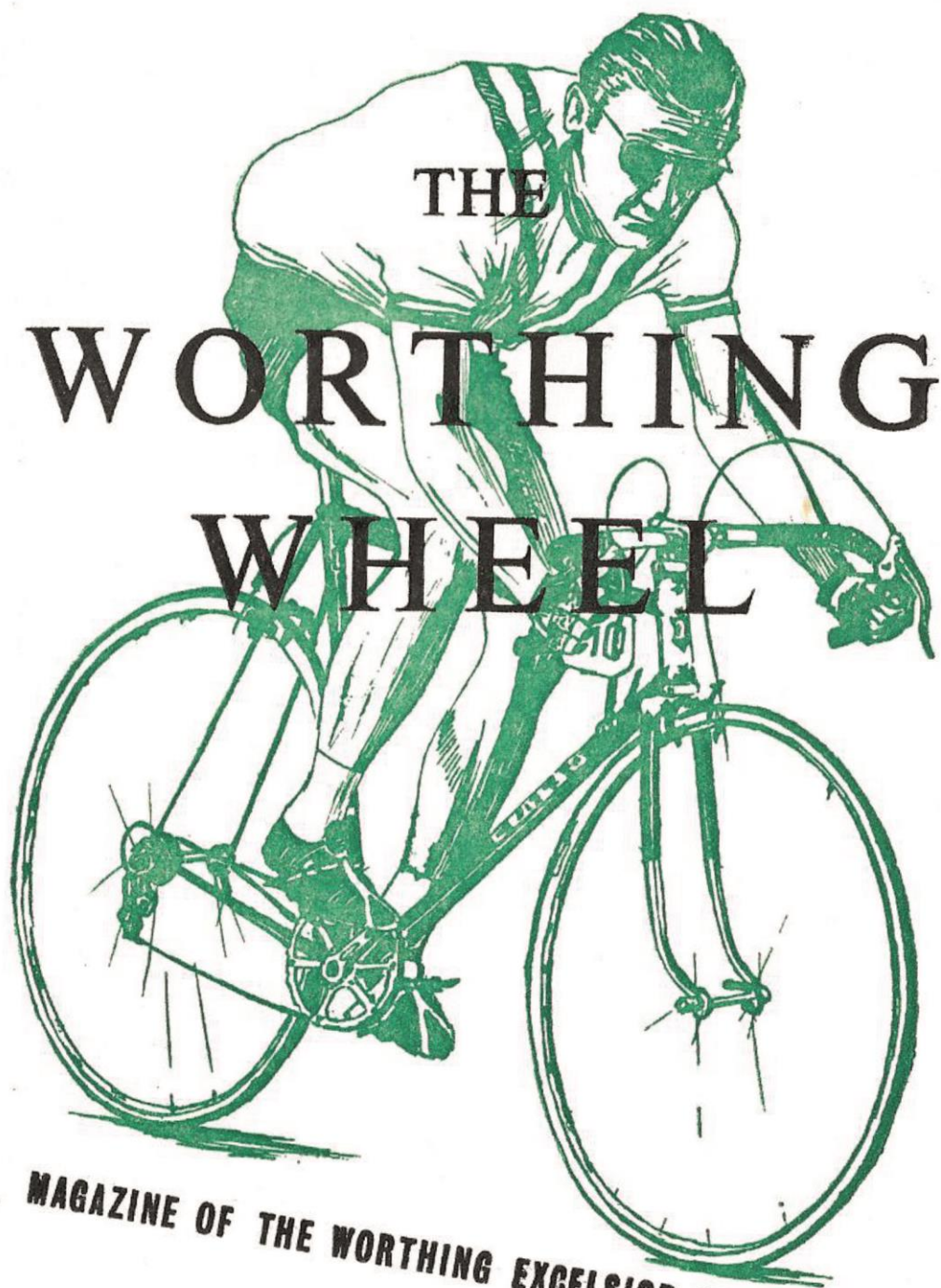


1 Shilling



**MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB**

AUTUMN 1970

Vol 3 No 3

THE WORTHING WHEEL

The Journal of the

WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

- Headquarters: Broadwater Parish Rooms,  
Broadwater, Worthing.
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.....

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# TRAFFIC SIGNS

## Signs giving orders – mostly circular

Those with red circles – mostly prohibitive



Maximum speed limit



Maximum speed limit 70 mph



Stop and Give Way



Give way to traffic on major road



No entry



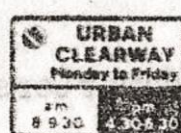
School Crossing Patrol



No waiting



No stopping ('Clearway')



No right turn



No left turn



No U-turns



No overtaking



Give priority to vehicles from opposite direction



Except for access

All motor vehicles prohibited (plate may qualify)



Buses and coaches prohibited



Lorries prohibited



No cycling or moped-riding



Play Street 8 am to sunset except for access

All vehicles prohibited (plate gives details)



Total weight limit



Axle weight limit



Width limit

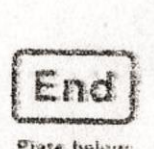


Plate below sign at end of prohibition



No pedestrians

Blue circles with no red border – mostly compulsory



Minimum speed limit



End of minimum speed limit



Ahead only



Turn left (right if symbol reversed)



Turn left ahead (right if symbol reversed)



Keep left (right if symbol reversed)



Pass either side



Route for cyclists and moped-riders (compulsory)

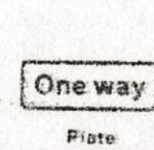


Plate supplementing 'Turn' signs



## NATIONAL JUNIOR 25 MILE

### CHAMPIONSHIP

George Matthews, with only two seasons of racing behind him, has without doubt been the Club's star rider during 1970.

Still only 17 years of age George is currently the fastest man in the Club up to 50 miles. He has this year to his credit a 23.2 ten, a 59.35 twenty five and a 2.4.4. fifty.

Prior to the junior championship George's best 25 was 1.0.45 yet he journeyed north to Preston with a determined aim not only to seek high places in the result sheet but to get under the hour. The fact that he succeeded in both speaks highly enough. His time an improvement of just over a minute was done on a course and morning which caused favourite and winner Tim Dobson to slow by  $1\frac{3}{4}$  mins.

The event was not on a drag strip and the time must be a very fair reflection of his ability and potential. Built tall and long legged George is an all action rider but has proved just how well he is developing his stamina by his subsequent 2.4.4. fifty. Also in the championship 25 his second half time of 30.14 against the wind was too good for all but just a few of those who finished above him.

Eleventh in 59.35 this year but what about next.



CLAPSHAW TROPHY 25

SHERWIN TROPHY JUNIOR 25

The Clapshaw event which has been run by the Club for many years was this season run in conjunction with the newer Trophy presented to the Club by Ted Sherwin. The former, The Club 25 mile handicap Championship and the latter the Junior Handicap championship for the same distance.

The morning of August 9th saw 13 riders leave timekeeper Charlie Lednor and there was already an outright favourite in the minds of all save for Bob Sparks himself. Bob's very fast ten mile times had not gone unnoticed, except perhaps by the handicappers and with an allowance of 9 minutes most expected a net time well under the hour.

The conditions were fairly hard and the majority of riders had to be content with rides a minute or two slower than they had managed over the previous weeks. The exception to this was of course George Matthews who riding well to form returned the fastest actual time of 1.1.47. It was, however, the morning of the handicap, the morning for the rider who could produce something in excess of his usual ability, the day when personal bests were going to carry off the prizes.

Bob Sparks did not let down those who favoured his chances and produced a fine 1.5.20 which with allowance gave him a tremendous winning margin, (over 3 minutes) and a net time of 56.20. Being a Junior meant that Bob carried off both the fine Trophies and has at



last been rewarded for his efforts.

The second spot was filled by Harry Beasley having his first ride over 25 miles for some years and he should be quite satisfied with an actual time of 1.9.51 and a net time of 1.0.51.

Mike Poland has long been a specialist in the Clapshaw event but this year was back in 4th place with a net time of 1.1.47 after an allowance of 6 mins. 45 secs.

### FULL RESULT

|                 | <u>Actual</u> | <u>Allowance</u> | <u>Net</u> |
|-----------------|---------------|------------------|------------|
| Bob Sparks      | 1. 5.20       | 9                | 56.20      |
| Harry Beasley   | 1. 9.51       | 9                | 1. 0.51    |
| George Matthews | 1. 1.47       | 0.15             | 1. 1.32    |
| Mike Poland     | 1. 8.32       | 6.45             | 1. 1.47    |
| Chris Woodcock  | 1. 6.57       | 5                | 1. 1.57    |
| Tony Hill       | 1. 6.11.      | 3.22             | 1. 2.49    |
| Pete Reeves     | 1. 6.26.      | 3.18             | 1. 3. 8    |
| Tony Palmer     | 1.10.40.      | 7.25             | 1. 3.15    |
| Colin Miller    | 1. 5. 8.      | 1.15             | 1. 3.53    |
| Ray Douglass    | 1. 9.44.      | 5.10             | 1. 4.34    |
| Don Lock        | 1. 7.15.      | 2. 1             | 1. 5.14    |
| Derek Pearce    | 1.15.24       | 9                | 1. 6.24    |
| Paul Hampton    | 1.18.39       | 9                | 1. 9.39    |

### ERRORRRRR

In "Definitions" and in "Congratulations" in the Summer issue we did alas include in Bachelor, a "T" where one should never be except perhaps on a tin of peas? The Editor is obliged to the anonymous contributor who drew his attention to this. Does the contributor have anymore notepaper from the Waldorf?



## PEAK DISTRICT

The two recent articles by contributor Pete Sidford have sent me searching through old photos and stirred my memory to recall just when it was that I was touring in that wonderful area. Thank you Pete for reminding me how beautiful this part of our England is. The tour I refer to must have been in 1937 or 1938.

If you have an urge to conquer new ground and have not yet visited the Peak District then make this your next tour. There are the wonderful caverns, the moors and the dales, Dovedale and Edale to mention but two of them. For those interested in History there are such places as Eyam, where nearly three centuries ago the Great Plague of London reached Derbyshire in a parcel of clothing, and nearly three hundred inhabitants died.

An old photo shows me sitting on a wall of a farm where I had spent the night. I recall that I sat there watching absolutely fascinated, as one of the farm hands trained a sheep dog. The commands were by whistle, and I remember trying, in vain, to distinguish between one command and another. I feel sad when I realise that that very farm is now lost forever under the waters of the Derwent Reservoir, still I suppose that is progress, and its good to know that those responsible at least preserved beauty comparable with the Lake District.

Another old snap brought to mind arriving at a fork road devoid of sign post. I dismounted and asked a labourer for direction; "Why don't you take the Railway" he said. I



answered somewhat indignantly that I was a cyclist, but in less than a quarter of a mile I found myself opening a gate which had previously been a level crossing gate, and entering onto the track. This had once been a single track railway, I believe of the London & North Western Railway. The rails had been removed (before the days of Dr. Beeching) and tarmac had been laid to give a smooth and level path. This followed right through the Manifold Valley, crossing and recrossing from one side to the other of this very beautiful countryside.

At that time these rights of way were reserved for walkers only but I found it deserted and rode along in a marvellous solitude and peace which comes back to me now so vividly. It was a peculiar feeling riding out of the bright sunlight into a dark tunnel, I don't know how long this was but for some time all that could be seen ahead was a horseshoe of light at the far end. In crossing the valley the track was high up on a trestle bridge and it is surprising how narrow a single track railway is. The little river winding and twisting and babbling along below seemed a long way down.

My last memory is perhaps of the moss covered boulder strewn valley with great masses of colour provided by the thousands of foxgloves.

I hope it isn't all spoilt and thanks again for jogging the old memory box.

CAMERA



## SUSSEX CYCLISTS' ASSOCIATION

### 50 MILE CHAMPIONSHIP

Sunday 5th July saw this event start at the usual spot just west of the Sussex Pad, and proceed over the usual course, to Fontwell down to Yapton out to Westhampnet and back to the start. There was also the usual complaint about the course.

To be fair, however, the morning was a good one with a rising south westerly wind that was never too hard going out, and was always of some advantage on the return. The course? Well yes, it is a bit hilly in places and perhaps the worst come at just the wrong distance, at 40 miles when perhaps you are just looking, or hoping, for a second wind. It is not a drag strip and riders of local standard who might manage something between 2.5.0 and 2.10.0 on the arterial road courses are going to have to resign themselves to times of anything between 5 and 10 minutes slower.

The event was most keenly contested and held tremendous interest until the very end both as to the outcome of the individual placings and the team prize. The faster men were soon to make their presence felt as Mick Venner, No. 10; Dick Stringer No.11; and Robin Johnson No.15, began to move through the field. Dick was obviously nicely placed to shadow Mick Venner who, as scratch man, was the one to beat, but he did not allow this to cause any over fast start. It was indeed Mick, who under the pressure of perhaps being caught by a flying start, was pushing just too hard over those early miles, Robin not quite so affected by the duel in front.



was riding steadily and possibly finished as fast as anyone over the final few miles. Mick suffered much over the hills in the latter stages and was eventually caught by Dick and was then to be dropped a further 27 seconds before the finish line was reached. His training is not geared to distances in excess of 30 miles but Mick must still improve on this. His time was 2.11.49 allowing Robin Johnson to slip into second place with 2.11.47; these times compared of course to Dick's winning time of 2.10.22., a personal best and a fine effort.

In the team event Dick was leading Brighton Excelsior to a fine revenge over the Club for our win in the S.C.A. 25. He was ably supported by John Spooner 2.14.55 and Roger Hughes 2.17.16. Their aggregate of 6.42.33 being just 1. min. 22 secs. too good. The Club's team being completed by Keith Dodman 2.15.57 and Don Lock 2.16.9.

It was unfortunate that Colin Miller could not start but nothing should be made of this for Brighton Excelsior also had a D.N.S. in Dave Stringer.

Other club times were: Tony Hill 2.16.43; Duncan Bethell 2.19.0; Mike Poland 2.25.13; Paul Davis 2.25.54 and Ray Douglass 2.30.2.



## I RECALL

In 1923 having reached the ripe old age of 14 I felt the urge to own my own transport and like the dutiful son that I was, I listened to parental advice. "What you want is a good strong bike". So I became the proud possessor of a Graves Speedking, a dreadnought, complete with B.S.A. 3 - Speed.

I little appreciated that what I had purchased was to introduce me to so many friends, and like a magic carpet, to swing me along through so many hundreds of wonderful and enjoyable hours and miles of cycling.

Having mastered the initial art of staying upright and maintaining a fairly straight course I ventured away from my hill top home. Even today the memory of that ride stands out in remarkable detail; there was the glorious sweep down from Stanley to Chester Le Street, and then through Birtley to South Shields; there was the fine run along the coast to Roker, and then the homeward journey through Durham. You know, the climb that I must have had at the end of that ride back up to Stanley, is not recalled as being unpleasant or hard, I suppose that's just another of the pleasant things about cycling, you soon forget the hard stretches.

The bug soon caught a hold of me and towards the end of 1924 I rode my first one hundred miles; a journey to Doncaster which I covered at the great average of about 10 miles per hour. I was noticing more of the countryside and appreciating anew the area in which I lived. I began to realise what cycling was all about. I saw clubs and groups out together laughing and talking as



they rode along and always with a wave and a cheery word as they passed. I could see that I had pleasures still to come.

In due course I became the owner of a Saxon Lightweight 19" frame, small frames and lots of seat pillar was the fashion then, and with this I planned new ventures ahead.

I joined my first club after moving to the Doncaster area in 1926, it was the Doncaster Wheelers. I also became a member of the Sheffield D.A. of the Cyclist's Touring Club.

I was really settled down to cycling now, never a racing man but a willing helper.

JIM HUGHES

#### CONGRATULATIONS

News is coming in of yet another engagement, Dave Hasler, a recent seller of all his cycling equipment, now produces the reason. We hope Dave, that you and Marcia have lots of luck. We also hope that new cycling gear will be high on the wedding present list.



SUSSEX C.A. SCHOOLBOY

AND

JUNIOR TENS 5th JULY 1970

Just a brief mention of some fine Club performances in these events which supported the Senior 50 mile Championship.

In the Junior 10 "Win em all" George Matthews took first place with a time of 25 mins.48 secs. George was not pleased with the time but neither were those who finished behind him.

Also in this event, Bob Sparks, still improving, returned 26 mins. 55 secs. and with an allowance of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mins. won the first handicap award.

In the schoolboys event Paul Hampton was rewarded with first handicap prize after a fine ride from the number one position. His actual time 28 mins. 12 secs., net after  $2\frac{1}{2}$  min. allowance 25 mins. 42 secs.

Three other of our younger members rode in this and returned the following times:

|                |       |
|----------------|-------|
| Nigel Dell     | 31.36 |
| Ian Sutherland | 32.40 |
| Derek Pearce   | 34.48 |



## DISCOVERING WESSEX

Dorset was the target for the Spring Bank Holiday tour and Bournemouth was the starting point after a car ride early on the Saturday morning. In fact we eventually parked at Sandbanks and were soon unladen and astride our bikes.

John immediately attracted various comments because of his multi-coloured African pudding shaped hat but nevertheless continued to wear it. The rest of the party consisted of Don, Keith, Tony, Dons mate Pete and myself.

First a short trip on the ferry across the entrance of Poole harbour. The weather was bright and sunny and continued to be for the rest of the four day tour. Across the open Studland Heath then up the first of many hills. A long drop into Swanage where the holiday season was in full swing. A short stop for coffee then a stiff climb out of Swanage and into minor roads. As we ambled along we had fine views across the Isle of Purbeck. Our road shortly changed into a steep winding track, with sheep and their now plump lambs grazing on the side.

Back on a made up road we ambled onto Corfe Castle and replenished the inner man at a cafe opposite the castle. Well filled we took a road that followed the line of the Purbeck Hills with many steep climbs and exhilarating descents. A request for a visit to Lulworth Cove was made and there we relaxed with ice-cream and watched the activities of sub-aqua divers. On once again along



tranquil lanes then a diversion up a rough track eventually bringing us to our feet. Over a fence and along a track with knee length grass. A short stop was necessary to enable Pete to tighten a loosened cotterpin with a handy rock.

Back on a road once more we availed ourselves of refreshment offered at a pleasant cottage. Time had come to find accommodation and after several fruitless tries finally found a pleasant old cottage. Washed and changed we rode into Weymouth had a round of putting followed by a meal and a stroll along the promenade. A drink in a pub near our digs completed an excellent day.

Breakfasted, packed and bill paid we set off in the bright sunlight that welcomed us. Sunday Morning. We wanted a close look at Chesil Bank so we went through Weymouth onto Chickerell then down a long narrow road bringing us opposite a stretch of this eight mile long shingle beach.

Following a track along the sea edge we had to clamber over walls and through hedges before arriving onto a metalled road. Theo, on hearing of our trip had suggested a route through Littlebredy, Long Bredy and Litton Cheney so we made our way towards these tiny villages. The route more than lived up to the recommendation, the road twisting, turning, climbing and dropping through woodlands covered with a carpet of bluebells.



A wayside inn was found to replace some of the liquid lost in perspiration. A caged bird nearly wolf whistled itself hoarse when it saw Tony's legs. Refreshed, we re-mounted and pottered along winding lanes, through Burton Bradstock and onto Bridport for lunch. Turning northwards we were again in tranquil byways. Having seen a poster advertising a Wild Fowl Park we made our leisurely way in that direction. Much to our surprise we found it and so spent a pleasant hour looking at the birds. The wild fowl were also interesting! Our thirsts quenched at a cafe in the park then mobile again. Dorset continued to unfold fine panoramas. Ahead the heat shimmered from the black ribbon of tarmac and only a cool breeze stopped us wilting under the hot sun. We decided on Ilminster for our nights repose and wended our way towards this small town. The Crown provided the necessary accommodation and also a first class meal. A pleasant stroll followed by a game of darts and a nightcap ended another enjoyable day awheel.

The next morning another fine bright day greeted us and after a splendid breakfast we were on the move once more. As on the previous two days we meandered along with only a vague idea of our route. Another track invited us to test the skills of the builders of our wheels and this it certainly did. Though straight and flat it was deeply rutted and because of the dry weather extremely hard. We managed to traverse this track without mishap and were again in quiet lanes with high hedges either side trapping the heat of the sun. Glastonbury was our next stop where we had late elevenses and also lunch. Our route in the afternoon took on a more easterly direction but still keeping to



minor roads. Following a stop for a map check a difference of opinion occurred with myself going one way and the rest the other. My map reading was viewed with certain reservations from then on.

Shepton Mallet proved to be a 'dry' town so we pressed on until we found an attractive house offering sustenance and partook of tea and scones on the lawn. We saw from the map that there was a castle at Nunney so keeping to lanes we pedalled towards this peaceful village. The castle had four round towers at each corner and is surrounded by a moat and whilst making an attractive picture did not appear to be placed in a strong strategic position. Inspection completed we continued on into Frome and as evening was approaching we quickly found accommodation for the night. A brief stroll through this not too attractive town then a meal in a cafe that proved to be the haunt of the local skin-heads. Fortunately most of them were on the coast where the 'bovver' was. Back in our digs for an exacting game of cards then between clean sheets we slid.

We were awakened quite early by the rumble of lorries passing close by, which reminded us that for most the holiday was over. For us, however, one more day of cycling was ahead of us, so without much delay our wheels were again turning, this time in a southerly direction. From the map we saw that our proposed route climbed to 900 feet not far out of Frome. Having eaten a hearty breakfast the pace was steady and in fact the climb did not prove too exacting due to gradual inclines and a following wind. No rough tracks had been planned for so our progress was somewhat quicker than previously and after some very pleasant miles we arrived at Shaftesbury, a



little breathless as there is a twisty hill into the town, at the right hour for elevenses. After enjoying coffee and buns and some shopping accomplished we took to the high road towards Blandford. This road almost runs parallel to the main road but rises considerably higher. The effort of a long zig-zagging climb was amply rewarded with splendid views across the radiant countryside and then some effortless miles through woodlands with sweet smelling pines. Sailing down into Blandford we sought out a pleasant inn for our appetizer, where arranged behind the bar were hats from different parts of the world. Try as we could, John would not part with his hat to make up the collection. A nearby cafe provided us with the necessary victuals and then off again, immediately picking up a quiet by-road which had the River Stour meandering on its western side. Few hills presented themselves and before long we were through a busy Wimborne Minster and onto the out-skirts of Poole. Not having much choice of routes we made straight for Sandbanks. A putting course attracted our attention so while some tried again their dubious skills the others relaxed in the sunlight.

Soon, however, it was time to make for the cars, secure the bikes and head homwards. On reflection we all agreed that the tour had had all the best ingredients, excellent weather, enjoyable company, good food and above all the beauty of the English countryside.



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## LANCING CHAPEL

There it is, right on our doorstep, a most impressive building, but how many of us have been inside and looked round, how many of us know anything of its history? I must admit that it was only earlier this year that I first visited the Chapel, and it is since then that I have learned a little about its story.

It is notable for its beauty and its great size but to people who have merely passed this way it is remembered for its wonderful, over-looking, dominance of the Adur Valley.

The stone of which it is built was quarried at Scaynes Hill in Sussex and was cut and laid completely by hand.

The design published in 1868 caused considerable controversy. It was inspired by Nathaniel Woodard the founder of the schools which bear his name. The great church was generally regarded at that time as "Woodards Folly".

The work was started in that same year and immediately foundation difficulties were encountered. The diggings brought up only clay and flint yet the College was founded on solid rock. Woodard refused to accept advice that the building could not proceed and some details of the way in which this was overcome will I'm sure be of interest. Borings were made to a depth of nearly 70 feet more than half way down to the bed of the Adur below. These borings were filled with lime mortar concrete at the rate of 100 tons a week



for two years and these underground columns were joined with brick arches, The Builder, a son of the Founder bought a barge and went to and fro from the site to Shoreham beach fetching shingle for the concrete. He made half a million bricks from the excavated clay and used the sand for mixing with cement.

The foundations were at last completed in 1871, a tremendous achievement when one remembers that 100 years ago there were not the same mechanical devices as are available today. Work then started on the crypt and this was finished and dedicated in 1875.

In 1877 a new amended design was published and the structure so far completed follows this 1877 design with only a few minor alterations.

The chapel remains uncompleted but it is intended that the tradition of almost continuous building shall not be broken. Ever since its foundation the cost of building has been provided by gifts and a Society now continues the work of collection for building purposes. In 1951 a new plan for the completion was published and in 1957 work started again. The east end of the building is completed but the western end is still being worked on.

Lancing Chapel is scheduled as a National Monument and is open to visitors any day during daylight hours. In addition to the grandeur and the architectural beauty and detail the Chapel has a wonderful collection of tapestries and many most lovely stained glass windows.

DON



## CLUB 50 CHAMPIONSHIP

19th JULY, 1970.

The Club had until this event been lucky with weather conditions for their Championship. On this Sunday, however, the climate took revenge with an almost continuous downpour throughout the 50 miles.

Out of a good entry the extreme conditions deterred six from starting but neither this nor the conditions could spoil the event which proved to be interesting and amazingly, enjoyed, by the participants.

Tony Palmer was first to leave time-keeper Brian Weir and head west into the sheeting rain. Ray Douglass followed at 5 minutes (4 D.N.S's.) Don Lock 2 mins. behind followed at the normal 1 min. by Tony Hill and then again at 2 mins the scratch man, Mike Venner.

Mike was expected to win and he duly did so but not without being pushed by this small club field to a time of 2 hrs.10mins.32 secs. almost 1 min. faster than his time in the S.C.A. event, and that in far better conditions.

Don Lock was second with 2.16.10. He managed to keep just in front of Tony Hill who finished third in 2.17.41 who was not apparently feeling any adverse affects from his 24 hour ride of the previous week.



Tony Palmer was dogged by the puncture bug and in addition had started without a pump. After borrowing Don's as he went past, Tony then had a tub that twisted and so was unable to finish.

Ray was revelling in the rain and returned 2.27.33.  $2\frac{1}{2}$  minutes faster than in the S.C.A. event.

.... ..  
SUSSEX C.A. 100 Mile Championship

26th July, 1970

The 'Club 100' that never was. A renewed interest in the Club in long distance events saw three riders enter this championship which, in accordance with Club racing rules became the Club Championship; well nearly, you see the rule provides for three riders to make it a Club championship, and the non-starting of Keith Dodman was a great disappointment. It meant that the rides of Tony Hill and Mick Venner counted only for the Sussex Trophy and of course ruined any chance of a team win, which as times subsequently showed should have been a mere formality.

Well that's the debit side; what do we have on the credit side? We have I feel the first of many good 100 mile rides from Mick and Tony, both of whom rode personal best performances. Their ability to go a lot faster, now that they have mastered the distance, is obvious.



Tony was awarded 1st Handicap prize; his 18 minutes allowance and net time of 4.27.50. being 6 minutes too good for any other competitor. Mick's ride if it remains unbeaten this season will earn the award of Club 100 mile champion. The event was won by Robin (Knox) Johnson of Brighton Mitre in 4.35.58. Dick Stringer of Brighton Excelsior was second in 4.34.33. Mick Venner 4.37.3. was 3rd and Tony Hill 4.45.50 finished 4th.

The event was run in very wet conditions on the day, in fact, when the Angmering Pop Festival was washed out. Harry Beasley, Marshalling the Patching turn was "serenaded" with the electronics of amplified "music" and now more fully appreciates the difficulties of those who live at the end of the London Airport runways.

#### JUNIOR 15

The County Association also promoted this supporting event and Worthing Excelsior provided more than half of the field. George Matthews won easily in 37 mins.5 secs. and Paul Hampton with 43.52 and a seven minute allowance won the handicap section. Bob Sparks finished fourth in 39.45.



The following is reproduced with the kind permission of "barnycle" the magazine of the Barnwell Cycle Racing School.

---

"Drinka Pinta Milka Day" "Have an E for B";  
two very good slogans; perhaps we could devise  
some more;

Cheeses please  
You can't beat meat  
Fish is swish  
and not Beans means Heinz but  
Beans means wins.

Yes, we're talking about protein containing foods; foods which are essential for our well being; body builders as we call them - or are they? Yes, its true that protein is needed by growing infants, children and pregnant mums, to build up muscle; but most of us have finished growing, and will never build up muscle weight by taking in extra protein, so what's it for? Well, like most sophisticated machines, the body needs a little bit of maintenance doing here and there regularly. You crash and loose a little blood, so you need protein to make a few extra cells. You have a cold, so need to manufacture lots of extra antibodies (proteins) to fight it. Also, and most important, there is a constant turnover of protein tissues (rather like tubs); old protein is broken down and excreted, and new protein takes its place. Sometimes we call this "wear and tear", but it continuously occurs in everybody, and it's not true that only athletes are continually "breaking down



muscle fibres". The only reason why athletes normally eat more protein foods than non-athletes is because they eat more food! The difference is that a shortage in the normal diet is especially unwanted by the athlete.

Make sure that YOU, personally have enough protein. I recommend that E for B, or even better, two E's for B. This will set you on the right road for the day - have them hard boiled in a sandwich if you are always late for work. Then there's the Pinta Daily - 1/- and surely you can manage that in drinks and puddings!

Lunchtime - no you don't have just a pint in the Bar! - A good portion of meat or fish is not necessarily expensive, peas, beans etc. are cheap protein sources and the old spud will donate a few grams. If it must be sandwiches, make them corned beef, luncheon meat or cheese - not jam.

Same again at Supper time, but there's no need to force Mum into new cooking habits; full dinner or snack, they can provide equal quantities of protein. After evening training runs - an easy cheesey snack instead of chips. But fadism is out! Right out! Hypochondriacs are out!

It is simply important that to get enough proteins of the right kinds, you must eat a wide variety of protein-containing foods. Protein is, of course, only one of the groups of nutrients that we require; it is important that we have adequate amounts of them all. But basing your diet on a wide variety of protein foods will be a good start towards not missing



out on other needs. Without correct preparation and training, of course, no diet can help towards winning races, but the athlete cannot afford to neglect it.

-----ooOoo-----

#### SUSSEX LIMERICKS NO.1

A lady who lived at Portslade  
Of reptiles was greatly afraid  
One day in the road  
She encountered a toad  
I cant tell you how long she stayed.

#### NO.2

An old gentleman lived at the Dyke  
When they questioned what it was like  
He replied "Don't be silly  
You know it is hilly  
Try getting there on a push-bike".

#### NO.3

An old lady living at Ore  
Objected to shutting the door  
When they said "What a draught"  
She replied "Why you're daft  
Don't you see it saves sweeping  
the floor.

#### NO.4

A philosopher living at Ford  
By a bullock was terribly gored  
When they said "Are you hurt?"  
His answer was curt  
He said "No, and, in fact I am  
terribly bored".



There was an old man from Newhaven  
Whose beard was as black as a raven  
But he found no young misses  
Would stay for his kisses  
So now he is always clean shaven.

NATIONAL 24 hr. CHAMPIONSHIP

It had never been my ambition to race at any distance over 100 miles. After helping to marshall in the 1969 Catford 24 the idea of riding a 24 certainly appealed to me. A chance mention to Don about thoughts for a 24 in 1970 and before I knew where I was there was an article in the local paper of my "intention" to ride, and there I was committed.

The task seemed enormous, but I planned to have a normal season of racing, squeezing in the 24 when it came along at the beginning of July. I rode my cycle through the winter months, hoping to maintain a reasonable state of fitness I cycled as far and as frequently as I could. These were to be foundation miles on which to build. By the time the event came around I had covered 4000 miles of my target of 5000, my longest was a ride of just 90 miles. All had been ridden on a fixed gear of 68".

Saturday 11th July arrived and we set off for Ringwood armed with numerous boxes of supplies for both man and machine. We reached the start at Kingston, just south of Ringwood about one hour before my starting time. The weather was good, the sun not too hot and a moderate



breeze.

The course headed south to Christchurch out to Fawley - Bull Hill - Lyndhurst, and back to Ringwood for the first 100 miles. At 2.31 I was away one minute behind eventual winner J. Baines. Right from the start I began to have trouble, I had a very sharp pain in my right leg, whether it was cramp a pulled muscle or just nerves I don't know, but the first ten miles were a real struggle. At this point I nearly packed. I thought about the months of preparation and how much I had been looking forward to riding but foremost I thought of all my helpers who were down in the area; I could not let them down at this stage. With all these thoughts I pressed on; by the time I had reached Lyndhurst the pain had gone.

I was moving well now and started to catch other riders. This surprised me and gave me a tremendous boost. At 60 miles I was just on evens and pleased with the way things were going. Although the sun was now hot it did not worry me. Just north of Ringwood was the 100 mile check and I was happy to find this had been covered in 4.58.0 especially after that awful start. I was greatly encouraged and pushed on to Salisbury and then out to Heytesbury the northern-most turn. On the return from this point I stopped just outside Salisbury to don night clothing and lights.

South of Fordingbridge I had my first sit down meal; poached egg on toast and coffee. I stocked up with food to take with me and generally prepared myself for the long night ahead.



From Ringwood the course went out to Wimborne -Corfe Castle-Wormwell Cross and back to Wareham. During the night the wind dropped and conditions were quite reasonable although at times very very dark. I remember feeling shivery at 2.30 a.m. I was at this stage longing to see the daylight, however, when dawn did break it was only slight relief, for this was when I started to ride rather slowly and was obviously going through a bad patch.

At about 6.30 a.m. I stopped for breakfast a wash and a change of socks, this I thought would make me feel better. It did not. I rode on up to Salisbury and back down to Bournemouth I got slower and slower and when I reached my helpers I was ready to call it a day at 306 miles. My helpers had other ideas, I was fed, given a drink, and firmly put back on the bike and told to continue. Within five miles I began to feel good again; I had ridden through that bad patch, a wonderful feeling and something which I would have thought impossible.

The route now went out to Bere Regis-Charlton Marshall-Cranborne-Wimborne. I started to go well again and now felt sure I would finish. One must never be over confident, not in a 24. It was in Wimborne after returning from Cranborne that I took a wrong turning and went 3 miles off course. I felt dreadful and wanted to use this as an excuse for packing. However another rider's helper put me back on course. I was away again and after one more detour (Verwood-Three Legged Cross) without any trouble reached the finishing circuit with 2 hours to go.



The wind now was quite strong and heading south on the circuit was a struggle, turning north made life a lot easier and I was managing to keep up an average of about 17 m.p.h. Before my time ran out I managed to cover just over two complete circuits, and a total 24 hour mileage of 410.6 miles.

Tony Hill

Through the magazine I would like to thank all those who helped me in my first 24 hour. Their support was really 100%, nothing was too much trouble, they provided encouragement when I felt low and their attention to every detail was superb. I am not just being modest when I say this but all I had to do was ride, their task I believe was far more difficult.

Thank You.

Tony.

### SCOTTISH VICTORY

Whilst on a "TOURING" holiday in Scotland Keith Dodman toured round the Fife C.C. 25 in 1.3.8. some 15 secs faster than any other competitor.

Well done Keith that must be the first win in Excelsior colours north of the border.



## S.C.A. 25 MILE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP

23rd AUGUST, 1970

Another disappointing County Championship for the Club, for George Matthews was away competing for higher honours, and Mick Venner punctured when going well. With these two our big hopes, missing, the result board from a Club point of view looked rather dismal. It is some years since we have failed to win some honour from this event probably having more riders in the top 3 in the last ten years than any other Club and of course on many occasions providing the outright winner.

A hard morning saw Eastbourne's National Class rider Cliff Sharpe outside the hour and really struggling to win in 1.0.39.

Of the Excelsior riders it was second claim member Rob Parker (currently hailing from the Cambridge area) who returned the fastest time. His 1.5.47 was, however only good enough to put him in 11th place. Don Lock was 12th in 1.5.52 and Tony Hill 13th in 1.5.53.

Mike Poland retains his crown as "Handicap King" with yet another win. His fastest for two years ride, of 1.7.51 beat an over generous handicapper (allowance 10 minutes) to the tune of a net time of 57.51.

Other times were Pete Reeves 1.6.16.  
Colin Miller 1.6.36. Chris Woodcock 1.8.39.  
and Harry Beasley 1.10.52.



## Letter to the Editor

Dear Son,

Pete Sidford's recently published vivid description of the Derbyshire country was read with great interest. Many years have passed since I had the pleasure of seeing and talking to this colourful character and this latest contribution more than confirms that "Big Pete" as he was called in the good old days has lost none of his great descriptive powers.

I recall particularly an afternoon bash with him up to Kingston-on-Thames in the midst of a desperate winter nearly thirteen years ago. The object of the exercise was the purchase of a "Carpenter" frame, all the rage at the time. Ostensibly making up the trio was mile-eater Ray Douglass who if my memory serves me right was that week behind on his mammoth weekly 400 mile schedule, which if not achieved would have left dedicated Ray with self imposed punishment next week to make up. I am told it is much the same Ray that one has to contend with these days!

Into the teeth of a cruel arctic wind we hunked up hills and battled along the flat to the overtures of Ray's half-wheeling and the accompaniment of Pete's awe inspiring account of, among other things a beautiful Middle East Sunset. As then, as now I am enthused by his writing and his conversation and it is really great to be in touch again albeit through the pages of a magazine.



Don the Mag. contains a host of  
informative articles and news pieces  
and I should like to congratulate you  
and your contributors and all involved  
with you on this excellent publication.

Pete Andrews.

MILLER v MARQUIS OF BATH?

When Colin visited Longleat recently  
with lions and such he acted decently.

With picnic laid upon the ground  
An ideal spot he thought he'd found.

But tree above was old and yawning  
and shed a branch without a warning.

In Colin's car there's now a dent  
the repairs to which will cost the rent.

An action lies against His Lordship  
for spoiling so our Colin's trip.



## DON LOCK

(Photo Opposite)

Started racing 1951: member of East Grinstead Cycling Club until 1960: Time trialling almost to the complete exclusion of anything else, although won a 1000 yds championship at Rye and once finished 3rd in Sussex Road Race Championship. 4 times B.A.R. Champion at East Grinstead and in 1958 2nd in East Sussex B.A.R. With Worthing he has in 10 years won the Club B.A.R. twice the Club 12 hr. twice: Club 100 twice and Club 50 twice. He was S.C.A. B.A.R. champion in 1962; 25 mile champion in 1961 and 12 hr. champion in 1962 and 1963. He has in addition been placed in the first three in S.C.A. championships on nine occasions.

### FASTEST TIMES

|           |              |
|-----------|--------------|
| 10 miles  | 24.49        |
| 25 miles  | 1. 1.39      |
| 50 miles  | 2. 5.40.     |
| 100 miles | 4.25.36      |
| 12 hours  | 243.23 miles |
| 24 hours  | 416.99 miles |

.....

FINI? Well it's so difficult to really retire isn't it?.







EDDY TORR

Odd perhaps, that an item in the British Medical Journal, should provide food for thought in a Cyclist's Magazine, but the issue of 24th September might indeed have some of us worried; or I suppose, pleased; it depends on present circumstances.

Dr. E. Saphier reports that he found that the husband in a childless couple cycled two and a half hours daily to and from work. The cycling was stopped and the wife was now pregnant. Although I'm sure there must have been more to it than that. The Doctor concedes that cyclists can have children but thinks that in marginal cases too much cycling could make a difference.

A National Press comment that I like, considered what a healthy contraceptive the practice could be.

I wonder if this is part of the reason for some of our racing members doing their training in the early morning instead of in the evening! I really think the issue must be extremely marginal, just think of the children of some of our married members, I do not think that there is any real need for concern in this matter. The Doctor does not suggest that Cycling Clubs might become extensions to Family Planning Clinics.

Don.



