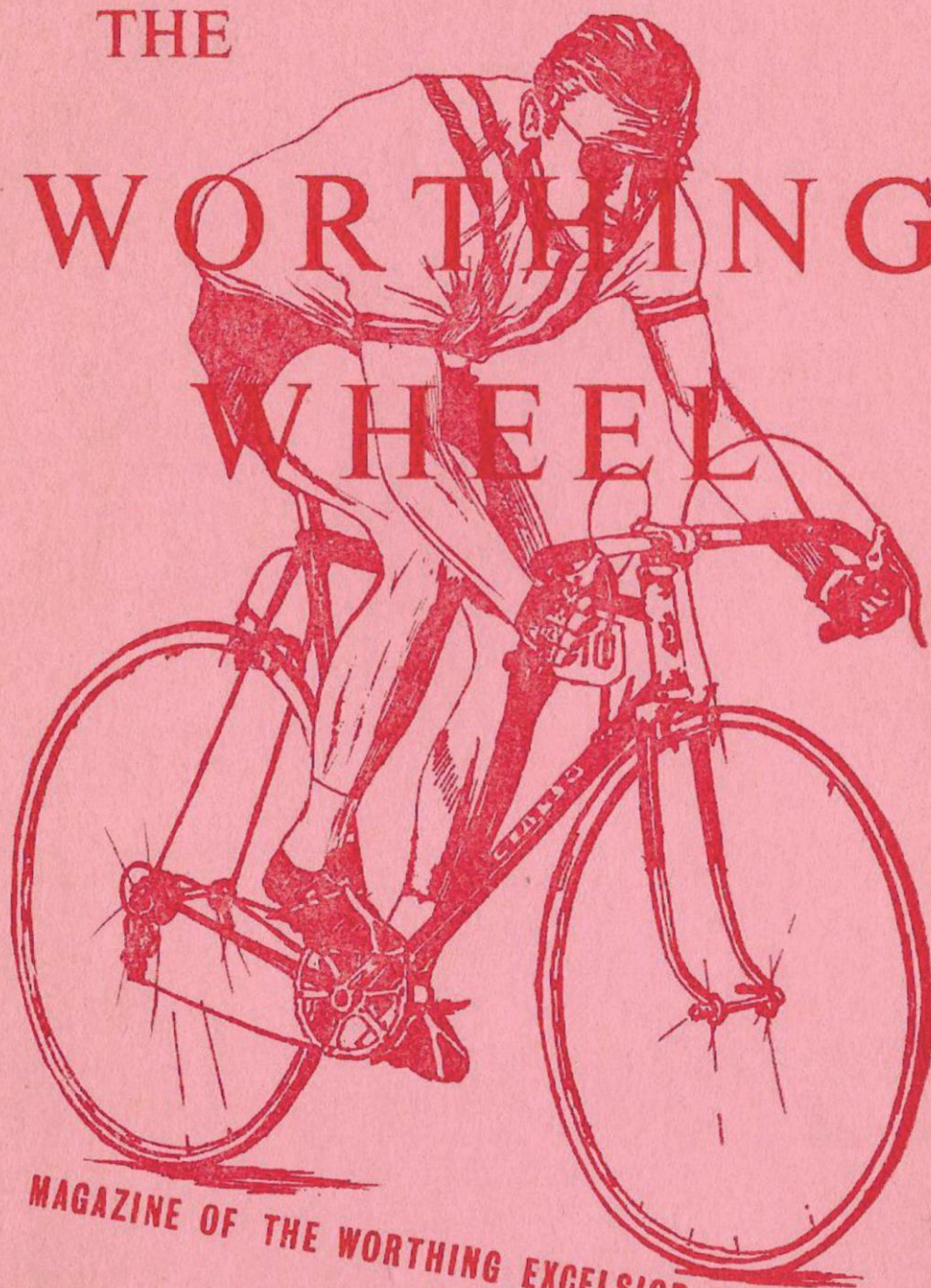


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THE WORTHING WHEEL



MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

WINTER 1973-4

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THE WORTHING WHEEL

The Journal of

THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

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THE CHRISTMAS SUPPER

Over the years it seems, this Club has developed a tradition for grand feasts. Around the turn of the century it was fig feasts, held in Victoria Gardens and enjoyed with the company of members of The Tarring Cycling Club. Later the speciality was the strawberry teas, fondly recalled by President Duggie Argent and his wife. Now it would appear to be The Christmas meals that carry on this excellent tradition. Theo Puttick will never lose the Social Secretary position all the time he can cater, seemingly for any cycling occasion, in such tremendous style. From a Christmas party for members children and younger friends, it has developed over the years to a Christmas tea and now a Christmas Supper.

Whatever you call it, it remains a remarkable meal. produced by Theo, The Charlie Forte of Broadwater, with just a little help from his friends. It was in fact, a full five course Christmas Dinner, with all the trimmings and plenty of wine. The whole thing being apparently cooked at home but produced on the table in a manner which would put to shame the service in some hotels.

To save any 'older' members who might have used cars and therefore, petrol, to reach Copsale, (the originally proposed venue), the 'do' this year was held in the Clubroom. Sixty members and friends including members of the Brighton Excelsior and Bognor Regis Cycling Clubs, sat down to, and

enjoyed, an evening that would have cost £3 elsewhere, if indeed it would be obtainable, and they paid just 60 pence.

A decorated hall, good food and drink, music and cycling friendliness, what more could be asked for. What's the date of the next one Theo?

= = = = =

ARE WE NOT CONCERNED THAT THOSE WHO
MUST MOTOR SHOULD DO IT PROPERLY?

THEN TELL THOSE ABOUT TO LEARN TO CONTACT:

MANOR SCHOOL OF MOTORING
(WORTHING)

34 Manor Road,
West Worthing.

Department of Environment approved instructor,

J.C. MOIGNIER

Telephone Worthing 32958

= = = = =

D O N ' T
F O R G E T

RELIABILITY TRIAL

Sunday 17th February 1974

Start top of Washington Bostal

9 a.m.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Tuesday 26th February 1974

OPEN ROAD RACE

Saturday 20th April, 1974

Headquarters Coolham Village Hall

Start at 2 p.m.

CLUB RUNS ATTENDANCE TROPHY

This is planned for 1974 - running from 1st January until 30th September. In future years it will run from 1st October to 1st October and the Trophy will be presented at the Annual Dinner. No details of the Trophy are available at the moment but it is confidently expected that a rose bowl will be presented by one of the Club's Vice Presidents and will stand for Annual Competition.

The running of this scheme will need the confirmation of the Club's Annual General Meeting in February, but it is expected that the proposals already discussed in General Committee will be approved.

Two senior members, it is proposed to ask Charlie Lednor and Theo Puttick, will receive a weekly report from the runs committee as to the attendance of members on runs and will award points. The points awarded will be at their discretion, but they will be asked to use the following as broad guide lines.

On a Sunday run: 3 points if out all day
 2 if out until lunch
 1 if out until elevenses.

Other runs of an evening - maximum of 2 points.

Car/bike trips - a maximum of 3 points.

Points may be deducted if, for example, a member only joined the run at elevenses, or such a penalty may be allowed if perhaps he came from Brighton and elevenses was at Lewes!

A table showing current positions will be maintained in the Club room.

Do not give up if you are unable to make as many outings as others for the two adjudicators may award further prizes, by arrangement with the general committee. For example - most points by a schoolboy, or a junior. (Maybe even for a Dad, Ed.)

.....

A VOICE IN THE FOREST

Linwood Common
New Forest.

Number 2.

Sandy

These dark winter days I get to thinking of some of the good friends I have had here in the Forest. I would like to tell you about my late friend 'Sandy'.

Many years ago, before the fences and cattle grids came to the Forest, a Forest Mare, heavy in foal, together with her yearling colt, wandered away from the Forest in the direction of Wimbourne. She was put into a pound and in due course as she was unclaimed, put up for sale.

The Mare and Yearling were sold to my Master's Father for £7, and the yearling was given to my Master, who was then only a boy. He called the yearling, 'Sandy'.

Little was it realised then that a lifetime friendship had started. Older people of the Forest still tell of the wild pony and even wilder boy who used to tear about the Forest together.

Sandy was gelded and the years passed. Courtship time came, and Sandy carried his Master over miles of the Forest country in search of.....

When the war came, Sandy did his bit pulling a milk float and a light plough. After the war Master became an Agister, and it was as a cattle and round-up pony that Sandy really began to shine and become well known. His intelligence when Colt hunting was amazing, he always seemed to be one thought ahead of the animal being pursued; no matter which way the quarry turned, Sandy seemed to change direction a split second earlier, to head it off.

If darkness fell when out working in the Forest, no matter where it was, Master would just let Sandy have his head, and he would make his way home without a falter.

Children arrived in Master's family and it was on Sandy that they learned to ride well. Also he was in great demand for Church Fetes etc., for his gentleness with young ones.

His great moment came in later years. If anyone was at the last 'Horse of the Year Show' held at Haringay, they may remember the pony chasing the wild ones into the arena, that was Sandy as the 'New Forest Pony Personality of the Year'.

Above all things Sandy loved the hunt. He only had to hear the horn in the distance and he would be restlessly pacing the fence, looking for Master to up and away. He was like this even after he retired - the hunting horn always got him worked up.

Like for all of us, time creeps on; eventually he could not digest his grass; the only thing to do was send for the Knacker man - by then he was over 30 years old. My Master could not make money from his carcass, so the cash was used to have one of his hooves polished and mounted in silver. It now stands on Master's desk as a paper weight.

Life will be getting interesting again when I next meet you. It will be time for the stallions to return to the Forest, whooppee!

Goodbye from Maggie.

GABBLETALK

Hailo, and hearty my friendlies, through the dimly lightwash of the waxy candle and seated round the smelly wick (piece of string in a pound of margarine) of my home stove oily maid welcome to 1974 - you can say that again - alright, welcome to 1974 - thank you madam. I have doubtless caught you up to your eyeballs in sweating off hundred weights of surplus fat, and draining out gallons of booze, consumed to deaden the memories of last year's worst rides, so will detain you but for a short while.

Into the period of much hard training, chain gangs and interval bashes between telegraph poles, to sort out men from mice in the forthcoming months. Keep head to toes well covered in long woolly whatsits - two pairs if you like - and make sure of ample illumination of bike with good lights to front and rear. Don't sit about in Cafe's and low dives in wet or sweaty clothes, get home and change. Remember also, much twiddly of the bottom gears with dinner plate cogs and tea plate rings, these will assist in the more rapid grinding of the windmills on the dragstripes and salt flats of the R.T.T.T.T. - whatever it is - courses in the summer...

In early months of year 'tis the hard stuff that does yer good, - no madam, put down that bottle - I mean plenty of hilly lanes and even bridlepaths. Try some reliab - reli - rel -, some trials and those hardrider events. If you train with another, don't be nithe to him! try and burn him off, and if you're the one that gets shot off the back, try and do better next time, the longer you hang on, the longer he's

suffering up the front.

Me? I'm only out of hibernation at the request of your Eddytorr for a short serving of Gabbletalk - Probably be out and about by Whitsun.

.....

A DREAMY TOUR

'Kit yourself up and come with us' he said this was my friend an energetic cyclist. Having just been left £10 by a Great Aunt, I thought that perhaps I would invest in a cycle and went along to my nearest cycle dealer. Well, after seeing that really sporty looking model 'C' Vindec in the window, nothing else was going to do so I parted up with the enormous expenditure of £4.4.0. The dealer had told me that it was an ideal Clubman and Tourist machine, soundly constructed and of a splendid specification. He considered it to be of exceptional value at this price. The frame was of best quality fittings and tubing; it had a racing saddle, Perry chain, calliper brakes with enamelled levers and Dunlop Sports Tyres. It was finished in the best black enamel with cream mudguards. It had a most imposing appearance and I was so proud as I showed it to my friend.

I thought, rather ignorantly that I was now ready, but no; my friend had a list of other essential items; he selected a suit of Brooks Oilskins, Poncho at 9/- and Leggings at 7/6, Sou'wester 2/6, he obviously thought we were in for a wet summer. An Ashby saddlebag with a quick release set me back 15/6, and a support in lightweight aluminium 2/8. An Ever Ready electric battery

battery headlamp in stove enamel, I decided against the chromium plated, cost a further 2/6.

With the aid of a Bacon's Road Map of the South of England and the Kuklos Annual we now worked out the route we would take. My friend promised it would not be too hard as I had not done much cycling before.

First night would be at the house of Mr. R. Chambers at 50 High Street, Dorking a well known establishment where bed and breakfast was reasonably priced at 5/-. Continuing in Surrey and then over the border into Berkshire we would stop the second night at Mrs. Walker's boarding house at 34 St. Leonard's Road, Windsor, although the cost here would be 5/6. A short distance but over hilly country would be day three and with luck we would have digs at Mrs. Lawrence's at 15 Station Hill, Basingstoke, highly recommended at 3/6 per night.

Petersfield would be our last digs, and my friend knew just the place, Mr. Osgood's at 24 The Square. This was apparently very expensive at 6/6 for bed and breakfast but I was informed the food was unbeatable, so that was decided upon.

The return home the following day could be taken nice and leisurely and we felt sure that this would make a nice first short tour for a beginner; in any case the money in my back pocket would be getting low, I estimated that by then I should probably be down to the last two pounds of my legacy, still I thought I would be getting a lot of enjoyment for my money and that the cycle would be a good investment.

What a pity that I should wake up in 1974.....
that happened in 1934..... Oh well! never
mind it's the Club Dinner tomorrow I should be
able to enjoy myself with the two fivers I've
been saving I may go on my new super
lightweight, it cost £200 and I am paying for
it on the never never out of my pension.

Anon.

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

THE TOURIST TRIAL

What should have been a touring event was once again something of an endurance test. A field of twelve riders, the best for many years, yet only three could complete the course. Brian Weir has taken on the job of organising the competition for a number of years now, but he is in business on his own account and has precious little time available to really plan these things, as for example, a C.T.C. touring competition would be put on. In addition Brian has done no cycling personally for some years and this, coupled with his more recent involvement in car rallies, has possibly erased his memory of how hard long stretches of hilly country can be, and how hard it can be to maintain an average of even 12 m.p.h. when one has to consult maps, climb stiles etc. etc.

In addition to the endurance angle these tourist trials are frequently ending in ties or as in 1972 a mileage estimate was all that separated the leading riders. There does not seem to

be sufficient checks, enough questions, enough tests of real touring and bike handling ability. All these things take time to arrange so why do we think about the date of the Tourist Trial when we find that we have reached the end of the racing season, why do we not fix the date at the beginning of the year?

The first section of this year's event was apparently based upon an idea of Theo Puttick. The start, to which all were transported by car, was at North Common near Chailey. The object of the first section; to get to Isfield by the shortest possible route, using roads, other than Class A, bridleways or footpaths. Some were to take as straight a course as they could, which at first sight may seem logical, while others stuck, in the main, to unclassified roads or bridlepaths, and this it seems, looking back, was infinitely more sensible. The trouble with footpaths is that they are frequently hard to follow and in many cases have been wilfully obliterated by farmers. Those who tried to rigidly follow a straight line ran into a lot of very heavy going and none suffered as much as Our Ed. who was to arrive at Isfield over an hour behind the rest and, eventually, committing the sin of travelling along an A road. He was just in time for the Pub to shut! Several times one stretch of public footpath was crossed by electric wire and as a number of the competitors found out the power pulses along them quite lively. John Mansell rode comfortably along quiet roads and took to a bridleway only for the final mile and despite his more circuitous route was among the earlier arrivals at lunch. He was to encounter trouble with an argumentative individual who claimed that John had no right on the bridleway, and would just not listen to reason. All had made the lunchtime rendezvous including the several junior

members having their first taste of tourist competition. It is a pity that things were to turn out so hard in the afternoon. A question at this point is; who led after this section? Other questions might be; Was Don disqualified? Who suffered penalty points? Were there any checks, for the route was optional?

Section two was the shortest and the easiest of the day, but where was the point, apart from getting the riders to the beginning of section three. It only involved tracing a route via certain spot heights as indicated on the ordnance survey map, plus making sure that one left or arrived by the correct direction. Was anyone checking on this section to see that all passed by correctly? Did anyone loose any marks in section two?

The riders were receiving their instructions for the third stage at nearly 3 o'clock, just south of Framfield, and it quickly became clear from the route to be worked out, that things were going to run well into the hours of darkness. The fact that the clocks had been put back an hour the night before had perhaps been overlooked. A number were to retire or at least think of an early retirement at this stage. The route wound an intricate and very devious course over the hilly terrain through Buxted and towards Jarvis Brook before doubling back to High Hurstwood and Fairwarp. Further permutations of directions saw the remaining competitors ride out through Nutley, Chelwood Gate and to the finish of the section at Danehill. The light had all but disappeared as the first few reached Brian at this point. A number had short circuited the section and a few had already started a direct return to North Common. Poor Tony Hill riding in what will probably prove to be his last Club event, had found the prospect of

the remainder of the course rather daunting as far back as Buxted, and the fall, fortunately not personally serious, which doubled his front wheel into two, was as much a relief as it was a worry. He straightened it in a manner he once demonstrated on a club run and managed to make his way back to North Common. Tony's method is a foot firmly on each side and pull the spindle up in the middle, frightening if it's your wheel, but effective. John Mansell and Tony Palmer two previous winners of the President's Tourist Trophy were, along with Don the only ones to cover the full course of this third part of the event.

The final section, after a detour along shady bridleways around the Church at Horsted Keynes, was in the main a fairly easy route home to Theo's food waggon at North Common. Whether they had completed the course or not they were all homing in on the thought of the meal to come with an uncanny accuracy.

The gathering on North Common at the end of the day was without doubt the redeeming feature of the whole outing. As well as the competitors many friends and helpers stayed on for the truly great nosh-up which Theo produced from his van. This washed down by the endless cuppas poured out by Jim and Connie soon removed the aches from the weary legs. Brian between mouthfulls of minced beef and stewed plums (the order was uncertain) endeavoured to work out the positions and found himself this time with a three way tie between John, Tony Palmer and Don. A photograph was recognised by the first two but not Don and so the Trophy is shared again. These two in fact halving in 1971.

In conclusion; a good day out, but let's think about it earlier next year.

CYCLISTS TODAY

Another extract from the C.T.C. publication
"Statement of Policy"

Dangerous road surfaces

Millions of pounds are being spent on the roads of Britain, mostly in the construction of motorways, bridges and underpasses, and in the realignment of junctions to facilitate the passage of motor traffic.

For the cyclist, however, the roads are often made more dangerous than they need be by the neglect or careless maintenance of edges and gully gratings; by the laying of unsatisfactory surfaces, particularly excessive tarring and gritting; and by the too frequent use of surface markings - many of them in slippery material.

Yet if they attempt to avoid these hazards, cyclists are condemned for swerving, wobbling, or being obstructive.

The C.T.C. urges Local Authorities to pay greater attention to the dangers in which cyclists are placed as a result of bad road surfaces, particularly near the kerb, and to carry out remedial work as quickly as possible. More attention should also be given to the design, siting and condition of gully gratings and inspection covers.

As for metal studs, they should be scrapped.

THE 1973 POINTS TROPHY COMPETITION

Club events were not well supported and there was nowhere near the competition of previous years.

The points competition also suffered and the winner, Derek Pearce had more points against his name than did Eddy Kneen who won in 1972.

Based on the handicap placings in the season's club events a point is awarded for each handicap placing and lowest total wins.

The 1973 result reads:-

| | | |
|------|----------------|-----------|
| 1st. | Derek Pearce | 29 points |
| 2nd. | Keith Dodman | 41 " |
| | Don Lock | 41 " |
| 4th | Michael Murphy | 42 " |
| 5th | Colin Miller | 45 " |
| 6th | Michele Howard | 46 " |
| 7th | Alan Orman | 47 " |

There must be a serious effort to improve the standard of events in 1974. One thought which might help if adopted is that the racing committee should meet far more often, and that whilst the principal racing secretaries should be primarily responsible for the running of events, the other members of the committee should be more available to assist, particularly during the busy times of the calendar, for example when the evening tens are being run.

ANNUAL DINNER AND DANCE

A new venue and a return to the traditional type of cycling club evening was presented to the Club for 1973 by its ever faithful Social Secretary Theo Puttick. Correctly anticipating a smaller number, which would have got lost in the large room at the Warnes Hotel, Theo had us accommodated in a very nice room at The Burlington and the Hotel put on a nice Roast Beef meal.

As indicated, the numbers attending the Annual Dinner have dropped gradually over the years and it is only a handful of the most successful Clubs or Associations who have been able to hold attendances to the level of earlier years. The number at our 'Do' this time was down to seventy, the lowest for many years, but with costs going sky high; tickets had to be at £2.50 each and doubtless this affected the decisions of some, particularly younger members. The fact that early post-dinner calculations show a small financial profit, should not perhaps, be a cause for congratulation, but more, a determination that next year even greater scrutiny will be given to the figures to see if some reduction cannot be made. Better surely to subsidise than make the cost prohibitive to our members.

Cross toasting, of such poor quality in 1972 had been dropped and although there was plenty of chatter during the meal something was missing and several remarked on the absence of this traditional part of a Cycling Club Dinner. A toast if other than a formal one, should be properly addressed, through the President to the whole of

the assembled company and should be an amusing anecdote which will offend nobody and will be entertaining to all, including visitors and friends who may not be involved in the Club's activities during the year. The unfortunate fact that just a few, not aware, of the unwritten rules, had caused some upset in 1972 should surely not be allowed to remove for all time, this old custom from our 'scene'.

National Coach and ex-Olympic representative Harry Jackson of Portsmouth was the invited guest along with his wife. Harry spoke of the need to encourage all who rode bicycles to join clubs. We must not be advised us, regard those who use their bikes as simply a means of short distance transport, as 'tugo's'. Everyone who puts a cross on a football coupon feels just a little involved in that sport, so why shouldn't those who ride bikes feel and indeed become involved with the sport of cycling? A question well worth pondering.

Tony Hill whose teaching career is to take him north to Barnsley in the New Year will be sadly missed, not least for the manner, both novel and interesting, in which he has spoken on behalf of the Club. For his reply to the toast made by Harry Jackson, Tony presented a three part, one man variety act. The fifteen minutes or so that this took up of the evening were the highlight of the occasion. As he introduced himself and his 'act' he casually disrobed to a racing vest and racing cap rig-out and proceeded to amuse on the theme of the cyclist and his affect on the general public. Accompanying himself on his guitar he then presented the first public performance of the following:

He's a breed on his own,
I'm sure you will know.
He dresses the part
Before he will start.

He wears a peaked cap
Super plastic at that
It keeps his head dry
But the rain runs in his eyes

He wears funny shorts
Black woolly of course
They hug him so tight
Oh what a sight

He wears pretty socks,
With lace round the tops
He powders his feet
Oh isn't he sweet

For his shoes it is leather
Black patented leather
Peppered full of holes
Holy soles.

And so we can see
Our well clod bikie
Dressed all in the vogue
But Oh what a rogue.

CHORUS

But he keeps riding along

(twice)

To tremendous applause at this most professional entertainment, Tony then continued with his thoughts on the six years that he has enjoyed with the Worthing Excelsior. With a nudge or two at those who have poked fun at his midland accent, "I shall be quite posh up in Barnsley", he finished with the hint at a free ticket next year to come back and speak on behalf of the visitors. It might be an idea at that!

The prizes for the year's successful riders were then presented as usual by Mrs. Argent in her capacity as wife of our President, but of course, also as one of our longest serving Vice Presidents.

Main award winners were:-

| | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------------|---------|
| Circuit Event. | Alan Orman | 59.29 |
| 25m. Championship | Colin Miller | 1.8.59 |
| 30m. Championship | Keith Dodman | 1.24.5. |
| 50m. Championship | Keith Dodman | 2.9.37 |
| 100m. Fastest | Keith Dodman | 4.34.32 |
| Clapshaw 25m | Ray Douglass | 1.11.24 |
| Sherwin Junior 25m. | Paul West | 1.19.15 |
| Evening 25m. | George Matthews | 59.26 |
| Junior 15m. | Derek Pearce | 40.17 |
| Team Time Trial: | | |
| | Alan Orman and Colin Miller | |
| | | 1.7.43 |
| Hardriders | George Matthews | |
| | | 1.35.33 |
| 10m. Evening Series. | Derek Pearce | |
| Best Schoolboy | Paul Denyer | |
| Points Trophy | Derek Pearce | |
| Most Improved Rider | Derek Pearce | |

| | |
|--------------------------|--|
| Tourist Trophy | John Mansell &
Tony Palmer (shared) |
| Junior Best All Rounder: | Derek Pearce |
| Track Champion | George Matthews |

The final award could not be presented for it was known that the recipient was not present. This was somewhat ironic for the award was the Tankard for The Clubman of the Year, but Dave Hudson, the most worthy winner, was away on a cycling weekend booked many months ago. It was a pity though that some announcement was not made, for those present, really involved with the Club, would undoubtedly have appreciated the opportunity of showing the high regard that all members have for the work which he does on the Touring and Club run side of our activities.

The three piece group looked a little like Max Jaffa and part of the Palm Court Orchestra when they arrived but they succeeded in making a fair kind of music which had a number on the floor for most of the time and a lot on the floor for part of the time. The winner of the 'I was on the floor most was Chairman Charlie, (Mr. Lednor) who seemed quite incapable of sitting down, but otherwise behaved himself reasonably well.

The final draw of the year long Fund raising campaign was then made by Mrs. Jackson and the lucky recipient was Tom Lednor (senior).

A raffle organised by Dave Funnell was the last event before the dancers swung into all the usual Hokey - Cokey, Knees up Mother Browns, Gay Gordons and Auld Lang Syne to the last waltz at 12'o clock.

An enjoyable evening and more must come next year.

STEYNING AND BRAMBER 1821

Extracts from Paterson's Roads the Eighteenth Edition, published in 1826

Steypning. This town, consisting of four streets, of rather mean houses, is situated not far from the River Adur, at the bottom of a lofty hill; it is a borough by prescription, returning two members to parliament, and has a market on Wednesday. The Church is in a ruinous state, the transept and choir being completely destroyed; it is considered a very beautiful specimen of Saxon architecture, of high antiquity, conjectured to have belonged to a monastic establishment of Benedictine monks, and supposed to contain the remains of St. Cuthman, and Ethelwulf, King of Wessex, father of Alfred the Great.

Bramber. Now a mean village, was formerly a place of sufficient importance to give name to the rape in which it is situated; it stands near a small

stream, once navigable. The town, which with the parish contains only twenty five houses, is divided into two parts, one of which joins Steyning, while the other, about half a mile distant, is denominated Bramber Street. The manor belongs to the Duke of Norfolk, and the town is governed by a constable, chosen annually at the court leet. From 1298 to 1454 Bramber was joined with Steyning in the writs for electing two burgesses to serve in parliament; but since that period, they have each returned the same number. The right of election is in the persons paying scot and lot, and inhabiting houses built on ancient foundations. The burbage-holds, thirty six in number, are the joint property of the Duke of Rutland and Lord Calthorpe. It is related that, in the election contest in 1786, the tenant of one of the cottages of which this borough consists, had the integrity to reject the offer of 100l for his vote. On the north-east side of Bramber Street are the ruins of the ancient castle, the only relick of the former consequence of this place. History, which is remarkably sterile on the subject of this castle, no where records when, or by what means, it was reduced to its present condition. Its ruins attest that it was once a strong and extensive edifice; but the only remains now to be seen, are a lofty piece of what is supposed to have been a gateway, and some low fragments of walls on the west side. It appears to have completely covered the top of a ragged eminence, which commands a fine view of the adjacent country and the sea, and to have been surrounded by a triple trench now over-grown with trees and bushes. Grose observes, that on considering the vast thickness of the remaining fragments of walls, and the small effect that time and weather have produced upon it since Hollars view was taken, there is reason to suppose that it was demolished by gunpowder, perhaps for the sake of the materials.

APOLOGIES

Yes George, you were right, it was a fella by the name of R.G. Matthews who won the club hardriders championsip in 1972. So all right George, you were the defending champion in 1973. See if you can make it a hat trick in 1974.

.....

FUND RAISING 1974

This will be on its way by the time the Magazine is with you and we hope it will be equally as successful as in 1973. The final winners in the first series were:-

| | | |
|--------|--------------------|-------------------------------|
| July | Roger Smallman | 63 Langdale Road,
Hove. |
| August | Alan Windeatt | 72 Lincoln Road,
Worthing |
| Sept. | Mrs. P.M. Douglass | 25 Guildford Road
Worthing |
| Oct. | Jim Hughes | 22 Ivydore Close
Worthing. |

NOVEMBER FIFTY POUNDS

| | |
|------------|-----------------------------|
| Tom Lednor | 5 Tower Road,
Wor thing. |
|------------|-----------------------------|

SUMMER TIME

Why not in the winter issue of our Mag?

Summer Time was originally called "Willett Time", after a successful Kent house-builder named William Willett. An early riser, he had the idea one morning in 1907, when he noticed bedroom windows with blinds still drawn. If clocks were put forward in Spring, he reasoned, everybody would be able to enjoy extra daylight at the most popular time - the end of the working day.

Willett campaigned enthusiastically for his scheme, but farmers attacked it with equal vigour, declaring that tampering with time would upset the rhythm of farm life. His opponents kept the Day-Light Saving Bill from becoming law until 1916, when it was accepted as a wartime fuel-economy measure. Willett never benefited from his own idea; he died in 1915. But a sundial stands to his memory in Petts Wood Kent. Its dial is set on Willett Time - which British clocks will keep for the next three years.

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CONGRATULATIONS

In our last issue we wrote upon the efforts of Dave Hudson on the Club runs side of the Club's activities. How pleased we are that the General Committee have elected him as CLUBMAN OF THE YEAR. He undoubtedly deserves this honour and there could not have been a more worthy winner. He could have set a record as well, for we rather doubt that it has every before been won by as youthful a person.

One of my favourite local rides on a summers evening is along the back of the downs, through Edburton, Poynings and Fulking, and to down a cool pint, outside in the evening light, or should it be cold, then in the comfortable interior of 'The Shepherd and Dog'.

The famous Southdown sheep are gone from these parts since they were moved off during the 1914-1918 war and shepherds and their dogs are no longer such a familiar sight as they were 200 or more years ago on the Downland slopes when this pub first opened its doors for business. The pub lies in a sheltered hollow of the high hills, snug from the winds, of nearly every direction. It is in the style of a large cottage with steep roofing and four-gabled attics, and in its interior not greatly changed, one imagines, from the days of the shepherd, there are the low ceilings and the beams and walls hang with shining copper and brass. The Public and Saloon bars equally suggest antiquity and snuggerly, and many writers and actor types make their way through the country lanes from Brighton only seven miles, over Devil's Dyke. The Inn has a fine wld garden with a stream where shepherds brought their sheep to water in the old days.

One of Dave Hudson's first pub runs this year called in at The Shepherd and Dog. That time we were treated to a downpour, quite without equal this year; we must do that run again under better conditions; mind you I still enjoyed the drink, it was just that it had got rather diluted by the time I made home.

DAVE HUDSON LOOKS BOTH WAYS

Looking back over 1973 I see a gradual increase in interest in Club runs and touring, and everything will be done to maintain momentum to this state of affairs.

January last saw a large number on the first few runs as some of the "racing only" men joined us to get fit. In this month we had a day's outing, (car assisted to Portsmouth), on the Isle of Wight. Always attractive are the small villages with their neat, compact little cottages with thatched roofs.

February, as the racing men began to find their racing legs saw us exploring in an easterly direction with a most enjoyable day in the area around Battle.

March included a day trip to the hunting grounds of our Jim and Connie Hughes, when we delved further into the depths of the New Forest.

Many arranged their own racing and/or touring outings at Easter and soon after we were exploring part of the Pilgrims Way in Kent. This county also received our attention in July, this time we were in the wonderful countryside around Sevenoaks.

In August with plenty of miles in our legs and with lovely weather we turned north west to tackle those hilly areas around Hindhead. You certainly get the views when you make the tops of those hills! In this area we found excellent sandy tracks and bridleways and numerous fords.

The Kennet and Avon Canal and the Berkshire Downs were visited in September and the next month found us in rather misty conditions in the Purbeck Hills. Occasional glimpses of the beautiful Dorset coast made it worth while and our exiled member Harry Beasley was able to join us on this trip.

Generally we have given the lanes and tracks of Sussex a fair looking over, but it is a large and beautiful county and there is a great deal more for us to see.

The winter months will continue with soup runs on Friday evenings about once every three or four weeks and with the usual club runs every Sunday.

The fuel problem is probably one which will beset this country for a long time and as with most ills some good will come for someone, and the cyclist must be a winner. Pollution of the air, well if it doesn't get better it should surely not now get any worse. Danger; with reduced speeds and fewer vehicles the cyclists should be at less risk than they have been for some time. Environment; maybe it will be the railways and the canals that are 'improved', maybe the countryside will not be further decimated by vast motorways and by-passes bypassing by-passes.

The runs committee has tried to present in 1973 a varied and comprehensive calendar of Club runs and outings and will do the same in 1974. Already there are plans for a 4 stage ride along the entire length of the South Downs Way from Eastbourne to Petersfield about 80 miles. The

Ridgeway Path from Avebury to Streatley-on-Thames is considered worthy of a weekend's exploration, for it is part of the route used by early travellers between the Continent and Ireland. Like the chalk uplands of the North and South Downs, the crest of the Berkshire and Marlborough Downs offered a dry and convenient passageway to the old traders. Up there it was safer than in the wooded and animal infested jungle below!

Among, yet more adventurous ideas are a trip to the famous York Rally. The 30th annual National Rally of the C.T.C. Cycle exhibition, camp, and arena events on Knavesmire racecourse. This is on the weekend of July 6th and 7th. Before this, at Easter, coming this year between 12th and 15th April there will be an Anglo-French weekend, provisionally arranged by the C.T.C. It is hoped to arrange the meet with the Federation Francaise de Cyclotourisme on the Isle of Wight. Another idea is to have a long weekend in France. If you have ideas for runs or tours let the runs committee know and they may be able to include something in the programme. Above all, support the runs whenever you can and encourage others to come along. The more the merrier.

Dave.

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PROPOSED CLUB TIME TRIAL PROGRAMME 1974 ---

| | | |
|----------------|--|-----------|
| 3rd March 1974 | 20 mile Circuit | 10.30a.m. |
| 10th March | 25 mile (new course) | 9.00a.m. |
| 28th April | 25 mile Championship
(G935) | 8.00a.m. |
| 23rd June | 50 mile Championship
with S.C.A. | |
| 14th July | 100 mile (with S.C.A.) | |
| 10th August | 30 mile Championship | 6.00p.m. |
| 1st September | 12hr. Championship
(with S.C.C.U.) | |
| 15th September | 25 mile. Clapshaw
and Sherwin
Trophies | 8.00a.m. |
| 6th October | Hardriders | 10.00a.m. |
| 20th October | Hill Climb | 3.00p.m. |

8th JUNE WORTHING EXCELSIOR OPEN 25 G935

Other Events

20th April OPEN 50 MILE ROAD RACE COOLHAM
2.00p.m.

13th October TOURIST TRIAL

EFFICIENCY

An extract from "Scientific American" which might prove to be unconverted, what we already know

".....it is worth asking why such an apparently simple device as the bicycle should have had such a major effect on the acceleration of technology. The answer surely lies in the sheer humanity of the machine. Its purpose is to make it easier for an individual to move about, and this the bicycle achieves in a way that quite outdoes natural evolution. When one compares the energy consumed in moving a certain distance as a function of body weight for a variety of animals and machines, one finds that an unaided walking man does fairly well (consuming about .75 calorie per gram per kilometer), but he is not as efficient as a horse, a salmon or a jet transport.

With the aid of a bicycle, however, the man's energy consumption for a given distance is reduced to about a fifth (roughly .15 calorie per gram per kilometer). Therefore, apart from increasing his unaided speed by a factor of three or four, the cyclist improves his efficiency rating to No. 1 among moving creatures and machines.

The bicycle uses the right muscles (those of the thighs, the most powerful in the body) in the right motion (a smooth rotary action of the feet) at the right speed (60 to 80 revolutions per minute). The design must transmit power

efficiently (by means of ball bearings and the bush-roller chain); it must minimize rolling resistance (by means of the pneumatic tire), and it must be the minimum weight in order to reduce the effort of pedaling uphill.

The reason for the high energy efficiency of cycling compared with walking appears to lie mainly in the mode of action of the muscles.

In walking the leg muscles must not only support the rest of the body in an erect posture but also raise and lower the entire body as well as accelerate and decelerate the lower limbs. All these actions consume energy without doing any useful external work. Walking uphill requires that additional work be done against gravity. Apart from these ways of consuming energy, every time the foot strikes the ground some energy is lost, as evidenced by the wear of footpaths, shoes and socks. The swinging of the arms and legs also causes wear and loss of energy by chafing.

Contrast this with the cyclist, who first of all saves energy by sitting thus relieving his leg muscles of their supporting function and accompanying energy consumption. The only reciprocating parts of his body are his knees and thighs; his feet rotate smoothly at a constant speed and the rest of his body is still. Even the acceleration and deceleration of his legs are achieved efficiently, since the strongest muscles are used almost exclusively.

PUB RUN

Making a journey from Cranleigh, Surrey, to the coast, via the lanes (one fine day last summer), it struck me what a good route it was for the thirsty traveller. Anyone with a liking for liquid refreshment could have a great time, for there is quite a proliferation of pubs along the way! But if you prefer to come along just for the ride, you'll find it an enjoyable run of about 30 miles, a good many of them on the "unclassifieds".

We can have a 'starter' in the Onslow Arms, in the centre of Cranleigh, and leaving the village by way of Knowle Lane, just opposite, we immediately see what was once the level crossing, but alas, scant evidence remains to remind us of the single-track railway which, for well over a hundred years, provided a link between Guildford, Horsham and Brighton. The area formerly occupied by the Station and coal yard, is now a modern shopping centre. Riding due south, no more than a mile is covered, when we see on the left the Boy and Donkey, the second of ten pubs on this run. We continue along the lane, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the start a short rise takes us on to the A.281, the Guildford - Horsham road. We go straight over and into an inviting lane which twists a bit and goes up and down a bit, before levelling out at Tisman's Common, where at a road junction stands The Cricketers. Four and a half miles and three pubs so far!

Still on an unclassified road, we swing right and head towards Loxwood, but in three quarters of a mile turn sharp left (sign, Wisborough Green). This delightful lane, where you are more likely to meet a herd of cows than a motor car, takes up past the fine old moated manor house of Drungewick. About ten minutes more riding and we reach the B.2133 at Roundstreet Common, and what should we see just across the road, but another pub, The Fox and Hounds! We turn left here, and within a mile a sign proclaims the presence of The Bat & Ball just off the road on the right, at Newpound Common. Hereabouts we cross the country boundary into Sussex. Nine miles and five pubs gone by as we climb Hughes Hill, then down the other side where we make a brief acquaintance with the A.272 and cross the river Arun at Newbridge. Here the river is normally no more than a placid stream, but pretty turbulent in full flood, as this was the scene of two fatalities a few years ago when the river rose well above the road level.

A short distance on we rejoin the B.2133 after climbing a short hill and making an abrupt right-hand turn at the top. Still keeping up a good 'pubs to miles' ratio, we soon see on the left The Limeburners. A nice old country pub, this, in what must have been a remote spot in pre motor-car days.

From this point to Adversane is one and a half miles, and on arrival it might be as well to have one in the Blacksmith's Arms, because we now pass through a 'dry' area, it being over six miles before we see another pub,

The Red Lion at Ashington! We are now on the busy A.24, and seeking refuge from the traffic noise and fumes, we take an 'escape' road on the left, and follow a bit of the 10 mile course to Buncton where we emerge on to the A.283.

With the best known landmark in Sussex immediately above us, we ride towards Steyning, and in the town The Star seems a good place to stop. Our score is now twenty three miles and nine pubs. Leaving Steyning, a sign directs us to Shoreham by an unclassified road, passing those two tiny churches of St. Botolph's and Coombes, also we get a nice view across the Adur valley as we ride along.

The rapidly moving traffic on the Shoreham-by-pass indicates we are near the end of our journey. The lane widens, and we dismount outside the Sussex Pad. So how about a drink?

R. Smallman

