

THE WORTHING WHEEL



**MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR
CYCLING CLUB**

SPRING 1992

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SPRING 1992=====THE WORTHING WHEEL=====
WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB'S=====
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE=====

Clubroom: Broadwater Parish Rooms: Meetings every
Tuesday evening, 7.30 to 10.30. Canteen until 10.00.

Opinions expressed are those of the contributor
and not necessarily of the club or its committee.

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Lewes Wanderers C.C. Reliability Trial 26/1/92.

I can't describe the start of the ride - I wasn't there. I was hurtling along the coast, bike on car roof, hoping to join the ride somewhere between the start in Lewes and Newhaven. I'd overslept, you see. I woke to the pleasant surprise of finding Paul Toppin on my doorstep, after I'd failed to turn up for my lift at the appointed time. The depth of my slumbers was a direct result of the physical exhaustion incurred by Don Lock's Saturday ride, the day before.

My kamikaze (1) tactics, as I tried to find my way through Brighton centre, paid off. I met the "medium pace group" (63 miles in 4hrs 20min) of about 30 riders on the road between Southease and Newhaven. The pace was pleasantly steady - I was greatly relieved, after suffering at the hands of Colin Toppin, Nick Lelliott and Vern McLelland the day before, I had seriously wondered if I was up to such a ride. In the group were Colin, Vern and Don again, and Paul, with whom I'd already conversed through my cat-flap earlier that morning.

Through Seaford and Litlington things remained civilised. Don was explaining to me how he'd been massaging his legs, after the pain of yesterday, but forgot to do one! I was trying to work out how this is possible, as he only has two, they are both clearly visible and both hurt, when he disappeared backwards on a short climb before the first check at the crossroads with the A27. We didn't see Don again until the finish. The unbalancing effect of one massage-restored leg and one forgotten leg would seem to be the reason for his failure to complete the circuit.

This was when I began to get worried. Don was my

insurance against too much pain and suffering. I'd only been resident in "The South" for three weeks, so I had no idea where I was. In the hard cruel north, I've been left stranded on the moors, to find my own way home, if it was suspected I wasn't pushing myself to the realms of collapse. I had no map.

The group had split at the control, our navigator having been left behind, Paul and Colin decided to try and catch someone who knew the route. We continued onto the A22, along to Boship and East along the A271 at an alarming pace. Then, thankfully, the ride organiser and route planner was positively identified sat behind us, so, no need for haste, I was allowed a quick breather before THE CLIMBS began

We turned north off the A271 into the lanes. There were a lot of lanes, a lot of hills, a lot of mud (causing a lot of rear wheel spin, making the climbs even more fun), a lot of hairy, narrow descents and a lot of beautiful woodland - but I wasn't really looking. We went through Punt's Green, Penhurst and Oxley Green to the next check, according to the route sheet, it was all a bit of a blur. At the check, our spirits sank with the news "Hardest climb still to come"!!

On through Burwash Green, Cade Street and Horam for the last check. Here, orange juice and biscuits. I'd been riding all morning on a jam butty (eaten between roundabouts on the A27), my carbohydrate drink having spilled out of my bottle onto the roof of my car at the very same roundabouts. So the sustenance was welcome. The only food I had was a smashed scone, floating about a back pocket. Paul declared at this point that he knew how it felt.

We were informed at the check that the next 15 miles were flat, so I could enjoy the rest of the ride to the full. Bursting with the joys of life, I sat on the front of our small group with Vern, with a satisfying 50 miles in my legs, the sun almost shining, picturesque hills and cottages in view, I came out with the bold statement that I was definitely never moving back up North, I'd converted to a Southerner.

I think that shows it was an enjoyable, if strenuous, morning! We cut across from the A267 to cross the A22 at Golden Cross, and via the B2124 to Lewes, in four hours (group's time, not mine!)

A good cup of cocoa - and then the last six miles to find my car. I just about managed to decline the offer of a lift from Vern - I felt a moral obligation to finish the circuit.

Jan Scotchford.

(1)Note for the uneducated - Kamikaze = the "Divine Wind" which saved Japan by destroying Ghengiz Khan's invasion fleet, but more recently applied to the Japanese suicide pilots of World War II.

G.S. STELLA HILLY 40km TIME TRIAL
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Whilst the majority of the Club were out enjoying the reliability trial, I decided that an early start to the season was more appropriate. Several Club members had warned me about this course. Their advice led me to the conclusion that this

was going to be a tough event. I decided to make it even harder by loosening up the day before with a 17 mile run in preparation for the London Marathon.

On arrival at Churcher's Corner there was a noticeable lack of enthusiasm amongst the competitors. A severe frost and a cold damp fog assured that any excitement was kept under wraps.

The course itself encourages a rapid start with a slightly downwards run into Chichester. Probably just as well as I needed something to boost my confidence. However, what confidence I had gained was soon suppressed after turning north on the A286 from Chichester. Glancing over my shoulder I noted the eventual winner, Gary Foord, who had set off two minutes after me close on my heels. The fact that the road was gradually climbing up towards the top of Harting Hill seemed to have escaped his attention.

I decided to draw strength from this impressive display and caught my two minute man shortly before the road started to head steeply upwards. It was at this point that everything went wrong. Getting out of the saddle to pedal up the gradient only served to remind me that I had clearly overdone it the day before. However, I managed to struggle to the top of Harting Hill in the hope that going down it would be more fun than coming up but this was not to be the case. I am sure the descent would be great fun in the Summer, but in the mist and wet and frosty February morning it was extremely testing.

I had been warned of the hairpin junction at the bottom of the hill and the short sharp climb back up. It was at this point that I wished I was on my mountain bike, however, the pain was soon

relieved with a quick smile to someone's camera at the top and the rapid run to the finish through Compton, West Marden and Walderton. This must be the best bit of the course with an exciting ride through the twisting country lanes, giving me a brief moment for a drink only to find that the contents of my bottle had frozen. Fortunately the end was near and a hot cup of coffee soon helped me thaw out.

1 hour 10 mins 29 secs for my efforts is quite satisfying, though I cannot help feeling that somewhere my preparation for the event in the days running up to it was not quite what it should have been.

Jeremy Wootton.

Tony Palmer stares out the Rottweiler.

This took place on a Saturday morning and was reported by John Lucas, who observed the incident from a safe distance. Tony - when approached by the animal, apparently dismounted - well it shows proper respect doesn't it - then placed his old Raleigh hack bike between himself and the gnashing teeth of the playful young pup weighing in at something close to Tony's own 14 stone. Never had the old hack frame seemed so beautifully useful.

The stare lasted perhaps 30 seconds, and the gaze that has deterred committee members from arguing over the menu for the club dinner again held sway. Well, either that or Rotty was feeling off colour - anyway Rotty retreated and Tony was able to continue.

Clearly the "eyes" have it!

Don.

An Epic TEN.

I pick up a pen, and I start to write;
How far will I get, with a story to-night.
If I try really hard I can fill up a space;
I know! I'll write an epic of the club 10-mile
race.

A Shipton's the star, wasn't there a famous
Old Mother by that name? Not to worry, I digress,
If I want to meet the deadline, onwards I must
press.

He's there at the start kitted out all in red
With skin overshoes and silk hood over head.
His machine's low profile, all gleaming and clean,
The wheels are just discs, the whole thing looks
mean.

It cowers the others to talk in asides,
While he in fast warm-up easily glides.
The Toppin looks worried - he's won this before,
He flexes his muscles, and massages more.

There's a number here now, in states of undress,
Tights are removed, and on goes the vest.
The atmosphere's building - timekeepers arrive,
And into hot water some tea-bags dive.

The count-down approaches, the young man at one,
Wonders and worries, what time will be done,
A big man with vizor comes to the start,
It's Mike Gibbs the Chaiman, he sure looks the
part,

The onlookers cross to observe the return,
The watches are checked and we listen and learn,
The Shipton's advantage is there - but it's small,
Can Toppin win it - again - after all?

We move to the finish, the excitement's intense.
What's this, the cost of a cuppa is now fifteen pence!

What was the time the red flash recorded?

Twenty-one minutes is roundly applauded.

The results are noted, the watches are packed,
One lad's gone home with a "personal" cracked.
The last cuppa's downed, the rest drained away,
All looks pretty easy, I'll try it one day.

Tourist Champion Lost.

It has to be reported that while partaking of a "leisurely" Saturday Saunter in the pleasant company of Jan Scotchford, Vern McLelland and Nick Lelliott, our Editor became hopelessly lost. He did not even know whether he was travelling East or West, and this only an hour's ride from Worthing.

The quartet reached a road junction and leader Don snapped out a crisp "Go left here". This was from the defensive position of being on the front. He has found it difficult to leave his favoured position tucked in on someone's back wheel - but nevertheless has occasionally achieved a reduction in overall pace by being at the front. His tone was confident, even remarking to Nick that some idiot had turned the road sign round - "Lewes isn't this way - it's back that way".

Nick, after a minute's consideration, and another half mile, then enquired "What direction are we going then?" "We're going West" says Don, but the tone seemed slightly less confident. Nick then, with noteworthy diffidence and respect, as of course due to the current Tourist Champion - expressed the thought that they were in fact going East. Vern was consulted and agreed that they

were heading towards rather than away from Lewes. Jan, who was lost after the Shoreham flyover anyway, refrained from involvement.

Vern and Nick had apparently expected a "Right here" direction at an earlier junction, but none had been given. Don had proceeded to follow an almost complete circle. However, with quite brilliant nonchalance and a most effective disguise of embarrassment - it was the hills making him red in the face - he pressed on.

The route skilfully skirted Blackstone Village, (for the second time!), and branched out West - at last, in the direction of Henfield.

Several reasons have been offered for this most unusual lapse on the part of the Editor, but the ones he prefers are that the hills in the area had been tackled at slightly too high a pace, and that Jan's heavy breathing had also affected his normally immaculate orientation.

Now if Mike Poland had been out there would have been a constant check with "where are we going Don?" every mile or so... all is forgiven Mike.

DON'T FOLLOW ME.....

We hear that Don's old Akela has demanded that he return his pathfinder badge.... but can't find Welland Road!

Video Evening.

Jeremy Wootton kindly brought his television, video recorder, and three videos of mountain bike magic up to the club and it was a shame that so few members turned up to watch.

If you were an enthusiast you could have le something from the experts. If you were not could still have enjoyed a good laugh as experts, and the not so expert, came a series of muddy croppers and made downhill slalom ski-ing look like something from the nursery in comparison. President Roger Smallman and wife Jean were noticeable among the keenest of viewers... will they be venturing off-road, we wonder?

Thanks Jeremy, hope you got all that equipment home on your bike O.K.

THE WINCHESTER RUN.

Winchester as a destination for the motorised run in mid-January seemed a good idea, firstly, if it was Dave Hudson-organised, and secondly, if the weather was going to be O.K. Dave's reputation in these things grows annually and there was plenty of support, with twelve names making the list. Then there was Dave's CATastrophe and the broken arm, just before Christmas. He was never going to be able to come; perhaps it would be cancelled. But resilient fellow that he is, he was soon stuck into the physiotherapy, plenty of walking kept him fit and he was back driving, if not cycling, in good time for the excursion.

The Happy Eater at Swandean on the A27 was only just waking up on Saturday the 18th January as at 7.15 a.m. the group congregated. Paul and Colin Toppin, Vern McLelland, Alan Matthews, Jan Scotchford, John Lucas, Tony Palmer, Colin Miller, Alan Stepney, Don Lock and - my word Sheila Lucas has put on some weight - Oh! sorry, that's not Sheila in the early morning gloom it's Alan O'Scarratt, a late replacement.

The drivers knew the way and by 8.30/8.45 we were all parked in an industrial area on the outskirts of the city. At this point Tony Palmer had two punctures. One he says happened on the way down and he claims to be the first to puncture a bicycle on the M27! The second, well, it would seem the spare had a hole in it! Oh dear! Don yawned, he was impatient to get going. To keep warm he put some more air in his back tyre. Oh dear! It keeps going down. Oh dear! Now his valve has blown out!

By 9.04 we were on our way - four minutes down on schedule and we still had to pay our respects to King Alfred... well, visit the loos by his statue anyway.

At last we are off, and the mood of the day is set as Dave's van climbs out of the city and we trail off in ones and two's in pursuit. We are desperate to keep it in sight - only he knows where we're going! I'm very worried. Jan, though, thinks it's great - motorised escort - like the Tour de France - lead car - all that kind of talk, but then she's fit!

We head north on the most Westerly stretch of the A272 but soon head off slightly more northwards and are in the lanes towards Littleton and "Crawley". No, this one is smaller and much prettier. We've met a few minor hills so far, and Colin Miller finds the virus which attacked him after Christmas is still taking its toll. Some of us are grateful to slow the pace a little.

We are now into the very lovely Test Valley, Leckford and Longstock, or was it the other way

round? Can't be sure, but then it's North and West following the River Anton, a major tributary of the Test, into the 'Clatfords', Goodworth, and Upper, to name just two.

We were near Andover and briefly hit the nasty A303. Had Dave let us down, were we going to spend time on red roads? No, it's alright, there's 25 miles covered and he knew of an excellent cafe. Large plates of eggs and sausages and all kinds of dreadful food were devoured, except by Jan who nonchalantly managed with a cheese roll. We were feeling guilty when Alan Scarratt made us feel a lot better... he had a triple helping of chips. Even after sharing them around he could still only just see over the top - but he managed to get them down without delaying us.

Duck Street and Vernham Dean; there was another puncture here, Paul Toppin this time, but while the tube was changed Dave dragged Vern off for a very improvised photo session. No doubt we shall see a slide before long.

Still going north and those of us looking ahead had noted high ground. Do we go over that? "Oh yes", says Dave, "that there be Inkpen that be!" All right for him to be humourous - he was in the van.

We rode it as it suited us, some taking it more rapidly to have more time for the super view at the summit, others more slowly to facilitate breathing and ancient legs. Two actually walked but it would be unfair to name John and Tony, anyway they did do the last bit backwards.

It was a nice drop down now and we were promised "just 25 minutes to lunch". He was right again and the Blue Boar at Kintbury was to meet our requirements with a good selection of sandwiches and liquid refreshment. Jan managed with another cheese roll and Alan Scarratt had to manage without chips. We were asked if we wanted a village idiot but we declined. He was there with his bike though as we were departing so we headed off on a false trail to lose him.. This gave us a quick look at the Kennett and Avon Canal. Quite normal looking actually, full of water, so on we pressed.

Looking at the map now you can see how Dave's mind works when he plans these routes. Ballhill, Woolton Hill, Highclere and then surely a mistake - Watership Down. No, no mistake, as in this part of the world "Down" means "up". Colin Paul and Vern were over the top first, Jan was close behind and then came Dave's Maestro - blowing a bit. The rest came later, blowing a lot. Too steamed up to see any rabbits! The mileage was up to about 60 now and we stopped for a cuppa as we crossed another of those awful highways full of four-wheel beasts. We had been relatively untroubled by them in the lanes. Most managed with a toasted tea cake, Jan had another cheese..... - no not this time, but Alan had another plate of chips.

Dave distributed lights as dusk descended and we fairly raced the last bit back through the "Worthy's" to our cars. The lights distribution had not been perfect. Those given front lights were slow and off the back, and those with rear lights were away at the front, but it was a small hitch, and negotiated safely.

Dave had said it would be 75 miles and it was, near as dammit, "75"

The route was super, the weather was kind and the company excellent. Next time Dave you must come on your bike, we've plenty of volunteers to drive the van!

Don.

Ojala!

The Spanish have a little word 'ojala'! It expresses wishing and hoping with a strong desire, and cycling is full of 'ojala'.

With the summer of '91 ahead of us my boy Matthew and I decided to ride our tandem to Leicester to watch the National track Championships.

I can remember very little of the journey itself, apart from the crackle of fast-ripening corn and a strong desire to be elsewhere - 30 miles further than could be comfortably managed, with a daily dose of the hunger knock and an empty water bottle as a constant companion. It had to be like that you see, how else could we have said 'ojala!'. I hope we can make it.

We were to stay for the week in the student accommodation of Leicester University and the management had, in the mistaken belief that being geographical cousins we would have something in common, put us in with the South Londoners.

My 'problem' with South Londoners had begun some years ago, when an up and coming youngster with strong legs, but also susceptibilities which stuck out like frayed brake cables I had cowered in the corners of their embrocation-choked changing rooms.

"Worthing", they said, "was the sticks", where we all nailed our shoe plates on our Wellies, rode too many time trials, didn't have a decent track, didn't rub down with an Eau-de-Cologne sponge and couldn't ride in a straight line, the list was endless - all very unsettling for a sensitive lad, raised in the plus-twos and hot Ribena world of the Broadwater Parish Rooms, but mine was a handy jersey to pull down the back straight, and I was - still am - a sucker for a nice easy sprint lead-out.

"Who's with us" said a South London accent "looks like some old bloke and a kid on a tandem".

As I lugged 70 lbs of pannier-bags up the stairs, I tried not to think of revenge.

There were about a dozen of them, mostly juniors, kept barely under control by their coach, who was, as we arrived, preparing an evening meal. The boys sat in various attitudes of indolence around a Formica-topped table. One of them was hungry, and began to shout and beat his spoon upon the table; and rest all joined in the cacophony, like monsters.

We stepped into the room. I said, "Hello, we're from Worthing Excell, where are you from?"

The room began to quieten. "Bexley and Sidcup" answered the coach, "I'm Sid". "Isn't Ted Heath your M.P.?" I said. A hush followed. "No, he's from Bexleyheath", he corrected suspiciously. "So he's - Heath from Bexleyheath - which has to make you - Sid from Sidcup", I said. "What does that make you then", said a monster.

I looked down at my Adidas "wellies", and headed for the corner of the room. 'Ojala', if only I'd kept my mouth shut!

The pattern of the first few days unfolded. Sid would wake each of the Monsters up, three times if necessary, prepare their breakfast and wash up, while they skulked around. Then chivvying them along he would load up the bikes and gear for the day's racing. At the track he pumped up the tyres, pushed off, if necessary held a stop-watch, and was there to quieten the rantings when things went wrong.

Then it was back to more cooking, leaving just enough time to sort out any immediate problems before the task of getting them all to go to bed again.

When not at the track, the Monsters' day consisted of long periods of idleness, interspersed with stages of frantic activity in which they would lovingly burnish their bikes, or brush up on their verbal abusiveness, ending often in a water fight... Sid cleared up.

I came across Sid one evening in the kitchen, snatching a peanut-butter sandwich and a few minutes to himself.

He was a small terrier-like man, who rarely looked at anyone directly, but flicked little glances at them to take in all he needed to know.

I noticed he never laughed, instead he made a huffing sound through clenched teeth.

"Your boys got any chances of medals?" I asked. "A couple may have", he answered. "Won any in the past?", I continued.

"Yes - in 1977 we brought Dave Akam here as a junior", he said, flicking a couple of those little glances at me.

"Nobody had ever heard of him then, he won everything he entered, then we went straight to the Junior '25', and he won that as well, we had medals everywhere in the car", he huffed through clenched teeth. "He used to have same real battles with Sean Yates".

Like Yates, Akam had been fast, really fast. He possessed abilities which had taken him into the top echelons of the cycling world, and Sid had started him off. I got more interested.

Sid prodded his sandwich as if he expected it to leap-frog across the plate. "What happened to Akam?" I said. "He did alright", said Sid, "after the Giro d'Italia Francesco Moser gave him 6,000 lire for being part of the team, then he got ill".

"What went wrong?", I asked. "He picked up a tapeworm, developed hepatitis, then had to give up", said Sid, curtly.

"I suppose you're looking for another Akam", I said. He shot another of those little glances at me, and flicked his frugal sandwich, and his face grew full of 'ojala'.

As we left on our tandem to go to the track that evening, sitting under a tree, by himself, and mending a puncture in his road bike, was Chris Boardman. He looked up and nodded to us. "He's only got two hours before he does the 5,000 metres record, he better hurry up with that puncture", said Matthew, who didn't quite understand. "I don't think he'll be using that bike", I said, "but anyway it sort of makes him our sort of bloke, doesn't it?"

'Ojala' - I hope he smashes the record.

Things were not going well for Sid's boys, two of them had crashed quite badly, another had a nasty cold, and the rest were being given a hard time by some strong Northerners. Their ebullience began to subside and meal-times were more subdued.

I decided now was the time to attack!

A couple of them came past me on their way to the starting line. Dressed immaculately in helmets and shades they nodded in our direction. "You look like something from a Darth Vader look-alike contest", I said. We found another of them, a huge tanned individual, who had just been humiliated in his 4,000 metres event and was recovering against the trackside, his large body racked by a terrible "hacking". "Pursuiter's Cough?" I said smilingly - "that means you're not really fit". "No, it's athletic asthma" he choked, beads of sweat standing out on his face. He looked so pathetic I couldn't go on.. "Keep riding round", I said, it makes the spasms go away".

As we returned to the accommodation that night, one of them was in the kitchen, a crash victim.

"Wanna cuppa tea?" he said. He poured out the milk.

"Sid reckons you're pretty fast, reckons you could catch me in a "10". I denied it of course, but was beginning to feel a lot better. "Can you look at my saddle, I think it might be too low".

"Of course", I said, "that's what friends are for".

Nick Lelliott.

"Radio Excelsior"

A few years back, before Angela even thought of becoming a Toppin, she helped in our first experimental use of radio-telephony. This was for the Open "10", and Angie, who had to my knowledge never used R.T. before, bravely agreed to operate the receiving station by the result board in Washington, while I sat with the time-keeper out on the new A.24 and warbled the results back to her.

In all honesty we could have done the job with a catapult and a supply of small stones, the two stations were so close together, but we found it dispensed with the need for runners on a busy Saturday afternoon, and it worked!

Since then we have honed the service, and nearly overcome "jinx" venues, by using better aerials, keeping the radios professionally maintained, and we can now almost routinely achieve good communications, even with the result board many miles from the finish. In the Open Hardriders, for example, even though the finish is way out at Fittleworth, and we jury-rig a radio into a car (Don's, Andy's or Robin Holden's) for the Whiteways Lodge timing point, the results are usually up on the board back at Pulborough village hall before you've got your top on and bought your tea and sticky bun.

The Excelsior always have first claim on our services, followed by the S.C.A. and other Sussex clubs, and in 1991 we carried the Excelsior flag a little further afield, by working for the S.C.C.U., the Old Portlians, and for Norwood Paragon.

Our services are always free to the Excelsior, but to save embarrassment, we routinely charge other organisations a fee of £ 10.00. After we've paid for servicing, new cables, fuses and other bits and bobs, not forgetting petrol, we're probably way out of pocket at the end of the season, but we usually donate half the proceeds to the club-room fund - it buys a brick or two.

Not only that, it gives Daphne the chance to do her knitting in interesting new locations, (including under a big tree outside the village hall at Beare Green, for example), and the two grandsons enjoy helping out as short-distance runners. We've even had daughter Jeannette out a couple of times..... but watch out lads, she hasn't found her hunk yet!

John and Daphne.

The Rumour grows that Dave Funnell, that's the "old" one from Oxen Avenue in Shoreham, the one that used to be club champion at most distances in the early sixties, is riding a bicycle again. Dave was the most enthusiastic of riders and it has always seemed strange to his contemporaries that he could at a very early age stop cycling. To give up competition, perhaps, but no, with Dave, it was absolute from the moment of the decision and he did not put his leg over - if you'll excuse that expression, again. It is more strange when you know that there is still no greater supporter of the Worthing Excelsior than Dave. He still has a great love and interest for the sport.

But that was until... well rumour has it that recently the usually tall and slightly gaunt frame

of Dave, has been diagnosed as being... how shall we put it.... less gaunt... even a little podgy..."cuddly", his wife suggested. No, it appears medical advice has suggested to him that there's a lot too much weight even for his 6'6" stature and he could well shed a couple of stone.

An old set of rollers has been borrowed. The lenders were sworn to secrecy, and to protect them, we admit we forced it out of Sheila Lucas, under threat of making her Social Secretary at the A.G.M.

We know he has been giving them a go on a fairly regular basis and believe that he has made tentative excursions on the public highway. Our spies are in place with cameras and if we can catch him we will. If he is found more than five miles from Oxen Avenue we shall present him with a framed set of V.T.T.A standards and some entry forms!!

The Jim and Con Award.

Jim and Con Hughes, Life Vice-Presidents and for so long the organisers of our clubroom canteen, financed this award by a gift to the club some years ago. It is awarded annually to the junior or juvenile member who has done most for the club each year.

For 1991 it has been awarded to Karl Robertson. As well as making steady improvement in regular time-trial performances, which looks set to continue in the current year, he has been a willing junior committee member representative taking on several jobs over the period. It will not be un-noticed that he is now Membership Secretary and unofficially he will be keeping an eye on his dad as Club Events Secretary.

Well Done Karl!

JOSEPH STALIN

Reincarnated as a Worthing Excelsior Cycling Club timekeeper ? It could be, the moustache is right, and maybe the nose, but surely not that forehead incorporating the aero-helmet, and those eyes....

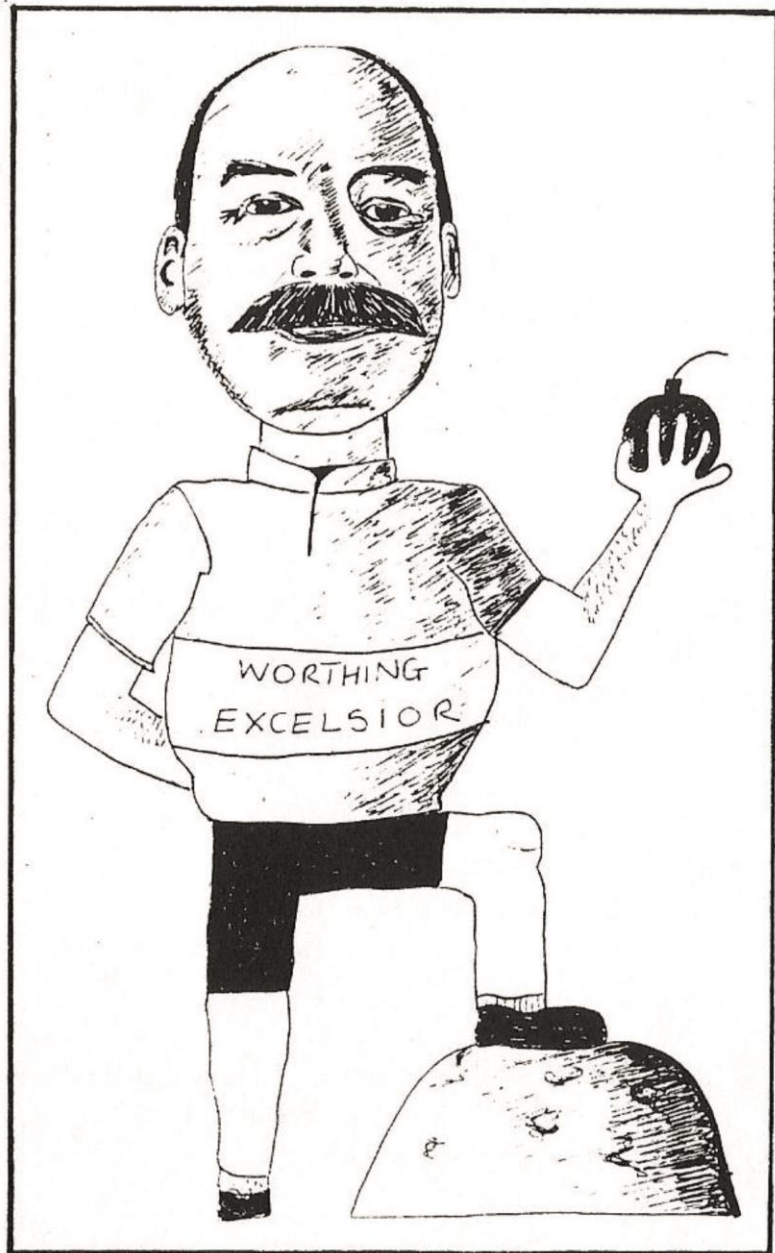
Wait a minute! It's Tony Palmer and holding a powerful looking

timepiece. Who is he going to put a bomb under we wonder.

The left foot raised symbolically to show perhaps the crushing of 'Poland' may be a warning for Mike.

Remember, watch out, watch out, there's an Amanda about!

You could be next.....



Coaching - part 1.

I first met Mr. Hubble, "The Greatest Coach on Earth" at a post-race banquet, in Paris, in '68. I called him "Hubbly-Bubbly" because that's what we happened to be drinking at the time. He drove a red London bus for a living, but that is of little consequence.

He told me that he had been a close personal friend of the legendary Fausto Coppi, and also that he knew many of the secrets of the "Campionissimo's" success.

Three things he told me;

Firstly. You must get 14 hours sleep every night.

Secondly. In order to increase the size of your lungs, and to raise your courage threshold, you must blow up 6 large balloons every day and keep blowing until they burst in your face.

Thirdly. You must add 3 tablespoonfuls of honey to your bath water after training. This he assured me would prevent me from ever again feeling thirsty.

I knew that I now had the answers, and I went home to England where I began to meticulously carry out the instructions that were to render me unbeatable.

For six months I led a maniacal kind of existence. I spent all my paper-round money furtively buying balloons, a late night was staying up to see the end of Blue Peter, but I finally gave in when one summer evening while lying on the grass, between events, at Preston Park Track, I became covered in voracious sugar-seeking ants.

Hubbly-Bubbly still practices, in Yorkshire now. I recently saw his name in "Cycling Weekly", linked with ex-BBAR Gary Dighton, so it's nice to know that the "Secrets of the Campionissimo" are still being disseminated, but only to those with enough talent to withstand them.

In an attempt to even mildly interest readers of this piece, whose ages will perhaps span three generations, I must use the trick, as do most soap operas, of trying to involve everyone in every scenario and all at the same time, and that is not going to be easy.

Let us use then as our fictitious central character, a bewildered but plucky small boy, who has just silently entered the door of his local club-room, (it could even be the Worthing Excelsior, if you like), and stands, as it were, on the threshold of his cycling career.

Small for his age, he has up until now been classed, in his school reports, as an under-achiever, but deep inside him burns the desire to succeed at something. He is called Johnny.

So, what are we to do with this boy? Well, firstly we must quickly hide him from the likes of Jeremy Wootton, because we don't want him tainted with any impure thoughts about fat tyres, do we? This lad is still wholesome, we know this because he hasn't even got his first ear-ring yet. We need him kept safely for Time-trialling's sake.

And so our two-wheeled Johnny begins his Club life, slowly at first. He goes on his first Club Run, buys himself a better bike, and learns how to mend punctures in tubulars.

All the club members are keenly interested in

Johnny's progress but are, of course, too embarrassed to tell him so.

As the seasons roll by our Johnny matures, he survives his first winter of group riding on a poorly-lit bicycle without any mud-guards - he learns the meaning of new phrases like "sitting in", and "off the back", and the fact that you can't do both of them at the same time.

He learns what it feels like to be under the timekeeper, and knows what "doing an '0'" is, although doing one seems a long way off. He is sorely tempted by the "ETOILE", but is helped through the crisis by his Club Events Secretary who tells him that he will no longer be allowed to start in a club "10". Thankfully Johnny believes him and another pitfall is avoided.

Johnny is now approaching maturity, soon he knows he must begin to give back something to his club in the form of a few wins.

Johnny's racing performances are improving rapidly now. He has read all the books in the local library and regularly does stretching exercises. However Johnny is not really happy, something, he knows, is missing still.

Out of desperation, he goes to see his Club Coach, a bucolic character with a lump on his head, which had resulted from not looking where he was going.

The coach had recently been implicated in shady dealings where RTTC forms had been falsified, in order to gain entry to events on faster course, but nothing had ever been proved. Not many in the club knew that due to unashamed cowardice he had never in his entire life even entered a time-trial over 25 miles long, otherwise they may have thought twice before appointing him coach.

"How are you Johnny?" said the coach. "Pretty fit", said Johnny.

"Can you define fitness for me then?" said the coach, he had been watching the lad's improving performances and growing confidence, and thought he needed a bit of air letting out of his tyres. "It's the ability to perform a given task to a given level", said Johnny.

"What's a Winner then?", snapped back the Coach. "A Winner is the rider who performs that task to a consistently higher level than all the other competitors", answered Johnny, knowing he had done his homework.

The coach realised he wasn't going to beat Johnny from the front, he had to get him off his wheel... he thought carefully.

"Describe the formula that determines riding performance", he asked. Straight away Johnny answered. It's the ratio between a rider's power output, his weight, and the resistance he gives to the wind". Johnny beamed all over his face and free-wheeled past his mentor.... "one hill-top prime doesn't win the race", thought the coach.

Fortunately they were interrupted by a youthful senior veteran who had so far in his life cycled the equivalent distance of three trips to the sun and back, and was about to start a fourth. That evening he was on canteen rota.

"I thought I'd let you know we now have chilled GATORADE on draught", he said. Johnny smacked his lips at the thought of a frosted glass of isotonic mineral salts.

"I'll have a pint, and one for Coach too, he said. "It's £ 3.00 a pint," warned the vet. "Better

make it two teas then", said Johnny. They fell silent for a few seconds.

"I think you had better ask the questions now", said the coach. Johnny's mouth became dry, "I'm stuck on an "O" and I want to go under", he said, "Tell me how I can go faster".

"Read the books then", said the coach dismissively.. "I've read them all;", said Johnny, "but I know there's still something missing, some ---- Key to it All".

"Go to the cycle shop and buy yourself some Aero-spoke wheels and tri-bars, you'll get under but it will cost you £ 1,000 a minute".

"Yes - Yes", said a desperate Johnny, "I've tried all that!" He blurted on, his voice raised now. "I want you to tell me the Secrets of the Campionissimo".

The whole room fell silent, heads turned.

Johnny had finally said it, but he didn't care, he was glad it was out now.

"How do you, a junior, know of these Secrets", whispered the coach, tugging at the sleeve of Johnny's new Assos nylon-fronted thermal jacket. "By studying the Ancient Legend of the Dying Tourist", said Johnny, "I learnt of their existence, but that's not all I know - I know of the King's Cycle and of the Tunnel of Terrible Suffering and the Sea of Blackness. His face was hot with excitement. "Very well then", said the coach, "if you really believe they exist we shall set out, together, to find them".

Next Issue. Johnny visits the King Cycle Grotto and Coach plays dirty: but is forced to reveal his Sado-Masochistic past.

Nick Lelliott

A Record Start (1st March, 1992).

The Club Circuit race, two laps of Long Furlong/Offington, about 17 miles, was used by newly-appointed Club Coach Nick Lelliott as a demonstration. It was a performance which left all opposition literally miles behind. On a mild grey morning with wind from the South-West, he smashed some two minutes off the previous record to complete the distance in 40 minutes 47 seconds, or approximately 25 m.p.h.

He finished an embarrassing 3 min 41 seconds ahead of Colin Toppin and a further 1 min 40 secs clear of Jeremy Wootton in third place. It would seem that there is a lot to be learned from our new coach.

This was new Events Secretary Mel Robertson's first promotion, and it went off well with 19 club entries all starting, and just Colin Miller not finishing. In fact it was a day for new officers, with Social Secretary Angela Toppin up early with her family and providing the welcome cuppa at the finish.

John Poland turned in a good effort for fourth place, as did Mel Robertson, both finishing on the 46 minute mark.

Jan Scotchford, with two rides already this season, showed what she can do with her male club-mates, with a handicap-winning ride that put her in 8th place and comfortably into the top half of the field.

Two comments about Nick's ride were offered by a couple of unfortunates that he sped past on his way round. They are simple and to the point. From Jan Scotchford whom he caught one minute in

about two miles - "he was going so fast", and from Colin Miller overtaken at about 8 miles and caught by some three minutes - "What was that?"

What did we do wrong Mr. Coach?

Ray Douglass held the watch and the Editor was responsible for the handicapping. Paul Toppin did the pushing off and George Wall was spotted marshalling at Patching.

Full Result;

	1st lap	Actual	H'cap	Net
1st Nick Lelliott	20.13	40.47	SCR	40.47
2nd Colin Toppin	21.47	44.28	2.00	42.28
3rd Jeremy Wootton	22.22	46.08	3.00	43.08
4th John Poland	22.53	46.28	3.50	42.38
5th Mel Robertson	22.56	46.47	4.30	42.17
6th Ken Retallick	23.29	48.05	4.20	43.45
7th Don Lock	23.45	48.17	4.50	43.27
8th Jan Scotchford	23.46	48.30	9.00	39.30
9th Peter Baird	24.03	48.52	7.30	41.22
10th Simon Letts	24.24	49.25	5.00	44.25
11th Mike Feeseey	24.31	49.28	6.30	42.58
12th Karl Robertson	24.49	49.42	8.00	41.42
13th Alan Scarratt	24.42	50.30	7.30	43.00
14th Alan Stepney	25.18	52.10	6.30	45.40
15th Andrew Budd	25.44	52.53	12.40	40.13
16th Neil Attaway	26.14	53.27	9.40	43.47
17th Mike Poland	27.11	55.06	11.00	44.06
18th Reg Searle	33.56	69.42	18.00	51.42
Colin Miller	24.04	DNF	- -	- -

Ah Well! That's my 41st season off to a reasonable start. By the way, even age is no longer an excuse, old Coachy is just about to burst through the FORTY barrier you know!

Don.

The Trousers of Greatness.

My Old Man's a cyclist,
He wears a hard-shell hat,
With skin-tight shiny leggings,
This makes him look a prat.

He wants to be World Champion,
At forty years of age,
but younger blokes keep beating him,
Which gets him in a rage

He can recall when in his youth,
He finished first, not last,
So who can blame him
If he likes to reminisce about the past.

Most of us enjoy the odd trip down memory lane, except our editor, who can see ahead to a future where every rider in the Evening 10 will be able to talk to every other rider, simply by touching a micro-switch in his hard-shell helmet. Personally I can see problems with unrelieved itching inside the "Anti-crush Body Armour" which will allow even the most timid rider to elbow his way through the sixteen-wheelers.

The first prizes in SCA events could even exceed three times the entry fee, but let's not get too far into the realms of fantasy.

The other night I dreamed I was a boy again. I was going training. I opened the front door and there with his finger poised to press the bell was Peter Post.

All the 'memory-laners' will know of Post, King of the Sixes, the blond giant who was into his 40's when he gave up being nasty to people on the track, and as team manager, started being nasty to Robert Miller, who is as much King of the Diminutives as Post was of the giants. I thought he was wonderful.

I once stood right underneath him at the Wembley Six, smuggled into the track centre by some long-forgotten benefactor, and had gazed up at his monumental features. The skin of his knees and elbows was torn and eroded by a lifetime of crashes, although he didn't start racing until he was 21. With his wide shoulders and expressive face, if the Dutch ever wanted to build themselves some Alps they could just stand Post in a corner and build up to him.

He was reputed to have a vast appetite for food and it was also rumoured that he quite frequently had his pick of the mini-skirted Skol courtesy girls, who carrying drinks on trays would weave their way between the contract signers and gruff voices in the cigar-laden atmosphere of the track centre.

This of course gave added zest to that other preoccupation of a concupiscent sixteen-year-old.

"They tell me you want to be good", said Post - "I meet Patrick Sercu, the Flemish Arrow, in five minutes, to train.... you can come too. It will be very fast, we attack relentlessly, we wait for on-one. Whether it is the nearest thing to heaven or to hell will depend on you. Then we will go out to eat." ----- my mind had already raced ahead towards courtesy girls.

It all sounded like a sort of Viking Valhalla on wheels - I thought I would burst with joy.

"I'll get my bike Mr. Post", I said. "It must be fixed wheel", he said.

In the shed stood my light blue Condor track bike, chrome forks and rear ends, the same wide Cinelli track bars that Post used himself - I hoped it would please him - and 86" fixed. "That's enough to give these flat-landers a hard time", I thought. How I loved that bike.

I moved it towards the door. Post waited outside on the lawn crushing worm casts with his front tyre. The wide bars caught on the door frame, I moved the bike over, but the door was too narrow to allow them through.

Post looked at his watch, "Hurry, we have to go now", he said.

I turned the bars to get them through but now the front wheel was even wider.

I started to panic.

"To win you must first get your bike out", said Post.

I stepped outside and frantically tried to pull the bike through, turning it ever way possible.

"Smash through the side of the shed", said Post.

"I can't, I haven't got a hammer, and anyway my Dad would kill me".

Post stiffened himself as if about to deliver a sermon. "I cannot wait any longer", he said, I have to go now to meet Sercu, only we have the legs to fill the Trousers of Greatness, you must ride the SCA 25 for ever."

"Wait, Mr. Post, please wait", I pleaded, but he hoisted himself onto his saddle and with a gracefully languid thrust set his bike in motion across the grass and down the path.

I ran after him into the road but he was gone, away to his life of colour and chrome and long ecstatic battles on a gold track and hearty eating and laughing and back slapping with men with big hearts and first names like Fritz and Rudi and Eddy, and yes-----courtesy girls.

I looked up the deserted street past a few parked cars and pollarded sycamore trees whose old roots, in an effort to be free, had broken and distorted the pavement that confined them.

"Surely, he could have waited, "I thought sadly,

I went back inside and picking up a piece of paper began to write..... please enter me for.....

Nick Lelliott.

Our Reliability Trial.

luck to the same route as has been proved popular over the past three years and were rewarded with slightly better support, especially over the 61 mile distance. We again offered a 61 or 31 mile choice and with two standards for each. These were 2 hours, or 2 hours 20 minutes, for the short ride and 3 hours 50 minutes or 4 hours 30 minutes for the longer one.

The short route is not easy, but it is surprising that there were no takers at all for the faster standard. It is an attractive ride, 95% of which is in the lanes, and whilst it is up and down all

the time there are no big hills and even in early February 152 m.p.h. approximately should not be too difficult.

From the usual Washington start riders go to Ashurst, Partridge Green, Maplehurst, Copsale and out to Southwater. Here they had to check in with Roger and Jean Smallman and then they are on the homeward leg through Brooks Green, Coneyhurst, West Chiltington, Storrington and Thakeham. Winter mud and grit made it more interesting of course, and the usual number were to collect punctures. Two reported were Alan Madge and Charles Brazier.

Eighteen started, seventeen finished and fourteen successfully qualified for the 31 mile 2 hours 20 minutes ride. Dave Nightingale, Nicky Martello, Tom Miller, George Wall, John and Marvin Lucas, Colin Miller, Andy Budd and Neil Attaway. Peter Kibbles stopped to help Charles Brazier and they lost too much time. Alan Madge went home in disgust and Simon Clarke took it very sedately but enjoyed the ride.

The first group at 61 miles had been sent off by timekeeper Dave Funnell at 8.30. There were ten of them; Richard Shipton with a couple of Eastbourne Rovers J. Blackman and M. Cross, two Etoile riders Peter Scarsbrook and James Walmsley, together with Mike Feesey, Alan Matthews, Alan Orman, D. Morris and Don Lock. They enjoyed a steady ride out to Alfold and Cranleigh before crossing through Ewhurst to Ockley and Capel, where they checked in with Tony Butler for quick cuppa. One puncture had delayed them a few minutes.

It was a timely arrival at Capel in fact, for a South London reliability trial heading down to-

wards Horsham had just turned up. They, thinking they had stumbled on a secret check, and Tony Butler, not knowing all the Worthing faces these days, were just about to combine in an early pillaging of our refreshments, which could have left us a bit short for the second group. Don was very polite to them: something like "get orf, this is ours".

The fast group had been moving very rapidly and the half-hour start they had given to the first bunch was down to about 12 minutes. In fact they arrived as the first lot were just leaving. There were 15 and they were still together. From Worthing, were Paul and Colin Toppin, Alan Scaratt, Jan Scotchford, Vern McClelland and Nick Lelliott. Brighton Excelsior were represented by S. Taylor, J. Warrington and Mr. Knight (no initials given). From the Regent came D. Gardner, Vernon Smith, S. Taylor and G. Wood.

On the journey South especially in the areas around Faygate, Colgate and Warninglid there was some splitting up as firstly the groups merged and then as the increased pace saw individuals coming out the back. But for most there was plenty of time, and the last few miles of the course via Blackstone Village, Small Dole and Bramber were fairly painless.

The morning had been a rather murky one, indeed some did not start because of this, but it was never dangerous. Conditions improved gradually and it was neither over cold nor indeed windy. So no grumbles on that score for the first Sunday in February.

Thanks are due to Tony Butler for catering at Capel, to Dave Hudson who did the same for us at

Washington. To Dave Funnell for holding the watch and Mike Gibbs for holding the money, also to Roger and Jean Smallman who marshalled, checked and refreshed the 31-milers at Southwater.

Don.

A.G.M. February 1992.

A good well-attended meeting with little controversy and no problems in filling all the official positions. The future should be assured if "volunteers" as against "pressed-men" is to be taken as an indicator.

Chairman - remains Mike Gibbs.

Secretary - has Paul Toppin continuing.

Treasurer - here we welcome Colin Toppin, who must be the youngest ever in this important post.

Assistant Treasurer/Membership Secretary is another bringing younger blood to the committee in Karl Robertson.

The Social Secretary's job is taken on by Angela Toppin.

Runs/Touring Secretary is taken on by Tony Palmer despite his work now taking him to Reading every day.

Road Race Secretary is Vern McClelland.

Track Secretary sees Andrew Lock back on committee.

Club Events Secretary - already well into the job is Mel Robertson.

Press Secretary is John Grant, and he is also to act as assistant to magazine editor Don Lock who fought off all challenges for his position once again.

The Evening Tens will remain with Alan Matthews, assisted as before by Alan Orman.

Club Coach. This important position has been accepted by Nick Lelliott. As well as the start

of regular magazine contributions his input is already being appreciated.

Jeremy Wootton continues to represent the fat tyre brigade and Simon Clarke joins the committee as junior representative.

Formal approval was given to event promotions for 1993 - subject to general committee decisions at the appropriate time. They include; Spring Road Race, Kermesse, Open 10 and 25 and Hardriders and Audax events at 100, 200, and even 300km.

It is to be hoped that the committee will be given the full backing of the membership in tackling this workload, quite apart from all the domestic events and general club issues.

As a precaution and to avoid problems experienced in 1991, the subscription for 1993 was increased by just £ 1.00. The Treasurer and committee will attempt in future to project requirements in this way to avoid a situation where some, come the A.G.M., have paid at the old rates and others have to pay the increased figure.

Two-up Ten (8th March).

The temperature had been mild and it moved back to cold. The wind had been gentle and it moved up a couple of notches to fresh. The morning was dry however, and reasonably bright, as seven teams warmed up for this early-season event on the usual Washington course. Those who recalled 21's and 22's from last season were not foolish enough to think that this was going to be as fast. Well, maybe there was one, but I'll mention that later.

Colin Toppin had asked me to ride with him while we were briefly together on the Winchester Run. I think he had dropped back to see if I was coming! You see he had to pick a veteran, it was the rule - at least one in each team, and he had some idea

that I would be fit. "It's not 'til the 8th March", he said!

I had observed his ride in the Long Furlong event - not brilliant, but nearly 4 minutes quicker than me, and I was apprehensive. As it turned out we didn't have a bad ride and I managed to do a bit up the front from time to time. Catching the Alan Stepney/Alan Scarratt pairing in Hole Street made me think briefly that we may be on a "22", but back at the chequered flag a time of 23.34 was recorded. A bit disappointing, but then I keep telling myself I need three months to get going. Anyway, what had all the others done?

John (All-Terrain Man) Lucas had ridden with fellow veteran Colin Miller and had turned in a useful 24.23, and young Karl Robertson with Dad Mel had clocked an excellent 24.41. Peter Baird and Jan Scotchford managed 25.12, to beat the other all-Alan team of Matthews and Orman, back on 25.36. Neil Attaway and Andy Budd were home in 27.32.

Oh yes! Nick Lelliott rode a solo private time-trial and was not happy with 22.32. He did however have an advantage over Colin Toppin - he didn't have someone keep getting in front and slowing him down!

Result

1st. Colin Toppin/Don Lock	23.34
2nd. John Lucas/Colin Miller	24.23
3rd. Mel Robertson/Karl Robertson	24.41
4th. Peter Baird/Jan Scotchford	25.12
5th. Alan Orman/Alan Matthews	25.36
6th. Alan Scarratt/Alan Stepney	26.11
7th. Neil Attaway/Andy Budd	27.32

The timekeepers were Roger Smallman and Mike Gibbs
pushers off were Tony Palmer and Ray Douglass and

the catering was by Jean Smallman.

Don.

The Sussex C.A. 16.5 mile circuit event on 14th March was lucky, because for two days the winds had howled and there had been a fair drop of the wet stuff. On this afternoon, while the roads were damp in places, the rain held off, it was mild and the wind was no more than moderate.

Seventy eight had entered including quite a number from outside of the county for it was an 'Open' promotion. The early standard was set by Robert Douglas of the Clarencourt with 38.44 and then Vince Lowe of Brighton Excelsior got under '40' with 39.36. Paul Lipscombe, Central Sussex was home in 39.12 and then M. Sinnott of the Festival finished with 39.31. Steve Dennis of East Grinstead holds the course record with a middling 36 and P. Main of the 34th Nomads pressed it very close with his excellent 36.51. Could any one get closer? Worthing's hopes rested on Nick Lelliott's shoulders. Another 34th Nomad got home with 38.58, that was P. Watkin. Nick came into view over the top of the short climb into Ashurst village. How his rear disc wheel stood up to the treatment we don't know. He gave it his usual 110% but on this day he had to settle for second place with a time of 37.12. Still an excellent performance.

There were five other Worthing rides: Jeremy Wootton 41.37, Don Lock 42.32, Colin Miller 42.51, Matthew Funnell 42.58 and Alan Stepney 47.26.

It is an enjoyable course to race over with plenty of ups and downs, but without anything severe. It has 'B' class roads from the start at Ashurst out to the A24 at West Grinstead and then 'A' road down to Washington and along towards Steyning. The roadworks north of Ashington made it a bit difficult where cones narrowed the available road but all managed to negotiate it safely.

A Record.

We've got to squeeze it in this issue. On a morning of very strong westerly winds when most people's times were 4-plus minutes down on their usual, Jan Scotchford smashed out a personal best and new club record time of 1.6.52.

The event was the S.C.A. 25 on 16th March. She left many of our senior riders in her wake. In the words of our coach * "She'll be under the hour later in the season".

Superb, Jan, our congratulations. The old record was 1.8.14 set by Jane Avery in 1990.

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* who incidentally won the event with 57.23.

Full report in our next issue.

CHAIRMAN'S CORNER I thought I would use this opportunity to air my personal thoughts on the outcome of the A.G.M. In a club of our size and sphere of activities it's a shame that each year there is a somewhat apathetic response to the call for assistance in the running of the club. This year was no exception with the result being a rotation of duties from the same willing horses. I raise this only because those at the front of the gripe queue are usually at the back of the do something about it queue. So next year let's see more people wanting to contribute both ideas, and a little of their time.

IF YOU ARE NOT RIDING THE OPEN 25 ON MAY 3RD
PLEASE CONTACT COLIN MILLER TELEPHONE WORTHING
764788 WHO URGENTLY NEEDS YOUR HELP.
