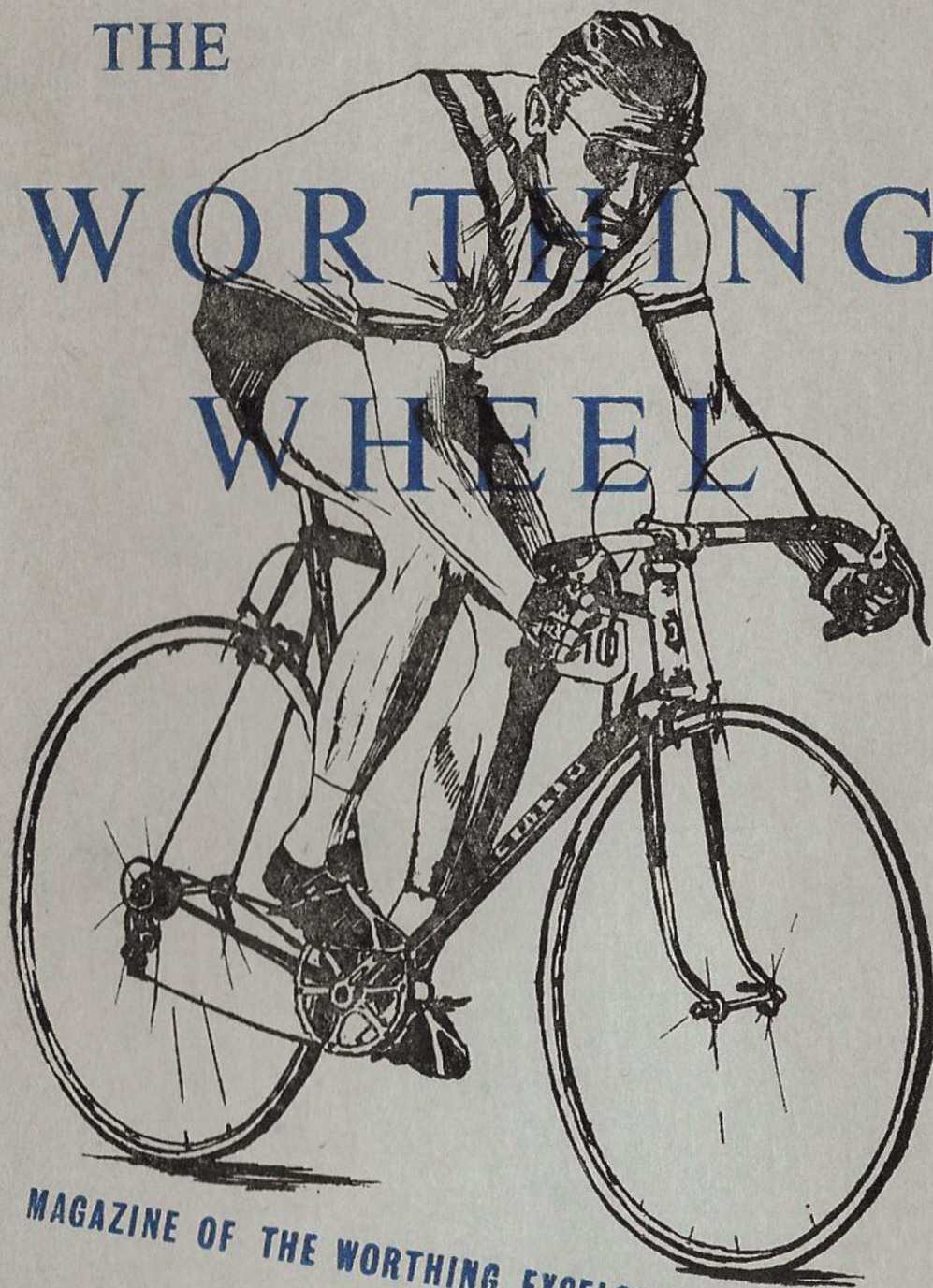


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THE WORTHING WHEEL



MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

WINTER 1974/5

Vol 7 No 4

THE WORTHING WHEEL

The Journal of

THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

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Broadwater Green, Worthing.
(Meetings every Tuesday
8 p.m. to 10 p.m. approx)

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1974 HILL CLIMB CHAMPIONSHIP

After the fiascoes and non-events of the past couple of years, this event was partly restored to former glory. There was a reasonable entry of nine of which seven started and six finished. With a dozen or more spectators and officials it was really quite well supported and perhaps next year an effort can be made to improve still further the entry. If some warm drinks could be available at the summit this would make the prospect of the climb far more attractive.

Dry, sunny, cold and windy were the four weather ingredients and the last of these was from a helpful northerly direction. Bottom and top timekeepers were respectively Charlie Lednor and Ray Douglass - (hope Charlie doesn't object to that description) - and official pusher-off, time trial secretary Dave Funnell, who found the p.m. starting time much more in keeping with his weekend sleeping habits.

The north side climb of Steyning Bostal, from its junction with the Shoreham Road just east of Steyning is an unusual one - a hill in two steps in fact. The first section is not very steep, but then, after perhaps 300 yards, comes the first hard gradient, about one in seven or eight. Then there is a long straight and easy section to the final six hundred yards, with a climb starting abruptly and fiercely at about one in four and then easing to one in six and about one in ten by the finish line.

To ensure that no riders would be

caught they were separated by 2 minute intervals and the field seemed to have been set with the same thought in mind, for defending champion George Matthews was off at number 1 with chief challenger Keith Dodman at number 2. George started at a considerable gallop and must have been considerably faster than Keith over the first third of the climb although Keith used slightly higher gears. Bearing in mind that previous championships have been won in around four and a half minutes, and usually under five, this was not a fast one, but George may have underestimated Keith's climbing ability, (he hasn't been touring with him in the Welsh mountains!) and Keith was not taking the race as seriously as he might have done had he been feeling really fit.

In the event a dead heat between George and Keith with a time of 5 minutes 11.2 seconds is a very fair result which should set the scene for a keenly contested race next year. Your Ed. raised his head above the summit in his first hill climb for 21 years, (he was last in the East Sussex climb in 1953) and having covered the climb in 5.27.4 was well clear for third place. Colin Miller was fourth in 6.20 claiming that on the steeper sections the hill had definitely moved along with him. Paul West a native of these mountainous regions rode up without any apparent strain in 6.27.6 and Roy Macmillan was close behind in 6.32.2. The D.N.F. was Pete Reeves, who though cycling over the last stretch, had it appeared turned pedestrian on the nasty section.

CLUB BEST ALL ROUNDER 1974

With Keith Dodman not riding a twelve hour event this year the Best All Rounder Trophy was a wide open competition. Three completed twelves during the season but due to an unfortunate problem over accommodation Ray Douglass's late challenge came to nought when he was unable to start in his planned late season hundred. Don Lock a winner of the trophy on three previous occasions has in the end come out on top, with Colin Miller making the table for the first time in second place.

Full result:-

1st Don Lock

25. West Kent R.C.	Q25/3	1.2.8.
50. Colchester Rovers	E74	2.9.19.
100. East Sussex	G863	4.36.49.
12hr. Southern Counties	G172	227.05.

Average: 21.984 m.p.h.

2nd Colin Miller

25. Bexley C.C.	Q25/3	1.3.7.
50. Sussex C.A.	G952	2.15.58.
100. Sussex C.A.	G961	4.44.13.
12hr. Southern Counties	G172	204.52.

Average: 20.923 m.p.h.

HARDRIDER MIKE

Recently we were able to look in on the recorded racing excursions of one Mike Poland. All carefully recorded in a neat hand in a large hardcover ledger - years of racing pleasure which Mike will gladly admit to being the racing of the average clubman. From 1957 to 1974, and although we noticed rides in Salisbury and Southampton as well as Sussex, there have been excursions to those 'men' only events, like the Beacon C.C. 63 mile Mountain event, the 50 mile Circuit of the Dales in Lancashire and the Portsmouth to Hindhead and back 54. We saw also Catford 24 hour events, a South Eastern twelve and a couple of Yorkshire 12's in which W.E.C.C. with Mike's help took a second and then a first team place. Some may not believe it but we even saw detail of a "road race".

We noticed however an overwhelming support for his club's time trials and for those of the Sussex C.A. His Club efforts have deservedly won for him on a number of occasions such trophies as the Clapshaw 25 which he won outright, and the Points trophy.

We spotted several tandem rides, including record attempts, with various partners, but as it was around the time of the Hardriders we looked particularly at Mike's record in this race. We came up with some kind of record; he has in 17 years ridden 17 times and always finished. He has won the handicap award 3 times and taken 2nd handicap once. His highest placing has been 2nd, in 1967 and his lowest 7th. His fastest ride was 1.39.40 in 1966 but

he has beaten 1.40 on two other occasions and until 1974 he had never been outside 1.50.

Can you make it 20 Mike?

1974 POINTS CUP

1st	Don Lock	30
2nd	Richard Shipton	35
3rd	Martin Morris	37
4th	Colin Miller	41

For lowest aggregate handicap placings in the seasons club events.

MOST IMPROVED RIDER

Paul West

With his ride in the Crawley Wheelers 25 of 1 hour 8 minutes 58 seconds, Paul had an improvement of 2.82 m.p.h. over his best ride previously.

JUNIOR BEST ALL ROUNDER

Paul West	Average 21.905
Evening Ten	25.35
Crawley 25	1.8.58
Club 15	41.26

LOOKING BACK AT THE SOUTH DOWNS WAY

"The South Downs Way was the country's first long distance bridleway - a fine cross country track along which cyclists, walkers, and horse riders can escape from the noise and confusion of the towns and traffic filled roads, to enjoy the peace and healthy exercise amidst superb scenery. The Way runs some 80 miles from Buriton in the West to Beachy Head in the East."

It was decided that the South Downs Way was to be traversed by members of the club during four Sunday club runs in June. Shortening the Way slightly we started at the top of Harting Hill, on a rather unsettled day, and proceeded Eastwards. One of the few muddy parts of the S.D.W. was picked as the starting point, and as the day went by, so conditions got worse. Shelter was found from the heavy rain and lunch was taken in an old tin wagon conveniently situated at the back of Beacon Hill. The afternoon was spent riding through the very wet woods of Philliswood and Linch Downs giving the more experienced roughstuffers a few hilarious moments as the less experienced slithered, slipped and fell from their machines. Gaining Roughstuff experience the quartet continued through Graffham and Woolavington Downs until the A.285 was reached at Littleton Farm. Here the Way was left for the day, and the wet and weary riders headed back for home.

With a slight increase in numbers we began the Way near Washington on a bright sunny day. We were making for Houghton Bridge with 11's being taken in the riverside cafe. This was a fairly straightforward section of about 6 miles,

having extensive views to the North and to the villages of Storrington and Amberley. 11's partaken, we used the lanes hugging the side of the downs and headed once more to Littleton Farm. We were greeted by aggressive shouting from a bunch who thought cyclists had no right of way on bridlepaths. Wet, but this time due to heavy perspiration, we climbed Burton Down towards Bignor Hill and crossed the Roman Stane Street passing the old Roman signposts on the Hill. The Way was followed through undulating country to Bury Hill, and swooped down to Houghton Bridge and finally halted at the Black Horse Inn in Amberley for a snack and a little liquid refreshment. The route for the afternoon was planned and we set out through lanes once more, to the grounds of Parham House and the villages of Storrington and Washington. Through a steep wooded track we climbed up to meet the Way. We made an easy crossing via Chanctonbury Ring an Ancient encampment where Roman relics have been found. Near Annington Hill, Steyning, we saw the interesting new sport of Hang Gliding, which involves jumping off the side of the Downs, supported under a terylene sailed, tubular metal framed kite, which hopefully allows a smooth descent to the bottom of the valley. An easy swoop down a new concreted path was followed by a crossing of the River Adur on the new Boltophs bridge, which brought us to the end of another day. The new bridge is a reinforced concrete structure, designed to relieve Bramber and Upper Beeding of the heavy flow of cyclists, walkers, and horse riders! The Way used to run through the congested High Street.

The third weekend was started opposite the bridge and went by way of the newly opened superior Y.H. of Truleigh Hill and over Edburton Hill to Devils Dyke for 11's, where a large contingent from the club had assembled. Legend has it that the Devil tried to excavate a trench here, so as to allow the sea to flood the land and destroy the many churches of the region, but he was disturbed during his labours and left his work unfinished. But we finished our 11's and 'roughed it' again via Saddlescombe. past the very popular and well known Jack and Jill wind-mills, over Ditchling Beacon, and Blackcap to descend onto the Newmarket Inn on the A.27. Cow Down just beyond Saddlescombe, was foremost in our lunchtime recount of the mornings events. A large group of horses was espied at a distance and a detour from the Way made to avoid conflict. But the leading horses caught sight of the cyclists battling with the gradient, rutts and cows, and turned a riding schools peaceful morning outing, into a scene from the 'Wild West', with horses rearing up, throwing riders, and galloping towards the helpless roughstuff riders - luckily escaping injury. A word of warning then to those who meet horses! Better for rest and refreshment, we conquered Castle Hill, Iford Hill, and Mill Hill and finished another fine day with a fast swoop down into Southease.

The last stretch of the Way remains a mystery to many, because that Sunday morning started very wet, thus reducing numbers sadly to two. But for those who dared venture onto the Way, they were to find conditions far from pleasant. For anyone wishing to finish the Way at some later date, they should leave Southease

by way of Beddingham Hill and go over Firle Beacon, Bostal Hill and down into the picturesque village of Alfriston and up again over Windover Hill, to Jevington and over Willingdon Hill to emerge on the greens of Beachy Head.

Derek Smith

A WINTER'S TALE

In the depths of Winter when the East windwhistles round the chimney pots and the man from the Met. Office is on about a chance of snow before nightfall, I find it easy to sink into a comfortable armchair and acquire that certain somnolence which follows a good meal. The outside world of reality may be in December's chilling grip, but within the confines of my chair the weather bothers me not, for something else is on my mind.

Here, in my dream world, it is high Summer, and after breakfasting early, I mount my cycle and ride away from town, my mind on those pleasant fields and sequestered lanes that lie ahead. The ideal world, this. Away from the crowd, the wheels beneath me hum contentedly, echoing my own mood, as I pedal easily along. The sun is yet low in the sky, but portends a hot day. The town behind me still sleeps, but nature is wide awake. Hedgerow, meadow and tree abound with life. A Yellowhammer flits along the hedgetop, while up above a wary Jay scarcely gives me time to admire its handsome plumage before taking cover.

Pedalling on I reach more open country, and up there in the blue a Skylark seems to have the heavens to himself. But not entirely. Across the meadow, a Kestrel hovers menacingly, its keen eyes searching out some hapless creature on the ground. I ride on, at peace with the world. Then a strange thing happens. I stop for refreshments, and as I remount my cycle a shiver goes down my back, and for some unaccountable reason I feel a morbid apprehensiveness about my journey. However. I try to banish any unpleasant thoughts, and continue on towards my lunch venue. Another hour goes by, and I feel it necessary to stop and check my route with the map. But the fact is, I am quite unable to do so! I look for a signpost or building that will give me a clue as to my whereabouts, but there is none. My surroundings seem completely new to me, yet how could I possibly have lost my way? A lane leads off to the right. I go along that lane, then another and another, but only become more confused than ever. I stare vacantly at the useless map, and feel there is some justification for my earlier fears. What started out as a pleasant cycle ride is becoming something of a nightmare journey.

I ride on towards I know not where, conscious of a strange detachment spreading over me. I know now that I am no longer in control of my cycle. An unseen hand is directing my course, and unknown power turning my wheels, and try as I might, I cannot resist. I admire the sheer beauty of my surroundings, yet there is something evil in that beauty. I have seen neither house nor person for hours. The heat is stifling, and I remove my drinking bottle from its cage. It is bone dry, as it has been for some time.

The need for water becomes paramount, but which way do I turn? At last I see some way ahead a beautiful lake, its mirror-like surface shimmering in the heat. My wheels increase their speed, and soon I abandon my cycle and hasten on foot towards the water's edge, but the lake gets no nearer. All too late I realise my error. In despair I turn back to regain my cycle, but the path is no longer there. All I see are high trees and thick vegetation. Panic grips me and I stumble on not knowing or caring in which direction I go. Soon I find myself on high ground overlooking the lake. The burning sun causes strange lights to flash before my eyes, and my head spins round. The next moment I am falling slowly towards the water far below, my body turning over and over as I fall. After what seems like hours I strike the water and plunge deep down into the unknown.

I awake with a start, trying to collect my thoughts. I am in a darkened room, only a few flickering beams from a dying fire interrupting the gloom. I look around, and slowly it dawns on me. Of course, I had fallen asleep after that Christmas dinner! What a relief to find it was only a dream!

I switch on the light and draw the curtains. Outside the wind is howling and a layer of snow has formed on the window sill. So the Met. Office was right after all. I make up the fire and once again sink back in the armchair.... Roll on the Summer.

Icarus

1974 HARDRIDERS

For newer members or readers, let's first go around this course, which starts at the Worthing boundary sign in Findon Valley. To begin with it's flat, coming south to the Warren roundabout and then back through the start, I say flat, but this is of course comparative. After Findon Valley the way north is the familiar slog up the gradual, and apart from the short respite north of the Findon Island, constant, climb to the top of Washington Bostal. Top gear and down the bypass to the Storrington Island, then out on the undulating stretch to Storrington. The undulations now take on a more vicious nature and give a taste of tougher things to come. Briefly down to Houghton Bridge, across the causeway and then up - sharply through the village - but then the long long fight to Whiteways Lodge, but not the top - left now on the Arundel Road and a further climb before the long and rapid descent. A sharp left off the new road - up past the Cathedral and the Castle - down through the town and round the block by the Bus Station. Now the course follows briefly the Chichester Road to the new Ford Island and then probably the hardest and certainly the longest climb, all the way back up to the top at Whiteways. Now the big gear again and you should really turn it down to Houghton Village. There is always need here to avoid the Sunday Church congregation and also cattle from the farm, both can make things highly exciting at 45 m.p.h. Over the causeway and round past Amberley Castle then those undulations as you near Storrington which are by now assuming even larger proportions as one's efforts begin to tell. Through the

town and on to Washington, and then the long bypass road, which can be faster or slower than the old Bostal, depending upon conditions. Finally back down to Findon, a sprint, to get up past the roundabout quickly, and thankfully a fast finish to the boundary sign. It has been described as a 'Sporting Course' !

A smaller entry than in recent years, but this race always creates interest and many of those who for one reason or another did not ride, turned out to watch or officiate and Theo's cuppa at the finish made it all worthwhile.

George Matthews, the winner last year, was favourite and chief challengers Don Lock and Richard Shipton did not look capable of preventing another win. It was disappointing that Keith Dodman was unwell and unable to ride for he has always produced excellent rides in this race.

At the first check at Storrington, George had established a margin of about one minute from Don with Richard a further 15 seconds down. These were clear of the other two starters, Mike Poland and schoolboy Martin Morris. On the climb out of Houghton Don must have stopped to pick blackberries for Richard pulled back his deficit and indeed took a minutes lead at the top. At this point he was only a little over a minute down on George. These leading positions were to remain to the finish although the spacings were to stretch out a little.

George was first home in 1 hour 38 minutes 2 seconds a time some $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes slower than

his winning ride in 1973. Richard maintained his good form to take second place in his fastest ever ride over the course finishing in 1.40.4. a time which deservedly secured for him the first handicap award. Don was third in 1.41.55 and then there was a big gap to Mike Poland in 1.52.25 and finally the game effort of Martin, just outside 2 hours with 2.1.17. Next year he will beat 1.50.00.

Could the event be brought forward a little? Even a couple of weeks might achieve a better entry for whilst the event is still popular it seems that several riders are by mid October beginning to think that the season has gone on long enough.

A SENSE OF HUMOUR ?

The following format appears to have been adopted by Assistant Secretary Roger Smallman when sending post cards to committee members:-

63 Langdale Rd. Hove.

Dear John,

Next Committee

Place: 70 Lincoln Road.
Date: Monday Oct 7th.
Time: 8.0 for 8.15.
Dress: Casual.
Drinks: On the house.

Don't be late. Roger.

To the point and apart from the bit about punctuality, they seem to work.

THE SKOL SIX

This event was given our support to an even greater extent than in previous years. Dave Hudson organised a mini-bus and with Charlie Lednor at the wheel the following members were transported to watch and thoroughly enjoy the final stages of the last night:- Charlie Lednor, Dave Hudson, Theo Puttick, Alan and Madeleine Matthews, Norman and Roy Macmillan, George Matthews, Ray Douglass, Tony Flumm, Don and Maureen Lock and as one more could just be squeezed in we had Charlie Janman of Bognor to keep the rest of us in order. By separate means of conveyance, although all four wheeled, I'm afraid, Dave Funnell and friend, Geoff Allibone, John Mansell and Sonia, Colin and Tony Miller, Alan Orman and Tony Rotheram also made the trip.

With the British interest in these sixes, now is very real one, with riders of the calibre of Barry Hoban and Tony Gowland producing top class performances, and thereby earning themselves better and better partners, there was a prospect in 1974 that we could have a British win. The fact that this possibility was there until the dicing minutes of the final session, meant one hell of a lot of shouting, and many hundreds of croaky voices the following morning.

Patrick Sercu of Belgium and Rene Pijon of Holland proved to be the strongest and with one lap in the bag showed just how to defend every attack. Attacks came constantly over the last hour, in which riders covered over 31 miles! New Raleigh professional Roy Schuiten of Holland and Leo Duyndam finished second, and third and only points behind came Tony Gowland and his West

German partner Sigi Renz. So Tony could not repeat this 1972 success but we were glad that we were there to see his effort.

THE 1974 TOURIST COMPETITION

Sometimes you get an idea which is simple and turns out to be very successful. It may sound like blowing my own trumpet but I don't think anyone who took part in this event will deny that it was an outstanding success. The idea was simply to ask Brian Cox of the Bognor Regis Club if he would run it for us. Brian has competed in the National C.T.C. Final and it was thought that he must know what the ingredients should be. He did; and we were to find out:-

Firstly Brian had organised the weather, an item of major importance which was not overlooked. The sun was switched on as everyone was getting up and disappeared at the proper time when it was due to get dark. Secondly, so that checks could be made from time to time to see how many of us had got lost, we were numbered, scrutinized and listed; Brian was obviously taking no chances with this Worthing crowd. I did notice that the two Bognor riders who competed were dealt with similarly, but I knew this was just for cover and was not deceived; he clearly didn't trust us.

Having disclosed the contents of my tool kit, something I usually keep very private, and been forced to divulge my affiliations to C.T.C. and show my union card, I was presented with the details of section One.

Before I proceed further, however, I will list the starters. Martin Morris, Mike Humphrey, Ian Reader, Peter Shaw, Paul West, David Mills, Andrew King, Martin Herbert and Graham Tooley, all novices. Roger Smallman, Derek Smith, Dave Hudson and myself. And previous winners of the President's Rose Bowl, Ray Douglass and John Mansell. Fifteen is surely the highest entry for many years and including the two from Brian's Club it was a good and worthwhile promotion.

Back to the details of the first section, which required from me at least, a good deal of thought, and just a little help from Brian. A few points lost then before I'm even on my bike. From the start near the Coach and Horses on the Arundel road we made our way up Cote Street along the eastern edge of Clapham Wood, (first mud) and north to the top of the Long Furlong road. Here I was subjected to an interrogation on such matters as the types of trees forming Chanctonbury Ring and, what is the Long Man of Wilmington, and immediately afterwards was put to ridicule and embarrassment by being made to ride my bike in and out of blocks of wood placed far too close together. No allowance was made for my thirty inch touring wheels, and my only relief here was to see 1973 champion John Mansell make as much a mess of it as I had. Along the west side of Muntham Court, through a field with a most ferocious bull in it, and then to join the South Downs Way and travel along it to a point west of Storrington from which point descent was made to the Amberley road near Springhead Farm. The correct route through the town to the Car Park (end of section) found me taking a very devious course so as to pass two Churches on my left -

felt that there was some hidden significance in this somehow but couldn't think what. First contact with the travelling refreshments of Theo Puttick were made in the Car Park. It was here that the details of Section two were received.

We were engaged until lunch, with section two and for the benefit of those unable to have competed we quote the details so that you can have a go at working it out yourselves. It is all there on sheet 182 of the 1" Ordnance:-
Section 2. "This section starts at the exit to this car park on to the B.2139 and ends at the junction of the B.2224 and A.272. Use only metalled roads not exceeding a 'B' grading and by the shortest possible route fulfilling the following conditions:- Pass two windmills on your right side. Cross the river Adur whilst travelling in a northerly direction. Pass two churches on your right side. Pass a pond on your right side." It needs very careful map reading. I would mention that it is permissible to ride the final stretch to the pub along the A.272. You will also be required to answer en-route, such questions as, where in Sussex would you find Jack & Jill? and what is the common name for wild hyacinth? Obviously questions posed in some **secret code**..

Lunch was enjoyed at the Pub and I spent the time sitting on a large flat stone studying my map. I managed, surprise, surprise, to correctly interpret the details of section three and Big Brother sent me on my way with a happy smile, or was it a cynical grin? A nice route in pleasant sunny conditions took me up to Christs Hospital (magnificent autumn colours)

and then south through Barns Green and Brooks Green back to the start. My happily feeling on arriving back at Dragons Green was quickly shattered when I was immediately subjected to further interrogations. I was asked to identify two signs, one looked like Raquel Welch lying on her back and another showed a white bicycle travelling, presumably, on a blue sea. I was also asked to give the name of the man whose memorial stone was in the garden of the George and Dragon; how could I be expected to know that I had been sitting on the thing reading my map!

The final section, a route to take us from Dragons Green back to Wiggonholt Common near Pulborough for tea was simplicity itself and I shot off with great confidence back through West Chiltington, being for once an early finisher. Interesting to note that there were no points for this stretch, no wonder I found it easy!

The final part of the event was the section which all who have ridden the event before, look forward to with the greatest anticipation. It was of course the time when the starving work force returns from the hard labours of the day to the Theo Puttick open air gastronomic gorge. Steaming bowls of hot soup, minced beef, mashed potatoes and peas and followed by his now famous plum duff and custard all to be downed with as many cuppas as you wished. All riders made this stage and so did all the helpers, some indeed who had only come out for the morning but had enjoyed themselves so much that they stayed on.

Forgive my leg pulls Brian, this was a smashing days cycling enjoyed by everyone involved. I hope you will do it again next year.

Full result:-

1st	John Mansell	38	points
2nd	Derek Smith	37	"
3rd	Roger Smallman	36 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
4th	Les Janman (Bognor)	35	"
5th	Ray Douglass	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
6th	Dave Hudson	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
7th	Ian Reader	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
	Don Lock	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
9th	K.Wingate (Bognor)	28	"
10th	Peter Shaw	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
11th	Graham Tooley	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
12th	Paul West	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
13th	Martin Morris	21	"
14th	Andrew King	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
15th	David Mills	16	"
16th	Martin Herbert	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	"

Don Lock

RUNS ATTENDANCE TROPHY 1973/4

This competition designed to encourage the support of Club runs continues to prove a major success and if the trophy causes any embarrassment to the first winner - Dave Hudson - he thought of the idea - then he should be reassured, for without his idea, which on its own justifies the award, we would not once again be able to boast of a constant and well attended club run side to our activities. The club run is something generally regarded as an

absolute necessity for the continuing life and vitality of a club, and the absence of this kind of activity in a club has been the cause of many club failures over the years, especially of clubs whose interest has been purely a racing interest.

With points awarded by the Theo Puttick Charlie Lednor duo of adjudicators, on a rough basis of 3, 2, 1, depending upon such factors as whether or not you were out all day, or just the morning, or perhaps just meeting the run at elevenses here is the result for this first competition - 1st January to 30th September 1974:-

1st	Dave Hudson	74	points
2nd	Martin Morris	56	"
3rd	Derek Smith	52	"
4th	Ray Douglass	49	"
5th	Roger Smallman	39	"
	Roy Macmillan	39	"
7th	Paul West	34	"
8th	Tony Flumm	32	"
9th	Ian Reader	26	"
	Michael Etherington	26	"
11th	John Mansell	25	"
	David Mills	25	"
13th	Peter Shaw	22	"

A total of forty two members actually took part in runs and thereby register a points total. In the period 47 outings were arranged and had an average attendance of 6.7 and this compares with an average of 4.1 in the same period of 1973.

Special awards for second and third places were awarded by the Committee for Martin had not joined the Club until March and Derek was out of action for a long period with exam studies during the summer.

TOP TWENTY "25s" OF 1974

1.	Keith Dodman	Redbridge	58.54
2.	Keith Dodman	Don Valley	1.0.33
3.	Don Lock	West Kent	1.2.08
4.	Keith Dodman	San Fairy Ann	1.2.37
5.	George Matthews	Sussex C.A.	1.2.55
6.	Pete Reeves	Nova C.C.	1.2.57
7.	George Matthews	Hounslow	1.2.59
8.	Keith Dodman	Birchfield	1.3.02
9.	Colin Miller	Bexley	1.3.07
10.	Pete Reeves	San Fairy Ann	1.3.20
11.	Keith Dodman	Old Portlians	1.3.27
12.	Richard Shipton	Chelmsford	1.3.30
13.	Colin Miller	Farnborough	1.3.40
14.	Keith Dodman	Hants R.C.	1.3.53
15.	Keith Dodman	Sydenham Whs.	1.4.04
16.	George Matthews	Worthing Excelsior	1.4.13
17.	Keith Dodman	S.C.C.U.	1.4.18
18.	Ray Douglass	Redmon	1.4.21
19.	Pete Reeves	Newbury	1.4.22
20.	Pete Reeves	Sydenham Whs.	1.4.27

ANNUAL PRIZE PRESENTATION DINNER AND DANCE

On Saturday 16th November, The Burlington Hotel Worthing saw some 96 members and friends present to enjoy a very good evening. The meal of roast lamb was good and adequate for most appetites but the service was poor and the meat was shivering by the time the vegetables arrived to comfort it.

There was a happy return of cross toasting which, whilst lacking the rapidity of earlier years occasionally reached heights of entertainment which added considerably to the general atmosphere. Charlie Lednor undoubtedly won the award for being on his feet more times than anyone else, beating Don in his Master of Ceremonies capacity, by a handfull. Most noise however came from George (Matthews) who beat Don and his hammer by a decibel or two. George, under the watchful eye of coach Norman Macmillan drank only milk throughout the evening, and if that's what milk does, we must be thankful it wasn't lemonade!

Peter Brackley, Sports Producer of Radio Brighton was the guest speaker and made an easy professional speech proposing the toast of the club. High spot of this was when he said he had heard of George Matthews and was sorry that he (George) was unable to be there, (howls of laughter). The low spot was when he suggested that cycling was a minority sport (howls of denial). Peter obviously enjoyed his evening and should now have a better understanding of the following that our sport does command.

Mrs. Argent presented the prizes to the successful racing types, to the winners of the touring competitions and finally the Clubman of the Year Trophy to Dave Hudson for the second time.

Dancing to the same rather aged group - many were surprised to see them still going - they looked pretty queer in 1973 - then continued. The bass player, 90 is he was a day, got quite carried away towards the end of the evening when two birds, with an awful lot to carry before them, gate crashed and proceeded to do a floor show on their own. Raffles, fund raising draw and a bit of a knees up, not very good this year, brought the proceedings to an end.

FUND RAISING

1974 FUND RAISING '50' CLUB WINNERS

JANUARY:	MRS. E.E. DUNN	FOUR POUNDS
FEBRUARY:	DAVE HUDSON	" "
MARCH:	DAVE HUDSON	" "
APRIL:	DAVE FUNNELL	" "
MAY:	STEVE RICHARDS	" "
JUNE:	DAVE FUNNELL	" "
JULY:	MR. G. RICHARDS	" "
AUGUST:	KEITH DODMAN	" "
SEPTEMBER:	DENNIS DEAN	" "
OCTOBER:	M.E. CHAPMAN	" "
GRAND FINAL:	MRS. D.S. LEDNOR	" "

The 1975 series starts with a new and increased membership of '60' so prizes have been increased to ten monthly draws of £4.50 and a final grand draw of SIXTY POUNDS.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

FEBRUARY 7/9 ANTWERP SIX DAY

Organiser Dave Hudson. Depart Worthing 20.00 hours Friday. Depart Dover 23.30 for Zeebrugge. Early morning drive to Amsterdam arrive 8.00. Approximately 5 hours in this City before 2 hour drive to Antwerp to find accommodation. Spend evening at the 'Six'. Sunday 13.00 ferry back to Dover (17.00) Worthing (20.00). Transport by Mini Bus.

FEBRUARY 16. SUNDAY

Reliability Trial. Start at Washington at junction of old Bostal Road and the Steyning Road (bottom of the hill not the top as last year). Three standards all of 4 hours but distances are 'A' Standard 62 miles, 'B' Standard 56 miles, 'C' 50 miles. All starts at 9.00. Course in West Sussex.

FEBRUARY 25 TUESDAY

Annual General Meeting in the Clubroom. Everyone should attend. It is your Club and if you have any comment on the way its run that is your chance to have your say. Formal notices will be issued by Secretary nearer the date.

MARCH 15 SATURDAY

Sussex C.A. 25 and 10. The Event Secretary is Ray Douglass so support him and help make this first County promotion of the new season a really good one. It will be on the new Arundel (A.27) Road course.

"CEUD MILE FAILTE"

By Derek Smith and Dave Hudson

The age old Gaelic welcome "Ceud Mile Failte" - a hundred thousand welcomes - is extended to those who visit the Western Isles. Lying 40 miles off the North West Coast of Scotland, the Outer Hebrides comprise the islands of Lewis, Harris, North Uist, Benbecula, South Uist and Barra with numerous other smaller islands.

The object of the holiday was to see the varied coastline of mainland Scotland in the van, and then go on to the Western Isles with our bikes. During the ride through Scotland we managed to get a few miles in on our bikes to see the more remote parts.

Friday 30th August was a hectic day. The van was insulated ready to be used as a mobile Bed and Breakfast accommodation. The duo headed north past the Peak District, the Lake District, Carlisle, Glasgow and Perth, finally halting in the early hours at Inverness.

Saturday we woke to mists, which were to spoil potentially good views, as we continued north. Bound for John O'Groats we used the A.9 and stopped near Wick at the small harbour of Lybster. On then past the Caithness glass factory at Wick to a meal at John O'Groats. This prepared us for the 10 mile ride from Dunnet to the Dunnet Head Lighthouse, bellowing its warning to ships in the foggy seas. Dunnet Head is a rocky peninsular and the most northerly point of the British mainland. Back in the van we decided to spend the night at Durness, the

opposite corner of northern Scotland. So westward bound we past through Thurso and then caught a glimpse of the Dounreay Fast Reactor - an experimental nuclear power station. A meal and a detour inland to Altnaharra was followed by the roughest ride on a 'metalled' road that I have experienced bringing us closer to Durness.

We woke revitalised and prepared typically English breakfasts from our Auto-larder overlooking the pleasant Kyle of Durness. There is little or no chance of finding anything open in northern Scotland on a Sunday. Ready for the bikes we set off in search of the foot ferry which has taken many cyclists over the Kyle for the start of the 11 mile ride to Cape Wrath. The only vehicle to be met is a mini bus which runs between the ferry and the lighthouse. The road is varied in gradient, surface and scenery with fine views over sandy bays. Milestones are alongside the road although there is difficulty in finding them all. On return to the ferry the tide was low, which necessitated a scramble with bikes over weed strewn rocks and grassy banks to reach the boat moored in deeper water. The seemingly clear and deep Kyle of early morning was now sporting large sand bars rounded by the skillful ferryman. Into the van, tired and hungry we set off in search of food and were disappointed, the one pub had just closed! We turned south and followed the West Coast past peat and heather covered moor and mountain ranges. In many places the roads are being renewed. The traditional Scottish single track road is dying! It is being replaced by fairly straight, fast wide roads having no character. One such road leads

to Kylesku free ferry. On this ferry the deck revolves to meet the quay, a strange, yet popular idea with Scottish ferries. After clinging to the west coast we arrived at Ullapool, for an excellent meal at the Fair Isles Restaurant. Ullapool is the new 'drive on - drive off' port for the Isle of Lewis.

A look around the harbour early next morning was followed by another full day. Again we followed the west coast, going via Inverewe Gardens, Gairloch, Loch Maree, and Torridon to the foot of the pass to Applecross. The 2000 feet ascent of the Bealach-nam-Bo, - 'pass of the cattle' - has hair raising, hair pin bends on gradients of 1 in 5. The views are tremendous and the climb, although long is not generally steep. We had many encouraging comments from passing motorists who were usually only too pleased to give way to us on the narrow road. The ascent was hot even in shorts and T/shirts but the descent back again, required trousers and cagoules. Now back in the van be headed towards to Kyle of Lochalsh and Skye, via the picturesque village of Plockton. Satisfied with a meal, we crossed the Kyle and motored across Skye at night on good well surfaced roads, arriving near to our departure point for the Western Isles at Uig.

A useful car park was found for the van at Uig Y.H. and we packed our needs for those distant isles. On the ferry we met a member of the crew who rode on the islands when the vessel docked. He made us wary of Uist by warning us to have plenty of food for the "wild lonely country ahead of you". The ride was tough and took longer than we thought. It

involved more miles than we had considered and was much more desolate than we imagined. After a total mileage of 67 that day, and many disappointments, namely no ferry to Barra - another island - no food/cafes facilities and finally extreme difficulty in finding B and B we were both completely shattered. In that evening we made new plans. If it was possible we would fly to Stornaway. We arrived booked and noted the departure time as 15.00 hours. A quick tour of Benbecular filled in the time, before we prepared our bikes for the flight. Pedals were removed, handlebars turned in and loose accessoried put in the saddlebags. All that for 20 minutes in the air. We flew over the country that later we would be riding across, and found that we landed on an entirely different and seemingly more friendly isle. We were fixed up with excellent B and B accommodation and found a superb hotel for 2 evening meals. Our hosts were very warm and friendly and we felt we had made the right decision to fly when we heard of activities traditions and monuments to be seen on this island.

Next day, Thursday, we followed a C.T.C. recommended tour by way of Barvas and Arnol. At the latter is a 'Black House'. This is a stone walled building and has a roof of wood turf and straw. The straw is held in place with string and stone weights and the whole is waterproofed with soot from the peat fire burnt in one of the rooms. There are no windows and only a few low doors. There are many of these houses on the island although most are falling into disrepair because the soot waterproofing is deteriorating. On then

to Bragar to see a 'whalebone arch' and the harpoon that killed it. Following the road south to Shawbost time is well spent in the museum, of the way of life of the island. Further down the road and across the moors towards the sea is a renovated Norse mill used for grinding corn and driven by water. Both these ventures are by schoolchildren of the island. Still heading south we were aiming to see the Pictish Fort at Carloway thought to be of Celtic origin. Also on our itinerary were the Mauding Stones at Callarish - one of the most perfect megalithic temples in Britain - thought to have been erected in the ice age 3000 years ago. However it was here that Dave's front wheel received a severe buckle and further cycling was impossible. This was the result of plunging into a ditch. As luck would have it the third vehicle that stopped was a commercial and the driver was collecting bundles of tweed from the outlying crofters and taking them back to Stornaway. Thankful for a lift, I followed Dave's lead and climbed up beside him - the bikes stowed in the back. On return to Stornaway we made tracks to the cycle shop, but alas they had no equipment to straighten the wheel and no new wheels either!

The following morning I left Dave standing on the 'main' Stornaway to Tarbert road, hoping to get a lift for the 34 miles. The ferry back to Skye left at 17.30 so there were $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Finally 22 miles later he came past waving and shouting. We duly caught the ferry and made use of the excellent catering facilities for a meal afloat. Back to the van and ready for sleep we motored to Portree.

We can thoroughly recommend the Royal Hotel

at Portree for meals. An excellent breakfast can be had by non-residents for those who arrive before 09.00. With this the last day we decided to tour Skye. Visiting Dunvegan Castle in the north and the Cullin Hills in the south. We crossed back to the mainland during the afternoon and started the long trek homeward, finally coming to rest in the windswept Cotswolds.

We decided to finish the tour with the now traditional meal at Oxford. Throughout our tour we had had good weather, dry if not sunny, with only occasional rain, while during that same week (the first in September) the south was hit with storms and gale force winds. We certainly escaped during the right week!

GABBLETALK

A massage somewhat - sorry pardon - a message somewhat behind late but levertheness mell went. May I give you won tousand wishes of much New Year Happy diddlyness and turny of the cyco wheelies. May their be light in your gloomy and may you still have a street light up your alley. May your sterling pound still buy you a cuppa or half a beer depending on your likies.

If intentions racy for the seventy and fifth year of this centurion still lurk in bemuddled brain boxes after much gorging of the rum puddy, turkey gin, and sage and onion trifle, may you have some slow minute men and some turns not be as far away as usual.

For all you of, may inflation be slower
and deflations fewer.

THE GREAT PAPER CHASE

The price is down but the chase is still on
so please go on collecting. So far the Club
have raised about £42 by your efforts. There
will be further collections from you early in
the New Year.

STOP PRESS

Ray Douglass hits cat in Pavilion Road.
Cat departed hurriedly. Ray deposited also
hurriedly, in middle of road. Fortunately
only bruises and grazes. Don Lock has
developed independent handlebars. The right
side comes away on its own!! Alan Matthews
loses his machine locked up and left outside
Woolworths. Watch out there's a thief about.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SUSSEX ?

Try these: Answers in the next issue.

1. Which place in Sussex is famous for its
Opera seasons?
2. What was Regnum?
3. Which Kent river rises in Sussex and where?
4. How is the name 'Sussex' derived?
5. Where is the Great Sussex Sheep Fair held?

6. What Sussex river was once called Tarrant?
7. What was the 'somp' in the place name Sompting?
8. What is the Weirwood lake?
9. Which Sussex Mills were once removed by a team of oxen?
10. What place was once known as Coveholde?
11. Batemans near Burwash was once the home of what famous person?
12. What was the art of Fletching and why was this village so named?
13. What was and what is 'Dicker'?
14. What to a Sussex man is a didecai?
15. Which is the oldest Sussex post mill?
16. Where is there a Lych Gate with a room above?
17. Which church is said to be "The greatest architectural curiosity in Britain"?
18. What was Furrel Bacon?
19. Where might Hotham Town have been?
20. Where are there avenues of Spanish Chestnut trees a thousand yards long?

FOUR WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT

Out of a number of Club runs undertaken during the past summer, one that I recall with pleasure was on May 12th, following the S.C.A. Team Championship. 'Elevenes' had been taken on the Green at Cowfold, by courtesy of

that well known catering team of Theo, Con and Jim. Our party was a small one. Leader was Dave, complete with new bike and map at the ready. Next came Tony (Flumm), who at the time seemed to have abandoned his racing pursuits and was talking of loading up a bike with camping equipment. The third member was young Martin (Morris), a regular rider with quite a few points already clocked up towards the Attendance Trophy. I made up a quartet, differing greatly in age, experience and ideas, yet combining on this day with but one aim in view - to enjoy a days cycling through the countryside.

Anyway, we set off in an Easterly direction, following the A.214 under the Bolney flyover to Cuckfield, turning off just north of the village and making our way to Lindfield, where liquid refreshment was had. Afterwards we repaired to a seat on the village green, accompanied by a large black dog who insisted on sharing our lunch.

Thus fortified, we got back on the road again, Dave having mapped out a course which he hoped would bring us to Newhaven for tea. We cycled through some beautiful unspoiled country. I remember in particular Barcombe Mill, where a pause was made by the nearby pool, looking attractive in the sunlight. Dave made a pretty picture, too, leaping gracefully across the narrow waterway! More lane work followed, and somewhere near Glynde, the leader said he had heard of a very small cafe on the A.27, which might be open. Never one to turn down the chance of a 'cuppa', I agreed we should try, and sure enough there was the cafe, and the four of us just about filled it.

The whole of the afternoon's run was over a 'sporting' course, which really means I was reduced to walking a few times, but the others did wait at the tops of the hills. Nice blokes, really!

On arrival in Newhaven the subject of food was uppermost. Not just tea and a wad, but 'the lot'. We ate well, and this put us in fine fettle for the wind assisted romp home along the coast road. With the long climb out of the town behind us, I put my top gear in and set off at a smart pace, only to be pulled up short so that we could view the cliff-top memorial at Peacehaven. For the first (and only) time that day, I had a chance to show what I could do, and they wouldn't let me!

So we continued at a steady pace and soon reached the King Alfred, where Dave turned off to visit someone (or some place). I soon turned off for home, leaving Tony and Martin to decide between themselves who should be first into Worthing.

So ended another enjoyable Club-run, I can recommend them.

Roger Smallman

