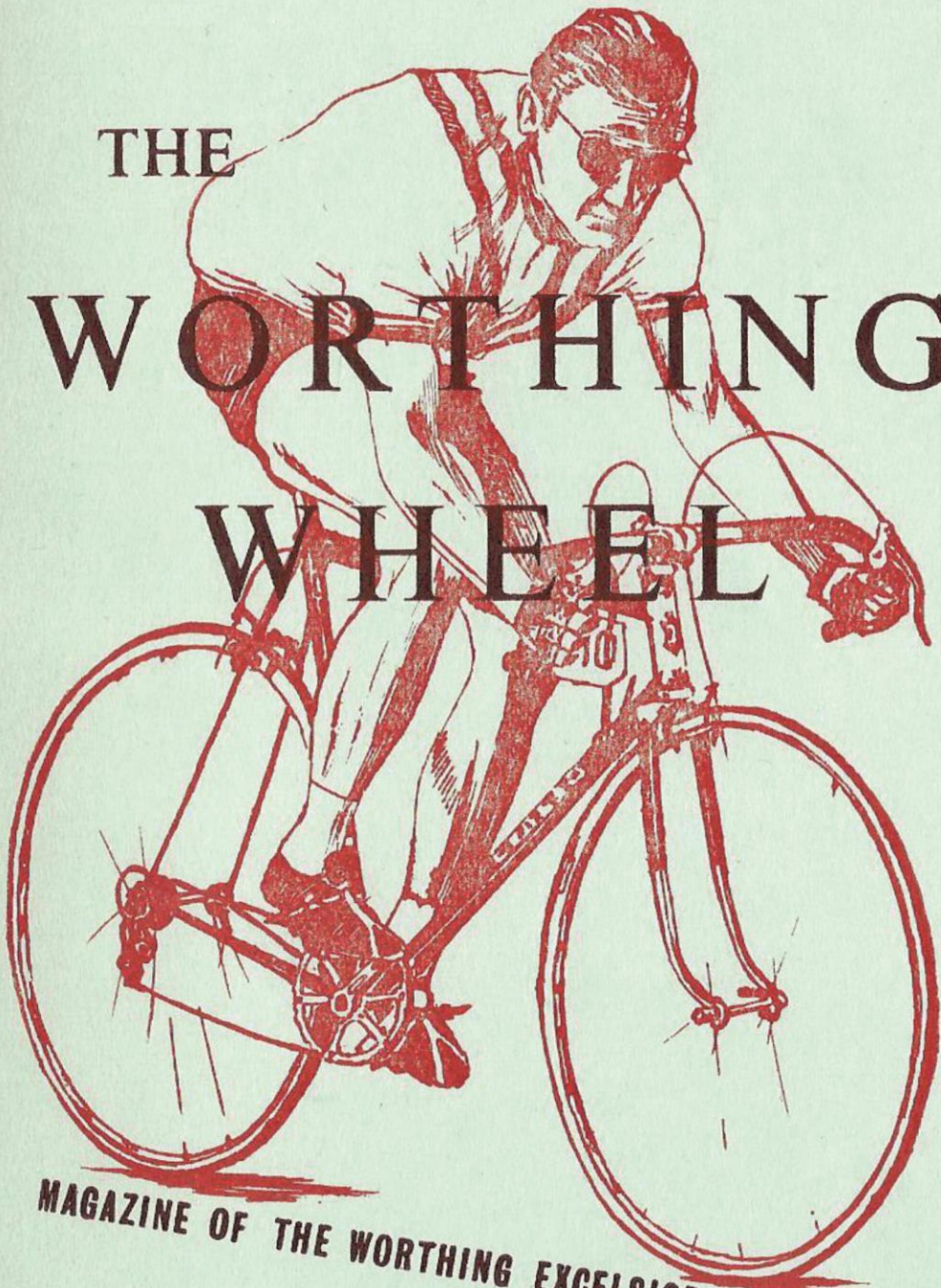


5p

# THE WORTHING WHEEL



MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

AUTUMN 1973

Vol 6 No 3



THE WORTHING WHEEL

The Journal of

THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

Headquarters: Broadwater Parish Rooms,  
Broadwater Green, Worthing

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

Chairman: C.G. Lednor, 5 Uplands  
Avenue, Worthing.  
Tel: Worthing 62038

Secretary: J. Mansell, 3 Walesbeech  
Furnace Green, Crawley  
Tel: Crawley 35757.

Treasurer: R. Douglass, 25 Guildford  
Road, Worthing.  
Tel. Worthing 38686

Editor "WORTHING WHEEL"  
D. Lock, 70 Lincoln Road  
Worthing.  
Tel. Worthing 62724

-----

AUTUMN 1973

Vol. 6 Number 3

-----

## CYCLISTS TODAY

A further extract from the C.T.C. publication "Statement of Policy".

### Riding two-abreast

Suggestions are frequently made that cyclists should not be allowed to ride two-abreast because they impede the flow of traffic.

The C.T.C. is opposed to any general rule that would require cyclists to ride always in single file. Not only would any such legislation have a disastrous effect on the special pleasure of cycle touring in company, but it would also be an unjustified restriction in view of the increase in the maximum permitted width of motor vehicles.

It should not be forgotten that the occupants of cars travel two and sometimes three abreast, and that the same amount of road space is taken up even when, as is often the case on congested "commuter" routes, there is only one occupant in each car. The introduction of double white lines road markings to prevent indiscriminate overtaking in dangerous circumstances has resulted in requests for legislation to prevent cyclists riding abreast where such markings are in operation. Here again, however, the C.T.C. is opposed to any general requirement, and feels that it must be left to the discretion and commonsense of the cyclist according to the prevailing traffic con-



ditions and the width of the road.

In the latter respect we consider that the recommended minimum width of 20 feet for roads bearing double white line markings is too small and does not allow for safe overtaking of even one cyclist by vehicles endeavouring to keep within the solid line on some narrow roads. This is particularly so when the surface at the edge of the road, where the cyclist is usually expected to ride, is in poor condition and the effective width of the road is thus reduced.

+ + + + +

### CLUB RUNS

Undoubtedly the Club has in Dave Hudson the best Club runs Secretary that it has had for very many years, and he tackles the job when it is perhaps harder than ever to encourage this side of our sport.

Dave publishes and distributes club runs lists prepared every two months for the period ahead. He is ever thinking of different ideas for in addition to the Sunday run, which is planned for elevenses, and then, on the day, further organised for those who wish to stay out all day, he has introduced once a month the, now popular, car/bike day outings. He has had an all night run and a breakfast run. The pub run of an



evening has been started and should have better support during the winter evenings out of the racing season. It is also planned to have some soup runs.

In addition to all this he has kept records of the numbers attending each run, and whilst these do not make tremendous reading, no doubt he has made them to see if they can be beaten next year. The following few statistics may be of interest:

To the end of September there have been no less than 52 runs.

31 different members have taken part in these.

Average attendance has been 4.134.

Highest attendance has been 10 and this was on each of the first two runs of the year, on January 7th and 14th.

Highest individual attendance is Dave himself (who else!) with 34. Derek Smith 26, Dave Elson 23 Ray Douglass 21, Neil Windeatt 13, and Our Ed. with 12 are the others to have reached double figures.

.. ..



## CLUB FIFTY CHAMPIONSHIP

I suppose it depends on your viewpoint but to me the Club Fifty this year was a disappointment. As an event there was a reasonable entry but the most interesting name on the start sheet, Derek Pearce, failed to start because of a crash the previous week. Also the failure of two riders to finish the course made for a poorer result than might have been anticipated.

For some inexplicable reason Colin Miller seemed overjoyed to go off first and left Brian Weir, timekeeper for the event, at 6.31. Rather an unnecessarily early start, most thought for a small club field. Colin was riding a fixed wheel with a gear of about 86 but from the great tangle he got into in assembling his bike before the start he could easily have had ten gears and a couple of chains. Second away was Keith Dodman, on scratch for this event and defending the trophy that he won in 1972. Mike Poland off at number three made his usual careful start and was followed in order by Alan Orman, yours truly, and at the rear George Matthews with a generous 4 minutes handicap allowance.

I thought, that I had made a good start for as the course stretched away from Worthing with little more than six miles covered I found myself well up on Alan and could see both Alan and Mike Poland up ahead. In the area between Patching and the Hammerpot George came past me and then just ahead caught and passed Alan and Mike. The gap between Alan and I now widened slightly as George pulled Alan away. At the top of the climb out of Arundel Mike and I exchanged puffed acknowledge -



ments as I finally overtook him and struggled to keep Alan and George in sight. At Fontwell where you can look down that long stretch at the side of the racecourse George was still just in sight, Alan was dropping back and was still I thought not more than 20/25 seconds ahead. Looking back as I neared the end of that straight Mike could be seen perhaps half a minute back. By the turn at Yapton (I hate that bit down from Fontwell, through Barnham) the positions were fairly clear. Keith had caught and dropped Colin and was well out in front. George had also passed Colin but was probably a little down on Keith. It seemed that I was lying third still half a minute up on Alan who was fourth. Colin, slowing quite a lot now was about level with Mike.

Brian Weir's half way times confirmed these approximate assessments. Keith's 1.2.30 looked really good and George normally the faster starter was 30 seconds back in 1.3.0. I always consider the first 25 of this course to be the hardest leaving aside the question of ones naturally increased tiredness on the return half, and I would not have been displeased had I known of my first 25 in 1.6.45. Alan was timed at 1.7.0 so he was slowly getting that minute back that I had so nearly caught. Colin 1.8.45 and Mike 1.9.0. completed the half distance times.

A couple of miles west of Fontwell Colin had his own private 'short course' turn, decided he had had enough and headed back for Worthing. At West-hampnett, or to be more accurate, someway this side of there, I had seen Keith moving very smoothly homewards, but somehow I had missed George and wondered if perhaps (hopes) he had blown up. Alan



I think, was at this stage just about back to level with me and bearing in mind his recent 2.9 ride in the S.C.A. Championship, I was pleased to be still on terms with him at this time with more than 30 miles covered.

After the turn I realised that the wind was from the east and although I never died I certainly slowed up. Just west of Fontwell I passed Alan who had expired and D.N.F'd into the hedge.

The remainder of the ride was of course in the dark so far as sightings of the others but being a 'genuine' time triallist it was my time that concerned me and to learn after finishing that it was a pathetic 2.18.20 shows that 'concern' was the right word. Personally, then, very disappointed.

The two leaders had scrapped the whole event never more than 30 seconds apart and whilst last year it had been Keith who had pulled out the fast finish this time it was George but not quite enough to make up the half minute that Keith had stolen in the first 25. Keith had gone back  $3\frac{1}{2}$  minutes on his S.C.A. ride to finish in 2.9.37 but George had improved by 24 seconds to record 2.9.46. He seems to specialise in losing Club Championships by very narrow margins.

Mike finished with 2.24.36 but George and Keith were so far ahead that they reversed their placings in the handicap section and so carried off all the awards between them.



## A COTSWOLD TOUR

A tour, where, thankfully, miles were considered to be of secondary importance, and where a real desire to see the countryside and some of the treasures it has to offer, is how the four days in mid-August were spent by Club members Dave Hudson, Keith Dodman, Don Lock and Ray Douglass. Car transported to Abingdon on the Friday morning the remainder of this day was under the navigation of Dave Hudson. As the junior of the quartet, it speaks much for the 'real' touring that Dave has done in his few biking years, that his route for the remainder of the first day, was quite the most enjoyable with some splendid scenery and hardly a mile of main road.

Leaving Abingdon, Dave's first objective was to ford the Thames! Yes it is possible, just, and this point, believed to be the only ford along the entire length of the river was reached after travelling along pleasant lanes through Fyfield, Hinton and Waldrist. The ford itself at Duxford was crossed on two wheels by Messrs. Hudson, Lock and Dodman but discretion which Ray was to demonstrate on other occasions saw him walk sedately across, ignoring the "chicken" insults, and the splashes caused by the stones landing mysteriously around him. The bridleway that led us to the ford continued although somewhat hesitantly on the other side and eventually out to the public highway and way was made into the Village of Bampton. A pub lunch washed down with pub beverages, saw the inner man well sustained and the riders were ready for the afternoon. It was interesting to note that Bampton was about to enjoy its annual fair, an event, which apparently takes place not in the local recreation ground but instead occupies the road through the village. Nice that the car



should give way now and again to an old bit of English tradition.

But a few miles were travelled after lunch before they found themselves skirting a very large estate, and from time to time caught sight through the boundary trees of a deer or an aviary. It was not long before it was discovered that this was the Cotswold Wild Life Park. A visit was decided on and a most interesting hour or more was spent there looking around. It was also a good place for threeses, a kind of interim re-fuelling, which occupied just as much importance as the more familiar elevenses. This was near Burford and the countryside was really lovely. Commercialism has, however, followed the sightseer, and the beautiful village of Bourton on the Water is in danger of being spoiled. Dave's quest for more fords saw the four dropping down into the serenity of Lower and Upper Slaughter, two, still quiet and peaceful hamlets with cottages of Cotswold stone with thatched or stone tiled roofs. Colourful gardens and the meandering stream with large grass areas at the sides of the roads made for a picture to bring to mind when back in the towns and fighting for survival with modern architecture and so called town planning. The ford was duly crossed by all save for Ray, who, on this occasion chose the alternative route over the small bridge. Along the Roman road (Condicote Lane), up to the folly known as Broadway Tower and then down the long hill to our first night's digs, (booked in advance) at Broadway. After getting settled in under the sign of the C.T.C. and having enjoyed an evening meal a game of scrabble (the first of three) saw the end of day one.



Keith, working with great confidence from his 'Barts'  $\frac{1}{2}$ ", and with only a little help from the world atlas at the back of his diary, worked out the devious route from Broadway to Stratford-on-Avon, where digs were booked for the second night. This was to take us 'plumb' through the plum and apple country of the Vale of Evesham, through Dumbleton, Ashton-under-Hill, Elmsley Castle, Netherton, and into Evesham itself for elevenses. This day was to be notable for the fast section up to elevenses, which Ray explained, as "letting Keith have his head for a bit", and for the punctuality of our stops, elevenses at eleven lunch at One and threeses at three, something the others couldn't match. Obviously caught up with Dave's enthusiasm for the water, Keith announced a ford over the Rive Avon, but no one, Keith included, expected the raging torrent presented to us at the point indicated by the map. Crossing there once had been, but now it was a couple of feet below the surface. All four idiots, even Ray, apparently to silence his critics, took off shoes and socks and made their way across with bikes held high. Under the surface it was extremely slippery so that the crossing had to be taken very slowly and the bikes became ton weights. People sitting at tables outside a pub firstly put down their drinks to watch with greater concentration, secondly they rose from their seats to get a better view and indeed some were seen to put cameras at the ready in case Ray should reward them with a total immersion. Joined at the other side by a Club cyclist just out for the morning a section of disused railway towards Salford Priors was tackled before proceeding through Dunnington and on to Alcester for lunch.



In the afternoon steps were retraced for a couple of miles and most of the afternoon was spent looking around the stately home of the Marquis and Marchioness of Hertford, Ragley Hall. The building itself on a prominence in the large wooded estate is perhaps best described by the word 'stately' but the decor of the interior is possibly of greater magnificence with a large collection of paintings and the most marvellous ceilings. The library and study house a fantastic collection of books which must be the envy of other such homes. Keith's cultural route then wound its way through the villages of Wixford, Temple Grafton, Snitterfield, Hampton Lucy, and before many miles had been added, to Charlecote, with Charlecote Park and the National Trust Property, Charlecote House. A fine house with a collection of beautiful antique furniture, although perhaps one should not visit this house immediately after Ragley Hall, for it can not, save for individual items, compare with the magnificence of the former. Don suffering at this time from a blistered foot soon found the refreshments in the orangery and waited for the others to join him. What with his wanting to put his foot up, and always looking for pots of tea, he was beginning to get his leg pulled, as the 'poor Old one' of the Tour. After Charlecote it was a short run into Stratford on Avon. The digs here were very poor indeed and should, (if they in fact still remain in the C.T.C. book) be removed from C.T.C. recommendation at once. They expected bikes to be left outside at the front of the house, open to the road, and refused any attempt to get them, even to the back garden, with the poorest excuses. The place was full of notices and regulations and the breakfast was mean. None of these members would call again at 49 Shipston Road, Stratford-on-Avon.



Day three saw a somewhat reluctant Don in charge of the route. He felt something of an inferiority complex with Touring Champion Ray alongside and Dave with large scale ordnance, at the rear watching his every move. The start however was purposeful and he required only a nod or two from Dave's head to enable him to keep on his predetermined course. This was through Alveston (skirting once again, Charlecote Park) Wellesbourne Mountford, Kineton and then to the village of Radley. Of interest was the monument commemorating the Battle of Edge Hill, the Civil War conflict of 1642, which from the stated number, buried nearby, must have been an awfully bloody affair. Edge Hill itself had to be climbed after Radway, and this 1 in 6 was, no doubt at all, the stiffest hill encountered on this otherwise fairly level tour. Ray's comments about timing were ignored and elevenses (including delicious Banburys) were taken at about 11.40 in Banbury. With intent, no doubt, of further disrupting the schedule Ray required a drink before lunch, so Don with great precision brought the group through Workworth and Charlton to The Crown at Hinton-in-the-Hedges where a selection of beers and ciders were tested. A seat on the village green erected for a Granny Pearce by loving friends of the Parish was tested out by Don, again with foot up! and then a short ride saw them into Brackley for lunch. Keith had suggested a visit in the afternoon to Stowe School near Buckingham and a few easy miles through Evenley, Mixbury, Finmore and Water Stratford had them on the public road through Stowe Park by 3 o'clock. The School, perhaps one of the most famous outside of say Eton, Harrow or Rugby, was deserted of it's normal occupants for the summer vacation, and it was possible to have a long and undisturbed look round the wonderful grounds. The main



school building was so imposing, and as the group stood outside and gazed across the playing fields to a magnificent Corinthian Arch in the distance they wondered how their own lives might have been carved had their education been at this academic paradise. The grounds abound in lakes and bridges temples, chapels and monuments and they should surely be dedicated to the pleasure of the general public; the National Trust perhaps? Buckingham was only three miles and this was the destination for night three. What a dead place this is particularly on a Sunday, however a place was found for a cuppa and then we proceeded to the digs, described by C.T.C. book 1971-2 as Nelson Cafe, Nelson Street. A careful study of Nelson Street showed no guest house and no cafe and some concern was apparent when the first policeman asked, confirmed that there was indeed no cafe in Nelson Street. Considerable relief then when his mate knew that No. 49 (? a bad omen, remembering Stratford), used to be a cafe and thought that she still took in guests. To No. 49 we went and were greeted with "Ah there you are, I thought you weren't coming". What very good digs these turned out to be. A cuppa within minutes of arriving, a magnificent dinner served about half an hour later, more than some could manage and a real concern for our welfare. The breakfast was also more than enough for the largest appetite and if the traffic was noisy during the night, the hospitality and the small charge more than compensated.

Ray's day was to be a short one, for Buckingham to Abingdon was but a short haul and it had been agreed that an hour or two would be spent en route looking around Oxford. There was some consternation in the minds of the others when it was discovered he had only the Ordnance survey  $\frac{1}{4}$ " map but this was relieved when he purchased the



larger scale edition. Ray's route was first to the west for a couple of miles but soon south, out in to the lanes through the villages of Gawcott and Preston Bissett. A section of rough stuff here, started well but then degenerated into a battle through head high reeds with feet and/or wheels sinking into a marshy soil. A way out was found, (relief for one and all) through a farm where Don, as always, bringing up the rear, was attacked by a vicious little terrier, noticeable how they go for the weakest in any group. On then through pleasant lanes to Marsh Gibbon and Grendon Underwood, a short section of the A.41 had Ray recalling past time trials, and then south again to Ludgershall and up a long hill into the village of Brill. A brave attempt by Don to ride this hill was rewarded by his pedal breaking off, excuse enough to walk. The spindle snapping off at the end away from the crank meant the pedal could be left strapped to the foot and it was not too difficult to continue, so long as there were not too many right hand bends, where it tended to slip off. The time had slipped past eleven as Brill was left behind and it turned out that Ray had anticipated elevenses at this elevated little village. A descent dropped the riders down within a few minutes to the village of Oakley, and here morning coffee was taken in the Royal Oak. The Royal Oak was, according to the proprietor the place where the 'Great' Train Robbers had done some of their planning. The only plotting this morning from this far more suspicious looking group, was to listen as Ray expounded his proposals for the rest of the day. Such plans included a delightful sandy track across Forest Hill to the north east of Oxford which afforded grand views over the City. Of first importance on entering the City was a new pair of pedals and with these safely fixed,



lunch was had before each went his own way for a couple of hours look around. Keith and Ray chose book shops, Dave, a tower from which to observe from a great height, and Don, well he found a seat and put his foot up! The short ride from Oxford to Abingdon followed an attractive route along by the river and after another cuppa it was four wheels and back home to Worthing without further incident.

So ended another little Club tour. To those who have not partaken in this side of our sport it is urged that you give it a try, for with good companions, a common interest, and (particularly if you go with this lot) a sense of humour, you can't fail to have a good time.

++ ++ ++ ++ ++

#### FIVE YEARS AGO

In the Sussex Individual Pursuit Championship at Preston Park, Brighton, after the preliminary time trial stage we had three riders, Nick Lelliott, Alan Orman and Mick Venner through to the last eight. In the quarter finals all these won through to the semi-finals. In the semi's Mick went out to Nick and Alan went out to Steve Mawer of the Brighton Premier. The final had to be postponed for rain but Nick went on to win in fine style.

In a hard Sussex C.A.50 Championship, Dave Funnell was second and with Colin Miller and Don Lock the Club won principal team honours.

We recorded in that issue of September 1968 the marriage of Mike Poland and Ann, they are of course now with a growing lad by name of



John, who is being introduced to our sport at an early age. He has accompanied Mike on a couple of Club runs. It is related how in a sprint for the Horsham sign George Matthews was first and Mike was second and John's comment from the back was simply "Why didn't you go faster".

It was also at this time that John Mansell and Sonia became engaged. Sonia said the wedding would be in 1969 whereas John thought 1983. Wrong again John.

.. ..

## "BANK HOLIDAY"

Well it may have been the late Summer Bank Holiday weekend but for George Matthews it was just as well that they were open again on the Tuesday, for where else would he have put his bags full of money, (strictly speaking - vouchers), after his sweeping successes during those three days.

"It" started on Saturday August 25th in Kent, Maidstone Cattle Market to be exact. Having removed the cattle and some of the stalls and presumably had a bit of a sweep up the Maidstone Criterium was held over 75 laps of a 600 metre course, skirting stalls and makeshift scaffolding, and on the tightest corner, a river! Spectators were not great in number and there were only 17 competitors but George did not allow this to bother him.



Three primes and a race to be won, so he got straight down to business. One rider who went away was quickly pulled back by George who then dominated the race from the front with such authority that he amassed a fantastic 117 points for lap placings, the second best was only 48! There were five primes and he took three of them. Dictating throughout with the experience he is now gaining, George unfurled the rapidly improving Matthews sprint and took the premier award with ease.

"It", continued on Sunday, August 26th in Hampshire, in the Hampshire (shopping) Centre in Bournemouth. A very high class promotion with 156 riders competing in the three events. The whole programme, well publicised and sponsored attracted a good crowd and the riders responded with exciting riding. George's event had 47 senior 1st, 2nd and 3rd category riders including the winner of our open road race earlier this year, Harry Jackson. Forty times round the closed circuit with four really tight corners was needed to cover the 25 mile distance. A garage at the centre had put up good prime money and petrol vouchers and there was a fine general prize list. Steve Beech of the Concorde Club obviously had his mind set on this one, for with only a quarter of the distance covered he was away in a manner which was at once serious and dangerous. With no one else anxious to bridge the gap between the bunch and the receding figure of Beech, it was George who was to learn quickly just how well that rider up there in front was going. Beech had a lead over the bunch which varied from 10 to 20 seconds and it took George 10 laps, about 6 miles, to pull that short distance back. This was great racing and the crowd loved it, urging George to get up with his man. Once he made it the two worked together with great



success and stretched their lead to the time when they started looking ahead instead of back for the bunch. As it became clear that they could indeed catch the bunch the crowd rose again and the two responded. With three laps to the finish they started to get through the stragglers and as they came into the final straight they tore through the rest, each seeking his own desperate way through - one shouting "outside" - the other shouting "inside", but when all the shouting was done it was George whose sprint took him well clear of a tiring Beech to a very fine win. The twenty five miles, with more than eighty corners was covered in an hour and two minutes and shows that there was no let up by the bunch and no easy ride for the two up front.

"It", finished on Monday August 27th in Sussex in the Woodgate Mini Milk Race of 48 miles promoted by the East Grinstead Cycling Club. Forty riders, eleven of them 1st category, rode out this very different event. Three laps of a hilly 16 mile circuit from East Grinstead through Forest Row and Hartfield and from there north to Coulstock Cross roads on the Eden-bridge road before returning westwards to East Grinstead. They were to encounter a faultless organization and the most magnificent police co-operation to be seen in anything short of the Tour of Britain itself.

The story, so far as George is concerned, is a simple one; he rode sensibly in the bunch for the first two laps and the solo break that had gone away early on, to a lead, at one time, of 2 minutes was not for some while to cause any disturbance within the main group. At the start of the final lap four riders went away to bridge that gap and this they did in something less than



7 miles. These four included George, the main agitator, and Bob Beatty of the promoting Club. After leaving Hartfield village on that last lap, with approximately 6 miles to go the prime was contested by this leading group, and George, as if to show the others that he was full of confidence and strength, took it in great style and stole away to a handy 200 yard advantage. From here on there was to be no quarter, for as George was pulled back so another went off and the individual attempts were incessant until with just  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles to go R.D. Hand of the Surrey Road Club was to produce the effort that was to prove the winner. George was to show that he still had a sprint and took the second place award just 6 seconds behind the winner. A very hard and exciting race and another success for George.

When is the next three day George?

- - - - -



## MISCELLANY

Congratulations to Dave Hudson who on 29th September, 1973, on borrowed machine rode his first ever race (if you don't count the evening ten on his touring bike), and came away with the handicap prize. In this S.C.A. promoted 25 he returned the excellent time of 1.9.42. Will this bring some of our racers to early retirement or will it spur them to greater efforts?

.. .. .

Commiserations with Sonia Mansell who typed the stencils for our last issue. 36 pages with hardly a mistake until it was discovered that the pages could not be put together in book page order. Thanks for doing them again and at least you will not have any trouble next time!

.. .. .

More Canadian and American Cycling Magazines from our correspondent Ted Long in Vancouver. Thanks Ted, they attract quite a lot of interest in the Clubroom.

.. .. .

Extract from the Highly respected 'Kuklos Annual' 1934 edition.

"Highway Code" - This is a series of pious maxims broadcast by the Ministry of Transport. It has no legal force, and the absurd references to cyclists are the attempts of motoring legislators to cover their own ill - doing and put cyclists in the wrong". Have things changed much?.....



## Stone Walls Last For Centuries

Building these walls is craftsman's work. Many have been built with stones obtained from the clearance of the land that they enclose. Large stones were laid in two rows and then infilled with smaller stones and built up to a rough pyramid shape. The building of a stone wall starts with clearing the ground and preparing a trench four feet wide with a good firm base. The two rows of shaped boulders are placed to form the footings and these boulders are roughly squared at the ends. The space between is then filled up and packed as tightly as possible. A second layer of stones is placed on the first and each layer is kept as level as possible. The fillings are carefully placed so as to grip and bond into each other and in to the larger side stones for good stability. Important too are the 'throughs'. These are large thick stones usually of sandstone, laid right across the wall, sometimes they stick out on either side like a stile. The first 'throughs' are at about two feet from the ground, others will be at two feet intervals. The coping on top of the wall rests on slabs of stone. Good capstones are thin and lean against each other, but allow for artistic arrangement as the builder fancies. Dressed stones are often used.

To build a firm wall capable of resisting the onslaughts of beasts and weather, is a skilled job learned only by experience. The material used varies with the locality as the carrying of quantities of stone increases the cost. This accounts for variations in colour



in one wall, where outcrops of rock occur. It is possible to see where grit and limestone, for example, change in the earth formation. The wall will be patchy in colour according to the stone that is used. Even today the need for stone walls continues for they give shelter to the flocks in bad weather and long outlast posts and wire. A walker in fell country appreciates the variation in types of wall and is aware of the sense of direction that they provide. Damage is sometimes caused by careless walkers who clamber over the walls, ignoring gaps and stiles. Such damage may seem slight, but it may necessitate the rebuilding of that section of the wall, an expensive waste of time for the farmer. Remember that the walls are there for a purpose and have not been put up to inconvenience the public. Treated with respect, they will still stand when one's rides or rambles are only memories.

... ..



## OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

In this issue we finish the route which has taken us from Arundel to Angmering and now continues eastwards to Goring.

### No. 3. Angmering to Goring

From Angmering Church go down into the village and keep left for perhaps a hundred yards and then up the road and the hill leading eastwards to the right. You can continue along this road for about another quarter of a mile ignoring a turning to the left, until you come to a very acute right hand bend, and at this point keep straight ahead proceeding past the attractive public house known as The Spotted Cow. This is a delightful stretch along an avenue of trees. At a "T" junction turn right on to a bridlepath, now turn left, and very shortly, left again. Keep straight on this path for the best part of a mile, ignoring all turnings until you go through a field. You should now be by an old chalk pit. Here turn to your left and through a hedge and then immediately half left on to a track. Way can then be made to the new water-works and turn right on to a path down past some greenhouses to the main road. Cross the A.259 and proceed down Ferring Lane. At the first bend take the path by the electricity pylons across the middle of the ploughed fields to a



tarred path by the railway.  
Turn left and carry along to Goring  
Station.

A total distance of about three miles  
with a good part easily rideable.  
The route takes you close to Highdown  
Hill and the National Trust area here,  
which is well worth a visit.

---

### THE HARDRIDERS

The Annual Hardriders event lived up to its  
name in the 1973 event when in sunny but very  
breezy conditions the small entry found times  
slow.

The event as always attracted more  
spectator support than any other race in the  
Club's time trial programme and it is a shame  
that the Club's admittedly low racing strength,  
could not turn out in greater numbers. Seven  
had entered but only five reported to time-  
keeper Charlie Lednor, these were George Matthews  
Keith Dodman, Mike Poland, Richard Shipton and  
Colin Miller. Both Keith and Mike had ridden  
the previous afternoon in the S.C.A. 25 and this  
might have affected their performances. George  
was the favourite in the light of his recent  
good form in road events, but Keith has been  
such a consistent performer over this course,  
and of course was the defending champion, so  
he was certain to give of his best. Of the  
other three, they could not have expected to



beat the favourites but on their recent rides it looked as though they could have quite a struggle between themselves.

Because of the two non-starters it was Keith away first and after the short stretch down to Broadwater he soon found how hard conditions were going to be as he fought his way north through Findon Valley and on to Washington. Behind him came Mike, Colin and Richard with George off at number five. Well before Storrington George started catching those in front of him and against the hard conditions seemed to be moving very well indeed and there was little resistance from the others as he tore past and headed after Keith, up the road. Keith had made a good start but a check at the start point showed that he had lost some ground even at this early stage. Keith was soon to find that his legs did not have their usual strength and was not so fast on the ascent of Houghton Hill. From Whiteways it was top gear and a dive at 35 m.p.h. into Arundel for the first negotiation of the new roads. The Club had decided to take the event left into the town by the old route, but after turning around the block by the bus station, the competitors had to make their way out to the new roundabout at the junction with the Ford road and head north along the new stretch of road to rejoin the entry route after about a quarter of a mile.

Keith made the Arundel turn first but George was some three minutes up on him and as the climb back up to Whiteways was started had his man in sight. George looked comfortable and Keith decidedly weary; the result was already being written. Colin was blowing hard and grumbling



as he dropped into the town and Mike did not seem to have the speed of the others. Richard however was up on these two and did not appear to be distressed at all at this point.

George was to catch Keith quite soon now and had to adopt road racing tactics to finally shake him off. Richard and Colin had passed Mike, and Richard by Storrington was within 15 seconds of Colin. The journey back from Amberley to Storrington had not been easy for the wind seemed to have veered to the north east and Richard was beginning to suffer. On the final hill, the gradual climb up the Washington bypass Colin pulled away from Richard and at the finish had come very close to regaining the minute for which Richard had worked so hard.

George last off then, and first home, but his time shows the difficult conditions that had to be contended with. His 1 hour 35 minutes 33 seconds was more than 5 minutes outside the course record. Keith had dropped back another 50 seconds on George and finished, in one of his slowest hard-rider performances, in 1 hour 40 minutes 23 seconds. Richard just made third place with a good effort timed at 1.46.52. Colin was only ten seconds down and finished ahead of Mike in 1.47.02. Mike's ride was of his usual consistency and whatever his form throughout the season he has always ridden with his best form in the Hardriders. His time 1.49.52 put him 5th, not last for if others had ridden it must be doubtful that they would all have been inside 1.50. Mike was rewarded by just taking the handicap award which was very closely contested.



FULL RESULT - Hardriders.

		Time	H'cap
1st.	George Matthews	1.35.33	1.35.33
2nd.	Keith Dodman	1.40.23	1.38.38
3rd.	Richard Shipton	1.46.52	1.37.52
4th.	Colin Miller	1.47.02	1.39.19
5th.	Mike Poland	1.49.52	1.35.22

---

An Old Book

The date of the edition in our hands is 1826 and it is "The Eighteenth Edition", no less, of PATERSON'S ROADS. It will provide us with hours of interesting study and from time to time we will give you an insight into the roads of Britain 147 years ago.

The book is described as "being an entirely original and accurate description of all the Direct and Principal Cross roads in England and Wales with part of the roads of Scotland". It includes "Topographical Sketches of the several Cities, Market Towns, and remarkable Villages; and Descriptive Accounts of the Principal Seats of the Nobility and Gentry, the Antiquities, Natural Curiosities, and other remarkable objects throughout the Kingdom:"

"The whole Remodelled, Augmented, and Improved and arranged upon A plan at once novel, clear and intelligible, is deduced from The Latest and best Authorities: Including a table of the heights of mountains from the Grand Trigonometrical Survey of the Kingdom; also a table of



the population, from the census of 1821; to which is annexed the arrival and departure of the mail, together with the rates of postage."

In 1821 Sussex had 295 Parishes towns and townships, there were 38,131 houses and the population of the County 233,019. There were 8 Boroughs and no less than 28 members of Parliament. There was, rather strangely no return for Worthing but Brighton had 4659 houses and a population of 24,429.

.....



This pub is perhaps in an unfortunate position so far as cyclists are concerned being, as it is, at the very foot of Houghton Hill. One tends at this point to be getting down to the Climb, even if that does mean walking, or alternatively one hurtles past at 40 m.p.h. where it would seem almost a shame to put the brakes on.

This is a Sussex Inn built in the typical style of the County in flint and timber with a steeply pitched roof in red tiles. It has small cottage windows and inside has low ceilings. The original building is believed to date from the thirteenth century. In 1651 when King Charles was on the run after the disastrous Battle of Worcester he found time to pause at this Inn on his flight to the Continent, while Cromwell's men were beating the nearby Arundel woods for him.

The Tap Room and the Saloon have fine oak beams, and old settles. Great log fires make this a very welcome place on cold winter evenings.

Like many pubs situated near the coast it has its "smuggling" history and stories are told of a tunnel down to the river Arun for this purpose.

From the eastern end of the village street and across the causeway flows the Arun, at this point, about 14 miles above its outlet at Littlehampton. Try a visit some day, you can come in from Storrington and leave towards the village of Bury; you don't have to go up Houghton Hill!



## YET ANOTHER 25 COURSE

Warning has been received of the proposals of the Highway Authority to set up yet another set of traffic lights. This time they aim to wreck the existing G.935, Horsham Road course by erecting lights at the cross roads at Buck Barn. This is, one must admit, a nasty crossing but it is a shame that earlier plans for a roundabout or even a flyover could not, presumably for financial reasons, have been proceeded with. Either of these alternatives would have provided good connections with the east/west A.272 for the longer distance events, and apart from the disturbance during works would have made little effect on the G.935. The Club has immediately put in hand efforts to find an alternative for it has to be born in mind that we are due to promote our Open over the G.935 next summer. Ray Douglass, an official course measurer for the Road Time Trials Council has already been hard at work on the problem and has come up with one idea.

It has to be remembered that any course has to meet with the approval of the R.T.T.C. and of the police. It must have a good area for parking at the start and finish. Ideally it should be free of any halt signs, right hand turns and of course traffic lights. Each turn must be at a roundabout or flyover for dead-turns are



no longer acceptable. In addition to all this there is the desirability of having the start and finish fairly near to Worthing and of having after this the luxury of a fast course. In this crowded corner of England this comprises a set of conditions verging on the impossible.

Ray has produced the following and the Club's committee have agreed that it should be put forward for formal approval, as a standby if those lights do appear before our Open next June. The start will be on the Arundel Road just west of the Coach and Horses and near Castle Goring and the finish will be approximately opposite. The route will be west to Patching Pond then left through Angmering to join the A.295 at the Roundstone roundabout. From here east to Durrington Roundabout by the Temperance Building Society head office and then south to the first turn at the roundabout by Durrington Station. The route is then retraced to Patching where riders will go west to the second turn at the new roundabout at Ford Road in Arundel. Then back to finish near the start.

Yes it has hills and many roundabouts but can you suggest anything, complying with all those conditions, that is better?



## 1974 OPEN ROAD RACE

The new promoter is popular, ever smiling, always selling tickets, Alan Matthews. No sooner had he accepted the job when he had himself a problem. The course at Yapton, which we have used for some years is now ruled out by the police insisting on a full ten mile circuit. So Alan has been out surveying and has come up with a variation of the old S.C.A. 12 hour circuit. Start, Finish and Headquarters have yet to be fixed but the course proposed is, Coolham south on the B.2139 to Dan Hill cross roads then east towards Ashington on the B.2133. The route then goes back north at the tight corner at Woolvere Farm and along the narrow stretch past Blonks Farm to Shipley, turning right and then second left, through the village to join the A.272. From this point it is about a mile and a half west to Coolham.

There are a few drags and some tight corners on this but these could have the advantage of splitting the field more than has happened on the Yapton circuit. There is also a narrow section which is rather muddy on occasions.

The whole thing has to meet with the approval of the British Cycling Federation and the Police and it is hoped that such approvals will be forthcoming. The circuit is approximately 11.6 miles so the race is likely to be four laps for a total of 46.4 miles, some  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles shorter than our previous events.



## A VOICE IN THE FOREST

Linwood Common  
New Forest.

### Number 1.

#### In which I introduce myself

In the past years I've been interested to see strange creatures sitting astride a metal frame and rolling along on two of the thinnest cart wheels I have ever seen. Without exception they have made for the country "tented" retreat of my friends Jim and Con. On chatting to Jim about these I learn that they are called (among other things), cyclists. It seems they come this way for something called a P.2; they apparently race over it? I frequently have to race for a pee too, so feel I must have something in common with them. They come up to Jim and Con to scrounge a breakfast.

My friend Jim thinks you may be interested in learning some of the ways and life of the Forest, so firstly let me introduce myself. I am a New Forest Brood Mare, and my name is Magpie and as the name implies I'm black and white I am 16 years old. I cannot be registered with the New Forest pony Breeding Society as piebalds and skewbalds are not eligible, however my master does not mind this as I produce good looking offspring which bring high prices. I am of sturdy build and I have quite a lot of the beard of my ancestors. This beard used to



protect the soft lower lip when grazing on gorse and bracken when grass was scarce.

Queen Victoria apparently did not care much for our looks and she had some arab stallions released on the Forest. The result was that now most ponies are more handsome but in my opinion not so tough.

There are about 3/4000 ponies on the Forest and they are wild, in the sense that they are unbroken, but all ponies are owned by someone, there are about 600 registered brand marks. Mine is the letter 'S' inside a horseshoe. The 'S' stands for Stickland.

My master is the senior Agistor and he has quite a job being responsible for the welfare of ponies, cattle, donkeys etc. in his area. There are many sides to his work which I will tell you about in another issue.

I feel pleased to have made the acquaintance of some of your members and particularly their offspring; Susan and David Puttick, Sandra and Andrew Lock and Sarah and Peter Beasley.

If you are in the Forest on a visit I suggest you go to the Deer Sanctuary and Aboretum it is very interesting. For the tourists amongst you the map reference is 242 086 Sheet No. 179. Keith Dodman and, on a separate occasion, Don Lock have made this visit and will I'm sure confirm what I say. There are leaflets available at the central car park and these explain and guide you around the area.



I will finish now with an example of Forest humour. At a Donkey Derby someone put up a small pen in the corner of the field with a notice, reading, "see the smallest Donkey in the area". When the racing was in progress they put a Jenny with a tiny foal in the pen. At once there was pandemonium on the course and in the paddock, as Jacks bucked and screamed and reared and threw their riders. Those that were tied up tried to break loose. Few of the general public realised the reason for the panic but the locals soon found out, and the heaviest betting, was on which Jack could reach the Jenny first. "Really Men are awful but I like them!"

Goodbye for now, from Maggie.  
P.S. Remember, if driving in the Forest one of the worst places for animal accidents is on the vertical curve, i.e. a hump back bridge or rises and falls in the road. There may be ponies or cattle just beyond where you can see, and remember in the Forest animals have the priority.

.. ..



## DATES TO REMEMBER

Never being quite sure when we shall publish each issue we give now two dates for the beginning of next year. If we manage the next two mags. on time then we will remind you again.

## R E L I A B I L I T Y   T R I A L

17th FEBRUARY 1974

Your Editor will be running the 1974 event and trusts that all those who lamented the non-appearance of the event in 1973 will ride. He has received many suggestions for innovations and hopes to use some of these.

## A N N U A L   G E N E R A L   M E E T I N G

26th FEBRUARY 1974

Your attendance is of course your duty as a member. Please do your best to attend. Formal notice will be issued nearer to the date.



