

THE WORTHING WHEEL



**MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR
CYCLING CLUB**

SUMMER 1996

VOL 29 No. 2



SHUAN McCLELLAND

Summer 1996=====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 contributors,
and not necessarily of the club or its committee.

President: BN13 3LN.	Don Lock , 7 Welland Road, Worthing., Telephone: Worthing 531877
Chairman: BN16 4EJ	Alan Matthews, 20, Water Lane, Angmering Telephone: Worthing 784852
Secretary BN14 8HG.	Paul Toppin, 8 Beaumont Road, Worthing, Telephone: Worthing 201501
Treasurer: BN13 1JL.	Allan Langham, 38, Lenhurst Way, Worthing, Telephone: Worthing 263049
Membership Sec. BN13 2QB	Richard Cooley, 3, Holmes Lane, Rustington Telephone: Worthing 786322
Press Secretary. BN132QB	Richard Cooley, 3, Holmes Lane, Rustington Telephone: Worthing 786322.
Road and Track. Beeding, BN44 3JS.	Vern McClelland, 31 Downland Road, Upper Telephone: Worthing 814351
Club Coach Beeding, BN44 3JS.	Vern McClelland, 31 Downland Road, Upper Telephone: Worthing 814351
Club Events Sec. BN14 9JQ.	Mel Roberton, 30, Pines Avenue, Worthing. Telephone: Worthing 214489
Club Events Ass't. BN15 0HG	Alan Stepney, 38, Manor Road, Lancing, Telephone: Worthing 762988
Evening Tens BN12 5HZ.	Jan Scotchford, 11, Brook Lane, Ferring, Telephone: Worthing 242459
Mountain Bikes Rep. Worthing. BN12 4QF.	Jeremy Wootton, 17 Amberley Drive, Goring, Telephone: Worthing 245068
Club Runs Hollingdean, Brighton.	Tony Palmer, 23 Brentwood Crescent, Telephone: 01273-558597
Magazine Editor. BN13 3LN	Don Lock 7 Welland Road, Worthing Telephone: Worthing 531877

Paris Brest Paris 1995.

(continued from Spring 1996 issue).

normally don't like to take long stops but I stayed in Brest for over an hour, I had 604 km behind me but I felt brand new. It was almost like starting again. I don't remember much about the ride back to Carhaix apart from the fact that I didn't get my photograph of the bridge because a different route was taken. I had been looking forward to descending the long hill with alpine style bends back into Carhaix but the return leg took us onto, yet another, long straight bypass type main road. I do remember playing games with one or two groups of riders but in the end settled down to pedalling fairly briskly all the way. I devised mind games to defeat the fatigue of the long straight roads. I decided which gears I would use with which chain wheels and the pressure on my legs at which I would change gear. I decided that I would not pedal down any hills I had pedalled up on the way out. I fixed in my mind that I would not pedal when the bike reached 25 mph. It was to be "easy on the legs up the hills, get as low on the bike and descend as fast as possible down them. I also vowed to ride back to Paris alone. I averaged over 17mph back to Carhaix. Sue was still there but had now been joined by Keith Purdum. Keith and I had done our HNC together and he was in France to support Alan Walker. We first met Alan when he taught us on that HNC at Teesside Polytechnic. The sad news was that Alan had abandoned at Loudeac on the outward journey. It seems a combination of sun, hills, lack of sleep and following back wheels that were just a little too fast had depleted his resources. Tired and hallucinating he felt he had to withdraw. Keith offered me his support, being as much a francophile as myself, he intended going to every control anyway to "soak up the atmosphere" and would be pleased to help if he could.

He started right there by getting me a pot of tea from the hotel I had stayed in the night before. Another pot of tea later and with freshly bought bananas in my pocket I set off for Loudeac at 5.30pm.

During this stage on country lanes in the middle of nowhere an old lady stood at the end of a road. There were no houses in sight so this lady had obviously walked some distance to stand on this corner. She must have been in her late 60's or early 70's but she wore an old cycling cap, her casquette, which bore the name, now faded, of, possibly, a local cycling club. "Bravo Monsieur, courage" she shouted as I passed and I replied with my politest salutation. I wondered then, and on several occasions since, how many times she had stood at the end of that road to watch the PBP pass. Whether the first time was in support of her husband, lover or son? Maybe she was remembering the time when she rode Paris Brest? I wondered how long she had stood there, how long she would continue to stand before walking who knows where back to her home. What memories had she revived by standing there, what pleasures had been evoked?

Back on the long straight main roads I caught and passed several large groups. I simply rolled over the hilly sections following my earlier maxims and stormed into Loudeac at 20:24. Less than 3 hours for the 48 miles and it was beginning to feel easier and easier. Remembering the expensive fruit I bought on the outward leg I had a quick shower and joined Sue and Shirley in the hotel restaurant. At 11:15pm I went to bed. I didn't sleep as well as I should have but I managed about 5 hours of intermittently. I think I might have eaten too much too late. With my modified schedule today, Thursday, would be the crux. I asked Sue to book another hotel for me at Mortagne. This would give me a 300 km day followed by a 150 km final ride into Paris. This, I felt, should give me sufficient rest and allow me to ride to the finish in daylight. Shortly after leaving the control I was swept up by a group of seven Danish riders. In actual fact there were six Danish and one Irishman who lived in Denmark. They quickly taught me what the Danish words were which they were using to warn each other when overtaking slower riders, when the leading two riders were to move back down the line and others to complete my education in Danish cycling etiquette. The Irishman told me how they were all from the same club and that they always rode together and would slow to the speed of the slowest and that they would finish in a line together as they had set out. I was also informed that the Danes alone possessed the determination to carry out the plans they had made before starting in Paris. They had made meticulous plans to finish in 70 hours. A quick mental calculation showed, to me at least, that at their present pace they had no chance of making their predicted time. The Irishman though was good company and he told me about life in Denmark. Dawn was just breaking as we entered a small town which necessitated a sharp right turn when we came across two riders from Catalunya. Confusion over the route ensued and the Spaniards managed to touch wheels. What followed was the worst cycling crash I have ever seen. The leading rider slewed across the road (we were doing in excess of 20mph) and hit every hard object in his path, a concrete flower arrangement, a metal route sign, a steel lamp-post and finally a shop window before coming to rest on the pavement. Cries of Momma, Pere, Momma, Pere pierced the quiet of the sleepy town. The Danes, very concerned, knocked on every door they could find. With bodies and bikes all over the road riders coming on the scene all managed to miss the correct route and headed off who knows where. Huge lorries appeared from every corner of the square but were unable to negotiate the carnage. Bleary eyed French folk appeared at their doors. None were agitated by being roused, all wanted to help and fortunately one was a doctor. At this point I left, alone again. "What was that maxim about group riding?" I said to myself. "That is definitely the last" I thought as I rode away leaving the Spanish and Danish paella. A short distance down the road was another secret control. I had my card stamped and went inside to see if it had soup like the control above

Carhaix. I asked the girl for soup and waited. Ten minutes later I was still waiting. I asked again. "Oh sorry" she said, "its all gone", "You can have coffee if you like". I said no thanks and left. The Danes were just arriving as I reached the gates. The Spaniard was on his feet again and keen to carry on. The doctor thought he had concussion and was doing his best to make him rest, for a short while at least. I heard later that he did remount and made it back to Fourgeres so probably finished in Paris too.

More long straight roads were endured before reaching Tinteniach where I was pleasantly surprised to find Sue and Shirley seated by Noel and Petes recumbent tandem with a tray of food for me. With card stamped and Sue sent for some of the hot chocolate I had enjoyed on my previous visit I sat to eat my breakfast in the warm sunshine. The forty minute break refreshed me for what I remembered as another section of rolling hills. On this return leg though the hills had simply disappeared and the cycling was easy. I spent a little time riding with three Americans. They seemed to be carrying an awful lot of luggage. All had twin rear panniers, barbags and camel backs. One of the trio was a girl and she asked in an mid west American drawl "Gee aren't you hot in all that gear". I was still in arm and leg warmers and windshirt. I explained I was English and didn't warm up before noon and I felt very comfortable. "You English, I will never understand you" she said. She had a theory that there were only 5 French towns and they were moved around. "Every one looks the same", she complained. "A church, a bread shop, a butchers and a bar, they're all the same" she exclaimed. One of the others said French cattle were the laziest he had ever seen. "In America you never see cattle laying down", he said. I replied "They daren't, if they stop moving they get made into beefburgers". "No" he retorted, "we come from a mixed farming area which produces the largest amount of wheat in America." "In fact we have some of the largest farms in America the yield of which...." is all I heard, his voice becoming distance as I "high tailed it out of there", head down, to Fourgeres. Sue, Shirley, and Keith were already there, as was the Alan Walker support crew. One of his sons, Mel, was still riding and he had arrived at the control a little before I had.

Up to this point I had used the controls almost as places of sanctuary away from the pressures of riding. When offered help at them it seemed best to accept on the principle that it should, at least, ease the problems of food gathering. Keith was certainly attentive and brought, in all, four large bowls of tea whilst Sue supplied the sandwiches bought from a local patisserie. Fourgeres was the control where I had bought the dry food on the outward journey. I had not wanted to sample anymore of that, hence Sue's presence and the sandwiches. There are times however when there can be too many helpers and I must say that I left Fourgeres more stressed than when I'd arrived. Not only that but it even took longer, eighty minutes, than it would

have done if I had been alone. It certainly wasn't Keith's fault, he understood that whilst acting as helper at a control the rider should be the centre of attention. This means providing unquestioned support, to fetch, carry, fill water bottles, sort out any problems with bike, body, or mind then get the rider back on the road having helped to ease the stresses of the previous section and ensuring he is fully rested and looking forward to the next. The control is not a place where riders should be asked to discuss problems other than their own. Simply riding is more than enough problem to deal with. Extraneous problems should be discussed before the riders arrives or after they have left. Keith understood that, but others didn't. Whatever the cause, and even I am not certain, the result was that I didn't leave Fourgeres in the best frame of mind. This was compounded when I was almost run over by a support car which pulled off the road to "service" their participant. A number of venomous words hit the air and, for the first time, I gave the pedals a real hammering.

On reaching Montaudin I was invited to stop by a French family offering tea and coffee from their garage. I accepted their invitation and within seconds I was at peace again. With coffee in one hand and a bowl of rice milk pudding in the other this group of enthusiastic Frenchmen and women reintroduced me to what the Paris Brest Paris is all about. After a twenty minute stop I left this most convivial of company. The only payment the leader of the group, Paul Rogue, asked for in return was that I should send him a postcard upon my return to England. He had a display of cards pinned to the doors and said he would like me to point mine out to him when I return in four years time. The sun was shining, the number and severity of the hills had diminished and I was feeling very good again.

Alone again I descended the hill I had ridden with the girl in green shorts and a little time later arrived at Villaines la Juhel. With my bed waiting only 85km away I decided to have my last meal of the day here and not to eat in Mortagne in the hope that I would not suffer another night of broken sleep due to eating too late. After selecting a substantial amount from that on display and paying the not insubstantial sum of 66 francs for it, I sat and enjoyed watching the comings and goings around me. Several English were there including Alan Pedliham who was riding a single speed fixed of 76 inch. Keith arrived as I was leaving, he filled my water bottles and I was on my way again rested and fed after a stop of about a hour. This section contained large stretches of arrow straight, though, undulating roads. I set my sights on the groups ahead and counted off the kms as I reeled in the groups. I met Bernard and Ann Daws on one of these stretches. After talking for a short time Bernard said he was looking forward to having a shower when arriving back in Paris. When I told him I had stayed the previous night in a hotel and had a bath before going to bed, a shower when waking and was expecting the same tonight he sent me on my way. After reaching a high

point on one of the drag strips the route turned left onto a minor road and I was greeted by another parked car offering hospitality near Mamers. The sun was beginning to set, dusk was on its way and I was beginning to feel cold. I stopped and accepted an offer of coffee and biscuits from three enthusiasts. I also took the opportunity, much to the amusement of the wife of one of my hosts, to take off my shoes and socks and put on my leg warmers then the arm warmers. The reflective windproof shirt was next then finally I replaced the dark lens for clear in my glasses. "The Monsieur is expecting snow", she said smiling. "No", I replied, "just some cold descents" and pointed to my knees. She nodded knowingly. With 20km to go to Mortagne I left, pedalling a little faster now, to get in before it got too dark. I repassed some of the groups who had not taken advantage of the hospitality so convivially offered. Then I slowed realising that one of the groups contained the Irish-Dane I had ridden with at daybreak. The mythical might of the Danes had deserted the group of friends. He told me that they had all "fallen to pieces". "They are all over the place" he said. "But you said you would all stick together and ride at the speed of the slowest rider, what about the 70 hours?" I asked. "We're all bloody knackered" he said. "It's everyman for himself, I'll see them back in Paris" I left him with his slow moving companions and finally descended through Mortagne and entered the control just as it became dark.

Unlike Carhaix or Loudeac, at Mortagne I had a room to myself. Even so I didn't sleep very well. I think it was the expectations of the following day. With a ride of less than 150 km to Paris I had almost succeeded and the incidents which had taken place during the ride, the places I had cycled through and especially the people at the side of the road kept passing through my mind. I still had a few fears of something going wrong to spoil everything but after some quiet contemplation I finally got to bed at 11:15pm. I had set the alarm for 4:15am and was planning to be on the road by 5:00am in the hope of covering 20km before dawn. I woke for the last time at 3:00am but decided to stay in bed until 4:15 with the thought that, although I was not asleep, at least I was at rest. At 4:00am I had a shower and got dressed. Sue had bought various items of food and these I ate for breakfast. I then put the light out and lay on the bed until 5:00am. I returned to the control had a coffee to warm me up a little then set out for Paris. I do remember feeling somewhat reluctant and even a little sad because I knew it was for the last time. In a very short while it would all be over. The further I had ridden the more I seemed to be enjoying it. As I left the control I thought, "If life could always be like this it would be fantastic". Maybe it was brought on by sleep deprivation and fatigue, or maybe this is what life should be about. Anyway I left Mortagne a little low in spirit but I soon caught up with Patrice and Michelle, two Frenchmen from the Tour area, and the fun began again. I rode with them until dawn and they were

very agreeable company. MeMe, this is what Patrice called out when Michelle went off the back as we climbed the hills, was beginning to suffer a little. This was the first attempt at Paris Brest Paris for Patrice but it would be MeMe's third. At the top of the hills, in the cold and dark, Patrice would wait for his "ami". There was no doubt that these two friends would ride into Paris together.

By dawn I was alone again. In the gloom I could see bodies laying by the side of the road. Some were in survival bags, the carrying of which had been recommended by the organisers, but some lay where they had fallen when fatigue had caused them to fall asleep and from their bicycles. They lay alone and in groups. Often there would be two of them head to head, head to toes, toes to toes or side by side maybe these adhoc sleeping arrangements being decided by the closeness of their friendship. There is little doubt that most were sleeping soundly as the sound of bikes, cars, tractors or trucks did not wake them. I hope they had an alarm set somewhere because although Paris was near it was still possible to oversleep.

At Senonches I was beginning, for the first time, to feel some discomfort from the hours of riding I had put in during the last three days. The two areas I had feared getting problems were with my feet or from saddle sores. The latter was beginning to become evident. I decided to stop in a cafe for a coffee. A Pharmacist friend had recommended Xylocaine for such problems and I had a tube in my saddle bag. After ordering a coffee I went into the toilet to investigate the problem. Fortunately it was nothing serious, my shorts had simply slipped down a little and the excess material had formed two folds which were causing the soreness where they rubbed against my skin. With Xylocaine applied and the shorts hauled up once more I ate a ham sandwich, finished my coffee and was back on the road again after a 40 minute rest. What a feeling of relief and joy when I found the soreness had gone and comfort had returned.

For the rest of the day, after the frequent stops I made, I took care to pull up my shorts just before setting off and I had no further problems. I had seen the effect of saddle sores, an inner thigh that looked like chopped liver and worst of all a rider who was riding at a really exaggerated angle, attempting to sit on one cheek because it was obvious that the other must have had a very painful saddle sore. With over 200km to go this rider had been bravely struggling on. I did see him at the end but couldn't bring myself to ask how he was feeling. The evidence was in his face, a look of elation, pain and relief that spoke volumes. I saw another rider during this penultimate section obviously in as much pain but I could not ascertain from where his pain emanated. I had past him several times before, the last time being about 7:00am and he had obviously ridden through the night. His body had been sinking, in stages, but on this final sighting he was travelling very slowly his

head tilted over almost touching the handlebar stem. He was able to see out of only one eye by which he navigated. I didn't see him at the end but I was greatly moved by the steadfast look on his face of desire and determination to win through this pain and gain the prize of finishing that which had been started.

I was intent on savouring the last of the atmosphere and slowed to watch the riders and to acknowledge the people who were standing by the side of the road. On the balcony of a house which overlooked the route a family was having lunch. The father stood and applauded. "You are a winner" he shouted, "You are all winners, Bravo, Bravo". I stopped several times to have my water bottles filled even though I did not need the water now. I simply wanted to get immersed in the real Paris Brest Paris before it all came to an end. Having decided to time my return to Paris at 86 hours, twice that of the "winners" I took an extended break in the grounds of a church. Here I sat on a bench and watched the riders descend a hill, swoop round a corner then disappear out of sight. Three young cats were playing, leaping and chasing and I tried in vain for around 15 minutes to get them to come closer but they were very suspicious and remained aloof and looked at me with disdain in a way that only cats can. In the end I had to get up and ride on. Sadly my Paris Brest Paris adventure was drawing to an end. I was torn between wanted to complete the course and not wanting the enjoyment to end. Eventually, after negotiating the cycle paths escorted by a motor cyclist, who had a horn which sounded "Okky doky" and was acting as guide on this complex part of the route I arrived at the roundabout outside the Gymnase des Droits de l'Homme. I had expected the ride to end under a banner in the car park from which it had started but at the last moment I was directed up a ramp onto the pavement to return to the Gymnase down a cinder path. Sue, Shirley, Keith and Alan were all stationed by the ramp and I only saw them at the very last minute but appreciated the applause and cheers which they offered. All too soon the bike was parked, the cards were stamped and taken from me, and it was over. I wanted it to continue, this was too good to come to an end. I must admit to feeling very fresh. In some ways I felt a bit of a fraud because I had been told that Paris Brest Paris is about pain, suffering and sleep deprivation but I felt great. I had no pains, or aches, I wasn't even tired and can honestly say that if there had been another 250 miles to go I would have happily set out again. It had taken me a little over 86 hours and I had spent just over 36 hours off the bike which gave around 50 hours for the 1202km/751 miles. A cycling average of 15 mph. This is what I had trained for by doing countless 50 mile rides in less than three hours and the dozen or so 100 mile rides between 6 and 6. hours. I had usually trained alone and rode most of my Audax rides this way. I treated riding in a group as a bonus but built up the mental strength to ride alone. This was perhaps the most valuable part of my training. During this Paris Brest Paris I had seen so many groups pass me with riders hanging on

the back obviously travelling at a speed which was too fast for them. These individuals were passed, and often the groups as well, a little further up the road and they generally looked very ragged and tired. Instead of riding their own "race" they were riding someone else's. My training had enabled me to gradually raise my cruising speed until it felt comfortable to maintain 18mph for long periods and it had paid dividends because it enabled me to save the time which allowed me to sleep in hotel beds, instead of at noisy controls, but more importantly it gave me the time to relax, off the bike, and really enjoy the ride to the full.

Since completing Paris Brest Paris I have been asked several times whether I would ever ride it again. After giving it some thought I feel I probably will but I think I prefer to ride shorter, harder, events like those which traverse the Alps or maybe something like Paris Roubaix.

Brian Howe.

Pusher's Shoulder. (or the unusual viewpoint).

I hadn't done any pushing off, except for small numbers in club events, for many years, and I didn't know when I volunteered to help with a recent Southern Counties 25 that I would finish up sharing that job with Keith Gelder. We agreed we would do ten each alternately and there was a full field of 120, so we had a full two hours work ahead.

The agreement didn't work out too well, because I'm sure Keith had all the DNS's and all the ladies. I was equally certain I got all those over 14 stone, those that struggle and strain and those odd ones who keep their brakes tightly on until the timekeeper's count-down is finished, and you've burst a vein in your fore-arm trying to shove them up the road.

Having been on the receiving end many times, of the pusher off who rocks you back on 4 instead of 5 or 3, and having frequently found myself being pulled backwards when I was trying to go forwards, I took the job seriously and concentrated. Roll back on 3, forward on 2, back on 1 and away down the road with the timekeeper's "OFF" - it wasn't easy. I have never known such a non-stop chatterbox of a timekeeper who nevertheless managed to keep to a count-down between ribald comments to practically every rider, lasting in some cases 'til they were half a minute up the road.

One of the perks of pushing off I which I recalled from doing it in the 60's and 70's, was that without too much difficulty you could always end up with a collection of pumps. These were easily knocked off from all kinds of frame positions and attachments. Not so now, we managed only one between us and Keith got that. Only about half actually seemed to have a pump, unless they had some mini-puffer or high pressure capsule hidden in their tub roll. Then I'm amazed at how many seemed not even to have a spare!

Another recollection of things old and traditional was the frames. They always used to be the same with plenty of head set and saddle stem to get hold of. Now each machine needs a careful appraisal to find a suitable hold so that on "OFF" you don't find half a finger goes away on its own personal time-trial, and you can actually let go of the thing!

Richard Bonner commented that he knew it was a WECC push-off - best he'd ever had - down to Keith that one Richard was apparently fastest to the first corner (600 yards). Mat Gould is to be reprimanded for undue noise, his explosive start accompanied by an unearthly call to the wild interrupted the timekeeper and disturbed a pair of early-season nesting veterans, the lesser spotted variety.

I've not studied the knees and thighs of so many at such close quarters before and you could quickly become an expert on the various embrocations and protective oils ranging from the very smelly, the sticky, the runny, those that make the legs look brown, to the home-made mixtures of Wintergreen olive oil and goodness knows what else. Some of these make the eyes run (formulated at Porton Down?) and provide guarantees against attack from birds, early-morning rabbits or even the odd mad cow. Less certain though how much they improve the rider's performance. Some legs are shaved and shiny, others are rough and hairy (and that's only the women! - Asst. Ed.) It would be interesting to compare their times.

You notice shoes and socks as well. Shoes vary from the multi-coloured Carnac's at £ 150.00 a go, to lace-up blacks from the Holdsworth "Aids to Cycling" catalogues of the 1950's. There's the compromise mountain-biker's shoe and there's several types of trainers. It would have been interesting to note the percentage of

riders still using clips as against the "Look" or similar modern clipless arrangements. At a rough guess I would say that Mr. Chistophé has only about a third of the market to aim at now. Socks vary from the "I don't wear any at all", to the tiny white ones with "Campagnolo" just peeping above the shoe to justify £ 10.00 a pair, to the longer whites from Woolworths or Ford Market at three pairs for £ 1.50. (How does he know that? John). There was also a selection of vivid orange and luminous green - not my choice, and the definitely-should-be-banned grey ones left on from attendance at the office last Friday - got caught by a pair of these the other week - definitely out of order!

Thoroughly recommend a bit of pushing off, take a break from the racing one weekend and volunteer for some. It's what your right arm's for!

Don.

From Topless to Toppinless.

With Colin out for a year's concentrated studying and Paul out for a year - as far as we can make out - to put his feet up, we've got a serious gap in our racing strength. Still, gives someone else a chance in the evening tens.

It's rumoured that

John and Daphne Grant's results service went to Kingsfold - to provide C.B. facilities for the Norwood Paragon 50, which was at Crawley!

It's also rumoured that Daphne Grant is knitting a scarf for the new Dr. Who - she reckons that two more 50's and a 12-hour and she should have it done.

Sports Coaching Resource Centre.

West Sussex is going to be one of the first counties in the country to have a specialist centre for information on sports coaching. It will be based at Horsham Library in Lower Tandridge Way Horsham and will provide books and videos on coaching in a wide variety of sports including medicine, nutrition, psychology and injuries. The collection is already extensive and has been officially recognised and endorsed by the National Coaching Federation.

A list of titles in the collection is available at any library on request and indeed books and vidoes can be ordered from your local branch, upon payment of a small fee for videos.

Don.

Dieppe!

Due to overwhelming demand, your friendly local bike club proposes to hold a club run in the delightful countryside around Dieppe. Using the fast sea crossing provided by the new Pegasus craft, (weather permitting!) giving us a crossing time of about two hours. This is a non-smoking craft.

The plan at present is to make a block booking for the 07.15 crossing on Saturday 7th September, returning on the 17.15 crossing, plenty of time for a gentle thirty miles, sorry, 50km!, and a couple of hours for lunch. Well, it is France after all. Our club-runs committee will seek out a non-demanding route, (at the club's expense! No! well it was worth a try!) So don't worry if you are not super fit.

By going on the Saturday, we are able to book seats for non-cycling members, spouses, family, girl-friends and boy-friends etc., who would like to take advantage of a coach trip organised by Stenna. This will include a picnic and a trip to the hyper-market, still using the same ferry crossing.

Likely cost is approximately £ 15.00, and a supplement for the coach trip to be advised.

To give an idea of numbers, please put your name on the notice in the clubroom, or contact me, Richard Cooley, see page 1.No commitment at this stage, firm bookings and deposits will be required mid-August.

Beryl Burton, O.B.E., M.B.E.

Undoubtedly the greatest woman racing cyclist ever produced by this country, and arguably anywhere in the world, has died. Tragically, while cycling near Skipton in Yorkshire, and at the age of just 59 years. Beryl, the wonder woman, who dominated women's cycling in this country for 30 years, is no longer with us.

With the gritty determination with which she beat the world, she had in recent times beaten off a cancer illness, and only in the past few months while on a training holiday in Majorca, she expressed hopes of a full season in 1996.

While she graced the stage of World Championships and Olympics, she never lost contact with the grass roots of her cycling club life, and club-runs remained important to her, and she was always available to assist the junior or the novice.

We recall how she immediately responded to a letter from our Ed. when he nervously ventured into Vol 1 No.1 of the Worthing Wheel. Her best wishes were warm and genuine. She wrote of getting in the rhubarb harvest" as part of her training. Jane and Mike Mansell will be saddened as are all cyclists by her death, but they will know of her generous and kind attitude when they spoke to her at the Centenary 50 last year, having time for their questions.

A great lady of cycling has left us. If It is not wrong, and I hope it isn't, can I finish on a semi-humorous note. Among her greatest admirers would have been Ray Douglass. He once claimed to "have slept in her bed" and if she had ever touched his bike it would have been framed and hung on the lounge wall. Perhaps you'll be able to catch up with her now Ray..... somewhere along a heavenly course...

Don.

Mat Gould entered a veterans' event... and guess what.....
he got accepted!

Eric Bonner admits to entering a ladies' race.....
wouldn't say where he finished

The Ray Douglass Memorial 25.

Masterminded by Keith Gelder this, our annual open 25 dedicated to Ray's memory was just the sort of morning's sport that Ray would have enjoyed. It was bright dry and sunny. A coldish Northerly breeze made it tough on the marshalls but the riders seemed hardly to notice.

Eighty-three was a pretty good entry and this Ashurst circuit plus the Shoreham leg seems to be gaining in popularity. It certainly provides varying types of road with 'B' class lanes going up and down with plenty of twists and turns, and a long section of the main A24 dual carriageway, before another mixed section between Washington and Shoreham. The Northerly breeze was enough to be helpful when it was on your back, yet not so bad when in your face. Hardest bit according to Eric Bonner was from Shoreham back to Beeding. Certainly the times recorded indicated a "good morning".

Eastbourne Rovers sent their talented young time-triallists and roadmen over in force, presumably to reconnoitre West Sussex for the Team Championship the following Sunday, and they murdered the opposition. Simon Prior 57.29 2nd, Steve Willis 57.54 3rd, and Paul Delani 58.47 6th were untouchable with their aggregate of 2.54.10. Lewes Wanderers who provided 4th and 5th places with Ivan Luck 58.16 and David Pollard 58.39 plus Chris Martin 1.1.59 were second on 2.58.54 and what in normal events would have been a good Worthing team were relegated to third. Jeremy Wootton was fastest - just outside with 1.00.11, avenging his defeat by Richard Bonner of the previous week. Richard was next best, but back on 1.1.03, while Chris Bacon did a good 'un - probably our best ride on current form, and he won his "C" category award. He was home in 1.1.34. An aggregate of 3.2.48 for our team.

Fastest man - no team support - was Neil Baker of Velo Club Deal who clocked an impressive 56.20. Now I wonder where he caught his minute man Simon Prior of Eastbourne!!

One of the favourites, Keith Reed of the De Laune had minor mechanical troubles, but also stopped to ensure that the driver of a vehicle who overturned his trailer North of Partridge Green was not injured. Reports from other riders indicate that the maniac went

through Partridge Green village at something like 50 m.p.h. with the trailer hardly touching the road. Glad no-one was injured.

I couldn't quite understand how 2nd placed Simon Prior and fifth man Paul Delani came to be in handicap group 'E', that is for riders slower than 1.12.19!! Some improvements wouldn't you agree, to now record 57 and 58. The answer is I guess that they had nothing better shown on their entry forms. If we accept that the entries were correctly completed then perhaps there is a case for some question on those new entry forms as to road racing! Both we know are "road men" and probably better than 3rd category. Is there a case for example of asking for categories and assuming that 1st cat. are at least under the hour, and 2nd cat. under 1.5.00?

If on the other hand they had no times recorded should they perhaps have been dealt with on the basis used in normal handicapping. Give them half the maximum, or in this case assume say a "B" group ability. It does, otherwise, make a mess of the group system and is a bit unfair on those genuinely showing improvement.

The Steyning Sports Centre provided a nice headquarters with plenty of parking and good facilities and there was a good catering stint by Andrea McClelland and Jean Smallman, who were kept very busy for some time. A spy tells us that they also did an excellent PR job on the Sports Centre receptionist - she seemed distinctly pro-cyclist by the end of the event!

Full list of Worthing times with the interesting m.p.h. statistics provided by Richard Cooley who said he got his abacus in a knot but he thinks they are correct.

<u>W.E.C.C. Riders</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>m.p.h.</u>
Jeremy Wootton	1.00.11	24.12
Richard Bonner	1.01.03	24.57
Chris Bacon	1.01.34	24.37
Gavin Bayliss	1.02.06	24.15
Eric Bonner	1.02.56	23.85
Mat Gould	1.03.12	23.73
Nick Attaway	1.07.24	22.26
Vern McClelland	1.08.00	22.06

List of Helpers (in no particular state of mind)

Richard Cooley	Pusher off and numbers
Mel Roberton	Pusher off and safety signs
Robert Downham	West Grinstead marshal
Mike Gibbs	Washington marshal
John and Sheila Lucas	Bramber marshalls
Mike Poland and Alan Langham	Beeding marshalls
Pamela Gelder, Colin Toppin, Don Lock	Shoreham marshalls
Roger Smallman	Result board
John and Daphne Grant	Radio results team
Andrea McClelland, Jean Smallman	Catering

Keith Gelder has never done a time-trial promotion before and he made a super job of it. More's the pity that because of Pamela's work, he is now moving to Buckinghamshire to live and we shall lose his valuable abilities and not have his close friendship. Keith you did us proud and you did Ray proud as well. Our best wishes to you both. Look us up when you get down this way.

Don.

Mike Poland gets lost going to elevenses at the R.S.P.B. centre near Pulborough. Arrives at 10.30 claims he's done fifty miles and went through Petersfield.

Jeremy Wootton wanted to know how Richard Bonner got 1½ minutes handicap on him in the 16.3 mile circuit event while he was on scratch... Answer..... he pays better.

Paul Toppin - in trouble again. On the way to see Paris/Roubaix it's his car that is pulled out for special attention by customs.

Alan Matthews sends Don details of the Leisure and Recreation Exhibition "Instructions for stall holders" Don gets them when he gets back..... from the exhibition.

FAME.

Stick with me kid and I'll get your name up in lights. No, not Hollywood! Well, nor exactly in lights either, but I may get it into print.

Being the modest person that you are you don't want to be mugged in Tesco's so we'll stick with the local papers, something for the grand-children (I mean in due course, of course) to be impressed with.

Yes, if you are playing away. er riding in other events I mean, let your friendly neighbourhood press secretary - answers to the name of Richard Cooley to all but debt collectors - know, so that he can let an eager press give coverage.

Contact is easily made on 01903-786322 (answerphone), Fax 01903-786660, by carrier pigeon or e-mail at Ken Bruce at B.B.C. c/o U.K. (he takes messages for me).

The 16.3 mile Circuit Event

14th April, 1996.

One lap of the Ashington circuit replaced our usual 15 mile event. It attracted just eight riders on a cold and dead sort of morning.

Richard Bonner lifted his form a little and gained a small-margin victory over Jeremy Wootton. Jeremy did however have mechanical problems as his pacemaker wasn't working - or was it his pulse meter? I'm not sure, but all this technical stuff is beyond me. Mat Gould scraped a third spot just ahead of Chris Bacon, and John Poland was well off the mark in 5th place. One of the better rides was that of comparative novice Tim Steadman, who came close to beating John.

Full Result.

1.	Richard Bonner	40.30	1.30	39.00
2.	Jeremy Wootton	40.51	Scr	40.51
3.	Mathew Gould	43.02	2.30	40.32
4.	Chris Bacon	43.08	3.30	39.38

5.	John Poland	46.47	3.30	43.17
6.	Tim Steadman	47.09	8.00	39.09
7.	Colin Miller	49.18	7.00	42.18
8.	Alexis Zavros	1.10.24	13.00	57.24

Private Time-trials

Don Lock	44.35
Dave Jenkins	59.43

Timekeeper	Reg Searle
Handicapper	Don Lock
Organiser and Assistant	Mel Robertson/Alan Stepney.

Cycle Polo. - continued from spring 1996 issue...

Remember the teams in that epoch-making cycle-polo match at Homefield Park in August 1896? - no? Well, here they are once more.

E. Laker's Team.

H.W. Sandell
 E. Laker (Capt)
 V.F. Crouch
 H.W. Hales (back)
 W.H. Jordan (Goalscorer)

Professor Lucas's Team

G. Lucas (Capt)
 S.J. Baker
 A.H. Brake
 W. Duffield (back)
 F. Martin (Goalscorer)

Sorry Mr. Martin, I got your name wrong last time.

Charles Fibbens, club secretary, refereed. Charles was a big personality, and was physically big too. I wondered how he contrived to keep up with play, but as he both owned and edited the Worthing

Gazette, we will never know. He controlled what was put in the paper - and what was left out!

They left the result out too, but that week "Cyclist" magazine hailed the match as the very first civilian bicycle polo match in the U.K. The Gazette's editorial team picked up the excitement, and enthused in the 2nd September issue.....

"Among the novelties introduced, the bicycle polo match proved the most interesting. Everbody watched the contest closely, applauded every skilful bit of play, and laughed heartily at every collision (*nothing changes - Ed.*). Those who had expected to see a highly dangerous game were surprised to find that there was more cause for fun than for alarm.

Whether bicycle polo is destined to become a popular game or not, the match played on Wednesday last certainly afforded the onlookers much pleasure, and there is a rumour afoot that other teams are to be formed in the town."

A fortnight later Worthing's Annual Cycling and Athletics Sports, a massive undertaking, (run by the Excelsior, who else?) was the ideal setting for another tussle, and the Gazette picks up the story....

"BICYCLE POLO TOURNAMENT

Prizes, four silver-mounted letter cases.

Blue had already obtained a goal (through the medium of Sandell) when one of the most amusing incidents of the afternoon occurred. In the neighbourhood of the Red goal, the ball became fixed in the wheels of Baker's machine, and he was soon pedalling in the direction of the opposing goal, with all the players in hot pursuit. He passed through the goal without being intercepted, but the point was disallowed."

Laker's "Reds" won this joust by 4 goals to 3, and there was the first example of something that was to plague later generations of polo players with a quick trip over the handlebars: the ball in the wheel.

This time it was a hilarious incident, due perhaps to bigger fork clearances or a smaller ball. It lodged in Mr. Baker's front wheel, and he "pedalled furiously towards the blue goal with all in hot pursuit", but Charlie Fibbens staunchly refused to allow the goal, despite the laughter and uproar!

Soon after finding all this in the Gazette, I mentioned it to Joe Simpson and Peter Kibbles at the clubroom . I recalled seeing demonstration matches at the S.C.C.U. Good Friday meeting at Herne Hill, and reading results in Cycling. Peter told us how "big" the game had been in the 50's, when the Excelsior had fielded a team which included Dennis Lednor and Peter Kibbles

Joe's memories dated back even further, and he talked animatedly of the period between the wars, when the game had a huge following in London and the suburbs. Joe, active man in all branches of the sport including cyclo-cross (anyone recall the Bagshot Scramble?) played regularly in several leagues in the London area, playing matches as far out "into the sticks" as Redhill and Reigate.

Joe told us that there was even a specialist shop, whose name I've lost, which was the only place to go for cycle-polo equipment. Purpose built frames, tiny chainwheels, huge sprockets, (I think they used about 1:1 fixed) and they even experimented with wheel-covers, i.e. discs, to prevent those "ball-in-the-wheel" accidents.

Tell us more Peter!

John Grant.

Southern Counties C.U. 25 21st April 1996, Kingsfold

Richard Bonner	1. 1.42
Chris Bacon	1. 3.08
Mat Gould	1. 3.11

The Leisure and Recreation Exhibition
Assembly Hall, Saturday, 13th April.

The committee thought it a good idea that we should put in a showing here and Alan Matthews duly booked the stand. He was then away that week-end but that was not of course deliberate - just fortunate - no, I joke.

So we put up a couple of tables, some racing bikes, the name board and a montage of photographs and armed ourselves with lots of leaflets from the C.T.C. and the B.C.F., Sustrans and the mountain-biking organisations. We handed these out in large numbers, each one accompanied by a club membership form and back numbers of the Worthing Wheel.

The attendance of the public was quite good and we attracted quite a lot of interest. We may have achieved a couple of new members and if so then it will have been worthwhile.

It is my view that the "Leisure and Recreation" title would be better, from our point of view, if changed to "Sport and Recreation". It might I believe attract more younger people.

The sight of yours truly riding on the turbo trainer was in retrospect, perhaps not a good advert - especially when one character came over and hissed "oxygen and resuscitation - Stand 34".

Now if we do it next year maybe we could have the rollers and clock on the stage and alternate with the Wurlitzer, which seemed to pop up every half-hour or so. That might even warrant a photo in the paper.

Thanks to Richard Cooley, Paul Toppin, Eric Bonner, Ken and Jean Retallick, Roger and Jean Smallman, Jeremy Wootton and Dave Hudson, and all who came along and lent a hand.

Don.

Redmon Hilly 73 12th May 1996.

Jan Scotchford - fastest lady in 3.50.44

The committee has accepted a suggestion from Dave Hudson that in view of the poor support for the Reliability Trial we should instead promote a 100k Audax.

Watch this space for further details.

The Ray Douglass Memorial Tea

- will be at Washington Village Hall on Sunday 2nd February 1997. The event will be funded from Ray's generous legacy to the club's funds. All that is needed is that you book with organiser, our Ed., Don Lock. There will be more details nearer the time.

Club Championship 25.

Sunday, 12th May, 1996.

The Ashurst circuit with the leg to Shoreham was the course that had to be conquered. Cold unseasonal temperatures and a North-Easterly drift, but dry, were the conditions to contend with.

Eleven had entered, but only eight "toed the line" it was nevertheless a hard-fought contest which produced good rides and a worthy championship performance from Jeremy Wootton, grabbing himself some more silverware with a 59.25.

Our report on the '95 championship over the same course recorded that the weather was "benevolent", with Paul Toppin getting round in 58.49, while Jeremy was third behind Richard Bonner on 1.00.10.

So what happened this year? Well the one (our Ed.) who set the field takes most of the blame (or should that be credit?) in the way the field was set. Just a tantalising two minutes in front of Jeremy was one of his training partners, Mat Gould, and the image was painted on his shades from the off. On top of this just one minute up the road from Mat was Chris (Crispy) Bacon and they've been so close this year people have started talking.

So Mat was going to catch Chris and did and Jeremy was going to catch Mat, and did. Something of a fight over the last few miles left the timekeeper unable to split Wootton and Bacon on the line with Mat in very quickly behind and before the timekeeper had time to do his arithmetic.

Richard Bonner from behind Jeremy was going well but never really flying and Gavin Bayliss from the back of the field seemed to be "enjoying" an off day.

John Poland ("getting married next Saturday" he said) looked otherwise en-gaged and was not this year to be a contender. Now if Mrs. Poland could kick him out on a regular basis to do some training.....

Vern McClelland who perhaps rides too much.... it's a balancing act this training business, improved slightly on his ride in the Open but remained unhappy.

Jonathan Ford-Dunn, determined not to get cold, rode in full arctic survival gear and actually managed a personal best.

Full Result.

<u>Pos.</u>	<u>Name.</u>	<u>Actual.</u>	<u>All'ce.</u>	<u>H'cap time.</u>
1	Jeremy Wootton	59.25	Scr.	59.25
2	Richard Bonner	1.01.10	1.00	1.00.10
3	Mat Gould	1.01.46	3.00	58.46
4	Chris Bacon	1.02.25	2.00	1.00.25
5	Gavin Baylis	1.03.52	2.30	1.01.22
6	John Poland	1.07.33	4.00	1.03.33
	Vern McClelland	1.07.33	6.30	1.01.03
8	Jonathan Ford-Dunn	1.08.33	9.00	59.33

Timekeeper/handicapper: Don Lock
Signs/pushing off: Mel Robertson and Alan Stepney

Don.

Through Chichester.

Cycling restrictions have been relaxed in the West Sussex capital and at certain times of the day you can now go right through the city centre.

Since the end of January you can ride through the pedestrianised areas of Crane Street, East Street and North Street all day on Sunday and before 9.30 and after 5.30 Mondays to Saturdays. Also you can go through West Street and South Street at any time. It is for a trial period of one year.

The aim is to provide safer and more convenient access into and across the centre, and in particular to try and reduce the need for commuting cyclists to use the busy ring road.

It is hoped that by offering alternative routes for cyclists more people will be encouraged to cycle to work in the city instead of using cars, and so reduce congestion and pollution.

The idea has the backing of the Cyclists' Touring Club no less, who will participate in monitoring the scheme.

There will be the need for mutual respect and tolerance between pedestrians and cyclists. This could prove to be the biggest problem for extremes in both categories could ruin the whole idea.

Don.

Marvin Lucas has been accepted into the Sussex Constabulary. P.C. Marvin is believed to be the only Bobby in Sussex on a low-profile with disc wheels.

John and Sheila Lucas have put Marvin's rent up.

Colin Miller says he's moving to Surrey! But then I suppose someone has to!

John Grant's word processor is getting too big for its boots: every time he feeds in a rider with the name "Simon" it wants to print "simian", implying that the owner's knuckles trail on the ground - there, it just did it again.

Sussex C.A. 25 mile Team Championship.
Sunday, 5th May, 1996.

Predictably, after their performances in our open 25 of the previous Sunday, the Eastbourne Rovers returned to Ashurst and swept aside the opposition to win the team championship in an event record time of 3 hours 55 minutes 55 seconds for a four man aggregate. Brighton Excelsior managed second but were a massive 13 minutes back, while Worthing, who thought they had done well to beat Lewes to get third were a further 4 minutes adrift.

The event had to be switched to the Ashurst course when road works and traffic lights were suddenly started on the normal Cowfold/Henfield/Shoreham route. So Eastbourne's outing of the previous week was to prove the perfect rehearsal.

The morning was calm but bitterly cold with several degrees of frost showing itself on the grass and hedgerows.

Eastbourne were led home by Steve Willis with an event record of 58.01. S. Reed clocked second fastest with 58.33 and Paul Delani made it a clean sweep of the principal individual placings with 59.16. An impressive team performance was completed with their fourth counting ride coming from Simon Prior on 1.00.05.

It had been suggested that the only S.C.A. club that could have touched this was East Grinstead at full strength. It was a shame that they did not enter, but even with Elms and Dennis, perhaps capable of 56/57, they would still have had difficulty with this four-man aggregate.

With our Ed packing, and pleading to be let into the fridge to warm up, with Chris Bacon being out of contention due to pre-race mechanical problems and a subsequent late start it was left to Richard Bonner 1.01.50, Gavin Baylis 1.02.56, Mat Gould 1.03.13 and Eric Bonner 1.04.43 to give us some respectability.

In the 'B' team event for teams of four but just the fastest three to count, we were again third. Jan Scotchford 1.10.11, Colin Miller 1.11.52 and a farewell performance from Keith Gelder of 1.12.09.

We had two other riders, not in the team selections. Adrian Roberts 1.24.04 and Lesley Barrett 1.15.12. Poor Lesley was unaware of the rules regarding trade jerseys: they can be worn in club events but not in open or Association events. "You can't ride in that" says our Ed. Lesley had about two minutes to go. "What have you got on underneath" He doesn't care this boy. "A plain blue" she replies. "Well swap them over" he says. But there wasn't time. He was all fingers and thumbs - all of them frozen and it took time to get the number off, the trade jersey off and the number back onto the plain blue. So on this morning of arctic temperatures the girl went off with just a thin blue top. (Our Ed. has suddenly had an awful thought - presumably it was another vest, only it was about the same colour as his fingers..... still the pins seemed to go in..... oh dear!

Don.

Whoops!

Beware the Gavin Baylis training runs. You could finish up with a broken wrist.

As far as Mat Gould is concerned it gives interval training a whole new twist.

"With one's arm in a sling it's a bit of a b.....,"

he reckons he'd be better off totally plastered"

Poet Lauraint (who else?)

Mike Gibbs marshalls club open 25. Told organiser Keith Gelder that he shouldn't have ridden yesterday he's got a stinking cold and feels lousy. "That's O.K." says Keith, "tomorrow you'll feel really rotten".

Sussex C.A. 4-up 51 Km Time-Trial.
Sunday, 19th May, 1996.

A howling south-westerly gale is not the ideal kind of weather for cycling of any kind, but when the object is for four of you to ride fast and together, it is quite definitely the worst.

There is something, however, to be said for the fact that, despite the gales and the promise of heavy rain, which fortunately kept off for most of the time, all those that entered both started and finished. Something to be said, well you say it, "courageous" or "mad"?

Worthing had entered two teams, one comprised of four of our fastest seniors, and the other, four veterans. How they got out of their rest homes is being investigated: our Ed says he begged the matron not to let him go again!

Favourites were clearly 25 mile team champions Eastbourne, or East Grinstead, with G.S. Stella likely to be just too strong for our senior quartet. Well, it wasn't a quartet in fact because Richard Bonner had gone down with a cold so Jeremy Wootton had to organise Mat Gould and Gavin Baylis. The comment overheard after the event was "we got it together over the last three miles!", which is probably not quite soon enough.

But then everyone found it very tough, even the roadmen from Eastbourne had lost one of their number before Findon. As to the "vets" according to Vern McClelland, "we started too fast", and according to our Ed "it was too b.... fast all the way round". Richard Shipton was going like a greyhound. Vern went on the first hill, and Eric and Don hung on like a couple of bulldogs, but with very stretchy leads. To be fair Don suggested that there should be two fees to ride these team events in future. First there should be the entry fee and secondly there should be a "passenger fare".

It is reported that Don did go to the front once. He's good downhill this boy.. The descent of the Washington bypass was so fast.. he didn't realise how fast, and when Richard at the head of affairs sat up, on approaching the roundabout which was totally clear of traffic, he just went straight past. Richard and Eric reported having kittens and

the marshalls dived for cover, as for Don,.... well he got round but.... let's just say he couldn't sit down for a while afterwards... nearly a week!

Back along the A.24 was murder and that's from the back! The weather had a last vicious fling at the teams as they returned past Wiston Pond, throwing a blustery gale at them broadside and sending in the heavy rain machine at the same time.

Back at the Ashurst hall Jeremy and Co. were on top of the leader board for a while with 1.24.32. G.S. Stella, no doubt benefiting from a fourth man, knocked them off with 1.21.30, and the oh! the embarrassment, the vets put them back another place with 1.24.13.

The big guns had still to come through, East Grinstead, again finishing a full team, set a 25m.p.h. time of 1.18.30 and the Eastbourne club with 1.18.50, were left to pick up the second prize.

Pity about the weather

Chris Beckingham admits to one holiday without his bicycle. It's a long while ago but mention Jennifer Mitchell and he goes all funny and shows you a photo of Jenny when she was 21!

*National 25-mile Championship, 1996.
O'Bree-ze on the A.22*

Just a light North-Westerly, rising as the event progressed. A mist to start with, giving way to warm sunshine. Such were the benevolent conditions for the cream of Britain's 25-milers in this year's championship promoted for the R.T.T.C. by Mick Burgess and the East Sussex Cycling Association on Sunday the 2nd June.

This was like no other event ever before in East Sussex, for here we had the road practically lined with people from Uckfield to Boship. Ever vantage point saw a small group of people and it must have lifted riders' efforts, for nowhere were they free to relax. With World Champions, National Champions and record holders in their midst,

even the "no-hoppers" (56.20 was the slowest acceptance!) had to give 110%.

"110" incidentally was Graham Obree, he of strange bikes, riding positions even the Khama Sutra never thought of.... oh yes! and the marmalade sandwiches. Started like it was a 650 handicap - but then we're told he doesn't start too well! - and continued along the undulations of the A.22 at an average speed in excess of 30 m.p.h.!

100 was Gary Dighton, he did a 49 on a fast course a few weeks back. At 7 miles Obree was 1½ minutes up!

120 was defending champion Richard Prebble and at the same point he was 35 seconds down!

Arms stretched out ahead of him with eyes fixed down the road like they were mentally pulling the turn towards him, Obree recorded an incredible 23.37 for the first 12½ miles. He rode a single fixed gear of 177", and while his return was slower he maintained a machine-like smoothness that nothing in road or weather conditions could ruffle.

It was a historic piece of cycling for East Sussex. Who now can moan about the East Sussex course? Ninety-five riders finished inside the hour and the five outside beat 61 minutes. It was the second fastest winning time for the championship, but probably the fastest ever if the times of all finishers were to be considered. "What did you do?" "55.15". "That's excellent - where did you come?" "40th". Can you imagine?

Congratulations to the winner, what a super effort and what a super guy he is. Totally at ease, he sat on the boot of his car signing autographs and chatting for more than half an hour.

Congratulations also to Mick Burgess and his team, a super organised event and they deserved the weather and the result they got.

Richard Cooley has kindly prepared a new membership list. Would Brian Weir please note that he now lives with Roger and Jean Smallman

Norwood Paragon 50 - Sunday 26th May 1996.

Eric Bonner	2. 5.35	1st in Category D
Don Lock	2.10.24	
Jan Scotchford	2.17.46	

A One-Track Mind.

Now that is an expression usually of a derogatory nature. But when Tony Palmer was checking out the route for the Tourist Trial, one section was "two deep tracks made by vehicles in the bridleway" he decided to switch from one track to the other to avoid a puddle just ahead. Oh dear! Now you see the benefits of a one-track mind. One wheel went, but the other didn't, and base over apex went one tourist Trial organiser to slither unceremoniously through the muddy puddle.

Still, they say it's good for the complexion!

Don

Under the Thumb?

Old Grandad Retallick's got married,
Jean over the threshold was carried
Is the old man now finished?
The cycling diminished?
- All questions to Jean have been parried.

Keith Dodman is "unwell" half-way round the 200k Audax. Now we know you've not done so much lately but you don't forget the old terms. Bonked, knackered, smashed..... anything like that..... but "unwell"..... !

The South Coast 200k, 1996 edition.

It had to be said that I was looking forward to this event with some trepidation, it was to be only my second at this distance, the first with our club where a poor performance would have to be lived down.

The weather had also given me some cause for concern, the forecast

for that week-end having changed almost daily with heavy showers being predicted for the afternoon. On the day however all worries on that score were eased when the early sun beamed down from a clear sky.

Taking a chance on continuing good weather, I set off just after 6.30 in shorts, club jersey and arm warmers, the cape being stowed under my saddle. When I arrived at the Heene Centre soon after 7 the place was buzzing with activity, and filled with mostly unfamiliar faces. Somebody must have told Brian Howe that it was fancy dress as he came as Robocop, Jeremy Wootton and Gavin Baylis looked fit and ready, like coiled springs. I never did see them again! Okay, I'll just grab a banana or two for the journey, now where are they? Anybody seen them? Too late they're all gone!

All but a handful of brevet cards had been claimed when Paul Toppin sent us on our way up Heene Road. The traffic lights chopped the group of 70 into more manageable groups. Unfortunately Railtrak had not bothered to adjust their timetable to accommodate us and the West Worthing crossing remained down until the group had not only reformed but started to grow beards!

Eventually we all got across and those of us who didn't jump any red lights (you know who you are) made a sociable group on our own. One of the penalties of not rushing off at breakneck speed is that you end up riding in the same group as the ladies. tough, isn't it?

With a tail wind and good company around me it hardly seems surprising that we were in Pulborough before thinking about it, and the laughter behind me (how about that for paranoia?) subsided when the gradients started to tell. Being more familiar with this part of the route than some of the party I was happy to save my legs on the climb out of Egdean, knowing that I could gain enough speed on the fast descent to get a free climb into Petworth. It worked and you could see the surprise on some faces as I shot past them on the climb!

Young Mike Poland stamped cards and handed out cold drinks as the car park was taken over for the occasion. The bananas had all gone by the time I thought of it and fortified with only a biscuit rejoined the Matthews/Robocop group. The next part was also fairly familiar and

the quick descent to the foothills of Mount Duncton passed all too quickly. I should explain to anyone who had the good sense to lie in that day that there are three or four climbs before the big one, just to soften you up.

With so many miles ahead no heroics were to be called for and just as I was thinking up excuses for dropping to the back one of the young ladies beat me to it. Just an unshipped chain, "Are you okay?" I pretended to be concerned but had no intention of stopping at the foot of the big one. Some kind person relayed that it was and I plugged slowly on and up. Strangely just as the heat built up I passed a scar on the road where a car had previously overheated and caught fire on the spot. Well I thought, at least I'll beat him! The laughter had overtaken me by now so I wasn't paranoid after all.

Captain Matthews waited over the top for me and soon we had passed Robocop and his companion, a really interesting gent, a retired engineer who had once built his own frame for an Australian tour. Ever onwards and upwards until the turn for Goodwood and there was a rare sight of that unusual woodland animal, the 'Steadman', hiding behind a tree, can't imagine why. Once past Goodwood race track we turned South and despite some heavy braking on my part I soon rejoined the main group. At this time I was introduced to the laughter, Leslie Barratt, obviously enjoying it all too much.

Passing through Havant someone suggested that this was the largest Council Estate in Europe, I made a mental note not to go to his parties and slowly dropped back for the steady ascent of Portsdown Hill. Tim Steadman was nursing a puncture and was brave enough to come out from behind his tree. "How far to the top?" "Not far", I replied, "where that car is turning". Sorry Tim, I lied, well my memory isn't so good these days, anyway it's easier to mend your punctures among friends, even if it does mean pushing your bike a couple of miles.

A mixed group of randonneurs sat in a semi-circle around Mr. Hudson's pantry, and momentarily I imagined a group of children gathered around a Punch and Judy show. With four hours in the saddle since breakfast and only a biscuit for refreshment I helped myself to Mr. Punch's picnic and two teas, two rolls and some cake

later I was ready for the next bit, just a couple of bananas for the road and... Where are the bananas? Ah well.

Bliss, sheer bliss, two miles of downhill, Robocop adopted a streamlined position, to no avail however as sitting up I cruised past comfortably, (when I tell the story I might forget the descent bit). Aha - banana skins, so that's what the bananas are for, you don't eat them, just lay a trail for the others, and don't let on! The next stretch was pleasantly undulating, lots of pretty villages and a good view of Concord in the sun, but nobody cared much. Nearer to the lunch stop I dropped back on one or two climbs, saving those legs again. Gill with a G not J shouted encouragement, at least I think it was from the summits and soon we were in New Alresford and dins.

The prospect of lunch with Sir Nigel Gresham obviously impressed some of our crew, it must be said that, regardless of his noble birth his table manners left much to be desired. Whistling and screeching throughout the meal he insisted on being the centre of attention before going off in a huff. Our chairman insisted that this was normal behaviour for a steam locomotive, and as nobody else was old enough to remember them we grudgingly took his word for it.

At about this time it became clear that a new pair of shorts will soon be called for! Ah well off we go, no we don't. Builders' lights and a ten-minute wait. Mind you with the wind beginning to rise against us there wasn't a lot of chatting. It was a grind for a while, no a long while and lunch was beginning to tell I suffered for making the effort so soon after eating. Just follow the banana skins and shut up.

The great wise bearded one waited for me at the top of the climb up from the A32, and soon we were back in the group, well the two of us are reasonably quick on descents, and Steep Hill obliged us.

Following the route instructions, there was a banana skin missing, it wasn't long before the Mansell family had fed and watered, us, Paul Leggatt appeared with Leslie and Gill with a G, funny they were miles in front before. I was going to tell them about the secret route markings but didn't want to spoil their fun.

Refreshed and on our way I spent some time alone with my thoughts before catching the others and heading into Fernhurst for Information control. This posed a bit of a problem as the village green and its

post box..... and the instructions.... well I was confused so I recorded two answers to the info question. And on and on all quite uneventful really, just that indigestion and follow the little yellow clues, soon we were in Wisborough Green,.

A large gent approached me, "That's obviously a bear gut, where do you boys drink afterwards? " This was all the motivation I needed and despite a brief stop at Washington village, indigestion again, I made it back to the Heene centre with more than two hours to spare.

The only casualty was the Green man who felt unwell at New Alresford station and had to cycle to Petersfield to catch a train home, how ironic!

A big thank you to Paul for taking on the work of organising the event, and to all the card stampers, especially Mr. Hudson for the refreshments, see you all next year!

Richard Cooley.

Bill Webb.

Older members will remember Bill - father of Sarah who married Derek Smith. Bill lived at Angmering and rode with us for many years. They will be sad to learn of his death in early June at St. Barnabas after a two-year cancer illness. It was typical of Bill that given just a short while to live after the initial diagnosis, he continued to cycle, walk and dance as actively as ever until just a month or two before his death.

We extend our sympathy to Sarah and family.

Ray's Bikes.

Well, we've found good homes for them and the club has received proceeds of £ 635.00

John Mansell bid successfully for the yellow Holdsworth, Keith Dodman for the orange one and Dave Jenkins for the green one. The mountain bike went to Paul Toppin for Angela.

It all worked out very well. Everyone who bid was successful and no-one was disappointed. The bids were, we felt, very generous, as though it was intended to benefit the club in Ray's memory.

Don.

Evening Ten Series, 1996.

Event No. 1, 2nd May

Pos	Name	Time	H'cap	H'cap time
1.	Jeremy Wootton	23.22	Scr	23.22
2.	Richard Bonner	24.42	Scr	24.42
3.	Mat Gould	25.06	1.00	24.06
4.	Don Lock	25.50	1.00	24.50
5.	Eric Bonner	25.55	0.45	25.10
6.	Jonathan Ford-Dunn	27.17	2.45	24.32
7.	Colin Miller	28.27	3.30	24.57
8.	Tim Lake	28.36	3.00	25.36

Private time-trial.

Dave Jenkins	31.58
--------------	-------

Event No. 2 - 9th May.

Pos	Name	Time	H'cap	H'cap time
1	Richard Bonner	23.57	Scr	23.57.
2.	Chris Bacon	24.56	0.30	24.26
3.	Eric Bonner	25.04	0.45	24.19
4.	Don Lock	25.18	1.00	24.18
5.	Mat Gould	25.50	1.00	24.50
6.	John Poland	25.59	1.00	24.59

7.	Adrian Brown	27.08	2.15	24.53
8.	Jonathan Ford-Dunn	27.37	2.45	24.52
9.	Alan Stepney	27.38	3.30	24.08
10.	Peter Baird	27.52	2.15	25.37
11.	Peter Eldridge	28.45	3.45	25.00
12.	Robert Downham	29.22	2.45	26.37
13.	Lesley Barrett	29.24	4.45	24.39
14.	Adrian Roberts	30.47	3.30	27.17
15.	Gill Clements	32.33	10.00	22.33

Private Time-trial: Natasha Maes 25.42

Event No. 3 - 16th May.

Cancelled as conditions considered to be dangerous.

Event No. 4 - 23rd May

Pos	Name	Time	H'cap	H'cap time
1.	Jeremy Wootton	23.02	Scr.	23.02
2.	Richard Bonner	23.19	Scr.	23.19
3.	Chris Bacon	23.52	0.30	23.22
4.	Mat Gould	24.32	1.00	23.32
5.	Eric Bonner	24.47	0.45	24.02
6.	Don Lock	24.53	1.00	23.53
7.	John Poland	25.33	1.00	24.33
8.	Peter Baird	26.58	2.15	24.43
9.	Jonathan Ford-Dunn	27.10	2.45	24.25
10.	Colin Miller	27.24	3.30	23.54
11.	Tim Lake	28.05	3.00	25.05
12.	Peter Eldridge	28.10	3.45	24.25
13.	Alan Matthews	28.14	3.30	24.44
13.	Robert Downham	28.14	2.45	25.29

Private Time-trials.

M. Hooey 27.07
 Andy Smith/Ian Kitt (tandem) 21.01

Event No. 5 - 20th May.

Pos	Name	Time	H'cap	H'cap time
1	Richard Bonner	22.15	0.15	22.00

2.	Chris Bacon	22.27	0.30	21.57
3.	Eric Bonner	22.58	1.15	21.43
4.	John Poland	23.25	1.30	21.55
5.	Don Lock	23.26	1.15	22.11
6.	Mike Gibbs	23.55	2.15	21.40
7.	Jonathan Ford-Dunn	24.49	3.00	21.49
8.	Colin Miller	24.58	3.15	21.43
9.	Tim Lake	25.32	3.45	21.47
10.	Alan Stepney	23.35	3.15	22.20
11.	Lesley Barrett	25.58	4.45	21.13
12.	Peter Eldridge	26.05	3.45	22.20
13.	Alan Matthews	26.41	3.30	23.11
14.	Gill Clements	28.33	3.30	20.03
15.	Andy Lawrenson	29.24	---	--- *
16.	Reg Searle	33.28	6.30	26.58

* late entry - not handicapped.

Private Time-trials: Nineteen from other clubs - the sun brought them out at last! Tandem Andy Smith and Ian Kitt 20.09.

Sussex C.A. Championship and open 50 mile.
(Incorporating Club Championship)
Sunday 9th June, 1996.

We were well involved in this event with Peter Baird making his promoter's debut on behalf of the Association and with many members marshalling and pushing off, and an entry of seven. We have picked up the team honours on a number of occasions in the 50, and we had a strong entry. Eastbourne and G.S. Stella though looked like providing formidable opposition.

The morning dawned calm and misty. The mist was soon to clear as it warmed up, and only the lightest of breezes seemed to come in from the south as riders returned from the second turn at Hayling Island. The Arundel cricket pavilion was the headquarters and the start was half a mile west of there on the A27. Basically the course was to Chichester, down to Bognor and back, and out to Hayling Island and back through Chichester, with finish near the start point.

It was a good morning and the opportunity for some fast times was

there for the taking if your were fit.... and well. Unfortunately Gavin Baylis was suffering from catarrh, and did not complete the distance. Jeremy Wootton "just could not understand what was wrong". He finished but his time was ten minutes at least in excess of what he could have expected.

Jan Scotchford may have won the fastest lady award but she was unhappy about her ride being two minutes slower than the Norwood Paragon event which was much harder. Now Richard Shipton was also suffering "cough and catarrh - nearly didn't ride" but a lot of us would like to suffer like that and still beat two hours.

There were no complaints from the other three, Chris Bacon clocked a personal best, Eric Bonner went faster than for four years and our Ed beat his schedule by more than three minutes.

Mark Jones of G.S. Stella, enjoying a super season, went clear of all the opposition to win yet another County Trophy with a time of 1.54.48. Eastbourne's Steve Wallis was expected to be a serious challenger but he was suffering from an Achilles tendon injury and was a long way short of his best. A previous winner, Julian Pegg of the Charlottetown, came nearest with 1.57.54. There were then four "58's"; Chris Lord, Brighton Excelsior, 1.58.07, our own Richard Shipton 1.58.19, David Shepherd, Bognor Regis C.C. 1.58.42, and Paul Lipscome, Velo Sport Jersey (Channel Islands) formerly a Central Sussex rider, 1.58.58.

G.S. Stella proved too strong for us with a winning team aggregate of 5.58.11. Eastbourne totally failed with several non-starters, and only Clive and Steve Willis recording fastish times. Worthing's team in second place was 6.03.00 which put them ahead of Brighton Excelsior 6.15.16 and Lewes Wanderers 6.19.05.

There were 59 entries: 53 started and 48 finished.

Club Times and Championship.

	<u>Time</u>	<u>H'cap</u>	<u>Net</u>	<u>SCA placing</u>
1. Richard Shipton	1.58.19	Scr.	1.58.19	4th
2. Chris Bacon	2.02.16	8.00	1.54.16	10th
3. Eric Bonner	2.02.25	8.30	1.53.55	11th
4. Don Lock	2.04.50	11.30	1.53.20	18th
5. Jeremy Wootton	2.09.51	6.00	2.03.51	24th

6. Jan Scotchford 2.19.16 Did not enter 36th

(Handicapper Tony Palmer)

True story: on the line my minute man Horry Hemsley of Lewes Wanderers tells me this is his unluckiest event. Every year - and he's been going a long while has Horry - he has trouble of some sort. My time is called and off I go, and in less than half a mile I've gone past my minute man - he was changing a tub!

Don.

Evening Ten Series, 1996.

Event No. 6, 6th June

Pos	Name	Time	H'cap	H'cap time
1	Richard Bonner	21.58	0.15	21.43
2.	Chris Bacon	22.07	0.30	21.37
3.	Jeremy Wootton	22.16	Scr.	22.16
4.	Eric Bonner	22.31	1.15	21.16
5.	Don Lock	22.39	1.15	21.24
6.	John Poland	23.03	1.30	21.33
7.	Mike Gibbs	23.26	2.15	21.11
8.	Jonathan Ford-Dunn	24.35	3.00	21.35
9.	Tim Lake	24.38	3.25	20.53
10.	Peter Baird	24.43	2.45	21.58
11.	Alan Stepney	24.59	3.15	21.44
12.	Peter Eldridge	25.04	3.45	21.19
13.	Alan Matthews	25.52	4.00	21.52
14.	Robert Downham	26.14	3.15	22.59
15.	Adrian Roberts	26.44	4.15	22.29
16.	Andy Lawrenson	24.39	-- ---	-- ---
17.	Reg Searle	31.02	7.30	23.32

Private Time-trials.

Dave Jenkins 27.11

Andy Smith/Ian Kitt 19.55 (Catford C.C. - tandem).

Eight other private entries from other local clubs

Event No. 7, 13th June

Pos	Name	Time	H'cap	H'cap time
1.	Eric Bonner	22.24	1.15	21.14
2.	Chris Bacon	22.25	0.30	21.55
3.	Richard Bonner	22.29	0.15	22.14
4.	Don Lock	23.03	1.15	21.48
5.	Mike Gibbs	23.24	2.15	21.09
6.	Tim Lake	24.33	3.45	20.48
7.	Adrian Brown	24.43	2.45	21.58
8.	Colin Miller	24.48	3.00	21.48
9.	Alan Stepney	25.18	3.15	22.03
10.	Peter Baird	25.24	2.45	22.39
11.	Robert Downham	25.42	3.15	22.27
12.	Peter Eldridge	25.46	3.45	22.01
13.	Lesley Barratt	26.59	4.45	22.14
14.	Reg Searle	29.52	7.30	22.22

Twenty-seven private time trials including Paul-Toppin-finding-out-how-unfit-you-can-get-if-you-dont-ride-your-bike-24.36 and John Lucas - you remember him from the 60's - 27.15.

By the Wayside.

For this issue I have a particularly grisly story to tell. Over in Escaland again, sorry about that but all the best eccentrics come from there, and as it's where I was born I know those stories best. At the place known as Cade Street in Heathfield there stands a memorial, the inscription illegible, as it was when Frank Paterson drew it more than 60 years ago. It tells of how Jack Cade was slain on the spot in 1450 by Alexander Iden then Sheriff of Kent and of how Jack's head was displayed on London Bridge.

You might think that Jack had been caught out after dark without lights on a randonee or something equally serious, you would be wrong.

In fact he was the local Robin Hood but his public relations man wasn't equal to the task and Jack never made quite the same popularity. Poor old Jack overstepped the mark a bit after one

particularly heavy night at the Serfs' Arms and marched on London. He wasn't doing too badly for a time but his men went in for a bit too much rape and pillage and outstayed their welcome. By the time his men had managed to regroup for the assault on Parliament the King's men had got out of bed and defending London Bridge defeated our hero.

The obvious thing for a man with a price on his head in mediaeval times was to buy a one-way ticket for Dieppe and join a monastery somewhere in France. Turning south Jack got as far as Heathfield before he met the Sheriff coming the other way, now all we have is this memorial and a few streets named after him... Oh, didn't I mention his ghost. Well, another time perhaps.

Richard Cooley.

Push Off!!

In the last issue of this magazine I told the story of how I beat off stiff competitions to get the plum job of assistant pusher-off and numbers man to Mel in the Ray Douglass Memorial 25. It seems only fair to share with you some of the lessons learned in case you wish to take up this rewarding hobby.

- 1. Put the riders at ease, many of them are nervous, and use your initiative, for example if they complain about windy conditions tell the riders that the wind is behind them all the way round, and that marshals are only tied to trees to prevent theft. (Come on Richard, who in his right mind would want to steal one of our marshalls?)*
- 2. Do not refer to pushing-off as "throwing 'em down the road" this can be very unnerving.*
- 3. Some riders do not like the rocking start, it can make them feel sea-sick, if they have their brakes on resist the temptation to rock them to and fro, it makes black marks in the road.*

Richard Cooley

There's an alternative!

The immaculate and polished prose in the "Wheel" is mainly Don's, leavened by lively contributions from others, but it's my podgy digits that wang the stuff in. I touch-type at about 50 words per minute, but the accuracy.... - well, it's a sort of eight-finger peck and pray system. I spray it onto the keyboard, check it and clean it up later.

With a modern word processor (bells and whistles if you have the sound card switched on!), it is a must to put work of that standard through a spelling checker (American = spellchecker) and as I have yet to enter club and S.C.A. riders' names into the local dictionary, some of the alternatives offered have you in stitches.

Look at these.

Baird	Bard, Bared, Birds.
Bonner	Bognor, Bone, Boner, Bonier, Bonnet.
Gibbs	Gibes, Gibbous, Gibe
Downham	Downhill
Reg	Erg. Rev.
Roberts	Robbers, Rubbers -
Horry	Hoary, Hooray, Hurrier*
Ford-Dunn	{A little white flag
Lawrenson	{popped up, indicating
McClelland	{total surrender

There were other alternatives for Horry's name, but sorry, this is a family show!

John Grant

Keith Gelder.

We can report that Keith is fit (as ever) and now knocking out the miles from his new address at Croughton near Brackley. A one-eyed (sorry street) village, actually just in Northants, but on the borders of half a dozen other counties.

He remains in our club and colours for the rest of this season but plans to make contact with the Banbury Star for second-claim membership and with a view to joining them fully in 1997. He hopes to ride some more time-trials, probably up to 100 miles this year.

On his plate for consumption in the next few weeks though is another of those col-storming rides in the Alps and perhaps we can report on that in a later issue.

Pamela looked after 'Our Ed' in style when he visited them at the end of June. It was a pity that Keith then smashed him over 64 miles of lumpy South Midlands countryside in about 3½ hours. Wouldn't have been so bad if he wasn't talking all the time!

It should not be allowed!

I'm a "racer" - and while I support the club tourist trial- actually won it the year I didn't get lost! - I don't take part in serious C.T.C.- type touring competitions. So I think them darn tourists ought to be banned from riding (serious) time-trials.

If the C.T.C. are going to run 25-mile events I shall do something totally reactionary like join the B.C.F and enter a road race!

It's not right that the winner did a '54', and the next dozen were all comfortably inside the hour. Neither am I amused when Dave Hudson told me it was alright because each one had to have two panniers, one handlebar bag, complete camping gear, lights, toolkit, mudguards and a selection of Ordnance Survey maps.

It shouldn't be allowed - should it?

Congratulations. Chris (crispy) Bacon. Under the hour for the first time - 59.56, but now they'll come easy. But tell us, why did you have to go all the way to Garstang and the Preston Wheelers' event? Can't imagine what time you must have had to get up for that one.

The Ray Douglass Memorial Tea
2nd February, 1997

The Ray Douglass Memorial Tea will be held at Washington Village Hall, Washington, West Sussex, from 3.00 p.m. to 5.30 p.m.

The Worthing Excelsior Cycling Club wishes to remember Ray, and invites all members to come along. **THERE IS NO CHARGE**, but we do want you to book names and numbers with Don Lock, (see below) so that numbers can be adequately catered for.

The invitation is being extended to all Sussex clubs and cycling organisations for Ray was not just ours, he was the friend of so many. We are particularly keen that as many as possible of those who were with us at Washington after his funeral will try to come along again.

There will be a Worthing Excelsior club run from, Washington Village Green which leaves at 9.00 a.m., and will return by 1.00 p.m. There will be another - (short and gentle) which leaves at 2.00 p.m. You are all welcome to join these.

Organiser: Don Lock
7, Welland Road,
Worthing,
West Sussex.
BN13 3LN
01903-531877

Mountain Bike (day) Ride.

Jeremy Wootton has an all day ride planned for Sunday 25th August. Leave 8 a.m., return around teatime.. Watch club notice board or ring Jeremy (Tel No on page 1) for further details. Should be good, he knows all the best pubs.

We have the right team with the right skills

We can help you . . .

Move House!
Remortgage for a new Frame?

Contact:
Don Lock
Legal Executive

MILLER PARRIS
Solicitors



3-9 Cricketers Parade, Broadwater, Worthing
Telephone: 01903 205771

Authorised by the Law Society in the conduct of investment business.

BONNER & JENKINS PRINTING LIMITED

**QUALITY SINGLE AND
MULTI COLOUR PRINTING OF
LEAFLETS, POSTERS, BROCHURES
AND FINE ART REPRODUCTIONS.**

Spinningwood Farm, Burnt House Lane, Lower Beeding, West Sussex RH13 6NN
Telephone: (01403) 891811 Fax (01403) 891808



ERIC BONNER

SPORTS MASSAGE

A MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF SPORTS THERAPY

Todman Cottage, 123 Lower Street, Pulborough, West Sussex, RH20 2BP

Telephone

Daytime: 01403 891811 **Evenings:** 01798 873275

Mobile: 0836 715240



The Ray Douglass
Memorial Tea
2nd February, 1997





The Ray Douglass Memorial Tea

The first Ray Douglass Memorial Tea will be held at
Washington Village Hall, Washington, West Sussex,
from 3.00 p.m. to 5.30 p.m.

The Worthing Excelsior Cycling Club wishes to remember
Ray, and invites all who knew and loved him to come along,
for Ray was not just ours, he was the friend of so many.

THERE IS NO CHARGE, but do please book names and
numbers with Don Lock, (see below) so that we know how
many to cater for.

We are particularly keen that all who were with us at
Washington after Ray's funeral will try to come along again.

There will be a run leaving Washington Village Green at
9.00 a.m., to return by 1.00 p.m. Another - (short and gentle)
will leave at 2.00 p.m. You are all welcome to join these.

Organiser: Don Lock
7, Welland Road,
Worthing,
West Sussex.
BN13 3LN
01903-531877

