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THE PHANTOM BOOM

All voices cry 'Cycle Boom'.

Do you wait at a crossroad while the 100-strong peleton of a local clubrun snakes by on its way to elevenses? Are you hiring larger clubrooms to cope with the crush? No? Well, are the roads crowded with fat-tyred uprights carrying people to work and are duels fought with umbrellas over bike-shed places at BR stations. Still no? Dear me - where is this boom, or rather, what is this boom? Without any research, I guess that the boom is not in adult riders but in two wheeled vehicles of the Chopper genus. It may therefore follow, that as childrens' bikes are destined to become rusted and discarded very quickly, this boom will do little to lower the average age of your membership!

If the proportion of mature riders in clubs is as high as I suspect, we have to tap into this Chopper vein or perish from natural wastage. Yet club cyclists and hack riders are poles apart. What causes this schism? I'm sure that in the answer lies some of our salvation.

Probably the never-ending pursuit of component lightness, which has become a fetish with club racers, is partly to blame. This has produced a hybrid cycle which, although de rigeur for leaning on the clubroom wall, is too

expensive for the youngster to buy. Yet he does not turnout on his 'roadster' because he suspects (sadly perhaps with accuracy) that he will be ragged about it.

The kid who is KEEN to join feels he has to acquire the 'right' equipment, quick release hubs, ten gears and a funny hat worn backwards, to be accepted. Here are sown the seeds from which springs the titanium-bedecked, drilled-out club trendy. The bicycle becomes something to own first and ride afterwards. In short, he is similar to the Ford Escort owner with four foglamps, go-faster stripes and lorry tyres. Not a pretty image. Could this be a cause of separate bicycle cultures?

To grow we must have more youngsters and to get them we must curb the present trend of 'cycling' being a euphemism for 'racing'. We must go after the kids - tell them what we offer, what we are like and be prepared to help them find their way. It will mean going into schools, approaching and reassuring parents, teaching their kids to ride safely and organising runs for them. Making them conscious of the East Sussex C.A. and D.A., and not just our own club, while preaching the velo as a means of transport, not just a sport.

After all this work probably only 5% will survive the temptations of Yamahas and later the groping potential of motor car rear seats, to become senior club members. Remember 5% of 1,000 is better than 5% of SFA!

It is my opinion (if you hadn't guessed) that we in the East Sussex C.A. should spend 1976 in our club committees working out how we can recruit heavily in 1977.

Write me with your views and let's get some ideas aired.

It won't be easy, but the alternative is extinction. Whoever heard of a cyclist who was afraid of a challenge anyway!!

EDITOR

GEN FROM THE SECRETARY

I would like to thank Iris Stevens on behalf of all E.S.C.A. members (many of whom wrote to express their gratitude) for her vital work on our magazine last year. We welcome Ken Webb as our new Editor.

The success of the magazine depends upon every club making sure that they regularly send in contributions, and make every attempt to increase the circulation among their members. Any member who has anything for publication should not delay in sending it to Ken.

At the A.G.M. it was agreed to support again the sponsored walk organised by Crowborough Scouts on Saturday May 1st. Many of you will, no doubt, be riding in the Association 10-mile event that day, but a suggestion put forward by John Dutson can certainly be put into use, which will enable the Association to raise a considerable sum for our funds. The idea is that (say) four members enter for the walk and that members of our affiliated clubs sponsor these walkers. This should enable them to be sponsored to the tune of around £2 per mile, half of which goes to the Scouts. There is a committee meeting early in April, when it is expected that we arrange entries and support for this event.

Once again, our supper and prize presentation has been well supported, but I am a little disappointed that some of our trophy winners have not booked to attend this function and receive their well won awards from our President's wife, Mrs. Joan Coleman.

Elsewhere in this issue, you will find forthcoming events listed, mainly our Association time trials. Please make a note of the closing dates for entries, and ensure you get them to the organiser on time; it makes their task so much easier.

R. Humphrey

EAST GRINSTEAD C.C.

When some impressively headed notepaper came from new Bonk editor himself, I felt that the days of "I'm sorry that it's three weeks late" were numbered. The new team is going to a great deal of trouble to make our Association's magazine a worthwhile part of the organisation. I urge ALL members of the E.S.C.A. to give them the support they deserve, even if it is only to buy an extra copy for your friends.

We got in the unlicensed road-racing act by riding the Crawley-to-Henfield and back. Five of our seven made it in time. There will be several more to ride before they are spoiled by running them under B.C.F. rules later in the season.

Not being a racing club (Thank Goodness) more seems to happen in the 'off' season. A club party 'did' the final night of the Wembley Six, raised £55 on a sponsored ride for LEFRA and was first away into the social season with a meal on October 1st. A sort of practice run we call the 'after 10's nosh-up' supposed to celebrate the end of the evening events. Our dinner proper (our 25th) was on November 22nd and was voted a successful do. With a fortnight to go and only forty tickets sold, friends in E.S.C.A. said that this was because Geoff Boore was to speak! Not true, though, as we had sixty-six on the night. An excellent meal, John Pratt of Phoenix Cycles and 'G.B.' as speakers with Steve Hepp. hauling away most of the prizes as usual. Not all though, as in our hillclimb, held on the following week, Crow won by one and a half minutes from Ray Lunn, so getting his first win of the 1975 season on November 29th!

All praise to Graham Lade for organising a superb tourist comp. and achieving that difficult balance between its physical and mental aspects. Regretfully, our entry was small although the Baxendine family were third in the

motor section and Crow was also third, having lost in the sprint finish to Iris and Ken Atkins.

Sprinting also seemed in evidence at the Association A.G.M. which was all over in under two and a half hours - or was it Roy's absence?

For a small club, we were delighted to have twenty-five out for our Christmas elevenes run at Four Elms. "Just like the old times" muttered the senior members as the crocodile of riders wound round the lanes near Hever.

With all this about meetings, for food, readers may feel that East Grinstead are moving into the sphere of the East Sussex C.T.C. with their lunches, teas, parties etc. but we have a long way to go to catch up with the C.T.C. ladies - especially remembering creeping home after the enormous Christmas lunch and feeling that maybe it's a good thing that it only comes once a year.

Young Ken Crpen organised our cyclo-Cross on a new circuit which used some of the disused railway. Five laps saw Robin Taylor win by a large margin from Keir Starmer, who crashed, followed by John McCoy, President Val, and Nicky Starmer. Unfortunately, the senior members were all DNS for various reasons.

Tony Yorke gave an interesting talk on training in our packed clubroom; he was surprised to find himself in a hotbed of Yoga enthusiasts. Dave Duke has been appointed club coach and there is talk of training sessions at Preston Park and other exciting projects.

Those who remember the heyday of Dave Bedwell, Derek Buttle etc. will be saddened to learn that the once unbeaten Romford R.C. has been disbanded, and four of its members, Ron Fannel, Nigel Martin, Peter France and Peter Tipping have decided to join us for some reason (our dishy President, perhaps?)

On the debit side, we have unconfirmed reports that Bob Beatty might retire from cycling, Trev Budgen is joining a sponsored club and Bob Smith is in permanent hibernation. So much for the road team of yesteryear!

Will and Mo entered the East Grinstead sports pair competition on behalf of the club, but because most of the events entailed dexterity with various types of balls they finished tenth of the fourteen pairs. The club helped out in the finals and took sadistic delight in watching ball-game specialists reduced to a heaving, horizontal mass of exhaustion after a lap on the rollers.

Will Wates is deep into the hang-gliding scene - we know if he's had a good weekend on the Downs when he hobbles into Yoga on Monday evenings.

Congratulations to Hastings on their one hundred years. Good to see a local club reach the ton. Also on their happy dinner.

The club is joining the Kent road-racing league and will be doing a fair amount of promoting in the RR and TT fields next season.

Fred Marshall has become engaged and what with Bruce Allcorn and Rene getting married on March 20th and a leap year too, I think I should go into hiding till December 31st, but see you at the Hardriders.

CROW

ANY OLD IRON?

All those with old rags to spare are requested to pass them on to Tony Andrews of Lewes Wanderers, so that he can clean what must be the grottiest cycle in Sussex.

WESTERN REVIEW

Ken Webb, Sir, is he the one who no, it must be someone else, ah, from Bexhill - now that could mean Eastbourne Rovers or Hastings and St. Leonards, but still you can't blame him for that can you. What a start, printed notepaper, advertising and circulation enquiries, is this Robert Maxwell in disguise? I have heard that Pergamon Press was looking for an outlet in the South-east, perhaps it's all part of another dreaded take-over. Anyway, what's this funny Eddywilly type thing at the top of the Bonk notepaper, it looks to me like the pile-up in the last lap of the 20 kilometer National Championship, but you'll have to ask Bob Beatty of East Grinstead about that, he had a closer view than I, although he will probably appreciate not having to live through a slow-motion action replay. But I digress.

Deadline is 7th February, so what's happened since the Autumn? Well, we all went 'Skol' sixing and when I say all, that can't be far wrong, two mini buses and several private cars made the journey. We bumped into the East Grinstead club in the car park - move Mini bumpers, but what a fantastic evening's racing, we shall be going again whenever they decide to hold it!

Can I mention the S.C.A. in this? Why not, by an admittedly narrow majority, at their A.G.M. they retained a 'man's' B.A.R. in other words included a 12. Call me a diehard if you like but a B.A.R. should involve tests of speed and endurance and a 100 is not a test of endurance. The argument is that only a small number of people ride 12's now, but by the same plan, only a few ride hill-climbs, (look at the once famous Catford) but they don't change it to another event, so why change the B.A.R.? If we don't have a winner, we don't award the trophy. If we do have riders, like John Honeyball of Lewes, who do complete the qualifying races, then we applaud him. If we go on reducing everything, in a

few years time we will be awarding our 100 cup to the rider with the fastest aggregate over 10 x 10 miles!

After that, let's get to the social season. Quite a number visited the Bognor Club's very good dinner and dance. After a certain amount of musical chairs, I managed to sit next to Mick Ballard and learned considerably about top 25 riders. Keith Dodman was obviously very envious, no doubt worrying that some of that speed may be rubbing off. (Hopes!)

Our own club dinner was held in the 'Projectile Room' of our local sports centre which was really too big. Richard Shipton won the £60 prize in our Fund Raiser, but in these days of inflation it was just sufficient to buy a Campag. chainset and a dress for the 'Missus'.

The Central Sussex dinner, a very traditional affair, was most enjoyable, and no doubt will be reported on elsewhere. The constant Geoff Boore "I'm going to sign Mr. Sharp" goes on, but the gentleman concerned seemed unmoved by it all and spent practically every minute of dancing time improving his footwork.

By the time this goes to print we shall also have had members at the Lewes dinner and Eastbourne Rovers gatherings and with several of our members now almost recovered from the Brighton Excelsior Hot Rhythm extravaganza, the S.C.A. Neville Chanin 'talk-in' and the Vets. annual beer-tasting, you can say we've got around!

The enjoyable season seemed to start crumbling when 'training', 'miles', 'circuit work', and even 'weight-training' creep back into the conversation and the clubroom begins to smell of the sweat of the last two month's excesses. Goodness knows if it's doing any good, but somehow we all seem to be enjoying it. Norman Macmillan, who qualified as a club coach under the British Cycling Coaches scheme last year, has been

roping in more youngsters to his sessions and has most deservedly been made our 'Clubman of the Year' for 1975 to reward all his hard work on their, and the club's, behalf. Norman has never raced but in 1976 he must have a go at a few tens. He recently dragged himself round one lap of the Brighton Excelsior Reliability course and apparently burnt off some of his pupils in the process.

To bring us right up to date, six rode the Lewes 50 mile Reliability Trial and the four on solos apologise for the other two (on tandem) who caused an already very rapid pace to become something of a road race; still it kept everyone warm in the Arctic conditions.

DON.

BONK ARTICLES
COMING SOON

Why do cyclists walk like ducks?

Weight training

Recipes for health.

Protein from the airing cupboard.

TON-UP KID

The 1975 Hardriders' went into Heathfield Youths' Folklore. A kid on a Suzuki 250 was riding down Horem Road when, as he puts it - "This geezer flashes past me on a ruddy bike". He has now bought a 650 Yamaha - watch it this year Cliff!

CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C. NOTES

This edition of 'Bonk' is traditionally the ADMINISTRATION number. Racing reports for last season have come and gone and, since we have no 'Mud Larks' must wait until after February next before we can get the full graphic details of just what might have been.

Since the last report the most outstanding thing in the Central calendar has, of course, been the Annual dinner and prize presentation. This was held at the Hassocks Hotel, Hassocks on the 17th January last, and was graced by one hundred and eighteen happy eaters. The return to this venue was fortuitous because for the first time in many years there were enough waitresses and we were all eating together. (Food, not the waitresses, you fool). Don Cook, our President, put in his annual appearance from the Channel Islands where he now lives, and gave forth the astounding news that he had been racing again out there. What he didn't say in public was that he still rode his original 1948 vintage SUN MANXMAN although it seems by now it has about £150's worth of the best equipment on it.

The chief speaker was Hugh Turner, a local bobby and scout leader. He said some nice things about cyclists generally and got in the usual pitch about Road Safety. He might just be a little biased about cyclists, being the brother of one Paul Turner, a Wanderers member of some years ago.

Geoff Boore, who was only allowed to act as Toastmaster because his wife Jenny organised the affair, made a number of useless presentations, we don't quite know why, but perhaps the meaning will become clear one day. Alan Iimbrey received something he had always wanted, a wooden toilet seat, which he insisted on wearing round his neck for the remainder of the meal. He was quick to deny

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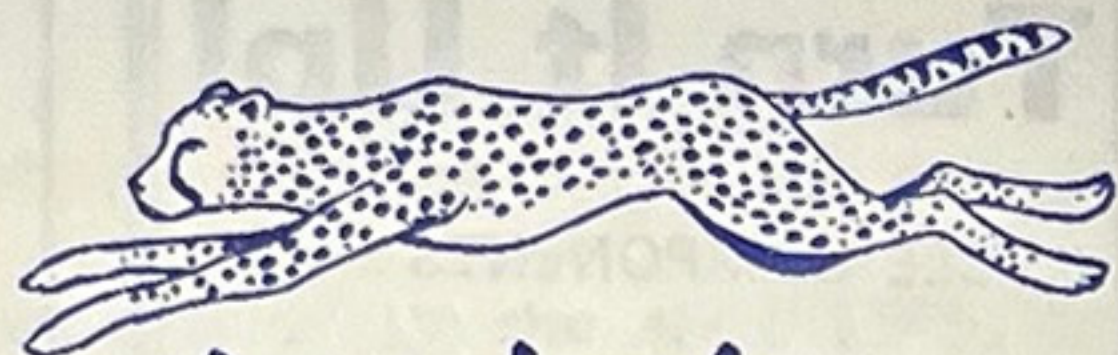
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that the thing was to be his racing handicap for the next season.

The GRAND DRAW was an immense success, the major prize being a weekend for two in Paris, and was supported by sundry others from a joint of beef to a box of chocolates. As you can imagine, the idea of a gash weekend on the Continent brought forth all sorts of romantic and other ideas, but these were firmly squashed when it was won by Carole Wren, wife of one of our V.P's. The rest of the prizes were well spread around with about 50% going to our guests.

The Prize presentation went well, according to form, with John Palmer, Ron Rogers, Mark Atkins, John Dutson, Don Awcock and Adrian Jones being in with the winners. Don presented the Club with a very handsome new Cup for the Club Memorial 10. This replaces the one won outright by him the previous year. Winner for 1975 was, of course, Don Awcock. Adrian Jones received the major award, the Cuckfield Shield, as our Best-All-Rounder, and in a short speech made an impassioned plea for some more teams. Readers and riders please note!! The remainder of the evening was taken up by what some people call a 'dance', others a 'disco' and some just a 'noise'. Whatever your sentiments, the effect was a lot quieter than previous years and the whole effect was generally voted to be one of the best Club dinners yet.

Our plunge into next season starts on March 13th when the Club promotes a Hilly 25 and a Hilly 10 for Wopersons and Juniors. The Headquarters is the usual, the Scout Hut at Balcombe, but with a re-vamped set of courses, better times could be possible. If not, at least they don't appear to be so complicated, which should help quite a few riders. Event Secretary is Ron Ewart and full details appear in the R.T.T.C. handbook.

The Road Race, Humphrey permitting, will be in the

Staplefield area on July 18th. Distance is 78 miles and, after six times over the Balcombe drags, should sort out the men from the boys. A £25 minimum Prize List is expected and we have great hopes of making this a minor classic. Full details appear in the next edition.

The Club are also promoting the G.H.S.10 Heat this year on the Southwater (G.511) course. July 15th is the date. Ken Atkins is the Event Secretary. Although entry forms will be sent to all Clubs, please see your Schoolboys know all about it, and what it's all about, in good time.

Sorry that there is not very much scandal this issue, everyone seems to be too interested in training to misbehave. Perhaps there will be more to comment on after the early season road rac---- sorry, Reliability trials.

See you up the road, HONEST GINGE.

I note that Crowborough is twinned with Montargis in France. Has anything been done to foster Franco-British cycle events?

Whose patch is it - Central Sussex or Southborough?

What other twinning possibilities are there in the E.S.C.A.?

Suggestions please, Secretaries!

TOOTHsome TALE

The British Sugar Corporation say there will be a record 510,000 acres of beet planted this year.

Watch out for a cavies epidemic!

EASTBOURNE ROVERS

There is a feeling of optimism in the Rovers these days, for although nothing startling is happening, there is steady deepening of strength. Probably one can judge the vitality of a club by the liveliness of its committee. Certainly anyone listening to them in session would never doubt their effervescence. Many raised voices and prolonged arguments, which although deafening, prove members care about the subjects debated. If there isn't a strong pulse in the 'head' of the club, you can bet the 'body's' near death.

Finances have never been better. A prodigiously successful Jumble Sale has provided funds to offer better service to our members and donations to worthy causes like the C.T.C. Cliff Sharp, our past Treasurer, has proved that he knows how to make us a fast buck as well as fast times, and has now handed a full coffer over to Peter Coles, our new money man. Peter is another sign of club strength, for he must be the hot shot for Junior B.A.R. '76 and could have used this as an excuse for not taking an admin. post, yet he did. It is this sort of commitment that is needed all over the county. Too many riders join clubs for a starting-line, expect to be pushed off, timed, marshalled and fed for seasons and, then, when tired of racing, vanish without trace - some sportsmen!

Winter club nights have been enlivened by Ken Stevens regular P.T. sessions, keeping people supple - followed by the return of the dreaded ball-game, Rovers answer to Rollerball!

Our dinner dance attracted many compliments and the idea of a folk group was successful, although it took some time for the dancers to get reeling. We have another idea for 1977 and while I won't divulge it yet, our lads are racing in Stetsons and gingham shorts this season. Two things puzzle me. Where did the Pier Hotel get the

elastic they put in their version of Minestrone, and what will cross-toasters use for targets if Geoff Boore ever retires?

Cliff scooped the pool again with fastest aggregate in the 10 series, the Stanley trophy for the 25 and the track trophy. With the winter mileage he has clocked up, he looks unstoppable in 1976, and may yet set another county 100 mile record. However, behind him are youngsters, pushing their way up, so the competition gets tougher every year.

Tim Eadon has been fired by his visit to the Rotterdam 6 and is using some of the compensation he received after a car chopped him last year to buy a track iron. This could mean with Cliff, Graham Lade, Peter Coles, Ray Gearing and Nick Green all with track plans, we should be better represented at Preston Park this year - so watch out Matthews, you handsome rogue!

One more thing, we're having a badge design competition - already a mass of fighting bodies on the committee room floor has indicated the feeling generated. Watch out for something distinctive in 1976.

See you at our Hellingly R.R. - Orso Bruno.

PEPYS SLANDERS

It has been stated in writing, and not jokingly, that Crawley Wheelers members "Peer in and knock on the windows" at the Yoga class which meets at the same centre as ourselves on Fridays. Whilst it may seem a good idea, our club ladies are far more attractive in our eyes, than these Yoga types. Nevertheless, who is the peeping Tom of the West Green Community Centre? We wondered whether it might be a Central Sussex Scout!! (How do you know they're less attractive unless you peek? Ed.)

A WIFE'S TALE

Well, that's the Hardriders done with, now for the postmortems.

If you need to compile a list of suitable excuses for use during the coming season, the first event is the place for hearing them. Stand round the results board after the event and if you are not overcome by the pungent smells from a variety of leg potions, you will be able to hear enough to last the year. They range from the usual "too B..... hard" to "cough/hack/cough/ been in bed with the 'flu' all week". This usually from someone in the first six. "Been too busy decorating, no time for miles/I was under/over-g geared/the early/late starters had the best of the weather" and so on. It would bore (Boore- now he's a chap for the excuses) you if I listed more. On the fringe of the voluble group a sigh is heard from the wives (and Mum's) present as in one voice they say "Here we go again, that's the last of the lie-ins". Yes, it's back to the sweaty shirts and soggy chamois, not to mention the "grey" white socks after a wet ride. That strong odour of embrocation permeating the bedroom once more (when they train that hard, it's the only thing that gets them going, Ed.) having taken all winter to disperse last season's, and, of course, piles of racing ket cluttering the airing cupboard.

Then there is the joy of a double event weekend which means double washing Monday to get everything clean, dried, and aired for Tuesday night's ten mile event.

At least the petrol prices will put an end to one delight, spending Friday night packing in readiness for an early start for a long drive north to a Saturday event. The 'gear' that has to be taken in case we have snow, rain or a heatwave would do for a month's holiday. Ah well, girls, the only thing is if you can't beat them

join them - so how about it!? See you in the next event. At least as chief washer and iron you will have the pick of his best racing kit.

CENTRAL SUSSEX
OFFICIAL CHANGES

- Secretary - K.L. Atkins, 46 Valebridge Road, Burgess Hill.
Social Secretary - Mrs. J. Boore, 11 Woodleigh Road, Burgess Hill.
Racing (T.T.) - G. Boore, 11 Woodleigh Road, Burgess Hill.
Racing (Road/Track) - A. Goodsell, 25 Hillside, Horsham.

OFFICIAL CHANGES

Look out Sussex - Crawley Wheelers are on the move and would take this opportunity in announcing that well-known scholar and gentleman Ron Ford is their new general (nuisance) secretary.

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

Greetings once again from the Lewes bastion of culture to all their less fortunate brethren. Having groped and staggered this far through the social season, it's to be hoped that ESCAbods have now tapered it off and have got themselves roaring fit. Before this horror is again upon us, it's as well to review last year's saga. This, as well as giving due publicity, also serves as a warning to other strugglers of what they are up against from early March.

The club B.A.R. is John Honeyball, with a four-distance average of 20.7 m.p.h. and he also won the S.C.A. three-distance B.A.R. with 19.6 m.p.h. which would have been higher but for a marshalling error in the K.C.A. 12 hours. He won one club 25 and achieved a personal best in the Southampton Wheelers 50. Silent strongman Tony Andrews won the Lewes/Newhaven and return club 25, the 15 and 30 mile and also the evening 10 series to wrap up a very useful season and make people wonder what he could do if he trained properly - or at all! Pete Burberry got the other 25 and 50 and also knocked nearly nine minutes off his own Emsworth-Rye (A travers Sussex) ninety mile record which he lowered to 4-7-13. After the 397 miles Catford 24 ride he developed knee trouble which wasn't improved by an inside 'evens' 100 a fortnight later, so shortening his season. Police Sergeant Michael Burgess, irreverently referred to as 'The Copper', shattered all his 'Chainwheel Creek' adversaries and took that unique trophy into custody. He was a 'very chuffed' second in the club 50 and also 'knocked off' a few handicaps when the others weren't looking - not bad for the longest-serving Wanderer. Son Ian was best junior and won the 2nd handicap in the evening 10 series, while his sister Alison added glamour to the race scene. Mick Kilby raised a few eyebrows when he purloined the evening 10 series handicap, and later he trampled to some purpose in the E.S.C.A. 100 and rendered

our contingent speechless when he clobbered 'em! Ian Landless has been thrashing from Seaford to Brighton and back every day so if he starts to go like Cliff Sharp when he was doing that, you'll know why!

Still on the hectic stuff although of a different sort, the club A.G.M. saw the old gang re-elected after the usual uproar had been ably dealt with by Chairman Burbery, whose threats and table banging restored order on numerous occasions. This is nothing new - in fact a quiet Lewes meeting would suggest the possibility of an imminent coup by subversive elements! Our President, Jack Goldstein, who made a welcome re-appearance towards the end of the season, was later stricken with a sudden attack of meningitis. This came as a great shock to all. ESCAbods will join us in wishing Jack a full recovery and a swift return to the sport.

Shortly after having his forks break, Ian Landless, was clobbered by a car. He's O.K., but his chainstays were somewhat modified, giving him a crablike gait. He suffered this for about three weeks and then got things squared up, after which he said "It feels all wrong to be riding in a straight line".

Brian Wilkins is, in addition to be club coach and racing secretary, Sussex Division Track Secretary. He just about scraped home in the club Reliability trial, saying that his legs 'went dead' at Uckfield (in the first ten miles). Now THERE'S a fine example to all his hard-driven coaching victims!

Promotor John Honeyball was pleased to see thirty-eight riders of whom all but one finished on a very cold day. Snow at Woods Corner reminded older hands of wintry epics on the old Hardriders 12 course.

It being our turn to elect the E.S.C.A. President for 1976, the unanimous choice was the Copper. It was

observed that he could have no valid reason for not starting at No. 1 in the Hardriders, as per tradition! In view of this appointment ESCAbods would do well to watch their road manners in this year's event.

Unfortunately, we shan't be running our evening RR Criterium this year due to Division dissatisfaction with the course. Instead, we're putting on a 22-mile circuit T.T., starting and finishing at Ringmer, on July 17th. Efforts will be made to resume the Criterium in 1977.

Finally, with all the booze, dinners etc. and a blurry memory, take steps to redress the balance and may the Lord have mercy on your legs and lungs in the Hardriders!

Yours from the Sag Wagon. Al Moran.

NEW LINES

I've been trying out a quartz crystal electronic stopwatch. It has a digital display and reads down to one hundredth of a second. The split button gives you a stopped split reading, then on re-pressing, catches up to elapse time instantly.

Alternatively it will give the split, then on re-pressing catch up to a new time which it self-started at zero on the split being called for. (Ideal for relays, lap times etc.)

Called the TIMEMASTER 101, it is 5ins. x 2½ins x 1½ins., weighs 7 ozs., runs on a PP3-P battery. Price £33. from Wharton Electronics. Give Ed. a buzz if interested.

SOUTHBOROUGH AND DISTRICT WHEELERS

The Monday mists (the mental ones) slowly cleared as the chap at work with a hammer in my head eventually gave up at the approach of tea-time. Memories of yet another Saturday night dinner and a run on Sunday faded painfully. However, the thought lingered on that something should have happened on February 9th. Yes - you guessed it, the Bonk report. In a nutshell, that is the story of our social season, with hazy memories of Saturday dinners drifting into Sundays, and potter runs that arrive at pint dispensaries at Sunday noon! Recently it was the turn of the San Fairy Ann, but that's almost the finish, that is, apart from our Barn Dance on March 20th at West Peckham.

For all that, racing of a varied quality, has taken place and a veritable cornucopia is planned for your future delection. Firstly, the recent promotions. Top of the list must be the Southborough New Year's Day 10 at Hafenden Quarter, near Smarden. Unsung and unheralded by due listing in the handbook, it attracted an entry of forty. Two notable achievements were chalked up, though. Firstly, something approaching one hundred and fifty club folk came out to watch and crowded the prize-giving ceremony afterwards. Secondly, Tom Smith, established a good course record, for its inaugeration as an 'open', of 24.42. Now's the time to get your diaries out (the 1977 ones) and book January 1st., and in the 1976 ones, note in December to post your entry at the same time as the Christmas cards to Australia. The other event of note was the Boxing Day 10. Everyone rode, from the nine-year olds to a mixture of Mums and Dads, on anything from a Fairy cycle to a tandem. Nobody fell off, or got lost and all won a prize! mostly liquid.

The more enthusiastic folk are hacking round in mini chain-gangs, awaiting the 'off' in mid-February. Your future plans will have, of course, to include the May 22nd weekend. That is the date of 'Cyclorama 76' at

Eridge. It is a trade sponsored, Charity raising, cycle trade fair. If all the planning slots in, we are promoting the following programme:-

- Friday May 21st - Professional cycle racing on closed roads in Tunbridge Wells.
- Saturday May 22nd - (7 a.m.) 10-mile time trial on Q.10/19, followed by roller racing at Eridge.
- Sunday May 23rd - Amateur road race for juniors/Thirds and firsts/seconds based on Frant/Eridge.

Co-ordinator is Alf Obbard. See you there.

The A.G.M. passed relatively quietly. Peggy Obbard is now the social secretary, which means you will need a French/English dictionary to understand our next dinner menu! Robin has prised the Treasurer's job from Spider's grasp. The latter denies that he is using the extra time for training, although observers report that he has not improved the turn round time for his District post.

This year's Easter Tourlet is planned for East Anglia, but not a word of warning to the locals, please. That's it folks. Stand by for the Kentish invasion at the Hardriders.

The B.B.B. Bird loving, Boozing Bikie.

ROAD RECORDS

Will those riders wishing to attempt place to place records, please write to Racing Secretary Iris Stevens. Fourteen days notice is the minimum allowed.

BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.

One criticism to start with Ed. don't you realise that this is EQUALITY year? Fancy introducing a 'Ladies' page at a time like this... for years the cycle clothing manufacturers have encouraged us to wear the same gear as the men by simply not making ladies shorts/plusses or other items ... we've had UNISEX events for some time now and as I only ever compete locally, cannot recall the last time I rode a 'LADIES' event (and I'm NOT that old!) ... on club runs I have to MANhandle my machine over just as many fences, through as many muddy fields, across rough tracks, wade rivers, drink best bitter, ride similar equipment as the lads (no special saddles as in the old days of Petronella) and now YOU want to segregate us! Why - for the second year running, the Touring Competition has been won by a LADY; I, myself, had the honour in 1974 and Iris carried on the tradition in '75 (congratulations Iris, it's not a bad trophy to clean?, and I understand a lady in the East Grinstead intends to be the successor in 1976! You chaps always seem to be under the impression that we ladies have a lot to say, well, you should see the 'phone bill my husband runs up!

(I merely thought that as women work harder and contribute more to life, they were entitled to privilege. Ed.)

For the time being, I shall assume equal rights and instead of behaving like a perfect lady, shall continue to insult Geoff Boore as much as I choose. I think perhaps the Central should buy him a new deodorant out of club funds as I know it can't be his sparkling personality alone that has encouraged Frank Godwin to return to us on bended knee; and as we see from Cycling, the Central is without doubt the strongest club in the area, so it must have been something BIG or nasty or frightening that put Frank off. Seriously though, he hasn't said a bad word about them, it's just that he missed us so much (and didn't really like lowering his standards)! We're

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very pleased to have him back, especially with the season almost upon us and with Dave Elson out of commission with knee trouble, we could see the old two-up partnership in action again.

Rick has his new racing machine, a Dave Moulton, as is the new Stringer tandem; all we need is some decent weather, tubs for the solo, coupled with some fitness and we'll be steaming around.

The social season has, without doubt, been a good one for the Excelsior. Two items which have become somewhat annual traditions, the film show and the Isle of Wight weekend, were most successful. Some of the movie films left something to be desired, but the slides of club activities throughout the previous year were greeted with enthusiasm. Old the movies may have been, but at least they gave us a chance to look at dear old Tom Simpson in action. In an effort to avoid any disappointment next year, we have already approached the guy with the Shimano film of the World Championships and hope to borrow this for showing at our clubroom in November. The crowded kitchen conditions at Whitwell Hostel were not up to par, plus the fact that the village pub will not accept hostellers. This thoroughly disgusted and angered the West Surrey Road Club, who were there that same weekend and made us decide on a different headquarters in future. Chris battled through the snow recently to visit the newly opened hostel at Totland which sounds absolutely ideal. Don't rush folks, he's not taking bookings yet, (we don't go until October '76!) Chris is, however, taking bookings for the Easter and Summer trips, final plans for which have still to be made. These will not, due entirely to lack of funds, be to the Continent. Five of us have, however, arranged a special little trip to see the Tour de France when it reaches the north coast; we have chartered a Piper Aztec from Shoreham to Le Touquet (fortunately the price includes an experienced pilot); and I understand Colin Hudson is prepared to make a trip

with minibus if sufficient interest is shown, presumably using the Newhaven ferry for the Channel crossing. Forthcoming attractions in the more immediate future include hostelling weekends to Doddington and Jordons, the latter taking in the Pernod Grand Prix event.

The two other highly successful occasions of the social season worth recalling were the Annual Luncheon at Amberley, where Mr. Sidebottom put on an even more splendid array of food and showed such hospitality that the entire club was satisfied in every way - only one criticism, from Chuck, after bouncing over a barbed wire fence in Parham Park, complete with bike, (which won him the award for the best trick of the year) "Next year I won't take the kangaroo soup". Is there a word to describe our club dinner?.... I can think of many inadequate ones. The costumes were more splendiferous than ever; the food excellent; the gaiety fantasmagorical; the dancing terrible; the drinking - pretty uncontrollable; the overall effect superlative.

With the arrival of the coldest weather of the winter we held our 100 mile Reliability Trial. Fortunately, one had the choice of one, two or three laps of a somewhat hilly course and due to conditions prevailing on the day, nobody chose the maximum distance. Those who rode appreciated the hot drinks provided at Edburton and our thanks to Colin for the organisation - all we want now is certifying. B.C.F. coach Tony Yorke did one lap, but his performance without doubt was overshadowed by that of our own club's thirteen year old Martin Reeves, who got round in two hours four minutes!

We seem to have suffered a number of injuries (including one who LOST his teeth for a few hours) during the social season, but hope the newcomers to our ranks, Adrian, Gary, Les and others, will fill some of the gaps, and that our racing men will make their presence felt later on in the year.

We were happily able to announce an increase in membership, and financial profit for the year 1975 at our A.G.M. and hope we're set on course for a good year in 1976. Our thanks to all those people who help us in one way or another such as Mr. and Mrs. Sturt, with refreshments, also Mr. and Mrs. Elson; those who gave donations; and, of course, Mrs. Cook. Without her, half of us wouldn't be riding bikes at all.

In case they should receive a copy of Bonk, we send friendly greetings to our more distant members - Brian Toghill, currently residing in a tent pitched in the snowy mountains of New Zealand; and the Sturt family, near the China Clay Mountains of St. Austell - keep sending the subscriptions, folks, but better still, send yourselves back 'home' sometime.

Val Stringer

IRONSIDE RIDES AGAIN

Crawley's admirable Chairman ('chair' being used advisedly) Basil Chilcott has been accepted as a member of the Century Cycling Club of America. He says only 'ACTIVE' cyclists can join. Bas is rumoured to be looking for a machine to get some miles in before he is rumbled by our all-American cousins!

BLITZKRIEG

Dave Lloyd's comments in the 'Comic' about "guts" and "Killing them" were puzzling. I thought that cycling was a pleasant passtime and that the War in Europe ended in 1945. A glass of warm milk and a lie-down are called for to get over the excitement of it all!

HASTINGS C.C.

Well, we made it to the hundred. 1875 started it all, but Hastings bods have been more than 'ordinary' cyclists over the century. We're a bit more subdued now, but have decided to start the second 100 with youthful awareness by electing Peter Baker club secretary. Peter, who lives at 56 Blackman Avenue, St. Leonards (Hastings 437522) is the chap to receive all the bumf.

To uphold the vets. Ted Coussens, our oldest member at eighty-two years added 5,784 miles to his life total during 1975, topping 1974 by 60 miles. Jack (peak cap) Southerden's 11,488 takes him into the coveted 300,000 bracket after twenty-seven years in the saddle (and got him in 'The Comic' too!)

There is no doubt that 1975 was the year of the vet. Chaps coming back all over the county. Guy Little has persuaded Jim Mackie out again and they cycle together regularly, despite doctors saying Jim would not ride again.

The members are considering a whip-round to despatch Dennis to the Royal Academy of Music as lately his piano is getting worked over more than his cycle! Robin Peters has felt the effect of the 'big shake-out' that Mr. Wilson and his cronies began with such a flourish a few years back, and has had to sell his racing iron but has now, rumour has it, started building up old cycles - anyone interested?

Dave Morris has continued to do yeoman service at the front of the club runs, with Audrey on the back, the familiar tandem has led some marathon runs. On solos Dave's not so hot, though, as you may remember his chain shedding episode in the Kent vets. 25, still, he wasn't last. His final mistake was to doze off at the A.G.M. and awake annointed, sceptre in hand as club captain and press secretary!

We haven't seen much of John Coleman lately as his training miles have been of the solitary kind - preparing for the lone breaks no doubt, but when the Spring arrives, doubtless he'll be going even faster. His father is home from hospital and despite his troubles, doesn't let them dominate him.

Which brings me to the dinner and dance where Arthur spoke giving a good account of himself, drawing on his considerable experience. One hundred and fourteen guests were entertained at the Royal Victoria and all praised Barbara's efforts in organising.

John Coleman took the Schoolboy 10 record with 24.15 and was also beat Schoolboy at 25 miles.

Our new secretary took the Junior 25 (1.2.54) and 50 (2.11.51) records to become our 1975 B.A.R. Jack's 1,523 racing miles brought him to Vet. B.A.R.

The evening was frozen for posterity with a picture of the Mayor, Councillor J. Hodgson, seated on Dave's cycle appearing on page one of the local paper.

An so here's to 1976, join us at our Open '10' on the Pevensey course on May 23rd, which Esther Carpenter is running. Until then keep rolling!

STEERSMAN

FOUND IN THE CREAK

At the Hastings dinner the toastmaster used a lefthand cycle crank as a gavel.

BRIGHTON MITRE

Belated compliments of the season to all ESCAbods, may 1976 be the year of the cycle.

Since the last edition, club fortunes have continued to improve, first major event being our Open 25. Robin Johnson again doing an amazing job having obtained loot from all over the country and canteen sales rivalling Joe Lyons. This year's event will be on the G.938.

One section of the club, notably the Leigh family, seems to regard October as the start of the season rather than the end, being keen cyclo-cross addicts. All three brothers have been regularly in the placings, Colin gaining the junior award at the South of England Championship. Owen and Colin have each gained 'first junior' in several events, and oldest, and shortest, brother Martin was usually well placed in the senior events.

The cyclo-cross season having virtually ended south of London, the club has turned its sights in another direction, and there seems some sort of competition to see who can ride the most Reliability trials, starting with the Catford event on January 24th.

This will result in a reduction to our club run strength, which has been seeing better turn-outs than for a couple of years and includes an encouraging number of new members. In company with some other local clubs, winter is our main club run period, as it is difficult to raise a reasonable turnout with so many members racing. To date this year, twenty-one members have appeared on club runs, although unfortunately not all at once, some of our new members struggle for a few weeks, and then go to Tony Yorke's gym and start dropping me on the hills. There must be a moral somewhere.

The club dinner at the Black Lion was again ably organised by Phil Payne, with an attendance of just over one hundred. Guest speaker was Dave Handley reminiscing on his visits over many years to Preston Park.

This year's dinner will have to be at a new venue, as the Black Lion did not maintain our booking. Negotiations are proceeding.

Prospects for the coming season are good with, hopefully, about twenty members competing in one sort of event or another. I am not sure what sort of turnout we will have for the E.S.C.A. events, with the majority of younger riders being more interested in road racing.

Recent hazardous happenings include the acquiring by Clive Oxborrow of his own vehicle, who has intentions of racing in Belgium this season. This should ensure our exit from the Common Market! Martin Leigh has passed his driving test, and Adrian Morris has acquired a moped to save climbing Mill Hill on his way to work each morning.

A welcome sight on the club scene has been Keith Chandler's re-appearance after an absence from the area due to work. Alan Handley was overcome with nostalgia at the club dinner and promptly re-appeared on club runs, and so far has lost about a stone in weight and £150 for a new cycle. Robin Johnson, after a slack season last year, is reported to be training again; we might manage a higher position in the points table this year if all the promises are kept. A couple of club T.T's. are being run in association with E.S.C.A. events, including the May 25 and the 100, so we hope to see a good turnout in these at least.

That is all - see you at most E.S.C.A. events, I hope.

Ken Wells.

CRAWLEY WHEELERS

Last season seems an age away and rather late to include performances back that far. I will, however, offer our congratulations to John Pratt (and company) on becoming club B.A.R. In the process he set new club records for 'outriggers' at thirty, fifty and one hundred miles and 24 hours. He was assisted, especially during the 24 hour by wife Jill and sister Anne. Now would be a good time to offer thanks to all our other halves for putting up with endless training, washing etc.

On the training front, Mark Jones and Mark Boorsma have been to Calshot on the boards for a weekend. Sonny Jones was also fastest juvenile in the local Christmas '25' on the hilly Holmswood course clocking one hour eleven minutes. Who said there was only one juvenile? (it wasn't me).

Club runs have been going well so far with only one or two Sundays completely rained off. Highlights so far are as follows:

- 1) On the day of the E.S.C.A. hillclimb a run with Auntie Val and the Grinnys around the East Grinstead area!
- 2) A bitterly cold clubrun over Newlands Corner, twice, in freezing fog to Woking to meet Christine Jones' four weekenders, who were supposedly returning from Henley-on-Thames. We did find a pub with a large fire to sit by for two hours, but no sign of C.J. At the clubroom the following Friday we found they had not reached Guildford, never mind Henley! No wonder she's usually found off the back on clubruns. Don't worry Chris - we're only joking!
- 3) The delightful run when Dave Boorsma and I plodded down to the E.S.C.A. A.G.M. and learnt to our amazement that E.S.C.A. is run almost single handed by our Noddy.

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The Merrydown Wine Company is situated in the centre of Horam village on the A.267 Tunbridge Wells to Eastbourne road. On the forecourt stands the Merrydown Wine Shop which offers the finest range of English wines and fruit wines in the country, as well as stocking all the best known names in beers, wines and spirits. From May until August inclusive on Mondays to Thursdays at 2 p.m. and 3 p.m. it is possible to see round the Winery and sample the Vintage Cider. Admission 20p per head.

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Crow made an outstanding entrance complete with a large car number plate protruding from his bonk bag, but never did hear an explanation concerning this.

Our Christmas morning 10 was spoilt by rain and didn't take place, much to Dave Stokes' dismay as he had psyched himself up to actually ride it. Honestly Dave, we'd love to see you ride occasionally, as long as it doesn't interfere with your timekeeping!! However, four of us rode round most of the course before calling in for a Christmas Day pinta (what do you mean - milk!) Well, three of us were from Crawley, the fourth, Paul Lipscombe Central Sussex. I believe rumour has it that P.L. is one of the Boores talent scouts, can this be fact? New Years Day was also celebrated with a morning ride.

A particularly well-supported run took place on the 18th January to Worthing; we were even escorted by two E.S.C.A. scouts who were going to the S.C.A. lunch at Shoreham. Whilst in Worthing, we came across one George Matthews, a native of those parts, who said "I don't know about such places" when we asked him for the best pub to lunch in, and then gave us some proposterous tale of having cycled up to Bromley already that morning. The day before this, fifteen members attended Neville Chanin's slide-show at Cuckfield and have reported that it was an enjoyable evening, so thanks to the organiser.

On the 25th January the first of the Crawley's Reliability trials was held. Snow the night before and a bitterly cold morning with a strong northerly wind made us wonder whether anyone would turn up. Two rides were held, one for those needing to be home for dinner, Crawley-Henfield-Crawley, and the other Crawley-Worthing Pier-Crawley. Both organised by Gordon Christenson. Times given to do the rides varied, fifteen people opting for Henfield and back. Of these, thirteen completed within their chosen time limits. Twenty hardy (or demented) souls attempted the Worthing run, only seven gaining certificates. It

should have been eight more, except that I needed nicotine and alcohol, capping it all by going absolutely to pieces in Horsham on the home run. My humble apologies to my group, they should know me by now, but keep giving me one more chance!

Again, we would thank the following clubs for sending members to support this event, namely Redhill C.C. Central Sussex C.C. and East Grinstead C.C. (with Auntie Val). Personally, I would like to see more of these inter-club get togethers during the winter, how do others feel?

Finally, John Christenson is organising a potterers section on the first Sunday in the month, starting February, leaving 'The George', Crawley at ten o'clock. My own runs leave from the same venue every Sunday at 09.45 sharp, usually covering between sixty and one hundred miles depending on the weather. ALL riders are welcome, and I can assure other clubs I am not looking for their members to swell our ranks permanently. I just like big club run groups, as it takes me longer to get shot out off the back.

Malcolm Pink.

THINGS IMPROVING IN BURGESS HILL

What did Geoff Boore have in his flask at the Lewes Reliability Trials? It made him smell like a distillery.

What do you get if you cross a parrot, a gollivog and a cartoonist?

Follywollydoodle-all-the-day!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

Bravo I.T.V. for cycling coverage, but what ridiculous idiot on the other channel is responsible for the 'cycling' in this 'Superstars' rubbish? I'll admit to knowing nothing about track racing, but that bloke must know even less. Only thing about it is that the more rubbish they put on the box, the less I look at it.

Yours faithfully,

D. Lock.

Sir,

Why-oh-why is it necessary for racing people to wear those vile, RUDE black shorts? (Ballet dancers have NOTHING on THEM!)

To say it is laid down by the R.T.T.C. or what-have-you is an excuse, not a reason.

Lest any of you gentlemen wearers imagine that they create a picture of manly charms, let me put him straight - they do not enhance you in the least. Let's face it, they make the average cyclists and Englishman's short, bandy, lumpy, pasty legs look even more so! Perish the vision of a luscious female passing in an E-type being overcome by the alluring sigat and whisking you off to Lord-knows-where.

So come on, what's the idea?

'Incredulous', Sussex.

Sir,

I recall a circular complaining about the poor behaviour of some riders in a R.R. near Lewes last season.

Is there any connection between this and the Division's objection to the Lewes Criterium this year?

If so, could E.S.C.A. riders be given the details please?

Sincerely,

E.J.

Eastbourne.

I'M BONK - BUY ME

We want every club cyclist in Sussex to buy a copy. Don't tell us you're not interested - we're here to make it the magazine you WANT to read. Tell us what you like in this and what you do not; also what you think is missing. This way Bonk will really become a representative publication.

The whole idea of Bonk is to bind the county together - to make it a strong voice to be heard. To encourage an increased membership, so cycling is recognised as a forceful lobby by local Government when monies for facilities are handed out.

NEXT ISSUE OUT MAY 1st. COPY DATE FOR GENERAL ARTICLES AND LETTERS ETC. 15th APRIL.

CLUB REPORTS FIRST POST 21st APRIL (TO ENABLE YOU TO SEND EASTER RESULTS)

SE SWEET 'N' SIMPLE

This is by way of being the highly abbreviated trailer for a series (starting with the next issue) on the kinds of foods we should try to eat, especially people like you, who need maximum energy output from your bodies.

White is rubbish - brown is beautiful, so let's start with Sunday afternoon and ban white flour from our table.

Sunday Sandwiches.

4 slices wholemeal bread: Butter or margarine
Honey. 2 small, or 1 large
2 heaped tablespoons of banana.
chopped walnuts.

Just spread the bread with the chosen fat, and put honey on 2 of the slices. Crush the banana with a fork and put on top of the honeyed slices, sprinkle with walnuts, top with the remaining 2 slices and tuck in!

See you next issue - Weasel.

Is the unidentified 'peeper' at Westgreen in fact Crow trying to learn new positions to teach his Yoga class?

WINDMILLS OF HIS MIND.

Ken Savage, of Lewes Wanderers, has ordered a new frame in a do-or-die bid in 1976. Knowing his taste in 'circular saws' people are wondering about the bottom bracket height necessary for an eighty-tooth chainring!

COMING EVENTS

CRAWLEY

Sunday 14th March - Reliability rides. Crawley-Lewes-Newhaven-Crawley. All ages, distances and times catered for. Certificates to those finishing within their limit time.

Entries:- Seniors 15p S/boy or girl 10p.

April 16th.

Good Friday

- Course G632 (Salfords Sporting!) Crawley Open 25. Fastest 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 1st, 2nd and 3rd on handicap. Prize for 1st S/boy or girl.

Organiser M.A. Pink. Forms will be sent to all TT secs. in E.S.C.A. in due course.

WORTHING

Saturday 8th May - Open Road Race. Headquarters Thakeham Village Hall.

Saturday 22nd May - Open 25 T.T. G.938.

Sunday 29th August - Worthing Fiesta Kermesse. Events for all categories. On Worthing seafront.

E.S.C.A. HORRORSCOPE 1976

MARCH Racing season begins with sub-zero temperatures and pack-ice at Heathfield. Hardriders' survivors rescued by St. Bernards. Neevo loses time (two days) at start. Stevensmobile big-ends knocking. Humphrey says police sure to ban course in future. Association finances shaky.

APRIL Weather worse, glacial at Hellingly. Boore collides with a penguin in T.T.T. - says "What's happened to his partner?" Crow marooned in mid-air when Osgear jams in a raised drain. Humphrey says course will have to go. Stevensmobile knocking. Financial position precarious.

G.W.

LISTEN WITH LOCK

Every Friday in Sports Parade on Radio Brighton (Medium Wave 202 m, VHF 95.3 MHz) Don Lock presents a newsy and interesting "Cycling Spot". This programme goes out at 18.15. He also keeps Radio Brighton informed of all results, so please let him have details of all your events and all interesting news items. Send him start sheets and telephone him with results as it makes it so much easier.

DON LOCK - 7 WELLDAND ROAD, WORTHING. TELEPHONE 62724.

THERE IS TO BE A DESIGN COMPETITION FOR THE 1977 BONK COVER. DETAILS IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE
OR

HERMAPHRODITES AHOY!

So now we're equal. What nonsense. Women and men can never be equal, or superior or inferior to one another. They are simply this - different. Each excels in their own right.

Men should, by Nature, be aggressive, strong, capable of bearing greater physical and mental stresses, hunters and providers; whilst women, gentle, soothing, biologically stronger, and loving and protecting to their husbands and young. Mother Nature is never wrong. People smoke, and look what happens; drive ridiculous cars and die in thousands; watch television and lose the ability to converse or read; take harsh drugs to 'pep-up/calm-down/re-vitalize' etc. and suffer serious, and sometimes fatal, side-effects.

A woman is a first-rate female, not a second-rate male - we have too many of those already - yet she is being coerced into believing she is 'inferior' by not wielding a pick-axe, driving juggernauts, knocking back pints of beer and so on. And now, tragically, she is finally being pushed into believing she must be 'equal' enough to compete in appearance with men.

What REAL, masculine man does not have his heart lightened by the interested attention of a woman, be she modestly coy or blatantly inviting? Can it really be the BACK of a softly curving body that he wants to slap? Does he relish the idea of dropping a kiss onto the iron-hard trapezius-bound shoulder of his lover? - or possibly he whistles in admiration at her bulging fourteen inch calves and size nine shoes. Never!! Compare, for example, Julie Christie, Sophia Loren, Brigitte Bardot with Ilona Shonkwecht (the fair-faced but boxer-bodied Fraulein of shot-putting fame), Renate Stecher and Ivanka Khristova, then see which is the deadlier of the species.

"She must be half a man" was the disgusted mutter about one of the 'strapping wenches' embarking upon a speed-skating trial. Exceptional sports people they may be, but women in name only, having more than their fair share of testosterone.

Reverse the coin - how many women, upon receiving an anonymous bouquet, do not feel 100% female? Do they gaily toss it to the nearest male with a cheery "Here-you-are-mate, have this one on me"? Which would they prefer, a gift of satin underwear or a Black and Decker drill, a giant flacon of perfume or a pair of boxing gloves? Maybe they dream secretly whilst up to the elbows in axle-grease of a slim-shouldered, golden-haired, falsetto voiced young man who would carry them away to better things if he could cope with the weight.

Oh, the stupidity of it all. Take heed from Russia, all you legislators, Women's libbers, and do-gooders, for in the not-too-distant future, a man will not find a Mistress - but a MATE!

'Scorpion'

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PHOTOGRAPHS PLEASE

A lot of cyclists produce good photographs. Bonk is looking for some to publish.

Monochrome, glossy prints, not smaller than postcard, of cycle happenings in the East Sussex area since March 1st.

To the Editor before Friday 23rd April.

s m a l l a d s .

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