

THE WORTHING WHEEL



MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR
CYCLING CLUB

WINTER 1992/93

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WINTER 1992/93=====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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TOURING TACTICS.

This summer during the Tour de France and also in the Kelloggs and Wincanton we heard Paul Sherwin on Channel Four giving us the run down on Team Tactics. There was no mention of a move to fitting mudguards and saddlebags, that indeed would demoralise the peloton if overtaken by riders with these fitments!

As Tourists we also have our tactics, not necessarily for just holding the wheel of our fellow club run rider but perhaps for making sure we are in just the right position for the Café sprint. Other tactics employed can be in selecting carefully the roads which will provide the quietest and scenic routes and in some cases the most economic direction to travel!

We have for many years benefitted from the change in charging procedures on the Portsmouth - Gosport ferry. There is no charge when travelling westwards from Portsmouth to Gosport, but you pay double to come back! This westerly voyage is a useful alternative route if heading to the New Forest.

Another crossing of water with pricing idiosyncrasies is the Severn Bridge, which continues to provide free crossing for cyclists in both directions. In the last year the prices to motorists (who could well be club riders driving to Wales for a cycle tour or a rider seeking an under-the-hour 25 course) have changed. You pay £ 2.80 to take your car westwards, but the east-bound crossing is now NO CHARGE.(1)

So the message is clear - GO WEST YOUNG MAN, but choose carefully how you get there.

Those who have not ventured North on two wheels from Patcham recently will find many changes to the A.23. The route is now much more pleasant than before. I found the cycle track from Patcham well surfaced, and just north of the Newtimber area where the new road by-passes Albourne and Sayers Common (to the east) the cycle route joins the old A.23 for a few hundred yards to the Muddleswood junction. From here the old A23 (now the B.2118) is very quiet indeed and makes a pleasant ride up to where it rejoins the A23 just south of Hickstead.

The A.23 was never easy to cross at Muddleswood Cross roads, or at Sayers Common, but both are now 'a piece of cake' as they have bridges across. Whilst on the subject of cake the Southbound Little Chef at Hickstead has been demolished. When the works are complete the crossing of the A.23 on the new bridge will be much easier. The village of Newtimber once a rat-run to and from the A.23 is now once more a village, no longer a short cut for cars but for Cyclists the route is still there.

Now that the Brighton by-pass is completed I have noticed that many roads in the surrounding area are much quieter in particular Hangleton Lane, Hangleton, which now provides an enjoyable ride when heading for the Dyke road. Similar peace now prevails in the Patcham area.... members will find the journey to E.S.C.A. land easier in November, when we seek our seventh victory in the Reliability Trial.

Although some cyclists do not like to see the building of by passes, they are a fact of life, and there is no reason why cyclists should not employ their touring tactics and enjoy the advantages that many provide.

Another by-pass opened in July which will benefit us when we are out west is the A3, Petersfield/Liphook. Since it was opened Petersfield has become pleasantly quiet once more. The entire stretch up to Liphook is lovely and quiet, but there is a disadvantage. I knew that the Happy Eater at Rake (just North of Petersfield) where several of us have enjoyed breakfast on early-morning runs since the mid-70's, was facing redundancy. I had intended a last visit on the 2nd August when I rode the now very peaceful 11 miles stretch from Buriton to Liphook, but as I approached I could see I was too late. Notices proclaimed that it had closed just two days earlier! What bad planning on my part I thought, however the petrol attendant rushed across and handed me a letter which stated if I visited the Hindhead branch they would provide me with a free drink of my choice. How convenient, as I had planned to go in that direction anyway. The free pot of tea washed the breakfast down nicely. (Sorry, offer ended 1st September). The new A.3 could well provide a suitable short distance time trial course as the junctions are of the time trial friendly type (i.e. no traffic lights!).

There is the odd occasion when riding on these new by-passes has its advantages, if one is seeking a pot-hole free ride, and providing that traffic is light and you have a tail wind. However, returning on four wheels from Portsmouth following the St. Lo Cider weekend I was amazed to see four riders (clad in West Sussex CTC green) riding in the dark along a most unpleasant 8 mile stretch of the A.27 Havant - Chichester road. What advantage they were seeking I would love to know, as the old A27 (A259) which is well-lit, runs quietly to the South through Emsworth and Nutbourne.

The various gap closures that West Sussex County

Council have made obviously restrict the choice of routes for motorists. However many of them can still easily be crossed with a bicycle and result in a quieter ride than before. One I frequently use is Rock Lane, crossing the A.24. The route from Storrington to Rock cross roads is much quieter as it is no longer a "short cut" for motor vehicles as they would need to detour via Ashington to reach their destination.

North of Ashington the A24 is much better with the completion of the Hooklands improvement. The road is much wider and you don't have that nasty climb that we had on the old road. If the junction at West Grinstead were a roundabout and not traffic lights I know Ray would soon reinstate a revised G935 25 mile course. If he does I might just be tempted to have another go at that distance. I rode my first 25 on that course back in 1973, with Don shouting encouragement from his Morris Traveler.

There are now so many roads which carry less traffic than they did (yes, I know there are also many roads which carry more than ever before, but usually riders soon learn to avoid those)

For your touring enjoyment try :-

The A.40 west of Stokenchurch (Bucks) which is, to quote the words of Chris Beckingham, "The widest and quietest country lane I have ever ridden on".

The A.6 to the East of the Lake District over Shap remains quiet, with the M6 as its relief.

And not forgetting the good old Bath Road (A.4) to the west of Newbury and most of the way to Bath which still remains quiet with the M4 as its relief.

With last year's extension of the M.40 Oxford-Birmingham road, the A.34 trunk road which was a most unpleasant single carriageway road has been re-numbered. North of Oxford it's the A.44 to the Chipping Norton turn-off, and after that it has been downgraded to the A3400 and has a speed limit of 50 M.P.H.

Whilst on speed limits, many more roads (about 130 miles I believe) in the New Forest now have a 40mph restriction, which hopefully will make life safer not only for the animals but for cyclists as well. I feel this does not affect the P.201 so personal bests are still there for you on the right day.

Touring Tactics on the eating front come in useful if undertaking night riding. Often riders wishing to get a good day's mileage in for their first day on tour set out the evening before. Then there are those undertaking the longer Audax rides, or the all-night club run, with the benefit of peaceful roads throughout. Remember, although our roads are often busy at times, traffic jams and congested riding are optional extras which can be avoided if so wished.

With careful planning and the motorway service's map to hand one can often find that many service areas are located just off the motorway. Even those actually on the motorway network can be reached via normal local roads, and they all provide the tourist with the opportunity of 'eating round the clock'. (Yes, I know Mike Stanbridge can visualise me doing that!). Three for example (there are many others) are Chieveley just north of Newbury, Aust on the east side of the Severn Bridge, and Exeter Services (just off the M5).

I hope these tactics will provide you with ideas to make your riding even more enjoyable, and encourage you to seek out the many cycling routes that are there just waiting for you to explore. Must go now as I am keen to try out a pair of Tri Bars - I believe they could hold quite a good sized handlebar bag, and perhaps a nice noisy disc wheel to frighten the cats away.

DAVE HUDSON

(1) This is a bit like the U.K. airports' fee system: take-offs are free - you can have as many as you like and they won't cost you a penny - you only pay for a landing.

CYNICUS

Men's Best All-rounder, 1992.

| | <u>Actual</u> | <u>m.p.h.</u> |
|-----------------------|---------------|----------------|
| <u>Jeremy Wootton</u> | | |
| 50 | 1.59.10 | 25.175 |
| 100 | 4.40.47 | 21.369 |
| 12 hr | 229.54 miles | <u>19.129</u> |
| | | 3)65.673 |
| | | = 21.891m.p.h. |

| | | |
|------------------------|---------------|----------------|
| <u>Allan Scarratt.</u> | | |
| 50 | 2.10.09 | 23.050 |
| 100 | 4.32.28 | 22.021 |
| 12 hr | 234.735 miles | <u>19.562</u> |
| | | 3)64.633 |
| | | = 21.544m.p.h. |

Reg Searle.

| | | |
|-------|---------------|---------|
| 50 | 2.45.45 | 18.18 |
| 100 | 6.12.45 | 16.13 |
| 12 hr | 172.002 miles | 14.13 |
| | | 3)48.61 |

= 16.203m.p.h.

Well done everyone!!

Don.

Veterans' Best All-rounder, 1992.

| <u>Pos.</u> | <u>Name</u> | <u>Age</u> | <u>+/-</u> |
|-------------|-----------------|------------|---------------|
| 1 | Richard Shipton | 46 | + 5.886m.p.h. |
| 2 | Don Lock | 55/56 | + 5.071m.p.h. |
| 3 | Mike Gibbs | 57 | + 4.933m.p.h. |
| 4 | Ken Retallick | 55 | + 4.629m.p.h. |
| 5 | Alan Orman | 46 | + 3.081m.p.h. |
| 6 | Colin Miller | 45 | + 2.959m.p.h. |
| 7 | Mel Roberton | 44 | + 2.360m.p.h. |
| 8 | Peter Baird | 47 | + 2.076m.p.h. |
| 9 | Mike Feesey | 41 | + 1.866m.p.h. |
| 10 | Alan Scarratt | 40 | + 1.209m.p.h. |
| 11 | Alan Stepney | 45 | + 0.851m.p.h. |
| 12 | Alan Matthews | 41 | + 0.592m.p.h. |
| 13 | Reg Searle | 62 | - 0.696m.p.h. |

To have thirteen finishers is undoubtedly more than at any time since the trophy was instituted. The rides are detailed below, and show how great the club's veteran strength has become.

| | <u>10miles</u> | <u>25miles</u> | <u>50miles</u> |
|-----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| Richard Shipton | 21.14 | 54.03 | 1.52.01 |
| Don Lock | 22.57 | 58.49 | 2.03.43 |
| Mike Gibbs | 23.21 | 58.33 | 2.08.06 |

| | | | |
|---------------|-------|---------|---------|
| Ken Retallick | 23.26 | 58.04 | 2.08.45 |
| Alan Orman | 23.32 | 1.01.20 | 2.08.48 |
| Colin Miller | 23.22 | 59.19 | 2.07.28 |
| Mel Robertson | 23.08 | 1.02.28 | 2.09.01 |
| Peter Baird | 24.22 | 1.04.06 | 2.10.42 |
| Mike Feesey | 23.10 | 1.02.23 | 2.08.50 |
| Alan Scarratt | 23.47 | 1.03.50 | 2.10.09 |
| Alan Stepney | 24.45 | 1.06.45 | 2.19.46 |
| Alan Matthews | 24.42 | 1.04.25 | 2.18.12 |
| Reg Searle | 29.20 | 1.23.00 | 2.45.45 |

Ladies' Best All-rounder, 1992.

Jan Scotchford

| | Actual | M.P.H. |
|----|---------|---------------|
| 10 | 24.03 | 24.948 |
| 10 | 24.43 | 24.276 |
| 25 | 1.04.17 | <u>23.747</u> |
| | | 3)72.971 |

= 24.324 m.p.h.

Nice one Jan!!

Junior Best All-rounder, 1992.

Karl Robertson

| | Actual | m.p.h. |
|----|---------|---------------|
| 10 | 24.32 | 24.451 |
| 10 | 24.41 | 24.308 |
| 25 | 1.04.17 | 21.839 |
| 25 | 1.09.57 | <u>21.444</u> |
| | | 4)92.048 |

= 23.012m.p.h.

Well done Karl!!

The Most improved rider award

Colin Miller.

30 miles improvement 1.23.46 to 1.14.12

+ 2.759 m.p.h.

Clearly you're never too old to improve!!

French Alps Tour.

(or the Col des Bloomin hard).

Friday 19th June.

We left Gatwick in the rain, heading for a two-week tour of the French Alps. Arriving in Geneva on time, we reclaimed our bikes, unpacked them from their pipe lagging, and headed for our first overnight hotel, in the tiny farming village of Sergy, near St. Genis-Pouilly, just four miles inside the Swiss/French border. We checked in, showered, inspected the bar, devoured a hearty meal, and like Sam Pepys "so to bed", looking forward to our first day's riding.

Saturday 20th June.

A French breakfast (coffee, rolls and croissants) is about as much use to a cyclist as a boil on the bum, but it sufficed for the time being. It was still raining as we rode through Geneva, so we only stopped briefly for a look at that incredible fountain (the one at the start of "The Champions" TV series - remember)? Back into France, we had a fairly flat ride along the N205 through Bonneville, where at last we found a supermarket, where we bought some real food, which we sat and ate out of the rain. Cluses and Sallanches passed beneath our wheels, then into Chamonix and our hostel-type accommodation, 4-bed dormitories. By mistake Edwin and David discovered one of the delights of

the French way of life, a mixed shower, but James and I were too slow, and had to make do with a wash and brush up! That evening we strolled into Chamonix and found a self-service restaurant. Prices were cheap, and they dished up col-climbers' portions, so massive that the staff had to stay on while we finished. 68 miles covered today.

Sunday 21st June.

Sunday dawned clear and dry, so we elected to stay off the bikes and make use of the fine weather to go on one of the most spectacular cable car rides to view one of Europe's mountain highlights. Here glacier-sculpted granite forms such giants as Mont Blanc (at 4,807 metres the highest mountain in Europe) where ice and snow cover the peaks all the year round. A 45-minute took us to 3842 metres. Breath-taking views, breath-taking temperatures (-3deg Celsius) - we spent the day there in company with a party of Japanese tourists, deafened by the roar of camera shutters. Back at Chamonix we found a pizzeria - disc-wheel pizzas and a carafe of wine each... and sho to bed.

Monday 22nd June.

We awoke to rain, but after breakfast it stopped and soon we were out on the bikes getting in some real cycling. We stopped in a small picturesque village where we stocked up for the day. We headed out to our first col of the day (and of the holiday) Col des Montets, 1461 metres. I won this first "prime" of the holiday and waited at the top for the less fit to arrive..... fourteen minutes to regroup!

A long and steady free-wheel to the Franco-Swiss border saw me "off the back" and here the fast-descending trio had their revenge - they were waved through, while I was stopped and interrogated! Once I had escaped into the neutral country

of Switzerland, onwards and upwards to the Col de la Forclaz, 1527 metres (guess who won?). We turned back towards Chamonix, were all four waved through the border, and we took in our final col of the day, back up the Col des Montets, the polka-dot jersey now snugly (or should that be smugly?) on my shoulders with my third prime win! 36 (hilly) miles. Once indoors, Edwin and David raced for the showers, but without luck. We sought "our" restaurant again.. it was shut, so we found another, massive portions, all for 60 francs. A stroll around Chamonix soon burned that off, and we bought "seconds" at a self-service restaurant. Climbing makes you hungry!

Tuesday 23rd June.

Leaving Chamonix we headed for Beaufort sur Doron following the valley of the Arly river. We took to the minor roads the climb the Col des Saisies (1633 metres), where my arm once more went aloft, then downhill into our overnight stop at Beaufort. Edwin and James went into the hotel to check, and while we waited a Frenchman came over and pointed at the mountains and scenery, asking us what we thought. David muttered something, I said "formidable" in what I thought was a French accent, and the Frenchman collapsed in laughter. Eventually, through his tears, he explained that I had likened them to a woman's chestal area! We ate in the hotel.

60 miles and a cheerful Frenchman!

Wednesday 24th June

With 3 cols on the menu, we were keen to be off, so up early and awheel by 9.00 a.m. Our route took us up the Col du Pré, 1703 metres, (I shared the points with Edwin), then a fast descent to the dam at Bge de Roseland, where we stopped for a pic-nic. The sun was out, so out came Edwin's and David's washing, which they laid out on the wall

to dry. Refreshed, we took in the Col du Meraillet, followed by the final climb of the day, Cormet de Roseland, 1968 metres. At the top I started to get a bit nervous, as the fog was closing in and there was no sign of the others.... 14 minutes later, we regrouped at the col sign, 1605 metres, and free-wheeled down to Bourg St. Maurice for the final 24km to the overnight stop at Tignes youth hostel. This was still being mended ready for the summer season, and we made good use of the bar, had an excellent three-course meal, and did our chore - drying up. 44 miles and a dish-cloth each.

Thursday 25th June.

To-day's route took us into the ski resort of Val d'Isere, a quick pit-stop for supplies, and off for what turned out to be the highest climb of the tour, the Col de L'Iseran, which at 2770 metres is the highest pass in the Alps). The last ten miles to our overnight accommodation took us through Modane, where a tunnel links France to Italy. The constant stream of heavy lorries, one passing us every ten seconds, made this the most unpleasant and unhappy part of the tour. Relieved, we arrived at the Savoy Hotel, St. Michael de Maurienne, at just gone 6.00 p.m., not quite up to the standard of its name-sake in London, but still very luxurious - comfortable beds, and the best food of the entire tour. 61 miles and a puncture.

Friday 26th June

We started the day with a mere bump, the Col de Telegraphe, 1566 metres, which I reached 40 minutes before the others. While I waited, a mini-bus stopped, and out jumped a man with a video camera. "Fame at last" I thought, but no, filming a French club-run, straggling up at 1 three minute intervals. This warmed up us for a real climb, the Col du Galibier. 0 metres this is one of the classic climbs

of the Tour de France. Once over the top we stopped to admire the monument to the race's creator, Henri Desgranges). This was the end of 20 miles of solid climbing, and we luxuriated in 26 miles of almost continuous descent to Le Bourg d'Oisans, our base for the next five nights. We slept well, although a mere two miles from us l'Alpe d'Huez waited..... 52 miles.

Saturday 27th June

To-day we only had one col to climb, the Col de Sarennes 1999 metres, but a slight obstacle stood between us and it - the 21 hairpins of L'Alpe d'Huez. We found it easily - just follow the cyclists, a constant stream coming down or going up, either solo or on a club-run. The ride was not so easy - imagine 10 continuous miles of Duncton Hill (10%) with 21 hairpins... it took us 2 hours to climb. We stopped in the bar at the top, a real cyclists' bar, walls plastered with Tour de France "greats", and re-fuelled ready for our original target, the Col de Sarennes. 33 miles, but what miles!

Sunday 28th June.

After yesterday's effort, James, Edwin and I opted for a more relaxing ride, so we followed the D530 along a valley bottom with a few minor climbs to the small village "la Berarde," where the road ends, so we had to follow the same road back to base.

42 miles, a mere potter.

Monday 29th June.

To make time for shopping we spent only the morning on our bikes, so followed the D526 up to the Col d'Onon 1371 metres with a picnic lunch at the top, (another Maxim win!) and got back with plenty of time to go souvenir-hunting. Edwin wanted to go for swim, found the lake closed, so rode up

l'Alpe d'Huez by a different route, just to pass the time. By now my rear tyre was down to the canvas, and had to be replaced.
19 miles and a new Michelin Select.

Tuesday 30th June.

Edwin, tour leader, was down with a stomach bug, so David stayed behind with him, leaving just James and myself to do the riding. A quick look at the map and up l'Alpe d'Huez, but by Edwin's new route. We followed the N91 to a right turn on the D526 to la Fonderie then climbed for the next hour to a village called Villar-Reculas. Then we merely followed the signs for Alpe d'Huez, which brought us out between hairpins 5 & 6, a quick climb to the top and in to the bar. We found we had plenty of time, so went col hunting, took a minor road off to the left by the ski lifts, 3 miles of climbing and there it was, the col de Poutran 1996 metres.

39 miles.... by the way, it took a mere 17 minutes to come back down l'Alpe d'Huez!

Wednesday 1st July.

Edwin looked bright and chirpy, a complete reversal of Tuesday state (a good job, as it was moving on day). The day, by comparison, was dull and grey. After 18 miles of climbing we arrived at our first col, Col du Glandon 1951 metres and 2 miles on, the Col de la Croix de Fer, 2067 metres. Astonishingly, a team of workmen with JCB's were laying drains. Our jaws dropped further as a mini-bus drew up, disgorged a quantity of cyclists, who promptly descended the hill.... and Irish hill-climbing team, perhaps? Undaunted, we had our photo-call, and free-wheeled the 16 miles down to St. Jean-de-Mauienne for the overnight stop, saintly in the knowledge that we'd done it the proper way. 44 miles, five JCB's and.....?

Thursday 2nd July.

A quiet day's cycling lay ahead? David elected for a flatter route, leaving Edwin, James and myself to contest the line-abreast finish at the Col de la Madeleine, 2000 metres. We had stopped just short of the summit to eat, when we saw three cyclists descending, then heard a motor-bike coming down at speed. It overtook the cyclists on the wrong side of the road clipped a bush, wobbled violently, and the rider finished up with a 600cc motor-bike resting on his leg. You could tell he wasn't happy, for some choice German invective rent the air, (we couldn't understand, but we think he said "Oh bother!"). Anyway, the three cyclists, their sag-wagon driver and another motor-cyclist helped him back onto his bike. Arrogance gone, he edged tentatively down the hill. At the top, some German tourists borrowed our bikes and my Excelsior crash-hat so that they could pretend that they had ridden up. We got them back, took our own photographs, and descended to Albertville, home of the 1992 Winter Olympics, whence down the N212 into Faverges and our over-night stop.

59 miles, and a contrite motor-cyclist.

Friday 3rd July.

Our last full day on the bikes, so we made good use of it. Only three minor primes (sorry cols) awaited us today; Col des Esserieux 759 metres, Col du Marais 843 metres, and the final col of the holiday Col de St. Jean de Sixt 956 metres. Somewhat wistfully we arrived back in Geneva with just enough time to go to the lake: this time the light was kind to us and we took some photos of that incredible fountain, and arrived back at the hotel in Sergy, St. Genis Pouilly for our last night.

62 miles.

That was really the end of the tour, I returned to my companions behaving like holidaymakers, camera-shutters clicking away, and striving valiantly to spend our last Francs. One member tried to describe the grandeur of it all, but his enthusiasm fell on deaf ears.

Four of us took part. Edwin Jones (Bognor and Chichester C.T.C.), planned and organised the whole thing down to the finest detail. James Leighton (Bognor and Chi. C.T.C.), he of the titanium digestive tract. He earned the name of the Snicker Bar King, for his obsession with them... each day he lunched on five Snicker bars (used to be Marathons), washed down with three cans of Coke....ugh! David Allen (Central Sussex C.C.), rode the entire tour on a mountain bike, albeit with normal road tyres. And finally yours truly, my saddle-bag filled with 15 imaginary polka-dot jerseys for my 15 firsts. We fitted well together, no one seemed to have any difficulties with the climbs or the distance, it was a "moving-on" tour and we had to carry our own luggage. Road surfaces were generally excellent, and apart from two wet days hardly saw the rain.

I have always disliked descending hills before I have climbed them, they always look much steeper going down, and I was always the last one to reach the bottom. Over the 14 days we climbed 19 cols totalling 32,276 metres.

Well, the rest of the story is history, next time we must try to take it more seriously.

Bon Voyage de Velo.

John Maxim.

A Little Self-delusion Does You Good.

I have always lived in Sussex, apart that is for a short while in London, in order that I could ride all the London tracks for a season. In the East End there are very few trees and still fewer birds, and I hated it.

I lodged with a couple of "lunatics". "He" fried doughnuts at night, and was known as "The man with jam in the middle". He had blisters up his arms where the fat had spattered.

"She" lived on grapes and tranquillisers, and was hooked on Spiritualism. "She" caught me one day coming down the stairs on my way to a Saturday "10".

"Wait", she screeched, "don't move, he's with you now", raising her hands as if to shield herself from some blindingly bright light.

"Who is?" I screamed back, too terrified to move. "Your Spirit Guide is with you now", she chanted, "his aura is entwined with yours, I can see his ectoplasm".

"Is it.... is it.. Fausto Coppi?" I stammered.

"He wears a single white feather, but refuses to give his name", she swooned.

I lost interest - Red Indians chase buffaloes, and never rode bikes.

I rode badly that afternoon. That "Redskin" was with me on the starting line, and on the way round I could feel him dropping ectoplasm on my handle-bars.

How nice it would be if Fausto could be my guide, I thought. "She" could be wrong. Coppi, with his aquiline features, looked a bit like a Red Indian... and so a life-time of self-delusion

began. When I returned to Sussex I brought my new guide with me, and when I had tired legs I called on Fausto and he came and helped me out.

The occasional completed Training Questionnaire has blown under my door recently and - well, I had no idea you were so dissatisfied with yourself - clubmate.

The burden of this coaching job could easily have driven a less self-deluded man onto steroids. Fortunately, with twelve and a half stones of thrusting testosterone (Coo, that's a big 'un!) and a barbed -wire personality, nothing in the field of coaching holds any fears for me.

It occurs to me that a little controlled Self-Delusion could help you too - clubmate.

One misconception we can remove is that certain individuals are physically superior to our-selves. Human beings are the product of millions of years of rigorous natural selection for - grabbing the largest slice of meat and then catching the nearest girl "off-guard". There are no clones of elite cyclists selected to go 12 minutes faster than you over 25 miles.

Once we have discovered the correct things to do, and have practiced them more times than Greg Lemond has bitten his tongue, we will improve.

Never pass a mirror without examining your massive thighs, which taper to a pencil-thin ankle. Try a little "posing" in those large shop windows.

When racing, never try too hard, it is bad for morale and upsets the spectators.

Recognise "suffering" for what it is. Not "suffer-

ing" but - er - shall we come back to that one later?

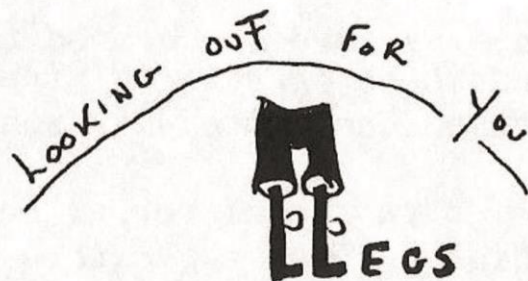
This should take care of the mental approach, now for your physical preparation.

Bicycles go faster than runners because they harness momentum. It follows then, that it is easier to accelerate to 30 m.p.h. when you are currently doing 29 m.p.h., than if you are doing 27 m.p.h. So, to ride a 50 minute "25", start at whatever speed you like and then raise it 1 m.p.h. at a time until you reach 30 m.p.h.. It can happen if you believe it.

Now for the "Feel Good" factor. Simply always feel good and wanting to race, then you will go faster. Who eats and drinks fasts - a hungry man or a satiated one? Oh! - and never diet- you can't give out what you haven't put in.

Never look further ahead than 3 weeks. This is plenty of time to get fit - or unfit. Those who start next season's build-up in November are in effect packing their bags for the Summer Holidays at Christmas, even though they will need their clothes on Monday morning.

Lastly, get yourself a guide, any cyclist can help as long as they are no longer alive.



Data Protection Act.

Some of you may be aware that the club's membership records are being maintained on a

personal computer. This is easing the administrative burden of membership management, which is very much appreciated.

The reason for this is that under the Data Protection Act the club would be required to apply for registration. This is a long-winded process with all the usual bureaucratic hassle. However as an un-incorporated members' club we are entitled to seek exemption, provided the club satisfies two conditions. These are; -

A) The membership of the club must not object to the club holding the membership details on a computer.

B) The club can only disclose the personal information relating to you with your consent.

To satisfy these two conditions the club is going to be amending its membership application form with the appropriate questions. On the second condition the club will not disclose membership details.

The club hopes that registration can be avoided. However you are entitled to object to the holding of your membership details on computer and to those details being disclosed to 3rd parties. If you have any concern over any aspect of this please discuss it with a member of the club committee. It is intended to review the membership's views on this matter by repeating this article on an annual basis.

Finally it is hoped that the club will not need to appoint a Data Protection Act officer since no badge is supplied!

Jeremy Wootton.

Club Hill-climb Championship.
Sunday, 27th September, 1992.

The annual race up Kithurst Hill just outside Storrington attracted an entry of nine, but only seven made the start.

George Wall rode under a promise that it started at the top and did not see the joke when it was suggested that with a surname like his he should be able to go up anything.

Tom Bacon won last year and tried hard to win again but Jeremy Wootton's senior strength was too much for him.

The Bacon name was double-underlined with younger brother Ellis finishing 6th and new member Chris doing a good one to get third place.

Karl Robertson seemingly met so much traffic coming down while he was trying to climb up that he began to suspect a diversion of the A27 coming off the south Downs Way and he did well to finish at all.

Alan Stepney completed the field in 5th Place. It was a pity that Mike Muzio and Mike Feesey did not make the start. Both seem to revel in the hills and could have pushed Jeremy much closer.

| | | | |
|----|----------------|------|-----------------|
| 1. | Jeremy Wootton | 4.29 | (First Award). |
| 2. | Tom Bacon | 4.57 | (Second Award). |
| 3. | Chris Bacon | 5.02 | |
| 4. | Karl Robertson | 5.27 | |
| 5. | Alan Stepney | 5.28 | |
| 6. | Ellis Bacon | 5.50 | |
| 7. | George Wall | 8.22 | |

Thanks to timekeepers Roger Smallman and Ray Douglass.

The Grand Prix des Gentlemen two-up "10".

Saturday the 10th October was the date for the last of the 1992 season of Club time-trials and it provided one of the closest finishes.

Eight teams had entered. Old man Ed. was probably considered favourite, with Richard Shipton again providing him with the necessary tow. The pacers employed by other veterans with similar age standards however, looked capable of pressing Richard close, and this was exactly how it turned out.

Tom Bacon was pressed into service by Alan Stepney and on a far from easy day - a strong north-easterly made the middle bit definitely hard - recorded a creditable 25.26. It was just too good for second team Karl and Mel Robertson on 25.34. But these "veterans" were youngsters in comparison. Mike Gibbs came out of trap three with Colin Toppin acting as pacing greyhound. This was a real old man, well tucked in and going well, to finish with an excellent 22.52.

Young Ellis Bacon had to lead new veteran Peter Eldridge on his first excursion round our Washington ten course and they came home in 27.43. A gutsy ride this, for at 6-stone nothing there was concern that Ellis could have been blown out to sea - not only that, but his diminutive form could not have made much of a hole in the air for the (slightly) more substantial Peter!

Mike Muzio had been leant upon to tow Alan Orman round and according to Alan it was a ride so smooth he couldn't believe the wind blew or that there were any gradients. We haven't got comment from Mike yet but his time of 22.41 speaks for itself. All Alan has to do now is grow old, hang in there and he'll win it in about 14 years' time.

Paul Toppin, tackling the end of the season with enthusiasm, clearly suffered nothing from pushing Angela up to the start - just the warm-up he needed - and he scorched round in 22.49 with Ken Retallick tucked under his saddle and looking very comfortable. John Gilbert and John Lucas, dubbed the Paula Rosa duo, treated the whole thing as very much a social occasion. John muttered something about being fitted up but spoke well of his bosses sorry partner's ride, getting home in 25.21.

In the pole position Messrs. Shipton and Lock escaped a disqualification scare, when Paul Topping lodged a complaint about "jerseys of dissimilar colours" but senior officials Douglass and Palmer over-ruled. It may, however, have affected the positive thinking approach of Richard, who, by his standards, did not go so well. At the back, our Ed found it fairly comfortable and was able to assist over the last mile, as rules allowed.

It just might have made the difference for it WAS very close when age standard was taken into account, as the result shows:-

| | <u>Name</u> | <u>Age</u> | <u>Pacer</u> | <u>Actual</u> | <u>Plus.</u> |
|---|----------------|------------|----------------|---------------|--------------|
| 1 | Don Lock | (56) | Rich'd Shipton | 22.24 | +6.28 |
| 2 | Mike Gibbs | (57) | Colin Toppin | 22.52 | +6.14 |
| 3 | Ken Retallick | (55) | Paul Toppin | 22.49 | +5.49 |
| 4 | Alan Orman | (46) | Michael Muzio | 22.41 | +4.01 |
| 5 | John Lucas | (49) | John Gilbert | 25.21 | +1.59 |
| 6 | Peter Eldridge | (57) | Ellis Bacon | 27.43 | +1.23 |
| 7 | Alan Stepney | (45) | Thomas Bacon | 25.26 | +1.04 |
| 8 | Mel Robertson | (44) | Karl Robertson | 25.34 | +0.44 |

Don.

East Sussex C.A. Time Trial Programme, 1993.

| | |
|----------------|------------------------|
| 7th March | Hardriders 17 miles |
| 4th April | 2-up T.T.T. 29.5miles* |
| 24th April | 10 miles |
| 25th April | 25 miles |
| 20th June | 50 miles |
| 18th July | 100 miles |
| 11th September | 10 miles. |
| 12th September | 25 miles. |
| 26th September | Hill Climb. |

* John's printer insists on printing one-half like this.. 2..., so sorry, it's got to be decimal!

Sussex Cyclists' Association.
Time Trial Programme, 1993.

| | |
|------------|-----------------------------------|
| 13th March | Circuit Event, 17 miles. |
| 14th March | 25 Miles. |
| 21st March | Two-up team time-trial, 22 miles. |
| 9th May | 25 miles team Championship. |
| 6th June | 50 mile Championship. |
| 4th July | 100 miles Championship. |
| 8th August | 12 hours Championship. |
| 5th Sept. | 25 miles Championship. |
| 7th Nov. | Hill Climb. |

Worthing Excelsior C.C.
Open Time-trial Promotions 1993.

| | |
|------------|-----------------------------|
| 2nd May | Tandems and Solos 25 miles. |
| 26th June | 10 miles. |
| 26th Sept. | 26 miles Hardriders. |

Warnes Hotel & Dick Turpin.

When next you walk past the demolition site which was once the beautiful Warne's Hotel, remember that once it had close links with the Excelsior, and with the notorious highwayman, Dick Turpin.

Councillor Warne was a prime mover in the Automobile Club, which later became the Royal Automobile Club, and his hotel was its Southern headquarters. There was no antipathy between cyclist and motorist those days, and this pioneer "motist" (as they were called then) was our President for many years.

No surprise then to learn that the Excelsior dinner was often held in the ballroom at the North-East corner of his hotel, and that of 1905 was the usual lively affair. As was customary in Victorian and Edwardian times, the members made their own entertainment, and a talented bunch they were. One, a Mr. E.F.W. Exton, was a nationally-famous artist, and entertained a series of his popular lightning sketches. Sadly the only detail left to us is that one sketch depicted "The Veteran" (Sam Clark) feeding young (42!) Edgar Henson in a race, and that he dashed another off while "Dick Turpin", (Dick Long, our press secretary) sang his parody of Longfellow's famous poem, "Excelsior".

Older ex-Scouts and ex-Guides will remember their own musical version, each line ending with "Upidee, Upidah"....

The shops one night were closing fast
As through the Worthing streets there passed,
On speedy bike with clanging bell,
A youth who gave a loud, long yell-
Excelsior!

His tyres were hard, his handles low,
His gear was ninety-nine or so;
And from his well-tuned spokes there rung
The echoes of that unknown tongue
In hostelryes he saw the light
Dar parlour fires gleamed warm and bright;
Above, the spectral arc lamp shone,
And from his jigger (1) came the groan -
Excelsior!

"Oh! stay, oh! stay" a barmaid said,
"This bottle here is far from dead!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
His tongue replied, though parched and dried -
Excelsior!

"Try not to pass!" a policeman cried,
"Your speed's too high; you're on wrong side;
Your light is out, I want your name."
Again, in ringing accents, came -
Excelsior!

"Beware! near Offington there's grease,
Sharp flints, stray dogs and hidden P'lice."
This was the peasant's last good-night;
The youth replied "I'll be all right!"
Excelsior!

At day-break, as from dreamland's charms,
The jovial host of Frankland Arms
Awoke without a single care,
A voice rang through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A man by Charman's (2) tyke was found,
His bike beside him on the ground,
Still grasping in his grimy hands,
An outfit and two S.F. (3) bands -
Excelsior!

There in the twilight, cold and grey,
Snoring harmoniously he lay;
And, as he breathed, his lips were heard
To breathe again that mystic word-

What oh! there's 'air!

Dick Long was a prolific writer, regularly allowed a column and more in the Gazette, (I'm sick with envy!), perhaps because Charles Fibbens, who owned the paper, was also secretary of the Excelsior at the time>

NOTES:

- (1) "Jigger" - contemporary slang for bicycle.
- (2) Mr. Charman was the landlord of the Franklands Arms. This old coaching inn was popular with the Excelsior, and the large field (now built on) behind it was the site for the annual strawberry feast.
- (3) Perhaps John Mansell can enlighten us?

John Grant.

Sussex C.A. Hill Climb.

The annual ascent of Kithurst Hill, west of Storrington, for the Alf Dawes Trophy, has at last taken off after a staggering start in the first two years.

An entry of 30 was, if not brilliant, a great improvement. Eighteen different clubs took part, with a number of the county's better riders, and from outside the county the National Road Race champion, Simon Bray of the Invicta, and a few others, although with less claim to fame.

East Grinstead's speed man Stephen Elms was defending his title, and rode a good fast climb, but not good enough, and Bray made it look easy with a smooth and impressive ride of 3 minutes 34 seconds. Elms was second but at 14 seconds, and that's quite a gap. Brazier of the Verulam C.C. slotted into third spot on 4 mins 5.4 secs, squeezing out our own mike Muzio by just 4 tenths of a second.

We are not sure what peeved Mike the most, losing third place, or missing out on the photo of the first three that appeared in the West Sussex Gazette.

Jeremy Wootton, our club hill climb champion was back on 4.21. Simon Letts was up in 4.37 and Peter Baird in 5.50. We understand Peter went for the special "last place" award and got it.

East Grinstead won the team with Worthing Excelsior second.

It is to be hoped the event will continue to attract large fields. It's a good way to remember Alf Dawes who served the Association enormously well for many years as Secretary and treasurer as well as timekeeper and handicapper.

Don.

The Open Hardriders'.
Sunday 20th September, 1992.

The seventh running of this event was on the 20th of September and succeeded in getting a better entry than in '91 to stop a run of "decreasing" numbers. Eighty were down to start, only two failed to appear, and six, a small percentage, failed to get to the finish, either because of failed mechanics, legs or lungs.

The only pity of the morning was the nasty crash sustained by our own Matthew Funnell, who fell badly and at speed while descending Bury Hill. No other vehicle was involved, thankfully, and he was lucky to sustain only grazes and bruises. Matthew thinks a patch of bad surface started a speed wobble which he was unable to hold.

There was to be no repeat of Nick Lelliott's 1991 success and Tim Stevens, second last year, made no mistake this time with a superb ride. He was also able to lead his 34th Nomads club to the team award.

His time cannot unfortunately be compared with previous winners, because road works on the A.27 meant that the course had to be altered. From Whiteways riders had to remain on the A.29 all the way down to Fontwell and then return the same way, a reduction to the overall distance of about a mile, but still a very tough twenty-four and a half miles.

When the winner's time is 57.05, mere mortals must doubt that it is a hilly at all, but it does go up Bury, it does tackle those hills around Slindon, and it does involve the long long drag up Fairmile Bottom. Quite apart from the hills from Pulborough over those last miles out through Fittleworth. A time that most of us would be overjoyed to achieve on a drag-strip becomes something special over such a course.

Ex-triathlete Stevens had to produce something special, for also entered was 48 minute 25-mile man Neil Gardiner of Oxford Polytechnic. O.K., so he's fast over the flat roads. Well now we know he can ride the hills too. He covered our

course in 57.59 and secured second place by a comfortable margin.

Peter Mill, Tim Steven's clubmate, was the only other to beat the hour, clocking 59.26 for third place.

A check at Whiteways on the return - about 14 miles, gave an interesting view of Worthing's riders, for at this point we had Mike Muzio in 36.26, just 1 second ahead of Nick Lelliott and 10 seconds up on Colin Toppin. All, however, were 3 minutes down on the leaders.

Mike Muzio is quickly demonstrating an impressive hill-climbing ability and clearly he has stamina as well, for in the final miles he was able to pull clear of the other two by a minute.

We packed well and with the team prize decided on the basis of the fastest third man we might do it. Mike was our best, 7th on 1.2.36, while Colin and Nick tied on 1.3.26 in 11th place. Who was the 3rd man for 34th Nomads? The answer - P. Watkins, and his time of 1.2.22 dropped him into 6th place, so we had to settle for second.

Old man Ken Retallick produced a good one, his 1.6.50 got him among the veteran awards, and Jan Scotchford, although the only lady, deserved her award for a great effort of 1.12.46, putting her in 49th overall and leaving 30 males in her wake!

This was another first-class Worthing promotion, a good morning's sport, with Andrew Lock in charge. A prize list (in hard cash, not tubes of mouth-wash!) in excess of £ 160.00 attracted a quality field, and our thanks go to our sponsors and advertisers; The Bike Store, John Spooner Cycles, County Insurance Brokers, Miller Parris, and A&B Taxis.

Full Worthing Details.

| | | |
|------|----------------|-----------|
| 7th | Mike Muzio | 1.02.26 |
| 11th | Colin Toppin | 1.03.26 |
| 11th | Nick Lelliott | 1.03.26 * |
| 19th | Paul Toppin | 1.05.26 |
| 21st | Jeremy Wootton | 1.05.46 |
| 27th | Ken Retallick | 1.06.50 |
| 31st | Simon Letts | 1.08.23 * |
| 32nd | John Poland | 1.08.28 |
| 35th | Mike Feesey | 1.09.26 |
| 42nd | Chris Bacon | 1.10.26 |
| 49th | Jan Scotchford | 1.12.46 |
| 50th | Peter Baird | 1.13.10 |
| 52nd | Alan Langham | 1.13.26 |
| 62nd | Neil Attaway | 1.15.44 * |
| 65th | Alan Stepney | 1.16.35 * |
| 73rd | Alan Budd | 1.25.32 * |

* did not enter club event.

Club Event Result.

| | | | | |
|------|----------------|---------|-------|---------|
| 1st | Mike Muzio | 1.02.26 | 2.00 | 1.00.36 |
| 2nd | Colin Toppin | 1.03.26 | 1.00 | 1.02.46 |
| 3rd | Paul Toppin | 1.05.26 | Scr. | 1.05.26 |
| 4th | Jeremy Wootton | 1.05.46 | 3.30 | 1.02.16 |
| 5th | Ken Retallick | 1.06.50 | 3.45 | 1.03.05 |
| 6th | John Poland | 1.08.28 | 4.00 | 1.04.28 |
| 7th | Mike Feesey | 1.09.26 | 5.30 | 1.23.56 |
| 8th | Chris Bacon | 1.10.26 | 10.00 | 1.00.26 |
| 9th | Jan Scotchford | 1.12.46 | 10.00 | 1.02.40 |
| 10th | Peter Baird | 1.13.10 | 8.00 | 1.05.10 |
| 11th | Alan Langham | 1.13.26 | 11.00 | 1.02.26 |

Don.

New Members.

In September we welcomed Peter Eldridge of Clapham Village, and Timothy Stevens of Worthing. Peter we gather would be O.K. still if he fell "overboard" - he's a swimming instructor. Of "mature" age he could make a useful addition to our veteran team strength. Timothy is not the Tim Stevens who won our hardriders' - but who knows - one day - it is significant that he lives in Chipper's Road - the Chipper family were very strong in the club in Edwardian times, and Alf Chipper served as our president for many years.

Also an Excelsior welcome back to Richard Klemperer, from further foreign travels.

Beverly Simmonds, (wife of James who rode the S.C.A "100" to good effect) who has competed in the S.C.A. "25" championship.

Adrian Head, Mark Griffiths, and Anthony Reeves have also joined us, but as yet we know nothing of them. No doubt they will show us what they can do in the 1993 season.

Hope you have a good long and happy membership.

Don.

Club Secretary in Red Light District.

This disturbing story emanates from a week-end in Normandy in September, when Club Secretary Paul Toppin was hauled off by the French gendarmerie in the town of Carantan South of Bordeaux. The incident was made even more distasteful by the fact that younger Brother Colin was also caught up in it.

At one time the good name and reputation of the Worthing Excelsior Cycling Club were threatened, despite the restraining influence of two accompanying veteran members.

All were in France to ride the 52km Duo Normand, at Marigny, near St. Lo. Paul, away from the domesticated confines of two children, two dogs and wife Angela, had with almost ruthless abandon broken the rules. Being unable to meet the on-the-spot fine - equivalent to £ 110.00 from his wallet, it was Mr. Flexiboy Plastic that saved his Volvo and avoided two nights in the cells on bread and water.

It was a very much sobered Paul and a much relieved Colin who re-joined their friends after an absence, mercifully, of no more than about 30 minutes.

The week-end was good - fantastic atmosphere - with the whole of the small town given over to cycle racing from dawn to dusk. There was the usual super reception from all the French people, especially those who provided the free and gratis accommodation. The proprietors of the patisserie and their family are becoming almost honorary members of the W.E.C.C.

Vets Ken "very good on the hills" Retallick and Don Lock made second place in their event while Paul and Colin, just a little slower than the vets (had to put that in) were down the field somewhat in the senior amateur event. This they say was due to Colin suffering from the heat and being unable to stay with big brother. Paul was apparently quite unaffected by the previous day's escapade, but Colin admitted to being shell-shocked by the whole affair.

What a good job the red light was only one of those things preceded by amber and green - and not what you were thinking.

Don.

Sussex Cyclists' Association 25 mile Individual
Championship, Sunday 6th September, 1992.

Nick re-claimed his trophy with another under-the-hour ride, beating nearest rival Steve Willis of the Eastbourne Rovers by a full minute. Foul conditions - wind and driving rain forced many riders down to performances way below their best.

Championship.

| | | |
|-----------------|----------------|---------|
| 1 Nick Lelliott | W.E.C.C. | 58.57 |
| 2 Steve Willis | Eastbourne | 59.57 |
| 3 Andrew Beale | Central Sussex | 1.00.57 |

Fastest Veteran.

Nick Lelliott.

Other Excelsior Times.

| | |
|------------------|---------|
| Michael Muzio | 1.03.19 |
| Simon Bezants | 1.04.13 |
| John Poland | 1.05.10 |
| Simon Letts | 1.05.27 |
| Ken Retallick | 1.06.27 |
| Mike Feesey | 1.07.06 |
| James Simmonds | 1.10.40 |
| Chris Bacon | 1.15.34 |
| Beverly Simmonds | 1.16.54 |

Bedfordshire Road Club Red Cross Charity 25 mile
For the Chattell Shield.

On a course near Sandy, this was a team event,

decided by the aggregate time of the four fastest riders from each club. From a field of 120, the Worthing Excelsior took yet another team trophy, the Chattell Charity Shield, with Richard Shipton, 58.06, Colin Toppin 58.28, Don Lock 1.01.04, and Colin Miller 1.02.31, aggregate 4hrs 00min 09 secs.

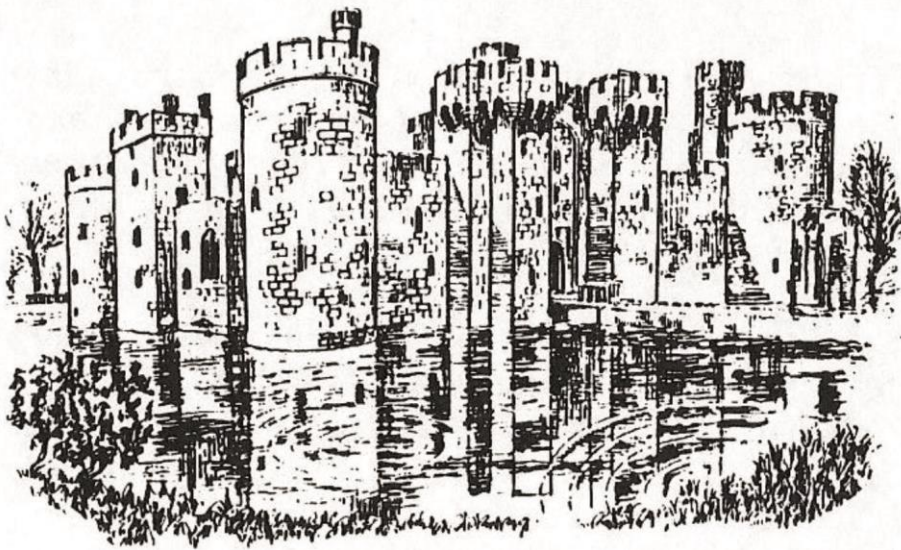
Autumn Motorised Run.

A cold overcast morning greeted us as we assembled in Herstmonceux for our run to the East Sussex/Kent border country. The North-West breeze that prevailed was to make its mark as the day progressed.

The route had been planned to incorporate a 65-mile all-day ride and three café or pub stops at an easy club run pace.

Leaving the car park we quickly turned off the A.271 at Windmill Hill to proceed Northwards through Bodle Street Green, down a 1 in 6 over Hugget's Stream to Brownbread Street, Penshurst to Darwell Hole where after crossing the B2096 we climbed the steep hill through Cackle Street and Twelve Oaks to skirt the Northern side of Darwell reservoir, still at a low level after the summer shortages.

A short stretch of main road led us to Mountfield and John's Cross before turning into minor roads again at Vinehall Street. Now we had the climb to Cripp's Corner prior to the rapid descent to the Rother Valley and elevenses at Bodiam Castle. After 19 miles of a hilly route the tea break was most welcome.



Bodiam Castle

A catering mix-up saw Colin Toppin, Richard Ship-ton and Alan Scarratt eat eight, yes eight, large - whole (two-tier!) toasted tea-cakes between them before departing. Others managed with a more modest supply.

We headed North and East through Sandhurst and picturesque Tenterden, with its tree-lined main street looking very attractive in its autumn colours and white painted clapper-board houses.

Alan Scarratt had had difficulties with his block, and it was fortunate that the run went past Ray Palin's bike shop, so he was able to get a re-placement. The route levelled out as we turned South-East towards Woodchurch and into the Northern approaches to Romney Marshes. The road was now very flat after Woodchurch with the Ordnance Survey map spot heights going 4, 17, 2, 4, 8 as we made for the lunch at Appeldore.

The front pair, Dave Hudson and Richard Shipton, were enjoying a half-wheeling session, and the speed edged up to 25 m.p.h. Dave threatens to ride a two-up T.T.T. with Richard if he can keep up!!

The Red Lion was our selected venue with everybody taking advantage of a hot meal and a pint after forty miles. A variety of diets were fortified with jacket potatoes, scampi, curries and chilli. Traditionalist Dave Hudson, renowned for his eating requirements managed Roast Beef with three vegetables and a dessert.

Lunch taken, the route went alongside the Royal Military Canal, a canal built to defend against the approaches of Napoleon if he ever ventured this side of the Channel. We turned over the Isle of Oxney to Withersham. Your scribe at this time suffered from an over-indulgence of an effervescent lemonade in his shandy and was to suffer on these and the forthcoming hills. Vern McClelland was also feeling the strain at this time, but he was riding a tandem with young son Shaun stoking as the mood took him! From Peasmarch towards Beckley, the faster riders, Paul and Colin Toppin, Richard and Alan Matthews got ahead of the group to miss the left through Beckley Nature Reserve.

However they soon returned, and we then tackled a section through Forestry Commission lands, where the surface deteriorated for about a mile prior to the climb out of Beckley Woods.

On to Broad Oak and the rapid descent below the dam at the Powdermill Reservoir to Sedlescombe and Whatlington, the birth place of a very senior and respected member of the club - Ray Douglass, and onwards and upwards again through the only shower of the day to tea at Battle.

The Bayeux Tapestry Tea Rooms welcomed us, with its open fire. The taking of orders saw Don Lock causing trouble, with much ringing of bells and the ordering of pieces of cake. He and Alan Matthews were between them to leave behind a very confused waitress. While Alan Scarratt in his own private alcove demolished a stuffed jacket potato, needless to say Dave wound down with a massive cheese sandwich/salad.

With the rain now ceased we left the café and proceeded down the busy street alongside Battle Abbey to turn left towards Catsfield past Senlac Field, scene of some unpleasantness with a Frenchman called Norman in 1066. We turned West into the wind. The upward slopes were taken by many at a more leisurely pace. Through Ninfield and on the A271 to Boreham Street saw us to Windmill Hill and Herstmonceux. Dave Hudson suffered the only puncture of the day, his deflation occurring in the last few yards.

10 riders enjoyed the day where nearly 70 miles were covered, starting at 9.10 a.m. and finishing at 5.00 p.m. with the necessary breaks for refreshment. The countryside, dressed for autumn, provided excellent scenery, with the majority of the route on lanes, away from the traffic.

The next all-day motorised run is to the New Forest in January. Alan Matthews will be in charge, don't miss it!!

Tony Palmer

Darts The club now has a new competition board at the clubroom. Roger Smallman seems to be Master of the Arrow and all challenges are welcomed.

34 WESTERN ROAD NORTH,
SOMPTING,
LANCING,
WEST SUSSEX
BN15 9UX
13 NOV 1992

DEAR EDITOR,

I NOTE THAT THE 100TH ISSUE OF THE
'WORTHING WHEEL' IS DUE SOON.

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL WHO HAVE BEEN
INVOLVED IN THE PUBLICATION OF THIS FINE
MAGAZINE FOR THE LAST 25 YEARS.

YOURS SINCERELY

Chris Beckingham

BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR.

A Snorkel too?

Remember that soggy September S.C.A. championship
"25", the one that Nick won - and got his picture
in the Argus? Did you ride? Did you spot the
finish time-keeper?

The curly hair and specs glimpsed briefly above
the chequered board were the only visible bits of
our Ray, as he sat hunched behind it for protec-
tion from the chill rain that drove up from the
A259. His only other protection was an ageing car
blanket, separating cold wet bum from cold wet
grass.

As his time-sheet slowly turned to papier-maché,
he remarked conversationally, "I'm going to get

one of those special pens that write in the wet, you know, like the North Sea oil-rig divers use - they write upside-down as well".

This was too much for me, as I pictured Ray, cycling's first-ever guaranteed all-weather time-keeper, lying on his back in the pouring rain, writing times upside down on the inside of a Southern Water umbrella!

John Grant.

Little Woman for Big Man.

On a drizzly and draughty Saturday afternoon in mid-November, Sean Yates married his long-time sweetheart Phillipa at St. Swithin's Parish Church in the centre of East Grinstead.

While the few Saturday shoppers scurried past from parked car to doorway and back again, rarely raising their eyes from the soaked pavements and dreaming perhaps of hot tea and crumpets, Sean and his attractive bride flashed sunny smiles through chattering teeth and dreamed perhaps of a honeymoon, rumoured to be in a secret island destination.

The occasion was a typically low-key Yates affair, with about 50 invited guests. Amongst these were a few fairly emaciated-looking individuals with large watches on thin wrists and shirt-collars a size too large. With their deep burned sun-tans, these were the boys from the office.

These work-mates of the Big Man from Sussex included Aussie Alan Piper, Norwegian Dag-Otto Lauritzen, sensibly dressed in a Scandinavian-style lumberjack jacket, and Irishman Martin Early.

The bride had forgotten her ear-rings and was

beginning to panic. "Don't worry", said the vicar, "Sean has his ear-ring in and he's waiting for you now at the front with his crash-hat on". A panting "Auntie" squeezed through the half-closed door. "Are we in time?" she gasped - "We went to the wrong bloody church".

A small group from the East Grinstead C.C., of which Yates is a life member, hung about outside and blew into their hands. One of them had brought a sprint wheel with which to form the traditional arch of bicycle wheels for the couple. Noticing he alone had this idea he hurriedly hid his embarrassment, and the sprint wheel, behind a near-by grave stone.

"You know" he said "When Yatesy first went over to France, he carried his suitcase around for a year, looking for somewhere to stay, and some-one to hire him. He had guts, didn't he?"

Such is the stuff of legends, but in truth Yatesy was well supported morally and financially by his dad, who stood now alongside the happy couple, with the gleam of a wise investor in his eyes, and his red cravat blowing in the wind.

Good Luck, Big Man.

News Lout.

Tourist Trial 1992.

This event began in March, when I agreed to organise it, and continued sporadically, over the summer months, during which I researched the route and questions. It concluded on a sunny Saturday afternoon in September with seven riders (including two guests) competing.

We started for Shoreham and completed the first

stage at Bramber Castle, having crossed the River Adur seven times.

Q.1. WHICH SUSSEX RIVER WAS PREVIOUSLY KNOWN AS THE MIDWYND?

Ray was the only one to know that the correct answer was not the Adur.

Q.2. WHAT WAS THE ROMAN NAME OF SHOREHAM?
Ray remembered!

A brief sojourn for Sonia to provide light refreshments and then into the Speed Judging - an approximate three mile circuit via Steyning Round Hill - Oh dear! - with only two riders scoring points - Roger Smallman where were you?

Q.3. IF A SHEEP PRODUCES AN EXCESS OF WIND IT INFLATES AND DIES.. WHAT OF?

Alan was incorrect with his guess of "Spontaneous combustion"!

The last section went, via rideable bridle paths and minor roads, to the top of Steyning Bowl and thence to the finish near Sompting church.

Perhaps it was the encroaching darkness which caused Ray to miss seeing the chimney stacks at Lychpole Farm - although everyone else was able to count to four. However, when it came to Q.4. WHAT ARE GRANDSIRE TRIPLES? He knew the answer - he was unique!

Q.5. WHAT YEAR IS ON THE OUTSIDE WALL OF OUR CLUBROOM ABOVE THE DOOR? and

Q.6. HOW LONG IS THE LONG MAN OF WILMINGTON? produced no correct responses - you've been to the club-room, what's the answer to Q.5?

An observation which surprised me was that only one rider used the current edition of the prescribed O.S. map - I even spotted one which was priced at 65P! (Mine cost 5 shillings - Ed.)

I enjoyed the various hours which I spent arranging this event and I believe the competitors (loosely defined), mostly enjoyed the afternoon which they contributed but.....

Five riders from a total membership well in excess of one hundred - I do wonder whether it was worth the effort!

Answers.

Q.1. OUSE.

Q.2. PORTUS ADURNI.

Q.3. BLOAT.

Q.4. BELL-RINGING CHANGES.

Q.5. 1889.

Q.6. 225 FEET.

Result:

| | | |
|-----|---------------|--------------|
| 1st | Alan Matthews | 41 points. |
| 2nd | Mike Bacon | 33.5 points. |
| 3rd | Ellis Bacon | 31.5 points. |
| 4th | Ray Douglass | 28.5 points. |
| 5th | Dave Hudson | 18.0 points. |

Interesting to note that Chris Beckingham rode as a guest, ineligible for the trophy, and scored 42! Also Dave Hudson was only able to ride part of the first stage and had to miss completely Stage 2.

JOHN MANSELL

The Club Dinner - (through my eyes).

If, as I have, you've been to your own club's dinner for about 45 years, and in between you've been to about 50 others, you get to know what you like and dislike. However, you have to try and accept change even though you may regret the passing of old traditions.

I was disappointed with the speeches - too short. I would have liked them to have been longer - both speakers could have entertained us with anecdotes both interesting and amusing for a bit longer. But others felt it was good they were not so long, so perhaps that's one of the old traditions.

Another disappointment was the lack of cross-toasting. Quite clearly many of those at our dinner did not even know what cross-toasting is or what was expected. It started like a damp squib when the Chairman, Mike Gibbs, asked "to take wine with all the ladies" - only about three stood up; or were they unsure of the qualification! My wife has suggested that perhaps people are more concerned with getting indigestion than they used to be..... Ah well.....

The good things about the 1992 event were; the meal, again the Windsor House Hotel did us proud, the prize presentation with every winner present, and the "Coachy Quiz" which must become a regular feature. It really helped to add atmosphere to the evening. The way Nick produced tray upon tray of winter flowering pansies for practically everyone who took part was better than Paul Daniels.

The dancing to the Hotel's resident disco was slow to start with but well supported as the evening progressed. It's probably a sign of age but why

do they choose such dreadful music. I can enjoy the top ten on the radio, but disco's seem to demand something else. I don't think the volume was too loud, but then my hearing's not that brilliant. The fact that there was a seating area a little further away, without being cut off, was good, and the bar produced another retreat which was clearly appreciated by many.

The performance of the evening was the solo floor exercise of Mike Muzio. He received a maximum of ten sixes from the judges, more we think for artistic impression than for technical ability. Mike spent 20 minutes before dinner studying the "seating plan" to find out what time he started, and another 20 minutes afterwards to discover what time he had done. The committee are thinking of asking him to provide the entertainment next year!

The raffle was well up to W.E.C.C. standards, with lots of excellent prizes.

Angela Toppin worked hard and successfully both to get the numbers up and to make sure we had a good evening. She didn't deserve the hassle over the menu, but perhaps next year we'll have alternatives.

A questionnaire was circulated to ascertain people's views on the type of "do" we should have and these should be completed and returned to Andrew Lock or to any other committee member. We hope to include further copies with this Mag. for those who did not attend.

See you next year - hope it's a dinner, but I'm an old traditionalist.....

Don.

Clubman of the Year.

When this award - always a closely guarded secret until the evening of the club's dinner and prize presentation - was announced, the most surprised of those assembled was, undoubtedly, the recipient himself. What Nick Lelliott has done for the club during the past year will never have been considered by the man himself.

He has only raced occasionally - his own business prevents a full season - but whenever he has ridden, be it a private 10, a club event, an open, at Goodwood or in the cyclo-cross event, he has truly shown our colours magnificently.

He's helped out with the club road race at Hand-cross, he arranged the Louis Passfield lecture. His contributions to this mag. have been much appreciated, and ones we look for, and his efforts with the off-season coaching chats at the club room on Tuesday can benefit us all.

It is a busy person who still finds time to do more. He always has time for the newest and youngest, who are after all the most important. He can spare time for the ancient vet, who wants to know why his legs hurt.

Thanks Coachy, and congratulations, your name is a deserved addition to our Honours Board.

He is in short a worthy Worthing Excelsiorite.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

19TH JANUARY, CHRIS DAVIS SLIDE SHOW *FREE*
7.30PM PROMPT IN CLUB-ROOM. TEA AND REFRESHMENTS
FREE TO CLUB MEMBERS.

CHRIS WILL SHOW HIS SLIDES OF '92 - TOUR DE
FRANCE, CHRIS BOARDMAN, GOODWOOD, TIME-TRIALS AND
TOURING.

EXPECT A LIVELY PRESENTATION AND AN ENJOYABLE
EVENING - SO GET THERE EARLY AND AVOID THE SCRAM-
BLE FOR SEATS, AND AVOID DISTURBING OTHERS.

7TH FEBRUARY (SUNDAY) RELIABILITY TRIALS. CHAL-
LENGING RIDES, CERTIFICATES FOR ALL WHO SUCCEED.

31 MILES - VERY MUCH IN THE LANES.

GO FOR STANDARD "A" - 2 HOURS, OR STANDARD "B" 2
HOURS 20 MINUTES.

62 MILES - SPORTING - LANES AND "B" ROADS.

GO FOR STANDARD "A" 3 HOURS 50 MINUTES, OR STAND-
ARD "B" 4 HOURS 30 MINUTES.

A PIECE OF CAKE? YES, IF YOU RIDE THE LONG ONE
THERE'S A FREE PIECE AND A DRINK HALF WAY, ALSO A
FREE DRINK AT THE FINISH.

START - WASHINGTON VILLAGE GREEN. FEE: £1.00.
ENTER ON THE LINE - BUT ARRIVE IN GOOD TIME.
DETAILED ROUTE SHEETS AND START TIMES FROM OUR ED.

22ND JANUARY (SAT) - NEW FOREST MOTORISED RUN.
THOSE INTERESTED SHOULD LET ALAN MATTHEWS KNOW SO
THAT NUMBERS CAN BE GAUGED, AND BIKES AND BODIES
ACCOMMODATED.

ANTICIPATE A START FROM WORTHING ABOUT 7 A.M., AND
START CYCLING AROUND 9 A.M. STOPS FOR ELEVENSES,
LUNCH AND TEA. MILEAGE BETWEEN 60 AND 70.

100th Edition