

MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

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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.

Richard Shipton has had wind tunnel tests done and finds he goes faster with his hat on back to front.

RESULT OF WORTHING ADULT ROAD SAFETY QUIZ, 1981

	<u>Marks</u>	<u>Team Letter</u>
Chichester IAM 'A'	187	H
Brighton IAM 'A'	185 $\frac{3}{4}$	J
Worthing IAM 'A'	167 $\frac{1}{4}$	C
Chichester IAM 'B'	164	I
Borough Engineer & Surveyor's	151 $\frac{1}{2}$	N
Brighton IAM 'B'	140 $\frac{1}{4}$	L
Midland Bank 'A'	127	A
Worthing Driver Training Services	126	M
Worthing Excelsior Cycle Club	116	K
Midland Bank 'B'	113	B
West Sussex Caravan Club 'A'	104	F
Worthing IAM 'C'	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	E
Worthing IAM 'B'	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	D
West Sussex Caravan Club 'B'	57	G

Not very brilliant but our junior team did a bit better in the junior competition finishing 10th out of 20. Senior team Colin Miller, John Grant, Ian Reader and our Ed. Junior team Stuart Gibbs, Andrew Lock, David York and Greg Hill.

Andy Lock has discovered girls

LIFE VICE PRESIDENTS & LIFE MEMBERS

In response to the request made at the A.G.M. our worthy secretary has researched the Club records to try and compile a list of the above. His efforts are set out below but he is very concerned that this may be incomplete and anyone knowing, with certainty, of omissions is requested to advise either the Secretary or the Editor, so that the list may be comprehensive.

L.V.P's

Douglas Argent
Maurice Reeve-Black
Connie Hughes
Jim Hughes
Theo Puttick
Ray Douglass
Brian Weir

L.M's

Dave Funnell
Reg Searle
Freddie Clayton
Don Cooper
Barbara Dean
Mike Poland

Ray Douglass really is that old

E.S.C.A.2-UP's 29th March 1981

Junior event over 24 miles. This produced a superb effort from Stuart Gibbs and Andrew Lock. In torrential rain and cold they tackled the hilly East Sussex course with great determination to finish second

in 1 hr. 4 min. 13 seconds, just 43 seconds behind the winners.

Senior event over 27 miles and in the same frightful weather. In this Don Lock and Roy Holden smashed their way round to finish 10th in 1.12.11, after first being credited with 1.11.11. and 7th. Roy couldn't see anything with glasses and so took them off. When at the front he relied on Don's gasped instructions of "right" "left", "mind the roundabout", etc. Norman Wright and Bill Procter ploughed round in 1.26.23 and claimed that the puncture only cost them about 30 minutes!

Graham Tooley pretends he has cramp 'cos he likes people rubbing his legs.

THE FIRST PROSECUTION FOR A CYCLING OFFENCE

Continuing our "firsts" series:-

From Glasgow Herald June 10th 1842

"On Wednesday a gentleman, who stated that he came from Thornhill, in Dumfriesshire, was placed at the Gorbals Police Bar charged with riding along the pavement on a velocipede, to the obstruction of the passage, and with having, by so doing, thrown over a child.

It appeared from his statement that he had, on the day previous, come all the way from Old Cumnock, a distance of forty miles, bestriding the velocipede, and that he performed the journey in the space of five hours.

On reaching the Barony of Gorbals he had gone upon the pavement, and was soon

surrounded by a large crowd, attracted by the novelty of the machine.

The child who was throwndown had not sustained any injury; and under the circumstances, the offender was fined only in 5s.

The velocipede employed in this instance was very ingeniously constructed. It moved on wheels turned with the hand (sic) by means of a crank; but to make it progress appeared to require more labour than will be compensated for by the increase in speed.

This invention will not supersede the rail.

John Grant enjoys pushing off 'cos he likes bottoms.

MAYDAY BANK HOLIDAY

The weather forecast promised showers and sunny spells for our planned motorised run to Newbury, which could mean anything, but the sky was clear as I left home for Fontwell where I met Dave Hudson and Chris Beckenham in Dave's van. Ray Douglass, Andrew Lock, Dave Mills, Stephen Jukes and Brighton Excelsior's Mike Stringer were to travel in Dave Mills' car and meet us there.

The first shower fell while we drove and the sky frequently turned from grey to black to grey again. The two parties arrived within a few minutes of each other and before unloading we wandered to a cafe Dave knew of, which turned out to be closed so we returned to the van to unload and ride to a Little Chef we had

passed just up the road. We weren't exactly welcomed with open arms as a cook told us through a window that they were short staffed and could not manage a party of eight, but as the sign on the door said "Open", we went in anyway. The service was poor and it was 11.15 before we were out and on the road.

After forty minutes through the lanes an adjustable spanner was spotted in the road and in the ensuing scramble for this prize, Andrew did a very impressive headstand in the middle of the road which left him with a nice bump and a grazed leg. After sitting at the roadside for ten minutes he started getting abusive so we knew he was O.K. and we carried on.

Dave Hudson's map reading took us through some most attractive countryside as we made our way to Marlborough for lunch. This proved to be a most enjoyable meal but again time consuming and it was 3.15 when we once more headed for the lanes. After riding one narrow lane for a while it turned into a pleasant rough stuff track, which although not too muddy, went steadily uphill, as standing up meant loss of grip it meant a steady plod in low gear. Halfway along this track a shout of "OIL" went up and to our surprise a citreon car came bouncing towards us. Just 10 yards from the end of the track I punctured and while I changed the tube, Dave took some silly photos of our party in two folding chairs found by the roadside.

The rain started spitting as we set off again but within five minutes it was pouring so we caped up, Dave Mills in his souwester, amid many calls of "Man the lifeboat", it did its job well though.

Hungerford was reached and a stop was made for yet more food. It was still raining as we left the cafe, but with only 14 miles to go nobody worried too much. We arrived back at the vehicles about 7 o'clock and so ended another very pleasant ride, only about 55 miles but done in true tourist style, a leisurely pace and plenty of food.

Keith Waldron

Adrian Cooper thinks he's a tank.

CLUB 30

With the defection of Club Events Secretary Ray Douglass on a Majorca holiday with another half dozen or so of our racing members there were mixed feelings about this event. Firstly there was confidence that at least there would be an improvement in the weather as against previous club events, but with so many absent what sort of field would we have. Well as it turned out the weather was reasonable with a head wind on the last few miles, but not too bad, and there was an entry of 14 of which 13 started and there were some very fair rides.

Poor Linda Stacy having just 'ladyfully' finished in the London Marathon, had no way out when tackled by Mike Gibbs, "if you can run 26 miles you can certainly ride 30" so she was number 1, and the rest of the field were to have a lady to chase, perhaps that had something to do with the times! Mike riding his first 30 for nearly as many years was number 2 and Pete Reeves, in a rare outing in Club competition this season followed at 3. The order then was

Ken Atkins, Bill Patrick, Roy Holden and Andrew Lock, before a gap with Colin Miller D.N.S., saving himself would you believe for some important football match. Something about the F.A. Cup , between the Firemen and the Arsonists perhaps! Bill Procter was next then came Adrian Cooper, very much a joint favourite, Don Lock, Norman Wright and then Stuart Gibbs before champion Richard Shipton at number 14.

The handicapper had obviously got Richard on scratch and Linda as longmarker but in the result had not given the long and middlemarkers sufficient allowance so that the fastmen were able to double up with both scratch and handicap awards being spread between them.

Alf Dawes sent the riders on their way and Roger Smallman and Brian and Betty Cox turned out to point the way although one rider (he shall be nameless Ed.) attempted to ignore Roger at Tangmere aiming for a faster time by cutting out that five mile leg. A stern call from Roger however, had him back on course quite quickly.

Both Richard and Adrian were going well and there was some gap then to Roy Holden who was quite disgusted at being caught by Adrian just before the finish. Stuart Gibbs and Andrew Lock were riding well both stretching themselves to this new distance and finding plenty of stamina it seemed.

Full result:

1st. Richard Shipton	Sc.	1.15.09	1.15.09
2nd. Adrian Cooper	1.00	1.15.15	1.14.15
3rd. Roy Holden	3.20	1.19.18	1.15.58
4th. Don Lock	4.30	1.21.25	1.16.55

5th. Stuart Gibbs	6.00	1.22.12	1.16.12
6th. Andrew Lock	6.00	1.23.40	1.17.40
7th. Pete Reeves	5.00	1.25.32	1.20.32
8th. Norman Wright	8.00	1.27.02	1.19.02
9th. Ken Atkins	8.00	1.27.20	1.19.20
10th. Bill Procter	10.50	1.30.41	1.19.51
11th. Mike Gibbs	12.00	1.31.21	1.19.21
12th. Bill Patrick	9.30	1.32.20	1.22.50
13th. Linda Stacy	18.00	1.45.17	1.27.17

Greg Hill hurt his toe doing something he's frightened of telling his Dad about.

Some Miscellaneous Results

Easter

17th April Crawley Wheelers - Crawley -
Shoreham - Crawley 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles

Adrian Cooper 1.52.08 Richard Shipton 1.53.10
Norman Wright 2.12.50 Paul West (Mechanical trouble).

Veterans event Don Lock 2.2.38

Junior event 21 miles Andrew Lock 59.44

19th April Fareham Wheelers 10.

1st Adrian Cooper 24.42. Other times Stuart
Gibbs 27.5 Stephen Jukes 28.31 Mike Gibbs
30.39 Betty Cox 34.06

Juvenile event 2nd Andrew Lock 27.45

John Grant really is that slow

In Brief

From the Financial Times, no less, Oeystein
Mollat 14, became the first cyclist caught by

Norwegian police radar control while pedalling at 57 k.p.h. (35.6 m.p.h.) in a 50 k.p.h. zone. He got off with a warning. A very fast juvenile indeed!

Keith Dodman practises with a John Bull printing set.

* * * * *

MECHANICS

BRAKES

Starting is important but so is stopping, so lets take a look at brakes.

Make sure first of all, if you have not already done so, that everything is spotlessly clean, that you have new brake blocks, new cables, and possibly new outer cable as well.

Consider the cables and the outer covers; make sure that the covers move in a smooth arc and without too much cable either.

It's a common fault to have too much cable with great loops and this means that much greater strength is required to put the brakes on. Cut the cover neatly to make the neatest, smoothest and shortest path possible between levers and brakes. This fault is often particularly noticeable on the rear brake with great loops round the seat bolt.

Next oil or grease the cable so that it will move smoothly inside the cover without friction. Then check that your brake levers are really tight on the bars. It's no good if they are going to twist when you pull on them perhaps on a hill or when making a special effort.

Fit the brakes to the frame and get the blocks lined up with the rims. The blocks are just about the same width as the rims, and you must make sure that as the blocks touch the rims they are really square on. The centre bolt of a side pull variety can be left slightly loose to make this easier. An exception to the square on rule is the Mafac with the pivotable blocks where the shoes should be angled upwards. Also with Mafac the front of the shoe should be slightly nearer the rim than the back. This gives smoother braking without any squealing. By careful use of a small tommy bar, or an adjustable spanner you can make this sort of effect with other brakes by bending the arms in this direction so that the front of the brake shoe touches the rim before the back.

Do not forget then to tighten up the centre bolt so that the brake shoes are the same distance away from the rim. This is very important and you may have to tighten it and loosen it several times before you get just right.

Take the cable through the adjuster and the pinch bolts and slacken off any quick release. Pull the cable finger tight with the brake shoes together against the rim and then do the pinch bolt up good and tight.

The mechanism has a natural give in it when the brake is applied and this will be taken up when you do up the quick release again. You should now find that both brakes are not quite on the rims, and perfectly adjusted with all the screw-up adjustment ready for use. If you leave about two turns of the adjuster screwed up you can slacken it a bit if you wish to make your hands more

comfortable on the tops.

You should see the size of Colin Miller's fire extinguisher.

WARTIME MEMORY - THE SOUTH BURMA ROAD CLUB

1945 and V E Day past. The Japanese in Burma defeated and my Squadron - No. 79 - disbanded back at Meiktila. Myself an LAC in Rangoon, at a Forward Equipment Unit, helping to prepare guns from the disbanded squadrons for onward transmission to Singapore and the fighting in Java/Sumatra. Apart from the occasional flight to Singapore as an escort, a rather boring life, so out went an appeal for anyone in Rangoon interested in cycling to meet together. In due course, with the aid of Audrie Alliss, and her Contact Corner in "the Bicycle", a Lieutenant in the Royal Sussex, a Sergeant in Field Security, myself and a few other kindred souls got together and the South Burma Road Club was formed.

The next thing was bikes and here the RAF Welfare people turned up trumps, after listening to impassioned pleas, and three crated cycles duly arrived in Rangoon. These heavy, upright machines, with rod brakes were, we were assured, the only ones obtainable and that we actually assembled and rode them away the same day in that city of pagodas, pyonghis (holy men) and pongs (open sewers!) I have a photo to prove.

From that small beginning time-trialling inevitably transpired but what with the

heat, the weight of the bike and our own lack of fitness, we never exceeded a 5, though we talked of a 10. The times I have forgotten and I am sure it's better that way.

So we managed to retain our sanity, stay in our saddles, if only temporarily, and dream of the day when the troopship would return us to England, home and Excelsior.

Maurice Reeve-Black

Gordon Curd the AI man says his job is a bad of old bull.

EVENING TENS NO.1.

30th April

1st.	Adrian Cooper	23.14	-	23.14
2nd.	Paul Toppin	23.24	0.20	23.04
3rd.	Stuart Gibbs	24.47	3.00	21.47
	Graham Tooley	24.47	3.00	21.47
5th.	Greg Hill	25.09	3.30	21.39
6th.	Dick Wiseman	25.14	1.00	24.14
	Clive Smith	25.14	4.00	21.14
8th.	Andrew Lock	25.17	3.30	21.47
9th.	Don Lock	25.22	3.30	21.52
10th.	Stephen Jukes	26.34	3.00	23.34
11th.	Paul West	26.38	4.00	22.38
12th.	Norman Wright	26.43	4.00	22.43
13th.	Bill Procter	26.45	4.00	22.45
14th.	Tim Salmon	26.48	6.00	20.48
15th.	Ken Atkins	26.54	4.00	22.54
16th.	Mike Gibbs	27.36	5.30	22.06
17th.	Betty Cox	30.26	5.00	25.26
18th.	Clive Stone	30.51	6.00	24.51
19th.	Ron Stone	31.09	6.00	25.09

Dave Hudson has shares in cycling publications.

EVENING TENS NO.2.

7th May

1st.	Adrian Cooper	23.45	Sc	23.45
2nd.	Paul Toppin	24.11.	0.20	23.51
3rd.	Graham Tooley	24.27	1.30	22.57
4th.	Keith Dodman	24.32	—	—
5th.	Stuart Gibbs	25.23	1.45	23.38
6th.	Clive Smith	25.34	2.00	23.34
7th.	Greg Hill	25.36	2.30	23.06
8th.	Stephen Jukes	26.18	3.30	22.48
9th.	Paul West	26.30	4.00	22.30
10th.	Andrew Lock	26.33	2.30	24.03
11th.	Derek Pearce	26.35	—	—
12th.	Bill Procter	26.40	3.00	23.40
13th.	Norman Wright	27.15	4.00	23.15
14th.	Tim Salmon	27.41	3.30	24.11
15th.	Bill Patrick	27.45	3.30	24.15
16th.	Mike Gibbs	27.46	5.00	22.46
17th.	Ron Stone	30.50	9.00	21.50
18th.	Clive Stone	31.38	7.30	24.08
19th.	Linda Stacy	32.32	7.30	25.02

Dick fell off in Majorca because he was drunk.

EVENING TENS NO.3.

14th May

1st.	Adrian Cooper	23.30	Sc	23.30
2nd.	Paul Toppin	23.31	0.20	23.11
3rd.	Graham Tooley	24.32	1.20	23.12
4th.	Dick Wiseman	24.47	1.30	23.17
5th.	Greg Hill	25.15	2.30	22.45
6th.	Andrew Lock	25.20	2.45	22.35
7th.	Don Lock	25.22	2.30	22.52

8th.	Stuart Gibbs	25.25	2.00	23.25
9th.	Clive Smith	25.33	2.00	23.33
10th.	Stephen Jukes	25.51	3.30	22.21
11th.	Paul West	26.22	4.00	22.22
12th.	Bill Procter	26.38	4.20	22.18
13th.	Bill Patrick	26.57	3.45	23.12
14th.	Eddy Gough	27.09	—	—
15th.	Ray Douglass	27.32	4.30	23.02
16th.	Mike Gibbs	27.43	5.00	22.43
17th.	Ron Stone	29.44	7.00	22.44
18th.	Graham Weston	29.46	6.00	23.46
19th.	Betty Cox	30.02	7.00	23.02
20th.	John Butler	30.20	6.00	24.20
21st.	Clive Stone	30.42	7.30	23.12
22nd.	Linda Stacy	31.17	9.00	22.17

The Club has purchased a new table tennis ball (American Express?).

EVENING TENS NO.4.

21st May

1st.	Adrian Cooper	23.14	SC	23.14
2nd.	Paul Toppin	23.21	SC	23.21
3rd.	Graham Tooley	24.01	1.20	22.41
4th.	Greg Hill	24.11.	2.20	21.51
5th.	Derek Pearce	25.02	3.30	21.32
6th.	Stuart Gibbs	25.03	2.00	23.03
	Dick Wiseman	25.03	1.30	23.33
8th.	Don Lock	25.09	2.20	22.49
9th.	Clive Smith	25.16	2.00	23.16
10th.	Andrew Lock	25.17	2.20	22.57
11th.	Glin Miller	25.19	—	—
12th.	Paul West	25.50	4.00	21.50
13th.	Tim Salmon	26.27	3.45	22.42
14th.	Dave Hudson	26.32	—	—
15th.	Bill Procter	26.47	3.20	23.27
16th.	Mike Gibbs	27.20	4.30	22.50
17th.	Ray Douglass	29.10	4.30	24.40
18th.	Betty Cox	29.21	7.00	22.21
19th.	Geoffrey Weston	29.35	6.00	23.35

20th. Tony Butler	29.58.	7.00	22.58
21st. Reg Searle	32.11	10.00	22.11

Richard Shipton wears furry racing shoes cos' he likes the way they tickle.

EVENING TENS NO.5.

28th May

1st. Paul Toppin	23.31	SC.	23.31
2nd. Adrian Cooper	23.37	SC.	23.37
3rd. Graham Tooley	24.16	1.20	22.56
4th. Greg Hill	24.34	1.40	22.54
5th. Stuart Gibbs	24.59	2.00	22.59
6th. Dick Wiseman	25.05	1.30	23.35
7th. Andrew Lock	25.32	2.20	23.12
8th. Stephen Jukes	25.34	3.00	22.34
9th. Bill Patrick	26.36	3.45	22.51
10th. Eddy Gough	27.02	—	—
11th. Tim Salmon	27.07	3.45	23.22
12th. Mike Gibbs	27.40	4.30	23.10
13th. Brian Cox	28.26	—	—
14th. Geoffrey Weston	29.21	6.00	23.21
15th. Ron Stone	29.30	6.45	22.45
16th. Betty Cox	30.05	7.00	23.05
17th. Reg Searle	31.31	9.30	22.01

Andy Lock has found out what girls are for...

EVENING TENS NO.6.

4th June

1st. Paul Toppin	25.04	SC	25.04
2nd. Derek Pearce	26.04	3.30	22.34
3rd. Stuart Gibbs	26.25	1.50	24.35
Andrew Lock	26.25	2.45	23.40
5th. Don Lock	26.32	2.20	24.12
6th. Clive Smith	26.43	2.00	24.43
7th. Bill Procter	27.28	3.20	24.08

8th.	Stephen Jukes	28.05	3.00	25.05
9th.	Tim Salmon	28.31	4.00	24.31
10th.	Bill Patrick	29.11.	3.45	25.26
11th.	Norman Wright	29.31	4.00	25.31
12th.	Mike Gibbs	30.35	4.45	25.50
13th.	Reg Searle	33.17	9.00	24.17

Adrian Cooper is saving up for a pump and a spare tub.

London to Brighton Rally 1981

Whatever your starting point in London you would have no trouble finding Hyde Park as I discovered as I left my overnight accommodation in Bermondsey. On every main road a steady stream of cyclists were joined by more at every junction. I joined onto a cycling club from Somerset and very soon Speakers Corner was in sight. There were already many thousands there with more arriving all the time. It has been estimated that twelve thousand cyclists took part in this year's ride, and that is very easy to believe if you were there at the start. Not only club cyclists and enthusiasts but every type of person on every type of bike imaginable.

Understandably it took a long time getting this show on the road, the Police letting a couple of hundred go at a time. By 8.30 I had seen enough of the spectacle at Hyde Park so sneaked to the front to be in the next batch off. Although bikes ruled the roads that day, it still took a long time to clear the London streets, but at last the lanes were reached and the crowds of riders thinned out, the racing boys aiming to be back for lunch, and the unfit already collapsing at the roadside.

A drizzle started to fall about ten o'clock

but with so many people 'willing' it to stop it had no choice but to fade and allow the sun out. Those not already in shorts did a quick roadside change as the sun and the rise and fall of the route made conditions pleasantly warm. Refreshments were served at many points en route, mostly organised by local Womens Institutes. The price at these places were very reasonable and with several good snacks, I found a main meal unnecessary. A theatre group entertained themselves and a few cyclists by doing such things as laying down a plastic zebra crossing in the middle of nowhere and 'Frisking' cyclists stopped at traffic lights. Diversions such as these are unnecessary if you are wearing a club shirt as you are continually being joined by other club cyclists asking about your club's activities, etc.

By one o'clock the rain started again but heavier than before so those able to, caped up and those unprepared either hid or resigned to getting wet. The rain only lasted about an hour by which time I had arrived at Ditchling Beacon. I had been forced to walk up this hill on the 1980 ride due to a heavy camping load so I was determined to ride up this year. The climb is hard enough but when you have to weave through groups of walkers five and six abreast, it becomes nearly impossible to stay on board, but I succeeded and on reaching the top, I lingered awhile to listen to other people's tales of how far they managed to ride before dismounting. I felt a sense of satisfaction for being one of a small percentage that rode all the way up.

A little further on from the Beacon is 39 acre field where the bikers were to gather

for the mass ride into Brighton. The Police sent the first group off at 3 o'clock instead of the planned 3.30, presumably because of the number of riders. It would have been a far better descent if the roads had been closed for a while but as they weren't, we had to weave through traffic again until Madeira Drive was reached where a crowd of spectators applauded the cyclists over the finishing line.

I lingered at the finish awhile before heading for home, feeling very satisfied with my 155 mile round trip. Since doing the ride, I have read reports of a 'Lunatic Fringe' being present but considering the number of riders, I think the organisers did a great job of keeping things moving. I certainly saw no troubles and will be back for more in 1982.

Keith Waldron

John Grant is having piano lessons.

ON PUSHING OFF

Easy job this, better than running around giving people sponges and bottles that they insist on dropping - pity it's so cold though - keep my swish stringback driving gloves on, should be O.K. 5-4-3-2-1 off, whoops, must remember, back on five, not forward - could have been interesting. Oh gawd, here's the next one, thirty seconds strap in, not too tight? Feet comfy? Good. Phawg, what have you been rubbing on your legs? You haven't! Phew! 5-4-3-2-1 off. Bit better, at least he was going forward on "one". Shame I dislodged his pump though. Next - that's better he's smiling. Probably wondering

what he's doing here instead of in bed
snuggled up against.....no, that's cold
bath country, concentrate on the job in
hand.....gold toe-clips? Er, good morning
your Royal Highness, no, it's not him,
he's probably flying helicopters somewhere
or having his phone bugged or he could even
be playing with di...(ce)(s)! ...wonder if
gold clips make you go faster, ...don't
panic 15 seconds, this chap seems a bit
irritable... 5-4-3-2-1-off, dam caught
his back brake.....oh lor, now he's pulled
his foot out, perhaps ordinary clips are
best.. and I've got a hole in me glove...
wish people would trim their cables...
leave the gloves off...blimey.this bike's
cold.. short bloke, nothing to grab
hold of, whoops sorry Norman thought it
was your seat pillar! Coo no toeclips at
all.. bit technical ...what happens if you
fall off? Oh you don't. Clunk click every
trip with this one. Crikey bikes are cold
my right arms gone numb. Blimey didn't
know they still made these... they don't?
... nice lugs though.. they only designed
em this way to get rid of a load of old
tandem bottom tubes you know- 5-4-3-2-1-off.
Watch it, this guy's in the S.A.S....black
skin balaclavas tucked in half way up the
thigh whatever next..... feet comfy? gears
O.K.? ...Hope your head soon gets better...
5-4-3-2-1-off. Cheerful bunch really, all
on first name terms with the timekeeperess...
"morning Val", "morning Bert ", "morning
Val", "morning Mark".... suppose they all
have to keep the rightside or she could
stick a minute on.... thirty seconds, fifteen
seconds, rising..... nice bike, all campag,
must have cost a bomb. Wish I was riding...
no too fat.... must start training.... what
at my age..... but Ray's older..... yeah

but he's got muscles and an afro hairstyle...
so what... and he doesn't drink.... 5-4-3-2-1-
off..... look at those calves.. next...
Oh is that it? Great fun really, frostbitten
hands, shoulder strain, ruined gloves, a
funny smell of about fifteen different
brands of embrocation and muscle varnish
on the right shoulder of me sheekpskin
jacket. Let's get down the finish and scrounge
a cuppa off Thoe (or even Theo) and pretend
I'm a real clubman. Might get the bike out
this afternoon if it gets warmer and go
and pose as a cyclist on the A.27. Great
sport this, wish I was 14 again, 69" fixed,
pressures, Wally Fitch and all that mob
on the old G.15.... Wally cracked a "four"
last week and the best I could do was a
"fourteen"... pressures and plimsoles.
Can't even beat "evens" now with all this
posh gear... pity I left it alone for so
long.... still, no good living in the past,
enjoy it while it's here, and make sure the
young 'uns don't make the same mistake and
come out of the sport, for whatever reason.
At least you feel fitter now, even if you
are carrying around enough pudden to balance
a bike and a bit.... was I really only nine
stone twelve? Blimey Andy's head weighs more
than that.... yes, really mustdoafew miles....
but secretly though, so no one knows... then
watch out, all you Sharps and Shiptons,
and Yates and Attwoods.... I'll show you...
must have a pint before lunch though.....

John Grant.

Don Lock is waiting to be discovered by David
Coleman.

THE RON MILLS OPEN 25 MILE TIME TRIAL

At last a full field after several year's

of trying, indeed some⁴⁰ or so excess entries had to be returned. Truly a vote of confidence and thanks for Tony Palmer's hard work in the running of this annual promotion. It was a shame that the weather could not have been less inclement for it caused a number not to start which is particularly unfortunate when some have had their entries returned to them. Tony's note of thanks on his result sheet to all who helped will be appreciated and most certainly deserved. As a rider I was particularly struck by the presence of Joe Simpson marshalling on the roundabout at the foot of Crossbush Hill. Those who do not bother to ride would do well to remember such service to the sport, which would quickly founder without them.

Ron Mills and his wife were out early to have a look and Ron's right hand man Les was soon inviting Linda in the van, no doubt to get warmed up.....

The Worthing Excelsior could manage not even a minor award this year but congratulate those who were successful.

Particularly we congratulate our old, well he's getting on a bit, friend Cliff Sharp from Eastbourne Rovers. He's ridden nearly every one of these events that we've put on and this is not the first time he's come out on top; as someone said, "it's Cliff's type of morning". Certainly in the conditions 1.0.11 was a very fine effort.

The result:

1st.	C.V. Sharp	Eastbourne Rovers	1.0.11.
2nd.	A.W. Dawson	Antelope Racing	1.0.40.
	Team.		
3rd.	I.M. Silvester	Southborough	1.1.09.
	Whs.		
4th.	A.R. Brooks	Hastings & St.	1.1.27.
	Leonards		

Handicap

1st.	J.P. Collison	Eastbourne Rovers	52.54
2nd.	R.P. Weare	Coventry C.C.	56.05
3rd.	R.G. Stringer	Brighton Excelsior	56.14

<u>Team Award</u>	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	
	C.V. Sharp, J.C. Keen,	
	M.S. Williams	3.08.24.

Keith Dodman really is forty two.

JOHN GRANT pleads.....

Since February I have endeavoured to keep the local press informed of our activities... well those we can talk about in public..... and I'm finding it far from easy because you just seem very reluctant to let me know what you've been doing. The press always cut back on what you give them but please let me have all your time trialling, track and road results and details of anything you might consider noteworthy. It's not bigheaded to let me know what you've done for we are only trying to promote the name of the Club.

Don't forget.... the number is Worthing 66199 and there's usually someone at home.

John Grant.

Tony Palmer is going to run next year's Ron Mill's 25 on bridleways and the tourist trial on the G.938.

THANKS

You may or may not know that I run a

cubs and scouts cyclocross every year up on Highdown Hill. I usually get an entry in excess of 130. The Worthing Excelsior have provided one of the super trophies which are annually competed for. Among the entries this year a member of the Worthing Excelsior who shall be nameless.

Last year Roger and Jean Smallman sat and froze so this year I had two fresh volunteers? to do the starting and finish timing. Young Hudson promised to do the starting and got up at 02.30 a.m. to do his papers (this I call dedication) so that he could be there in time. Our Editor and Chairman did the finish.

Young Hudson had trouble getting his van into position but with twenty heavy males in the rear he soon got the grip he needed.

The weather, was diabolical with many younger cubs in danger of sinking without trace into the morass which had one been marked out as the $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile course.

The certain lad who had prepared a place for the trophy lost it by 10 seconds, he fell into the chalk pit, his chain came off five times and he got very very muddy. He was revived by a mars bar.

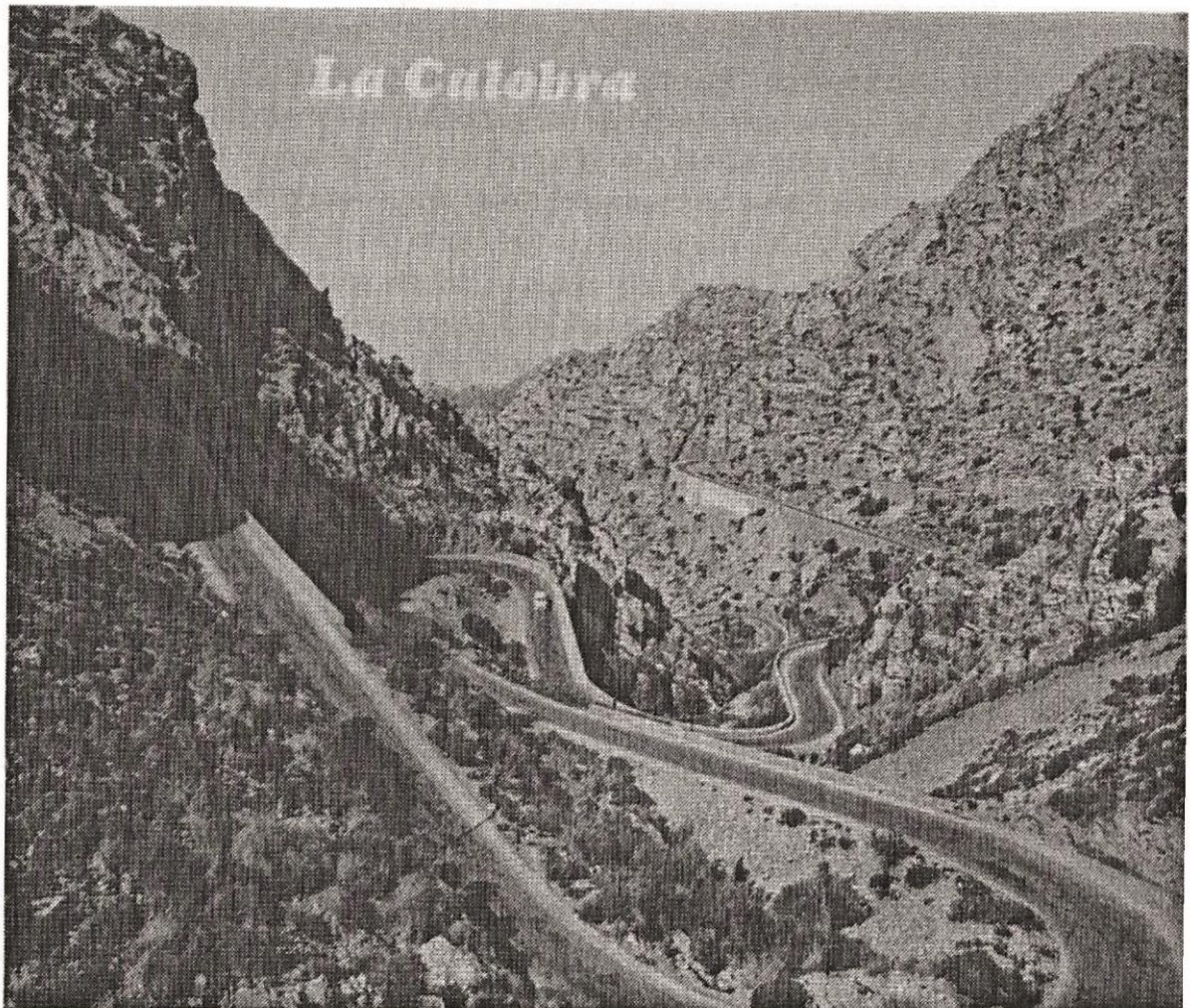
Very many thanks to those from the Worthing Excelsior who helped, it was very much appreciated.

John Lewis.

P.S. There you are Andy I didn't mention your name, did I.

Stuart Gibbs is a W A L L Y ?

TOURS OF THE UNEXPECTED



THE BALEARIC ISLAND OF MAJORCA CONTAINS IDEAL SCENERY (AND HILLS) FOR THE CYCLETOURIST. THE ISLAND'S MOST FEARED CLIMB.

MAJORCA was I thought only a place for beach bound holiday folk and not a land for the Cycle Tourist. These thoughts were soon corrected by John Mansell during his twice yearly reports on this his favourite touring area. One can always tell when he

has just returned, by his suntanned appearance and new racing jersey.

In October last year along with the runs list were details of John's proposed Club trip to Majorca. Yes I would go, but wishing to see some scenery on the way other than Gatwick, I decided to travel by Road and Sea with Transit van, sleeping gear, a good supply of food and of course bike. Of the eight other members of the John Mansell package holiday, only Chris Beckingham and Paul Toppin knew my plans ("I'll surprise the rest of 'em").

The evening of Tuesday, 24th March, was filthy, rain and thick mist made it very unlikely that any Worthing rider would be out training in the Newhaven area and spot me leaving the Country. The Sealink vessel Dieppe bound slipped out of harbour at 7.p.m. By $\frac{1}{4}$ past I was in the land of nod stretched out in my sleeping bag until around 11 when we arrived in the French Port. Clocks forward 1 hour, simple customs clearance and away into the night.

The deserted French roads via Rouen, Chartres and Orleans were a joy to drive on, here after 172 miles (4.am.) tea and cakes were consumed before continuing via Bourges, Moulins and Macon where I stopped beside a river for a breakfast fry up. By now the sun was shining very brightly and I was well and truly in a warmer land. A little further on beyond Bourg the hills became steeper via Nantua and St. Claude and up to the summit of the Col De La Faucille 1323 metres. The road was passable despite the heavy snow (slides to prove it). I parked just a couple of miles down the other side towards Geneve and went cycling for about an hour and a $\frac{1}{2}$. I paused at the

top to watch the skiers enjoying the ideal conditions for their pastime. Back to the van and another brew up (ah lovely), then into the driving seat and away into Switzerland with tremendous views along Lake Lema. The sleeping bag was calling as I arrived at my scheduled destination of Martigny (578 miles).

THURSDAY was raining, so the planned day ride had to be cancelled and a motorised tour took me amidst scenery out of this world. The road to Chamonix was closed by snow just beyond the French border at Vallorcine so a quick return to Martigny and up to the Grand St. Bernard Tunnel. Down into Italy (Shut-upper your face) and a detour from Aoste to Courmayeur where now the sun was brilliant, allowing me out on the bike beneath the Mont Blanc range of snow capped mountains. An evening meal in Aoste and down to Turin for the night.

FRIDAY morning after the mist had cleared, brought temperatures way up in the 80's, the market place in Turin was full of activity. A poster near by advertising Jeans, jackets and casuals made an ideal photo "A Tuttomash" (4 people on a bike). From Turin the 90 mile drive down the A6 to the Italian Riviera was soon covered. Excellent views were provided around every bend as the autostrada weaved its way down the valley to Savona. An hours drive along the coast brought me to one of Italy's most popular holiday centres. Alassio contains some 200 hotels but at this time of the year was pleasantly quiet despite the lovely climate. I stayed here for 3 hours beginning my stay viewing the glorious coastline from my mobile kitchen enjoying banger sandwiches and coffee. I wandered around the narrow

streets, purchased the first batch of postcards and went for an hours ride around the neighbourhood. A quick pot of tea and back at the wheel for the westbound drive to San Remo, Ventimiglia and Monte-Carlo. An evening meal in Nice which was nice!! The night was spent a little further on near Brignoles.

SATURDAY brought continued warm weather, open air breakfast at Cassie just east of Marseille. Through Marseille, Montpellier and Narbonne where around 5.p.m. I fancied an early evening meal. One cafe caught my eye (English spoken sign), The Ideal Bar. I enquired if the young man behind the bar spoke English and his reply was "I can speak a few words you know, but I seem to get by". I ordered a mixed grill at just 15 Francs and what excellent value, a mammoth helping (did they think I was Norman Wright?). The whole family had, in fact, only left Worthing a year earlier where they had lived for some 30 years. Just three weeks later, John Lewis (would you believe) on holiday in the same area, also went in, (they wonder who will be next - perhaps we should put it on the runs list).

At the Spanish border as with other countries they were very interested to see what freight I was hauling in my van, but as soon as the bike was pointed to all was explained and I was a hero. Barcelona (homeland of Manuel - Faulty Towers) was reached about 10.p.m. ahead of schedule, so I caught the midnight ferry to Majorca, 132 miles away, which would take some 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours. I found a comfortable armchair, snuggled up in my sleeping bag and snored the night away.

SUNDAY. By the time I had motored the short

distance from the Port of Palma to El Arenal, breakfasted and changed into my cycling garb, the Excelsior training camp would have left for the day. However, armed with the address of the Hotel, as supplied by Chris, I checked. They had departed and so I pottered around the lanes, stopping in Llucmajor for 11's. The bumpy roads via Algaida and Inca provided traffic free cycling. A picnic lunch was taken by the road side before attacking the nasty climbs from Lloseta to Orient (Non express). A gritty hairpin route for the descent before reaching the smooth main road near Bunyola. A quick spring down to Palma and along the coast to El-Arenal. (78 miles) I took great delight wandering into the bar at the Excelsior headquarters, Ray (and the others) had quite a shock, I just casually asked Ray where the Club run was going next morning. (It wasn't on the list you know). Dick Wiseman had words with the head waiter and arranged an extra chair so I could join the group for the evening meal every night. Before dining Ray thumped hard on John Mansell's bedroom door telling him to hurry up, as a guest would be dining with them that night. I expect Paul West will tell the readers in his article (next mag) of the hotel, food standards and, of course, all the mishaps the riders suffered. One of these was, I understand, most entertaining for Ray, turning on a gritty bend, Keith Dodman hit the dust thus providing Ray, who was immediately behind, with a first class view. Of course he did not laugh, he was most concerned, he just sneered behind his glasses.

MONDAY. The morning was spent visiting the

only cycle shop in Palma to stock up with racing jerseys and for some to replace broken equipment. After a late 11's the riders split, some returned to the hotel with their goodies, lunched there and then went out for an afternoon training bash. Ray went off on a solo ride, John and I set off in a westerly direction and up some quite stiff drags. Just beyond the Coll De Sa Cren, John felt his saddle wobbling, (no not his knees). Yes, his seat pin had snapped, He was very happy Ray was not present, so I took a photo, (copies now available Ray). He made a make-do saddle on his crossbar with wet weather gear and freewheeled down hill to Palma and another visit to the cycle dealer. I continued alone via Galilea, Capdella and Andratx all along quiet narrow lanes, with the sun baking down. The return journey was via the main road through Paguera and Magaluf.

TUESDAY. Chris Beckingham, John Mansell, Keith Waldron, Stephen Jukes and myself departed from outside the Hotel shortly after 9.a.m. for a 100 mile potter around the western coastline. I say potter, it was for them with their stripped down touring bikes, (I've never seen Chris without mudguards). A morning stop was made at Paguera for coffee, although John was already (at this early hour) on the hard stuff - still it kept the smile on his face, even on the climbs! Once through Andratx the road became much narrower and showed no respect for gradient. However, we were well rewarded with grand scenery and frequent stops were made to record the holiday on film. Our Courier, John Mansell, was able to suggest suitable feeding stations along the way, additional to our saddle bag supplies. At one such stop large

slices of gateaux (only 40p) were very much enjoyed washed down with coffee. The twisty coastline was a tough ride with some climbs lasting several miles, "See you at the top" was a frequent phrase from the unfit. Later in the afternoon the village of Deya was reached, some bright spark in the group (it may have been me!) asked "De-ya want a cup of coffee", so a suitable bar was chosen for it's veranda where the peloton could relax and plan the next stage which was to take them via Soller and its fertile valley surrounded by Orange Groves. The inner man re-fuelled, we pedalled on, the silence shattered only by my squeaking cranks on the climbs, but worst was young Stephen's saddlebag on the descents, (transferred to the handlebars for mechanical reasons) everything in it tools, etc., rattled loudly. The 40 minute climb up the Soller pass was quite hard but rewarding with its downhill run the other side (I gave up counting the hairpins after 28). From Bunyola we took to the lanes once more and detoured via Santa Maria. Within a few miles of base, the fast group of Keith Dodman, Paul Toppin and Paul West caught us. They had ridden in excess of 100 miles to the eastern side of the Island. As if we had not ridden far enough, John led us down a farm track which he assured us went somewhere, every farmhouse we passed had a barking dog (chained up, thank goodness). Half a mile later looking up at an eight foot fence barring our way, John insisted (much to Ray's disbelief) that it led somewhere on his last trip. Keith Dodman made a quick check each way to see if there was a gap, but to no avail. So back up the farm track, the dogs

barking louder and tugging at their chains, eager to have fresh Sussex leg of Jukes. Eventually the Hotel was reached about 8.p.m. Although sleeping in the Transit every night, I made use of the hotel showers before dining that evening.

WEDNESDAY. A Motorised Club run to the north of the Island with a view to parking and riding around some of the more scenic areas including the dead end laneto Cola de la Colobra (as pictured). Unfortunately, the weather was not very promising and my team riders for the day, Chris and John, were quite happy to view the terrain in comfort. The long ($6\frac{1}{2}$ mile) descent in the rain and mist did not provide much to look at, merely to look for where (beneath you) the road actually went. There were I guess some 60 hairpin bends making this the Island's hill of all hills. Out of some 12 coaches making this trip, we were near the front and so were able to find seating space in one of three restaurants for morning coffee and cakes before the rush. After a walk round the picturesque bay, the other two were saying how much they would have enjoyed ? the return trip by bike. Although still raining, the mist had cleared and the views were terrific, one motorist whose eyes had presumably not been on the road, had driven over the edge (the short cut!) This certainly is not a road for members of the Wobley Wheelers. During the afternoon, the weather brightened up so we parked at Puerto De Pollensa and rode the $12\frac{1}{2}$ hilly miles out to the far north eastern tip of the Island. At the lighthouse, souvenirs and postcards were available but, alas, not tea (you let us down there John). On the return journey to Pollensa,

we had to pass through a tunnel which we had done on the outward leg, but this time we would be descending (no worry we thought) Chris had surged ahead (without effort), to take photos. John and I rode through the tunnel at great speed with a little dot showing the other end. About halfway we both became very nervous not being able to see the sides or even each other and both braked and wobbled but, fortunately, didn't knock each other off.

Back in Pollensa we visited the Hotel where the Redmon C.C. were staying and gave the coffee our seal of approval. We said our farewells, they thought we had a tough ride back to Palma - they didn't know our Transport was parked just round the corner.

THURSDAY. A visit to the Ferry terminal to check on sailing times, followed by a wander round the streets of Palma. The large Supermarket (Mansell recommended), was visited and a bath towel with penny-farthing bikes on was purchased. In the afternoon I travelled on the very old train, at one time Steam but now electric, up to Soller. The mountain I had struggled over two days earlier was today passed under in just six minutes. During the winding descent into the town of Soller, I spotted an overturned lorry which had gone off the road, one Juggernaut less on the roads, that would please Ray. (On the return trip I managed to capture a picture of it between the trees). I also visited the port of Soller some 2 miles further down the road, the journey was taken by a very short open sided train very slow but very cheap. Sitting out in

the sun sipping coffee and eating my way through a large scrumptious cake....ah what a life....lovely. A pleasant return train ride to Palma and back into El-Arenal for an evening meal with the Intersun package holiday Cyclists!! Following the meal most evenings and tonight was no exception, we wandered down to the seafront to select a suitable Cafe which would provide not only after dinner coffee but for Ray, a large helping of apple pie (Aunt Mary's perhaps?)

However, in fairness to Ray, he was not the only gourmet as by the end of the week, we were all indulging, even Chris Beckingham was amongst the 3 up team heading for Hamburger bar with Paul West and Stephen. Following many rounds of drinks in the bar, midnight soon came and one by one the tired bikies headed for the last climb of the day up to their rooms. Ray, I understand, was in need of assistance having that evening sampled a wide variety of drinks, as recommended by our connoisseur (of most things) Keith Dodman.

FRIDAY. The alarm clock was silenced at 6.a.m. The plan was to go out and get a few miles in before breakfast, but it was raining (what a shame!!) The next I knew it was about 8.30. Cornflakes, boiled eggs, and a pot of tea. Pack away sleeping gear, tidy the mobile home and on to the bike, now only drizzly. The Excelsior hotel was only a two mile ride from my usual seaside car park. The early riders were about to set off hopeful of brighter conditions later. I said my farewells to those who were up, Paul West rather enjoyed his lie-in every morning.

At the Harbour I presented, what I thought, was a return ticket but was asked for 1,000 pesetas!! "But I have paid" I exclaimed. "Ah yes, but er for one way only" replied the clerk. I assured him that I had paid and that I hadn't any money left anyway. He noted my vehicle and passport particulars, issued the long awaited (about half hour) very necessary boarding passes and I was free. I noticed in the ferry timetable that the Valencia bound vessel would also be departing at 12.00. Would it be a massed start? No, for Compania Transmediterranea are not affiliated to the B.C.F. and so we in the "Ciudad De Badajoz" slipped anchor under heavy rain (under the heat of the midday sun would have been nicer), and led the two up for some 10 miles before the parting of the ways (and waves).

The Boat was similar in facilities to the cross channel services, although the most important section, the Restaurant only opened for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. $7\frac{1}{4}$ hours later we arrived to much brighter weather in Barcelona. An evening drive of about 150 miles brought me near the foothills of the Pyrenees.

SATURDAY. Up about 8.a.m. to a lovely bright sunny morning, I learned later that my fellow cyclists still in Majorca who had planned a morning ten were not able to ride due to the heavy rain (fine weather cyclists!!) An hours drive to the Spanish town of Ainsa where breakfast provisions were purchased. Just out of Town a quiet lay-by was found and the camping gas stoves were on duty. By the time the sunshine breakfast of cornflakes (in the sunshine), had been eaten the

frying pan was serving delicious bacon and eggs. This was followed by a pint of tea...ah....

Most of the day was spent on a motorised tour of the Pyrenee roads among some of the most spectacular mountain scenery. The views approaching the Col Du Barquetalet were breathtaking. The pass being still closed by snow left the area very traffic free. I parked at the snow line and went walking pausing to watch the hundreds of skiers having fun. The route into France (now early evening) was by way of the Col Du Somport. A well earned meal of Steak and Chips with all the trimmings put me in good stead for the reasonably long run back to Dieppe (about 600 miles).

A short spell of fog around Bordeaux slowed the pace, but that was the only hold up, the long stretches were a joy to drive on but would be agony by bike. Stops were made every $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours or so for one of Mr. Kipling's exceedingly good cakes and a pot of tea. Dieppe was reached just after 1.p.m. and well ahead of schedule. The boat I had booked was the 02.00 Monday morning but room was just available on the Sunday afternoon crossing at 13.45. The boat was absolutely chock a block, the only seating space was up on deck. It was sunny but with a very brisk wind, so my sleeping bag soon accommodated the ready-for-a-rest motorist and I awoke to shores of Sussex.

The happy memories of this most enjoyable holiday are brought back every time I dig out the projector and view the 80 colour slides taken. Thank you John Mansell for organising the trip, I may even join your party next year.

Dave Hudson.

Did you know that Joe Simpson was an old
Portlian? Disgusting!

SUSSEX C.A. 10

Held on the Washington Course on the
afternoon of Saturday June 13th, this event
was rather poorly supported with only 48
entries in the main event and just 10 in
the separate juvenile competition. It was
a pleasant warm afternoon if not ultra
fast, apart that is from the winner.

Result: 1st. John Oakes V.C.Etoile 21.18
(New course and event record)
2nd. T.S. Rumble V.C.Etoile 22.54
3rd. Paul Lipscombe Central 23.02
Sussex
Fastest Lady: Betty Cox
Worthing Excelsior 29.30
Fastest Junior: C.J. Scales
Bognor 24.38
Fastest Vet/Std. Wilf How
Central Sussex + 4.21

Juvenile Result:

1st: Alan Green Brighton
Mitre 24.31
2nd: Greg Hill Worthing
Excelsior 24.38
3rd: Andrew Lock Worthing
Excelsior 25.05

Worthing Times:

Betty Cox 29.30	Mike Gibbs 27.08
Derek Pearce 24.26	Bill Procter 26.29
Colin Miller 26.27	Stephen Jukes 25.26
Paul West 26.53	Tim Salmon 25.56
Norman Wright 26.54	Andrew Lock 25.05
Clive Stone 33.29	Greg Hill 24.38

Norman Wright rubs his hands with dirty oil
on Tuesdays to make out he's been working.

SUSSEX C.A. 50

This the second of our Ed's promotions for the S.C.A. was on Sunday a.m. 14th June and provided another very nice morning after some early mist. There was a good entry of 71 and with another course and event record from John Oakes and some other very fine performances the result sheet had quite a classy look about it so far as times were concerned.

Result:

1st. John Oakes	V.C.Etoile	1.53.52
2nd. Phil Smith	Hants R.C.	1.56.31
3rd. Mark Jones	Central Sussex	1.57.48

Handicap:

1st. J.R.Fuller	Eastbourne	1.47.07
2nd. M.S.Williams	"	1.47.47

Fastest Veteran/Std. A.Griffiths
Central Sussex +25.13

Fastest Team Hants R.C. P.K.Smith,
G.R.Cooper, D.J.Lambert 6.04.23.

Worthing times:

Graham Tooley 2.13.54	Don Lock 2.14.40
Ken Atkins 2.26.16	Paul Toppin 2.11.53
Norman Wright 2.23.37	Richard Shipton 2.1.37
Pete Reeves 2.19.29	Dick Wiseman 2.14.41
Roy Holden 2.10.52	

Roger Smallman writes signs!!

S.C.A. INDIVIDUAL & TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

3RD MAY

After very many years of this event, the team championship, being held on the Cowfold Shoreham road it has been moved to the

G.938 Chichester Road course. Also the individual event normally held much later in the season has been combined with it. As someone who voted against both changes, perhaps I'm biased but despite the very able promotion by Norman Wright, I do not think it achieved the object of getting all the counties top riders to compete. The Central Sussex who pushed for a change from the "rotten Cowfold course" still failed to field, on their own admission, their first team. The times were very little better than those same riders could have done on the other course and the total entry (numbers) was little better at 100 than has been managed before. There was also the changed format, for instead of a team selection of six with fastest four to count now the team representing each particular club was simply defined as the four fastest finishers for that Club. The secondary competition for 'B' teams was previously a selection of four with three to count while now it is simply comprised of the 5th, 6th and 7th fastest riders from each club. To my mind the Team Championship for so long the Blue Riband event of the S.C.A. Calendar has been devalued and the great tradition of this event is threatened. I am not alone in these thoughts and already some of those who wanted change are wondering if it was right. The S.C.A. has decided to make no change for 1982 but plan to look at it again after that.

One innovation which I thought was particularly good was the use of the hall in Angmering Village as a Headquarters, something which would otherwise have been missed from the Cowfold based event.

The Individual Championship was won for

the umpteenth time by Cliff Sharp of Eastbourne Rovers with a 58.40. Neil Rayland riding second claim for Central Sussex was second in 58.49 and our own Richard Shipton was a fine third with 58.58.

The Team Championship went deservedly to Eastbourne Rovers, with Cliff well supported by M.Williams, Dave Dunbar and J.Keen, for an aggregate of 4.7.18 to our 4.7.32. So we lost our hold on the championship by a narrow margin. Our team was Richard, backed by Adrian Cooper with a fine 1.1.41, Keith Dodman 1.2.57 and Graham Tooley with 1.3.56.

The 'B' Team event, meant really as a consolation came to Worthing Excelsior in 1981 with Paul Toppin recording 1.4.4., Roy Holden 1.4.18 and young Stuart Gibbs with 1.4.49.

Other Worthing times were: Ray Douglass 1.12.58 Dick Wiseman 1.9.19 Ken Atkins 1.10.50 Mike Gibbs 1.12.24 Bill Procter 1.10.31 Don Lock 1.7.42 Andrew Lock 1.8.59 Paul West 1.13.02 Norman Wright 1.11.10 Colin Miller 1.7.51 Stephen Jukes 1.8.39. We had 18 starters and 18 finished. A good effort.

Don.

Reg Searle is still riding the same bike he was still riding in 1948.

65 Deerlands Road,
Wingersfield,
Chesterfield.

4th May 1981

Dear Ray,

It was very nice seeing you

and the rest of the lads over the Easter holidays. I particularly enjoyed my short trip out with the club run. After leaving you at Steyning, I made such good time back to Worthing that I could have afforded to stay with you a bit longer.

We had an uneventful journey back to Chesterfield but the wind was that strong it moved the roof rack back an inch, fortunately no damage was done.

Wind! That seems to be the current topic in the cycling world - and snow! Having entered the vets 25 on the Saturday following my holiday and the Sheffield Phoenix on the Sunday. I was eagerly looking forward to that weekend. That Saturday dawned with about 4 inches of thawing snow and trees bent double in the face of the wind. I was due to start at 3.20 but convinced myself it was madness to ride, however at 2.p.m. the snow had stopped so I took the plunge. To my surprise there was no snow on the A.1. at Blyth although there was a lot of water and spray about. The wind however, was ferocious and made worse by buffeting from passing vehicles. Mainly a cross wind on both legs, it literally whistled through my wheels and it was very difficult to keep a line. On top of this it was dangerous to let go of the bars to change gear. At the finish I couldn't move my arms despite long sleeves. For the record there were seventeen starters, Owen Blower won with a magnificent 1.5.32, there were three 1.8's and the rest were outside evens. I was eleventh with 1.19.02, my slowest ever.

On the Sunday the snow was falling diagonally all day long. I considered myself lucky to have had my entry returned.

Those that rode were true martyrs -
or mad!

Would you thank the organiser of the
fund raising scheme for the £5 which I
received this weekend.

Would you please pass on my regards
to John Mansell who likes to ride twice
round roundabouts to get the extra mileage
in. Also to Don Lock who I always seem to
miss. Was it Don who passed me on the
Arundel Road on his return from Wales?
And, of course, to all the others.

Yours sincerely,

Pete Sidford

P.S. You can pass this on to the Editor -
if he'll print it./It's alright Pete, I
left out the blue passages. (Ed.)

Dick Wiseman is going round the world in
a pedalo.

WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

RESULT OF CLUB 2 up "25" & "10"

Held on 30th June & 2nd July 1981

	<u>25 miles</u>	<u>10 mile</u>	<u>Aggregate</u>
1. A.Cooper) P.Toppin)	58. 26.	22.41.	1.21. 07.
2. W.Holden) R.Wiseman)	1. 01. 43.	23.45.	1.25. 28.
3. C.Miller) D.Pearce)	1. 01. 40.	24.02.	1.25. 42.
4. W.Procter) P.West)	1. 05. 56.	25.11.	1.31. 07.

	<u>25 miles</u>	<u>10 mile</u>	<u>Aggregate</u>
5. N.Wright) T.Salmon)	1. 06. 51.	25. 35.	1. 32. 26.
6. M.Gibbs) W.Patrick)	1. 07. 54.	25. 51.	1. 33. 45.
7. A.R.Searle) J. Grant)	1. 13. 24.	28. 01.	1. 41. 25.
R.Shipton) K.Dodman)	59. 05.	-	-
A.Lock) S.Gibbs)	1. 01. 44.	-	-
A.Lock) D.Lock)	-	23. 48	-
J.Lucas) A.Palmer)	-	28. 04	-
G.Weston) A.Butler)	-	28. 23.	-

Mike Gibbs has started training

CLUB "50" MILE CHAMPIONSHIP - 14th JUNE 1981

(incorporated in S.C.A. 50)

	<u>Actual Time</u>	<u>Handicap</u>	<u>Handicap Time</u>
1. R.Shipton.	2. 01. 37.	2.00.	1. 59.37.
2. W.Holden.	2. 10. 52.	18.00.	1. 52.52.
3. P.Toppin.	2. 11. 53.	9.00.	2. 02.53.
4. G.Tooley.	2. 13. 54.	12.30.	2. 01.24.
5. D.Lock.	2. 14. 40.	16.30.	1. 58.10.
6. R.Wiseman.	2. 14. 41.	19.45.	1. 54.56.
7. P.Reeves.	2. 19. 29.	21.00.	1. 58.29.
8. R.Douglass.	2. 22. 48.	20.00.	2.02. 48.
9. N.Wright.	2. 23. 37.	25.30.	1. 58.07.
10. K.Atkins.	2. 26. 16.	25.30.	2. 00.46.
K.Dodman.	D.N.F.		
A.Cooper.	D.N.S.		

CLUB "50" MILE CHAMPION. R.SHIPTON.

2nd. W. Holden

1st. Handicap. W. Holden

Graham Tooley is drawing up plans for next season's entry forms.

SECONDARY APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP
OF W.E.C.C. (To the Proposer)

I, the undersigned, being of sound mind(?) and hollow legs, hereby make application for 2nd claim membership of the Worthing Excel.(D. Hudson Travel Co.) Cycling Club.

I do solemnly declare that whilst being the brother of one Richard G.Stringer, I will not attempt to emulate the feats of the aforementioned person's notorious nashers, and will refrain from using Campag Mechanical Molars.

I further declare that Diana Ross is not my mother, and that any illustrations showing the said Lady and myself by the A.27 are optical illusions.

Finally, my status is amateur and single. However, I am not averse to receiving financial appreciation and must state that I would not, could not in fact must not even consider turning down a nuptial proposal from any young, rich damsel on a bike, (the bike is not necessary!)

signed this 3rd day of the new moon,

Michael W. Stringer, O.B.E. +

+ Of Brighton Excel.

P.S. My mum says I can join!

P.P.S. Please find £1 enclosed.

