

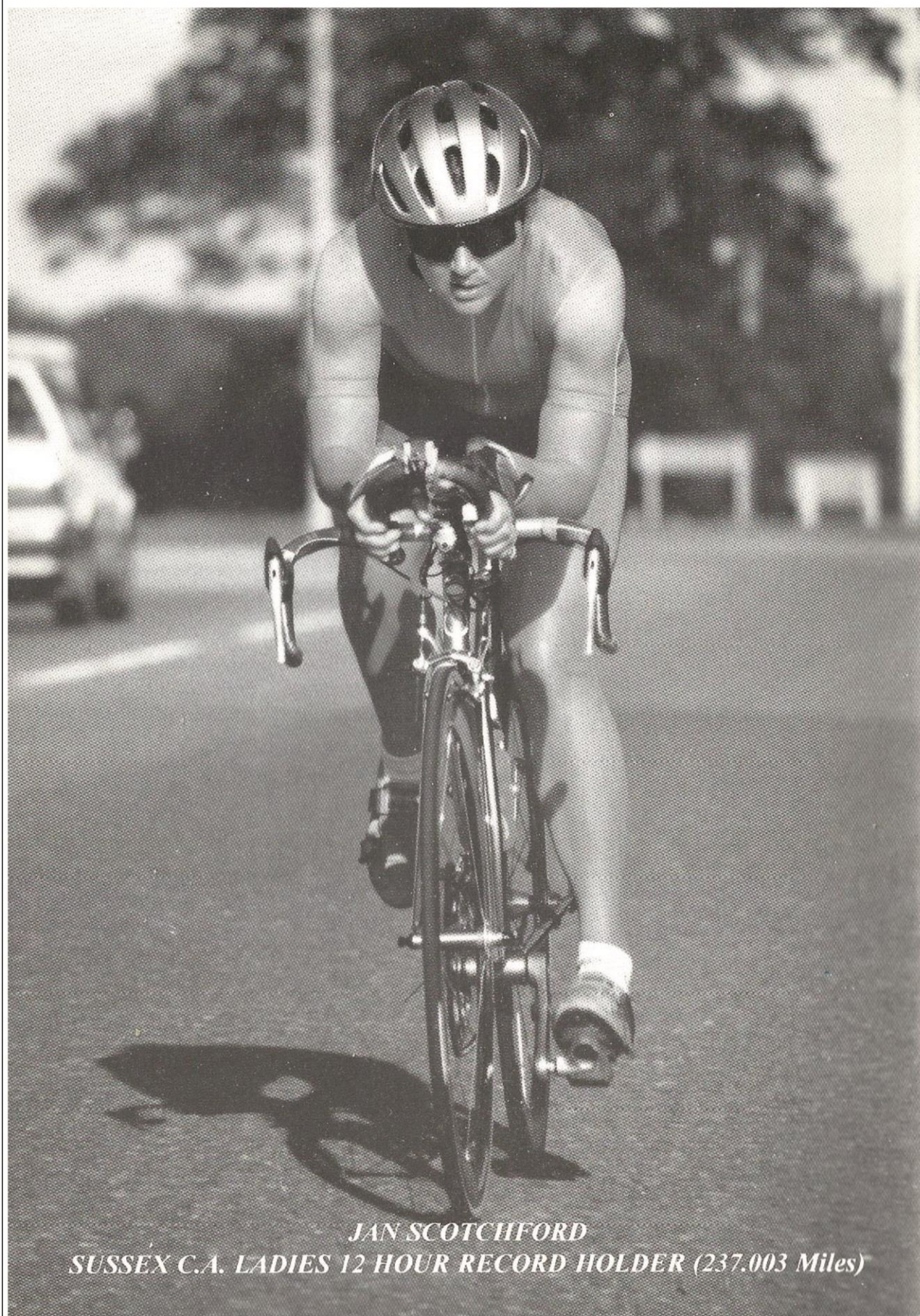
THE WORTHING WHEEL



**MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR
CYCLING CLUB**

WINTER 1996/7

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*JAN SCOTCHFORD
SUSSEX C.A. LADIES 12 HOUR RECORD HOLDER (237.003 Miles)*

Winter 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.

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DIEPPE, 96

Well I don't mind admitting that I had a few anxious moments about this one, after all I haven't organized anything for the club before and this was to be in another country as well. It didn't help greatly having to change the date at the last minute and despite losing some sleep over possible ferry delays everything went well on the day.

Almost everything because when those of us travelling together arrived at the rendezvous there will still two faces missing. The young man from Stena line was anxious to get us boarded and I explained that we were still awaiting the arrival of two latecomers. "Well if they come in time I'll send them along. What do they look like?"

"One of them has a shiny haircut and the other is his drippy daughter." "Oh! You mean the Leggatts! Don't worry about them, they are always late, I'll send them over on the 8.15."

Sure enough they arrive in time, just. There isn't a lot to say about the Pegasus craft from the passengers' point of view, it is comfortable, more like an oversized aircraft than a car ferry and the facilities are limited, presumably in the interest of speed. Within two hours and five minutes we were unloading the bikes in Dieppe.

The sign said "Toutes Directions", so we went the other way and following the quayside Tony Palmer was most disappointed to find the "Club Palmer" had been demolished since our earlier visit. They must have known we were coming back! Turning left at the bridge and then right we climbed steeply out of the town, since I first took this route the steep, narrow, cobbled climb had acquired some speed humps, we were wondering why this was deemed necessary when Matthew pointed out that it was probably for those descending, not climbing!

Now we were out in the countryside and as the sun started to give some warmth (or was it that climb?) a few jackets were discarded. The plain above the town allowed some riders to almost escape from the front, but after regrouping an encounter with a family in an ancient Renault relaxed some of those unfamiliar with the pace of life over the water. Actually I wondered if they were ever going to leave us but eventually they went off, four way flashers blinking and kids

waving furiously. Poor old Matt. was nearly left behind on a long descent, he just wasn't heavy enough!

Soon we were to be strung out again as our way swung crazily to and fro up the hillside, very pretty the climb was too with dappled sunshine through the trees and the road above us. The village atop the hill called for a brief cooling off stop. From here we were able to enjoy the quiet lanes and peaceful countryside for miles and miles. Thinking about it we almost had a problem with one motorist just before lunch. We had strung out and were just quietly pottering along when a lady started to make her way through our group, every time someone approached she would pull in again, only she would check that there was enough room first, most unusual.

Then it was lunchtime. Envermeu had gone to lunch as well with hardly anyone around and the open market packing up for the weekend. So we sat ourselves outside the local hostelry, spreading chairs and tables. The Patron looked like he had won the pools and with everyone wanting coffee he and Mme. Patron were kept busy for a while.

The group now split, Keith Dodman chasing the Howes who were off in search of a few mountains. Others sensibly went to the local patisserie and swallowed a few million calories between them, When we did move off again it was over the river and a long last climb. Matt. shot up with the club riders, much to my amazement, while Alan Stepney and I kept Emma company on the long crawl.

It is a local custom to adorn the ridges of thatched buildings with blue irises and we spent some time looking. I didn't see any but the cottage gardens were worth the look anyway. Now was the time to cash in on the earlier climbing and with one reckless descent of maybe 2 miles we threw away all our hard work in one mad scramble. This time Matt. shot past Sue Dray who was more interested in her terminal speed than keeping to the front.

Again we regrouped and setting a gentle pace our erstwhile runs leader chatted away in a relaxed manner, too relaxed perhaps because making a left turn he forgot which side of the channel he was on! Not too serious though and a friendly local smiled patiently as the peloton went round both sides of him before reforming.

This called for more refreshments and using our second stop all bundled into a small bar, the young ones did what all youngsters do and soon the table football was in use. Whilst I translated at the bar some of us headed out the door marked privé or private in English and sat around the family garden table, I apologized for the confusion. "That's Okay, make yourselves at home". We already had.

Sue and Allan wanted some local cider, it only came in litre bottles so that's what they got with two glasses at no extra charge. After a while sitting in the sun, drinking local beer it was a shame to move, but we did - eventually. I can't remember much of the journey back to Dieppe except that we seemed to be waving to oncoming cyclists all the way.

We arrived in time to see the 4:15 sailing leave so we had an hour to spare: this was passed watching the international kite festival - quite a spectacle. Not surprisingly the kids were hungry again and while they were tucking into their pizzas at the terminal building our sailing was called. Have you ever seen a 12 year old riding along with a steaming pizza and a bottle of coke? It is worth the trip just for that alone.

Back to the Pegasus and we rested the bikes and took up a similar position in the saloon before the usual trips to the duty-free shop and such like. I enquired about the day, would anyone like to go again next year? Well the impression I got was - Why wait until next year?

Michelin Man.

A letter from the South-East Midlands.

Hello there friends from Worthing and the environs of Sussex! Long time "no see" but I know that you're still there 'cos Don keeps sending us the Worthing Wheel, keeping us well informed. The Summer edition was particularly newsy and I was impressed by the numerous contributions from "The Don" as well as the efforts of Richard "The Pen" Cooley, who has that rare gift of inventing the truth and making it sound so real. After all that and taking the hint from Don about contributions from foreign parts and seeing my name taken in vain a few times, I thought that I'd better respond!

My closing memories on leaving Sussex were the Ray Douglass Memorial 25", being joint pusher-off with Don at the SCCU '25; a pathetically slow ride (1.12) in the SCA 25 mile team championship, but above all, I recall the friendship and support of new-found cycling colleagues, after a very long absence from the sport.

It was indeed an honour to organise the club open: the fact that you were prepared to entrust it to me meant that you were either desperate (!) or confident of my hidden talents. Anyway, in retrospect I enjoyed the satisfaction of playing my part but, without Tony Palmer I fear that there may have been a few more handicap anomalies. I don't remember the details of the prize-winning entries in question, but I'm sure we played it "by the book", if so, then you're right Don, there should be allowance made for road racers' categories. Certainly when I ride in LVRC Vets. handicap events we are asked for our best "25" and "50" times in order to compose the groups. So I reckon "what's good for the goose" etc.

So far as the "pushing-off" in the SCCU 25 went, I have memories of a fine sunny morning with a gentle breeze which grew into a good blow! Much of what Don reports I do remember, including the most talkative timekeeper in the UK! There were two other little incidents which I recall - the first, that of the rider who came to the start with a loose seat pillar and no Allen-keys! Don eyed-up my considerable seat-pack and enquired whether I could help. Seizing an opportunity for getting a rest, I carefully, i.e. slowly) searched for my Allen-keys and ensured that the rider in question kept his baritone voice for the duration of the ride - I wonder if he did a good 'un?

The other incident which I recall, involved my first encounter with a trike rider - "Don't I get a push too? He enquired. "You sure do!" I replied, I'm standing here ready, but you don't need me to hold you up do you?" "No thanks!" the rider retorted, "but if you don't push from behind, I shall run-over your bloody foot!" When the last rider had been dispatched, Don and I set-off for home. I had anticipated a nice steady ride along the back lanes like the Saturday morning runs. Unfortunately, Don had things domestic on his mind and had promised to be home promptly - so he gave me a good pasting down the A24. I was ever so pleased to reach Washington and have a breather, whilst Don loaded his bike into his car!

As for my last 25 mile time-trial in Sussex, the least said the soonest mended. The only good thing was my determination to get down to some

serious training once the removal had left all our boxes here in Northants. I vowed that I wouldn't enter anything until I was showing some form, otherwise the "blue-and-whites" would stay in the drawer! As Don reported last time, he came to stay having entered two "25s" - Saturday pm and Sunday am. Unfortunately neither of us were accepted for the Oxford R.C. 25 on the Sunday, so we did a Tour of the Cotswolds in which Don left me on every hill despite having done a fast 'un ten hours previously and drunk a half-bottle of wine the night before! I have since discovered why we rode so far and Don was subsequently late home! I measure the route using the upper knuckle of my thumb 'cos its a standard - one and a half inches; the map scale is two and a half inches to the miles, so it's easy, except when you forget to multiply your thumbs by 1.5. Sorry Don about the 63 miles - you deserved a rest-day on Monday! Since then I've used the route as a training ride - loadsa hills and drags, hardly a flat piece of road anywhere; I've called it Don's Route.

So far I've ridden two time-trials up here, Oundle Velo Club 25 on July 14 on the N4/25 course where I did a PB of 1.04.06, and the Dick Goodman Memorial 50 on July 21 on the FIG/50 course where I did a PB of 2.09.11. After that, I decided to get down to some long distance training rides with lots of hills in preparation for my trip through the Alps, with Graham Baxter Tours.

Raid Alpine Randonée.

Twenty-nine people of unsound mind, left Thonon-les -Bains on Sunday 4 August after a long tedious coach journey. There were three I knew from the Raid Pyrennean last year and two familiar faces from Lewes Wanderers - Horry Hemsley and Mick Burgess. We were all anxious to re-discover our cycling legs and get under way. The weather was kind - not too hot - and we had 120km. plus five - 1000 metre cols and two 1500 metre cols to climb. This is just the warm-up and most of us were pleased to finish by 4.00 p.m. at Notre Dame de Bellecombe. This is where I discovered that I had left my wallet, containing French and Italian currency and my passport, at the last hotel! A hasty telephone call confirmed that it had been found and handed in to the manager, who offered to post it to our hotel at Grasse (Friday's hotel, to be sure that I got it this side of la Manche! (The postal system in France is not as predictable as ours). Well, I'm sure you've all heard of "The Badger" (?), well, I became "The Cadger" with 200FFr borrowed here, 100 FFr borrowed there . It's amazing how supportive cyclists are, when anyone is in a jam, whether it's technical or whatever.

The next day, riding became more serious. We had 70 miles before us and some climbing to do - such as Col des Saissies (1633m), Col de Pre (1703m) and the Cormet de Roseland (1968m). On the way down from the last col, we identified the place where Johann Bruyneel went over the edge in the Dauphin this year. We reached Bourg - St. Maurice (840m) at about 4pm where we had a well deserved cuppa having climbed well so far. We reckoned that since it was 341km to Val d'Isere (1840m) then the average gradient was only 1:31 - "une piece de gateau" we thought.

Many of you will recall that this was one of the mountain time-trial stages in the Tour, but I can assure you that we got nowhere near the backmarkers' times! Just over half way up, it began to rain and get very cold. Passing through the tunnels was a frightening experience with the booming noise of traffic and the poor visibility. I do recall being surprised to see Beethoven's portrait - a massive mural on the dam (sorry, barrage) wall at Tignes. Eventually, we rolled in at 6.45 pm after almost 1 hr 34 mins of riding - the slowest time-trial of my life - so far! At least we were not the last to arrive by a long chalk.

Tuesday was fine, sunny and cool - a welcome sight with a ride of some 80 miles to cover and again a few big hills before plunging down into Italy "sans passeport" and with insufficient money for bribery purposes and even less Italian-speak! We began climbing straight from the hotel, nice and steady and not too steep for the first half-mile and then----- up the Col di'Isere (2764m) to be followed by a long descent to the Col de Madeleine (1752m). We lost another 300m before commencing our final major climb of the day - Col du Mont Cenis (2081m). On the descent to the "old Frontiere", we were chased by a 45 ton truck whose driver seemed to have the confidence of Sean Yates! We let him win 'cos he was bigger and noisier than us! We stopped in the cafe for refreshments before continuing our descent into Susa (Italy). Just around the corner was the modern Customs post, where the officer was busy talking to some motorists; he looked slightly bemused at us stopping, then called out "Prego" with an accompanying wave which we took to mean "on yer bike" and we were off with a quick "Arrivederci". What a descent! 4,000ft. and 11 miles of sweeping bends with only a few sharp ones needing heavy braking - a great end to the day.

Wednesday was a grey day, dark clouds threatened drizzle as we set off south-west back to France through a long undulating valley. Susa is at 500ms we were going to have a lot of climbing to do, but at least the

distance was not too daunting at 60 miles. It seemed to take ages before we were climbing up to Claviere where the bus would meet us prior to leaving Italy. There was a big queue (half a mile) of seething cars and lorries (and our bus) on the steep approach to the frontier post on the Col de Montgenevre (1850m) waiting to get into France. We cycled up the outside of the traffic to the barrier, where once again, the Officer wasn't the least bit interested in us and off we went - avanti! From there, we had a rapid downhill into Briançon (1321m) and a refuelling stop before starting the climb to the summit of the Col d'Izoard - and it is so 'ard!

At the summit of the col is a cycle museum containing old bikes, photos and equipment from some of the early days of the Tour de France - and well worth a visit! After the descent we passed through a magnificent river gorge - Combe de Queyras - for about 10 miles alongside a raging torrent, where we followed the progress of ten hardy souls rafting the rapids in a large inflatable dinghy. From Guillestre (1000m) we begin our last climb of the day to St. Marie de Vars ((1658m) which lies some two-thirds up the Col de Vars, our resting place for the night. The climb levels off (a real flat!) at the village of Vars so we stopped at the boulangerie and treated ourselves to vanilla slices "par excellence" and a lemonade. We made the hotel in nice sunshine with only 15 minutes to spare and then the loudest thunderstorm I've ever witnessed, raged for the next two hours. We kept our fingers crossed for those still on the road!

The next day Thursday, was clear, cool and dry - no sign of last night's downpour. The ride commenced with a leg-stretching climb up the final 500m and four miles to the summit of the Col de Vars - there's a café at the top - but we only stopped to get our Brevét cards stamped and buy postcards! From here a rapid descent to Villard (1220m) where we found a café. Someone nipped smartly to the boulangerie for fresh bread, so that we could have a favourite snack - le jambon sandwich. We found that you need at least one of these per col, otherwise you can't survive! It was nice in the sun and easy to forget that we had the highest cols to climb today - Col de Restefond (2692m) and the Col de la Bonette (2715m). Energised we set off on what was to prove to be a climb of considerable endurance, and with the weather beginning to change - as it does here! The higher we got, the more threatening was the sky. We managed to miss the worst of it; in fact we only put rain jackets on at the Bonette where we encountered cold and swirling cloud. We could hear thunder and later there were reports from other riders, of torrential rain showers and hailstones.

At the Cime de la Bonette (2802m) there is a roadside café, run by an

unlikely-looking couple with a very large dog! You may have guessed by now (!) that we needed another jambon sandwich or the equivalent! I have to say that the food is excellent and is to be recommended - although it's too far for a club run stop! It was occasionally drizzling/clearing and quite cold, a tricky downhill section awaited us where the road is covered in bumps, 'cos mending the road isn't easy. On the way down, we came to an abandoned village clustered alongside the road - only the one street - Col des Granges Communes (2513m); it must have been a miserable life perched up there, especially in winter - no wonder they quit! By the time we got to St. Etienne de Tinée (1144m) we were warmed up again. However there was a sting in the tail - we were to stay at Auron (1550m) about 4 miles away and the weather was definitely getting warmer. The last two miles were steeply uphill and had most of us suffering; the hotel couldn't come soon enough!

It was a cool morning on Friday the final big day in terms of distance - 116 miles but at least the cols were lower, although there would be more of them! The first 10 miles were downhill, which was nice, but we always knew that we were going to pay for it! The sun was shining and the sky was clear; it had been a cool descent out of the sun, but as we turned west and began the first climb of the day, we had the sun on our backs - this was going to be hot work. The narrow road clung to the side of the vertical rock walls of a narrow river gorge. The route twisted and turned so that sometimes you could see across to where we had been 15 minutes earlier. We frequently passed through short avalanche-protection tunnels and - joy of joys - hardly any traffic!

The village of Roubion was perched tantalisingly above us in the sun, and visible for much of the climb; it didn't seem to get much nearer, only higher! The six miles took an hour to complete and we were thankful that it had been cooler for most of the previous major cols. Soon we topped the first col of the day - Col de Couillole (1678m) and we could sense that "the bonk" wasn't far away. Just as we were about to begin our descent we spotted an auberge tucked away on the left. We cycled up the short stony Drive and begged for "deux sandwiches de jambon et deux cokes". Our next adventure was down the Gorge Supremes du Cians - fifteen miles of dramatic scenery and potential danger from stone avalanches! The road is quite narrow and so was the road, originally, but road widening is taking place and in some instances they have diverted the road to a safer route. The sides of the gorge were this deep red-ochre colour, which looked splendid in the strong sunlight. As we came through the gorge exit at a rapid pace we saw a lone figure by the roadside, waving a wheel in the air

(Wot! - no neutral service vehicle? Ed.) This turned out to be Phil, one of our group who thought he was the last on the road. Seems he had struck some stone debris and had punctured both tubes. Having fitted both spares, he was unfortunate enough to get a third puncture, and had been unable to make a successful repair.

He had just resigned himself to a long walk! Anyway we were able to fix things up (since we hadn't had a puncture since day one) and we continued as a threesome. After checking in at the bus, we continued to Puget Theniers (410m) where we found a café close by the little bridge which marked our turning towards Grasse, our stop for the night. We ordered three jambon sandwiches but they had "run out of French bread because a large group of veloistes (our lot!) had just had lunch so would we mind having sliced bread à l'anglaise." What a come down, but it was welcome all the same. Refreshed and fed, our trio resumed the journey to Grasse, where a parcel awaited me containing my money and my passport and I could repay all my debts! The next col was the Col de St. Raphael (876m) a mere 450 to climb, but then we lost most of the altitude before climbing the Col de Pinpinier (1130m). There followed a succession of six more cols all of which were between 1041 and 1449 metres high. A bit like a "sporting course" but on a higher level. By the time we reached the final col - Col du Pilon (786m) we were all pretty shattered. We had overtaken ten riders who were even more tired and going to be late for dinner! We had a nice downhill of a mile or so to the hotel, where I was greeted by the courier, holding my precious parcel left behind in Tonon-les-Bains. Everyone arrived safely by 8.15pm and dinner was a splendid affair: it seemed to be carnival time in Grasse, with fireworks and dancing in the streets,

Saturday, the last day, involved riding to Antibes, mostly downhill and only 14 miles. The plan was to have one big club-run, but to cut a complicated story short, we ended up with four groups. We decided to go to Cannes and cycle along the coast to Juan-les-Pins, Cap d'Antibes and lunch in Vieux Antibes - a total of 30 miles, and see the sea and the sights! The traffic was better than we expected, and the sea, the yachts, cruisers and launches of the rich were something to be seen! After lunch it was a case of bikes into bike-bags, load into the bus and prepare for the long drive home. So that was the end of another Raid - two down and one to go - if I can get my pass signed for the Dolomites next year!

On the Sunday after I returned, I rode in my first road-race of the season, the South East Midlands Vets Championships. I must have been crackers - I

was the oldest vet by a century and they ran it with 3rd Cats included! It was a bit fast and I was "blown out the back" at the end of the first lap (7miles). However, I made a time-trial out of the hilly course (good training) and finished some seven minutes down (last!) after 42 miles. My only satisfaction was that there were lots of packers! Then, two weeks later I rode the SCCU 100 on September 1st, where I didn't do a PB - I only managed a 4.53, despite having a stunning schedule for 4.30! Ah well, there's always next year - I hope! The following week-end I rode in the A5 Rangers - promoted LVRC 38 mile road race near Towcester. That was great! - not least because there were over 100 entries, which necessitated three groups, i.e. three events run in sequence with 5 minutes between each start time - the oldest group starting last. This time I managed to get fifth place - but there are no prizes for coming fifth - better try harder next time! Incidentally there was one rider from a Sussex club - Brighton Excelsior, so how about it Worthing Vets next year?

Pamela and I managed a late-September cycling holiday in western France, where the weather was a bit mixed, but we managed to cover about 300 miles on mostly quiet roads. Part of the time (three days) we spent on the Ile de Re, just off La Rochelle. A large dramatically curved bridge was finished about eight years ago to replace the ferry. This has opened up the island to tourism and enlivened its shell-fishing industry. The island has about 50 miles of wide cycle paths away from the traffic, passing through vineyards, nature reserves, small villages and fishing ports as well as along the coast. No matter in which direction you cycle - it's downhill! Whilst it may do nothing for your aerobic efficiency, it's definitely a relaxing place to be. I just thought you'd like to know!

Keith and Pamela Gelder

Top Twenty 10's of 1996

In addition there were 14 other sub 23 minute rides

1.	Richard Shipton	21.44	Club Event
2.	Richard Bonner	21.58	Club Event
3.	Richard Shipton	22.00	Bognor
4.	Richard Bonner	22.05	Club Event
5.	Chris Bacon	22.07	Club Event
6.	Jeremy Wootton	22.08	Club Event
7.	Chris Bacon	22.14	Club Event

8.	Chris Bacon	22.15	Club Event
	Richard Bonner	22.15	Club Event
10.	Jeremy Wootton	22.16	Club Event
11.	Gavin Baylis	22.18	Club Event
12.	Gavin Baylis	22.19	Club Event
13.	Richard Bonner	22.20	Club Event
14.	Chris Bacon	22.22	Club Event
	Chris Bacon	22.22	Kent Valley
16.	Eric Bonner	22.24	Club Event
17.	Mike Gibbs	22.25	Andover
	Chris Bacon	22.25	Club Event
19.	Chris Bacon	22.27	Club Event
20.	Richard Bonner	22.29	Club Event

Top 25's of 1996 (Just those beating the hour)

That same old man still leads the way!

1.	Richard Shipton	54.43	Velo Club Slough
2.	Richard Shipton	56.38	High Wycombe
3.	Richard Shipton	56.42	Oxford City
4.	Richard Shipton	57.05	Essex Roads
5.	Richard Shipton	57.08	Letchworth Velo
6.	Richard Bonner	57.26	Brighton Mitre (PTT)
7.	Chris Bacon	58.43	29th Wheelers
8.	Don Lock	58.48	Century R.C
9.	Eric Bonner	58.52	Brighton Mitre (PTT)
10.	Mike Gibbs	59.09	Hertfordshire Whs
11.	Richard Shipton	59.10	V.T.T.A Surrey/Sussex
12.	Jeremy Wootton	59.25	Club Championship
13.	Chris Bacon	59.27	Brighton Mitre (PTT)
14.	Jeremy Wootton	59.38	Redman
15.	Mike Gibbs	59.40	Clarence Wheelers

The 1996 50's

Again we list them all. We also make the point that there are too many old men at the top of this list.

1.	Richard Shipton	1.54.09	Hertfordshire Wheelers
2.	Richard Shipton	1.55.14	V.T.T.A East Anglia

3.	Richard Shipton	1.56.51	North London
4.	Don Lock	1.58.13	Mid Oxon
5.	Richard Shipton	1.58.19	Sussex C.A
6.	Richard Shipton	2.01.19	Southampton
7.	Don Lock	2.01.34	V.T.T.A National
8.	Chris Bacon	2.02.16	Sussex C.A
9.	Eric Bonner	2.02.25	Sussex C.A
10.	Don Lock	2.04.50	Sussex C.A
11.	Mike Gibbs	2.04.58	Mid Oxon
12.	Eric Bonner	2.05.35	Norwood Paragon
13.	Eric Bonner	2.05.49	Andover
14.	Mike Gibbs	2.07.43	Belle Vue
15.	Keith Gelder	2.09.11	North Bucks
16.	Jeremy Wootton	2.09.51	Sussex C.A
17.	Don Lock	2.10.24	Norwood Paragon
18.	Jan Scotchford	2.17.46	Norwood Paragon
19.	Jan Scotchford	2.18.31	Andover
20.	Jan Scotchford	2.19.03	South Lancs
21.	Jan Scotchford	2.19.16	Sussex C.A
22.	Jan Scotchford	2.20.52	Nova
23.	Jan Scotchford	2.24.35	East Sussex

'Hundreds' of 1996

Some years we might have listed only the top ten and some would not have made the list. This past season we had eleven rides and it seems petty to leave out just one.

1.	Richard Shipton	4.10.22	North Middlesex & Herts
2.	Don Lock	4.16.32	North Midlands
3.	Eric Bonner	4.17.11	Bournemouth Jubilee
4.	Richard Shipton	4.25.10	East Sussex C.A
5.	Eric Bonner	4.26.11	Southern Counties
6.	Chris Bacon	4.26.15	Sussex C.A
7.	Don Lock	4.27.19	Sussex C.A
8.	Jan Scotchford	4.40.12	Sussex C.A
9.	Jan Scotchford	4.41.45	East Sussex
10.	Jan Scotchford	4.48.36	National Championship
11.	Keith Gelder	4.53.28	Southern Counties

A poor year by Worthing Excelsior's previous records, but we had two good rides, particularly Jan Scotchfords which was a new club and Sussex C.A record.

1.	Don Lock	242.117	Sussex C.A
2.	Jan Scotchford	237.003	Sussex C.A

It all went down the drain!

This salutary tale reaches us from the South East Midlands Keith Gelder grabbed the Marigolds and the 'Fairy' (he put him down quickly!) and started on the pile of dishes beside the sink. It was only halfway through lunch and Pamela continued to entertain their guests in the dining-room before serving the dessert.

Keith: "What sweet?"

You've guessed it - Keith had washed the lot down the drain!

One Keith in the doghouse.....and one Dave Hudson high-tailing it out of the South East Midlands kitchen before he causes any more problems.....

14

1996 TROPHY WINNERS

Mens B.A.R.	Don Lock	22.981 mph
Veterans B.A.R.	Don Lock	+6.219 mph
Ladies B.A.R.	Jan Scotchford	22.582 mph
Mason Cup 100 Miles	Chris Bacon	4hr 26m 15s
Clarke Cup 12 Hour	Don Lock	242.117 Miles
Welch Cup 50 Miles	Richard Shipton	1hr 58m 19s
Pressley Cup 30 Miles	Chris Bacon	1hr 14m 16s
Bennett Cup 25 Miles	Jeremy Wootton	59m 25s
Young Cup Hardriders	Gavin Baylis	1hr 12m 7s
Clapshaw Handicap	Pete Eldridge	
Hill Cup 10 Mile Series	Richard Bonner	
10 Mile Series Handicap	Gill Clements	
Barratt Cup Hillclimb	Tim Stedman	
Fastest Veteran 10 Mile Series	Don Lock	
Most Improved Rider (Men)	Don Lock	+ 0.789 mph
Senior Road Race Shield	Chris Bacon	
Junior Road Race Shield	Sean McClelland	
Track Champion	Sean McClelland	
Points Cup	Gavin Baylis	
Club Runs Attendances	Tony Palmer	
Tourist Trophy	Paul Toppin	

CLUB EVENTS

POINTS COMPETITION 1996

The points competition is based on handicap placings in Club events other than the Evening 10's. One point for the winner, two for second and so on. A rider starting but not finishing scores one point more than the last handicap placing. Riders not entering or failing to start score two points more. With four of the Club's faster riders at the head of the list it might indicate that the handicappers are not giving the middle and long markers sufficient allowance. It is, however, usually those who support all the 'Club' events that score best and this is still proving the case.

Gavin Baylis	42
Mathew Gould	47
Chris Bacon	50
Richard Bonner	53
Tim Stedman	57
Jonathan Ford-Dunn	60
Jeremy Wootton	66
Eric Bonner	73
Don Lock	73
John Poland	76
Jan Scotchford	76
Pete Eldridge	77
Nick Attaway	77
Colin Miller	81
Reg Searle	81
Neil Hedley	82
Alan Stepney	82
Leslie Barrett	83
Alexis Zavros	84
Vern McClelland	86
Richard Shipton	87
Adrian Roberts	90
Ken Retallick	90
Ron Bardouveau	90

SENIOR BAR

Don Lock			
<i>Actual</i>			
		mph	
50	1.58.13	25.377	
100	4.16.32	23.389	
12 Hour	242.117	20.177	68.943 mph
			22.981 mph

LADIES BAR

Jan Scotchford			
<i>Actual</i>			
		mph	
10	24.50	24.161	
10	26.31	22.627	
25	1.07.40	22.167	
25	1.10.11	21.373	90.328
			22.582 mph

VETS BAR TABLES

Don Lock			
<i>Actual</i>			
		mph	
10	22.39	26.490	
25	58.48	25.510	
50	1.58.13	25.377	
		77.377	25.792mph
<i>Vets Std</i>			
10	29.48	20.134	
25	1.16.33	19.724	
50	2.39.03	18.862	
		58.720	19.573 mph
			+ 6.219mph

Mike Gibbs			
<i>Actual</i>			
		mph	
10	22.25	26.766	
25	59.09	25.359	
50	2.04.58	24.006	
		76.131	25.377mph
<i>Vets Std</i>			
10	30.02	19.967	

25	1.17.11	19.435	
50	2.40.14	18.723	
		58.125	19.375 mph
			+ 6.002mph

Richard Shipton			
<i>Actual</i>			
		mph	
10	21.44	27.607	
25	54.53	27.331	
50	1.54.09	26.281	
		81.219	27.073mph
<i>Vets Std</i>			
10	27.20	21.951	
25	1.10.35	21.251	
50	2.26.32	20.473	
		63.675	21.225mph
			+ 5.848mph

Eric Bonner			
<i>Actual</i>			
		mph	
10	22.24	26.786	
25	58.52	25.481	
50	2.02.25	24.506	
		76.773	25.591mph
<i>Vets Std</i>			
10	27.20	21.951	
25	1.10.35	21.251	
50	2.24.42	20.733	
		63.935	21.312 mph
			+ 4.279mph

Reg Searle			
<i>Actual</i>			
		mph	
10 Solo	28.27	21.090	

25	Trike	1.25.58	17.449	
50	Trike	3.04.52	16.228	
			54.767	18.256 mph
	<i>Vets Std</i>			
10		31.30	19.048	
25		1.27.24	17.162	
50		3.01.27	16.533	
			52.743	17.581 mph
				+ 0.675 mph

THE CLUB (PERSON) OF THE YEAR AWARD

It's usually nice to report on the outcome of this highly secret ballot of the Club's committee. It gives us an opportunity to record our appreciation for someones efforts on the Club's behalf. This year.....Well, I'm a bit lost for words.

To say "Why me?" would be discourteous to those who voted for me. The truth is I was a bit stunned. I just enjoy Worthing Excelsior, it is part of my life and I am happy to have been involved since joining in 1960..

Looking at the old grey pewter pot - "The Ernie Meredith Club(man) Tankard" I am proud to see my name engraved on it. I've been 'flavour of the year' before, in 1968, 1969 and 1970. Then my old training partner Tony Hill stuck his nose in, but I was back in 1972. We then rightly honoured many others until I must have upped my input to be selected in '81, '82 and '83. I did not expect it in '96 when I have devoted a lot of my time to my own cycling efforts. It is, however, greatly appreciated and I thank you.

Don

Sussex Cyclists' Association

B.A.R. COMPETITION - 1996

Contestants' FINAL Positions after 50, 100 and 12 hrs.

<u>Pos.</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Club</u>	<u>'50'</u>	<u>'100'</u>	<u>'12 hrs'</u>	<u>Average M.P.H.</u>
1st	David Shepherd	Bognor Regis	1.58.42	4.12.03	265.180	23.725
2nd	Mark Jones	G.S. Stella	1.54.48	4.12.29	244.959	23.436
3rd	Andy Payne	G.S. Stella	2.02.26	4.17.35	261.595	23.198
4th	Don Lock	Worthing Excel	2.04.40	4.27.19	242.117	22.228
5th	Jan Scotchford	Worthing Excel	2.19.16	4.40.12	237.003 *	20.901
6th	Peter Fray	Brighton Excel	2.15.33	4.54.06	223.461	20.385
7th	Jack Harris	Crawley Whlrs.	2.38.32	5.53.09	170.743	16.713

* Women's 'Association' Record

VETERANS' B.A.R. - 1996

1st	Don Lock	Worthing Excel	2.04.40 + 5.063	4.27.19 + 4.867	242.117 + 4.048	+ 4.659
2nd	Peter Fray	Brighton Excel	2.23.19 + 1.199	4.54.06 + 0.892	223.461 + 0.700	+ 0.930
3rd	Jack Harris	Crawley Whlrs.	2.38.32 + 0.612	5.53.09 - 0.077	170.743 - 1.422	- 0.295

Veterans' B.A.R. - rider's time or distance calculated in m.p.h.
compared to appropriate 'standard' shown in V.T.T.A. tables

D. Lock Esq,
President
WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB.

Mike & Jean Hayler
44, Parkway,
Ratton,
EASTBOURNE,
East Sussex
BN20 9DX


17th November 1996

Dear Don,

Before your 1996 Annual Dinner & Prize Presentation becomes yet 'another cycling memory' Jean and I would like to thank you personally, and your fellow disciples, for allowing us to spend a few very enjoyable hours in your company.

We both welcomed the happy and convivial atmosphere that prevailed, and trust that the small contribution we were able to make added just a little to the evening.

Thank you once again for a lovely occasion - one we shall cherish for a long time. We wish you and the Worthing Excelsior Cycling Club every success during the changing years to come.



Yours most sincerely,

Mike & Jean Hayler

THE CLUB 'PARTY' 1996

The Annual Dinner Dance and Prize Presentation with all the formalities of at least four speeches and the presence of 'Principal Guests' usually headed by Worthing's Mayor has changed a lot over the years. Gone is the starchy top table, the meal is a buffet, there's no dancing, no mayor and only a couple of short speeches.

The table layout now is the friendly side of chaotic! Dancing was not a success in recent years, with most cyclists seemingly having two left feet or preferring to be in the bar. Many found disco music to be deafening, and have returned now that they find they can talk to each other. A few party games, a giant raffle, an entertaining toast from a guest speaker and an opportunity to socialise is now the format. Numbers have increased as a result. The prize presentation is of course one of the main purposes of the event and that is comfortably slotted in. The '96 edition sold 88 tickets, the best number for many years and it was great to see most members present and to have the company of several ex-members to create quite a reunion feeling about the evening.

The Windsor House Hotel, Windsor Road, Worthing was again the venue. They provide a nice room, there's a pleasant seating area and of course the bar. There were one or two problems which will need to be addressed if they are to have our business again, but we managed with the help of cyclists' generally good nature and co-operation to overcome these and the consensus of opinion was that the evening had been very successful.

Mike Hayler of Brighton Mitre, a very hard working official for the Sussex C.A and the London South RTTC, came with his wife Jean and was very entertaining in proposing the toast to the Club. His mini history of 'British Rail in Worthing' went down very well. The graphic demonstration of how the booking clerk had to go down to the cellar when asked for a ticket to Lostwithiel would be worth repeating. Richard Cooley having last minute problems was unable to attend and yours truly with his MC hat on, scribbled frantically to muster a response to Mike's toast and just about got away with it!

Jean Hayler presented the awards assisted by Mel Robertson - always with the right trophy, and Ken Retallick with the introductions. One interesting presentation was the model Land-Rover to Mat Gould to remind him of the one which ran over his wrist! He was last seen jumping up and down on the box!

Musical Chairs, Pass the Parcel and an uproarious game of Pass the Hat ensured half an hour's mayhem. Can't recall who won what. Do recall Sean McClelland with 4 bananas, Maureen Lock with a melon and Colin Miller with two puncture outfits, but those hats.....Mike Gibbs in a wide-brimmed ladies straw number looked divine

There was half an hour left for chat and cheerios - All in all a good evening. See you next year.

Don

Autumn Mag Correction.

Don assures us that his schedule for the Sussex 100 last year was 4 hours 30 minutes and not 3 hours 40 minutes!

Who the "Andy Wilkinson" do you think he is!

The Autumn Sale -Sotheby's take note - October 29th, 1996

Anyone can sell valuable stuff, only Andrew Lock can get rid of the cycling junk this club accumulates on an annual basis! Well perhaps that fails to do justice to all the items that were donated, particularly items that came from the estates of the late Ron Mills and Ray Douglass, but it was still amazing what was sold. It was again a fun evening, well attended and putting £ 144, a "gross" figure indeed, into the club's bank account.

Many thanks to all those who contributed. All those who fail to are asked to let Don have something "saleable" and related to cycling, in time for the next auction. No more than a request of course, but all of you will have an item or two in the bike shed and if you can all find something we can have another good evening.

Not too keen on having unwanted home furnishings (would Tony Palmer like to collect his two mirrors from my garage somewhen?) although we did sell his toaster and a hideous owl carving with a barometer attached. We understand that Reg Searle and Alan Chatfield plan to fix it to their tandem trike for future long distance record attempts. Reg has been trying for some time to buy a bike computer which gave weather forecasts, but to no avail! Come to think of it Reg looks a bit like a wise old owl, don't you think? Reg the Owl Searle, has a nice ring to it, although we are not sure if he shares the bird's nocturnal habits - still, we digress.

The funds raised will enable us to subsidise the annual dinner and so the benefit comes back to the members.

Thank you Andrew for you efforts, by the way have you thought of taking up professionally the playing of squeaky bike pumps? We understand there's an opening at the London Symphony Orchestra (Gerrard Hoffnung lives? - for older and intellectual members only?)

DEFINITION.

Club Auction: a process whereby useless cycling junk is transferred from one club member's garage to another member's garage without ever being fitted to a bicycle, coupled with the extraction of money.

The Leaf Collector of Forest Row.

My aunt lives in Tunbridge Wells. She is 83 and in excellent health. During her lifetime she has only been successful and now, although widowed, she enjoys a comfortable apartment heated to tropical temperatures. She reads the Financial Times while genuine Italian Capodimonte figures and porcelain opera masks, which light up when the eyes are behind them reflect an elegant Neapolitan light about the room.

I went to see her in November. It was cold and sunny. The sepia leaves on the oak trees were dropping. The last leaves to fall. It was a Saturday. We went to a nice pub for lunch. The carpets were of a superb thick quality. Thousands of supporting fibres to the square inch, like walking on clouds. Inside the atmosphere had a mulled quality made from oak casks, tobacco and sweet soil.

I paid. My aunt had a dessert. I drank beer, which she said would make me fat. Even in here life was unremitting, like gazing into the neck of an empty Thermos. Conversation was difficult. In desperation we read the back of our beer mats. Apparently, upon presentation of her table coaster one could fly to Los Angeles for approximately the normal cost of flying to Los Angeles.

Across the table I wrestled with the concept that it may be possible to read a person's character from their beer stains. The last drinker had a definite tendency towards latent necrophilia. That was before I realised it was my second pint. "Do you get up early?" asked my Aunt. "Yes", I lied. In fact I get up late and spend the rest of every day hating myself for it. "I get up very early" she said "make tea, and go back to bed". Then do you read?" I asked. "No", she said, "I lay there and think about all the most horrible things that have ever happened to me." Why not the nice ones?" I said, transfixed with interest" The the horrible ones are the only ones I can still

feel" she said. "If you live long enough you'll see." "Like squirming with embarrassment and such like?" I said. "Oh much worse than that. If you're lucky" she replied.

It was a Saturday too in the Ashdown Forest. I drove back towards home through a tumult of leaves. So many leaves that had every leaf been made of gold even the greediest of men would soon tire of picking them up. My lunch-time Chili con Carne had found that little spot in my stomach where my doctor says I don't have an ulcer. Here and there the denizens of Forest Row were working well together to combat the leaves.

I like newsagents' shops. They smell new. Papers and shiny magazines, all fresh, all disposable. The world's latest opinions taking up hardly any room, and replaced tomorrow by more. Representing one revolution of the entire earth. I also like the new sharp pencils and angular geometry sets. The neat cartons of cigarettes and colour chalks. The orderly oblong bars of chocolate.

If you want to know the time ask a policeman. Anything else a newsagent can tell you. "Yup, you go up the hill towards the golf course" he said, in that helpful but irascible tone that newsagents often adopt. "It's the big white house at the top where the road runs out". His bruvver does a round here, and 'is mum cum in s'morning". It all began to sound rather incestuous to me. "Meeting 'im then are yer?" he asked as I backed toward the door. "It's a pilgrimage" I said, " he's not expecting me". I left him standing behind his counter. He was the only permanent thing in the shop.

Just imagine for a moment that you are an accountant. If you are an accountant, then just pretend you're a good one. Now I'm going to present you with a Profit and Loss account which represents my dealings with Sean Yates up to this date.

Profit and Loss Account.

1979. Ride 50 miles, to ride "10" on Q10/19. Then ride home.	Yates wins event by 10 seconds
1979 Lead out sprint for 90 miles in Divisional Road Race Championships. Finish knackered. See first "X" film at cinema	Yates wins by half a wheel.
1979 At road race in Ashdown Forest. To encourage him inform Yates that if he continues the way he is going, he might make a half decent rider.	Yates replies with a faint smile and wins the event.
1980 Marriage, no money and low morale force me to give up cycling. I start home brewing instead and make Angela Rippon scrap-book	Yates wins even more events. Yates races in France
1982 Pay £ 3.00 to watch Yates in National Pursuit race. Buy newspapers to see how Yates gets on at Olympic Games. Cost 10p.	Yates finishes on podium. Yates goes to Olympic Games
1989 In an attempt to emulate Yates' win in Tour of Belgium, I begin climbing hills in very big gears, bringing about an attack of piles; following which life can never be the same again. I embarrass an entire chemist's shop by asking for a tube of ANUS OLE CREAM, out loud. Female assistant of 10 requests I use the correct pronunciation of A NEW SOLE CREAM. Cost £ 2.29.	Following his victory Yates dines in the clouds with Eddy Merckx who is by now living a life of Bacchanalian excess.
Drive to Leicester to see Yates in Kellogs Tour. Petrol costs £ 15.00	Yates doesn't see us.

1991 Attend Yates' wedding as uninvited guest. Petrol cost £ 15.00. Am forced to mix socially with members of East Grinstead Cycling Club. Eddy Mercx does not attend. No one offers me a drink.

Yates fails to recognise me.

1993 Cycle to Ditchling Beacon to see Yates in Wincanton Classic. Too many people so see nothing. Lend £ 1.00 to a tramp on sea-front on condition that he buys some nourishing food and NOT drink.

Yates stays in large luxury hotel on Brighton sea front.

1994 Took day off work, even though very busy, to see Yates co-star with Indurain on the first day of "Tour de France meets Great British Public".

Yates takes yellow jersey two days later.

Cycling tights torn by white West Highland terrier which goes berserk when its owner is bitten by a horse-fly.

Pick up wrapper allegedly dropped by Abdoujaparov to add to my collection of cycling souvenirs. These include a plaque for third in the Club Hill Climb and a plaster cast of Eddy Mercx's footprint found in wet soil - Goodwood circa 1982.

Yates seems bemused by all the media attention.

1996 I begin to enter the critical phase of mid-life crisis. Doctor suggest I seek help from **GARLICK ANONYMOUS**, or change doctors

1996 My last best friend waits on Bury Hill in heavy rain for 30 minutes believing Yates can climb it on the big ring. Later on the poor bugger catches a cold.

1996 Brighton Mitre 25. Starve myself to lose weight. Finally get fit enough to compete. Feel optimistic of good performance but awake on morning with 'flu-like symptoms and fail to start. Wife utters phrase "cycling is only a sport".

1996 I am short-listed as dinner guest by Sussex Nomads, but passed over in favour of someone more popular from the B.C.F. Cost of reverse-charge calls £ 1.60

1996 Call to directory enquiries. Yates is ex-directory. Cost 50p.

Yates fails to start the Club Hardriders.

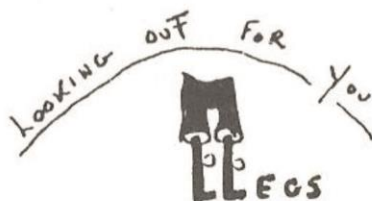
Yates wins event by a staggering six minutes

Yates is main guest at R.T.T.C. function.

Back now in Forest Row, Yates starts the instantly successful "Yellow Jersey Garden Services" with the catchy slogan "Leaves something to be desired".

Now, remembering that you are an accountant - "who owes who a favour?"

I was going to "burst in" on Sean Yates and interview him for the Worthing Wheel. Something that would make both of us squirm with embarrassment and perhaps worse than that if I was lucky.



Seven Thousand Three Hundred Kilometres.

What does he do in his spare time? Well he will have put in a few thousand 'K' in general training and club outings, a few thousand more in general "domestic" cycling and then of course there were his holiday trips - on the bike of course.

Of whom do we speak? Why Dave Hudson - who else? - once known and christened by the Worthing Wheel as "Behave Dudson", but that was in his younger years. Now mature (-means old-) and a Super Randonneur to boot, our Dave is undoubtedly the mileater of the Worthing Excelsior. We wouldn't be a bit surprised if in due time he climbs into that magic group, the 300,000 milers. Although we do wonder whether all those "kilometres" are eligible!

We investigated the extravagant rumours about his Audax outings and were able to report in our last issue the result of that inquiry. We confirmed a total of 6,100k. We were told he was aiming at 7,100k. Now we can advise that during 1996 he managed a total of 7,300k in official Audax events. Where will that leave him in the Audax points table we wonder - we will let you know.

So what Dave for 1997? How about a trip round the National Byway, "Britain's Heritage Cycling Route" - only 3,000 miles... ah no! I see it will not be ready until 1999... But when did Dave Hudson wait for an official opening?

Road Time-Trials Council.

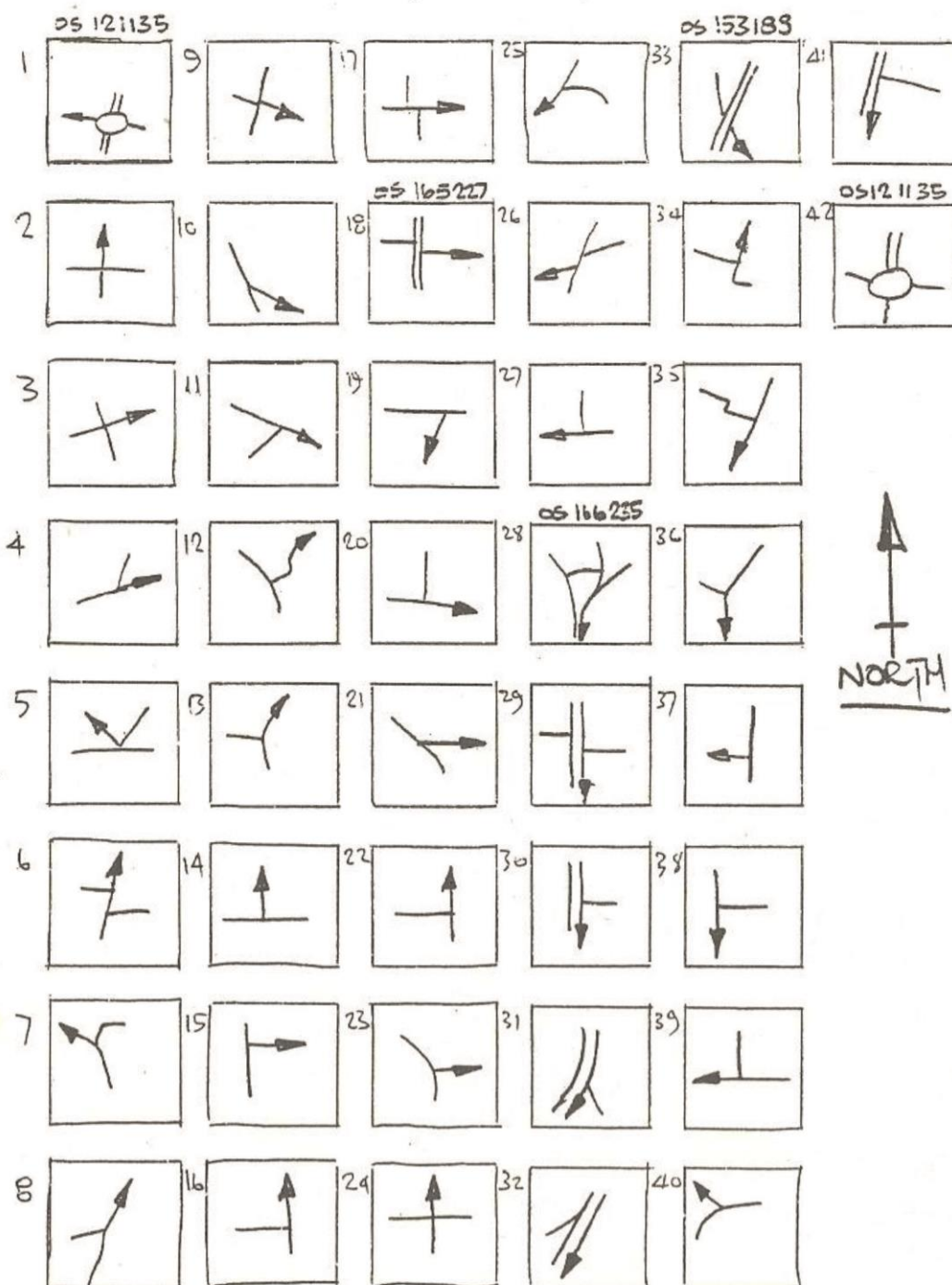
The London South District committee has for many years enjoyed the active support of the Worthing Excelsior, principally through the services of Ray Douglass until his death last January. It is good now to report that Mike Gibbs, who is already active as a course measurer, has agreed to join the executive committee.

It's often said, but worth repeating, - if you don't have people doing these jobs there would be no competition for the rest of us.

Well Done Mike!

The 1996 Tourist Trial Part 2

This is the puzzle that the fiendish organiser devised for the clubroom map reading section of the competition. We were informed that we needed Ordnance Survey Landranger map No 198 for Brighton and the Downs. He also gratuitously informed us that OS 121135 was in fact Washington Roundabout.



Now see if you can follow the route remembering that you start from diagram No 1 in the direction of the arrow and continue on that road until you have a junction of any kind with a red, brown or yellow road. Then you study diagram No 2 to work out where you go next, and so on. The intermediate map references that you are given at diagrams 18, 28 and 42 will let you know if you are on course.

Then we were asked:-

Whilst travelling this route please answer the following questions:-

1. How many mills did you pass and where were they?
2. You should have crossed the "Downs Link", How many times and where?
3. How many times did you go on a gradient of 1 in 7 to 1 in 5?
4. Were you going uphill or down?
5. You passed the remains of a castle. What was the name of this castle?
6. If you had cycled this route how many miles would you have done?
7. How many Kilometres?

And finally to divide us up :-

1. If you rode 42 miles in 3hrs 30mins what would your average speed be?
2. Which is further north, Upper Beeding or Lower Beeding?
3. Which is further west, East Hoathly or West Hoathly?
4. Which is further east, West Chiltington or East Chiltington?
5. Which is shorter - the distance between Worthing Pier & Bognor Pier or Worthing Pier and Palace Pier, Brighton?

6. Who is the 1996 12 hour champion?
7. What nationality is the winner of the Tour de France?
8. There are 10 points to the Country Code. How many can you name?

(The Answers) See later in this edition.

The East Sussex Reliability Trial.
Sunday 24th November.

It was a change for this event to be a full eight days after the club's annual dinner, usually it's been the following day and heavy heads as much as heavy legs had tended to reduce our numbers. This year we had ten entries but one was sent to the United States and then there were nine.

Not exactly "green bottles hanging on the wall" but it began to look a bit like that when one got up late and didn't make the start, and then there were eight. Mel and Karl Robertson, Tony Palmer (the man who knew the way) and our Ed. had made the early decision (last year!) to ride the slowest standard - well you never know what the weather will offer, and you do know that the route is always a hard one. What clever fellas they were! Dave Hudson, he of the massive mileage - heavy tyres, big saddlebag, flask of tea, sandwiches and survival kit, had elected for group three and had to get round 25 minutes quicker than the Tony Palmer group - no problem - a piece of cake - and yes, he probably had one of those in his saddle-bag as well!

Alan Cooper and Vern McClelland had opted for an even faster group - they had to go 50 minutes faster! The real daredevil though was Tim Stedman, who threw his lot in with the fastest group of all and was faced with a road race with the likes of the Markowski brothers of V.C. Bayeux. Just 3 hours and 5 minutes they were allowed.

Dave Hudson had ridden the course a week earlier - his preparation can not be faulted - and he reported that the first third was really hard, but after that it became progressively easier. The weather was very cold, but it started bright and there was no wind. The trouble was that the day before it had been wet. The result was that the lanes were very icy and typical of an E.S.C.A trial it was, to start with at least, very much in the lanes. Now those who had time to ease their way round the corners, even get off and take to the grass when

sheet ice was encountered, were clearly at an advantage. Those whose selected standard meant that an average of 17 m.p.h. was required were going to be in trouble.

This is the way it turned out. Tim Stedman's group quickly realised it just wasn't on so they diverted to the main roads and got back to the H.Q. after about 35 miles instead of 50, and of course missed out all the check points. Vern McClelland fell heavily, ruined a pair of shorts, and didn't do his side much good either. He retired and headed for home. And so there were six. Alan Cooper did well to get round and at quite a rapid pace, but the 3 hours 30 standard was just too tight and he finished a few minutes outside. Then there were 5.

Is 50% a pass mark? Not sure, but that's what we got. Dave Hudson clocked in comfortably with just the right amount of time in hand, just in case he punctured in the last mile! The Palmer group also made home base with time in hand, and Tony wants to know if anyone else completed the event after a course of such intensive training in which he covered 25 miles in the previous 7 weeks!

Organiser Charles Robson certainly knows his East Sussex. These are some of the places we went through after departing from East Hoathly. Shout when you reach one you've heard of: Pounsley, Fordbrook, Burnt Oak, Fairwarp, Splaynes Green, East Mascalls, Lyoth Common, Sandrocks.... get ready..... 'Burgess Hill' - hooray! No idea how we got there - thanks Tony. This was about half way and it was certainly easier with more main roads and more comfortable gradients for the rest of the route, also we recognised a few place names along the way; Ditchling, Chailey, Barcombe, Ringmer and Halland.

The weather held and remained dry 'til about 12.45, but oh dear for those who were still struggling in at 1 o'clock - as far back as Ringmer - that torrential rain and ever-increasing wind must have made them wonder why they do it. But then we've all been there at some time!

Don

Sussex C.A.

After years of service by Ray Douglass on the S.C.A. committee and with Paul Toppin standing down from the Executive committee this year our club will remain represented by Don Lock who agreed to stand for 1997.

The Tourist Trial (The Answers)

1. Shipley and Rock (2)
2. Twice at West Grinstead and Copsale.
3. Once
4. Down
5. Knepp
6. 35.9
- 7 57.44

And the second part -:

1. 12m.p.h
2. Lower Beeding
3. West Hoathly
4. East Chiltington
5. Worthing/Brighton
6. Andy Wilkinson
7. Danish
8. Guard against fire, fasten gates, keep dogs under control, keep to paths across farmland, avoid damaging fences/walls/hedges, leave no litter, safeguard water supplies, protect wildlife/plants/trees, go carefully on country roads, respect the life of the countryside.

It would seem that frustration was creeping into John Mansell's replies to No 8 when he suggested Country Code points might be:- stay sober, do not 'pee' on gravestones and do not mock the locals!

South London Cyclo-cross championship.
Shirley Hills Croydon, 1st December, 1996.

A racing trip and short holiday down under in Australia gave former world Junior 'Cross Champion Roger Hammond (Colstrop) the form he needed to be once more back on top and secure the London Championship for the third successive year.

In mild but damp conditions, the 120-strong international field, including three-man team representation from Belgium and Holland, sped away before a crowd of quite moderate proportions considering the quality of the 18-lap race in prospect.

The Shirley Hills course is considered by many of the sport's "aficionados" to be one of the most spectacular and physically demanding in the country.

With a £ 50 prime on completion of the first lap the early pace proved a little too fast for many and the race lined out and began to fracture as it approached the first uphill run.

Hammond, moving with apparent ease in second place behind team Raleigh professional Barry Clark, remounted, and with a cursory flick of the pedals sped past the erstwhile leader to go ahead with little more than three minutes of the race gone.

Hammond's seemingly audacious move proved correct as he surged on to collect the £ 50 with some 20 seconds in hand over Clark, fellow pro David Baker (G.T.) 3rd and British international Stuart Blunt maintaining contact in 4th place.

With his face a mask of composure, Hammond inexorably increased his lead until the half way point.

Tackling the most strenuous and technically demanding parts of the course in a peremptory fashion, Hammond drew both wild cheers and murmurs of appreciation from the crowd.

Clark's hesitation on lap 1 would prove his undoing: as after 4 laps, Hammond, either through tiredness or complacency, ceased to gain further ground. Clark, who had begun to look the stronger of the two on all but the descents, cut the deficit from 1min 20 down to 46 seconds.

In 3rd spot came Orange Pertex professional Carl Sturgeon followed by a group comprising Blunt, Baker and Nick Craig, shadowed closely by a couple of representatives from the Benelux.

Behind the relative tranquillity enjoyed by the leaders the bulk of the

race had degenerated into a disorderly pell-mell of heavy shoulder jostling, slipped gears, missed footings, panic, mud and abuse, closely resembling a wildebeest migration at a water hole.

Steve Douce, a past London Champion but not yet fully recovered from his near-fatal accident of last season trailed in 15th place.

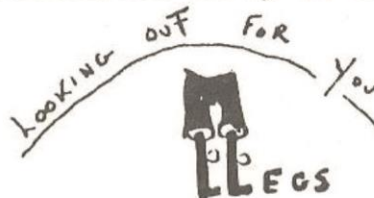
Douce, now 33, may have considered the goal of three score years and ten well worth attaining, and many doubt if he will ever be fully combative again especially in such illustrious company. A tragic but inevitable consequence in a sport which ruthlessly roots out the weak and over-cautious and rewards only the strong.

Unfortunately, not registered as a South London rider and therefore ineligible for a championship medal, Carl Sturgeon maintained his 3rd position with some fine acrobatic riding, leaping exuberantly into the air where the corrugated nature of the course lent a hand.

So it remained to the end, the stocky figure of Hammond taking the chequered flag held by peerless race organiser John Morris, dressed charismatically in leather cowboy hat and rubber wellingtons and flanked by the Mayor of Croydon.

Clark second, non-qualifying Sturgeon 3rd, with young Stuart Blunt (Ace R.T.) in 4th place collecting the bronze.

On the advice of his Belgian Colstrop team managers, and in order to concentrate on the road for '97, Hammond will be riding a much reduced winter 'cross programme. Nevertheless, grossing in excess of £ 500 for his efforts for the 57 minutes taken to complete the course, must put the 24 year old professional firmly in the 60% Income Tax bracket.



National Championship '50'.

Last year we had the National 25 in East Sussex and in 1997 West Sussex hosts the National 50. The promotion by the London South District of the R.T.T.C. will be on the course between Crawley and Southwater on Sunday 22nd June. With most of the course being covered twice there's great spectator opportunity.

As a club we shall be asked to assist with marshalling - John and Daphne have already been roped in to do the radio - so that's really one to put your name down for. Always assuming that is that you're not fast enough to get in.

Mr. Blobby disappoints.

The Sussex CA. luncheon and prize presentation at Wivelsfield village hall was again a super occasion.

The catering managed by Vanessa Attwood was brilliant. You would not have got such a superb meal in a five star hotel.

There were nearly ninety present but many clubs did not attend, for example Eastbourne Rovers could not send a single representative to collect their team championship shield. It was also a great shame that worthy champions insult those they beat by failing to collect their trophies. They simply belittle the efforts of those who tried so hard but failed. They also owe it to those who organised and officiated and provided the platforms for their success. Is there any difference for the 12 hour champion if at the end of his ride the timekeeper doesn't bother to show?

Cross toasting was not quite as rapid as in the past but this was probably due to the absence of ace-toaster Alan Limbrey of Sussex Nomads. Many of those present were able to bring their youngsters with them (our Ed. took Andrew!!) and it was, of course, Mr. Blobby they all wanted to see. Unfortunately it was the adults who enjoyed most the speech from wobbly bobbly (Geoff Bore) Blobby. When he (yes it's true) lost his words and had to start the joke again the house fell about laughing. He did, however, have a serious word for the kids, basically it was "get on your bikes and start beating the hell out of us, because we silly old vets can't keep going for ever" - a comment markedly in contrast to that of the main speaker Warwick Dunford of the National Executive of the Road Time Trials Council, who seemed to think that everything was all going on O.K.

The prize presentation seemed - in the absence of Eastbourne - to be pretty much a straight fight between East Grinstead and G.S. Stella, but the Worthing contingent sportingly outdid the rest with applause

when Don picked up his Vets' B.A.R. cup. Jan Scotchford, you should have been there - we wanted to applaud that 12-hour ride and record - a shame you were not.

There was a giant raffle and here the Worthing table easily defeated the rest. Andrew Lock got some overshoes, Mike Gibbs and Don some track mitts, several bottles of wine came our way, and suitable for someone seemingly having trouble getting back on the bike again for some serious training, Paul Toppin won "a book about cycling".

A really good afternoon and at just £ 8 a ticket it can hardly have been cheaper to stay at home. Next year don't miss it. Andy Attwood, he's the old bald one in the "Bike Store" will take your name now if you wish. He's already got ours!

A Puzzle for the New Year.

1. Christian name for half-day record breaker?
2. Track in South East London?
3. Pro. fights cancer?
4. Badly smashed leg for Italian?
5. Carry stuff either side of you wheels?
6. British pro. retires?
7. A classic in Ireland?
8. Doyle's adversary at B.C.F.?
9. Best Club in Sussex?
10. Famous jersey?
11. First inside 50 minutes for 25 miles?
12. 200k, 300k, 400k.?

12. Over the "Hell of the North" to....?

The initials should give you a message.

Answers: see later in this mag.

The Broadwater Fun Day.

Saturday 14th December provided an opportunity to show our rollers off to the public, and, with thanks to the Bike Store for the loan of a hybrid machine, we were able to let many youngsters have a ride. The movement up and down of the saddle with just a flick of the quick release, was most useful.

Thanks to Vern and Andrea McClelland for bringing all the gear over from Upper Beeding. Four rollers, a clock and all the cabling and other bits, plus three bikes, three youngsters and all the rest - that right - it meant two trips for them. It would have been nice to have had a bit more support from club members but it seems they were all involved in that dreadful chore. "Christmas Shopping!".

Dave Hudson created something of a stir when he set personal best figures for a standing start 500 metres in 39 seconds. The clock had been started at 500m, so when Vern came round the corner, saw the hand nearly up to 1,000m and then heard the time of 39 seconds, he was to say the least somewhat shaken. This took more than 10 seconds off his kilometre time..... and Dave was only a tourist and on a... hybrid anyway. He was consoled only after independent witnesses verified the distance covered.

Suggestions to Dave that he should organise an Audax (Roller) 200k were not met with any enthusiasm. He was forced to admit that feeding, secret checking and brevet stamping would be simplified but there was, he felt, something missing, and did not think it would appeal.

These rollers are being used regularly but we want more of you to give it a try. If you haven't got a track bike, don't worry, you can still

ride your road bike and we have spare front wheels with track type nuts you can borrow, as traditional quick-release are not suitable. Contact Vern for details, see his telephone number on page one.

Oh yes, and there was one other standard set. Don managed 500 metres in 1m 30 seconds and managed to eat two mince pies at the same time.

Answers to the New Year Puzzle.

	<u>Answer</u>	<u>Key letter</u>
1.	Andy	A
2.	Herne Hill	H
3.	Armstrong	A
4.	Pantani	P
5.	Panniers	P
6.	Yates	Y
7.	Nissan	N
8.	Emmerson	E
9.	Worthing	W
10.	Yellow	Y
11.	Engers	E
12.	Audax	A
13.	Roubaix	R

Course Numbers - change - 1997.

All "G" courses have been re-numbered. Standard distances consist of "G", the distance, and the first and last digits of the old number. For example, our 10 course, "G918", is now G10/98.

All non-standard's consist of "GS", and the rest of the old number. For example, our Hardriders' course "G992" is now GS992.

London South have had to do this as they were running out of numbers for the standard-distance courses.

WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB**TIME TRIAL PROGRAMME 1997**

(SUBJECT TO R.T.T.C. APPROVAL)

DAY	DATE	EVENT	COURSE	TIME OF START
SUN	23-2-97	LONG FURLONG CIRCUIT (2 LAPS)	GS983	0900
SUN	2-3-97	16 MILE (Pulborough)	GS993	0900
SAT	22-3-97	10 MILE	G10 / 98	1500
SUN	13-4-97	16.3 MILE (Ashurst)	GS982	0900
SUN	11-5-97	25 MILE CHAMPIONSHIP	G25 / 93	0700
SUN	1-6-97	50 MILE *	G50 / 10	0600
THURS	19-6-97	10 MILE (2 UP T.T.T.)	G10 / 98	1900
THURS	26-6-97	25 MILE (2 UP T.T.T.)	G25 / 93	1900
SUN	6-7-97	100 MILE *	G100 / 92	0600
SUN	13-7-97	INTERCLUB (Clonmore Trophy)	P922/25	0700
SUN	20-7-97	30 MILE	GS941	0730
SUN	10-8-97	12 HOUR *	G12 / 91	0600
SUN	21-9-97	HILLCLIMB	SPRINGHEAD	1100
SUN	28-9-97	HARDRIDERS (26.2 MILES)	GS992	0800
SUN	5-10-97	10 MILE	G10 / 98	0900

EVENING 10 SERIES ON THURSDAY EVENINGS**COURSE G10 / 98 (Washington)**

1st MAY - 12th JUNE 7 EVENTS

3rd JULY - 7th AUGUST 6 EVENTS

Events marked * are run in conjunction with 'open' events.

For club competition you must also submit an additional entry form to the club T.T. secretary
Entry forms are required for all events , although one form is acceptable for the 10 mile series.

To assist the T.T. secretary , please ensure all entry forms are submitted on the **TUESDAY** prior to the event.

Mel Roberton

He said he was retiring at the end of the year

When I said this at the beginning of the 1996 season I added that I was going to have a full season, ride all the distances and set myself a target of the top twenty in the National Veterans' Best All Rounder. Few believed me. I have raced every year since 1952. So for 44 seasons I've been doing something which has brought me pleasure but has been demanding on time and energy. For 35 of those seasons Maureen has put up with me getting up at unearthly hours on Sunday, the stink of embrocation, bikes in the kitchen, filthy washing, plus of course the moan if there was to be a party or something on the Saturday evening and I didn't want to be late! So definitely time for a break.

Ah! I hear you say, now he calls it a "break".. well I'm certainly not packing up riding a bike, and it has been suggested that when I retire from work in a year or two and have more time, I might have another go. Frankly I don't think so, but we'll see.

I've always kept records of my rides and the statistics have proved surprising: I found I have ridden no less than 1,128 events, an average of 25 per season. At standard distances I've the following records;

24 hours -	two rides -	best 428.54 miles	(1971)
12 hours -	19 rides -	best 243.23 miles	(1963)
100 miles -	58 rides -	best 4.16.36	(1996)
50 miles -	142 rides -	best 1.58.13	(1996)
25 miles -	402 rides -	best 57.57	(1993)
10 miles -	259 rides -	best 22.39	(1996)

The remainder are odd distance and team events, also place to place records.

In the 1996 season I trained hard in the early months including a much-to-be recommended ten days in the sun of Majorca in

February. Lots of hard miles early on probably sapped the energy of the "old man" at week-ends for there was nothing notable early on, save for a 1.0.35 with about a minute off course on a surprisingly fast day. Generally though as the training became more specific and the evening tens added some speed to the stamina, form improved. I was lucky to get two good days: for my best 50 (the same event as Wilkinson's Competition Record) and for the personal best 100, nevertheless they gave me great satisfaction.

I never expected to reduce my 10 time, on the other hand I would have liked to have updated the 12 hour, where I finished about a mile short of the 1963 ride.

I managed to win the club veterans' B.A.R. but only just - didn't Mike Gibbs do some rides! - retirement obviously suits him. I did not think I would win the club's senior B.A.R. My average M.P.H. does bear comparison, but I feel that this is a win by default when the likes of Jeremy Wootton and Chris Bacon failed to ride the qualifying distances.

At County level I wanted to try and win the Veterans' B.A.R. but doubted my ability to contain Richard Parker of Bognor. He headed me in the 50 and the 100, but he does not appear to have the legs, or maybe the "head" for a 12-hour and his retirement in that event left me at the top of the table. The Sussex senior B.A.R. saw me finish 4th so that wasn't bad, the average m.p.h. 22.228 looked respectable against the top three anyway.

As to that main target, the National Veterans' four-distance Best all-Rounder - well if the overall standards were the same as in 1995 then I reckon I made it with a few places to spare, perhaps at about 15th, but the final table is still awaited.

"Quantity" - certainly. Quality? well a little at club and county level: it should have kept me off the streets - pity it didn't!

Don

New Year Prophecies.

1. Mike Gibbs turns pro. for Newcastle Brown.
2. Jeremy Wootton is investigated by Town Planners after rumours that steam coming from his garage was a Chinese laundry
3. Gavin Bayliss wins first Internet 25 from the comfort of his office.
4. John Lucas makes his third come-back.
5. Don Lock purchases an R.T.T.C. handbook.
6. Mike Poland wins Clapshaw Trophy for fifteenth time.
7. Paul Toppin starts training.....again.
8. Andy Lawrenson wins Ten Series on the old "Lock low-profile".
9. Sean Yates does a short "19" in Worthing Excelsior evening 10.
10. Vern wins Roller Champs - McClelland family lifts team award.
11. Jan Scotchford goes out after 7 p.m. - turns into a pumpkin.
12. Don Lock joins Cyclists' Touring Club.
13. Dave Hudson organises Paris-Brest-Paris: Mother's Pride shares up 73 points.
14. Nick Lelliott wins Booker Prize for Literature with his report on the Club Hill Climb.
15. Richard Cooley was second!
16. Alan Stepney sells his horse and starts a proper business.
17. Colin Miller re-plumbs his house - in titanium.
18. Don Lock joins "Autumn Tints" C.C.
19. Dave Hudson asks if "Booker" prize comes from the Worthing based wholesalers.
20. Editor finds better way to fill a page of the Worthing Wheel.

The Rollers.

Vern McClelland is our expert performer in this sphere of our activities but he would welcome more competition. In the quickly formed Sussex Cycle Racing League's winter competition, Vern, at 42, is showing the way with a five points lead in the competition table.

He had a decisive victory over Steve Johnson (Regent Road Club) in a 500 metre event in the third meeting of the season at the Connaught, Hove. This was followed with a second place to Johnson in the 250m dash, with Martin Butcher of V.C. Etoile in third place.

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