

THE WORTHING WHEEL



MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR
CYCLING CLUB

SUMMER 1992

Vol. 25 No. 2

SUMMER 1992=====THE WORTHING WHEEL=====
WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB'S=====
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE=====

Clubroom: Broadwater Parish Rooms: Meetings every
Tuesday evening, 7.30 to 10.30. Canteen until 10.00.

Opinions expressed are those of the contributor
and not necessarily of the club or its committee.

President: Roger Smallman 25 Melrose Avenue Worthing
Chairman: Mike Gibbs 18 Woodlands Avenue, Worthing.

Telephone: Worthing 265688

Secretary: Paul Toppin 8 Beaumont Road, Worthing.

Telephone: Worthing 201501

Treasurer: Colin Toppin 17 Nutley Close, Goring.

Telephone: Worthing 240645

Membership Sec: Karl Robertson 27 Birkdale Road,
Worthing. Telephone: Worthing 264136

Press Sec: John Grant, 21, Rackham Road, Worthing.

Telephone: Worthing 267196

Road/Surrey League Rep: Vern McClelland, 31 Downland
Road, Upper Beeding. Telephone: Worthing 814351

Track Secretary: Andrew Lock, 99 King Edward Avenue,
Worthing. Telephone: Worthing 218286

Club Events Secretary: Mel Robertson, 27 Birkdale
Road Worthing. Telephone: Worthing 264136

Evening Tens Secretary: Alan Matthews, 11 Brook Lane
Ferring. Telephone: Worthing 242459

Mountain Bikes Rep: Jeremy Wootton 17 Amberley Drive
Goring, Worthing. Telephone: Worthing 245608

Social Secretary: Angela Toppin 8 Beaumont Road,
Worthing. Telephone: Worthing 201501

Coach: Nick Lelliott, 56 North Lane, East Preston
Telephone: Worthing 772741

Magazine Editor: Don Lock 7 Welland Road, Worthing.
Telephone: Worthing 262724

Contributions.

This issue of the magazine contains far more contributions from other members, and as a result, far less of me. This is a healthy sign for the club, as it reflects a broader band of experience and opinion. Keep 'em coming!

My chief scribe, whom I last saw chasing a goose up the A24 (he said he needed a new quill, but I wonder???) tells me that he can work from any of the following;

1. Hand-written (preferably on the back of paper money).
2. Typed.
3. Audio, either on a standard cassette tape or on the small business-machine cassettes.
4. As a PC ASCII text file, on either a 5.25" or a 3.5" disc.

Don.

Sussex C.A. open 25 15th March.

He said it was the last ride he would be able to do before his horticultural business again took hold of his time, and Nick Lelliott was not going to go out with a whimper. The morning of Sunday 15th March was dry and windy. The wind seemed as though it was being generated around the Westhampnett roundabout and being directed straight down the A.27 towards Arundel. We didn't happen to have a "Beaufort" scale in our saddle bag but we estimated it to have been around 6 or 7. To ride out to the turn was very hard. To race out to the turn must have been character-building to say the least.

The best that riders could say was that "it was a constant wind, not blustery", and "you had to find the right gear and pedal it".

Nick was observed climbing out of Arundel and determination and concentration were combined. No watches, computers or pulse meters to interrupt the process of just getting out and back quicker than anyone else.

Paul Toppin, "enjoying" his first outing of the season was watched as he rode through a particularly hard stretch by Avisford Park Hotel. He appeared to be searching (a) for the right gear and (2) for a rhythm.

Colin Toppin looked to be going the better of the two brothers but was in fact to pack on the return.

John Poland was riding strongly and so was Jeremy Wootton. It looked to be very hard work.

Jan Scotchford was seen going through Westhampnett Village - perhaps slightly sheltered here - but she looked very smooth and had been caught by ex Worthing fast-man Tony Goodsell by only 2 minutes.

The return "half" well, 11.75 miles, was almost totally a wind-assisted sprint, but in mid-March the leg speed is not perhaps at its best. Warmer weather is needed to turn round big gears at high revs. Nevertheless it was very fast and covered in around 25 minutes by the fastest riders.

Nick's rear disc which had been "grinding and Grumbling" on the way out was now "singing". He finished in 57.23 to win by 25 seconds from R. Thorne of the Polytechnic. He was nearly two

minutes ahead of third-placed Mark Jones of the G.S. Stella. He had proved that he is the Sussex Champion - in case anyone had any doubts.

Paul Toppin was pleased with 18th place and a time of 1.3.14, and our team was completed by an excellent 1.4.10 from John Poland, another making his first outing of the season. Jeremy "just let me get this marathon out of the way and then I can start riding again" Wootton clocked 1.4.33.

We had a bunch of riders in the 1.6 mark. Mel Robertson in 1.6.24, Simon Letts 1.6.42, Jan Scotchford with a personal best and club record performance on 1.6.52 and Alan Scarratt with 1.6.54. What, it is asked, can Jan do on a good day? Ladies' records we feel are going to be put on a shelf in '92, which may prove unreachable for some time.

Peter Baird was home in 1.8.09, Matthew Funnell in 1.8.38, Ken Retallick 1.8.48, Alan Matthews 1.11.45, Mike Poland 1.16.33. With 1.42.09 Reg Searle brought up the rear - but he did have three wheels.

It had been a hard but very competitive 25 miles and with a nearly full field of 118 riders was a most successful S.C.A. promotion by our own Ray Douglass.

It augurs well for the Association's season to come.

Don.

Sussex C.A. Two-up.

24 miles Handcross/Bolney Circuit, 22nd March.

Jeremy Wootton/Colin Toppin 4th in 1. 3.57, Paul Toppin/Vern McLelland 10th in 1. 6.50, Jan Scotchford/Don Lock 21st in 1.10.06 (fastest mixed team).

Winners S and P Blackmore of East Grinstead C.C.
in 1. 2.37. 43 teams entered, 39 finished.

Don.

East Sussex C.A. Two-up
28 miles Polegate/Halland Circuit, 5th April.

Stuart Elms and Steve Blackmore of East Grinstead won this "by a mile". A record time of 1.3.15 and (26.5 mph!) was too good for anyone else. Paul and Colin Toppin were 7th of the 39 teams entered with 1.10.24. Vern McLelland and Ken Retallick made the trip in 1.13.05 for 9th spot and Jan Scotchford and Don Lock were home in 1.14.22 in 14th place.

Don.

Worthing Excelsior Club Clothing.

I have recently taken over responsibility for club clothing orders. We have in stock 8 cotton racing hats, price £ 2.70, and 2 short-sleeved skin vests, one size 40 inch and the other size 42, both priced at £ 27.00

If there is sufficient demand, then we can also place orders for additional clothing though there is a minimum order for at least 10 tops, or 6 pairs of shorts or at least 10 items of one kind.

The following are available.

Skin suits, long sleeves and short sleeves.

Skin vests, long sleeves/short sleeves/pockets/
no pockets.

Skin shorts.

Bib shorts.

Skin tights.

Bib tights.
Arm warmers.
Leg Warmers.
Skin hoods.
Skin overshoes.
Crash hat covers.

All of these items are in double stretch Lycra.

In addition clothing can be ordered in knitted polyester and in a thermal fabric.

T-shirts, rugby shirts, sweat shirts, polo shirts etc. are also available.

Finally, there is also available a range of luggage including sports bags, team bags, duffel bags, wheel bags, and bike bags.

Anyone interested in an order should contact me.

Jeremy Wootton

Club Ten, Saturday 28th March, 1992.

What a pleasant day! The wind was light, the air was good, the temperature was mild. I think I'll do a good one. Well! I thought I did. I was quite pleased with 24.10 for March. Then I began to put things into perspective. Jeremy Wootton, fresh from his latest marathon training run, romped round in 22.57. Old Man (John) Lucas crushed my morale with a superb 23.20, and then Jan Scotchford performed another surgical operation on our ladies' records, cutting out more minutes to record 24.53

Slight compensation was found in noting that the Toppins were back on third and fourth with times of 23.28 for Colin and 23.31 for Paul but the

finishing order is important and it is not reading well. My strength though is definitely improving for I'm holding up more and more in every result sheet.

Getting six under 24 minutes this early in the season seems pretty good especially when the absence of Richard Shipton, Nick Lelliott and Alan Orman is noted. How many can we get under 24 minutes before the season is out, I wonder....

Full Result.

		<u>Actual</u>	<u>All'ce</u>	<u>H'cap</u>
1st	Jeremy Wootton	22.57	0.21	22.37
2nd	John Lucas	23.20	0.40	22.40
3rd	Colin Toppin	23.28	Scr.	23.28
4th	Paul Toppin	23.31	0.15	23.16
5th	John Poland	23.46	0.30	22.46
6th	Mel Robertson	23.52	1.00	22.52
7th	Don Lock	24.10	1.10	23.00
8th	Simon Letts	24.11	1.30	22.41
9th	Thomas Bacon	24.35	1.40	22.55
10th	Jan Scotchford	24.53	2.20	22.33
(New ladies' club record).				
11th	Vern McClelland	25.15	1.25	23.50
12th	John Gilbert	25.35	2.30	23.05
13th	Peter Baird	25.48	2.20	23.28
14th	Alan Matthews	26.25	3.30	22.55
15th	Alan Stepney	26.43	2.30	24.13
16th	Tim Bayliss	27.10	3.00	24.10
17th	Mark Constable	27.20	3.00	24.20
18th	Mike Poland	28.20	4.45	23.35
19th	Ellis Bacon	30.07	6.00	24.07
20th	Reg Searle	32.15	7.30	24.45

Awards:

1st Jeremy Wootton
2nd John Lucas

Handicap.

1st Jan Scotchford
2nd Jeremy Wootton
3rd John Lucas

Timekeepers: John Grant, Roger Smallman.

Pusher off : George Wall.

Handicapper: Colin Miller.

April 4th, 1992, The Spring Road Race.

For the club's first road race promotion of the year we had attracted a full field of 40 junior and third category riders, including a Wessex Division junior team. With headquarters at Ashington Village Hall, the race distance was 46 miles using a circuit based on the second part of the club ten mile course but instead of going down to Washington roundabout, it used the climb of Rock Hill with the finish line about 3/4 of the way up the hill. The circuit had to be ridden a total of 10 times for the race distance.

Conditions for the race were good, being slightly overcast with a slight wind. The first couple of laps were fairly quiet but with the primes on offer on alternate laps the climb provided a springboard for the winning break, with 3 riders, Stuart Barrie of Feltham R.C., Roger Smith of V.C. Etoile and Keith Boniface of 34th Nomads managing to establish themselves. The three worked well together, opening up a useful gap on the rest of the field, managing to stay away and contest the final sprint despite a late effort by Darren Hardy from Poole, which split the rest of the bunch. Stuart Barrie was an easy winner of the final sprint from Roger Smith with Keith Boniface third. Darren Hardy was the next to finish from Jonathan Perry Huddersfield Poly C.C. and Chris MacNamara, V.C. Etoile completing the first six finishers.

Apart from a crash in the early laps where one rider was forced to retire, fortunately unhurt himself but with his bike sustaining damage, the race went off successfully. I must thank every-

one who turned out so readily to assist in the running of the race on the day but where were the Worthing riders? This is the first year I can remember where no one from the club has ridden the road race.

The next club road race promotion is on Saturday the 18th July for the Surrey league at Staplefield. Any offers of assistance in the running of the event will be gratefully accepted.

Club Road Race Scene.

Three club riders have so far participated in road races this season, out of a total of something like 10 licence holders, hopefully with the Goodwood races on Tuesday evenings once again having started we may get more riders having a go.

The Goodwood events are run under the banner of the Surrey League, and a very informal atmosphere makes for an easy introduction to bunched racing. Generally the races are on a handicap basis with one race in four usually being a scratch race. You don't need to enter in advance, all entries are on the line and for non-licence holders it is possible to ride by paying for a day licence. Racing starts at 18.30 for schoolboys with the main event of about 40 miles starting at 19.00

The main Surrey League events are run most weekends through the season and the club is affiliated to the League. To ride the events it is necessary to be a League registered rider and registration is done through the club League representative and costs £ 10.00. Every rider gets a share of the prize list at the end of the season and the winnings are based on the number of points gained in League events. Every finisher gains points but points are deducted for not finishing or not starting in events. Entry for the events must be

done through the club representative and cost is £4.00 per event. Any rider wanting more information on the League or road racing in general please contact me.....

Vern McLelland.

What a pleasant event Dave Hudson runs! Having organised the event, seen it get under way in the morning, then spending the entire day running around making sure the "check'n feed" points were humming, he still found time to write to everyone involved. The following is a (slightly edited) copy of his letter.

W.E.C.C. AUDAX 26/4/92

What an awful day that Sunday. There was nothing wrong with the weather on the Saturday or Monday!.

The total entries for the 125K were 48.
Of these at least 33 started but only 19 completed the course.

The total entries for the 200K were 44.
Of these 29 started and 26 were successful. What determination. (3 of these 26 rode from Emsworth before the event).

1 of the non-finishers only made Wisborough Green and returned. Another at Hindhead decided the additional loop to New Alresford was unwise and returned. The other rider having been to New Alresford and back to Hindhead decided he "had had enough" and visited the Happy Eater for a feast and awaited collection by one of his fitter friends.

Additionally 2 who had chosen the longer route decided on the day to ride the short one.

Those who plugged away all day had nothing but praise for all the friendly encouragement and refreshments provided on route and for the excellent feast waiting for them at the Heene Centre.

I do not blame those who chose not to ride or who cut short their day a wheel (I wouldn't have liked it) but I admire those who did continue I know they felt great achievement.

Thank you very much everyone for all your help at Heene and the Controls. Despite the weather it was a success and I am sure those who rode will "be back for more" next year when I hope we have sunshine and not more rain.

Dave Hudson.

Dave then went on to list in detail all the brevet winners, but narrowing this down to just the Excelsior successes, we had;

125K Brian and Susan Howe, Mark Hawkes.

200K Paul Toppin, Vern McLelland and Alan Scarratt (all with ample time to spare!)

5th April, 1992.

The Inside Park Mountain Bike Challenge 1992.

Last year the same event must have qualified as one of the muddiest, following several days' torrential rain. This year it was the one which I was not particularly looking forward to.

However, Ian McCaskill of the BBC's Weather Office blessed us with blue skies and a fairly dry course.

This event had not applied for "National Points Series" status this year and in doing so the

overall entry was down to only 670 as against some 800 competitors last year. The benefit of this is that everything seemed to work extremely well, and the pre-registration facilities saved a lot of queuing on the day.

The result of the reduced entry - the pro/elite men started with the 'expert' category. As far as I was concerned, this meant one thing - the start would be extremely fast with the expert men trying to hang on to the wheels of the pro/elite category.

Fortunately, the course had been changed from last year and the bottle neck 100 yards after the start was avoided giving the field time to spread out before entering a narrow single track.

The whole of the course was rideable which included a jump and one fairly sharp steep hill to climb. The spectators were out in force on both of these parts of the course with 'Swiss cowbells' making it seem more like something out of Ski Sunday than Cycling Weekly!

Due to the dry conditions the race was extended from 4 to 5 laps for my category. Despite my water bottle abandoning ship on the first rocky descent, I managed to stay in contact with my bike for the whole of the race and was overall generally pleased with my final placing of 10th.

J.P. Saville had his new look Kona team out in force. Dave Hemmings was leading my expert race for 2 laps until the antibiotics he was taking got the better of him and he retired. Dave Smith finished 5th in the expert race. In the juniors Vince Camp finished 2nd, in the pro/elites Gary Foord riding his first mountain bike race was riding with Dave Baker and Barry Clarke in the

lead until he punctured on the second lap and retired. Overall a satisfying day out for the kona team to whom I owe my thanks for their confident encouragement and support.

Jeremy Wootton.

Club 15 mile TT, Sunday 5th Apr 1992.

We don't know how, but this event clashed with the East Sussex C.A. two-up and as we are members of that association, such clashes should be avoided if possible. Maybe there was a late change of date somewhere.

However, with three teams riding in the E.S.C.A. event, numbers for the "15" would be down. Well they were, a bit. Fifteen entered but for one reason or another only eleven made the start.

The course was from Hole Street Ashington on through to Wiston, left towards Steyning, then north up through Ashurst and out to the A.24 at West Grinstead. The final stretch was back to Ashington with a finish just past the Hole Street Junction.

Fresh from his excellent Club 10 of the previous week John Lucas was on scratch, and lived up to expectations returning a time of 37.51. It was Simon Letts who fooled the handicapper most, and he picked up that prize with an actual of 38.44 and after 1.45 allowance his net time was too good for the rest.

It was a nice morning and the road works on the river bridge on the Ashurst section had not yet moved into the traffic lights mode so all went off smoothly.

Full Result.

<u>time.</u>		<u>Actual.</u>	<u>Allce.</u>	<u>H'cap</u>
1st	John Lucas	37.51	Scr.	37.51
2nd	Mel Robertson	38.36	1.15	37.21
3rd	Simon Letts	38.44	1.45	36.59
4th	John Poland	39.19	0.45	38.34
5th	Alan Scarratt	40.20	2.30	37.50
6th	Peter Baird	40.35	3.10	37.25
7th	Karl Robertson	41.48	3.30	38.18
8th	Alan Stepney	43.18	3.00	40.18
9th	Alan Langham	44.50	5.00	39.50
10th	Neil Attaway	45.13	6.00	39.13
11th	Reg Searle *	52.35	10.30	42.05
	(tricycle).			

Awards.

1st John Lucas

Handicap.

1st Simon Letts

2nd Mel Robertson

Catering: Mel Robertson.

Don.

Fashion.

The development and subsequent changes to the bicycle have been quite dramatic over recent history.

When I first became interested in cycling in the early sixties it was 'de-rigueur' to have centre-pull brakes, handlebar control gear levers, multi layers of handlebar tape while the frame would have shallow angles with a relatively long wheel-base.

The first change I recall was the move away from handlebar controls to down tube levers, closely followed by the demise of centre pull brakes in favour of side pull. Both of these changes made

the bike lighter and easier to maintain. The side pull brakes that I could afford at that time could not be described as efficient, but a fashion is a fashion.

The next phase involved disappearing into the garage with a Black & Decker and drilling holes in just about every component. Some people had so many holes in their bike that when they rode at a steady pace into a thirty mile an hour head wind it played "The Mull of Kintyre". I never participated in this fad and the people who had saddle pins and cranks snap probably wished they hadn't.

Things started to get expensive when low profile frames became fashionable. If you could afford it you would have a minimum of two bikes, a low-profile for time trials and a regular bike for training. The major disadvantage with a low-profile bike was the fact that it was necessary to carry two spare tubs or tubes as the front wheel was usually smaller than the rear.

Following the Los Angeles Olympics everyone wanted disc wheels. These were developed for the USA team by the aerospace industry. Although the wheel is heavier, it is rigid and acts like a flywheel once wound up, and gives a distinct advantage.

More recently the sport of triathlon has come onto the scene and spawned "Tri-bars". These extensions to the standard bars enable the rider to adopt the skiers tuck. Wind tunnel tests have proved (to my satisfaction), that for the same degree of effort a rider will be two minutes faster over twenty five miles with tri-bars. It is interesting to note that people with low profile bikes are now spending more money in getting a higher position when using tri-bars.

Where will it all end? I offer some tongue in cheek suggestions on developments that may be just around the corner.

- *Compact disc wheels.
- *Tri-harder bars.
- *Pedal less clips.
- *High profile frames.
- *Microwave bikes (you ride it for eight minutes and it feels like an hour)
- *Self-inflating tyres.
- *Mud flaps that are not made from washing up liquid bottles.

Alan Orman

Cross by Name, Cross by Nature.

I broke a tooth recently and went to see my dentist.

He is a cyclist too, or rather he buys bikes and wears them as appendages of his wealth, like teenage girls used to collect charms on a bracelet.

Real cyclists build proper bikes from bits they cannot afford.

We have grown up together, my dentist and I, starting when he was a newly qualified practitioner and I was a boy in shorts, whose teeth had been pulled forward by habitual thumb-sucking, so that head-on I resembled the front end of a JCB digger.

That morning I had absent-mindedly swallowed my Vitamin C tablet and crunched my Garlic Pearl, so we got off to a bad start.

"You'll need to have a crown", he said, "would you like gold or porcelain?".

"Which is lightest - don't they do one in titanium?" I asked.

Still got your priorities right I see" he said.
"No difference, both the same price as well".

I thought to say that he had not lost his priorities either, but when a man has his fingers in your mouth it is best to hold your tongue in case he does it for you.

"Wide as you can now, - done any racing lately" he asked.

"Gah, Gah, Gah", I said.

"Oh yes, where they carry their bikes on their shoulders", he replied.

I can think of 20 good sensible reasons why I started cyclo-crossing, none of them would be quite true.

It may be practical to regard a bike as a tool, in the way a boxer does gloves or a painter brushes, or poetically, as the only means of self-expression open to a simple plough-boy. Unfortunately I am susceptible to the shiny's in the bike shop windows, to the luscious curve of a handlebar, the wicked rake of a well turned pair of forks, to the watch-like tick and tiny teeth of a close-ratio block, and the growls of a disc wheel under protest. The truth is I wanted a 'cross bike, to carry on my shoulder of course.

Before competing I went to see some 'cross races to study the action, it usually went as follows..

After the initial chaos of the start half a dozen or so deft and skillful competent competitors would quickly establish a considerable lead, to be followed by a weary line of puffing, pink-faced participants, who should have been glorying in the exhilaration of healthy strenuous exercise and combative tussles with mutually respected adversaries, and all in nature's good clean air - but clearly they were not.

I had yet to learn why the fight had gone from their eyes and why even the older guys looked like they desperately wanted their Mum.

To prepare for my debut on the 'cross scene I needed somewhere to train in private, to work on my objective of complete one-ness with my beautiful new machine - flesh and aluminium welded into a winning combination. Not easy. What I settled for was the local park in the pitch dark, along with its prolific canine clientèle, and everything degenerated into a sort of "Dog's doo Criterium".

Night after night I put myself through a crash course in cyclo-cross technique. Dismounting at speed, remounting quickly whilst on the run, leaping over logs and running carrying the bike.

I entered my first event at Beacon Hill, Faygate - 1 hour and 1 lap.

Mike Miller, a very nice chap, even though he is in the Etoile, advised me that a fast start was essential in order to gain a good place before the first obstacle.

In a light drizzle I lined up with the others, and tried to look "cool". The front ranks began to nervously inch forward. Mike, dressed in Sou' wester and wellies was saying something to which

nobody was listening when Mr. Starter coughed, twitched his flag, and everyone sprinted away.

For the first 50 yards or so I held my own, but at the first corner I slithered to the ground and half the field piled on top of me. At the first obstacle, feeling it would be impolite to push in, I had to queue, while we all hopped over a log. I had lost a lot of ground. I flung myself desperately into the race, but the harder I tried the worse my situation became.

I attacked the course on slippery sections and slipped off, mis-timed my manoeuvres and fell off, and eventually hit an oak tree and hurt myself. Steve Dennis, the eventual winner, danced past me and continued up the long labouring line of riders, nipping in between them as if they were stationary cones on a highway, until he disappeared out of sight. My considerable respect for him instantly doubled.

I sat, stunned, in the mud, and began to think, rationalising my predicament (well you would, wouldn't you.. Ed.). I could, I believe, ride a bicycle - think, and anticipate the obstacles on the course - and try hard.. My problem was in doing them all at the same time. That is what makes cyclo-cross different from other forms of cycle sport, and so far I had missed that simple fact. I remounted and finished, nearly last.

I rode several more times in '91 - '92.

It is quite nice to be one of the boys in the long pink puffing line, we make little friendly short-term alliances to help each other out, and we carry our bikes on our shoulders - did you see us, Mum?

How different are the good ones, Roger Hammond, Chris Young and a lot more besides.

Steve Douce caught me, going up a narrow track at Shirley Hills. I moved over to allow him past, "Thanks mate", he said. He moved lightly over the ground, like a pond skater does on water. Purposeful but controlled, his efforts matched the contours and demands of the course.

My eyes followed him as he shouldered his bike and sprinted away from me up a steep bank, to become at the top a dark silhouette against a wintry sky.

Ronny, the Belgian, Polevault (at least that's what it sounded like) was not so polite. He caught me in the London Championships. I found it difficult to move over quite quickly enough for his liking. He streaked past and well - while I like to consider myself fairly broad-minded and always open to offers, to achieve what Ronny was suggesting I would have needed to be a contortionist, then he very neatly pushed me and I shot off the course into a very prickly holly bush, quite appropriate really, just a few days before Xmas. Was I Cross!

I made a mental note to see Ronny at the finish, - to ask him how he came to have such a good command of English - of course.

As it happened, Ronny had won, very convincingly beating all our top 'cross men, as I approached he was giving an interview to Cycling Magazine.

"When I not riding I 'elp my fazer whiz his potato jobs", he was saying, "moving bags makes me goot and strong".

His bright blue eyes were shining laughingly in

his cherubic face, for a moment they met mine and crashed together like billiard balls and then glanced away.

How many potato sacks had he moved to afford that disc wheel and colourful vest and gloves? I backed away and left him to his deserved day of glory.

My last event of the season was on an iron cold day at Shirley Hills. Everything from the largest tree to the tiniest puddle was covered in icy crystals. With the world asleep the sun was doing its utmost, but was playing to an empty auditorium in a clear blue sky, like one of those early fit riders who dance provocatively on the pedals and cannot understand why nobody wants to join in.

I lined up at the back with the mountain-bikers, all butch, with hairy legs and stubbly chins to match their stubbly fat tyres. I stood serenely with my Aluminium Lady. To-day, the course was going to be dangerous.

As usual we all started like madmen, within 100 yards about 20 went down, each of them spinning on the ground all skin and stones and ice and agony.

I was going well, I felt good, in control. I was well up with the leaders, but more importantly, I found I was enjoying the race for the first time ever! Oh joy!

At the bottom of a perilously steep ski-slope a group were picking themselves up from another communal error, I hurtled down and added myself to the pile.

Unfortunately one of those sticking-up bits on mountain bike handlebars went under my rib cage, and the jokes stopped there. I was in trouble now.

After several minutes I continued on and finished in 10th place, my best ever.

"Looks like a broken rib", said the doctor in casualty department "how did you do it".

"Cyclo-cross", I said.

"Oh I know", he said "where they carry their bikes on their shoulders".

Nick Lelliot

Hush!, keep it dark, but.....

Tony Palmer recently received a telephone call from the bemused event secretary of the Hounslow and District C.C. "100". It went something like this.. "We've had an entry from someone we think might be in your club - there's no name on it, come to that there's no address either, and it's not signed... also lines 1, 2 and 3 haven't been completed. There is a cheque with it, A. Scar-ratt. Can you help?"

Our under-cover agents tell us that Alan has been doing a lot of secret miles, in preparation for the S.C.A. "12", and we've even heard that some Randonnée organisers have been bewildered to find a mysterious young man with a dark cloak and heavy moustache riding in their events. But isn't trying to get into an event with a "quess who I am?" entry form taking this incognito business a bit too far?

"Now That's a Difficult one".

Louis Passfield who gave us a most interesting talk about training and modern thoughts on the subject, must be forgiven if he commenced most of

his answers in this way. It was good that there were so many questions from the packed club room, and on a matter where the effects of any given effort vary like finger prints, there was always going to be difficulty in replying specifically and in relation to the questioner's particular experience.

The message which came through, more perhaps than any other, is that it is quality more than quantity which is important. It must be hoped though, that some in the audience did not go home thinking it was all too easy. He gave examples of four levels of training and level three has we gather left a fit Jeremy Wootton "shattered". So what about level four? The danger is that we shall go on training at level two and think we're working hard.

As to quantity, our President Roger Smallman in his thanks to Louis Passfield did pick up on the old traditional point that miles are still important and our coach Nick Lelliott has indicated nicely that the first thing if you want to get fit, is that you have to get the bike out. As you get fitter so you can increase both the quality and the quantity.

Common sense tells us that when we are riding a hard training session we gradually get tired, so by the time we get home we are, at that moment, less fit than when we started out. We perhaps have not always thought of it in that way before.

It was explained with graphs how our body then, in a recovery period prepares itself for further treatment of that kind, and so it is in the recovery period that we actually get fitter - a nice thought. If in each training session we push or stretch ourselves properly then our body will each time recover to a fitter condition and in that way

we make ourselves capable of better performances.

Determination and dedication were not mentioned. Louis is dealing with Physiology and the fitness of the body. The psychology is another matter. Some of us may well fail on this score while having the latent physical ability not being fully developed and used.

It was an interesting evening enjoyed by many club members and dozens of friends from other clubs. It was arranged by Nick Lelliott and we are indebted to him for his efforts.

At the May meeting of the Committee it was decided to award a merit medal to Nick, probably the first he's had for something connected with cycling, yet achieved without turning a pedal.

Don.

The open "25", Sunday 3rd May, 1992.

In soccer parlance, this was a good one, both "on and off the field". A faultless promotion thanks to Colin Miller and all those who supported him, with marshalling, catering and officiating in many different, but equally important, ways.

Also our riders supported the event in good numbers - we had twenty-one entrants and only two failed to start, both cases due to illness, and further, there were excellent performances, which gave us 2nd, 3rd and 5th places, and a fine team win. Good weather conditions, that over which we have no control, were also impeccably well behaved. It was a bit cool for the early starters, but just a slight north-easterly wind meant very even outward and return halves.

The tandems, just nine of them, were started first

and it was a convincing win for quite the fastest pairing in the area, Andy Smith and Richard Holkham of Brighton Excelsior. They covered the distance in 54.05, taking just over 5 minutes out of Mike Gibbs, stoked this time by event organiser Colin Miller. They recorded 59.11. As Colin said, "We were able to check the course over" - he didn't say how long they spent putting signs out!

Before leaving the tandems, perhaps next year we should look at how we spread the prize money. While 100 solos chased £ 80.00. i.e. 80 pence per rider, only 9 tandems or 18 riders chased £ 45.00, i.e. £ 2.50 per rider. That does seem to be somewhat out of balance.

Jeremy Wootton from number 10 was the first W.E.C.C. man to finish and his 1.1.25 looked good for a team placing. This was not improved on so far as Worthing were concerned until Colin Toppin from No. 50 got home in 1.0.11. By then Vince Lowe of Brighton Excel had ducked under with 59.59 and headed the result board. Don Lock (who?) had finished in 1.1.33, just pipping arch rival John Lucas 1.2.07, but then Paul Toppin stormed in with 59.06 to go straight to the top. A team win already looked on, and this without Richard Ship-ton, who from No. 90 was still to come. Ben Edwards of the Clarence dropped something of a large spanner in the works with an impressive 56.05 though from No. 80, and while he had no team support it looked unbeatable for individual honours. Richard gave his usual 110% effort and made it from pusher-off to chequered board in 57.26. The team was a certainty.

An enjoyable morning's sport with no traffic problems. A contra-flow system near Tangmere, where they are starting work on the eastern end of the Westhampnett by-pass, was rather narrow but

the cross-over was smooth. Thankfully also the car that turned into the railing at Crossbush did not involve, or as far as we've heard, interfere in any way with the progress of the riders.

Finally thanks - to our sponsors, The Mills Cycle Centre, John Spooner Cycles and County Insurance Brokers for their support. Please when you can support them.

Result.

1st	Ben Edwards,	Clarence Wh.	56.05
2nd	Richard Shipton	WECC	57.26
3rd	Paul Toppin	WECC	59.06

Team Worthing Excelsior C.C. Richard Shipton,
Paul Toppin and Colin Toppin (1.0.11). Aggregate
time 2hrs 57 m 43 secs.

5th	Colin Toppin	1. 0.11
	Jeremy Wootton	1. 1.25
	Don Lock	1. 1.33
	John Lucas	1. 2.07
	Matthew Funnell	1. 3.01
	Simon Letts	1. 3.13
	Mel Robertson	1. 3.50
	Peter Baird	1. 4.06
	Alan Orman	1. 4.25
	Mark Hawkes	1. 4.51
	Alan Matthews	1. 7.26
	John Gilbert	1. 7.32
	Alan Langham	1. 8.19
	Karl Robertson	1. 9.57
	Alan Stepney	1.11.19

Tandem Event.

1st	Andy Smith/Richard Holkham, Brighton Excelsior	54.05
2nd	Mike Gibbs/Colin Miller. Worthing Excel- sior C.C.	59.11
	Don.	

NEW MEMBERS.

Welcome Dean Fletcher, a John Lucas discovery from the Paula Rosa workshops at Storrington. Dean has already attended several club runs and is one of those believed to have got John into the Fat Tyre Brigade.

Allan Langham has joined us, and within days was riding the club 15. He has now produced a very respectable 1.08 at 25 miles, and will obviously go faster with experience. Allan is from Lenhurst Way - the old Paul West neck of the Worthing Woods.

Alastair Grantham hails from Eldon Road in East Worthing and is currently "training hard", so hope to see you on club runs and out at events Alastair.

Mark Constable from Sompting has re-joined us - welcome back Mark!

John Gildersleve rejoins us after an absence of a few years: we anticipate John's sphere will be club-runs, and trust he will enjoy his renewed membership.

We also welcome Robert Daw, who comes from St. Raphael Road, in Worthing. We are assured that this address has no connection with the club of similar name, to which we've lost some of our youngsters. Robert is new to club life but is already knocking out respectable times in the evening 10 series.

Graham Parsons has joined us from Shoreham, and at thirty-five is showing a youthful enthusiasm with 10's and 25's already completed in very promising times.

Please all involve yourselves in the club's activities. It's the quickest way to get to know members and to get the full benefit of your membership.

Don.

MARCH MADNESS
OR
THE TRIKER'S LAMENT

March is early in the season to start the racing game,

But to back out now would really be a shame.

The promoter has worked hard to get a full start card,

And the time is now approaching to justify the coaching.

I come up to the starting line, the time-keeper is calling time,

Five, four, three, two, one and go (let's hope this time I'm not too slow).

The first half-mile is down hill, but a strong head wind is blowing,

I'm only doing "20", my lack of fitness showing.

Four minutes steady riding and I'm passed by number two,

And I know before I finish I'll be passed by quite a few.

About every two minutes a rider rushes by, I find it very frustrating because I really try.

At last the turn comes into sight but I've taken one hour,

I know that I'll keep going but my legs just have no power.

The return journey is better for the wind is on my back,

My speed has now improved although real pace is what I lack.

One reason for my riding is the joy of speed down hill,

And the thrill of cornering a trike to bye-pass Arundel.

But good things rarely last and I am soon on Station Hill,

I'm in my crawler gear and nearly standing still.

But I make it to the top and there are only two more miles,

The finish is in sight and now I am all smiles. I may be tail end Charlie and have won the wooden spoon,

But I've also set a record - slowest to the changing room!

Reg Searle.

Just my View.

The day started with a 6.00 a.m. alarm to leave the house at 6.30 a.m., having given the bike a final check the day before. I arrived at Heene Road, for the start of the Weald and Downland 200km Audax Event.

Worthing was left at 8.00a.m. with Dave Hudson wishing us a fond farewell. At our first check point Wisborough Green (30km) FREE refreshments were soon consumed with no problems, and after a short stop we set off again. Unfortunately it started to rain, and from then onwards it continued raining for the next 9 hours which made cycling that much less enjoyable, but I stuck with it.

After leaving the first control those immortal words Dave keeps coming out with were still ringing in my ears "stoke up for the hills" "keep

going time is miles". With water now running down my glasses and with them forever steaming up visibility became a problem. It had benefits though for I could not see the steepness of BLACK DOWN (the highest point in Sussex), and the route to Hindhead took us straight up it.

Arriving at Haste Hill where the secret control was situated, more FREE food was on offer, and I can assure you it was consumed with relish this time, and I didn't need asking twice.

Having arrived at control number 2, Hill Crest Café, Hindhead, cyclists were coming in and out, eating, drinking and dripping water every-where. I should imagine anyone eating there was wondering what was going on, with all these cyclists coming in looking like drowned rats and devouring anything that looked like food. It was then I made the choice of calling it quits. I had had enough. In a way I was sorry to quit, but with the rain pouring down, soaked through and cold, I made the decision to head back to Worthing.

Following the 125km route back to Worthing, via Wisborough Green (control No., 3 for me) where Don Lock and Simon Clarke, who were the controllers for the afternoon, made me welcome with a nice cuppa. After a chat I made my way to Fittleworth, and the last climb of the day Bury Hill, Arundel, Littlehampton, and on to Worthing arriving back at Heene Road centre at 4.00 p.m.

The entry fee was £ 2.25, with FREE refreshments, and the effort made by the organiser, it was worth every penny. So next year I would certainly recommend it to anyone thinking of attempting it (but with better weather I hope) after all there was a friendly marshall at each control eager to stamp your card and to give you every encouragement.

John Maxim

Beware the 'Rides of March'

If a sheep eats too much rich grass, the grass ferments in the stomach of the unfortunate creature, producing an excess of wind, then if the sheep is unable to burp fast enough, it blows up and dies - bloat, it's called.

I once found half-a-dozen of these sheep on the Downs, and the farmer and I dragged them to the field gate. He did not seem at all upset. We stood and looked at the lifeless carcasses.

"They're not much use now", I said.

"Oh yes they are boy", he replied, "them's the ones what makes the others more expensive", and he roared with laughter.

- Optimism, that's called.

Of late Coachy had felt as if life was leaving him behind. These anachronistic twinges had begun with the arrival of disc wheels and tri-bars, and Coachy, making a supreme effort, and what he thought would be his last big cycling investment, had swallowed hard and handed over the cash in the bike shop, so getting himself back in the race.

He had imagined he could counter the threat posed by tri-spoked wheels by giving an extra shove on the pedals occasionally, and so far this had worked.

The true depth of his dilemma had struck him however, when on the front of 'Cycling Weekly' he had seen what was described as a monocoque racing machine, but which looked to Coachy's eyes like a large black Rocking Horse.

This picture had no doubt sent all the young pretenders racing to their money boxes - tongues lolling, but Coachy, with his 'Win or Die, but on no account spend any money' philosophy - well, it made his blood run cold - then there was this Louis Passfield and his threshold levels to contend with.

All winter Coachy had been taking his clubmate, young Johnny, out on long rides in an attempt to wear the lad out before the season started. The plan had been working, each time Johnny had returned, pale, perspiring and completely "bonked out" and hollow, like a blown egg.

Coachy regularly told him the famous stories of how, as a boy, the Campionissimo, Fausto Coppi, would regularly ride until he fell from his machine, completely exhausted, while still 50 kilometres from a plate of Tortalini.

All the greats had come from the land, he had told Johnny. Anquetil's father had grown Strawberries, Hinault had begun life cutting cauliflower, and now another "farm boy", Indurain, was proving as hard as the land through which he had to ride.

Mercx had been a problem, his dad was a grocer, so Coachy did not mention Mercx.

Now, Pied Piper Passfield had arrived with his easy-to-follow soft-option cycling, and the folklore romance the Coachy loved was under threat from Sports Science.

"I can't come out to-morrow," Johnny had told him, "my carbohydrate levels are a bit low". Coach needed to do something, quickly.

Recently a very welcome touch of femininity from a long way north of the G435 had much improved club nights, everyone agreed, even Coachy.

Johnny certain did. Yan's presence had proved a useful weapon in the ceaseless war against ETOILE having taken the form of:-

"Yah-boo, we've got a bird in our club, you haven't", a challenge to which even both halves of the "Two-headed MacNamara" had been answerless.

"Hi darling, I love you when you're all sweaty", said Johnny, as the young lady, freshly trained, approached the "Hole in the Wall" for refreshment.

"How's the Southern-ness lessons going?" continued Johnny.

"O.K.", she replied, "listen" - she licked her lips - "'Terribly Sorry!, I don't want to trouble you, - but I've just squashed your friend with my new B.M.W." - how's that?"

"Fantastic, really Southern", said Johnny, "great accent too".

Coachy felt sick. His best chat up line so far had been "What's a nice girl like you doing in a club like this", raising no response.

"Good ride in the SirKit event, Yan", he murmured. Johnny wrested control of the conversation again: "Louis Passfield told me during my test on the King's Cycle that competition could all be explained in mathematical terms. The visit only cost £ 100."

Coachy shuddered and began converting that into Wolber tubulars, a currency he could understand. "He explained why Coachy beat me", continued Johnny, "you see in a 25 a bike wheel turns 18,745

times to cover the distance. In an hour that's 312 turns a minute. To go one minute faster, - that is a 59". "Which is a lot faster", interjected Coachy. "My wheels need to turn at 317.7 turns per minute, that's only 5.7 times per minute faster - which isn't a lot - is it?"

"Only 13.3 yards per minute, or just over 6 bike lengths a minute - in 100" gear that's less than 2 revolutions of the pedals per minute, and a minute is a long time."

The girl was clearly fascinated. "So you see", continued Johnny, "a "thrashing" as Coachy calls it, isn't that at all. Neither is his famous "Race of Truth" what it seems. Louis says I should try bunch racing next, that evens everyone out".

Coachy was destroyed, he searched desperately in his mental store of cycling "homilies" for a counter-attack but could find nothing sensible.

"Yes, but you know it's the races you lose which make the others worth winning", he said, and left it at that.

Nick.

T H A N K Y O U

On 12th March 1992, I completed the London Marathon.

Firstly, I would like to thank everyone for sponsoring. We have succeeded in raising over £ 2,500 for Tommy's, the Charity supporting the Special Care Baby Unit at St. Thomas' Hospital, Westminster. The all important prize we were offering to the person guessing our combined total time of 11 hours 10 minutes and 11 seconds has been won by

Anne Smith of Worthing Yacht Club.

The individual are:-

Jeremy Wootton - 3 hours 10 minutes 32 seconds.

Gavin Baylis - 3 hours 38 minutes 53 seconds.

Elaine Deed - 4 hours 46 seconds.

Elaine's actual time is under 4 hours as it took her approximately 5 minutes to cross the start line whereas Gavin and I only had to wait approximately 1 minute and 10 seconds before crossing the start.

Although I ran most of the race with Gavin whose time is slightly slower than mine due to stomach cramps attacking him in the last 3 or 4 miles. Eventually he urged me to run on alone to beat my target time of 3 hours 29 minutes and 29 seconds.

I would never have achieved this without Gavin's support and experience particularly at around mile 13 when I started overheating and had my own personal crisis which was soon remedied by pouring several of the one million bottles of mineral water that were apparently provided, over my head.

Finally, to those of you who wonder why I did it, there are two reasons:-

1) Firstly, for the Special Care Baby Unit. Gavin and Elaine have twin daughters, now aged 2 who were born in the unit and their survival is largely as a result of the efforts of the staff at St. Thomas' and

2) For myself to experience the atmosphere of goodwill and support from the thousands of spectators which cannot really be described. To experi-

ence it, all you have to do is run around London on a Sunday morning.

Jeremy

Press Reports.

Against my better judgment, I have agreed once again agreed to serve you as your press secretary.

Many sports compete for the limited space available to the Worthing Gazette's sports staff, so it gets taken up very quickly. Get your copy in too late, and tales of cycling derring-do disappear amid the football results. To stand any chance of reasonable coverage, I must get our copy to the sports desk by Monday evening at the very latest.

So, if you want your epic deeds of the week-end to appear in the paper, I must have the details by 10 p.m. on Sunday, no later. Either use the our letter-box or the telephone: Worthing 267196 - it's always manned as we've blown our Easter-egg money on an answering machine.

I need;

Time-trials; Event, date and venue. Conditions. Winner's name, club and time. Name, time and placing of yourself and any other Excelsior rider.

Road-races & track; Same basic information, plus "Donovan Details", e.g. "In lap one I initiated a break. Kelly, Duclos-Lassalle and I stayed away until three miles from the end, and as the peloton swept the others up, I attacked again and time-trialled alone to the finish, winning by two minutes, despite three punctures and a broken frame".

Please do this even if you see Daphne and me at an event - we'll probably be too busy with our event-related jobs to play at reporters as well.

I'll do my very best for you, but I can't do it alone.

John Grant.

The 1992 Audax (the full and unabridged version!

I had decided some months ago to ride the 1992 Club Randonnée, since Dave Hudson first mentioned it last year in fact. Having ridden a couple of '400s" in the early 1980s and knowing the miles would be useful for longer time trials later in the year, and armed with Dave's promise of good weather, I entered the 200km event. It later turned out that Dave's assurances regarding the weather couldn't have been further from the truth.

I had arranged to ride the event with Vern McLelland (he knew the route!) and arrived at the Heene Centre a little before 8 o'clock to find a few other riders signing on and tucking into cooked breakfasts. As the group left promptly at 8 am, the weather was dry and clear. Up we went along the A24 via Findon, Ashington, Dan Hill and Adversane. I began chatting to a rider from the Lewes Wanderers who was riding across America in August with Matthew Rabbetts; and here was me worrying about 130 miles! We arrived early at the Wisborough Green check and after tea and a flapjack with John and Daphne Grant, we left through the lanes for the next check which was Hindhead. Our group was now reduced to three, being Vern, Alan Scarrott and myself.

It started raining lightly and we caped up in the Shillinglee area. It was just as well, as it was

to remain with us for the next six hours. On through Gospel Green we went, along many lanes which I recognised from club runs in years gone by. Then we commenced the climb of Blackdown Hill, National Trust Land which I am sure is idyllic on a warm summer's day. On an exceedingly wet April day however it was a place to be avoided. As we climbed higher and higher, I could hang onto Vern and Alan no longer, and let them go. This was to happen every other hill climb that day, and there were plenty of them. At the summit we found Dave and Maggie Funnell who welcomed us with squash and biscuits.

Our group now increased to four with the addition of a rider from the Hants Road Club, who, as I found out seemed to ride a randonée nearly every weekend. The following weekend he was riding a 400km event in Wales! With Haslemere behind us we began the approach to Hindhead, which is uphill from whichever direction you appear. After having our cards stamped by Brian Cox in the car park, we left with our minds intent on reaching the 'far turn' New Alresford. Through Churt and Rushmoor and onto Tilford, where we found a bedraggled figure huddled in a bus shelter in the guise of Ray Douglass, who was the secret control. What a lovely setting this village would be for a Sunday pub lunch, with its pretty green. On this particular Sunday morning it was not a pleasant place to stop so we bade Ray farewell and headed onto Alton. Through the centre of the town, and back into the lanes again. By now we had dropped our companion from the Hants Road club, probably on one of the numerous climbs.

Whilst I was grovelling off the back, I noticed Alton Abbey which interestingly was open to the general public. Later I mentioned this to Vern and Alan, but neither had seen it, both too intent on bashing up the hills no doubt. We continued

through Medstead and Bighton via some very pretty lanes in the direction of New Alresford. By now I was beginning to feel rather jaded, which wasn't helped by my soaking wet clothing, and started looking at road signs to see how far it might be before we could have a break. We arrived in New Alresford at about 12.30 pm, rode straight to the Watercress Line and had our cards stamped. The buffet on the platform provided a welcome break and a light lunch and we congratulated ourselves on having ridden sixty very hard miles in the pouring rain.

Certainly there was no opportunity of packing now, we had to ride back! I remember that at this point my cold wet feet felt like blocks of ice and I cursed myself for having left my overshoes at home. I had been meaning to visit the Watercress Line for some years, although not on a cold wet Sunday on my bike. However, this had whetted my appetite and I returned two weeks later for a family trip on the steam train.

We left New Alresford via Ropley and Four Marks, which are both stations on the steam railway line. Dave had mentioned on the route sheet at about this point to watch out for the farmyard dung. Sure enough he was right, the lane seemed to go straight through a farm and turn into a track. The road was awash with reminders from our four-legged friends that we were in farming country, it was a matter of keeping pedalling and hoping that you didn't have to put your feet down.

On the return leg to Hindhead we kept south of Alton, passing through West and East Worldham, Kingsley and Churt. The rain continued without respite and we were pleased to see the Hindhead boundary sign ahead of us. Unfortunately for us, Dave had decided that a few more miles were needed

and we had another range of hills to climb before we reached the Hindhead check. We found out later that Dave had taken Ray through these same lanes earlier that week and Ray had enjoyed the climbs as much as we had! We eventually reached the Hindhead check to find Brian Cox huddled in his car, still it was raining.

The return route through Wisborough Green took us through Lurgashall, Ebernoe and Kirdford. At this point it stopped raining, the sun started to creep through and the ride became almost pleasant. In Kirdford we found ourselves on the course for the Clarendon Road Race and were passed by a couple of tail end riders. A mile before Wisborough Green Alan sustained the first puncture of the day but he just managed to ride into the village before repairing it. I really must compliment Don Lock and Simon Clarke on the catering arrangements in Wisborough Green. Not only had Dave laid on plenty of tea and cake, but they managed to borrow an empty garage from a resident in which to serve it to us. How resourceful! It was at this point that we caught a handful of riders from the 100km event.

It was the last part of the route, Wisborough Green to Worthing, that I found the hardest. Not just because of the miles covered but because of the hills that Dave had decided to include. The route sheet told us to follow the lane to Fittleworth, what it did not tell us was that this incorporated a leg grinding climb that lasted about ten minutes and culminated in a 1 in 5 ascent. Once over the summit, we freeh wheeled down to Fittleworth over the river and along part of the Har-dridders course towards Bury.

Alan had his second puncture of the day here. Fortunately this gave us a welcome rest before

climbing Bury Hill, which after 110 miles in the saddle was quite a struggle. Down Whiteways Hill to Arundel, up Crossbush Hill and through to Littlehampton we continued. As soon as we passed the Bodyshop building, Vern seemed to smell home and took this to be a signal to put his head down and go. Littlehampton to Worthing was conducted in three-up formation at 25 mph with Vern at the front all the way. It was all I could do to hang on the back, although I couldn't resist the challenge of being first past the Worthing sign.

We arrived back at the Heene Centre at about 6 pm, ten hours after starting. Only an average of 12 mph I know, but a hard ride given the conditions and we were all glad to have finished it. A number of entrants took one look at the conditions and decided not to start, and I can't say I blame them, although on reflection I did enjoy the ride. I did hear that two of our more senior riders drove down to the start intending to ride the 100km event, had a cup of tea and a look at the weather and drove home again without even getting on their bikes. Still, I'm sure that Tony and John had their reasons!

Thanks must go to Dave for organising this event, and to everyone else who assisted him. An excellent day, apart from the weather.

Paul Toppin.

Whoops!

For many people the W.E.C.C. A.G.M. is a rather mundane affair. This year, for me, it has meant the beginning of something I think I am going to wish I had never suggested - a mountain bike race in 1993.

I have never organised an event like this before and any help or advice would be gratefully appreciated. I think one of the most pressing problems is to find a course on which to hold the race.

If anyone knows anyone who owns a large amount of open land that is easily accessible from the public highway, and has access to facilities etc., and thinks the owner may be willing to help please get in touch with me. Ideally, the site should be large enough to enable us to make a course of around 4 or 5 miles long, though I think we should consider anything that may be available. I will try to keep everyone up to date as to the progress being made in organising this event, and if anybody wants to help please contact me.

Jeremy Wootton.

Editor's Note: This is an exciting new departure for the club, and Jeremy is to be commended for his courage in initiating it - we owe it to him to rally round!

Sate?.

He wobbled homeward on his rusting machine: of cables, no front, and the rear so bent at the lever as not to work - then assume no brakes. From the Sturmey-Archer hub, jammed in top by a broken cable, a rusting chain squeaked complainingly forward to the chainwheel, whence it journeyed again rearwards flapping slack beneath the chain-stay, threatening to come off. Decaying wheels, loose-spoked, wove amorously through fork and chain-stay, carrying under-inflated tyres into capricious contact with the ground. The whole was an un-co-ordinated mechanical jelly.

His position was hardly Indurain - over, or even in front of, the bottom bracket, saddle too low, each instep pedal-stroke an individual heave as he fought the machine along, feet untrammelled by clip or strap, angled out like a cycling kipper.

But Esther Rantzen and Anneka Rice would have loved this cycling accident as it sought its venue, for perched immaculately on its head was an expensive HELMET - he was SAFE.

BONESHAKER

TIME TRIAL MISCELLANY.

A bunch of good reports in mid and late May. Our Ed has done his second best ever with 1.00.07 in the Veteran's national 25 for 10th place on standard, then a personal best "58" in a private T.T.

Richard Shipton put Worthing Excelsior right at the top of the result board with an excellent 50 mile ride in the Essex with a sparkling 1.52.21. The two Toppins popped up to Hertfordshire and clocked a couple of scorchers. Both did 56's with Colin just half a minute ahead on this occasion.

Alan Scarratt not only finished his first ever 100, but rode round the Hounslow event like it was a 25 to record an excellent 4.32. Colin Miller lopped 4 minutes off his personal for a 50, bringing it down to 2 hours 7 minutes. Vern McLelland achieved four personals (reckons tri-bars are magic) including 1.0.41 for the Rother Valley 25. In this event quite remarkably Jeremy Wootton recorded 1.00.00 which, would you believe, was exactly what he did in 1991 in the same event.

Ah, the warm weather!

Don.

TOURIST TRIAL.

This year's competition will be on Saturday the 26th September, the day before the hill-climb championship. It will again be in the afternoon and perhaps early evening, and once more John Mansell, many times winner of the Billy Argent Rose Bowl, be will be the organisor.

The event will start in the South-west corner of Buckingham Park, Shoreham. Fuller details will be available nearer the date, but this is a good fun event and deserves much better support than it has had over recent years.

S.C.A. Team Championships, 9th May 1992.

This was on the usual tough and hilly course around Cowfold and Poynings - Worthing Excelsior "A" gained third place behind East Grinstead C.C. and Brighton Excelsior C.C.

Worthing Excelsior C.C. "A"

Paul Toppin	1. 2.28
Colin Toppin	1. 3.10
Jeremy Wootton	1. 3.35
John Lucas	1. 4.45

Other Excelsior times;

Vern McLelland	1. 5.50
Simon Letts	1. 5.50
Colin Miller	1. 5.59
Don Lock	1. 6.00
John Poland	1. 6.02
Mel Robertson	1. 6.04
Alan Orman	1. 7.12 (puncture)
Peter Baird	1. 8.34
Jan Scotchford	1.10.17 (<u>and</u> she rode 19 miles each way to warm up and cool down!)
Karl Robertson	1.11.55

Quote.

Reg Searle, after finishing a windswept Sussex Cyclists' Association "25" on the 15th March.

"It took me four minutes longer to get to the turn than it took Nick Lelliott to ride the whole course".

That may be so Reg, but remember that you were wearing the Trousers of Greatness when Nick was still riding a tinplate tricycle with a Donald Duck transfer on the seat!

John Grant.

Well, he didn't say he was perfect....
did he?

Anyone remember the club "10" when Don first used a digital watch, started it with the first rider (usually off at "01") and gave everyone a "flier"?

Was that the ultimate? Think again!

His canteen rota for the middle half of the year is a masterpiece. Dave Hudson, nit-picker that he is, rang up to apologise that he couldn't do the 13th July as it was a Monday, but would be happy to do the 14th, a Tuesday. Don - "Oh, have I got that wrong?" "Yes Don - and all the remaining July dates".

Dave then pointed out that Don, never a slave to tradition, had allowed for two Julys, whereas most years he'd heard of only ever had one.

But it didn't end there - all the dates allocated for the second July were Fridays, giving us nine July club-nights. Sadly August only had four, (still Fridays), but you can't have everything.

A Mk.II rota will be out soon: the cast are strongly advised to check the dates allocated, to avoid disappointment!

Cynicus.

Has anyone seen Peter Baird - or is that a skin suit?

Evening Ten No. 1, 7th May, 1992.

<u>Pos.</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Actual.</u>	<u>h'cap.</u>
1.	Paul Toppin	23.08	22.23
2.	Jeremy Wootton	23.08	22.23
3.	Colin Toppin	23.12	22.27
4.	John Lucas	23.41	22.41
5.	Mel Robertson	24.08	22.23
6.	Mike Feeseey	24.14	21.54
7.	Vern McClelland	24.14	22.04
8.	Simon Letts	24.22	22.42
9.	Ken Retallick	24.24	22.39
10.	Don Lock	24.26	22.36
11.	Colin Miller	24.36	22.46
12.	John Poland	24.37	23.25
13.	Alan Scarratt	24.54	22.14
14.	Mark Hawkes	25.13	22.43
15.	Thomas Bacon	25.38	-----
16.	John Gilbert	26.05	23.15
17.	Karl Robertson	26.13	22.33
18.	Alan Matthews	26.28	22.58
19.	Alan Langham	26.37	22.37
20.	Alan Stepney	26.46	23.56
21.	D? Nightingale	27.46	23.56
22.	Alan Leader	28.35	24.20
23.	Graham Parsons	28.39	24.39
24.	Robert Daw	29.51	-----
25.	Ellis Bacon	30.31	-----
26.	Reg Searle (trike)	33.25	20.55

Evening Ten No. 2, 14th May, 1992.

	<u>Actual</u>	<u>h'cap</u>
1. Colin Toppin	22.26	21.41
2. Paul Toppin	22.27	21.42
3. John Lucas	22.50	21.50
4. John Poland	23.03	21.33
5. Jeremy Wootton	23.12	22.27
6. Vern McClelland	23.24	21.34
7. Don Lock	23.36	21.46
8. Ken Retallick	23.44	21.59
9. Simon Letts	23.49	22.09
10. Mike Feesev	24.01	22.11
11. Colin Miller	24.03	22.13
12. Mike Gibbs	24.12	22.37
13. Thomas Bacon	24.47	21.57
14. Alan Matthews	25.13	-----
15. Karl Roberton	25.14	21.34
16. Andrew Lock	25.17	22.17
17. John Gilbert	25.26	22.26
18. Alan Stepney	25.29	22.29
19. Alan Langham	26.11	22.11
20. Dave Nightingale	26.21	21.36
21. Graham Parsons	27.25	21.33
22. Alan Leader	28.41	23.41
23. Ellis Bacon	28.45	20.45
24. Reg Searle (Trike)	31.54	20.24

The rumour that Simon Letts has been strongly denied (by Simon).

Evening Ten No. 3, 21st May, 1992.

	<u>Actual</u> <u>Time.</u>	<u>h'cap</u> <u>Time.</u>
1. Colin Toppin	21.48	21.03
2. Jeremy Wootton	22.03	21.18
3. Paul Toppin	22.17	21.32

4.	John Poland	22.34	21.04
5.	John Lucas	23.06	22.06
6.	Mel Robertson	23.08	21.28
7.	Vern McClelland	23.21	21.31
8.	Colin Miller	23.22	21.22
9.	Ken Retallick	23.33	21.43
10.	Mike Feesev	23.38	21.38
11.	Simon Letts	23.38	21.48
12.	Mike Gibbs	24.19	22.29
13.	Karl Robertson	24.32	20.52
14.	Mark Hawkes	24.32	22.17
15.	Jan Scotchford	24.43	22.13
16.	John Gilbert	24.49	21.19
17.	Andrew Lock	24.58	21.43
18.	Alan Matthews	25.10	21.40
19.	Alan Stepney	25.19	21.49
20.	Alan Grantham	25.24	21.24
21.	Dave Nightingale	26.02	21.17
22.	Alan Langham	26.19	22.04
23.	Alan Leader	27.25	21.25
24.	Reg Searle (trike)	31.13	20.43

The rumour that Peter Kibbles has not been denied.

Stop Press - New Club Records.

Jan Scotchford; three new records.

25 miles - 1.06.52 (see separate report).

10 miles - 24.43 (club event, 21st May).

50 miles - 2.12.30 (S.C.A., 7th June).

Two Team Records

10 miles - 1.06.08 (Colin Toppin 21.48,

Jeremy Wootton 22.03, Paul Toppin 22.17)

50 miles - 5.53.32 (Paul Toppin 1.56.59,

Richard Shipton 1.57.23, Jeremy Wootton, 1.59.10)

Full report on Sussex and club '50' in next issue.