

THE WORTHING WHEEL



**MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR
CYCLING CLUB**

AUTUMN 1994

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AUTUMN 1994=====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 contributors, and not necessarily of the club or its committee.

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Dave stacks the miles in.

Just a gentle weekend's riding for arch tourist Dave Hudson saw him riding in the "South Wales Sheep Dodger 300k Audax" on the Saturday, and the unpronounceable Llangynidr Mountain 200k Audax on the Sunday. Statistics offered include 10,100 feet of climbing and on the first day and 7,000 feet on the second.

Dave described it as a "great week-end's cycling". There were some long climbs where he imagined himself in the polka-dot climber's jersey, and some great descents where in his hallucinations he kept going past Sean Yates.

The whole thing was in fact planned as a warm-up for his annual one-off attack on the club evening ten. In fact that did not go quite as well as he had hoped, for he recorded only 25.25 and next year will try to include a 400k in his preparations.

Don.

Disqualified.

Now that's not something we like to hear regarding riders from Worthing Excelsior, but it has happened. The offence was to execute a U-turn in the road in sight of the start timekeeper, contrary to specific regulations printed in the start sheet.

The punishment was to allow the guilty party to ride (it was a 50-mile event) and not tell him until afterwards that his effort did not count!

General Secretary Paul Toppin was the one who slipped up but he says it wasn't a good ride anyway. But be warned - these local regulations in the interests of road safety and shown on the start sheet are enforceable.

Club 30-mile Championship.
24th July, 1994.

A number of potential winners were missing from the start sheet. Jeremy Wootton, the defending champion, was out because of injury. Richard Shipton the club record holder at the distance was not entered and Colin Toppin just back from a non-cycling holiday would only allow himself to ride a private time-trial, and what a mistake that was!

Paul Toppin was on scratch and it looked as though, barring accidents, he would have little opposition. But then accidents do happen. A puncture and a replacement tub. that didn't like the compressed-air cartridge and immediately deflated meant that the number one man was out and now the competition was for more than the minor places.

John Poland and Chris Bacon were reckoned by the handicapper to be the riders best placed to seize such an opportunity. With Chris favourite by a half-minute handicap allowance to John. Both were to return excellent times for the course, but John, tiring he said, over the last ten miles had to concede that half-minute and it is the Chris Bacon mantelpiece that is destined to be home for the trophy for the next 12 months. 1.14.08 to 1.14.37 was the margin and the handicap success for John over Chris by one second will not we think mean much in the way of consolation.

Mike Feesey was going well and collected third spot with 1.16.57 and with 7.30 allowance ran the other two close in that section.

The handicapper seems to have been a bit mean on the middle and long markers.. Robert Downham in particular felt he had been poorly treated.

Colin Toppin's ride as a non-counting private time-trial saw him record 1.14.00.... now if only! Second-claim member Eric Bonner seemed to like the circuit as well - 1.14.03 - not bad for an old 'un!

Full Result.

<u>Place.</u>	<u>Name.</u>	<u>Actual Time.</u>	<u>H'cap All'ce</u>	<u>H'cap Time.</u>
1.	Chris Bacon	1.14.08	5.00	1. 9.08
2.	John Poland	1.14.37	5.30	1. 9.07
3.	Mike Feesey	1.16.57	7.30	1. 9.27
4.	Gavin Bayliss	1.18.41	7.00	1.11.41
5.	Peter Baird	1.19.23	9.00	1.10.23
6.	Alan Cooper	1.21.51	10.30	1.11.21
7.	Karl Robertson	1.22.54	12.00	1.10.54
8.	Robert Downham	1.25.22	11.00	1.14.22

Timekeepers	Allan Orman and Mel Robertson
Pusher-off	Mel Robertson
Teas	Mel Robertson
Handicapper (sorry Robert)	Don Lock

Past Vice-Presidents Locked up!

Sorry to throw such headlines at you and quickly we would dispel any concern you may have that Roger Smallman and Ray Douglass had been imprisoned or found guilty of any misdemeanour - Heaven forbid! - perish the thought!

No, it seems it was another of those backfires from over-zealous security. Roger had locked his bike to Ray's, and.. yes, you've got the rest..... he left his key at home.

This time it was a Dragon's Green resident who came to the rescue with a hack-saw. Pity about the new lock Roger!

Don.

The Sussex C.A. Open and Club Championship
Hundred Miles Championship - July 3rd, 1994.

This was undoubtedly a super morning, not only the weather, but even road-works of all things, conspiring to produce excellent racing conditions. It was a misty calm start and while the mist cleared, the wind spent the morning in bed. Road works East of Arundel forced the event into the area between Arundel and Hayling Island, and although it meant several trips through the Chichester one-way system it provided for virtually a flat course.

Fifty-four entered, and those unable to start including Peter Main of 34th Nomads, and Glen Longland, Antelope R.T., must have been disappointed when they saw the result and noted that over half the field achieved personal bests. The same will surely go for three early Worthing retirements - Jeremy Wootton (puncture, and a knee injury which may sideline him for the rest of the season), Gavin Bayliss and Reg Searle.

Something special was clearly on when at 25 miles there were three under the hour and defending champion Mark Jones of G.S. Stella was leading the way on 58.35. His team mate Mike Marchant was

on 59.17 and our own Paul Toppin was lying third on 59.55. Other Worthing times at this stage were Andrew Lock 1.3.19, Chris Bacon 1.4.30, Jan Scotchford 1.9.05, Peter Baird 1.9.30 and Alan Matthews 1.11.10.

By the half-way mark the impact of G.S. Stella was impressive. Marchant now led the way with 1.58.42, Jones was on 1.59.33, and Richard Keevil was in 5th spot on 2.04.33. Paul Toppin was holding third place but on 2.02.46 was losing ground to the pace-setters. Andrew still led Chris, but now the difference was just a few seconds, 2.9.12 to 2.9.53. Jan was on 2.18.07, Peter on 2.20.26, and Alan on 2.23.17.

The third twenty-five was very fast and the fittest made it pay. Marchant returned the fastest 25 of the whole event - a 57.09, and surged into a lead of 1 minute 25 seconds. Jones' 57.43 kept him comfortably in second spot but now Richard Keevil with a "58" moved ahead of Paul and the "Stella" were firmly in control. Paul was 4th on 3.04.41 but now over 9 minutes back on the flying Marchant. Chris was now ahead of Andrew - 3.13.18 to 3.14.41 but both were riding strongly and well ahead of personal bests. Jan still led Peter and with 3.26.15 looked a dead cert for a new club ladies' record. Peter was on 3.28.38 and Alan Matthews was on 3.32.58

Fast conditions still prevailed and a fourth sub-hour 25 by Marchant saw him finish with a new Association "100" record of 3.54.42. Jones finished strongly and 3.58.51 was another super performance and a valiant albeit unsuccessful defence of his title. Richard Keevil meanwhile had achieved a second fifty of 1 hour 58 minutes as against a first half of 2 hours 4 minutes, and his total of 4.02.32 put him comfortably in third

spot and a clean sweep for his club with a new County team record of 11.56.05.

Paul was losing ground and a last 25 of nearly 1.5.0 saw a fast finishing David Shepherd from Bognor push him back to fifth place. Paul's time 4.9.53 was nevertheless a personal best. Chris and Andrew retained good form to the end, with perhaps with a little more strength in Chris's legs taking him home in 4.19.10, a magnificent first "100". Andrew in his second outing at the distance (the last about five years ago) clocked a 16 minute improvement in recording 4.21.15.

The Paul Chris and Andrew aggregate gave a new club team record of 12.49.58, an improvement of over 19 minutes on that set by Pete Dankwardt, Kevin Spilman and Steve Curry in 1987.

Peter Baird at last got the better of Jan (thinks - that could have been more sensitively expressed!) and he too managed a personal with 4.35.57. Jan had tired over the final miles, although she insists she enjoyed every minute of it. Her final time of 4.37.08 put her in 27th place, in fact in the top half of the field. She had set new Sussex C.A. and Club records for the ladies hundred, and they are going to take some beating. Christine Barnett's 1985 club record effort of 5.10.46 was updated by more than half an hour!

Alan Matthews with not perhaps quite enough miles in his legs this year, finished in 4.43.37.

It was the usual efficient promotion and blessed with good conditions and excellent times for the record books, there should be every encouragement for an even better entry in '95.

Club Championship Result.

	<u>Name.</u>	<u>Actual Time.</u>	<u>H'cap All'ce</u>	<u>H'cap Time.</u>
1st	Paul Toppin	4. 9.33	Scr.	4. 9.33
2nd	Chris Bacon	4.19.10	20.00	3.59.10
3rd	Andrew Lock	4.21.15	20.00	4. 1.15
4th	Peter Baird	4.35.57	28.00	4. 7.57
5th	Alan Matthews	4.43.37	30.00	4.13.37

NOTE: Jan did not enter the club event.

Don.

Officers Needed.

Allan Matthew's job relocation to Crawley means he will be unable to continue in charge of the evening tens in 1995.

Do we have a volunteer please? You do get an assistant and we need a new face there as well now that Andrew Lock has moved his employment to Epsom.

Mel Robertson would like a break from his job as Club Events Secretary. He reckons that an assistant would be useful here as well and would probably stay on in that capacity to help the new secretary settle in.

If you do not at present do anything for your club please give a thought to doing one of these jobs. If you offer now there will be plenty of time for Alan or Mel to let you know what's involved.

Don.

Remember - Everybody criticises when things go wrong, but if Somebody doesn't do these jobs, Nobody gets a ride.

The "30" result tells an eloquent story....

<i>Produced by:</i>	<i>Mel Roberton</i>
<i>Directed by:</i>	<i>Mel Roberton</i>
<i>Lighting by:</i>	<i>Mel Roberton</i>
<i>Incidental music by:</i>	<i>Mel Roberton</i>
<i>Set designs by:</i>	<i>Mel Roberton</i>

and so on.....

John

James Starley remembered.

A news release from West Sussex County Council at the time of "Le Tour - West Sussex" gave details of the unveiling of a plaque at Woodbine Cottage, Albourne, near Hurstpierpoint, to mark the childhood home of James Starley, "The Father of the British Cycle Industry". He was born at Albourne in 1830 and lived there until 1846.

It was probably the mention of a buffet lunch in the village hall that caught their eye so Dave Hudson and Ray Douglass went along.

There is no truth in the rumour that Ray knew Mr. Starley personally, or that he still rides a Starley Rover.

The Two-ups.

For some reason these get next to no support these days, yet they are a welcome change from the usual solo effort. We followed last year's format of a 15 and then a 10 to give an aggregate time over 25

miles. The events were run off on Thursday evenings, providing a break in the evening ten series, so if we get 25 - 30 riding the tens, where do they all go, and why? But for the private time trials the organiser and officials might just as well have stayed indoors and watched the telly.

Having said that, congratulations to the Brothers Toppin who charged round the two courses at an average m.p.h. of around 27.3. Their split times were 33.36 and 21.20, and yes, that's how fast you have to go to do a 54.56.

John Gilbert and Martin Puttock beat 25's for a 23.59 in the ten and a 39.18 for the 15, aggregated 1.3.17. John and Sheila Lucas were the other team to finish, collecting awards for third place and for the best-dressed family outfit. Split times were 27.56 and 45.58, for a 25-mile total of 1.13.54.

CYCLE JUMBO SALE
TUESDAY, 25TH OCTOBER 1994
IN THE CLUBROOM
SALE STARTS AT 8.00 P.M.
VIEWING FROM 7.30P.M.

All proceeds to club funds. Please collect together all your surplus cycling bits - accessories, tools, clothing, books, maps, even complete bikes. The idea is that you bring them to the club between 7 and 7.30 on the evening, or if you can not make the event then get them to Don Lock or Dave Hudson within the preceding week. If the item is donated then it need not be labelled but if you want something for it, put your name on it and you share 50/50 with the club.

If you have a minimum sale price put that on as well, but be generous. We don't want a lot of stuff left over.

Keep putting stuff in that box - should be getting quite full now - and have another look in the shed - let's have a good turn-out for the mutual benefit of you and your club's funds.

Don.

Getting in the Picture.

There was a good photo in the West Sussex Gazette in connection with the "National Bike Week". Club members Anthony Cartmell, John Maxim and "Jacko" Jackson were observed bike- checking in Montague Place.

Our touring men seem better at getting in the picture than our racing enthusiasts - perhaps they could pass on a few tips.

One must however comment though that had Colin Toppin beaten Boardman in the TDF prologue our Worthing news-hounds would not have considered it noteworthy, and certainly would never had had room for a photograph.

Long live the West Sussex Gazette and the Evening Argus!

Mike Poland.

Mike, as a lot of you will know, was involved in an accident back in June (not a bicycle one). He suffered an extremely serious break below his right knee which kept him in hospital for over 10 weeks. He still has most of a high-number Meccano kit around his leg and had to have skin grafting performed at the East Grinstead Hospital.

At one time I think there was serious doubt about him ever turning the pedals again, but with the

skill of those in charge and his own determination he hopes to ride again in the near future. It was great to see him out at the last of the evening tens.

We all wish you well Mike and look forward to seeing you up the club on Tuesdays. Must be your turn again for Canteen duty anyway!

Mike sends his thanks to those who called to see him and sent get well messages. It kept him in touch with the club, and helped pass what would otherwise have been more boring hours on the hospital bed.

He apologises to those who were there when his leg was dressed - we understand it caused son John to keel over backwards.....

Club Clothing.

With the last issue we produced a list of club clothing which you can order through Jeremy Wootton. The committee feels that it gives a strong "we know what we're doing" image when members not only race in club colours - compulsory on road and track under B.C.F. rules - but also generally ride out in club gear. We envy clubs who seem to manage this with the majority of their riders.

However, the special printing and the low volume of sales necessarily mean that club jerseys are more expensive than the "trade" or plain outfits sold by local cycle shops. Please remember though that "trade" jerseys, those showing advertising material, can not be used in open or Association time-trials.

At a recent meeting of the Club's general committee there was much discussion as to the possibility of subsidising the cost but there seemed to be

a number of problems;

- (i) To what extent?
- (ii) How could we ensure the system was fair to all?
- (iii) Should it extend to all items or be limited?
- (iv) Should it be done on a merit basis as an encouragement for members to be more involved in participation in club activities and indeed for those willing to take on jobs for the club. (This seemed to be full of problem areas).

We do not favour sponsorship but as long as the sponsor's name was not on the race clothing it might be possible to interest a commercial concern to enable us to subsidise. The fact that "Fred Smith Limited" sponsored the club's clothing could be shown in every club publication - the magazine, start and result sheets and on our notepaper. We would need to check but that I feel could well be acceptable to the governing bodies.

If you have any ideas on this subject please let us know and maybe we can then discuss it at next year's A.G.M.

Don.

The Clonmore Trophy - Inter-club 25.
12th June, 1994.

The Hants Road Club, the Bognor Regis C.C. and the Rother Valley C.C. provided the stiffest challenge for several years in this annual team challenge. It is therefore good to report that the W.E.C.C.

rose to that challenge and came home with flying colours.

There were no fewer than 48 riders from the four clubs, with even numerical strength, Worthing providing 13, Bognor had 12, Rother valley 11 and Hants Road Club 12.

The course used this year was the Bognor one which starts just West of the town and goes out to Hayling island and back using the A259 and A27 roads. The morning was a fair one and times were excellent. It was strength in depth and that extra bit of speed from our fastest riders which ensured the trophy remains with us.

A six rider team aggregate of 5.55.50 is probably a record. Our best three all produced 57's and slotted nicely into 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Our next three, shall we call them the support unit, finished 11th, 12th, and 13th, and that did not leave many high places for the rest. Bognor have much greater strength than in recent years and slotted four riders into 4th/7th places. Hants claimed 8th and Rother Valley 9th and 10th. Eight riders beat the hour.

Worthing's team was; Jeremy Wootton 57.20, Paul Toppin 57.41, Colin Toppin 57.53, John Poland 1.00.37, Mike Feesey 1.00.42 (personal best) and Chris Bacon 1.01.37. Waiting in the wings, if they had been needed, were Gavin Bayliss (a tremendous personal best) 1.01.52, Andrew Lock 1.02.40, Nick Attaway 1.04.05, (another p/b we believe), John Saville 1.04.30, Alan Langham 1.06.26, Robert Downham 1.07.07, and Lesley Barrett 1.11.59.

Team Result.

Worthing Excelsior C.C.

5.55.50

Bognor Regis C.C.	6.04.46
Rother Valley C.C.	6.14.02
Hants Road Club	6.20.15

Don.

Ashington By-pass.

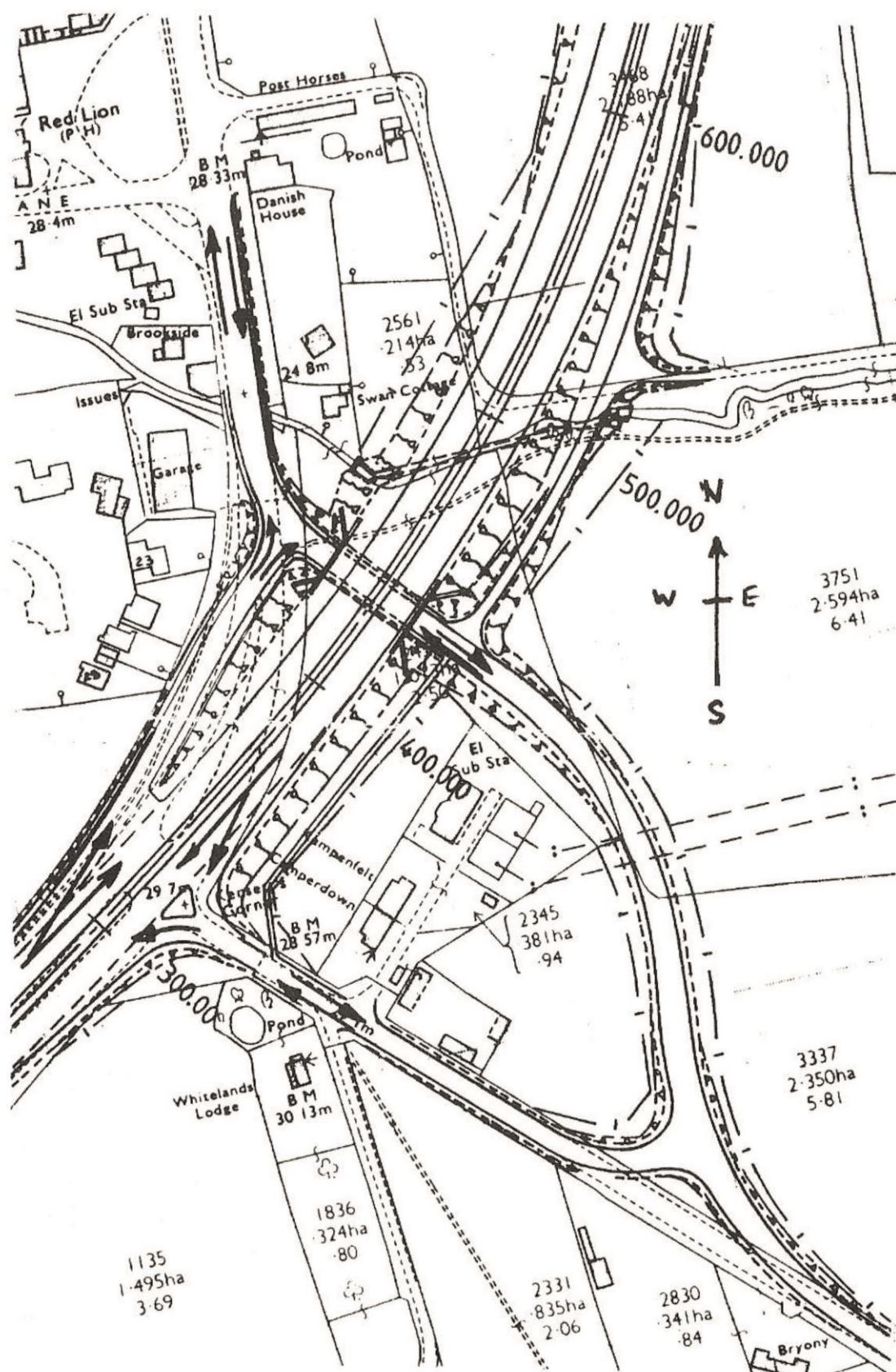
On the next two pages we show how the Southern and Northern ends of Ashington will incorporate the new A.24 by-pass. The plans were supplied by the West Sussex County Council. Work is due to be completed by the Spring of 1995.

The first shows the Southern, Hole Street, end, and it appears that there will be a kink to be negotiated before joining the A24 where we come out now - could even be a left turn, but generally the ten course will be unaffected.

The second - we had to turn this one round to get it in - please note compass point, shows the old A.24 coming up on the left and the new road over to the right with access by slip-roads and the two roundabouts.

It remains to be seen how they will treat the road which will remain through the village itself. It might be given the "traffic calming" treatment like that through Bramber and if so it will not provide so many time-trial turn opportunities, but the roundabouts at the Northern end and Washington roundabout far to the South ought to assist the hard-pressed course designers.

Don.



The CTC National 400k.

Why did John Maxim and I do it? Well it was the CTC's National 400, so it was likely to be a big event with some other relative newcomers to Audax doing it. We had also found Dave Hudson's 300k to be extremely enjoyable - at least when looking back on it!

The route was designed as a figure of eight, returning to Tunbridge Wells at the half-way point. The first loop went south-west to Brockham near Dorking, and then back east, skirting round the north of East Grinstead. The second half went south-west to Lewes, east along the A27 and A259 to Hastings and Rye, north to Faversham, then south-east back to Tunbridge Wells for the finish.

Everyone arrived at once for the first control at Hurstpierpoint and had to queue for food. A certain picture of a large number of naked ladies on bicycles helped to amuse the males in the queue - thanks Chris! The caterers from the Arun/Adur CTC did a good job considering the circumstances, with the last few riders even getting customised fillings in their rolls! Three-quarters of an hour later we were back on the road.

Control number two at Petworth was also manned by familiar faces, this time the Bognor Regis CTC. They too were a bit snowed under with request for food, but managed well - even giving away free salad! Dave Hudson, who was taking a break from his catering duties for this event, accompanied (paced?) us from Petworth to Bucks Green before returning home. The road from Oakwood Hill to Ockley station was one of the highlights of the event for me - smooth tarmac, no traffic, and through a very pretty wooded valley.

We didn't stop for long at the Brockham control, but pressed on back to Tunbridge Wells. Dusk fell as we passed through Horley. Climbing out of Dormansland, just north of East Grinstead, I stopped to adjust the aim of my front light. Unfortunately I had forgotten that I had my new clipless pedals on, failed to get a foot out, and collapsed sideways onto the verge. Luckily only my ego was damaged!

HALF WAY.

Back at base we tucked into a large cooked meal, which included a bowl of apple crumble and custard for pudding! After an hour's rest, we re-filled our water bottles with magic potions and set off in the dark to Lewes. The control here was warm, and we stayed a whole hour before we could force ourselves to leave. At this point I was beginning to wonder why I had chosen to do without sleep.

Then to Rye, along some of the most boring stretches of road I have come across, where we spent another hour. By this point we had ridden through the night and various parts of my anatomy were beginning to hurt - I very nearly tried the banana treatment for saddle sores!

The lanes north to Faversham were pleasantly quiet, and the climb up the North Downs was a nice excuse to get out of the saddle. Then back over the downs via a lane which managed to climb relentlessly for over five miles. The final climb back to the H.Q. was a brand new, three lane 'A' road which was not appreciated in the hot sun. Those manning the final control had a lot of complaints about the hills, In fact the event had not been particularly hilly overall, but the hills had been concentrated in the last 100k.

We were complete knackered at the finish but had recovered a day later. When's the 600k?

Anthony Cartmell

The Open Ten - 25th June 1994.

Alan Orman volunteered to promote this for us in 1994 and he made a good job of it. Now that means he's landed with the job. That's one way of looking at it, but there's another. He proved that there's no great magic, no strange talent required, and it should mean that there will be other volunteers in future. The more we get the less that has to be asked of the few, who otherwise do it all.

The Saturday, midsummer, ten has not attracted a large field for some years, but it is no great prestige promotion and provides open competition for Worthing riders and other clubs even if most of them are local.

Because of traffic considerations we moved to an early morning start (6.30) rather than afternoon and received 58 entries.

East Grinstead's fast all-rounder Steve Elms was a street ahead of the rest and he sped round the Wiston/Shoreham course in a time of 20.46 to collect his £1-a-mile award. Paul Toppin got second in 22.08 and would no doubt have willingly swapped his lesser award for the shorter time. He was chased home by Jeremy Wootton with 22.18 so we made the silver and bronze and with Colin Toppin clocking 22.53 in sixth spot we also won the team.

Jan Scotchford won the ladies' prize with 27.03 and Mike Gibbs collected the veterans' standard award. Pity we had no junior entries - where are they all?

Worthing times in full.

	<u>Name</u>	<u>Time</u>
2nd	Paul Toppin	22.08
3rd	Jeremy Wootton	22.18
6th	Colin Toppin	22.53
17th	Chris Bacon	23.54
22nd	Ken Retallick	24.27
25th	Mike Gibbs	24.43
26th	Mike Feesey	24.46
28th	Vern McClelland	24.48
34th	Paul Allen	25.04
35th	John Saville	25.10
38th	Alan Matthews	25.40
39th	Robert Downham	25.44
40th	Martin Puttock	26.11
42nd	Jan Scotchford	27.03
50th	Adrian Roberts	31.18
51st	Reg Searle (trike)	31.57
52nd	Carole Wheeldon	33.46

Don.

New-look Tourist Trophy Competition.

As planned, the 1994 competition for the Argent memorial bowl is in two parts. Firstly a ride on a summer's evening involving map reading and observation, and secondly a questions session in the clubroom on a Tuesday in the Autumn. Past champion Brian Cox had agreed to organise the two parts.

Tuesday 12th July saw eight members meet at Angmering Parish Church. It was a nice warm sunny evening and the ride of perhaps 15 miles was a reasonable distance in view of all the information which had to be collected along the way, if you were to have any chance with the "what did you see" questions back in the clubroom.

After following the advice to "have a look round and take note" before departing it was then down through the village centre, up the other side and down Weaver's Hill to rejoin the A.280. This was followed to the North and its junction with the A.27 and the massive roadworks. Quickly away from the maddening crowd of the trunk route and back into the Lanes through France - yes I bet there's a question about that - and back to the A.280 in Clapham.

The Long Furlong road gets very busy these days as a short cut between the A.24 and A.27 but it is still beautiful, sweeping North-Easterly along the back of the Downs with lovely farmland scenery to the North. Mind you it is a bit of a plod so it was nice to be on touring bike with touring-sized gears. Straight over the A.24 Findon roundabout - no evening tenners around tonight, and down into the village.

It was advised that we should have a look round before proceeding so this I did and filled my note-book with lots of information - useful or useless - who knows?

Now I was climbing up to Cissbury and Paul Toppin was alongside. His touring gears are obviously bigger than mine, and he keeps talking as well! Now at the top I decided to consult my O.S. map and it seemed to me we were supposed to go round to the left of the depleted Cissbury Ring - I al-

lowed Paul to press on - I thought he was going the wrong way!

This next stretch had me very concerned. I had to walk a lot of it as I was no match for the loose and/or deeply rutted chalk-way. Now here I could use a mountain bike! I also began to doubt that I was on course for it became extremely narrow and I could not imagine our organiser Brian cycling through it, yet he said he had been over the whole course.

Still, I found the Golf Club-house - and then a puncture, but at this point Tony Palmer, a past tourist champion, came past and my concern about the route disappeared. Suddenly I was out of the country and into select "Charmandean" I was soon back into the clubroom and managed reasonably well on the questions.

I enjoyed it - made a nice change from the usual training bash.

Positions after first stage;

1st	Sue Dray	15 points
2nd	{ Alan Matthews	13 points
	{ Don Lock	13 points
4th	Tony Palmer	12 points
5th	John Mansell	11 points
6th	Paul Toppin	9 points
7th	Ken Retallick	6 points
8th	Roger Smallman	5 points

The second stage is in the clubroom on Tuesday 11th October 1994.

Don.

Club 25 - 7th August.

The Clapshaw Trophy for the handicap winner was at stake on this one held on a windy but dry morning on the local course "of many roundabouts" based at Angmering.

Eleven finished plus four private entries all, incidentally club members who had presumably forgotten (or couldn't be bothered?) to enter.

These events are put on for the benefit of members, they do need organisers and helpers on the day and everyone is happier if the event is well supported, so come on, let's have entries in future. You take it in to the club room on the Tuesday before the event or contact the events secretary, Mel Robertson - see page 1.

As the handicapper I was reasonably satisfied at squeezing the net times into a three-minute bracket, save that is for Adrian Roberts - difficult with a debut entrant. However I'm beginning to think that I am not showing sufficient generosity to the longer markers, for twice recently it has been the scratch or near scratch man who has picked up the handicap award as well as being fastest. This happened here with the trophy going to Chris Bacon who was on a half-minute only from the scratch rider.

It was though thoroughly deserved for it is frequently personal bests that beat the handicapper and that is exactly what Chris produced, getting so close to the hour with 1.00.14. I had "generously" put No. 1 son Andrew on the scratch mark and he only just failed with a good effort for second place with 1.00.29. Old man Ken (metallic) Retallick made third place on scratch

with 1.2.08, but this was a handicap event and the placings should be shown as follows;

<u>Pos.</u>	<u>Name.</u>	<u>Actual</u> <u>Time.</u>	<u>Allce.</u>	<u>H'cap</u> <u>Time.</u>
1st	Chris Bacon	1.00.14	0.30	59.44
2nd	Ken Retallick	1.02.08	2.15	59.53
3rd	John Saville	1.03.45	3.30	1.00.15
4th	Andrew Lock	1.00.29	Scr.	1.00.29
5th	Peter Baird	1.05.08	4.30	1.00.38
6th	Karl Robertson	1.07.46	7.00	1.00.46
7th	Alan Cooper	1.07.39	6.30	1.01.09
8th	Lesley Barrett	1.13.02	11.30	1.01.32
9th	Mike Feese	1.03.32	1.30	1.02.02
10th	Adrian Roberts	1.18.15	12.00	1.06.15
11th	James Cory	1.15.06	7.30	1.07.36*

* Includes 5 minutes late start.

Sussex C.A. Open, Association and Club
12-Hour Championship
14th August, 1994.

After 41 years the club 12-hour record of the late John Antram has gone. The longest standing of any record on the club books was finally broken when Andrew Lock paced and pedalled his way at an average of 21 m.p.h. to record a superb 252.870 miles in the Sussex Championship. He can be forgiven the joy he felt when in this his first attempt at the half-day event he rode through his Dad's best distance of 243 and still had 24 or so minutes to go. By then enjoying the circuit and, if anything, increasing the tempo, he finished well into his fifth circuit, and in a good-class field he had given best to only four others. His two hundreds this year have shown that stamina was not lacking and a new standard for others to aim at has now been set.

While Andrew has been going well all day, it was equally obvious that another record was about to go, and that was our ladies' 12-hour. Margaret Beeston's 1962 distance of 202 miles was being destroyed. Jan Scotchford was maintaining a near 20 m.p.h. average and riding very smoothly - good riders were falling to her relentless pace and she was enjoying it! The old record was passed with still one and a half hours to go and by the time she was stopped - it seemed a shame, she was still going so well - she had amassed a new county as well as club record with 236.280 miles. She finished in 15th place in a field of 52!

The club's entry of seven riders showed a revival of interest in long-distance riding, but some of that interest came from an unexpected source. Nick Lelliott has yet to ride a 50 - he has only once ridden a hundred. His work prevents him racing or training much in the summer. Rumour is that it was rather a nice bottle of wine that found him completing an entry form, and the following day's hangover, presumably, that dropped it through the Event Secretary's letter box. It created quite a stir, would he finish, would he knock up some 260 miles or so? No-one knew what to expect - Nick includes himself in that! Suffice to say that he appeared to start like it was a 25 and after that he would try and hang on. Hang on he did, although it was obviously a painful process. Nick looks best at 30 m.p.h. rather than 20 m.p.h., but to him it was a challenge and his "best shot" as he called it was to result in a final distance of 245.76 miles - not bad on one training ride of 130 miles!

Chris Bacon, Peter Baird and Alan Matthews all started and finished with varying degrees of satisfaction. Chris admits to struggling for the

last nine hours, and that's a long time to struggle, but he clocked up 236.769 miles and made third man to the team - half a mile less and that third "man" would have been a lady! Peter Baird could never find the form of last year but was pleased to finish and record his place in the various best all-rounder competitions. His distance for 1994 was 223.330 miles.

Happiest of all, and through-out the ride, was Alan Matthews, who had not been able to train much and was apprehensive of his ability to stay the course. Riding comfortably and within himself he was pleased to show a total of 222.185 miles. He was 16 minutes down on Peter at 100 miles and came so close to matching him by the end of the ride.

Paul Toppin was our only disappointment. He was suffering from back trouble early on and retired at around 120 miles.

The team of Andrew, Nick and Chris was too good for any others in that section and the aggregate mileage of 735.935 was yet another club record, bettering the efforts of Dave Funnell, Don Lock and John Mansell of 729.98 set in 1964.

It was a breezy day and some of the open stretches were hard. Although it did not get too hot it remained sunny most of the time and there was no rain. The early section saw riders coming South from Washington and covering the legs to Durrington via Angmering and then out to Tangmere, back to Washington and out to Shoreham, North then to Broadbridge Heath then South-East through Cowfold and Henfield for the first visit to Poynings. This was 97 miles, and the 100-mile check was interesting. The defending champion Steve Blackmore from East Grinstead was through in 4.09.57, six minutes ahead of Steve Howells of the Corinium club and no less than 9 minutes up on his clubmate

Steve Elms. Mike Marchant of G.S. Stella, and David Gill of Diss and District Wheelers, and Steve Lenn of Crawley, were all under 4.30.00. Lenn particularly was to suffer for his early speed in the later stages.

Now it was new territory for the first timers, as they tracked back to Washington and sped North and East out to Crawley. Then a retrace all the way back to Poynings, or should it have been Painings?, several faces were not looking so happy and there was noticeably less cheerful comment. Jan and Alan were two exceptions to this. The mileage this visit was 160.

Back to Washington again and this time East to Shoreham and after that it was "next stop the circuit" - straight back to Dial Post for the start at 200 miles. Even as the first riders approached there was quite a crowd in the village and with the congregation of time-keepers, marshalls and helpers around that 11 mile lap, riders were lifted by the support. They had made it this far and they knew they would finish. The pace was up - more for some than others but now they were going for timekeepers and circuits. Now the watch, which in the sufferings earlier had barely dragged its hands round its face, was now spinning them round as the competitors strained to cover yet more of the miles that earlier they had hated.

From a spectator's point of view it was a super day's sport. It was a first-class promotion and I doubt that a better 12-hour is to be found. The Bike Store's financial support was fantastic. The work put in by organiser Ray Douglass deserves a medal.

Leading Distances.

<u>Pos.</u>	<u>Name.</u>	<u>Club.</u>	<u>" 100".</u>	<u>Total.</u>
1st	Steve Blackmore	E.G'stead	4.09.57	266.866

2nd Steve Howells	Corinium	4.15.53	262.969
3rd Steve Elms	E.G'stead	4.18.57	259.094
4th David Shepherd	Bognor	4.30.56	253.654
5th Andrew Lock	Worthing	4.37.38	252.870
10th Nick Lelliott	Worthing	4.42.05	245.756
14th Chris Bacon	Worthing	4.46.34	236.769
15th Jan Scotchford	Worthing	4.57.26	236.280
24th Peter Baird	Worthing	4.53.18	223.330
25th Alan Matthews	Worthing	5.09.24	222.185

Club Result.

1st Andrew Lock	252.870	+ 5	257.580
2nd Chris Bacon	236.769	+ 8	244.769
3rd Peter Baird	223.330	+13	236.330
4th Alan Matthews	222.185	+33	255.185

NOTE: Neither Jan nor Nick entered the club event.

Don.

Well done Andrew!

My late husband, John Antram, set a new club and S.C.A. record for the 12 Hour in 1953, on the weekend that we got engaged. When he died in 1979 both records were still standing. John was amazed that over 25 years no-one had beaten his record.

The S.C.A. record went a few years back, but the Excelsior record stood at 249 miles 838 yards, until this year. Members may be interested in knowing the Club's riders in the 1953 event.

They were:

John Antram	249 miles 838 yards
Dennis Lednor	226 " 440 "
Ray Douglass	219 " 1385 "
Aubrey Dockett	DNF

The record ride gained much publicity (including a photograph) in the local press, something we don't seem to get much nowadays.

For Andrew Lock to break a 41 year old record on his first 12 Hour ride must be something for the record books. Also to see six Excelsior riders on the finishing circuit - and all doing so well - must make this year our best yet.

When John did his epic ride, the weather was foul, and out of 49 starters 21 did not finish. John thrived on a bit of bad weather, and had 'packed' the year before because of the heat!

Congratulations Andrew, and may your new club record last another 41 years.

Jean Smallman

New Members.

Looks like membership secretary Karl Robertson has been getting out into the country, as we elected the following new members at the September committee meeting.

Paul Berwick
8, Hazel Court,
Rusper Road,
Horsham.
West Sussex.

Alastair Gibson,
1, Broomsland Drive,
Billingshurst,
West Sussex.

Paul Spear,
2, Belsize Court,
Worthing,
West Sussex.

Leonard Thomason,
111, Adur Avenue,
Durrington,
Worthing,
West Sussex.

Andy Hayward,
230 Upper Shoreham Rd.
Shoreham-by-Sea,
West Sussex.

Welcome, one and all.

Don.

Freddy Clayton.

Freddy died, peacefully but suddenly, at home on Friday the 3rd September. He was 89 and had been a member of the Worthing Excelsior Cycling Club since 1933. He was our oldest member, and a Vice President for some years. Throughout his life he cycled, it was his pleasure and it was his transport. He was devoted to the Worthing Excelsior and he loved his visits to the clubroom and the opportunities to help with marshalling were always accepted.

I had been talking to Freddy only the day before and he was going to see if he could help us with a garage for our storage. It was just another indication, if one was needed, of his constant care for the club and its members.

My enduring memory of Freddy will be from the day of the recent Sussex 24-hour when at 5.20 (a.m!) I had seen him cycling through Broadwater on his way to marshall at Offington roundabout.

Andrew and I had seen him there on our way up to the start - he was never late. He stood at Offington for about 4 hours that day to point the way and then cycled home. He was 89 and he had enjoyed it enormously. When some days later he

was given a copy of the result sheet, he received it with the enthusiasm of an event winner.

Freddy leaves wife Elsie, Son Timothy and daughter Jennifer, and we send them our condolences in their loss, which we share.

He will be greatly missed.

Don.

1994 Evening "10" Series.
Event 6, 9th June, 1994

<u>Place.</u>	<u>Name.</u>	<u>Actual Time.</u>	<u>H'cap Time.</u>
1.	Paul Toppin	22.08	22.08
2.	Chris Bacon	23.03	21.33
3.	John Poland	23.12	21.27
	Eric Bonner*	23.31	
4.	Mike Feesey	24.07	22.52
5.	John Gilbert	24.28	21.38
6.	Paul Allen	24.48	21.38
7.	Peter Baird	25.27	21.57
8.	Ellis Bacon	26.13	21.39
9.	Alan Cooper	26.25	21.56
10.	Adrian Brown	26.30	22.30
11.	Lesley Barrett	27.44	22.29
	David Jenkins*	29.21	
12.	Reg Searle	31.27	20.57
12.	Adrian Roberts	31.27	22.27

Event 7, 16th June, 1994

1.	Paul Toppin	21.42	21.42
2.	Chris Bacon	22.44	21.29
	Eric Bonner*	22.49	
3.	John Poland	22.57	21.42
4.	Tim Procter	23.05	20.05

5.	Andrew Lock	23.21	21.21
6.	Mike Muzio	23.27	22.47
7.	Mike Feesey	23.47	21.32
8.	Paul Allen	24.15	21.15
9.	Martin Puttock	24.27	21.12
10.	Adrian Brown	25.08	21.08
11.	Alan Cooper	25.11	20.41
12.	Ken Pendlebury	25.17	20.17
13.	Ellis Bacon	26.00	21.00
14.	David Nightingale	26.06	21.21
15.	Lesley Barrett	27.20	22.05
	David Jenkins	28.29*	
16.	Reg Searle	30.30	21.00
17.	Adrian Roberts	31.03	22.03

NOTE: Event 8 was scheduled for the 7th July, but was cancelled in view of the clash with the Tour de France. "le Tour" proved totally intractable and flatly refused to change their date, so we had to change ours! Chris and Sean said they wanted to ride our "10" but their chefs-d'équipes said "Non!".... quel damage!

The 23rd and 24th June were of course the days of the two-up "15" and "10", so the "10" series had to yield again!! Other excuses will be published as soon as we can think of any..... and so, to.....

Event 9, 14th July, 1994

1.	Paul Toppin	22.07	22.07
	Eric Bonner*	23.32	
2.	John Poland	23.43	22.28
3.	Mike Feesey	23.59	21.44
4.	Ken Retallick	24.12	21.42
5.	John Gilbert	24.33	21.43
6.	Peter Baird	25.22	21.22
7.	Alan Matthews	25.33	20.48

8.	Alan Cooper	25.34	21.04
9.	Adrian Brown	25.46	21.46
10.	Ellis Bacon	26.03	21.03
11.	Ken Pendlebury	26.18	21.18
12.	Tim Lake	26.41	21.41
13.	Lesley Barrett	28.21	23.06
	David Jenkins*	28.23	
14.	Adrian Roberts	30.19	21.19
15.	Reg Searle	31.06	21.36

Event 10, 21st July, 1994

1.	Paul Toppin	22.02	22.02
2.	Andrew Lock	22.50	20.50
3.	John Poland	23.05	21.50
4.	Chris Bacon	23.15	22.00
5.	Ken Retallick	23.18	20.48
	Eric Bonner*	23.35	
6.	Mike Feesey	23.52	20.37
7.	John Gilbert	24.15	21.25
8.	Adrian Brown	24.43	20.43
9.	Peter Baird	25.02	21.02
10.	Alan Cooper	25.09	20.39
11.	Graham Parsons	25.39	21.24
12.	Ellis Bacon	25.49	20.49
13.	Lesley Barrett	26.56	21.41
14.	Adrian Roberts	29.19	20.19

Event 11, 28th July, 1994

1.	Paul Toppin	21.50	21.50
2.	Colin Toppin	22.26	22.16
3.	Chris Bacon	22.44	21.29
4.	John Poland	22.52	21.47
5.	Andrew Lock	23.04	22.04
	Eric Bonner*	23.04	
6.	Don Lock	23.28	21.58
7.	Mike Feesey	23.36	21.36
8.	Ken Retallick	23.50	22.35
9.	Paul Allen	24.28	21.28

10.	Peter Baird	25.12	22.12
11.	Ellis Bacon	25.27	21.27
12.	Tim Lake	25.49	20.49
	David Jenkins*	27.43	

Event 12, 4th August, 1994

1.	Paul Toppin	21.51	21.51
2.	Colin Toppin	22.44	22.34
3.	John Poland	22.49	21.34
	Eric Bonner*	22.57	
4.	Don Lock	22.59	21.29
5.	Chris Bacon	23.01	21.46
6.	Andrew Lock	23.05	21.05
7.	Paul Allen	23.39	20.39
8.	Ken Retallick	23.42	21.12
9.	Mike Feesey	23.50	21.35
10.	Adrian Brown	24.33	20.33
11.	Peter Baird	24.45	20.45
12.	Alan Matthews	25.00	20.15
13.	Ellis Bacon	25.10	20.10
14.	Graham Parsons	25.12	20.57
15.	Alan Cooper	25.29	20.59
16.	Adrian Roberts	28.46	19.46
17.	Reg Searle	30.38	21.08

Event 13, 11th August, 1994

1.	Chris Bacon	22.26	21.11
2.	John Poland	22.51	21.36
3.	Colin Toppin	22.54	22.44
	Eric Bonner*	23.10	
4.	Ken Retallick	23.20	21.20
5.	Mike Muzio	23.22	22.42
6.	Mike Feesey	23.48	21.33
7.	Don Lock	23.54	22.39
8.	Paul Allen	24.03	22.03
9.	John Gilbert	24.51	22.01
10.	Alan Matthews	25.03	21.18
11.	Peter Baird	25.04	21.49

12.	Alan Cooper	25.26	20.56
13.	Tim Lake	25.30	20.30
	David Jenkins*	27.05	
14.	Adrian Roberts	27.56	20.56
15.	Reg Searle	29.17	20.47

1994 Evening Ten Series.

RESULT.

Scratch.

1.	Paul Toppin	8 points
2.	Colin Toppin	16 points
3.	Chris Bacon	22 points
4.	John Poland	23 points
5.	Mike Feesey	45 points
6.	Paul Allen	64 points
7.	Peter Baird	78 points
8.	Ellis Bacon	96 points
9.	Adrian Roberts	123 points
10.	Reg Searle	127 points

Handicap

1.	Paul Allen	21 points
2.	Ellis Bacon	20 points
2.	Reg Searle	20 points
4.	Adrian Roberts	18 points
5.	Andrew Brown	17 points
6.	Ken Pendlebury	13 points
6.	Alan Matthews	13 points
8.	Chris Bacon	11 points
9.	Mike Feesey	8 points
10.	John Gilbert	7 points
11.	Andrew Lock	4 points
12.	Ken Retallick	3 points
12.	Colin Toppin	3 points
14.	Peter Baird	2 points

Veterans

1.	Mike Feesey	8 points
2.	Paul Allen	17 points
3.	Peter Baird	18 points
4.	Reg Searle	28 points

Eric Bonner and David Jenkins rode regularly. As second-claim members, despite some excellent rides, sadly they do not figure in the final results. Many other members participated but do not figure in the final results as they did not complete the necessary eight rides.

Bedford Road C.C. "25". 4h September, 1994.

The event attracted our attention in 1992 because it required a four man team. An individual time-trial with proceeds to charity (the Red Cross) but a four-man aggregate instead of the usual three.

The course is also considered to be a fast one. In that first year we won the team with an aggregate of 4 hours 00 minutes 09 seconds. Richard Shipton, Colin Toppin, Don Lock and Colin Miller providing the counting rides.

In 1993, well, we had to go again to defend the Shield, and we did it successfully. Paul Toppin, Richard Shipton, Colin Toppin and Don Lock with a much faster total time - we were down to 3.47.28. Could it be done for a third consecutive year? Well we tried, we enlisted Nick Lelliott, but Paul Toppin was on holiday and Richard Shipton was riding a 50. Nick produced a superb effort of

56.36 finishing fourth fastest in a good-class 120-strong field. Colin Toppin managed 58.05, Andrew Lock was home in 1.00.29 and Chris Bacon recorded 1.00.53. The team time was not so quick - 3 hours 56 minutes 03 seconds, but for a long while it looked like it might be quick enough. Until the fourth rider of the Vectis R.C. put a time of 1.0.27 on the board. It gave them the result by just 6 seconds - now next year.....

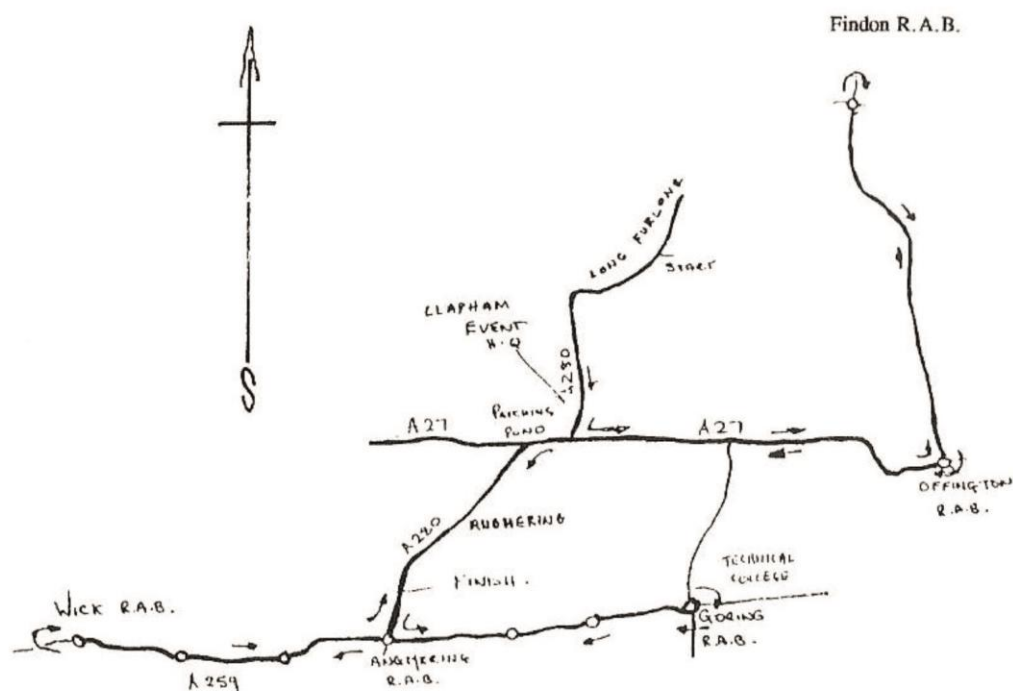
The 25-mile course G.939

This is the route of a thousand roundabouts and so many members have asked for details that we thought we would publish the official version. For open or Association events we would expect the village hall at Clapham to be the event H.Q., but a club event would not justify the hiring expense. The start and finish are about 4 miles apart and you may decide to park or leave your gear at the finish and then ride to the start rather than park at the start and be left with the trek back after you have given your all in the event.

Route Details and sketch map.

START (Map ref. 104075) on A280 2 miles north of the A27 in small lay-by. Proceed to the A.27 where left to Offington roundabout where left to Findon roundabout where TURN and retrace to Offington Corner roundabout (7.114 miles) where take fourth exit on the A.27 to junction with A.280 at Patching where left to Angmering roundabout where left on the A.259 to Goring roundabout where TURN and retrace to Angmering roundabout (17.103) where continue straight on the A.259 via roundabouts at Sainsbury's and Little Chef to TURN at Wick roundabout (22.203) where retrace to Angmering roundabout where left on the A.280 to

the FINISH approx 440 yards north of roundabout opposite sign reading "Greenwood Drive" at entrance to school (map ref. 065034) (25.000)



Hellcat Computer Collecting?

In our Spring 1994 issue we commented on the successful letter-writing of Jeremy Wootton and John Saville. Their missives to "Cycling Weekly" were considered worthy not only of printing, but of reward, and we suggested this might be a way to get your name in the Comic. Well now we see that Jeremy has done it again with his views on the Obree débâcle at the World Championships.

I did pen a letter myself asking whether any other club could boast three Hellcat computers from this source, but then I thought that would undoubtedly kill off any further awards so... let me think....

yes, it might be John's turn again now. This is unless anyone else wants to have a try.

Don.

The Bognor Regis C.C. Open "25".
11th September, 1994.

Course: West of Bognor, A.259 and A.27.

Weather: Roads wet, drying - calm, lots of oxygen.

Winner: Alan Dawson, Antelope R.T., 56.13.

Entries: 108.

Worthing Riders: Colin Toppin, 8th, - 58.56, Don Lock, best this year, 1.0.35, veterans' award. Chris Bacon, 1.1.08, disappointed. Doing too much? Gavin Bayliss, 1.1.11, another personal best, a real prospect for '95. Andrew Lock, 1.1.29 - "no speed", he says! Alan Matthews, 1.4.42, delighted - best for several years, takes home the trophy for the fastest rider not previously beating 1.04.00 - "POT-HUNTER!". Jan Scotchford, 1.6.25, but had to give best to speedy Clare Greenwood, 59.43! Finally, Reg Searle, on two wheels, season's best of 1.15.40.

The Hill-climb Championship, 11th September.
Springhead, South-West of Storrington.

We have a new champion, and from one of the best entries and most keenly-contested hill-climbs for some years. Champion of '93 Mike Muzio, from a season of very spasmodic involvement, failed to produce the speed of his previous ascents, and with a time of 4 minutes 15 seconds, found himself seven seconds adrift of Colin Toppin, home in 4.09. Andrew Lock was third with 4.29

The hill was gritty, and slippery in places, but the afternoon was dry, and breezy, and there was a nice social atmosphere to the event, with a good number of supporters in attendance.

The more enthusiastic were actually caught writing the names of their favourites on the road. It's all right, Mr. County Council, only a piece of Sussex Downs chalk, harmlessly removed by the overnight rain.

Full result.

1.	Colin Toppin	4.09
2.	Mike Muzio	4.16
3.	Andrew Lock	4.29
4.	Chris Bacon	4.55
5.	Ellis Bacon	4.56
6.	Karl Robertson	5.02
7.	Jan Scotchford	5.08
8.	Peter Cox	5.17
9.	Alan Matthews	5.27

Surrey League Road-race.
10th September, 1994 - Loxwood.

We are members so we did our duty. For the fourteen who bothered to sign on and ride, we provided marshals, judges, checkers, cars and catering, and many will feel they wasted a Saturday afternoon.

Perhaps we should ask Surrey League;
Could the circuit be nearer to Worthing?
Is there sufficient demand for these Saturday events?

Is entry on the line such a good idea? Prior entry would make the event less of a lottery.

Well done, Jan Scotchford and helpers, but a lot of work for a very small reward.

The following short story by Dick Long, Excelsior press secretary, appeared in the Worthing Gazette of the 27th December, 1905, and I have copied it out exactly as arch-tourist Dick wrote it, Victorian spellings and all. Don't spoil it for yourself by reading it in the club-room. Go home, wait for a dark and stormy night, and read it by candle-light!!

John Grant.

The Ghost of Washington Hostel.

I shall never forget my first Christmas at Worthing, nearly thirty years ago. My chum, Jack Fenton, a fledgling doctor in Town, and I cycled down to the little place it then was in order to spend the Christmas under the hospitable roof of Colonel Denman, of Westring Grange. I am sure that Sussex never looked better than when we viewed it from the saddles of our old-fashioned high bicycles as we romped along the frost-bound roads through Crawley, Horsham, and Ashington on that eventful Christmas Eve.

The keen, health-giving air was to us as champagne after the very indifferent beer to which the London air we had lately breathed might have been likened. How we admired the hedgerows, which sparkled as the December sunlight played timidly in the heavy layer of white frost, which, as Jack remarked, made the country look like a vast Christmas card.

I had made Colonel Denman's acquaintance some ten years previously, when, as a budding private detective I had endeavoured to track down the author of a wholesale robbery at the Grange. The crime, now almost forgotten, still remained an unravelled mystery; it has seriously affected the Colonel financially, as, at the time he had a large sum of money in the house, a fact of which the thief or thieves probably had some knowledge, as the whole of it was stolen.

Pulling up at the Frankland Arms for tea, Jack got into conversation with the natives, and we learnt for the first time that Washington Bostel, the hill we were approaching, rejoiced - or otherwise! - in the possession of a ghost. All we could gather was that during recent years a phantom of some description had regularly appeared at mid-night on Christmas Eve; no one could give us detailed particulars, as none of the rustics had braved the perils of the hill when the ghost was expected.

Jack was fond of adventure; I, too, felt that a little dabbling in the supernatural would be a pleasing accessory to a Christmas holiday after the unromantic round of life in London especially as we naturally looked for a simple and perhaps a humorous explanation of the seeming mystery.

So after arriving at Westring Grange and exchanging greetings with our jovial host and his daughter Grace, a charming type of rural beauty, whose auburn hair and hazel eyes were the theme of half Jack's conversations all the year round, we broached the subject of the ghost to the Colonel. Service in India had made him a confirmed sceptic of any tale which approached the improbable, and his ridicule went a long way towards shaking my

resolution to spend the night of Christmas Eve in a cold and lonely roadside watch.

Grace Denman had a feminine horror of the uncanny which was sweetly pretty, and her persuasive eloquence was almost too much for Jack's manly but tender heart. However after a dinner delightfully free from ceremony, and an hour or two spent in chatting around a blazing fire, Jack gave me a nudge; I took the hint, and led gently up to the subject of our quest.

The Colonel, seeing we were resolved, forebore to press his objections, but, somehow, as I accepted a flask of his special whiskey and some cigars from him, my joke about "spirits to keep up the spirits of spirit hunters" sounded very much hollow and mirthless. And it was with much reluctance that I cut short Jack's farewell with Grace as we vaulted into the saddles of our trusty bicycles and pedalled Northward, over the frosty roads, with a clear starlit sky overhead.

Findon was nearly asleep as we passed through, and we saw nobody as we climbed steadily to the top of Washington Bostel. A hushed silence had fallen over us, and we both seemed afraid to break it. After seeing that it wanted less than half an hour to midnight we extinguished our lamps and walked some yards down the hill, where, after an exchange of whispers, we decided to sit on the bank and await events.

Slowly the minutes crept by as we shivered in the strained silence. An age seemed to have passed when in the distance a church clock drowsily droned out the hour of midnight. Then with our hearts madly thumping we heard the coming swish of another cyclist. Together we opened our mouths to shout a warning to the wheelman,

who might be unaware of the sharp bend in the road awaiting him lower down the hill.

But the words froze on our lips, for at that instant he flashed into sight - a mysterious looking figure tearing madly down the hill on a quaint, old fashioned bicycle, the like of which I had not seen for years! Never since that night have I ridden the Bostel without recalling most vividly the awful look of terror I then saw as that weird, uncanny shadow of the cyclist sped furiously past; never shall I forget that long-drawn-out shrieking cry which rang out clear and sharp in the still night as we stood rooted to the ground and watched him disappear into the darkness!

Suddenly came the sound of an awful crash, and slowly the cry died away, leaving us trembling with "nerves" as silence again reigned over the scene.

Minutes passed before we could discuss our next move, but ultimately we resolved to follow the phantom wheelman, for such he undoubtedly was. It seemed to us the apparition had failed to turn at the corner, as many a wheelman had done since, and we accordingly left the road at this point and climbed down the steep side of the hill. Undergrowth and rank weeds grew there unchecked in those days, and our search for any clue to the solution of the mystery seemed unpromising. But in the darkness Jack presently kicked against a piece of iron, which aroused our curiosity, and we cleared away the weeds and nettles from the spot.

A hoarse cry went up from both of us as our lamps illuminated the cleared patch, and we saw a ghastly skeleton with rotten and tattered rags of clothing hanging to it, whilst beneath this horrid object lay the old bicycle we had seen speed recklessly down the hill!

A couple of yards away lay a capacious leather bag, which we thought might afford some clue to the identity of the mysterious corpse which had lain so long unheeded.

But on lifting the bag, which was rotten with damp, it burst apart, and the contents scattered at our feet. imagine our amazement when we gazed upon a profusion of jewellery, and a considerable sum in gold amid such gruesome surroundings! Greater still was my surprise when I discovered that much of the former tallied exactly with the descriptions Colonel Denman had given me of the property lost by him, in the almost forgotten burglary at Westring Grange.

My bewildered brain could hardly keep pace with events, and even as I stared in mute wonder at the scattered valuables, the grinning skeleton rose, and walking up to me, gripped my arm in his bony fingers! Then with a superhuman strength he shook me as a terrier might shake a rat. Next the awful skull bent nearer to my face, I gaped in terror into his eyeless sockets, which looked like dark caverns; his jawbone moved slightly, and an awful voice, which seemed to come from far away, said in slow and thrilling tones:

"Wake up, Tom old boy, it's one o'clock!" With a start I came to, and found myself rubbing my eyes and shivering at the spot on the bank where we had originally sat down to await our spectral visitor. Jack and I had both dozed off, and my fevered imagination, aided by the Colonel's cigars, had concocted a dream which more than satisfied my desire for ghost-hunting that night. Jack and I were soon making our way back to Worthing, I need hardly say at a very fair pace - ostensibly on the plea of getting warm, but, for my part

at least, shaking limbs and chattering teeth were not altogether due to the cold night air.

At breakfast on Christmas morning we told our tale, and, whilst Grace's anxiety on the score of colds was put at rest by Jack, I was alternately laughed at and sympathised with by the Colonel. Our experience provided him with a fund of humour which lasted throughout our holiday at the Grange.

Indeed, the hospitable old soldier lightly chaffs us about our vigil even now. I often spend the week-end at Worthing with him, on which occasions Jack - a successful country practitioner living within easy cycling distance - will frequently run over in company with his wife, who looks scarcely older than she did on that memorable Christmas of long ago. Jack's two sons run down from Town on their road-racing bicycles, and complete a little party which loves to sit around the old fireside and laugh over the ghost of Washington Bostel.

Dick Turpin.

Many members will recognise the bend where the ghost crashed - it's the right-hander about half-way down the hill. In Dick's time it was much sharper than the bend we know to-day - it was widened and its radius increased in the 1950's, when Washington still lay on the A.24, then a busy holiday route to the coast.

John Grant.

P.S. Don't bother to search for the treasure - I did and it's gone.


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