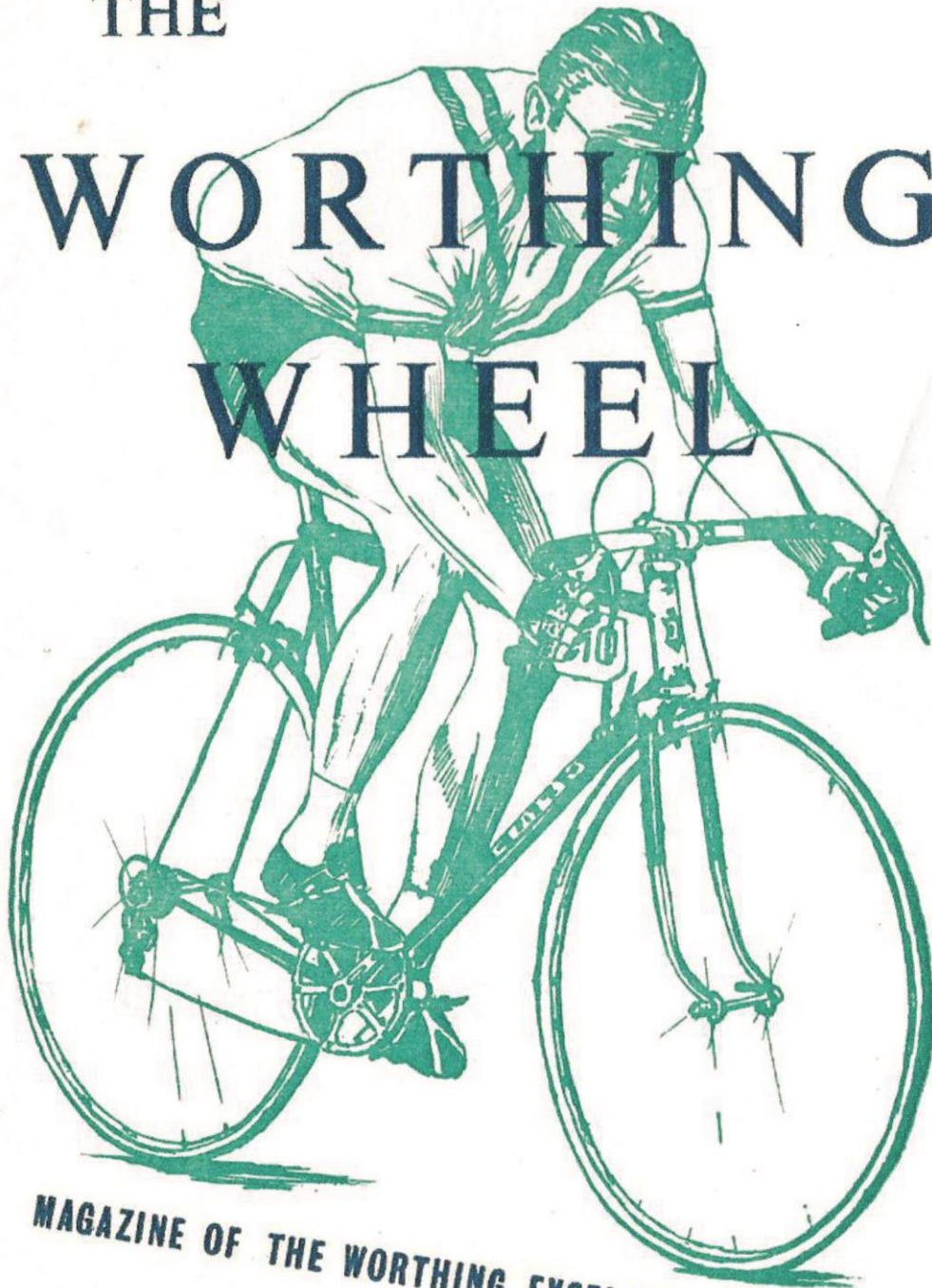


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THE WORTHING WHEEL



MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

WINTER 1972-3

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THE WORTHING WHEEL

The Journal of the
WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

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To a Time Triallist

When the wind starts blowing harder,
and you think you'll have to 'pack';
When rain and cold beset you,
and pains creep up your back;
When your legs are getting weaker,
and you haven't got a clue;
Keep going on, keep going,
for you'll just about win through.

When the sun's rays try to blind you,
and the sweat runs in your eyes;
When other riders catch you,
and they're going by like flies;
When your eyes are red and aching,
and you've almost had enough;
Keep going on, keep going,
you're made of sterner stuff.

When your knees feel just like jelly,
and you know you've got the 'knock',
When aching limbs remind you
of this trial against the clock,
When the revs are getting slower,
and your brain is getting numb;
Keep going on, keep going,
for the battle's nearly won.

And when finally you've finished,
sick and tired, with aches galore;
You think about your troubles
and say "that's it - no more";
But when the next event comes round
the card includes your name;
You know you'll have another go,
for this is the greatest game!

Anon

CLUB TIME TRIAL PROGRAMME

1973

4th March	Circuit Event
11th March	2-Up 25
15th April	Championship 25
29th April	Junior 15
6th May	Championship 30
21st June	Evening 25
15th July	S.C.A./Championship 100
29th July	Championship 50
16th September	Clapshaw/Sherwin 25
30th September	Hardriders
7th October	Hillclimb

Evening Tens, every Thursday from
10th May until 19th September.

SUSSEX CYCLISTS' ASSOCIATION

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

3rd NOVEMBER, 1972

We do not always report on the Association's Annual General meeting but our Club was well represented, and somewhat involved in the elections and discussions that took place.

It is the practise of the Association to elect its President annually and each member club is asked in turn to nominate from its own membership. For the ensuing year your Committee put forward the name of the man who has been Chairman of the S.C.A. for several years, who else but Charlie Lednor. His nomination was warmly received by those attending the meeting on behalf of other Clubs, and he was, of course, duly elected. He justly deserves this honour for all the service he has given the Association. He still retains the office of Chairman of the Association.

One office proved hard to fill and that was the position of Time Trials Secretary. Valerie Stringer of the Brighton Excelsior was the retiring officer, and her comments at previous meetings as to the difficulties of the job, did not encourage possible candidates. A solution was found when it was suggested that individual promoters might be found for each event. Several came forward at this point including Ray Douglass who will deal with the March 10 and 25, and Yours truly will endeavour to deal with the 100.

An early closing to the meeting seemed possible until Ray quietly suggested under Any Other Business that those present might discuss and air personal views on what is, and has been for some time, one of the most controversial issues in Sussex Cycling, namely the merging of the two Associations. There was considerable opinion expressed and it seems, without exception, the opinion held is that such a merger would be for the best of cycling generally. Everyone however holds the view that it will be next to impossible to achieve. As one person pointed out there are a majority of clubs who hold a majority in both associations by reason of their membership of both. If they were to say "merge" then merge it would have to be; an interesting proposition!

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THE SIXTH DAY OF "SKOL"

To some, Skol is a Danish beer, to others it means six day bike racing, to a few members of the Club it means both, in equal proportions.

On that September Wednesday evening, a small contingent of the Excelsior made their various ways to the Wembley Pool to see the last night of the 1972 Skol Six. Myself, having collected Joyce (George's No.1. Bird) from her home, made a rapid journey to the wilds of Kingston where we found George Matthews laying in the middle of the road (in case we missed him!). From that point our progress became somewhat less than rapid, having hit the rush hour. George was very quiet, apparently

worn out, having spent the day constructing bubbles on the River Thames. After crawling the last five miles we arrived just in time for the start of the final session at 7 p.m.

The riders were slowly circling the track, talking amongst themselves as we took our seats. We were pleased to see that Tony Gowland and Patrick Sercu were leading on points, and level on the same lap as three other teams. The racing started with a series of ten sprints for points. George and I discussed the more exciting racing scheduled for the later hours of the evening over a pie and a lager, and then watched a 30 minute chase, known as a potato chase, where the leading riders take it easy allowing the lower teams to pull back a few laps.

Meanwhile George had espied Hilary (his No.2 Bird) crossing the bridge into the track centre, with her No.1. feller, Paul Lipscombe. Hilary looked a veritable giant in her plaid slacks and new new platform shoes. At this point the rest of our mob made a noisy entrance (about an hour late) having taken a short cut at Richmond. The party consisted of Chris Woodcock, Steve Richards and Julie and Pete Reeves and Sheila. Pete was armed with his camera equipped with telephoto lens (about 16' long). It was used mainly for looking at dollies in the track centre.

Back to the racing; the Devil take the hindmost was next, with Piet de Wit (very appropriate name this), thrilling the crowd by swooping from out of the back of the bunch into the narrowest of gaps, and then sitting up, blowing a whistle and informing the judges who it was that had to drop out on that particular lap. He did this time after time, until the field was whittled down to the last four. He just failed to make it this time,

but whistled past just the same, blowing his whistle and pointing himself out. Karl Stam won the first heat by out jumping Sercu with half a lap to go (no mean feat this). The second heat was not so exciting by comparison, but as it was won by Tony Gowland received close attention and plenty of sustained applause at the end. The final was tremendous, quite the closest I've ever seen, with Gowland snatching it on the line by the narrowest of margins. This really brought the crowd to their feet, and it demonstrated two things first, that Gowland was in great form, and second that he was not holding himself back for the final hour; such confidence for an English performer.

At this time the Dernys started warming up, for paced Event (B) and whilst this was going on we adjourned to the Bar for some refreshment. It was also necessary to ensure that our Larynx was well lubricated for the shouting and howling that was anticipated over the final stages. We returned to our seats in time to see Hugh Porter pip his pursuit rival Ferdi Bracke with paced expert de Wit third. This was followed by the last of a week long series of sprints. With a car as a first prize these were really fought for and had been giving audiences some great sprinting throughout the previous evenings. The final was a tremendous climax to this particular competition, with Patrick Sercu winning in a fantastic style and bringing a great gasp from the crowd, as he all but lost control coming out of the final bend.

By this time the crowd had really warmed up and the atmosphere was as alive as any continental six. Chris was giving everybody a heart attack by screaming "Sigi" every few minutes in support of Sigi Renz one of the leading riders. Chris kept this up for the rest of the evening, with George setting up a rival shout of "Gowland".

Still riding "to win everything" Tony Gowland came home the winner in the aces paced event and after a very exciting last ten laps, with the lead constantly changing. The crowd were now on their feet and wldly excited.

So the stage was set for the final hour's chase with Renz and Leo Duyndam leading by one lap from three other teams including Gowland/Sercu. The chase started straight away, with Gowland immediately going for a lap, getting it, and putting his team into the overall lead on account of their large points total. Reaction to this was quick with all the leading teams attacking and attacking. The whole field was spread right round the track, leaving everyone lost as to what was happening, including the announcers. With twenty minutes to go Renz/Duyndam were leading by one lap from Gowland/Sercu with the rest of the field a further lap down. Renz/Duyndam were content to sit in and nullify any lap attempts. Time and time again they pulled back the efforts of Gowland/Sercu and the other leaders. The attempts were continuous but Renz and his partner refused to give an inch. With only ten minutes to go a bad change from Renz gave Gowland his chance; with a quick look back a twitch of his back wheel to discourage passengers, and he was off like a man possessed to pass on the effort to his team mate. Sercu jumped out of the saddle, nearly standing on his head in an effort to pull more speed out. It took them 30 laps to claw their way back to the bunch. A tremendous roar came from the crowd as they made it. But there was no respite for Renz and Duyndam were out at the front and keeping things at a furious pace.

With a £250 prime and £500 for race winners, there were all the right incentives. With just five laps to go Renz, whose efforts had been incessant, had managed to stretch out a half lap lead, it was crucial that this was taken back, and Patrick Sercu was the man to do it. He had cut the lead by half when he threw a tiring Tony Gowland into the fray. Gowland went berserk and this dying effort brought him to within 15 yards of the Renz team, He managed a perfect change with Sercu and the Flemish Arrow was hurtling past Renz with only a few yards to the line to win that £500 and the overall prizes. It was almost irrelevant that the lap record had been smashed in the process, The fans raised the roof and continued stamping and cheering for ten minutes. When they eventually left exhausted and with lost voices all were very happy to have witnessed the first British Six win for 34 years.

We eventually found the cars but had to wait nearly an hour for the car parks to clear before we could move. Away at last we made our way back to Kingston where we took over an Indian Restaurant until about 1.45 a.m. We arrived home at 3.30 a.m. with very sore throats; Ah Well! there's only one cure for a sore throat ----- "SKOL"

Spider.

CLUBMAN OF THE YEAR

Our Editor was voted by members of the General Committee, to have been, during 1972 the Club member who had done most for the Club, and so received the annually awarded Ernie Meredith Pewter Tankard. He considers this to be an honour and is as proud of it as any other cycling award he has been lucky enough to win.

It is probable that this magazine is the single item which prompted the votes in his favour, for he has done little else. He is therefore concerned that the efforts of others should not go unmentioned. Without the contributors, he would have nothing to do, and without Barbara Ford-Dunn (stencils) and Brian Weir (duplicating) there would be no magazine.

Hardworking Secretaries, and Treasurers, some of whom also turn in good racing performances in Club colours, do a great deal of work, quietly in the background and without them the Club would grind to a halt in a very short time.

No one in the Club seeks an award for the work he does in any particular office of the Club, but there are many whose efforts are not so well noticed. If you should find yourself in the position of having to vote in next year's election, do think hard about those persons, and what would happen without them.

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CONGRATULATIONS

To John and Sheila Lucas upon the birth of their son Marvin on 19th December. Marvin checked in, only a few days late at the bonny weight of 8 lbs. That sounds like a good start and maybe he will turn out a well built trackie. Our congratulations and best wishes to Mum and Dad.

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FUND RAISING SCHEME

Well this was not the success that had been hoped for and the numbers were eventually reduced to 50. The scheme got under way at the beginning of the year and the first draw was held on Tuesday 30th January. The lucky winner of the £4 prize being Dave Hudson.

With £90 in prizes to be won, these will now be distributed over the first ten months of the year, by draws on the last Tuesday in each month, up to and including October. The main prize of £50 will be drawn at the Club dinner.

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A WILTSHIRE WANDER

Well actually the trip started in Wiltshire, and also ventured a few 100 yards into Somerset. This was the second of Dave Hudson's car/bike days and started in the city of Salisbury. After a week of the most terrible weather, the five who went, considered themselves to be lucky indeed, blessed as they were with quite pleasant conditions the whole time.

The cars were parked in Salisbury by 9.30a.m. and they were away within a few minutes following a route along the side of the meandering River Nadder. Through Quidhampton and on then to the "carpet" town of Wilton. Heading westwards and always on the minor roads, they passed through villages whose very names seemed to speak out their lovely rural characters, places like:- Burcombe, Barford St. Martin, and Teffont Magna.

As the route headed slightly north westerly, so it left the level valley of the Nadder and climbed up on to the rolling and open Wiltshire Downland. A headwind on this section was also to sort out those who hadn't had any breakfast and set thoughts firmly on "elevenses" and the next eating establishment. The first of Don's two punctures and a loose cotter were to delay this for a while, but as the main A.303 road was reached at Keysley Down a Cafe was found. It was agreed to have a meal and give ourselves a longer afternoon. Some had lunch, some like young Dave Elson had elevenses and lunch, and George had elevenses, lunch and presumably tea as well.

In the afternoon, in accordance with popular demand, and Ray's love for cleaning his bike, we soon headed into some rough stuff. Taking an ancient Roman route over White Sheet Down. This involved a fair amount of walking and for George, who did his best to ride through everything, nearly some swimming. This effort was however well rewarded by the route's emergence onto hard road at the side of a very inviting country Inn. The downing of a jar sent us on our way again, now headed for the National Trust Gardens at Stourhead.

Considerably more time could have been spent here exploring the grounds so beautifully laid out. They date from the 18th Century and are set out with lakes and temples. A further short stretch of cross country brought the group to the summit of Kingsettle Hill with its 160ft. tower, built in 1722 to commemorate King Alfred's victory over the Danes in 879 A.D.

The return ride to Salisbury followed the Valley of another lovely Wiltshire river, this time the Wylfe, along pleasant "B" roads through Sutton Veny (another puncture for Don) Boyton, Sherrington, Wylfe and Great Wishford.

A few hours spent in quiet and pleasurable exploration of another small area of the English Countryside.

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PUNCTURE REPAIRS

The first thing one should learn; perhaps before you even ride a bike; so we are preaching to the experienced. It could be though that one does not always do it as thoroughly as one might. On the road, weather conditions, darkness, or just an anxiety to get on home can mean that attention to detail is forgotten. This can lead to lifting patches or pinched inner tubes.

1. If possible trace the leak from the outside of the tyre and if a flint or something similar is found at that spot remember it could have gone through both sides of the tube.
2. The tyre can be removed with tyre levers but these should not be used to replace the tyre. This frequently leads to damage to the tube. If the rear tyre is punctured, remember to take the tube out on the opposite side to the gears and chain, for less greasy hands, and less grease on the tube.
3. Examine the puncture, ensure that the tube is not punctured right through, feel the inside of the cover for any remaining flints. If the cover is damaged repair with linen.
4. Thoroughly clean the tube using a fine grade glasspaper.
5. Apply the rubber solution and spread with the finger over an area slightly larger than the patch, rubbing well in until practically dry.

6. When dry select patch and hold firmly on to the tube for a full minute.
7. Dust the patch and surrounding area with french chalk.
8. Before inflating fully, carefully check all the way round that the inner tube has not been pinched.

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A DAY IN ESSEX

Dave Hudson had the idea of starting a club run from High Beech in Epping Forest, and it was Dave who so well organised the trip. Nine members of the Club congregated at 7.30 a.m. on Sunday 5th November at the Clubroom and in the cars of Dave, Eddy Kneen and Don Lock made their way to High Beech. They arrived in the Forest and were ready to start away on two wheels by 10 a.m. Chris Beckingham who had stayed at the local Y.H.A. overnight joined them until elevenses.

The Forest was in its most colourful autumn coat and despite the lack of sunshine still looked beautiful. It was difficult to appreciate how close one still was to the teeming traffic of the Metropolis. Here nature still maintained a quiet and beautiful peace.

Only a few hundred yards from where we had parked we came across the finish of the Eastern Counties Cycling Association Hill Climb. Some of us thought that Essex was flat!

Dave had worked out the route and chose all the quietest lanes. First we went through the Forest to Theydon Bois and then to Greenstead, or to give it its full name, Greenstead Juxta Ongar. There was special reason for the visit to this village, for its Church had recently been depicted on a postage stamp. The Church in a delightful setting close to a farm and with trees around is considered to be the world's oldest wooden Church dating from 870 A.D.

On from here to the small town of Ongar for elevenses where a cafe, almost buried under bikes, indicated a favourite haunt for bikies. Sure enough, a good stop, although George Matthews managed to upset the attractive waitress by looking at her for too long with those big innocent eyes of his.

A northerly route of about 15 miles all the time avoiding the main roads brought the riders to the pleasant and fairly large old town of Bishops Stortford for lunch.

Lunch caused some problems for eating establishments were conspicuous by their absence. It is a good thing that orientals eat on Sundays, the English presumably assume that their customers either fast until Monday, or stay at home. Chinese food then was to provide the sustenance for the afternoon's ride.

The journey back to High Beech and the cars, including some byways and footpaths was through the area of the Hadhams. We did take the wrong track on one occasion but a friendly native farmer put us right. There was also the incident when George Matthews found the negotiation of a muddy rutted track somewhat more difficult than anything he has experienced in a road race, and took a neat dive, to lay his head across the very rut down which Don was riding. Just as well he managed to move in time for Don was helpless with laughter at the antics in front of him.

Finally with darkness descending, they rode back through Waltham Abbey and to the cars. A total distance of 52 miles ridden leisurely and generally over easy terrain. A pleasant change at the end of the racing season.

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LEAVING

We are sorry to lose the membership of John Finch who moved to the Southampton area in January. We wish them well and only regret that they had not been able to take a greater participation in the Club.

1972 ANNUAL DINNER, PRIZE
PRESENTATION AND DANCE

The Committee tried to effect some changes in the Club's major social event for 1972, and it seems to be general opinion succeeded in some respects and failed in others,. Held once again at Warnes Hotel, this year on the 11th November, those attending saw a number of changes in the pattern of previous Dinners. There was overall a more informal approach, with a majority in casual wear. Seating arrangements were somehow more compact and cosier. Speeches were reduced in number. A Barn Dance with a professional caller instead of the usual dancing to a small band. The presentation of the years awards half way through the Dance instead of immediately following the meal.

Social Secretary Theo Puttick, as always, in charge of the whole affair, had put it around that casualty and informality were to be the evening's passwords and whilst some still preferred to wear a lounge type suit many men seemed please to turn up in casual gear. The ladies too had in many cases opted for something less restrictive than formal evening dresses and looked no less attractive for it.

Tony Hill a committee man who had pressed for breaks with tradition led the way when he proposed a toast to the President and Vice Presidents and their Guests including Mayor, Councillor A.E. Dunning not in the usual way, but in a song. He had composed the simple yet appropriate words and music and ably accompanied himself on guitar. This was very well received and made headlines in the press report in the Worthing Herald.

Our President Duggie Argent and The Mayor briefly replied. Jeff Marshall of the Hounslow & District Wheelers well known to the Club after his rides in our Open 25 and his unfortunate accident in the 1971 event proposed the toast to the Club. His apology that in 1971 he had finished 5th in the National Best All Rounder Competition but in 1972 only 10th was hardly necessary. Long standing member and Vice President Dennis Dean spoke warmly of "his Excelsior" in replying.

The Barn Dance was arranged with Paul Plumb a professional caller and once he got going it was quite good. Certainly he had more people on the floor dancing, than has been the case in previous years, with the more orthodox type of dancing. The delay of about half an hour whilst he fixed up his equipment was a shame, apart from a waste of the Club's financial outlay.

The idea of handing out the Club Trophies and other awards half way through the dancing was not a success. It was embarrassing to say the least, when the Mayoress was kept waiting whilst attempts were made to find one recipient, who it appears was in the loo at the time.

Most thought the meal was good, the service was pretty fair and the food seemed adequate in quantity and well cooked. It should have been it cost enough!

A sobering thought about the occasion is that numbers were down by about 20% a trend we trust will be corrected next year.

A.1 to B.6413

"Proceed on A.23 to start of Handcross Bypass, where L at T junct. along B.2110 and L at fork to junct with B.3026".

The racing cyclist, studying his route sheet, will be familiar with instructions such as the above. Cycle tourists, also make use of road numbers when route planning and map-reading. In fact, most users of Britain's highways and byways have, at some time, had cause to stop and check from a map or signpost, the classification number of the road they happened to be on.

But how, and when, did this numbering come about? Well, prior to 1920, the proceeds of motor taxation could be used only to subsidise improvements and new roads, but one result of the Road Acts, 1920, was to make the Road Fund available for grants to the Highway Authorities towards the actual cost of road maintenance. The first effect of this principle was to make it necessary for the new Ministry of Transport to classify the roads of the country, and to indicate those which were considered of sufficient importance to qualify for a grant towards upkeep.

The principal roads were therefore divided into two classes, A and B, and were given numbers which, in the main, hold good today. The main Trunk roads are:

- A.1 Great North Road
- A.2 London - Dover
- A.3 London - Portsmouth
- A.4 Bath Road
- A.5 London - Holyhead
- A.6 London - Carlisle

About 20,000 miles of road were deemed to be Class A and 12,000 miles Class B, so when you consider that there are about 154,000 miles of road in England and Wales, you will realise that the 'unclassifieds', beloved of the cycle tourist, amount to many thousands of miles.

Needless to say, the main highways bear little resemblance to when they were first numbered in 1920. The A.4 and A.6 have now been completely superseded by Motorways. A recent journey along the A.1 had me wondering whether it was really the road I had cycled along in the 1950's.

The pioneer cyclists had to contend with some pretty atrocious roads, and those same cyclists were among the most vocal advocates of better roads. By the year 1836, those two great road engineers, Thomas Telford and John Macadam, had both passed on. Railways were branching out in all directions, and the old coaching traffic was declining rapidly. For years to come, roads were sadly neglected. Local road surveyors were not very skilled, and in fact, many didn't care. One well-informed writer of the 1880's described road maintenance as "dumping certain cartloads of rubbish haphazard over the highways". In 1886, in the Birmingham area - where road decay was particularly bad - the National Cyclists' Union called a meeting of persons interested, over which the Mayor of Birmingham presided.

Some road surveyors were at first inclined to regard this as impertinence on the part of the cyclists, but a successful action brought on behalf of the Union against eight road surveyors in the Halesowen Court, convinced them the cyclists were right.

Fortunately for us, the present day cyclist has no opportunity for such drastic action, but the Cyclists' Touring Club, as mentioned in the Summer "Worthing Wheel" are always ready to take up the cudgels on our behalf whenever the cyclists safety might be endangered by poor road surfaces or markings.

And what of the future? Will our roads continue as lifelines, carrying people, vehicles and goods speedily throughout the country, or will they be out-dated by some new wonder of the Space Age? Time will tell.

R. Smallman.

... ..

THAT SONG OF HIS

When Tony Hill proposed the toast to our President,
Vice Presidents, The Mayor and the Guest Speaker,
he did it in song to the accompaniment of his guitar.
We doubt that it will sell a million, but
we felt it was worth recording!

And to our President
Mr. Durgie Argent
He is the figurehead of the Club
What a fine fellow is our Doug.

And as to the Vice Presidents
Or the President's Vices
What they are I do not know
Perhaps you will quiz him after the
show

Who is that man over there?
Someone said that he is the Mayor
Where is his funny hat and chain
Perhaps he has pawned them once again.

And as to our Guest Speaker
From the Hounslow and District-a
When he rode our 25
Man he took a hell of a dive

And as to you one and all
Hope you will enjoy the ball
I think you will find it great fun
Our thanks then to Mr. Plumb.

Chorus: Thank you for being here (3 times)

THE DAY OF THE SUSSEX CYCLISTS'

ASSOCIATION ANNUAL LUNCHEON

I enjoyed this as a day's cycling, "par excellence". A crisp cold morning, a little sunshine, and dry and the kind of day that justifies keeping the wheels turning and not hanging about. The Club grouped at the Club-room and then split to go, in two sections, their separate ways for the morning.

Those anxious to stack in a thousand miles before January was out headed north with eyes on towns in distant Surrey. Others, more inclined to ride the lanes and byways, and here and there, the bridleways, went out through Ferring, and Angmering to Wick, collecting en route one late sleeper who resides in that sleepy hamlet on the edge of the urbanity of Littlehampton. Up through Lyminster and to Arundel with the castle which has tourists snapping away with their "instant swingers, while locals hardly pause to look up. This morning it looked like something from the legend of Brigadoon, for mist hung in a long string down the valley of the Arun and the turrets and parapets of the castle poked through as though from some fairy story. It would not have been surprising for Jack to have appeared at the top of his beanstalk, with a cheery "good morning".

With the permission of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk (bestowed only upon riders and walkers) we then climbed our way up through the grounds of Arundel Park to its northernmost gate at Whiteways Lodge.

A puncture began here and the unlucky recipient did one of those pump and sprint efforts which saw him and the rest of the group through to elevenses at The Brown Owls Cafe at Coldwaltham. A classy establishment this, but not expensive and cyclists are rightly welcomed. They do a fine toasted teacake and good coffee at quite normal prices.

From here two members went roughing it to explore the vicinity more fully, whilst the remainder headed back eastwards over the old canal and Greatham Bridge with the wild fowl area to the south, known as Amberley Wild Brooks. At the junction of the Pulborough and Amberley roads, on the outskirts of Storrington, the Club came across two members of the Bognor Regis C.C. very much in need of assistance. One it seemed had just experienced the "Ooh nasty" of a disintegrating chain. With the combined resources of all tool kits and spares, and with some rivetting assistance from the garage nearby, it was possible to achieve a repair and so all were able to proceed.

All were making their way to Henfield for the Annual gathering of Sussex Cyclists and the luncheon and prize presentation of the Sussex Cyclists' Association at the George Hotel. The Worthing Club guided their Bognor friends through Thakeham, Ashington, Wiston and then by means of a rather muddy footpath and footbridge over the Adur to Henfield.

The hardriders section arriving shortly after had covered 'umpteens miles' at a rate of knots that sounded quite awful. They had passed through, but

seen little of, Horsham, Dorking, Reigate and Crawley. They were in any event, possessed of a good appetite and a strong thirst, both of which The George was to satisfy.

Some seventy cyclists from all over the County with most Sussex Clubs and some from Hampshire and Surrey represented, sat down to the steak and kidney menu. Inter-club cross toasting was keen and kept a very lively atmosphere whilst the meal was downed in true cycling fashion.

Speakers Bert Bishop of the Hants Road Club, Reg Porter last year's President of the Association, Brian Cox of the Bognor Regis C.C. and the 1972 Best All Rounder Robin Johnson of the Brighton Mitre all spoke without boring, interestingly and with humour and all were well received.

Worthing's Charlie Lednor the new Association President duly presided and his daughter presented the array of trophies medals and certificates to the season's successful riders, and the "Do" was at an end for another year.

The ride home was with a large group of Brighton Excelsior and Bognor riders who will doubtless renew their acquaintances many times during the year's wheeling ahead.

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UNCLAIMED AWARDS

The Editor has the following and would welcome their collection:

Kevin Bishop

One plaque and two trophies, the Junior B.A.R. and the Sherwin 25

Graham Barnes

The Junior 15 Trophy, two Club certificates and one S.C.A. medal.

John Lucas

Two club certificates and one S.C.A. medal.

Colin Miller

Two club certificates and one S.C.A. medal.

Tony Palmer)

Harry Beasley)

Mick Venner)

Pete Andrews)

One Club certificate

each

Richard Shipton)

Alan Orman)

Chris Woodcock)

One S.C.A. medal each

ON THE OTHER SIDE - PART 2

Ray Douglass relates the second days experiences of his two day continental tour with Pete Andrews, and the bias changes!

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Awakening on the Sunday morning we were delighted to see the sun streaming through the bedroom window. It was going to be a fine day in contrast to the day before. Cycling in Holland on a wet and windy day can be discomfoting to say the least. But today it was going to be fine and so it proved. Over the continental breakfast it was decided to move our base from Sluis over the border into Belgium. So we piled the bikes into the back of Pete's shooting brake and set off. Crossing the border posed no problems as the officials on duty seemed to be asleep. Passing through the town of Bruges was very interesting with its old buildings and squares, it was a leading medieval port, important for its woollen manufactures, it was ruined in the 16th century by the silting up of the Zwin, the arm of the North Sea on which it lay. Its prosperity was revived by the building of a canal to the sea at Zeebrugge. We then came upon a little town about the size of Steyning called Gits where we left the car and set off in a more civilized manner on our bikes.

The Belgian countryside of this area of Flanders can hardly be called interesting, flat and very dull. After about an hour's riding we came to the Imperial War Graves Commission Cemetery at Passchendaele where there were row upon row of beautifully kept graves of soldiers, known, and unknown, who were killed in the 1914-18 war.

As it was now nearing lunchtime and we were feeling peckish we decided to go into the small town of Passchendaele for some food but it proved to be a barren town as far as restaurants were concerned, so we went into a small general store and purchased 2 one litre bottles of milk, some fruit and some cakes which we consumed sitting on a grassy bank by the side of the road, much to the amusement of the passing Belgian motorists. Seeming to be much fortified by our snack we set off at a faster pace with Pete's wheel in front as usual only to get involved in a burn up with some local lads on the outskirts of a town called St. Julian where we were greeted by the sight of crowds of waving and shouting people, looking back over our shoulders, we saw a road race bearing down on us at a ferocious pace. Jumping off our bikes we were in time to see them roar through the town, circling the block and returning. They were going very fast. The spectators were so enthusiastic, and in fact a small charge was made to enter the centre of the town. I can't see this happening in England. After this flurry of excitement we returned via some quiet little side roads to Gits where we had left the car. We then drove into Ostend in time for me to catch the 19.30 ferry to Dover and Pete driving back to his home in Dusseldorf before darkness came. A very rewarding week-end in the Low Countries, a wet and windy

Saturday in Holland, a Country full of interest and a very hot Sunday in uninspiring Belgian countryside.

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"DEAR KATIE.....

Chamois leather can be washed at home - and kept soft and supple. Obviously, Katie, there are no keen amateur racing cyclists in your family, or you'd have learned how to wash that treasured chamois waistcoat of yours! Racing - cyclists' shorts are lined with chamois and cycling mittens have chamois palms. The trick is to wash the garment very gently in warm, soapy suds, pressing and squeezing as with wool. Rinse three times in warm water, adding a drop of vinegar to the final rinse. Squeeze out surplus water; then smear pure olive oil on the chamois, working it in gently. Finally, dry away from direct heat, preferably out of doors."

The above is an extract from a letter To Katie Boyle in the T.V. Times. You may have seen it, but we thought it of interest. If not to you, then to whoever does your smalls!

In the Spring 1971 issue we published a list of sustenance spots. Here is another, it is not complete but we think and hope, more up to date.

SUSTENANCE SPOTS

ARUNDEL

George's. Opposite bus station.
snacks.

BRAMBER

Cafeteria at the Museum

BROAD OAK

Swiss Cottage. All meals
C.T.C. recommended.

BOGNOR

Cafe's on the seafront various
- open Sundays.

CHICHESTER

Bus Stat. - open Sunday.
"43 Grill" $\frac{1}{2}$ m. west of cross
Wimpey Bar, N. of cross.

COLDWALTHAM

Brown Owls Restaurant
9.30 - 2 p.m. Sun. Club
recommended.

DIAL POST

The Gables C.T.C. rec.
Open Sunday.

DORKING

Deepdene Cafe by traffic lights
north end of Town. Very good
Cyclists' meet.

GLYNDE

Small shop S/E on A.27

HAILSHAM

Alexander snack bar C.T.C.

HAYWARDS HEATH

Bus Station

HENFIELD

Merry Kettle Cafe and classy looking place on east side of High Street - good.

HAVANT

Black Cat. snacks and meals.

HAMMERPOT

Mobile Van A.27 near Angmering

HORSHAM

The Merrythought - good - open Sundays. The Cavalier - Nr. lights in Bishopric, not Sundays. The Carfax Grill - open Sundays.

HICKSTEAD

Little Chef - 24 hrs. a day.

HOUGHTON BRIDGE

Riverside Cafe. Closed in winter.

HERSTMENCEUX

The Monkey Puzzle. Open Sunday.

LEITH HILL

Tea Hut at the top (closed during winter)

LEWES

Bus Station (closed winter)
Steak House, licensed, C.T.C. rec. all meals. Small Cafe at Road junction edge of town on road to Uckfield.

LITTLEHAMPTON

Cafes various opposite railway station.

<u>MIDHURST</u>	The Crusty Loaf by Bus Station, also small cafe opposite.
<u>NEWHAVEN</u>	Three cafes near bridge.
<u>NORTH HEATH</u>	Toat Cafe on A.29 (closed winter)
<u>NUTBOURNE</u>	Wimpy Bar open Sunday.
<u>NUTLEY</u>	Little Chef - open Sunday
<u>PEASE POTTAGE</u>	Cafe on old A.23
<u>PETERSFIELD</u>	Blue Peter near Railway Station closed 2 - 3 on Sunday otherwise always open daytime.
<u>PETWORTH</u>	Golden Waggon not now open Sunday, this used to be Golden Cafe. Tudor Restaurant - open Sunday.
<u>PULBOROUGH</u>	The Pantry Coffee and lunches.
<u>STEYNING</u>	The Tuck Shop coffee and teas in Church Street.
<u>UPPER BEEDING</u>	Small Cafe next to Rising Sun.
<u>WICK</u>	Small cafes just south of Globe Inn. Open 7 a.m. and Sundays.

From a Dictionary of the Sussex
Dialect and collection of Provincialisms
in use in the County of Sussex.

By the Rev. W.D. Parish published by
Farncombe & Co. Lewes in 1875

.. .. .

Shag	A Seaford fisherman
Nidget	A little bug
Loo	A lottery or raffle
Willock	A wild man, a mad man
Niggleygowger	A cheat
Porn	A lot, a great many
Jonnick	Pleasant
Gridgen	Stingy
Queer	To puzzle
Puddock	A frog
Widdershins	Anti-clockwise
Cock	small herring boat
Dezzick	A days work
Nuddle	To dawdle
Scarrifunge	Spring Clean
Slommack	A very untidy person

SOME SUSSEX RECORDS FROM THE GUINNESS

BOOK OF RECORDS

1. The highest point in Sussex --
Blackdown at 919 feet.
2. The longest recorded basketball match
between 2 teams of 5 (no substitutes).
World record stands to Bognor College
of Education 9th - 11th June 1972.
3. Brighton. The longest reference number
yet reported for a computerised payment
counterfoil is one of 43 digits by
Alan Melville (World Record)
4. World Record. The largest fermentation
vessel was built by A.P.V. of Crawley for
Guinness, Dublin. The capacity --
2,304,000 pints.
5. Funtington holds Great Britain records with
the following remarkable vegetables:-

Broccoli	28lbs. 14 ozs.
Cauliflower	52lbs. 11 ozs.
Lettuce	16lbs. 2 ozs.

6. The Largest Telescopic reflector in Britain is at Herstmonceaux.
It measures 98.2 inches.
7. The tallest Cedar tree in Britain is at Petworth
- 132 feet.
8. The world record for the longest pregnancy for a live born baby of 381 days in 1970 - 1971 stands to a lady of Walberton.

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OBITUARY

It was with great sadness that the Club learned of the recent death of Life Vice President Vic Cowan. Vic who had ridden his bike well into his nineties and was still to be seen at Offington Corner on Sunday mornings had been a great and generous servant of the Club and the Sussex C.A. His generosity continued by the legacy of £25 to both bodies under his Will.

