



MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

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.

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Wingerworth,
Chesterfield.

Dear Don,

A chapter of incidents has compelled me to write to you in the hopes that you print this in the Club magazine. Firstly last Saturday my club held its Annual Dinner, secondly my copy of the Worthing Wheel arrived and finally Dave Hudson's annual demand for money. He is more persistent than a tax collector! What have these events in common one may ask? Well while I am sending my money off I thought I'd take the opportunity of congratulating all those that produce the excellent magazine - if only it had photos it would be better than "Cycling". The Club Dinner has provided one of those surprises that can only happen in the World of Cycling.

The guest speaker was Ritchie Haines - he was only a name to me, the Club Chairman said he was a B.C.F. Commissaire of Milk Race fame - even so it meant nothing to me. I had a chat with him and believe it or not he happened to be a former member of the Worthing Excelsior. Apparently he was doing his National Service in Newhaven and joined 'our' club so that he could ride at Preston Park. He told me that he rode in a roadmen's pursuit with Frank Fleetwood and Johnny Ruffhead (I can remember them) and Dennis Lednor. Small world isn't it.

The world was made even smaller earlier in the season when I rode in the North Mids. 100. About 10 minutes behind me on the start sheet was W.P. Andrews riding for his Norwich Club. He didn't catch me so we could only chat about old

times at the finish. It is a pity Roy Lemon didn't enter since by all accounts he has been really flying this year.

As far as my own exploits are concerned I am pleased to be able to report that my 25, 30 50 and 100 mile times done this season have all been faster than when I rode in Excelsior colours. I finished 3rd in the Club's B.A.R. with over 21½ m.p.h. average.

My daughter Karen is still keen and rode in the 30 and recorded a time that a good 50 miler would have been pleased to do - still it was a hard morning.

Before I go into hibernation I must congratulate all the lads for their fine performances and hope that the high standards are improved upon next year. Perhaps we may meet when we resume turning our wheels in anger.

Yours in sport,
Pete Sidford

TOURISTS BEST ALL ROUNDER

RUNS POINTS 1979/80

FINAL PLACINGS

1. Dick Wiseman	120	Comment: Who better
2. Dave Hudson	106	then for another
3. Dave Mills	97	spell as Club Runs
4. Paul Toppin	94	Leader for 1980/81,
5. Ray Douglass	86	even former champion
6. Stephen Jukes	80	Dave was left standing.
7. Keith Dodman	60	Altogether 70 different
8. Adrian Cooper	47	members took part in

9. John Lewis	45	at least one run and
10. Keith Waldron	41	28 made double figures.
11. John Mansell	38	Points are awarded on
12. Clive Smith	37	the basis of 3 points
13. Andrew Lock	35	for all day run, 2
14. Norman Wright	33	if only out to lunch
15. Andrew Searle	30	and 1 if only out to
16. Don Lock	28	elevenes. 1 point is
17. Mike Wallis	21	awarded for soup runs.
18. Mike Gibbs	19	Despite all the effort
19. Greg Hill	15	made to arrange these
20. Graham Draper	14	runs some members are
John Grant	14	still to be seen going
Linda Stacy	14	off on their own on a
		Sunday morning, what
		do you belong to a
		Club for?

Don.

CLUB DINNER November 9, 1980

The club has a problem with this function, one which is felt by other clubs; how do we please everyone? The problem really is manifold, there's the cost, the type of function, the entertainment, the catering and the establishment used. Ideally in 1981 we need a 'do' which appeals to young and old alike, costs no more than a fiver, is in a room just the right size to cater for about 90 and, with a good, well served, meal. A pretty tall order, and one which is causing your general committee and social secretary something of a headache.

What are the requirements? I'll just ask a number of questions:

1. Is it agreed that there should be some social gathering where the Club's award winners can receive their prizes?
2. Need this be a formal Dinner, how about a supper or buffet or.....?
3. Do we need, a band, a disco, or any music or entertainment at all?
4. Will more members and friends come if the price is kept down to say, a fiver.

Most Club dinners next year are going to be £7 I would guess.

Complaints for 1980 were of poor service and in some cases a poor meal, also the bar was terribly expensive. A number also found the band to be too loud. We went to considerable extra expense to have a band rather than a disco hoping the noise would be less. Another point to be made, one that will I imagine be very apparent from the Club's balance sheet, is that the cost has been considerably subsidised, not something that we shall be able to do every year.

Your Committee would be grateful for any helpful suggestions on this subject. Please let them know what you would like. They can then try and suit the majority if nothing else.

The 1980 event for those not attending was at The Royal Coach, Shoreham, where we have been for a few years now. The room size is fine for 80 but no more and it has the advantage of a bar in the room. The band was called "Touchwood" and in the opinion of many was good, professional and versatile, but again and I think in the opinion of the majority there was far too much amplification. The dinner, lamb, seemed to vary around the room, some were

lucky and some were not, but there were not enough waitresses and the service was, generally, poor.

Neil Coppendale from Radio Brighton proposed the toast to the Club in a witty speech full of anecdotes and your Ed. (who said big) gave a superb reply. The prizes were presented by Neil Coppendale and among the recipients was, once again, Charlie Lednor as Clubman of the Year taking the well deserved Tankard.

Dave Hudson's Fund Raising draw saw £75 going to David Mills and £25 to Keith Dodman. The dancing (very well supported) continued until 12 interrupted by the usual raffle which we hope has averted too heavy a loss on the evening.

Don.

FUND RAISING SCHEME

Full list of the 1980 winners

£10 monthly prizes as follows:-

January: Richard Shipton, February: Connie Hughes, March: Mike Poland, April: Tony Palmer, May: Ted Peters, June: Colin Hood, July: Alan Matthews, August: Derek Smith, September: Jean Huston, October: David Jex.

Final (Club Dinner) Draws: £75 David Mills, £25 Keith Dodman.

CLUB HILL CLIMB 12TH OCTOBER 1980

Champion Keith Dodman had seemingly little difficulty in retaining his title as King of the Mountain Goats, taking a full 16 seconds out of second placed Paul

Toppin, although he maintains each such event 'takes a year off his life'. He raced the length of Bury Hill in a time of 3 minutes 52 seconds for a new record so Paul's effort was of itself a pretty good effort. Graham Tooley would have made third spot had he not been some 14 minutes late in reporting to the time keeper for his actual riding time was 4 minutes 25 seconds, but increased, with penalty to 18.25. It was therefore a superb effort from juvenile Greg Hill of 4.38 that grabbed the next place.

A good entry of 13 saw 10 start making it worthwhile for the officials Roger Smallman and Ray Douglass, there was also unexpectedly good cooperation from the police who turned out, placed warning boards and directed traffic.

Full result:-

1st Keith Dodman	3.52.
2nd Paul Toppin	4.08.
3rd Greg Hill	4.38.
4th Stewart Gibbs	4.43
5th Stephen Jukes	4.49.
6th Robin Holden	4.52.
7th Roy Holden	5.00.
8th Norman Wright	5.10.
9th David Yorke	5.16.
10th Graham Tooley	18.25. (14.00 pen.)

APOLOGIES

There were two mistakes in the report of the Sherwin Trophy '25' in our Autumn Issue. Firstly we apologise to Roger and Jean Smallman for getting their surname wrong, and secondly to Andrew Lock and Robin Holden for stating that Robin

had won this Junior Trophy when in fact it went to Andrew who was fastest on handicap, which is the manner in which this event is decided. Our Editor has taken a lot of stick over that!

POINTS CUP 1980

Points are awarded according to handicap placings in the events listed, the lowest score therefore wins. Riders not finishing have one point more than the last placed rider and those not entering or starting have two points more. The cancellation of the hardriders event at the end of the season could well have affected the overall result which was this season very close.

RESULT

1st	Ken Atkins	49 points
2nd	Norman Wright	51
3rd	Paul Toppin	55
4th	Richard Shipton	59
5th	Robin Holden	60
6th	Adrian Cooper	64½
7th	Mike Poland	66
"	Keith Dodman	66
9th	Eddy Gough	69
10th	Ray Douglass	70
11th	Don Lock	71
12th	Roy Holden	74
13th	John Grant	75
14th	Clive Smith	77
15th	Stephen Jukes	78
16th	Dick Wiseman	79½
17th	Andrew Lock	80
18th	Colin Miller	81
19th	Bill Patrick	84
20th	Mike Gibbs	85

*** *****

THE TOURIST TRIAL

Held on a bright but cold November 2nd. Route and questions devised superbly by Brian Cox and the event organised with his usual efficiency by Tony Palmer.

The following comments were supplied by thrice times winner John Mansell and must, therefore, be taken as being completely biased.

"Arrived at start to be confronted by Ray Douglass, already warming up, lapping Broadwater Green at a steady m.p.h. Not speaking to me, obviously trying to con me into thinking seriously on his threat of a "strong challenge this year".

This threat seemed to me to disintegrate, along with his already very dilapidated map, at an early stage.

Despite instructions to bring O.S.188 (Maidstone) everyone arrived with the correct O.S.198 (Brighton), except Don who arrived with no map and proceeded to ride, surely a unique trial - of the four stages, the first was ridden sharing Andrew's map (the ownership is disputed Ed.), the second without a map (and correctly and without any bonus points Ed.), the third using Norman Wright's and the fourth using Ray's (what was left of it Ed.)

Stage 1. Commenced with a hard, but well surfaced, bridle path climb over the Downs behind Sompting where the field seemed to split into sets of 2-ups. Part way along this track, the surface of which had by now degenerated, I was surprised to see a motor car bearing down towards me, but having courteously

(belligerently Ed.) mentioned to the driver that he was on a bridle path, or did he live here, I must admit to being taken somewhat aback by his claim that he not only lived there but also "owned the bloody place".

A few miles farther on, in Steyning, I was taking 10 minutes out explaining to a potential new young member the advantages of joining the Excelsior, when Don and Andrew rode past, paying far more attention to me than to the information board outside the church, thus, unfortunately missing out the answers to four subsequent observation questions. The stage ended in Steyning Car Park with tea and biscuits from the back of Tony's car and the eventual arrival of Roger and Jean Smallman. Stage 2. Fairly uneventful, although it did contain the first encounter with chief questionmaster Jeremy Palmer ably assisted by Jim and Con. The route meandered around Ashurst and Patridge Green and ended outside The Wheatsheaf at Albourne with the eventual arrival of Roger and Jean.

Stage 3. The dreaded speed judging! Work out the route. Estimate the distance. On the way go to the church and the school. Place your watch in the envelope provided and tell the marshall how long you will take to ride the section. Simple! Paul Toppin was within 13 seconds of his target and Dick Wiseman about 1½ minutes. Roger and Jean were a little optimistic in their assessment (in fact they both decided on times faster than anyone else) but eventually the stage ended at the Royal Oak Wineham with their arrival.

Lunch. Pleasant pub! Beautiful weather! Good beer! - NO FOOD ON A SUNDAY! Never mind, they did a good trade in potato crisps and there were at least three others still eating when Roger and Jean had finished.

Stage 4. Ray's challenge finally came to an end here, when although lying second at the time he retired and passed his map remains to Don.

The chosen route, except for 0.5 Km, was entirely on "yellow" roads and included more questions from Jim and Con and an observed hill climb (might I here compliment the observer on his undoubted ability to recognise perfect climbing style when he sees it) (don't it make your brown eyes green Ed.) The stage ended with another set of questions from Jeremy, one of which was "name three British snakes". The most popular answer appeared to be "Adder, gass and Ray Douglass" - honestly Ray it wasn't me. We were also treated here to a new dismounting method from Roger - he rode slowly but surely into the hedge and then fell off!

The short wait for the appearance of Theo's waggon was marked by the donning of anoraks and the stamping of feet but circulation was soon restored by the copious mugs of oxtail soup etc".

At this point we had better, we suppose, publish the official result:-

1st.	John Mansell	31½ points
2nd.	Paul Toppin	21 "
3rd.	Don Lock	19 "
4th.	Andrew Lock	18 "
5th.	Dick Wiseman	17½ "

6th.	Ray Douglass	15	points
7th	Stephen Jukes	12½	"
8th.	Stewart Gibbs	10½	"
9th.	Jean Smallman	10	"
10th	Roger Smallman	9	"

For those of you who may find it interesting to trace the route we set out the instructions offered to the competitors for the four stages. It does appear that not one point was lost by any competitor for failing to follow the routes correct, but see how you do.

Stage 1

By any suitable route of your own choosing join the A27 and go to Map Reference 156053. From this point and travelling only on Public Bridleways proceed to M.R. 180103. You may cross but not travel along any public highway. From M.R. 180103 turn left on to a metalled road and then join a trunk road travelling in a north westerley direction.

On reaching a town turn on to a small closed circuit riding in a clockwise direction to pass a church with a tower on your left. Go to a Car Park in the centre of the town to start the next section.

Generally - you must obey the Highway Code and the Country Code. Observe the countryside as you go, you may be asked questions about features and buildings that you pass.

Stage 2

Leave the town in a North Westerley direction and at the earliest opportunity join a B road on the right. From this point go to M.R. 237182.

You should use only roads marked in yellow or B roads except for a length of A class road not exceeding 2km, ridden in a S.E. direction.

You should pass a church with a spire on your right and visit spot no 20 after covering approximately 6km from the start.

Stage 3

Continue on B 2116 in an easterly direction to High Cross, where turn left to Twineham Green where left to pass Twineham Grange where left to Royal Oak P.H. Wineham. On the way go to the church and the school.

Place your watch in the envelope provided and tell the Marshall how long you will take to ride this section.

Stage 4

Your tea is on a Common at M.R225140. To get there use only roads marked in yellow except where noted. Ride in a Northerly direction to cross an A road near spot height 27. Choose a route which passes under power cables once when riding West and once when riding North East. Avoid spot height 87. Ride on a B road for less than 1KM passing a church on your right. Pass a Water Tower on your right and a triangulation pillar at 120 height on your left. Cross an A road with a church on the east side of your route and continue to join a B road. Ride on this in a Westerly direction for about 0.5km your road passes under power cables three times in 1km. Cross an A road obliquely and visit spot height 39.

BEST ALL ROUNDER COMPETITIONS 1980

For the first time the Club had three best all rounder competitions, with the inclusion of the Veterans championship based on age standard performance and for the John Antram Trophy.

SENIORS

	<u>25</u>	<u>50</u>
1st. Richard Shipton	55.43	1.53.53
2nd. Keith Dodman	55.50	2. 1.50
3rd Paul Toppin	57.40	2. 0.37
4th. Adrian Cooper	1. 0.6	2. 7.52
5th. Dick Wiseman	1. 2.40	2.12.43
6th. Ken Atkins	1. 6.47	2.22.13
7th. Norman Wright	1. 9.50	2.20.51

	<u>100</u>	<u>Av. Speed</u>
1st.	4.15.15	25.590
2nd.	4.23.12	24.762
3rd.	4.27.36	24.435
4th.	4.32.36	23.477
5th.	4.45.02	22.530
6th.	5.00.39	21.171
7th.	4.51.03	21.128

JUNIORS

	<u>10</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>25</u>
1st. Robin Holden	23.36	38.47	1.4.24
2nd. Stephen Jukes	25.29	42.15	1.6.48
3rd. Andrew Lock	25.44	43.15	1.7.36

	<u>Av. Speed</u>
1st.	23.974
2nd.	22.434
3rd.	22.105

VETERANS

	<u>Age</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>25</u>
1st. Dick Wiseman	44	23.50	1.2.40
2nd. Ken Atkins	51/52	25.29	1.6.47
3rd. Ray Douglass	53/54	26.26	1.9.20

	<u>50</u>	<u>Standard</u>
1st.	2.12.43	+1.864 m.p.h.
2nd.	2.22.13	+1.520 m.p.h.
3rd.	2.27.09	+1.088 m.p.h.

In 1981 we could manage better finishing lists; the senior could be added to, notably by Roy Holden, but also Don Lock and Mike Poland, also what happened in 1980 to Eddy Gough who showed such promise the previous year including a 100? Roy, Don and Mike would all qualify for the Veteran's trophy as well. In the junior competition let's hope for far more qualifiers next season. In addition to the three above the following names also come to mind; Greg Hill, David Yorke, Andrew Searle and Stewart Gibbs. Let's have far more competition.

BRITISH CYCLING FEDERATION (SUSSEX DIVISION)

Being responsible for track and road racing in the County I was surprised to find just how many of our Club members appear in the list of the Divisions Officials for 1981. The President is Charlie Lednor and Ray Betts is a Vice President. Norman Wright is General Secretary, and Roy Holden is the Treasurer, both are new appointments after the crisis during last season. Ray Betts is clearly multi purpose, being listed also as a starter, a Chief Commissaire, a Chief Judge, a timekeeper and a machine examiner. Norman Wright is also listed under, assistant judges, machine examiners and racing committee. Ray Douglass is the Divisions Auditor. Of course, Charlie Lednor is not just a figurehead either, serving also as Chief Commissaire, Chief Judge, timekeeper and Racing Committee. Norman Macmillan is on

the list of Chief Commissaires, Chief Judges, and machine examiners. Roy Holden is an assistant Commissaire and on the facing committee and Tony Palmer is a machine examiner. I make that a total of 23 positions which is not bad for a Club that in 1980 could muster only a handful trying their luck at these sides of our sport. So come on you trackies and racers, we are giving you support so have a go.

THE FIRST '100' IN 4 HOURS

August Bank Holiday 1956, the first Monday in August it was then, and like most Bank Holidays, Britain's climate saved up a nice dose of cold rain. Throughout the running of the famous Bath Road C.C. '100', on the equally famous Bath Road course there was cold rain, sometimes a steady drizzle sometimes a real downpour and conditions did not seem likely to produce records. There was, however, a most impressive entry even by the standards of this classic, and times had been growing ever faster and talk of a 'magic' 4 hour, 25 m.p.h. '100' had increased in momentum as the barrier had been pulled nearer and nearer.

A look at the start sheet showed the quality of the field, names famous for their road as well as time trial performances, men who already had national records and championships to their names, and those to whom similar honours were shortly to come. Stan Brittain, Billy Holmes, Owen Blower, Bill Bradley, Vin Denson, and Alan Jackson, but the favourite was the one who in the previous season had recorded 4.4.30 and only a few weeks previously

had lowered this to 4.1.52, the tall and gangling and bespectacled Ray Booty of the Ericsson Wheelers.

Booty started sensationally and led by 2½ minutes after just 21 miles and was 4 minutes clear at the halfway which he passed in 1 hour 58 minutes, catching Denson 4 minutes (second fastest at this stage) at this mileage. Most were to slow over the return leg by 10 minutes or more but Booty powered back in only 28 seconds outside of 2 hours. Hundreds cheered him as he faced the final charge up that long, long, Pangbourne Lane, and as he crossed the line in a remarkable 3 hours 58 minutes 28 seconds.

He collected a Gold Medal offered by 'Cycling' magazine for the first sub 4 hour ride; he won the Bath Road '100' trophy outright, for it was his third consecutive win and he set a new competition record.

Quote of the morning, was perhaps that of Jack Beauchamp (timekeeper); "Of course it's still going, it's got to be now. Every amateur timekeeper at the finish has checked it".

SPRINGTIME IN SNOWDONIA

This tour took a new form in that we hired John Spooner's cottage at Tanygrisiau near Ffestiniog in a row that once belonged to slate miners. It was an ideal base for an exploration of the area.

Dick Wiseman (Driver) Paul Toppin and myself (Keith Dodman) left the sunny south on 19th April in a packed mauve Capri for the mountains. The intrepid Dave

Hudson had left earlier to ride all the way into a nasty headwind with stops at Gloucester and a Y.H.A. en route!

After a steady drive up, that evening was spent sorting out gear, sleeping arrangements and preparing meals - which Dick (Chef) Wiseman took charge of.

SUNDAY 'The Day we went to Bangor'

Sunday was anything but, and cold into the bargain. I began to doubt my wisdom in leaving my woollen track suit legs at home, as I, the odd one out in shorts, braved the elements. The initial joy of being back on our bikes again soon diminished as we, gasping the icy air, turned northwards out of Blaenau and started the climb into the wind. Did the pace quicken? I can't recall, but Paul (legs) Toppin was off the back already! This gave us a chance to catch our breath at about 1,200 ft. Just past what's claimed to be the world's largest slate mine at Gloddfa Ganol. It was easier to Betwsy Coed and along the A.5 to a welcome elevenses at Capel Curig where we gazed at the panorama of the Snowdon range. The cafe was the very one that Dick remembered from 20 years ago! Pressing into the wind made it harder to appreciate some of the spectacular views from that Nant Ffrancon Pass. We passed through the impressive University town of Bangor and crossed the Menai Bridge to Anglesey for a leisurely ride along the scenic tree lined route to Beaumaris, picking out the distinctive calls of the early migrants, chiffchaff and willow warbler, on the way. After a meal we explored the castle (built by Edward I in 1295) and viewed the expanse of Conway Bay.

On the way back we lingered a while at Caernarfon with its dominating castle - so wrapped up with the history of Wales. Turning southeast on the A487 we made for Beddgelert for tea, and completed the rough circle via Portmadoc and along the Vale of Ffestiniog, with its ancient breed of Welsh black cattle and the sheep and slate of the hillsided Tanygrisiau.

MONDAY Mountaineering day

After the 80 hard miles the previous day, we decided on a shorter expedition taking in Cader Idris. We headed south for Dolgellau, taking to the lanes after Trawsfynydd.

It was pleasant but with some hazardous descents through marvellous hill and forest country. We arrived in the town and stopped for coffee. After picking up provisions we rode to a point at about 600 feet on the A.487. Donning suitable gear we headed up the foothill, the tussock grass and heather thickening as we climbed, till the first ridge was reached. Here it levelled to a rocky path, then rose steeply, testing our climbing ability over the rocks and loose boulders. About half way we stopped for our picnic, and to take in the splendour of Cader Idris. The peace, however, of these 500 million year old Cambrian rocks was soon shattered and violently updated, as a squadron of 'A' bombers beat up the valley below. Thus combining at a stroke, the very foundation for life on this planet and it's potential destruction. Oblivious, on this clear day of any portentous doom, we observed the spectacle through binoculars (rose tinted?).

Pressing on we followed the track to the summit. By now it was colder and windy. It was easily reached, however, and the winding ridge gave us good views of the sheer screes down the north face and the little lakes below. On the way down I left Paul and Dick to search for meadow pipits and whinchats, and then met up again for the final run to the bikes, extending muscles racing cyclists rarely use. We were going to spend the evening watching not the nine o'clock news but "Not the nine o'clock news", but B.B.C.2 hasn't reached this area yet.

TUESDAY On the beach

A fine drizzle greeted the third day as we set off for the Llyn Peninsular between Cardigan and Caernarfon Bays and the flatter reaches of Afon Dwynd and Portmadoc. We were finally forced to cape-up just past the famous narrow gauge railway. The steady rain continued until a welcome stop and coffee at Criccieth, pleasant seaside resort with a ruined 13th century castle and where, not surprisingly, everybody's father knew Lloyd George.

With the crossword done we cycled on to Pwllheli and Clanbedrog under brightening skies to Abersoch. On the sandy beach of the tiny harbour sheltered from the north west wind, we lazed away an hour sunbathing, eating and observing, besides the boats, the antics of a few busy oyster catchers and a party of twenty Sandwich terns at the water's edge. My kind of 'cycle touring' I thought on that peaceful April day.

The picnic over we continued westward through lanes and farmland, not unlike

our local scene, to Melltyren and north into a headwind to the ancient town of Nefyn, where the three peaks of Yr Eifl (The Rivals) loomed in the distance. A peninsular of contrasts ; a rocky coast line with sheer mountain slopes to the sea and steeped in legend. No time to explore though, we had to make tracks to meet and feed the by now ravenous Dave Hudson - one with an appetite also legendry! So back to Criccieth for tea, completing the circuit. Then through the beautiful Vale of Ffestiniog to the inevitable climb up to the cottage; Dave watching our slow progress over the last mile or so from his vantage point.

The telltale signs of a hard ride showed on Dave's face and we heard of his exploits over a meal. After studying maps, the evening was rounded off with a game of scrabble.

WEDNESDAY - Arts and Crafts and Walks

The children of the village found us quite a curiosity, so much so, that Dave ('Cleese') Hudson had to put on his best Basil Fawlty disguise to scare them off! We sponsored one garrulous lad (for a good local cause) to hold his tongue for two days.

We started out, south of the Afon Dwyryd towards Harlech on the picturesque route overlooking the valley. Here Paul had our one and only puncture. Meanwhile I had the glasses on the heronry in a small clump of pines below us.

Heading south we approached Harlech with its castle, the last fortress to hold out in the roses war, finally being taken

by the Yorkists in 1468. Maes Artro was our 'target' though, three miles south. This purpose built craft village stands in ten acres of field and wood land and was a joy to wander around. It houses over a dozen different work shops with skilled craftsmen and women on hand. It also has an aquarium, model village and Welsh street with cafe - very nice setting for elevenses. We bought some presents there before leaving on a leisurely ride to Barmouth for lunch. On the way we watched for a while three buzzards disputing territory against a background of a calm Cardigan bay and blue sky.

After lunch we followed the Afon Mawddach to the Precipise Walk north of Dolgellau. We rode along the track as far as we could before leaving the bikes near the first stile. The next 1½ hours was spent on this beautiful circular walk at 1000 ft. and almost on one level. We had opted for the reverse route, taking in the little lake first then turning west to behold the magnificent view of the estuary. No wonder the Romans had a lookout point there.

The hard route home followed the same lanes as on Monday, but in reverse. Finding my 'tour legs' I left the others (Paul's gears were too high!) and got in a bit of training back to the cottage. After a meal we drove to Betws-Y-Coed for an evening out.

THURSDAY - Major Repairs

It was on the road to Bala, just past Ffestiniog at 1200ft. that disaster struck. Poor Dave who had been struggling a bit was the victim. We had heard the creaking

on Wednesday, but now it was worse; of course there were the usual jokes about his knees, but this time we had to stop. Dave extracted the right hand crank and revealed the cause. The fixed cup had almost sheared from its collar and the threaded part was firmly stuck in the bottom bracket. There was nothing for it; Dave, with crank replaced, free-wheeled most of the way back to the cottage and borrowed Dick's car to search for a replacement.

Meanwhile we revised our plans and headed north following the beginnings of the River Conway to Pentre Foelas for a coffee and provisions. Then along the A.543 and via a mountain track past two lakes and some wild landscapes to Llansannan, where it was hot enough for shirts off and a picnic with clear views across the Vale of Conway.

We stopped in Llanrwst after a descent from Llangernuw and were just on our way to the museum when the capri came up with Dave at the wheel! He had been all the way to Conway for a replacement having had no luck locally, but the sheared cup was still in place! So eying up the 'Birmingham Garage' across the road, we decided to enlist the help of a team of friendly mechanics who specialised in customising and beautiful spray jobs.

The 'patient' was put on the operating table and 'anaesthetised' with penetrating oil, then subjected to cold chisels, its unyielding case hardened steel only denting those tools! Whilst we were feeling a bit guilty about this, they called on their ace man with a blow torch and

wheeled in the oxy-acetaline equipment. Dave looked on anxiously as the 'surgeon' went to work, cutting through the inside of the cup and making the bracket glow red. Then with adept manoeuvring, extracting the cause of the 'malfunction' - A beautiful operation! We 'sewed it up' with new cup, ball bearings and ample grease.

After that it was down to Betws-Y-Coed where we met up with Dave again for tea. As time was getting on, I decided to travel in the car with Dave to see the Llechwedd Slate mines (Paul and Dick had been before). We arrived just in time to see the last tram disappearing steeply downwards! Quite a day of mixed fortunes. We did look around the museum and shop though.

That evening we walked to Blaenau and visited some pubs and chatted to the locals when they were not speaking welsh.

FRIDAY-Escape to Portmerion

We split up again for the last day's outing. Dave left us after breakfast determined not to miss the tour of Llechwedd slate mines. Paul Dick and myself made our way via a roundabout route to Llanberis.

At a point three miles south of Beddgelerton the A4085 Dick decided not to subject his aching legs to any more punishment and continued on the main road, leaving us to negotiate the minor mountainous road to Nantgwynant and cattle gates too. When we regained the main road we had no way of knowing whether Dick was in front or behind; so all the way up to and over the imposing Llanberis Pass

we kept our eyes peeled, but it was only when we reached Llanberis itself, that we spied the bike outside the cafe at the Snowdon Mountain Railway Station - beaten by ten minutes!

After coffee we did some rough-stuff, over steep tracks on the north western arm of Snowdon to Groeslon and on through lanes to Penygroes, where we had lunch. 'Chef' Wiseman selected some prime steak at the local butchers for the 'last supper', then we rode to Portmadoc and along to Portmerion to meet up with the now enlightened slate miner 'Davy' Hudson.

Portmerion is unique. Offbeat millionaire Sir Clough Williams-Ellis dreamed it up and created it on the lines of an Italian village, starting in 1926. He rebuilt and altered some buildings to his own taste and added quite a bit more - castles, bell tower, lighthouse, etc., as well as planting exotic trees and shrubs from all parts of the world. There are 20 miles of paths and sandy beaches too. Noel Coward succumbed to its beauty and wrote Blyth Spirit there in just a few hours one evening! "The Prisoner", Patrick McGoochan tried in vain to escape in the 30 odd T.V. episodes they filmed there. And we..... strolled around the captivating village and gardens like Italian Princes virtually on our own. The long awaited four course meal with wine that evening rounded off an interesting, varied and enjoyable tour in a beautiful part of Wales.

Keith.

SUSSEX CYCLISTS' ASSOCIATION

1980 BEST ALL ROUNDER

1st D.A. Dunbar	Eastbourne Rovers	22.185	mph
2nd Adrian Cooper	Worthing Excelsior	21.103	"
3rd A. Brooks	Hastings & St. Leonards	21.069	"
4th C.G. Robson	Eastbourne Rovers	20.847	"
5th I.A. Landless	Lewes Wanderers	20.632	"
6th Norman Wright	Worthing Excelsior	19.569	"

CLUB 1981 TIME TRIAL PROGRAMME

22nd Feb.	Circuit Event	Long Furlong Circuit
8th Mar.	25miles	G.938
5th Apr.	30miles	G.938+
30th Apr.	10miles (Eve.1.)	G.914
7th May	10miles (Eve.2.)	G.914
10th May	50miles	G.951
14th May	10miles (Eve.3.)	G.914
17th May	25MILES (OPEN)	G.938
21st May	10miles (Eve.4.)	G.914
28th May	10miles (Eve.5.)	G.914
4th Jne	10miles (Eve.6.)	G.914
11th Jne	10miles (Eve.7.)	G.914
18th Jne	10miles (Eve.8.)	G.914
25th Jne	10miles (Eve.9.)	G.914
30th Jne	25miles 2-Up **	(G.938
2nd Jly	10miles 2-Up **	(G.914
9th July	15miles (Junior)	Ashington
12th Jly	100miles (with S.C.A.)	G.962
16th Jly	10MILES (OPEN)	G.914
23rd Jly	15miles	Ashington
30th Jly	10miles (Eve.10.)	G.914
2nd Aug	25miles (Champ- ionship)	G.938
6th Aug	10miles (Eve.11.)	G.914
13th Aug	10miles (Eve.12.)	G.914
20th Aug	10miles (Eve.13.)	G.914

27th Aug 10miles (Eve.14.) G.914
6th Sep 25miles (Clapshaw/sherwin)G.938
4th Oct 33miles approx. Hardriders.Findon
Valley
18th Oct Hill Climb Bury Hill
(** aggregate/award)

BRITISH CYCLING FEDERATION* SUSSEX
DIVISION

1981 ROAD RACE PROGRAMME

21st Feb.	Southborough 3rds/Juniors, Frant	40 miles
28th Feb.	Eastbourne 1st/2nd/3rds. Hellingly	52 "
14th Mar.	Sussex. C.R.L. 2nd/3rds	35 "
	Juniors-H'cap. Staplefield	
28th Mar.	Sussex C.R.L. 3rds/	36 "
	Juniors. Glyndebourne	
11th Apr.	Sussex C.R.L. 2nd/3rd/	
	juns.-H'cap Staplefield	35 "
26th Apr.	Brighton Mitre	
	Kermesses-All cats. Hove Park	
3rd May.	Southborough 1st/2nd/3rds	
	Jun/H'cap. Frant	50 "
10th May.	Central Sussex Staplefield	48 "
	3rd/Juns.	
10th May	Central Sussex "	75 "
	1st/2nd/3rd.	
4th Jun.	Lewes Criterium No.1. Laughton	50 kms.
	3rds/Juns.	
11th Jun.	Lewes Criterium No.2. "	"
14th Jun.	Brighton Mitre	
	Kermesses-All cats. Hove Park	
18th Jun.	Lewes Criterium No.3. Laughton	50 kms.
20th Jun.	Eastbourne 3rds Hellingly	41 miles
5th Jul.	Bognor Regis Kermesses Bognor	
	All cats.	
19th Jul.	Divisional Championships. Venue	
	Juniors to be	50 "
	Seniors announced.	88 "

9th Aug.	Central Sussex	Staplefield	
	3rds/Juns		48 miles
	1st/2nd/3rd	"	80 "
30th Aug.	Worthing Excelsior	Worthing	
	Fiesta Kermesses.		
31st Aug.	East Grinstead.	East Grinstead	48 "
	1st/2nd/3rds		
5th Sep.	Sussex C.R.L.	Glyndebourne	36 "
	3rds/Juns		
26 Sep.	Sussex C.R.L.	Ninfield	41 "
	2nd/3rd/Juns/H'cap		

CLUB DINNER 1981

Despite the plea for ideas in our report on the 1980 dinner, things have to be booked so far in advance that plans for this year have had to be made. Your Committee have however gone for a change of venue to the Windmill Restaurant at Littlehampton. Date 7th November. Further details in future issues of the magazine.

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION 1981 TIME TRIAL PROGRAMME

1st March	16miles Hardriders
29th Mar.	20miles Junior and Womans 2.up.
	29miles senior 2.up.
25th Apr.	10 miles
26th Apr.	25 miles
7th Jun.	50 miles
28th Jun.	25 miles circuit
26th Jul.	Open 100 miles
16th Aug.	Open 50 miles
12th September	Open 10
13th September	Open 25
4th October	Open Hill Climb

SUSSEX CYCLISTS' ASSOCIATION
1981 TIME TRIAL PROGRAMME

15th March	25 miles 2.up
21st March	10 miles
22nd March	25 miles
3rd May	Team and Individual Championship 25 miles
13th June	10 miles
14th June	50 miles
12th July	Open 100
9th August	25 Miles
19th Sept.	25 miles

CHARLIE AND ALF RESIGN

After more than fifty years between them of the most dedicated service to the Sussex Cyclists' Association both Charlie Lednor as Chairman and Alf Dawes as Secretary and Treasurer have resigned feeling it time for new and perhaps younger blood to take over. At the Annual General Meeting votes of thanks for all they had done over the many years were unanimously recorded. Don Lock your Ed. is taking over from Charlie as Chairman, and Ray Douglass has accepted the appointment to the Treasurers office. At the time of going to press no new Secretary has been named but there is hope that a certain person will accept and he has been written to.

A CANADIAN ADVENTURE DAY 1.

The trip was first mooted with Dave on a club run earlier in the year and what seemed at first an unlikely venture

gradually took shape as a distinct possibility. Dave began to make enquiries about cost, routes, etc. We then booked through C.T.C. and so were committed. The plan was to fly to Calgary and then cycle from Banff to Vancouver, flying back direct from Vancouver. The tour involved crossing the Rocky Mountains, but on enquiry, if suitably geared, the mountains did not seem insurmountable. The route chosen was one of the most beautiful in Canada.

On the very wet morning of September 5th we rode via the Sussex lanes to Gatwick accompanied by Paul Toppin who came to see us off. The aircraft was a Boeing Jumbo 747 Wardair. After take off we were soon above the rain and in blue skies and after lunch we had a doze. By tea we were over the snow covered wastelands of Greenland and the Northern Territories. Eventually we flew over Edmonton and descended to Calgary; the time after putting our watches back 8 hours was 2 p.m. We were greeted by a hot sun and temperature up in the eighties. We located Ian Reader's father, who was on holiday in Canada and who kindly drove us the 70 uninteresting miles to Banff where the Rocky Mountains began. We arrived in Banff about 4.30 and found a motel for the night, and a suitable restaurant for an evening meal. Steak for Dave and trout for me then back to the Motel for a well deserved sleep after a very long day.

DAY 2.

We decided to leave the saddlebags at

the Motel and have a day's ride to Lake Louise, a well known beauty spot. We soon got used to riding on the right hand side of the road and to seeing distances marked in Kilometres. Lake Louise is beautiful in what must be one of the world's most scenic mountain valleys, with Mount Aberdeen (11280 feet) and Mount Victoria (11365 feet) reflected in the blue waters. Back in Banff Dave decided to try a trip on the Gondola lift to the top of Sulphur Mountain, after which I met up with him for a much needed evening meal. The service in the restaurants throughout the tour was excellent and the waitresses most friendly. We planned the route for next day using very small scale maps, approximately 38 miles to the inch, fortunately the route was easy, only one road to take! (Shades of Keith Dodman's tours on the map in his C.T.C. diary),

DAY 3.

After a large breakfast at 'Bumpers Restaurant' opposite the motel (much enjoyed by Dave - what a large appetite he has) we set out for Radium Hot Springs, some 90 miles over the Sinclair Pass. 25 undulating miles passed before we turned off over the Eisenhower Pass, and at this point the weather turned sour and we had 8 miles climbing in torrential rain - very unpleasant. Eventually we reached the summit and a sign the "Great Divide". Here waters find their way either to the Atlantic or the Pacific depending on which side the rain falls. After photos we crossed from Alberta into British Columbia and the sun came out for the long run down.

The scenery was magnificent with craggy snow capped mountains each side and beautiful green pines against the blue sky. More climbing and then the severe ascent, of the Sinclair Pass. Dave was way ahead of me on this one. Nearing the top I was overtaken by a monstrous cloud, like something out of Doctor Who, it was most uncanny. I had to cape up until the top where this thing turned down another valley. I then rode on in warm sunshine to where Dave was waiting for me with camera ever at the ready. We had a terrific descent to Radium and were soon booked in at the Sundance Motel. The place reminded one of a western movie town with shacks with wooden sidewalks and one named "Jessies Restaurant" provided us with a good supper and Dave with the largest milkshake I've ever seen, even Dave was taken aback by the enormity of it.

DAY 4.

Kimberley was our destination about 83 miles. It was misty at first so warm clothing was in order. We rode in open country until a further range of hills was seen in the distance. The sun warmed and we changed to shorts. Elevenses were taken at Fairmont Springs in a golf clubroom where Dave devoured, but it was a near thing, three giant size pancakes. We came on next to Canal Flats a small township with a woodyard of much interest to Dave. I preferred a salad in the only cafe. We then rode through Skoochumchuck for a picnic threeses and a pot of tea at Ta Ta Creek (what interesting names). We then had a "Gut Buster" climb (local parlance) into Kimberley where we settled

in for the night at "Sylvias" taking our bikes inside with us! Kimberley is known as the Bavarian City of the Rockies for when Highway 93 was re-routed to the south it quickly became a ghost town. So to attract visitors, part was changed into a Bavarian Platz with unique architecture, alpine huts, and landscaping and the world's largest cuckoo clock plus lederhosen clad townspeople. The idea was a success with thousands of visitors each year.

DAY 5.

After some 15 miles a motorist hailed us. Jim Dickins was a veteran cyclist of the Canadian Cycling Association; a very friendly character. He showed us a side road to Cranbrook our next town. This was very peaceful compared with the highway, and Dave was intrigued by the sign which read "No vehicles with flanges or lugs". Throughout the tour we came across many puzzling road signs. After Cranbrook we had a very enjoyable ride beside Lake Moyie with the trees reflecting on the still water just like a calendar picture. We stopped along here and dozed in the warm sunshine for about an hour. Shortly after we went passed a time zone sign instructing us to put our watches back one hour. One of three I think in Canada. We spent the night in a Motel called the "Cozy Quilt" at Yaak. This was a small place, the hub of which appeared to be a General Store which remained open until 10 p.m. It exhibited a large sign "Lots of Stuff".

DAY 6.

A very warm day. We reached the U.S.A.

border at the 49th parallel at Kingsgate a rather quiet frontier outpost. We rode into the Gem State of Idaho covering about 26 miles before crossing back. After a long climb we reached Creston where the glare of the sun had Dave buying sunglasses, the temperature was now into the eighties. After lunch we had a pleasant ride of 40 miles along the side of Lake Kootenay. At about 3 feeling dry we stopped at a small general store at Sirdar. This antiquated and run down store looked as if it had stopped existing in the 1920's. We were attended to by an ancient gentleman who informed us that his forbears came from Derby, and a white haired old lady who seemed to take a very warm interest in us. Dave took photos of us all on the balcony and promised to deliver a message to relatives in Kings Lynn. We stayed that night at the Heidelberg Motel at Boswell in a room with a wonderful view across Lake Kootenay.

DAY 7.

The ferry that took us across Lake Kootenay to Balfour, the longest free ferry in Canada, about 40 minutes, gave us time to have breakfast on board and to enjoy the superlative views across the still blue waters, with the pines mirrored in the lake, with fishing cabins at the edge, really idyllic. The nearest place to perfection that I think I have seen. From Balfour we rode south along a tree lined route to the timber town of Nelson for lunch. Threeses (a cold chocolate) was downed at Slocan and then on to Castlegar, a larger town where we stayed the night in the Puradiso Motel.

DAY 8.

Leaving Castlegar we began to climb the fearful Bonanza Pass. After about 3 miles, and having been dropped by Dave, we found a cafe and stopped for breakfast, stoking up well for it was the last habitation for 40 miles. We continued to climb and to add to the tortures of an aching back it began to rain, then after another 7 miles climbing I had another puncture. I think most cyclists know the discomfort repairing a puncture with rain running down your nose and feeling bonky at the same time. However, we were soon on our way. The weather then improved and our spirits with it. A friendly hoot behind us and we were overtaken by our cycling friend Jim Dickins on his way to Vancouver to ride a veterans road race. After a friendly chat and a can of beer he drove away wishing us well. Another hour saw us at the summit of the Pass and we then began a thrilling descent to reach Christina Lake where we had a meal of good old English fish and chips. After lunch I found to my dismay yet another puncture. There was then an uninteresting stretch to Grand Forks where we decided to call it a day. After a meal I adjourned to the motel while Dave went to the local bioscope. I phoned home at about 10.30 p.m. and spoke to my brother at 6.30 English time. The sound of his voice was very clear, it did not seem possible he was thousands of miles away.

DAY 9.

We woke to torrential rain and with the

prospect of the climb of the Anachist Pass our spirits were low. However, an enormous breakfast worked wonders and after just a couple of miles, the rain abated and in fact that was the last we were to have on our tour. We stopped at Midway, the smallest city in Canada, for lunch and then arrived at Rock Creek about 3.30. In this remote part of Canada, we were greeted by the cafe proprietors, "I know that accent, you come from Sussex". I was surprised that my accent was so pronounced. She had visited her Aunt the year before in Lennox Road, Worthing, small world indeed. 11 miles and 1½ hours saw us reach the summit of the Pass from where we could gaze into both Canada and U.S.A. The climb was worth it for the descent that followed, the longest continuous descent in Canada, with seven corkscrew bends. We stopped several times to let rims cool and for Dave to take photos, and eventually arrived at the lakeside resort of Osoyoos. This is an orchard and beach town and undergoing conversion to Spanish style, with white facades and tiled roofs looking at home in the sunbaked landscape. Osoyoos boasts that fruit matures earlier than anywhere else in Canada. It is also part of the only true desert in British Columbia, with cactus, sagebrush lizards and toads. Osoyoos means "the place where two lakes come together". We stayed the night at the Desert Inn Motel.

DAY 10.

Why always a climb before breakfast? But it was warm and sunny and I was feeling fitter (Dave always was). We were now riding through breathtaking scenery,

through fruit growing country with stalls by the highway selling peaches, cherries, asparagus pumpkins, etc. Lunch was taken in Keremeos, meaning "wind channel in the mountains". Threeses were taken at Hedley where Dave had a long discussion with a juggernaut driver on the merits (if any) of those monsters. I must say however, that they were very considerate to cyclists often giving us a friendly blast. The night was spent in the mining town of Princetown.

DAY 11.

This day turned out to be the most spectacular for scenery. After gentle climbs in the first 12 miles there came one like Bury Hill but 7 times as long. After a short rest, we continued on a gradual gradient for about 10 miles to the top of Sunday Summit. We had lunch in a swish log built restaurant and in about 3 miles came upon a large bear by the roadside, Dave climbed on his back and I was able to take a picture. Don't get alarmed, it was carved out of wood and marked the boundary of Manning National Park. For about 20 miles we passed through superb wooded country and after the Park, another 20 or so of this vast forest area, with huge pines soaring above us. We eventually came to only the second place that day that sold food, a garage, so we stoked up before the final ride into Hope. The road wound round the Hope Slide, where in 1967 the mountain gave way killing several people. In fact, we had to wait with other traffic as there was blasting still going on. The new cutting is taking many years to complete. We arrived in Hope after a marvellous descent of about 11 miles.

The clerk at the Motel desk after being told that we had ridden nearly 700 miles from Banff looked at me and said "Gee you must be in great shape" which gave my ego a great boost. Our day's activities ended in a restaurant with the motto "If your wife can't cook, don't divorce her, keep her for a pet and eat here".

DAY 12.

Destination Vancouver, 90 miles of relatively flat roads following the Fraser River Valley. This river has the sobriquet "The Muddy Fraser", one it lives up to. But the mud has brought the Fraser Valley the most fertile soil in British Columbia, and much of it's ground fruit and dairy produce come from the area. I started with yet another puncture, the last one thank goodness. There's no justice in this world, Dave didn't have any. Vancouver 143 kms. the sign read and most of these were rather boring after the previous days. Dave had his first bad patch during the morning but we still caught up with a cyclist returning to Vancouver from Edmonton, so we had company for a while until he decided to drop back (they burnt him off Ed.) At the small town of Mission we enjoyed lunch and Dave began to recover. We reached the busy outskirts of Vancouver just at rush hour, what a contrast to the beautiful lonely roads of the previous days. We found a Motel with superb restaurant opposite and the first part of our holiday was over. I hope to recount the second part in the next issue of the Mag., Editors permission, of course. (We shall probably take a vote on it Ed.).

Ray Douglass

THE CHRISTMAS SUPPER RUN????

The question marks relate of course to the word 'run' for the only thing that ran on the evening of 19th December was water. Although that was more driven than running, by gale force winds. The organiser, your Ed., decided to phone round and get people to come direct and then went to Broadwater to meet two hardies that he had not been able to contact. With David Mills and Dave Hudson, he showed them the shortest way back to 7 Welland Road and by 8.30 practically everyone had arrived and quite a few on bikes at that; remarkable. Thirty seven people were present, and only two, both having long journeys failed to make it. This shows a good club spirit and it also comprised a nice vote of thanks to those who had got together to provide the food and drink. Eating, drinking and cycle gossiping was really all that happened but a few streamers made sure that Don had a hoovering job in the morning, and a very successful raffle turned the financial aspects of the evening from red to blue.

A definite date for our 1981 programme, everyone willing, of course.

P.S. Don's dog Sam, put on a stone, he also looks forward to the next one.

THE 1980 EVENING TEN MILE SERIES

Prior to the 1980 season I had never been responsible for the organisation of a time trial. Indeed, I had never

considered such an undertaking. Having previously contributed to the mag. by writing of my exploits across the water, I felt that it was time to write on a different theme. So, the story of the successful 1980 Evening Ten Mile series.

It all began back in February at the Club Annual General Meeting. Somehow I found myself landed with the title of evening tens secretary, along with a hefty folder duly presented by Ian Reader. Upon arriving home I sifted through the contents of this and concluded that I had been well and truly lumbered with a task that was hopelessly beyond my capabilities.

Having slept on the problem and thought things out for a few days, I came to the conclusion that the task would be simplified by completing as much forward planning as was possible. By the end of March the Police and R.T.T.C. had been notified, and a preliminary notice posted in the clubroom. A copy of the notice with an appropriate letter asking for assistance was circulated to all timekeepers. I remember this well, having delivered them to Steyning, Lancing, Sompting and Worthing on one of the wettest and windiest nights recorded during the month.

The next headache to be dispensed with was the appointment of handicapper. April 1st (appropriate Ed.) saw this task duly completed when Brian Weir was bullied into it.

By now some members were coming forward with entries, but at this stage event 1 was not going to happen as I was still

chasing timekeepers. However, I eventually managed to persuade, by means which I am not prepared to divulge, all those approached that the Club could not survive without their services. Accordingly I was able to prepare and circulate a roster to all timekeepers by 29th March. The watches were collected on Wednesday evening, as was the starting order with the allotted handicaps, prepared by Brian.

At last the big day dawned, and predictably was not very promising weatherwise. In spite of all my careful forward planning I still found myself dashing around collecting banners and checking on minor points at the last minute. Finally I left home at 5.30 p.m., you may ask why so early, simply answered by saying that the road signs had to be erected, my own bike unloaded, numbers, starting order, etc., all these had to be attended to in order that a 7 p.m. start be effected.

It was with a great deal of relief that the first rider was sent on his way at 7.01., and it was at this stage that I realised all the effort of the past few weeks had finally produced the promotion of the first of 14 events for which I would be responsible.

You will know by now that all the events were well supported by club members with many from other clubs turning up for nearly every event. It is not, of course, possible to run events without support from officials and riders alike, and I therefore thank all those who took part in either capacity toward ensuring the

success of the series.

Norman Wright.

1980 Mileages

Some mileages recorded by Club members during 1980 make an interesting study. The three mileaters Keith, Adrian and Dick being way above the rest yet observe the performance capability and potential of Greg Hill on a meagre 3700. Still the miles are not so important, whether you race or whether you tour its how you do it that matters - was the training hard - was the touring really touring. I guess that Dave Hudson, David Mills and further down the scale Joe Simpson will all have got great pleasure from the miles covered.

Keith Dodman	12000	Keith Waldron	6000
Adrian Cooper	10500	John Mansell	5980
Dick Wiseman	10391	Andrew Lock	5800
David Mills	8500	Norman Wright	5150
Paul Toppin	8200	Stephen Jukes	4550
Ray Douglass	8021	Colin Miller	4500
Don Lock	7024	Greg Hill	3700
Roy Holden	6580	Roger Smallman	2000
Dave Hudson	6476	Joe Simpson	1500

There are many others whose mileages I could not get and dozens more who could not give even an approximation but I would not mind the cost of all the petrol saved by the Worthing Excelsior, during the last 12 months.

Don.

Slide Show

This event, another Dave Hudson spectacular,

was great, a really first class evening's entertainment. A kind of a cross between "Fawlty Towers" and the "Old Bioscope Days". Held in the Club room on Tuesday 27th January with nearly seventy people in attendance. We saw slides of touring, club runs and social events and racing, local and international and taken, as they were, over a period of about ten or twelve years, there was much to laugh at with changing fashions and our current strong men looking very young and puny.

About two hours of slides with never a dull moment and lots of leg pulling with the main antagonists or victims being Dave Hudson, John Lewis, Andrew Lock and Ray Douglass. There was a supporting display of snapshots including a selection from Jim and Con Hughes from the late 40's and early 50's that stirred some older memories. The Club's high standard of catering was maintained with a superb and entriely free display of sandwiches, mince pies and tea. Many thanks are due there to Jim and Con, Jean Smallman and Betty Curd and, of course, Theo.

There was great support from our friends in the other Excel, about a dozen came over from Brighton and I feel sure enjoyed a good evening.

Dave - we look forward to the next one.

Don.

The 1981 Fund Raising

Very late news in from organiser Dave Hudson is that he has once again sold 120 tickets notwithstanding the price

increase, so we now have two draws for ten months, i.e. £10 and £5 per month and still £75 and £25 at the Club Dinner.

The first recipients taking the January prizes were:-

Alf Dawes £10 (drawn would you believe by Mrs. Dawes) and £5 for Ray Douglass.

Hope you like the new look magazine - new typist Loretta - thank you very much - new printer Mike Gibbs - thank you also. But don't go expecting 44 pages every time, only when Ray goes to Canada.....come to think of it, there's still the second part to come.....

Don.

