

# THE WORTHING WHEEL

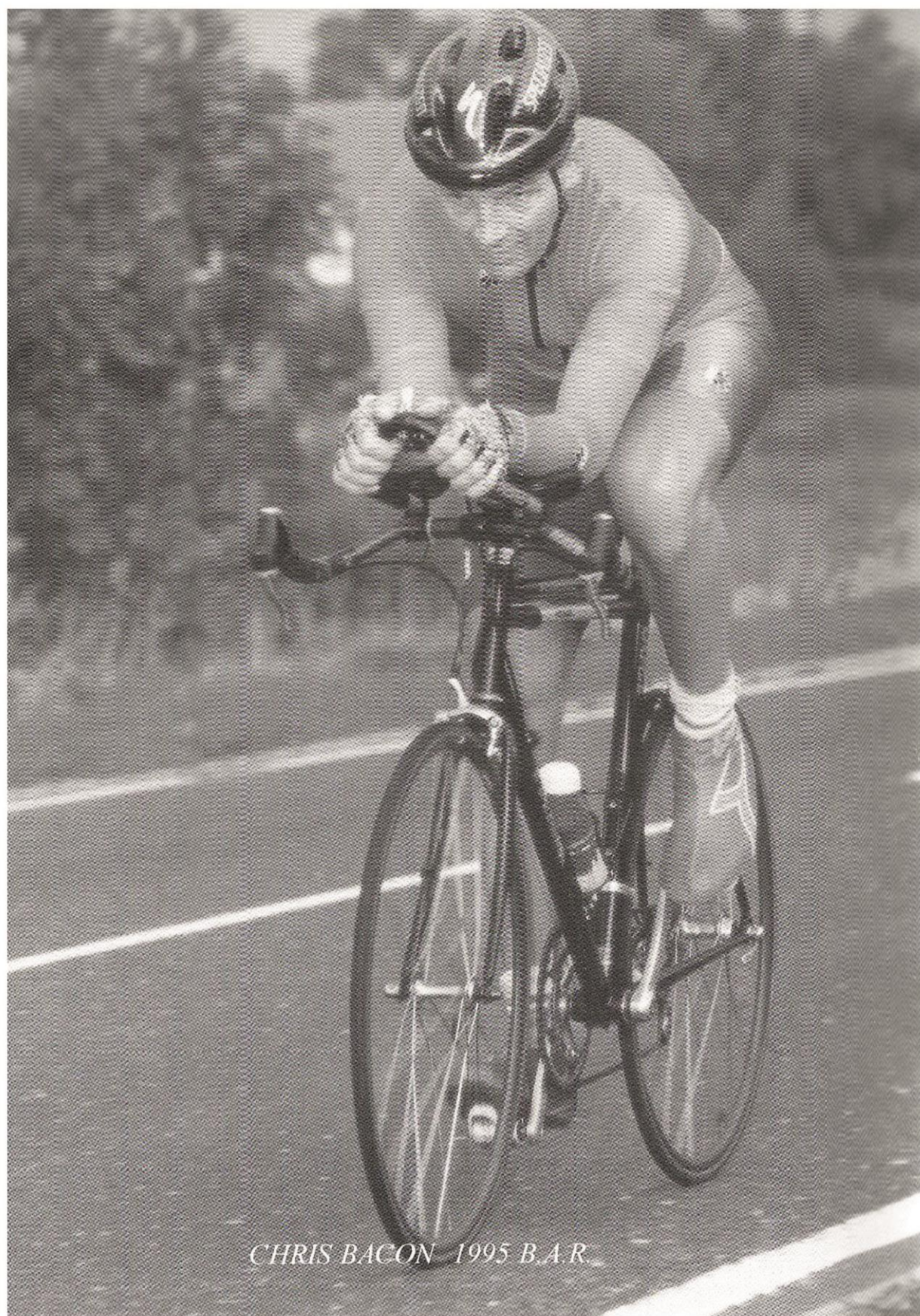


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*CHRIS BACON 1995 B.A.R.*



Winter 1995/6=====THE WORTHING  
WHEEL=====

WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING  
CLUB'S=====

QUARTERLY  
MAGAZINE=====

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

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

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## **Raid Pyreneen - September 1995**

### **Coast to Coast ---- with a difference! 714 km. & 19 Cols from Atlantic to Mediterranean**

In November 1994, I admitted to having attained that super vet's age of sixty years and decided that this was to be the start of a new cycling era for me. After an absence from time-trialling and touring of over forty years, there was very little time left for half-measures so, I began my researches earnestly. I discovered the Raid Pyreneen (I don't think it was ever lost!) in the Sporting Tours brochure for 1995. Having admired the Pyrenean scenery for so long on the TV coverage of the Tour de France, this had to be my major goal for 1995. My team manager Pamela, took some convincing of my sanity and of my physical prowess!

I scoured the RTTC, BCF & LVRC handbooks for events that would motivate me to get progressively fitter in time for this September adventure. As most of our readers know by now, I rode (only steadily!) events from 10 miles upto 12 hours (only one!). It was this programme that convinced Pamela that she should sign my pass (or should it be my col?), provided that I completed it.

The Cyclo-Club Bearnais in Pau, introduced the Raid Pyreneen in 1951. It consists of a cycle ride from Hendaye on the French Basque Atlantic coast, to Cerbere on the Mediterranean coast. The Raid is a permanent Randonnee and follows a set route of 710 km. over 18 cols (+ one optional extra!), amounting to over 11,000 metres of ascent; the journey must be completed within 100 hours (four and a half days). To receive your medal, you must get a "Carnet de Route" stamped along the way, at cafes and garages.

I joined the Sporting Tours coach, containing forty other like-minded souls, at the port of Dover on Saturday at 4.30pm. After an overnight stop near Paris and then a long drive southwest, we arrived in Hendaye on Sunday evening. We had



time to reassemble our bikes before having a "loadsa pasta" dinner in preparation for the big day. We were given our "Carnet de Route" and briefed by Mark (the tour leader), on "the controls," the coach rendezvous points and where the next hotel was located(!).

### **Prologue - French Basque**

It was Monday morning (at last!), we had an early breakfast of coffee, croissants and loadsa bread 'n jam at the Hotel Campanile. We were a bit dismayed at the cool, drizzle coming in from the Atlantic - we had hoped that this had been left behind in the UK. Nonetheless, having made sure of the first stamp in our route cards, we set-off at 9.00am. through the town in one very long peloton, heading for the undulating coastal road. Our first coach rendezvous was planned for Espelette, which was also the second "control", about 30 miles from the start. Everything went according to plan, apart from two young tigers who fell-off on a slippery corner going downhill -lots of blood and dented pride but nothing serious. (I already knew how to fall-off, no need to practise here!). We had lunch at St. Jean Pied de Port, having visited the patisserie and charcuterie, the rain stopped and the sun came out - things were definitely on the up!

On a quiet country road some 10 miles from Lurbe St. Christau (our overnight stay), we were suddenly accosted by a motorist, standing in the centre of the road, trying to flag us down! None of us had a "back step" and a cross-bar ride was definitely out of the question! As we scattered around the "bewildered homme", one of our number, who had an ear for the lingo, realised that this was the "secret control" and called us back for the crucial stamp. That was definitely worth a half-litre in the bar that night! With 100 miles covered and 1200 metres climbed we reckoned that we had made a good start.

### **A Col to spare**

It was Tuesday, a long hard day was promised by Mark our leader, who casually mentioned that we had the option of climbing an extra Col, simply by turning right instead of left (or was it the other way round?). The Col de Marie Blanque is a "smaller" one -



it's only 1035 metres high and it is said that "you get some wonderful views from the top." Group by group we set off, some intending to avoid an extra col, but getting their left and right mixed up(!) whilst the rest of us foolhardies went with good intent to bag the spare Col!

Unlike most of the cols we climbed, the Marie Blanche goes almost straight up instead of utilising the usual hairpin bends. We climbed unrelentingly through avenues of trees, all different shades of green, with occasional glimpses of "wonderful views". But the cloud came to meet us, the gradient became steeper and I was forced onto the 39 x 28 that I'd (thankfully!) fitted at the last moment! On reaching the top, of course there was no view! I was also beginning to think that if this gradient was typical, then I was in for some walking later on!

The weather steadily improved as we pedalled east, towards the Col d'Aubisque (1709 m.) which by contrast has many bends and is about 10 miles long. After covering only about three miles of the Aubisque, I realised that my left-hand crank was coming loose - that was one check that I had neglected before leaving home! This was in fact a blessing, since I had to dismount every three km. to tighten it up with my thumb (and thereby get four short rests!) until I could get mechanical assistance. On the way up I caught a small party of five Brits, who were also doing the Raid. They offered me the services of their mechanic, (driving their "Boxer Tools" support van) who fixed it for me at the summit.

There is a cafe at the top, which also provides the day's "control" (I was so hungry that I almost forgot!). It was quite a thrill to be travelling the same routes as our Tour heroes; we were constantly reminded by the names (none from Lloyds!) painted on the roads especially on the uphill, where we had time to read them! After descending, we continued over the Col du Soulor (1464 m.), where the sky was clear and we captured some fine views before the long rapid descent to Arrens and Argeles-Gazost.

By the time we reached Luz-St-Sauveur (711 m.), the cloud was gathering. It was about four-o'clock and all that remained between me and dinner bed & breakfast, was 35 km. and the Col du Tourmalet! I stopped for a comfort break, a few carbos and a



long drink. I was by now on my own; I reckoned that there were about a dozen riders in front somewhere, so there was a chance of some company one way or another.

The initial gradient of 12% was relatively comfortable, having selected the right gear (39 x 21), but I could sense that the weather was going to be a problem. About half-way up, it began to feel quite cold and by now the gradient was 16%. Suddenly I was aware of more heavy breathing; alongside came the Boxer-van driver who had decided to have a ride up on his racing bike whilst his van awaited his friends back at Luz! Unfortunately, his lowest gear was 42 x 19 so he had to get off every 500 m. for a rest, before sprinting the next section! I was impressed - since by now I was just managing to turn round my 39 x 25! I last saw him resting at about 3 km. from the top: he told me the next day, that he didn't make it! The last 3 km. is really steep (18%) and I was tired even in bottom gear. I was pleased to see the summit cafe lights on, with three bikes parked outside.

By the time we left the cafe it was raining and visibility was very poor. The gradient seemed much steeper going down in bad light, on wet surfaces and very cold. We were thankful to get out of the cloud within about 20 minutes. By the time we got down to the hotel in Ste. Marie de Campan, we were close to suffering from exposure. Our hostess soon put things to rights with a cheery welcome, hot tea, cakes, newspapers to stuff the shoes with, and a chance to recover before finding our rooms and sorting ourselves out! This had been a long day; we had covered 80 miles and climbed about 4000 metres, so we felt pleased with our efforts.

### **In Memorium**

It was great in the early morning sunshine, with a steady climb of some 630 m. to the summit of the Col d'Aspin (1489 m.) - easy compared with yesterday! Quite a few tourists were at the top taking photos, admiring the views and watching the antics of the wild ponies. A quick photo call/comfort break and we were on our way with a wonderful zig-zag downhill of classic proportions. I hesitated to take full advantage, since the route passes through a few small hamlets where tractors and unsuspecting locals, wander



across the roads at will (and I no longer have the bottle of my youth!).

At the foot of the Aspin, the route levels off at about 700 m. and follows a river valley with some splendid mountain views both to the right and ahead. Gradually the gradient increases, the road bends to the left and we're travelling east up the Col de Peyresourde (1569 m.). At the summit was the ubiquitous cafe and the welcome sight of our bus. An opportunity here for refreshment and clothing changes (it's getting warmer).

Just north of Bagneres de Luchon, I stopped to have a drink and apply the sunblock cream! As I set-off, Paul from Leeds, caught me up and it was good to have some company. Paul is the dead-spit of Pantani, except that he's 6ft. 2in. tall and speaks with a similar accent to mine! (Paul not Pantani!) Eventually we caught a group of four who were dithering about because they had reached a tricky point (so they had been told!) in navigating the route. We didn't know it was tricky, so they followed us onto the right road! From then on, there followed a series of nice short cols over which Pantani Paul and I had lots of sport, including dropping the Group 4!

Soon we reached the foot of the Col de Portet d'Aspet: we rounded a couple of sharp bends, suddenly climbing steeply. We were met with the sight of a (spontaneous) memorial to Fabio Casartelli, killed in a crash descending the Col in this year's Tour. It was a moving experience to see flowers, plants, bonk-bottles, tyres, tyre levers etc. alongside a makeshift inscription marking the spot where he fell. On the road were painted the words, "Fabio-on pense a toi". Paul and I continued our climbing in thoughtful silence.

There followed a speedy, mostly downhill 18 miles to St.Girons our checkpoint for the day. We smartly located a cafe by the bridge, with some bikes already parked-up! We got our stamps and topped up our liquid levels, before setting out on the final 20 miles to the hotel in Massat. There were about a dozen riders there already and we had all beaten the bus, much to our disgust! Since we had no clean gear to put on, nor could we launder the



Lycra and the chamois, there was nothing for it but to celebrate on the terrace, having completed over 100 miles/2500 m.to Massat!

### Andorra or what?

Another warm summer's day bode well for the penultimate stage. With, by now, 460 km. under our saddles and most of the climbing covered we were all feeling mighty fit. Today's big challenge was to be the Col du Puymorens (1915 m) which is close to the high mountains of Andorra. The first couple of climbs over the Col de Caougnou (940 m.) and the Col de Port (1249 m.) are on a minor road, almost traffic-free and pure delight in the warm sun. At Tarascon-sur-Ariege, we joined the fairly busy N-20 to Ax-les-Thermes, which later joins the N-22 main road into Andorra.

Along the rising valley from Ax travelling south, we could see the distant views of the Andorran mountains bathed in sunlight and reflecting golden autumn colours from the high level vegetation. Gradually the road steepened and there was a stiff headwind. Paul and I decided to "bit and bit" it along this stretch. We came to a roadside cafe, where we had a sandwich and a long drink. We were not far from l'Hospitalet that lies at the foot of the steepest gradient and marking the start of the Col proper.

We were about halfway up when we noted that the road straight-on went to Andorra and the left branch to Puymorens. We must have been suffering from oxygen deficiency, because we ended up in the newly-completed tunnel (not on our map) receiving a few funny looks from passing drivers. As soon as we realised that there was a toll-charge to pay at the other end, we turned back (Yorkies have short arms and deep pockets!). We decided that we would rather go to Andorra than pay. Soon we were climbing again and were caught by a couple of fit young riders who clearly were going to Andorra too! Suddenly we became aware of a big sweeping hairpin bend above. There was another turning to the right - the N 22 carried on to Andorra; the N 20 reappeared and continued southeast to the Col du Puymorens.

Except for the two of us, there was only one other person at the



summit - a British cyclist in his sixties, complete with panniers, who was Raiding from east to west! He told us that you can take as long as you like going the "wrong way" and that he aimed to be about three weeks awheel, covering nearly 850 km. and upto 30 cols. He emphasised that with all the luggage, a triple clanger was de rigueur! We discovered that our new found traveller hadn't heard or spoken English for six days and was intent on making up for it!

Eventually we bade our farewells and took off southeast down the Col into a fearsome gale. The hairpins just below the summit must be some the sharpest breathtaking experiences of the trip and the views are spectacular. Just outside Bourg-Madame (1130 m.), we stopped at a roadside cafe and each feasted on the biggest "jambon sandwich" we had seen in a long time.

The next thirteen miles was a steady ride over three moderate cols; then riding through Mont Louis(1585 m.) we came to the head of the Tet Gorge and stopped to admire the view. This was the start of what must be one of the longest freewheels in the record books - well it's not really "free" in terms of blood, sweat, toil and carbos, but you know what I mean! Twenty-one miles of downhill - wonderful! By the time we arrived at the bridge in Villefranche, we had forgotten how to pedal! We sat on the bridge wall in the sun, savouring the day's events until we were in shadow and then set off to complete the last three miles downhill into Prades, our final overnight stop of the Raid.

After tidying ourselves up, we had a pleasant walk through the town to a nearby restaurant for dinner. The hotel was unable to cope with forty two hungry-noses(!) but Mark the tour leader, promised us that it would be special - and it was! There was more than enough to eat, the wine flowed freely (no cols tomorrow!) and everyone had a great time including the staff who coped admirably with our comical pidgin French!

#### **Peloton to Cerbere**

Friday, the final day arrived in warm Mediterranean sunshine and we were all eager to be away. To achieve success, we needed to complete the final 50 miles to Cerbere by 1.00pm. and so be



awarded the Cyclo Club Bearnais medal. I set off with three companions and just down the road we stopped to take our final photos in the mountains. As we packed away our cameras, a twelve-strong group of riders came by - an invitation too good to miss! We chain-ganged until we caught them and rested thankfully at the back for a while.

The pace was driven along by five young road-racers, at a steady 24mph over the now relatively flat plains, leading towards the sea. Our only mis-haps were a puncture and a close-following rider's slow motion crash (unharmd) into a ditch.

Eventually, we topped a short rise and there below, was the beautiful blue Mediterranean - what a contrast to the grey, depressing Atlantic we had left behind on Monday. At this point we thought that it was just an easy ride along the coast to Cerbere. This was not to be, for the road has four or five coastal cols that pass over the flanks of the Pyreneen foothills. We had the usual celebration sprints and a couple of challenges from some "local wannabees" that we successfully beat-off and the UK. came out tops. We arrived in Cerbere with an hour and a half to spare. We had a celebration lunch, several group photos taken by the friendly cafe proprietor keen to do his David Bailey act, and a paddle cum swim in the sea for some! The final act was to dismantle the bike into its bikebag and all aboard the bus for Reims; then home on Sunday with stirring tales to tell.

So what's next? Well there is the Raid Alpine 740 km/43 cols in seven August days or there is the Raid Dolomite 1180 km/40 cols in eleven September days - both can be done using Baxters Sporting Tours. The two big questions for me are, how can I persuade Pamela to sign my pass and for which Raid?

Sorry Don, I am not allowed to ride a 24hour T/T in order to qualify for anything -thanks Pamela!

See you up the road!

Keith Gelder.



The Open hardriders..  
24th September 1995.

Peter Main of 34th Nomads must have webbed feet or be a sub-aqua expert! How else do you explain his 1 hours 3 minutes 19 seconds winning time?

The morning was horrific, it was raining so heavily at Slindon where I marshalled that a garage barely fifty yards away disappeared from view and I practically lashed myself to a traffic bollard to remain on station.

This was Peter's second win, his first being the previous year over a shorter course.

Steve Dennis of East Grinstead was home in 1.5.05 for second place, and almost an hour later was still examining his blue feet which he felt convinced had suffered frostbite, and all this in one of the hottest and driest summers since records began.

Mark Jones, the G.S. Stella fast man, was just a few seconds farther back with 1.5.21 for third place.

Worthing Excelsior again did well in the team section. We have always based this on the fastest third man rather than fastest aggregate, and we were well clear of the rest. Nick Lelliott, enjoying his usual late and short season, led us home with 1.8.12 in 6th place, and we packed well with Jeremy Wootton 8th on 1.8.44 and Richard Bonner 11th with 1.10.22.

Nick had quite a successful morning, taking prizes for 6th, fastest veteran, and winning team.

Once again we had a poor entry - only thirty-seven,



although there was no lack of quality. We shall however, persevere. In '96 we should not clash with the Duo Normand, so perhaps that will help.

Other Worthing times were; Chris Bacon 1.12.56, Matthew Gould 1.15.00, Gavin Baylis says he punctured just before he got to Bury Hill.....!  
But then I always do.

Andrew Lock was event secretary and was well supported by club helpers both in the H.Q. and around the course, despite the awful conditions. Several riders were kind enough to make complimentary comment about the event, and that's always appreciated.

The Club 32-mile Pulborough Circuit Event.  
8th October, 1995.

Our president "found" this course.

I recall his comments at a club meeting, and knowing his aversion for anything resembling a slope, let alone a hill, I decided that my recollection of the route was not accurate and indeed this area was actually as flat as a pancake.

You can imagine my surprise when on the 5th March we raced round for one circuit of 16 miles, and I found not only slopes and drags, but proper hills.

Later on our president (who had not ridden the event) confessed to only having been round in a motor car!

Well, here we are for two laps and still no sign of our president on the start sheet!

I arrived early for a warm up lap of the circuit, still no sign of Don Lock but I did find Mathew



Gould and despite having sworn blindly that he would never go for a warm-up again with me when he overheated before the Bognor C.C. 25, I found myself enjoying his company as we rode off in the early morning sunshine. Two-thirds of the way round the pace quickened as we realised we were running out of time and risked missing the start.

As I commented on how paranoid I had become of puncturing, my front tub obliged. We quickly changed the tub, the warm-up began in earnest.

We paced each other back to the start to see the second man off, signed on, refilled bottles, pinned on numbers and approached the timekeeper with seconds to spare. Matt set off repeating his vow never to go for a warm-up with me. Still no sign of Don Lock.

As for the race, I knew it was going to be hard, I set off in search of Don Lock, perhaps I'd missed him during the warm-up. By Wisborough Green I'd found Chris Bacon, soon after Eric Bonner, still suffering from his holiday illness was passed followed by Matt Gould. At the turn to Fittleworth Mike Poland offer encouragement for the final stage of the climb and then it was back to the timekeeper for lap two. Still no Don Lock.

At this stage only five of the eight entrants were left. Richard Cooley had not made the start and Gavin Baylis retired along with Eric Bonner at the end of the first lap.

Richard Bonner had covered the first lap in 42.53, Chris Bacon 43.42, Matt Gould 44.55 Jonathon Ford-Dunn 47.15 and I had got round in 41.25.

This time around the run out to Wisborough Green seemed much harder, and along with everyone else my



second lap time went backwards (2.31 minutes) this could not be blamed on the car crash by the Toat Garage, nor on the traffic lights on the Petworth road.

The manic screams from the W.E.C.C. members on the club run standing on the last hill into Pulborough helped lift the pulse rate for that last level four effort to the line. Perhaps Don was in the crowd? Richard Bonner slowed by a similar amount (2.38) Chris Bacon lost 3.30, Matt Gould 2.58 and Jonathon 1.48.

The handicap award went to Jonathon Ford-Dunn with a net 1.20.18. Full result below.

Well, that's it for the '95 time-trial programme, I want to thank Mel Roberton the marshalls the competitors and those who've turned out to cheer on the competitors this year.

Pos. Name.	Actual Time.	H'cap Allce	H'cap Time.
1. Jeremy Wootton	1.25.31	Scr.	1.25.31
2. Richard Bonner	1.28.24	1.30	1.26.54
3. Chris Bacon	1.30.54	5.00	1.25.54
4. Matthew Gould	1.32.48	5.45	1.27.03
5. Jonathon Ford-Dunn	1.36.18	16.00	1.20.18

D.N.F. Gavin Baylis

Eric Bonner

D.N.S. Richard Cooley.

Timekeeper Ray Douglass

Pusher off Mel Roberton

Handicapper Don Lock (unseen!)

Marshalls Karl Roberton, Mike Poland

Well that's it for the '95 programme. I want to



thank Mel Robertson, the marshalls, the competitors, and those who turned out to cheer on the competitors over this past season.

Jeremy Wootton

The Points Competition 1995.

Jeremy Wootton	66
Richard Bonner	68
Adrian Roberts	71
Peter Baird	76
Chris Bacon	82
Eric Bonner	84
Mathew Gould	85
Adrian Brown	96
Gavin Baylis	97
Ken Retallick	98
Alan Cooper	101
Peter Cox	101
Reg Searle	105
Keith Gelder	106
Don Lock	109
John Poland	110
Alan Stepney	110
Charlie Parsons	113
Vern McClelland	113
Paul Toppin	113
Colin Toppin	113
Alan Langham	115
Mike Feesey	124
Richard Shipton	124
Neil Hedley	125
Colin Miller	126
Andrew Lock	131
Tim Laker	133

Points are awarded for handicap placings in all handicapped club events, i.e. 1 point for 1st, 2



points for second, and so on. Non-finishers get one point more than the last handicap placing and non-starters or those who did not enter get two points more.

The fact that two of our fastest "scratch" riders head this table shows how solidly they supported their club's programme.

### The Isle of Wight - "Take Two".

The first expedition under the leadership of Captain Palmer had been particularly successful, and unable to calm the clamour for a further visit this was arranged for October 14th. He had put in his usual order for perfect weather, so the numbers encourage to support the trip totalled nineteen, including two non-members prepared to risk themselves in our company.

The initial meet-up point was on the A27 by the Happy Eater close to Worthing's North-Western boundary and handy for the President - about 150 yards from his bed actually - which was useful because he was late getting up. Away from there in several vehicles with bikes all safely stowed by 7.30 and Mr. Hudson was seen to nod his head in approval at the punctuality. The President was also nodding, but he hadn't woken up yet.

Ken Retallick and Jean joined the convoy in the Hammerpot area and Richard Cooley and John Maxim were leaving their Rustington Rest Home around the same time.

Nineteen I said, now let's think: apart from Captain Palmer and Assistant Navigator Dave Hudson, there was a full Lucas turn-out of Sheila, John and Marvin - nice to see him back on the bike, and for once to be able to keep up with him. John Maxim and



Richard Cooley, Ray Douglass and Mike Gibbs, our Ed, Paul Toppin, Alan Matthews and Sue Dray, Ken and Jean, Alan Langham and Colin Miller complete with new bike and new van. From Eastbourne came Randonnée specialist Andrew Seviour and from that mysterious world of the "Over-Forties Group", Clifford Garbutt. Not bad, and just when the ferry company thought the season was over!

We again used the Portsmouth/Fishbourne route which gives a sufficient time to raid the cafeteria and - well certainly this day, insufficient time to notice the motion of the Solent.

Points were gained on the crossing when the Chief Deck Hand - he must have been the Chief because his hands were reasonably clean, commented that he had never seen 19 bikes so neatly and sensibly stacked. Fortunately he was missing when his subordinate required us to move half of them because he couldn't get to his ladder.

The rest of the story is based on a study of the Ordnance Survey Landranger sheet 196 kindly loaned to me by Captain Palmer and on which he has marked our route. I occasionally saw signs like "Sandown" and knew where I was, but for the most part it was a happy meandering sort of morning broken by regroupings after Ray Douglass went off on his own a couple of times. Tony was seen to speak to him about this - perhaps too severely, for after elevenes he pushed off on his own route and probably did twice the distance we did. Ken and Jean made a less circuitous route to Sandown and timed it too perfection, arriving only seconds after we had opened up Granville's café. The poor fellow was another who thought the season was over. Still he did very well, quite quickly providing tea coffee and food to last us until lunch.

Our heading had been South-Easterly to start with



and I recall the pleasant Bembridge Harbour, before doubling back Westerly and into Sandown along the sea front. Now it was a climb up to Lake and then into the "interior" - Alverstton, Winford, and back South again through the picture postcard Godshill with its quaint thatched cottages. Chale Green and onwards towards the West; now passing through Shorwell at an accelerating pace as the need for further sustenance began to nag.

It was at Brightstone that permission to halt was given and a very welcoming spot it turned out to be. Three hostelryes in the space of 50 yards, and all proclaiming appetising menus and alcoholic beverages provided a problem of choice. This was settled, in the absence of any useful local knowledge, by "the one that's nearest" view and we were soon "whetting the appetite" and coming close to overwhelming the waitress, who had clearly slipped into off-season mode. It was sunny and quite warm enough to sit at one long table in the garden.

Protocol was followed in allowing for the President to sit at the head, but forgotten by not waiting for him - Dave Hudson was on the verge of a reprimand by being half-way through his apple pie and cream and ice-cream before Pressy took delivery of his gammon and chips. At the same time John Lucas was gathering chips from the plates of others with lesser appetites. Well this was all very nice, but those in charge were studying their maps and the afternoon's ride had to fit in with our ferry at Fishbourne at five.

Out of Brightstone and in a Northerly direction with warnings of a long climb. It still came as something of a shock so soon after lunch and we made our own pace fairly gently to Brightstone Forest and could look back to good views of the



English Channel. Regrouped we pressed on to Colbourne and around here called out cheerio to Alan Matthews and Sue who were aiming for Fishbourne by four!

We skirted round Newtown and now moved back to views of the Solent as we turned more Easterly and came down to Gurnard Bay and then to Cowes. We were allowed an afternoon break at this point and teas and then ice creams - so good was the weather - were enjoyed as we watched the maritime activity of this famous yachting area.

A pedestrian route was then followed, although most remained steadfastly on two wheels, and we found our way from the Marina through the shopping area and down to the ferry for the two-minute crossing of the Medina River to East Cowes. On the last leg now we climbed up past the odd but quite famous little church at Whippingham and back through Wootton Bridge to Fishbourne.

We were met there by Ray Douglass, who'd done about twice as many miles as we had, and Ken and Jean. All seemed to have an enjoyable day and that was the main thing.

Our ferry departed on time and they were kind enough to accept the President's ticket even though he had retained the wrong half. They said something about not wanting to have a problem with the Islanders by leaving him behind.

A final raid of the cafeteria was notable for one thing - Dave Hudson came only second. We were back to the motorised conveyances without incident and all home by about 7 o'clock. A kind of 12-hour event really but about 200 less miles and very enjoyable.

Don.



## The 1995 Trophy Winners.



Men's B.A.R.	Chris Bacon	21.686 m.p.h.
Veteran' B.A.R.	Don Lock	+5.103 m.p.h
Clark Cup - 12 hour champion.	Chris Bacon	238.797 miles
Mason Cup - 100 miles	Chris Bacon	4hr.46min.40s.
Welch Cup - 50 miles	Richard Shipton	2hr.2min.2s.
Pressley Cup - 30 miles	Jeremy Wootton	1hr.11min.7s.
Bennett Cup - 25 miles	Paul Toppin	
Young Cup - Hardriders	Jeremy Wootton	
Clapshaw Trophy - Handicap	Alan Langham	
Hill Cup - 10 Mile Series	Paul Toppin	
10 Mile Series Handicap	Charlie Parsons	
Barratt Cup - Hill Climb	Colin Toppin	
Fastest Veteran - 10 Mile Series	Mike Gibbs	
Most Improved Rider - Men	Richard Bonner	2.255 m.p.h.
Senior Road-Race Shield	Keith Gelder	
Track Champion	Vern McClelland	
Points Cup	Jeremy Wootton	
Club Runs Attendances	Don Lock	
Tourist Trophy	Tony Palmer	
Clonmore Trophy (Inter-club "25")	Worthing Excelsior C.C.	
Clubman of the Year.	Mel Robertson	

It is appropriate, following this list of trophy winners, to say on behalf of all of us who took part in the club programme of time trials a big "thank-you" to Mel Robertson, the club's Time-Trial Secretary. Many will not realise just how much administration is needed to keep "the show on the road" as they say. He really needs an assistant who is prepared and able to give him a hand throughout the year. He would after all like to ride himself sometimes!

Don.



### The Centenary Time-Trial.

The alarm went off at 4.15 a.m., and I thought we must be mad getting up so early on a Sunday morning just to watch a time-trial. Fortunately our daughter Amelia (3½) decided to wake up around that time anyway so we set off at about 5a.m., heading for the time-trial course in Bedfordshire to watch the Centenary 50. We'd read about it in the Comic and thought it would be a good idea, but it seemed a long way. However we had decided it would be great to see all the big stars of past and present, including Beryl Burton whom I have never seen in action.

The event was an invitation 50 to commemorate the first time trial run by the North Road C.C. on the 5th of October 1895 which was won by Gordon Minns with a time of 2.54.26. The course, classified as the F1 Centenary, was based as much as possible on the original course. The event was generously sponsored by Ron Kitching with £ 500 for first.

Fortunately, Amelia had slept most of the way and we got there in good time. The weather was clearing but quite windy. We parked at the H.Q., a college near Shefford. As we walked towards the hall to get a programme, we were just about to go in when a familiar looking woman came out, said hello and walked past. My jaw dropped and I turned to Mick and said "Was that Beryl Burton?" and he said it was.

We went outside a while later and saw B.B. at her car, getting ready. Mick asked her for her autograph and she kindly obliged, signing her photo in the programme. Mick asked her how long it had been since she'd ridden a 50, and she said ten years! I worked out she's 58 now.



We drove around part of the course and found a good spot to stop and make a cuppa in our caravanette. It was great to sit and watch the stars of time-trialling go past, such as Mike McNamara, Geoff and Ken Platts, Pete Longbottom, Kevin Dawson, Margaret Allen, Ian Cammish (DNF) Martyn Pyne (DNF) Gethin Butler, plus loads of big names from the past.

Amelia thought all the riders were going to stop at the van for a cuppa as we've done controls on two of Dave Hudson's Audaxes in the past. We had to explain that these cyclists were racing and couldn't stop for tea!

There was one oldish chap who got his photo in the comic, wearing black clothing and riding a very uncomfortable looking machine, another in a pin-stripe suit riding a Dursley-Pedersen. He was off No. 13 which I thought was a bit dubious, but he finished. Gethin Butler's family stopped in their car opposite us and his dad got out with his stopwatch as Gethin rode past. The fancied favourite and last man off, Richard Prebble, we were told, had punctured two miles out and had packed. We thought Gethin Butler would be the winner as he won the men's B.B.A.R. this season.

We headed back to the H.Q. and watched most of them finish, including BB who did 2.28.48. The wind was very strong and it was a headwind all the way to the finish, this producing a different result to what was expected. Geoff Platts, a first-year vet., was the winner, and it was nice to see Pete Longbottom get second. Gethin Butler could only manage third. Maxine Johnson won the ladies' prize, again not the expected winner.

The hall was packed for the presentation. Geoff Platts gave a very good speech and was full of praise for the riders on vintage machines as it was such a hard day. There were lots of older



people there, obviously having a great time catching up with old friends. They presented BB with a special bouquet of flowers.

We headed home, very pleased we'd had the chance to witness this unique event and to have BB's autograph.

Jane Mansell.

### Tempting fate - when will he learn?

Jeremy Wootton punctured while warming up for an event. The following week he relates the story to Brighton Mitre's Robin Johnson while warming up for the Bognor Hilly. Result - his words die in a hiss of escaping air. Only a week later on a Saturday morning then, at the very spot where this occurred, he started to tell the story again...

Well there's asking for trouble... and there's asking for trouble!

Don.

### The East Sussex Cycling Association Reliability Trial.

Well - he knew the route!

Just eight hours after our Annual Dinner and we are expected to be 30 miles away at East Hoathly on a freezing morning, and to be looking forward to 48 miles of East Sussex (very hilly) byways. Well, we've done really well in the past, but maybe it's the age of our entries, or are they just getting soft. Certainly we didn't do so well this time.

Tony Palmer had rounded up fourteen entries and had



even ridden the course so that we would have no navigation problems. Unfortunately at the dinner the evening before he was suffering with sore throat and indicated a fairly certain DNS.

The Lucas family gave me an assurance of their intention to be there, but this was John through something of an alcoholic haze, and their non-appearance did not surprise me. Colin Miller was still struggling after a week at Angela Toppin's plumbing and was another not to put in an appearance. Chris Bacon was due to ride in one of the faster groups, but he too must have found an early morning alarm just too much to contemplate. Of course some of these may have shared my concern.... without Tony would we ever find our way round?

Alan Langham, Alan Matthews, Mike Gibbs and myself went off in the first group and we were pleased to have Richard Cooley along. He knew the area to some extent, and had cleverly thought to study the map and have the route neatly sectioned off and displayed on his handlebar bag.

Mike Feesey started in a later group and planned to fall in with one of the fast groups containing Richard Shipton and Paul Toppin. Richard was another who probably knew the way but... well you can only hold his back wheel for so long!

Back to my group, and it was brilliant, for organiser Charles Robson had found some flat roads in his neck of the woods, and I could hardly believe it, here we were nearly 15 miles done and not a bump. We were somewhere South-East of Hailsham, I remember Richard Cooley pointing out the Herstmonceux observatory, but where had Alan Langham gone? Even at the first check he was missing.

I'm told he lost interest around Hailsham and went for a ride on his own - did he have the takings



from yesterday's raffle? No, but still the most part of six pints of Best. Ah well!! I noticed a change in direction - we were now going North and the cold wind was more in our faces but it was also sunny and all seemed well, although we were noticeably encountering some hills, especially after crossing the A271.

Bodle Street, Woods Corner and Brightling, the second check, were crossed off the list and we were nearly half way. Time in hand seemed very adequate although Richard our map reader was finding the hills difficult.

Still on a Northerly heading we climbed up to Burwash Church then on to Stonegate and eventually Wadhurst (the third check). Hills seemed to be getting more frequent and either longer or steeper. We still had time in hand but Richard was admitting to it "being a bad day". Still, he knew the route.

We were now turning South and we all recalled Tony Palmer telling us that the last ten miles were down hill, so there could not be many more hills. Mayfield was the next town, and in case you don't know it, all round there is very hilly. Richard stopped to drink tea from his flask - a Dave Hudson tip perhaps. It was not to make much difference. Time was looking tight and Richard declared himself to be "truly stuffed"..... but he knew the route!

With barely six miles to go Mike and Alan went the wrong way and had to be called back. Then Richard (poor fella was having a job to focus) got the route slightly wrong. We now had about two miles to go and seven minutes left, what should have been a four-up became a three-up. Alan, Mike and yours truly just scraping in but, "he with the route sheet" was sadly just outside the limit.

No problems for Richard Shipton, Paul Toppin and



Mike Feeseey, who raced past us after about 30 miles. All were well in their scheduled standard times.

It was a well run event and although very cold a beautiful sunny morning showed off the very late autumn colours to their best advantage. It is planned to show Richard Cooley some photos of the area - he missed so much. His eyes were glazed and it was not excess alcohol from the previous evening, but then you see..... He knew the route.

Don.

### Eggstravaganza.

During the recent national 400k Randonnée (map-reading competition?) organized by Members of Chippenham Wheelers, one had cause to query the pricing structure of the menu . The shrewd eye had scanned the midnight feasts to reveal that beans on toast were commercially priced at £ 1.20, but when an egg was added, shot up to £ 2.20!

He eggspressed his concern to those responsible for these eggcellent delights. I was eggstremely worried (being next to order ) that his eggssample might cause similar troubles to those eggperienced when Eggwina Curry took the yolk out of the industry a few years ago.

However the Chippenham Wheelers staff (not a chip in sight!) listened attentively to his argument and after eggchanging words decided that the egg priced at a quid was a little eggstravagant. He eggreed to a lower price for the egg, and they gave him a big black marker pen to alter the menu on the wall.

Dave Hudson..



It's rumoured that if Ian Emmerson loses his job as president of the British Cycling Federation he could be out on the Doyle!

### The King Cycle Test.

#### HOW HARD CAN YOU GO?

We have all heard about West Sussex Institute of Higher Education and the pioneering work carried out in developing modern training techniques for cyclists. I think even Nick Lelliott has been and endured a Kingcycle test.

Well now, it was my turn to have a go. Three visits in a week, first a blood lactate profile then a max power test both whilst sampling the oxygen consumption and carbon dioxide production during the tests. Simple really.

Monday slightly apprehensive but keen to impress, weighed measured and ready to go I found the blood lactate profile test fairly straightforward. Ride to a set output on the Kingcycle for a few minutes, then the hard part - a sharp stab in the finger and a blood sample.

Then repeat it at an increased effort. Twenty or so minutes later the test is over. Time for a cool down and recovery.

Now the hard part a max power test. Again it's easy, just follow a moving target on the VDU by increasing your speed to keep the cursor in the target zone. Not even any blood to give.

Active support from Danny Wood the post-graduate researcher conducting the test ensured the test was not a honeymoon. Confident that I had experienced a near-death experience I cooled down.

Tuesday and Thursday a day off Wednesday and Friday the same again was it worth all the effort? Yes with the results I will know my maximum heart-rate



power output, V02 lactate profile and OBLA (and so you should! - Don) Will it make me go any faster? No, unless I want to use the advice to train better and probably harder.

Want to know more? Ring Danny Wood on 01231-787911.

PS a Kingcycle is just a really flash turbo trainer that hurts like no other.

PPS Nick Lelliott still beat me on Sunday in the hardriders.

Jeremy Wootton.

It's rumoured that Paul Toppin, the first ever Worthing Excelsior Cycling Club Musical Chairs Champion, is proudly displaying the championship certificate next to his evening tens trophy. Using his extra weight (he asked me not to mention that) he held off all -comers in this first competition at the recent club dinner.

One surprise was to see Nick Lelliott go out at what might 'be called quarter-final stage, and didn't he go out. Not sure whether he missed the chair or it was whipped from under him, but he bore a mean expression as he came out from under the table.

We think the competition could be quite keen in '96!

Don - what about a set of rules? - no shutting down on another competitor if you are above the line, no switching, elbowing, butting or gouging, etc.....? John.

It's a thought John, but it would perhaps remove the spectator appeal..... Don.



## "Falling-off, Helpers and Lock-outs"

(extract of letter to SCA 12 hour 1995 event Secretary)

Dear Mr. Taylor,

I'm sorry to be so formal, but I don't remember your first name - one of the three things (they tell me) that happen after the age of 60yrs. is that you tend to lose your short term memory, ( I can't remember what the other two things are!).

Many thanks for the "tenacity" award in addition to the 3rd Vet on Standard; a nice touch and totally unexpected! I should point out that in addition to falling-off, losing skin, blood and my composure, I also punctured the front tyre and un-shipped my chain. Whilst spitting blood and feathers, cursing the potholes (that everyone else managed to miss!) and starting to refit my tyre and tube, an enthusiastic and helpful young man approached me. He turned out to be a non-competing 12 hr. rider, who on this day was feeding and supporting his father, who was some few minutes behind me. He kindly refitted my tyre and inflated it, whilst I consoled myself with two of your excellent honey sandwiches! After helping me to refit my chain, "my" helper saw me away safely with a cheery word of encouragement. All this occurred on the A27 about two-miles from Arundel travelling east. By now I was 15 mins. late for my first "date" with Pamela, my Wife, who had volunteered to feed me (bless her -she didn't know what she was in-for!) in my first 12 hours event. I clearly did not get off to a good start with her!

However things did improve and I gradually pulled back to my mid-schedule and mostly arrived at each feeding station on time. All went well upto the finish and the slow ride back to HQ. It must have been at this point that my brain went AWOL and switched to automatic pilot! Having put my bike on the bike carrier (on Pamela's car) and locked it up, we went for refreshments and I was treated to legs massage from Eric Bonner- absolutely wonderful! Eventually we went home for a shower, change and dinner. Pamela had agreed



to cook one of my favourite carbo-meals -Beef Stroganoff with loadsa-rice.

By now my blood-sugar level was falling again; I couldn't find the keys to the bike lock and the bike-carrier lock. I did find the spare key to the bike lock eventually but, no spare carrier lock key! By now I was making very little sense, so I was dispatched indoors to "tidy myself up", whilst Pamela drove back to HQ to search the premises! The rest I think you know,(Eric?). The next day, I hacksawed the lock from the bike carrier and bought a new one with two keys- one of which I put on Pamela's key-ring! It seems probable that I shall be expected to ride the SCA 12 hour again next year just to prove that I'm not always that feeble-minded.

I did meet again my earnest young helper at the finish HQ and was able to thank him for his generosity. Again, I do not remember his name but he does deserve my public "thank you".

Finally, my thanks go to everyone who turned out to help, feed and to cheer us all on, It really does make a difference when you see a friendly face and hear (sometimes I can't see!) an encouraging voice. My thanks go also to those of you involved in the planning and marshalling, -without you all, none of this would be possible.

Keith Gelder

Veterans' Best all-Rounder Championship 1995.  
Over 10, 25 and 50 miles.

1st	Don Lock	+ 5.103 mph
2nd	Richard Shipton	+ 4.119 mph
3rd	Ken Retallick	+ 3.917 mph
4th	Keith Gelder	+ 3.345 mph
5th	Peter Baird	+ 2.848 mph
6th	Eric Bonner	+ 2.408 mph
7th	Reg Searle	+ 1.940 mph
8th	Reg Searle (trike)	+ 1.500 mph

\*\*\*\*\*



Senior Best all-Rounder Championship 1995.  
Over 50 and 100 miles and 12 hours.

1st	Chris Bacon	21.686 mph
2nd	Peter Baird	20.868 mph
3rd	Keith Gelder	20.554 mph

*It's rumoured that Colin Miller, while working in the Toppin household, took a telephone message. Having no notepad he wrote it on their wall (which presumably needed decorating anyway).*

*He then forgot it until he was at home and had to ring up and ask them if they would read it to him!*

*The writing really is on the wall Col!*

Le Trophée d'Or and all that----

Le Trophée d'Or consists of a points competition covering a series of ten Randonnées held in France between early May and mid September. The first event ever, La Marmotte, was held in 1982 and still constitutes the toughest ride of them all. These events are open to all cyclists over the age of eighteen and you often find that the "winner" is an ex-pro road-race champion but who cares(?) the rides are great. There are standard times for each event according to the rider's age category. Within each **age and gender** category you can go for gold, silver or bronze awards depending upon the time you complete the ride in; points are awarded for your time/position. Prizes are also awarded to best-placed riders - usually cycling hardware (hubs, wheels, tyres, etc.)

The "Golden Trophy" is a points competition in which the rider's best nine rides count. The Brits are at a distinct disadvantage due to the amount of travelling involved but I



can thoroughly recommend the experience of riding in what amounts to a **reliability trial** par excellence. Each event is well marshalled Tour de France style -every road junction is marshalled and **riders have preference!** There is a following breakdown service, ambulances and one or two official refreshment/feeding stations as well as some un-official ones! Villages en-route tend to make a festival of the day and so the equivalent of the WI turn-out with their stalls of rustic refreshments and great fun is had by all!

Each of the ten events is classified according to the "degree of difficulty" ie. distance and total elevation. So once you have ridden one event, then you can assess what the others may be like. In 1995 I rode in the "Jacques Anquetil" (classification 1.00) held at Mennecy about 50 km. south-west of Paris and close to the forests around Fontainebleau. The course is 187 km. long with a total ascension of 1500 m. and passes through some pretty countryside. There are about twenty climbs, some a bit steep, but all involve less than 80 m. of climbing and if you want to check it out on the map, the main places we rode through were Milly la Foret, Saclas, Dourdan (refreshments), Champcueil and some pave at Beauvais! This was about one kilometre of very rough stuff -fortunately it was fairly dry and I was able to ride along the dusty edge where it was less hazardous!

We signed-on the day before the event and were given our number, a route card and a goody-bag. The start was at 7.30am. and I left the hotel at 6.30 to cycle the 10 km. to Mennecy. As I topped the short climb out of the village, I was confronted by the sun's purple orb, slowly rising through the mist above the flat plain. When I arrived, I was checked into my starting pen, which was allocated a range of numbers. It seems that if you have previous form, than you tend to be allocated a number which places you with riders who are of similar ability. To some extent, this makes



for a civilised and safe start. Although the organisers stress that it is not a race, it often feels a bit like one if you get caught-up in a fast moving bunch.

The start is a bit like the London Marathon - slow and noisy, but within a few minutes we were riding through the town packed with cheering spectators - yes even at 7.30am! At the top of every hill and in every village, there were encouraging spectators. The feeding station at Dourdan was well organised with a series of tables containing bread, croissants, fruit tarts, gateaux, fruit, crystallised fruit etc. Just help yourself, eat, fill your pockets, top-up your bottles and go when you're ready.

I had a really grand ride, the friendly rivalry is great (I even practised my French) and to know that not one car-horn will be sounded in anger, is a terrific bonus. I finished in 5 hr. 56 min. 54sec. (13th position in the over 60's), enough to get a gold award, so I was pretty pleased with my self. Overall, I was placed 633rd. out of a total of some 2000 riders - so how about some more Worthing Excelsior representation in 1996?

Keith (Gelder)

The Paris-Brest-Paris alternative.

*The thought of undertaking a ride such as the PBP was frightening, I never thought I could ride such a distance. Whenever Audax riders asked if I would ride a 1200 or longer I always had an excuse. In 1995 anyway the PBP date clashed with Worthing Excelsior's promotion, so I was safe for another year. However, plans would change.*

*Towards the end of 1994 I learned that Ken and Jane Wilkie from Wellington were intending to ride from Land's End to John o'Groats to celebrate their silver wedding anniversary. Knowing of past difficulties in arranging transport I suggested I park their Transit van at John o'Groats. "But how will you get home" they enquired. "I shall ride" I said!!*



During January maps were studied and distances measured. I found that my intended route totalled 757 miles, just over the 1200k. I thought the PBP boys and girls will be reeling the 1200k off in under 90 hours, how long will it take me? Holiday dates were booked. If I couldn't manage the ride in 90 hours I would actually have 135 hours available.

The Audax calendar provided training runs up to 600k, so I was as ready as I could be. However I have never ridden beyond 600k, so in true Audax fashion it was just a case of doubling it and hoping to survive. I met up with Jane and Ken at Ullapool for a couple of easy rides as they neared their destination to finely hone my knife-edge fitness. This was serious stuff.

On the "big day" the John o'Groats hotel was the perfect venue for a three-course meal, a pint of beer and a half bottle of wine. I was well aware of Velochio's words of advice "keep off the wine and tobacco whilst on a ride", but I still had a few hours to spare and the wine ensured that my afternoon snooze stretched to nearly three hours.

Surplus luggage had already been despatched with Royal Mail in Wick on that morning (would I be home before it arrived? surely not).



Several people around the Hotel enquired my route. Others asked whether I would be hostelling or B&B - I said "No, riding through the night", this prolonged the discussions so I found it easier to say "Yes, B&B (bus shelter and a bun!) But enough chatting with the tourists, I had places to go, miles to cover. The weather was warmish and dry but sadly the wind was blowing from the South. At 6.25 p.m. I was mobile.

First stop after a couple of hard hours. A cheese roll, a couple of cakes and a drink were transferred from saddle bag to tum!



Two more hours and I was descending into Helmsdale (54 miles). A welcome fish and chip shop provided a hamburger and two teas, the burger would have served better as a tyre patch, cor it was tough! I was feeling a little (well more than a little) down, as I sat outside the chippy I eyed a hotel at the end of the street, and thought how nice, I could pack here, and potter on tomorrow!

At Brora the drizzle started so on with the cape until around Tain. However, on the stretch down from Brora I had a drinks parcel to collect. The day before while driving from Ullapool I had deposited six cans under a gorse bush. I had brought a large supply.

I plodded on through the night. Being June and so far North it was not dark, and my vista light sufficed for the front. For the other nights my Daylites high power twin cateye lamps would shine the way South.

The Dornoch Firth bridge was eerie at night but saved the long detour via Bonar Bridge. More drink and food moved from saddle bag to tummy before crossing to the Black Isle at 3.30 a.m. Clearway for 114 miles was indicated as I climbed away from the Cromarty Firth. In another hour I was crossing the Kessock Bridge with views of Inverness on my right. Sadly the cape had to be donned again now as the Scottish skies decided I needed freshening up as the new day dawned.

I'm not riding all the way home in this I decided, if it's still the same in Edinburgh I'll call it a day. I had planned that the Little Chef at Tomatin (130 miles) would have provided breakfast but with an hour and twenty minutes to their 7 a.m. opening time I pressed on happy to be ahead of schedule.

Now though I had to go all the way to Newtonmore before finding something suitable and even then had to wait for opening at 9.30. The £ 3.70 breakfast did wonders, but I will never acquire a taste for black pudding. Tea was good though.

With traffic now increasing on the A.9 I followed the old road for a good part of the way to Perth.

The café adjoining the bus station scrambled a couple of eggs on toast for me, which powered me on towards the Forth Bridge. By the bridge my computer recorded that a third of the ride had been



covered - 400k in 23½ hours.

All thoughts of abandoning had passed with the improved weather and I was soon into Edinburgh. I thought "I've got this ride in the bag now" quite why I felt that then with about 750k to go I'm not sure, but it made me pedal swiftly.... for a while.

My intended route was via Peebles and Eskdale to Langholm and on to Carlisle: however a reconnaissance had shown neither cafe nor shelter, so I went via Biggar (in a bigger gear!) and descended into Abington at 1.30 in the morning. From my drive North I'd recalled a services just off the M.74 and whilst it was not a 24 hour cafeteria I knew the shop would provide an escape from the night and some refreshments.

The microwave was soon heating a large hot dog with onions, and this was washed down with hot chocolates. Now where could I get my head down for an hour or so? What about this, the disabled loo? I felt qualified after 31 hours on the road and the body-length-square cubicle, impeccably clean, seemed the perfect answer. My mitts provided a thin pillow and surely I could doze off here. Sadly it was not to be. I bravely opened the door and said "It's all yours" expecting to be run down by a wheelchair but it was a passenger from a National Express coach which had limped into the service area with mechanical problems. With over 40 people milling around I knew those few minutes would have to do for that night. I drank some more hot chocolate and headed South.

However, all was not bad, the headwind which had been an irritation since the start vanished and the forecasted Northerly wind assisted me on the Southward leg on the A.74. This road from Carlisle to Glasgow is now ideal for in the most part the M.74 has the traffic. I climbed the Beattock summit and checking my computer later reckoned the maximum speed, 53 m.p.h., would have been recorded on the descent that followed.

It became quite cold on this stretch (the fast descent?) and at Allandale I dived into the services. The tired Randonneur was soon working his way through a pot of tea. With hindsight this establishment would have provided the ideal place for a couple of hours sleep. However, I pushed on down the old A.74 via Lockerbie



and Gretna Green. I had planned to have breakfast at the 24 hour truckstop at Carlisle which I reached at 7.30. I was now about half way and had been on the road for 37½ hours.

The sheer size of my breakfast took my mind off the distance still to be covered. It was "seen off", washed down with two large mugs of coffee and it was time to get the pedals turning once more.

South on the A.6 towards Penrith I overtook a young lady accompanied by a van advertising that "Helen" was walking from John o'Groats to Land's End!! My ride didn't seem that epic at all! I had a sleep for an hour and half in a field along here and felt much better. I sped South pausing only at a garage for supplies from their cold cabinet. The long haul over Shap was covered with ease and then the long run down to Kendall. On via Lancaster and to Preston by now late afternoon and a stiff climb lay ahead via Belmont which was about 1,000 feet but oh what a lovely run down into Bolton and all the way into Manchester. The main road all along this stretch could not have been more traffic free and with the tail wind all was well.

From Southport I turned South to Adlington (now 8.45 p.m.) where I knew a Little Chef existed along with a comfortable Welcome Lodge. This was an important stage as around 800k, 2/3rds of the way had been covered. I had decided that if a room had been available I would have had it, blow the cost. However there was "no room at the inn", they were full. Oh well, into the Little Chef for a three-course meal and out onto the road again at 10 p.m. Had I seen another place in the area I would have tried but of course nothing.

On via Macclesfield to Leek (couldn't you wait? Ed.) I soon found a take-away here for pizza (obviously not! Ed.) and whilst my order was prepared I sipped a coffee. I ate four of the large slices and packed the other two away for later. My plan was the A523 to Ashbourne but I remembered a long climb from Waterhouse so decided to go via Wetley Rocks to Meir, but I am sure it was harder. The A.50 to Uttoxeter was much easier but now at 3 a.m. also a little misty and I was in need of warmth. A petrol station on the opposite carriage way meant lifting the bike over the barrier, but I managed, and was soon inside their small store. The microwave heated a



*burger and with a large hot chocolate I was soon feeling better.*

*I wondered could I grab some sleep here? Where I had slumped by the microwave to eat hadn't seemed to cause any concern from the chap at the cash till. So I switched off for a ½-hour and was not disturbed. On waking it was more hot chocolate before I slipped away into the imminent dawn at 4 a.m. Marchington Drayton in the Clay and Kings Bromley were familiar places encountered on other events! On via Lichfield and the A.446 towards Coleshill. Another call for sleep came along this stretch and a full two hours in a field went too quickly. Much revived and on to Coleshill and a café on an industrial estate provided another large breakfast.*

*I felt I was nearly home being on more local ground, but I still had a long way to go. Kenilworth, Royal Leamington Spa and on to Banbury. It was early afternoon and the temperatures were in the 80's again. I lost count of the litres of cold drink consumed on this ride but another one was downed here. Just north of Oxford another hour's kip would get me home. More liquid along with choc bars and a bag of brazils which I had carried from John o'Groats were all seen off here. I cleared Oxford by 7.30 p.m. with a determination not to be out on the road for a fourth full night.*

*I developed a good turn of speed, and kept the pedals turning well to Henley-on-Thames. At Wargrave I phoned home to report on my day's progress and said I would sneak in quietly during the night.*

*I rode into Twyford and was the last customer in the town's fish and chip shop, Scampi along with onion rings and what I'm sure were the entire contents of the chip cabinet, and tea of course. I felt I could ride all the way back to John o'Groats, well maybe not.*

*Had I stayed at the Welcome Lodge Wednesday night I would have re-charged my cat-eye front lamp battery, I had carried the small recharger for that purpose. As I rode the dark lanes to Bracknell, the lamp still shining brightly could it last a third night? I calculated that it could not have had less than eight hours use during Tuesday and Wednesday nights, how long before it faded? If used on the lower 2.4 watt broad beam ten hours on continuous is the maximum but I had also used the 10 watt "burn everyone else off the road" spot beam on occasions. A minor worry.... just ride on David.*



*From Bagshot to Guildford my Vistalight sufficed with the lit roads, but as I once more rode into the darkness shortly after midnight I hoped neither I nor the light would die before reaching Shoreham. From time to time there was a noticeable dimming of power but as I rode past Wiston Pond near Steyning the 1200k had been covered in 80 hours. Now only seven miles and I would be home, the light continued to dim slightly but lasted right to my shed door at 2.55 a.m. Friday morning. I am sure like me it hadn't much life left in it. A quick drink and a bath before slipping between the sheets.*

*My Royal Mail parcel arrived on Saturday!!! I had beaten it home.*

*The recovery was about a day longer than for a 600k event and I didn't resist any demands from my body to sleep. On the Sunday I went for a 40 mile morning ride with the C.T.C. In the afternoon the warmth of the front garden called and the deckchair soon contained a tired Randonneur snoozing.*

*My total sleep during the ride totalled six hours.*

*My daily mileages were;*

<i>Monday</i>	<i>70</i>
<i>Tuesday</i>	<i>232</i>
<i>Wednesday</i>	<i>238</i>
<i>Thursday</i>	<i>180</i>
<i>Friday</i>	<i>48</i>

*During the journey I spent £ 70.00 on food, would it have been cheaper to have included myself in the Royal Mail parcel?*

*Dave Hudson.*

*Please Make Contact.*

*Would Charlie Parsons, Peter Cox, Adrian Brown and Jonathon Ford-Dunn try to get to the clubroom, or contact Mel Robertson (see page one). We have medals, and cups, and plaques, that you won during 1995. January 23rd is the sale date - how about turning up then?*



### Clubman of the Year.

*The naming of Mel Robertson as our Clubman of the Year for 1995 was warmly received at the club's dinner and prize presentation. It was probably appreciated most by those of us who take part in the club's time-trial programme. We just turn up and ride, BUT....*

*Who has attended the meetings?*

*Who has notified the Police?*

*Who has completed the programme and liaised with the R.T.T.C.?*

*Who has been plagued with course alterations?*

*Who has dealt with requests for marshalls, organised warning signs and timekeepers, vainly sought marshalls and help with the teas?*

*Who just quietly gets on with it, despite the difficulties?*

*And who inevitably does the pushing off?*

*Answer - Mel Robertson*

*Now how about some real help from an assistant and how about volunteering to do some marshalling? If every member of the club agreed to do just one marshall duty per season, Mel's job would be a lot easier.*

*He keeps saying he would like to have a go at time-trialling again, and very useful he would be - so let's help him out, but thanks anyway Mel, and well done!*

### Dropped.

*A fast young rider called Wootton,  
Said "towing this four-up's a put-on"  
They went so blimmin' quick  
But they just didn't click,  
And shot out the back one Paul Toppin.*

*D.W. Lock  
Poet Laureaint.*



### Trivia Corner.

We are so lucky to live in this lovely county, not least because of the scenery and quiet leafy (lanes?), but also for the history that surrounds us. Almost every brick and tile can tell a story of its own in towns and villages from Chichester to Rye.

Some of the most interesting stories however come from less obvious features. Take the V-shaped plantation above the village of Streat - O.S. sheet 198, grid reference 348130, about a mile East of Ditchling Beacon. Look it up and you can see the shape quite clearly, view it from a couple of miles back and it really stands out.

To celebrate Queen Victoria's jubilee, the villagers of Streat decided to erect a lasting memorial. There had been a fashion at that time to mark prominent summits with plantations, such as Cissbury, Highdown and Babylon Down. This was not bold or specific enough though, so some bright spark came up with the idea of a plantation that would read "V.R." clearly for miles around.

The only problem being rivalry between two local land owners whose co-operation would be required. After some time a compromise was negotiated whereby one family would provide the land and the other family would stump up the saplings and labour.

Like all marriages made in hell it was destined not to last and only the "V" was to be planted before the two parties fell out.

Richard Cooley.



### Rollers.

No, not the normal turbo things that most of us use for additional training, but the real McCoy. A set of four competition rollers, cable connected to a "distance covered" clock, total cost in excess of 3,000 are being acquired by Worthing Excelsior with the aid of a 50% grant from the Worthing Civic Lottery. A sub-committee is likely to be set up to look after their use, storage, transport and finances. The committee see them as an aid to publicity opportunity and in due course some financial return, although this will probably be small.

Watch this space, and get up to your clubroom on Tuesdays to see what's happening in the Excel.

### Chapters, Marine Drive, Rottingdean.

There is a time and a place for everything in this life, and if you fancy a cuppa then don't tell Don Lock, because if you do! Well I chose to write about the rooms rather than risk detention on a Tuesday evening!

All of the local watering holes are well known, especially Beam Ends, my personal favourite. So when looking for somewhere a little further afield to interest readers of this excellent magazine (grovel!) I was fortunate to stumble upon Chapters.

It's on the right as you climb up the hill heading East from the traffic lights. It nestles behind the railings, perfect for locking your bike to. It's also between a wedding shop and a funeral parlour - life's brief interlude, perhaps?

James and Caroline are the proud new owners and try very hard to make your visit pleasurable, packing tables together to accommodate large parties, and parking coats and jackets. It is a little unusual these days to see a chef in his whites holding chairs and fussing over his clients, it is also refreshing.

As to the food. When the chef pulls up a chair and discusses the meal ahead of you then you won't be disappointed. We weren't. A group of seven with an age range spanning forty years turning up for



*lunch at 3 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon didn't present any problems.*

*I shan't go over the meal since this is supposed to be about tea rooms, and that is the other half of their business.*

*"Cyclists?" I asked, dangling the carrot of a write-up in the club magazine. "Yes, we get a few, we like them, they quickly become regulars and that's what we need, besides, they usually sit in the window to keep an eye on their bikes".*

*I bet they get through a fair bit of James' cake too. shame, I'm supposed to be on a diet... well, sort of.*

*Richard Cooley.*

The Pulborough Circuit.

Our Pressy knew a good circuit,  
He said with a sinister laugh,  
He had no intention to ride it,  
Just checked it on his Club's behalf.

His admission - "It was a bit sporty",  
Was a fib, a falsehood, a lie,  
It was horrible, agony, murder,  
And it caused several riders to die.

But he "did it by car" was off centre,  
You know why he twice failed to enter.

Did you know?

*.....that whilst your bicycle is a vehicle in English law, North of the border it is an aid to pedestrianism, but nobody seems to have told Graeme Obree!*

*.....that for years after "being drunk on a bicycle" became an offence nobody was successfully prosecuted? It wasn't the professionalism of the legal boys though - defendants successfully pleaded that if they were drunk they couldn't cycle!*

*.....that cycling increases your life expectancy! Dutch*



research reported in this country by the B.M.A., compares life years lost in accidents against life expectancy of people cycling more than 16km per week against non-cyclists. The bottom line - nearly an extra two years of active life!

Richard Cooley.

Just a short spin.

(After John o'Groats - Shoreham)

(Shoreham - Land's End and Back).

Left Thursday afternoon (20th July) - extremely hot - felt good - rode well. Stopped Fareham (nice seat I know) average 19.5 m.p.h. Refreshed - Southampton - milkstop - tail wind - going well. New Forest wind changes round - against to Bodmin. Drinks near Burley - more beyond Ringwood - yet more near Wimborne. Cooler now, Charmouth 11 p.m. - arm warmers and thin jacket. Left turn via Lyme Regis. Hillier than I remembered - walked three - Exeter services 3 a.m. Bangers beans chips and tea. Doze 1½ hours.

Old A30 - new A30 - drizzle 1 hour cape on. Launceston in search of breakfast. Old lady - ex-cyclist, 3-speed Sunbeam! - directs me to best café in town. On over Bodmin Moor - tyre blew out - 2inch rip - move from back to front - minimum pressure - got me to Bodmin. New tyre -back on A30 - eventually - wrong road - extra miles. Wind now astern - progress improving but 24-hour schedule is discarded. First 100 O.K. but hills heat and blow-out put me back. Out of Penzance - down to Sennen just short of Land's End. Hotel - shower - meal washed down with beer and wine - slept like a log.

Saturday - pottered round coast. Hayle pub lunch - Portreath afternoon tea. Newquay B&B. Only 53 miles and Sunday - taking it easy - 73 to B&B at Bideford.

Monday - down to Wellington - visit ex W.E.C.C. man Bob Crow.

Tuesday - left 7 a.m.. Lovely start - excellent breakfast - Yeovil. The "Desperate Dan Special"! Heat getting intense - North East wind not welcome. Stopped at Shaftesbury - large measure of liquid. Wind never died ..... I did.



*Arrived home - 159 miles - 5½ days - 640 total.*

## **I'M AUKHAUSTED**

*Dave Hudson*

### **Support your Clubroom.**

***Try and look in on Tuesday evenings if you can. It is the best way to keep in touch.***

***Distribution of magazines, runs lists, and other information, is made much easier. Just look in for a coffee and go, if you can't spare more time.***

***So many of you never seem to look in at all, and as the man says, "it's good to talk". Some of you we only see on summer Thursday evenings.***



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