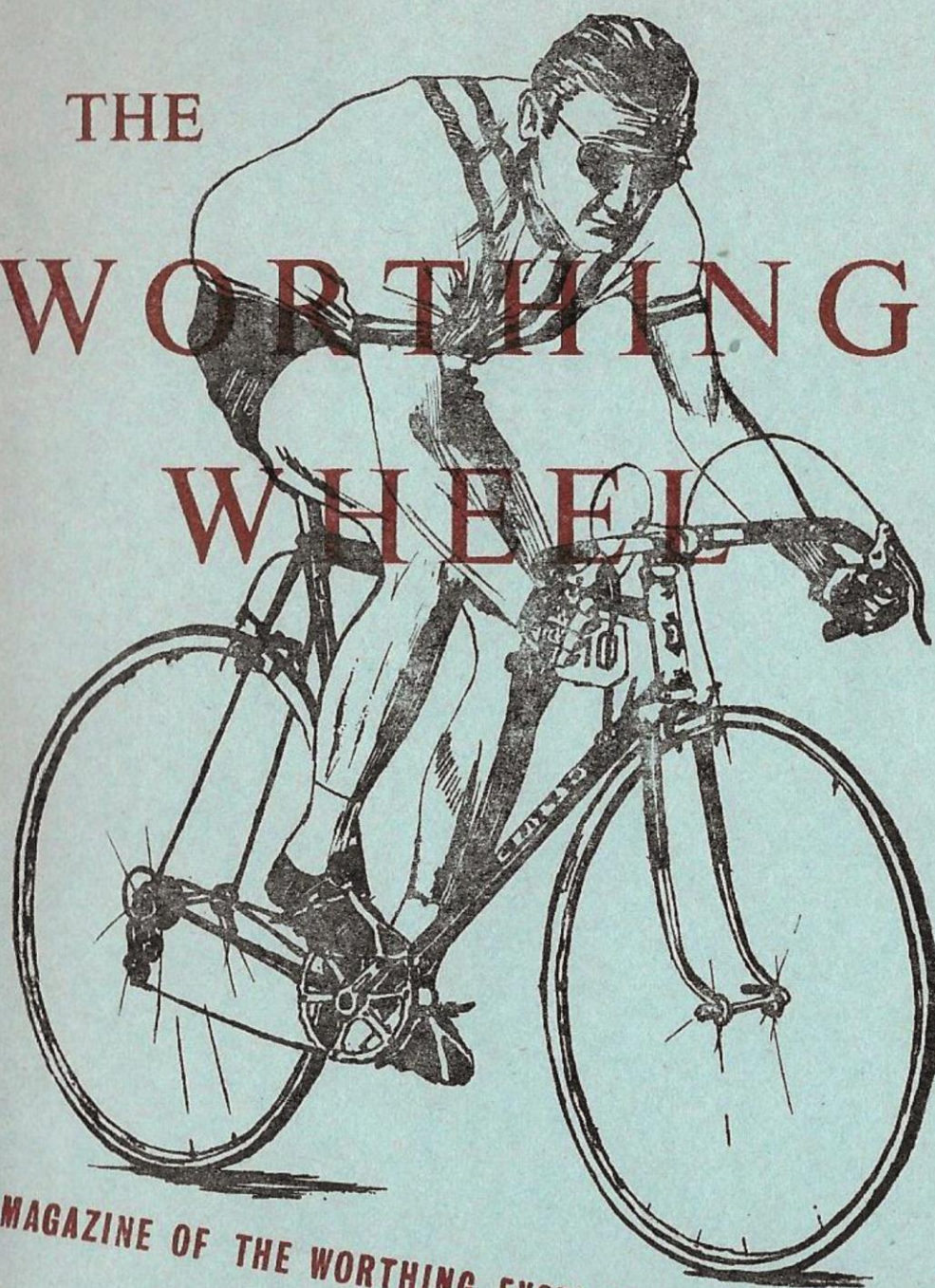


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THE WORTHING WHEEL



MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

SPRING 1980

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the journal of the

WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

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The opinions and comments expressed in this
magazine are the opinions and comments of
the individual contributor and are not
necessarily the views of the Worthing
Excelsior Cycling Club or of its committee.

A MESSAGE FROM OUR NEW EDITOR

Nice to be back, or is it? That's a question which will only really be answered over a period of time and the answer lies very much in the hands of you, our readers. I am very willing to devote as much of my time as possible to this magazine, which, after all, was my baby, but in no way can I, or indeed, for its health, should I, be the sole scribe. To continue as we are at present with 36 pages every quarter means 144 pages per year and with roughly 250/300 words per page that's something between 36 and 43,000 words per annum, which is a fair amount of research and composition.

We only need a couple of pages in each year from each member and it would only need me to do the title page and we should have a first class and really worthwhile mag. That I guess is a perfect world, which we don't have, but I'm going to be pushing hard for lots of copy. Write about your tours or enjoyable runs, tell us about races away from home, don't just stand and have a moan in a corner of the clubroom, let's all read about it and maybe you'll get more done. It's still a free country so express your opinions. If you have ideas about how events are run, or how new events might be introduced..... please let us know... in writing. Unless there is sufficient material forthcoming I shall be unable to continue.

The baby that I referred to as mine, was nursed through its infancy and junior years and handed over in the difficult period of adolescence to Derek Smith. I think he made a tremendous job of it and I'm sure I speak on behalf of all readers when I pass to him our very grateful thanks. He, despite leaving this area, has promised to keep in touch and provide contributions so there's a start from our outgoing Ed and lets be sure there's plenty more. Don.

THE CLUB CIRCUIT EVENT:

SUNDAY 24TH FEBRUARY 1980

Seventeen entries, after an all time low of three in 1979 was a great start to the eighties and also for Ray Douglass, back in the office of Time Trials Secretary, or, more correctly, Club Events Secretary, for his duties do not extend to the Evening Tens. A typed start sheet listing the officials, including marshalls, and a typed result sheet; Ray, you've just got to learn how to get the weather right and you'll get ten out of ten.

For those who needed inspiration or were finding it difficult to rekindle enthusiasm, or simply for those who no longer go fast but like to look good, there were a number of new machines and resprays, and of course, it was the first airing for many of the superb new club racing colours; and what did the weather man do - he decided it should be cold and wet and generally ugh!

Six failed to start, although of these Roy Holden was somehow detained in his car, considered making a late start, and finally got dressed again, Pete Reeves was not going to get all dirty so did some pushing off instead, and Dick Wiseman, "I can't race when it's cold" came out to watch the suffering.

Ray Douglass dutifully led the way and John Lewis on his trike was off at No.2, then a gap to Norman Wright at 4 and then Ken Atkins 6 Colin Miller 7 and Clive Smith 8. Scratch man Nick Lelliott was next away at No.10. Robin Holden 11, Stephen Jukes 14, Paul Toppin 15 and our Ed. bringing up the rear at No.16 were the other starters.

A record of the half distance times was to prove illuminating, for already Nick had torn a 2 minute gap out of Paul and was well inside Richard Shipton's course best. He had taken just 21 minutes 17 seconds for

the first 8½ miles! Paul was on 23.13 and then a clutch of riders, Robin 24.08, Don 24.26 and Colin 24.38. In the '25' bracket were Ken 25.08, and Clive Smith 25.18. Norman was on 26.43 and the 'young' Stephen was heading the 'old' Ray by just 4 seconds 27.27 to 27.31. John retired at the end of the first lap with his bottom bracket in his hand - excuses, excuses !

By the finish the order was pretty much the same, and most margins had approximately doubled, but Colin having caught Ken was overhauling Don to take fourth place and 'old' Ray's stamina was bringing him in front of 'young' Stephen.

Interesting to note is that Nick's laps were both inside 22 minutes, the second being covered in 21.51. Nobody managed a faster second lap than their first, but Colin, again perhaps drawn out by his efforts to catch Ken, went nearest being only 10 seconds slower, while Ken and also Norman were very even, slowing only 12 seconds on the second circuit

So with a new record time to start the season the full result was:-

1st.	Nick Ielllott	43.08.	H'cap	43.08
2nd.	Paul Toppin	47.17.	"	45.47
3rd.	Robin Holden	48.42.	"	45.42
4th.	Colin Miller	49.26.	"	44.26
5th.	Don Lock	49.46.	"	46.16
6th.	Ken Atkins	50.28.	"	42.58
7th.	Clive Smith	51.05.	"	46.05
8th.	Norman Wright	53.38.	"	46.08
9th.	Ray Douglass	55.51.	"	48.21
10th.	Stephen Jukes	56.30.	"	49.30

LET'S NOT DECRY

Only recently I read in the magazine of one of this Country's oldest established Clubs opinion clearly critical of new organisations, campaigning for safer cycling, even it seems

criticising their motives. "let's get them out on a good days hard cycling", seemed to be the attitude. Well I'm afraid I consider this to be so short sighted as to be nearly unbelievable. Why laugh at the Friends of the Earth or the other groups who press for safer cycling, more cycling facilities and for other environmental improvements. If their efforts only achieve conversion of people to bikes without making them what we would term 'club cyclists' have we not still gained considerably ? It must mean a few less cars and a bit less pollution. The more that can be shown the domestic advantages of the bike (no matter what sort) the more that will undoubtedly wish to go farther, and, perhaps faster, and learn of the recreational pleasures and advantages. On the continent the numbers who cycle attain much high percentages of population than in this Country, and while many thousands ride on balloon tyres and use the machines only for work or shopping, it's still abundantly clear, who shows who the way when it comes to racing.

I watched two programmes on the television this past weekend. On Saturday BBC 2 in the Open Door series showed a film made by the London Cycling Campaign called 'Blazing Pedals'. It took a cheerful and witty glance at our much ignored but rapidly increasing form of transport. They described the bike as a proud and humble machine; we may think it proud and not so humble but that matters not. They showed how more people cycle to work than go by all the railways in Britain combined, yet we never hear of the cyclists problems. They asked for better facilities and showed what could be done, and how. Very importantly, they showed that the bicycle is a machine, not of the past, but of the present and, in an energy scarce society, of the future.

The second programme was the following day on B.B.C.1 where in the Cliff Michelmores

'Holiday' series there was some good coverage for a 'cycling' holiday in Suffolk - alright it was a package job bed and breakfast places fixed and bicycles hired, and they were only expected to ride about 15 miles per day, but it was introducing more people to the freedom that the bike offers. The bikes hired were sensible, modern factory produced sports types and good touring accessories, and the holidaymakers spoken to were having a good time and enjoying the open road.

Let's not then decry these campaigners or these cyclists, but lets hope they go from strength to strength for we only stand to gain.

Don.

IN BRIEF

Linda Stacey joined us recently and has made one or two mouths drop open in awe at her physical performances and intentions. Now watch it lads, its her running I'm talking about, and I understand there's a husband as well who can run even faster.

Linda thinks nothing of running into Worthing and she'll run back as well and as she lives in Littlehampton that would give her about as many miles as some of us manage on two wheels. She has done several 10 mile runs and, if she can get over current calf problems, aims to complete her first marathon, yes that's the 26 mile variety, in October this year. Oh! by the way she also plans to cycle regularly with the Club, taking in Sunday runs, evening outings and time trials. Good luck to you Linda and watch out all stragglers.

TEN YEARS AGO

We reported the result of the Circuit Event, the same course as at present but with a starting and finishing leg from Sompting Church to Offington Roundabout,

about another 3½ miles. Winner was Mick Venner 55 minutes 15 seconds and some 4 minutes clear of George Matthews. Only one name is repeated in the 1980 event (see report elsewhere in this issue) and that's Colin Miller, third in 1970 with 60.15.

We discussed our date of birth, generally thought to be 1887 but a Worthing Gazette of 14th August 1884 had referred to Worthing Bicycle Club, were we connected? Were we an offshoot? Or was there perhaps a change of name? John Mansell has recently expressed renewed interest in this subject. At the Annual General Meeting, one Charles Lednor was Chairman, John Mansell was Secretary and Theo Puttick was Social Secretary... Not much change there...

We won the early season Sussex 25 with Mick Venner first and with Colin Miller and Tony Hill we beat old friends Brighton Excelsior for the team by just 5 seconds. George Matthews also won the 10 so it was a good start.

The evening ten course was changed to almost a circuit - Littlehampton Road - Thomas-a-Becket - Offington Roundabout - Patching Pond - Angmering - and back along the Littlehampton Road. Obviously this must have been before the Becket Traffic lights. Can't remember it myself but with Crockhurst Hill to be tackled after negotiating Offington Roundabout and the drag up to Castle Goring I'm not surprised.

RELIABILITY TRIAL SUNDAY 10TH FEBRUARY 1980

"Oh what a beautiful morning, oh what a beautiful day", might well have been the title for this report, for after an admittedly mild spell, but one in which we had received an awful lot of rain, the day of the trial dawned with all the promise of

spring around the corner. The birds (the feathered variety) were out in strength, the sun was bright and pleasantly warm and the sky had but the fewest of flecks of white cloud which drifted lazily across the tops of the Downs in front of a pleasant south westerly wind that was hardly a register on the Beaufort Scale.

Based on Washington, the course was an undulating anticlockwise circuit through Steyning and Bramber before turning north through Small Dole, Henfield and to the mid-point check at Cowfold, before turning west to Buck Barn and then south down the A.24. Don Lock's course measuring had originally included an ascent of the Washington Bypass and then a double-back down the old Postal Road, but fortunately John Mansell had spotted the excesses of this, (it was supposed to be 25 miles) and riders were relieved to find at the start that this had been corrected to leave them with, (according to Norman Macmillan's car) a mere 25.2 miles.

In an attempt to cater for those who looked for something longer than 60 miles in 1979, and for those who found a 15 mile circuit rather boring, a three lap 75 mile ride was offered but there were only two takers and these, Adrian Cooper and Clive Smith were to make valiant but vain attempts at the fastest standard. 4hrs.15 mins. 4.45 and 5.15 were the three available. Roy Holden was the only one to tackle the 50 in the 2 hours 50 minutes standard and was successful, while four others Mike Poland, Paul Toppin Dick Wiseman and Norman Wright got round within the second 3 hours 10 minutes standard. The third 50 mile standard, 3 hours 30 minutes was mastered by five of our friends in the Brighton Excelsior and by our own John Mansell and Mike Wallis. Altogether 49 started

and all finished, 41 were successful and will receive club certificates. The full list is :-

50 miles inside 2.50

Roy Holden W.E.C.C.

50 miles inside 3.10

Dick Wiseman "
Mike Poland "
Paul Toppin "
Norman Wright "

50 miles inside 3.30

Mike Wallis "
John Mansell "
Rick Stringer B.E.C.C.
Brian Toghill "
Colin Hudson "
K. Moffat "
G. Olive "

25 miles inside 1.25

Robin Holden W.E.C.C.

25 miles inside 1.35

Nick Lelliott "
Paul Macmillan "
R. Stoner "
Colin Miller "
Alan Limbrey Sussex Nomads
A. Handley Brighton Mitre
G. Boore Sussex Nomads
Ken Atkins Central Sussex
Mark Atkins "

25 miles inside 1.45

David Mills W.E.C.C.
Keith Waldren "
Ray Douglass "
Stephen Jukes "
Andrew Lock "
John Lewis "
Dave Hudson "
Bernie Bethell "

Jeremy Challis	W.E.C.C.	
C. Myddleton	B.E.C.C.	
L. Budgen	"	
K. Myddleton	"	
Pete Knight	"	
Valerie Stringer	"	
Mrs. J. Budgen	"	
John Palmer	"	
Mike Kilby	Lewes	
V. Hyde	Sussex Nomads	
Dave & Joan Cotton	"	(Tandem)

Nick Lelliott rode one lap and it was noted with some surprise that he only just did it. There must be a reason everyone thought, but no reason was forthcoming and Nick rode home without explanation. No one it seems noticed that the fishermans smock type top that he was wearing was looking rather full. It appears a car had run in among a number of ducks leaving some badly injured, and it was Nick who gave the appropriate humane twist in the right place and went home with two Sunday dinners up his shirt.

Many thanks to Jean Antrom and Roger Smallman doing the timing and recording, to John Grant covering the Washington check, Maureen and Sandra Lock at Cowfold and to the much appreciated drinks and cakes from Theo Puttick's foodmobile.

The organiser still feels aggrieved by those who only enter a nominal distance, which is basically intended either for the youngsters or those unable to do much cycling and suggests that those who wish to do a club run instead should do so and not enter the reliability trial. Clearly they do not intend to use the event to test their 'reliability'. One thing he did make clear is that he would like someone else to run it for 1981; he said this last year but insists he means it this time. Time for some new ideas he thinks.

CLUB 25 SUNDAY 9TH MARCH

I saw this one from a position near the back of an eleven strong field. Fourteen had sent in their little applications for a dose of punishment to Ray Douglass, who must have something as a Club Events Secretary, for entries are much up on 1979, but there were three non starters so it was eleven who departed from timekeeper Charlie Lednor and pusher off Gordon Curd at the top of our own ski slope start at the top of the Hammerpot at Angmering.

For March, conditions were, I thought, quite reasonable although a number rode with track suit bottoms and several complained of the cold. The wind was from a westerly point but I couldn't decide whether it was slightly north or south of west but it seemed to be across rather than dead against on the way out and I thought I was going reasonably well. I had caught Norman Wright who, as he said later, thought he was going to be outside evens for the first time, and he had been off two minutes ahead of me. My minute man Paul Toppin despite retaining the incumbrance of his trousers was not hanging about for me and seemed well up as I went toward the turn at Westhampnett.

It was difficult to assess how the rest of the field were going although Roy Holden was way out in front and back to Tangmere when I saw him and he had started number 5. He did not seem to be affected by his Central Sussex hilly 25 of the previous afternoon when he had managed a fine 1.4.57 for 10th in a large field. My real shock was on turning, to find the younger Holden, Robin by name, practically breathing down my neck and he was number 13.

Ray Douglass performing the duties of turn marshall gave me a cheery word, indicating, as I believe he did to everyone to preserve his impartiality, that I was going well and it would be easier on the way back.

I've always found the mile up to Westhampnett and the same mile back to be hard, something psychological I suppose, but I knew John Grant off number 1 and Mike Poland at number 8 were not far ahead so I got down to chasing them as hard as I could and tried to forget Robin behind me. I had a personal duel to attend to with Colin Miller who had 'screwed' me in the circuit event but I had missed seeing him. The only other person ahead of me on the road was Clive Smith, another wearing track suit bottoms. He had started number 2 and it appeared was riding quite strongly. Adrian Cooper had disappeared. Behind me Eddy Gough, was riding with determination but it was his first outing of the season and he did not look to be going very fast and for that morning anyway was not going to present any threat.

On the Tangmere straight I caught John Grant and Robin shot past me at about the same moment. I was going to make some crack to John about "it's alright for these youngsters" but refrained in deference to his advanced years ! I had thought that Robin might do a '5' and with some optimism that if I could hold him off I might manage a '7', but with about 9 miles still to go the chances looked slim and he was always going away. Next target was Mike Poland who could be seen about half a mile away. I was steadily gaining until he was caught by Robin and then the gap stretched out a bit. In the Arundel area he came back and I really had a go at the Crossbush Hill, but he was still at about 15/20

seconds and at the finish remained a tantalising 12 seconds away.

Well that's my story, a 1.8.16., not too bad, could have been worse, and certainly leaves plenty of room for improvement. Back at the timekeepers car congratulations were in order to Roy for another fine ride, his time, 1.3.28. He really is becoming our super-vet. Robin was happy at having pushed out Paul, to take second in 1.5.3. but he has still some way to go to beat his Dad. Paul was not so happy in third with 1.6.28.

Full Result

1st.	Roy Holden	1.3.28	H'cap	1.3.08
2nd.	Robin Holden	1.5.03	"	1.1.58
3rd.	Paul Toppin	1.6.28	"	1.6.28
4th.	Don Lock	1.8.16	"	1.3.56
5th.	Colin Miller	1.9.36	"	1.5.36
6th.	Mike Poland	1.11.04	"	1.4.49
7th.	Clive Smith	1.11.51	"	1.4.51
8th.	Eddy Gough	1.12.30	"	1.7.00
9th.	Norman Wright	1.14.53	"	1.5.53
10th.	John Grant	1.24.43	"	1.5.43

Adrian Cooper punctured and had no spare. My latest information says he's still walking.

Don.

IN BRIEF

Ken Atkins proposal at the A.G.M. that the Club might run a separate Best All Rounder competition for veterans (the over 40's) received favourable comment although some thought it should have been over longer distances than the 10, 25 and 50 miles suggested. Ken's idea was to get as many as possible to participate and the 50 is, for many, as far as they want to go.

The General Committee has the matter under consideration and it is likely that

PEDALLING URGE (Re-printed from Cycling World)

'Long distance cycle commuting is rejuvenating and greatly increases sexual vigour' is the startling conclusion that has emerged from a recent Japanese medical research programme, reports the British Cycking Bureau.

The study, conducted by Rokuro Koike M.D, a medical authority and Professor of Urology at Kyorin University, Japan, concludes that the 'ideal riding time' is an hour, and that the best effects of riding can be achieved if the muscles largely recover their physical strength after seven hours !

With inscrutable expression and unnerving Japanese logic, Dr. Koike emphasises that one reason why bicycle riding is better for sexual rejuvenation in males than swimming or jogging, is that the bicycle saddle has the additional role of massage. According to Dr. Koike, it serves to stimulate Cowper's Gland and prostate, two areas of male anatomy which play a significant role in male ptency.

With true British phlegm, the Bureau reports that reaction among its UK medical advisers is somewhat sceptical, but a tongue-in-cheek spokesman said there has been no shortage of willing volunteers for its as yet unconfirmed UK research project.

The Editor now understands why some people are always worrying about their saddle position and making minor adjustments. He does however, wonder what effect

it has on the female of our species, something which velee clevee Japanese man seems to have forgotee.....

WORTH WAY

The Worth Way is a six mile walk from Three Bridges to East Grinstead, for most of its length within the Parish of Worth. It follows the old railway line which was closed in 1966 and subsequently bought by West Sussex County Council. The public are welcome to use the way for walking, cycling and horse-riding. Ordnance Survey Map 1:50,000 No.187.

History of the Track: In 1845 the Engineer J.U. Rastrick produced a scheme for a branch from Three Bridges to East Grinstead, then a thriving market town which had previously been served by Godstone Station seven miles to the north and a turnpike road, now the A.22. The route was authorised in 1846 but work did not commence until 1853 and the line was opened on 9th July 1855. Rowfant Station was the only intermediate halt on the original line but it seems that passengers were able to negotiate other stops, and on 2nd April 1860 Grange Road Station was added. The line was closed in 1966.

St. Nicholas Church, Worth lies about 300 metres south of Worth Way. It is an Anglo Saxon church which dates to the two hundred years before the Norman Conquest. The tower was added in 1871.

Rowfant Station dates from the opening of the line and surviving features include the platforms, stationmaster's house, waiting rooms, and part of the adjoining level crossing.

Grange Road Station was opened in 1860 and was reached after a journey of five minutes from Rowfant. There was a siding to the east of the Station to provide for the adjoining brick-works and also a goods

shed. The station was just to the west of the Royal Oak pub and its site is now occupied by a terrace of shops.

Gulledge Farm lies about three hundred metres north of Worth Way and can be reached along a footpath. It is essentially a timber-framed manor house of about 1600 to which chimney stacks and a stone-faced south front were soon added.

Characteristics of the line. In common with many railways the Worth Way has an interesting variety of wildlife, this has developed over the hundred years since its construction. Plants and animals will have colonised from adjacent areas or have been brought in with the material used to construct the line. Variation is increased by the presence of cutting and embankment, shaded and open areas, wet and dry areas and it is because of this habitat variety that there are a large number of associated species - over 270 different plants for example, have been recorded from the line. The general appearance of the landscape in the vicinity of the railway (aside from the expansion of the developed areas) has changed very little since the railway was constructed - the balance being one of woodland and agricultural land.

Trees: The trees on either side of the line generally reflect the adjacent woodland as most are self sown. They are therefore varied in character, although largely dominated by Oak, with Ash, Wild Cherry and Birch, with coppiced Hazel. Alder occurs in the low lying, damp areas with occasional Beech and Scots Pine on the higher, better drained embankments. Since the lines closure, Silver Birch and Sallow have colonised both cutting and embankment.

Birds and Mammals: The habitat created by the pattern of agriculture and woodland is favourable for a variety

of birds. The hunters - the kestrel and sparrowhawk may be seen hunting over the railway looking for the small mammals - mice and voles - which inhabit the line. Another bird of this habitat is the tree creeper, which nests in older trees and is characteristic of woodlands and parks and other areas with large trees. The most common farm and woodland birds are the Great Tit, Blue Tit, Wren, Marsh Tit, Tree Creeper and Sparrow. The grey Squirrel - an introduction to this country - can be seen along the line feeding on hazel nuts and other fruits. Rabbits, too, are present in large numbers and whilst an attractive animal are no friend of the farmer.

I do have a printed brochure including a map if the runs committee thought this might make an interesting outing one day.

Don.

IN BRIEF

John Lewis, Worthing Excelsior's answer to Baden Powell, has been pressing us to provide a trophy for one section of the Worthing Division Scouts Cyclo Cross (Time Trial) on Downland tracks above Worthing which was staged successfully in 1979 and is to become an annual event. The Club is looking into ways of getting the necessary finance together and feels it would like to support this. Any of our members in the cubs, the Scouts or the Senior Scouts would be eligible in the appropriate class. The Editor is now looking for some old wheels for his son's machine !

IN BRIEF

Annual Dinner --- Social Secretary,
Theo Puttick reports the provisional booking
17.

of the Royal Coach at Shoreham for Saturday November 8th. Committee are looking into the possibility of a live group/Band this year as a change from the usual disco. Anyone having any contacts or knowing of any good groups/bands please let Theo know, and as soon as possible. If they are any good they will no doubt get booked up early. Nice to look forward to the next social season just as the racing business starts again.

REPORT ON W.E.C.C. A.G.M. TUESDAY 19th
FEBRUARY 1980

The meeting opened at 7.45 p.m. with 51 present.

With Chairman Charlie presiding, the minutes were read. Matters arising:-

(a) Chatsmore School Fete; the club again provided a very successful display, the "roller racing" being a tremendous attraction, we have been asked to undertake this promotion in 1980. An organiser is required.

(b) As a result of the decision to change the design of the racing vests, the club now have the superb new ones in stock and they are available from Roy Holden. See notice on Clubroom notice board.

The Annual Report and Balance Sheet were adopted. R. Douglass questioned the application to the British Cyclo Cross Association, this was discussed and the reason was given, this being a request from a club member who wished to partake in this particular avenue of the sport.

The following officers were elected:

PRESIDENT: MR. W.D. ARGENT

LIFE VICE PRESIDENTS: Mr. C. Lednor,
Mr. T. Puttick, Mr. J. Hughes, Mr. M. Reeve-
Black, Mr. R. Douglass, Mr. B. Weir, Mrs. C.
Hughes.

VICE PRESIDENTS: Mr. C. Coleman, Mr. N.

Macmillan, Mr.D.Lock, Mr.J.Mansell, Mr.R.Mills
Mr.A.Palmer.

CHAIRMAN: Charlie Lednor

SECRETARY: John Mansell, ASSISTANT SECRETARY
Tony Palmer.

TREASURER: Roger Smallman,

Assistant TREASURER: Paul Toppin.

RUNS TOURING SECRETARY: Dick Wiseman

TIME TRIAL SECRETARY: Ray Douglass

PRESS SECRETARY: Pete Reeves

MAGAZINE EDITOR: Don Lock

EVENING 10's SECRETARY: Norman Wright

RACE BOOK WRITER: Roy Holden

CLUB COACH: Norman Macmillan

B.C.F. REP: Roy Holden

COMMITTEE MEMBERS: Alan Matthews

Paul Macmillan

RUNS COMMITTEE

John Lewis

Dave Hudson

Paul Toppin

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Connie Hughes

Jean Antram

Alan Matthews

TIMEKEEPERS:- C.Lednor, M.Ford-Dunn,D.Lock,
A.Palmer, A.Dawes, R.Smallman, N.Macmillan,
B.Weir, R.Douglass,M.Wallis.

ASSISTANT TIMEKEEPERS:- A.Matthews, I.Morris
P.Reeves,

H'CAPERS:- B.Weir,A.Dawes,R.Douglass,
D.Lock, A.Palmer, D.Funnell, T.Puttick,
T.Lednor, C.Miller

WORTHING & DISTRICT SPORTS COUNCIL:-

N. & P.Macmillan

WORTHING YOUTH COUNCIL:- S.Jukes, A.Lock.

"Chairman Charlie" then proposed a vote of
thanks on behalf of the Club and Committee
to Derek Smith for his work as Magazine
Editor and to Sarah Webb for her hospitality
at committee meetings. We all wish them
success and happiness in their new life in
foreign parts (Milton Keynes).

After a reviving cup of tea and frantic
distribution of Milk Race draw tickets by
Theo, the meeting then resumed with
Any other business:- 19.

Theo. Puttick thanked members for their support during 1979 and asked for continued support in 1980, especially in the collection of wastepaper and sale of Milk Race draw tickets, these activities are essential if the club is to have a healthy future.

John Lewis asked if the club would be prepared to present a trophy for the Worthing District Scouts downland time trial, this was discussed and agreed in principle, this is to be finalised by the General Committee.

The following opens events in 1981 were approved:-

- (a) Open 25 mile time trial.
- (b) Open 10 mile time trial.
- (c) Open Road Race.
- (d) Seafront Kermesse Racing.
- (e) Open Hardriders (Subject to the success of the 1980 event).

Ken Atkins proposed and Ray Douglass seconded a motion that the club introduce a best allrounder competition for veterans to be based on V.T.T.A. standards over 3 set distances. The winner shall be the rider with the highest plus aggregate on standard, in club, semi open or open events. Further discussion resulted in a suggestion that a trophy be dedicated in memory of John Antram.

The meeting closed at 9.50 p.m. A lively meeting with plenty of interest being shown by young and old alike, as the Club moves into the 80's with confidence, good officers, and, in these difficult financial times, a balance which is healthy.

Alan Matthews.

TIME GENTLEMEN PLEASE

Up and down the trunk routes of Great Britain, one hears arguments for

19. 20.

and against the use of Tachographs in Commercial & Public service vehicles.

My argument is why not have bikes fitted with them, just think of the fun. No riding for more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours without a break of at least $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Imagine the chaos to 12 & 24 hour events, these would take 2 or 3 days to complete as no rider would be allowed to ride for more than $9\frac{1}{2}$ hrs or 281 miles (which ever came first). In 100 mile events all but the very fast riders would exceed $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours and be forced to take $\frac{1}{2}$ hour rest, just think of their times on the result board. There would of course be frequent roadside checks by Gentlemen from the R.T.T.C. (Road Tachograph testing committee).

If all the above seems worrying why not go touring abroad and escape all the aggro, but that is where things become more interesting. Dare to arrive at a foreign port without a tachograph and you would find yourselves returning home much quicker than planned (a very fast tour indeed). For those travelling with passenger vehicles (Tandems or with sidecars) you would require a certificate obtainable from a traffic office to assure the officials that you had had experience of the said type of bike for at least a year. Further more you would require a passenger waybill (containing a list of all your passengers) and describing the type of tour you were on. The answer for this question would not be a hard or slow tour, but a closed door tour even if your bike is not fitted with doors. It means a tour in which all passengers remain with the bike for the whole of the tour. Then there are of course problems regarding log books which could of course be kept at the ready on your map holder.

Ah well, all for now, my tachograph tells me I must take a break, and a man from the R.T.T.C. is watching me.

supplied but guess who ?

MYSTERIOUS DICK

Seven ever willing to suffer members met outside the club room on a very cold March evening awaiting the orders of Captain Wiseman (the eighth member out who never suffers). At 7.25 the ride departed at a brisk pace through the south western back roads of Worthing emerging onto the seafront at Goring, where Paul Toppin joined us. (Another member who never seems to suffer).

Ferring, Rustington and over Littlehampton Bridge heading way out west, passing the Ford & Barnham turn offs, oh dear, how far would we be going, Southampton perhaps ? Fortunately not, and soon we had arrived in Bognor Regis and the welcoming home of Betty & Brian Cox. After about ½ hour we realised we still had toes as they began to thaw out. An excellent spread of goodies awaited us, soup, french bread, crisps, cheese, jam tarts and coffee. So much in fact that even (eat anything) Norman Wright was full up too. The wind assisted ride back to Worthing passed without incident. Our thanks to Dick for a well led ride which although longer than usual, was very enjoyable. Thank you Betty & Brian for such a wonderful feast.

Dave.

IN BRIEF

A Sussex Daily News dated Wednesday 2nd January 1924 has recently come our way and it contained a most interesting report on the A.C.M. of our friends the Brighton Excelsior. Of the officers mentioned only one meant anything to us and that was H.C. Strudwick, who we believe was the well known frame builder and Brighton Cycle shop owner right through

to the 1950's.

Also rather an interesting statistic was referred to when the Club's mileage for the year was given at 2222½. We do not know, of course, how that figure was calculated, but it does not seem very much of an aggregate for the whole of what was obviously a thriving Club. Nowadays they haven't one who would not be ashamed at such a low figure, even on his or her own account. Could it be that despite all we are told of the hard riders of yesteryear, that they were not so hard after all, or could it be that local newspaper standards of 56 years ago were not a lot better than today ?

IN BRIEF

There's always the odd letter or two in papers and magazines by people who have turned to the bicycle for transport or pleasure or both. They, like all converts, are pleased to extol the virtues, but one I read recently made a point which had not previously occurred to me. If there's a drawback to cycling it's getting wet in my opinion, yet here was someone who wrote, "Now I pedal leisurely along, breathing fresh air, nodding to acquaintances, smelling the flowers and feeling the rain". I remember after the drought in 1976 on that first day of rain standing in the garden and "feeling the rain". Yes, even here the lady has a point.

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW AGAINST IT ! NUMBER TWO

Don't call it a push bike - why not ? Have you seen how some people ride. How can you possibly ride with the insteps on the pedals ? Some do, there's one I see nearly every morning - the saddle's too low, the knees are akimbo, and the toes point out at 45 degrees, like permanent indicators

to show that he is turning both left and right at the same time. To cap it all, mattering not whether the wind be to fore or aft or whether the incline be favourable or adverse, the chain a solid red covered thing as dry as a desert, claws its way round the smallest cog of the block and its owner propels it away from any halt by means of desperate instep plunges, first to the left and then to the right, moving away like a sailing ship tacking into a head wind. There really ought to be a law against it.

TOUR DE FRANCE 1980

If any members are interested in a summer tour to watch this year's race, during the first week of July, please contact either Norman Wright or Dick Wiseman, both of whose addresses and telephone numbers will be found on page one.

SIXPENCES DIE BUT TANNERS LIVE ON

The morning of Saturday 16th February was drizzly and rather dull. The sort of morning for sitting down in the shed or garage and repairing the accumulation of punctured inner tubes.

But I had other plans, and so the deflated inner tubes remained thus while I pedalled along to Offington Corner for a rendezvous with David Mills. For those not aware, David is one of the Club's (very) hardriders, whose travels on two wheels over the years have included such rides as, frequent day visits to the New Forest, via Salisbury, a ride to Swindon and back a few days after Christmas, and, a few years ago, a long weekend ride to Manchester, no, not to test out a cape in its notorious climate, but to buy a watch !

After a few turns of the cranks up the Findon Valley I waved him to slow down and reminded him that I am not of the hardriding breed. (rubbish Ed.) Our route through Washington, Ashington and across to Aversane was in rain. Loxwood and Alfold villages also were passed in these wet conditions before we arrived in Cranleigh at around 11.30 to indulge in coffee, chocolate cakes and chicken rolls. The bikes were threefold secure outside, (a) we could see them, (b) they were padlocked, and (c) there was an alsation on guard and awaiting a master's return, no doubt. Fortunately the watering can in the sky had run dry and we were able to continue without capes into the Surrey hills via Winterfold Heath and Farley Green descending into Shere, where, for once, I avoided the ford. The last time I'd gone through it and punctured giving Duncan Wagborne great delight as he advised me on its repair. The climb to the north of Shere up Combe Bottom had David grinning through his beard as he left me sagging to the rear. From the top a pleasant descent to East Clandon and through the lanes which are very close to the G 232 R.T.T.C. course, just in case any of the racing men didn't know where we were. On then to Martyr's Green and Cobham where we joined the main road to Stoke D'Abernon and Leatherhead and south to the Happy Eater on the A.25 near Dorking. Here at 3.30 we set about working our way from one side of the menu to the other - lunch, threeses and tea all rolled into one which kept the waitresses busy sprinting to and fro the kitchen. About an hour later having paid our dues and feeling very much better we were on our way, but not before mending what was to be the first of David's punctures.

The ride from here to our overnight accommodation at TANNERS HATCH YOUTH

HOSTEL was less than five miles but involved a short stretch of rough stuff, which could not be avoided unless one travelled by Hang Glider. The Hostel as always was almost fully booked, mainly with Cyclists present for the organised rides arranged for the weekend by the Warden. Having made our beds, and had a light tea, we walked the half mile with the other bikes to the Wardens cottage for an evening slide show by Bruce Painting from the Croydon C.T.C. group on his travels through France. Back at the Hostel about 11.p.m. we were ready for a nights kip. Our Dormitory was in one of the outbuildings which like the main building, does not boast electricity or heating but does have plenty of ventilation (at least 6 blankets recommended)!

On Sunday having breakfasted and attended to our Hostel chores (emptying dustbins and burning rubbish) we gathered at the top of Rammore Common. The Club run totalled about 25 including the warden on his tandem. Several punctures were encountered during the ride, which wound its way via Abinger Hammer, Gomsball, Shere (again missing the ford) Farley Green, Shamley Green, Wonnesh and Bramley. The main group were to have a picnic lunch so we departed via the outskirts of Godalming to Milford where a Little Chef provides meals for hungry cyclists. Soup main course, chocolate fudge, pancakes and tea seemed to do the trick, and we were once again ready for action. Over the Hills past Hydestile Hospital and down to Hascombe, Loxhill and Cranleigh. Shortly afterwards we caught the main group and rode with them to tea at Ewhurst Green Youth hostel, where the Warden had kindly opened up early and provided us with scones, cakes and tea for a mere 35 pence (or 7/- as was). Having said farewell to the other riders, we pedalled

back to the coast via Rowhook, where David Mills decided to have his third puncture of the weekend (I forget where the second was) Broadbridge Heath, Horsham By Pass, Southwater, Dial Post, Ashington, Washington and we were back in Worthing after a very enjoyable weekends touring, with only one morning's rain, plenty of sunshine, good company and food.

Dave Hudson.

"BREAKING AWAY"

One of the greatest birthrights of the young (and not so young) is to dream - and wasn't this aptly illustrated in the "Breaking Away" film. No doubt the dreams of some of our young members conjure up the Sherwin's and the Yates, (and dare I say for us 'vets(the Coppi's and the Anquetil's) but for the American student his accolade was to step into the razzamatazz of cycle racing and the story was a pleasure to watch unfold. Everything being a little larger than life at 18 and with no inhibitions, the lad pursued his dream of wearing the yellow jersey, thinking Italian speaking Italian, singing Italian and even persuading Mum to serve Italian food, much to the chagrin of Dad, with the family cat named Felini topping the list for the ultimate in enthusiasm. The scene of his quest for the "amour" of a pretty girl and his efforts in serenading her (in Italian, of course) brought to the fore all the romance and intentness one associates with the Italian way of life.

It was refreshing to find oneself holding your breath watching the young cycle racer following the Cinzano wagon using it as a D.I.Y. pacer. In this age of violence and sex (yes I know its lovely) it was a real treat to digest a simple story through to the College team cycle race. (fashion note - for track mits read

gardening gloves, did anyone notice ?) and find yourself inwardly cheering on the "inferiority complexed" lads. The punch lines brought to light in true perspective when the chic little French student joined the campas, and dreams were immediately switched to parlez vous Francais, and of course the "Tour de France", leaving poor Dad in a state of utter confusion. No doubt many Dads will remember getting out of their depth trying to keep up with their offspring's fantasies. I remember only too well trying to keep up with my own daughters dream of becoming the second Margot Fonteyn, Cliff Richards steady girl friend or Beryl Burton's prodigee, to mention but a few.

Gordon Curd.

A*SOCIAL*TWO*UP ?

It really was the most sociable of 2-ups, although it needed rum and black currant for one and hot black coffee for the other, just to get them warm enough to get their legs over the saddles - yes these drinks also reach the parts of the body that other drinks apparently don't manage. But trouble struck early - one pulled his straps up and - panic - they broke. The other put his feet in the clips and - panic - the plates were full of grit and wouldn't go. "5,4,3,2,1,go" said the timekeeper and off went one with the other still adjusting straps and at about 10 seconds. Together at last as the first mile was covered. "Going to be one of those mornings" says one. Then more trouble the only way he can get top gear is to change down and then bang it through the lot, effective, but rather disconcerting for the one at the back.

Five miles covered and beginning to move - there's a team in sight - one gets excited - the other shouts "steady". Halfway, and getting towards the big

hills and there's a gentleman's agreement to "be sensible", only problem - no gentlemen ! A fitness differential - one always starts his training later than the other - but the biggest climb sees them still slowly gaining on that Lewes team in front. They pass a one man team - small success - but they are grateful for any, and press on. By mutual agreement they pass Ray Douglass looking immaculate - and fall to pieces round the corner - in no way was he going to gloat !

Twenty miles are done, only five to go and they've nearly caught that team, when suddenly, up front there's a wheel touch and one is seated in the middle of the A.27 rather than his B.17, or whatever normally suits his seat. Our pair avoid the sitdowner and speed on. They pass another team, but to be fair they've stopped for a puncture or a picnic, or something.

Three miles to go and whoosh - past comes a fast man, but where's his partner - Ah! ah! off the back ay - the one who seemed less fit is suddenly all action charging up the last hill to try and keep them split - ooh! what a fast finish as they try to hang on to the now regrouped fastmen.

More hot coffee - more rum and black, some bread pudding and even a kiss each from the other one's spouse and they're back to normal again - well nearly.

That's how the Sussex C.A.2-up 25 on Sunday March 16th was seen by our only competitors John Mansell and Don Lock. They finished sixth out of some 24 teams and for the very hilly 25 that took them from Angmering through to Findon, Washington, Storrington, Whiteways and Slindon before returning along the A.27, their time of 1.13.26 was not too bad, indeed only a couple of minutes off third place.

As to who wrote this - let's just

say - name and address supplied !

1980 FUND RAISING SCHEME

The TEN POUNDS monthly winners to date :-

January: Richard Shipton
February: Connie Hughes
March: Mike Poland

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON ?

Andrew Lock fed up with waiting for his personal mechanic (slave Ed.) to fix his new toe clips does it himself. Leaps on bike and hurtles off on a training run. Half a mile later and now dropping back, he calls out "I can't get my foot in". The problem it seems could only be resolved by sitting on the handlebars and ~~steering~~ steering with the saddle - difficult, or, taking the offending clip off and putting it on the right way round !

Takes after his Dad, did you ever hear how after an event some years ago Don found considerable difficulty in re-fixing his back mudguard, - he had it on the front wheel ! (It's all lies Ed.).

NEW MEMBERS

Welcome to new members, there's the Father and Son team of Michael and Stuart Gibbs who hail from Southwick, Peter Scarsbrook who lives close to Keith Dodman at Wick near Littlehampton, and Jeremy Challis nearly 15 and from Durrington who has already had a successful ride in the Reliability Trial. Hope you all have a long, involved and happy membership.

RESULTS

If you wish to have your racing results or any Club activities reported in the Local Press, please drop them in to me before Monday morning, or ring Worthing 67383 Sunday evenings between 5 and 7 p.m.

Pete Reeves
17, Dart Close
Durrington,
Worthing.

One Man's Tour

This was to be a dream come true, which began in 1961 when I was introduced to cycling. It was at the time of the Tour de France of that year when I met members of the now defunct Horsham Unity C.C. It was from them I learnt what our sport has to offer. From those days I've had an ambition to go and watch the greatest bikies in action, in the Tour de France. My trip was decided on during my tour to Rouen. Since then the 1979 Tour was my objective.

Preparations were minimal, with no advance bookings. Youth Hostels were to be first choice. At 4.15 a.m. on July 5th I set out for Newhaven in order that the 6.45 a.m. ferry should transport my trusty steed and I to Dieppe. By midday, local time, I was heading out of that town toward Amiens. The weather was beautiful with cloudless skies and hot sunshine. Not being used to such conditions I made an early stop. Having eaten and rested I was soon on my way again, and felt more comfortable. Amiens was reached around 5.30 p.m. but it was a further 45 minutes before I found the hostel, thanks to a misleading signpost. I blame that sign for my first trouble, as along a rough and potholed lane the dreaded hiss was heard from the front tub . 31.

I decided that one good cooked meal per day ought to be sufficient. I therefore bought fruit and pastries on route and dined in the evening, once I was booked in to the hostel. This worked well and was not too expensive.

Having stayed that Thursday night at Amiens, Friday was to be the first tour day proper. I headed off about 8 a.m. and promptly took the wrong road, fortunately time was not important so I enjoyed a more scenic route on minor roads to Bapaume via Albert. It was on this road I found myself on foot, having ignored road closed signs. The entire main street of Hienecourt had been dug up. From Albert to Bapaume I first savoured the atmosphere of the Great Bike Race. Perhaps this was because I was in a yellow jersey, but a lot of shouting accompanied me as I pedalled along. I did not understand all they said but the cries of Hinault, Pou Pou and famous names from the Tour were obvious.

Before dropping into Bapaume I sat down to eat my lunch. The road was now closed to all except the tour entourage, an endless procession of decorated vehicles all making maximum noise, with pop music and advertisements. In Bapaume about two kilometers farther on I waited for the riders. Two beers and fifty minutes later the helicopter could be heard, a sure sign they were approaching. Soon the leading two were flashing past, Van Impe and Patritti, nearly six minutes ahead of the rest.

I realised it would, with luck, be possible to cut across and get ahead of the Tour as it looped before heading towards the stage finish at Roubaix. This had me heading at a good pace in the direction of Douai and then along the road to Tournai. Here there were more road closed signs, which were also ignored, meaning more rough stuff, but fortunately these works did not prevent careful riding and

I will remember the name of the small town Raches.

On the outskirts of this town a traffic hold up was being created by a Gendarme having closed a turning to the right. I guessed the reason for this and having persuaded the Gendarme that I should pass as I wanted to see the race, I arrived at Elines Les Raches some kilometers farther on. It was clear no riders had passed, so I found a vantage point and settled down for the coming spectacle, this time to be enjoyed as the tour entourage roared across the roughest cobbles I had seen. All around there were transistor radios giving and endless commentary on the race. No more than fifteen minutes later the thud of chopper blades above warned the riders were coming. This was probably the highlight of my tour as the leaders literally thundered across the pavé at something like 30 m.p.h. By now the race pattern had changed completely, the field taking 45 minutes to pass before the broom wagon swept up the tail. I was really savouring the thrill of watching these great athletes throwing their machines from one side of the road to the other, taking the smoothest line across the pavé. One rider took to the sidewalk, passing behind the cheering crowds. Perhaps he was a local, he certainly seemed to know where he was going. Once the sag wagon had passed the few kilometers into Lille were an anti-climax.

The hostel was located around six and was virtually taken over by the Old Kent C.C. who had arrived from Calais. The evening was spent pleasantly at a restaurant where I had a meal with a couple from London, temporarily stranded with car trouble.

The next morning I hit the road at eight heading for Roubaix. I found that the day's stage was scheduled to start at 2 p.m. and decided to head towards Brussels. In no time at all I was crossing the border into

Belgium and then, contrary to my information, found that currency could not be changed at the border, and I had almost a full days ride ahead. However, I knew I would be able to obtain some Belgium francs on my arrival in Brussels, and therefore planned a route that would take me back into France for the purpose of buying enough food to keep me going till then.

After many kilometers of rough, cobbled roads, I arrived back in France at Conde, where the necessary provisions were purchased for the afternoon ride up to Brussels. The Tour route was regained at Ath. A leisurely lunch was enjoyed by the roadside at Lanquesant a few kilometers farther on where the excitement of the Tour built up again and the race proper was again enthusiastically enjoyed by yours truly.

The race having passed I headed toward Hulle and Brussels on the main road. At Hulle I used the hard shoulder of the auto-route, but, had only travelled a short way before I was stopped by, fortunately, an english speaking patrolman and turned back. Difficulty was experienced in finding the Brussels hostel but I was booked in by around 6.30. The evening was spent changing currency at the Nord Station and dining at the Western Steak Bar on the Rue La Bottanic

Sunday morning arrived overcast and wet, but by 8.30 it was improving. As the time trial stage was not until the afternoon I took a ride out to Mechelon, a decision based on some attraction to the name and the fact that distance looked about right. My zig zag route took me over some dreadful pave, and, at times, I thought the road was disappearing altogether. Eventually I arrived at Mechelon somewhat later than planned, and, having had elevenses on the way, I was soon heading back along the direct main road route.

The afternoon saw the centre of Brussels completely surrendered to the

time trial stage. Everywhere there were ice cream sellers doing a brisk trade in the afternoon sun. Souvenirs and programme vendors and all the other razamataz of the tour was in full swing. The route was lined with many thousands of spectators, all being kept informed of progress by the endless ear splitting commentary broadcast by the loudspeakers, situated at every possible point. Although I could not understand the languages, and several it seemed were being used, it was still possible to follow the details provided one had a programme or list of riders.

No sooner had the last rider passed than the city started returning to normal, and, in no time at all the crowds were disappearing and the roads were once again clogged with traffic. Sunday evening for me was to be something of an anti-climax and I must admit to feeling homesick. However, food cures all for cyclists and after a good meal and a night's rest the depression was soon lifted.

Monday morning arrived very wet, windy and compared with the previous few days, rather chilly, but with a ride of some two hundred or more kilometers to be tackled I could not delay leaving Brussels. By eight I was heading through the suburbs seeking the N.7 route to Mons. Breakfast was taken en route and I was in Mons for elevenses. By now I knew that the ride was going to be the toughest I had tackled for many years. The wind never ceased to pound into my eyes and I was gradually becoming soaked from head to toe. Due to the very strong wind I was only wearing my lightweight plastic jacket, for the cape would have made riding impossible.

Having wrung some of the water from my clothing and suitably refreshed myself with coffee I was soon heading for the border. Although the wind persisted the rain was by now easing. Another brief coffee stop to use the last of my Belgium francs was made

at the border before setting off towards Valenciennes, Cambrai, Bapaume and finally Amiens. Apart from the constant battering from the headwind the days ride was also rather boring. Generally the roads were very straight and undulating. Indeed had it not been that I was often catching slower cyclists, my average speed would have dropped much lower than the 21 k.p.h. that I in fact achieved. Apart from problems in Valenciennes my map reading was faultless, thanks to the Michelin series of maps used. These are certainly to be recommended.

Ten hours actual riding and 210 kilometers later Amiens hostel was sighted. It was 7.30 and it had been some years since a nights resting place had been such a welcome sight. There was but one word to describe my condition, well known to cyclists, but certainly no understatement on this occasion, I was shattered ! However, after having rested, showered and changed, I somehow managed the short ride into town for an evening meal washed down with an excess of wine and this ensured a good nights sleep and I woke fairly fresh for the final day.

A mere 110 kilometers had to be covered by 1.30 in order that the early afternoon sailing should be made. I arrived with an hour to spare, but boarded immediately in order to enjoy some five hours of idleness plus some food, drink and hopefully some sleep. I knew I had only 25 miles to ride from Newhaven to home to complete a memorable tour.

Norman Wright.

