

THE WORTHING WHEEL



MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR
CYCLING CLUB

AUTUMN 1993

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AUTUMN 1993=====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.*

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Monsieur Jacques and the Two-Shed Brain.

Our Ed. does not like reminiscences, so I will keep this as short as possible.

It was a few years ago, how many you can judge for yourselves: if I say that at the time Ray Douglass had virtually achieved the status of phenomenon, but few people believed that he could "last".

Also tricyclist Reg. Searle, "Mr. Arithmetic", still harboured ambitions of one day riding up a plank. Few people believed that would happen either.

Us kids, Alan Matthews, me, and a few others who later went "normal" and disappeared, used to sit in the clubroom on Tuesday nights amongst the "Excelsior Tubular Repair Sewing Circle", our chins cupped in our hands as we listened in total fascination as little Johnny Lucas and Big Dave Funnell turned over the current exploits of the great riders, including the five-time tour winner and now legendary Frenchman, Jacques Anquetil.

Few people could have guessed that Alan possessed the ambition that has taken him to the position of Club Chairman, or that his silent companion would one day come face to face with the subject of the discussions, as those deft lunges put the finishing touches to another d'Allessandro Piste tubular.

In those days we played table-tennis in the clubroom, although I didn't, and the sewers and the listeners were constantly in danger from a bat or ball about the back of the ear from a Keith Dodman top-spin.

One evening at the canteen, Con and Jim had just "hit me again" with a hot Ribena before calling "time", when I stepped back and crushed the fly-away ping-pong ball beneath my Detto Pietro's (with nail-on Anquetil shoe-plates).

"You clumsy git! They cost a tanner each" someone yelled.

I panicked. "Can't you hammer it back into shape with the bat?" I said - "look, it's only dented in half".

Well, the upshot of that was that Micky Poland went back to calling me by my surname again for six months, and it could explain why after all these years, I am still back as Club Coach while Alan has been moved upstairs.

Talking of reminiscences, it is reported that Anthony Wedgewood-Benn, the left-wing archivist and politician, has seven sheds in his back garden, full of tapes and manuscripts which minutely record his political life, much of it spent under the leadership of Prime Minister Harold Wilson.

Wilson, according to the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, uttered only six lines worth recording. Given the preference of politicians for saying rather than doing, it makes one wonder what old Wedgy-Benn actually found to write about.

Good job he's not in the club, Hey Ed.?

I keep my bikes in my garden shed and my memories in my head, but I reckon there's a good couple of sheds-worth in there, easily.

It was the end of a long tree-lined avenue in the

city of Vienna that I met Anquetil. The trees were limes and were huge, about three times round Pete Kibbles I reckon, and I crashed into one of them during the finishing sprint of a four-day stage race which had followed the River Danube to finish in the city.

Jaques Anquetil was to present the prizes.

Most of my fall had been broken by a pile of Italians who were squirming around pretending to be hurt, but I cut my head.

The race had been impeccably organised (better than the club Hardriders actually, which is praise indeed), and the presence of Anquetil was to be the "icing on the cake".

Funnily enough, Monsieur Jacques, as he was known, had that year decided that he needed to **look** like the icing as well. He was turned out exclusively in pure shimmering white, with white accoutrements; a large white Mercedes-Benz, white leather boots and trousers, and as it was early in the year and rather chilly, a shining white fur coat which fell across his shoulders and tumbled down his small body to well below the knee, like a pristine waterfall.

I had ridden reasonably well and was to get a prize.

The announcer bellowed into the microphone with that kind of Germanic insistency that always makes me want to start shuffling into irregular lines.

I was dazed and gritty and bandaged, but they grabbed me and pushed me up and forward - to meet Anquetil.

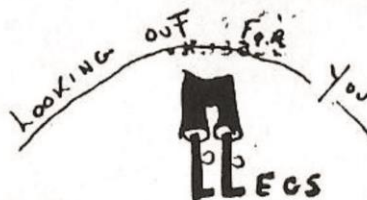
A thin hand came out of the fur coat and feebly to my own. "Bon jour, Monsieur Jacques" I said.

He took fully a step back, then using my extended arm like a stage prop he turned his aesthetic features towards the few cameras and beamed. Then he calmly let go and retracted his own manicured white hand into his lovely white coat.

I was dismissed. Still, that's showbiz, I suppose.

In 1987 Monsieur Jacques died, aged 53, which according to a recent survey is the average age attained by professional racing cyclists.

As few of us have ever received a penny for riding a bike we shall probably all live for ever, but I wouldn't mind exchanging 20 years of anonymity if I could be the "icing on the cake" - would you?



Club 50 Mile Team Record.

What would we do without our race book writer, Andrew Lock? Answers on a £ 20 pound note please!

Messrs. Toppin (P), Wootton and Shipton had not previously claimed a new best aggregate, but in the S.C.A. Championship in June 1992

Paul recorded	1.56.59
Richard recorded	1.57.23

and Jeremy recorded

1.59.10

and that is a new club record of 5.53.32.

Our belated congratulations.

The Two-up 10 and 15.

~Thursday 24th June and 1st July.

With the difficulty of holding an evening 25 on the limited courses available, the two-up mini-series was reduced in aggregate to 25 from the usual 35 miles. The 15 came first and provided, in that very mis-used term, a sporting course.

The Ashurst circuit has probably 65% lanes and there's plenty of twists and turns, lumps and bumps, and stretches of poor surface, as well as faster conditions over the last part where riders return South on the A.24 from West Grinstead to Ashington.

The field was not a good one and we shall have to try and avoid a clash with the Bognor Open 25 which drew a number of our riders. Just five teams got together and the main contest looked to be between Alan Orman and Mike Gibbs and Andrew and Don Lock. Colin Miller, struggling to find his 1992 form, was riding with John Gilbert, Peter Eldridge was paired with Lesley Barrett and Karl Robertson was taking new member Michael Hopkins round. We did explain to Karl that his Membership Secretary's duties did not oblige him to do this but he seemed quite prepared to, nevertheless.

The evening was a good one, warm and sunny and a light westerly breeze. The part one result was;

Don and Andrew Lock

35.50

Mike Gibbs and Alan Orman	36.54
John Gilbert and Colin Miller	38.31
Karl Robertson and Michael Hopkins	39.05
Peter Eldridge and Lesley Barrett	41.33

So a lead of a minute with only the short distance to come, and the "Locks" seemed "secure" (ouch!)

The ten was blessed with a good evening, and Don and Andrew hating each other all the way round turned the wick up a bit more to get home in an excellent 22.46. Mike and Alan meanwhile were under threat from an unconsidered direction. Michael Hopkins was showing considerable speed and Karl had to go much faster than he had managed previously to stay in touch as they recorded 23.37, only one second down on the Orman/Gibbs combine. So the final table looked like this;

	"15"	"10"	Overall.
1. Andrew Lock/ Don Lock	35.50	22.46	58.36
2. Mike Gibbs/ Alan Orman	36.54	23.36	1.00.30
3. Karl Robertson/ Michael Hopkins	39.05	23.37	1.02.42
4. John Gilbert/ Colin Miller	38.31	24.33	1.03.04
Lesley Barrett/ Peter Eldridge	41.33	---	---

Not a bad winning aggregate, bearing in mind the absence of the club's faster riders.

Michael Hopkins, it must be said, turned out on a mountain-bike, albeit with lightweight wheels: but these were his first competitive miles, and considerable potential is apparent.

1993 Evening 10-mile Series, Event No. 6
Thursday 10th June, 1993.

1.	Paul Toppin	21.25	21.25
2.	John Poland	23.08	21.28
3.	Chris Bacon	23.09	21.09
4.	Don Lock	23.11	21.41
5.	Ken Retallick	23.30	21.50
6.	Andrew Lock	23.44	20.59
7.	Alan Orman	23.50	22.00
8.	Mike Gibbs	24.07	20.42
9.	Thomas Bacon	24.17	21.02
10.	John Gilbert	24.30	21.30
11.	Colin Miller	24.42	21.42
12.	Alan Matthews	24.50	21.20
13.	Alan Langham	25.09	21.39
14.	Robert Downham	26.06	21.06
15.	Brian Howe	26.13	20.13
16.	Lesley Barrett	26.13	20.58
17.	Peter Eldridge	26.22	20.52
18.	Ellis Bacon	26.55	21.55
19.	Mike Poland	28.20	20.20
20.	Reg Searle	28.58	21.13

Event 7, 17th June, 1993.

1.	Paul Toppin	22.17	22.17
2.	Colin Toppin	23.02	22.47
3.	John Poland	23.47	22.07
4.	Don Lock	23.56	22.26
5.	Andrew Lock	24.03	21.18
6.	Chris Bacon	24.22	22.22
7.	Mike Gibbs	24.27	21.27
8.	Thomas Bacon	25.04	21.49
9.	Colin Miller	25.41	22.41
10.	Alan Langham	26.04	22.34

11.	Alan Matthews	26.13	22.43
12.=	Brian Howe	27.12	22.12
12.=	Dave Nightingale	27.12	23.12
14.	Ellis Bacon	27.13	22.43
15.	Paul Allen	27.52	21.52
16.	Reg Searle	29.47	22.02
17.	Mike Poland	30.58	23.58

Event 8, 8th July, 1993.

1.	John Poland	23.44	22.04
2.	Michael Hopkins	24.11	20.41
3.	Andrew Lock	24.24	22.24
4.	Karl Robertson	25.48	22.48
5.	Alan Langham	26.02	22.17
6.	Graham Parsons	26.25	22.25
7.	Alan Matthews	26.33	22.48
8.	Paul Allen	26.49	21.19
9.	Ellis Bacon	27.02	22.02
10.	Dave Nightingale	27.41	22.56
11.	Robert Downham	28.12	23.12
12.	Laurie Neller	28.17	22.17
13.	Lesley Barrett	29.10	21.40
14.	Mike Poland	29.50	21.50
15.	Reg Searle	30.56	23.11

Arch tourist Dave Hudson demeaned himself once more by racing (again Neptune was in the correct aspect in relation to Mars) and did 24.33, which would have earned him fourth place! Huh! Don said his pedal fell off and he had to walk back - a likely story!

Event 9, 15th July, 1993.

1.	Paul Toppin	22.45	22.45
2.	Andrew Lock	24.08	22.08
3.	John Poland	24.27	22.47
4.	Chris Bacon	24.34	22.34
5.	Peter Eldridge	27.04	22.04

6.,	Robert Downham	27.43	22.43
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Event 10, 22nd July, 1993.

1.	Paul Toppin	21.58	21.58
2.	Don Lock	23.08	21.38
3.	John Poland	23.43	22.03
4.	Andrew Lock	23.54	21.54
5.	Chris Bacon	23.57	21.57
6.	Mike Gibbs	24.44	22.29
7.	John Gilbert	24.57	21.57
8.	Thomas Bacon	25.48	22.48
9.	Alan Matthews	25.51	22.06
10.	Graham Parsons	26.05	22.05
11.	Karl Roberton	26.17	23.17
12.	Peter Allen	26.22	21.37
13.	Dave Nightingale	26.32	21.47
14.	Lesley Barrett	26.52	21.22
15.	Robert Downham	26.53	21.53
16.	Peter Eldridge	27.08	22.08
17.	Laurie Neller	27.43	21.43
18.	Ellis Bacon	27.57	22.57
19.	Reg Searle	29.20	21.35

Event 11, 29th July, 1993.

1.	John Poland	22.39	22.39
2.	Mike Muzio	22.52	22.42
3.	Colin Toppin	23.00	22.30
4.	Chris Bacon	24.50	22.50
5.	Ken Retallick	24.55	23.15
6.	Thomas Bacon	25.38	22.38
7.	Alan Matthews	26.42	22.57
8.	Peter Allen	27.07	22.37
9.	Lesley Barrett	27.16	22.01
10.	Robert Downham	27.33	22.33
11.	Peter Eldridge	27.35	22.35

Event 12, 5th August, 1993.

1.	Paul Toppin	21.31	21.31
2.	Colin Toppin	22.17	21.47
3.	Mike Muzio	22.42	22.32
4.	Don Lock	23.04	21.34
5.	Chris Bacon	23.29	21.29
6.	Andrew Lock	23.33	21.33
7.	John Poland	23.37	21.57
8.	Ken Retallick	23.42	22.02
9.	John Gilbert	24.35	21.35
10.	Thomas Bacon	25.06	22.06
11.	Mike Gibbs	25.11	22.56
12.	Alan Langham	25.35	21.50
13.	Alan Matthews	25.39	21.54
14.	Dave Nightingale	26.18	22.03
15.	Peter Allen	26.19	21.49
16.	Robert Downham	26.33	21.33
17.	Peter Eldridge	26.44	21.44
18.	Ellis Bacon	26.48	21.48

Event 13, 12th August, 1993.

1.	Paul Toppin	22.32	22.32
2.	Mike Muzio	22.36	22.26
3.	Colin Toppin	22.55	22.25
4.	John Poland	23.03	21.23
5.	Michael Hopkins	23.37	21.07
6.	Don Lock	23.39	22.09
7.	Andrew Lock	23.41	21.41
8.	Ken Retallick	23.46	22.06
9.	Chris Bacon	23.53	21.53
10.	John Gilbert	24.32	21.32
11.	Alan Langham	25.14	21.49
12.	Mike Gibbs	25.33	23.18
13.	Thomas Bacon	25.55	22.55

The Week-end's Milk - delivered?

The bank holiday weather forecast was awful - just wind and rain. Undeterred, Edwin, Jim, Derrick and I set off from Walberton (in glorious sunshine!!), to meet Sue and Brian Howe at Washington.

Our first refuelling stop was lunch, in the garden of the Half Moon, at Warninglid. The notice on the trampoline, "no one over the age of 14" was too much for Edwin who, acting his hat size rather than his age, treated us to his gorilla impression, fortunately without being spotted by the landlord.

The miles passed, and the sign "Tea and Cakes" outside the Wych Cross Nursery drew us like a magnet. Sue, Edwin and I all fancied the chocolate cake, but 2 portions into 3 hungry cyclists won't go, so I (who said chivalry was dead?) settled wistfully for the carrot cake - and Sue left some!

Many pots of tea later we were well on the way to Royal Tunbridge Wells, and at Langton Green Sue and Brian left us (they had accommodation in the town proper) while we turned towards Ashurst, just two miles down the road.

Six newly hatched ducklings greeted us, with Sophie the Labrador puppy, their enthusiastic but inept shepherd (or duck-herd?). As Jim made off for a long relaxing hot shower, he remarked that he had never ridden up so many hills. I showered, and dressed in normal apparel we strolled in the rain down to the pub for some local ale and an evening meal.

Slept very well, except for the blustery wind that was dismantling the roof - every so often you'd

hear a tile rumble down the roof, and smash to the ground below.

Up early, and Sophie helped us with breakfast, and we were off on the bikes to Tunbridge Wells to see the Milk Race prologue. After all, like a pint of milk, it's on your doorstep, and it's free! (Where does he get his milk? - we have to pay for ours - Ed.)

We met Brian and Sue at the local tourist information office, locked up the bikes, and reminded ourselves of one of life's other great pleasures - walking.

We were walking round the course looking for the best vantage point, when, near the town hall, we met two of the promotion girls giving away goodies. Pouncing like vultures, we took anything they had to wave, blow, wear or stick, wanting six of everything. We were having a good time, engrossed in all the activity going on around us.

Allen Peiper, over here to manage the Australian team, was sitting on a car in the service area, giving an interview to the local paper. Eagle-eyed Brian spotted him - I wouldn't have recognised him - he'd grown his hair long, and wasn't wearing his customary cycling attire. Brian also pointed out Conor Henry. "Who?" I asked. He only won the Milk Race in 1992, that's all. Oops!

1 o'clock came, and the first rider, 176 Steven Wolhunter of South Africa was waved off round the 2.4 mile circuit by the town Mayor, and the 1993 Milk Race was under way.

We positioned ourselves by a tight left hand bend: several riders mis-judged their braking, and bunny-hopped on and off the kerb. Then a service vehicle deposited a Roberts bike into the crowd.

It bounced really well, but they still wanted it back!

Eventually Conor Henry came round - two OAP's jumped for cover as he mis-timed the bend.

With the day's excitement behind us, we were off in search of a cafe and something to eat.

Monday was an early start. We had to pack, have an early breakfast, and meet Brian and Sue in Tunbridge Wells by 9.15 a.m., to see the start of stage 1 of the Milk Race, Tunbridge Wells to Ashford and back - 117 miles.

After watching the massed start, it was a brisk walk to find the bikes, and over to Brenchley, the first counting climb in the King of the Mountains competition.

By the time we got there a considerable crowd had congregated on the hill. The police motor bikes started to arrive, there was a buzz of anticipation, the flags started waving, then laughter as "our Chris" Chris Davies, (C.C.C. of the C.T.C.), breasted the climb some 30 seconds up on the real leaders, an eight-man group.

We had 90 minutes to ride 15 miles to the other side of Tunbridge Wells, to see the 3rd king of the mountain climb in Penshurst. We arrived 10 minutes before the 1st group of riders came through, (no CCP). A group of 20 riders sprinted for the points, with the peloton in hot pursuit.

From Penshurst we set off for home, and stopped in Forest Row for a quick bite, as the time was getting on, 4.15 p.m. and we still had 46 miles to ride.

Edwin, Jim and Derrick left us at Horsted Keynes, exchanging two wheels for British Rail, leaving the Excelsior trio to the ride home. I was in Littlehampton by 8.20 p.m., and soon wallowing in a warm relaxing Radox bath.

As my plastic duck floated by, I mused over a first-rate week-end in Tunbridge Wells - tremendous atmosphere - with the whole town given over to the Milk Race.

John Maxim

The Sussex C.A. and Club 100 mile Championship.

They couldn't avoid the lights at Crossbush but they worked out a very fair course for this event and given a calm dry day riders could have no complaint. Fifty-one were entered, forty-eight started and forty-one finished. The "Worthing" fielded Jeremy Wootton, Reg Searle, Alan Matthews, Peter Baird and our Ed.

One hour one minute and thirty-one seconds was all that Jeremy needed to clock up the first "25", and he was holding his form well to the 50 mile point, covered in 2.4.40, and by this time was in fifth place. He was seven minutes up on Don who looked O.K. at the half-way point in 12th place on 2.11.35. Peter went through here in 2.15.16 and Alan in 2.20.11.

Looking through all the times it was the third "25" that proved the slowest for most riders and even if they lifted themselves over the last part some of the speed had gone. The Ed's old head

would not allow his legs (of similar age) to go too fast to start with, and clocking 2.13.54 for the second half, lost only a further ten seconds on Jeremy. This even pace saw him home in 4.25.29, giving him a personal best - seven seconds better than his previous best of 1961 vintage. He was delighted.

Jeremy's effort was a brave one with that fast start. He recorded a fine 4.18.24, a personal best by several minutes. He was a deserved third overall and retained his club championship. Personal bests were the order of the day, for Peter Baird was very happy with his improvement to 4.37.40 and Alan Matthews with his best at 4.45.02.

Reg Searle recorded 6.08.30. Don collected the "Fastest veteran on standard" award, beating his age standard by 68 minutes.

The club championship and handicap result was;

	<u>Actual</u>	<u>All'ce</u>	<u>Net.</u>
Jeremy Wootton	4.18.24	18.00	4.00.24
Don Lock	4.25.29	29.00	3.56.29
Peter Baird	4.37.40	40.00	3.57.40
Alan Matthews	4.45.02	42.00	4.03.02
Reg Searle	6.08.30	80.00	4.48.30

"The Mirror of Life".

In summer, all those who have been charged with the responsibility, set out once more to sell Cycle Sport to the British Sporting Public.

In Autumn, after a hard season's courting the local council and placating the police they can see the result of their efforts.

.....Little Change, Little Gain.

Yet they continue, the Phil Liggetts and the Alan Rushtons, along with the hundreds of local correspondents, all telling the public how colourful and exciting cycle racing really is. However, the bulk of British sports fans remain forever unimpressed.

Some years ago at Brighton during another of the periodic sea-front criteriums, one of Cycling's all time great public relations "triers", Tony Yorke, was trying again.

Hoarse-voiced on the microphone, but buoyed up by the occasion. A Super Salesman.. what was it at that time? "Glinting Chrome or Bronzed Legs"? and "More smooth cornering on those VERY narrow tyres".

I watched a fat woman with a cold heave herself from the barriers and go off in search of a Hot Dog as Tony Doyle grimaced past, all bronzed chrome and glittering legs.

And now, in '94 the Tour de France is coming to England. It seems like a good idea, but I can't help feeling that in the midst of all the euphoria something inside me will be wanting to cringe.

Vast expense, thousands of gallons of fuel, millions of hours work, hundreds of thousands of normal working lives frustrated and disrupted by traffic chaos.

During those two far-off days, cycle sport could make itself more enemies than ever before, and it's got quite a few already. After 1994, "I can't see the point in this" will sound like a compliment.

Coachy went out training with a new Clubmate recently. "What's he like?" said his wife, interestedly. "good bloke" said Coachy, easing himself into an armchair.

"What did you talk about?" continued his wife..
"We didn't talk" replied Coachy, "We battled it out".

"Then how do you know you like him?" she queried. Coach looked up from his R.T.T.C. hand-book with a far-away look in his eye.

"Cos I saw him" he said "in the Mirror of Life".

Coachy believed that only Continentals could understand the obvious parallels between Cycle Road-Racing and Life Itself.

The British had somehow missed the significance of this, wanting sport to be fair and to have lots of rules, - like cricket. Coachy hated cricket.

Coachy loved Cycle Racing because it was largely chaotic and unfair, and because each competitor's results on the day rested so heavily upon his fortunes, good or bad.

As Coachy had explained to a frustrated young hopeful, getting a puncture in a race did not prevent you from getting a result. The puncture was the result! The same went for crashing and bonking-out.

Life was long, unfair and hard. So was bike racing.

Coachy believed that once you had been a racing cyclist you were, mentally, perfectly equipped to deal with the fact that the lesser man sometimes

won - that results only sometimes equalled the effort put in, and that most alliances with people are only temporary. Anything in fact that life cared to dish out.

To Coachy every bunch race was life in microcosm. Lone efforts, however heroic, could rarely defeat the united efforts of the bunch.

This bunch contained an awful lot of also-rans who knew they had contributed in some way but could not see how, or when.

Coachy thought this probably explained the pre-occupation of the British cyclist with time-trialling - riding against the watch was almost always fair and everyone got their name on the results board. In relation to Chris Boardman, everyone knew where they stood.

It was simple - "Not like life at all", said Coachy "all that suffering done every week-end, and all so discreetly and in private".

Coachy had always run his life like it was a bike race. In his eyes the journey from cradle to grave had much in common with the trip from Paris to Roubaix, or Tuesdays round Goodwood.

Bad Luck was a puncture.

Bad Business was choosing the wrong wheels to follow.

In a Post Office queue Coachy "sat in" at the back and attacked at the glass counter.

To him all Civil Servants were "Wheel Suckers". Fat men driving Mercèdes would never make good hill climbers, and all thin people were a threat.

"Yes", said Coachy to his wife "Everyone shows themselves in the Mirror of Life".

There are only twelve months remaining in which to avert what will probably be cycling's final act of self-destruction on these shores.

"Le Tour" will come, that cannot be changed. Perhaps though the hostile reception our E.C. heroes will receive along the South Coast can be altered.

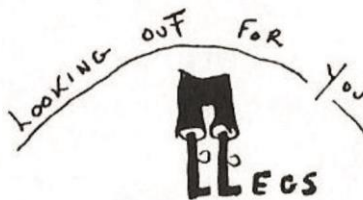
Grannies could hand up bottles, unleashed dogs would be kennelled up for the day.

Can the frustrated occupants of cars and lorries which have been bottled up for hours - be encouraged to cheer at the road-side?

Will a resident of Ditchling ever paint **BUGNO** on the beacon?

"They will", said Coachy "we just need to tell them about the "Mirror of Life".

Well, go on then, what are you waiting for?



Look out for Michael Hopkins next season - a new low-profile time-trial machine and the recent acquisition of Paul Toppin's track bike indicate serious ambitions.

The Clapshaw 25-mile Handicap.
Sherwin Junior 25-mile Handicap.
Sunday 15th August, 1993.

The round-the-houses course is not a favourite, and with the attractions of open competition on better courses the entry for these events was down to just eleven. Of these Clive Wyeth, making his debut at the distance, found that a hard 75 miles the day before was not the best preparation! He was to retire early on. Garry Neller, who should also have been making his debut, failed to report to the time-keeper. A shame, because club handicaps are the events you make a start in.

As it was it fell to veteran novice Peter Eldridge to provide the best performance, his allowance of 10 minutes against scratch man John Poland gave him a net time of 1.0.54, and the Clapshaw Trophy will rest on Peter's mantelpiece for the next 12 months.

The Sherwin Trophy goes to Karl Robertson for the second year in succession, although he will not perhaps be pleased with his actual time of 1.11.18

John Poland, Ken Retallick and Andrew Lock had a fair old scrap for Fastest, and John came out on top with 1.2.17. Only 38 seconds covered their three times! Ken with a one-minute allowance - how did he get that - he's done a 58! - actually nicked second handicap.

Full Result;

<u>Place.</u>	<u>Name.</u>	<u>Actual Time.</u>	<u>H'cap Time.</u>
1.	John Poland	1. 2.17	1. 2.17
2.	Ken Retallick	1. 2.32	1. 1.32

3.	Andrew Lock	1. 2.55	1. 2.10
4.	Chris Bacon	1. 4.10	1. 3.40
5.	Peter Baird	1. 5.33	1. 3.48
6.	Peter Eldridge	1.10.54	1. 0.54
7.	Karl Robertson	1.11.18	1. 5.18
8.	Robert Downham	1.14.23	1. 4.53
9.	Mike Poland	1.18.21	1. 4.21

Awards and Personalities.

Fastest: John Poland
 Handicap: 1st Peter Eldridge
 2nd Ken Retallick

Clapshaw Trophy: Peter Eldridge
 Sherwin Trophy : Karl Robertson

Timekeeper Ray Douglass
 Marshal George Wall
 Tea-urn Alan and Barbara Stepney
 Pusher-off Mel Robertson.

It's rumoured that Jeremy couldn't come out to play the other day - his wife "Wootton" let him!

Sussex C.A. and Club Championship 12-hour. 8th August, 1993.

For once this event was blessed with a good day and all the hard work put in by organiser Ray Douglass was rewarded. An entry of 37 may still not seem very brilliant, but it continues to creep up, and after so many went away with personal bests I'm sure the word will get round that this

is the one to ride. Then there was the icing on the cake, the superb record-breaking ride of Steve Blackmore of East Grinstead. To see rides in excess of 250 has been a rarity, but now we have had an S.C.A. rider reaching ever so close to 270. His winning distance of 268.585 will stand out large in the R.T.T.C. handbook 1994 and again, I'm sure, will give impetus to the future of the event.

So it was a good day, dry, warm but not too hot, and just light wind from a Southerly direction. How about the course though, well I for one thought it was going to be a tough one, I didn't fancy the thought of going all the way down to Poynings and back twice - not the best of road surfaces on that stretch, and I was apprehensive about so much of the course being on the A.24, but then I was probably apprehensive about the whole thing.

I had to enter. Having achieved best veteran standard in the S.C.A. 50 and in the 100 I had a good chance of the S.C.A. Veterans' Best All-Rounder championship. Only had to finish the 12 - something easier said than done, for when you take a packet after a hundred miles and there's still seven hours or more to go, it can suddenly seem all rather unnecessary.

It was great to have five entered from Worthing this year, and a shame that stalwart supporter of long-distance events Reg Searle was unwell and unable to start. The others were Jeremy Wootton, Peter Baird, Chris Bacon and myself. Jeremy had form, Peter had preparation, Chris had youth, and I had experience. So we all had reasons to be hopeful, Jeremy with a 4.18.00 hundred behind him, Peter with three hundreds in the bag for the '93 season, Chris - fit and young and strong.... and

unknowing..... and me, well, I've ridden over twenty 12-hours but nothing for four years - apprehensive but hopeful.

Jeremy started reasonably fast and I, despite a schedule for just 220, seemed to be going too fast. Peter looked like he was riding very high gears and Chris probably started a bit too carefully and woke up when I caught him for three minutes at Angmering. The first stretch from Washington down to Goring and then out to Tangmere and back was very easy, and we all felt fresh.

After Washington and to Shoreham we were at 58 miles. Then it was Broadbridge Heath (Farthings' Hill) and back down to West Grinstead before heading out through Cowfold to Poynings for the first time. 96 miles covered and I'm sure everyone looked at the watches as they came back through the 100-mile check.

The result sheet gives these times as;

Jeremy	4.35.40
Don	4.38.41
Peter	4.46.58
Chris	4.54.01

And a long way up the road... Steve Blackmore 4.09.25! At this point I must have been only 43 seconds behind Peter on the road but I never caught him. He was always well down on his tri-bars and while people were concerned his knees were going to snap as he turned his big gears, he nevertheless rode remorselessly on and pulled well away in the middle part of the event.

From about 6 to 9 hours were not "happy hours" for me. Andrew kept telling me I was well up on schedule, and I kept drinking and eating but it

was a struggle both mentally and physically to keep going. The B.A.R. and the thought that I might be letting the team down, plus Andrew's encouragement saw me through. I picked up as the last three hours approached..... we had been up to Crawley, and back down to Poynings for the second visit of the day, and now we were heading North to Dial Post and The Circuit. It's always a morale-booster to reach this point.

I saw Jeremy here; he was one circuit, about 11 miles, ahead but I had started 21 minutes behind him so I reckoned I was probably trailing him by about 3 or 4 miles. He appeared to be suffering with his back, and with a crack about doing a two-up I sailed past. Then there was the embarrassment of going past Mark Jones of G.S. Stella, who while not winning was still clocking in excess of 250 and was well on the way to retaining his County Senior Best All-Rounder trophy. I saw Chris Bacon on the circuit - he had stopped, I think to take on board some final food and drink, but I never saw Peter although Andrew kept telling me I was gaining on him.

One thing about these events is that you do know what time you'll do, and mine ran out just South of Coolham. Earlier in the event time dragged, but the closer you get to 12 hours and while you are on the circuit it goes ever faster and you hammer away trying to get another mile on the clock.

In the final result Jeremy was our best in seventh place with 243.001 miles. I was ninth with 239.21. Peter clocked 237.276 for tenth place and Chris was equal eleventh on 236.081. It was by a long way the best effort from the W.E.C.C. at the half-day distance for many years, probably since

the club team record was set by Dave Funnell John Mansell and myself in 1964. The 1993 aggregate was 719.487.

It was nice to pick up the veteran standard, and with it the county veterans' B.A.R. Jeremy's ride should assure him of third place in the Senior B.A.R.

On behalf of all Worthing riders, many thanks to those who turned out to marshal help and encourage. It really does keep you going, but there were too many shouts of "Don - you're old enough to know better!" Never mind, I've promised to help Andrew next year.

The Club Championship was incorporated, so another pot for Jeremy's mantelpiece. On top of this, he collects the Joe Simpson award, which Joe adds to every year, for the first club rider (since the award was started) to beat 240 miles. Joe incidentally said "keep it going for something else". Now who said "250"? The committee will have to decide that one, but thanks Joe.

Red Face - forward?

Or was it his intention to ride home backwards, we enquired. With darkness descending Ray Douglass wisely attached lights before leaving one of the late season evening tens. That with the red glass to his handlebars, and that with the clear glass under the saddle. Oh dear!

Reminds me of an occasion long ago, when we rode to events, with mudguards. After finishing I was having great difficulty in getting them back on - seems that one is always longer than the other and has to go on the back.....!

Don.

Maxim, Vectis,
and the Wayfarers Randonnee.

The Isle of Wight boasts the three C's - Climate, Countryside and Coastline.

I met Sam and Edwin at Chichester, and we set off West for Portsmouth, with a pit-stop at Southbourne, for Sam, who had missed breakfast.

Invigorated, Sam led from Havant - only he knew the way to the ferry - we were there in ample time for the 12 o'clock crossing. Cyclists always get put on before the motorists, so straight to the cafeteria.

From Fishbourne (I.o.W.!), Edwin set a stern pace - we were soon down to shorts and jerseys, and from Chillerton, feeling good, I took my turn at the front. The wind was in our favour, and we soon reached the Godshill. Sam was strangely quiet.....

Edwin accused us of racing (a bit strong - I'd have called it medium pace), so we rode more conservatively to Nettlestone, near St. Helens, to meet hosts, Roy & Barbara. Roy is CTC cycling rights officer for the Isle of Wight, and founded the Bognor & Chichester CTC section. We put Smoker Sam in the chalet.

Later that evening we ambled to the beach, to the Wishing Well. Roy, Barbara and Edwin ordered a down-to-earth meal, while Sam and I went for a 12" pizza (serves 4).

Our slumbers were broken by the dawn chorus, and a bird clog-dancing on the roof. Barbara produced a banquet breakfast, variety and quantity enough for any hungry cyclist. She certainly knew the Hud-

sonism "stoke up for the hills". Hills and miles a-plenty lay waiting for us.

The lovely Island countryside certainly puts a spring in your stride - we rode to St. Helens, for the start of the Wayfarer's Island Randonnee. Through Havenstreet, and on to the Cowes checkpoint. There two impressive girls pedalled in to the control, one distinctive in red cycling top and Lycra shorts which made the most of her sun-tanned legs. Two options for getting rid of norty thorts - a cold shower, or get stuck into the miles... We got stuck into the miles.

Past the Royal Yacht Squadron, and West... into Newtown, more food, outside "Ye Olde" Town Hall, while more Lycra'd limbs flouresced past. Thanks to Sam & Paul's pace, Roy was off the back before the Yarmouth check, so we left a message for him. We set off towards the Freshwater check at an energy-conserving pace, only to find Roy already there!

With Roy back on, to the Sun Inn at Hulverstone, and a hearty lunch, and off through some of the quieter lanes. We reached Blackgang with a road race bearing down on us. One rider was away by 80 yards with the bunch in pursuit. The race finished at the top of Blackgang. We tackled the same climb, less furiously, enjoyed the view from the top, and dropped into Niton and to the checkpoint in Whitewell village hall.

This year the section from Whitewell avoided the racing in the Godshill area, and took in White-well, Wroxall, Bathingbourne, Winford, Alverstone, Adgestone and finally Brading.... we were gasping for a cuppa.

With St. Helens and the finish only a few miles down the road, we rode more sedately. We had started as a group, so we finished as a group - in any case Sam had to get a certificate for "er indoors".

This was a most pleasant ride, mainly through quiet lanes, away from the traffic. It gave us impressive panoramic views of the island. I finished at 4.00 p.m., with 70 miles registered.

The ferry crossing and the ride home from Portsmouth were something of an anti-climax, - there's no better tonic than cycling round the Island.

John Maxim

Alan Langham reckons he should get some special award this year for hitting more sixes than anyone else. On one entry form he recorded three in a row - perhaps he should ditch the sprints and pick up a lump of willow!

First-Aider.

Is there a club member who is a qualified First-aider? If there is please let some member of the committee know.

Are there any members who would be interested in becoming First-aiders?

Would any be interested in a short course or series of talks from the Red Cross or St. John's Ambulance if we were to arrange them?

Please let us know - it would be of value to yourself as well as to the club.

It was a reasonable morning on the Bognor course, which is flat but gives no help. The only complaint was over the lack of any refreshments, and bearing in mind that there were, with private riders, over fifty involved, this does seem a shame. The best part of any event is surely the cuppa at the finish where the also-rans rub shoulders with the winners and for once move quicker! The Excelsior will do better when it's our turn there's no doubt.

Result.

Worthing Excelsior.

Paul Toppin	58.04
Jeremy Wootton	58.36
John Poland	1.02.52
Chris Bacon	1.04.06
John Saville	1.04.06
Allan Orman	1.04.23
	<u>6.11.39</u>

Bognor Regis C.C.

P. Cribb	1.02.58
D. Prior	1.03.42
F. Shepherd	1.04.07
R. Fairchild	1.05.08
A. Murphy	1.06.03
Les Janman	1.09.49
	<u>6.31.47</u>

Rother Valley C.C.

M. Wynne-Jones	1.05.36
S. Taylor	1.06.02
J. Robinson	1.06.14
M. Hayward	1.11.57
S. Eykyn	1.12.56
A. Wynne-Jones	1.16.01
(Mrs.)	<u>6.58.46</u>

Hampshire R.C.

R. Pettit	1.02.41
B. Hall	1.07.34
M. Barnett	1.09.12
B. Pettitt	1.13.50
M. Churcher	1.16.50
P. Orchard	1.17.11
	<u>7.07.18</u>

Other Excelsior times

Mike Gibbs	1.05.22	Alan Langham	1.08.16
Karl Robertson	1.10.18	Robert Downham	1.12.19
Mike Poland	1.18.16		

Don.

New Members.

Once again we have an influx of new members: several have already made us sit up and take notice with impressive time-trial results. We extend a strictly alphabetical Excelsior welcome to;

Simon Adlem from Goring.
Paul Allen from Pulborough
Stephen Boulton from Worthing
Michael Hopkins from Worthing
Nigel Muntz from Washington
Brothers Gary and Laurie Neller, from Lancing
David Priest, Worthing (welcome back, David)
Clive Wyeth from Lancing

Remember, no matter how new you are to the sport and to the Excelsior, this is your club, and like the sport itself, you only get out what you put in...

Noticing the country members, it shows how much Worthing has become built up - the minute book for 1906 nominates the Thomas a'Beckett pub as Excelsior country headquarters!!

Don.

Oh No! Not Again!

We at the printing works try to ensure that our nouns, verbs and other twiddly bits are in the right places, and we get names right.

So imagine our chagrin when, having corrected our spelling of Allan Orman's name - too few "l"s - we find we've been giving Neil Attaway too many.

In fact his name's Nick.

Technical Changes.

Sometimes we hear it said that the technology of the bike hasn't changed much. This may have been alright if we went back, say 7 or 8 years, but since then things have really moved.

Is the frame still basically the same as the 'Rover' safety of all those years ago? Well, it may bear some geometric similarity but there has been much innovation.

The diamond-shaped frame of the late 19th century was of heavy steel tubing. In the 1930's steel alloys became available and the "lightweight" was born. The ends of the tubes where stresses are greatest are thickened or "butted" and they are joined using tubular sockets called lugs which are brazed.

Reynolds in this country use an alloy of steel, molybdenum and manganese. Columbus, the Italian manufacturers, use chromium instead of the manganese.

More recently some manufacturers have begun to use aluminium alloys which are even lighter, even though these have two major problems. The first is that welding weakens an aluminium alloy. They can be glued using a process borrowed from the aerospace industry, but it requires very special adhesives and clinical care. As a safety precaution the tubes are sometimes threaded. The process becomes a very expensive one. The second problem is that aluminium is not as good at standing up to the stresses imposed on a frame when it is ridden.

These so-called fatigue stresses would mean that a frame would not last so long.

Right up to date and we have frames made of composite materials. Carbon fibre tubing is there for those who can afford it. Carbon fibre tubing comprises a fibrous mesh of carbon impregnated with a resin. Even ceramics are now being used with carbon fibres. "Ceramics" - sounds like we are really going to pot, doesn't it!

In search of mass-production abilities, die-cast frames are available in magnesium alloy. Although the lightest, it is only one-fifth as strong, so the framing has to be proportionately thicker. They look horrible, but as soon as someone does something fantastic on one you can bet we'll all want one. They should in fact be cheap, (a) because of the mass production - over 70 frames an hour, would you believe! - advantages and (b) because the material is readily available: one of the frames uses the magnesium extracted from just one cubic metre of seaweed!

From around the 1984 Olympic Games the "funny bikes" or low profiles started to appear. They had a frame that sloped down from saddle pin to head (Don - nothing new here club album has a photo of Cliff Alford riding one in the thirties!) and frequently the front wheel would be smaller. They were faster because they made the man and machine a more compact unit, reducing wind resistance. But the low profile is more difficult to steer if a rider is constantly changing his position as happens in a road race, and they do not corner as well.

Then quickly followed the disc wheel made of aluminium alloy or carbon fibre. These again helped the continuous search for extra speed in two ways. They made the wheels heavier and acted as fly-wheels, conserving momentum.. Secondly the surface of the disc created less drag than the traditional spoked wheel.

But still there are problems, for they do not corner as well. The problem is that a disc wheel is completely rigid whereas a spoked one can bend sideways slightly. This lateral movement helps to prevent the tyre from skidding - the flexing absorbs some of the centripetal (coo! JDG) force generated as a rider banks hard into a bend.

In the mid-eighties the American company Profile were conducting wind tunnel tests with "U-tubes", a clip-on attachment to handlebars. They are now more commonly referred to as Tri-bars, because it was for Triathlons that they were originally developed. Aerodynamically a considerable improvement was achieved, and of course their sales rocketed when in the final time-trial stage of the 1989 Tour de France Greg Lemond used them to such advantage. Overnight every racing cyclist had to have them and by 1991 at every level of time-trialling in the U.K. records were tumbling.

Bernard Hinault was the professional rider who first successfully used the Look safety pedal. This was in the 1985 Giro d'Italia. He even claimed that they had enabled him to avoid a nasty accident. At an early date in cycling history, racing men found they could go faster if they taped or strapped their feet to the pedals. It almost double the efficiency of the pedalling motion by allowing a forceful up-stroke as well as down-stroke, and with smooth "ankling" a complete revolution of force. Eventually this led to the toe clip and strap. Rigid shoes with notched plates on their soles to keep the shoes in place on the pedal further improved efficiency. But toe-clips have three drawbacks. They can loosen at inconvenient moments, like in a sprint or hill climbing.

Secondly if the straps are tight they can become painful and restrict the flow of blood something which can become a big problem in long-distance events. Thirdly there is an element of danger in that in an emergency it may not always be possible to loosen the straps or pull the feet free.

The pedal which was first produced to do away with clips and straps was designed by the Look company, a French manufacturer of ski bindings. They designed a plate that fixed to the rider's shoe before locking into the pedal. Just a sideways flick was all that was needed to release the foot and an inadvertent release was unlikely.

With these pedals it is possible to ensure that the rider's feet are correctly placed over the axis of the pedal crank, so transferring maximum power to the transmission. Later developments allow the foot to swivel slightly. This does not affect the efficiency and has helped to avoid risk of injury to knee tendons.

It is the world of mountain bikes that has given us another improvement, namely the "indexed" system of gearing. The modern derailleur gear was invented in 1930 by Tulio Campagnolo, himself at that time an Italian racing cyclist. He developed a sprung metal arm to move the chain continuously over different sized cogs on the back wheel. With two chain rings and up to eight cogs we find modern racing bikes with up to 16 gears, and frequently on touring and mountain bikes we can have up to 24 - just in case there's a wall to ride up.

Shimano's "indexed system", in which a series of notches controls the movement of the sprung metal

arm, replaces the continuous motion of the traditional derailleur with precise little jumps that enable the derailleur to click into place over each cog. The company modified the profile of some of the teeth on each cog. By making some shorter they made a 'gate' for the chain to pass through. Shimano also modified the system to work with the front gear changer: the teeth were made shorter where the pedalling pressure is least, which is when the feet are at their highest and lowest positions.

So things do change, indeed they are changing all the time. I've got all I can from the cycle shop though, I'm off now to the Body Shop for some new legs - a Chris Boardman pair if I can get them!

Don.

The Sussex Cyclists' Association
Individual 25-Mile Championship.

"Familiarity breeds contempt" - well maybe yes, and maybe no. The round-the-houses course, devised after the loss of the Chichester road one, seems to be attracting more riders, and what is important is that they are demonstrating that perhaps it is not so bad after all.

Maybe the familiarity is showing them how to ride it, and maybe a kind of contempt - even hate - for all the twists and turns and drags is charging the adrenalin and helping to produce good rides.

On Sunday 5th September, sixty-nine were down to ride, and it was Peter Roberts of Lewes Wanderers who had so little regard for the difficulties of the course. Storming round in 56.16, he finished almost two minutes clear of Steve Willis of East-

bourne, who collects the silver medal for the second year running, and a further twenty seconds away from Brighton Excelsior's super junior, Steve Woodbridge.

There was no defence, unfortunately, by Nick Lelliott who won last year, and it was not a good day for Worthing, with most of our top riders opting for other competition. Brighton Excelsior however were much to the fore with Andy Smith fourth on 58.37, Simon Taylor fifth with 59.35, Andy Attwood sixth on 59.37, Simon Birstingle eighth at 59.50, and Robin Lenharth ninth on 59.57.

Mike Muzio was best from Worthing with 1.0.38. Other Worthing times were; Chris Bacon 1.2.20, Ken Retallick 1.2.35, John Poland 1.3.13, John Gilbert 1.5.21, and Alan Langham 1.6.38.

Don.

The Bedfordshire Roads C.C. Charity
25-Mile Team Event. Sandy, Bedfordshire.
Sunday, 5th September, 1993.

In aid of the Red Cross, this event is for teams of four, that is team aggregate time, and not a team time-trial. In 1992 Richard Shipton and Colin Toppin led the way and were supported by Don Lock and Colin Miller. Their total time of 4hours 0 minutes and 9 seconds was good enough, and the Shield has rested with the Club for the past year.

The 1993 edition saw us entering with better strength and much better form. Paul Toppin, Richard Shipton, Colin Toppin and Jeremy Wootton were the nominated four with Don and Andrew Lock hoping for good times. As it happened Jeremy

could not ride, and telephoned his apologies. It was very fortunate that he did, because Don was then nominated into the team by the event organisers.

On a morning which was cold and with a chilly North-East wind into the riders' faces for the first 13 miles, the Excelsior excelled (coo, that's poetic!!) Paul was continuing his run of good form and powering through the first twelve-and-a-half miles in 29 minutes, made it back in third place in the 120-strong field with a splendid 55.51. Richard from the pole position, (No.120) recorded 56.30. Colin, on his training bike, (yes, another frame goes "crack"), made it home in 57.10 and then Old Man Ed. clocked in with personal best of 57.57.

It was doubly fortunate that he had been nominated rather than Andrew, who punctured with a mile to go and after changing a tub finished with 1.4.03 on a morning when he was not going well anyway.

Next best was King's Lynn, but they were well down.....

So with an aggregate of 3hours 47 minutes 28 seconds, much faster than in 1992, the shield again rests in Worthing.

IT'S HARD WORK, and that's before you ride it. The Club's regular promotion of the HARDRIDERS took place on Sunday the 26th September with Andrew Lock in charge, as he has been for nine years now. Despite attracting good sponsorship and providing over £ 220.00 in prize values, the field of 55 was a distinct disappointment. It would seem that an event in France, the Duo Nor-

mand, was responsible for attracting many riders from the South-East of England, and it could be that the South-Western R.C. invitation event also had an adverse effect. Perhaps the calendar is just too crowded, for it would not be easy to move the date.

Those who competed were blessed with a fair morning, with perhaps another five or so degrees on the Centigrade scale being the greatest requirement.

Mike Coyle of the Festival Road Club who won it in 1989 was successful again although not quite able to match his time of 1.2.29 of four years ago, his 1.3.38 was still 20 seconds too good for Nick Pitchford of Velo Club Etoile, with these two being well clear of Club Secretary Paul Toppin, third in 1.7.28 - said he was delivering committee minutes on the way round!

Worthing's involvement was not quite as strong as in previous years, and hopes that our own hill-climbing expert Mike Muzio might do something good evaporated when he failed to start. It was also a blow to our chances of winning the team event, where so often we have finished second. The team prize has always been based on the "fastest third man" system rather than the aggregate times, and it was promoter Andrew whose effort of 1.12.16 left us short of Velo Club Etoile, their Richard Smith getting home in 1.10.30. Jeremy Wootton was our second man, finishing 17th one place ahead of Andrew with 1.11.29, so we were second again.

Ken Retallick, despite mechanical trouble, got himself onto the prize list with 4th fastest veteran in 1.16.40, and Jan Scotchford - (last seen riding a two-up with our Ed. in March - what did he do to her? - it's all lies, Ed.) made a

welcome return to time-trialling collecting the ladies' award with an excellent 1.19.42.

The best ride in Worthing colours though, was undoubtedly that of Michael Hopkins, who leaped straight from a couple of evening tens to the deep end with this tough event. He roared round in great style and his 1.13.13 was a super ride and he most deservedly took second fastest junior award.

Full Worthing times were;

3rd	Paul Toppin	1. 7.28
17th	Jeremy Wootton	1.11.29
18th	Andrew Lock	1.12.16
21st	Michael Hopkins	1.13.34
22nd	Chris Bacon	1.13.52 (includes 30secs late start)
27th	Ken Retallick	1.16.40
30th	Nick Attaway	1.17.48
33rd	Alan Langham	1.19.19
34th	Jan Scotchford	1.19.42
	(and fastest lady)	
36th	Richard Klemperer	1.26.38

The good headquarters in Pulborough, the refreshments and the prize presentation, plus Coachy's Tour de France game, made for a good atmosphere which would have been just that much better for another 40 or 50 riders.

Results of Evening Ten Series, 1993.

<u>Place</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Points</u>
1.	Paul Toppin	8
2.	Colin Toppin	17
3.	John Poland	21
4.	Chris Bacon	31

5.	Ken Retallick	37
6.	Lesley Barratt	62 (lady - six best
7.	Alan Langham	76 placings).
8.	Alan Matthews	79
9.	Robert Downham	96
10.	Peter Eldridge	97

Handicap.

1.	Lesley Barratt	32
2.	Andrew Lock	26
3.	Chris Bacon	25
4.	Peter Eldridge	24

Veteran (rules as scratch).

1.	Ken Retallick	11
2.	Peter Eldridge	19
3.	Reg Searle	41
4.	Alan Matthews	53
5.	Alan Langham	57

Fastest Scratch Rides.

Paul Toppin	21.25
-------------	-------

Fastest Vet on Scratch.

Don Lock	23.04
----------	-------

Best Vet on Standard.

Don Lock	+6minutes 02 seconds.
----------	-----------------------

Fastest Lady.

Lesley Barrett	26.13
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These are just a few very noteworthy rides from the 1993 "Ten" series. Entries were a little down on previous years, however plenty of private time

trials from other local clubs have made this series a successful and worthwhile event.

Many thanks to all the timekeepers, pushers, providers of tea, especially to Andy Lock, who helped me promote the series in '93..... and of course to all the riders.

Alan Matthews.

COULD BE FUN...

ON A SUNDAY EVENING..
IN JANUARY

TONY PALMER WILL BE
"DOING SOMETHING"

...IN THE CLUBROOM...

WHAT?

OH WELL,
A KIND OF QUIZ
WE UNDERSTAND.

YOU MIGHT NEED...
A LOCAL O.S. MAP
AND A PEN
AND A PENCIL
KEEP A WATCH
ON THE CLUB
NOTICE BOARD
OR IF YOU DON'T
MAKE IT TO BROADWATER
VERY OFTEN....

KEEP IN TOUCH
WITH THOSE WHO DO

**ANNUAL DINNER-DANCE AND PRIZE
PRESENTATION.**

**THE WINDSOR HOUSE HOTEL
WINDSOR ROAD
WORTHING**

20TH NOVEMBER 1993

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EDITOR OF CYCLING WEEKLY**

6.30 for 7.00 'til midnight.

(surprise "Coachy" entertainments)

--and--

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