

THE WORTHING WHEEL



**MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR
CYCLING CLUB**

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SPRING 1993=====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.

President: Roger Smallman 25 Melrose Avenue Worthing
Chairman: Alan Matthews, 11, Brook Lane, Ferring.

Telephone: Worthing 242459

Secretary: Paul Toppin 8 Beaumont Road, Worthing.

Telephone: Worthing 201501

Treasurer: Robert Downham, 3, Corfe Close,
Worthing

Telephone: Worthing 831138

Membership Sec: Karl Robertson 27 Birkdale Road,
Worthing.

Telephone: Worthing 264136

Press Sec: Colin Toppin, 17, Nutley Close, Goring.

Telephone: Worthing 240645

Road/Surrey League Rep: Vern McClelland, 31 Downland
Road, Upper Beeding. Telephone: Worthing 814351

Track Secretary: Andrew Lock, 99 King Edward Avenue,
Worthing.

Telephone: Worthing 218286

Club Events Secretary: Mel Robertson, 27 Birkdale
Road Worthing. Telephone: Worthing 264136

Evening Tens Secretary: Alan Matthews, 11 Brook Lane
Ferring.

Telephone: Worthing 242459

Mountain Bikes Rep: Jeremy Wootton 17 Amberley Drive
Goring, Worthing. Telephone: Worthing 245068

Social Secretary: Nick Lelliott, 56 North Lane, East
Preston.

Telephone: Worthing 772741

Coach: Nick Lelliott, 56 North Lane, East Preston

Telephone: Worthing 772741

Magazine Editor: Don Lock 7 Welland Road, Worthing.

Telephone: Worthing 262724

ERRATUM.

Firstly, to all those who noticed, the last issue of the Worthing Wheel was indeed our one-hundredth, and it was unfortunate that the cover should have shown it as "Vol. 24 No.4".

Four times 24 you will quickly calculate is only 96. It was, of course, Vol.25 No.4.

Secondly, I must apologise to Angela Toppin who was worried quite enough with husband Paul's traffic antics in France, and should not have been further distressed worrying why he was "just South of Bordeaux", when he told her that his destination was just South of Cherbourg. Cherbourg is of course the town I should have referred to.

Don.

The Dave Hudson Method.

Having read of training sessions of all kinds - mostly hard and painful, it was with a fairly light heart that I enthusiastically allowed Dave to take over one of my Saturday morning "Don's Dawdles". He was going to escort us by van, and yes, he planned a distance of about 70 miles, but Dave was a touring man, steeped in the traditions of the C.T.C. and Audax, this should be no problem.

My doubts began to grow, however, when I noticed just how many, and in particular, who, were putting their names down. It began to smell distinctly competitive.

The morning was grey, and a heavy drizzle was into our faces as the wind blew strongly from the South-West. Somehow it still seemed to be regarded as my run by the assembled group - eighteen in

number. I had only a rough idea of Dave's route and we all knew "The Turn" was at the top of Portsdown Hill north of Portsmouth, so why then should I lead off, especially with Nick Lelliott alongside? Ah Well! Perhaps I could control the speed.

I think they let me - for a while - for we were well-disciplined out through Fontwell and the speed hovered between 15 and 17 m.p.h. It was on the drag up to Eartham that splits started to appear. Colin Miller said his fitness indicated a short-course turn in the Westhampnett area and he wheeled off in that direction when Alan Matthews copped the first puncture.

We were all quite wet and dirty by now and in the lanes after Lavant mud and grit were taking toll on man and machine. Vern McClelland was next with a puncture and Andrew (my son) and I waited. A three-up time-trial allowed us to catch Eric Bonner, but only because he had punctured, and then, after some lost time in Havant, we climbed Portsdown to Dave's welcome refreshments.

We were surprised to be first, the lead group had got lost more than us and came in five minutes later. The reassembled group looked exactly like the end of the Paris-Roubaix on a wet day. Only Mike Gibbs failed to arrive. He didn't think the route was hilly enough so went off towards Petersfield!

After devouring three cups of tea or coffee (come on Don, it surely wasn't that bad! - duty typist) and as many cakes and biscuits, the ride home took on the aspect of a lesser obstacle and with the wind still strong from a South-Westerly direction, it was a reasonably happy group that plummeted down onto the old A27.

I should mention here that Ray Douglass was at Portsdown Hill to greet our arrival. The old devil had left a few minutes ahead of the main group (he says an hour or more). He was quite the cleanest and would doubtless find a nice circuitous route home!

Vern McClelland was having one of those days. His fitness was not quite what we have come to expect from him in the early pre-season rides, and in addition, on the ascent of Portsdown he picked up the second of what was to be a total of four punctures.

As we turned onto the A.27 - we were only on it for half a mile, I dropped off the bunch to fix my mudguard. The stop could not have been more than 15/20 seconds, but it was too long! I chased on small ring 42 x 15. I chased on big ring 52 x 15. My January legs were not happy. A wind-assisted 30m.p.h. was attained and I must have got within 50 yards at one time. Down came the speed, down came the gears and I watched them disappear. Dave offered a quick lift in his van at Emsworth, but that I would never live down.

At Bosham I caught Vern and Andrew. It was Andrew's turn to change a tub. We pressed on to Westhampnett before Vern collected puncture number three and Arundel before he picked up number four.

The weather now was dry and the sun was breaking through - about four hours earlier would have been nice. We were back to Worthing around 1.15/1.20. Vern made Upper Beeding about 2.00. We had a good morning's training. On the basis that it's only doing you good when it hurts, for many it had been a very good morning's training!

The story is related that Brian Howe dropped off the pace around Bosham and enjoyed a cuppa somewhere. The group split into two with the second of these opting for a ride back on the A27 from Chichester. The first group still chasing the Hudson bluemobile were going faster and faster as Richard Shipton and Nick Lelliott stirred the pace. Paul Toppin lost touch and was seen climbing the Col de Crossbush looking very grey and hollow-cheeked. Eric Bonner was dropped with about ten miles to go and while some of the "faster" riders were struggling Chris Bacon hung in and enjoyed it enormously. We shall expect some rapid times from you in the season ahead, Mr. Bacon!

Distances varied but most covered around 75 miles. Now all you need is to do it every day and then you will start getting fit!

Dave's marshalling on the way out - well certainly early on, was superb, and a number of recommendations will be submitted to the R.T.T.C. At Yapton he was positioned in the centre of the road junction attired in an array of orange and yellow race-marshalls' jackets, and carried a large arrow, also fluorescent, with which he indicated our right turn. The chauffeur's cap was not essential, but it added authority. The sirens on the van were clear warning to other road users, but I am doubtful that they would be permitted for such use generally.

His "on the move" indication that we were to turn left to Walberton was again unorthodox, but the extended arm with fluorescent arrow which protruded from his nearside passenger window was, well - "obvious" - and greeted with amusement.

Thanks Dave for a successful morning.


Don.

The Inter-club 25.

Another date for you time-triallists is Sunday 25th July. Please write it in your plans for the rest of the season. The event this year is on the Bognor/Chichester P922 course and is being organised by the Bognor Regis C.C.

We might have won the Clonmore Trophy fairly easily over the past few years but let us not get complacent. This is a good course which may itself be something of a rarity in the West Sussex area this year, so let's have a really big entry and set ourselves a challenge, like eight riders in the first ten and at least three under the hour.

Remember the opposition is Bognor Regis, Hants Road Club and Rother Valley ----- no problem?

Don.

A Day in the new Forest, or Why Don't Ponies suffer from Wet Rot?

Fourteen motored to Lyndhurst on Saturday the 23rd January for the Alan Matthews day run, and were in the saddles and on their way by 9 a.m. It had been a dry start, which didn't count for much because most of the cars were reasonably water-tight! The rain didn't start 'til we did - well within half an hour, but we didn't mind, we were hardy cycling souls determined to enjoy ourselves. We were soon in the lanes and getting to grips with muddy roads, grit and water from back wheels - several nude of mud-guards - very anti-social.

Alan's girl friend Sue quickly decided she could stay cleaner if she left this filthy bunch and decided on a series of masterly short cuts which

saw her comfortably to the elevenses and lunch venues ahead of the main group. Alan had warned us that the first stage roughly North West to Downton and then on to Alderholt would be the longest, about 27 miles. Error here was in the order of 20%. An under-estimate; it was 32! He then assured us that the Heavy Horse centre, our elevenses stop, was about half a mile beyond Alderholt. This was again something of an under-estimate when it turned out to be 3 miles. The only point in mentioning all this is to point out the reason for Alan's success in the Sussex 100 last year. He thought it was a "30"!

It had got very wet in the hour to Alderholt and it was a great relief to get into the dry. It was, however, a superb stop. Never before has such a dirty bunch been made so welcome. We were expected, and there was a good selection of buns and cakes and a seemingly limitless supply of tea and coffee. The lady just wanted us to clear everything up - and we did - and she then suggested £ 2.00 each. Excellent value, and even Dave Hudson's appetite was satisfied. Many cakes were pushed in the direction of Coachy, but he refrained from over-indulgence, preferring, he said, to keep his panniers well stocked, in case his son, comfortably occupying the rear tandem seat, became hungry!

Eric Bonner and Dave Hudson had collected punctures up to this point. Nick was to spend much of his afternoon endeavouring to keep some air in the rear (hub brake - ugh!) tyre of his weighty machine. Apparently the brake works well, but it can take 20 minutes to get the wheel out, so all punctures are repaired at the roadside. None of this "quick, slip in another inner tube and do the punctures at home" for Nick.

The Red Shoot Inn at Linwood was the selected stop for lunch and one long table which accommodated us all was soon full of more food plus the usual jar or two. In fact many found the elevenses had rather damped their appetites. It's not often our Ed leaves chips and half a sausage behind.

It is quite a large pub but friendly and clearly popular. We ate in the "Families" area which might have been a problem until it was pointed out that Don had brought his "little boy" with him.

Mileage was now up to 50 and the weather was drying up. This was accompanied by the wind picking up from fresh to strong but we preferred it. Now we rode through to Burley and a ten mile loop to Brockenhurst for tea. The field split after another pause with the offending Lelliott rear tyre. Mike Gibbs, Brian Howe and Dave Jenkins missed the planned route and went direct back to Lyndhurst. Nick and son made straight for Brockenhurst - and got there first. The rest did the loop with one half proceeding at good touring speed while four, Colin Toppin, Eric Bonner, Richard Klemperer and Don Lock, who shall be nameless, treated it like a four-up.

It was finally a short and dark four miles back to the cars. Mileage achieved varied from 65 to 76, but all agreed it had been a good day on the bikes. Who haven't we mentioned.....

Oh yes! There was Paul Toppin - he must have been well behaved!

Who wants to organise the next one?

Don.

Dear Worthing Wheel,

My bike is black, the frame is constructed with aluminium alloy. This combination attains a very small radar cross-section. Couple this with the atrocious conditions on September 6th last year and I can understand why I may not have registered as a finisher in the S.C.A. 25 championship.

Ray Douglass however overcame all the technical difficulties (including rain-spattered glasses) and did notice me cross the finish line.

Allan J. Orman.

All a Piece of Cake Really-
The Reliability Trial - 7th Feb, 1993.

It was suggested on the event hand-out that it shouldn't prove too hard, and on a mild but mucky morning this was how it turned out. Sixty competed in the two rides with a good improvement to the numbers tackling the longer distance.

Forty-one went for the "61" miles, which it seems, with the diversion caused by bridge works in Blackstone Village, was more like 64 miles, while 19 rode the 31 mile course.

Two standards were offered at each distance and of the 41, 27 chose the faster qualifying time of 3hours 50 minutes. 21 of these were successful. Of the other 14 (riding time allowed 4hours 30 minutes) eleven made it home and most comfortably inside the time. No one tackled the 2hours ride over a difficult short course and of the 19 who rode the slower standard there were still 6, nearly a third, who finished outside the time, lacking reliability in legs or mechanics or both.

The long route, which goes up to Capel via Loxwood, Cranleigh, Ewhurst and Ockley, and then returns through Rusper, Colegate, Wineham, Small-dole and Beeding, provided a fair ride. It has plenty of undulations but no really big climbs. It has been used for three years, and though quite popular it will probably add to the interest to go for a change in '94. The short route up through Ashurst and Copsale to Southwater and back via Coolham and West Chiltington has also been used for three years and has proved quite a hard little circuit.

Successful Worthing riders were;

31 miles in 2 hours 20 mins.

Dennis Lednor
Robert Downham
Mel Roberton
Karl Roberton
John Gilbert
John Lucas
Sheila Lucas
Allan Orman

64 miles in 3 hours 50 mins.

Colin Toppin
Richard Shipton
Mike Feesey
Nick Lelliott
Paul Toppin
Jan Scotchford

64 miles in 4 hours 30 mins.

Vern McClelland
Richard Klemperer
Alan Matthews
Dave Morris
Don Lock

Thanks to Dave Hudson and Tony Butler and his wife Mary for catering at Washington and Capel. Thanks also to Mike Gibbs, Tony Palmer and John Grant for timing and assisting at the start and finish.

Now I thought for next year.....!

Don.

The Sussex Cyclists' Association.

The 1992 report of the Association indicated a successful year, due totally to the hard work of its officials, particularly the event promoters. Of these Mike Hayler for his running of the "100" and Ray Douglass for again promoting the 12 hour, must be singled out for praise. These are considerable tasks to which they devote time, hard work and enthusiasm. Ray, of course, works throughout the year as the Association's treasurer as well, and saw to it that a comfortable working margin was carried forward to '93.

There were nine time trials promoted including the hill climb and entries increased slightly over previous years, with the average (not including the hill-climb) being 77.

The County champions were;

25 miles	Nick Lelliott	58.57
	Worthing Excelsior	
50 miles	Mark Jones	1.56.26
	G.S. Stella	
100 miles	Steve Blackmore	4.13.08
	East Grinstead C.C.	
12 hours	Mark Jones	256.565miles
	G.S. Stella	
Hill Climb	Steve Elms	
	East Grinstead C.C.	

25 mile Team Champions - East Grinstead C.C.
Vets' B.A.R. Charles Robson
Eastbourne Rovers
Senior B.A.R. Mark Jones
G.S. Stella. 23.598mph.

It was nice to note that Worthing were team champions at both 50 and 100 miles.

The 12 hours will continue under Ray's management for yet another year. He really does want to pass some of the workload over to another, but is torn by his enthusiasm for the event and a determination to see it continue and prosper.

This is very much the wish, as well, of the proprietors of the Bike Store at Broadwater: Andy Attwood and Martin White have increased their sponsorship for 1993 to £300 in an attempt to get some of the top riders interested.

One other item of S.C.A. news is that the 1993 edition of the team championship 25 will revert to its original course of Cowfold to Shoreham and back. Well, almost, for good old Ray, yes the same one, will be working out the exact details. It may be that it will start just west of Cowfold, come through the village and go south through Henfield, down to Beeding and on to the Adur flyover, then retrace out to the Bramber Castle roundabout. It will then return to the Beeding roundabout and retrace North, to finish south of Cowfold. It will at least avoid that agonising start up to Ansty!

The biggest problem facing the association is the road works and the difficulties with courses. It is a matter demanding almost daily review as by-passes and other major "improvements" take place.

The association was founded in 1921, and Worthing Excelsior were founder members...

Don.

Knotty Problems in the Forest.

I met a poor fellow once who had run a successful scrap iron business.

For years he had been forced to make decisions, "where?", "when?", and "how much?", and "who's going to feed the guard dog on Sunday?" - stuff like that.

They were calculated, hard and commercial, these decisions, but given enough facts he could make hundreds of them easily, and did so daily.

He always did what was best, however, never what he wanted.

This self-subjugating way of thinking went on for years, until one evening, at home, his wife asked him if he fancied a spoonful of apple sauce with his rice pudding.

He thought for a long time, and then, quite unexpectedly, he burst into tears.

His wife was very alarmed and asked him what was wrong.

"I can't decided what's best - to have apple sauce or not", he convulsed.

"But can't you decide what you want" said his wife.

"No I can't", he blubbed, "I've forgotten how!".

"Will it be wise to go Dad? Can you decide? It may rain".

"Sod it", I said, "we're going - 'cos I want to!"

So we loaded up the tandem and slammed the car door shut.

Most Worthing members knew what they wanted before we did, and had left the Coach and Horses and were motoring West.

New Forest here we come - Hooray!!

We jumped on a juggernaut on the way down, which helped our fuel consumption - wheel sucker, you say?, well occasionally, perhaps.

Just after leaving the A27 we saw our first New Forest pony. Silver grey and grazing alone against a background of gold heather and sepia bracken - perfect.

Then, looking busy in the Lyndhurst long-stay car park were twelve familiar faces with twenty-four bicycle wheels - "Fancy seeing you here!"

With tousled hair Alan Matthews was displaying signs of Club Run Managerial Stress. Perhaps girlfriend Susan had been running her fingers through his hair again. "We're going to the New Forest - whatever happens", he had said, probably helping to tip our scales in spite of the forecast - thanks, Alan.

I am not sure of our route. Dave Hudson will know, but our tandem rolled along and we enjoyed the sensation. The New Forest is fitted with cattle grids - "Can I borrow your pneumatic drill mate? - Brrr - Ah, that's better.

Fortunately I am easily led. At the same age as Colin Toppin, men I hardly knew drove me to places I did not recognize, and told me to ride until I saw another friendly man in an orange coat. Then I was to turn and ride back to the car. Funny sport time-trialling.

Of course, Colin was down in the Forest, and of course his year planner is already full.

I hope I grow up like him.

Thanks to a clever short cut by Susan, directly to the Dorset Heavy Horse Centre (which is, er, down in the Forest) on our arrival, preparations were well advanced for our foul-weather antidote of cakes and reassuring cups of Tawny Brew.

Those old-timers who say things don't taste as good as they used to are all "cracked", I reckon - well, except for tea. It is years since I had a decent cup of tea, or a "Stranger". Do you recall that small, stray, buoyant leaf that floated so deliciously alongside the bubbles in the cup?

Paul Toppin wrestled consecutively with an almond slice and a dainty fingered confection with a flash of chocolate.

With Worthing Excelsior you can spend a whole day cycling and still put on weight. Weight training, Colin called it.

Brian Howe dropped his wallet and had an attack of the cold sweats, which he followed by a sizeable expression of relief when Alan Matthews teasingly produced Brian's lost property. Nothing could now spoil his day, not even the weather, which was trying pretty hard.

Always the master of sartorial elegance, Mike Gibbs produced a sensational rainwear number in yellow, cut alluringly along the lines of North Sea cod fisherman. He stayed dry.

The countryside changed in nature from intermittent woodland into "Bronte style" bleak, heather-covered moorland. To a long-standing chalk-dweller like myself, this was the most memorable part of our route. As it rained everything around bubbled and oozed and the fords which cross the lanes were swollen and deep and tainted with a peaty liquor.

"Good Time Eric" began sparring with Colin Toppin, and the rest of us tried to hang on. It is hard to decide which of them has the smoothest, most effortless, riding style, but were he forced to decide, Coachy would probably pick Eric, just for having maintained it for the greater number of years.

Lunch!" cried Alan.

The Red Shoot Pub.

As Alan explained, years ago down here in the Forest, a stag was known as a Shoot, he didn't know why. This attractive pub, he told us, had once been the local Post Office, but had been considerably enlarged since those days. Slightly bemused, I looked out through the drizzle at the sign which hung aloft. A handsome Red Stag with a hunted look and a protruding tongue, which he probably got from licking all those stamps.

They keep an open mind, these forest people. We cyclists were hardly worth a glance as we trooped through the bar, in our oversized winter bootees. Unlike my local NatWest Bank on a Friday morning. One needs the skin of a Rhino for that ordeal. - I wonder what they call a Rhino down here in the forest?

We sat at a large table near the radiators; and began to give off a wet kennel smell.

The bar food, although excellent, was slow in coming, but was eventually brought us by a mesmerized youth who appeared to have just completed a catering course on "How to Serve Meals but still avoid all Human Contact". I blame those computer games.

Alan didn't like him either, and as good as told him so. He can get "Spikey" can Al, bit of a Sussex Terrier. I wonder what they call a terrier down here in the Forest.

The lively repartée and 'one liners' flew back and forth across the table like ping-pong balls, until Don Lock, sitting at the head of the table, began feeling the responsibility, and suggested that we dwell for a moment on the knotty problem of a single authoritative body to represent all cyclists - M-m-m-m-.

Oh well, back to the banter and one-liners.

If all of the enthusiasm for this idea, of all the cyclists, in all the country, were distilled, it would hardly cover a puncture patch.

Personally, I like being on the fringe, and I like being misunderstood. I like being a minor nuisance, a sort of bandit of the road. I like being happy, and I like being left alone.

How else could Andrew Lock have got away with attempting to insinuate himself into the mouth of a hot air hand-drier in the Red-Shoot toilets?

"Just trying to dry my cuffs", he said. A likely story. Down in the Forest they would call him "A Cyclist".

The tandem punctured after lunch, then punctured again. So we asked to be left to fend for ourselves on an inhospitable ridge with low scudding clouds and nothing but one of Paul Toppin's puncture patches and a tube of glue standing between us and death from exposure.

To Richard Klemperer, who cycled around South America in 20 months, our situation probably seemed like a "Sunny Sunday in Piccadilly Circus", but our horizons are a great deal lower than his.

Incidentally Richard might be "King" down in the Amazon basin, but before the start he got lost in the Findon Valley. Fortunately only the Estate Agents bite.

Matthew and I cycled on alone in search of tea at Brockenhurst, through avenues of huge, widely spaced conifers. Their vast trunks displayed the fortitude of a million stretched pillar-boxes and their tops whispered about us as we cowered past below. (Ooer! Ed. - but how would they spell ooer down in the Forest?)

Outnumbered like this, in the fading light, we became forest savages again, sensing Spirits in the trees and seeing demon faces in every twisted mossy branch.

Approached through a raging ford, Brockenhurst is a curious place - like a chunk of Brighton dropped in The Forest.

In the tea-shop a man in a large white apron served us with tea and repeatedly called us "Gentlemen", as if trying to convince us that we had nothing to be ashamed of.

Well, 70 miles, rancid, tired and moist throughout - I'm no gentleman, I'm A Cyclist.

Nick Lelliott

The Good News and the Bad News.

I wasn't asked which I wanted first. The bad news as obvious from the envelope, bearing as it did the logo of the Department of Transport - my road fund licence was due.

The good news didn't alleviate the financial impact and it wasn't going to make me jump up and down in excitement, however, the two leaflets enclosed with the application form must be regarded as encouraging.

The first showed a buckled cycle wheel with the words "Sorry mate, I didn't see you". How often has that been heard I wonder. Drivers are then urged "Those on two wheels are more vulnerable especially at junctions. Hit a pedal or motor cycle and the odds are the rider will be injured. If anyone is injured the police must be told. "I didn't see him" is no excuse. If you don't take adequate care you could be fined or even jailed. Cyclists and motorbikes have every right to be on the road. Give them plenty of room."

The second was on the "Save fuel and reduce pollution" leaflet. Not designed to produce a rush of Glen Longlands, but drivers are recommended to tackle the short journeys by 'cycle.

Perhaps we've infiltrated at last - now we've got to get someone into the planning department!

Don.

It's rumoured that now Coachy is also Social Secretary the rest of the Social Committee are being require to do interval training.

So You Think You Can See!

or.....

Use Your !!*\$" eyes.

What's the most important safety device on a bike? Campags with stop-on-a-sixpence blocks? Laser-power lights? Clement Criterium all-weather tubs?

No, it's none of these; as you will have deduced from the title (you should be in the C.I.D.!) it's the rider's eyes.

With good eyesight, corrected by spectacles or contact lenses if necessary, how much can you see? Test yourself. Stand outside the club-room and look down the road towards Broadwater. Pick a distant static object, roughly in the middle of the street scene - a parked car for example. Don't stare fixedly at it, but, without moving your eyes, what can you see clearly?

The answer is "not a lot". Measured at arm's length, it is a tiny area, about the size of a saucer. The rest of the field of view is unclear, even blurred. If you don't believe me, look at your chosen point again, and try to read a nearby car number-plate. You can't, unless you've cheated and moved your eyes.

Demoralising, isn't it? But don't worry about it: this is normal eyesight. In good health, with corrective lenses if necessary, we all have this pin-sharp central area, with a less sharp, even blurred, surrounding area. Let's call these central vision (the saucer-sized clear bit) and peripheral vision (the remainder).

There's also a tiny blind spot where the optic nerve is wired in, but that's beyond the scope of this article.

So how can we overcome this apparent defect? Through using our peripheral vision. What use is that if it's blurred? Another test. Look down the road again, this time using your hands as blinkers - cup them beside your eyes, to cut off as much of the peripheral area as possible. Frightening, isn't it? Deprived of your peripheral vision, you feel surprisingly shut in.

Now relax. Hands down, let your eyes wander over the scene. You'll find that when you detect something moving in the peripheral area, your eyes move to make it clearly visible. It could be a pedestrian on the pavement by Payne Manwaring - once you've seen him clearly, drift on, perhaps to someone using the cash-point machine opposite the Broadwater church, then to the clubmate riding towards you from the town.

Each time you detect movement you should find your eyes automatically drawn to it, so that you progressively build up a picture in your brain, a bit like one of those "painting-by-numbers" pictures. This is how we normally "see", using our eyes passively, letting them wander where they will, to build up a relaxed and stress-free picture of our surroundings.

That's fine for a stroll through the Montague precinct, but in busy traffic, it's about as much use as a papier-maché disc. What we need there is **ACTIVE OBSERVATION**. It's a fundamental traffic survival skill, so let's set about acquiring it.

First, a definition. A hazard - is anything that makes you change, or consider changing, your direction and/or speed. It might be a wobbly child cyclist in front of you, the lady shopper about to trigger the Pelican crossing, the recently-repaired pot-hole, or the L-plated Hell's

Cherub about to bump his pizza-delivery Kawasaki off the pavement.

A hazard then, is anything that might interfere with your elegant progress, and no doubt you can list dozens that you'd probably encounter say between the club-room and the railway bridge. Bear in mind too, that to other road users, YOU are a hazard, and ride accordingly.

So, you're cycling down that same road. Instead of using your eyes passively as before, use them to search actively for hazards. Be systematic, pick up each hazard in turn, check its distance, speed and direction, continuously up-dating the information pouring into your brain. Keep the eyes high, look near and far, left and right, searching, searching.....

Move the head too, it increases the area of search considerably... AND don't forget regular routine safety checks over your right shoulder. DON'T rely on your ears - you're deaf to following traffic once you're over 12 mph!

Effective observation isn't something you can pick up in a few minutes: it takes time and trouble, and practice, practice, practice, to train your eyes, and your brain, to do a systematic job.

What a load of old cobblers! Nothing wrong with my eyes!. If that's your reaction, here's just one more test. Spend ten minutes at any busy road junction or roundabout, (marshalling an event is an excellent opportunity) and watch how drivers observe as they approach, enter and leave it. How many use their eyes actively? How many move their heads? How many "glance and go" and trust to luck? And how many go through like zombies, seeing nothing, unaware of what is happening

around them? (Answers on a £ 10 note please!).

To sum up;

1. Look well down the road - take in the whole scene.
2. Keep the eyes active.
3. Move your head to increase the field of view.
4. Use your peripheral vision to detect movement and to help judge your own speed
5. Make routine checks behind, and always before you change speed/direction.
6. Don't take your sight for granted, get it checked.
7. Protect your eyes - keep insects and grit out - poser specs can be a good thing.

John Grant.

P.S. Don made a very valid comment when I gave him a sneak preview of this article - "It's all about awareness, isn't it", he said.

"Coachy and the Three Ringlets."

Eastway Cycling Circuit is a haven of common sense slap-bang in the middle of the metropolitan mentality, on Hackney Marshes in the East end of London, actually.

All around, the red and grey tower blocks emerge from the flat land, looking like sticks of rhubarb with windows.

Nature had intended these marshes to be a desolate place. Probably, in the past, the City had tried to alter this unalterable fact, but a bleak East wind prevails there, which chills all but the most inspired of inspirational projects and for a time they became a wasteland.

Then, 17 years ago, thanks to the work and foresight of National R.T.T.C. coach Stan Turner, 55 acres of dump became Eastway Cycling Circuit, with a one-mile hilly road circuit, BMX facilities, cyclo-cross course and adjacent camp site.

"This place is made of millions of tons of stuff other people didn't want", says Stan, "to lay an underground cable we had to cut through a complete car twelve feet below where we are standing, and that hill over there is the entire spoil from a cut in the M11 motorway".

It was a struggle at first but he stuck at it and now Stan feels his business enterprise is a success with an almost fully booked programme of cycle-racing and a bulging summer camp-site.

"With the traffic as it is now, things from our point of view can only get better", says Stan.

The police are his biggest advocates.

Arguably, a large slice of luck came Stan's way when cycling was made one of the school games options and now buses arrive with gangs of local kids for an afternoon's biking - at so much a head. "Things are hard round here, says Stan, "most of them haven't got bikes of their own".

The reason for Coachy being at Eastway, which was a bit further from Sussex than he cared to be, was that somehow he had managed to involve himself with the Reverse-Forward-Stoker Tandem.

This super-fast machine differs radically from conventional tandems because the two riders sit facing one another, head to head, theoretically reducing wind drag.

Everything sounded alright to Coachy, until he realised that the front rider, probably himself, would be travelling backwards at a considerable speed, unable to see what the immediate future had in store for him.. the steering could be done by any smiling safety-conscious friend sitting at the rear, who, and this is common to all tandems, had access to the brakes and controls, leaving Coachy helpless to do anything, except the pedalling.

The inventor of the machine had struggled uphill with the concept for eight years, and endured much mockery, many set-backs and lots of prejudice.

Coachy had always been drawn towards hopelessness and pathos like water towards a dry sponge, provided, that is, that he did not consider the cause too hopeless.

His errand to-day concerned ferrying the inventor along with the latest version of the Forward Stoker Tandem to Eastway, in an attempt to convince Stan, the National Coach, and thereby the R.T.T.C., of the validity and safety of the concept.

The challenge made Coachy's mouth water.

"You can change in Number 6", said Stan, "but lock it when you come out, don't leave any money in there!"

Coachy felt a bit of "Eastenders" type rhyming slang might help him fit in.

"A tea-leaf" to the square inch eh?" he said "Fact of life here I'm afraid" said Stan, "Lock your car and keep it in sight if you can"

Coachy began to have doubts about the wisdom of this trip. He had just purchased a nice pair of German-made trousers from a very expensive shop; with a closing-down sale. Coachy loved those new trousers. They made him feel continental and sophisticated, like an up-front member of the E.C.! He wanted to be the one wearing his new trousers when they wore out and then he wanted the pleasure of cutting them up for illustrious bike-cleaning rags. So Coachy did exactly what Stan had told him and when he took his trousers off he hid them.

On the tandem, Coachy went round with the inventor, while Stan took video pictures. Then Stan went with the inventor while Coachy fiddled with the video camera until the screen went blank, proving that he was not yet ready for Hollywood. Then Stan and Coachy went together and the permutations continued until everyone knew one another pretty well, because it is quite friendly facing your tandem partner - like Smith and Jones on wheels.

"What do you think of it" asked Coachy, in the confidentiality of the back-straight.

"I can't see anything wrong with it", said Stan. "Tell you what," he continued "A load of 16-year-olds are coming soon, the worst lot we get here. They can smash anything they touch, quite frankly they're absolute bastards. Better move your car or they'll scratch it for you".

Coachy didn't care much about his car, but he began to fear for his trousers. "There's one in particular" said Stan, "I want you to take him round backwards and scare the living daylights out of him, O.K.? - If you both survive then I'm sold".

The inventor agreed.

"It's a deal then," said Coachy, "which one is he".

The group comprised both sexes and various colours. Coachy thought the Night-shades prevailed. As they ravaged the mountain bikes and piles of crash helmets and the attendants began shouting and checking locks in the workshop and rattling huge bunches of keys.

One sharp-faced Asian boy was yanking on a seat pillar.

"That's him over there" said Stan.

His whole demeanour changed.

"That bike's too small for you" he ordered.

"You need better stuff here, man", said the boy.

"We've got a special treat for you this afternoon" continued Stan, with an impishness in his voice. "You've never been on a tandem before, have you? - and I bet you've never cycled backwards" - he was enjoying himself.

Outside a youth with a red scarf tied round his head, like a pirate, was hustling one of the attendants. "I lost the money over there, Yeah" So you give me what I lost now and when you find my money, you can keep it, O.K. man". The attendant kept his hands on his keys and his keys in his pocket and his mouth shut. Another two were testing the helmets by riding headlong at each other like rutting stags.

"Last week one of the advertising bikes disappeared" said Stan.

A tall dark girl, wearing huge trainers, leant silently against a wall. She took no notice of the modernistic tandem but stared into the distance. She had the longest legs Coachy had ever seen on anyone - except a spider. Three long ringlets of black hair fell across her face and waved in the cold wind. A small light came on in Coachy's rib-cage.

As his lady was away for 16 days, Coachy imagined this gave him 14 opportunities for romantic entanglement still leaving a "clean" day at either end of the vacation. Coachy's amorous nature was easily aroused.

He fell for the girl who helped him pack his yogurts at Sainsbury's.

He noticed how attractive the assistant in the chip shop was, - now that her acne had cleared up - and so he bought an extra battered sausage to prove his ardour.

He imagined the "Lollipop Lady" at Kiddies' Corner wore very little under her stiff white plastic mac.

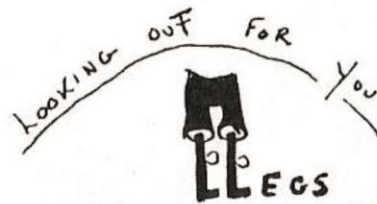
So while the black girl with three ringlets was herself unique, unfortunately, the circumstances were not.

"How fast does this thing go, man?" said the boy with the reputation. "How much is it worth. Where do you come from? You sound funny to me - Man.

"Just sit still and let's both try to stay alive", said Coachy. The kid sat bolt upright and took his hands off. Coachy expected to be offered some narcotic substance any minute, and might well have accepted were his knuckles not glued to the handlebars.

"O.K., let's go", said the boy. Coachy gave it everything he had and the tandem whipped and groaned to the top of the MII leftovers, and rocketted down the other side and banked round the corners like a swallow and the boy puffed and flailed at the pedals and enjoyed himself.

The little light went out in Coachy; so that all he wanted to do was to put on his new trousers and go home.



A typical time-trial using popular music titles to define the phases:-

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 House of the Rising Sun | The Animals |
| 2 Solitary Man | Neil Diamond |
| 3 Tell me When | The Applejacks |
| 4 54321 | Manfred Man |
| 5 Go Now | Moody Blues |
| 6 Gimme Shelter | Rolling Stones |
| 7 Here Comes the Rain Again | Eurythmics |
| 8 Don't Stop | Lionel Ritchie |
| 9 Turn, turn, turn. | The Byrds |
| 10 Return to Sender | Elvis Presley |
| 11 Time is Tight | Booker T & the MG's |
| 12 Back Where you Started | Tina Turner |

13 Out of Time
14 Who you Gonna Believe
15 I'll be Back
16 Maybe Tomorrow
17 You're No Good
18 The Winner takes All

Chris Farlowe
Cher
The Beatles
Wet, Wet, Wet.
Swinging Blue Jeans
Abba

Allan J. Orman

F. R. A. SEARLE

F.R.Econ.S., A.S.C.A.

Accountant

LITTLEHAMPTON (0903) 715742

36 SOUTHFIELDS ROAD

LITTLEHAMPTON

WEST SUSSEX

BN17 6AE

M. Robertson, Esq.,
27, Birkdale Road,
WORTHING,
West Sussex. BN13 2QY

13th January, 1993.

Dear Mel,

I have just received my copy of "Worthing Wheel" and although I do not mind published results making no mention of when I ride a tricycle because most club members would know anyway, I am concerned at the inaccuracy of the Vets. BAR figures.

Usually I expect to be last and don't bother to check the figures, but in 1992 the VTTA BAR gives me 167 place with a Plus of 0.280 so the Club figures had to be wrong.

If the BAR is calculated over 10, 25 and 50 miles I should be entered as:-

TRICYCLE: Position 11 Age 62/63 + 1.165 MPH.

BICYCLE: Position 14 Age 62 - 0.508 MPH.

It would be nice to think that the next copy of "Worthing Wheel" will put the record straight.

Best wishes to you and yours for 1993.

Yours sincerely,

R 29

E.S.C.A. Reliability Trial 1992.

We had won the E.S.C.A. reliability trial trophy on "foreign ground" every year since its inception, six years in total, and we had withstood all attempts from other member clubs of the association, sometimes by sheer volume of riders, and on other occasions by careful disciplining of our riders such that they completed the course correctly and within the time limits. Were we up to it in 1992? We were to be very closely challenged with Crawley Wheelers and Eastbourne Rovers fielding 21 riders to our 22, and East Grinstead close behind with 16 entrants. The total entry of 121 riders was made up with members of other association clubs.

The morning did not start well, firstly it was drizzling and cold, and secondly only 15 entrants from Worthing Excelsior C.C. turned out for the start, obviously deterred by the weather, or affected by the revelries of the Annual Dinner and Dance held the previous evening. However, we were not to know how the weather conditions were to affect any entrants from other clubs.

Nine riders from the club opted for the slower time of four hours for the 49.75 mile, with six going for the 3hours 25 minutes time. The routes over the years have generally been fairly tough, with plenty of hills and narrow lanes, and involved a very careful study of Ordnance Survey maps beforehand, this year being no exception. At least five of to-day's starters had reconnoitred the course prior to the event so as not to go off course on the day, sufficient preparation had been done to ensure that our own groups would not go off course, all we had to do now was to ride round.

Starting from East Hoathly, now in a backwater since the introduction of its own by-pass, a north

easterly route against the wind was taken through the lanes to Blackboys, and a long climb to Hadlow Down followed by a rapid descent to the foot of Castle Hill just outside Rotherfield. This climb is really just a long drag through some lovely scenery, although to-day it was shrouded in mist. The drag continues for some two miles before rounding a bend for the final sting in the tail, 200 yards of 1 in 6. Into Rotherfield passing the churchgoers and pedestrians for another rapid descent and climb to the check-point at Eridge station, (headquarters of TWERPS, the Tunbridge Wells and Eridge Preservation Society).

Continuing on through Withyham past Harrison's Rocks to the dangerous 1 in 5 descent of Mott's Hill. A hill with a central strip of moss, loose stones, wet surface and adjacent houses and entrances made for good braking and a cautious descent. To Hartfield, Forest Row and then the long climb over Ashdown Forest to the check near Birch Grove. It was on this long climb that the Crawley Wheelers passed the slower group and was to be the first of about six passes by Worthing and Crawley before the final check.

Crawley Wheelers seemed to be reliant on only one map reader in their large group, and he was not necessarily their fastest rider. They would dash from junction to junction, stop, wait for the map reader to catch up, he would then check the map and direct the group to the next junction, where the process was repeated again. Very disorganised.

Going via Horsted Keynes, Freshfield Crossways and Newick we now approached the final ten miles of the journey over flatter and more open countryside. After leaving the check at Arlington, near Ringmer, and heading East towards the finish, the

slower group encountered the fast group from East Grinstead heading in the opposite direction and asking if we knew where the checkpoint was. Who was their map reader, I ask?

Finishing at East Hoathly in plenty of time we were reduced to having to slow down so as not to finish too early. Of the starters in the slower group namely Alan Matthews, Brian Howe, Tony Reeves, Alan Langham, Tony Palmer, David Morris, John Blackman and Dave Hudson finished in the time allowed, unfortunately George Wall who cycled to the event from Berwick station struggled on the hills and finished outside the time limit. All the starters in the fast group finished in time, Alan Scarratt, Richard Shipton, Paul Toppin, Mike Muzio, Mike Feeseey and Colin Toppin.

The final result was that after accepting the gauntlet thrown down by the other E.S.C.A. member clubs we did not beat off the challenge. Crawley finished with 20 successful riders, ourselves with 13, Eastbourne with 9, and other clubs making up the remainder, all affected by the poor weather conditions at the start with more than one third of the field being non-starters.

The event was organised by Charlie Robson of Eastbourne Rovers, who over the years has devised some fairly testing routes. The 1993 event will be organised by Geoff Boore of the Sussex Nomads.

An entry from the club will no doubt be submitted for the next event in November, let us not be complacent but prepare ourselves so that we can regain the shield for the club by entering, starting and finishing on time - let's look forward to the 1993 event.

Tony Palmer.

Glen Longland- The Clubman's Champion.

"I expect he has Mars in a strong position", said my wife, who dabbles in the "Stars".

"Admiral Lord Nelson had the same aspect, you know. That's what made him want to win".

I closed one eye.

"Well, kiss me Hardy", I said. Then off I went for An Evening with Glen Longland - courtesy of the Worthing Excelsior.

"Find out when his birthday is", she called after me.

The Worthing need to do something about the mood lighting in their clubroom. At present one's first instinct upon entering is to pick up a trolley, and start heading towards Canned Goods.

He is quite a popular bloke - is Longland - judging by the number of clubfolk who were present.

Since achieving the incredible '300 in 12 hours' Longland has become something of an icon to British cycling, a sort of Clubman's Champion, who has always maintained a level playing field by working full-time.

When Glen does a great ride, all of us "Breadwinners" can do one as well, if only by proxy, and we all feel tired but pleased. This may account, at least in part, for his popularity.

One cannot help feeling that Longland himself is tired. He ambles and appears to think and act with that economy of movement which is common to all flesh that has become accustomed to fighting fatigue for long periods of time.

Another of Glen's features which further endears him to clubmen is his anecdotal style of delivery, quite idiosyncratic, and highly entertaining, super stuff for club dinners. The yarns about the Peace Race were very good, but the opinions of one individual could not affect pulse-monitor sales - could they?

Any replies to technical-type questions were given merely as placebos, designed to humour rather than inform. As one commentator put it, "We didn't learn much, but we laughed a lot".

Longland's next major objective is to lift the long-standing 24-hour record, a mighty 507 miles, from the shoulders of Roy Cromack (didn't Vern McClelland used to pump up his tyres?)

Ray Douglass asked Glen what he thought the new record, when it is finally broken, could be. "It ought to be within 10 miles of 600," answered Glen with his characteristic dreamy authority - and a smile.

They look after you well in the Worthing, free tea and cake with Peter Kibbles. He makes a good marshal does Peter, nice and large, so he comes into focus early. Thanks Pete!

Glen received a box of chocolates, with orders to hand them on to Mrs. Longland in gratitude for her lending him out for the evening. A thoughtful touch, nicely executed by "Late Substitute Carol". The story goes that Ray Douglass had been approached to do the honours but had declined, saying only -

"I don't think a man should give another man a box of chocolates". Quite right too!

Were it not for that thin strip of water Glen Longland would probably have gone to the top of international cycling. Unfortunately, like life itself, which it mimics perfectly, cycling is a sad sport.

Inevitably we must leave it one day, perhaps dispirited, probably un-fulfilled, and the last bunch will go up the last piece of road and we will wish we were with them. With the workers and the lazy ones and the melancholic and the one who laughs out loud, then punctures and is left behind, to curse his luck.

Spontaneous applause greeted Glen Longland as he ambled into the clubroom.

What made people do that, I wondered.

T. Hurd-Party,
Fire and Theft C.C.

John Peters.

Several members will recall John, who was a member of the Excelsior many years ago, and will be pleased to see that his legs continue to turn a competitive cycle wheel in Australia.

This extract is from a letter received by Jim and Connie Hughes just before Christmas.

"Most road races here are between 120km and 230km in distance, and held every weekend during the season. After the last "classic" event here, the Goulborn to Liverpool, @ 175km, I had 2 weeks rest but wanted a lot more before I started the Simpson Desert Cycle Classic. The classic is used as a fund raiser for the Quadraplegic and Paraplegic Association and is open to cyclists of all categories from beginners to pro's worldwide.

Support vehicles must either go ahead of the riders or wait behind the sweep vehicle, no outside assistance except from other competitors during the race is allowed.

The first couple of days of the race I took it fairly easy so I could acclimatise and began to get more competitive towards the end.

Day 1 of the race was fairly straight and with a reasonable surface to ride on. I could see no problems finishing this except I did get quite a few punctures from Spinifex so I changed my tyres from Panaracer Smokes to Kevlar belted Specialised Ground Control. (Well you would, wouldn't you - Don).

Day 2 was hell! It took me 3 hours to cover 40km I kept looking over my shoulder for the sweep vehicle, but 28 people got collected and had slowed it up, the road improved allowing me to complete the stage and have an hour's rest before the next 50km. I was stuffed, but stuffed enough carbohydrate powder into me to continue on and recover.

I should explain that a limit of 52 riders was placed on the event, and the total time for each stage would provide the overall winner.

Day 3 started like day 2 but got easier as we went on, I was gradually pulling back places from 18th to 15th.

The event is held in South Australia's Simpson desert and finishes in Birdsville 600km away. To get to the start I travelled 1800km to Whyalla in S.A. and then boarded my support vehicle (Landrover Discovery) for the 800km to the start. The race is held over 5 days, with 130km per day to be

covered. 80km in the morning and 50km in the afternoon. Of course you are covering 200-300 sand dunes a day over a clay topped road that 15 years ago was used by oil exploration companies in search of black "gold", and to-day is nearly all sand covered.

We would rise at 5 a.m., have breakfast and start at 6.30 the temperature at that time was around 20deg C, by lunch-time the temp is between 40-50 C. The morning stage took an average 5-7 hours to complete, depending on how much sand covered the track altered our speed dramatically. A sweep vehicle followed the riders at an average speed of 12km/hr, no problem I thought I can run faster than that. The night before you hand in bidons for the water stops the next day, the stops are located every 20kms and you must take at least one bidon. You must start with two bidons and get at least 2 bidons during a stage, as I found out heat kills! or should I say dehydration.

Day 4. This was a hard day on the bike, corrugations for 40km made you feel like you had been pummelled by Mike Tyson around the kidney area. However for me this was my day! 2nd in the morning stage and could I do it again in the afternoon? I thought I could but 20km and not enough water later I was using my granny gear 28x32 and the front runners were going past and I couldn't do anything but watch and guzzle down 2 bidons. A water stop later I picked up and came in about 15th.

Day 5. This was a 50km stage plus a 12km neutral stage into Birdsville for the finish.

I felt strong and had a good break for 20km but I got caught and dropped in a drift by four riders. By now everything aches. Two pairs of shorts

IBUPROFEN and lots of standing are the only way to ride. The last stage into town had to be abandoned due to a torrential downpour which kept us in Birdsville for an extra two days due to flooding and was a real anticlimax after all the hard work. It's about 6 weeks now since that event, I now get the feeling that I want to ride the bike again. I don't know how pro's survive it is a tough life."

Ed. has an entry form for 1993 if anyone is interested!

Worthing Excelsior Cycling Club.
Sunday 25th April 1993.
Weald and Downland Randonnees.

A CHOICE OF TWO DISTANCES.

a 200km Brevet Randonneur and a 125km Brevet Populaire - start and finish Worthing.

The 125km. (9 a.m. start and finish between 3.00 and 8.15 p.m.) route will take you via Wisborough Green and over Blackdown to Hindhead. Returning via Lurgeshall to Wisborough Green (for more tea!) - Fittleworth, Bury Hill, and before you know it you're back in Worthing.

This is an easy day awheel of only 78 miles and you need only average between 6.88 & 13.13 m.p.h.) Mudguards are optional for this distance.

The 200km (7.30a.m. start and finish between 2.30 and 9 p.m.) route is the same as the 125k, with the addition of a visit to New Alresford for a control at the Watercress Line. This is not so easy, a distance of 125 miles, and you will need to average between 9.37 and 18.75 m.p.h.) Mudguards must be fitted for this distance.

A good selection of lanes with ample opportunity for free-wheeling. However the small ring could well be used several times as well!

The entry fee is only £ 2.25 and includes refreshments on four occasions.

EXCELLENT ROUTE SHEETS ARE PROVIDED - MAPS NOT REQUIRED.

Don't worry if this is your first Audax ride, an information sheet will be given with your route sheets.

Further information and entry form available from Dave Hudson.

ooOoo

And if you enjoy one of the above, why not come back for more:-

Sunday 30th May we have a longer event of 300k. This is not as far as it seems. Ten members from the club have completed the 400k distance with ease.

I wanted to see what it was like to come third."

What a surprise: Nick Lelliott is beaten into third spot in the club's opening event, the 17-mile Long Furlong race on 28th February. With times back six minutes on the 1992 record time, it was Mike Muzio who made lightest of the wicked arctic North-Westerly. Mike took 24 seconds out of Coachy on the first lap, and another 59 seconds next time round, to beat him by an unthinkable margin of 1 minute 23 seconds.

There were, typically, no excuses from Nick, only a mumbled threat to "tear his legs off" next time

they meet. Jeremy Wootton also stuck his nose in, and must be pleased with Nick's scalp. Jeremy was 6 seconds behind after the first lap, but went round 21 seconds faster than Nick second time, and dropped into an excellent second spot by 15 seconds.

Peter Baird should be pleased with his start to '93 with 4th place and John Saville with his handicap win.

Full Result;

		Lap 1	Act.	H'cap	Net.
1	Mike Muzio	23.18	46.59	4mins	42.29
2	Jeremy Wootton	23.48	48.07	4mins	44.07
3	Nick Lelliott	23.42	48.22	Scr	48.22
4	Peter Baird	24.36	50.21	9mins	41.21
5	John Saville	25.12	50.36	10mins	40.36
6	Colin Miller	25.10	51.03	8.5mins	42.33
7	Chris Bacon	24.49	51.09	8.5mins	42.39
8	Ken Retallick	25.45	52.32	7mins	45.32
9	Jan Scotchford	28.52	55.38	9mins	46.38
10	Alan Langham	27.52	56.47	11mins	45.47
11	Alan Crane	28.30	58.23	12mins	46.23
12	Reg Searle	34.52	72.05	22mins	50.05

D.N.S. Tony Reeves.

<u>AWARDS;</u>	<u>Fastest:</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
	Mike Muzio	1st John Saville
		2nd Peter Baird
		3rd Colin Miller.

OFFICIALS.

Timekeeper	Ray Douglass
Handicapper	Don Lock
Pusher-off	Mel Robertson
Teas	Karl Robertson
Marshall	George Wall.

THE MILK RACE.

The prologue time-trial is in Tunbridge Wells, only just over the Kent border about 50 miles from here, so a good opportunity to watch the exciting dash round a hilly circuit right in the town. This is on Sunday, 30th May.

On the following day, Bank Holiday Monday, there is the "Kent Stage" from Tunbridge Wells and out towards the Ashford area. Full route details will obviously be available in Cycling Weekly nearer the time, and there is a leaflet displayed on your club notice board.

Could perhaps combine it with a good long run, and give your racing a break.

Don.

New Members.

A warm welcome is extended to Sue Dray. That's the one referred to in the New Forest articles in this issue, clearly a girl with an eye to a short cut! I bet I'll cop it for that - either from Sue or Alan Matthews!

Also welcome aboard to young Matthew Lelliott. Ye, Coachy's offspring, and here again I'm in trouble. Matthew was so keen to ride the circuit event, and it was Miserable Old Ed. who had to point out the R.T.T.C. rules - not under 12 I'm afraid, but we hope to see lots more of you in time to come.

Happy cycling to you both.

Handicap Points Competition, 1992.

1st Jeremy Wootton	65
2nd Peter Baird	71
3rd Mike Feesey	78
4th Mel Robertson	87
5th Simon Letts	88
6th Alan Scarratt	93
7th Jan Scotchford	95
8th John Poland	97
9th Paul Toppin	98
10th Reg Searle	99

Thirty-five riders rode in club time-trials. Lack of space prevents us from showing the full table here, but a copy of it is displayed on the notice board.

Don.

DON'T FORGET.

Your club's open 25 mile time trial is on Sunday 2nd May. If you are not riding please can you help. Tony Palmer is the organiser and he will be pleased to have as much assistance as possible.

W.E.C.C. T.T. Programme 1993
From Date of Publication.

<u>Day</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Event</u>	<u>Course</u>	<u>T.O.S.</u>
Sun	23. 5.93	25 mile	G938	07.00
Sun	6. 6.93	50 mile *	G952	06.00
Thur	24. 6.93	15 mile TTT	G922	19.00
Sun	27. 6.93	30 mile	G938+5	07.35
Thu	1. 7.93	10 mile TTT	G914	19.00
Sun	4. 7.93	100 mile *	G962	06.00
Sun	8. 8.93	12 hour *	G971	06.00

Sun	15. 8.93	25 mile (Clapshaw/Sherwin)	
		G938	07.00
Sun	19. 9.93	Hill Climb Springhead	10.30
Sun	26. 9.92	Hardriders* G992	08.00
Sat	9.10.93	GP des Gents G914	14.30

Evening 10 mile series on Thursday evenings
 6th May - 7th June 7 events
 8th July - 12th August 6 Events.

Events marked * are run in conjunction with open events. For club competition you must also submit an additional entry form to the club time-trials secretary.

Entry forms are required for all events although one form is acceptable for the 10 mile series.

Mel Robertson.

The Annual General Meeting.
 (The opportunity to air your views).

Having just thirty-five members present was very poor from a membership in excess of one hundred, and it presents a bleak outlook for the Worthing Excelsior. Those now elected to the general committee are all prepared and eager to ensure that this is not so, but should they fail it will be as much the fault of those who couldn't bother as of those who tried.

Of the elected officers we are sure Alan Matthews will make a great job of Chairman, and we welcome Robert Downham to the important post of Treasurer.

Don.