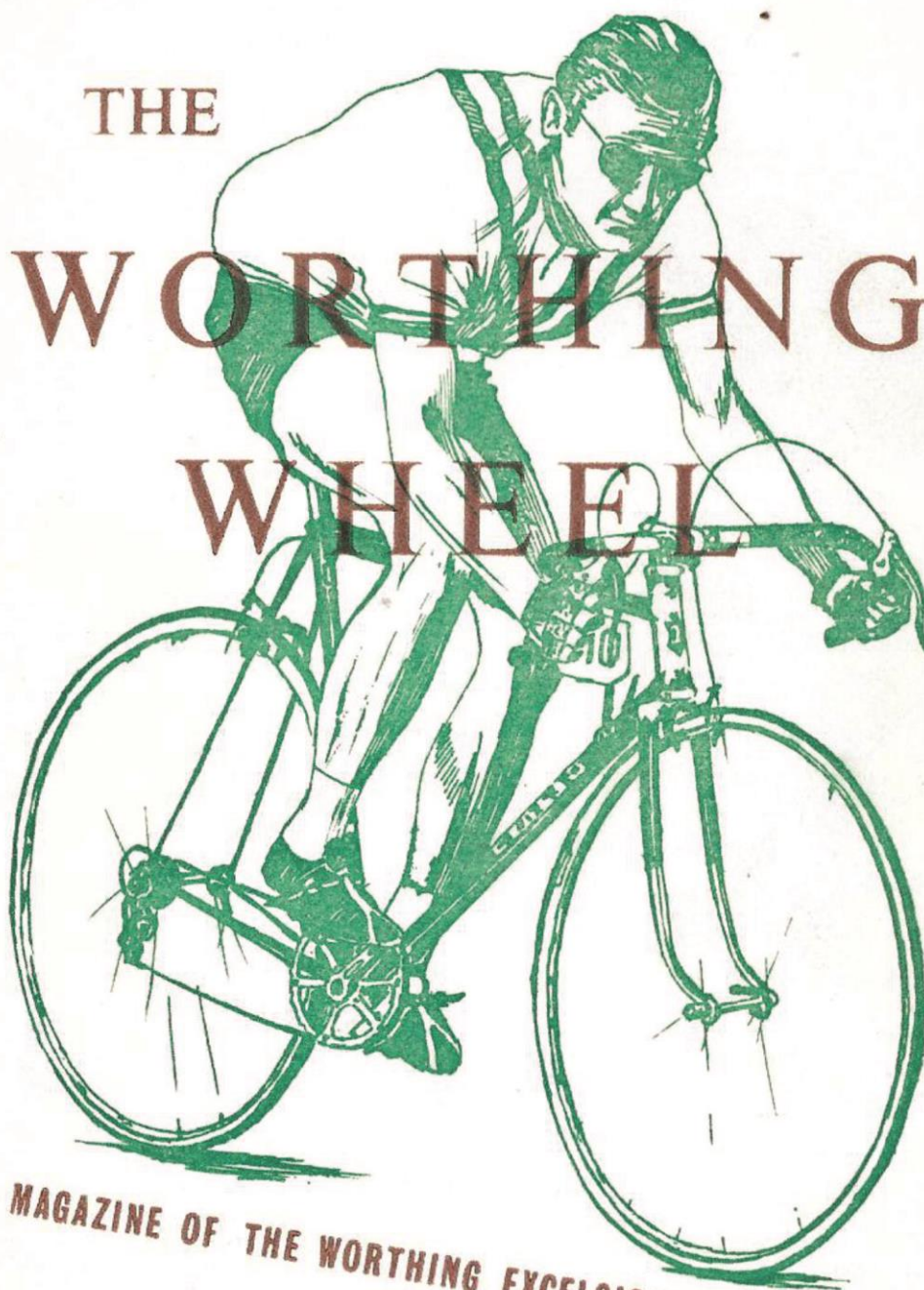


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MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

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THE WORTHING WHEEL

The Journal of

THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

Broadwater Parish Rooms, Broadwater,  
Worthing. Every Tuesday evening 8 p.m.  
until 10.30 p.m.

President: W.D. Argent, 67 St. Lawrence  
Avenue, Worthing.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Blue Rock,  
Talland Road,  
St. Ives,  
Cornwall.

Dear Don,

Many thanks for the current issue of The Worthing Wheel. I am writing to let you know my new address, which is quoted above, and to say that Rita and I will be very pleased to see any Excelsiorite touring in the area.

It was very interesting to see the letter from "Uncle Rex". I shall always be grateful for the way he, as Editor of "The Bicycle", and Audrey Ellis with her "Contact Corner" in the same paper, kept in touch with those of us who were scattered around the World in the various branches of the wartime Armed Forces. I was proud to be a member (I don't think membership ever reached double figures!) of the South Burma Road Club - second claim of course!!

Kindest regards to all my friends in the Club.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Reeve Black.

For those unaware of the fact Maurice is a Club Vice President. (Ed.)

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF "ATION"

Take any time trial - that's Contemplation

If you are fit you have - Expectation

If you are unfit you could  
have - Capitulation

Think of the handicap - Calculation

Before the start try some - Relaxation

and like Engers partake of - Meditation

build up all your - Determination

think of all that training  
and - Dedication

Remember what Engers says  
about - Concentration

Look at your watch - Consultation

Move up to the line - Mobilisation

Take your "pills" - Medication

Check your tyres - Inflation

Make sure you know the  
course - Orientation

Allow for other road users - Consideration

wave at those who cut you  
in - Gesticulation



Get out of nasty skid	-	Extrication
Take roundabout well	-	Negotiation
Ignore those lights	-	Violation
Think your going under usually	-	Imagination
Beryl overtakes you	-	Emancipation
For Ray it would be	-	Adoration
Gasp from the crowd	-	Exclamation
You see your time's a 52	-	Exultation
Then you see its 1.5.2.	-	Mortification
Someone revives you	-	Resuscitation
You've got 1st. Handicap	-	Compensation
Your pals had a puncture	-	Deflation
He described his new frame	-	Specification
There are these younger riders, another	-	Generation
There is the S.C.A.	-	Association
The event 100 kilometers	-	Metrication
The entry fee 40p.	-	Decimalisation
Preparation of result sheets	-	Duplication
It's all enough to give you stomach ache and that could even be due to -----		

Con.....

## CLUB 50 MILE CHAMPIONSHIP

30th July, 1972

What promised to be an interesting race was again depressed at the start by the non-starting of Alan Orman. So many times Alan, who is capable of very good times, has failed to start in Club events and one despairs of ever getting a full racing season from him. Despite this and one of the smallest fields for some years the event did develop into a most interesting competition.

George Matthews and Keith Dodman had both raced the previous afternoon and it was thought that this could affect their performances, although not sufficiently for them to lose the main fight for the major honours.

The course was the usual one, from Shoreham along the A.27 to Westhampnett and back with that  $8\frac{1}{2}$  mile leg from Fontwell out to Mapton on the way out. The weather was grey and damp but with just a slight breeze rising, favourably, from the south west.

Tony Palmer, the first man away from timekeeper Brian Weir, was the event's long-marker, but his recent riding indicated a distinct chance in the handicap section where he had an allowance of 21 minutes. The riders had been spaced by the handicapper, yours truly, at two minute intervals, I have a memory



of one club fifty that developed into a very fast road race. Next away was Eddy Kneen, another who was bent on a personal best and perhaps, stood more chance of achieving this than anyone. His 25 time down to a "4" indicated something better than 2.20. George was away like a rocket intent, it seemed, on smashing the opposition at an early stage. Then came Keith riding strongly but at a much more controlled pace. Finally came Colin Miller, the only rider on fixed wheel, and an "86" as well.

Having seen the riders away Brian then went out to Fontwell with me and we were able to make some very interesting time checks at that point which the riders have to pass three times. At the first check (16 miles) George led Keith by 1 min.56secs. Colin was another 8 seconds down and then came Eddy at 2 mins 37 secs. and Tony at 4 mins.46 secs. On the return from Yapton (25 miles) George was timed at 1.4.19, Keith at 1.6.52, Colin at 1.7.29 Eddy at 1.8.0. and Tony at 1.11.14. The most notable change at this point was that Eddy had pulled back a few seconds on Colin and whilst he appeared to be going well, Colin seemed to be struggling. The long stretch then cut to the far turn and back through Fontwell, about 34 miles at this point. Now the changes were really showing. George seemed to be dying and Keith was slowly pulling him back. Colin was dying and Eddy was rapidly overhauling him. Tony was easily the fastest through the Fontwell dip and seemed well set to take the handicap award. Times here were George 1.29.42. Keith 1.32.11. Colin 1.33.09. Eddy 1.33.50 and Tony 1.38.33.



Having one last look at the riders as we passed them (in the car) on the return to the finish, it was clear that over those last and hilliest miles it was Keith who was pulling out all the stops, and we reckoned, (later confirmed), that Eddy up now in third place was also covering this stretch faster than George.

Remembering how George had lost the Club 25 Championship by just 4 seconds, you can guess how he felt when told Keith's time of 2.14.31 was just that same margin too good for his 2.14.35. Eddy had finished very strongly and was very happy with his 2.17.23 which could well earn him this year's most improved rider award. Poor Colin had found his fixed a bit hard over those hills towards the finish and looked very disinterested as he crossed the line in 2.19.10. Tony Palmer beating his "evens" schedule handsomely was very pleased with his 2.25.54 and beat Eddy for the handicap with a net time of 2.4.54.

Don.

.. ..

### DYING

An ancient Royal, a typewriter made I would think about the turn of the century. It has done good service under the awful pounding given it by your two fingered Ed. since purchased from Geoff Allibone for a nominal sum about three years ago, but now it needs a decent burial. If anyone has an old one which would do us a turn we should like very much to hear from you.



## HARDRIDERS EVENT

1st October, 1972

This event again proved to be a popular one, although there were perhaps more spectators than actual competitors and the entry of seven (less than for some years) was further reduced by two non-starters. The course was again that usual and very hard one (personal opinion) that starts in the Findon Valley, comes first to Worthing and then works its way to Arundel via Washington bypass, Storrington, Amberley, Houghton and Whiteways Roundabout. At the Arundel turn, after that lovely long swoop down from the top of Houghton Hill one is faced with the immediate and forbidding prospect of the return journey.

Ray Douglass was this year performing with slide rule and time piece in the capacities of Handicapper and Timekeeper and saw me away first on, what appeared in Worthing and in Findon Valley, to be a lovely warm and sunny morning. In Ray's wisdom riders were at two minute intervals a point I was appreciating at Arundel where I was still up front, but soon forgot as Alan Orman and Keith Dodman came past in quick succession on the lower slopes out of Arundel. Alan then was two minutes up and Keith was four. At this point I decided that my cold was after all a bad one and a good excuse! I watched from an ever increasing distance as Keith powered away to lead Alan over the top to Whiteways Lodge.



I also noted that George was hurtling down to the turn like he meant business and I calculated that I should see him also well before the finish. Derek Powell, still a schoolboy and riding his longest and certainly his toughest race, was going quite well and even seemed to be enjoying it! Guest rider Maurice Wyatt from the Brighton Mitre, currently having one of his best ever seasons was also making rapid progress towards the turn.

Some very interesting times were taken by Tony Palmer from Whiteways, for the stretch from there to the Arundel turn and back. Myself 18 mins. 40 secs. Alan 17.40, Keith 17.05 Derek 21.20. Maurice a fast 16.35 but George a staggering 15.45. It appears that Alan blew a gasket somewhere after Amberley and found the last few miles very grotty. George who flew past me (before Storrington) continued to storm home catching Alan and beating Keith to the line in a spectacular finish by one second.

George then a comfortable winner with a fine ride of 1.31.55 which was far enough in front to gain the handicap award in addition and from the scratch mark.

Keith finished second in 1.35.56. A look back through previous Mags. shows Keith to have finished 1st. 2nd. 3rd, and 2nd in the last four events, a very fine record.

Alan showed, despite the "death" over the last few miles, that when he makes the start 'he is always a force to be reckoned with. Alan's time 1.40.51.



Derek Pearce rode very sensibly and finished strongly without showing any signs of distress. His time of 1.52.22. is probably as good a time as any 15 year old has managed before, and he should have every confidence in his ability to really push himself over twenty five miles in the future.

For the record I recorded 1.43.43. and Maurice Wyatt's private trial ride was completed in a time of 1.36.28.

I mentioned the lovely sunny and warm morning at the start, well as riders topped the Downs they ran into a thick white wall of cold wet and dense fog that was to last for most of the course north of the Downs. This made breathing difficult and limbs less supple because of the cold. Had conditions been better George must surely have come closer to Mike Venner's record of 1.29.44.

Don

.. ..

### NEVER AGAIN

That at least is what she said to my wife after their first child was born, but I understand the lady frequently says this, but then something or someone changes her mind. Well Barbara and Martin Ford-Dunn are off on their second lap with further offspring promised for next April. Good luck to the pair of you.



The 300km to Ostend were completed speedily. Indeed much faster than Brian Weir and certainly inside the elusive  $3\frac{1}{4}$  hours! The roads at this early hour were free of traffic that would inevitably build up during the day. Despite the comparative dampness and high winds, it was nevertheless comforting to have reached this Belgian seaside town and to savour once more invigorating coastal air with which you lucky Worthing folks are so familiar, but of which poor mortals such as I am so deprived. During the three country flit through Germany, Holland and Belgium not once had I been halted. Who wouldn't notice at that speed just how much of a hurry I was in. How I missed the capable "Good morning Sir how long do you intend staying?" of the passport and customs officials and the polite but insistent request to open the boot and declare the goods. Just think of it I transported a bicycle, in my opinion worth its weight in gold, through three countries and was not approached by one uniformed gentleman. Oh, Britain what Common Market joys await you!

I had succeeded in my endeavour to arrive on time. Always was one for punctuality you know! Fearing his non-observance of the appointed hour Ray's harassed arrival some time later following a flat out ride from a nearby Hotel, should have taken the steam out of him. Alas this was not to be! After a hearty exchange of greetings it was agreed to load the bikes into the car - shame on you Ray - and head for the



Belgium Dutch border town of Sluis and then by bike to the Dutch Islands.

On this wet and gusty mid-September morning it was evident that the holiday season had come to a screeching halt and that we would soon be, in Ray's famous words, at liberty to pursue a gentle potter.

Unaccustomed to anything other than sporadic 30km. stints and completely devoid of rain protecting clothing I hit the road with veteran Ray.

Accompanied by a howling wind and intermittent heavy rain this was hardly for anyone of the likes of me. Grimly struggling on Ray's back wheel and more than a little envious of his attire, we eventually reached Breskens on the edge of the mainland where we succumbed to the luxury of a Dutch inn and devoured ham and eggs to our hearts content. Here a Dutch veteran, one of war and not of cycling, related to us pleasant memories of his immediate post war stay in Brixham, Devon and his high regard for the quality and charm of English life.

Well fortified and eager to explore the terrain we continued on our wet and windy way encouraged by the prospect of an imminent ferry trip to Vlissingen. The Dutch with nearly half of their country below sea level and the fear of losing valuable land to the raging sea, have built strong dykes to resist the elements. With the help of modern engineering much land has been reclaimed from the sea and such areas known as "Polders" have been cultivated to sport farmsteads as well as towns housing several thousands



of people. That the Dutch are adequately prepared in their efforts to link the re-won land is very well illustrated by the excellent frequent ferry services. Our twenty minute crossing was reminiscent of the channel services with scores of local cars heading for the other side while an all purpose restaurant is provided from where one, on a better day, would no doubt over a suitable beverage relax and enjoy the panorama of the approaching land and smooth surrounding water way. All this for the equivalent of an eight new pence single ticket.

The next part of our journey along one of those famed Dutch canals showed us heading for Middleburg in the hope of buying waterproofs which under the circumstances were really indispensable. To our, or rather, my dismay, instead of entering the town centre we found we had skirted the town completely - knew I shouldn't have relied on Ray - and decided that the next Town would equally serve the purpose. - more fool me! Just then we couldn't believe our eyes - a fantastic 1 in 3 hill appeared in front of us and this in Holland, notorious for its flatness. Suddenly it dawned on us that we were about to cross a canal and the road had been raised to let a shipping vessel pass. Nevertheless this was bluffing for a moment and cause for Ray to regret not having brought his camera with him to catch this unusual scene.

Ten miles further, thoroughly drenched, never more than a wheel in front of Ray and invariably several behind, we reached Goes, a sizeable town with plenty of Dutch atmosphere, flowery gardens, neatly arranged housing, spotlessly clean roads and pavements, and last but



not least an outfitters shop. Here rainwear was hastily purchased and thoughts of a dry comfortable return journey were uppermost in our minds. The pleasantness of our stay in Goes was further enhanced by the sight of young boys and girls clad in colourful local costumes of bibs, bonnets and aprons, parading through the main shopping centre celebrating a regional festival accompanied by exhilarating music, watched by an obviously appreciative large audience. A hurried cup of hot chocolate and two pieces each of weighty hot freshly baked cake, of no uncertain nutritive value, brought from the kitchen on Ray's request, were to provide the energy for the long haul back as well as the stomach ache I was to endure several hours later.

Seriously anticipating favourable conditions after the outward plod, it was very disconcerting to find the wind blowing from the "wrong" direction. Here I was already fully shattered and yet only half the distance covered. Somehow I made it, but not before a fully fit Ray, understandably rubbing it in, had in his quest to beat last year's mileage or was it to gain added distance in training for some obscure "24", misread the map and added mile after mile to the recognised shortest route. How could it be otherwise!!

Of particular interest to cyclists is that Holland is a country of bicycles. Everybody seems to ride them. This is perhaps attributable to the fine network of excellent cycle paths, sometimes with dividing lines and separate traffic signs for cyclists, providing safety second to none.

On reflection a worthwhile day awheel but not one to undertake in future without a conscientious build up. In fact I've already resolved to do three



rides a week in future and woe betide Ray when he meets me after this preparation!!

Now your turn at the front, Ray. I really think you should recount the events of the second day which took us into Flanders and to the doorstep of Belgium's major sport, not forgetting the setting for a wayside meal of huge cartons of milk and delicacies.

Author wishes to remain  
anonymous. But is he? Ed.

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#### EVENING TEN SERIES - 1972

Despite a dropping off of numbers over previous years which could not be entirely accounted for by the fact that there were fewer events, many, particularly younger members enjoy these evening rides, and there is no doubt that they should continue. There is a view held by some members that the number of events should indeed be restored to the previous total of 14.

Ray Douglass spent a considerable amount of time at the beginning of the season working out various alternatives for the ten mile course, after it became apparent that we could not use the Adur Bridge course. Some felt, and may still feel, that this course is not as fast but it is



certainly more sporting and a number of personal bests were recorded.

The fastest ride by a Club member was the 23.11 of George Matthews, but the fastest of the season and therefore the course record was the 23.01 of G. Garland of the Anglia Club.

There were 75 entries over the ten events and on nearly every evening, private entries from other local clubs increased the field and the competition.

The evening 25 held half way through the series was not a success and the racing committee will have to think seriously about the continuance of this experiment in 1973.

George had five wins but rode only those five events and so robbed himself of the series trophy which requires seniors to complete six events against the four events required of juniors. This left the trophy for Don Lock who with his six best positions totalled only ten points. The points being the aggregate of the positions.

Full result:

1st.	Don Lock	10 points
2nd	Derek Pearce	15 points
3rd	Alan Hubbard	19 points
4th	Maurice Rosenberg	24 points
5th	Paul Denyer	29 points

Winner of junior award

Derek Pearce.

## MOST IMPROVED RIDER AWARD 1972

Tony Palmer our worthy, hard working time trials secretary who has been racing on and off for many years without a great deal of success, has in 1972 had one of his best years for almost a decade and his fifty mile time of 2.20.22 in the Brentwood Fifty gave him a M.P.H improvement of 1.126.

This was better than any improvements by youngsters or indeed the personals of Eddy Kneen.

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## CONGRATULATIONS

Tony Hill, who once admitted to me with considerable candour, that he was doing his best to reduce his tax liabilities has it appears, now been successful. His wife Vivien has presented him with a small bundle weighing  $6\frac{1}{4}$  lbs. and going under the name of Elizabeth. Both Mum and daughter are doing well. Elizabeth was born at the Southlands Hospital, Shoreham-by-Sea on the 13th October.

Vivien has asked us to say how well Tony bore up under the strain of those last few weeks!



It is very easy to get hot and bothered over something, and usually, if one lets a little time pass for thought and reflection, the heat and botheration will subside, to allow a more detached and therefore, a more unbiased view of the event that caused the problem. Well I have let time go by, and I am still annoyed. The Clubrun was five in number as we approached Petworth from the Midhurst direction. We were riding at about 15/16 m.p.h. in two pairs and with one at the rear. Throughout that morning we had frequently singled up whenever the road was narrow or traffic conditions or road markings (double white lines for instance) had made it the sensible thing to do.

When this "idiot in Police Uniform" in his white M.G.B. with orange markings blasted forth with his loud hailer, as though calling for some gangster to give himself up. The hailing from behind, at close quarters, "single up unless you want to get yourselves killed" had a similar shock effect to that of a firework placed close behind you; it could easily have caused the accident which he seemed to allege was virtually imminent anyway.

In our Spring 1969 issue we published the correspondence which passed between our Club and the Members of Parliament, at the time of the new Highway Code which threw upon the cyclist the onus of deciding when roads were busy or narrow.

It was a new position which seemed to us and to cycling bodies to be a thin edge of the proverbial wedge to drive us off the roads. We complained at the time of the complete lack of cost to the country which the cycle caused compared with the motor car, and, the "environmentally friendly" tag, which the cycle received from nationally respected speakers is surely an indisputable fact. But we were assured that there would be no problem and all would be well. In addition we were quoted accident statistics (which we were suspicious of and the C.T.C. strongly dispute) to show what great risk we incur when we venture forth upon the roads of Britain. The argument that it would be better to remove the danger than the person at risk of course carries no weight at all and the steamroller progress of the motor car continues to push all before it.

It also seems clear from the Clubrun incident that some, if not all police are themselves anxious to see us off the roads. One wonders whether it was an individual wielding his power and assumed status or whether indeed, (and more seriously), he may have been only instrumental in carrying out directions or subtle suggestions from higher authority.

We were causing no obstruction at any time but this is not even the point made by the officer. He was simply implying that if we didn't ride in single file, we could (or would) be killed and that it would be our fault. The fact that the danger (the motor) might be responsible had clearly escaped his thinking ability.

Don.



## 1972 POINTS TROPHY

The aggregate of the handicap positions in all handicapped club events, with one additional point for non-starters and two additional points for non-entrants. So all who ride just one event are in this year long competition.

In 1971 more than 30 members were listed by Time Trials Secretary Tony Palmer in the final result and the sad drop in the Club's overall racing strength is reflected in the 1972 final result of the Points Trophy Competition, which shows a full list of just 20.

Nevertheless at the top of the list a new name to Club Trophies and a very deserved winner, Eddy Kneen. With a number of personal best performances during the season and several of these in Club competition it is fitting that Eddy should have won.

1st.	Eddy Kneen	20	points
2nd	Don Lock	32	"
3rd	George Matthews	37	"
	Tony Palmer	37	"
5th	Colin Miller	38	"
6th	Keith Dodman	42	"
	Kevin Bishop	42	"
8th	Tony Hill	44	"
9th	Ray Douglass	45	"
	Paul Taylor	45	"
11th	Derek Pearce	46	"

## OTHERS WRITE

From the Easter Festival News, a magazine to enable the competitors in the Guernsey Velo Club's Easter Festival to keep in touch we extract the following. As the article is in reply, in effect, to a contribution by Dave (Spider) Funnell in an earlier letter, and we do have Dave's permission to print, we trust we also have no objection from Mike Gambling, the Author. We have no doubt that he would wish his appeal to reach as wide an audience as possible.

### Gambling on.....An Appeal

There was an Old Motto among the grass track men in East Anglia that, 'No event is won or lost until the last appeal has been heard'.

They would argue and gesticulate at great length, delaying the children's running race and drawing a crowd from the sideshows.

This is what I am going to do, even if it does mean detaining you from other articles.

Thank you Spider Funnell, for an excellent piece in the July Edition giving details of the various stages of inebriation enjoyed by the Worthing lads during Easter. It was aptly called "Guernsey Cocktail".

Reading this, my head nodded longitudinally through the chronicle of the fierce cut-throat competition, particularly in the pursuit of Hilary Nickless.



In fact, this young lady confided in me at the Clubroom that the Worthing Excelsior boys were rather raw, unsophisticated and uncouth. "What I like", he said, looking up at my bobble hat, "is a more suave and mature man".

"Yes," I agreed, shaking my hindquarters to dislodge mud received from the back wheel. "You probably need someone from Norfolk, smartly dressed, couth and with courteous countrymanners".

I took a reef in on my thigh-length pull-over and respectfully opened a door for her to pass through.

"Why are you showing me into this cupboard" she asked. "We could get sophisticated in here," I suggested. "No thanks", Hilary replied, "I prefer men with their own teeth".

As I was saying when Hilary passed under my ball-point, Spider was right so far, but then he made his monumental blunder. In describing the superb dinner, he mentioned a cross toasting match between Alan Stronge and myself, which Spider scored 16-15 in String's favour.

Now I make my appeal (at last).

Firstly, I submit that the men of Worthing were suffering from such alcoholic colic that counting was impossible.

Secondly, Spider himself had rather a poor vantage point from under the table.

In fact, Alan Strop did rise 16 times but mostly for the medical reasons of indigestion, malt convulsions, sudden toilets, hop cramp and a bad case of extrovertis manias. In an effort to humour Alan Strangle I did occasionally bow and make a witty sally.

Since then, Alan Strain has taken me to task for a sad mis-spelling of his name in 'Cycling' - must have been a printers error.

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Ed. Further reference to this Easter extravaganza will be found in our Easter 1972 Edition.

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#### CONGRATULATIONS

To Colin and Dawn Miller our warmest best wishes on the birth of a really bonny baby girl. Their daughter, to be christened, Lorna, weighed in at 9 lbs.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ozs. According to Colin both Mum and daughter are doing well, and Colin is bearing up! For the records Lorna was born on 31st October, 1972.



## THE TOURIST TRIALS

A well planned and very interesting competition and a shame that there was not as good an entry as previous years. Neither of the joint holders was able to defend the trophy, Tony Palmer having recently had an operation for veins in his legs and John Mansell working all days of the week saving for his entry into the property market.

Five set off from the Clubroom and made their way firstly to ascertain the full name of the Parish Church of Broadwater and thence on to an Ordnance Survey Spot Height situated in Sompting. Even at this stage entries made separate routes and three were to arrive at secret check Mike Poland, hiding in the bushes, from the wrong direction. West Lane, Lancing and the name of another Church found Don with the road on his right instead of the left but otherwise all went through under the eagle eye of checkers Jim and Con. Next a spot height, on the bridle-path up on the downs by Lancing College. The correct approach was from the west and this again allowed the following of different routes. No trouble here and all found Alan Matthews and Madeleine hidden behind a copy of the Sunday Times, or was it the News of the World. A spot height neatly situated half way between the Churches of Coombes and St. Botolph's and this time the name of a Vicar, and riders began to feel they were on a "Church Crawl". Leaving the highway for the course of ye old railroad competitors bore down upon Steyning. It was here that John Antram stopped to discuss the rights



of way and Access to the Countryside Act with a Farmer. Trust John, you managed to convince him. It was also on this section that young Phil, (surname Start), finished! His bottom bracket parted company with the frame and no amount of mechanical expertise was going to hold them together. Phil then continued with Brian Weir and became the first to join the "Sag Waggon". Brian's usual delight in the intricacies of the lanes of Steyning was again demonstrated and riders made a devious route through before a straight run up the old ten course towards Ashurst. The delicately named Spithandle Lane was the next objective and out of this a Bridleway that was to provide the muddiest section of the day. One competitor apparently taking photos to prove it. George Matthews and Dave Elson must have known its condition rejoining the course near Dial Post after a quick training sprint round the roads through Buncton and then A.24 up from Ashington.

All the helpers and riders met up for a jar and some lunch at the Blacksmiths Arms near Shipley and the morning's happenings were recounted around a real old fashioned open log fire. With Ray Douglass in a comfortable armchair, it took some effort from Brian to get the afternoon sections under way.

To start with Brian crossed out most of the roads on the maps and said "Get from here to there." and "Don't go along there, there, or there". It firstly appeared that a long ride was called for but after some further study of the



O.S. map, a footpath route, right past the famous Shipley Windmill was found and tackled satisfactorily and in the time allowed, by all concerned.

A short ride brought the competitors then to the Dragons Green cross roads on the Bunk Barn to Coolham Road, and here Brian sent them off on section number three. A straightforward circuit route had been traced from the cross roads and back again from the Ordnance Survey map, and simply had to be followed; but as is always required by Brian with great accuracy. Pub names and details of signboards had to be collected on route to prove that the full circuit had been covered. A most attractive area was covered by the circuit which wound its way north through Barns Green Itching-field and Christs Hospital. Brian's own peculiar style of humour prompted his directions to one competitor to travel in a clockwise direction, whilst the others were instructed to travel anti-clockwise. The thoughts of Ray and Don, as they passed each other, were typical of the riders.... Ray, of Don, "He's made a right mess of it" and Don, of Ray, "Surely Ray wouldn't have made a mistake like that" and I'd better just check which way my watch is going!!

George and Dave had gone astray on part of this course and both Ray and Don had missed one of the secret checks. Rain which had been threatening since lunch now began to unload itself and both George and Dave took to the comforts (shame on them) of helpers cars.

A final stretch home in rather miserable conditions for the two survivors Ray and Don, but as both had experience of a Theo type nosh up, they eagerly headed along the route of Brian's



abbreviated directions, south to Thakeham, across a footpath to Warminghurst and then via Hampers Lane and Rowdell House to Washington. From the village it was up to the top of the old Bostal and the finish.

Theo did not disappoint, and besides the riders there were about a dozen helpers and friends who dived into a marvellous meal of mushroom soup, shepherds pie, with carrots and peas, plum duff and custard and tea.

While the food was served Brian worked out the final result, a win for Ray with Don in second place and a very small margin. It was in fact Ray's better estimate of the mileage round that circuit that was to give him the Trophy.

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## 25 TEAM RECORD STANDS

An attempt to improve this record was agitated into being by the requirement of Ray Douglass to ride the Birchfield C.C. Veterans 25 on the K.I6 on Saturday July 29th. We young lads he maintained must ride in the Birchfield's open event. It resulted in Vice President Brian Weir being pressed into service and driving Ray, George Matthews, Keith Dodman and myself all the way to Coventry, Lichfield or somewhere in the Midlands, to spend one hour or preferably less, hurtling first up and then down a most uninspiring and quite unattractive piece of allegedly



very fast tarmac.

For George a ride in the region of 58 minutes was definitely on; for Keith something very close to the hour, was a probability for he is, after all, recognised as our drag strip expert. For me the outlook was bleak; I had no form to speak of, I was simply making up the number, but, I admit, with a hope that if the others went ultra fast I might still be in the record team. The probability was that I would let them down.

The afternoon was a fast one, the course also was a fast one. The sun was high and bright and it was probably one of the hottest days of the summer.

An early starter, a veteran, finished and appeared reasonably happy with a "57". This, as I was about to start left me with mixed feelings. Was it that fast or was it just he that was that fast?

I finished, beating two of the 120 entries, in 1.3.6. a time which completely spoiled the chances of a record when the other two had done the expected rides. George untroubled finished with a "club fastest for 1972" with 58.35 and Keith, who had apparently found no difficulty in turning a gear of 112" all the way round, was quite pleased with 1.0.35

The record then, of Tony Hill, Pete Reeves and yours truly of 3.0.20 of 1971 will last another year. It should really be under 3 hours by now.



Ray incidentally did his fastest ride for some time with 1.7.11 but like me found himself nearly last and with those behind him probably his senior by 20 years! Whilst doubtless many would still thrash us even on the G.935 I have a feeling that these arterial road courses are breeding a different kind of time triallist and I believe we might have finished further up the list on a "country" and more "sporting" course.

Don.

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### SUSSEX QUIZ

Answers appear on page 34 but see how you score before referring to them. Over 15 is excellent, over 12 good. under 12 average, under 8 poor.

1. Who designed the gardens at Sheffield Park House?
2. Who designed Sussex University?
3. Name the village housing Jack and Jill.
4. Where do the Rivers Arun and Rother join?
5. What is the name of the Forest to the east of Horsham?
6. Fairmile Bottom is on what main road?
7. Which is the lower, Upper or Lower Beeding?
8. Where is the All England Jumping Ground?
9. Where does the River Adur cross the A-24?
10. Chanctonbury Ring is the site of a settlement of what Age?

Continued on Page 34



## MISCELLANY

Really great to see Gerry and Margaret Atterbury back in Worthing after so many years. Their residence in the States seems however to be a permanent one, so we shall have to be content with the occasional visit. This trip coincided with the Hardriders event and they did not lose the opportunity to come and watch the competitors suffer, as they had done many times in the past.

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For those waiting for the result of this year's 12 hour Championship - well there was no event as such and under the new ruling the trophy goes to the best performance of the season. This was recorded by Keith Dodman in the Manchester event where he covered 224.29. Our Ed. dragged himself round 220.27 miles of the Southern Counties event and, much more promising Eddy Kneen in his first "12" did 212 miles.

.....

Dave Funnell moves into his "Batchelor" Flat 21. Adur Valley Court, Upper Beeding.  
All flies beware of the spider!

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Your next Committee is going to have some hard thinking to do when V.A.T. comes in next year. It would seem that subs and even entry fees for Club events are liable.

## 1972 SENIOR BEST ALL ROUNDER COMPETITION

### First      KEITH DODMAN

25	Birchfield C.C.	1. 0.35
50	National Champ.	2.11.44
100	Rutland	4.32.33
12hrs.	Manchester	224.29 mls.
<u>Average Speed 22.059 m.p.h.</u>		

### Second      DON LOCK

25	Southampton	1. 3. 2.
50	Brentwood	2. 8.54.
100	East Sussex C.A.	4.40.06.
12hrs.	Southern Coys	220.27 mls.
<u>Average Speed 21.712 m.p.h.</u>		

### Third      EDDY KNEEN

25	Worthing ECC	1. 4.32
50	Club Championship	2.17.23.
100	Bournemouth	4.59.17
12hrs.	Southern Coys	212.41 mls.
<u>Average Speed 20.707 m.p.h.</u>		

The same number completed the four distances for the competition as last year but average speeds were down. Good to see a new name, with Eddy in third spot replacing last year's John Mansell effort.



## 1972 HILL CLIMB CHAMPIONSHIP

The annual ascent of the north face of the Eiger, sorry, Steyning Bostal, was held this year on Sunday October 8th. Conditions were dry and warm and the wind was just the merest breeze from the east.

Last year saw rock bottom reached when in terrible conditions John Mansell rode just about one pedal revolution to make the championship an event; three riders being required under Club rules. Well this year we saw a slight improvement on that entry when four started away on the mile long climb.

Timekeepers Brian Weir and Ray Douglass were responsible for checking the time elapsed for each of the mountain goats. The most speedy turned out to be George Matthews who repeated his beating of Keith Dodman from the previous weeks Hardriders. George topped the hill in 4 minutes 41 seconds, a time too good for Keith by 13 seconds. Insult was added to injury when Pete Reeves made his effort - George apparently unaffected by his own efforts ran along side and threatened to overtake on two feet his struggling clubmate on two wheels. Pete lasted the course however and his time was 5 minutes 27 seconds. The fourth rider Derek Pearce was something of a reluctant starter and was not very satisfied with his time of 6 minutes 5 seconds. If he remembers that his time in 1970 was 7 minutes 18 seconds then he should be pleased with the improvement.



## TABBIEGALK NUMBER TWO

After velly muchee persuasio I am back-side again with lines a further of wordy verbiage, rot rubbish and other highly educational nonsense on my favorite subjecto of the propellion of bycyclopsus around the ryboards and wyrays of the Sexsus countryback.

Tis now the time of the fluttery fall fall of the leaves and the Ow! on the head conkerroes. The racy fast ones wrap put light-weights to hibernatio for the winty months and apart from a few who race will wildly across the tranquil scene, most will take to a wandery across cabbage patch, field or wood in the lea of the beautifus Sexsus Ups and Downs or Havid Dudson.

The Orvy Surdinance showing with intricacies quite bewildering will guide us with an unbelievable exactitudenal. Whilst copies of the publications of the petrol companies will take us in ever decreasing circles until we disappear up our own seat pins.

Gone will be the overpowery heatum of the tropicus months of summery just past and we shall again get great joyo from the warmth of the softy snow and north easterly blow blow, the whiter than white frostly and "woops slippery on the camber" of the Sexsus winty.

Social season swingers will dominato the pubby clubby runs and the Annual Booze Hop and Prize Presentation and the downing of vaster quantities of hoo ch than they could manage last time. The season of the toury trialo and the Brian Weir (West Chilittington Edition) of the Hampton Court maze are here again and good on-ya..

Nut case



11. Name the village halfway between Bolney and Cuckfield?
12. Name the Railway along Brighton sea front.
13. Name the village almost cut in half by Gatwick Airport runways.
14. Where is "Potters Museum"?
15. The "Long Man" will be found where in Sussex?
16. The Battle of Hastings was fought where?
17. The highest cliff on the south coast is where?
18. Herstmonceux houses what famous Observatory?
19. There are two rivers in Sussex known by the same name, what is this name?
20. What village is world famous for marbles?

+++++

#### Answers

- |                              |                   |
|------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Capability Brown          | 19. Rother        |
| 2. Sir Basil Spence          | 20. Tinsley Green |
| 3. Clayton                   |                   |
| 4. Hardham Mill              |                   |
| 5. St. Leonards Forest       |                   |
| 6. A.29                      |                   |
| 7. Upper Beeding             |                   |
| 8. Hickstead                 |                   |
| 9. Knipp Castle              |                   |
| 10. The Iron Age.            |                   |
| 11. Anstey                   |                   |
| 12. Volks Electric Railway   |                   |
| 13. Lowfield Heath.          |                   |
| 14. Bramber                  |                   |
| 15. Wilmington               |                   |
| 16. Battle                   |                   |
| 17. Beachy Head              |                   |
| 18. Isaac Newton Observatory |                   |

## ANNOUNCEMENT

The following is a copy of a letter being currently circulated to all members and is self explanatory. This page can be detached and the Application for membership on the next page can be used if wished. Completed applications should be handed to Dave Funnell

.. ..

Dear Member,

To meet our annually increasing cost of both social and racing promotions it has been put forward by the Club's General Committee that we run an exciting Fund Raising Club to increase our income.

Membership will be limited to 100 so we hope we shall have your early support.

The outlay for each member will be only £2.50 per annum (less than 5p. per week).

Each member will be allocated a number from 1 to 100 and all numbers will be entered in a total of twelve draws in every year. Eleven draws will be held monthly (except November) in the Club room on the last Tuesday of the month in the presence of at least three General Committee members for a prize of FIVE POUNDS. The twelfth draw to be held at the Club's Annual Dinner will be for a first prize of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS and a second prize of TWENTY FIVE POUNDS.



All lucky winners will be notified and prizes delivered or remitted by post within two weeks. Each member will receive a list of winners twice in every year.

The fund will start on the 1st January 1973.

The General Committee may, if less than 80 of the tickets are sold, cancel the Fund and return the membership fees received.

The second prize of Twenty five pounds will be subject to a reduction of £1.25 for every unsold ticket.

This membership includes Associate membership to all Fund members not already members of the Worthing Excelsior Cycling Club, and they will be welcome at the Clubroom at Broadwater Parish Rooms any Tuesday evening.

"THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB"

"FUND RAISING "100" CLUB"

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Please enrol me as a member of the Worthing Excelsior Cycling Club's Fund Raising "100" Club at a subscription of Two pounds fifty pence payable before the 20th December 1972.

Name .....

Address .....  
.....

Signature .....

