

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

East Sussex Cycling Association

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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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New Series No.1

Spring 1977

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EDITORIAL

This slim issue of 'Bonk' comes to you by courtesy of five club contributors, and sundry others. I am beginning to understand why club magazines have such a high turnover of Editors. However, it won't happen again. As soon as I can trace the people who should be responsible for writing their club notes, woe betide them!!

The magazine is now operating under a loose arrangement of joint editorship. Maurice is responsible for copying the final product, and will produce items of news and 'humour', which I reserve the right to type. However, in general the notes from the various clubs are unexpurgated except for the odd sprinkling of commas and full-stops. For the benefit of those people who don't know us, I will explain that I am a middle aged, respectable mother of three, just the person to have control of a cyclists magazine, and Maurice is the elderly, bearded gent, with aspirations to be a racing man. You've probably passed him in some event or another.

Please send us some copy for the next issue. Anonymity will be preserved if that is your wish, so lampoon your clubmates, criticise the officials, even criticise the magazine, although we probably shan't take any notice. The Association is in the

happy position that it can, for the first time ever, afford a libel action or two. What more can you ask for? The freedom of the written word is yours.

Well, enough of our nonsense. Our most grateful thanks to those people who have contributed this time, our best wishes to everyone for the coming racing season, and every success to the Association's member clubs.

Maurice & Esther

N.B. To Honest Ginge (Central Sussex), Womanising Dipsomaniac Cyclist (Southboro'.), AlSORAN (Lewes), etc., I know you are going to give me your copy at the Hardriders, but I sought advice from the highest authority in the County, and decided to go ahead and produce this issue while the notes were still topical.

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Copy for the Summer issue, touring articles, racing results, jokes, etc., by MAY 22nd. You don't have to wait for the closing day, any contributions welcome at any time.

GEN FROM THE SECRETARY

First of all, thanks to Maurice and Esther for offering to carry on with 'Bonk' for us. Ken Webb set a high standard, but I am sure when they overcome the initial problems, they will find they have undertaken a rewarding and interesting job.

Looking back a little, the Association Luncheon and Prize Presentation was well supported, although it was a pity that more of the prizewinners weren't present.

At the time of writing, it seems as if we can look forward to another successful year for the Association. Most member clubs have a fair sprinkling of young members, and also enough experienced officials to offer help and encouragement when needed. It will be interesting to see the result sheets when riders of the calibre of up-and-coming Clive Oxborrow meet the established stars of the Association, and I think we can look forward to some close fought battles in the coming racing season. If everyone continues to support the Association events as they have done in the past, we can only go from strength to strength.

We hope to participate in the Sponsored Walk organised by Crowborough Scouts again this year, and of course, remember to book July 24th to support the Pedalmania 77 Jubilee Kermesses in Bexhill.

R.H.

It has been a busy winter on the Rovers front, though not in miles. From the end of November it has been one round of social functions after another, either under the auspices of the Rovers or the C.T.C. We have had slide shows, Christmas lunch, a New Year tea, Club dinner and an annual event loosely labeled Rovers Party. All this intermingled with A.G.M's., and we have still got the Jumble Sale to come. We have managed a few clubruns. One of these was a freewheeling contest! Some went on the Lewes Reliability Trial misguidedly thinking it would be like a big clubrun. Equipped as per usual Sunday runs, pressures, mudguards, saddlebag, etc., they came to tea shattered, rambling incoherently of stripped racing irons, sprints and tubs, bonk bags, etc. One thing did seem to revive them a little, that was the fact that 'The Boore' took his group off course ending up in Burwash.

The only ones who seem to be getting in any miles, or so they say, are Graham Lade and Doug Roberts, but then the latter doesn't socialise anyway except at the club dinner.

On the subject of the club dinner, it turned out to be a great evening, we had made a very wise decision. Everyone enjoyed themselves judging by all the nice remarks we have had. Some already booking up for next year. For those who don't know, we cancelled our long standing booking at the Pier Hotel, and hired Hellingly Hall, an outside caterer and a disco. With a charge of £2 per head for a four course meal and a dance, we packed the hall to it's maximum with 97 diners. We also broke with tradition by cutting out speeches, everyone having their say during the cross-toasting. The club did have one special task to perform, two special awards for 50 years membership of the Rovers. Our President Bill Collins and club Timekeeper Ted Godden celebrating their Golden Anniversary almost to the day. A little confusion was caused by the local press photographer trying to take a picture, as the hall was so full. Eventually after removing some of the Catford C.C. from their places he found enough room to manoeuvre. After

quickly disposing of the prize presentation the tables were cleared for dancing, during which we were treated to a display of Spanish dancing by Ampara Willcocks. Later in the evening, her other half (I hesitate to say better), was seen cowering in the corner at the opposite end of the room to his clubmates. He was very agitated and drinking heavily, apparently the reason for this being, two lady members of his club, Mesdames Seymour and Burgess, had forced him onto the dance floor not once, but twice. I can't think how I managed to miss this phenomenon. Well it was one of those evenings! Ken Stevens was seen too, gyrating around, despite the fact his Doctor had made him lay on his back all the previous week, funny his back was still too bad to go to work on Monday, I think he had a relapse. Young Andy Leach was seen dancing cheek to cheek with Dot Collins, while George Dicks was trying to outdo youngsters with some frantic footwork. His wife, turning her back on him, said, "This is where I disown him."

A little fracas was also seen to be going on among the very young set, as Heather Stevens was seen to make a swipe or two at Justin Hayday. Apparently Justin was too rough for her and little Sarah Lade, and Marion was seen issuing dire threats to her son. It was all three's first club dinner, and they were going great guns right to the final minute when Justin passed out like a light in his mothers arms.

Despite all the revelry we have still managed an hour of keep fit every Monday at the clubroom, ending every week with a free for all called the Rovers Ball Game. Usually Ken just manages to keep it under control, but the weeks he was laid up and unable to take charge the game degenerated into something like a Rugby scrum. With big Alec Neild looking like Gareth Edwards as he brought down the players by fair means or foul. Actually they are only supposed to pass the ball like a basketball game, some weeks their bodies were littered all over the floor. Still they seem to enjoy it, we have even had Hastings Peter Baker coming over to join in. (He told us he was at night school! Ed.) Not so Richard Shipton who looks in sometimes, but the sight of sweating bodies seems to upset him as

he usually leaves quickly.

A dazzling sight met us at the clubroom the other night when George Dicks arrived in a brand new tracksuit. Our George, who is well known for his somewhat tatty cycling gear had lately been turning up in one or the other part of the said tracksuit, but lo, there he was, resplendent in the brand new outfit. This caused a junior, Graham Brown, to exclaim, "He's even got shoelaces in his training shoes." These being quite new too.

I cannot seem to find any scandal within the ranks, Ray Gearing has advertised in the C.T.C. Newsletter for a blonde about 5'2" but as yet has had no replies. The one he was dancing with at the dinner belonged to Whippet Manser. Of Cliff there is a cloud of secrecy, living as he does, far, far, away from the club, but when asked if he was married said, "Not in the racing season."!!!

At the dinner Janet Humphrey was seen fighting off a member of the Hants Road Club, Alison Burgess was also receiving plenty of attention from that quarter.

Ah well see you all up the road, give us a push as you go by.

Scrubber

Dear Ken,

I think I know who 'Scrubber' is, and it's about time you bought her a new typewriter.

Ed.

.....

After a visit to the Steven's home at Christmas, the Editors young son remarked on how mellow Ken was really!! and he hadn't moaned once all afternoon. He was hastily told that it was a purely seasonal lapse on Ken's part, and he would be back to normal by the Hardriders.

ONCE UPON A TIME

on a high hill lived a family. One day the handsome, bearded man of the house was struck down with a mystery illness and great sorrow was in the house. Then, behold, a rich portly purveyor of sweetmeats and other things, visited for refreshments while travelling through this high country. The H.B.M. rose painfully from his sick bed, and said, 'I will soon depart this world, so you can have my wife and move in here when I am gone.' This news was received by the portly one with great elation, and he went on his way, rejoicing. Thereafter he called nearly every day, with joyous shouts of 'Has he snuffed it yet?'. But woe! how hard life is. The H.B.M. rose from his bed, and was seen paying homage to the God of Fitness upon the roads of East Sussex, and further abroad. The portly one then retired to his great dark cave, called 'Stock Room', where he made effigies and uttered curses, and only emerged to travel to the hilltop to see what transpired.

And it came to pass that a time called 'school holidays' arrived, and when the portly one visited, he was met by the smallest son, who called, "Mum, the fat uncle is here." Then prodding the bulging stomach, said, "Have you a baby in there?", and many other innocent sayings. It was noticed that the desire shown by the portly one quickly left him after these things had been said to him, and he slunk away with many oaths, and was not often seen on the hill again. Until 'term time' came to the land once more, and peace reigned.

Anon

Editors note:- Any resemblance to a certain East Sussex rock pedlar in the above tale is completely and absolutely accurate.

CRAWLEY WHEELERS

To

Our Luvly New Editor,
Bonk Magazine.

At the E.S.C.A. Committee meeting you expressed a desire to find out the age, marital status, etc., of the various BONK contributors. I am 21 years of age, very handsome (I have noticed! Ed.), bird loving, etc. I could go on for hours but this would upset other Crawleyites, so I'll shut up and get down to more serious things. We at Crawley wish you every success with the magazine and look forward to your first edition.

I would be interested to know how things are activity wise with the other E.S.C.A. clubs this winter. Despite the wet weather club run attendances have been well up and as yet we have not lost a complete Sunday due to inclement weather. Our clubruns since Christmas we have visited among other places Kew Gardens, Arundel Castle, Tunbridge Wells and Newhaven. The last named being the Ron Ford hangover run from the club dinner. Runs have been very well supported, numbers ranging from 12 to 22 riders. Our younger schoolboy members have been out more regularly this year though they still do not seem to go as regularly as they could do. Perhaps they could put pen to paper and let us know why they attend runs so irregularly.

It is with a touch of sadness that I have to report the first accident on a clubrun for the three years I've been running it, by the time this article is printed it is to be hoped that both riders will have made a complete recovery. No other vehicles were involved and we were very impressed with the help we were offered by several passing motorists, and the Sussex Traffic Police who attended the scene.

The enthusiasm with which many of the lads have carried out the weightlifting and circuit

training which Dick Denman has been organising on club nights has been very heartening, and I've no doubt we'll see the benefits of this during the 1977 season. Other 'happenings' on club night have been another showing of a popular Y.H.A. film, a tour film of one of Ron Ford's tours, and two slide shows by Ernie Dore and Dave Stokes.

The Annual Dinner on the 5th February went down extremely well. Our guests of honour were the Deputy Mayor and Mayoress of Crawley, they also presented the prizes and awards. Highlight of the evening was the cross-toasting by that MID-DINNER speaker, Ron Vasey, whose club origins seem rather obscure, i.e. no club admits to owning him officially!!! A suprise presentation of various scrolls and awards was made by Hilda Boxall and Anne Killick to the delight of us all, Tony Killick I thought rather apt, a pair of rubber gloves and an apron for all the housework he's going to be doing this year whilst Anne is racing and training.

In the official prizegiving Hilda Boxall deservedly was awarded the Van Meeson trophy for her services to the club in her capacity of Social Secretary. It is to be hoped that by the time this article is read that Harry is well on the way to recovering from his injuries received in the other week's mishap.

Other prizewinners were:

Mrs. H. Reeves Ladies '10' Cup 25m.56s. New Club Record. Heather also broke the Ladies '25' mile Club Record last year.

M. Jones	Junior & Fastest '10' Cup	23m36s
I. Berry	Seymour '25' Trophy	
"	Century Cup	4h.55m.44s.
"	Club B.A.R.	

D. Malin	12 hour Tankard	185.35 miles
(Gentleman and Scholar)		

M. Boorsma	Club Hillclimb Champion	
	E.S.C.A. Junior Road Race Champion	

Prizewinners (contd.)

R. Flinn Fastest U/14 Hillclimb
 " Fastest U/14 10 mile T.T. 26m.27s.

Prizes generally seemed more broadly shared out this year, and with the times some schoolboys and juniors are achieving, 1977 looks to be an interesting year with Seniors such as Ian Berry having to work hard to stay ahead of the three Marks, Boxall, Boorsma and Jones. Martin Loveridge, Clive Swann and Robert Flinn should be able to look forward with relish to the tussles of the coming year.

Malcolm

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STOP PRESS

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 bunch were already halfway

**Oxborrow lands
 another win**

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CLIVE OXBORROW, Brighton Mitre CC, carried on from where he left off the previous Sunday by winning the Shadoxhurst CRC 23-mile hardriders' event on a day that made even the strongest legs buckle, riding into the wind that swept the open and exposed Kent countryside.

His winning margin of 65 seconds from hilly time trial specialist Doug Sheehy, Hainault RC, showed how much early-season training has done for him.

With a number of fast riders reportedly not producing rides expected of them, when Sheehy, off No 15, arrived with a 1-1-47 speculation started that maybe this was the winning ride.

But in little more than ten minutes Oxborrow stormed over the top of finish hill and sprinted to the line for a time of 1 0 49 and a lead of 1-7.

With more fast riders to come speculation renewed, but only Stuart McPherson, Farnham RC, was anywhere near his reputation, with 1-3-59 for third place.

Clive Oxborrow, Brighton Mitre	1 0 40
D. Sheehy, Hainault RC	1 1 47
S. McPherson, Farnham RC	1 3 59
G. Lean, San Fairy Ann	1 4 9
R. Smith, Brighton Mitre	1 4 19
R. Kater, Grimstead CC	1 5 40
C. Winsted, CC Orpington-Saba	1 5 49
R. Smith, Folkstone Dist	1 6 52
A. Grant, Goodmayes W	1 7 0
M. Evans, Wigmore CC	1 7 1

Juniors - Steve Huckle, Thanet RC
 1-14-45
 Term, CC Orpington-Saba (Wor)
 full A. Steple 1-7-17, R. Woods 1-9
 1-22-45

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BRIGHTON MITRE

First, thanks to Esther for stepping into the breach, and allowing the continuation of our revered mag.

Winter is our main club run period, everyone seems too busy racing the rest of the year. The monsoon this season has affected the turn out on occasions, but new club run leader Alan Yardley has managed to whip up an attendance of 12 - 15 most weeks, with some of the younger ones getting their first taste of rough stuff.

This year we hope to maintain interest in club runs in the summer, and are arranging a number of afternoon runs to tea, together with some tourist events.

Club Dinner at the Polonia Hotel was a success with an attendance of around 110, although indifferent service will mean we are finding an alternative venue for this year. Bill Sladen has taken over organisation after Phil Payne's stint of 3 years.

A.G.M. at the end of November resulted in Yvonne Smith taking over as Treasurer, and Pearl Wells as Social Secretary, Joy Sladen remaining as General Sec., and Bill as Chairman. Steve Harkness is Time Trial Sec., the rest of the Racing Secretaries being the Leigh brothers.

The Leighs have had their usual energetic winter in Cyclo cross events, Owen and Martin have usually managed a place in the first dozen of fields over sixty (numbers not age), Rick Taub and Colin Leigh being rather less regular competitors.

Club B.C.F. membership looks like being up on last year, with a number of new schoolboys swelling the number. Those who saw diminutive

'Baz' Abbo, Barry Coomber and Mike Tanner performing on the track last year will be pleased to note that they are gradually becoming normal size, However this years star schoolboys could be from the other extreme, Nick Welsh who is about six feet four and still growing.

Arrangements for this years promotions are well in hand. We hope to see plenty of local bods in our Open 2 up on March 27th. This years promotor is Martin Leigh, tackling his first open event, Martin is also handling our track meeting on July 24th. The track meeting is again sponsored by Harkness Pools and Oxborrow & Richards, and arrangements are in hand for increased publicity this year.

With the new year the keener types are getting in the miles, prime exponent being Jumbo who goes out training before club runs, and is currently doing around 400 miles a week. As I write this it seems to have paid off, Clive having won the first event of the season, Perfs Pedal event in Hampshire, beating no less than Ian Hallam in the sprint.

The lesser mortals have been riding Reliability Trials, the Lewes and Worthing events being well supported, lesser still mortals like me have a struggle to keep up on club runs.

With the Hardriders fast approaching (the usual dire Humphrey warning), I will close now. Jumbo is threatening dire revenge on Don Awcock for last year.

Ken

THE HAPPY CYCLIST

Be a cyclist or ride a 'Trike'
Do something that you'll always like,
Don't spend your money in a Pub
Join the local Cycling Club.

Some folk will say "That's too hard for me"
But you just ride with fixed or free,
And tell them as they stand and stare
That they can pay their own bus fare.

One Sunday morning, up at five,
At six you'll start the 'Twenty-five'
And hope your legs will give you power
To get round the course within the hour.

So the next time that you get the 'Bonk'
Be patient - don't despair,
Just think of all the folks about
Who never get anywhere!

Written by the late
Leonard P. Turley

Thanks to Anne Killick (Crawley Wheelers), for sending this poem, which was written by her father, who was a member of Dartford wheelers many years ago.

EAST GRINSTEAD

"And it was so, when the King saw Esther the queen standing in the court, that she obtained favour in his sight: and the King held out to Esther the golden sceptre that was in his hand. So Esther drew near and touched the top of the sceptre.

Then said the King unto her, what wilt thou queen Esther? and what is thy request? it shall be given thee to the half of the kingdom."

The above quote comes from the fifth chapter of Esther, and may throw some light on the election of our new Bonk editor. (!!!!!!! Ed.) Trusting that Esther will have an enjoyable term of office.

Most of our club activity has centred round the club-runs of recent months. Our Sunday mornings have been well attended and imaginatively planned. Eleven-
ses spots have remained open and have provided welcome 'bolt-holes' when the weather has been inclement. The disused railway line from Groombridge to Three Bridges was used for our rideable roughstuff runs, and the Duddleswell Tea Rooms in Ashdown Forest were the scene for our Christmas run, with memories of thick fog and mince pies.

The only racing news since the last Bonk has been the club hill-climb, which was taken by Crow (who can thus claim that he has won every event he has ridden in '76). Only 10 seconds behind was fast improving Richard Woodward; regrettably most of the club's racers were not there.

A twin dinner was arranged with the Croydon racing club at Blindley Heath on November 20th. Stan Butler was chief speaker, and silverware evenly distributed, with Ray Lunn being first and last in the club B.A.R. An enjoyable, if somewhat packed occasion with 118 of us. The next dinner is a 'Grinstead only do, and is provisionally booked for Friday, November 18th.

Just following the dinner, Mo produced her second child, Edward William. Being born into a cycling family, the infant will doubtless be known as EddyWilly Wates. Remember those ingenious adverts in Cycling?

Sussex B.C.F. has been strengthened by the promotion of Trev Budgen to Chief Commissaire, and Duke Dave - our club coach - to a judge, along with Val, who also holds that post.

In an attempt to keep up with the Eastbourne Rovers the club has asked Terry Thorn to design a new club badge. A primary design depicted a Sussex Martlett, but Val thought we might be mistaken for a bird-watching club. Knowing the ways of many of our members it could be rather apt!

We will again be promoting our Open Road Race on May 1st, and a similar thing on August Bank Holiday Monday.

The E.S.C.A. 50 will also be under our care - watch out, we might get the first turn marshall in the correct place for the second year running.

See you at the Hardriders.

Crow

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WHAT'S ON

Crawley Whs.

Crawley - Petworth - Crawley } 13th March '77.
Crawley - Chichester - Crawley }
Start 0900 West Green Entry Fee 10p

JUMBLED JOTTINGS

A Hastings member tells me that he has discovered someone (a butcher in the Old Town), who shouts about and sings snatches of song in a voice that makes Ken Stevens sound like Nat King Cole.

The person who contributed the above item of information said it was in the nature of a backhanded compliment. 'To whom?' one is tempted to ask. 'Surely not Nat King Cole?'

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Who was the Hastings lady who, on being told that a removal van from Edenbridge was coming down the road, cried out, 'Oh no! Not him coming to live here!' ??

A stick of soft rock will be awarded to the sender of the first correct postcard.

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Dennis has asked me to refute the rumour that he is giving up cycling. In fact he has been making regular trips to the Editorial home throughout the winter in an effort to 'knock off the rough'. He is talking of abandoning his decadent, playboy, life style, and spending his entire spare time training.

(Huh! I suppose that means he'll be stuck up here all the time now! Maurice)

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Incidentally, I am hoping to publish in a future issue, an in-depth interview with Dennis. Dennis, a notorious libertine, has had his name coupled with women throughout the length and breadth of Sussex, including a certain frisky, dare I say it, sexygenarian from Eastbourne. He has promised to reveal all.

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HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS C.C.

Having been duly delegated by the new Editor of Bonk to produce a regular report on the happenings of our club, I dare not default with my copy, and hope that I will win approval with this offering.

We began our social season in time honoured custom, by holding an Annual General Meeting. This differed slightly from past years, inasmuch as we were unable to return people to office 're-elected, unanimously, unopposed'. Arthur was chosen once again to be President and Chairman, with Ron Powell his deputy in the latter job. The rot set in when Peter Baker told us he had sold his soul for a NatWest tracksuit, and would be unable to stand as Secretary for a second term. Luckily, Esther, who had abdicated the post some three or four years previously, declared herself willing to serve once more. She also found herself volunteered as Social Secretary a few minutes later, as Barbara Powell resigned, having decided that seven years of being sociable were enough. Thank you Barbara, for all you've done and the pleasure you've given us. Then Ernie, who has tended the coffers for no less than a quarter of a century, decided to bow out while the club was still showing a profit. After we had recovered from that blow, we managed to persuade Dennis Coleman, the quiet half of the Coleman/Coleman combo, to take on the job, and he's managing nicely so far. Luckily we haven't lost Ernie completely as he is still on the Committee. Jack is Racing Sec., and John Lawrence is being groomed for bigger things as a Committee member.

Our most recent social event was our own club dinner, attended by 69 young at heart guests, who danced the night away to the strains of the Hastonians Trio. This comprised our very own Dennis Neeves as lead accordionist and reserve piano player, Sid the Saxophone virtuoso, and an apparently itinerant minstrel known as 'Bob on the Drums'. Rather droll!!

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Dennis, who had shed his impoverished shopkeepers disguise for the evening, acted as Toast Person and Person of Ceremonies in addition to his duties as Musical Director. In his former role he introduced Reg Porter and Geoff Jones, our Guests of Honour. They are both accomplished after dinner speakers, and entertained us with their cycling knowledge and humour. Arthur Coleman, who as a condition of his parole was limited to two pints of beer, welcomed our guests and made an excellent job of it. It was a very pleasant surprise to see Arthur, as he had had part of his 'good' leg removed only 11 days before. By the time you read these notes, we hope he will be out of hospital, and able to get around under his own steam a bit. By a happy coincidence, Pete's mum and dad, Lill and Audrey Baker, celebrated their wedding anniversary that same day. Congratulations Bill and Audrey; it was a pity Dennis lost his copy of the Anniversary Waltz!!

In between these two highspots, members have been active in various ways. Our butterflies have fluttered to functions far and wide. Sid and Barbara actually reaching the dizzy heights of the top table at the Catford dinner. The less frivolous of us have been attending Committee meetings and A.G.M's, while the athletically inclined have been indulging in out of season time trials and reliability trials. Incidentally, Maurice demonstrated his faith in his winter's training programme, when he persuaded Esther and Tim to provide him with a sag waggon in the Catford reliability trial. Still Esther took the whip, and I understand he got round in an excellent time.

A happy morning spent at Haffenden Corner on New Years day, reminded me that there is more to cycling than dashing up and down the dragstrips. Our quartet of Maurice, Stephen, Tim and Peter deserve credit for the times they recorded that morning, but to me it is mainly memorable for the renewing of auld acquaintance, and companionship in 'The Bell' at lunchtime.

With the Hardriders upon us, the weaknesses of our various racing men will be revealed. Tim has managed to persuade Stephen that 'training' is something one does by courtesy of British Rail, and is hoping to thrash him well and truly this season. Stephen was going to beat Maurice, but withdrew the threat when told that he would be put on a strict diet. The fittest people in the club must, if the truth be known, be Dave and Audrey, with all the miles they do on that tandem. Guy Little also received a boost to his morale recently. He fell victim to the mystery malaise which attacked Maurice last year, and after a thorough check-up at the hospital was told that he is in superb condition for a man of his age, and to prove it, he pushed off all the riders in our club 10 and did two swings round the telegraph pole.

I'm hoping that it's alright to sign off now, if I do a quick grovel when I give this to the Editor, she may let me off any more this time. (Having struggled through the awful writing that this contributor had the cheek to expect me to read, I can only say thank goodness he's finished. Ed.)

Ragged Shorts

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At a recent E.S.C.A. Committee meeting, delegates were treated to the unedifying spectacle of Roy Humphrey, during a discussion on 'Bonk', clasping his arms around himself, and saying, 'Tee Hee! Tee Hee! What we want is plenty of scandal.'

So, if anybody has got anything on Roy.....

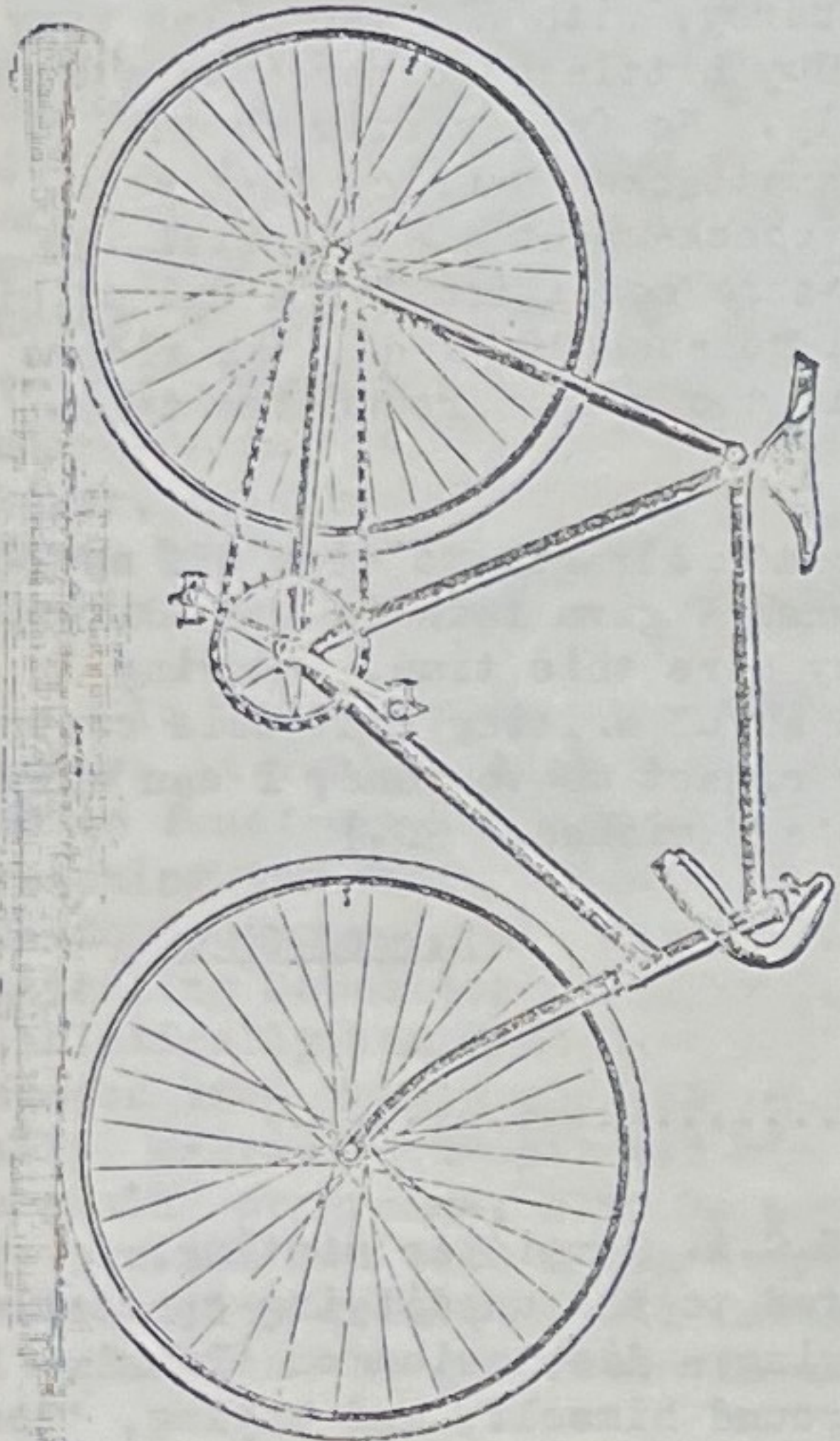
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