

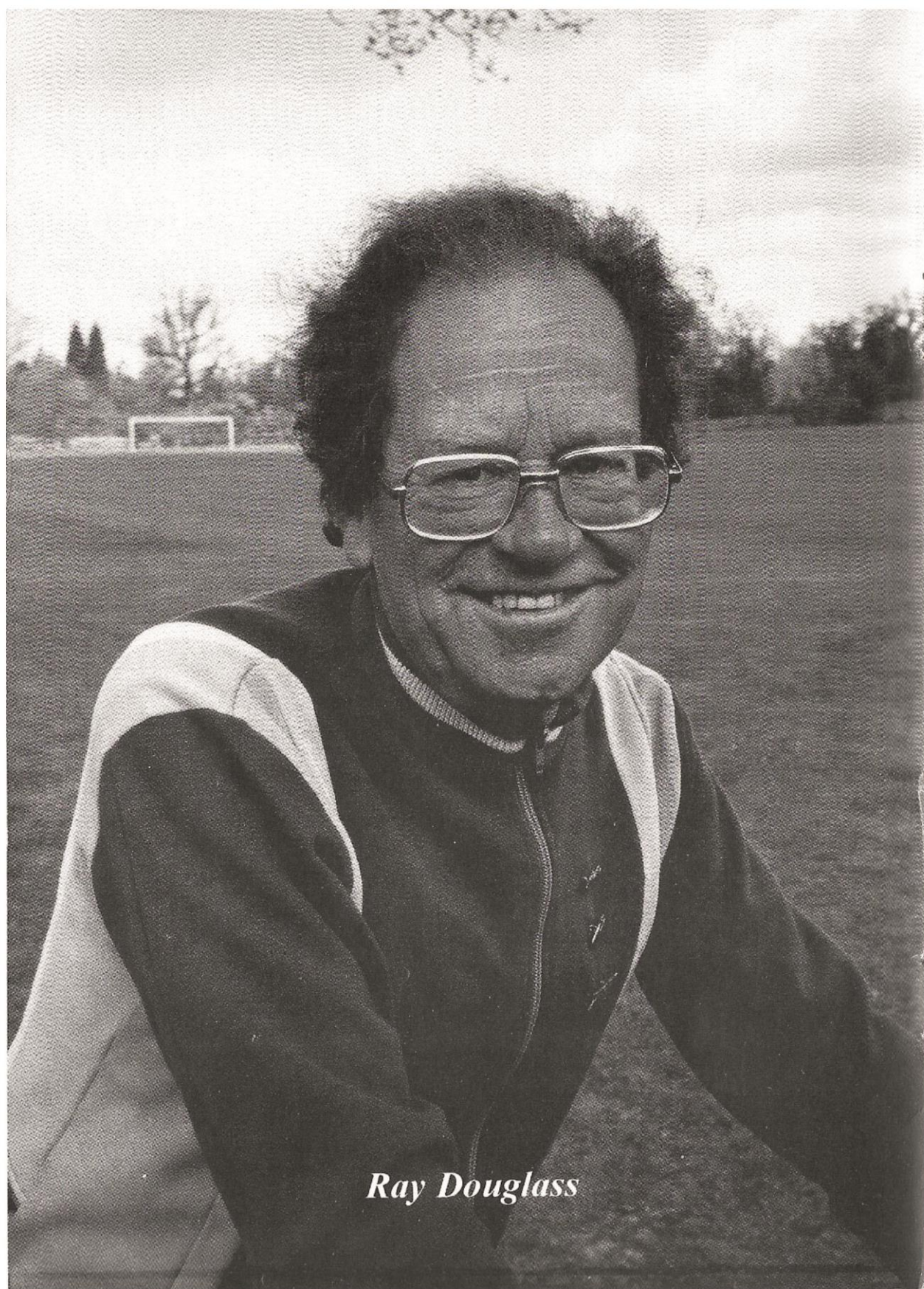
THE WORTHING WHEEL



**MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR
CYCLING CLUB**

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Ray Douglass

Spring 1996=====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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Ray Douglass.

When Ray died on January 23rd 1996, in the Royal Sussex County Hospital in Brighton, the shock waves and feelings of deep sadness swept across the cycling world of Sussex and Surrey, and into Hampshire and Kent, but nowhere was the loss more keenly felt than in his club, the Worthing Excelsior. Everyone knew Ray, a truly gentle and kind man, warm hearted and devoted to cycling.

Ray started cycling only in his late twenties, and died at the age of 69. All of these years he spent as a member of the Worthing club, and at the time of its Centenary celebrations in 1987 he was President. He served in practically every office and was a tireless and willing worker to the very end. Treasurer, Secretary, Timekeeper, Handicapper and the more mundane jobs like taking his turn on the canteen rota and delivering club magazines, all these he willingly and conscientiously carried out.

In his younger racing days he had found the longer distances suited him best. 5 times he was Club 100 mile champion, and 5 times the 12 hour champion. He also successfully completed several 24 hour rides of nearly 400 miles.

He served for many years on the London South District Committee of the Road Time Trials Council with special responsibilities for courses and their measurement. He was in fact involved in course measurement only the day prior to his emergency admission to hospital.

In recent years the Sussex Cyclists Association made him a life member for his services. Once again he did several jobs including Treasurer, and for many years he promoted the 12 hour championship.

A member of the Veterans' Time Trials Association, the Pedal Club, the Fellowship of Kent and Sussex Cyclists, the Forty Plus, the Twenty Four Hour Fellowship and the 300,000 mile club... to name but a few.

Ray maintained his diary and his mileage records to the last. The latter showed a final 435,097 miles, a prodigious total on its own, and the more so when set against a background of unstinting service to others and to his family. Few may know that he looked after his

mother for many years, and after her death nursed his brother through a terminal illness. Perhaps his one failing was in looking after himself.

We who have known Ray count it a privilege and are the poorer at his passing. He will not be forgotten, but greatly missed

Don

Over 200 people were present at Ray's funeral at Worthing Crematorium.

Nearly 250 people have now signed the book of Remembrance and signatures are still being added. It is intended that the book will be completed with newspaper cuttings, written tributes and photographs and will remain with the club as a permanent record of a fondly remembered club -mate.

More than 150 attended the "Great Club Tea" at Washington Village Hall after the funeral service, and so many reunions took place and so happy was the atmosphere that Ray would have loved it, although he would not have understood why such a fuss should be made.... we can imagine him asking - "what a turn-out , has Chris Boardman turned up?".

This "Tea" is going to be repeated on a Sunday in early February each year and it is planned to invite all those who came this last February, and all others who would wish to remember him.

Don

Worthing Excelsior Wins its first National Trophy.

Audax U.K. annually present the "Club Organisers" Trophy, and it was both fortunate and fitting that Dave Hudson should have been at the Annual Lunch and Prize Presentation held in Stratford upon Avon at the end of November, for he was unaware of the reward and its destination for the '95 season.

Called upon to accept the tall and handsome trophy on behalf of the

Worthing Excelsior was an honour, but one richly deserved. We should have been there to applaud.

The trophy is awarded on a points basis, calculated simply by the award of one point for every 100km of completed ride. If a club promotes for example a 200km event and there are 75 successful rides, then it scores 150 points.

Dave put on a 200km in February, a 300 at Easter and a 100 and 200 in August. Successful rides in these four events amassed over 500 points, and Worthing Excelsior c.C. were untouchable.

Well done Dave! Is there something special about wubble u's? We note that Weaver Valley C.C. won the trophy eight times in the previous ten years.

The trophy as a matter of interest was originally won in the Bordeaux-Paris.

Don.

The Club Dinner "95".

Don has asked me to contribute a page on the club dinner, so here goes:-

Readers of the Worthing Wheel will know that in recent years the Dinner and Prize Presentation - the social event of the year, has been losing favour. Numbers attending have fallen off from a peak of around 130 in the 1980's to 45 last year. Of course, club membership has fallen too, from around 200 to the present 100. What was to be done to revitalise the function? Various ideas were aired, and in 1994 a cold buffet was chosen, along with a departure from the formal table arrangement. The Disco was still the after dinner entertainment, although voices were heard condemning the noise level.

So, for the '95 "DO", the committee decided to heed the anti-disco lobby, so we were without music of any kind for the first time in anyone's memory. Some special efforts must have been made to improve on last year's poor attendance, because 80 sat down to dine, a big improvement. It was nice to see club members and wives who have not attended our dinner for a year or two.

Our guest was cycling journalist David Taylor, who recounted some experiences of major cycling events, including the world hour attempts by Graeme Obree. Club member Gavin Bayliss replied. The time between the end of the Prize Presentation and midnight was usefully occupied with chatting and drinking, plus a few party games - with prizes - thought up and supervised by Don. I thought this was a good substitute for the disco, and could well be repeated next time. In the last Winter number of the W.W. Angela wrote "Do members really want a dinner, or am I wasting my time?" I feel sure that her efforts this year could not be considered a waste of time. Anyway thanks to Angela and to Don for making all arrangements. The raffle produced over £ 100, and thanks are due to all who bought tickets and brought in prizes - a good selection was on the table. A note on costs - it is in our own interests to keep the ticket price as low as possible, but this year the £ 12 per head was heavily subsidised by the club. Something to think about next year.

To conclude on a personal note. I am not too supportive of the informal table arrangement which we have had for the past two years. The usual way, with a top table, helps to keep the assembly more 'together', also it gives the guest speaker a better view of his audience. Two years ago, Don was lamenting the lack of cross toasting, and it does seem that this old established feature of cycling club dinners has more or less disappeared, but I felt this year that even if you had had a toast to make, its impact would have been rather lost around the scattered tables. Finally, good as the cold buffet was, I think a nice hot meal, served by the staff, sets the seal on an evening out.

These views are those of an 'old timer' (or traditionalist, as Don has said) and probably not representative of the membership!

Roger Smallman.

Ron Mills.

Vice-President Ron died on the 5th February, aged just 71 years. He died suddenly and we offer our deepest sympathy to his wife Joan.

Ron ran two bike shops in Worthing, in Chapel Road and in George V Avenue, and his self-coined title of "Cycleologist" was a business masterstroke, for everybody knew that that was Ron Mills.

He was always enthusiastic about cycling and encouraged many youngsters to join the Worthing Excelsior. For many years until his retirement he generously sponsored our open 25 mile time-trial, and took the opportunity to come out and support the promotion whenever possible.

I was with Ron only a short while before he died, I was telling him about Ray Douglass being seriously ill. He had known Ray well and expressed his sorrow. He was keeping fit he told me. He was still riding his heavy roadster for about ten miles or an hour a day. It was therefore even more of a shock to hear so soon after of his sudden death.

He was a fine gentleman of the cycle trade. He believed so genuinely in the benefits to be gained from the sport and leisure that the bicycle provided that he had no need for the hard sell. He will be sadly missed.

Don.

A Christmas-cracker riddle!

Q. *What's the difference, in winter, between the Mag and the Members.*

A. *One gets thin, while the others get fat.*

Could you print my contribution to help redress the balance? Please?

We enjoyed the dinner, thank you for your hard work.

Nick.

A Hair of the Indurain.

I was talking to myself as the Spaniard passed by me - going on his big ring - "Could Hitler", I said, "Really have been the only person never to have had at least one decent idea?" - "And if so, what had been his best attempt at one?"

One sees few people cycling along the gyrose mountain road from Malaga to Ronda in Spanish Andalucia from the Costa del Sol into rural Spain.

"The Costas" ribbon Andalusia like convoluted lace on a flamenco dress. All the concrete dropped, perhaps in error, has now set, and with arteries full of Spanish beer, it is indifferent to indignation.

Competition here is fierce - the Bar-keepers and Hatchers, the Table-Wipers and Taxi-drivers, the Hashish Sellers and the Sauna Hostesses - to survive here you need to be good - or cheap.

Inland I rode, and uphill, to the whitewashed villages around Ronda. So hot and sickly in summer, they "zizz", like a bag of dry fresh pop-corn - but cooler in December.

The Spaniard was pushing hard to distance himself from the "loco" English - I shouted after him "Does a new regulatory body for the cycle industry really have to be called "OFFBIKE"? What do you think, you bloody Miguel? - the mountain answered for him, with an echo. He had very nice hair, the kind of hair I had always wanted - thick and black and faintly waved, like a boot-blackened Brillo pad.

Indurain has hair like that.

My hair is falling out. I had not realised how much I was losing, until I found some this summer, woven into an abandoned birds' nest. There it was, speckled with the pink emulsion we used in the kitchen.

I tried to keep up with him. I had a tactile urge to lay my hand upon his head, to feel his hair, the same inquisitive desire one has to touch the thick velvety ears of a donkey, or plunge one's hand into a sack of barley-grains and feel the millions of tiny cool beads.

I remembered he was Spanish, and would not have liked that.

Anyway, I could not catch him.

With tired legs, after 150km of mountain passes with names like Gate of the Bees, Chimney Mountain and Throat of the Stream, I needed to tell the Costa-bound Glaswegians back at the hotel about Bagpipes Gorge.

They were obsessed with how many "Piss-eaters" they were getting to the "POOND", and a small "Jock" told me my new £ 70 (before discount) Sidi Genius II shoes from the Bike Store were the same colour as his pet parrot back in Glasgow.

Next day I saw in a newspaper a picture of Indurain with King Juan Carlos of Spain, presenting the king with a yellow jersey. The King was wearing ordinary shoes, but Indurain had a couple of Toucans on his feet, like mine - and a lovely head of black Brillo-pad hair! The King's head was looking seriously over-grazed, but no-one was laughing at his shoes, or his hair.

If the white villages are the cradle, then Ronda is the birthplace of bullfighting, and the death place of many bulls. It is a sort of birth and death place, really.

Postcards call it Picturesque.

It does not try to be anything - it is what it is -

pleasantly foetid, a mixture of mule dung and red wine and old blood and whitewashed walls - but take me to any beauty spot and I see the fag-end in the gutter before I see the view.

On Sunday evenings the Spanish perform what they call 'Dar a Pasear'. This involves putting on one's best clothes, hanging as much gold as one can afford from one's extremities, then parading deliberately but with an assumed air of nonchalance up and down a designated stretch of pavement - known as a Paseo.

Even the tiniest village will have one, hewn from the mountain side. A Paseo has seats so that the admirers can admire the admirable, and can in their turn be admired. If a senorita with legs that swing straight from the hip passes by, she probably expects spontaneous comments from the men. "Guapa" is a favourite one, it means beautiful. All this seems very strange to us English, who usually wait until the obituary column to say all the nice things we should have said while the recipient could still hear them.

Next time when you catch a nice girl in a twenty-five -

Abandon all that new man stuff - lead the backlash

Don't say "Dig em in", say "Guapa" - it means beautiful.

One of the Glaswegians found 'Dar a Pasear' an irresistible opportunity. As every person passed by he asked; "Could you spare twenty Piss-eaters Por Favor?" He got no money, but his wife laughed and loved him for it.

The biggest difference between Spain and England, in my opinion, is not the weather or the food, or the fact that we cannot grow olives - or the Armada - it is the number of deceased dogs by the roadside: not run over, just dumped, somewhere on the mountain.

In a week I saw perhaps fifty and did not notice hundreds of others. I believe in Spain they operate a canine equivalent of burial at sea - "Perro" is shot from under a white sheet and out of the car window at 100kph. Poor Perro, he died as he lived, in a 40 gallon oil drum, on the end of a chain, barking at cyclists.

It has been years since I BONKED properly, with the chilled sweats and the subliminal desperation. Years ago with tissue-paper skin I BONKED quite regularly. Thirty miles from home with no money, I used to visualise Pork Pies. Never anything else.

Then I developed a layer of subcutaneous insulation which if I rode within myself, would last almost indefinitely.

Now I think about Señoritas fresh or sautéed, I don't mind.

However, the 1,200metre Windy Pass will not submit to leisure riding, and I hit the wall in a big way. I had almost forgotten how good it can be.

Two hours before I had eaten some bread rolls which had been liberated, along with jam, from the Hotel dining room - it was the tone of the notice which made me do it, really.

"KINDLY REQUESTED NOT TO REMOVE FOOD" would have got my immediate compliance. "NOT ALLOWED" was simply a challenge - persuasive things, words.....

I imagined myself a purloining James Garner in the film "Great Escape", and "snuck" out four rolls right under their noses.

"Sure, I can manage a bull-fighting kit!"

"How long do you want the horns on the bull?"

I sat on one of those oblong stone blocks which separate descending travellers from a near-certain death over the edge. Hundreds of feet below the rubbish tip of the village of El Burgo smouldered. The Spanish dump a lot of rubbish, particularly in places of outstanding natural beauty. I have never, ever, dropped litter, and I wondered what it would feel like. There was absolute silence and nobody about - I felt bold and excited. I took the small tray which had contained the jam, and tremulously tossed it into the void. It wedged in some scrub a few feet down. The little cellophane lid fluttered like a Tibetan prayer flag.

I do not usually buy bottled water. The water for the hotels along the coast comes from springs in the High Sierras and I always trust it. However, I discovered that our supply ran directly beneath a bar, run by JUAN THE TRANSVESTITE BARMAN, and had by that association become polluted.

Poor Juan stood alone every night, behind his bar, and sang flamenco songs very loudly, dressed in flamenco drag. The transformation of gender was almost perfect, except for a lovely head of Long Black Brillo-pad Hair.

Nobody ever went into the bar, because they were all too scared. I taunted him and struck a sort of "Hey Toro" pose - just far enough away, so that I could run for it. Juan beckoned wildly, and turned up the volume on his accompaniment.

That was why I bought the large plastic bottle of mineral water, which I now planned to dispose of, over the edge. It lodged in the same piece of scrub and winked at me with reflected sunlight.

When he was asked how it had felt to be in the Yellow Jersey, Sean Yates said it "Felt Good".

*We are both from Sussex
I throw plastic bottles over gorges.
He wears yellow jerseys.
He is just a bit more distilled and focused than me, that's all.*

I climbed back on the bike: I might come back one day and see if my

bottle is still there. I BONKED on the Pinto Yunquera at 1,200metres. The chilled sweats began and the mountain began to intimidate me. I rather like being scared, lots of people do - that's why ghost trains are so popular - well, I like them, anyway.

I played little games to keep going, while a wood-louse pulled out to overtake. This lovely mountain was, in truth, a peasant's back garden. Round the next hairpin would be a hovel and a Spaniard with a lovely head of hair and a little round wife would give me bread and red wine and refuse all payment. But there never was.

Down in the next valley I picked up two windfall oranges under a tree. I got hold of another but could not pull my clenched fist back through the chain-link fence. I let go.

I scooted round the next bend, peeled the oranges and ate them

Then I ate the peel, even the green bit with the penicillin mould.

A flattened toad had been turned into parchment by successive wheels - there is nourishment everywhere if one knows where to look, I thought. I could happily live like this for months.

I sang as I went along, an Al Jolson song "Mammy", - "any Pork Pies?".

Dave Hudson invented the verb "to renourish", a masterstroke, borne I suspect from a lifetime of flirting with low blood sugar - in Ronda I did his word proud.

It was late when I got back to the Costa.

Juan had been at it alone for some time. I rolled slowly past, close to the door. The grime from eleven hours in the saddle gave me confidence. He started towards me, snapping his fingers and tossing his head of Brillo-pad Hair. "You've got hair just like Miguel Indurain", I said. Juan pouted. Experience told him I was after something, but he could not yet work out what it was.

Nick Lelliott.

George Wall.

It was a great shock to learn that George had died of a heart attack on the morning of Sunday the 11th February. We offer our sincere condolences to his wife Linda and to his family, who must be devastated. _He was, that very morning, ready with his family to go up to Capel to provide the mid-distance refreshments and check in our reliability trial.

George was only in his forties and was an amazing long-distance rider. He tackled enormous distances, like from here to the Costa Brava and back! He was never a "fast man", and when he did ride a few of the evening tens he would joke about the speed of service in the café in Buncton village.

Some will remember a 400k Audax based on Truro in Cornwall. We had travelled down by van - George had ridden down. Throughout the event, day and night, we would catch up with George, call out and speed on, our hare to his tortoise, but we were still "catching" him as we covered the final kilometres. Then, as we packed everything into the van, George rode by, called out "cheerio", and started his ride home.

It was after this that he joined the club, and throughout his years of membership he was always a willing volunteer for marshalling, and the early hours of time-trials were not a problem to George.

His happy disposition and readiness to help will be much missed.

Don.

Increase the paperwork? (Oh! please No.)

Your delegates at the London South R.T.T.C. District Council meeting in Crawley back in November voted with the majority of those in attendance, to oppose the introduction of a levy on club and private time-trials. Most of those present felt that if funds had to be increased, then other simpler means must be found. It was generally not accepted that the R.T.T.C. finances warranted the proposal, and that the club event, which was the introduction to the sport of

youngsters, should not be made more costly or involve more paperwork and administration. The National Committee were even suggesting that club event secretaries should have to collect 10p from every rider and account for these monies every month!

An exercise which might well be labelled, "How to kill off the rest of your hardworking honorary officials without really trying."

So the London South delegates to the National Council A.G.M. at Peterborough at the beginning of December had a very clear mandate on this, and we are pleased to say that they found themselves voting with the majority. The National Committee will have to think of something administratively much simpler, but no doubt they will have some new ideas for us to consider in 12 months' time.

Don

Your assistant editor suggests;

1. All riders to be equipped with R.T.T.C. approved "Cateye" or similar computers.
2. All computers to be impounded by the T.T. Sec immediately after the end of each event, and retained in a secure store until being issued at the next club/open event.
3. Club T.T. sec to calculate the additional racing mileage accrued in the event, and multiply it by a factor of 0.0012873, (= my late Mum's birthday x the cube root of the speed of light in helium x the waist-band size of the T.T. Sec's Y fronts (metric of course).
4. Result to be entered against each rider's name in a table entitled "Provisional Accrued Time-Trial Mileage" (to be known as the "PRATT" table).
4. Tables to be maintained in triplicate, to be forwarded within 24hours of the end of the last club event of the season.
5. Tables to be subject to inspection by the R.T.T.C. PRATT Inspectorate without notice.

John.

The 1996 Reliability Trial - 11th February.

There was a very disappointing turn out on a day without snow, ice rain or frost. What better weather than dry and blustery can be expected in February? I think the days of the Reliability Trial are numbered, and would not consider it a worthwhile promotion in 1997.

Just nineteen entered and of these only six were prepared to tackle the 65 mile route, while only one, Eric Bonner, was prepared to go for the faster standard of 3 hours 50 minutes. Congratulations to him on getting home with a comfortable nine minutes to spare.

Congratulations also to Lesley Barrett, who had it seems no difficulty in staying with male companions Ken Retallick and Alan Matthews. They got round the long course in the second standard of 4 hours 30 minutes, and had ten minutes to spare for a cuppa at the finish.

Another lady, G. Clements, got round but was 15 minutes outside the limit and Mike Feesey took even longer - 4.54. Did he get lost again, or did he have six punctures?

The 38 mile route offered two standards but no one was interested in the faster, leaving 13 to get round in 2 hours 45 minutes. They all made it - just! Adrian Roberts and our Treas. Alan Langham had a few minutes in hand, but I'm wondering if the timekeeper's watch took a convenient "back pedal" round the 2.45 mark. Mike Kilby of Lewes, G. Parsons, and P. Major of Worthing Triathlon Club, D. Simmonds of Audax U.K., and the following club members; John Gilbert, Tony Palmer, John Lucas, Sheila Lucas, Marvin Lucas and Colin Miller, were all timed between 2.43 and 2.45! Knowing Tony he will probably expect to be complimented on a "well judged " and accurately paced ride!

Sorry that I wasn't there on the day to complete my promotional duties, but thanks to Mike Gibbs for stepping in. You see I had this pressing engagement in Majorca and just couldn't get away.

Thanks also to Roger and Jean Smallman and to Mike and Jane Mansell for their help with the check and refreshments.

Sadly there were no refreshments at Capel. By now you will know that George Wall who had intended to do it had died suddenly that very morning (see obituary in this issue).

Don

S.C.A.

We attended the Annual General Meeting of the Sussex Cyclists' Association and can report that the body seems fit and well. We were impressed by the work done by the Secretary George Taylor of Eastbourne Rovers, the same man who ran the 12 hour. The report of the Time Trials Secretary Mike Hayler of Brighton Mitre, yes, that's the one who promotes the 100, was most detailed and informative. The report and accounts prepared by the new Treasurer, Mike Marchant of G.S. Stella, were clearly detailed and satisfied both the auditor and the meeting.

If you want a job done well they say "ask a busy man". They are all involved with their own clubs and other aspects of cycling and they deserve our thanks for their efforts.

The association celebrates its 75th year in 1996 and the East Grinstead C.C. are going to run an open 4-up over a 60 kilometre circuit on behalf of the Association on the 19th May. Perhaps with the new open-ness we might even get a professional or "elite" team riding.

Eighteen clubs were affiliated to the S.C.A. during 1995. Nine events were promoted which attracted 590 riders. 74.2% of the rides were over distances of 25 miles or less, and only 25.8% at the 50, 100, or 12-hour.

The Tourists' Table.

Around the end of every year we get tables - senior ones, ladies' ones, veterans' ones, junior ones. There's Association ones and club ones - every year it seems there's more. Audax have tables for randonnées and now we have seen one for tourists.

Run by no less an august body than the Cyclists' Touring Club through their District Associations it provides a points awarding

system for a selected programme of rides published at the start of each year.

East and West surrey D.A.'s seem to do very well and it started me scanning the results for "Sussex" and I struck it first in 25th spot, where I recognised "Andy Seviour", and remembered him from the Isle of Wight run. I didn't think that one tested him overmuch.

Over the page I bumped into another I know - Dave Hudson of West Sussex - there can't be two. Turns up everywhere, our Dave. In this table, in 65th place, but let me just add, about 400 qualified.

Don't often find Dave in a table, he's more often behind one serving up goodies.

Don.

The following version of Brian Howe's account of his ride in the Paris-Brest-Paris is a mere shadow of the original, as we had to ask Brian's permission to savage it in order to get it into our little magazine. This issue takes you to Brest: the next gets you back to Paris.

I have read and enjoyed the full account, and so that you may have the same pleasure, have had two copies printed. These will be left by the notice board. Please return or pass on to another member when you have finished.

Don

Paris Brest Paris 1995.

At 10pm the first wave were set on their way. I was in the second which was released at 10:15 complete with motorcycle escort and to the cheers of a massed crowd of well wishers and supporters. As we streamed out of the Paris suburbs there were people gathered at every intersection waving, shouting, and generally offering their best wishes. We were ushered through red lights and traffic was halted as we negotiated roundabouts. Cars coming in the opposite direction would stop and their occupants get out to clap and cheer as we passed. Eventually we were on unlit roads and a motley crew of lights now showed themselves. Within 25 miles of leaving Paris 10% of the riders would now fail a bike check. Littering the roads were a mass of broken

lights, batteries, wire, adhesive tape and string. Some of the lighting systems certainly looked Heath Robinson though few lasted long enough to warrant even that accolade. I had managed to keep towards the front of our group and with 30 miles gone we began to catch the tail end of the 10:00 starters. After 50 miles there was a continuous stream of red lights ahead and white lights behind. Small groups began to form and good progress could be made by riding to the group ahead, resting a little, then forging on to the next. A little consternation resulted when two motorcycles stood blocking the road. Their riders, using flags and torches, directed us over a field on a very dusty gravel track. I hadn't realised we would be roughstuffing too.

As JB.Wadley had suggested in his account of the 1971 PBP, I was carrying a dynamo, (an AXA), with a battery lamp (Cateye) as backup for my front lighting system. The 3 watt AXA was excellent down hill and I received many words of admiration from the French who seemed to rely on torches wired precariously from various parts of their frames. The light from the AXA enabled me to descend rapidly where the French had to be more cautious because of their limited vision. Whilst descending a particularly long hill at about 35 mph with a group of German riders we passed several slower riders. One rider, a Frenchman, doing about 25 mph, seemed to irritate one of the Germans who drew alongside him and actually tried to elbow him off the road. There stream of riders was almost continuous at the time and this Frenchman lost control, zigzagged across the road, onto the loose gravel in the verge, and stopped, no doubt badly shaken. It was a very dangerous thing to do in such a massed group and I was shocked at what I had seen. I switched off my dynamo and the Germans went off ahead looking for someone else to light their path. I soon found however that whenever I put the dynamo on riders would pass me then cross in front and ride in my pool of light. This caused me to lose sight of the road and I had to move either to the left or right in order to see again. The rider ahead would also move and we would do this repeatedly as I strove to benefit from the energy I was using in driving the light whilst he to save his batteries. On several occasions, during high speed descents, I nearly went off the road when this happened.

I remember one town having a steep climb on very rough cobbles. More lights were lost by people around me and careful navigation was essential to avoid being blocked by those struggling on the cobbled incline. I later heard there had been an incident on these cobbles between a car and the riders. This driver, impatient with the slow progress of the massed cyclists, tried to force his way up the hill. Finding 3000 riders difficult to intimidate it seems he put his car in reverse and made a rapid descent. On reaching a corner he reversed into another car whose driver was attempting to park out of the way of the riders. It seems all hell let loose between the drivers. The Paris Brest

moved on leaving them to it. At the start I had looked somewhat conspicuous being one of very few who were wearing more than cycling shirt and shorts. I was wearing my usual arm and leg warmers (and my pertex windproofs were in the saddle bag) and although it felt a little too warm at 9pm by 2am they were much in need as it became very cold and remained that way until well after dawn. Several riders complemented me on my foresight saying they had only brought shorts and light cycling shirts and they were beginning to feel very cold.

With 141 km done I reached the first control at Mortagne Au Perche. I had forgotten to change my cycle computer to kilometres so my average, in continuous mode, showed 15.7 mph. This was a food only control and originally I had decided not to stop. However, a quick change of plans saw me off the bike, filling a water bottle, paying a quick visit, then taking a stroll around the control before getting back on the road having stopped for 30 minutes. I felt a little fresher and pushed on eating one half of a French baguette with ham which Sue had prepared for me earlier. An hour after dawn I arrived at the control in Villaines la Juhel. After having my card stamped I sat and ate the other half of the ham sandwich with two cups of coffee and an orange juice before setting off again having stopped for around 40 minutes. One of the main reasons for starting Paris Brest Paris was that I wanted to ride with the groups of French club riders. These riders, usually around six in number, seem unique among cyclists wearing their club jersey with pride and supporting each other in achieving a common goal. Sadly these French groups were not present. This mass of cyclists riding through the night were, like myself in some respect, very individual and they formed only lightly knit groups when the pace, terrain or hour dictated. When riding in one group, which contained a tandem, crewed by an English husband and wife team, and one other Englishman, Peter Hanson we climbed a fairly long steepish hill. I was slowly moving through the group but remained slightly behind a rider in green shorts who, riding at the same pace, kept just in front of me. By the time we got to the top of the hill we had left the group behind. I had by now realised the rider in green shorts was a girl and in my rather restricted French complimented her on her ability to climb. She smiled and we rode on. The terrain was now quite rolling and my new companion took the lead and for around 15 miles we seemed to ride at between 22 and 26 mph. She was a classy rider. Taking a low position on her bike she powered it with great effect. On the fast down hills she was right on my back wheel. We shared the lead throughout and she passed me as soon as my speed began to fall. She came alongside at one point and said in English as good as my French that I too could pedal very fast. I took this as a complement as I was now a little in awe at her style and power. We eventually caught another large group on a busy straight road and it seemed judicious to slow down a little and accept the safety offered by it. I was still

with the formation when it reached the control at Fougères. The food here, at least what I had, turned out to be rather dry and a lot of water had to be drunk to make it palatable. Whilst drinking my second bowl of tea I saw the girl in the green shorts heading for the door. The majority of the group we had arrived with were still seated but she had obviously rested enough and was setting off alone. I knew I could never catch her, she had too much of a head start, so I finished the tea, bought an Oringina, second of the day, then headed towards Tinténac alone, up the long climb, with the wind in my face, on the very busy D779.

Just after Romagne I was caught by a Danish rider who asked whether I would like to ride with him, sharing the lead, into Tinténac. Since Fougères there had been a slight head wind so I thought, as it was only about 50km, it wouldn't be too bad an idea. We caught an Australian, then a Frenchman, who spoke remarkably good English, and we rode, swapping the lead every 500 metres until we reached Vieux de Bretagne. I had not really wanted to ride the Paris Brest as a 4 up time trial so I said I was going to stop at one of the bars. The Dane said he would also stop but the other two rode on. It was now very hot, somewhere in the low 80's, and we sat in the shade each drinking an iced Oringina. Unusually this Dane spoke very good English but no French at all. So, for the first time in my life, I acted as interpreter. With the ice melted and the Oringina gone I said I was going to the toilet and then we would set off again but when I returned the Dane was gone. I rode to Tinténac alone as the temperature rose. Somehow I managed to miss the food signs around the control so I finished off the last of my ham sandwiches with an excellent cup of chocolate and another Oringina before heading for my bike after a stop of around 40 minutes. The Dane was also just leaving and I made my first mistake of the event by suggesting we ride to the Loudeac control together. Whilst drinking in the shade of the bar earlier he had extolled the virtues of his Viking ancestry. He told me how they were tough, durable, tenacious all-conquering super gods. Well that may be the case when it snows but under the heat of the sun in Western France he simply fell apart. Becherel is a beautiful town 10km from Tinténac. The Dane was already disassembling by then. He said he was in need of a coke. Not having eaten at the control I stopped at a patisserie for pain au chocolate, a pain au raisin and a coke. He wanted the same but failed to make himself understood. Not understanding the money he walked out leaving his 12 francs change. I called after him saying the French seem to willingly accept a small tip, if offered, but often view an unnecessarily large tip as, well almost, an insult. The attractive girl behind the counter said "your friend is frivolous", I said "he's not quite a friend but he is Danish." She seemed to understand. Outside the shop the Dane was really rattled, irritated even about the confusion over the change. He said he was not feeling too well because of the heat. After sitting for about 15 minutes he

said he was feeling better and joined a couple of riders as they passed. I could see the shape of things to come so I lingered a little longer until they had reached the top of the hill. Then I rode on alone. About 30 km later in St Meen Le Grand he was standing by the side of the road. "They were too fast for me" he said as he pulled in behind me. The heat was really getting to him now. Several times he said he was going to stop at the next town for a cold drink. I said I would have to carry on in order to stay on my schedule. He obviously wanted me to stop too because as I left each town he was still there behind me.

We stopped several times to accept water from people at the side of the road and for a long time at a mini-market when he drank a large bottle of water, ate an ice-cream and put his feet, shoes and all, into a bowl of water. He was really suffering when we left. He said he thought he had a touch of the sun and didn't know whether he could make it to Loudeac but he kept just behind me as I slowed the pace little by little. Four boys at the side of the road wanted to throw water on passing riders Tour De France style. Sadly everybody refused their offer. I thought "what the hell, go for it". "Come on boys douche douche". I shouted. They needed little prompting and I was hit by all four jugs of water and they cheered and jumped up and down.

It was cool and I dripped water from everywhere, but it didn't last long as the heat had dried me off again within about 5km. I kept filling and refilling my bottles from the people at the road side and tried to drink as much as possible, remembering an article which had appeared in an American magazine which said no matter how much you drink you cannot drink enough. I drank plenty but it was certainly not enough because I had not stopped for a "comfort break" all day. As well as offering refreshment, the people by the side of the road, especially the youngsters, would hold out their hands to receive a "high five" handshake so often seen at triathlon events. My best was seven hands in a line which included a young mother and her baby, two boys, two girls and a grandfather.

By the time we reached Loudeac the heat was beginning to get to me as well. I had been on the front most of the 90 km from Tinteniach. The Dane said he was going to try and find a bed. He doubted whether he would be continuing he felt too ill. He said he was going to be sick, maybe he really did have a touch of heat stroke. Many of the riders at the control said they too had been affected by it. Several were not to get any further and packed even before sleeping. My Danish companion wished me well and disappeared towards the couchage. I too felt a little sick and thought it better not to eat too much. Carhaix was only 50 miles away and I decided to consider my options when reaching that control. At Loudeac I decided to buy some fruit and a bottle of Badoit to sustain me to Carhaix. I selected a

peach, banana, orange but without doubt the best choice was a slice of melon. The lady at the till informed me that the cost was 15 francs then said there was a minimum charge, ??, of 25 francs. I couldn't believe it but I was in no state to argue so I paid and sat down. I peeled the peach, ate slowly but still felt a little delicate.

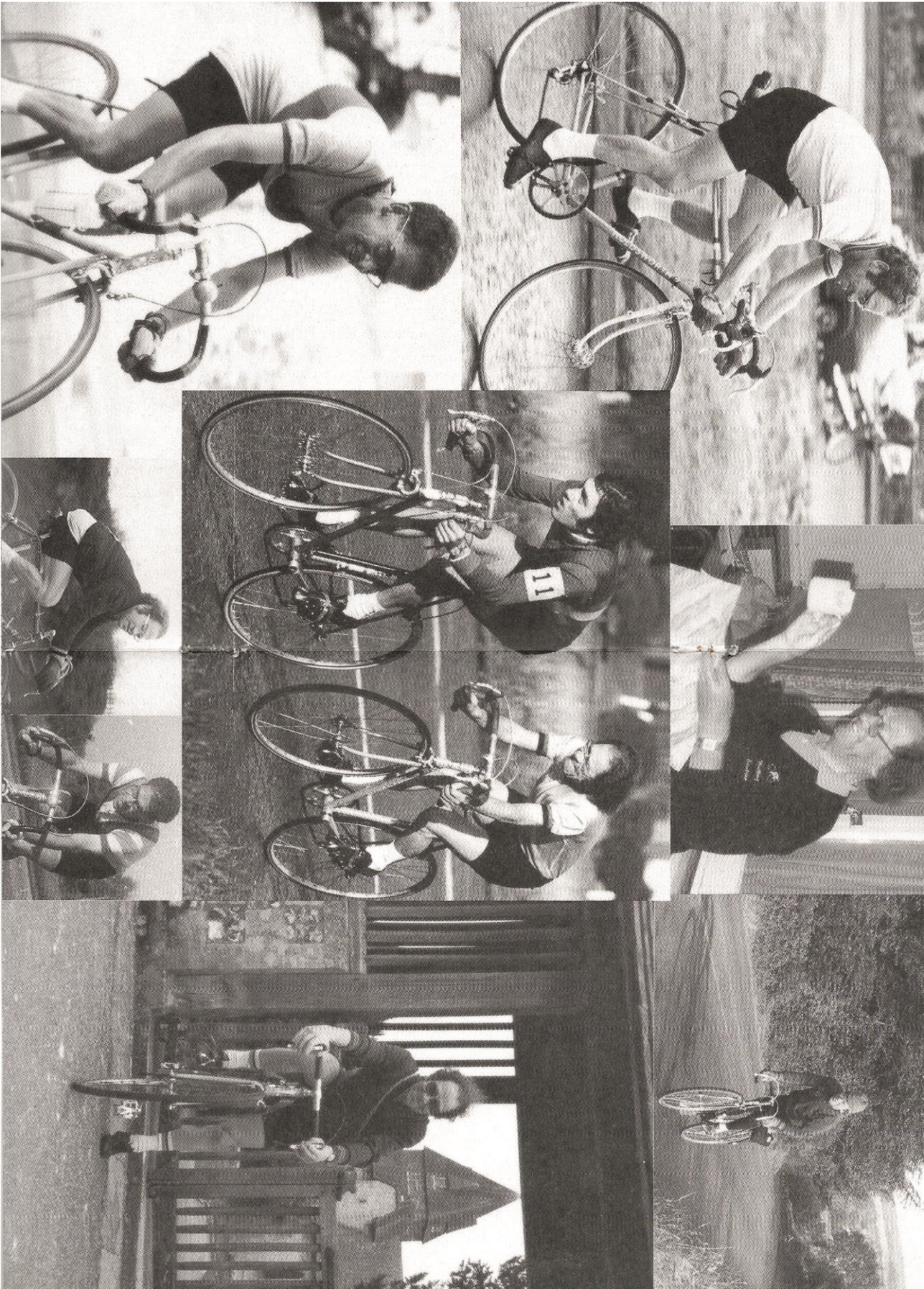
At 19:45 I was ready to leave. By the door a group of English riders were talking. They said they were leaving at 20:15 and were expecting to average 12 mph to Carhaix. Mistake number two, I asked if I could join them. My thinking was that it would be dark before reaching Carhaix and the extra lights would make the route finding easier. Also the 12 mph would be adequate in my present condition. In the end we didn't get away until almost 20:40 and initially the speed was very slow. I stopped to take off my wind shirt because it was too hot. The pace soon proved to be too slow and I was beginning to feel cold. I had been taking it very easy but was still ahead of the group who were out of sight. I stopped at a road junction and put on my reflective windshirt again. It was just beginning to get dark when Sheila Simpson stormed past in a small group. I wasn't certain whether this was the group I had set off with so I rode on. Within 10 km I caught Sheila who was now riding alone. We rode together talking for a short while before being joined by the group I had left Loudeac with. The pace had certainly quickened now but it was somewhat erratic. It was lead by two very strong riders who were on the front for most of the time. Little gaps appeared and I seemed to be continuously bridging them or taking short spells on the front as we rode down long straight stretches of unlit main roads. These arrow straight roads had been a feature for a great deal of the riding so far and in all honesty I was becoming bored with them. I have cycled in this area before and knew of many very attractive roads not too far away and thought it a bit of a waste of a holiday to be travelling through such anonymous countryside. Cycling 25 miles down a perfectly straight road feels like a long way. You simply do not seem to be getting any where. You would round a slight corner but the road would become dead straight again.

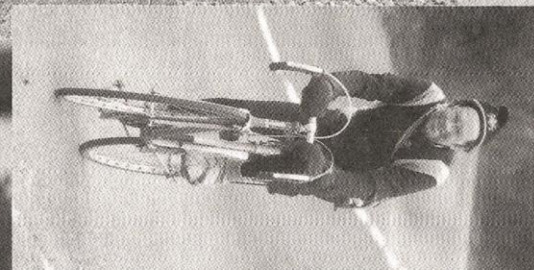
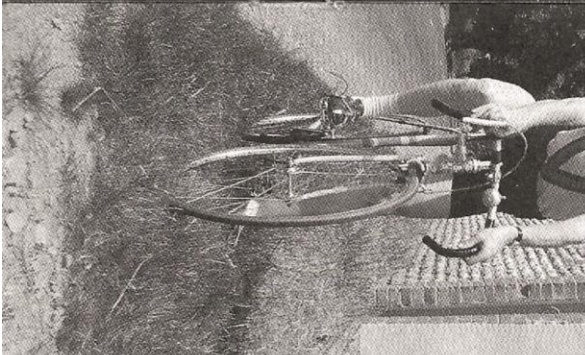
There might have been rolling hills but they were of little consolation on such fast tracks. By the time I reached Carhaix I had dropped off the back of the group and had become more than a little despondent. This I believe was a combination of the heat of the preceding day, the effect of the boring straight sections of road and no doubt I was beginning to get tired. It was 12:25 am, I had been on the road for 26 hours and had covered 517km / 323miles. My original intention had been to ride to Brest in about 30 hours then return to Carhaix before sleeping. I was certainly on schedule for this, even after wasting time, but my present despondent state suggested I should stop and sleep in the hope that my ambition would be freshened the next day. Sue was at the control but Shirley was in bed in the hotel just opposite. Finding out that there was a spare bed in their room I had a pot of

tea, a bath and went to bed around 1:15am where I was very soon asleep.

I awoke at 7am, had a shower and was on the road again at 8:30 after eating a jambon sandwich for breakfast. Before leaving I told Sue I would be sleeping again at Loudeac and asked her to book another hotel bed for me. The rest had done me good so I decided not to ride at night again and to sleep in hotels rather than the controls where, from what I was told, sound sleep seemed difficult to attain. I felt invigorated and decided to attack this section which had the reputation for being the hardest. A very long climb took the riders out of the town towards Col Trudon the highest point of the ride at 384m. Across the plateau on the top a secret control was located. My card was stamped and I indulged in two bowls of 5 franc soup, took a couple of photographs. The rain started as I rode off into the low cloud which had come down to put a chill in the air and make everything damp. With arm and leg warmers on I felt fine but noticed how cold other riders seem to be, especially as we descended. I rode to Brest alone having made the conscious decision to avoid group riding from now on. I felt happier at my own pace and with my own thoughts. The route was hilly but there was nothing really too difficult. On the 23 July I had ridden the BRA, Croix de Fer, Telegraph, Galibier. I spent the following week in the Alps with Sue where we rode Mont Ventoux, Alp D'Huez, Col D'Ornon and Col d'Izoard so these hills on Paris Brest Paris felt, and were, small by comparison. Never the less the hills were there and they had to be climbed and descended. On one notable descent, heading into a town, I turned a corner to find a group of people, old and young, men, boys, women and girls standing by two sleeping policeman which were about 100 metres apart. Unable to stop, or even slow down, I hit these at 42mph. Shouts of "bravo" and applause filled the air. I was part of something very big and it felt good. On the steepest, though short, climb, a family group lined the pavement. I was in my usual climbing mode, seated, turning a fairly low gear, concentrating on the road ahead and attempting to remain smooth to the top. Shouts of "bravo" and "courage" rang out and one boy who looked about 12 or maybe 14 years of age came trotting alongside me, and I feel as emotional now, as I did then, when he said, "Courage Monsieur this pain will be as nothing when you hold high your medal". Where he had heard this I do not know nor what prompted him but it convinced me that this is what Paris Brest Paris is about. All negative feelings left me, from that moment the Paris Brest Paris became easy, a joy and a pleasure. I thought if they can do that for me I can do this for them. Maybe one day that boy will ride Paris Brest Paris, I hope he does and I hope someone is there to offer such words of encouragement and support as those he gave to me.

The rain stopped as I descended into Brest. An attractive bridge crossed the estuary and I took a photograph but decided to stop again on the way out to





get a better shot with the hill in the background. The control was very busy but remembering my light breakfast I decided to use my full allocation of time and savour what was on offer. I had averaged 14.9 mph even though I had lost time lost at secret control. The sun was shining and I kept feeling better and better. The food at the control turned out to be the best of the trip. Crudities to start, chicken, rice and vegetables followed by rice milk pudding and a large, free, bottle of Badoit completed the meal. I was joined at the table by an Englishman and his companions. He had a very loud voice so I moved on and was joined by a quiet Frenchman and, when he left, by Noel Simpson. Noel had lost the pilot of his recumbent tandem and left his meal to locate him. Having found Pete Gifford he returned to the table just as I was leaving. My new found confidence had allowed me to feel more relaxed and I had lingered a little longer over the meal than planned. I had first admired the very attractive girl who took the meal tickets and occasionally cleared and wiped down the tables. I thought if she was a cyclist, as most of the helpers were, she would look very good in lycra. Though I must admit she certainly looked good in the dress she was wearing even though it was perhaps a little too revealing for the activities she was currently involved in. With lycra still in mind, a girl entered, carrying a tray, then returned to the counter for drinks. Lycra was invented for girls like this. She wore racing shoes, but you didn't need to look, the sound on the tiled floor gave away the secret. She entered the room as if on high heels. Men who wear racing shoes walk like a duck but here was a swan. Very chic, very statuesque, very — oh time to get on the bike again, more miles to do. Mustn't relax too much with the job only half done..... **to be continued.**

A Majorcan training camp for two.

The opportunity to join Vice-President John Mansell for 10 days cycling on an island in the sun in February was too good to miss. I could even put up with John for that long!

Mind you, I didn't realise I was going to be in charge of the kitchen. Boy! You should have seen that macaroni pudding. I think the last of it was used for plastering repairs! Well, all the instructions were in Spanish and beyond "Gracias" I'm, a bit weak in the lingo.

John has a mountain bike over there. He had changed the chunkies for smoothies and he had been training especially. I took a normal road bike with sprints and tubs but did change to a wider-range gear block. I had been warned of the mountains.

From John's flat at l'Arenal about 8 miles east of Palma we could

quickly make the countryside to the east and north, but west meant either a ride along the sea front, or an equally lengthy detour which involved crossing all the main arteries of the Island which shoot out from Palma. The sea-front route, certainly out of season, was favourite - no problem at all in riding along the prom. at 15 m.p.h., and very pleasant too.

John's horror stories of the change which this part of the Island undergoes in July, August and September with millions of sun worshippers had me mentally making notes about March and October. The rest of the Island is apparently not quite so badly affected, but the heat in those three months would not suit cycling, for me anyway.

We started with about 30 miles on the first afternoon, just to get used to the other side of the road, and picked up to 50-odd then 60-odd over the next couple of days. In these John introduced me to my first mountain passes - small I know compared with those of Keith Gelder's epic, but 5 to 6 kilometres of hairpin bends and riding at a steady 8-9 m.p.h. on a bottom of 44" was still quite educational for someone who would normally rather go round than have to climb up Bury!

On other days John's mountain bike would tire after about 60 miles and I would be instructed to push off and get the supper cooked.

He was also keen to see that my "winter training camp" intentions were not melted down. Twice he sent me off on longer jaunts: to Porto Cristo one day for a 93-mile total, and on another a 97-mile route along the north-west coast. This one contained several long and twisting climbs, but the scenery was superb, and it was the camera as much as anything that brought the average down to 15 m.p.h.

We were out there at the same time as the Tour of Majorca, but not wanting to get caught up in crowds or closed roads, we contented ourselves with watching it on the local T.V. channel in the evening. You didn't really have to understand what they were saying to know what was going on.

I went for a bash on the final morning and covered 54 miles to give me 700 in the ten full days. John did over 500 and actually

purchased five tubs while we were there which will be of no use on his mountain bikes. This reminds me that he still has a John Spooner road bike and I have promised to let him have a list of club events. The weather, by Majorcan standards was I suppose not very special. There was certainly one day when I got very wet, but generally it was sunny and temperatures hovered between 58 and 60, and after minus 3 seemed positively balmy. It was however quite windy at times and I'm told they had snow for the first time in two years just two days after our return.

In February there are three groups of people on the Island, there's the natives, the diesels, and there's the cyclists. I understand "diesels" is a local term for all the old folk that go out there to get away from the cold of their more Northerly European winters. I suppose that makes me a "Cycling Diesel"?

Don

The Pulborough Circuit.

Sixteen and a half miles is not very far but it can be very hard, and even on a comparatively calm and mild February morning this course provided a stern test of early-season fitness.

Following on from the cancelled Long Furlong event of the previous Sunday - cancelled because of flooded roads, riders were pleased to find it dry, although the muddy junction by the Welldiggers' Arms needed to be handled carefully.

Viewed from the lane as riders cut south towards Fittleworth with about 3 miles to go, Jeremy was clearly going fastest but he was still some 40 seconds behind Mathew Gould on the road and the handicapper clearly expected the two minutes starting gap to have been bridged by this stage. Gavin Baylis was trying hard as was Chris Bacon while Richard Bonner in his upright position looked as though he was still allowing the social season to settle. Jonathon Ford-Dunn made it all look comfortable, probably deceiving us with his adoption of lower gears.

There were a couple of non-starters and there was a report that Don

Lock was seen on the course, but Jeremy insists that it was just hallucination.

Mike Poland, Alan Stepney, Mel Robertson and Reg Searle officiated and Paul Toppin provided the teas.

1st	Jeremy Wootton	43.40	Scr.	43.40
2nd	Richard Bonner	45.03	Scr	45.03
	Mathew Gould	45.03	3.10	41.53
4th	Gavin Bayliss	45.36	2.00	43.36
5th	Chris Bacon	46.08	1.45	44.23
6th	Jonathon Ford-Dunn	51.55	6.30	45.25
P.T.T.	Dave Jenkins	57.22		

Jeremy was 1.25 slower than in 1995 but retained 1st place. Gavin went back from 2nd to 4th and slowed by 1.46. Only Mathew improved, from 4th to 2nd and faster by 1.48, and that's why he won the handicap award.

Course Measuring.

When we needed a new course, or road works, as so frequently in the past few years, meant a diversion had to be found, it was Ray Douglass who we would look to. As an official Road Time-Trials Council course measurer, he was called upon by us and other clubs, and he spent painstaking hours checking and rechecking so that we could ride our courses and try to break our own personal records.

What do we do now that Ray is no longer with us? The R.T.T.C. have others if it is true, but if they are not of this club and not of this area it is clearly going to be far more difficult to get things done quickly.

The good news is that, with only a tiny bit of arm twisting, Mike Gibbs has 'volunteered'. Well done Mike. He tells me that he's working on a new 25-mile course that's down-hill, wind-assisted.... and shorter.

Don.

Fluffit, Scratch & Bonk
Solicitors to the nobility
Fawdly Towers, High Street, Rustingtop, BN123C

Mr. D.Lock.
W.E.C.C.
The Parish Rooms,
Broadwater.

23 February 1996

Dear Sir,

With reference to your article " The Worthing Wheel "

We have been instructed by our client, Mr. Richard Cooley to write to you with regard to your unashamed character assassination in the above mentioned magazine (Hereinafter refered to as the organ).

Whilst writing we would remind you that the victim of your attentions is of thoroughly sound character, helping old ladies across the road (even if they don't want to), is especially nice to small furry animals (such as Mickey Poland) and even does the washing up. In his own words....

" I don't know what all the fuss is about! I saw this touring event advertised well 48 miles in 4 hours doesn't sound like racing, does it? So I thought I might spend a few hours with some of my chums in Escaland. Putting a few essential items in my old bar-bag you know the sort of thing, picnic hamper, puncture repair outfit, couple of dozen spanners, tow rope, John Le Carre novel, nothing excessive. I set off for East Hoathly.

When I got there however instead of the Swiss family Lucas and other sensible people I found a trio of headbangers, all wailing and gnashing their teeth. Lord Palmer had been due to lead the procession But he had the 'flu or a hangover or something. It seems that those remaining didn't have a map or route sheet between them. Well having come last two years running in the club Tourist Trophy, or because of my Tom Vernon-like appearance right down to the full touring kit, CTC mudguards and tractor tyres I was the obvious choice to lead the assembled mass. Only you can't lead from the back, well all I can say is that if they weren't in such a bloomin' hurry then they could have shared my picnic shame really because I bought that nice Winnie the pooh crockery set and that pretty blue gingham tablecloth. "

As you can see from my client's account of the events of the day that he is wracked with guilt and promises to do better next time, well it's either that or enter as a Crawley Wheeler!.

Yours Sincerely

A.Wally.

P.S. Do you know anyone who would like some stale cakes ?

Tourist Trial 1995.

This event is conducted in two parts, with the first episode being the ridden section held on a Tuesday evening in the summer, and the second episode taking place within the clubroom during October.

*Part 1. 27th June 1995. 18.30 hours.
Outside Broadwater Parish Rooms.*

Five members left from the clubroom to ride South and then left through Broadwater to continue to join the roundabout at Dominion Road, where North to the traffic lights at the A.27.

Right to Sompting Church, where North again over the Steyning Bostal Road to Steyning. A circuit of the village and return over the downs (via 1:6 incline) to continue South, where right turn through a

farmyard onto a bridle-way to join Lambleys Lane, continue to meet A27, straight over onto unmetalled road into Sompting Lane, right to the traffic lights at the Downlands and then continue to the Clubroom,

Riders were required to ride over the route and to observe the places of interest, churches, road conditions etc., so that on returning to the clubroom they could answer questions about their observations during the ride.

The Questions, and the Answers (in bold type).

- 1. What is the date on the Parish Rooms? **1889.***
- 2. When was the Broadwater Working Men's Club formed? **1924.***
- 3. What historic period does Sompting Church belong to? **Saxon.***
- 4. There are two types of roof covering on the church, can you name them? **Wood shingles and Horsham stone.***
- 5. How much a week does the church cost to run? **£ 300.***
- 6. Where is the road liable to flood? **One mile North of the church.***
- 7. Who is depicted on the town sign at Steyning? **St. Cuthman.***
- 8. What period does Bramber Castle date from? **Norman.***
- 9. When can you take part in the "fun run"? **5th July 1995.***

10. When was Steyning Grammar School founded, and by whom?
1614, by William Holland.
11. What is the gradient of the Bostal? **17%**
12. From where does "Bostal" get its name? **Hill track.**
13. What is the purpose of a lych gate? **To rest a coffin prior to entering the churchyard.**
14. What is the weight limit on the stretch of road after crossing the A27 for the last time. **7.5 tonnes.**

Result of Part 1.

Tony Palmer	11 points.
Alan Matthews	10 points.
Dave Hudson	8 points.
Sue Dray	6 points.
Richard Cooley	6 points.

Part 2. 17th October 1996, 2000 hours,
Inside Broadwater Parish Rooms.

Using the details provided by the Organiser, Brian Cox, entrants were to follow on a map a route in precise detail from the written instructions. On the imaginary bike ride they would pass many places of interest, features, etc.

The route using mainly minor roads and bridle-ways, started from Upper Beeding, traversing the A23 and the London to Brighton railway line to pass the two windmills at Clayton before descending the Downs to take in Ditchling and Plumpton. Continuing Westwards now to cross Oreham Common to Woods Mill before going left through Smalldole to finish back at the start.

After tracing the route from the instructions and spending some time considering the countryside that the route had taken, it was time to sit before Brian and tell him in detail your exact route and to answer the questions he had set.

The Questions, and the Answers (in bold type).

1. How many windmills did you pass en route. **3.**
2. What was the name of the first windmill that you passed?
Jill.

3. How many times did you cross a railway line? 4.

Result of Part 2.

Dave Hudson	16 points.
Tony Palmer	15 points.
Richard Cooley	14 points
Alan Matthews	12 points.

Overall Result.

Tony Palmer	26 points.
Dave Hudson	24 points.
Alan Matthews	22 points.
Richard Cooley	20 points.

four competitors completed this event which was very kindly organised by Brian Cox, to whom we extend our thanks, it is a great shame that this event is not supported by more club members.

Tony Palmer

Heated Rollers.

With enormous thanks to the Worthing Civic Lottery we are now the proud owners of a set of competition rollers fit to grace any public occasion. There are now only two problems to solve however, firstly we need someone with a BSc in Meccano to put it together.

The next is a little easier, whilst some club members have the use of commercial vehicles to move the whole thing there is obviously a need for the club not to be too dependent on too few members. Do not worry however as Mr. Paul Toppin has purchased an estate car large enough to need planning permission to park. this will gobble up the rollers themselves, the clock though is still a bit on the large side, does anyone have an industrial can opener?

Michelin Man.

The A.G.M.!

It was one of the best turnouts that I had seen in the clubroom for some months. The committee were pinned into a corner and four or five rows of seats had been arranged at an angle across the room facing them. Rather like school days the rows filled up from the back, leaving me too near the front for comfort. As reigning president Don asked for a minute's silence in memory of the three club members recently lost to the heavenly Wheelers. First dear Ray Douglass, then Ron Mills, vice president and until recently bike shop owner and last George Wall, who sadly left us on the day he was to provide some catering in the club Reliability Trials.

Next came the minutes of the last A.G.M. which were accepted, no big surprise there. We then came to the election of officers, with most of the old hands keeping their jobs (actually it was more a case of not being able to shed them!)

Whilst I bent over to tie my shoelace two and a half jobs came my way! firstly assistant treasurer or membership secretary in old money. Then press secretary, typical casting that because I failed English "O" level twice. Actually I should have seen that one coming because I had an article published in BONK! and also I let slip that a word processor had come my way, but that was only in the hope that somebody could tell me how you get it to slice tomatoes. (That's a food processor, you twit!)

Hopefully somebody can tell me what my duties are going to be, Dave Hudson suggested that writing a page or two for BONK! might be a good start, but if so the press date passed a fortnight ago so that will have to wait.

The half job is all my own fault, member of the runs committee. When re-election came up I pointed out that John Maxim hadn't rejoined this year, reverting to his C.TC.. roots, so Dave Hudson suggested that I take his place - thanks, Dave.

Time for a bit of refreshment and Jean's hard work quickly turned into looking like Twickenham turf after the All Blacks had been in town. And that was about it really Oh, I nearly forgot (don't I look serious)

Toppin claimed Life membership for 21 years continuous membership so I got even with him by not reminding him that he had already paid, sorry Paul, but now I'm in charge no refunds!

There was also a bit of fun when Peter Baird and Ken Retallick slogged it out for the joker's card as reserve committee member Ken won so Peter will probably let his tyres down sometime.

Michelin Man

A little bit of history.

Do you remember who it was that used to say "sometimes I just sits and thinks, and sometimes I just sits".? Well recently I was returning from a solitary early season outing when I saw the similarity, you see sometimes I just likes to wander and sometimes I likes to wonder. Sometimes when I am wandering I like to wonder, or is it that I just wander off when I'm wondering?

Well I was in one of those lost moods when it occurred to me that I ought to give some thought to this issue of the club magazine. At that time I happened to be crossing the Arun by the footbridge, turning right in front of the Steam Packet pub, on the eastern side of the road there stands the Ricara factory, and this gave me my idea for the "wayside interest" column.

Local legend has it that the building was erected after the first world war to house flying boats. The reality is even more unlikely. During the first world war that part of Rustington which is now the Sea Estate had been under the plough, a site was being sought at that time for the assembly of bomber aircraft brought in from the United States in kit form.

Before you could say Kaiser Bill a railway siding had been provided and a guard house built. Quite elaborate plans were made and some aircraft hangars were erected. Fortunately peace broke out before the project was completed and only two buildings remain to tell the story of what nearly was. One building is the guard house which is now a private dwelling in Station Road. The other was bought by a

local boat builder, dismantled and re-erected on the banks of the River Arun, so when you go past look closely and you can see the shape of four aircraft hangars.

Michelin Man.

Watering Holes.

Sadly this is not to be the revelation that I had hoped for!

It works like this, looking for a watering hole new to club members I spotted "Café Junction Road Burgess Hill on the club runs list. Aha I thought, this will be of enormous interest to the readership of our mass circulation publication. On the day appointed for the visit a group of six of us set off for the venue, but where was our intrepid leader?

Navigating by committee we managed to get lost only once, that was due to a misunderstanding over a left turn at Twineham, Wineham or Dineham we picked the wrong one and added a few extra miles. When we did find the café it said "OPEN". It lied. So I collected an Astra wing mirror as proof of our visit and we all sulked off to Dolly's Pantry which looked much nicer anyway.

Michelin Man.

STOP PRESS.

Hot news in your sensational Worthing Wheel! Our own undercover reporter has returned from a secret mission to Newbury. It can now be revealed that the club has its own Donga Tribesman, yes Keith Dodman has been up to the Royal County to see for himself the reality of roadworks, no not roadworks, wholesale destruction of the countryside in the name of profit sorry progress. Unfortunately the shock was too great for our intrepid reporter and de-briefing will have to continue until after press date. Besides, if I write any more the Highways Agency will probably start a file on me and no for once I'm not joking!

Michelin Man.

Timekeeping Procedure.

The following article, based on an R.T.T.C. guide, might assist our new timekeepers.

Before the event set the watch to the correct time of day. It is desirable, but not essential, that the timekeeper's watch agrees with the time signal. It should never be fast, i.e. in advance of the correct time of day, otherwise a competitor arriving at the start a few seconds late would have grounds for complaint.

Start the watch on the hour (or half-hour), to ensure that "timekeeper's time" is not lost if the watch is accidentally stopped. An assistant timekeeper, appointed to start riders from the latter part of the card, should bring his watch into agreement with the principal watch. Each timekeeper should ideally carry a second watch, also set to timekeeper's time..

Timekeepers should undertake no other duties during the progress of an event. Jobs like ensuring that competitors' machines and clothing comply with R.T.T.C. regulations, or notifying revised handicap allowances, should be performed by others.

Once satisfied that the start of the event is running smoothly, make your way to the finish point. Your minimum team here is two; yourself and a recorder, although it is a good idea to have a "number taker", whose sole task is to record riders' numbers in order as they finish.

Take with you the watch, and a clipboard with several sheets of lined paper ruled into columns as below. You will also need several sharp HB pencils, a sharpener or pocket knife, and an eraser. The recorder will be similarly equipped: he will be maintaining the same information as you, for you to check against.

Suggested record-sheet layout.

Number	Started at:	Finished at:	Actual	Hi-cap	Net time

You will find that it helps to count the last few seconds aloud as each rider approaches the line. Also it is essential to check and record each minute as it passes. If no rider finishes in the minute, cross it through and immediately write the next minute. When there is an arrival you simply add the seconds and the number.

Always write the times down yourself. The practice of calling out watch readings to a clerk without recording them yourself is dangerous: errors of omission and misunderstanding are easily made and will often pass undetected.

Build up your timekeeping record as follows;

When you expect the first rider write down the time of day in hours and minutes, leaving room to write in the seconds later.

The first rider is expected at 7.01, so enter 7.01. He does not arrive in the minute, so cross it out as it passes, and immediately write down the next minute - 7.02. The rider crosses the line at 7.02.03, so write in the seconds (.03) and the rider's number, checking with the number taker if necessary.

The arrival time then appears as;

Number	Started at:	Finished at:	Actual	H'cap	Net time
		7.01			
5	6.05	7.02.03			

You have had time to calculate number 5's time when your recorder calls "rider up" as another rider (No.1) comes into view. You should have already written down the minute (.02), so simply add the seconds.

Number	Started at:	Finished at:	Actual	H'cap	Net time
		7.01			
5	6.05	7.02.03	57.03		
1	6.01	7.02.47			

There is a gap, so finish number 1's time calculation, and remember to record each minute and cross it through as it passes without an arrival.

Number	Started at:	Finished at:	Actual	H'cap	Net time
		7.01			
5	6.05	7.02.03	57.03		
1	6.01	7.02.47	1.01.47		
		3			
		4			
		5			

Three riders appear, so enter the minute (.06) three times in readiness. Enter their seconds as they finish, then their numbers (this is where your number taker earns his corn!).

Number	Started at:	Finished at:	Actual	H'cap	Net time
5	6.05	7.02.03	57.03		
1	6.01	7.02.47	1.01.47		
		3			
		4			
		5			
2	6.02	7.06.05			
3	6.03	7.06.11			
6	6.06	7.06.29			

As opportunity occurs, work out the actual riding times and check them with your recorder.

Number	Started at:	Finished at:	Actual	H'cap	Net time
5	6.05	7.02.03	57.03		
1	6.01	7.02.47	1.01.47		

		3			
		4			
		5			
2	6.02	7.06.05	1. 4.05		
3	6.03	7.06.11	1. 3.11		
6	6.06	7.06.29	1. 0.29		

You will probably be asked to pass riders' times to a result-board official, and this can be done as time permits.

After the event, check all your records with your recorder and number-taker, then check and sign the official finishing sheet.

This is an adequate guide for club events. Watch certification and one or other two rules and regulations need to be observed when it comes to timing open or Association events.

You will probably be provided with a starting order, and the handicap allowance for each rider in handicapped events. I have not included these calculations in the tables, but when you have time, you can insert the allowance and the net time in the columns provided.

Some Words of Caution.

Digital Watches.

All the above advice also holds good when using a digital watch in "time-of-day" mode, but if using it in stop-watch mode, make sure to -

1. Start rider No. 1 at "01", not when you start the watch!
If you fail in this, everyone will get a "flyer"!
2. Keep your fingers off all the buttons until the event is over: if you accidentally press the "stop" button, you are sunk! Try it, but not during an event!
3. Practice using the watch until you are completely familiar with it.

It wouldn't be right for me or appropriate for me to attempt to write an obituary for Ray Douglass, I had only known him for about five years. In that time however I had received the benefit of his unqualified encouragement, however poorly I performed. It was unusual for Ray to have the last word, he simply didn't bother with arguments. There was one notable exception however. On his way to take up his new appointment as time-keeper to the Heavenly Wheelers there was a pause as the crowded chapel and vestibule needed time to clear a path for Ray's entrance. One of the pall-bearers came over to me as I waited, head bowed in respect. "I don't know why, but I have to tell someone, back in '54 I rode a 1.04 for 25." Good old Ray, he could always reach the cyclist in anyone.

Michelin Man.

Such Manners!

That gritty Yorkshireman and amiable fellow, Keith Gelder rang up the other evening, and I didn't even owe him any money.

"I'm organising the open 25 in April" he started "I was wondering if I could count on you to help in some capacity" Well he doesn't beat about the bush, does he? "Of course" I offered, "Whatever you think I'll be most useful at."

"Right, you can push off then!" Charming!

Michelin Man.

10 mile event, Washington, 23rd March, 1996.

<i>Pos.</i>	<i>Name</i>	<i>Actual</i>	<i>H'cap all'ce</i>	<i>H'cap time</i>
1	Gavin Baylis	22.19	1.30	20.49
2	Richard Bonner	22.45	Scr	22.45
3	Mathew Gould	23.07	2.00	21.07
4	John Poland	24.00	1.00	23.00
5	Eric Bonner	24.05	0.45	23.20
6	Neil Hedley	24.11	2.40	21.31

7	Jonathon Ford-Dunn	24.52	4.10	20.42
8	Lesley Barrett	26.44	5.10	21.34
9	Tim Stedman	29.28 *	6.00	23.28
10	Alexis Zavros	32.52**	4.00	28.52

* Includes 3 minutes late start.

** Includes 1 minute late start.

Awards.

1st Gavin Baylis

Handicap

1st Jonathon Ford-Dunn

2nd Gavin Baylis

Private Entries.

Jeremy Wootton 22.08

Vern McLelland 25.39

Dave Jenkins 27.58

Timekeepers: Mike Gibbs/ Alan Langham

Pusher-off Alan Stepney

Handicapper Don Lock

So much for the statistics. It is understood from those present that it was a near perfect afternoon, warm with little or no wind. This would seem to be borne out by the "June-like" times, that is unless they will still be reducing these efforts by a couple of minutes in the summer as would usually happen against early season times.

Congratulations to Gavin, I think that this is his first club event win. He will probably be looking at Jeremy's time, which of course didn't count, and maybe feel he won on a technicality. It would be better to ask himself when before did he get within 11 seconds. Mat Gould did a personal but so did Jonathon Ford-Dunn and he picked up another handicap award.

It was nice to see Lesley Barrett riding again. If only she could ride more regularly she has shown that she has stamina and she could certainly stretch to longer distances. Pity Jan Scothcford didn't ride, it

would have been interesting to compare their times, I doubt that there would have been very much in it.

Neil Hedley's effort must also have been close to his best and he is another who needs to ride more regularly and also to stretch himself over some longer distances.

Pity that Tim Stedman and new member Alexis Zavros managed somehow to get late starts, but they know what they have to aim at next time.

Don.

New members.

Hallo to Alexis Zavros from 40 Goldsmith Road Broadwater, who has moved down from the Cambridge area. Alan Langham has introduced him to our ten course and as we write he plans to enter the "15" - or is it 16 and a bit?

Hallo also to "roadie" Alan Roberts, ex South East London and ex Central Sussex. Alan now lives at Steyning. First thing he did was to offer to help. Welcome sir, welcome!

Finally hallo to Paul Leggatt who has joined us from an address in Rottingdean and despite knowing Richard Cooley. Reported to keep fit by riding "High and Over" North of Seaford!

Nice to have you along. Please involve yourself in as much of the club's activities as you can.

Official Joke.

Q. How many cycle-analysts does it take to change a tubular?

A. Only one, but the tub. has to want to change!

Identify these Excelsior personalities;

1. Canadian - free of ice July to October, full of salmon.
 2. Comes in a tube to clean your teeth.
 3. Follows pad to provide security.
 4. Sounds like the capital of Majorca.
 5. King of the Road, perhaps?
 6. Unskilled, from the far East.
 7. Diminutive ex club head.
 8. Bob expands to a heavyweight.
 9. Water across the road North of the border.
 10. Good French, north-east and right.
 11. Court, then time-trial on.
 12. Looks and sounds like you are in gold.
 13. No gloss here before the chips.
 14. Spins and pricks.
-

Early Season Results.

Worthing names and times.

Sussex C.A. 16.5 miles Circuit Event.
9th March, .

Richard Bonner	41.05
Chris Bacon	41.37
Mike Feesey	42.50
Eric Bonner	43.04

East Grinstead Triathlon Club "25".
31st March .

Richard Bonner	1.04.02
Mathew Gould	1.05.12
Eric Bonner	1.06.33
Jan Scotchford	1.14.06

Redmon C.C. "25".

31st March

Jeremy Wootton 59.38

Crawley Wheelers Crawley-Shoreham and Back 43 miles.

Friday 5th April, .

Senior Event.

Jeremy Wootton 1.52.47

Richard Bonner 1.54.43

Veterans' Event

Eric Bonner 1.56.33

Don Lock 1.57.51

Mid Oxon "25"

31st March, .

Don Lock 1.00.41

Charlotteville "50"

7th April, .

Don Lock 2.14.55

While all these boys' events were going on, on Saturday the 7th April, Dave Hudson rode a 300k Audax, which seemed to call at every point of population between Chepstow and Chester! No doubt details of food consumed will follow!

Excelsior personalities;

(answers to cryptic clues)

- | | | | |
|---------------|------------|-------------|--------------|
| 1. Hudson | 2. Gibbs | 3. Lock | 4. Palmer |
| 5. Lucas | 6. Cooley | 7. Smallman | 8. Robertson |
| 9. Scotchford | 10. Bonner | 11. Wootton | 12. Gould |
| 13. Matthews | 14. Toppin | | |

Readers' Letters.

At the Crawley Wheelers' event on Good Friday, Daphne Grant took time off from her radio labours to show me John's letter in the Daily Mail. Its content came as a surprise to me, and I've asked him to tell us the whole story.

Cycle Polo.

It's some time since we had our own bicycle-polo team, but we can proudly boast that it was the Excelsior who pioneered the sport. It all happened in August 1896, when we ran a festival of cycling competitions, billed as the "Grand Cycle Tournament".

Bright and fine at first, it turned cloudy, but a shower at noon, as old "grass-trackies" will tell you, put the track into fine condition.

It was a well-run and lively meeting, with riders from the Polytechnic, Redhill and Reigate Littlehampton C.C., Portsmouth Road Club, Putney A.C., the Anglo-Irish, and Hastings and St. Leonard's C.C.

There were novelty events too. Some "misses" and some "misters" put on a "well-received musical ride": imagine some of our hairy-chested racing men.....

Now there's a thought! I don't think we could get them on wreathing the maypole either, even with a hefty bribe.

Then came the bicycle-polo match.

E. Laker's Team.

H.W. Sandell

E. Laker (Capt)

V.F. Crouch

H.W. Hales (back)

W.H. Jordan (Goalscorer)

Professor Lucas's Team

G. Lucas (Capt)

S.J. Baker

A.H. Brake

W. Duffield (back)

F. Matin (Goalscorer)

More in next issue.....

Important Notice.

The club has purchased from the estate of the late Ray Douglass his three Holdsworth road bikes, all set up for touring, and his almost new Scott mountain bike.

They will be available for inspection in the clubroom on Tuesdays the 14th and 21st May. Or you can contact Mike Muzio at 71 Roedean Road, Worthing, (Tel: 01903-260963), who is storing them and will be pleased to show them to you.

Any club member wishing to purchase any of them should submit an offer in a sealed envelope to our President (hon. Ed) by no later than 10p.m. on the 31st May.

Separate offers please for each bike, identified as

**"Orange Holdsworth"
"Yellow Holdsworth",
"Green Holdsworth", or
"Scott mountain bike".**

If you would like one of the Holdsworths, but are not too worried which, then indicate that the bid can be taken on to the remaining two if not successful on first choice. Simply put e.g. "I bid £ x.xx for (1) Orange, (2) Yellow or (3) Green Holdsworth.

The mountain bike is clearly much more valuable, but very realistic reserves have been placed on the machines. We have paid a total of £ 250.00 for the four. If the reserves are not met then they will be advertised to the general public.

All proceeds go to club funds.

Knocked off your bike?

We can help you . . .

Contact:
Don Lock
Legal Executive

MILLER PARRIS
Solicitors



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