

THE WORTHING WHEEL

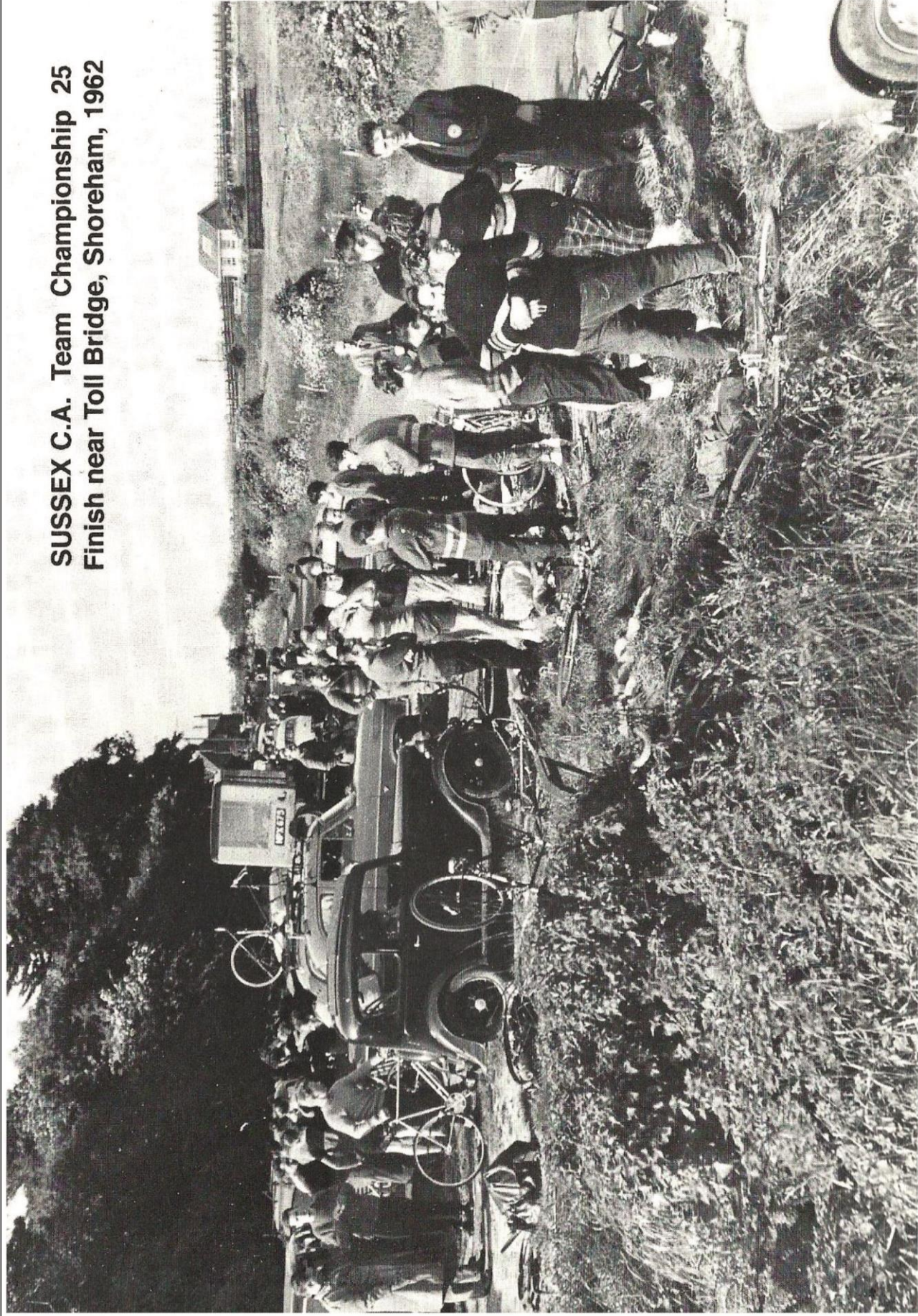


**MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR
CYCLING CLUB**

SPRING 1998

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**SUSSEX C.A. Team Championship 25
Finish near Toll Bridge, Shoreham, 1962**



Spring 1998=====THE WORTHING WHEEL=====

WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB'S=====

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE=====

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

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

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Popular Cycling Heroes No 2 Gengis Khan

Now our second hero in the series is something of a cycling enigma. There are no photo's of him time trialling or anything, possibly because photography hadn't been invented in ancient Cathay, or perhaps he was just camera shy. We haven't got any of his bikes and there are no cups or trophies in the Imperial trophy cupboard!

On the other hand there was one heck of an area to cover and with no motor transport to hand then the rest must follow. My personal view is that in those circumstances our friend Gengis must have been one mean mile eater. This way no-one would challenge his authority and he could keep in touch with all 27 corners of his empire(they didn't have very good quantity surveying either .)

There is a theory that the Great Wall was part of an uncompleted velodrome with the raceway being on the elevated surface. An early all weather surface in effect. Timekeepers towers were built at all the usual distances and the course could be run in both directions according to the weather, crafty eh?

Some critics of this theory point out the absence of any cycles amongst the Terra Cotta Army built to help Mr.Khan in the after life suggests that he was just another horseman. On the superficial level there would appear to be some merit in this school of thought, mounting the departed and his warriors on horseback seems an obvious way of denying his pedalling prowess.

Academics, however point out the obvious flaw in that argument. Terra Cotta bicycles do not hold up fully armoured combatants, at least not for centuries at a time. The rounded profile of a horse would do the job admirably. Well can you prove otherwise ?

Certainly cycling is very popular in that part of the world to this day a legacy of the Great Man of Cycling leaving his mark in such spectacular style.

Mike Irons has been trying out 'Look' type pedals and Tri Bars. Is this another touring man being lured into the fancy fashions of the Time Trial World?

PARIS ROUBAIX CYCLO - PARCOURS DES PROFESSIONNELS

After the 1200 Kilometres of Paris Brest Paris in August 1995 I found it difficult to motivate myself to ride other cycling events. I had a number of close encounters with car drivers during qualification rides that added to my negative feelings. I hardly rode my bike until April. 96 continued to be a quiet year and I rode very little.

Happily early in 97 I was inspired to ride again but what could I ride to follow "the big one"? As well as the PBP I had ridden the BRA, Brevet Randonees Des Alps, a really superb event. Suddenly it came to me. The only thing that could be added to a double like the BRA and PBP, to make a triumphant triple, was Paris Roubaix.

Paris Roubaix Cyclo follows a famous race route and although I have never been a racer I decided the only way to ride it was on a race bike. I would then know what the riders had experienced since 1896 and I was in this for the experience. I had ridden PBP to get the atmosphere of over 100 years of cycling history. It had been transformed from a race to a randonnee ridden by "cyclo sportifs". To ride Paris Roubaix on a mountain bike would be sacrilegious. I did give myself one concession by fitting 32mm Continental Top Touring tyres. These are fairly heavy. They roll reasonably well, but their best feature is their puncture resistance. I decided I would rather push a little extra rubber than have to stop too frequently to repair punctures.

So I found myself at Choisy au Bac for the start. In the early hours of the morning of Sunday 8 June. About 60th in line I was soon through the checkpoint to turn left onto the open road. A huge pool of moving light was made by the combined effect of the front lamps. As is usual with French cyclists, many of the lights were fairly inefficient both in performance and mounting arrangements.

Memories of the start of Paris Brest were returning to me when, after about two miles, I was reminded that this was Paris Roubaix. A rider along side began to drift slowly towards the edge of the road. His wheel finally dropped off the tarmac and he made, an almost graceful, somersault over his handle bars. All this was beautifully highlighted by his front light which disintegrated at the same time as he hit the ground and rolled into the ditch cursing in French then shouting in pain. (The same in any language! - Ed) Falling off is obviously the

norm in Paris Roubaix, there was not a stir in the peleton. It simply rolled on.

I stayed with the first half dozen riders until a large French group of club riders overtook us doing 20mph. I joined the tail of this group along with some of my earlier companions. The leader of the French wore a bandanna round his head pirate style and it was obviously his job to set the pace because he hardly came off the front for 10 miles. We passed through Ribecourt and Noyon but both towns were asleep. The road climbed and fell through Ham and Roupy and our group broke away from the main pack. It was fairly breezy and those at the front of the second group were finding it difficult as they battled hard to get back. It was very warm and I had raised quite a sweat by the time we wheeled into the first control at Saint Quentin. The barriers were aligned to channel riders into the hall and past the card stamping table. My card was fifth to be stamped. Coffee, cake and dried fruit were on offer but my pirate leader and his friends remained seated on their bikes to drink and eat then set off having stopped for less than 2 minutes. I was aware that the first section of cobbles was not too far away and thought it best not to be with this fast riding group as I knew, not having the experience on cobbles, I would not be able to stay with them. At best I would be a nuisance at worse a danger. We had averaged 19.2 mph to the first check point so I sat, drank two coffees, ate some fruit cake and left 10 minutes later.

We rode together through Mericourt, Bohain-en-Vermandois, Honnechy and to the first section of pavé at Troisvilles. I was simply revelling in riding through towns whose name I connected only with the professional Paris Roubaix. To be in Troisvilles approaching the pavé on a Paris Roubaix was an unbelievable feeling. Then we hit the pavé. I found the pavé very difficult. It had rained during the night and they were wet. The 32mm Top Touring tyres offered some protection against the buffeting but their abilities in the wet are known to be a little suspect, on cobbles they felt treacherous. There were deep gullies where the pavé was beginning to break up and because I could not hold the cobbles in the middle of the road I ended up riding through much of this heavy brown gunge.

When I returned to tarmac, after the 2200 metres of the Pave de la Sucrerie, the water thrown up from the tyres washed some of the mud away and the wheels began to turn a little easier. I was feeling very

warm. A lot of effort had been required to man handle the bike through the pavé but at least I had managed to keep riding. I had passed two riders with punctures and one pushing his bike. I think he might have had a long hard day. I rode on to Inchy with muddy water causing streams to fall from the brake calipers, dribble down the forks then collect around the cones on the front wheel. The warm air dried it quickly and, like stalactites, a large formation was building up. After only one section of pavé the rim was a mass of mud and the spokes had great globules stuck on them. They seemed to be getting thicker as the centrifugal force pushed the muddy rivulets along to their ends. It was now obvious that the time I had spent in cleaning and preparation had all been in vain. Before reaching the pavé the bike had been going beautifully. It was smooth and quiet and although pushing heavy tyres I had been going quite well too. Now after one section of pavé it was a mess and making a continuous rim grinding, brake block scraping, grimy howl. To me, an engineer, it sounded as if it was in pain. And I was no longer finding the going easy anymore.

I arrived in Solmes with my average showing 17.5 mph. I had agreed to meet Sue here and unload my lights. My aim had been to average 13.5 mph so she had not arrived. I waited for about 30 minutes, had several of the honey wafers and drinks on offer, poked some of the mud from between brake calipers and tyres but decided to set off before cooling down too much.

The next 20k to Querenain had three more pavé sections with a further 2500 metres just after it. This was real Paris Roubaix country. I was really in the mood now and quite hyped up. I joined groups of racing cyclists from France and Belgium. I rode with them on the tarmac but dropped back as we approached the pavé. I simply did not have the technique to ride with them.

I left Valenciennes on a long climb up a main, but empty, road. As usual a marshall waved me onto the next section of pavé. For those who have never ridden French events there is rarely a need to look at route sheets or maps. The roads are painted with arrows and major junctions often have marshalls to point the way. The only time my route sheet had been out was to have it stamped. I wasn't that sure exactly where I was but after Petite-Forêt I felt I was in familiar surroundings.

It hit me I was about to enter Wallers-Arenberg. The pavé Forêt d'Arenberg is the most famous section of pavé in Paris Roubaix. It is often the turning point during races. This is quite a rough section and many of the professional riders now ride on the cinder path on the far right hand side normally used by walkers. All through my ride I had refused to go onto the smoother edges of the pavé. I had ridden every section right in the middle of the cobbles. Arenberg was to be no different. This section of pavé, because of its historical links with the race is now protected and little traffic is allowed to use it. As a result the pavé is beginning to get covered with grass and moss. This made it even more difficult to ride. I decided on the first section of pavé to stay in the centre of the cobbles and avoid the smoother edges. To ride there would be like riding the Downs Link. I had decided I was not going to ride on a cinder path, this was Paris Roubaix and Paris Roubaix is about cobbles. I wanted to experience some of the feelings that the old professionals had felt for over 100 years. You cannot get that experience riding bridlepaths. It might occasionally be painful, it was occasionally painful, it was often difficult, several times it felt dangerous but it was real Paris Roubaix.

I was rolling along with a group at a steady 20mph and I was enjoying it immensely but let them go as we reached the next set of cobbles preferring again to ride alone. As had happened several times during the day one of the group got a puncture. As before all the team stopped and I passed them as they stood on the edge of the pavé whilst it was repaired. I now knew from experience that in a little while I would hear them coming up behind me. When they passed on the cobbles it was frightening, like a train thundering past, particularly the Belgium riders. They were just so good, so fast. The sound is incredible with their bikes banging on the cobbles, the chains rattling, and, when they were very close, you could hear their heavy breathing. They would burst past on both sides before reforming in the centre of the cobbles; or, if too rough, in one of the edges. They were a very impressive sight for although amateurs they were very good ones.

I had left Arenberg on a high travelling very fast. By the time I reached Brillon I was very tired. I had lost a lot of zip and it was beginning to hurt. The pavé was beginning to make my wrists ache painfully. I knew the technique was to ride with hands on top of the bars and relax as much as possible. This I had managed to do but it

was definitely beginning to hurt. The pavé de Warlaing hurt a lot and my legs were finding it hard to push at a speed which helped the bike ride over the pavé instead of bouncing on them. 2700 metres followed rapidly by 2400 metres of pavé de Tilloy saw me limp into the control at Beuvry-la-Forêt. Sue and Shirley were there and I had my card clocked, grabbed a coffee and some biscuits and sat on the floor. Shirley said later that she thought I was finished there and would not ride on. I felt exhausted.

I was certain why and blamed it on being unaccustomed to riding pavé. I decided that the bike had also got very heavy with all the mud on it. So as the organisers had arranged a hose, I washed it down. With a stick I poked the heavy deposits from the space between the fork bottom and the tyre. It was very difficult to move it then suddenly a large piece of the bottom of a green wine bottle dropped out. It had been jammed in the fork and was rubbing on the tyre. Psychologically it felt better. Perhaps I was not so tired after all, maybe it was the glass that had been slowing me down. I rested for a while, went back with Sue to the car and gave the bike a spray over with oil then set off again.

I know the pavé around Orchies to be some of the roughest and the pain returned almost as soon as I reached them. As we passed onto the Chemin des Abattoirs, a romantic little name. there was something painted on the road. It turned out to be just one word and that was Photo. Although not feeling particularly dapper at the time, vanity was about to get the better of me. I hasten to say not my vanity but that of a Frenchman. It said on the route sheet that a photographer would be here to take action shots of our finest moment. The Frenchman had been just ahead and I had been considering overtaking him. Overtaking is a dangerous manoeuvre on narrow cobbles and I had found it best to wait until a relatively safe passing place showed itself. The Frenchman was only thinking of "le photo" and suddenly took his hands off his handlebars to straighten his cap. Obviously his bike swerved a little as it bounced unguided on the cobbles just missing my wheel. "Attention monsieur" I shouted as I made an even more violent swerve to avoid hitting his wheel. This made up my mind to overtake him without further delay. Just as I was about to pass he decided his cap was not quite right and made one final adjustment. I was unable to make any adjustments. His rear wheel caught my front wheel and I cartwheeled off into the bushes at

the edge of the pavé. Although a little shaken I was glad that this was a narrow section and that the bushes had broken my fall. To have landed on the cobbles would have meant almost certain injury and the possibility of breaking the bike, or, worse still, bones. I got up, dusted myself off, replaced the chain and rode on. As I passed the appointed place the camera flashed and I slowly got back into the rhythm of riding the cobbles.

The 35 kilometres after Bersee had 6 sections of pavé, 1100, 300, 1700, 700, 2600 and 1400m. By the time I reached Templeuve it was not only my wrists that ached painfully but now I had pains in my stomach. At the time I reckoned it was because everything inside was being thrown about. I was also feeling the tension of having to man-handle the bike whilst endeavouring to maintain a reasonable speed. A secret control had been set up just before the start of more cobbles. The food and drink here was the best of the event. I sat for some time to refuel allowing the pains to subside a little. When finally setting off I passed over some of the roughest cobbles on the route. So steep were the twin cambers that if a car had passed over it would have scrapped its engine and gear box. This was obviously tractor country. There were several long puddles at the edges of the pavé and water had been splashed up onto the centre from them. As I hit the wet crown of the road my front wheel immediately slipped down the camber and I went splash into one of the puddles. With wet tyres I could not get back up on the crown of the road again. I decided to carry on. This was a big mistake. One of the puddles was very deep. My pedals had been submerged as I had been riding but this 10 metre stretch was particularly deep and the bottom bracket was just under water. I came out of that section wet and muddy. As my feet dried the smell told me that more than mud had settled at the bottom of the puddles. However, I was not dismayed because I knew I was heading for Cysoing.

Cysoing is a town I know well. Sue and I had stayed here at a hotel, La Bra de Fer, a couple of years earlier and enjoyed a great weekend of cycling. When I got there Sue and Shirley were sat outside the bar next to the Bra de Fer. I was in need of water and had a couple of 'anis syrop' drinks with a sugar cube dissolved in each. After a break of about 30 minutes talking to Sue and Shirley and watching the other riders head for the famous stretch of cobbles at Cysoing, I set off too. I have ridden this section of cobbles on my mountain bike and

remembered it as being rough. I had, however, forgotten exactly how rough. At one point I thought I was going to fall off but managed somehow to hold it all together. I thought it prudent to slow down a little and pick my route more carefully. I cleared this 1400 metre section and as I reached Bourghelles I noticed the sky was looking very black and threatening. With only 25 kilometres to go I increased my speed in the hope that I could out run the storm that was heading my way.

As I hit the 1800 metres of Pave' de Camphin I realised I was probably not going to make it. It was getting very dark indeed. On this section of pavé there is a very sharp right turn. Just as I approached it an incredible wind hit me and blew me off the bike. I managed to get my foot out of the pedal but I had to kneel beside my bike to steady myself against the wind. A tremendous dust cloud had been raised which made it almost impossible to see. With the wind getting even stronger, and the sky darker, I decided to make a run for it. With the wind at my side now I was being blown off the cobbles onto the rough edges of the track and occasionally into the crops growing in the next field.

I had just reached the Pave' carrefour de l'Arbre when it started to rain. This 2100 metre section is one of the roughest and the place where the Belgians like to gather in huge groups, having driven into France in their camper vans which are usually parked nose to tail in the woods near by. The Belgians always make an incredible amount of noise as the race passes. Today they could have made as much noise as they liked but nothing would be heard above the sound of the wind. In the woods I could hear branches being ripped off and crashing into other trees then onto the ground. Although the plain on my left was absolutely barren and allowed the wind to vent its might I was glad at least that nothing was being thrown against me.

It was now impossible to ride the cobbles. The rain was unbelievably heavy and they were very wet. When I tried to ride the cobbles the bike was simply blown to the side of the track. I found it very difficult to make any progress at all. Unfortunately it had started to thunder and the lightning was making great arcs to earth. I was now past the wood and on a completely empty plain. If the lightning was looking for a conductor I was one of the few things around it could use. I knew when I turned sharp left on the cobbles about half way through the section I would be heading for the one thing that was on the Arbre,

the old community centre.

I considered putting on my Pertex windproof. Although not waterproof it did offer good protection from the cold and I was very cold now. Having set my heart on reaching the left turn I had not reckoned with the fact that I would then be heading directly into the wind. I did make the turn after a great struggle but the real struggle was just about to begin. I was completely soaked but thankful that I had not put on the windproof. It would have simply given the wind more to rip me off my bike with. I was in bottom gear and really struggling. At least I was not getting the buffeting I had been getting when the wind was at my side making me stop the bike to get rebalanced. I thought about walking but with the best part of a mile to go I did not fancy the idea. That lightning was striking too frequently. I battled on, and I mean battled. Four or five times I had to stop having been blown across the cobbles and onto the field. It was now impossibly dark. I could see the cars on the road which crosses the plain and they were all using headlights.

I reached the sanctity of a large old house and stood under the remnants of an out house. I was there for about 30 minutes. By then the sky was beginning to get lighter the lightning had ceased, the wind had eased sufficiently enough for me to think it worthwhile putting on my windproof to warm up a bit and now at least there was a little space between the rain drops.

I rode over the D94 between the cars with lights still blazing. Although it had improved it was still fairly unpleasant riding. On 1100m Pavé de Gruson I had to stop and let a car pass who was coming towards me. With the wind as high as it was and the rain still falling fairly heavily I doubted my ability not to swerve towards him and his ability to care too much. I stopped until he passed then found it quite difficult to get started again on the wet cobbles.

The last section of real cobbles is the Pavé de Hem. Until now, apart from being blown off the road and into the ditch, I had proudly boasted, if only to myself, of my determination to ride only pavé, no cinder paths for me. Thinking back, I believe God must have heard me talking to myself and raised the wind to prove me wrong. I reckon he said to himself " If he thinks he can ride the whole of Paris Roubaix on the pavé and boast to his friends of his achievement then

he had better think again." "A little of the traditional Paris Roubaix weather will put an end to his ambitions". The Hem pavé is particularly rough. The edges are raised a little from the side which has the appearance of a cycle track. Once off the pavé the raised edge makes it difficult to get back on. Well at least it was for me. It was wet and still windy and I was simply blown across the pavé onto the edge and was unable to get back up again. On the last mile of pavé I had to resign myself to the fact that I could not ride the cobbles at all. I had to ride the edge all the way. I did not despair, I had done the best I could, and I left this final section of pavé happy in that knowledge.

The rest of the ride into Roubaix was uneventful. As I turned the final corner I looked forward, as I had done so long ago when sending off my entry form, to riding round the concrete track of the velodrome. But, just as I was about to enter I heard Sue shout to me I stopped and she told me that nobody was being allowed to ride round the track. We walked together to the main hall. I was more than a little saddened I parked my bike, heavily encrusted in mud and debris, and went inside to have my card stamped. I also collected my award. Not a simple medal as offered after Auk events but a piece of granite pavé on a triangular stand. I would not like it round my neck but I might just find a place for it on the fire side. After a coffee and some chips, the only things on sale, (not a Dave Hudson promotion! -Ed) we headed for the car then drove to Calais. Sue had agreed to drive home and I was pleased because although most other things had settled down my wrist still ached quite badly.

So with motivation heightened what about next year? I like to give myself a target, but what next time? I really enjoy riding the randonnee versions of the classic professional race routes. I do like to ride events with some history to them and for them to be a challenge. What would be suitable to add to my palmares alongside the BRA, Paris Brest Paris and Paris Roubaix? Having thought about it, perhaps there is only one that fits the bill, it certainly appeals after seeing part of the route in April, it has therefore to be the Ronde van Vlaanderen; the Tour of Flanders now that really is something to look forward to.

Brian Howe

JEREMY KICKS OFF

Jeremy Wootton took first place in the opening club event of the new season in winning the 17 mile event on Sunday 22nd February. Two laps of the Long Furlong circuit always provide a tough test for early season form. This one was no exception, bright and sunny in February means nippy and it was, but not too bad - no frost, just cold enough to make the moderate north westerly a bit harsh on lungs which have been enjoying the 'off' season.

We had nine club riders and there were a few guest riders as well.

Jeremy was never in danger and had a lead of over a minute at the end of the first lap going round in 21.48. Behind him though things were very tight. Comeback man Mel Robertson was on 23.08, just 4 seconds ahead on son Karl. Matt Gould was on 23.37. Chris Bacon 23.43 and Paul Carruthers 23.51.

The second lap for Jeremy was only slightly slower on 22.25. Karl though was into his 'steady state' riding producing a 23.16 to go with his 23.12 and he moved ahead of Dad, who went back to a 23.41. The only other positions to change were those of a slowing Chris Bacon (second circuit 24.50) and Paul Carruthers who actually went round faster, 23.49 to 23.51.

That effort from Paul was enough to give him the handicap.

Jonathan Boxhall who had crashed while training earlier in the week decided not to aggravate the injury which quickly made itself felt in racing mode, and pulled up after getting back to the Findon headquarters.

LONG FURLONG CIRCUIT RESULT 22-2-98

NAME	POS	ACTUAL TIME	FIRST CIRCUIT	H'CAP	H'CAP TIME
Jeremy Wootton	1	44.13	21.48	Scratch	44.13
Karl Robertson	2	46.28	23.12	3.00	43.28
Mel Robertson	3	46.49	23.08	3.30	43.19
Matt Gould	4	47.34	23.37	2.30	45.04

Paul Carruthers	5	47.40	23.51	4.30	43.10
Chris Bacon	6	48.33	23.43	1.30	47.03
Ian Cheesman	7	52.46	26.00	8.30	44.16
Reg Searle	8	1.10.26	34.17	16.30	53.56

D.N.F. Jonathan Boxhall

AWARDS

1st ... JEREMY WOOTTON

H'CAP 1st ... PAUL CARRUTHERS

2nd .. MEL ROBERTON

PRIVATE ENTRIES

NAME	ACTUAL TIME	FIRST CIRCUIT
P.Cook	46.46	23.15
Robby Miles	51.23	25.40
N. Garrett	51.24	25.09

TIMEKEEPER Mike Gibbs

PUSHER - OFF Alan Stepney

H'CAPPER Don Lock

Cycle Jumble Sale This popular event is on again after a lapse in '97. The date for your diary is 27th October. Don has got a lot of stuff already but please let him have anything else you don't want. It can be stored in our garage if there's a lot.

Tourist Trial Don Lock is organising and Part 1 (The ridden section) will be on Tuesday evening 16th June. Full details nearer to the date. Start locally and finish back at clubroom. Part 2 will be in the clubroom (the written section) on Tuesday October 6th.

Worthing Sea Front Fayre - 24/25/26 July.

We have joined the Worthing Sea Front Festival Limited and hope to participate on the first two days (Friday and Saturday) with Roller Racing and displays. Probably for a couple of hours on each evening. Please everyone support this. If you race, then ride, and if you don't then please help. Vern McClelland and Don Lock will have more details in due course.

Welcome to brothers Peter and Allan Weston both of whom live in North Lancing. Hope you both get involved in all our activities and have a long and happy membership.

RUN LEADER'S REPORT

Sunday 25 January

The afternoon run left Washington at 2pm to complete a short ride on the occasion of Ray Douglass's Memorial tea at the Washington Village Hall. Departing from the Green a group of about 20 members, and other friends of Ray, headed East on the A283 to go via Hole Street, Spithandle Lane and Ashurst and on to Dial Post. Crossing the A24 we headed towards Shipley but turning off to Broomers Corner and Dan Hill crossroads, where left to Goose Green and Thakeham. Continuing to West Chiltington to pass under the A24 at Washington Roundabout and to return to the Village Hall for a splendid tea.

About half the group were club members who enjoyed the 20 mile circuit at a gentle pace in very cold wintry conditions. The ride through the lanes offered reasonable shelter from the northerly biting wind.

We had three ladies on this run, a rare occasion indeed. It was the first club run for Kathryn McLelland who appeared to enjoy it. Also there was Sue Dray who had been nursing a sore elbow since colliding with Mother Earth during a club run in France last year, and Sheila Lucas who had just recovered from flu.

WHERE WERE YOU ON THE NIGHT?

Your Club's Annual General Meeting was held in the clubroom on Tuesday 17th February. You received notice and were urged to try and attend.

We received apologies from a handful of members.

Did you not care what happened regarding your club? Would it not bother you if it ceased to run? Or perhaps your non-attendance was not just forgetful, but deliberate - 'better not go I might get a job' - attitude.

There, that should produce an avalanche of protest, no I doubt it, apathy I suspect will continue to reign.

The few who work so hard try to keep everything going. If you dare complain of their efforts, I hope you get short shrift.

Don

14th NOVEMBER is another date for your diary. We haven't given it a name yet but we are thinking along the lines of 'no speeches', perhaps a 'sixties' type evening, with a live group. Still the presentation of prizes, still a raffle, and probably even the Fantasy 'Tour de France'. Oh yes, and still the superior full buffet.

"GOING WELL" - THE RAY DOUGLASS TEA

Ray's words of encouragement as aimed at every one, in every event, would adequately sum up the success, not only of his Memorial Tea on 25th January, but for the whole idea of remembering him annually in this way. One hundred and ten persons came from East and West Sussex and from Kent, Surrey and Hampshire to meet again at the Washington Village Hall.

A wonderful photograph of Ray, taken by Dave Dallimore back in 1995, smiled at us from the wall and he overlooked a most happy gathering. Cyclists, my wife said, could out talk any lady, but the meeting was all the better for the presence of so many ladies. Talk there was a plenty, nostalgia yes quite a lot, but talk of the coming season was also to be heard. Road Time Trials Council Officials who had

worked and ridden with Ray over many happy years were there and valuable early season contact was made. It was like a 'Spaghetti Junction' for cycling's grapevine.

Nine Worthing Excelsior ladies produced enough food for the gathering and praise indeed, when Dave (Mobile Catering Supremo) Hudson declared it to well surpass even the best that he had seen at any Audax. Something in the region of 250 cups of tea were dispensed and the following was eaten - 400 sandwiches, 100 sausages, 150 sausage rolls, 100 cakes, 100 chicken nuggets, 120 vol aux vents and 50 portions of bread pudding. The Club is very grateful to all who so willingly and energetically gave of their time, both for the food preparation and help on the day. Hoping we haven't missed anyone : Thank you Maureen Lock, Linda Gibbs, Angela and Paul Toppin, Jean Retallick, Andrea McClelland, Jill Markwick, Sheila Lucas, Jean Smallman, Sue Dray and Alan Matthews.

Tony Palmer conducted a short run of about 20 miles in the afternoon and tilted briefly in the direction of Shipley Mill before running back before the strong and bitterly cold North Easter. About 2 dozen riders accompanied him and got back to the hall at around 3.30.

Such was the apparent enjoyment that only the folding up of the tables and the very removal of their chairs prompted people to go home. The suggestion that a small donation be made towards the cost was well received. £96.26 was collected at the end of the day, the club may have subsidised it by about £25 but then that's how the committee felt the interest on Ray's legacy should be used.

The hall has been booked for January 24th 1999 and we hope we shall see even more of you then. We can only manage about 90 chairs, but then no one sits down all the time!

Don

"HARD"

This singular adjective from the still blowing hard, Jeremy Wootton, as he returned past the timekeeper after his 24.25 effort, said it all. It was a sentiment shared by the rest of the field in the Club's Ten Mile event on 1st March.

The timekeepers at Washington had thought it a pleasant morning, yes there was some wind from a westerly direction, and yes it was a bit draughty, but after an early shower the morning was bright. It seems though that conditions for timekeeping may have some different requirement to those racing. All were back on the handicapper's pre-race forecasts - worked out, of course, from the warmth and comfort of his armchair during the previous week.

Anyway it's early season, plenty of time yet for the personal bests. In second place we had Club events secretary Mel Roberton, gaining revenge over son Karl and reversing the Long Furlong Circuit placings. Mel was home in 25.12 and Karl in 25.25. Paul Carruthers took the handicap award, his second in two events and the handicapper has promised "he'll never win another" or something like that.

10 MILE RESULT 1-3-98

NAME	POS	ACTUAL TIME	H'CAP	H'CAP TIME
Jeremy Wootton	1	24.25	Scratch	24.25
Mel Roberton	2	25.12	1.20	23.52
Karl Roberton	3	25.25	1.10	24.15
Paul Carruthers	4	25.42	2.00	23.42
Mathew Gould	5	26.21	0.50	25.31
Stephen Trott	6	27.00	2.50	24.10
Jonathan Ford-Dunn	7	27.18	2.00	25.18
Sean McClelland	8	29.18	4.30	24.48
Colin Miller	9	29.40	3.00	26.40
Reg Searle	10	36.44	8.30	28.14

AWARDS

1st ... JEREMY WOOTTON 24.25

H.CAP 1st PAUL CARRUTHERS
2nd .. MEL ROBERTON

PRIVATE ENTRIES ...

NAME	ACTUAL TIME
Daniel Paine	29.17
Chris Dransfield	33.39

Timekeepers	Don Lock / Paul Toppin
Pusher - off / Ass. Secretary	Alan Stepney
H'capper	Don Lock
Marshal	Mike Irons

Magazine Editor
The Worthing Wheel
7 Weiland Road
Worthing
W. Sussex.

Jack Harris
Crawley Wheelers
8 Tilgate Way
Crawley
RH10 3BW.

29th January 1998.

Dear Don

Thank you and your club for the excellent presentation on Sunday of The Ray Douglas Tea.

Dave and I enjoyed the day but would have preferred it warmer.

I have also enjoyed your super magazine lots of good stuff and comment, thanks for your mention of myself in the report on the 12, however I did manage to get to the finish circuit and recorded a distance.

It was the lowest distance ever in 12 consecutive attempts.

Obviously I need the sort of weather that dear old Ray used to produce.

I did say after the event NEVER AGAIN, but watch me again this year!

Thanks once again,

Yours Sincerely.

Jack.

Jack Harris.

DAVE HUDSON claims to have found this at the Headquarters of an Audax event!
 Couldn't have been a Worthing promotion.

MENU



STARTERS

TOADS EYE SOUP	15
CABBAGE WATER AND LENTILS	10
PERSIAN PEE SOUP	2

MAIN DISHES

BARBECUED BREASTS WITH STUFFED NIPPLES AND SPARE RIBS	75
BOILED BOOTS AND CARROTS	48
JELLY COD CARNIE	75
HUNGARIAN GHOULISH	66
STUFFED LAMB HEARTS IN SLOP-PAIL SAUCE	99
CURRIED KNACKERS AND FRIED RICE	80
ROASTED HOT DOGS IN BICYCLE GREASE	44
<u>RARE WELSH BIT</u> (Ask for Glynnis the waitress)	£2.50
STEWED SKUNK AND TOMCATS TRIPES (To be eaten at separate tables)	85
ESCALOPED VAMPIRE BATS	£1.20
TRIFE AND BUNIONS	45
FRENCH FRIED CONDOMES AND SAUTE POTATOES	40
PEKINGESE CHOP SUEY	60

CHEESES

DISGORGED CHEDDAR AND A BOARD OF OTHER PRIME CHEESES	15
--	----

SWEET DISHES

FESTERING FLAPJACKS	20
PRUNE STONES IN GREEN CUSTARD	10
MILDEWED MERINGUES IN TRIFLE	15

RUNS LEADER'S REPORT

Sunday 1 February

What's happening on the Clubrun? 11 on the run, 12 at Eleveses, the largest number for some time. 3 were sent along by Richard Cooley to gain some flavour of what a cycling clubrun was like. I hope they did not get the wrong impression, when Don and Richard were seen holding hands in the cafe!

Leaving Washington, we went on a tortuous route via Storrington, Amberley, Bury and Sutton to 'The Tudor Cottage' Tea rooms at Petworth for elevenses, returning through Fittleworth, Coldwaltham, Amberley Wild Brooks and Storrington.

Just a note for all you sartorially elegant cyclists, this season Mel is seen to be resplendent in a red silk paisley cravat while on the clubruns. He does wear other clothes as well!

Sunday 8 February

Leaving Washington the run went via Bramber (comfort stop here!) Fulking, Clappers Lane, to Hurstpierpoint, where left along Underhill Lane. The road surface has deteriorated somewhat and was also very dirty for those who ride behind those without mudguards and mudflaps!! Runs leader punctured about a mile before the cafe at Ditchling so it was a 'pump up and go' chase in order that the tyre be repaired at the cafe stop.

'Dolly's Pantry' provide excellent refreshments which can be verified by Don, who consumed more than anybody else on this visit. Suitably nourished the ride back returned through Hurstpierpoint, Albourne, Shermanbury and Partridge Green to finish through Spithandle Lane and on to Washington.

Only five riders this week but this was probably due to the Audax the previous day. Weather conditions were bright and

sunny to start with, but became overcast as the ride continued.

Sunday 15 February

Only 6 out this week to take part in the run in East Sussex. Meeting at Ringmer, we headed towards Laughton, turning left up a slight rise, John Lucas reminding us again that he had more than one victory in a road race on this very slope. Continuing to join the Broyle and up another slope referred to on the maps as 'Terrible Down', ask Sheila, it was terrible going up!! The short climbs continued and left some of the group very heavy legged, but we pressed on to Waldron, the scene of many a finishing chase in the ESCA Reliability trials.

Turning south, via Chiddingly and crossing the A22 the terrain flattened out through Chalvington, Berwick and on to elevenses at Alfriston. Unfortunately our original venue was closed so an alternative was sought at the 'Singing Kettle'. This proved to be most acceptable and worthy of another visit. Karl and Don both ate their fill, Karl with something cooked and Don with two sweet confections, others have more modest tastes!!

The return ride was interrupted by road works on the A27, and your scribe and leader gaining a second puncture in as many weeks!! It does not help to be told "It's only flat at the bottom". The ride continued through the narrow lanes to Ripe and Laughton and finally back to Ringmer.

Fashion buffs please note, this week Mel wore a black and white silk polka dot cravat. He promises more fashion breakthroughs in later weeks - I can't wait!

Sunday 22 February

The racing season has started and this probably accounted for the clubrun regulars not being able to take part. Some were helping, some organising and others competing in the Long Furlong Circuit event.

Five members left the green at Washington, Ron B, Paul T, John and Sheila L and Tony P. We were also joined for the ride by Brian Howe.

Proceeding through Spithandle Lane, very pleasant at this time of the year and much easier to cycle in an easterly direction than to go west, we joined the B2135 to turn left to Ashurst and Partridge Green. Continuing to Littleworth over the A272 Dave Hudson managed to catch up with us as we joined the narrow and very muddy lanes, (SOME MEMBERS STILL HAVE NOT FITTED THEIR REAR MUDFLAPS YET!!) to Maplehurst, Nuthurst, Monks Gate. Turning left onto the A281 for about 2 miles and then left again to Sedgewick and Southwater.

Eleveneses were taken at the Country Park cafe where we were joined by Don who had been officiating at the Club event. Mel, our fashion guru, not out this week reckons the toilets here are the very best and are not to be missed!

With a tail wind for the return the pace increased slightly as the indirect route to Washington was undertaken, through Shipley, Broomer's Corner, Dial Post and Thakeham. Dave and Brian Howe left us at Dial Post to continue on an all day ride with lunch at Sutton. John and Sheila took the quick way home by leaving us at Broomer's Corner to return through Ashington, John doesn't like the hill through Thakeham , he said!!

Sunday 1 March

Heavy early morning rain, the previous evening's Barn Dance and the Club 10 mile Time Trial affected the numbers this morning. Don, Paul Toppin and Peter Weston being the only takers and departing from Washington around 9.45, after the finish of the event.

It was a straightforward route through Spithandle Lane to Cowfold for coffee or in Paul's case, breakfast at St Peter's Cafe near the Church. Weather turned out quite nice and

Paul seemed hardly to notice the head wind on the way back!

HOW TO COMPLETE A TIME TRIAL ENTRY FORM

Our handicappers and our promoters have suggested we include this item in the 'Worthing Wheel'. It is intended primarily for new riders but some of those who have been riding for a few years still make a mess of it.

First of all you should note the kind of details that are required and make sure you keep a record of these facts from every event you ride.

The event may be handicapped and this information is all that the handicapper has to go on. Even when there is no handicap the details are vital to set the field in a sensible order and keep faster riders apart as far as possible.

Finally of course the promoter with a full field is certainly going to throw out any that he cannot read or are not completed correctly.

We print an example: we have assumed it is not a tandem entry, and the fictional rider is not a veteran. If you are prepared to be a reserve you tick the box, but you have to be ready to go to the event and be ready to ride at short notice. Sometimes the event secretary will contact you a day or two before if he receives an apology from someone who is unable to ride after being accepted.

If you are under 18 years of age on the day of the event you will require the consent of your parent, or guardian and we print a copy of that also. This form appears on the back of the entry form.

Remember entries for Club events close on the Tuesday previous, but for Association or Open events at least 12 days before, sometimes longer and for these you do need to get all the details from the RTTC handbook.



ROAD TIME TRIALS COUNCIL STANDARD ENTRY FORM

Under RTTC Regulations. (National Championships also under CHAMPIONSHIP CONDITIONS)
See Handbook for notifications of improvements.

Promoting Club reserves the right to refuse any entry (Subject to BBAR Condition No. 4)

Please enter me for NORWOOD PARAGON 60 event to be held on 20TH JULY 98

I enclose entry fee of £4-00 including RTTC levy.

RIDING: BICYCLE ☒ TRICYCLE ☐ TANDEM ☐

OFFICIAL TIME TRIALS (including private) CLUB, OPEN, SEMI-OPEN AND ASSOCIATION EVENTS (completed events only)
(For NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS only performances in Open, Semi-Open and Association events to be entered on this form.)

	Name of event if low or medium gear give details	Date in full	Actual time or distance	Course key (see RTTC handbook) or details of course	Fastest rider and time or distance
Fastest Solo performance during current and past three seasons.	10 1 CLUB	14.6.96	28.50	G10/98	R. JONES 21.04
Tricycle entries - give tricycle only performances	25 2 SUSSEX C.A.	12.7.97	1.00.59	G15/93	P. SMITH 57.41
	50 3 HANTS. R.C.	5.7.97	2.7.11	P615/50	S. FOSTER 1.57.43
	100 4 SOUTHERN COYS.	3.9.96	4.40.02	G100/56	M. BRYANT 4.01.51.
Fastest performance at distance, or nearest distance, now entered for since 1st Jan last year.	5 SEE LINE 3 ABOVE				
Complete only if entering a 12-hr or 24-hr event. Fastest solo performance during current & past three seasons at 12-hr now entered for.	6				

For Tandem Events my partner is

Do you agree to
be a reserve if
the event is
oversubscribed? YES ☐
NO ☐

For Veterans only -

Best Plus for distance in current and
past three seasons.
Current Standard time for event entered.
Member of VTTA Group.

Age at that Time
Yrs.

HANDICAP
for distance

Mr/Ms/Miss/Ms (Delete as applicable)	Forename(s)	BRIGHT	Surname	SPARK
Address 'FASTHOUSE'				
SLOW ROAD, WASHINGTON, WEST SUSSEX Postcode BN51 7TT				
Telephone	01903 999888	Date of Birth	20.6.72	Age 25
Club	WORTHING EXCELSIOR C.C.		RTTC District	
(Open and semi-open events first claim riders only)			LONDON SOUTH	

I HEREBY DECLARE that the particulars submitted on this form are complete and correct. I accept the Conditions appertaining to the event as set out in the prospectus or entry form published by the promoter. I understand that the event will be held under the Rules and Regulations of the Road Time Trials Council as shown in the current Handbook and I confirm that I am conversant with such Rules and Regulations and undertake to abide by them and to participate in the RTTC Drug Testing Programme whenever required to do so.

I further declare that I am at present not under any suspension by the RTTC or any organisation with which the RTTC have an agreement or (if so) such suspension will have expired by the date of the event.

I agree to accept the decision of the promoter in all matters concerning the event and my participation in it subject only to such rights of appeal or review as may be provided for in the Rules and Regulations of the RTTC.

I understand that the event is held on the public highway and that I participate therein entirely at my own risk and that no liability whatever shall attach to the promoter, promoting club or any officials of the event, the RTTC or any club affiliated thereto or any member of such club for any injury loss or damage suffered by me in or by reason of the event however such may be caused and whether by negligence or otherwise.

Signature B. Spark

Date 10TH JUNE 98.

(Event promoters MUST NOT accept entries with photocopied signatures)



PARENTAL CONSENT

TO BE SIGNED BY PARENT OR GUARDIAN
OF ENTRANTS UNDER THE AGE OF 18

I (Name and Address): FRED SPARK
FASTHOUSE, SLOW ROAD, WASHINGTON
WEST SUSSEX BN

Being the Parent (or Guardian) of: BRIGHT SPARK

who was born on: 20.6.1982

HEREBY AGREE to his/her participation in the events under the Rules and Regulations of the Road Time Trials Council and **DECLARE** as follows:-

1. I understand and agree that my said son/daughter participates in events promoted under the Council's Rules and Regulations, entirely at his/her risk and without liability whatever on the part of the promoter, promoting club, the RTTC or any Club affiliated thereto or its or their officials or members in respect of any injury loss or damage suffered by him/her however caused whether by negligence or otherwise.
2. I understand that the function of marshals in such events is to do no more than indicate the precise spot at which the rider should turn or the direction he or she should take and that the responsibility for safely negotiating a turn or any other change of direction must rest with the rider alone.
3. I understand further that all competitors in or in the vicinity of the event must observe the law of the land relating to road travel and when racing must ride entirely alone and unassisted.
4. I am satisfied that my son/daughter is sufficiently responsible and experienced to assume full and entire responsibility for his/her own safety whilst engaged in a competition of this kind on the public highway.

SIGNED: F. Spark

DATE: 10.6.98

THE BARN DANCE

Round two of the Club's social season, following on from a successful Ray Douglass tea, was the Barn Dance at the Lancing Leisure Centre on Saturday 28th February. We had a sell-out of tickets and by unanimous opinion it was a most enjoyable evening. One hundred club members and friends and family were inspired by the energetic efforts of the band "Bonabril" and their caller to get on the floor and dance, or in John Lucas's case 'get on the floor in a trance' - sounds similar but looks even funnier. Colin Miller's wife Dawn was voted performer of the evening for 'stripping the willow' and doing a 'right hand star' at the same time! Tony Palmer at 6 feet and 14 stone gets a special mention for forming an arch with Andrew Lock's daughter Michaela - height about 4 feet and weighing in at 4 stone!

Food arrived at 9 O'clock, chicken and chips or vegi-burgers for those who wanted them. The value was remarkable. Individually boxed three pieces of chicken and chips and really hot and tasty, complete with knife and fork and serviette, although the latter was a bit tasteless. Some even took pieces of chicken home. 'Old Nick's' of Pavilion Road in Worthing did us proud and deserve a mention.

Generous donations of prizes to the raffle and generous buying of tickets meant that the event came out pretty well all square financially.

Dancing continued until around 11.30 and the Band then finished off with a couple of sixties tunes while the party dispersed. If you missed it, you 'missed a treat' as they say.

The Committee have given the go-ahead for another in 1999, the date will be announced in a future edition.

ANOTHER AWARD FOR KATHRYN

Kathryn McClelland was placed third in the 'Worthing Sports Personality of the Year (Juniors)' ceremony sponsored by the Worthing Herald. She received her bronze medallion from Olympic athlete Sally Gunnell and was proud to show

it to members at the club room afterwards. Nominated by the club for all her achievements during 1997 it is probably the case that the year was a 'good one', or from Kathryn's viewpoint a 'bad one', in that two other nominations had international successes which probably swayed the voting in their favour.

Nevertheless it was a fitting tribute to her efforts and must inspire her to even greater things in the year ahead.

Our congratulations Kathryn.

23 Brentwood Crescent
Hollingdean
Brighton
East Sussex
BN1 7EU

23/2/98

Dear Editor,

At the foot of page 34 of Vol 30. No 4 edition of the Club Magazine issued in February 1998, I noticed in very small type the words "After the President, the Club Captain was the Club's most senior officer. Chairman? No, appointed only for the meeting he chaired"

This statement prompted me to further thoughts that this short text was probably an extract from an old club ruling and I ask myself has this ever been rescinded over the years or is it still valid?

On the assumption that the Club Captain's position has been renamed and is now replaced by Runs Leader, effectively the Runs and Touring Secretary, I would appreciate it if members could be reminded of the rules of conduct whilst taking part in Club Run activities. I am sure that from the archives of the minute books some rules still exist and some of the older members may still be able to remember them.

If these rules are difficult to find or, they cannot be remembered or, if found to be unworkable with the modern traffic conditions then perhaps I can add a few of my own suggestions.

1. The Runs Leader is responsible for the route and he should not be questioned about whether he should have turned right instead of left or vice versa. Nor shall any rider on the run make a suggestion as to the route taken.
2. Members shall be polite to the Runs Leader at all times. No language that may be deemed offensive or besmirches the character of the Runs Leader at any time will be tolerated.
3. The Runs Leader shall be at the front of all Club runs at all times except on occasions when he tires and he requires a pacer. The Runs Leader shall nominate his own pacer from the group, whose reward for acting as pacer will be one additional club run point.
4. No rider will overtake the Runs Leader without his express permission to do so. A verbal request will be adequate provided that it is politely given.
5. Should the Runs Leader's machine suffer a mechanical failure whilst on a Club run then it is the duty of the remaining members of the Club run to repair the Leader's machine, ensuring that whilst the machine is being repaired he is adequately accommodated. It is important that other members realise that they should not allow the Runs Leader or his machine to appear dirty or dishevelled at any time.
6. When a stop is made for refreshment it will be the duty of the clubrun members to ensure that firstly, the premises are safe and free from footpads and ne'erdowells. Secondly that the Runs Leader has the seat of his choice. Thirdly, that he should not be allowed to pay for any refreshments, that being the duty of the rest of the members on the ride.
7. In the event that the President should be present on any of the Club runs then the aforementioned rules also apply to the President, except that on the occasion when the President may demand to lead the run, pulling rank as it were, he shall be responsible for all the refreshment costs for the Runs Leader and the membership on the run that day.

I offer these proposals as a suggestion only, they can of

course be developed further as long as the Membership realises that after the Club President, the Runs Leader is the most senior officer and should be offered the respect that the position demands.

I remain, your Runs Leader

Tony Palmer

THE EARLY WORTHING WANDER
(The 100k Audax. 7th February)

I enjoyed this very much, well until I got to the mini roundabout in Ashington with 200 metres to go. Then the nicely controlled little group that had formed up between Ewhurst and Ockley, suddenly broke ranks and the ride deteriorated into a road race. I thought it quite unseemly that people whose bikes were complete with saddlebags and panniers, should be trying to emulate a Reg Harris sprinter's dash to the soup queue. The truth is, of course, that I would probably have enjoyed that bit as well, if I hadn't been treated as nothing more than the lead-out guy and finished up in tenth place! Annoying really, because both No 1 son Andrew and Paul Toppin, who I'm convinced were both running on the 'reserve tank' now claim that they got home 2 minutes quicker than me. Still I don't agree with all this competitiveness in the Audax world, mind you it's nice when we win all these trophies though isn't it?

I really do thank Alan Matthews and all his helpers for a great morning's cycling. Alan, you must be 'Good' to be blessed with such superb weather. For February that was perfect, in fact I kept suggesting to riders, that we should slow down and enjoy it for longer, but this seemed to fall on deaf ears.

The sight of 120 riders departing Church Lane Ashington and heading north up the old A24 was a highlight. I caught sight of a number of the locals, and they did not just continue with their business as they would have done had there been a couple of us. Instead they stopped and turned

and stared. I saw a parent pointing at us for the benefit of her youngster - perhaps an Audax recruit for the future?

It might be an idea to break the start into a number of groups. I believe Alan did this to an extent but it would perhaps avoid posing too much of an obstacle for motor traffic. Most drivers were patient and helped past by considerate signals, but there was the usual idiot who was going to go pass irrespective, and there could have been an accident when he was suddenly confronted with a car pulling out of a lane on our right.

The route was the same as used previously, passing through Adversane, Loxwood, Alfold and Cranleigh - similar to the old reliability trial - but then diverting north to Winterfold Common. A hill, to my mind, of 'Everest' proportions, which suddenly explained all this Audax language of 'Granny gears' and 'triple rings'. At the summit we had Worthing Excelsior's answer to the 'Happy Eater' or 'Little Chef', known either as the 'Happy Chef' or 'Giant Eater', Mr Dave 'Supremo' Hudson and his now 'travelling' refreshments. The new trailer could be spared only a cursory glance at the time but I'm prepared to believe that the other 119 riders were inside. It is understood that Virgin boss Richard Branson has shown interest in this expanding business but Dave's comment, appropriately enough was 'on yer bike'!

Anyway having recovered from that climb it was enjoyable to turn south and plummet down Ewhurst, take a sharp left and back on to the old reliability route. Now it was out through Forest Green, Ockley, across the A24 and on to Rusper. As we headed up the long drag to Colgate we noticed the wind seemed to be moving round to the west, but it was not strong and although a few clouds were coming in from that direction there seemed no threat of any bad weather. Slaugham Pond, up through the village of Warninglid, down the lanes to the west of Bolney and on to Wineham. Some inaccurate reading of the route sheet caused a divergence of opinion as to which Wineham pub was wanted on the 'Information check'. Those who settled on 'The Wheatsheaf' which was after the 'T' junction had it

right. Now the last leg back to Ashington had changed from '97. No more did we go south through Blackstone Village, Small Dole and Bramber, instead we turned west to Shermanbury then home via Partridge Green, Ashurst and through Snakey back to Ashington. It avoided the Steyning by-pass and the busy stretch on the A283 to Washington, it appeared to meet with general approval and perhaps surprisingly made hardly any difference to the distance.

Not everyone enjoyed themselves unfortunately. Many suffered punctures with overnight rain washing plenty of grit on to the road. Richard Cooley takes the record for earliest deflation's, scoring two before the end of Church Lane! The most was probably by the rider who scored five before reaching Winterfold Common. He informed Tony Palmer (he in charge of the Winterfold rubber stamp) that he last year successfully completed London - Edinburgh-London without one puncture. You get to know when it's just not your day don't you.

Andrea and Kathryn McClelland and Linda Gibbs were producing soup and rolls and tea and cakes, and Alan kept a steady stamping as the riders returned. No prizes for being first of course, some were home about 12.45 following the 9.00a.m start and others were coming in around 2.30, but I gather all were accounted for. The tables in the hall were littered with all kinds of Audax invites for the coming weeks and after the pleasures of Worthing's Early Wander there should be plenty of takers.

As a postscript I liked the story told by Alan of a late telephone call entry. Someone trying to get back into cycling after a couple of years doing nothing and not yet organised with regard to entry forms and closing dates etc. Alan told him about the course, trying to be as helpful as possible and then asked what kind of cycling he'd done before. "Well three years ago I rode around Australia" was the reply. Apparently it was 11.000 miles!!!

Don

RUNS LEADER'S REPORT

Sunday 15 March

Runs leader Tony in Spain, John Lucas and Sheila not allowed out without Tony, Paul T caravanning, and others racing or training saw depleted numbers this morning. El Presidente had the route and we headed off through Snakey and Partridge Green to Cowfold. Then it was Kent Lane and twists around Twineham (say that quickly after 4 lagers!) and we were over the A23 at Hickstead.

Now assuming control, but with due deference to El Presidente, Alan Matthews took the route out further east so that we could see where he worked, on the outskirts of Burgess Hill. Finally it was past Hurstpierpoint College (we thought he was going to tell us where he went to school, but apparently not) and we were at Washbrook Farm by 10.30.

Mike Poland arrived late, took the p--- out of El Presidente's trade top, "that's a bit out of date isn't it?" and then announced that he would not be returning with us!

The return route was through Poynings and Fulking and, unfortunately the A27.

THE JOURNEY

It was going to be a long journey and ignoring, as you must, that old Audax adage, that you only have to do 9 m.p.h it was still going to be hard. I was being expected to ride over 130 miles in a day, and it is a long while since my legs had been asked to tackle such a task. I knew also that Mr Hudson would assemble an enormous field (137 in fact) most of whom would be stalwarts of strength and stamina thinking of a 200k Audax as nothing more than half a decent ride. The fact that some would be still at school, that others would be old enough to be even my father, and that there would be a good number of the fair sex who would show no respect whatever for our 'superior fitness and general superiority', left me facing the prospect with

apprehension. Why had I so confidently completed the entry form some weeks ago? This, added to the horrendous winds and rain in the days running up to 8th March had found me rushing to my book of excuses - I even managed to produce a sore throat on the Thursday!

Oh ye of little faith, I should not have been worried about the weather, Mr Hudson had ordered one of those 'windows'. Never quite understand the expression but it's a kind of a lull, winds back off, and rain ceases temporarily. The morning was mild and dry and while the roads were wet (thank goodness for the mudguards rule) it was very acceptable. The wind was light and from the south west and did not prove too difficult early on, while I was still feeling strong. What was unkind though was to allow a north easterly to take over from mid-day just when I was thinking of some assistance on the way home.

There must have been a crack, or something wrong with this particular 'window' for around noon we were treated to a quarter of an hour of heavy freezing sleet, thankfully it soon passed. That stuff is not nice, especially when driven straight into your face!

Heene Rooms were very busy when I arrived just after seven and I was still deciding what to wear, when Paul Toppin told me everyone was moving off - "Thinks" Perhaps not a bad move, for in this way we shall avoid the 'racers'. So off we go with the last group and we take our first rest - bit soon actually, at West Worthing level crossing. This delay was then I think responsible for speeds in excess of 18m.p.h as we moved up through Findon Valley, over the Downs and out towards Storrington. It certainly thinned things out a bit. Tony Palmer moved his speed regulator back to 15m.p.h He was determined to make Southwick (Hants) and Dave's clevenses, but after that, other commitments would require him to return directly back to Worthing. This meant of course that he did not pass 'Go' and could not pick up £200, but I digress.

Going through Petworth we caught up with Alan Limbrey,

Sussex Nomads and observed a large figure glued to his back wheel. The 'Guess who it is on the back' Competition resulted in everyone guessing - Geoff Boore - also Sussex Nomads, and they were of course, all right! It was the hilly way into Petworth and we were met there with the smiling faces of John and Sheila Lucas and Dave and Maggie Funnell, who stamped our cards and offered sustenance. The Petworth Car Park being booked by Mr Hudson for the occasion looked more like the 'Bike Park' at Herne Hill in the 1950's.

On stage one to Petworth I had ridden briefly with Jonathan Ford-Dunn who I noted was on his mountain bike. I had also seen Mike Irons, and the Weston brothers (should I make a joke about a musical duo? No don't suppose anyone else will remember - an early edition of Flanders and Swan? No! still not recent enough - Oh never mind) Peter and Alan seemed well equipped, bike wise and physically. I didn't think they would have a problem and Mike (the Beard) Irons had done it all before. The only two WECC riders I hadn't seen on the road were Andrew Lock, who for several reasons was not able to start and Richard Shipton who (nothing personal Richard) I had avoided, being nervous that he would be a couple of m.p.h too fast.

Stage two now under way, included the only major climb, the ascent of Duncton. It was early enough to come before we were on our knees, although at the summit that part of my anatomy was certainly getting close to contact with the tarmac. For my part it was fairly uneventful down from Goodwood and went through Lavant, West Stoke and Funtington. Portsdown Hill has a steepish start but is really just a long drag, and soon we were over the top and plummeting to Dave's Supremo Refreshment Services. Before you could get to the food however, you had to negotiate your way past Brian and Betty Cox and a grim faced card stamping Mike Poland. Nice to see Brian and Betty, as for Mike he nearly put a hole through my card with the force of his stamping, and then demanded to know whether I had been out on my bike the day before. Anyway I survived the interrogation, but it had unnerved me. I

promptly kicked Brian Howe's coffee over and dropped a mini-chocolate swiss roll into mine! It was at this point that we felt some spots of rain. Wouldn't mind betting Mr Poland had something to do with that as well! Why should he worry, he had a brolly.

Two done, three stages to go. Paul had explained to me his theory of treating each stage quite separately, and not thinking of the whole distance. Was this working I wondered, because he kept on about how long stage 4 was at 35 miles. Still we were now heading for New Alresford, just under 20 miles so shouldn't be too bad. It was though just another 10 minutes up the road that the wind picked up from the north east, the sun disappeared behind a forbidding black sky and the sleet hit us. We dived under trees (pointless really because in early March they were devoid of any leaves and offered no cover) to don waterproofs, and then pressed on. It was suddenly wet and cold and nasty and we were just about as far from home as we were going to be at any time on the ride. Considerable relief then when it passed over. Somewhere along here we rode 'a gentle slope' according to our organiser. It went on and on for at least five miles. New Alresford was very welcome and the refreshments of the Town's Railway Station beckoned. It was good to have a rest, but 35 minutes for beans on toast was a diabolical service, and those that stuck to 'one of those rolls' did the right thing.

Stage Four. I tried not to think about how long it was but kept reminding myself that it was next to last. Paul though was worrying. We gained some useful wheels and made good progress to Bishops Sutton then Ropley, with some long climbs (where's Paul gone?) and some long descents like the one into Steep near Petersfield (Ah here he is!) We collected the necessary information to show we'd been to Fernhurst - my word here's Geoff Boore - and then pushed on through Lickfold, Lurgashall and Kirdford to Wisborough Green. I found this bit very lumpy and felt quite tired. Paul seemed to be going better! We also had Jonathan's company again for a while. But then - must have been something I said, he shot off ahead. Still we caught up when he had his chain off

and arrived at Wisborough Green together. Two cups of caffeine and some chocolate bars later and I was ready for the final stage.

We were on home ground now and I felt I had it cracked. Paul and I set off after a previously departed Jonathan and caught him before Dan Hill. It didn't matter now, use up what energy you have left, give it a bit of welly and importantly, as the skies darkened again let's get home before we get wet and before we need lights.

It was just after 5p.m when we reported to the final control. Three miles later it was a lovely hot bath and an evening with tired legs supported in front of the television. Couldn't tell you what was on I was asleep!

It was indeed a great day's cycling and I thank Dave and all his helpers, even Mike Poland.

200k Statistics

Don

1. It was more than 200k (Ed)
2. 104 started
3. 97 finished
4. 4 rides not validated including Geoff(Mr Blobby) Boore who lost his Brevet card
5. 430 cakes. 200 sandwiches and 220 Bananas were eaten along with countless dozens of chocolate bars and hard boiled eggs. Several gallons of tea, coffee, hot chocolate and fruit juice were also devoured. A hungry lot these Audax riders.
6. Youngest rider (on tandem) was 9 years of age and the oldest was 74. Incidentally this gentleman, Jack Eason rode down OVERNIGHT from Potters Bar in Hertfordshire!!
7. Two others rode down to the start from Croydon and then rode back home in the evening to complete 345k !!
8. All seven WECC starters qualified. Richard nearly had time to go round again!

THE PULBOROUGH CIRCUIT

Eleven entered for one lap of what has become known, quite unfairly, as Our Ed's agony circuit. The weather was quite reasonable, certainly not too cold and a light wind from the north east was only really troublesome on the first stretch from Pulborough north to Adversane, and on to the A272 east of Wisborough Green.

Riders were pleased to get away from the start, about half a mile west of Pulborough on the Fittleworth road, because some environmentally friendly gardener decided to light a bonfire of garden refuse. It sent a thick stinking cloud right through the start point. The first two lungfuls must have had them coughing all the way to Codmore Hill.

Reg Searle our regular No 1 got the show on the road followed closely by Copper Cheesman in disguise this morning with helmet and dark glasses. Stephen Trott at No 3 was aboard another state of the art racing machine. Ron Bardouveau with his 1960's bike technology was wondering what kind of spoke key would be needed for the wheels, and was reminded that cars don't have starting handles any more either. Karl Robertson now fully accepted as one of the faster riders was at 4, and then a rare entry from Alan Cooper at No 5. Matt Gould was No 6 and Yorkshireman Jonathan Boxhall resplendent on a new but traditional Dave Hinde followed at No 7. Organiser Mel Robertson was in the number 8 spot but had first to deal with questions about his blue walled tyres matching his blue frame. He explained that the frame had been resprayed! Jonathan Ford-Dunn - he says he's done no training this year, was 9 and Paul Carruthers got the fast man spot at No 10. Jeremy Wootton on a hat trick was on the scratch mark at No 11.

The result is set out at the end of this report and knowing the starting order we can see that Ian caught Reg, but was himself caught by Stephen, Karl and Matt Gould. Ray Douglass when he was time trialling used to play a football match, scoring a goal for everyone he caught and conceding a goal for everytime he was caught. So Ian lost 3-1.

Stephen caught both in front of him but only Karl went past, a 2-1 win. Karl was first home catching three and as no one came past went best so far at 3-0.

Alan Cooper was unlucky to puncture and lost quite a lot of time. 6-0 defeat, well it's like losing your goal keeper.

Matt Gould caught three and his effort kept him clear of being overtaken, so another 3-0.

Jonathan Boxhall was caught by Mel Robertson but passed Reg Searle and Alan Cooper so 2-1.

Mel caught three and stayed clear to finish 3-0.

Jonathan Ford-Dunn got a lucky draw seeing both Paul Carruthers and Jeremy go by, but catching Reg and Alan, 2-2.

Jeremy made it 4-0 overhauling Paul, Jonathan Ford-Dunn plus Alan and Reg. It was very nearly 5 as he finished only 4 seconds behind Jonathan Boxhall.

What about Reg? Well 10 did go by but the result cannot stand for if Reg had had riders in front of him - who knows!

The long drag on the A272 from Wisborough Green to the lane where the route forks south, and even then for another quarter of a mile it climbs, is undoubtedly the 'agony' section. Today the wind may have helped a little. It is not all down hill to the finish but there are some sections where some 30m.p.h can help restore respectability to average speeds. The finish also is great - no trouble in putting on a sprint to the line.

The handicapper reckoned that 23m.p.h would be the best and for 16.5 that's about 43 minutes so he wasn't far out. Nevertheless his promise that Paul Carruthers would not get a third handicap prize in three races was only saved by a super ride from Stephen Trott.

Jeremy made his hat-trick (winning the three opening

events of the Club programme) but how close Karl came to upsetting that, he also pulled out a bit of a gap on Dad, after two very tight finishes in the earlier events.

A good event, everyone started and finished and no one got lost, although Stephen Trott did ask someone the way! unbelievable "How much time did you lose Stephen? " "About 3 or 4 minutes" !! Even the smoke cleared by the finish and the sun came out all warm and Spring like.

PULBOROUGH 16.5 MILE RESULT 22-3-98

NAME	POS	ACTUAL TIME	H'CAP	H'CAP TIME
Jeremy Wootton	1	43.39	Scratch	43.39
Karl Robertson	2	44.15	2.50	41.25
Paul Carruthers	3	45.08	4.00	41.08
Mel Robertson	4	45.57	3.15	42.42
Matt Gould	5	46.38	2.30	44.08
Jonathan Boxhall	6	47.35	4.30	43.05
Stephen Trott	7	48.32	7.50	40.42
Jonathan Ford-Dunn	8	48.46	4.00	44.46
Ian Cheesman	9	50.56	7.00	43.56
Alan Cooper	10	58.10	5.30	52.40
Reg Searle	11	68.48	20.00	48.48

AWARDS

1st ... JEREMY WOOTTON 43.39

H'CAP 1st STEPHEN TROTT

2nd PAUL CARRUTHERS

PRIVATE ENTRIES	ACTUAL TIME
Richard Bonner	44.44
Robin Lenharth	45.39
Peter Weston	61.15

TIMEKEEPER Paul Toppin / Don Lock

MARSHAL..... Mike Poland / Ron Bardouveau

PUSHER - OFF ... Alan Stepney

H'CAPPER ... Don Lock

GOBBLEDEGOOK (EURO)

Important Notice for Club Members planning a trip to Europe

NEW EC REGULATIONS

The European Commission has announced agreement whereby English will be the official language of the EU rather than German, which was the other possibility. As part of the negotiations, Her Majesty's government concedes that English spelling has some room for improvement and has accepted a five-year phase-in plan to be known as 'EuroEnglish'.

In the first year, 's' will replace the soft 'c'. Certainly, this will make the sivil servants jump with joy. The hard 'c' will be dropped in favour of the 'k'. This should klear up konfusion and keyboards kan have one less letter.

There will be growing publik enthusiasm in the sekond year, when the troublesome 'ph' will be replaced with the 'f'. This will make words like 'fotograf' 20 per sent shorter.

In the 3rd year, publik akseptanse of the new spelling kan be expekted to reach the stage where more komplikated changes are possible. Governments will enkorage the removal of double letters which have always ben a deterrent to akurate speling. Also, al wil agre that the horrible mes of the silent 'e' in the language is disgraceful, and should go away.

By the 4th yar, peopl wil be reseptiv to steps such as replasing 'th' with 'z' and 'w' with 'v'. During the fifz yar ze unesesary 'o' kan be dropd from vords kontaining 'ou' and similar changes vud of kors be aplid to ozer kombinations of leters.

After zis fifz yar, ve vil hav a reli sensibl riten styl. Zer vil be no mor trubls or difikultis and evrivun vil find it ezi tu understand ech ozer.

Knocked off your bike?

We can help you . . .

Contact:
Don Lock
Legal Executive

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