

MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

# THE WORTHING WHEEL

AUTUMN 1982

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 view of the Worthing Excelsior Cycling Club or of its committee.

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# THE ALL-NIGHT RIDE, 1982.

I read with interest the account of last year's ride, and made up my mind that I would go on the next. This Dave Hudson arranged for 26th-27th June.

13 members of the Worthing and Brighton Excelsior combined, plus 1 V.C. Etoile (??), met outside the club-room at 9 pm on Saturday. The sky was overcast with occasional showers forecast and it was quite windy.

Our first leg was to a secret destination where a hot supper was laid on, and despite repeated questioning, Dave refused to divulge the name of the hostel.

We started at a good pace up the Findon Valley. A little light (?) relief was provided when Paul Toppin's rear light fell off into the middle of the bunch - fortunately without damage. We were soon off again, down to Washington on the old road and on to Hole Street. A right turn took us through to Spithandle Lane where a pair of bats divebombed the bunch, to Ashurst and up to Partridge Green, out to Littleworth, past the pub and up to the the junction with the A.272. This was crossed and and Maplehurst and Huthurst went by with memories of club teas at the respective White and Black Horses.

We joined the Horsham road at Monk's Gate and a short stretch of this before turning to Mannings Heath brought us back to 1982. The lanes had been almost traffic-free and a delight to ride, and the sight of rushing cars again came as a bit of a nuisance. However we were soon in the lanes again.

By now speculation as to our destination grew heavily in favour of a sertain house in Crawley, and by a devious route we arrived at the abode of John and Sonia Mansell.

Here we had a splendid meal of soup, shepherds pie and strawberry trifle and were very grateful to Sonia for the hospitallity and John for the washing-up. A sharp shower of rain sent us out to cover up our saddles, but this turned out to be the only rain of the ride.

By 1.30 we were on our way, with the addition of John who was joining us for the rest of the ride. He led us out by a winding route taking in paths, the service entrance to a row of shops and the underpass before coming out on the road to Rusper. All this town riding was done at high speed and I am sure on roads where cycling is banned at more usual hours.

However, we were back into the lanes without mishap until after about half an hour Peter Shaw punctured. This was the usual signal for ribald comment, Mars bar eating and disappearing behind hedges whilst Peter changed his rear tube. Unfortunately on pumping up he discovered that the resplacement had a slightly larger hole in it than the one he had removed. Ribald comment increased until the second rear tube held sufficient air to let us all continue.

Our luck held to Warnham, where a slight misjudgement of route had some of the party entering a housing estate whilst I took to a bus lay-by and promptly fell off due to riding through a heap of gravel.

Just by the railway station Peter suffered another puncture and while this was being repaired we sat on the road and admired the darkness. On starting off again the Hon Sec discovered that his tyre was also flat at the bottom, but a quick replacement tube had us away again in a few minutes.

Warnham railway gates were closed for reasons I'm not too sure of, so we cyclo-crossed the station subway instead of riding across, and we were away then through the village and on to join the A281. The pace, which had been fast enough to prompt Rik Stringer to ask if this was the way to the all-night road race, became quite hectic because David had

promised us a feed at a four-star bus shelter at Alfold Crossways. By this time it was just starting to get light and at Alfold we were surprised to find the bus shelter occupied by a late night reveller. However at the sight of the B.E.C.C. in full flight he quickly got into a car which pulled up, leaving the place to us. The stop was very welcome and it was light enough for us to leave without lamps on the next leg to Hind-This was again by a lane route and we disturbed a deer and later one lady and two gentlemen leaving a house. I don't know what they had been doing, or what they were going to do, but they were very surprised to see us. Apart from this we had seen hardly any traffic or sings of life. Dogs barked from the odd farm but otherwise it was all very peaceful.

The last few miles into Haslemere took us through Grayswood over Clammer Hill, and the bunch got strung out to reform on the last leg up to Hindhead. It was about 5.15 am and the bus shelter was taken over, extra clothes put on and a little sleep attended to.

That was for most of us. Paul John and Richard decided that they needed some miles so they went off training-doing a loop of the Devil's Punch-bowl via Churt and Thursley. Their arrival coincided with my awakening and the opening of the "Happy Eater" where a wash and breakfast put a new face on Sunday Morning.

We were joined by Chris Beckingham, Ray Douglass and Keith Dodman who had all left very early to ride up, and had arrived whilst we were sleeping.

The published itinerary promised "all down-hill after breakfast" - on reflection, if starting from Hindhead, this must be a true statement. However we wandered down the back of Haslemere through Linchmere to Fernhurst and so on to Lurgashall where we made good use of the village green to rest and effect mechanical ad-

justments for some.

Our next-stage was cross-country via Ebernoe and through little lanes to Kirdford and Wisborough Green, then on to Adversane for elevenses. Here we were joined by Betty Cox who had ridden out and arrived exactly as we did and the Editor who had been riding in a "25" somewhere.

Thenit was time to move off - I went South on the A.29 with Keith and Betty leading - the remainder through the lanes again back to Worthing.

On reaching home I had clocked up about 110 miles and was very ready for a shower and lunch. Then, as that other diarist said—"and so to bed.

## Brian Cox.

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It's rumoured that Reg Searle's trike does Tom and Jerry impressions.

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When old member Fete Sidford was down here in August he turned out in the colours of his club, called, I believe, Chesterfield Spire C.C. The letters "S P I R E" appeared at the side, and I couldn't help wondering if the shorts perhaps hid the "A" or if the armpits hid the "P E R" !! Anyway, nice to see you again and going faster than ever as well.

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# The C.T.C. National 400 Km.

A 252 mile ride largely in lanes, and you do your own map reading, with controls and secret checks. You can take from as little as 14 hours to a maximum of 27 hours. This was a completely new kind of cycling to Dave Hudson, John Mansell, Paul Toppin and yours truly. We tackled this 'tourists' marathon on 24th/

24th/25th July, the route, roughly, was Godalming-Lasham - Salisbury - Wimborne - Wareham - Swanage -Wareham - Poole - Bournemouth - Lyndhurst -Romsey - Havant - Chichester - Pulborough - Alfold -Godalming.

Nearly 200 started and about 75% made it.
Some took only 18 hours, others needed every minute, while we proudly displaying the W.E.C.C. colours came home in 22 hours. Approximately 18 hours riding and 4 hours off the bikes with rests at controls.

John was quite a revelation, always going strongly and putting it all down to a concoction called Staminade. Paul complained about his knees, and John. I complained about a headache and sore eyes and John, while Dave complained about all the complaining and John. It was all very friendly really.

While John was the strongest, it was Dave who was most valuable. His look over the course the previous week-end in the van and his knowledge generally of the lanes, saved us much time and was a great help. Others quickly noticed, and when Dave got up to leave control points it was funny to see others quickly rise as well. A sort of "I'm with the Worthing" situation.

Weather was perfect on Saturday afternoon and evening, just pleasantly warm with a little wind behind us. The night got a bit misty at times across the New Forest and the early hours were quite cold. Sunday was dry and sunny but a number would have welcomed lower temperatures as the final miles were covered.

There was a quite amazing picture which I shall always remember, as we approached Overton. Paul and I had been up the front for quite a while with John and Dave behind. We had been joined by a few others, and then some more and they seemed to like our pace, but numbers then grew enormously, and as we wound our way down a long winding hill we looked back to see a double line of cyclists perhaps a quarter of a mile long. The colour and the sheer numbers

were a spectacle that had all the locals staring. It could have been a scene straight from the Tour-de-France.

It was all lanes and really lovely country as we moved from Surrey Hampshire and Wiltshire into Dorset. Places like Tilford, Frensham, Lasham (we glided through there!), Whitchurch, Longparish and down the Test Valley, Wherwell and Stockbridge, before turning west through Lockerley and West Dean, saw us to the Salisbury Y.H.A. The control here was excellent, lots of food and drink, toilets and showers. John even met an attractive foreign lady with a towel - nothing but a towel it seems- despite John's efforts a lady quite determined to use the gents' showers. A plan to increase Y.H.A. membership perhaps?

South westerly now to Damerham Cranbourne and Wimborne, about here lights were needed. We passed through Corfe Hullen and had our only trouble as we reached the control at Upton. I hit a kerb, and I still swear it was in the middle of the road - not a lot of damage, but a puncture which cost me a few places in the food queue.

To Swanage and back I found gutty and relieved only by the stop in the Museum Railway Station for the taking on of more food and drink. Going down I was taking a packet, on the way back we found out why John is always late to bed — about midnight he goes berserk — the speed, with him halfwheeling Paul all the way, must have been above evens all the way to Upton.

There was also the incident when trying to find the control at Swanage. We were directed along the prom only to find a Police car barring the way.. After the 'Allo Allo' bit, it was explained to us that we should not have cycled down there. There was apparently a prohibition sign. "Where's the Station?" we asked, hastily adding, "the Railway Station". "Up there", said the kindly officer. So on we jumped - only to be called back - "but don't ride will you - it's a one-way street," - in the other direction! It

ssems you don't get disqualified for walking part of the course.

After Upton, second time. I was in my old hunting grounds around Bournemouth and was most honoured to be put in charge by Cap'n Dave. I felt I steered our group through the area pretty well including a step through bushes and a taxi rank to avoid a one-way system, but new lay-outs threw me as we entered Bournemouth and I had to aplogise for a double circuit of another traffic system. Main road, but there's little traffic at 3 in the morning, saw us round Christchurch through the Lyndhurst check and on to the Romsey control. Dave decided he was going to sleep for a little while here, (sensible fellow) but I was sure I wouldn't wake for hours. He was happy that we should press on. We knew the way now so, as the morning warmed we climbed over Portsdown, dropped into Havant, and after fighting off the thought that my bed was only 8 miles away, turned north at Fontwell and climbed over the Downs to Pulborough. The control here was manned by Gordon and Betty Curd.

The final miles were uneventful, and Dave looked as fresh as a daisy as he followed us in about an hour later. It was quite an experience, and I think we might all have another go sometime.

Don.

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# CLUB BADGES

We now have a supply of enamelled lapel badges, available from Paul Toppin at £1.25 each. We still don't know quite when the badge reached its present form, but it's at least eighty years old.

Wear a bit of club history in your lapel!

# TRACK.

Well, another season has ended at Preston Park, and with a considerable increase in interest as far as the Worthing Excelsior were concerned. Paul West and Graham Tooley had been soldiering on in the senior events and were pleased to be joined half-way through the summer by Stuart Gibbs. He took very little time to settle down and has been riding extremely well, particularly in the longer distance points and deviltake-the-hindmost events. Andrew Lock has the benefit of half-a-dozen meetings at schoolboys' level, and seemed to pick up a win nearly every evening. Next year he will join the juniors with the seniors, and while he will undoubtedly find things very much tougher he should enjoy the extra competition. He finished up second in the schoolboys' points table.

Perhaps here it would be appropriate to include thanks to Norman Wright who provided the track bike for Andrew to ride on. Norman was ever-present at the track in his official capacity, and does a great deal of work for the Sussex Division of the B.C.F.

A glimpse into the crystal ball shows Paul Toppin, Mike Kennard and Stephen Jukes riding track in 1983, and - no, can that be right? - I'll give the ball another polish - good heavens - it's big - Oh damn, it's gone all misty, but that looked vaguely like Coachy Gibbs - I wonder......

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# ANOTHER RECORD.

Well done Betty Cox in improving the Club's ladies' 25 mile record on 12th June. The South-Western Road Club promotion on the Bath Road (H/25/3) course supplied the opportunity, and Betty's effort 1 hr 11 mins 3 secs replaced the long-standing Margaret Beeston Record.

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# SUSSEX CYCLISTS' ASSOCIATION

# Best All-Rounder Competition Result 1982.

Decided like a 'proper', 'man's', best allrounder should be, this is on the three events
promoted by the Association at 50 and 100 miles
and 12 hours. And the Association's adherence
to this format is certainly proved justified
by the fact that there are no less than sixteen
finishers this year, more than at any time since
the 1960's.

1st Jerry Keen Eastbourne Rovers	22.473
2nd rPaul Toppin Worthing Excelsion	22.052
3rd Ian Burgess Lewes Wanderers	21.577
4th Charles Robson Eastbourne Rovers	21.630
5th Don Lock Worthing Excelsion	21.394
6th Robin Johnson Brighton Mitre	20.565
7th S. Roberts Brighton Excelsion	20.481
8th Horry Hemsley Brighton Mitre	20.142
9th M.D. Rabbetts Lewes Wanderers	20.100
10th John Yates Central Sussex (T)	20.093
11th Mick Burgess Lewes Wanderers	20.040
12th S. Carpenter Hastings and St Leonards	19.976
13th M.J. Bloom Crawley Wheelers	19.953
14th D. Boorsma Crawley Wheelers	19.874
15th Roger Hughes Brighton Excelsion	19.760
16th M.E. Rabbetts Lewes Wanderers	19.102

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# New 100 Record.

Well done Keith Dodman. On Sunday 19th September in wet but otherwise good conditions he set a new time of 4.12.30, to update the previous Club best by 23 minutes. The event was the North Middlesex and Herts. C.A. promotion on the F.1 course......

# EVENING TEN SERIES. EVENT No. 10

	the state of the s				
1.	Roy Holden		23.45	1.20	22.25
2.	Stephon Jukes		24.19	1.50	22.29
3.	Don Lock		24.25	1.50	22.35
4.	Stuart Gibbs		24.32	1.45	22.47
5.	Graham Tooley		24.59	1.45	23.14
6.	Adrian Cooper		25.29	0.30	24.59
7.	Ken Atkins		25.40	4.00	21.40
8.	Paul West		25.48	2.50	22.58
9.	Richard West		26.09	3.50	22.19
10.	Mike Kennard		26.10	4.00	22.10
11.	Tom Lainsbury		26.17	4.15	22.02
12.	Mike Gibbs		26.18	4.00	22.18
	Tony Palmer		26.18	4.15	22.03
14.	Matthew Goswell		26.27	3.20	23.07
	Bill Procter		26.27	3.00	23.27
16.	Jeffrey Russell		26.41	4.35	22.06
17.	Peter Scopes		26.55	4.20	22.35
18.	Brian Cox		27.20	5,35	21.45
19.	Chris Kennard	,	27.41	7.45	19.56
20.	Robert Downham		28.05	5.00	23.05
21.	Tony Butler		28.14	6.00	22.14
22.	Betty Cox		28,22	6.10	22.12
23.	Reg Searle		28.56	6.40	22.16
24.	John Grant.		29.10	5.35	23.35
25.	Angela Walker		31.51	10.00	21.51,

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# CYCLING NOTES.

All the roads within a 25 mile radius of Worthing are thickly coated with dust, and are getting very much broken up. All over the country now is very pretty and sweet, what with the roses and hay and the honeysuckle, strawberries and so on.

Worthing Gazette 3rd July, 1889

Do not go to Wisborough Green via Ashington and Adversane, that road is cruelly rough, and that between Ashington and Ashurst is worse, nearly all stones.

Worthing Gazette 31st July 1889

## THE SUSSEX 12 HOUR.

The reintroduction of this event into the local time-trial calendar was entirely due to Ray Douglass, who was prepared to work out the course and mastermind the whole promotion. Although there was some financial risk involved the S.C.A. gave him the goahead. On the day the event went off as smoothly as if he had been doing it for years. A tremendous amount of work was involved and local time-trialling enthusiasts are indebted to Ray for the restoration of a man's event to the calendar.

It was a day, just a bit too windy, and at times a bit too hot as well, but on the whole, reasonable. There were thirty-four riders, not quite as many as had been hoped for..., but Alan Edmonds from Bournemouth looked as though he could give us a healthy mileage.

For Worthing, principal interest centred on Paul Toppin who, although riding his first half-day race, was scheduling 250 miles with an aim on John Antram's club record, and he was also out to make sure of the S.C.A. B.A.R., where he looked comfortably placed after the 50 and the 100. Our Ed. was our second entry, quite a veteran with some 15 half-day rides behind him, and a couple of 24 hours as well. He had the experience, but did he have the legs? He was scheduling 240, but only he insisted, because it was easy to work out. The team was completed by Hon.Gen.Sec. John Mansell, who was making it clear however, that he was not reckoning on a great mileage, perhaps 210/220.

Paul's efforts were not to be rewarded, one or two unsettling problems left him short of food for a while, and he never got to grips with the schedule. At 100 miles he was on 4.50.22. Don was riding purposefully and was moving rapidly through the field from his position as next-to-last man. He had only a brief word for John as he passed him on the hill out of Arundel and was ahead of time as he met up with his helpers, (Dave Hudson and wife Maureen) at Littlehampton. At 100 miles he was a few seconds up on Faul in 4.49.41,

and he gained a maximum of 14 minutes on his schedule. John suffered back-ache, something he'd managed to avoid in the C.T.C. 400km ride (see report), from rather early on, and could not continue after about 150 miles.

So Paul's aspirations were fading and hopes of team success disappeared without a third man. But Don maintained his 20m.p.h. average to the start of the circuit at 202 miles, and only lost it slightly on the hard slog down the A.24. He had enough left in the last hour to scrap with eventually second-placed Jeremy Keen of Eastbourne. He ran out his time with 238.663 miles covered, he was fifth overall and second in the veterans' competition. Paul, who determinedly continued, clocked up 229.289, and the experience gained in this one will be worth 20 miles next time. The winner was Alan Edmonds from Bournemouth with 250.619.

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It's rumoured that John Grant locked a police man in Paul Toppin's boot during the '12' and went to Chichester Police Station for a key????? Or did he lock the keys in the.....He certainly went to the Police Station, my wife was with him..... now that raises a point.....

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# STORTS INJURY CLINIC

We have received news of the opening of a Sports Injury Clinic at Sussex University from September 1982 (the draft said 1892, but I don't believe that - duty typist) It will operate on a Monday and Thursday evening and will be available to all sportspeople in the area. Clubs can affiliate as many members as they like at 50p per head. The fees for the clinic are; (contd next page)

1st visit including consultation with doctor and physiotherapy......£ 5.00 Subsequent treatment, per visit...£ 3.00

Doctors will only be in attendance on Monday evening. Anyone interested should give his/her name to John Mansell with 50 pence.

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It's rumoured that after the Schoolboy's National Road Race Championships at Brentwood, Andrew Lock declared "You have to be a looney to get anywhere in that". He has ridden two "massed-start" races; and won one.....Does that make him half a looney?.

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## SMEATSHIRTS AND TEE SHIRSTS

Don Lock has a number of these but they are nearly all small sizes - chest of 30 or 32, and only suitable for youngsters. They are going cheap, make him an offer, if you take that size or perhaps son or daughter does.

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The rumour that Geoffrey Weston and Bill Procter have a new car for each event is not true, or that Jeffrey Russell does the same......

"Y", you can see for yourselves.....

\*

Emily Guffbucket, our beautiful temporary typist, can't spell SHIRSTS.....there, I told you.....

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# CLAPSHAW HANDICAP 25. 1st August.

The emphasis, as per the rules, is on handicap, with the handsome Clapshaw Trophy at stake.

It was a good morning on the G.938 Chichester Road course, and many went home well pleased with their individual performances, but none more so we guess than Matthew Goswell:

Full Result, with handicap allowance in brackets:-

lst	Matthew Goswell	55.58	(10.30)	1. 6.28
2nd	Jeffrey Russell	arms and the second	(12.00)	1. 8.05
		56.06	(15.00)	1.11.06
3rd	John Grant		,	
4th	Peter Scopes	56.49	(11.00)	1. 7.49
5th	Stuart Gibbs	56.56	(4.00)	1.0.56
6th	Tony Butler	57.12	(15.30)	1.12.42
7th	Bill Procter	57.23	(8.45)	1. 6.08
8th	Chris Kennard	57.25	(16.00)	1.13.25
9th	Geoffrey Weston	57.26	(15.30)	1.12.56
10th	Tony Palmer	57.31.	(10.00)	1. 7.31
11th	Roy Holden	57.32	(3.30)	1. 1.02
12th	Don Lock	57.52	(4.15)	1. 2.07
13th	Paul Toppin	58.13	(ger)	58.13
14th	Graham Tooley	58.26	(5.00)	1. 3.26
15th	Andrew Lock	58.43	(3.00)	1. 1.43
16th	Tom Lainsbury	58.44	(9.00)	1. 7.44
17th	Mike Kennard	59.04	(7.30)	1. 6.34
18th	Ken Atkins	59.30	(7.30)	1. 7.00
19th	Mike Gibbs	59.34	(9.15)	1. 8.49
20th	Stephen Jukes	59.37	(4.15)	1. 3.52
	Robert Downham	59.47	(15.30)	1.15.17
	Paul West	1.00.16	(7.45)	1. 8,01
	Reg Searle	1.01.36	(15.15)	1.16.51
- / - ~	0			Charles and Charles

Another good handicap from Ray Douglass, and Roger Smallman watched the watches.

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It's rumoured that there will be calls for "speech" when John Grant goes up for his third place medal at the Club Dinner.

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## EVENING TEN SERIES EVENT No. 1.1.

1.	Paul Toppin	23.25	Scr	23.25
2.	Andrew Lock	24.08	0.45	23.23
3.	Don Lock	24.25	1.50	22.35
4.	Stuart Gibbs	24.39	1.10	23.29
5.	Graham Tooley	24.48	1.50	22.58
6.	Stephen Jukes	24.49	1.50	22.59
7.	Ken Atkins	25.53	3.30	22.23
8.	Paul West	26.01	2.55	23.06
9.	Mike Kennard	26.03	3.50	22.13
10.	Bill Procter	26.34	3.15	23.19
11.	Bill Patrick	26.44	4.00	22.44
12.	Tom Lainsbury	27.03	4.10	22.53
13.	Mike Gibbs	27.05	4.00	23.05
14.	Jeffrey Russell	27.21	4.30	22.51
	Matthew Goswell	27.21	3.20	24.01
16.	Robert Downham	28.19	5.00	23.19
17.	Chris Kennard	28127	5.20	23.07
18.	Geoffrey Weston	28.38	5.00	23.38
19.	John Grant	28.54	5.40	23.14
20.	Tony Butler	29.00	6.00	23.00
21.	Reg Searle	29.52	6.35	23.17
22.	Angela Walker	32.13	9.15	22.58
23.	Mike Stanbridge	32.25	7.00	25.25

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# POSING NEWS.

For those of you whose mums are sick and tired of sewing on Divisional Championship hadges, club badges, B.C.F. badges and the like, and whose own sewing technique looks like Frankenstein's forehead......

try "Supermend" from Lambeth Industrial Enterprises it's a powder, you sprinkle it on the back of the
badge, iron, (using greaseproof paper) to melt and
spread it, then iron it onto the garment, using combon
sense as to whether to iron the back or front.

Sold in some department stores and at Chichester market.

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# EVENING TEN SERIES EVENT No. 12

1.	Paul Toppin	22.59	scr	22.59
2.	Andrew Lock	23.31	0.50	22.41
3.	Stuart Gibbs	23.35	1.10	22.25
4.	Roy Holden	23.38	1.20	22.18
5.	Graham Tooley	24.29	1.35	22.54
	Stephen Jukes	24.29	1.50	22.39
7.	Ken Atkins	25.28	3.25	22.03
8.	Matthew Goswell	25.29	3.20	22.09
9.	Paul West	25.30	2.55	22.35
10.	Richard West	25.38	3.50	21.48
11.	Like Kennard	25.40	3.25	22.15
12.	Bill Procter	25.54	3.20	22.34
13.	Bill Patrick	25.58	3.50	22.08
14.	Tony Palmer	26.18	4.05	22.13
15.	Tom Lainsbury	26.24	4.10	22.14
16.	Mike Gibbs	26.33	4.10	22.23
17.	Jeffrey Russell	26.39	4.25	22.14
18.	Brian Cox	27.21	4.50	22.31
19.	Geoffrey Weston	27.26	5.00	22.26
20.	John Grant	27.57	5.40	22.17
21.	John Spooner	27.59	-	-
22.	Chris Kennard	28.08	5.20	22.48
23.	Betty Cox	28.27	6.10	22.17
24.	Rober Downham	29.02	5.00	24.02
25.	Reg Searle	29.36	6.35	23.01
26.	Mike Stanbridge	30.19	8.00	22.19
27.	Angela Walker	30.30	9.15	21.15

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It's rumoured that Roger Smallman, now retired, is planning a full season in 1983. Arthur Boutel watch out! It seems Norman Wright came up against Roger out training the other Tuesday, and suffered to stay in touch!

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# EVENING TEN SERIES EVENT No. 13

1.	Paul Toppin	23.42	scr	23.42	
2.	Roy Holden	24.17	1.20	22.57	
3.	Stuart Gibbs	24.18	1.10	23.08	
4.	Don Lock	24.28	1.50	22.38	
5.	Stephen Jukes	25.15	1.55	23.20	
6.	Adrian Cooper	25.45	1.00	24.45	
7.	Mike Kennard	25.56	3.25	22.31	
8.	Graham Tooley	26.02	1.35	24.27	
9.	Paul West	26.07	2.55	23.12	
10.	Ken Atkins	26.24	3.15	23.09	
11.	Bill Procter	26.33	3.20	23.13	
1.2.	Matthew Goswell	25.46	3.10	23.36	
13.	Peter Scopes	27.08	4.20	22.48	
14.	Bill Patrick	27.17	3.40	23.37	
	Richard West	27.17	3.25	23.52	
16.	Mike Gibbs	27.26	4.10	23,16	
17.	Jeffrey Russell	27.38	4.25	23.13	
18.	Robert Downham	28.14	5.15	22.59	
19.	Chris Kennard	28.24	5.20	23.04	
20.	Geoffrey Weston	28.37	5.00	23.37	
21.	Betty Cox	29.04	6.10	22.54	
22.	Mark Green	29.58	••	-	
23.	Angela Walker	30.38	8.15	22.23	
24.	Mike Stanbridge	31.24	8.00	23.24	
25.	Stephen Cox	32.56		-	
26.	Reg Searle	36.07	9.35	26.32 · (T	)

## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*

It's rumoured that Stuart Gibbs is trying to slow Andy Lock down with naughty nudey postcards from the South of France. Last year's had one well-endowed young lady, while the 1982 version had no less than four. So far Andy's temperature and pulse rate are up and the eyes are double-glazed.

\*\*\*

# EVENING TEN SERIES EVENT NO.14

1.	Paul Toppin	23.19	Sc	23.19	
2.	Andrew Lock	24.13	0.50	23.23	
3	Don Lock	24.30	1.45	22.45	
4.	Stuart Gibbs	24.44	1.05	23.39	
5	Graham Tooley	25.27	1.40	23.47	
6	Stephen Jukes	25.39	2.00	23.39	
7.	Bill Procter	26.45	3.20	23.25	
8.	Paul West	26.51	2.55	23.56	
9.	Peter Scopes	26.58	4.15	22.43	
10.	Ken Atkins	27.05	3.15	23.50	
11.	Mike Gibbs	27.49	4.15	23.34	
12.	Matthew Goswel	1128.05	3.10	24.55	
13.	Tony Palmer	29.53	4.00	25.53	
14.	Mike Stanbrid	ge31.35	8.10	23.25	
15.	Reg Searle	35.07	9.40	25.27	(T)

#### \*\*\*\*\*

It's rumoured that after riding his first '50', Stephen Jukes remarked that he found it twice as far as any '25' he'd ridden.

## \*\*\*

There is some speculation in local business circles that Ron Mills and John Spooner are the consortium behind the Woolworths take-over bid, with financial backing from Roger Smallman....there will be a close inspection of the accounts at the A.G.M., methinks.....

\*\*\*\*\*\*

## EVENING TEN SERIES EVENT No. 15

1.	Paul Toppin	23.28	Scr	23.38
3:	Don Lock	24.09	1.40	22.29
3.	Andrew Lock	24.14	0.50	23.24
4.	Stuart Gibbs	24.19	1.05	23.14
5.	Stephen Jukes	24.52	2.05	22147
6.	Roy Holden	25.01	1.15	23.46
7.	Mike Kennard	25.53	3.20	22.33
8.	Ken Atkins	26.09	3.25	22.44
9.	Faul West	26.22	2.55	23.27
10.	Matthew Goswell	26.39	3.20	23.19
11.	Richard West	26.40	3.25	23.15
12.	Bill Procter	26.53	3.25	23.28
13.	Bill Fatrick	27.12	3.40	23.32
14.	Tom Lainsbury	27.39	4.10	23.29
15.	John Grant.	28.24	5.40	22.44
16.	Betty Cox	29.02	6.10	22.52
17.	Tony Butler	29.03	6.00	23.03
18.	Ghris Kennard	29.46	5.20	24.26
19.	Reg Searle	30.16	6.40	23.36
20.	Mike Stanbridge	30.36	8.00	22.36

#### 特殊特殊特殊特殊特殊特殊特殊特殊

I AM REMINDED, - guess by whom , that the Club 10 mile schoolboy record in the Southern Counties' C.U. event on the 12th June on the G.23l Guildford course, was not published in the last edition of the Mag. The time was returned by one Andrew Lock and his 23.07 was passed by the General Committee at its August meeting. Oh yes! ......congratulations.

DON

#### \*\*\*\*

Typist's comment: some would hold that every meeting of the General Committee is "August" (or is that a bit too intellectual for this gathering?)

# LOCAL BICYCLE RACE.

A Rover bicycle race took place this afternoon, the event being regarded with much interest in local cycling circles. The Competitors were Mr. George Bennett, and Mr. William Truby Thomson, and the distance was from Worthing to Chichester. In the presence of various interested spectators, a start was effected from the Railway Crossing at South Farm Lane, at 2 o' clock. Information subsequently received shewed that at Arundel Bennett led by half-a-dozen yards, and afterwards increasing the advantage then gained, finally reached Chichester at about 3.45, Thomson arriving about four-and-a-half minutes later.

The above is from the Worthing Gazette of 14th September, 1887. The bickeles almost certainly had solid tyres, and you can let imagination run riot on the condition of the roads!

## \*

It is interesting to note that in March of the following year, the N.C.U. instructed its records committee not to take cognisance of any records made on the road in future, with a new rule:

"That the N.C.U. as a public body designs to discourage road racing, and calls upon the clubs to assist it by refusing to hold races on the road. It prohibits any of its officials from officiating or assisting at any road race, and refuses to recognise any record made on the road"

## 

Watch the next issue of this magazine for a report from our on-the-spot news-hound, on a road-race run by the Worthing Cyclists' Club, in defiance of this rule!

# EVENING TENS OVERALL RESULTS & STATISTICS

Scratch result: Seniors and juniors 6 best placings and schoolboys 4 best placings aggregated.

1.	Paul Toppin	6 1	points
2.	Andrew Lock (s'boy)	7	11
3.	Roy Holden	16	11
4.	Don Lock	17	11
5.	Stuart Gibbs	18.	10
6.	Stephen Jukes	25	H :
7.	Graham Tooley	28	
8	Matthew Goswell (s'b)	)34	11
9-	Bill Procter	36	11
10.	Richard West (s'boy)	38	n
11.	Paul West	43	11
12	Ken Atkins	44	11
13	Mike Kennard	49	
14.	Mike Gibbs	54	
15.	Robert Downham (s'b)	56	tt-
16.	Bill Patrick	59	11
17.	Tom Lainsbury	71	11
18.	Ohris Kennard (s'boy	73	11.
19.	Tony Palmer	74	11
20	Jeffrey Russell	81	11
21.	Geoffrey Weston	88	11
22.	Tony Butler	1.03	11
23.	John Grant	1.04	11
24	Brian Cox	106	11
25.	Reg Searle	107	11
26.	Betty Cox	110	11;
27.	Angela Walker	136	11

Paul Toppin rode 14 events and won 13. Stuart Gibbs was the only member to complete all 15 events. The fastest schoolboy ride was Andrew Lock's 23.15 in event number 4. There were 36 different members who participated and 27 qualified with the required number of rides. 7 schoolboys took part but with two of these starting late in the series only 5 qualified.

There were 315 completed rides by club members an average therefore of exactly 21 per event. The fastest rade of the series was by Faul Toppin with 22.42. He was the only one to beat 23 minutes which he managed on three occasions.

Handicap result: Points awarded for every event 6,5,4,3,2,1, for the first six places and aggregated.

1	Matthew Goswell	291	points
2.	Ken Atkins	28	911
3.	Mike Kennard	263	111
4.	Robert Downham	23	111
	Don Lock	23	111
6.	Jeffrey Russell	20	111
7.	Paul Toppin	17/	11:
8	Peter Soopes	15	11:
	Angela Walker	15	111
10.	Mike Gibbs	13	**:
	Tony Palmer	13	**:
12.	Tom Lainsbury	12	***
13.	Richard West	11	**
	Bill Patrick	1.1	11

28 riders scored handicap points. The handicapper was Don Lock and no apology has yet been received for his high placing.

Many thanks to Gordon Gurd for the calm and reassuring organisation, to all the timekeepers who took their turns of duty, and sometimes did others as well. Also an especial thank you to Betty Curd, Carol Procter, Jean Smallman and Linda Gibbs for those most welcome cups of tea at the finish.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

# TRACK.

We omitted to mention, among all the other track news that Paul West is yet again Club Track Champion. Well done Faul!

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Worthing Excelsior vests were to be seen in the early part of the TV transmissions from Goodwood, with one or two recogniseable faces.....it is rumoured the B.B.C. will not sue.....this time....

\*

# CRAWLEY WHEELERS ! 910'

On the favoured Portsmouth Road course North of Guildford, this event is mentioned only because on Saturday morning 18th September Betty Cox produced another record-breaking ride. She took 27 minutes 5 seconds to cover the course and could only comment that she wished it had been a 26. Another club medal! We shall have to get a new stock soon.

#### 计林林特特特特特特特特特特特特特特特特特特特特特特特特

# THE BATTLE OF HEATH POND. 22nd AUGUST, 1982

Inspired by memories of previous boating runs, in particular one made by a cycling club not a million miles from here, to Houghton Bridge some years ago, our illustrious and distinguished club runs leader responded to the suggestions (demands?!), and arranged a run to Heath Pond, Petersfield.

At 2 p.m., 12 cyclists from our club and another club not a million miles from here assembled on the banks of Heath Pond (it's really big enough to be called a lake) in order to hire a motley collection of 3 rowing boats (two of which were named Flipper and Gypsy Moth) and 5 canoes (can't be certain of that number as one may have gone down without trace!)

It was quite noticeable that the attendant was not at all happy about hiring out his boats to us, particularly when he saw the letters on some of our jerseys and also when some of us decided to fetch their waterproof clothing... perhaps he was an attendant at Houghton Bridge some years ago!

After arguments about who was going with whom and in what, the flotilla set sail for its hour of relaxation (?). One particularly unusual feature about this flotilla (amongst many) was that the Chief Gunnery Officer of 'Flipper' was wearing a Davy Crockett hat, which would really have been more at home in a canoe that in a rowing boat.

It was evident right from the start that certain persons in the flotilla were developing agressive tendencies, e.g. vying with other craft for the best upwind position (there was a good South Westerly breeze blowing that day).

Then, quite suddenly, the situation flared. Gypsy Moth opened fire on Flipper, the Chief Gunnery Officer of Gypsy Moth using part of the seat as his implement of war. Gypsy Moth was upwind of Flipper and so the latter's return fire did not reach Gypsy Moth, but made a wonderful job of soaking themselves.

A running battle between these two craft then ensued for some 20 yds and finally Flipper had to retire in the face of withering broadsides from the other vessel. The two craft then went their separate ways, Flipper to recover and Gypsy Moth to search for fresh action. This took place on the southern part of the pond (0.S. map ref 753228, sheet 197, new series).

Various sporadic actions then took place on various parts of the lake (the Davy Crockett hat was look—in decidedly soggy by this time) culminating in a pitched battle between Gypsy Moth, Flipper and 3 of the canoes (map ref 754228). One canoist had his paddle forcibly confiscated for hooliganism and was

later seen paddling with his hands in an easterly direction in order to retrieve it from the position where it had landed after being thrown. As can well be imagined, most of the flotilla was at this time hidden behind a sheet of spray, and as for the Davy Crockett hat? well! Muffled shouting and screaming could at this point be heard, interspersed with the shouts of "Glad you came", and "Greetings", amongst others. It was quite noticeable that members of the General Public kept their distance from this melee and conversations with the attendant afterwards revealed a drastic reduction in boat hire at this time.

Until now, a certain cancist had evaded any of the action, and so in a unusual gesture of co-operation and goodwill, the other crews decided he had been missing something and should share the pleasures of being drenched. There then followed complicated manoeuvrings to corner him, and perhaps one of the greatest battles of this campaign then took place (map ref 752229), albeit somewhat one-sided.

The water and spray were flying everywhere, and he got thoroughly soaked.

The attendant was visibly relieved when we brought the boats back, although they had all shipped a lot of water and were much heavier than when we took them out.

I understand that the pond has now settled to its previously quiet existence and that the attendant has had to mount a big advertising campaign in order to bring people back to his boats.

As a final comment, this battle was fought in the best tradition of British seamanship, and it was fitting indeed that the great naval port of Portsmouth was only 20 miles away.

Peter (off) Shaw.

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# THE WORLD'S AT GOODWOOD.

The planning, to the outsider - if he is to believe what he reads, was pretty chaotic, the publicity through the media was poor, and locally absymal, apart from efforts made by a few cyclists themselves. Was the attitude of the B.C.F. anything like the tattered banner that hung twisted and torn across the precinct in Chichester? It seems it mattered not.

Early signs of things to come - the edges of the roads were cut back, road surfaces were repaired, television gantries were being erected, scaffolding turned into grandstands, hay bales on corners, barriers and banners, A.A. direction signspolice, T.V. and radio vehicles, the mobile loos, the caterers, the B.C.F. and the U.C.I., and at last the media men themselves.

People came out of the woods like rabbits, cars and bikes poured in from all over the country. The nearby ferries at Southampton, Portsmouth and Newhaven disgorged a vast horde of continental enthusiasts, and the airports themselves added a steady flow of the richer or more distant followers of the sport. By Sunday for the professional road race an estimated 65,000 were stationed around the circuit straining to see the cream of the worlds racing cyclists.

Wednesday 1st September and "Glorious Goodwood" greeted the 100km team time trial to a day grey grim and very wet. The water washed the grit onto the roads and punctures were very commonplace, with the G.B. team of Bob Downs, Phil Bateman, Steve Lawrence and Jo Waugh getting seven, rather more than their fair share. The electric scoreboard and a very informative public address, in the finish area, kept us advised of times and incidents, while at the start there was apparently a total lack of information.

G.B. were never in the hunt. We looked for the East Germans, they still rode their funny bikes and looked distinctly uncomfortable. We watched the

Russians, all power and robot-like precision, they seemed to be all of the same size, we wondered if they all had the same faces. We seemed to cheer more loudly for the unfancied Swiss, who had the temerity to lead after lap 1. The cheers seemed to go up a decibel or two for the Poles, but then we wondered if they'd . eaten lately, and in any case they were one of the few we were up on. We loved the Koreans and the little men from the Phillipines - here we could see riders with whom we could identify - to the like us, the Trundle Hill really was a hill. The Irish came in for special cheers, particularly old man Billy Kerr busy urging his younger team-mates to greater effort. The Dutch were going well, and there does seem to be an affinity between them and us, we were delighted when the board flashed their time as second-fastest with one lap done.

Lap two - still raining, crowds small, only a few thousand, but I doubt that any of them would have . wished to have been elsewhere. The Swiss were still there but the margin was small. The Dutch were fighting, and the well-drilled Russians were still drilling. The leading positions remained unaltered at the end of the lap with more than two-thirds of the distance cov-The R.T.T.C. would have fromed a bit when the Dutch, the Italians and the French were all in one big bunch with team cars and motor bikes struggling to sort out their order on the road. It may well have been this scrap, in the seeded end of the field, that gave the Netherlands the edge over the last few kilometres, for at the finish they had turned an 8 second deficit into a 37 second victory. The Swiss were second and the Russians third. We were 16th of the 22 starters.

The weather was lovely on the Saturday and we had two races on the menu, the ladies at 9 o'clock and the men's amateur at noon. What a day, by 10.30 our Ed in his Radio Brighton guise was reporting to the listening millions - well, hundreds, with the excitement still high in his voice.

"Mandy Jones our Lancashire lass has brought gold to Glorious Goodwood this morning in tremendous style. She attacked on the second of

of the four 35 mile laps, and only the Datah girl Micke Havik went with her, this break was never more than 20 seconds and lasted for about 10 miles, then there was re-grouping as the Belgians, the Russians and the Italians forced the pace of the main bunch and the average speed went up to 25 m.p.h. But as lap 4 started with just 9 miles to go it was 4 away and Mandy was there - she was so strong that she must have spelt doom to her companions with her dominance. The others were Maria Cannins from Italy, Gerda Sierens of Belgium and Sandra Schumacher of West Germany. On the motor circuit they were about 20 seconds clear, then with just four miles to go the British girl attacked again and the news spread round these beautiful Sussex lanes that she was on her own. First the lead was 5 seconds, then it grew to 10 then 20 seconds, and the crowds held their breath. As she began the fearsome last climb of Trundle Hill she still had just 20 seconds in hand, and the Italian girl was making a great effort to get up to her - but it was to be too late, cheered every inch of the way, by an ecstatic crowd she was holding her form and climbing like a good 'un. She took the last bend and the noise erupted as she swept over the line. Goodwood has seen some favourites before, but give me this one with two legs and two wheels, she's the best in the world, she's the 1982 Ladies' World Road Race Champion. It was lumps in the throat and the moist eyes of patriotism as the Union Jack was raised and the National Anthem played."

Cannins finished 10 seconds down and the Belgian girl Sierens was third in the same time. The rest of the field came in, broken up by the pace in small groups and ones and twos up to 13 minutes later.

The men's event was likely to be something of an anti-climax after that, there did not seem to be much hope of our amateurs doing a 'Mandy'. Steve Joughin, Mark Bell, and Malcolm Elliott were, we were told, among the best sprinters in the field, but would they be there when the sprint was meded, was the big question.

It was a big field and some of the riders were not experienced enough: there were problems at the first corner and several times after and there was soon a whole string of stragglers. The large bunch stayed intact though until the third lap whom a small group detached themselves from the front on the motor circuit. As they came through at the end of lap four the lead had grown to 1 minute 40 seconds, and boy on boy! there was a G.B. shirt among them. Programmes were hastily scanned, who was 128? Pete Sanders, ex-Festival R.C., been riding on the continent a bit, second in the National Championship. The lead increased to a maximum. of 2 minutes and by half distance with the peloton becoming more active the speed was up to 26 m.p.h. Sanders is still there. From here it became a war of attrition with attacks from the front of the chasing group gradually eating into the lead. Only six now and Sanders was having trouble staying At the beginning of the penultimate lap with it. Bernd Drogan attacked and he made it decisive, when others for looking for respite, he went. It was so well timed, in minutes he had established a gap of 45 seconds. The tragedy for G.B. was that this led to the break-up of the breakaway, had they stayed together longer Sanders would have held on to a very high placing if not a medal. As it was they cracked and were caught by the now furiouslychasing field. Malcolm Elliot and Pete Longbottom showed briefly at this time - poor Sanders was to go straight out the back. It had been a very courageous effort and had given us much to shout for.

Drogan was himself now beginning to struggle and it took a super effort over the last climb. At the foot of the last ascent he had an advantage of 50 seconds, and by the finish it was down to just 8. Francis Vermaelen of Belgium led the furious chase of the 68 strong bunch for second place, just ahead of Jurg Bruggman of Switzerland. Pete Longbottom in 15th place was the best of the G.B. squad.

The professional race got under way at 9 o'clock on the Sunday with 150 riders from 21 nations tackling 18 laps for 171 miles. The crowds were far bigger with a considerable influx from the continent, Italians, Belgians, French and Dutch were particularly strong in support of their favourites. Colourful banners and flags and the names of the stars stretch all round the course. The whole day was lovely and warm and sunny, the riders found it very hot, indeed many were to find it too hot. It was right for picnics, it was right for a World pro-championship.

It was won by Saronni of Italy, Greg Lemond of the States was second and Sean Kelly of Ireland was third. But in between.... in between we saw "steady" laps covered at about 23/24m.p.h. and the 16th lap, yes, after 150 miles covered at 26m.p.h. We saw men like Hinault retire. We saw the grimfaced Phil Bayton outgrimaced by far superior riders. In the last really vitally active three laps we were witness to attack, after attack, after attack, from the front of the bunch. The pace could only be described as furious, respite over the last thirty miles was non-existent, they were either attacking or defending, or hanging grimly on, or, and this happened to half the field, they cracked and retired. We watched as local hero Sean Yates, someone we have tended to regard with awe, was slowly but surely smashed out of his mind by the effort that he was having to make just to hang on. We were undoubtedly watching the best riders in the World, a demonstration of incredible fitness, stamina and bike handling, tat we were very lucky to have right on our doorsteps. Keith Lambert and Sean Yates were eventually to finish together in equal 42nd place some six minutes down on the winner, with Graham Jones our only other finisher in 53rd spot.

Three days later I rode along the A.27 towards Chichester and I looked north-west towards Goodwood and thought about Pilley Green, Watersbeech, Woodcote and Kennel Lodge. Had all that really happened? The riders, the people, the stands, and if I judge the Goodwood Estate accurately, the litter, will have gone .... did it all happen .... I suppose it's back to ramblers, tourists, horsey people and golfers now. hope they will have excused our short interruption. Anyway, thanks for the use of a beautiful bit of England.. Don

3]

# Britain's First Professional Road Champion, Continuing our series of firsts.

"Saturday September 5th, San Sebastian, Spain, and Simpson is supreme. Tom Simpson, a young miner's son from Durham has won the 1965 World Professional Road-Race Championship". The news flashed through the cycling media and the cycling grapevine took some enormous shot of adrenalin. We really could do it, we were capable of beating the continentals - we all felt absolutely marvellous. It was not just the fact that he had won, but the way it was done. Not only was it a great individual effort, it was a marvellous team effort as well. Barry Hoban who had started the vital break, Alan Ramsbottom, Vin Denson, Michael Wright and Keith Butler had all worked hard at the back. It had been a well-planned and thoroughly successful operation. Hoban had finished 16th, Butler 51st and Denson 53rd, while Wright and Ramsbottom had retired only after they had done their job

The start of the break was very early - by Hoban at the end of the first of the fourteen 112 mile laps. Hoban it was who kept the pace so hot for three-quarters of the race that only the very fittest could get up to the break or stay with it. With two laps to go Simpson and the German, Rudi Altig, simply rode away from the rest of the leading group. The others were exhausted by the pace. It was not a question of attacking, simply of not resisting further. Altig was regarded as the big sprinter, and the Briton tried desparately to drop him on the last long climb, but the German hung grimly on. Simpson was not to be beaten however, this was to be the day of his, tragically short, life, he was so full of confidence he could beat anyone. Over the top of the hill they went, down through a village with neither of them taking any risks on the slippery corners. They had no-one else to worry about, the entire field were now more than three minutes in arrears. They were still working beautifully together, as they had been ever since they left the others, both had worked equally and with great determination.

contd on page 40

It's runoured that John Spooner is going to have a fullracing season in '83, so get your frame order in early.

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## DIARY OF A DISASTER

4

It all really started going wrong when Paul asked if I'd help him in the S.C.A. '12'. He said "please", and as I'm a stickler for politeness (in other people, anyway) I said "yes", although my previous experience was limited to spilling orange juice all over the A259 in the Mutual '100'.

This was Paul's first '12' too, so it was 'innocents abroad', although he'd avowed his intention to attack John Antram's 1953 record: Don had given him a schedule for 250 miles, which I might just have managed in the Maxi, given frequent oil-stops. Therein lay one problem - STK345L, like her owner, is well past her prime, and given to squid impersonations - the car vanishes, the blue cloud remains, to confuse the predator. Paul conceded that I should use the Bananamobile as his NAAFI waggon, on grounds of reliability.

Other planning was limited to a quick squint at the course layout, which I confidently memorised (!) and to rejecting the Adidas trainers for the slightly better roadholding of the Dunlop Green Flash. Paul drifted round the night before with the yellow peril, laden down with spare bike, wheels and tubs, and a bootful of sticky grub, including a bottle of Mansell go-faster elixir (powdered), as advertised in Don's 400k article (this issue). I added my own sprints, track-pump and spare tubs - at least we didn't intend punctures to be a problem (they weren't!). Paul rode off after boasting about the steak he was going to eat, and I went for a pint.

Awake at 6am, out of the house at 7:29, aware that Paul had been rolling for an hour, and watched the riders through Offington, where I took a photo

of Don's engine (no Don, just the legs!). Across to Arundel, Hospital Hill, to shout abuse as our lads climbed....my notebookdnext says "Barnham 0840, Ford Road, A259. Don passed saying "I'm smiling now, but..." 1st feed+drink, PT hot, but fresh and civil".....

Onward to the first agreed rendezvous, in Bognor, then quickly over to see some friends before the next one on the lower Bognor road. I flapped a bit here, as I'd misread the route sheet and thought he'd gone thro' already, but sho'nuff, he soon arrived. "Food?" - "No, drink please"....hand-up, back to the car, chuck it all in the boot and slam it...oh heck, I've left a water bottle out....keys.....keys.....WHERE ARE THOSE RUDDY KEYS.....oh no!....I've locked them in the boot.

In crisis, I have a simple system - it's called panic! While Dave Hudson (who was helping Don) and I tore out the back seats of the Capri to get into the boot, Henry Frampton, an old mate of mine, keen photographer and ex B.R.C.C. member, disappeared unbidden with the water bottle, dived into a grocers for Mars bars and 'nanas, and took over responsibility for Faul. Work on the Capri was abortive - it's a solid panel behind the back seats: threw it all back in and scrounged a lift to Chi nick with Maureen. A large family model Sussex constable ferried me back in a Rover (3.5 litres and radios everywhere), and within seconds had the boot open with his own ignition key - I still don't know how he did it, as I had turned away looking for a lorry to jump under.

Effusive thanks, then off on the "when did you last see my Toppin" quest: found him, a bit the worse for wear, going North out of Westbourne. The next bit passed in a blur, as I strove to salvage the relationship by handing up sponge after sponge along the A27.

At the sit-down feed Paul was uncommonly civil — does the bloke ever lose his cool? — then orf we gall-oped agin! More sponges and drinks into and out of Pulborough, including a Findon-bought iced lolly, handed up in trepidation with memories of own past guts-aches caused by cold food....North on AM....drink...sponge...drink...sponge...drink...food...sponge..."you couldn't get me another iced lolly, could you—". To hear is to obey, master,

but Southwater was closed ... remember cafe in Cowfold that always seems to be open, buy lolly....lost him again, to find him in Partridge Green, disconsolate and hollow eyed, being helped by Dave and Maureen. "can you try to see me more often" was as close as he got to a reproof for the erratic service he was getting (I kept shtum about locking the boot key in the boot again, and mamaged to free it 10 minutes later). On the road to Shoreham and back I lost count of bottles and sponges, many of which were used to cool the Toppin tootsies - I was bone weary in the heat, and I was only driving and running (only?)

"Ah well" (I thought) "that's this day's disasters over, he'll soon be on the circuit and it'll be a doddle"....but the evil genie of the 12 hour hadn't finished with us! Drove onto the circuit - "seen Toppin?" "Went through ten minutes ago, going well"-"Seen Toppin?" - "no sign yet" I couldn't catch him on the circuit as I'd forgotten the dead-leg out to Washington, Can't go clockwise on the circuit, the traffic's solid on the A24, so follow the circuit, THEN I TORE THE GEAR LEVER OUT! ... honest mum, it come apart in me 'ands! Well that's it, I haven't seen him for best part of an hour, I think I'll kill the lever back in, and by superb driving technique select first and second - oh for a mate to hold the locator cup in place! This was not reliable enough to set off in search, but then the Gibbsmobile chanced by: I screwed together a bonk bagful of mint-cake, Mars bar, peach slices, orange segments and banana bits (ugh!) which they delivered.

Paul ran out ninth, failed to beat the Antram record, which Grant-induced 'bonk' couldn't have helped, yet was remarkably philosophical about the whole affair, especially the gear-lever. 'oh yes, it's done that before .... what a temperament!

Lessons? 1. One helper is not enough. 2. Both must learn the route. 3. Maintain concentration. 4. If the car boot slam-locks, tape its key in place, and leave t'others in ignition. 5. Plan, Plan, PLAN!

## Two more records.

Well done again to Andrew Lock with two more successful attacks on schoolboy's place to place records. On Friday 6th August he set out from the clubroom in a scond effort to improve the Long Furlong record which stood at 26 minutes 48 seconds. He had made a start the previous Tuesday but this had proved abortive after a crank had parted company with the rest of his bike, something of a 'Lock' speciality this! On the second time out though there was no mistake, he was always level with a schedule of 26.18 but with a wind assisted finish he recorded 25.46, a substantial updating.

Tuesday 17th August and Andrew went off on the toughest of the schoolboy's place to place records. Worthing to Steyning and back was certainly the hilliest but there did seem to be plenty of room for improvement, reported Dad who rode over the route the previous evening. Despite a very windy evening the course was covered in 37.19, an improvement of no less than 9 minutes 30 seconds.

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

It is rumoured that Ken Atkins is coming to the clubroom in the near future. We will try and give more details if we can find out the date, and John Grant will try to get the press to attend.

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Our typist says it's dead boring typing rows of stars between the items.

### 0 9 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

It's runcured that Y.H.A. means 'Young Holden Abode'if you are looking for Roy's new address at Warningcamp, just follow the sign.

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

'tis further rumoured that Jim Hughes is re-charing nonrechargable HP2's. The two he purchased in 1942 are still going strong, and Ever-Ready have made a take-over bid for 22 Ivydore Close

## I GOT THE BUG WHEN.....

Jim's reminiscences in a recent "Wheel" set me thinking back to my first bike, and to when I really

got 'hooked' on the hobby.

Like most kids who grew up during the war (Boer? Ed), my only bike had been a solid tyred fairy (no significance, honest!) cycle. I don't remember learning to ride it, but left a lot of skin on the roads around my Littlehampton home. The only long trip I can recall was when Dad came home on leave, borrowed a tandem, and took Mum to Arundel while I flailed along behind on my 24" fixed. I was not an enthusiast! Could big gears be the answer?

Three lifetimes later, nine years old, I had, by saving pocket money, odd-job money and Christmas gifts, screwed together the £ 4.2.3d (equal to nearly two weeks of Dad's Army pay!) for a we'll-payhalf-if-you'll-pay-half Hercules roadster. Gleaming blackly, it could have been high fashion to-day black rims, black bars, black seat stem - there was not a drop of chrome on it (there's a war on , yer know!), but suddenly I was free. To-day it's hard to think of petrol on ration, and travel restricted to train or bus (expensive) or Shank's pony, but I can still recall the incredible feeling of liberation I got from that bike. I can't pretend to being addicted - most of us had bikes of some sort, and practically lived on them, amusing ourselves with races round the block (which Johnny Cramp usually won 'cos he'd got dropped handlebars and a threespeed - unfair), or by seeing who could do the best skid without falling off. From time to time we'd have a long trip to Pulborough, or Brighton, or the Witterings, or other parts we'd never have seen then without our bikes, sustained by a bottle of 'pop' and a packet of sandwiches wrapped in greaseproof, with a loop in the string to hang on our brakes. Brakes? It was a point of honour not to touch them on the Whiteways descent until school bend (now a 'T' junction) was reached. Did we really feel that indestructible, or did we all lie?

Then it happened! August, Bank Holiday 1946, first annual sports since before the war, at the

Littlehampton Football Ground. Off I went with my sixt. pence, 12 years old (me, not the sixpence....well it might have been, but how can I remember the date on 1t?) following the crowds from the town towards St. Flora's Road. The sun shone, the bunting fluttered, the town band went compah in the track centre (was it really always playing "Estudantina"?), peope ran, jumped and threw things, and the atmosphere was incredible ...... then a whistle, a pistol shot, and the first bike racers came past. I don't know what I'd expected, but this was beyond belief - dropped handlebars, no brakes, wooden wheels with the tyres kept on with adhesive tape wrapped round in about five places. I was gah-gah, (nothing changes, Ed) and I can still shut my eyes and conjure up that scene. Toad of Toad Hall wasn't in it! (read "Wind in the Willows and give yourself a treat if that means nothing to you). Within a week we'd all got insulation tape round our tyres, and were falling off as it jammed up our brakes.

I had to have a racing bike! I had to be part of that fantastic scene! By now I'd been doing paper rounds for a couple of years (laws were laxer then) and despite giving Mum 7/6d a week, I was able to save, and set my sights on a Dawes: metallic blue, it sat in the bike-shop window near the chip-shop in East Street ... the nose-prints I left on that window, as I lived like a monk to make my Post Office balance grow to the magic £ 22.12/6 it cost....then suddenly, everything changed in Knights' Window, second-hand, £ 5.10/-(say about fifty quid to-day), re-sprayed metallic blue, with chrome forks and 3 chrome rear stays. A king's ransom, but the shop-keeper took a ten bob deposit and agreed to hold it until I'd got the balance together, then it lived in my bedroom as week by week money was earned, and bits were added - Brooks B5 saddle, 12/6d, bars and stem 26/9d, and so on, it took an age.

The 1947 August Sports came and went, and I stood, dazed as before, and watched. Days (no pun intended) later, went to Struddy's and collected the wheels (£6.11.8¢, Conloy Asps on Bayliss-Wileys, with war-grade tyres - how I was to learn to mend punctures!). Finished building the bike, went out for a ride, thrashed Johnny Cramp (gears or no gears), went home and nearly cried with

awful sense of anti-climax!

Later, I was part of a small group that re-formed the old Littlehampton club, under the awful title of the "Littlehampton and District Amateur Athletic and Cycling Club". We couldn't afford three-foot diameter badges, so had little ones with just the letters round the edge - red enamel with a chrome wheel and letters - wish I still had mine! It had two lively years, with competition in S.C.A. events and its own grass-track evening meetings, and had a fairly close friendship with the "Excel" - I had a massage from Charlie Lednor at the tender age of fourteen!

I wish I could kid you that this story developed, with county representation and international competition, but for various reasons it didn't. I honestly think that if I'd found the Excelsior after my return from the forces in 1956, I wouldn't have dropped out for over twenty years, and wouldn't be in the state I am now! So be warned!

John Grant.

# Barbara Dean.

It is with sadness that we report the death of Barbara Dean, whose husband Dennis had died only a couple of years ago. They had no children and it seemed to be mainly friends who attended the service at Worthing Crematorium on Wednesday 29th September. Several of our members, old contemporaries of both Dennis and Barbara were present to pay their last respects to a long and loyal member and friend.

It is strongly rumoured that our over-weight Press Sec went to demand an in-depth interview at the Sports Injury Clinic. They gave him one, but it's healing nicely now.....

# Britain's First Pro Road Champion (continued from page 32)

With barely a quarter of a mile to go, Altig slipped into his 13 sprocket, Simpson heard it go, he thought it was slipping and stayed on the 15, went for home with a jump that a track sprinter would have been pleased with. He did not look back, he dare not, all that he knew as that line passed beneath him was that Altig had not come past, and he, Tom. Simpson, was Champion of the World.

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