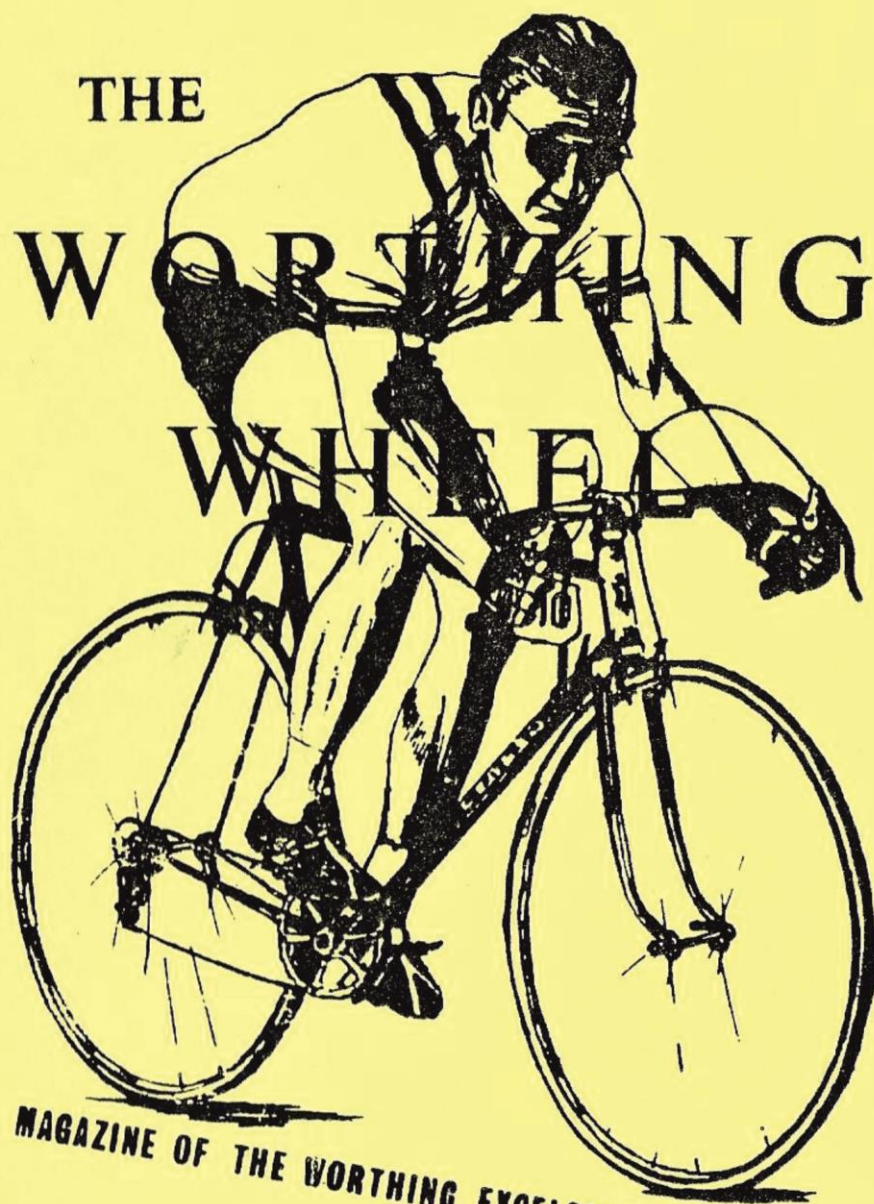


THE
WORTHING
WHEEL



MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

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the journal of the

WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

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The opinions and comments expressed in this
magazine are the opinions and comments of the
individual contributors and are not necessarily
the views of the Worthing Excelsior Cycling
Club or of its committee.

INTRODUCING SOUTH NORTHANTS

19TH SEPTEMBER, 1981

We always welcome visits by Club friends to our Northamptonshire home, so I was delighted when Dave Hudson 'phoned to arrange a days cycling visit one Saturday. Having agreed to dates, it meant that I had to get in some training, for since the last visit in November 1980, I had done very little cycling. Ten to eighteen miles was about the maximum. Obviously this was not going to satisfy W.E.C.C.'s hard riding tourists!

However, in our year at Orchard Close we had managed to journey out into the surrounding lanes and villages - to do the odd spot of walking, or driving practice for Sarah. We had noted certain villages for their charm, other areas for views, etc., and I was understandably excited at the prospect of joining them altogether for a cycling route.

Many hours were spent pouring over the O.S. Map deciding what was to be covered and what would have to be left until another time. Again the Worthing's insatiable need to stop every few miles for refreshment needed consideration, but it was going to prove difficult. Northamptonshire has few major attractions and so precious few refreshment haunts. We seem to have a wealth of caravan snack bars in numerous lay-bys operating Monday to Friday, or the town cafes and 'Wimpey's', but who wants to venture into towns on a Saturday and with a group of cyclists.

It was against this background that the route emerged. I became fitter and thought I could

manage 70 miles - not a bad days touring. So all we wanted was good weather. Sarah had again opted for catering rather than riding. The group were to meet at Worthing's Thomas A Becket at 6.00 a.m., breakfasting North of London just off the Motorway. It was from here that we had 45 minutes warning of their impending arrival, and you know Dave's timing. I was just putting the finishing touches to the weekly check-up on the car when I heard a blast from a Canadian lumber lorry's air-horns (or was it Dave's van!). Bang on the nail two vehicles (the other being Paul Toppin's Capri) carrying riders and equipment pulled up and out climbed the occupants. The sun was shining and Christine decided to leave her mudguards in the van. She gave Paul the contents of her saddle bag and was all set for a really light tour. Others bolted on various bits and pumped up tyres. Finally we were ready to leave - not long after the planned 10.00 a.m. departure.

One soon leaves the bustle of the busy market town of Towcester behind and within minutes can be surrounded by field and hedges. Northamptonshire is graced with a chequer-board pattern of hedgerows spread over rolling country. Our route was designed to avoid 'A' roads and thereby miss the traffic. So our way led over the River Tove and the course of the now defunct Stratford-on-Avon and Midland Junction Railway, to Greens Norton, a developing village just three miles from Towcester. There is a Youth Hostel here, but on the other side of the village to our entry and exit points. Having gained a little northerly latitude we headed West through Bradden (a quiet place - one shop, one manor and a few houses), Slapton, Wappenham to Weedon Lois where we narrowly missed a wide agricultural vehicle. All the lanes are

undulating and constantly twist and turn so I was soon being asked in which direction we were heading. I remember our first eight miles were covered in 30 minutes. The quaint village of Weston led us to the old Cattle-Droving 'Banbury Lane', once the prehistoric Jurassic Way (Yorkshire to West County), whence to narrower gated roads and eventually the village of Sulgrave. I had not planned on a coffee stop before lunch - for it was only 25 miles from Towcester and they had eaten a 'huge' breakfast on the way up. However, Chris Beckingham spotted the Thatched House Hotel had a board up for morning coffee, 10.30 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. It being just 11.00 a.m. he had already 'U' turned and was heading for the door - so we all had to follow. An unusual 11's venue: we found ourselves in a well looked after 17th century thatched building directly opposite Sulgrave Manor - home of George Washington's ancestors. Service was slow (you would say abysmal in Sussex, but it is a slower way of life here!) however, we had jugs of coffee and plates of biscuits and from what I remember change from 60 pence. Whilst waiting for our beverage, I caught up on Worthing's news. After an hours stop we ventured outside and photos were taken whilst the sun was still shining. It was not to last long and the clouds were starting to roll in.

The stocks were passed as we cycled out of the village of Culworth. Here is a straggling street of multicoloured stone cottages and where, in the 18th Century hid a band of robbers known as the Culworth Gang. This gang used to terrorise South Northants. So we 'U' turned in the village - not wishing to plunge into the Cherwell Valley or catch sight

of any robbers.- and headed towards lunch. Through Moreton Pinkney, a pleasing russet coloured stone village; Canons Ashby where the Church of St. Mary is plainly no ordinary parish church, being all that remains of the Augustinian Priory; Litchborough where there is a briar pipe factory and show room; and so to lunch at Farthingstone (Farraxton in the local vernacular). On the way I heard from David Mills about his recent Isle of Man trip and his future plans.

A good lunch was marred by the incompetence of the young bar tender over a mix-up in monies. Good traditional Ale's are served in this Neo-Tudor public house, and another 'long' hour was spent recovering from our ride. The undulating country around these parts form one of the most important watersheds in England. The Nene travels East to the Wash; the Cherwell goes South West to join the Thames at Oxford; and the Tove flows South East to the Ouse at Milton Keynes.

We were heading for Weedon, which at one time was an important military depot. A few barracks remain, but it is used as a Government supplies Depot. Weedon is interestingly enough about as far from the sea as one can be in England. Eighty miles to the nearest inlet of the Essex Coast and eighty miles to the beginnings of the sea in the Bristol Channel. The salty flats of the Wash are sixty miles and as the crow flies it is ninety miles to the Solent. Weedon is on the junction of the A5/A45 and boasts a 24 hour cafe on the Daventry road.

However, with it being only four miles since lunch, we could not justify another stop and with the weather beginning to deteriorate we kept going. The sleeping village of Dodford lies in a hollow just off the main roads and is thus saved from the traffic. Near Dodford stands a

tall solitary transmitter (Dodford Pole locally) built to broadcast the Third Programme. The road actually passes under the cable stays - but we had enough planned without that added climb! We began to turn eastwards and within a few hundred yards had crossed the main London Euston North railway; Watling Street A5; The Grand Union Canal, and finally the M1. A few more yards and we entered the gated road leading to Brockhall - ancestral house of the Thorntons. There are many estate cottages and the whole scene was most tranquil - despite being able to see express trains and motorway traffic at the foot of the estate. Dodford Pole could be seen and beyond it the rounded top of Borough Hill, above Daventry, with its bristling crest of radio masts.

From 1925 those masts carried the name of the town throughout Britain. The wind was getting stronger and as we continued our journey through open country towards Althorp Park - home of the Spencers' (lady Di's father) - we thought that it was better that Dick Wiseman was on his bike in Northants and not out in the Atlantic on his yacht! Our concern was confirmed when that night several ships got into trouble around Britain's coastline.

John Spencer bought Althorp estate in 1508 and created a park of some 300 acres. Part of the wall has been lowered (ha-ha wall) so that it is possible to get a distant view of the house. (I have since heard that there is a good tea shop in the house, and must check this out before the next visit.) Leaving the park we were heading towards the county town of Northampton. A town that however interesting is certainly a place to avoid on Saturdays.

So the route skirted through the northern

suburbs - but not before passing a splendid circular dovecote at Upper Harlestone dating back to the 15th Century. Just behind is an old enamelled sign proclaiming 'Dovecote Laundry'. It started spotting with rain and this was to continue and get worse as the afternoon unfurled. Church Brampton, Boughton, Moulton and Weston Favell. We were back on the A43, and I knew of one caravan snack bar that stated that it was open 24 hours a day. It was open so we stopped. It turned out to be a C.B. Radio enthusiasts haven, and apart from 'tea?' and 'coffee?' produced greasy filled rolls - which only 'trucker Hudson' would try. Chris Beckingham found out what a small world it is when he spoke to a lad who had just moved up from Lancing and whose car sported an 'Argus 100' sticker.

We were at Great Billing and it did not take much effort to drop down to Billing Aquadrome. Here in old gravel pits is a water pleasure park. By now the rain was heavier and we all 'caped-up', and Christine began to wish her mudguards were not in the van at Towcester. We passed a Mill Museum and started climbing out of the Nene Valley. We passed behind the new Brackmills industrial estate on an old 'gated' road to Hardingstone towards a 'Garden Centre'. Hardingstone is a village with a lot of history - but it was too wet to look and we just dived into the Glasshouses and found the 'tea bar'. A variety of food was purchased and consumed, but we only had about 12 miles left to do.

The inner man satisfied, and the outer man ringing wet, we did not feel like doing more miles than were needed so I took the shortest route home on unclassified roads. This took in the villages of Wootton, Collingtree, Milton Malsor, Gayton and Tiffield. Further sight-

seeing would have been fruitless.

So finally to Towcester emerging on the A5, just north of the town, adjacent to the River Tove and an old Iron Foundry. We could have had a better finish to the day, but I believe that those W.E.C.C. members saw in some 66 miles, a reasonable selection of what S.W. Northants has to offer - I think most (if not all) were pleasurably surprised.

Derek Smith

P.S. If you are passing nearby, do drop in. Telephone Towcester 51984.

Its rumoured that Dave Hudson went to a committee meeting and took the part of Ray Douglass - so far Ray hasn't missed it!

HARDRIDERS OCTOBER 4th 1981

RESULT

First:	Keith Dodman	1.32.32	2.00	1.30.32
Second:	Roy Holden	1.39.15	5.00	1.34.15
Third:	Stuart Gibbs	1.43.15	8.30	1.34.45
Fourth:	Andrew Lock	1.43.55	8.30	1.35.25
Fifth:	Graham Tooley	1.44.17	4.00	1.40.17
Sixth:	Bill Procter	1.49.35	13.00	1.36.35
Seventh:	Stephen Jukes	1.51.55	11.00	1.40.55
Eighth:	Mike Gibbs	1.57.25	16.00	1.41.25

HILL CLIMB OCTOBER 18th 1981

BURY HILL

RESULT

First:	Keith Dodman	3.57
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Second:	Paul West	4.22
	Graham Tooley	4.22
Fourth:	Tim Salmon	4.26
Fifth:	Greg Hill	4.30
Sixth:	Mike Jones	4.33
Seventh:	Bill Procter	5.30
Eighth:	David Yorke	5.37
Ninth:	Reg Searle(trike)	8.58

It's rumoured that David Mills is keeping Covent Garden going with his surplus allotment produce.

1981 RUNS ATTENDANCE POINTS

"THE TOURIST'S B.A.R."

Dave Hudson	83
Dick Wiseman	82
Ray Douglass	81
Andrew Lock	67
Stephen Jukes	63
Paul Toppin	60
John Mansell	45
David Mills	44
Keith Waldron	38
Stuart Gibbs	36
Don Lock	34
Keith Dodman	32
Adrian Cooper)	
Norman Wright)	25
Mike Gibbs)	
Paul West	15
Duncan Waghorne	14
Ron Stone	10

It's rumoured that Norman Wright was standing up when cross toasted at the annual Dinner. He said the table was rather a high one.

THE POINTS CUP Result 1981

Points are awarded for handicap placings in Club events not including the evening tens or the junior 15. The basis is 1 point for first 2 for 2nd. and so on. Riders not finishing get one point more than the last place and those not starting or not entering get 2 more. For 1981 the following 9 events counted: Circuit Event, Spring 25, Club 30, Championship 50, the 100 the 15 (the one open to all members), championship 25, the Chapshaw 25, and the hardriders.

1st.	Graham Tooley	62	points
2nd.	Richard Shipton	65	"
3rd.	Norman Wright	66	"
4th.	Stuart Gibbs	70	"
5th.	Mike Gibbs	72	"
	Bill Procter	72	"
7th.	Stephen Jukes	73	"
	Roy Holden	73	"
9th.	Andrew Lock	77	"
10th.	Don Lock	82	"
	Greg Hill	82	"
12th.	Adrian Cooper	89	"
13th.	Keith Dodman	91	"
14th.	Dick Wiseman	94	"
15th.	Reg Searle	95	"
16th.	Duncan Waghorne	98	"
17th.	Ken Atkins	99	"
18th.	Paul Toppin	100	"
19th.	Linda Stacy	101	"
20th.	John Grant	102	"

Welsh Extravaganza, or the Don Lock
get lost trip.

Thursday: Great start, Mike broke part of the roof rack and had to get a new part. Finally he arrived at Welland Road about 11 a.m. Off we headed to John Spooner's cottage in the Welsh

mountains. About 1 p.m. and hunger had started to creep in, and we searched in vain for a cafe, until about an hour later we found a service station. After lunch we checked the bikes on the rack and found that Mike had a split tyre (it hadn't even been on the road yet!) so we kept eyes open for a cycle shop but no luck, up here early closing's on Thursdays. A tea stop was made later on before getting lost, by Dad. We eventually found Blaenau Ffestiniog but Dad decided to lose us again. After much tooing and froing we found the cottage, and the infamous hill up to it, and were settled down by 9 p.m. T.V. didn't work (crisis) but not to worry and Mike the Chef soon had a meal ready.

Friday: Left about 9.30 a.m. Bad start, Mike's handlebars come loose, but soon fixed and then we really start the hill climbing. Trust Dad to make the first hill a 1 in 5. Walking for most on this one and more to come, before Stuart has the first puncture just on the summit. What goes up must come down and it's a 1 in 5 descent to Harlech and lunch in a posh cafe (restaurant if you prefer). From there we headed along to Barmouth and Dolgellau for threeses. From there we fought against a blistering wind towards Bala before turning off and climbing over more mountains for nearly an hour. After a wait for the Coach (Mike) we carried on round the back of Llanwchllyn, and then a lovely long downhill into Trawsfydd with a tail wind back to Blaenau. Stuart ended the day with a slow puncture and a buckled wheel, and Mike with a puncture and his still split tyre. So on the first day we managed about 75 miles and in a way it could be called the Gibbs disaster day.

Saturday: After an early rising we set off about two hours later and headed east towards Pentre Foelas, but before reaching it we forked left up over more hills and then down to Penmachno in a 50 m.p.h. free wheel race. Mike definitely has the advantage in these descents! Photos were taken of Machno Falls, before visiting the Conway and famous Swallow Falls. A very good lunch was taken in a nice cafe in Betws-y-Coed to give us strength for the stage across to Capel Curig. At this point grey clouds and rain overcame us and we stopped for capes and wet weather gear. The ride on to Beddgelert was something of a time trial with the four of us well spaced out and arriving there for tea over a period of about twenty minutes. From Beddgelert it was very much up again, on a route towards Croesor recommended by Dick Wiseman which presented us with a 1 in 3 before the drop to Maentwrog (which I pronounced Meat Rog), and then back up to Ffestiniog. We had bought chops for a meal but decided to save them for Sunday, so resorted to Fish and Chips from the local Chippy. The day weatherwise wasn't as brilliant as the other two but still 50 hard miles were covered.

Sunday: This was the worst day of the trip. After rising late we found wet windows and damp hills. Decided to fetch the groceries and the Sunday papers. Headed up to the Llechwedd Slate Caverns and went down the deep pit (helmets for those who could get them on - but Stuart managed!) After a meal and the purchase of souvenirs a quick sprint was made in all that wet stuff back to the cottage. Ended the day playing scrabble and cards and a superb meal from the Chef with runny jelly. Dad, (unsociable) Lock, decided to go into the

village to phone home and then, he claims, went for a ten mile training run, well it's possible he was gone $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour!

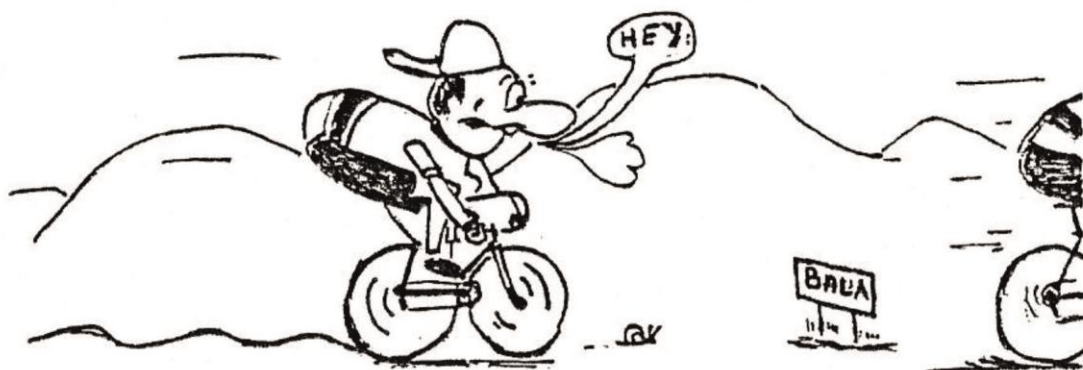
Monday: This day was much better and plenty of miles were covered. We made for Porthmadog by a longish route and included an interesting visit to Port Merion before lunch. In the afternoon we rode on to Criccieth and then with a slight tail wind on to Caernarvon. Ice creams and mars bars (yum yum) were consumed here with Stuart suffering a weird illness (well that's what he said). It was also here that the Gibbs family had to have their photos taken in front of a lorry bearing the name 'WALLY & CO', some private joke no doubt. After the fuel stop we were off again down through Waunfawr, and our favourite call, Beddgelert, before back once more to the cottage and that same (or is it getting steeper) hill. The coach after producing another meal, with a little help this time, got us engrossed in card gambling. Was Mike getting short of spending money?

Tuesday: An eventful day starting off with a strong "Lock tailwind" which we soon interpreted as "headwind", from Ffestiniog all the way to Bala. Over the top of the mountains we went with me doing all the work up front and the coach nipping past with fifty yards to go to take the lunch stop prime. After lunch we struck northeast towards Corwen but turned west after about 3 miles through Sarnau where navigator Dad really got us lost with the rough stuff getting rougher all the time. We even had to ask some ramblers where we were. Bet he gets lost in the tourist trial (see separate report Ed.). This rough stuff brought about my first puncture on tubs, so left Ed. to change it. We eventually reached the A.5. and what a



LOST AGAIN!

THE WELSH TOUR



MIKE DISAPPEARING TAKES THE PRIME AFTER ANDREW HAD DONE ALL THE WORK.

ART WORK S.GIBBS
(OUT OF PICTURE)

main road this is with a strong tailwind. We managed nearly 15 miles in half an hour for quite the fastest part of the tour, and even the coach was still with us! Half way along Dad dropped all his maps which caused havoc behind him. Dont read and ride Ed. We stopped for a snack near Betws-y-Coed and after a long climb descended past the slate quarries and back home again.

Wednesday: We woke up to find it bright and sunny outside and decided to catch the Ffestiniog railway to Porthmadog. The train didn't leave until 10.30 so Dad and I skip the washing up and go down to the shops. We had already checked that we could take the bikes but when we arrived at 10.15 they said they couldn't take bikes because they had T.V. cameras on board. Well wasn't that what we were there for! We pottered along the road to a level crossing and took some shots of the train as it went past. We then headed off to Penhydeudraith where we saw the train again. We rode up the Glaslyn valley to Beddgelert to lunch this time in a rather smart hotel. After lunch Stuart, Dad and myself headed in a north westerly direction while Mike suffering, went north at a slower pace to meet us at Llanberis. Here we stopped for some tea. Mike who had been there some 15 minutes left before us and started up the pass. In really hot sunshine Mike was soon caught. I made a complaint when Dad said he wasn't going to ride up like a hill climb, only to do just that with Stuart hanging on behind. We waited 5 minutes or so for Mike at the summit but he rode it all. Once again it was back via Beddgelert and more toasted sandwiches at the cafe. Mike pottered off at his own pace but Stuart and I chased after him and left Dad behind. After catching Mike we

rode steadily waiting for Dad to catch up. Eventually we had to stop and wait at the top of a short climb and it was five minutes before he appeared. He claimed he had met Bernie Bethell, who was said to have been mountain walking with his girl friend (naughty naughty!) Mike had his first chance to take a picture of Dad still coming up the hill. So back to the cottage for the last time, on the whole a great week and not all that bad weather.

Mike: 1 split tyre, loose handlebars, 1 puncture.

Stuart: 1 buckled wheel, 2 punctures.

Dad: Nothing (They call it maintenance Ed!)

Me: 1 puncture.

Andrew.

It's rumoured that John Grant is trying to write a 'History of the English Speaking Cyclists' and hasn't found anyone having knowledge of the language.

1981 JUNIOR BEST ALL ROUNDER RESULT

First:	Greg Hill	average speed	24.394 m.p.h.
Second:	Andrew Lock	" "	24.226 m.p.h.
Third:	Stuart Gibbs	" "	24.152 m.p.h.
Fourth:	Stephen Jukes	" "	23.389 m.p.h.

A very tight competition which should be even better in 1982 with two or three other names who should be adding their names to the list. This competition is decided on the average speed over the three distances of 10, 15 and 25 miles.

1981 LADIES BEST ALL ROUNDER RESULT

First:	Betty Cox	average speed	20.726 m.p.h.
Second:	Linda Stacy	" "	18.349 m.p.h.

It was nice after a long gap to once again be able to award this trophy and to have two finishers. This competition is calculated on the average speed over 10, 15 and 25 miles.

VETERANS BEST ALL ROUNDER 1981 RESULT

First:	Keith Dodman	plus 2.717 m.p.h.
Second:	Dick Wiseman	" 2.113 m.p.h.
Third:	Ray Douglas	" 1.952 m.p.h.
Fourth:	Ken Atkins	" 1.833 m.p.h.
Fifth:	Don Lock	" 1.401 m.p.h.
Sixth:	Roy Holden	" 1.239 m.p.h.
Seventh:	Reg Searle	minus 0.737 m.p.h.

A complicated calculation for this competition which is decided on the best rides over 10, 25 and 50 miles. The three average speeds are totalled, and the average is taken and then this is compared against the average of their respective standards for the three distances as at the date of their rides. For the uninitiated in the standards for veterans a few examples may help: At the age of 40 the standards are 10 miles=25.30, 25 miles=1.6.0, 50 miles=2.17.1. at 45 they are: 10 miles=26.30, 25 miles=1.8.31, 50 miles=2.22.14 and at age 50 they are: 10 miles=27.33, 25 miles=1.11.7 and 50 miles=2.27.38. So those of you in your late thirties keep training there's plenty still to go for.

SENIOR BEST ALL ROUNDER 1981 RESULT

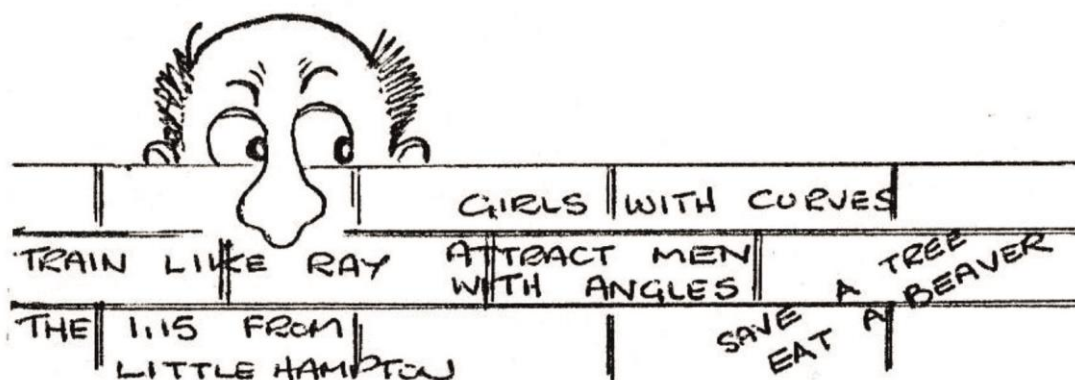
First:	Richard Shipton	average speed	25.185 m.p.h.
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Second:	Keith Dodman	average speed	24.271 m.p.h.
Third:	Dick Wiseman	" "	22.831 m.p.h.
Fourth:	Graham Tooley	" "	22.823 m.p.h.
Fifth:	Roy Holden	" "	22.648 m.p.h.

Run over 25 miles, 50 miles and 100 miles
another clear win for Richard with fastest ride
at each distance.

CORRESPONDENCE

PETE SIDFORD: Long letter from Pete after he had enjoyed his holiday down in Worthing and managed a couple of personal bests in the evening tens. The 'old devil' goes faster all the time with his '50' now down to a 2.14.34. He gets no more wiser though, seems he rode a 100 when the rain had been lashing down solidly for 24 hours and the weather forecast was to beware structural damage, he managed a 5.22, serves him right. But it does rather show what this 'Boro' thing can be like when it's nasty doesn't it.



FUND RAISING SCHEME

The final winners of the 1981 series were:
September: C. Hughes £10 W.How £5

October: R.Shipton £10 P.Hudson £5

November: Mrs.C.Wright £75 K.Atkins £25

Dave Hudson now wants your money for 1982 so hurry and pay up, only £3.00 for the year.

INTRODUCTION TO CORSICA

Chris Beckingham and Dave Hudson recently joined a Cyclists Touring Club Group for a cycling holiday in the Mediterranean Isle of Corsica.

The group of seventeen cyclists were based at the Hotel Mediterranee at the small coastal village of Porto.

Corsica is a mountain rising out of the sea, a hundred and thirteen miles long by fifty miles wide, it is a land of contrasts, penetrating scents and untamed distances, a place which the ancient greeks called Kalliste 'The Most Beautiful' and from which it has gained the name of 'The Island of Beauty'.

One week in Corsica.

We arrived at Ajaccio airport on Sunday afternoon after a very good flight, just the seventeen of us in a hundred seater plane so we had the undivided attention of the cabin staff, and visited the captain on the flight deck.

A coach arrived at the airport to take us, and our cycles, to our hotel two hours careful driving as the road followed a precipitous route through some wonderful mountain scenery.

On arrival at the hotel I ask 'Le Patron' if I may park my cycle on the terrace, needless to say it was not very long before all the bikes were parked in their owners bedrooms.

Monday was supposed to be an easy day, only about sixty miles but it felt more like a hundred as it was very hot and we had not yet got used to the heat.

On Tuesday we went through an area known as 'Les Calanches' which was rugged cliffs and peaks of red granite with the road hugging the side of the cliffs.

A picnic lunch was taken on a small beach where, as most beaches in Corsica, dress is optional, you either wear it or you don't, most people don't!

Wednesday was mostly spent climbing slowly up the gorges of Spelunca with a rock face on one side of the road and a drop of several hundred feet on the other side, and no guard rails either.

On arrival at the summit of the Col de Vergio, the highest road pass at 1464 metres, we admired the views then turned and retraced our route, but this time downhill all the way back to Porto, thirty six kilometres away.

We stopped on the return journey to collect chestnuts for a Bar-B-Q to be held tomorrow evening. This evening saw us at a Corsican sing song at a nearby village, much wine flowed and this turned out to be a very late night for all.

The semi wild pigs roaming loose in the forests also eat chestnuts, so as we were knocking them from the trees it was a struggle as to who got the most, the pigs or the cyclists.

The many donkeys on the island will also eat almost anything, even a saddlebag if it contains food.

Thursday, and still very hot and sunny we went south to Cargese and Sagone, with lunch on

the terrace of a hotel on the beach, with very good views of people enjoying the sun and sea.

After lunch we climbed steadily to Vico village, only stopping at wayside water fountains to cool off, we finally arrived at the summit of the Col de Sevi at 1100 metres.

The time was now half past five and it would get dark in about forty minutes so it was a good job that it was downhill back to Porto. This was the fastest descent of the week to beat the gathering darkness, so high gears and strong nerves were needed to negotiate the twisting mountain road in the minimum time but all lived to tell the tale, arriving in Porto in the dark.

Friday was a lazy day following the Bar-B-Q the night before so most of the riders spent their time on a beach a few miles from Porto.

On Saturday the more energetic riders tackled the Col de Vergio again but this time descending the other side to Calucuccia for lunch then returning back over the Col in the afternoon.

Sunday and with cycles packed we loaded them into the coach early in the morning for the drive to the airport for the flight back to Gatwick.

This was a really great holiday and Corsica certainly lives up to it's title 'The Island of Beauty'.

C. Beckingham.

It's rumoured that Colin Miller has been messing about with Mrs. Lock's plumbing and now she's

suffering from hammerpot!

"THE CLUB"

The word "club" has several meanings, mainly to do with heavy objects with handles for digging holes in golf courses or inflicting pain, but the one that struck me (!) most was "Association of individuals, meeting at intervals for co-operation". In the same way it gives the word "member" as "person belonging to a society" or "distinct part of complex structure".

The Excelsior certainly is a complex structure, and its distinct parts certainly are individuals, of all shapes and sizes, and from all backgrounds, united by the common interest in cycling.

Thus, when you tell someone "I belong to the Excel" you are telling them that you are part of something a bit special, which would not be the same without you (better or worse?) for the whole is the sum of its parts. Without its members, the club is nothing, just another name gathering dust in the archives of the C.T.C. or B.C.F.: the members ARE the club, the club IS the members.

In my research into the history of the club, what comes through loud and clear, again and again, is that this club owes its continuous existence to an enthusiastic and lively membership, working for each other, served by a dedicated committee.

While I have only had the honour of being an

Excelsior member for a short time and will achieve life membership about two years after they screw the lid down, I already find a sort of smug pride in saying "I belong to the Excel". Do you?

John Grant.

It's rumoured that John Grant has taken piano lessons and apparently done very well. He got through three pianos in 7 minutes for an 'O' level and that only using the standard 14lb hammer.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dick Wiseman, our intrepid voyager of the oceans, writes on 9th November, "Our race to the sun proceeds at a snail's pace due to headwinds and delays due to breakages which is why we are here (Bordeaux) and not in Portugal. We're awaiting a replacement auto-pilot which conked out after a gale halfway across Biscay. I've got some riding in at L'abervrach, Concarneau, Belle Ile, Ile D'Yeux and today, here. We hope to be in Spain by the time you read this.——More from the Canary's if and when we get there."

Subsequent news from Dick's sister (3rd December) indicates he is now in Portugal and will probably settle for Christmas in Gibraltar.

It's rumoured that there's been a Tooley tour of the Derbyshire Dales and the area now has a relief fund operating.

Formation of Clubs

Extracted from:-

Wheelmans Year Book 1881

Pickwick 22nd June, 1870

Brighton 16th Dec., 1873

Portsmouth 1st Oct., 1874

Chichester & Dist. 8th June, 1876

Bognor 21st July, 1880

Extracted from:-

Cyclist and Wheel World Annual for 1884.

Worthing C.C. Headquarters, Albion Hotel (C.T.C.)

Hon. Sec. F.W. Payne

54 South Street,

Worthing.

Captain W. Walter

Entrance Fee - 2/6

Subscription - 5/-

Uniform - Blue

24 members : formed 15th March, 1882.

Was Worthing C.C. the forerunner of Worthing Excelsior? Who were the Brighton and Bognor Clubs, not perhaps the forerunners of any present Club from those towns. John Grant's historical research continues.

It's rumoured that Keith Dodman is learning bookbinding for his retirement, but refuses to say how long the course is!

Sheffield House,
Hillsborough Road,
Ilfracombe,
N. Devon.
EX34 9NW

24 November 1981

Dear Don,

I was shocked to read in the Autumn issue of The Worthing Wheel of the sudden death of Theo. Although very old friends, we had not corresponded in recent years other than at Christmas and the news had not reached me through other sources.

Theo and I were at school together in the late thirties and rode a great deal in company, both on singles and a tandem, before joining the Excelsior. We left home at about the same time, he to join the Royal Signals and me the R.A.F. We landed up eventually at opposite sides of Burma and then corresponded by air letters sent via our respective homes and re-directed. I have one of these dated 3 March 1944 and written by Theo just before I went to the Far East. May I quote:-

"By the way, after that article you wrote in Cycling, the one on maintenance, I can't see any reason why the gears on Daisy (our early Claud Butler short-wheelbase tandem) should be of any trouble; to you anyway. If you want an amusing job when you're on leave sometime you can 'adjust' my gears, they slip on all gears, even top. I expect I have torn the teeth off the clutch with that smashing change of mine, but that shouldn't be the fault with the tandem as we were so careful - like

hell we were! By the way, remember that weekend at Salisbury and the Cider, and that ride back from Battle, the worst ride I can remember."

That was Theo laughing at himself. His prodigious thirst and aggressive riding style were well-known in Worthing. One of his contemporaries described his style, unkindly, as "brute force and bloody ignorance" but nobody had an unkind word about him as a friend and he would help anyone. His letter ended "Keep 'em turning" and I know he has done as much as anyone in the Excelsior to ensure just that.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Reeve-Black.

It's rumoured that the County Council studies the R.T.T.C. handbook before deciding where to put the next set of traffic lights.

THE 1981 TOURIST TRIAL COMPETITION
FOR THE PRESIDENT'S TROPHY

27th September

Indoors in comfort, in November, I can work it all out, now I know where I went wrong - or do I? On the first stage, the pace judging on a circuit round Angmering, I concentrated too much on the pace and failed to take note of all that I passed. Two pints lost at a very early stage. So back to the start point by Patching Pond and some difficult questions from organiser Brian Cox. The sun was out however, and the prospect of a day out on the

bike without the pressures of racing was an appealing one. I was surprised that there were four non-starters, put off it seems by the overnight heavy rains.

The map reading which came next took me some while to sort out, but with reasonable confidence, misplaced as it turned out, I rode up to Patching Church. From there my map's contour lines became involved, and to me very confusing, and under my wheels, tracks gave way to paths and these soon disappeared in the mud. Fields were crossed, with an eye on the bull - no one else came this way - except Paul Toppin and he also was very lost. He claims he saw a peacock, goodness knows where he got to. Selden House, Norfolk House, north to Angmering Park, Wepham Wood, and Blakehurst Farm all told me where I was but nothing gave me a clue as to where I should be. At last, from the wrong direction, I found Chris Beckingham on marshalling duty. Back on roads at last, I felt more at home and ignoring the grins of John Mansell, and the "where've you been" from Andrew, I found no trouble getting through Burpham and Warningcamp and then into Arundel and the car park by the Castle for elevenses. All starters arrived eventually and gratefully partook of tea and goodies to sustain them until lunch. Before we could depart we were questioned by Bamber Cox on observation while covering the section from Patching. My observations are not printable - generally we were not very good, Ray Douglass managed 2 out of 4, others 1 or less!

The route to lunch at the George at Eartham was fairly easy to follow and was most enjoyable in really nice weather. Our directions took us through Arundel Park, and

from Whiteways, along the delightful lane to Madehurst, then an observation circuit of pretty Slindon nestling serenely away from the A.29. A direction that I could not cross contour line 85 meant some delay in my reaching The George, but I made it without penalty. Thanks to some advance booking, Betty Cox was responsible I think, ploughman's and lager saw to it that the inner man was soon satisfied.

Although we were not informed it seemed likely that John Mansell was heading for his 6th or was it 7th win. He was, in fact, 6 points clear of Ray Douglass, I was amazingly 3rd with a deficit of 7 and Andrew was 4th at 8 points. Paul Toppin was, in racing parlance, "off the back" and in danger of being caught by Dave Hudson who had missed the first two stages!

The fourth stage found some of us accompanied by the early morning racers now out for a social potter. We followed a route observing contour lines and spot heights, passing churches and telephone boxes, crossing rivers and railways and generally having much regard to the Ordnance Survey map. From Eartham it was up to the top of Duncton, down the other side and out through Barlavington to Coates and then Coldwaltham. We next skirted around the northern edge of Amberley Wild Brooks and down the west side of Parham Park and finally to Amberley for tea - but before that the final bash at yet more questions from Magnus Cox.

In addition to the competitors, all the helpers and non starters and others turned out for the tea which had been booked at The Black Horse in Amberley. It took me

back to the 50's with over 20 sat down to a well laden tea table. A table which, rather interestingly, was made up of old Singer sewing machine treadles. Waitresses hovered with enormous pots of tea and the large room, with beamed roof and traditional lighting and an agricultural decor made a splendid picture as the ample amounts of bread, jam, scones and cakes were downed with gallons of tea. Only the price reminded us that we were in the eighties but even this was most reasonable at current prices.

The declaration of the result was a predictable win by Secretary John (we shall be able to put " on the cup and save on engraving) but my own addition of the scores makes him a winner by 7 rather than 17 clear points. I think Brian you will find you added in his starting 10. Andrew in fourth place got the special junior award. The rest of us, well for my part, I was happy with a very pleasant day's cycling.

Very many thanks to Brian and Betty for organising and all the others that helped.

Don.

It's rumoured that people driving around with "Save Whales" stickers in their cars, have been so successful with the campaign that they now have a storeage problem.

THE FIRST 500 MILE 24 HOUR

Continuing our "firsts" series:-

On 27th July 1969, in his first attempt at the distance Clifton C.C.'s Roy Cromack

broke through the 500 mile barrier with a superb display of calculated distance racing. His new competition record in the Mersey R.C. championship was a fantastic 507 miles.

A huge crowd was out to see one of the best ever championship fields, but also to see if Beryl Burton could fulfil her ambition of 500 miles.

Although this was essentially the men's championship it was clear that Beryl would figure high among the leaders, and she was fastest at 32 miles in 1.19.30. Nim Carline was at 2.10 and defending champion Eric Matthews at 3.30, while Cromack, having already punctured was at 4.20. By 61 miles he was up on Matthews another who preferred to settle in gradually, but it was still Beryl out in front. At 100 miles she was astounding everyone with her fantastic pace passing this point in 4.11 with Carline 4.20, Matthews back in third with 4.22, Cromack 4.24 and Stan Turner on 4.37. Beryl's next 50 took 2.11 as she went through 150 in 6.22. Carline 6.42 and Cromack looking so smooth at 6.45 were followed by Stan Turner just outside 7 hrs. Then Cromack started stepping up the pace and quickly closed the gap on Carline, until at 200 miles he was right behind him on the road. Times here were Burton 8.42, Cromack 9.03, Carline 9.08, Matthews 9.11 and Turner 9.32.

A terrific fight developed between Carline and Cromack which lasted for 50 miles and such was the pace that one of them had to crack. When it happened it was Carline that gave best. Suddenly Cromack was pedalling smoothly away and took an amazing 10 minutes out of his Yorkshire rival in 15 miles.

Another 15 miles and Carline called it a day, he had shot his bolt.

Still Beryl pounded away, but the dream was coming rapidly to an end. Still insisting on big gears she reached a maximum lead on Cromack of 23 minutes at 345 miles, but even there the writing was on the wall. She had given everything, so much was expected of her, and even the greatest female cyclist the world has ever known finally found her limit. At 355 miles it was all over.

Now it was Cromack all the way and the magic 500 looked a reality. Matthews was fighting hard to hang on but was losing ground. Looking fresh Stan Turner was heading for a well deserved bronze medal, and veteran 24hr performer Cliff Smith had moved up to fourth spot.

Round and round the circuit went Cromack cheered all the way by a large crowd knowing that 500 was on the cards. Chief timekeeper Ron McQueen followed Cromack as his time ran out, and saw this worthy champion go slower and slower over the final mile or so, until, completely sold out he fell off his bike in a dead faint with 10 seconds remaining. He lay flat out on the grass, his epic ride finally over.

It's rumoured that if Mike Gibbs isn't in bed by ten o'clock, he goes home.

B.C.F. SUSSEX DIV.

1982 Programme

Road Races

20 Feb.	Southborough	Frant
	30m. J/3	
	60m. P/1/2/3	

27 Feb.	Eastbourne 52m 1/2/2	Hellingly
10 April	Worthing 50m. 1/2/3	Ashurst
2 May	Brighton S'boy champs. Junior Criterium 50 kms. 1/2/3 20 kms. 3/L/V	Hove Park
9 May	Central Sx. 70m. 2/3	Staplefield
16 May	Hastings 68m 1/2/3	Ninfield
22 May	Eastbourne 63m 1/2/3	Hellingly
10 June	Lewes Criteriums	Laughton
17 "	50 kms.	
24 "	3/J	
19 June	Eastbourne 41m. .3.	Hellingly
7 Aug	Eastbourne 41m 1/2/3/J	Ninfield
30 Aug.	East Grinstead 48m 1/2/3	Forest Row
12 Sep.	Divisional Champs 92m.	Staplefield

It's rumoured that Ray Douglass is learning to drive. A warning to be constantly on your guard has been issued to the general public.

A humble story of humble time trialling
(extracted from a speech given at the
Bognor Regis C.C. Dinner)

I eventually came back to cycling and decided to talk about time trials but to give you more of my personal inside view as it were, in the hope that if you are of my humble calibre you will at least be appreciative, and if you are one of the fast men then at least you will know how the other half lives - or dies. Firstly we have to consider the handbook, the R.T.T.C. Handbook - or the time triallists' bible. Far from being religious it was, in fact, for 1981 a - blue book, and the wife now knows why I spent hours looking at it. And what a complicated manual its become and all those initials to be understood. You are told that all events are open to men and women unless there's an M or a W in the fifth column then you find an event with an M but its also got a V so that means veterans only, then its got S.C. meaning special entry conditions, then there's a T which means 5% tricycles and having got through that lot you find an A which means limited to members of Association clubs. By the time I've worked it out I'm usually too late to enter. Of course, you have an additional problem if you want to take a junior or juvenile rider with you and the best you can hope for here is that there's another event on the same course, but this means working through another set of those perishing initials. Worthing's youngsters go for those unisex events. Strange term this for 'uni' as a prefix means one and even our youngsters know that in sex there's two kinds and they are quite different something even more apparent since the

introduction of the skin suits but I am digressing. Have you noticed how, at home with the feet up and a nice armchair, the events in the book look fast; much faster in fact than they appear in start sheets when realisation is much closer or in result sheets where the realisation is another miserable fact. How magical sound those formula, "E.72" "Q25/3" "Q10/19." Of course, if we can get fast enough and can manage the cost of getting there, we might even aspire to a performance on V153 which I assure you ladies is not rude although considered by many to be a bit of a drag. One final thought on the handbook is the way all the shortmarkers events have become middle markers, all the middle markers have become longmarkers and I now find myself looking for events with the words 'slowest 120'.

Having selected an event we come to the next nightmare, the filling in of the entry form. Why do I have to put down that I did 200 and odd in a 12 in 1920 when entering for a no handicap 10 in 1981 apart, of course, as some indication to the organiser that I should be capable of making the distance. With the entry we have the entry fee, quickly becoming, like everything else I suppose, a matter of "American Express" alright, or making out a cheque and hoping it doesn't get banked before the end of the month.

The arrival of the start sheet, assuming you get in, by no means certain in my case, is illuminating, some look to see who they are behind and start working out where they are going to catch the minute man. Others look to see whose behind and how far they

might get before they get caught, while I look to see how far I am from the end of the field and wonder if I can get round before all the marshalls go home. Some of course, will study the prize list, while I just look to see if there's a lantern rouge or a never ready rear light. Highlight of my season in fact was winning a tube of toothpaste in the Brighton Mitre 25 just for finishing. To add insult to injury with one returned entry this year, I subsequently received a start sheet - confirming that I wasn't in, and eventually a result sheet confirming that I didn't ride - but giving a list of 50 who did get in but didn't bother to turn out.

If I do get in then the previous day is spent worrying about gears and wheels and tubs - not so much what to use, as has my son left me any at all. The evening is spent watching the television with slippers on and feet up and loving wife making sure that I have a restful evening with no work or worries. There is always the big decision before getting up to bed early, do I have strong coffee with bags of stimulant or do I have Horlicks and aim for a more restful night? Of course, the night itself can be a problem - too delicate perhaps to discuss in detail - but there's some who say do and some who say don't. There's some, of course, who can't and there's even those who think it's dirty.....but well I'll be honest I always wear racing socks in bed.

In the morning I like lots of time, 20 minutes to get washed and dressed, put talcum in the shorts - doesn't make me go any faster, but the smell counteracts the embrocation and comfort is important when your'e in the saddle

for as long as I am. Also put some in the socks - especially if you've had them on overnight - helps to keep the feet cool, anyway it's fun seeing little puffs coming out of the holes in the shoes as you go along. Get the racing gear on, like to look fast if nothing else. Did suggest to my wife that I might get a skin suit for next year, and then having explained that it was not quite the same as a birthday suit, got the rather strange reaction of being eyed up and down, and the comment, "well if you think so, are you really sure?" So you can guess I'm undecided. 20 minutes must be allowed for breakfast, three shredded wheats - don't believe all this blackhole business, ryvita and marmalade, and tea and then off to the start. Arrival at least $\frac{3}{4}$ hour before I'm due to start to allow time to check the bike again - necessary with my son you could well find you've lost your spare or your pump. Rub in the embrocation and then get in a warm up - not at all convinced it does me any good but all the fast men do it. Get up to the start and set my watch - I can always get it right at this point - it's when I get to the timekeeper at the other end by the black and white chequered board that I get it wrong - an hour which regularly takes 60 minutes in the week somehow goes by much faster on a Sunday morning. Don't forget the number - I love these - mines always the one with the pins missing and looks like the fast man's been using it to get mud off his silks. Then check I've got the right one. In one event I was on the way to the start with number collected from the headquarters when I was caught by another rider saying I had his number - blessed check - he was right. Then what a struggle to get it

on. I invariably stick the pin in my thumb - I said thumb dear - the only advantage of this is that if I can squeeze it and make blood come out after 20 miles it helps convince me that I'm not as dead as I feel. Why don't we have local beauty queens out to put them on - they could smooth them out and tuck them in and.....no perhaps it's not a good idea.

Then comes the push off. I know it's a rotten job but they seem to have it in for me, I'm either pointing at 45 degrees to the kerb or 45 degrees into the road and probably falling to the left or right by a similar angle. I frequently lose my pump or take a piece of finger with me. But most of all that which really puts you in the right frame of mind is when they pull you back on 4 rather than 5 and you then have a 4 second fight to avoid going off in the wrong direction.

What about the race itself. I always start fast - well there's always people watching and, of course, on the Chichester Road course where the first $\frac{1}{3}$ mile at Angmering is downhill I can keep up a good pace and style until I'm out of sight, although it was a bit touch and go for the Mitre event for there were so many people. After the initial burst comes the regular realisation that you are slowing down and once again you are going to be outside. Outside that is of whatever it was you had ridiculous ideas of being inside of. By now I'm taking the first packet and wondering how it's taken me 20 minutes to reach the 5 mile mark. I also am now keeping a note of how many have gone past. Ray Douglass plays a game of football while he's racing by scoring a goal for everyone he catches and conceding a goal for each rider catching him. I used to

do the same, but it got so one sided I now play cricket and insist on putting the other side in first. It doesn't sound so bad if they're 20 for no wickets. Ten miles goes by and I'm in that period of the event when I'm asking myself what am I doing out here anyway when I could be lying in bed with a nice morning cuppa and the News of the World. I get through this and then, and this happens every time I start looking forward to the return half - which must be easier than the first half in fact it must be a flyer and I shall probably get inside whatever it was after all - and then I turn - slam in the big gear - and find - it isn't - in fact it's harder. The second part becomes more of a hard ride home than anything else, apart from a vain attempt to keep up with those who catch me in the last couple of miles, and then I put on my best Phil Bayton grimace and flash over the line - at a steady 15's.

After the event though I really come into my own. This is something that I'm really good at. The reasons and explanations, the way I was going, the gears I was pushing, how I got baulked here and held up there, the mechanical problems and then when the 66 year old comes in with a 59, I can go on to pressures of work, lack of training miles, feeling off colour, lack of mental preparation and so on. I'm also good at the result board, criticising the handicapper and the way the field was set out, and working out that I actually beat 30 of the 120, 20 DNS 6 DNF and 4 punctured.

Going home after the event is another chance to elaborate on one's performance - or at least it used to be. No-one at home would appreciate the difference between a 1 or a

5 and you could go on about placings and handicaps and gears conditions and so on. Now I get home and find son, whose been back about half an hour, has modestly explained how he's smashed me by 5 minutes. He then beats me to the bath and sits in there with the Sunday paper and runs off all the hot water. As far as apologies go I usually get some comment like "Oh! I thought you were cleaning my bike."

Sunday afternoon, of course, is back to the little blue book - let's see what's on in a fortnight's time and once again there's that ridiculous little devil in the back of your head saying - "that's a good course" "could get a good morning down there" "might do a flyer, might even get inside whatever it was you finished outside of this morning."

Why do we do it - well it's good clean fun, and you've got to have some of that but really it's because of all the other bikies you meet - like you lot, we're all as daft as each other.

Don.

EAST SUSSEX C.A.

Time Trial Programme 1982

28 Feb.	16m hardriders
28 Mar.	29, 2-Up T.T.T.
24 April	10m
25 April	25m
6 June	50m
27 June	25m Circuit
25 July	100m Open
15 Aug.	50m Open

11 Sept. 10m Open
12 Sept. 25m Open
3 Oct. Hill Climb Open

Entries for the hardriders; it may be before you get your handbook, are to Val Stringer, 144 Downside, Shoreham. Fee 75p. Closing date 16th February, 1982.

There is no truth that John Spooner, now a first claim member of W.E.C.C. invented spoonerisms. He did though once have a well oiled bicycle that became a well boiled icicle.

THE CHRISTMAS SUPPER RUN

This, the inheritor of the tradition of the old Club Christmas Party and Theo Puttick's wonderful Christmas meals, seems to go from strength to strength. On a very cold and windy December 18th, about 20 decorated bikes and personnel made a round trip from the Club room, along the coast to Ferring out to Angmering and up to the Arundel Road before heading back to finish at the Chairman's home at Durrington.

Hot punch and a tremendous selection of food from a cold buffet meal was soon being downed by no less than 41 members and friends. Don's establishment was bit hard pressed to find chairs for everyone but no one complained, and one of the sights of the evening (please excuse that expression Betty), was of seeing Betty Curd curled up in the dog's basket in the hall. Cameras flashed to record this and other jolly incidents. A raffle generously donated to by members raised a sum more than sufficient to meet the costs, indeed a few

pounds profit have gone into the club coffers by way of bonus. Many thanks to Don and particularly Maureen for putting on such a splendid evening and to the other ladies who helped provide all the food.

What is next year's date please?

THE CLUB DINNER

Held at The Windmill Restaurant at Littlehampton for the first time, it was in almost unanimous opinion one of the best for many years. It had to be arranged by a hastily got together sub-committee after the sad loss of Theo, and the Club must thank Norman Wright who splendidly shouldered the major portion of the work, plus Dave Hudson and Keith Dodman who dealt with sale of tickets and printing.

The art of cross toasting in which cyclists have long been masters reached almost to the vintage of the '50's' and the meal was hot, tasty, and plentiful.

Guest Speaker Nevill Chanin presented an interesting but rather too long a speech and Mike Gibbs responded very suitably.

The annual problem of the entertainment was not, it seems, really solved, the experts felt that the group was not very good although the floor was never empty and the dancing seemed to go with a swing, while it remained possible to have a chat with friends without being blasted by too much amplification.

President Duggie Argent presented the awards to the successful participants in the various club competitions and Dave Hudson dealt with the Fund Raising Draw. Norman Wright then put

on a solo cabaret performance in dealing with the raffle which is definitely to be repeated next year.

A very happy evening and thanks to all who made it so.

Don.

CLUB TIME TRIAL PROGRAMME

1982

Sat.	27 Feb.	10m.	Steyning
Sun.	7 Mar.	Circuit 17m.	Findon Valley
Sat.	3 Apr.	10m.	Steyning
Sun.	18 April	25m. (inc. Sherwin)	Hammerpot
Sun.	9 May	30m. Championship	Hammerpot
Sun.	16 May	Ron Mills Open 25.	Hammerpot
Sun.	30 May	50m. Championship	Hammerpot
Tues.	29 Jun.	2-Up 25m.	Hammerpot
Thur.	1 July	2-Up 10m.	Washington
Sat.	3 July	Open 10m.	Washington
Thur.	8 July	Junior 15m.	Washington
Sun.	11 July	100m Champ. (with S.C.A)	Fontwell
Thur.	15 July	15m.	Washington
Sun.	18 July	25m Championship	Hammerpot
Sun.	1 Aug.	Clapshaw 25m.	Hammerpot
Sun.	8 Aug.	12hr. (with S.C.A.)	Washington
Sun.	3 Oct.	Hardriders	Findon Valley
Sun.	10 Oct.	Family 2-Up 10m.	Washington
Sun.	17 Oct.	Hill Climb	Bury Hill

It's rumoured that John Mansell rubs 'Grecian 2000' on his chin.

A GOLDEN OLDIE!

Worthing Gazette 16.5.88. Cycling Contributor 'ROVER' talks about the

advantages of safeties, and how an athlete can best ride one and accomplish his 100 miles per day with ease.....he complains of how the old gun-metal plain bearings needed oiling twice a day, with obvious effects on one's clothes, and goes on to say;

"The old string or cat-gut brake was a most treacherous affair. Riding down the Washington Bostel many years ago with my feet on the foot-rests and my back brake hard on, I suddenly heard an ominous "crack" and I knew my brake string had gone. I made up my mind at once for a cropper, unless I was to be so fortunate as to fly the hill in safety. While endeavouring to look down in order to see where the breakage was, my cap, to which a small badge was affixed, fell off and by some inexplicable means got firmly wedged between the top of the forks and the front wheel. A moment or two later I felt a marked diminution of speed. It was evident that the cap was stopping the machine. Then I began to fear that the stoppage would be too sudden, and indeed, until I sat on the back of the saddle the small wheel "lifted" in a threatening manner. Eventually the speed grew so much reduced that I was able to dismount. On examining the cap I found that a portion of the cloth was completely torn away, and that the badge was polished as bright as a new shilling."

He also mentions his wood-block pedals, which, while they "gave a good service for the foot, were dangerous when riding feet off, they could give the leg a nasty crack."

CORRESPONDENCE

A most interesting letter from Mrs. Olive Breach who was a member in the 1920's! This is just a brief extract and we will try and include more in our next issue. Olive we wish you well, happy memories indeed.

"A Mr. and Mrs. Patching from Shoreham, I believe, were also members, he was one of the head ones, would it be Captain of our section? They were a very nice couple. We also used to have evening runs. I remember going to the "Fox" Inn one evening along the Littlehampton Road which then seemed right in the County, not many buildings then past the Thomas a Becket Inn, and the "Fox" then was just a little country Inn. I understand now, it has been enlarged and modernised.

A ladies cycle race that I remember took place early one Sunday morning, 7 o' clock, the start from Broadwater Green along the Littlehampton Road to Angmering Railway crossing (I think), it was a ladies race, my elder sister and myself rode in it. She came in first and I was last, my sister was a much stronger person than I ever was."

It's rumoured that 'Shape' Health Studios very nearly admitted defeat when John Lewis joined the Club's weight training sessions. They are, however, fighting back. Doors are being widened, floors are being strengthened and they have ordered some special titanium weights. It was John apparently who thought barbells were something that Publicans rang at closing time.

