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EDITORIAL COMMENT

This is my last issue. It has been a disappointing year for me, even discounting mechanical problems. Response has been poor, few letters, articles or pictures have come in and some of the correspondents elected by their clubs have to be chased before sending reports.

I feel the committee made a miscalculation at the start of '76 by assuming that the club members would take more to heart a magazine they had to pay for. We had not reckoned with the cyclists' apparent meanness and 10p every other month has amazingly proved too much for their zippered purses. With hindsight it might have been better to issue Bonk free to all club members and finance it by a direct annual levy on the member clubs. That way, at least, more would have been reached with what was written.

I wish my successor better luck.

I want to thank the following people:-

Humph, for duplicating the magazine despite all his other duties.

My wife for selling the advertising space and typing the paste-up.

Jane Lade for cutting the stencils.

My Mother for helping with folding and collating.

All who wrote letters.

Those who sold Bonk.

The club correspondents who sent their material on time.

The readers who bought the final product, Without you we would not have got as far as we have.

Farewell!

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

Greeting to all Escabods once again. A lot of effluent has passed along the sewers again since you last had the pleasure of reading about the antics of the Lewes aristocracy, but you can be sure that, like your scribe, they've still been around. Due to overwork through the loss of his workshop, your scribe has been too busy to pick up his pen, therefore, despite many hard words from clubmates, was unable to do their scintillating performances justice in Bonk. (Now there appears to be TWO Lewes reporters Ed.)

Gazing backwards it can be said that the club has had a fair season with several personal bests being recorded, not surprising in view of that fantastic summer.

The evening 10 series was won by Steve Myatt, with Ian Burgess runner-up at 6 seconds - not bad for a schoolboy! Schoolboy Kiatt Kuang grabbed the Handicap, with Ian Burgess again runner-up. Among the 'personals' mentioned were John Honeyball's 2.14.28 in the Hampshire R.C. 50, and Ian Landless' 2.18.3 in the same event. The latter stunned all and sundry when he trampled to a 4.44 in the S.C.A. 100, the best at that distance by a club rider for some time. Another shatterer was when the Copper sallied forth to Yorkshire on a course and took the opportunity to try a 25 up there. He did a short 6!!! As mentioned, son Ian has been riding well, having started the season with a 14 and finished it getting down to a 7. He did an 8 on a hard morning in the Bognor and collared the Handicap, and has several 26's at 10 miles. The September 25 saw a 6 from Pete Burbery, a 7 from Graham Seymour and an 8 from the Copper who thus apprehended the Handicap, a fitting finale to his year as Association President.

At the other end of the scale the turn marshal in the evening 10's spied an unfamiliar bulk heaving itself over the last Piddinghoe bump. As it got nearer, dis-

belief turns to amazement as a very well remembered sten-torian bellow from the past announced "Five miles and nobody's caught me yet" - yes, folks Agg was back. Shortly after the turn he was, in fact, caught by Jane Lade doing a personal best for the Rodmell course. Afterwards she said that it had definitely made her racing season!

One name missing from the racing results is that of Tony Andrews who suddenly got all keen on touring, (and was reputedly courting as well). He was responsible for what was surely the understatement of the decade when he told Bob Rix (Seaford C.T.C.) "I've ridden one or two time trials with Lewes Wanderers". He won five club trophies last year.

Club B.A.R. contestants Honeyball and Burbery are still waiting for a Poole 12 hours result sheet to see who has won.

Clubruns under the lash of Honeyball take place every Sunday from Lewes bus station, and are reasonably well supported. Dick Whittington has revealed that although not racing last season he wasn't wasting his time as Beryl is expecting another addition to the family.

Burbery, the Copper and son Ian have completed a tour of Snowdonia. Everyone is glad to see our current President Jack Goldstein out and about again after his spell in hospital. He's promoting the Sussex Division R.R. Championships next year, back on the Rushlake Green course, subject to approval, so we'll expect a bumper entry.

All those who regarded Al Moran as washed up, finished and defunked should have a word with no less trio than Terry Leach and John and Pam Dutson, who had the traumatic experience of being torn up by your scribe, hanging on like grim death to a flying Geoff Boxall after the last 25.

Continued overleaf

Now come the bits that will be noted by all discerning Escabods. Lewes Wanderers Reliability Trial will be held on Sunday, January 30th 1977, so keep the date clear so that we get a bumper entry. Details from John Honeyball. The dinner will be on Saturday, February 19th 1977 at the Elephant & Castle, Lewes, as usual, tickets £1.50. Let's have you there in force again, for another riotous evening, and a first-class meal thrown in.

On that happy note we say all the best for good wheeling and a bumper social season to boot. See you hanging round the lamp-post.

Al Moran.

THOUGHTS ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

There ought to be capital punishment for cars that run over rabbits and drive into dogs and commit the unspeakable, unpardonable crime of killing a kitty cat still in his prime.

Purgatory, at the very least should await the driver driving over a beast.

Those hurrying headlights coming out of the dark that scatter the scampering squirrels in the park should await the best jury that one might compose of fatherless chipmunks and husbandless does.

Rod McKuen.

EASTBOURNE ROVERS

Committee meetings are still very lively and necessary to the running of the Rovers. As I have said before, the strength of a club is measurable by its officers and what goes on at their discussions is every bit as important as what happens up the road. However, judging by the state of some aspects of East Sussex cycling not every club subscribes to this belief. We did miss out one monthly meeting this year and the resultant pressure of business made the next one last till midnight.

Some of this glittering array of collective administrative genius has been directed at our annual dinner/dance. East year costs increase until now the ticket buyer is paying too much for the average fare that hotels dish up. Prices this year must be around £4. and upwards. I have seen London dinners at over £8. for which expenditure you could buy Cordon Bleu noshing at the Hungry Monk or Spinning Wheel. Additionally the youngsters on whose shoulders the club's future must lie are too poor or embarrassed to attend hotel functions and yet these are just the group clubs should be attracting. So to the revolution, brothers. No dinner at the Pier Hotel but an informal meal provided by an outside caterer and a disco for dancing. Result, kids can come on their bikes if they wish, everyone gets a good value steak and kidney meal and tickets are only £2. We realise that some guests from other clubs might think us odd, but the committee felt that its duty was to make it possible for all Rover members to attend for a real club get-together. Needless to say, all old friends will be welcome. Don't miss it on the 22nd of January 1977 at Hellingly Village Hall.

On the competitive scene several Rover members took part in the E.S.C.A. Touring competition, ably organised by 'The Copper', and enjoyed a good day's cycling (and motoring, if not a tiring one! The Hellingly to Nutley

morning section proved too far for most, and had everyone arriving at dinner in a good sweat. The afternoon section in the lanes south of Crowborough, had them grunting up leaf-covered hills and riding through supposedly 'non-existent' fords, which apparently appeared after the recent heavy rains. However, we were extremely pleased with the outcome of the competition with Graham Lade taking first place in the individual section by 10 points, and Graham and Bruce Allcorn (eventual 6th place) also taking the Rally Shield team award.

Attendance on club nights is averaging around 15 to 20. Ken S. has been giving some talks on bicycle maintenance, especially appropriate as so many youngsters can't fit a tyre without levers. An interesting sidelight on this aspect of clubmanship appeared when a young lad arrived on his new and shining Viscount Aerospace Sports. It is fitted with sprints, but the suppliers (not Horace or any Bonk advertiser) had not glued on the tubs. We were able to save this innocent torn valves or worse. Despite the excellent bikes available over the counter nowadays from Viscount/Dawes/Motobecane etc. there are still some scandalous lapses. Choppers and Shoppers with brakes far too still for child or lady-like hands and are often quite ineffective until carefully 'set'. Just how many children are thus at risk nationally?

By the time this is printed Rovers should be dispensing Scotchlite reflective material to its members at low prices, a lead other clubs could follow with advantage.

January will see the new club badges available. Therefore, Rovers in 1977 will be instantly recognisable from afar (apart from their sprightly pace) by this gleaming symbol of their mastery in Sussex. We have had enough made to cater for all those who will wish to change clubs and join the elite not only in Sussex competition but in sartorial elegance. Keep gasping,

Orso Bruno.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ken,

Re Ron Ford's letter in the last issue, I, and others, regret the omission of the 'sweating courier' who was always featured on the 'Bonk' covers until the new format appeared. To me, and many others, he epitomised what the game is all about and I think that a place should be found for him on future covers without in any way interfering with the present design - possibly in the centre 'box'.

Incidentally, art teacher Joyce Sharp, Peter's wife, commented favourably on the present design which she described as remarkably good and so original.

Yours sincerely,

Alсорan.

(why didn't she enter the cover competition? - Ed.)

That hoary old joke about vehicles being driven by elastic was brought up to date by Cliff Sharp. He broke the accelerator spring on the Sharpmobile and drove around for months with a stout elastic band in lieu!

On page 27 of the last edition there's a misprint that leads Alсорan to ask if "The PINTS raised by the green loose insert in 'Bonk' 51 is an oblique reference to the well-known alcoholic capacity of Arthur Coleman, of Hastings!

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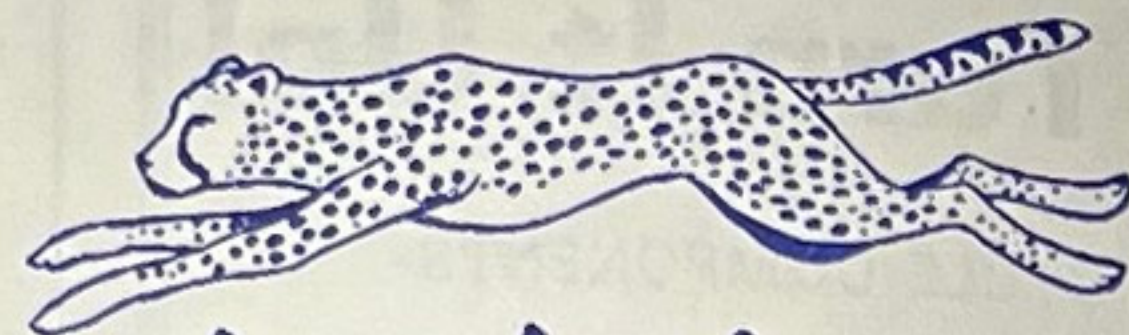
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BRIGHTON MITRE

Having been reminded by the Lewes scribe that these notes were due on the 1st of November, not December, I must hasten to put pen to paper.

Amongst recent happenings has been our open 25, moved to G.938 this year. Robin again achieved a full field, with the event closing at 1.7, not quite up to Q25/3 standards, but a rarity in these parts. The weather was again kind to us, in spite of a diabolical forecast, but Eddie Adkins 57.3, in spite of having his chain off, shows what can be done on that course in good conditions. Robin's usual impeccable organisation backed by Jumbo's civil engineering on the Result Board, and help from the club kept the event well up to standard.

Last Sunday was our Egg and Bacon event, which, for the uninitiated, means an egg, bacon and beans breakfast between the two halves of a 25. This year's event was cut in distance to about 18 miles due to roadworks at Cowfold. The entry of 24 this year included Yvonne Smith, Julie Harkness and Frank Blake's 10 year old daughter, Simone. Certain regulations are suspended for this event, but as a district committee member I had better not reveal which ones. Owing to a travesty of justice, the fastest time was recorded by yours truly, which tells you what sort of event it was. The schoolboys section was taken seriously by the smaller ones, Barry Cromber taking first place, and 'Baz' Abbo second place, both of them together being as tall as Colin Leigh.

The proposed Sports Festival at Withdean on the 11th of September unfortunately was washed out by the beginning of the monsoon, with about three inches of water on the running track. The idea was good, perhaps next year.

Arrangements for 1977 events have unfortunately resulted in a clash with independent negotiations for events with

two borough councils, resulting in events at Bexhill seafront and Brighton track on the same day, 24th July, this being the only date suitable for both cases. The Brighton event being after a lot of pressure by Bill Sladen for a fair crack of the whip for cycling for Sunday dates, and a hint of a regular date, after this we could hardly turn the offer down.

(This is the sort of fiasco that makes me glad to drop out - Ed.)

We shall also be promoting our 2-up 25 and open 25 as usual in 1977.

Club A.G.M. is on November 19th with Robin resigning as Treasurer because of an impending move and matrimony, we need a new Moneybags, hopefully, most of the other stalwarts will still be available.

Attendance at the clubroom has been fairly good, but I think we have had seven consecutive wet Fridays since the clubroom re-opened after the school holidays. Club-runs are getting under way. Alan Handley has been endeavouring to initiate some of the youngsters into the art of roughstuff.

At the end of the racing season we have managed to show the club's name fairly far and wide, with members taking part at the Isle of Man, Harrogate and Plymouth weeks, as well as events in north London, Southampton, Margate and other delightful spots.

The Cyclocross season started with a club championship run in conjunction with the cyclists versus Harriers event at Coulsdon, winner being Owen Leigh with Martin second and Rik Taub third. Fred Harkness completed his first Cyclocross event, and was heard to mutter "Never again".

K.M. Wells

SMILES NOT MILES

Peasant life was incredibly hard but by industrialising society, we have built one tyranny to replace another. Stress from business production schedules - from the media propagating materialism - from the obvious futility of rushing to develop, produce and sell articles that people don't need and don't even want until they are told life is incomplete without them.

So what to do about it? Buy a bike and ride away your worries? Enjoy a little stimulating racing - some hope!

How many miles a week has one to train to get placed these days, three hundred and up? 'Radsport' considers four hundred and twenty and for winter one hundred and twenty plus skating, badminton, circuits or what-have-you, just so one doesn't get out of condition. With this lifestyle the first thing to get out of condition is the mind!

It has happened in other 'amateur' sports, whereas a runner used to train twice a week, and race on Saturday, he now needs to run seventy to a hundred miles a week to be competitive at inter-club level. A youngster who is a strong swimmer can go for County selection and discover that the children beating him are in the pool three hours a day! No wonder kids get fired up at school and then, after two or three seasons, quit at eighteen, bored to death, I shouldn't wonder!

The starting line doesn't end your problems either - gamesmanship - the odd nudge - protests, are all too common. What of the competition? Clubmen up against thinly veiled pro's, chaps who run, ride, bat, swim for a living but 'Never take money prizes'. How long before this mockery of amateurism is scotched? In fact, what started as a method of unwinding and playing off your cholesterol build-up now puts in as much stress as

the factory. This will lead to only the dimmer elements joining in locomotor sports as no 'Bright young thing' is going to give up everything for one pastime.

So, a plea for common sense. Let's have more events for chaps who race for fun. Road races of thirty miles, shorter circuits so people can watch, more track racing, less fixation with the 'times' in time trials and a large diet of tens.

Pick a part of the sport where you can compete without becoming a fanatic, there are other things in life. Decide on the time you have available to 'play', for that is what it is, and compete at that level, do your best and if you can't get into the top echalons, say 'Stuff it', and just enjoy what you do.

Enjoy - that's the word, that's what it's all about, isn't it?

Editor.

Nice to visit Pooch-land for the E.S.C.A. hillclimb. While the writer was watching the purple-faced, groaning participants, his lady was off looking for small furry shadows from childhood. There were plenty of acorns about, so perhaps the shade of Piglet did pass by.

SHOES READY

PAUL, the Editor has your size 10 Gola Lilacs now.

The flight was exhilarating and the pilot most obligingly followed the South Downs after a

BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.

Our 'flying' visit to the Tour De France, at Le Touquet was without doubt the highlight of the year so far; our close proximity to the stars and their equipment gave ample scope for photography. The enthusiasm of the French people, particularly for their beloved 'Pou Pou' was infectious and had us leaving our 'mixed' dormitory at Montreuil Sur Mer at the most unearthly hours of the morning to ensure a grandstand position for both the time trial and the stage departure. Although the Hostel was somewhat 'primitive' the welcome given to the Anglais, as opposed to the other Hostellers, by Madame and Monsieur left nothing to be desired; they waved to us from the battlements on our departure and greeted us cheerfully on our return; escorted us to a late night fireworks display; ordered our taxis; and helped us clear up the filthy kitchen after the lazy Deatschlanders. On the Saturday night we were joined by a large party of South Bucks C.T.C. members and together we clustered round the Hostel's only indication of the 20th centurt - a T.V. set - for the day's action replay of the Tour. There seemed to be 'no rules - no duties'; and certainly no privacy - men and women all mixed up together in the two communicating sleeping rooms; Chris and Rick fled what they thought to be the ladies washroom and were treated to the sight of a naked Audrey Hughes emerging from the shower in the men's washroom (?), meantime, I was joined in the ladies' washroom (?) by a gorgeous Canadian who gallantly told me he wasn't a bit embarrassed but courteously volunteered to turn his head while I retreated to the dorm to dress, which performance was interrupted by a keen-eyed native - believe me, don't bother with foreign movies, just visit a French Hostel! (Do you notice the preoccupation with sex and/or nudity in the Excelsior notes - is Ropy Rider trying to tell us something? - Ed.)

Continued overleaf

The flight was exhilarating and the pilot most obligingly followed the South Downs way home to Shoreham after a blind flight across the Channel.

The club Summer Tour covering parts of England, Scotland and Wales was not without its adventure and entertainment value. We started in style at Harrogate taking in the Cycle Show which was most worthwhile and very extensive. Young Martin wore himself out on the exercise bikes and used half his film taking shots of all the bikes he'd like. We had trouble with him the next day as he became 'Shutter Happy' at the sight of every 1 in 3 sign for they were numerous on the North York moors - his holiday photos consist mainly of steep hill signs or close-ups of sheep - but we must make allowances for it was the 13 year old's first cycling expedition outside Sussex. The moorland fire that had been burning for three weeks caused us concern as we had to travel through the resultant smoke and dust storm for miles which nearly suffocated us despite our precautionary measures of donning cagoules, handkerchiefs and sunglasses; we could not see where we were going and two approaching vehicles with headlights on did not become obvious until we were within touching distance - not an experience I'd like to repeat. The steepest hill in Britain (according to the A.A.) Rosedale Chimney being 1 in 2½ in places, caused more excitement and it must have been roads like this that caused Gary's rear tyre to wear right through by the time we reached Wales in our second week of the tour. The discovery was made at the top of the notorious Bwylch y Groes Pass and repairs were carried out. At the start of the epic descent Mike also punctured and the habit didn't leave him for the rest of the tour. Martin won the award for the 'Grubby little divel' having a fatal attraction for grease and dirt. I know we were young once but not at any age would I have ridden and waded through the sewage stream at Boggle Hole! Still, it was an education having him along. Having stayed at 12 Youth Hostels he asked us on the last night what Y.H.A. stood for and "Have we

been to Wales yet?" It was a spirited youth that returned home to Mummy having covered 130 miles that final day home from Inglesham Hostel. Well done, Martin (and Chris, Mike, Rick, Gary and myself).

The all-night ride was poorly supported and shattered those who did turn out. The Isle of Wight weekend, which is usually so splendid, was rather a 'wash-out'. More than half the party were D.N.S. due either to illness, climatic conditions (gale and monsoon) or sheer feebleness, nevertheless, those who did continue had a good time and the Totland Hostel was approved of.

The evening 10's proved a popular social occasion and it seems that riders and helpers alike would like the number of events increased next year - a good sign. Roger Hughes once again won the Hill Climb Championship on Ditchling Beacon with Adrian taking second place with Martin third - just 30 seconds behind him.

New members to welcome are Dave and Jan Cotton whose white tandem attracts a certain amount of attention; Peter and Leslie Euden; and (I suppose we have to include him) Peter Shaw who has now joined us as a first claim member. Don't forget, Pete, that (after those stories about you and the Rugby Club) we're still waiting for you to prove yourself.

Anyone from other clubs reading these notes may be interested to know that Dick Jones has tickets available for our infamous club dinner which will again be at the Royal Coach, Shoreham, where we will be entertained by the Harry Strutters Hot Rhythm Orchestra on Saturday, 8th January 1977. If you really want to enjoy yourself and have a good meal, £4. is all it will cost you - it will no doubt be a night to remember so avoid disappointment by contacting Dick SOON. His address is 13 Dallington Road, Hove.

continued overleaf

Talking of addresses, Rick and Val Stringer now reside at 144 Downside, Shoreham-by-Sea, West Sussex, BN4 6HB, telephone Shoreham-by-Sea 3708, which is where all you keen lads and lasses should send your entries for the Hardriders so don't slacken off too much during the Social Season.

May I use your magazine to tell Trevor Budgen that he has our greatest admiration and we send him our sincere good wishes for the future.

Next big item on the Agenda is our December treat, the Christmas Lunch at the Black Horse, Amberley. Limited places for this one, so don't forget to get your qualifying rides in beforehand (this is intended for our wayward members who think a cyclist's life is one long social season).

'Ropey Rider'.

THOUGHT FOR DECEMBER

So to Christmas: the extra treats, the presents, the meeting with old friends, good and enjoyable! But think to enjoy something more.

Christ was sent by the Father to offer Mankind a new Deal. Thirty-two years later he died as a substitute sacrifice against man's wickedness. Now, thanks to his volunteering birth and death, all we have to do to gain eternal life is to ask Christ into our lives and try to live by his example. It's such a bargain - why don't you take up the offer?

Happy Christmas - Ken.

WINTERGREEN

Strange isn't it, how evocative scents are? Nothing reminds me more of summer evenings than freshly sliced cucumber as part of a cool salad. However, in November price prohibits such luxuries and we seek a different sort of raw fresh vegetable combination. Try a bowl of this with homemade vegetable or lentil soup and whole-meal bread, of jacket baked potatoes; it's definitely food for winter.

TWO PORTIONS.

- 1 dessertspoonful lemon juice or vinegar.
- 3 dessertspoonfuls olive or vegetable oil.

Mix thoroughly together in a salad bowl, if liked add seasoning and crushed garlic. Into this dressing add:-

- 1 medium sized grated carrot (scrubbed, not peeled)
- 1 medium sized grated apple (- do -)
- 2 finely chopped sticks of celery
- $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ small green pepper, finely sliced
- $\frac{3}{4}$ small white cabbage, finely sliced
- 1 oz. (approx. to taste) unsalted peanuts - not the roasted kind
- 1 oz. cleaned raisins
- 1 dessertspoonful chopped chives (or onion)

Mix them up, and that's it.

Bye,

Weasel.

E.S.C.A.

1976 CLUB POINTS COMPETITION RESULT.

Club	H.R. Mar. 4	TTT Apr. 4	10 May 1	25 May 2	50 June 13	100 June 26	25 June 27	50 Aug. 1	100 Aug. 15	25 Sept. 19	H.C. Oct. 10	TOTAL
Eastbourne	6	12	13	10	16	10	11	17	8	16		= 119
Central Sussex	19	9	4	1	16	6	14	3			20	= 92
Brighton Mitre	11	9	11	13	5		7					= 56
East Grinstead	7	5	7	7		10		7				= 43
Southborough	2			8	3	6						= 41
Crawley		1		5	5	7					16	= 40
Lewes			1			7	16	3		3		= 37
Hastings & St. L.			4	3	2		2	4	20	3		= 36
Worthing Excelsior			5	4	4		1	5	7	8	6	= 36
Brighton Excelsior								11		12		= 36

INDIVIDUAL

Top Ten.

C. Sharp	16				20	20							
P.J. Baker	12		16	15	14	5	20	20	20	20			= 136
K. Stevens	13		18	18	18			17	18	17	18		= 132
J. Honeyball			4		9	13		19		16			= 102
M. Colburn	9		14	13	10		5	14	19	5	12		= 81
P. Burbery				6	5					13			= 59
S. Hepplethwaite	1		19	19			10	12	17	8			= 58
A. Jones	15				19			18					= 57
N.J. Bown				10						16			= 50
R. Johnson	8		13	3			17	15	7				= 49
							16						= 49

I'm sure that everyone in the E.S.C.A. will want to thank Stan Shirley for compiling our statistics each year.

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS C.C.

With winter now upon us, and all thoughts of time trialling well and truly in hibernation until next March we can concentrate on serious training for the social season.

But, you cry, what has happened in this, the oldest (and most decrepit) cycling club on the south coast?

To celebrate the club's centenary, a reliability trial for members was held, passing off with moderate success as twelve members completed the 50 miles in the allotted time, even if $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour was spent in a certain drinking establishment at Chalvington, well-known to our members for many years. One week later it was further celebrated by a gathering of more members at Hellingly.

Of our more active riders, Pete Baker finished his season with a flurry of events, achieving some of his best rides. He was placed 4th in both the Association's closing '25' and hillclimb. Finally he ended his year with creditable rides to 11th and 12th places in the Catford and Bec C.C.'s hillclimbs. He gained 2nd place in the E.S.C.A. points table behind Mr. Sugar Cube himself, Cliff Sharp.

M. Carpenter will be a name to fear if it appears behind you on a start sheet next year. In what is really half a season he has made a comeback to 1.7.21 at 25 miles, and 23.44 at 10 miles, this, after a 12 year lay-off! At the same time, watch out for the two sons, Steven and Tim, especially now that Tim's the proud owner of a new racing iron.

As a conclusion, I would like to congratulate Ken Webb for a great magazine over the last year, and thank him for all the effort that he has put in. In raising it to such heights, has it become too difficult for us to maintain?

Clubman.

SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS

Welcome from the Kent corner of Escaland.

Yes, it's all happening. Our racing side is realising new 'heights', the potterers and tourists are out and about, and right arms are being gradually loosened up again for the Social Season.

The racing season (flat type) is now officially closed, with the result that this year is Geoff Withers' year. He has topped the B.A.R. with 57.14, 2.9.10, 4.22.34 and a 236 mile 12 hour. He is followed by Arthur Smith with a 1.1.39, 2.14.43, 4.33.13 and 220 miles, who also takes the Vets. championship. Val Peachey retained her Ladies B.A.R. by 0.04 m.p.h. from Jean Smith. In the season long points competition run over the 20 club events, Geoff Withers headed the Scratch section from Roy Harrison and Malc Withers, whilst Alan Ashby (our fast improving comeback man) has very deservedly headed the Handicap section.

"What about new heights?" you cry. Well, of course, they are the hillclimbs. Some 16 entries contested the club event on Ide Hill, where Alan Ashby set a new record, ahead of Geoff Withers and another comeback man, John Barrett. It was Alan again, supported by Geoff and Roy who made the winning teams in the Southern Hillclimb double of the Catford and Bec promotions. I must not forget the E.S.C.A. climb, where Geoff headed Alan for a change, and the SARFBRA made up a quarter of the field.

Observers will note the return of Spider to the racing scene. Close observers will also know that he last raced in March. Those in the know, will tell you that his season normally runs from October to March, to encompass Touring comps. dinners and Tuesday Totters. Ah, yes, those totters are out and about again. Averaging a dozen or more, sometimes with 2 or 3 tandems, the local lanes are straightened out and quiet country pubs awakened in a

weekly celebration of the inventions of the bicycle wheel and hop juice.

It was Robin and Spider who laid out the Tourist competition, which attracted 20 entries, and covered the Wadhurst, Beech Hill, Stonegate and Ticehurst area, well enough for all the entrants to cover some new roads. 15 miles of observation and map reading took most of the field 2½ hours to do, on a lovely morning. The afternoon section started with an easy speed judging of unknown distance at either 9, 11 or 13 m.p.h. However, it did include 5 sets of stiles and gates, and 2 trips into what will be the bottom of the Bewlbridge Reservoir, should the rains continue. Competition was fierce, with Roy the eventual winner by one point from Arthur, with Peter Baker a further 2 points adrift for third place.

Robin in our latest convert to running, cross country style. It all started in September, when the club put up 4 teams of 4 runners, to challenge teams from all other sports in a 4 x 1¼ mile relay race on Tunbridge Wells common. The best team of Geoff, Phil, Roy and Robin came home fastest to take the trophy in 24 minutes, 34 seconds, whilst our schoolboy team of Melvin Daultry, Rowland Smith and the Abraham brothers made third place in 28.26. The Vets. team of Peter Baker, Les, Alf and Spider returned 30.31 and our ladies Jean, Val, Caroline and Peggy managed a creditable 34.49. Now Robin and Phil have caught the bug, and entered real cross country, By the way, have you seen the Athletic club Secretary's daughter!

This month's award for the 'Mote Juste', although rather unkind, must go to the club observer, who unlent off his tree at the Catford hillclimb as Pete Wall staggered back to us, after heaving his 'x' stones up the climb for last place. "Well, I must say" he leered, "You've got more guts than I have". Second place must go to one answer to a Tourist competition question referring

to a railway speed limit sign, which asked "When must you go at 20 m.p.h. in black and yellow?" The reply was "When you are a traffic warden doing evens".

Stop Press: Pete Crofts has just beaten the club's Tunbridge Wells - Brighton and back record by 3 minutes to reduce it to 2.54.17, whilst last week he trimmed over 8 minutes off the Tunbridge Wells - Hastings and back record to 2.25.

In conclusion, the SARFBRA like the new form Bonk, and hope it goes from strength to strength. Excuse me now, writing makes me thirsty.

The K.B.B.B. Kentish Bird Loving, Boozing Bikie.

TO CROWN IT ALL

An indication of how little attention is paid to Bonk is the complete lack of response to our amazing howler in issue 49. In a piece headed 'Toothsome Tale' we referred to a massive increase in sugar consumption resulting in a 'Cavies epidemic'. Not one person wrote in about this. So the next time someone speaks to you and a small furry animal pops out of their mouth you can be sure you are in the presence of Satan or a sugar-consuming cyclist.

N.B. In case you still have not got it, it should have been 'caries'.

The burdens we put on our shoulders and I ask myself for why. There I am out on the clubrun to I know not where but enjoying it all the same, when the thought comes to mind "I wonder when the next Bonk copy is due?" Yes, you've guessed, I arrive home physically exhausted to discover Bonk closing date is the following day.

The social season has been going well this Autumn with a couple of film evenings at the clubroom, organised by our wonderful 'mother' Hilda Boxall, who has also given another wine party at her home. Another event of note was this year's Doug Bonnar Memorial Trophy Tourist Trial organised by Tony Killick followed by a disco, chicken and chips evening at the Gatwick Manor Inn. This event now has greater support and as we seem to have a reasonable format it could be held as an open event next year.

The Bonnar Trophy is in memory of Doug Bonnar who was tragically taken from us some two years ago after a short illness at the tender age of eighteen years. The trophy was presented to the club by his work colleagues at Crawley Council Surveyors Department where he worked. It was deservedly won this year by Claire Boxall.

The last of the club time trials for this season was won by young Mark Jones and although really I cannot quote times this season has seen some great competitive riding by many club members of all ages and abilities. I may be wrong but there seems to be signs that cycling could well be poised for take-off next year. If only we can build on what we have done this year! The right spirit has been evident all season with fields of over twenty in most club events. Our evening tens at Gatwick were extremely well supported with over fifty riders on many evenings. At the club and on the clubruns there seems to be an air of excitement, as more people come

along and take part. During this winter Gordon Christenson is organising reliability trials as he did last year, and it seems quite possible that the ielas of fifty could be exceeded.

Well, thank you all at Crawley, for a splend d year and we send our thanks to you, the Editor, for a rather thankless task well carried out. I personally would ask you, nay, beg you, to give it one more year. I've no doubt I'll be seeing many of our friends at the E.S.C.A. A.G.M. on December 5th.

So from all of us at Crawley, 'Salute' to all our fellow cycling brethren in Sussex, go safely during the winter and we'll look forward to surprising some more of you next year with our up and coming schoolboys and juniors, not forgetting our ladies, i.e. Heather, Hilda, Anne, Claire, Katherine, Christine and Linda.

Malcolm Pink.

THANKS FROM TYPIST

As there is a bit of space left on this page I thought I would like to fill it up with my personal thanks to Ken (and Carol) for presenting me with a well set-out and readable copy from which to cut the stencils every two months.

Also as nobody else has mentioned it, I would like to wish everyone in the E.S.C.A. a Very Merry Christmas, and may 1977 prove a Prosperous and Happy New year, and a 'fast' one for all the 'racers'.

J.L.

EAST GRINSTEAD C.C.

Commenting firstly on the last editorial 'Light reflections' which must strike responsive chords with most readers, I sometimes think that if we had more nocturnal cycle racing the position would be vastly improved as the majority of cycle component manufacturers are orientated to the competitive aspect of our passtime. As it is, we struggle on with various museum pieces all of which have their drawbacks. Regarding forward illumination several of us in the Grinstead now use those large rubber torches strapped on the handlebar stem. Crude, yes, but at least they give a long powerful beam and stay on (in both senses of the word). Another advantage that those in the know have found a source of rechargeable U2 batteries.

One is left wondering, now that Ken is standing down as Editor, whether this will be the final issue of Bonk. Looking back over 25 years of issues, it would seem ironic if it terminated at a time of cycle resurgence, but as it entails more work than many official positions it will need a rather special person to carry it on. Meanwhile, our thanks to Ken for all the hard work he has put in (including reading my writing.)

Two of us are supposed to do these notes; Peter Anderson to cover the racing side and I do the rest although it's usually only 'the rest' that gets printed. One reason could be that '76 has been, with the exception of the evening 10's, a non-racing year. The accent has been on promotion and marshalling and with a summer like the last one maybe it proved a more sensible course. Following the long, hot summer when weekends were a permanent siesta, except for Will Wates, who moved again to South Godstone so that he could build another extension onto another house, clubruns started regularly at the beginning of September. We seem quite fortunate in that we have a good selection of elevenses spots for our Sunday

morning runs.

The rock-climbers cafe at Groombridge was just right after a potter round Ashdown Forest and likewise Pitts Cottage at Westerham (rather posh) 'did' us after exploring Staffords Wood area. Anything - preferably a car home - would have done John McCoy after Val's mystery tour of Brighton road east. We had a late elevenses at Beechurst Park where Crow was distressed not to get a ride on a train - as he went off and picked blackberries for the afternoon.

The John's McCoy and Hutt plus Val marshalled the S.C.C.U. 25 on that last hot Sunday in September and since then there have been well supported runs during the 'Watching hillclimbs' season, which becomes more sociable every year.

Trev Budgen is out and about. Now they've got him in the Sussex B.C.F. gang his presence will be noticed by R.H. et al.

I've also heard that our Hon. Sec. Rod Starmer has made the big time by becoming the Hon. Sec. of London South R.T.T.C. - prayers will be offered for 'Peace in our Time'!

Heather Reeves has joined Terry Thorn on his tandem (they are just good friends) but their attempt to win the 'mixed' prize in a Horsham road event was marred by a puncture.

Alan Dow came down to the clubroom on his new 25" Geoffrey Butler and felt, like Bob Kater, that the investment in mudguards during this damp autumn is no extravagance.

Our Press Sec. Peter Anderson and evening 10 points leader Robin Taylor have gone into the disco business. Jeremy Wilson has got himself a girlfriend (trust she can keep him in the manner to which he is accustomed). Val has

just finished her holiday in the Lake District.

Although this is not within the East Grinstead C.C. compass, I must finish with a reflection on East Sussex C.T.C. teas. When the official tea places fell to an all-time low things looked gloomy and thoughts of riding home empty didn't appeal. Since then some of the ladies offered to put on teas in their homes which seems to have evoked a 'Hostess with the Mostess' competition as meals have grown more lavish. At present groaning members are attempting to leave groaning tables with remarks like 'No more quails in aspic for me please'. I've often regretted having 30-odd miles to ride home from tea, but I need those miles to shake the meal down.

What a lovely thought to prepare for Christmas.

CROW.

ROAD SAFETY

If a driver can see you through his sunglasses at 400 metres, you've done your best.

REMEMBER -

look like a Christmas tree - not a pine box.

With the news that 'The Boore' has emigrated to Hong Kong, a correspondent asks if this is in retaliation to some of the rubbish they export to us!

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WESTERN REVIEW

Greetings and Oh! what a time of great joy, the end of the season; a start again on such pleasant things as club runs, pub runs, soup runs, club dinners, loo runs, slide shows, Christmas teas, more loo runs, even annual general meetings. Gone are the mornings of getting up early, travelling to events and thrashing along stretches of unidentified roads, with eyeballs out and legs screaming protests. Our season has found a new Best All Rounder in George Matthews, who in the new look 25, 50 and 100 B.A.R. has broken the Dodman Lock monopoly which has gone on for some years. The competition was fierce and there were more finishers than for several years, but to me it's not a real B.A.R. Having said that, I don't believe the result would have been any different even if George had ridden a 12 hour, but I do wonder whether he would have had the nerve to enter a 12, an event which is an entirely different proposition, You can tell I'm trying to stir it up for next year, can't you. It was a pity about the Pete Reeves and Richard Shipton pacing allegations in the S.C.A. 100 although Richard's appeal against the disqualification has been upheld. We had eight complete our B.A.R. table which is probably more than can be boasted of in either the east or west of the county.

After George we had Keith Dodman and then in descending order, myself, Richard Shipton, John Biddle, Ray Douglass, Pete Mansfield and Bernie Wright. Our junior B.A.R. is Paul West, despite the most appalling record of punctures and mechanical problems. Paul, it is said, never goes off course, but frequently loses his bearings! He also won the junior 15 mile championship and finished best junior in the evening 10 mile series. At the end of the season he also turned in a very good 1.4 in the E.S.C.A. 25 (Cliff was outside the hour) and this has apparently won him the E.S.C.A. Junior 25 award for '76. Our 'Most Improved Rider' (special trophy for this) has gone to

John Williams who has come down from 1.16 to 1.8. and promises another 8 minutes off next season. Our other championships have been remarkably well spread. The 25 went to Keith Dodman along with the 50, Richard Ship-ton won the 30. George Matthews the 100 and yours truly (there was nothing else left) the 12 hour. The 33 mile hardriders was well won by Keith beating George by a few seconds and the Hillclimb (Bury on the A.29) went to Keith from George by just 1 second.

Off the racing and on to touring and John Mansell who promises to do a bit of racing again in '77 fiddled another win in our Annual Touring Competition having studied books on 'Sussex Facts' to give him the edge over Derek Smith and another old racing man, Brian Weir. Brian now rides a Ray Douglass machine and may well be a 12 hour candidate in '77 - but I digress - back to touring - David Mills pipped two of our staunchest tourists, Dave Hudson and Derek Smith for the 'Club Runs Attendance Trophy'. The only trouble with David is that he doesn't feel he's been for a run unless he's done about 100 miles and he likes to start about 6 a.m. He's just completed an umpteen-hundred mile tour of North Wales in half that number of days and found time to take lots of photos which were good enough to earn an award in the local newspapers 'Holiday Photos' competition. (Pity he didn't send any to Bonk - Ed.)

By the time this is out we shall have had our Dinner Dance and Prize presentation at the Royal Coach, Shoreham and will probably be well on towards our other gastronomic delight, the club Christmas 'Tea', a very misleading title because it is in fact a Theo Puttick self-caterised Christmas Dinner with absolutely all the trimmings. We have this in our clubroom and we normally have about 70 sit down at this wonderfully informal affair.

What a great time is the cyclists' social season, there's only one thing I don't like about it - it's the time I have to catch up with all the decorating!

Don.

LEWES WANDERERS

As the E.S.C.A. hillclimb coincided with our first club-run it was decided to make this our destination; it turned out to be a very enjoyable day and whetted our appetites for the coming clubrun season. On our way to Ashdown Forest from Lewes we caught sight of alone rider some half mile up the road. "I wonder who that is?" said Ian Landless, Brian Wilkins (who shall be nameless) replied "Some old farmer on his way home from work, I expect". Guess who it turned out to be!! - Martin Hawes. You should have heard his comments when he found out what he had been called. Later, when nearing the hill-climb finish, we were about to relax after climbing up from Fairwarp when in the opposite direction comes Alison Burgess, shouting "Mummy's broken down" "Where?" we asked, "Down there" she replied, pointing in the direction from which we had just come. At this point I should mention that Alison and Sylvia Burgess were riding from Crowborough to meet up with us. It then transpired that Sylvia had pulled her wheel over and as every male knows, the answer to this problem is a wheel spanner. She had sent Alison on to find some Knight Errant to come to her rescue, (of which, I hasten to add, there was no shortage). Well, to cut a long story short (chances - Ed.) while all this was going on Alison was carrying a wheel spanner wrapped in her cape, mutter, mutter. Anyway, as it was Sylvia's first venture out on a cycle for something in excess of fifteen years, we decided to forgive her. Whilst discussing the Burgess family, if you should happen to see Mick (alias 'The Copper') out with a nice slim dolly-bird, don't be alarmed, it will be, in fact, a new look Sylvia. She has been on a very successful slimming campaign. I only hope it hasn't affected her pushing-off capabilities.

The club undertook a new publicity venture in September when it hired a window in the Lewes Information Centre. A display was organised with a cycling theme, and judging

from comments around town, it was very successful. It has been directly responsible for two new members, to whom I say 'Welcome', and for this reason along was worthwhile.

Our largest problem in the Lewes club (apart from me, that is) is that we do not have a clubroom. This makes it very difficult to hold the interest of youngsters who only see the rest of us on clubruns, and whilst we do have fortnightly use of a room in the house of Mick's mum, to whom we are indebted, it does rather restrict the young ones.

It is an opinion of mine that the club has kept far too quiet within the local community in the past and the window display plus more we plan for next year should help to put the matter right.

Well, that's enough of the serious stuff. Did anybody fail to notice the comeback of an overweight and sprightly Agg?. He claims he is training seriously for next year's B.A.R, sorry Chainwheel Creek, Neevo be warned! Agg did a 1.17.59 in the E.S.C.A. 25 so he might just do it.

When I undertook to write this stuff for all you lucky readers I was determined to try to get away from the trend of making Bonk notes nothing more than an elaborate results column. To me performances are more important than times. This leads me to that other member of the Burgess family, young Ian. He so very nearly won our evening 10 series, yet he is not fifteen until December. The series consisted of twelve evening 10's and riders had to compete in at least six to qualify, their fastest six were then added together. Unfortunately Ian could not ride the last 10 owing to an argument with a car. Had he been able to, he only needed to improve on the slowest of his best six by nine seconds to take the honours. This accident also prevented him from scoring a

full set of twelve in the series. He can at least console himself with the thought that time is on his side. 'Well done Ian'. The eventual winner of the evening 10 series this year was Steve Myatt, AGAIN!

Still on the subject of performance, I see we have got ourselves on to the E.S.C.A. points table with sixth place for the club and individual placings for John at fourth and Pete at sixth, mainly due to their efforts in the 100. There is hope for us yet.

On Sunday 24th of October we had a very pleasant all day clubrun (all four of us). It was nice to see Dick Whittington out again, after a long absence, John was determined to see the Roman villa at Bignor, not having been there before. Whilst on this ride we had a rather unnevvving experience. Cycling along, minding our own business, we caught a gentleman riding a horse in the same direction, but whereas we were on the road, the horse was walking on the lefthand grass verge. No sooner had we passed this chap (on reflection 'gentleman' was not the right word) when, for reasons better known to himself, he decided to give us a race. This would not have been so bad in itself but for the verge being very wet and muddy. Horses hooves are very efficient mud-slingers. So, there we were, riding along with the horse galloping alongside and clods flying everywhere. Ah, well, it takes all sorts to make a world, as Mr. Basset always says. Ta-ta for now,

SADDLESORE.

ON THE BALL

Ashdown United, not the biggest football club in the world, has a new pitch. Levelled out of a slope and with changing rooms and showers added it cost £20,000.

The local Playing Fields Association forwarded the sum, I'm told, with the aid of a local wealthy patron.

The opportunities are there, but they will not come looking for us. I'm sure we could get a new track to replace Preston Park, but why should anyone bother if we only put up tiny fields for the track league on Wednesdays? Every club should encourage its members to ride and support. This will have two results. (1) Local people of influence will notice how keen we are and how a real need exists and (2) in time the standard of riding will improve until Sussex has competitors at the national championship thus gaining local publicity (local papers love 'home team come good' stories) and so motivate local public opinion in our favour.

If Preston Park is ignored now - then Preston Park is all we shall ever have - and in truth it is all we shall deserve!

BUSH TELEGRAPH

Brian Wilkins wishes to tell Roy Jones that he deplors the use of such language (see issue 52). However, he realises that anybody who falls from, or is knocked off, his cycles/trike as often as Roy would probably develop a tendency to swear. Is this a mitigation?

DATES FOR THE DIARY

Lewes Wanderers Reliability Trial is on Sunday, January 30 1977.

BOOK REVIEW

Did you know in the U.S.A. doctors remove 300,000 gall-bladders each year! - and find 70,000 new cases of bowel cancer?

Did you know that before 1920 coronary heart attacks were very uncommon, yet now a man over 40 has a 50/50 chance of an attack before he's 65?

Dr. Andrew Stanway, in his new book 'Taking the Rough with the Smooth', draws together the results of recent experiments and surveys to explain the underlying causes of these modern killers. He also tells how to avoid them. The book is about fibre in the diet and is written in clear, easy-to-read lay terms. Most cyclists would like to prolong their active life without eating tins of dog-meat, riding tricycles in the lotus position or living on Yak's milk. This book is for them and there are some good recipes at the back too. Your public library will get it for you.

THE G.B. 12-1E.

Another electronic digital stopwatch is on the market. This one is sold in kit form by Heathkit of Gloucester Ltd. Blessed with quartz crystal control, it has phenomenal accuracy, plus or minus 0.003%, reads out to one hundredth of a second and runs up to ninety-nine hours fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine point ninety-nine seconds.

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We don't publish the last instalment of Alsoran's Horrorscope which he predicted at the beginning of this year as, after another twelve months of the present Government, we thought you'd been faced with sufficient trauma.

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