

MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

THE WORTHING WHEEL

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 contributors, and are not necessarily the view of the Worthing Excelsior Cycling Club or of its committee.

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THE FIRST WESTON

I have always had a hankering to build a frame ever since, as a small boy all those decades ago, pressing my nose against cycle shop windows and looking at the gleaming Hetchins, Hobbs and Macleans hanging up. beyond reach in more ways than one. Like so many minor ambitions, it was brushed aside by other matters until circumstances brought it back - my son had embarked on another growing spree which promised to make his existing 192" Witcomb a bit too small about the same time as I bumped into Roy Whitehead of the Brighton club. I admired the frame he had made himself and expressed my own interest, he assured me that it was not difficult and subsequently very kindly lent me his copy of the "Proteus" book when I was unable to get a copy. At this point I was hooked and commenced a search for materials, but first enquiries were not hopeful as the trade seem to discourage D.I.Y. except at a price. A South London dealer, noted for the excellence of their finishes, changed the picture however by offering me the whole range but suggested that. for a first attempt, prudence would be the best course. I therefore purchased a set of cheaper Tange tubing. Prugnat lugs, Campag dropouts and all the other bits and pieces which made a satisfying boxfull sitting on my workbench awaiting the next stage.

As a surveyor, I have little engineering experience to call on so a jig was essential but draughting ability and a full drawing set-up was an advantage soon put to good use in laying out a 22", 73 degree parallel semi close clearance design. Checking my scrap box yielded up enough Dexion angle and bolts to make up the main jig to which the tubes would be fixed with engineers pipe clips, adjustable for line, length and angle via pieces of threaded stud with two nuts.

Mitreing the tube joints proved to be simpler than expected as a rough line could be achieved by slipping

the tube into its lug and scribing around, this being the guide for hacksaw/file work to get something to offer up in the jig and give final shape to as a result. The same technique followed through the rest of the construction and, after attaching the bracket shell to the jig with a bolt, nut and washer, the tubes were assembled ready to go. At this point I delved into some workshop manuals on brazing provided by Messrs. British Oxygen and learnt that thorough cleaning, degreasing and fluxing were required, these steps being taken I took courage and torch in hand for my first venture in silver soldering. Silver, whilst much more expensive than the usual bronze, needs a lot less heat and is therefore more goof proof.

I set up an oxidising flame and played it on the first joint until the flux turned glassy indicating that the temperature was right and then fed in a little spelter and, Hey Presto, it melted and ran into the joint by capillarity. After carefully working my way round the main diamond, waiting for it to cool and rushing it in to my son he was less than wildly enthusiastic. It wasn't ready to ride yet so what was the fuss about! The impatience of youth!!!!

Next came the stays, I domed and slotted the ends, bent the fork blades and fixed the drop-outs. A further pair of jigs were then concocted, one of threaded stud and a rear spindle to hold the rear triangle in alignment, the other of 18mm ply and a front spindle to achieve the same for the forks. All that then remained was to attach the bosses, cable guides and the like before file, emery cloth and elbow grease were applied to clean and tidy up. As this proved to be very tedious, I decided to forego the pleasures of spray painting and dispatched the results of my labours to Libra Stove Enamellers for sand blasting and finishing.

My son is very pleased with his new frame, I have had great satisfaction from the project and may well repeat the task for myself later.

In conclusion, it cost £65 including materials, files, enamelling and headset. It was not difficult but could not fairly be called easy. Care in measuring, cutting, cleaning, degreasing and brazing are essential along with good tools and workshop. Looking at the cost plus the 20 hours spent, allowing also for premises, gas, transfers and VAT, the reason for the price of the bought frame becomes clear. Still, although it could be said to be egocentric, its nice to have ones "name in the frame".

G.D. Weston

It's rumoured that Bill Proctor and the International Monetary Fund have invested in new brakes, and with further falls in the value of the pound sterling the Bank of England have had to step in. The outcome is likely to be the withdrawal from the proposed purchase of the 24 carat gold toe clips.

A SPONSORED RIDE

For the last two or three years Barnardo's, the children's charity, has organised an event at Longleat House called "Wheels at Longleat", a sort of outdoor fete with transport as the theme. In 1981, the Club was asked to help with this and five members did a sponsored ride, staying the night at Shere, and cycling back the next day. Although they all enjoyed the weekend, for one reason or another they did not want to go again this year and so I decided to go myself.

The route chosen was starting from my home at Warningcamp to Chichester, Petersfield, Winchester, Stockbridge, via the Wallops to Stonehenge and so to Warminster and Longleat. The distance is approximately 100 miles. The day was Sunday 29th August.

Cont. on page 6.

THE CHARLIE LEDNOR POINTS TROPHY RESULT 1982

This trophy was donated to the Sussex Cyclist's Association by Charlie's family through the Worthing Excelsior in memory of Charlie's years of service to both the Club and the Association. Rather nice then that in the first year of competition it should have been won in quite outstanding style by our own Paul Toppin.

Points are awarded for scratch and handicap and best all rounder placings in the Associations promotions.

The top	twelve placings	are shown below.	oints
1st.	Paul Toppin	Worthing Excelsior C.C.	252
2nd.	Jeremy Keen	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	173
3rd.	Robin Makepeace	Hampshire Road Club	154
4th.	Richard Shipton	Worthing Excelsior C.C.	142
5th.	Dave Dallimore	Brighton Mitre C.C.	140
6th.	Colin Tamon	Central Sussex C.C.	135
7th.	Paul Lipscombe	Central Sussex C.C.	132
8th.	Cliff Sharp	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	131
9th.	Don Lock	Worthing Excelsior C.C.	116
10th.	Adrian Jones	Central Sussex C.C.	111
11th.	Martin White	Lewes Wanderers	107
12th.	Ian Burgess	Lewes Wanderers	104

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The way Paul West has been training during November and December it's rumoured he's after first handicap in the circuit event and then close his season at the end of February.

Contd. from page 4 - A Sponsored Ride

I decided not to stay overnight this year in view of the expense, and so my wife and son agreed to drive down to meet me there and bring me back.

Shortly before dawn on the 29th (at 6 a.m.) I left home and cycled down the lane towards the A27. in a fairly dense mist. As I climbed over the railway Bridge at Arundel, I rose above the mist and looking North East up the valley, the rising sun was tinging the sky and the top of the mist with scarlet. There was no wind and the day was obviously going to be ideal so I turned my wheels towards Chichester. There was no traffic on the A27 and I skirted Chichester via Goodwood and Lavant, and then turned left on the road to South Harting. This must be one of the most attractive main roads in Sussex running first through beautiful Downland scenery and then a series of climbs takes you into the forests before the road plunges down into Harting Village. morning it was still asleep, and I took the road to Petersfield which leaves on a rapidly increasing but deceptive gradient which has you in too high a gear and having to change down and lose momentum at the wrong moment. The change in temperature as I ascended the hill also caused my glasses to steam up (or was it the exertion?) but I groped and grovelled to the top.

Petersfield was reached after 1 hour 10 minutes on the road. So far little traffic was about and the wind, although beginning to rise, was causing no hardship and so without stopping, I continued towards Winchester. Just outside Petersfield in a garage forecourt were presented for sale an Aston Martin and an XJS - what a way to travel! I pedalled on, reaching Winchester at 8 o'clock. The City centre was missed and I successfully negotiated the maze of signs leading to the by-pass and found the Stockbridge road. I think that this was the first occasion I have managed this without getting lost and it must

have been that the almost complete absence of traffic enabled me to concentrate on reading the road signs.

I have always liked Stockbridge. It is just one really wide street, lined with ancient and picturesque houses, shops and pubs. A river runs under the street and alongside the street, and is bridged by the street at its Western end, and ducks, pedestrians and traffic all mingle in casual confusion. This morning it was deserted except for the ducks. I climbed the very steep hill out of the town, surprising a lone newspaper boy on a bike, who was climbing it in zig-zags up the middle of the road, by overtaking him at an opportune moment on the inside. The wind was rising now and blowing briskly from the South West, so I was glad when the sign-post appeared indicating the right turn for "The Wallops".

Plunging off the main road, I took the narrow gritty, leafy lane which leads through the three delightful villages of Lower, Middle and Upper Wallop. There were a few people about now as I sped past the thatch-topped garden walls which were a unique feature of this area. On the left of the road a white railing and a clear stream burbled along, keeping me company. The wind on my left shoulder assisted me and I came to the junction with the A3O3 approximately 3 hours after the start of my journey.

Here I turned left into the wind which by now was blowing with considerable force. There was also quite a lot of traffic now and so my journey was not nearly so pleasant for the next few miles through Amesbury to Stonehenge. Coming down the hill towards this ancient and mysterious monument, I had to turn right and I glanced behind to make sure the road was clear. A huge pantechnicon was bearing down on me and seeing my intention the driver flashed his lights, and I gave my signal and continued across. As he passed on my left, I acknowledged his courtsey and he gave me a cheery wave which cheered me up no end.

It is good to know that; there are still some drivers around who will give way to a cyclist instead of just barging past.

Stonehenge was reached at about 10 o'clock and after that the road was bare and open across Salisbury Plain. It is far from flat with long, long hills up and down, and the constant blast of the south-west wind in my face. I cheered myself up with another mouthful of orange squash from my bidon and I ate the banana which was the only food I had brought with me. Turning the pedals now became a real effort, as the miles and the wind and the hills began to tell. Somewhere in between Shrewton and Chitterne, Rosalind and Robin came alongside in the car, and after exchanging a few words, they accelerated away towards Longleat, now only about 11 miles away. This road, the A344, was still remarkably traffic free, but where it joins the A36, just East of Warminster, I had to wait for about 5 minutes for a gap in the traffic. as the latter was crammed with Bank Holiday trippers. The rest was welcome! Warminster was reached exactly 5 hours after leaving home.

Now there was only five miles to go. But what a struggle it was! The road from Warminster to Long-leat is almost all uphill, and this combined with the traffic and the head-wind caused me to grovel the last few miles in 18 minutes. Into Longleat Park itself and then the hilltop where Longleat House suddenly comes into view about 100 feet below, and a glorious swoop down to the arena where the show was being held and where Rosalind and Robin were waiting for me.

I quickly reported to the event organiser, and had my sponsor form signed, and then to the car to change. After several cups of tea and Mars bars in the cafe, I felt sufficiently revived to look around the "Wheels at Longleat" Show. Then we all had a pub lunch and drove home to arrive in time for tea.

All in all, a very enjoyable day's ride, and Barnardds was £102 richer at the end of it - thanks to the generosity of my sponsors.

Roy Holden.

98/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/

It's rumoured that Stuart Gibbs has just discovered 'petrol'. He now understands that a certain quantity of this has to be kept in a tank in his car. Mike has been called upon to carry out the recovery.

CLUB HILL CLIMB

The annual rush at the northern slopes of Mount Bury just north of the Castle at Arundel was a well supported affair, both surprising and interesting. Surprising, please forgive me Paul, for the fact that Keith Dodman did not win, and interesting for it must be the first time we have ever had one rider compete twice in the same event; Reg Searle riding once on his bike and once on the three wheeled monster. Also, noteworthy in that six of the twelve final placings were juniors and four of these, in fact, schoolboys.

Keith Dodman, we must explain had something of a problem that Sunday and he did well to ride the event at all. Anxious to get in a faster 25 for his Best All Rounder average before the season closed he had entered an event near Colchester in Essex, travelling there the previous day. He did not get a good nights sleep and he did not get a good morning and he could not manage an improvement. He then had to get back to London by train, cycle across the City and catch another train down to Amberley, arriving there by about 2.30 he just had time to ride across to Bury and ride the hill. Hardly the best preparation.

Paul Toppins winning time of 4 minutes 12 seconds was a quarter of a minute slower then Keith's 1981 time but it was probably a harder day with other rider's

times tending to support this view.

Full Result:

1st	Paul Toppin	4.12
2nd	Keith Dodman	4.28
3rd	Graham Tooley	4.32
4th	Andrew Lock	4.44
5th	Paul West	4.51
6th	Steve Jukes	4.54
7th	Stuart Gibbs	4.58
8th	Richard West	5.07
9th	Matthew Goswell	5.11
10th	Chris Kennard	6.22
11th	Reg Searle (Bike)	7.27
12th	Reg Searle (Trike)	8.39

It's rumoured that there will be a new rule proposed at the next A.G.M. Paul Toppin is to move that only one new female member shall be accepted in any one year. He reckons that's as many as he can manage.

It's rumoured that Roger Smallman has found a new lubricant called Drambuie it does seem however, that it does not go very far or last very long and is particularly expensive. Since retirement two bottles have gone and when the Editor called a while back Roger was under the stairs, looking, it seems, for another one!

CLUB DINNER

Again organised by Social Secretary Norman Wright, this was by general consensus a most enjoyable evening in traditional cycling club style. The meal was quite reasonable although service was rather slow. Cross toasting flowed well with Norman Wright and Dave Hudson just heading off the Chairman in the number of times they rose to their feet.

Charles Messenger and his wife were the principal guests and Chas as he likes to be known gave an interesting talk on his experiences with British teams abroad and in connection with the organising of big international events including the 1982 World Championships. Perhaps the words in which he expressed the thought that the World's could be back in this Country within the next five years, are the ones that we really tagged on to, let's hope he is right.

Club President, Douggie Argent, looking very fit and well, again did the honours in presenting all the prizes to the successful racing and touring men of the past season. A somewhat embarrassed Don Lock then found himself opening the sealed envelope for the Clubman of the Year Award and having to read out for the second year running, his own name. Dave Hudson was next on stage to make the final draws in the Fund raising competition for 1982, and it was nice that both the lucky ones were present, Joe Simpson was the popular winner of the first prize of £75 and Vera Puttick collected the £25.

Dancing to 'Life' Disco then followed interrupted by the raffle or as it is becoming known "The Norman Wright Show".

There were 88 present, the venue being, once again at the Windmill Restaurant at Littlehampton.

From the back page of the oldest minute book still in the Club's possession; the date 1901 - 5.

Blange advertising boa I box flego (assorter). 1 Lolders Coat 3 Scrub brushes Fancy clothing (various) 10 8gg + 10 spano 22 hoof sticks 12 hooks 6 trumpieto 10 taket boards I lengthe robes 1 table 2 forms 42 wooden Stakes firsts
quantity wooden Stakes.
Megaphone
Stavid rivon hoops

what about those eggs then, and the trumpets and the megaphone and not to mention the revolver.

Presumably skin suits would come within the description 'fancy clothing'. The Police coat was no doubt useful for marshalling - a kind of 'point' duty......

Sussex Cyclists's Association Time Trial Programme 1983

Hammerpot/Findon/ 13th March 2-Up Circuit 25.

Storrington/Whiteways/

Slindon/Hammerpot.

19th March 10m Washington.

20th March 25m Chichester Road course.

1st May Team Championship 25 Cowfold/Shoreham - new course.

12th June Open 50 Chichester Road course.

Fontwell/Findon/Havant. 10th July Open 100

7th August Open 12 hours Washington based.

17th September 25m Individual Championship Chichester Road course.

It's rumoured that Peter (Panniers-) Shaw plans to establish a new record in the 1983 12 hour even though it will be his first ride in this type of event. He hopes to be the first person to cover more than 200 miles in 12 hours ---- carrying saddle and handlebar bags plus front and rear panniers. intends to be fully independent with his own sit down feeds, hot drinks, sun bed and masseuse.

98/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/

HARDRIDERS - 3rd October 1982

It was a beautiful morning with the sun warm and the wind was a zephyr (just looked that up Ed.) . Dodman revelling with life in the midst of his very short but exciting season was more of a whirlwind, powering his way round this course and all its

violent undulations in super style. His time cracked the 12 hours mark if not quite the record it was a most deserved win. Paul Toppin made second place comfortably a couple of minutes clear of Andy Lock who just edged out Roy Holden. Although this is Roy's regular training route (some even say he goes to work this way?) he had only recently suffered a nasty wallop from one of those four wheeled loonies and was still clearly feeling the effects. Young Jukes, anxious, no doubt, to win something while passing through his home town (then Storrington) came up with 6th overall and yet another first handicap. Another ride which really says things for the future was that of Richard West who finished 7th with a quite excellent time in his first attempt and his longest event so far.

Full Result:

1st	Keith Dodman	1.29.43	Sc.	1.29.43
2nd	Paul Toppin	1.31.00	1.30	1.29.30
3rd	Andrew Lock	1.33.05	2.30	1.30.35
4th	Roy Holden	1.35.26	3.30	1.31.56
5th	Don Lock	1.36.03	3.30	1.32.33
6th	Stephen Jukes	1.37.17	8.00	1.29.17
7th	Richard West	1.42.52	11.30	1.31.22
8th	Ken Atkins	1.45.22	11.00	1.34.22
9th	Bill Procter	1.45.41	12.00	1.33.41
10th	Jeffrey Russell	1.50.13	15.30	1.34.43
11 th	John Grant	1.52.14	18.00	1.34.14
12th	John Spooner	1.52.35	13.00	1.39.35
13th	Reg Searle	2.21.59	35.00	1.46.59

It's rumoured that Dolly Parton is to join the over forties runs on Thursdays. Jean Smallman says that Roger has to do the shopping that day and the Editor is trying to get the day off.

98/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/

JUNIOR BEST ALL ROUNDER 1982

1st	Andre	w Lock				
	10m 15m 25m		mph.	25.955 24.194 25.028	Average	mph.25.059
2nd	Stuar	t Gibbs				
	15m	23.35 37.13 1.00.09	mph.	25.442 24.183 24.938	Average	mph.24.854
3rd	Steph	en Jukes				
	10m 15m 25m	38.22	mph.	24.862 23.458 24.417	Average	mph.24.246
4th	Richa	rd West				
	15m	25.38 41.57 1.06.09	mph.	23.407 21.454 22.676	Average	mph.22.512
5th	Rober	t Downham				
	10m 15m 25m	43.57	mph.	21.951 20.478 19.925	Average	mph.20.784
6th	Chris	Kennard				
		27.41 45.18 1.13.46	mph.	21.674 19.868 20.334	Average	mph.20.325

So six finishers instead of four which is better than for 1981 and it could well have been seven if Matthew Goswell, with very good times for 10 and 25 miles, had not missed both the 15's.

Did you hear that Paul West's bike has been nicknamed "rattlesnake". Something to do with the noise and the movement.

The 1982 Points Cup Competition

Decided over twelve events and on handicap placings, this competition once again culminated in a very close finish. There were only nine counting events last year, the new ones for this season being the two early season tens on the Steyning course and the 12 hour which was incorporated in the Sussex Open.

1st	Bill Procter	77	points
	Don Lock	77	11
3rd	Paul Toppin	91	19
4th	Andrew Lock	93	11
5th	Stephen Jukes	102	11
6th	Mike Gibbs	103	11
7th	Ken Atkins	108	11
8th	Tom Lainsbury	109	11
9th	Graham Tooley	111	11
10th	Mike Kennard	116	11
11th	Stuart Gibbs	118	11
12th	Roy Holden	126	11
13th	Geoffrey Weston	140	11
14th	Reg Searle	144	11
15th	Jeffery Russell	150	11
16th	Tony Palmer	155	11
17th	Richard Shipton	160	**
18th	Betty Cox	161	11
	John Grant	161	11
20 th	Chris Kennard	165	11

It's rumoured that Don Lock is looking for a new frame, it has to be wrench, lunge, heave and twist proof. (It has also to be very fast Ed.)

SENIOR BEST ALL ROUNDER 1982

1st	Richa 25m 50m 100m		mph.	26.347 25.094 22.749	Average	mph.24.730
2nd	Paul	Toppin				
	200	56.09 2.01.32 4.28.15	mph.	26.714 24.684 22.367	Average	mph.24.588
3rd	Keith	Dodman				
	50m	58.00 2.05.37 4.12.30	mph.	25.862 23.882 23.762	Average	mph.24.502
4th	Don I	ock				
	50m	1.00.57 2.07.53 4.39.22	mph.	24.610 23.459 21.477	Average	mph.23.182
5th	Graha	m Tooley				
	-	1.02.53 2.16.12 5.12.10	mph.	23.854 22.026 19.221	Average	mph.21.700
6th	Reg S	earle				
	25m 50m 100m	1.14.38 2.38.38 5.58.52	mph.	20.098 18.912 16.719	Average	mph.18.576

VETERAN'S BEST ALL ROUNDER

A veteran's competition but decided over boy's events, in the opinion of some. Ten miles, twenty five miles, and fifty miles does perhaps fall short of providing any real stamina test, however, the opposing view is that it attracts more competitors.

1st Don Lock plus 2.556mph. age 45/6

2nd Roy Holden plus 2.447mph. age 43

3rd Ken Atkins plus 2.202mph. age 54

4th Betty Cox plus 0.878mph. age - known to Ed.

5th Bill Procter plus 0.455mph. age 44

6th Reg Searle minus 0.761mph. age 52/3

A non racing year for Ray Douglass, well almost, Dick Wiseman's absence abroad, Keith Dodman's failure to ride a 10 and John Mansell attempting only 100's and 12's, rather reduced what could have been a much more interesting result. How nice also to see Betty up there in fourth place.

Most Improved Rider Trophy

The winner for the third year running was Andy Lock, but he will have his work cut out next year. Watch out for Stephen Jukes who slipped in a first ever '50' in '82 and could knock holes in it next year.

LADIES BEST ALL ROUNDER

Well done Betty Cox with times of 27.05 (10), 45.10 (15), and 1.11.02 (25) - an average speed of 21.066mph About .3mph. up on 1981 but no second lady this year -where are you Linda Stacey? But what about 1983 could we have three or even more? There's Betty and Angela and Tracy, might be very interesting.

TOURIST TRIAL 1982

John Mansell a former multi-winner of this event had taken over the role of promoter of the Tourist Trial for 1982, "to give everybody else a chance" or so his clubroom poster alleged. His previous experience during these events resulted in a batch of questions that to some were mind-boggling and to others only a further indication of the devious mind of the Mansell. The routes for the day had also been designed to carefully test all the riders abilities in map reading, speed judging and observation.

Fourteen members, including former champions in the competition, had entered the event which started at Storrington Village at the junction of the A283 and the B2139, - the junction by the mini-round about not the one by the garage, where we all waited in deadly earnest for the contents of a multitude of plain brown envelopes thrust upon us at the precise time of 9.45 à.m. .

Section 1 of the event required that entrants identify pub landlord names, breweries, churches; phone numbers and post offices within a restricted area to the north of Storrington within 1 hr. 30 mins. An additional "extra" was to identify as many yellow road junctions within the same area. Riders had to plan their own routes in an economic manner in order to gain information within the time limit. set off for the section in gale force wind conditions which meant controlling maps and wayward sheets of paper was a further hazard. Brian Cox fell from his machine during a mid-morning heavy squall, giving him a nasty bump to the head. Doubling back and forth through Storrington on to West Chiltington picking up clues and answering questions brought us all to the Toat Café for elevenses. Penalties were dished out if anybody was outside the time limit. Even during

elevenses there was to be no let up, for John pounded us with yet more questions generally about cycling. Brian Cox scored highest on this section proving that the bump to his head was not to affect his ability.

Leaving the café in a southerly direction down Stane Street, and then turning right into Blackgate Lane would bring us all to the roughstuff section through Lee Place to Wisborough Green, a bit sticky underfoot due to the heavy overnight rain. Observation was tested during this section with the name of the Parish Church at Wisborough Green difficult to find, only evident by looking at the small print on the church notice board inside the porch. Equally so, the elusive Mr R.F. Clark was the Headmaster of the local primary school. It was during this section that John accompanied by Sonia tested everybody on their knowledge of Ord-nance Survey map symbols, these proved more difficult than expected for nobody got more than 65% - the route continued onto the lunch venue at the Half Moon, Kirdford.

Lunch in the pub garden was interrupted by a heavy shower of rain that sent everybody running for shelter, everybody that is, except Peter Shaw who remained in the saloon bar all lunchtime.

With lunch over and with John anxious to keep up to schedule we were issued with new instructions to take us through lanes to the north-west of Kird-ford without the use of an O.S. map, but following signposts only, as usual just before leaving we were all given yet another set of questions to answer en route. All entrants were not given the same instructions, some riders completing the route in a clockwise direction and others in an anti-clockwise direction—all a bit confusing when you meet riders coming the opposite way, it tends to undermind confidence in one's ability however, nobody got lost but a few

were outside the time limit.

Sonia provided tea and biscuits in a leafy glade prior to the speed judging section, some riders like Ray obviously had too many cups of tea and disappeared into the undergrowth on the pretext of identifying some form of wildlife. The speed judging over approximately five miles had to be undertaken within a maximum time of 25 minutes to which five minutes would be added so to enable everybody to answer questions whilst retracing their route through Kirdford. Did you know that the main occupation of villagers in 1000A.D. was forest swineherds or that there is a Theft Blackspot at the Village Hall. Very few people were more than two minutes out from their estimates although Steve Jukes and Brian Cox finished the section with punctures. The last mile into the wind and uphill also upset many peoples estimates.

A novel test came next, identifying dialects of from around the country. This was done by sixteen people (14 entrants + John and Sonia) all climbing over John's car whilst we played the dialects on the tape recorder, I must say they all sounded the same to me although Brian Cox identified four of the six.

Leaving the crossroads on the A272 south of Kirdford, everybody was required to follow a precise route previously shown to us by John to eventually end up at Fittleworth. A check was sited en route to ensure riders went the correct way. The younger riders let loose in the lanes once more sped on ahead towards Fittleworth, going past a detour where John was lurking in the undergrowth, only four riders went the correct way thereby collecting maximum points for the section. Sonia also secreted herself away down amongst the lanes to give us yet another sheet of questions, this time about the club. Any thoughts that these questions be easy to answer were dismissed

when asked what is the club tricycle record? (4.46.38) and what is the oldest club trophy still being competed for (Points Cup 1926). Ray showed his age here by being able to answer all the historical questions and gained most points for quiz, a score of five from a maximum of ten, seven entrants were unable to gain one correct answer.

With the time now approaching 4.30p.m. the competition was over and all members rode as a group through to Pulborough and then to the Toat Cafe for tea. Whilst Andrew Lock and Steve Jukes dug in to mountains of beans on toast, cakes, chocolate bars etc. etc. the remainder of us awaited the results of the event, John was now feverishly trying to work out the results in the car outside. With the final result being:-

points
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Thanks to John's organisations the day was an enjoyable one, the weather could have been kinder but John has promised to get that right next year when he promotes the next Tourist Trial

Tony Palmer.



It's rumoured that Angela Walker has got more pushes when struggling uphill, since it was learned that she works for the Inland Revenue. Would this be PAYE ?- Push as you earn?

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21½" Superia. RED METALLIC FINISH, TOP SHIMANO EQUIPMENT. ZEUS PEDALS, SPRINTS AND TUBS "GOES FAST". GOOD CONDITION. £250. o.n.o. Apply A. Lock.Tel W.62724

Southern Counties C.U. Junior champion for 1982 was Andrew Lock with a winning aggregate time for their ten and twenty five of 1 hour 23 minutes 3 seconds. exactly five minutes clear of second placed C. Mc Dermott of the Festival.

In the Ashford Wheelers Grand Prix de Gentleman Andrew paced his Dad round the 15 mile country course for third place in 37.01.

In the Bognor Regis Open 25 we had some good teams out with Paul Toppin 59.50. Roy Holden 1.1.26 and Don Lock 1.1.52 finishing second in the senior event and Steven Jukes 1.2.09, Andrew Lock 1.2.37 and Stuart Gibbs 1.3.27 winning in the junior race for the second year running.

In the Brighton Mitre Open 25 first success in open competition came to Richard West with a win in the

under 16's section. His time on a very rough day was 1.7.49.

In the Sussex Cyclists Associations' 25 mile championship Paul Toppin covered the Chichester Road course in a time of 57 mins. 10 seconds to finish third. Andrew Lock recorded 1.0.29, Don Lock 1.1.24 and Steve Jukes 1.1.25. There was also a tremendous effort from 54 year old Ken Atkins who raced round in 1.4.54.

It's rumoured that when John Grant was in the services in Egypt he did not win any medals but claims to have had two camels and a nurse shot from under him.

The pee run

(Extracted with thanks from, would you believe, the East Surrey C.T.C. News Sheet).

"Now that the dust has almost settled over the 1982 World Road Championships, apart from the quite normal B.C.F. cash problems, I thought you might be interested in a few of the more comic behind-the-scenes activities as seen by me.

As the official Medical Courier my job was to work at the Medical Centre and to take the samples to Chelsea College each day after the events, well, the next morning anyway. These samples were sealed in a small bag consisting of two bottles packed in a custom made zip-up bag, one for testing, the other for the rider who, if found positive, could obtain

an independant analysis. My less enlightened and indeed more coarse friends called it the "Pee Run" or words to that effect. These small bags are packed and sealed into a large grip bag. Strict instructions are issued, not to stop off at a Happy Eater Café or to park in an Alehouse, in case the bag is stolen. In which case somebody may object and the race would need to be run again. I tell you, guarding pee with one's life is not a task to be undertaken lightly. I recall as I drove towards London after the first day that this was one time when I wished I was going through Customs. You know that chap who says:

"Anything to declare?". You with a very smart black bag sealed up. Eh? No! only a bag of pee which might contain the odd drug or two, but you can't open it or they may have to run the race again, and if so the B.C.F. may have to go into liquidation. Can you imagine the scene at Dover or Gatwick? It doesn't bear thinking about. Still, enough of my fantasising.

When I venture to tell my good wife, who is normally very adaptable and co-operative that a clearance should be made in the fridge-freezer for the bag overnight, she objected and became quite stubborn, so eventually the bag became relegated to the outside loo overnight (appropriate, really, I suppose).

One of my tasks was to provide tea and coffee to the riders selected for testing in order that they could provide adequate samples. The tea urns, duly collected from the Goodwood Kitchens (which incidentally, are very large and provide gastronomic lunches on race days) were set up and had to be guarded to prevent anyone putting any stimulant or other substance in the tea.

The selection of riders to be tested is the first three places plus two or three at random.

So after the Team Time Trial we had the Dutch, East Germans, Russians and Swiss teams. Long faces from the East German and Russian team managers as they didn't win. The Dutch overjoyed because they did win. I felt sad for the young Dutch lad who was in tears, as although he won a Gold Medal, had failed to finish, but being in the winning team had hence qualified. He just couldn't get over it and wanted to give back his medal.

One of the Russians could only provide a very small sample, which he held in a plastic cup and walked about with it. The Czech doctor in charge of the control (who manages to speak about five languages) told me "not to let him out of your sight". While I was busy doing just that the Russians managed to steal the rest of the milk and sugar cartons on the table. They did, however, produce some Russian cake which was rather like sweet bread with icing on the top and quite tasty. The Polish technical official in charge of selecting the riders to be tested is a very pleasant chap. When I asked him what he was going to take back to Poland he replied "sugar and Duckhams Motor Oil", both of which are unobtainable in Poland at present."

A MEMORABLE CLUB RUN

About 1949 when I was acting as Club Captain (a title we still used then) an inter-club run and challenge match was arranged with the Brighton Excelsior. (Who Ed!)

We met up the road and rode on together to lunch at Newick, can you imagine, over 90 of us including 11 tandems. After lunch we went to the recreation ground for a free for all, make your own rules football match, and a hectic time was had by all.

After the game we moved on to the Black Horse at.
Nuthurst for tea, then continued the match with darts
and marbles, with the Landlady, a Mrs Chitty coming
out at intervals to play the piano.

Later I was ordering drinks when I heard Con say, "I'm sure that's Jeff Travers". She kept on repeating this, and I began to think he must be someone from her murky past, so when Mrs Chitty came back I asked her who the man was. She soon found out and it was, indeed, Jeff Travers, Con's cousin. They had been raised together like brother and sister, but had lost touch and had not met for 33 years. You can imagine what a reunion it turned into. We must have passed him many times as he was a Special Constable frequently on point duty at Buck Barn crossroads, long before the traffic lights.

I can't remember now who won the challenge match.

Jim Hughes.

It's rumoured that Bradley (Wa(1)ters) is really a little known beauty spot.

It's rumoured that Ray (Digger) Douglass) is to spend three weeks on his head in Australia. He will take a case of Krona margarine and a crate of Fosters lager to pacify the natives as they can't buy the stuff apparently.

CLUB TIME TRIAL PROGRAMME 1983

Sat. 26th February 10m2") Steyning Course 2.30pm.

Sun. 27th February 17m. Circuit event 10.00am.

Sat. 2nd April 10m. Steyning Course 2.30pm.

Sun. 17th April 25m. Hammerpot 8.00am. (Sherwin Trophy)

Sun. 8th May 30m. Hammerpot 8.00am. (Club Championship)

Sun. 12th June 50m. Hammerpot am. (Club Championship with S.C.A.)

Thurs. 23rd June 2-UP 10m. Washington evening

Tues. 28th June 2-UP 25m. Hammerpot evening

Thurs. 7th July 15m. Ashurst Course evening (Junior Championship)

Sun. 10th July 100m. Fontwell am. (Championship with S.C.A.)

Thurs. 14th July 15m. Ashurst Course evening

Sun. 24th July 25m. Hammerpot 7.30am. (Club Championship and Inter Club with Bognor)

Sun. 31st July 25m. Hammerpot 7.30am. (Clapshaw Handicap Event)

Sun. 7th August 12hr. Washington am. (Championship with S.C.A.)

Sun. 2nd October Hardriders Findon Valley 8.00am.

Sun. 16th October Hill Climb Bury Hill 3.00pm.

Evening Ten Series starts Thursday 5th May until Thursday 25th August except for the three mentioned above when other events are being run. It's rumoured that one Dave (I love juggernauts)
Hudson, has been seen off Harwich with a rowing boat
and a frogmans outfit. He's now buying bigger
premises to store two Mercedes, two Volvos and a
Foden articulated.

9/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/8/

20th November - NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

After trying to find a suitable date since August, Dave finally arranged for another W.E.C.C. visit to Northamptonshire for the 13th November - or was it the 20th - I really give up!

So many, doing so much, so often - it is good to hear! Well it was time to come out of hibernation; put away the paint brushes; leave the car at home; find the bike; and get in some cycling. We had the pleasure of a visit from Dick Wiseman one week and Keith Dodman the next, making use of our Bed and Breakfast accomedation during October, so we still knew what cycles were!

On the last W.E.C.C. visit, I had problems with the continuously eating and drinking Excelsior, and in trying to use new roads and areas, ran into even more problems. At one stage, I had said to Dave that I would cut out 11's and have an early lunch. His face told the story - he said that he would get in some special training, tell the lads to eat a large breakfast at the Markyate Little Chef - and that they would manage.

This was enough to make me try even harder. By chance we stumbled across another garden centre with a cafe under glass. Yes, they had cycling groups call on Sunday's and would be pleased to see a party on a Saturday. The lunch stop had

presented itself on an earlier occasion, when we were so pleased with the Cellar Bar that we earmarked it for a return visit - yes, they would be pleased to see cyclists. Our friends Sue and Dick Galloway still ask after that friendly bunch of cyclists that visited them in 1980, so we approached them regarding a tea stop. Yes, they too would love to cater again. So dots were plotted on the map - they just needed joining up.

Elevenses could have been just 17 miles NNW up the busy A43 trunk road - but that is not for cycling. There are a wealth of quiet lanes to use - albeit more undulating and covering a greater distance. I had several alternative routes ready, which included one for a late start (but with Dave in charge, that was not needed).

Those who came in Peter Shaw's car were suffering from a complaint which must be similar to jet-lag. No, seriously, they just wondered why they had thought we lived so far away!

Keeping to lanes on the north-eastern side of the A5 - another road to be avoided on bikes, we followed the track of the now defunct L.M. & S.R. railway (Stratford-on-Avon and Midland Junction Line) to Tiffield, there turning northwards towards Bugbrook. The ground was gradually rising and at around 464 ft. (we left Towcester at around 290 ft.) we could look over towards the County town of Northampton, now on our right. Clearly visable was the Express Lift Company's new test tower, which is locally nick-named the lighthouse - standing some 400 ft. high and containing around eight shafts.

While pointing out the route features, Craig thought I would make a good courier - I will keep it in mind. Our route was to circumscribe the county

town in a clockwise direction on as many unclassified roads as possible. The road descended on a 12° gradient (never quite as meaningful as the old 1 in 8, I feel) and the Club showed me how I had lost my 'hill' confidence, as they swept away out of sight first over the main N. Western railway and then the Old Grand Union canal bridge towards Bugbrook.

Here the tall silos of the flour mills can be seen down by the River Nene. They were built for Heygate and Sons on a spot where corn has been ground for over 1000 years. We were cycling between river and canal towards Flore, ready for the rise out of the valley to the 'Bringtons', home of the Spencer Family (Lady Di!). Tracy stopped to re-arrange her already stripped down bike and I believe Paul was landed with some surplus.

The pace was fast, and I was pleased of the few climbs to slow the bunch. We left the M1 in a cutting and climbed gradually to pass typical Northamptonshire estate cottages as we rode through Little Brington. Great Brington (nearest village to Althorp House) is perched on the top of a scarp slope which we free-wheeled down heading for East Haddon - a fine village, complete with hall. Holdenby (pronounced Holmby) is nearby, the little hamlet set in agreeable surroundings - the estate containing a house whose grounds and history go back to Elizabethan times, and a Church, but all are now largely vandalised.

Descending once more, we crossed another River Nene tributary heading for Spratton. Just outside the village we suddenly came across a large number of vehicles. Horns could be heard across the fields, and Chris Beckingham, realising that the occupants of the vehicles were watching a hunt, asked a bystander where the hunt was. The 'hunting pink' coats

were soon picked out and our eyes followed the riders up the slope. This was probably the Pytchley Hunt, whose hounds are kennelled at Brixworth, the next village on our travels. There were, understandably mixed feelings within our group, but whatever the emotions, you certainly could not forget the sight of horses and riders trampling over the hedges, across roads and fields in pursuit of their quarry.

Brixworth is a village of much interest. In a county rich in Churches, Brixworth's is one of the most notable, having been catagorised in a quotation as "Perhaps the most imposing memorial of the 7th Century surviving north of the Alps". This Church stood out on a hill to our left as we approached the village via another viscious slope. Dave began wilting, and I had already adopted the 'lanterne rouge' position. Leaving Brixworth, 11's was within easy reach, but first we had to cross the Pitsford Reservoir on a causeway. Chris Beckingham, arriving at the crossroads Garden Centre, summed up the ride so far by saying he felt a little damp from sweat.

Having gone 26 miles before this first stop, everyone was keen to find out more about what lay ahead. Cooked meals were available here, but most took the easy option of tea/coffee and cakes while looking at maps to see the route covered so far. Budding gardeners had a quick look around the Centre - which itself specialised in wood-burning stoves.

Sywell village and airfield lay over the cross-roads. Craig was keen to take the shortest route to the pub, so that he had plenty of drinking time. The time was about 12.30pm. already so it will be seen that the 10 mile route was covered fairly quickly. We passed through Earls Barton. At the old village centre stands a Church tower that epitomizes Anglo-Saxon Stonework. Earls Barton was

was also at the head of the Shoemaking Belt, whose villages follow the course of the River Nene heading towards Peterborough. A few shoe manufacturers remain, and in our local shoe shops the name of Earls Barton manufacturers are seen side by side with the other nationally known products.

The Falcon Inn at Castle Ashby was to provide lunch - one that was enjoyed by all. We arrived at 1.15pm. and were the last to leave. Sarah and her Father joined us here. Craig's idea of plenty of drinking time was not supported by his wallet: Chris found out what a small world it was again, when he met one of the ladies from his Lancing work place (on his last visit up here, he met an ardent C.B.er who had recently moved up from Sompting). Chris also started the mania for luxurious sweets, and Dave probably eats the most, but found even he had too much cheese with his ploughmans. We sat in the Cellar, surrounded with old beermats and curios. The village of Castle Ashby is the home of the Marquis of Northampton, whose family fortunes were founded in the reign of Henry VIII. His princely mansion is approached from the south by an avenue 31 miles long.

By the time we came out of the Falcon, Dave 'Litchfield' was busy setting up the camera, and another snap recorded the happy bunch before they set off into the chilling afternoon air. Keith Dodman managed a puncture, which was quickly repaired while Paul set his watch to the Stopwatch Function. We gave Sarah a chance to clear the district and then set off in hot pursuit of 4's.

Minor roads were followed to Horton. Horton is a 'select' village with a French restaurant much visited in the evenings. Three miles followed on a 'B' grade road, which although lightly trafficked

had Craig asking to leave these main roads, (we had been on unclassified up to now). I obliged, turned off onto a single track road heading for Salcey Forest, and promptly had to single out to allow two cars to pass. Any slope had me well and truly flagging, and I was well pleased to know that Sue and Dick's refreshments were only $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles away.

Sue had been busy homebaking and the table was full of really edible goodies, with plenty of hot tea, whose pots were filled as regularly as they were emptied. We stopped for an hour, played records, while Tracy was 'backing' on the electric organ. With 52 miles under the wheels we only had 12 to go. It was now very dark as I lead the group through twisting, undulating countryside to Hartwell - a forest village. On then to Ashton, diving under the huge railway embankment built in the 1830's to carry the main railway to Scotland. Up and down to Stoke Burerne, the canal centre, Shutlanger and a final climb to the racecourse at Towcester. was spent, legless, but it was all downhill. Using another back lane with a steep hill and sharp bend, I waited back, but there was no mishap, and we arrived home a little before Sarah's expectations.

So 64 fairly tough, but hopefully scenic miles, had been covered. Another bit of Northamptonshire explored and I hope we shall have the pleasure of being able to organise something similar for 1983!

Derek Smith.



Letters;

Peter Sidford writes from Chesterfield, 12th December 1982 and sends his best wishes. On that day he'd been for a 30 mile ride and come back covered in icicles! He enjoyed the World's at Leicester and talks of seeing Kopolov doing wheelies on a tatty road bike. He spotted Worthing Excelsior jerseys on the television coverage of Goodwood but could not recognise the bodies.

Norman Macmillan joined our 1983 fundraising again and in his letter of 2nd December sends his kind regards to all his old friends and congratulations to the 1982 prizewinners.

Some 1982 Mileages

Don Lock	9634
Paul Toppin	9019
Chris Beckingham	8868
Andrew Lock	8025
Steve Jukes	7500
Roy Holden	7312
Dave Hudson	6148
John Mansell	6005
Ray Douglass	5600
Brian Cox	3100
Peter Shaw	3000
Tony Palmer	2958
Betty Cox	2300

CLUB RUNS ATTENDANCE POINTS 1982

Top Twenty

1.	Dave Hudson	104
2.	Ray Douglass	74
3.	Paul Toppin	66
4.	Andrew Lock	61
5.	Steve Jukes	52
6.	Keith Dodman	51
7.	Robert Crow	47
8.	Richard West	45
9.	John Mansell	38
10.	Mike Gibbs	31
11.	(Don Lock (Matthew Goswell	28 28
13.	Stuart Gibbs	26
14.	Tom Lainsbury	25
15.	David Mills	21
16.	John Grant	19
17.	(Graham Tooley (Paul West	18 18
19.	Peter Shaw	17.
20.	(Mike Kennard (Robert Farrow	16 16

Another 31 recorded points, including five ladies headed by Angela Walker 22nd with 14 points and Betty Cox 25th with 10.

