bridge and eventually reaching a metalled road almost unscathed. Almost, as Ray Douglass had drawn blood from a scratched hand but stoically carried on without treatment.

We wound our way towards Newtown and on reaching this delightful village a sudden shower sent us scurrying for shelter under the Porch of the tiny "Town Hall". A plaque on the wall informed us that this once thriving community had at one time sent two representatives to Parliament in London. Early this century the building was presented to the National Trust.

The rain having ceased we continued on through Shalfleet and Wellow, heading for our lunch stop at Yarmouth. A threatening black cloud finally released its load and we sought temporary refuge in a conveniently placed bus shelter. Ten minutes later, the rain having eased slightly, we retrieved our machines and with as much haste as the wind (and legs) would allow, pushed on towards Yarmouth. It was difficult to keep upright when we reached the short stretch of road along the coast but we all managed to reach the Cafe and were soon ordering lunches, the sight of which would have made a dietitian choke over his carrot juice.

Revitalised, we ventured forth to find the rain had ceased and with a blue sky things looked better, if somewhat colder. Dave and Chris left

us to catch an early ferry and the rest of us crossed the narrow bridge over the River Yar and headed for Alum Bay. At this point we dismounted and descended the hundreds of steps to the Beach. This was done, it appears, so that Ray could get a particular viewing of the Needles. Back to the top again we remounted and continued on to Freshwater. The wind at our backs assisted our passage along the undulating roads, through Brighstone and Shorwell. At the top of each hill the sea was glimpsed in the distance and the wonderful sunset also behind us made for some most beautiful winter colourings.

As we neared Newport the afternoon drew to a close so once again the Bus Station Cafe was visited for a brief refuelling operation. Darkness had descended as we headed out of Newport and up a long climb along a minor road taking us back to Ryde. The occasional climb helped keep the cold out and the lights of Ryde were a welcome sight. Another long trudge up that Pier fully exposed to the wind and a chilly wait for the boat gave us plenty of reason to seek the shelter of the crowded saloon when the lurching craft arrived. The short trip was soon completed and our day awheel at an end.

The November weather had been reasonably kind to us and an enjoyable day had been had, and for myself the added pleasure of riding once more with such congenial company.

Harry Beasley.

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PRIZE PUZZLE

This was contributed by a non-member who has also put up £1 as a prize for the reader sending in the most complete list. The idea is that there are 40 cycle parts, or things that could be found on a cycle, hidden in the following, short and obviously quite fictional, story.

The first race of the season for nut cases on the perimeter of the airfield was scheduled to commence at ten o'clock. It was a fine spring morning.

George arrived early but in his enthusiasm his new heels caused his shoes to slip from the pedals and he fell heavily. There was some amicable bandinage from the onlookers while his leg was entangled. Quick release my leg he called and he was soon lifted from the cycle which had framed his head.

At the start tension mounted and George seemed a good tip. Umpire Charlie had the stop watch and sent them on their way. The main body of riders became entangled and there was some alarm as they took the corners. No one spoke and with his head set well down in his shoulders Bob Thuber threaded his way into the lead. A badger caused him to swerve and Bob raked a bout in the bushes. Clamping his teeth he struggled back to the road.

Sharp bends in places had considerable bearing on the result as did soil deposited on the road by the tyres of a farm cart.

The pressure was on and with clever riding by George first over the line, truly like a cyclist from the atomic age.

My Best Ever Ride

When the conversation gets round to cycle racing, I am sometimes asked what I consider to be my best ride, and I reply without hesitation that it was a certain club "25" held on our local course a couple of years ago. Things really happened in that event, so if you've a few minutes to spare, maybe you'd like to hear about it. Right, then. Pull up a chair, put a glass of your favourite brew nice and handy and I'll tell you the story of that "25" as I saw it at the time. The narrative begins the night before the event.....

Now let me see, must first of all check bike and equipment. Tubs O.K. and the spare secure behind the saddle. Gears, brakes, toeclips. All in order. Can't afford any last-minute delays tomorrow. Hope to do a super ride. Feel very fit and the forecast is for a fast morning. Good. Let's have a look at the start sheet bloke in front of me is young Pete Reeves. Two minutes behind is Mick Venner. Wonder how long I can hold him off? Scratchman George Matthews is four minutes in front. Won't see much of him! Don's there, also Keith, not to mention a few eager beavers among the juniors. John and the two Tony's so altogether should be a bit of a ding-dong. Just can't wait to get started.

Well, the weather forecast was dead right. A lovely morning, warm already and a slight south west breeze. Just what the Doctor ordered. Glad I decided on this higher range of gears. Feeling nice and relaxed. There's George going off now.

"Thirteen" O.K. coming up. 30 seconds to go. Feel good. Straps tight. Settle down on

the hooks. 10 seconds. 5,4,3,2,1 and I'm off. Gulping in the air at a fast rate, but soon settle into a steady pedalling rhythm. The first roundabout past, and soon the bypass appears ahead. Another roundabout and now I'm leaving the town behind. Here's my first 'victim'. Dig 'em in, chum. Another man in sight, and here's yet another. Kinney, that last one was Pete! Must be going well. Flow! the first turn in sight. "Number thirteen" What did the marshall say? "Up on Matthews" Can't be, but lunny, I must be moving.

Back on the main road now and top gear in. Have just realised that Mick hasn't come past. Could have punctured of course. Hope I don't. Another man left behind. That was Don. Didn't answer my greeting as I went by. Wonder why. Closing on Keith now, but no time to speak, must get after the next man. Suffering a bit, Ray? Never mind, lad, it'll be a fast finish. Heading for the final turn now. Don't like this stretch much, but still feeling pretty good. Will drop down a gear. The turn behind me, so its top gear in and eyeballs out for home. Never used a 112 before. but it doesn't seem too high this morning. Yet another man in sight. Heavens above, its George! He's moving fast but hang it, so am I, Another few hundred yards and I can do it. Hard luck mate! The finish in sight, and its all over.

Seemed to be a bit of excitement as I passed the timekeeper. Must go and see him. Morning Charlie. What? New Record 56 minutes dead! Sorry I had to pass you George. Thanks pal, but there's no need to slap my back that hard. Take it easy. Take.. it.. eas....

Wassat? Yeah, O.K. I'm awake. What time is it? Half past four, raining and a gale blowing, blow that, I'm going back to sleep. I'll be a D.N.S. this morning.

Anon

CORRECTION

Whilst Secretary John Mansell has doubtless been extremely pleased by our reference to his tricycle 100 mile record in the Autumn Issue, we regret John that we can not let it stand.

John's 100 mile trike record is:-

4 hours, 46 minutes 38 seconds

NOT 4.21.24

IN CANADA

An advertisement in a British Columbia Cycling Magazine appears thus:-

"BIKES ARE BEAUTIFUL"

"People who ride bikes are very quiet,
don't mess up the air, and stay skinnier
and sexier."

No comment!

GUARANTEE

Also from British Columbia an advertisement for "World Championship Quality Racing Bicycles from Sweden" with a ten year guarantee for the frame. One assumes that it is limited, and the lawyer will advise that you are frequently better off without a guarantee, because of the attached conditions, but has anybody ever been offered a guarantee in this country?

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SCRAPS

Those who support Brighton and Hove Albion may be interested to know that Mr. Ford-Dunn, that is Martin's Father has actually raced round that soccer pitch in cycle races. It was apparently, those who survived the corners that won!

....

Dave Funnell in late November rides 70 miles all in one day. This knocks his 1971 mileage up to 106! Could it be that he will be back in 1972.

....

Did you know that Ray Douglass has become an addict of Club chocolate biscuits. Apparently he needs five for a fix and requires this number practically everyday.

....

A CHRISTMAS TEA

The title "Tea" is obviously only intended to indicate the time of day at which the "nosh" is to be served, it can never be intended to indicate the type of meal.

After last year's mammoth eat-out, we really wondered just how Theo Futtick could produce such a vast quantity of the most excellent food and serve it so hot and tasty. We knew then that he had to shift it up from Worthing, and we knew then that the one gas ring in the minute kitchen of Copsale Village Hall must be virtually useless. Do we now have the answers? No we do not. From a space measuring about four feet by seven feet with several well meaning ladies trying their best to help, Theo produces from a steaming mass of pots and pans the following menu for some fifty members and friends:

Soup

Turkey with creamed potatoes
stuffing, onions, peas
runner beans and
Cranberry sauce.

Christmas Pudding with cream

Mince Pies

Jellies

Cheese and Biscuits,

Cider and Coffee

Only eight of these members present made the journey to Copsale on two wheels, but this was not perhaps unexpected in view of the dirty weather that our climate had turned out earlier in the day. However, nobody seemed to be suffering from a lack of appetite. One six year old kept up with his

CORRESPONDENCE

This letter was not as you can see addressed to the Magazine, but it puts so well the thoughts of many of us. We have no doubt that its publication will meet with the approval of its Author.

68 Parham Road,
Worthing,
20th December, 1971

T. Puttick Esq.,
167 Dominion Road,
Worthing.

Dear Theo,

I just have to write to you today to thank you, Vera, Con and Kim, Mrs. Lock and all your other helpers for the wonderful Christmas Dinner you put on for the Club last evening. The magnificence of the meal, the complete informality of the proceedings, and the reunion with old friends together with tremendous amount of work put in, made for a most delightful occasion.

Thank you again.

Yours sincerely

Dennis and Barbara Dean

.....
"And so say all of us"

WINTER RIDING AND CLUB RUNS

Sunday mornings are as much as I can usually manage in my effort to support club runs during the winter months. However, the mornings are the best part of a winters day. If you have spent the months of March to October racing around the countryside after elusive minute men, some real pleasure cycling is a treat.

Some members of the Club appear to forsake their machines altogether, after the Club Hill Climb Championship is over, and don't bring them out of hibernation until the following spring. If they are persuaded out for a run, then it is found that they have only sprints and tubs and their machines are not at all equipped for winter riding or touring. All right, you consider yourselves to be basically racing men, not given to this touring and rough stuff business, but then do the top men put their bikes away for four months? Of course they do not. It will be found that they are out on their machines at week ends enjoying their cycling and maintaining a general fitness at the same time. Perhaps the truth is that we have some fair weather cyclists?

A few Sundays ago five Club members left the Clubroom about 9 a.m. and rode through Findon Village and into Washington Village. From here they continued due west across the bridge over the bypass, and then along bridleways and paths before coming down Chantry Lane into Storrington. In that stretch along the very foot of the Downs, we met a dog which took an obvious dislike to Ray Douglass, a carthorse which despite taking grass from the hand of Tony Hill still barred our way, and the most ferocious bull which distinctly saw red in my frame (under the mud)

and quickly sent us back into the field with the carthorse (lesser of two evils). We also saw a cow with her calf, very evidently only a matter of hours old. You don't see these things or enjoy these excitements on the "A" roads. We then went through Storrington across the West Sussex Golf Course and out to Pulborough where elevenses was taken at "The Pantry". We recommend this Cafe for pleasant and quick service in comfortable surroundings. They extend a welcome to cyclists and would always be pleased to cater for teas, for larger numbers and accept bookings.

After Pulborough we headed next towards Stopham but again left the tarmac, just short of the delightful old bridge across the River Arun, and headed across a couple of fields to Hardham Mill. This Mill sits at the junction of the two rivers Arun and Rother. Just to the south west of the Mill, we picked up the course of the old railway, and rode along this altogether for about four miles. The course was overgrown in some places, but was still easily defined and was so wonderfully peaceful. It was indeed quite easy to imagine the ghostly hoot of an ancient steam monster, rattling its way along the iron road, that had once laid on the flints beneath our feet. True we had to negotiate a couple of bridgeless gaps, but even this had its moments of hilarity, for to cross 10 feet or more on a plank six inches wide with a bicycle can be difficult, especially, for the last one over, who found the plank being lifted whilst he was in the middle! Two miles to the derelict Fittleworth Station and two more to Shopham Bridge, and then two of us had to seek tarmac again and head home for lunch. The other three rode on along the course of the old track as we crossed overhead on the road. A run back through the villages of Coates and Coldwaltham saw us return through Storrington and home indoors by 1 o'clock

with a healthy appetite for lunch. A most en-
vigorating and enjoyable morning. Those of you who
hibernate for the winter don't know what your
missing.

Don

UP FOR A VIEW

What is your favourite view? Is it the Wye from Symonds Yat, or the winding River Severn seen from the top of the Wrekin? Perhaps your eye is caught by a panorama of those broad Yorkshire acres seen from some lofty moorland road. Maybe your choice is none of these, but you'll settle for a glimpse of the rocky Cornish coast from a cliff top.

But whatever your choice of scenery, Britain can provide a wonderful variety as you cycle along. But getting a view usually means some climbing, and one of the most satisfying pursuits when on tour is to climb to your chosen vantage point, and while you rest and regain your breath, to survey the world spread out beneath. Studying the map so that distant landmarks can be identified adds interest to the climb.

One hill worth climbing is the Worcester Beacon the highest pinnacle of the Malvern Hills, a dominating feature of the Worcestershire landscape. At the summit (1395 feet) is a circular chart showing the places visible. To the east, the heavy ridge of the Cotswolds provides the horizon, whilst immediately below is a fine panoramic view

of the Malvern towns. Away to the west, the view stretches right across Herefordshire, until vision fades into the dark outline of the Welsh mountains. The Wrekin, near Wellington in Shropshire, is another hill where the effort to reach the top is well rewarded. This famous hill (1325 feet) was one of the chain of high places on which the beacon fires were lit in the olden days.

Church and Cathedral towers offer the enthusiastic climber some wonderful viewpoints, and if you like this sort of thing, one of the best towers to climb is the central tower of Lincoln Cathedral, which I believe is the tallest Church tower in England. Set on a hilltop, this magnificent cathedral, with its three towers, dominates the countryside. The inside of the tower has plenty of "atmosphere" and a never-ending spiral of stone steps, very dark and narrow as you near the top. On the way up you pass the loft containing the bells. With an occasional glimpse of the countryside through slits in the thick stone wall, you press on and finally tumble out onto the roof, clutching at a piece of masonry to preserve your balance. Peering over the edge, the city is seen over 300 feet below.

Other towers recently 'collected' are the Wells Cathedral tower and the Cromer Church tower, the latter giving fine views of the coastline. To digress for a moment, I was not altogether surprised to find that nowadays you must pay to see the famous clock inside Wells Cathedral. My last visit there was nearly twenty years ago, when sight-seeing was a less expensive pastime.

I have mentioned but a few of the many places worth climbing, so when you are touring around our fair land, and the opportunity presents itself, I recommend leaving the bike for a while and using your legs for a bit of climbing. Not only will you see a town or the surrounding countryside from a new angle, you will have worked up an appetite for the next meal, and that's another good reason for making the climb.

Roger Smallman.

ANACRAMS

All are members of your Club

1. YOUR GLASS AD
2. LYN TIOHL
3. A MERTON PLY
4. HIRE LORD CANEL
5. KITH POUT ETC.
6. SHE JUG HIM
7. IN DAD K.O. THEM
8. RAN HAM BARGES
9. NUN FIED VAIE
10. JENSON H. MALL
11. DAN COOL K.D.
12. VENEER MINK
13. MERGE WHAT GOEST

TIME TRIAL PROGRAMME
1972

Club Events Only

March 5.	Circuit Event
March 12	25m. 2-Up
April 9	25m. Championship and Sherwin Junior Handicap Trophy
April 23	30m. Championship
April 30	15m. Junior
June 10	OPEN 25 (SATURDAY EVENING)
June 22	Evening 25
July 16	100m (with S.C.C.U. Event)
July 30	50m Championship
August 27	25m Clapshaw Handicap
Sept. 3	12 hr. (with S.C.C.U. Event)
Oct. 1	Hardriders
Oct. 8	Hill Climb

There will also be the evening ten mile series.
This year however there will be only ten with the
evening 25 in the middle.

1971

SENIOR BEST ALL ROUNDER RESULT

1st Don Lock

25	59.29	
50	2. 4.50	
100	4.33.22	Average 22.711 m.p.h.
12	235.77	

2nd Keith Dodman

25	1. 1.52	
50	2. 9.51	
100	4.34.58	Average 22.276 m.p.h.
12	239.2	

3rd John Mansell

25	1. 6.22.	
50	2.19.56	
100	4.46.43	Average 20.975 m.p.h.
12	227.18	

1971 Points Competition Result

1st	Don Lock	39
2nd	Eddy Kneen	55
3rd	Graham Barnes	60
4th	George Matthews	63
5th	Clive Roberts	64
	Keith Dodman	64
	Kevin Bishop	64
8th	John Mansell	65
9th	Mick Venner	66
10th	Ray Douglass	68
11th	Tony Palmer	72
	Colin Miller	72
	Mike Poland	72

This is not a complete list as more than 30 riders qualified in the competition by riding one or more of the club events.

1971 Junior Best All Rounder

Result

1st Graham Barnes

10	23.58	
15	40.25	Average 23.353 m.p.h.
25	1. 5.55	

2nd Kevin Bishop

10	25.22	
15	40.35	Average 22.610 m.p.h.
25	1. 8.11	

3rd Derek Pearce

10	26.16	
15	43.17	Average 21.287 m.p.h.
25	1.14.10	

CHECK THA T CHEQUE

Coinciding almost to the day of the death of that great man A.P. Herbert was the receipt by Club Treasurer of a cheque written on a menu card in payment of Club Dinner Tickets. It had, of course, to be a friend of John Mansell who was to test the flexibility of our Bank. Every credit to Ray who knew the document to be adequate and every credit to Lloyds Bank who accepted it without difficulty although claiming they had never done it before. They were it seemed somewhat concerned that it might give the computer indigestion.

I hever did hear what happened to the cow that had Mr. Herbert's cheque endorsed on its rump.

SUSSEX CYCLIST'S ASSOCIATION

RECORDS BICYCLE

The standard distances are straight out so they really are due to be updated. The selection of the right course is obviously very important and one would hope to "organise" a tail wind. The proposed course would have to be measured and approved and a good deal of planning is required. Alf Dawes the Secretary of the Sussex Cyclist's Association will always be pleased to help and advise both in the planning and on the attempt. Alf's address is 10, Fircroft Avenue, Lancing.

With only one name from Worthing on that list it would be nice for Dave Funnell to have some company.

SUSSEX CYCLIST'S ASSOCIATION

RECORDS - BICYCLE

FIFTY MILES

N. Strawbridge 1953 2.8.43

ONE HUNDRED MILES

Time standard 4.45.00

TWELVE HOURS

P.B.V. Illing 1954 232 miles
1540 yards

WORTHING - HORSHAM - WORTHING

D. Funnell 1964 1.41.11

BRIGHTON - CRAWLEY - BRIGHTON

A. Limbrey 1954 1.50.40

BRIGHTON - FORD - BRIGHTON

B. L. Burstow 1955 1.49.59

BRIGHTON - CHICHESTER - BRIGHTON

T.J. Mackay 1964 2.43.27

BRIGHTON - HASTINGS - BRIGHTON

T.J. Mackay 1965 3.31.27

CHICHESTER - HASTINGS OR REVERSE

T.J. Mackay 1964 2.52.9

CLUB RECORDS

(continued from Autumn Edition)

PLACE TO PLACE (BICYCLE)

WORTHING - ARUNDEL - WORTHING

D. Lock 51.15

WORTHING - BRIGHTON - WORTHING

M. Venner 51.42

WORTHING - HORSHAM - WORTHING

D. Funnell 1.41.11

WORTHING - EASTBOURNE - WORTHING

P. Andrews 3. 3.19

WORTHING - PETERSFIELD - WORTHING

P. Andrews 3.23.16

WORTHING - CHICHESTER - WORTHING

D. Lock 1.47.49

WORTHING - HAYWARDS HEATH - WORTHING

D. Lock 2. 4.14

JUNIOR

WORTHING - SHOREHAM - WORTHING

N. Barlow 23.10

WORTHING - ARUNDEL - WORTHING

P. Gallienne 47.18

WORTHING - LONG FURLONG - WORTHING

P. Fish 27.27

WORTHING - LITTLEHAMPTON - WORTHING

D. Bethell 33.28

WORTHING - STEYNING - WORTHING

D. Page 47.59

WORTHING - FINDON - WORTHING

P. Fish 16.24

SCHOOLBOY

WORTHING - SHOREHAM - WORTHING

N. Lelliott 21.53

WORTHING - FINDON - WORTHING

N. Lelliott 16.28

WORTHING - STEYNING - WORTHING

T. Crowley 48.51.

The exact terminal points can be obtained from the time trials secretary. These are in some cases different from the senior records. Seven days notice must be given to the T.T. Secretary of any attempt. Any record claimed must be vouched for by certificates in writing from an official Club timekeeper and by the turn marshalls.

EDDY TORR

So we enter 1972; this is the last issue of volume No.4 and we embark on the 5th year of our Magazine. There are many of you who have still to make a contribution and among you there are many who could make really good contributions from your memories and cycling experience. The balance of the Magazine is very dependent on items from all sources. I hope that I shall hear from you in 1972 and I extend this invitation to our many readers outside of the Club.

I have the feeling that this year is not going to be an easy one for the Club. The most pressing matter before the General Committee will be the recruitment of many more youngsters to our ranks. For the first time for almost 10 years there have been no new signings and several of those who have shown every promise of really becoming part of the Club have somehow been lost. An energetic campaign must be waged, and just as importantly we must see what can be done to integrate new members more quickly and more fully into the Club. The Annual Dinner was not its usual success and this is already receiving urgent attention. The Open 25 has to be restored to the attraction of former years. The Committee elected at the A.G.M. will do all in its power to make 1972 successful but it is up to you the members to give your wholehearted support to everything whether of a racing, touring or purely social nature.

I hope you will, and I wish you every good wish for the year ahead.

Don.

