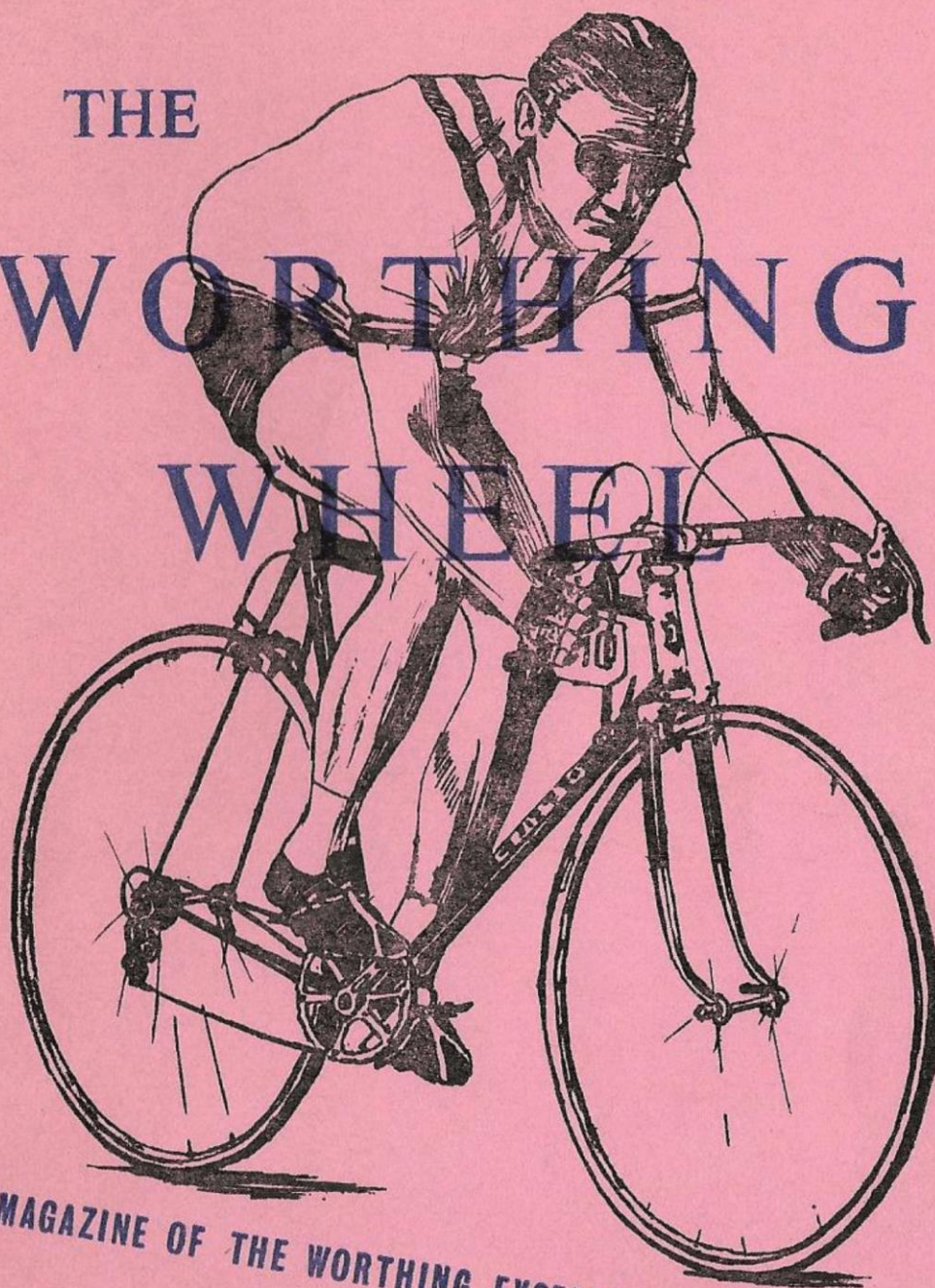


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THE WORTHING WHEEL



MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

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THE WORTHING WHEEL

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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 RETURN TO CYCLING

I reckon I'm fairly fit; I walk to work and back twice daily and generally walk from eight to twenty miles at a weekend. So why not do a little cycling again ?

Thus ran my thoughts when I saw a Sun Supalite in Monty's Bargains at what seemed a bargain price. Reynolds tubing, a five-speed block, 27 inch high pressures and a leather saddle - somewhat neglected and no derailleur gear, but still a bargain. So I invested my money and laid out a further £2 for a new pump.

With the tyres pumped up really hard the first time out was a joy until the first incline appeared. I must admit I had not thought of it as a hill when driving or even when walking, but it reduced me to dancing on the pedals and finally to walking, before giving it best and returning home. The easy solution, of course, was to put the back wheel a bit further forward and slip the chain up to the next larger cog, but next time out that incline still had me gasping, though I did manage a circuit of about a mile (how much - yes, a mile!)

Drastic steps, now, and a further £3 investment saw my Sun equipped with a second-hand schwinn gear. Now I could use all five sprockets, even if the chain jumped a bit in the higher gears - it would soon settle down.

The idea is to ride a short distance each day, gradually increasing the mileage and the hills tackled. There is no shortage of the latter in North Devon and I might even realise my ambition soon of riding to Barnstaple - there must be about seven miles of freewheeling

involved - once I am sure I can get back again. Already there is rumour in Ilfracombe that the bald, bold Bank Manager recently seen weaving through the High Street traffic on his bike has taken leave of his senses - or could it just be that he has read the article in the Spring Worthing Wheel?

Maurice Reeve-Black.

THE FIRSTS

A new series from an idea abd based upon information supplied by John Mansell.

THE FIRST 25 UNDER THE HOUR (in England)

The magic "59" or better, that most still aim for, was first achieved in the Solihull 25 in June 1939 just a few months before the start of the Second World War. The rider was Ralph Dougherty of the Leamington C & A.C. with a time of 59 minutes 29 seconds. As with many long awaited standards, like for instance the 4 minute mile, once the barrier is down, others follow through and it was only eighteen minutes later in the same event, that George Nightingale of the Charlotteville was timed in at 59.37. George Fleming the famous Belle Vue flyer who might have been expected to be the first to get inside the hour failed to start the event being not sufficiently recovered from his efforts of the previous afternoon in winning the National Cyclists Union paced 50 mile event at Herne Hill. The article from a 'Cycling' of 14th June 1939 gives no details of the course, all very 'private and confidential' in those days and the photograph does not of course give any clues as to the bike he was riding. It is apparent from the photograph though that he rode with only one brake, this would indicate a fixed wheel, but the brake was on the rear wheel and this would be contrary to present R.T.T.C rules which allow the rear brake to be dispensed with

when fixed is used. Obviously different in 193 I can't see that he carries any audible means of approach and they used to insist on bells in those days. Strict modesty is observed though with black tights and a black jacket flapping gaily in the wind.

THE CLAPSHAW 25

Sunday 20th April was cold and hellishly windy, gale forces from the north cut across the east/west route of the G938, between Westhampnett and Angmering, to such an extent that mere adhesion to the course became an achievement in itself. Times became a matter of almost secondary importance, behind the need to get back to the finish. Stop watches were replaced by calendars and rev calculations by a mental ticking off of the points on route as each was painfully attained.

A number failed to start, probably started out but got blown away somewhere, and our Ed. much to the expressed surprise of Ray Douglass went as far as Crossbush and then called it a day, well he said it nearly took him that long anyway. Several were not entered, being away on a touring cum training week at John Spooner's cottage in North Wales, so the competition was settled between 10 very hardy soles.

Bearing in mind that this competition is for the coveted Clapshaw Trophy based on handicap positions, it was nice to see Richard Shipton having a go from a scratch position and he was to go quite close with a superb effort of 1 hour 4 minutes 6 seconds.

The Holden duo were next fastest but after the previous afternoon's ten, when Robin scored his first ever win over his dad, Roy was to get early and substantial revenge with

a 1.6.13 to Robin's 1.8.8. giving, after allowances of 2.15 for Roy and 3.30 for Robin, net times of 1.3.58 and 1.4.38 respectively.

Eddy Gough who really only started last year and got down to a "4", threatened much when he started riding back and fro to his new employment in the Bognor area. His first outing this season for the earlier Club 25 was a bit disappointing for he managed only a "12" on a reasonably good morning, but to improve on that on a morning like this deserves an award, and Eddy's 1.11.58 was good enough, for with an allowance of 8.45 his net time of 1.3.13 was the best of the day.

Veteran Ken Atkins, looking his usual immaculate self got round in a very creditable 1.13.44, a time which with 9.45. allowance saw him well up in the handicap with a net of 1.3.59.

Clive Smith made it in 1.13.52, 1.4.22 after a 9.30 handicap allowance. Mike Poland was happy at least to beat Ray Douglass, even if he failed to beat evens. He finished in 1.15.26 and with an allowance of 8.30 had a net time of 1.6.56.

We must devote a separate paragraph to Ray, for this was his 30th consecutive ride in the Clapshaw Trophy 25. A record which surely will never ever be broken. From 1950 to 1980 phew! He never said how many times he has won but there should be some recognition and our Ed has suggested that if he keeps it up for another 20 years he should be awarded a replica..... Time recorded in 1980 was 1.15.50 and after deducting the rather miserly 9 mins. allowance, (he was the handicapper), he had a net of 1.6.50.

Norman Wright proclaimed his slowest ever 25 when returning to the timekeeper in 1.16.40; his 10.30 giving him a 1.6.10 handicap time, and John Grant who now has his own interpretation of "evens", as far as he is concerned its the odds on whether he gets back to the finish or not, came home this time in 1.25 and a few seconds and is clearly working for a better allowance next year.

Roger Smallman timekeeper, Jean Antram recording and Pete Reeves pushing off and doing the turn, (he went by car) were officiating.

Well done Eddy, what's your wife like at silver polishing?

From the Financial Pages.

Last year thousands of new bikies came on to Britain's roads propelled by weight conscious executives, left over hippies and those who find petrol at £1.35 a gallon too much for their cars to stomach. In 1979 we purchased 1,450,000 bikes 28 per cent more than in 1978 and more than in any year since the war. About half of them were it seems made by T.I. Raleigh. 1980 should, according to Raleighs be even bigger and dealers advance orders are already 10 per cent increased. Raleigh also plan a big sales campaign on the continent where, they believe, the bike never went out of fashion and where the locals prefer a slightly classier machine than we do, and this means more profit. After last year's Tour de France Raleigh research showed that 38 per cent of French adults knew the word Raleigh but hadn't the slightest idea what they made. For that matter what does Molteni or Sanson make? The 1980 Raleigh pro team gets a budget of £500,000 and they

hope to collect another Tour team win and the individual prize.

SWEAT SHIRTS/ TEE SHIRTS

Don Lock has a supply at 7 Welland Road Worthing Tel.62724. Sweat Shirts £5.55 or junior sizes £5.05 and Tee shirts £2.95, junior sizes £2.50. Let him know what you require and if he hasn't your size we can get another order together. Delivery time is only about 3 weeks at the moment.

CYCLING PHILATELY

Both your Secretary John Mansell and our Editor Don Lock are keen collectors of stamps and other philatelic items of cycling interest. Are there any others who see this mag who share this hobby or who feel they like to start upon it? Both Don and John have a fair amount of duplicate items if anyone is interested. Mind you if you have anything to dispose of we suggest you tell them both...

IN BRIEF

Did you know that John Lewis, now one of our club runs committee and well known barra-boy, was once very fast. Very proud is John of his '58' on the famous Bath Road course, and this was done when 58's were fast - back in the fifties. Now he fights off the youngsters, the oldies and the new boys for lantern rouge in the evening tens, but still enjoys his riding.

Did you know that another of our club runs leaders Dick Wiseman once went so fast he actually produced flames so hot did things become. Dick was relating a

ride on the once fashionable bamboo rims. They were really only intended for track work and not even shaped to take brake blocks. Dick discovered this when thundering into the turn and applying the brakes for the first time watched horrified as block removed varnish and smoke and flame came back past his knees.

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW AGAINST IT !

NUMBER THREE

They swing and sway from left to right and back again; they pull the handlebars this way and that. They bang against there knees, and they make it quite impossible for signals to be given. These things, the week's shopping or whatever, wallop into the wheels and out again. Make sure you give them plenty of room or they could well swing into your wheels as well.

Watch for the carpenter with the length of wood or the plumber with a length of piping and there's still a few window cleaners who make us marvel at their ability with a ladder on their shoulder, until they turn a corner and knock us for six. And as I write this, beware the seasonal loony with a six foot Christmas tree, you'll probably only identify the wheels underneath. There surely ought to be a law against it.

P.S. Watch out for kiddies on backseats of cycles too - one today poked me in the eye with a windmill.

From the Canteen
2nd in command

Dear Editor,

Welcome back to our Mag.

The mention in the Spring issue of "enjoying the rain" brought back a memory of university days. I remember seeing the clouds coming, and the feel of the first drops. I could not get my clothes off quick enough and raced, completely starkers up to our flat roof. Oh ! the ecstasy as the pouring rain of the chota monsoon cooled my "prickly heat". My 'university' was Waltair. I was in the army and Waltair is near Vizagapatam about midway between Madras and Calcutta. We were billeted there.

Jim.

ANOTHER RECORD GOES

And again its record breaker Richard Shipton who carves his name still further into the Club's history. After a batch of records last year he has now smashed the 30 mile time and where better to do it than in a domestic club event and on a fair course like the G938 Chichester Road. As will be seen elsewhere in this issue the event was not well supported and he had only Keith Dodman by way of competition. The simple facts : Time 1 hour 10 minutes 19 seconds. The date: Sunday 25th May 1980. The previous record: Alan Orman 1967 Time 1.12.00. Many congratulations Richard.

A COUNTIES WIN AT LAST

I can not remember a previous win in an event of the Southern Counties Cycling Union, certainly not for several years anyway, so its nice to record Keith Dodman's fine win in their 50 on Sunday 1st June 1980 with a time of 2 hours 7 minutes 23 seconds. Well done Keith.

MATRIMONY

How nice to have some weddings to report on. It seems a little while now since any Club members took the plunge, but now we can report on the joining together of no less than four club members into two very happy pairs. The news that Derek Smith and Sarah Webb were making the step had been with us for a month or two and as from 26th July you will kindly address them as Mr. & Mrs. Smith. Nobody's going to believe them when they sign registers in honeymoon hotels, but that must happen to lots of Mr. and Mrs. Smiths.

The announcement, or the leakage of information, that eligible bachelor Roger Smallman would on 26th June be marrying Jean Antram came out quietly and much closer to the chosen date, but the news was received with great delight by all who know them.

From the Worthing Wheel and, we are sure, on behalf of all Club members we wish the two couples everything they wish themselves and may it last a lifetime.

CLUB 30 CHAMPIONSHIP

A poor championship in some respects but redeemed by a superb club individual record with Richard Shipton's 1 hour 10 minutes 19 seconds smashing the rest of the opposition and taking the handicap prize as well.

A shame that Messrs Toppin, Reeves, Atkins and Smith although entered could not for various reasons make the start for they probably missed a good morning and would have given the event more the look of a championship. Colin Miller

started but D.N.F'd, said he had a fire in his chest and water in his legs!

Full result:

1st Richard Shipton	1.10.19	Sc.	1.10.19.
2nd Keith D _o dman	1.14.25	3.00	1.11.25
3rd Robin H _o lden	1.18.15	6.15	1.12.00
4th Adrian Cooper	1.18.23	7.15	1.11.08
5th Dick Wiseman	1.20.38	9.30	1.11.08
6th Mike P _o land	1.24.14	12.00	1.12.14
7th Ray Douglass	1.26.24	13.00	1.13.24

Evening Tens

Event 1. May 1st 1980

1st Paul Toppin	24.03	Sc.	24.03
2nd Keith D _o dman	24.38	1.00	23.38
3rd Roy H _o lden	24.50	0.40	24.10
4th Robin H _o lden	25.39	0.35	25.04
5th Don L _o ck	25.55	2.00	23.55
6th Pete Reeves	26.20	0.25	25.55
7th C _o lin M _i ller	26.26	-	-
8th Greg Hill	26.40	6.00	20.40
9th Ken A _t kins	27.00	3.00	24.00
10th Dick Wiseman	27.06	3.20	23.46
11th Stephen Jukes	27.22	3.20	24.02
" Bernie Wright	27.22.	4.00	23.22
13th Rick S _t oner	27.38	6.00	21.38
14th Norman Wright	28.00	4.00	24.00
15th Paul Macmillan	28.53	3.00	25.53
16th Mike P _o land	28.55	3.40	25.15
17th Ray Douglass	29.11	4.00	25.11
18th Andrew L _o ck	29.14	5.50	23.24
19th David Yorke	31.09	6.00	25.09
20th John Grant	31.25	6.00	25.25

Event.2. May 8th

1st. Paul Toppin	23.13	Sc	23.13
2nd Keith D _o dman	23.44	0.50	22.54
3rd C _o lin M _i ller	25.32	2.20	23.12
4th Don L _o ck	25.53	2.00	23.53

5th Dick Wiseman	26.21	3.20	23.01
6th Ken Atkins	26.24	3.00	23.24
7th Greg Hill	26.30	2.30	24.00
" Clive Smith	26.30	4.40	21.50
9th Rick Stoner	26.59	3.20	23.39
10th Norman Wright	27.20	4.00	23.20
11th Paul Macmillan	27.27	3.00	24.27
12th Stephen Jukes	27.31	3.20	24.11
13th Ray Douglass	27.49	4.00	23.49
14th Bill Patrick	28.04	6.00	22.04
15th Andrew Searle	28.28	6.00	22.28
16th Andrew Lock	28.36	5.20	23.16
17th John Lewis	32.04	8.00	24.04
(trike)			

Event 3. May 15th

1st Paul Toppin	23.35	Sc.	23.35
2nd Robin Holden	24.59	0.35	24.24
3rd Colin Miller	26.12	2.20	23.52
4th Greg Hill	26.18	2.30	23.48
5th Graham Tooley	26.24	----	-----
6th Dick Wiseman	26.25	3.20	23.05
7th Eddy Gough	26.37	2.50	23.47
8th Ken Atkins	26.47	3.00	23.47
9th Rick Stoner	27.15	3.20	23.55
10th Norman Wright	27.18	4.00	23.18
11th Clive Smith	27.25	3.20	24.05
12th Ray Douglass	27.44	4.00	23.44
13th Paul Macmillan	27.46	3.00	24.46
14th Mike Poland	28.04	3.40	24.24
15th Bill Patrick	28.20	3.20	25.00
16th Andrew Lock	29.23	5.20	24.03
17th Andrew Searle	29.57	6.00	23.57
18th David Yorke	30.12	6.00	24.12
19th John Lewis	33.19	8.00	25.19
(trike)			

Event 4. 22nd May

1st Paul Toppin	23.21	Sc	23.21
2nd Robin Holden	24.37	0.35	24.02
3rd Adrian Cooper	25.05	2.40	22.25
4th Greg Hill	25.57	2.30	23.27

5th Colin Miller	26.01	2.20	23.41
6th Pete Reeves	26.05	0.55	25.10
7th Dick Wiseman	26.11	3.00	23.11
8th Ken Atkins	26.25	3.00	23.25
9th Rick Stoner	27.18	3.20	23.58
10th Stephen Jukes	27.21	3.20	24.01
11th Norman Wright	27.33	3.40	23.53
12th Ray Douglass	27.55	4.00	23.55
13th Bill Patrick	28.04	4.30	23.34
14th Andrew Lock	28.05	5.20	22.45
15th Mike Poland	28.11	3.40	24.31
16th David Yorke	28.42	6.00	22.42
17th Andrew Searle	28.52	6.00	22.52
18th John Lewis	29.06	6.00	23.06
19th John Grant	30.47	6.00	24.47
20th Roy Day	31.06	6.00	25.06

Event 5 May 29th

1st Paul Toppin	22.36	Scr.	22.36
2nd Keith Dodman	23.11	0.40	22.31
3rd Dick Wiseman	25.09	2.50	22.19
4th Greg Hill	25.28	1.50	23.38
5th Eddy Gough	25.40	2.50	22.50
6th Rick Stoner	26.03	3.20	22.43
7th Stephen Jukes	26.18	3.20	22.58
8th Mike Poland	26.55	3.40	23.15
9th Ray Douglass	27.11	4.00	23.11
10th Andrew Searle	27.16	5.20	21.56
11th Bill Patrick	27.18	4.30	22.48
12th David Yorke	28.40	5.15	23.25
13th John Grant	29.36	6.00	23.36
14th Linda Stacy	31.53	-	-
15th John Lewis	32.22	8.00	24.22

(trike)

Event 6. June 5th

1st Paul Toppin	22.23	Sc.	22.23
2nd Keith Dodman	22.39	0.40	21.59
3rd Robin Holden	24.08	0.35	23.33
4th Adrian Cooper	24.16	1.40	22.36

5th Dick Wiseman	24.26	2.50	21.36
6th Pete Reeves	24.47	1.00	23.47
7th Greg Hill	24.57	1.50	23.07
8th Colin Miller	25.18	2.20	22.58
9th Eddy Gough	25.22	2.50	22.32
10th Ken Atkins	25.29	3.00	22.29
11th Norman Wright	26.15	3.40	22.35
12th Rick Stoner	26.17	3.20	22.57
13th Bill Patrick	26.24	4.30	21.54
14th Andrew Searle	26.50	5.20	21.30
15th Ray Douglass	26.56	4.00	22.56
16th Stephen Jukes	27.03	3.20	23.43
17th Paul Macmillan	27.07	3.30	23.37
18th Mike Poland	27.11	3.40	23.31
19th Andrew Lock	27.19	5.00	22.19
20th Bill Proctor	27.50	6.00	21.50
21st David Yorke	28.09	5.15	22.54
22nd John Grant	29.43	6.00	23.43
23rd John Lewis	31.41	8.00	23.41
24th Linda Stacy	31.35	8.00	23.35
25th Christine	33.55	-	-

Barnett

Event No.7

1st Adrian Cooper	24.25	1.40	22.45
2nd Pete Reeves	24.27	1.30	22.57
3rd Dick Wiseman	24.45	1.50	22.55
4th Robin Holden	24.45	.50	23.55
5th Eddy Gough	25.07	2.50	22.17
6th Greg Hill	25.34	2.10	23.24
7th Ray Douglass	26.18	4.00	22.18
8th Andrew Searle	26.19	4.20	21.59
9th Rick Stoner	26.24	3.20	23.04
10th Andrew Lock	26.36	5.00	21.36
11th Norman Wright	26.38	3.40	22.58
12th Stephen Jukes	26.40	3.20	23.20
13th John Lewis	26.50	6.30	20.20
14th Bill Proctor	26.51	5.20	21.31
15th Bill Patrick	27.43	3.50	23.53
16th David Yorke	27.57	5.15	22.42
17th Linda Stacy	29.33	8.30	21.03
18th Roy Day	29.36	6.00	23.36
19th John Grant	29.54	6.30	23.24
	14.		

Event No.8

1st	Adrian Cooper	24.03	1.40	22.23
2nd	Dick Wiseman	24.46	1.50	22.56
3rd	Greg Hill	25.10	2.10	23.00
4th	Ken Atkins	26.14	3.00	23.14
5th	Rick Stoner	26.37	3.20	23.17
6th	Andrew Lock	26.51	5.00	21.51
7th	Norman Wright	27.07	3.40	23.27
"	Bill Patrick	27.07	3.50	23.17
9th	Stephen Jukes	27.25	3.20	24.05
10th	Andrew Searle	27.36	4.20	23.16
11th	Ray Douglass	27.37	4.00	23.37
12th	David Yorke	28.04	5.15	22.49
13th	John Lewis	28.41	6.00	22.41
14th	Linda Stacy	30.32	8.00	22.32

The Spring Road Race

The story of the 1980 Spring Road Race really started back in January. Sullington Community Centre, which we had booked for the last two years, and which had proved to be a very satisfactory headquarters for our event, was not available. So the search began for an alternative. A ride around the course revealed that there were several. However a series of 'phone calls to the worthy ladies in charge of them revealed that they were all booked (Or that they did not fancy the idea of a horde of sweaty bikies in their tidy parish rooms.) At last, however, Ashington Village Hall was found and hired, and an ideal place for the start and finish of the race was discovered only a short distance away. As we had been forced to alter the situation of the start and finish we had to re-apply for Police permission, and this turned out to be a bit of a cliff-hanger as it was not actually received until after the start sheets had been sent out to the riders and

officials.

Race day, May the third, dawned dull and windy. The north wind was strong and cold and promised to make the going hard for the riders, and unpleasant for the marshalls who had to stand around in it. The organiser was early on the scene putting out warning signs and erecting a carefully constructed sign on the grass verge to indicate the whereabouts of the race headquarters. At the first blow of the mallet the whole thing fell to pieces, but this was soon remedied with the aid of a piece of baling twine and a half a dozen granny knots. At twelve thirty sharp Miss Foster arrived to open up the Hall and soon Connie and Jim and their charming helper were busy setting up their catering establishment. The riders began to arrive and to reluctantly submit their beautiful machines to the gentle attentions of Tony Palmer, who did his best to rip off tubs and bend handlebars or turn saddles the wrong way round. Machines duly declared roadworthy they then signed on at Licence Control, skillfully manned (or is it Girdled?) by Felicity Holden. Meanwhile the various dignitaries began to arrive. The two Charlies (Lednor and Janman) were outside the hall (fortunately) communicating by means of smoke signals, while Jack Goldstein had arrived on a very ancient motorcycle, which threatened to outdo their efforts. Don Lock and Gordon Curd arrived with the Race Cars which were decorated with their warning notices. Then suddenly it was 1.45 and the whole entourage of officials, cars and riders moved off up the road to the start.

The race started at two o'clock. There

were 36 riders out of the 40 and 3 reserves who had entered. The first part of the circuit was fairly flat with good smooth road surfaces. Part of the road had in fact just been resurfaced, and it was this that nearly caused the first crash as one of the riders was forced into the deep hole which remained at the roadside where a drain cover had not been raised to the new level. The pace was high and it got even higher as Dann Hill crossroads was reached and the Peleton turned South with the wind behind it, heading for the hills at Thekeham. Here the field was stretched as it climbed, but there was no split, and together they sped through the woods to Rock Cross Roads. As they joined the main road there was a moment's lack of concentration, wheels touched, and Giles Ree of VC Etoile was down with a buckled wheel, and out of the race. The long drag into the headwind through Ashington really put the riders to the test and as the laps developed it was here that most who were dropped found themselves going off the back.

By lap 4 there was a small break of three riders who were about 50 yards up on the bunch, and Ian Humphrey of CC Orpington Ken Bird won the sprint for the £2 prime. Although the break was absorbed he was again at the front to take the Prime in lap 6. During lap 7 a more serious break developed when Andrew Humphrey, CC Orpington Ken Bird, (brother of Ian) John Shand, VC Londres, and Steve Cave of 34 Nomads CP Hart, broke away. This was to be the decisive break, and although they never managed to get far away, always remaining tantalisingly in sight of the peleton, the gap could not be bridged. The sprint was led out by John Shand, but he was exhausted by his efforts in the break and sat up at the last moment to allow Andrew Humphrey

to dash past and win. Steve Cave was third. The bunch sprint for the 4th place was won by Keith Parkinson of Norwood Paragon CC. Our own Paul Toppin was a creditable 9th. Adrian Cooper (Zonca) was dropped on lap 2 but bravely kept going to retire having completed 6 laps. In all 19 riders finished the rest having dropped out either as victims of exhaustion or crashes. None of the crashes were serious and the injuries were quickly attended to by the crew of the St. John's Ambulance which followed the race at a discreet distance. (So as not to frighten the riders!) And so the Road Race was over for another year. The prizes, which had been generously donated by the London & South of England Building Society, were distributed. Their licences were signed and the riders dispersed. All that was left to do was to clear up the headquarters, and to make a quick dash around the course to retrieve any warning notices and the bodies of any marshalls who had died from exposure.

THE CLAPSHAW MEMORIAL "25"

The 30th Anniversary of the Clapshaw Memorial "25" was reached this year and I thought it might be of some interest to club members to read of the history of the event.

John Clapshaw came from the Catford C.C., South London and was a serving member of the Royal Air Force stationed at Poling. Together with two other cycling companions they joined the club as second claim members and soon established themselves with us, taking part in club runs and racing in club events. They were all mile eaters and enjoyed riding in the hilly parts of West Sussex. Tragically one evening while out training John met with a fatal accident, hitting

18.

an oncoming car while descending Bury Hill.

Because of his love of cycling his parents decided to present a trophy to the club in his memory, to be competed for annually on a handicap basis.

The first race was held in 1951, the handicap winner receiving, not the trophy as it had not yet been purchased, but John's bicycle. The winner was Aubrey Dockett. The first trophy event was held in 1952 when I was the recipient.

Since that first event it has been won by 21 other club riders, the most prolific being Mike Poland, who has won it no less than five times. Winning three times in succession in 1958, 1959 and 1960 Mike won it outright, and a new trophy was generously provided by Mr. Clapshaw in 1961. The first winner of the second trophy was Martin Ford-Dunn.

Winners:	1952	Ray Douglass
	1953	Roy Lemon
	1954	Pete Andrews
	1955	Pete Andrews
	1956	John Tapp
	1957	John Antram
	1958	Mike Poland
	1959	Mike Poland
	1960	Mike Poland
	1961	Martin Ford-Dunn
	1962	M.R. Poland (not Mike)
	1963	Mike Poland
	1964	Steve Cann
	1965	Nigel Powell
	1966	Paul Fish
	1967	Peter Orman
	1968	Bernie Bethell
	1969	Chris Woodcock
	1970	Bob Sparkes
	1971	John Mansell
	1972	Tony Palmer
	1973	Ray Douglass
	1974	Martin Morris

1975 Alan Orman
1976 Nigel Burrows
1977 Mike Poland
1978 Duncan Waghorne
1979 Duncan Waghorne
1980 Eddie Gough

Ray Douglass.

OUR TRIP TO BUCKS

I knew it was going to be one of those days when the alarm went off at 5.30 am on Bank Holiday Monday. I got up, made breakfast, went to make the toast and my sandwiches and found I had not taken the bread out of the freezer the night before.

I duly arrived at the Beckett car park just before 7.00 a.m. to lead the motorised run to Buckinghamshire. Dave Hudson, Paul Toppin (without the 'g'), Ray, Dave Mills, Chris Beckingham, Andrew Searle and myself awaited Keith Waldron, who arrived with his bicycle upside down on the roofrack of his car. Now we all know that over the entrance to the Beckett car park is a 4" x 2" RSJ to keep out large vehicles over 6'9" high - isn't there Keith ! Luckily no damage was done and we loaded the bikes into Dave's van and were just about to move off when a strangled cry from Dave Mills told us he had left his cycling shoes at home - so we left Worthing the pretty way - via Beechams !

We had an uneventful drive to Marlow where as far as I am concerned all the pain started. We left Marlow and immediately climbed up into the Chiltern Hills. We had a pleasant ride to West Wycombe and climbed up the A40 almost to Stokenchurch when we turned right up

onto a nasty (well, I think so, with my lead legs) lane up to the top of Bledlow Ridge. The second claim member from Brighton was instructing us on the delights of the Hellfire Club, when we perchance came upon six highly delectable young ladies travelling on bicycles in the same direction as ourselves. Sex maniac Hudson, drooling at the mouth, blandly announces, John and Keith are married, so that leaves one for each of us - we got the first smile of the morning from Ray, who up until then had been exceedingly quiet. By this time, we had reached the top of Chinnor Hill which falls away quite steeply.

Paul Toppin (without the 'g') was riding fixed and as it had turned into a freewheel race, he was soon left behind (legs going like pistons). Chris was ahead of me and just as I was about to overtake him, we came upon a Mini driving along in a most sedate manner. Chris overtook doing about 50 mph and the look of astonishment on the driver's face was quite a sight to see. My 14 stone soon told on Chris' 9 and a bit and I was soon clear and did not pedal for over three miles and then we were at Thame for elevenses. The Douglass fellow complained that the time was only two minutes to eleven and that we were early but that stalwart Dave Hudson came to my rescue saying under the circumstances, I had done very well.

The only cafe in town was closed, but next door was a hostelry which served the most delicious coffee and beef sandwiches. Now the Landlord had an alsation dog (as opposed to a bitch) who sniffing around all our cycles in the Courtyard chose Chris' bike to christen - mind you the Douglass fellow was most shy of this beast and kept telling him to go away.

After half an hour break, we were on our way to Oxford over nice flat countryside. Through Shabbington, Ickford and Worminghall. I put these villages down for the young nameless lad who kept saying "I don't know where I am" - nobody else was too sure either but we did not keep on about it. Chris and the Douglass fellow had by now started their usual backbiting discussion and I wished Keith Dodman was along to inject some real go in the conversation, when suddenly the nice flat country led into the climb to Oxford. As we were climbing, a sweet young damsel, or so young Hudson thought, passed a comment to which Dave suitably replied, which was answered by a single word - which made even Dave blush.

And so to Oxford for lunch through the streets of dreaming spires, cycle lanes and pedestrianised areas which brings me to the highlight of the day. We had stopped in one of these walkabout areas when an elderly lady (about Ray's age) told us not to ride our cycles. As we were standing beside them, some individual not me, pointed out in a most polite manner that we were not riding them; she then told us we were blocking a crossing - in a precinct ! The second claim member from Brighton passed a remark and the woman kept prattling on and all I said was "Be quiet woman". She got all upset and said she was going to telephone the Police. That second claim member, espying a member of the local constabulary standing a little distance away, said "I wouldn't bother'phoning, there is one just there". Off she went at a gallop and we beat a hasty retreat the other way".

Lunch. The Douglass fellow tried to insist on his staple diet of steak and

kidney pie. We tried most diligently to accommodate him but alas to no avail. We settled for a nosh shop called "Poppins". We dined most satisfactorily and it was time to go, but one point in passing. We call Norman Wright hollow legs but he had nothing on Billy Bunter Hudson - can he put it away ! We had not gone more than 50 yards but what did we see - an establishment with steak and kidney pudding - Ray was not amused!

We pushed our cycles along the pedestrian area and lo and behold whom did we meet - our lady friend of earlier acquaintance talking to a rather pretty Policewoman. On seeing us she started to get excited and pointed her evil finger at me (being runs leader). I stood the brunt without flinching. David Bailey Hudson tried to cajole me into standing beside her to have my photo taken - my duty to the Club does not go that far!

Off we go out towards Cowley where, at a set of traffic lights, we came across Oxford's answer to Reg Harris. He was dressed in a well worn teddy boys outfit, the crepe soles of his shoes were at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ " thick and he wore green florescent socks. The lights changed, off he went butchers boy pedalling like fury. We did not wish to embarrass him so we followed about six inches from his rear wheel. Well, he did try. He did well down hill and along the flat, but collapsed on the up gradient begging us to go by.

We followed the B480 to Watlington where they were having their annual Carnival. Quite close to where we stood for a few moments was an ice cream cart with lovely ices at 15p each - Ray through some error did not see it, so

we carried on towards Christmas Common.

Now the road went up, up and up climbing 474 feet within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. One bit had the usual V mark, I changed into my alpine gear and pedalled away quite happily only to see all the other peasants I was out with disappear into the distance. A pleasant call from the hedgerow revealed Chris, and I mean revealed, doing what Mother nature in this dry spell has neglected.

On arrival at the top, the rest were sprawled out with the nosebags on, being the chosen one for the day I demanded to know what was happening. The reply from Ray was "I am having threeses, so we sat and ate and drank and I thought thank goodness its all down hill now. I asked Paul what he thought of the climb - he grunted and said interesting.

Away down the lanes back to Marlow and hopefully "Tea". No tea available so we decided to go to the Little Chef at Sunninghill. So off we went - motorised this time - speedy Hudson arrived first. When we at last got there after a most pleasant drive, a crowd of punks were waiting outside. Dave, Paul and Chris with their tongues hanging out told us that the tables were being re-arranged. So after ten minutes we were permitted to enter, where the service was terrible, and finally we made tracks home - arriving at Worthing at 7.50 pm. We had cycled 65 miles and had a thoroughly good day.

John Lewis.

ONE HELL OF A TRIP

Valerie Stringer.

Numerous billet-doux had arrived from our

EXCELSIOR "Travel Agent", Dave Hudson, spelling out the arrangements for our trip to the classic PARIS-ROUBAIX and he finally arrived with the Mercedes minibus to collect us on Friday evening, 11th April. Cameras and a modest (for them) sack of food, accompanied by Rick and Val Stringer, were the first to board: Next on the start sheet were Don and Maureen Lock, Gordon and Betty Curd (you could tell from their smart luggage that they hadn't travelled EXCELSIOR-style before !). Either we were early at the next lay-by, or Bernie was late, but suddenly there was a lot of noise and 3 more had climbed aboard - David Mills, Gill Isherwood and Bernie Bethell. Alf Dawes, heavily laden, was joined by the lightweights, Bert Absolon and Chris Beckingham, and then it was on to the Green Jacket, Shoreham (not for a quick one) to pick up Leon and Judi Budgen. Barry Smith, from Yorkshire, temporarily installed with John Palmer, were next on our list which left last, and by all means least, Adrian Loska. Having joined the departure queue at Newhaven Harbour one wondered if we were on the right vehicle as this one resembled "Meals on Wheels" as Dave issued rations to the group. Clutching our Yorkie Bars, Munchmallows, Wagon Wheels, Bandits, Apples and cans of drink, we made our way to the lounge. We were relieved of Bernie's informative chatter when they announced "BlueMovies" now being shown and he, Gill and Barry disappeared to the cinema. Before retiring to the drivers' sleeping quarters Dave handed out little brown envelopes containing lovely crisp francs - unfortunately, this was not bonus spending money but Dave's emergency fund evenly distributed for safety. As Rick explained, it's in trying

to get them back that Dave get's all those black eyes.

With the wind set fair for France it was not too long before the smell of garlic wafted aboard and, having adjusted our watches we were soon on French soil and heading for gay Paris. Shut-eye was almost impossible amid the groans and data on the state of Bernie's knees, one of the disadvantages of being tall, interspersed with the occasional "Smithism" and cries of alarm from J.P. who in the darkness was sure he had been issued with the wrong currency.

The sleeping figure of Rick burst instantly to life at the first hint of goodies enabling him to live up to his reputation of a happy eater. Apart from Chris directing us into a closed section of the toll road, from which Dave quickly escaped without paying (or being shot at), there were no incidents on the journey and by 5 a.m. we were circling the Arc de Triomphe. They were just putting up the flags as we strolled down the Champs Elysees in the early morning sunshine looking for a Cafe that was open. Having alarmed la patrons by consuming vast quantites of coffee and croissants, we took advantage of the plush washrooms, then feeling much refreshed we left in various groups to do the "tourist spots" before re-assembling at the allotted time of 4.p.m. J.P. inevitably got lost between the Arc de Triomphe and the Champs Elysees and although we'd all been issued with the name of the Hotel and a map, John's initiative is sometimes suspect; just as we were about to leave he nonchalantly strolled up and we joined the melieu of traffic

once more in a bid to find the Hotel de la Havane. Un-defeated by one-way streets Dave's clever manoeuvring of narrow streets which all looked alike, eventually brought us to the canopied entrance of our Hotel in the Rue de Travise. A couple of hours in which to rest, shower, watch the preview of the next day's racing on television and then it was out into the bustling streets in search of a restaurant. Eleven of us followed a confident Bernie as he traced his way through some dubious streets in the flourishing Montmartre district. A dozen menus were studied and digested before we finally settled on "The Bizantine" with its Salvador Dali paintings all round the walls and the wailing guitarist and mandolin players in the corner. Not quite sure what we'd eaten, we did emerge suitably full, and despite the fact it was after 10.30 p.m. the night air was warm and in our absence, Paris had come alive with people and an intoxicating atmosphere prevailed. The street musicians playing jazz standards attracted us like a magnet but after a few numbers even the excellence of their playing could not detain our drooping eyelids and weary bodies longer and dodging the wild hooting motorists, street traders (yes, at that time of night), crowds, we headed back to the hotel, only losing Bert on the way - he said he was waiting outside the Folies Bergers for J.P. who was taking some night photographs? well that's his story.

After a typical French breakfast we all assisted in getting the show on the road; Gordon and Betty went off for the french bread, Adrian adorned the windows of the Mercedes with a multitude of flags and stickers, whilst Rick dished out the rations of more chocolate and fizzy drinks, the supply of which seemed never-ending

(Pity it didn't end and then the big brown box taking up half the leg room at the front could have been utilised). At last we were on our way, heading for COMPIEGNE, the start of this major classic we had all come to see. Having obtained our tollticket we travelled the newly engineered roads out of Paris, in one place passing under a runway and emerging to see at close quarters the French CONCORDE. The rivers and country roads winding away on each side of us looked extremely inviting and they were virtually littered with little groups of cycling tourists - it made most of us wish we were on our own bikes. On the outskirts of Compiègne we spotted No.155, Paul Sherwen, and then the T.I. Raleigh team emerging from their Hotel and soon we were in the signing-on area along with several hundred other excited spectators and bronzed, immaculate riders. We drove a little further and found a spot with a good long view down the wide highway and waited until the bunch, an absolute concours d'elegance, came sweeping through. For once conditions were dry, warm too and although they had something like 106 kilometres ahead of them before reaching the dreaded pavé they were already setting a cracking pace. The scores of team cars, press vehicles and motor bikes added to the colourful scene. We returned to the Mercedes and then attempted to follow the route kindly supplied to us by Albert Bouvet whose papers l'Equipe and Le Parisian organize Paris-Roubaix, this being the 78th race since its introduction in 1896. Whilst the race is still the most coveted single-day classic in the calendar each year it becomes more difficult to find the pavé which ensures the "Hell of the North" its unique formula. We had still to

travel some distance before picking up with the race again in the Valenciennes area. At Wallers we parked and set off down a dusty farm track down which it was reputed the race would come - quite unbelievable: the further we went the larger the cobbles, worn in places, some gaps where stones were completely missing; no rain to-day to make them slippery but nevertheless, even to the rough-stuff fellowship member on a hack-bike, the way would have looked precarious. Even in this remote village, everyone had come out to line the gutters, and in the more risky looking sections of pavé the crowds including ourselves, waited, debating whether the riders would come through in a bunch, slowly, or if we would see a puncture or anyone fall. Suddenly we could hear a distant commotion, a flash of headlights and all too soon they were upon us, the first group of riders consisting of about 20 men with the Sanson jerseys prominent at the front; one didn't know whether to watch their faces, their bikes or quite what to look for - they were going so fast - you could see they all had well-padded bars and that their faces were blackened with dust, everything was vibrating and that was the first bunch through: Bernard Hinault brought up the rear of a second group and there were a few solo riders but the vast gleaming bunch of the morning no longer existed: the peloton had been surprised by the fast pace, possibly due to the favourable weather, and the sag wagon was indeed pretty full of bikes and riders, including Sherwen, when it brought up the rear. Whilst we then found ourselves a nice picnic spot amongst the masses of wood anenomes in Beuvry Forest, the big boys were fighting it out to the finish, 60 km

away. It was sad to learn afterwards of the unfortunate puncture of up and coming Duclos-Lassalle, nevertheless, Francesco Moser's win, his third successive victory in this event, was a well deserved and popular lone win.

With the threat of a seamans strike we did not want to be too late getting to Calais so having demolished our bits of 2' x 2" (french bread) and other fare provided by Dave (all in the cost) as well as some of Betty's delicious home-made pastries, we set off again via Lille for our Port of departure. The waiting on either side was somewhat frustrating but some light relief came when David Mills (innocently ?) did his best to fool the Customs by going through the Customs Shed empty handed and declaring nothing whilst all the time he'd tucked his bag of bottles on the driver's seat and left Dave to answer interrogation! Once on the motorway heading for home Bernie told us stories of what things cost in the old days etc. etc. and all too soon we were delivered safely home on Monday morning just in time for work.

MILTON KEYNES - CYCLING (Ex. Ed.)

As soon as it became known at work (the Milton Keynes Development Corporation) that I was interested in cycling, along came one member (& runs leader) of the Milton Keynes Cycling Club to introduce himself. He was closely followed by the secretary of the Club who told me of their affiliation to the CTC DA, and that they used to be called the Milton Keynes CTC. Any member of the CTC is welcome to join at an additional cost of £1. They share a Clubroom with the North Bucks. Road Club on the

City boundary, and three prominent members work for the Development Corporation.

Their activities are many. A run every 3rd Sunday for beginners, intermediates and hard rider respectively, means that something is happening every week. Special cycling weekends for events like the Pernod Grand Prix, etc., are organised. I was even more surprised at seeing Jeremy Hollis' name down as runs leader - and I now understand he studies (or works?) here somewhere.

So I seem to have moved right into the centre of a now very active area - the future looks promising!

Derek.

The End to End

I can't really remember which came first, the idea of riding from Lands End to John O'Groats or the desire to take up cycling as a hobby. Either way in January 1979, after the inspiration of Robin Asheds book 'Bikepacking for Beginners' I bought a ten speed Carlton from my local dealer and was soon planning the trip. I changed the bike a little, lowering the gearing and fitting a Brooks Professional saddle amongst other things.

I planned the trip for September, partly because of my work but also to give me plenty of time to build up my daily mileage. During the summer I gradually got all the camping gear together and got the necessary miles in my legs. In June I joined the CTC and they sent me three alternate routes for the end to end ride. I chose the eastern route as although it was longer it took in much fewer hills. As the time got nearer I had a few trial runs fully loaded and it was after a weekend camp at Hastings that I became unsure of my

ability to complete the ride in the time available, 30 pounds of camping gear slowed me considerably, especially in hilly country, so I decided the ride was more important than the camping so I would go Bed and Breakfast and 'Bikepack' another time.

When the big day arrived I caught the eight o'clock train from Bognor and had a short but hairy ride from Victoria to Paddington to change to the night train to Penzance which left about 12 o'clock. As I was loading my bike into the goods van I met an Australian cyclist who was planning to ride from Lands End back to London. As we approached Penzance station nasty wet things appeared on the train window, and it was pouring down as we rode the ten miles on to Lands End. It was still only about 8 a.m. when we arrived and nothing was open, so after a few photos, we headed back to Penzance and after breakfast parted company.

I only expected to do 50-60 miles a day in Devon and Cornwall, so was quite pleased that I managed 79 miles before stopping for the night at Bolventor, near the Devon border. Bed and Breakfast was found, and the couple very kindly shared their evening meal with me. After tucking my bike up in the garage, along with 2 pigs being fattened for market, I retired early, tired but satisfied. The next day took me right through Devon into Somerset, again an easier day than expected. I rode into Taunton as it was getting dark and after twenty minutes found a hotel and had another early night. Next day, I continued northwards and as I approached Bristol I did the one thing I regret, I got off

for a hill, not that it was steep, I was just in the wrong gear. At the time I thought it would be the first of many, but as it turned out it was the only one that beat me, rather annoying really. That night I stayed at Cheltenham a very nice town, with a very good cycle shop, at which I spent a part of the evening studying the frames etc. in the window. During the next morning the sun shone brightly for the first time and my lunch stop at Stratford on Avon remains my most pleasant memory of the whole trip, hot sun, cold coke and a couple of ploughmans while lazing on the river bank, sheer heaven. When I finally managed to tear myself away and continue riding, I headed for Leicester. I arrived there late afternoon but this time B and B was not so easy to find and I had to settle for 'Transport' type accommodation in a room with 4 beds squeezed into it. The whole area smelled of curry, and I was glad to be moving on next morning. As I passed through Nottingham I noticed a signpost to Worksop which is where Carlton Cycles are made, so I made a detour to see the factory, which was quite disappointing, small and not what I had expected from a name I'd known since childhood. That evening on arriving at Doncaster, I had more problems with B and B, everything was taken due to it being Race week, so it meant searching through the CTC handbook, and a few phone calls before a bed was found a few miles further on. I had been eagerly awaiting the next days ride, as it was to take me through Yorkshire, an area I'd always wanted to visit. After a couple of hours in York, I found myself fighting a strong

headwind to get back on route, but luckily several times I was overtaken by tractors, and a quick sprint enabled me to shelter behind them for as much as 30 minutes at a time.

The next couple of days passed pleasantly but uneventfully as I passed through Darlington, Newcastle and Berwick upon Tweed, until in the morning of the seventh day I crossed the Scottish border. It wasn't until I reached Edinburgh that the real feeling of Scotland was appreciated. Edinburgh is too large to explore in just a couple of hours, but evening was drawing on so after crossing the magnificent Forth Bridge, I stopped for the night at Cowdenbeath, where I had my first haggis. The next days ride was the hardest of the trip with hills, wind and rain, plus a puncture out in the wilderness, so I was truly shattered as I approached Dalwhinnie, but as often happens a hard day brought a rewarding night, and I was shown great kindness by the owners of a converted church, with a good hot supper and a comfortable room for the night. I was told by my hostess that it was now all downhill to John O'Groats, not literally but the hills got lower and lower the further north you went, which proved true as I passed Inverness and Bonor Bridge on to Wick, without much trouble. I arrived at Wick just as darkness was drawing in, so although it was only 17 miles to John O'Groats, I stopped there for the night, so I could take photos and buy souvenirs in the daylight. Those last 17 miles the next day seemed endless, but I finally arrived at my destination at 10 a.m. The place, what there is of it, was deserted except for a couple of wooden shacks selling

souvenirs so after half an hour I returned to Wick to start the 22 hour train journey home. My big ride was over, 11 and a bit days, and one thousand and ten miles clocked up. Overall it was a very satisfying ride, and one I would recommend to anyone with a couple of weeks to spare.

Keith Waldron.

THE RON MILLS '25'

Under the most capable control of Tony Palmer, we had another very successful Open and this despite two incidents. An accident involving an Eastbourne rider was most unfortunate and a lesson to us all to be constantly 'head up and alert to other traffic', suffice to say that after a day or two in Chichester Hospital the rider was soon back at work and we hope he will have no lasting ill effects. The other matter was a report of pacing in contravention of the rules. This was investigated by the Club committee and was found to be not proven so the result stood.

There was an entry of 99, the best for some years, and it would have been 105 if the Bognor Club had not sent 6 entries to the wrong address. Mick Ballard the scratchman failed to put in an appearance but there was a good number of fast men attacking the Chichester Road on what was a pretty good morning.

Fastest was Pete Woodman of C.C. Orpington - Ken Bird with a superb 56.00 which took him well clear of the rest. In second place was our own Richard Shipton with a fine 57.57. Chris Worsfold

Also from Orpington was third in 58.34 and Eastbourne's Cliff Sharp 58.44 was fourth.

The Orpington Club without Ballard still took the team award with third man Bob Steinle returning 1.00.17. Their aggregate 2.54.51.

Other W.E.C.C. times were in finishing order, Eddy Gough 1.9.23, Robin Holden 1.4.24, Dick Wiseman 1.8.12, Colin Miller 1.6.00, Ray Douglass 1.10.41, Don Lock 1.7.25, Adrian Cooper 1.4.59, Ken Atkins 1.10.52, Norman Wright 1.10.06, Paul Toppin 1.00.53, Ray Holden 1.1.45, Keith Dodman 1.2.51, Mike Poland 1.9.50.

Don Lock.

Sussex C.A. Team Championship

Although held on 4th May the result was not to hand until early July and really capped a very disappointing event with the poorest entry for years.

From our view it was a success for we entered a strong team which indicates a better 'team' or 'club' spirit than can be matched by potentially faster clubs, and we won, the counting riders being Roy Holden 1.5.14, Paul Toppin (the day after the Club road race), 1.5.29, Keith Dodman 1.6.03, and Robin Holden 1.8.01. The event has run since 1921 on a course between Shoreham and Cowfold and we have been most successful with 12 wins and the record of 4.9.15 in 1969.

In response to popular demand it is now planned to run the event on the G938 Chichester road course, and, maybe to incorporate the individual championship.

Don.

