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# East Sussex Cycling Association

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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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Summer 1977

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EDITORIAL

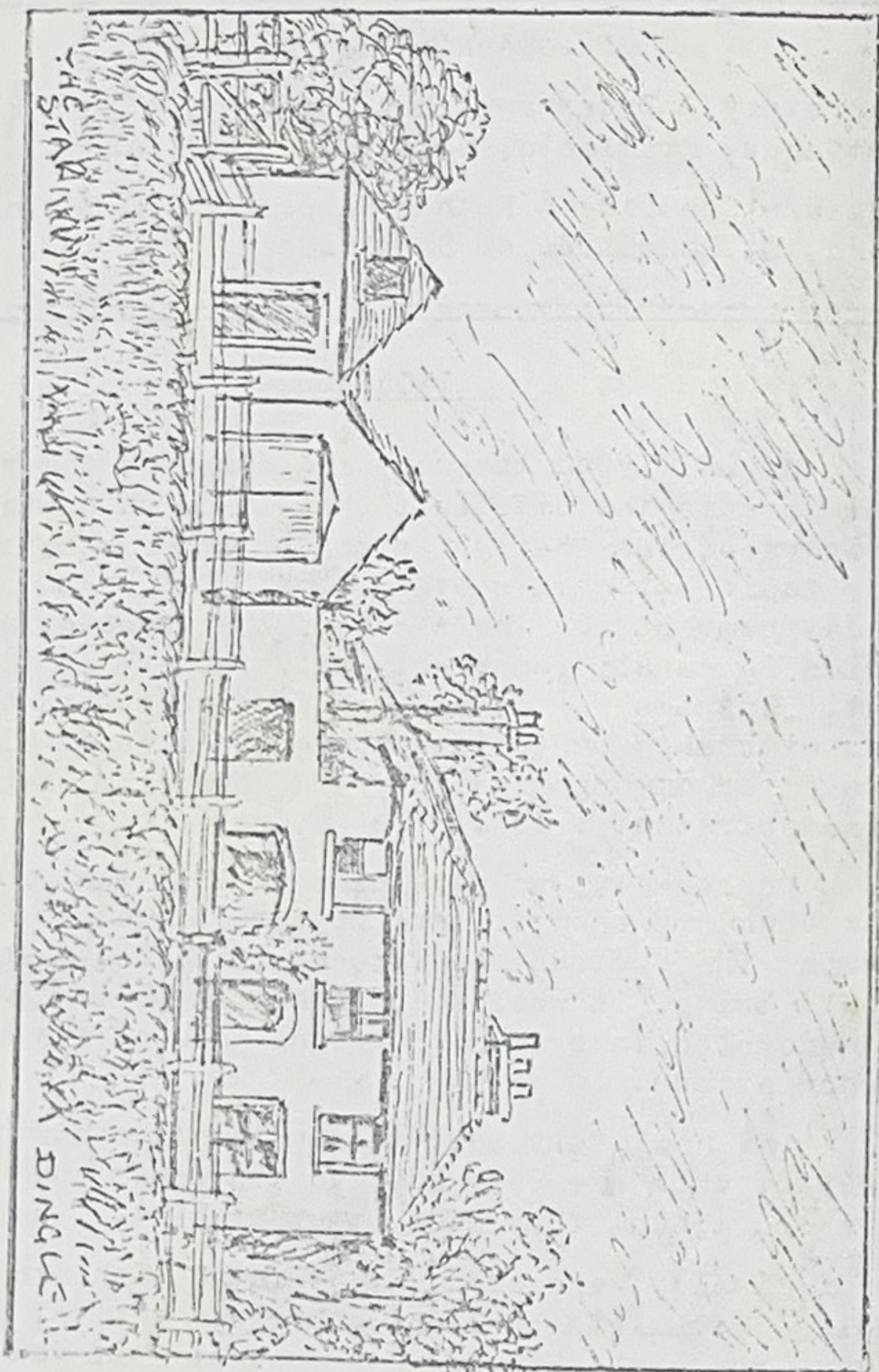
Having typed the copy and arranged the pages, I now come to the difficult part. How on earth do the Editors of the 'Dailys' come up with something fresh for their editorials every time? So! back to the usual comments on the state of the Association, which is surely remarkably satisfactory at the moment. Entries for events are up; promoters are vying with each other to improve the already high standards of organisation; and generally there is a fine spirit of friendliness overall.

Personally, we were pleased that the proposed new boundary changes were rejected. Whilst appreciating the obvious benefits an increased membership would bring, it would be a great shame if 'ESCA' degenerated into the impersonal mode of the larger Associations.

And now, very many thanks to all contributors, most of whom are very involved in other aspects of our sport, but they made it on time with their notes.

Finally, enclosed with this edition are some Police pamphlets concerning bicycle thefts. So we leave you with this month's thought - if you have to leave your bike, lock it up!

Maurice & Esther



### EASTBOURNE ROVERS C.C.

Caught on the starting line of the Worthing '25' by our Editor's husband with the ominous remark, "Have you seen Esther, your Bonk notes are due," I hastily replied "I'm going to give them to her Tuesday to save postage." So having committed myself, and with the fear that all four Carpenters will be out to catch me in our '10' on Tuesday evening, I have sacrificed myself to the cause on a glorious summer day when I could be getting the miles in.

So, what have we been up to? Well of course, Cliff has obviously been getting the miles in as witnessed by his times and placings in the 'Comic'. As far as the Club goes Cliff is pretty elusive, we usually glean our information from the said paper, or receive it first, second or third hand from other Clubs. However we do meet up sometimes, as witnessed in the E.S.C.A. '10' and '25', and to our advantage.

One thing that must be puzzling Cliff is all the new names with a familiar ring about them he sees on local start sheets. We in the Rovers are in the midst of a revival. As racing men (and woman) who last showed their legs during the fifties have brushed the cobwebs off their machines and bought brand new racing jerseys. After getting over the initial shock of the price of equipment and the unaccustomed air in their lungs, they have settled down to the serious business of training and are getting quite fit. Burning with this new found enthusiasm, two old roadmen, Dave Dunbar and Stu Greenway ('up the League'), actually entered the Division Road Race Championships. While Stu retired after a couple of laps, convinced that they never started so fast in his young days, Dave stuck it out to the chequered flag, willing himself on with the thought "If old Ron Pannell can do it, so can I." Both Dave and Ron were once in the defunct Brighton Velo around 1960.

These two, along with Whippet (I believe we should call him Harold these days, as befits his position of Night Club proprietor) Manser, and Pat Pearson have been thrashing around in the Club events upsetting some of the established riders. They say behind every good man there is a good woman, and this is so in Whippet's case, as Denise, his wife, plans his racing programme and bullies him into racing and training. All this coming from a woman who thought tandems had three wheels (!!). As I said, Pat (nee Novis) has been thrashing around every weekend since March, and after pushing Iris close many times, finally beat her by two seconds in an evening '10', so she certainly looks as if she means business, and we should see some friendly aggro among them. Not to be outdone, Jane Lade rode her first event after 10 months and baby Nicola, and was quite chuffed not to be last. We seem to have a ladies team for the first time in 8 or 9 years. Not that the ladies can expect any quarter from the men, though, in these enlightened days of the liberated female. In fact there is arch rivalry going on between Ken Griffiths, Doug Roberts, Robert Christie and Iris, with Ken at the moment having the edge on all the others. He's 60 too!

That other old vet, Ken Stevens, is still clapped out and looks like being so for most of this year, as only time and rest from bike riding will heal the damaged nerve in his back. Of course he is not the best of patients, as many of you will have guessed, and is itching to have a go at his contemporaries who are riding with so much enthusiasm. Even Roly Wickham gave his old iron a respray and had a couple of events, but after riding the two up with Whippet, temporarily (or so he says), retired from competition. He has bought his wife a new bike and they were both seen out at the road race on two wheels. All this activity came through a group of ex members getting up a party to attend the Club dinner, and listening to all their drunken promises has stirred Stan Nash into action. After a few weeks of furtive training, Stan turned up to ride in the evening '10' on a bike complete with mudguards and 74 fixed. After just two rides he's inside evens and has

placed an order for a brand new racing bike. Anyone conversant with Stan's machines will be amazed at the thought of King Nash riding anything that looks remotely like new. He has even made inquiries about having Jane make him a racing jersey. Good Lord, with all this, we shall have 'Humphrey' making a serious comeback instead of his usual annual airing in Chainwheel Creek. In case you think we are now a Club of veterans, I hasten to add that we have a fair sprinkling of up and coming youngsters. Among them, Graham Brown shook a few when he recorded a couple of 26 minute '10's', getting within 2 seconds of Ray Gearing, who the previous week had done a personal best 24 minute one. Screaming around at short 24's has been Peter Coles, beating Worthing's Richard Shipton into the bargain. This puzzles Richard somewhat as he beats Peter by 3 to 5 minutes over 25 miles. The reason being that the latter has a heavy years college work ahead of him, and is only being able to train for short events.

Well, that's enough from me, I think the lure of a warm sunny day is too much, sorry there's no scandal to bring this in line with old Rovers Bonk revues (I think Neevo used to make it all up). (I think he used to cause it! Ed.)

DON'T FORGET OUR '10' AND '25' IN AUGUST.

Forever a

Scrubber

Maurice, popping home one morning for a cup of tea, happened to remark that he had seen Whippet training across the Marsh.

"Good Lord," expostulated Neevo, who just happened to be visiting. "Whippet Manser? What was he wearing? He always used to rival Humphrey as the rag bag of East Sussex."

No comment??

Eastbourne.  
March 1977.

Dear Editors,

Two things happened recently. I had been looking at my meagre handful of dusty bronze medals, all I have to show for years of time trialling, when I happened to pick up 'Cycling'. Here I read of all the splendid prospects opening up in the cash ranks, and this so inspired me that I thenceforth decided to jump on the waggon, turn pro, and amass a fortune for my impending old age.

The first step has been, reluctantly, to change clubs. For nearly thirty years I have been happily riding and racing with the Rovers, but now obviously I could have nothing to do with 'testers'. I have therefore 'signed' with the V.C. Chalvington-Giles Dairy Shorthorns & Pre-packed Manure, which I am assured has a very good name, not to say odour, with the cognoscenti, and I am now training hard to make their third team.

A problem arose when I was told I must start with a third cat. Since the sad passing under tragic circumstances three years ago of our dear Twinkle we haven't had the heart to keep even one. However I must put sentiment aside, visit the pet shop, and hope to be able to support them all from my winnings.

I am also having difficulty with the approved method of describing gears. I usually used to ride 81 fixed in time tr-, sorry, tests, but it seems the French have not yet discovered our incredibly simple and efficient way of comparing gears and insist on counting cogs. e.g. 81 is 51 x 17, 54 x 18, or any one of half a dozen other combinations. I had been intending to increase my gear range by combining an old Sturmey hub gear in a 26" wheel with my other gears, but when I asked my new clubmates how to describe this in the French way they just laughed. In the circumstances perhaps the best compromise would be if

I rode a single free of, say, 2.061 metres!

Another thing I have discovered is that every road racer worthy of the name has his own personal 'soigneur', and crafty reference to my French dictionary tells me that this is a sort of combination manager/masseur. I have accordingly consulted the Personal Column of my London evening paper and have found a suprising number of people advertising the latter service. I have duly selected one by the name of Martine, who lives in a flat over a sauna in Berwick St., W.1., and I am sure with a continental name like that he must be extremely experienced and will soon have me in good shape. Perhaps I shall meet some other cyclists there.

I think that disposes of my immediate problems, but the real purpose of this letter is to ascertain whether there are any other quinquagenarian 'bikies', or even twikies, who think, as I do, that it's about time we got our veteran paws on some of the financial goodies that seem to be going these days. If so, let's be hearing from you, kiddies, perhaps we can go twaining together!

Yours sincerely,

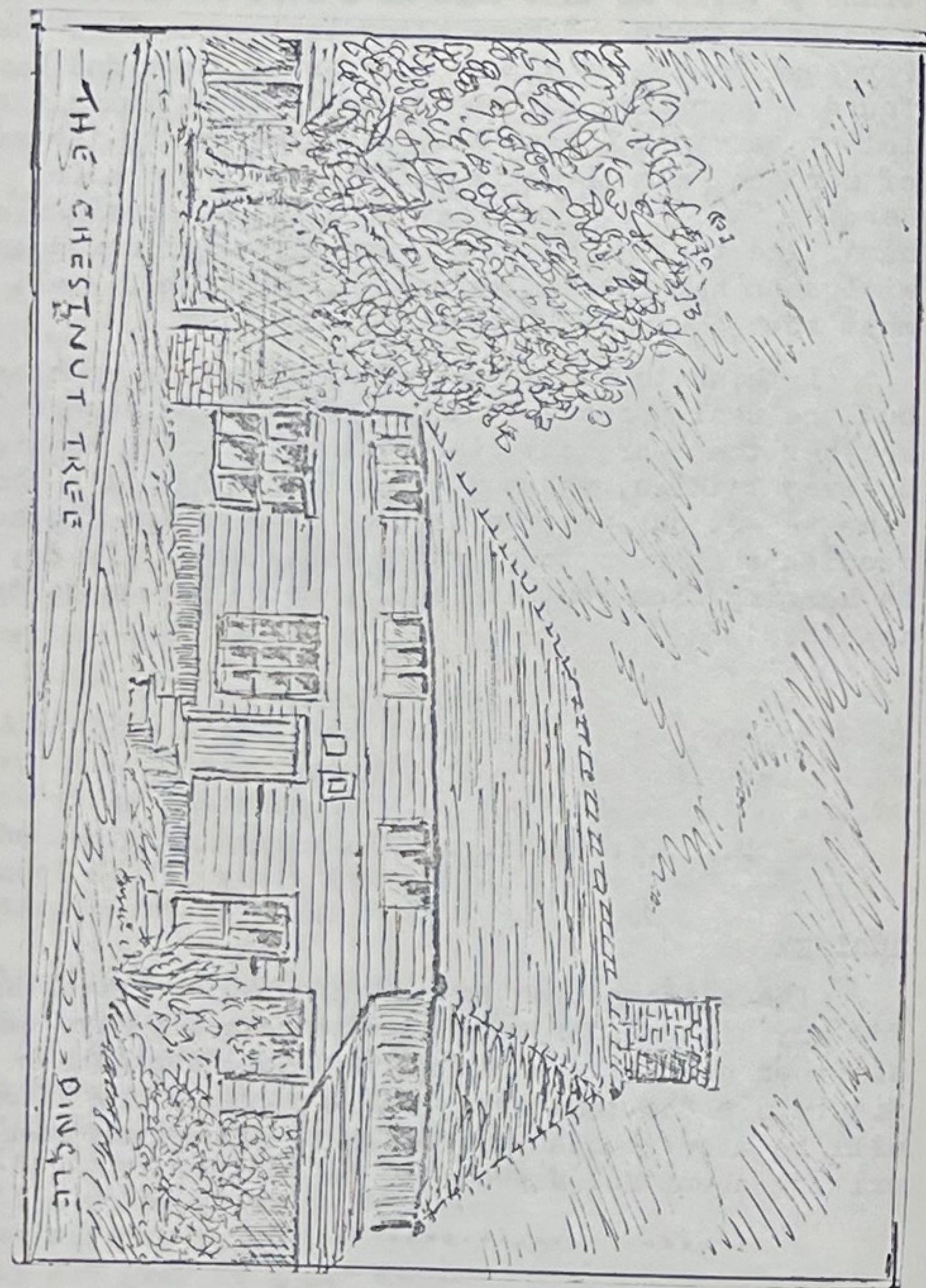
Stan

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Apology

The editors wish to apologise to D. Neeves Esq., for any distress or embarrassment they may have caused him when using the word 'portly' to describe his figure, in the last issue. In future, every effort will be made to use more suitable adjectives when writing about Mr. Neeves.

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## CRAWLEY WHEELERS

From my diary I see that I have to go back to mid February to pick up from where we finished when the Spring edition closed.

February was a fairly eventful month, with club runs extremely well supported by all categories. Most weeks saw twenty or so riders leaving Crawley for such places as Worthing, where on the 15th February the first paddle of the year was had in the briny. The following week the Central Sussex reliability trial was attempted and successfully completed by some, the writer however managed to get himself completely lost, and had lunch at Lewes! The last Sunday in the month saw our own 100 Km reliability trial with over 50 riders attempting 50 or 100 Kms., in varying standard times. My notes on this event show that our gentleman and scholar D. Malin punctured twice and packed; Dick Denman in an effort to drop everyone in the fast group broke his braces! Roy Jones, wait for it, yes, fell off; so also did Anne Killick, who forgot she only had two wheels; and finally Ron Ford pushed big Hilda Boxall up most of the hills. Phew! On the last day of February we found out that Dick Denman had left the Southdown Bus Co., and for a while it was rumoured he was driving Jumbo Jets to America for Freddy Laker's Sky Train. He reckons it wouldn't be much different as his Southdown coach wheels were seldom on the ground.

March saw the start of the racing season, our apologies for not riding the E.S.C.A. Hardriders at Hellingly but a similar event at Reigate Heath caught most of our lads eyes as it was nearer home. Mark Jones rode well to finish second in the Junior event, the following week he won the Central Sussex hilly '10' in record time. The 13th saw yet another reliability ride to Petworth or Chichester and back, another successful promotion by Gordon Christenson, and personal congratulations to the schoolboys who rode to Chichester within the time limit on what was a pretty hard day.

Next event was our club Hilly '24', won again by Mark Jones who broke the course record by almost one minute to record 1.3.7. On his way round Ian Berry asked me what I thought his 'old man' fed him on, I'll not print any more on that joking!? conversation. Quote of the morning however, went to Anne Killick who at the finish told everyone in a loud voice, "He was the first man I've ever had before the top of Turners Hill." No need to ask who 'he' was, didn't she do well!! The treasure hunt organised by John and Jill Pratt was extremely well done and it was a disappointment that it rained continuously all day long. This didn't worry Hilda who apparently likes getting wet so she can Strip Orf, unfortunately I was again late back and thus missed this bonus. On the same day Ernie Dore and Dave Boorsma rode the E.S.C.A. two up. Can you imagine your partner on the line reaching behind and saying "Can you put these somewhere safe, I haven't any pockets." THESE being a new set of false gnashers. Dave reckoned these gnashers kept nipping him and were most off putting.

On then into April and a hope that the weather would start improving, but to date there doesn't seem to have been much improvement. Our open '25' on Good Friday was run on a new Gatwick course in a biting northerly wind. The event was won by Cliff Sharp in 1.0.49 a very good time considering the conditions. Prize values were nearly trebled this year thanks to a very generous donation by Label Research Ltd., of Brentwood Road, Croydon.

Clubruns over Easter were well supported on the Sunday and Monday, but no mileage records broken. Yet more accidents have been reported two for not looking where they were going, running into stationary vehicles, and one, Tony Killick, who was brought down by a car door being opened as he was overtaking. Please all cyclists take care when out, treat every driver as an utter moron and look where you are going.

The Big Gannett struck at the latest cheese and wine party and disgusted those present with the vast amount of food he consumed. Seriously these do's put

on by our social secretary, Hilda Boxall, are extremely popular to young and older alike and it does give members cycling widows a chance to meet and chat over the facts that their husbands are never in to share much work at home.

An item of news from your scribe to Brian Wilkins. Roy Jones has taken up fire raising, Brian, we weren't sure whether he was celebrating the start of a new season, or craftily getting his decorating done.

On May day the club ventured down to the south coast at Brighton to survey the competitors in the Veteran Commercial Vehicle London to Brighton run, returning to Crawley via Lewes and Turners Hill. It was learnt this week that the evening '10's' at Gatwick are likely to be late starting this year as there are road works traffic lights on the G.112 course. As it happens we've been using the Crawley Bypass '10' course and the first event last week in fairly blustery conditions saw 5 club personal best times from 11 riders.

The Junior Divisional Championships were a disappointment to us as we didn't win, our defending champion Mark Boorsma was suffering from the after effects of flu, so was not at his best. Our congratulations to the Mitre lads for their 1st & 2nd placings, and Martin Ellis, Crawley Wheelers, is to be congratulated on his 3rd place in what will be his first full year of racing.

This concludes the Crawley notes for this issue. Summer seems a long time in starting, but hopefully the weather will soon be turning warmer. See you up the road.

Yours, etc.

Malcom

History of, and Interview with, Sussex Divisional  
Schoolboy Champion - ROBERT FLINN, Crawley Wks.

Robert joined the Crawley Wheelers last year, at the age of 12. He was 13 years of age at the end of May, 1976, and in his first season managed a personal best of 26 mins. 27 secs. for a ten mile time trial. This I thought was quite a remarkable achievement for a 13 year old in his first season. During the winter he has been building himself up; coming out regularly on the longer clubruns, weight training and circuit training with Dick Denman on club nights, these have all played a part in strengthening his riding.

His first road race was at Crystal Palace some two weeks before the Championship, and it was apparent there that he had the makings of a rider of considerable ability.

Now as Divisional Champion, and possibly the youngest in the country, I asked him after the event where his ambitions lay, and whether there were any changes, etc., he would like to see in the sport.

Firstly, he would like to win the NATIONAL Schoolboy Road Race Championship. He also wants to get 'under the hour' for a '25'. Secondly he wishes there were more girls in clubs, sharing in club life, etc. (Our D. Malin has obviously got competition here!!!)

On training and fitness he reckons clubruns have helped quite a bit, and Dick's weight training classes have toughened him up a lot. Training? He goes out some evenings but most mornings runs around a mile before going to school.

From ourselves at Crawley, "Well done, Robert, it was a thrill to all of us who saw you win. Good luck in the Nationals, and may you remain Sussex Division Champ for the next three years.

M.A. Pink

CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

Since these are the first collection of notes for the new edition of BONK, perhaps it will be better if things that happened before Easter are forgotten, with one or two exceptions that is.

The E.S.C.A. two up this year was promoted by the club, the actual work being handled by John Dutson to his usual high standard. Everyone who started got round and from the club the best pairing was Nick Bown and Graham Kerr who were 3rd in 1.13.12 behind Sharp and Colburn's 1.9.54. Paul Lipscombe clocked 1.14.26 on his own while his partner Adrian Jones was recovering from a motoring accident.

Adrian's accident was a real tragedy. Travelling home from an S.C.A. event with John Yates their car was hit by another that was coming down Clapham Bostel out of control. The car was complete write off, but fortunately the bikes were still in one piece. Both riders have now recovered and are quickly getting back to form.

Easter dawned windy and cold, same as usual, and the club entered the Crawley Wheelers '25' on the new course starting just north of Gatwick. After reading the course details most members rushed out to buy climbing ropes and compasses. The outcome of all this effort was club fastest for Graham Kerr in 1.6.37. Nick Bown did 1.6.58. Adrian Jones 1.7.45 and the rest just nowhere.

Robin Maclagan was the only one of four who started in the Charlotteville '50', did a 2.26 odd and collected flu for his pains.

Gemini '10's' on Easter Monday were very windy. Mark Atkins recorded 28.44 for 16th place in the Juvenile event, which was the best placing by a club member. Other than that possibly the best thing of that day was the free (!!) Easter Egg to each rider.

This years windy weather continued to spoil the racing scene when seven of us, in all categories, went



to Alton for the Farnham Road Club '10's'. Best placing was Mark Atkins again, 3rd in 27.44 behind Lewes Wanderers own Ian Burgess, but then he also beat all the other club riders including Father.

The S.C.A. Team Championship was promoted this year by Robin Maclagan on the club's behalf, and we like to think added a lot of lustre to the S.C.A.'s best event. Obtaining the hall at Cowfold, through the good offices of Don Bateman, was one of the best things that happened and we were able to offer civilised changing accomodation, hot showers and the usual bountiful canteen. From the racing side it was not so good for the club. The 'A' team, rather depleted, were 3rd in their section, and the 'B' team 2nd in theirs. However we hope to have set a standard for other promoters to live up to. Thank you for all the hard work, Robin.

Lastly for this report from the racing side I am pleased to report a team win in the Dartford Wheelers limit '25'. Alan Codd 1.3.59, John Palmer 1.4.18 and Ron Ewart 1.4.53. Last time Ron did a '4' was in 1948, makes you think.

As you will know Central have moved headquarters to the Staplefield Village Hall, still on Monday evenings from 8 - 10p.m. Canteen facilities are there and anyone who fancies a cup of tea on a Monday evening is quite welcome.

Would you like a duck as a pet? see John Palmer he keeps 3, 1 drake and 2 ducks and has to dispose of up to 60 each year. There is no truth in the rumour that his proposed swimming pool at home is being altered to become a duck pond.

Nick Bown, who you will recognise as the large nose with a West Country accent, is leaving us very shortly to take up a diplomatic post in Brazil. Bikes have already gone ahead, but this was found to be a mistake since Brazilian Rollerball is already in operation, the winner being the one who gets the most local cyclists. In exchange, John Gallsworthy is on his way home from the Seychelles.

That's enough for this edition, must save some for next time.

Honest Ginge

It was one of those warm clear days that show spring is with us. Fresh green buds on tree and shrub about to burst open. Colour on its way back after the drabness of winter.

This sparkling day had attracted the two young boys to the beach. They were engaged in the age old pastime of pebble throwing. The target on this occasion was a bright yellow bundle that the tide was bringing nearer and nearer to the shore. Several hits were scored on this rather strange shaped bundle and these may have loosened the brown and green ribbon that was binding it. The last wave of the incoming tide pushed the bundle up to the boys feet, and to their horror they saw a pallid hand sticking out.

The police arrived in droves. Heavy footed constables held the curious at bay. Greying senior detectives looked aghast at the injuries. The doctor stood up shaking his head. "It may sound far fetched," he said, "but I think he has been flogged to death with a bicycle chain."

Alsorán awoke with a start. He was soaked in sweat, and trembling with extreme fear. I WILL get the Lewes notes in the next edition of Bonk, he vowed.

Nemesis

(He did, too, by Jove! Ed.)

## LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

Greetings to all ESCAbods from the Lewes bastion of culture. All praise to Esther and Maurice for pulling BONK out of the mire of extinction, the fourth reprieve it has enjoyed since the days when the "Great Neevo" held undisputed mastery over its destiny, or words to that effect!

Having seen out the social season in the best way possible - in the shape of another very successful club dinner - the serious stuff started with a well-supported reliability trial, promoted, as last year, by John Honeyball. Over 60 good souls braved early morning snow but later were rewarded by a most agreeable day.

Since then our stalwarts have been getting stuck in at all levels all over the place with varying degrees of success. A cold and very wet Lewes/Newhaven and Return was won by Ian Burgess in an excellent 37.2 which was 42 secs. too good for that "man for all seasons" Pete Burberry who seems to look younger every year. John Honeyball was 3rd in 38.11. The Association Hardriders was dry but cold, and the best of our entrants was John in 44.53, a minute better than Ian Landless. In the S.C.A. two up our best team was Burberry/Ian Burgess in 1.5.44, with Honeyball/Landless 2nd in 1.6.4. The next weekend saw the club '25' Championship which had been switched to the Danehill course to make things more 'interesting', although that wasn't the word the victims used! Winner of this one was Ian Burgess in 1.9.49 with Pete Burberry 2nd in 1.11.29. The April '10' saw a very good win by Ian Burgess, with dad causing a few raised eyebrows with 26. This event was noteworthy as it featured the 1977 debut of the notorious Derek Agg who also puffed round the '25' next morning and announced that he'll be walloping "some of these bums" when he gets rid of a bit of his present tonnage. Our best rider here was Mick Burgess in 1.7.52, with Pete Burberry 2nd in 1.8.19. Next came the S.C.A. team championship where our collection finished in (sorry, there's a tantalizing gap here. Ed.) place. The same day Ian Burgess, Kiatt

Huang and Giles Ree rode the Division Schoolboys Championship at Crystal Palace, Ian being an excellent 3rd, with the others finishing in the bunch.

The first of our evening '10' series was rained off, while the second was held on a very cold and windy evening, being won by Ian Landless in 27.43. The club '30' was won by Pete Burberry in 1.20.16, and provided a rare sensation when John Honeyball who was trundling unsuspectingly up to the line was caught by our equivalent of the local Flying Squad, none other than the Copper doing 1.20.32 for 2nd place. John afterwards commented: "Nobody likes being apprehended by the law, but this is ridiculous!"

On the official side the club hasn't been slacking, and what with the Association Racing Secretary (the Copper), Division General Secretary (G. Willcocks), Track Secretary (B. Wilkins), and Division R.R. Championships Promoter (J. Goldstein), we can fairly say that we're a bit more than just a gaggle of ugly faces!

Mention of the Division Championships reminds us to pay due tribute to the Man of the Race, long-serving vet. Ron Pannell. At an age when he ought to know better he had the cheek to break from the bunch early in the race, with Pete Baker, and wasn't seen again except by Ray Smith who took the final gallop from him, with the remnants of the field at nearly 5 minutes, a tremendous performance on a windy day on a far-from-easy course. Before the start Ron and Pete France, another vet. who finished 4th, were asked if they wished to ride in the Lewes Criterium series (for 3rds/Juniors), by the organiser who had temporarily forgotten their higher category. By the end of the race he had his answer in no uncertain terms!

Due to the continued generosity of Mrs. Burgess (senior) the clubnights at Lewes still carry on and are very well attended. We're really grateful to Sylvia for her catering - she did us proud at the Division Championships as well - and we also thank all those who assisted in that department.

Well, you lucky people, we've been promised a summer like last year, so let's hope that this 'orrible weather settles itself down and delivers the goods so that all the bikeriders, as well as everyone else, can reap the benefit.

Cheers for now, and we'll see you all down the road.

Alsoran

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The Association's Social Section are planning to organise a Treasure Hunt after one of the summer events. It was a unanimous decision that the most suitable and rewarding venue would be George Dicks' car. There will be prizes for the most unusual item; the most revolting article; and a Challenge Shield for the club producing most recognizable items.

Public Health officials will officiate, and there will be free inoculations for all entrants.

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DEADLINE FOR THE AUTUMN ISSUE AUGUST 27th

Remember, anybody is welcome to contribute, and we'll be pleased to receive articles and sketches at any time. It would be very nice to hear from the younger members of the Association especially!

A suggested training schedule was published in "Cycling" at the start of the season. The following version has no connection with anyone we know, unless the reader thinks it could apply to a certain AGE, of Lewes Wanderers!

Anon (Loves Wanderers)

Date	Scheduled	Completed	Remarks	Weight	Pulse
April 1st	100 miles in 5 hrs.	5 miles in 40 mins.	Fits of coughing. Severe cramp.	16st.	104
" 2nd	35 miles clubrun at 24 m.p.h. average.	3 miles in 25 mins.	Hallucinations. Arms rigid on bars.	15st.13lbs	107
" 3rd	80 miles easy paced.	7 miles in 40 mins.	Hollow legs. Blurred vision. Foaming at mouth.	15st.11lbs.	105
" 4th	50 miles hilly.	8 miles in 50 mins.	Bells in ears. Chronic nausea.	15st.8lbs.	101
" 5th	Interval training on 116 fixed.	Coped with intervals but not training.	Violent twitching. Body a sea of pain.	15st.7lbs.	102
" 6th	Club 10 in 25 mins.	5 miles in 20 mins.	Muscles creaking and knotted. Double vision.	15st.6lbs.	104
" 7th	Club 25 in 1.2.0.	5 miles in 25 mins.	Breath rasping. Attack of the bends.	15st.5lbs.	106

Final Analysis: "----- it, I'll start in June!"



### Reflections on a Hard Ride

It is a pleasure and an honour to be elected President of the Association but it has its darker side. Tradition dictates that the President rides at number one in the Hardriders event. Slave to convention I entered my first event for several years. In fact my last event had also been the Hardriders in about 1971 when the postal strike was on. We could, and I did, enter on the line that year but receiving no start sheet I set off without asking the distance. Many years previously I had ridden when it was 12 miles around Brown Bread Street. When, in 1971 I finished with a time outside the hour I decided it was the slowest 12 miles I had ever ridden. It wasn't until a long time afterwards that I discovered the course was 16.7 miles.

This year I knew what to expect. Despite the mist it was a pleasure to retrace that circuit. How little has time changed this part of the world. Except for the growth of Heathfield/Horam it might have been the same 20 or even 50 years ago. I love this country where cattle still walk the road and keep Foul Mile well named. The old park wall may keep wild animals in but outside its mellow stone still glows benignly at the passing traffic. Local residents have time to stop and watch you pass and I had lots of chance to watch other riders pass! The same sweating bodies and writhing muscles, the same panting breath and passing grunt. Some not even grunting, perhaps unable to believe that I was actually competing. Indeed one marshall said, "Of course you can't be riding."

But marshalls there were all round and cheery people riding bikes and at the end val's tea and excellent cakes and the warmth of good companionship. Things have changed little over the years. Riders still cycle to the hall and they stop at the end and talk and laugh. So unlike the dragstrip finishes where men seek only to see their magic numbers then slide off in their motors not knowing or caring about their fellows. E.S.C.A. racing is the type to be proud of. Long may it continue.

Les Hayman

My apologies to our regular reader, whoever he or she may be for the non-appearance of this column in the last edition. This copy is being prepared in the hope of forestalling any drastic actions such as, quote, 'consulting the highest authority in the County', and depriving you once again.

We were hoping to see more ESCAlanders amongst the crowd at our New Years Day '10', which is growing in popularity, not only to ride, but as an opportunity to meet everyone in the South East Cycling world. See you next year!

We enjoyed our trip to the E.S.C.A. luncheon, but must confess that we are not practised in leaving licensed establishments before 'time' is called.

Visiting our clubroom on a Friday would give the casual observer the idea that it is some kind of youth club. Since the turn of the year, some two dozen 13 - 16 year olds have swelled our numbers. Most of whom are now club members. They have swelled the clubrun numbers, notably Ron Hayward's birthday run, which had a large turnout, and delighted Spider with a forty strong run for his Presidential day out, despite some of the morning hardriding dozen going back home.

The Tuesday Totter brigade completed a season of exceptional support, with anything up to 20 people coming out for a mid week spin.

An extended Easter tour saw eight stalwarts descending on the unsuspecting New Forest and Isle of Wight. These included the re-vamped 'you name it, they've got it' Hayward tandem, and the 'you name it, it's due for replacement' Wright tandem. The latter had an uneventful trip, apart from shearing the front handlebar extension as they stopped at Lymington, and developing a free wheel in both directions capability when eight miles from home. Those of you who doubt the weight of this vehicle should talk to the four who 'echelon' pushed it home complete with riders!

Now a few paragraphs for those of you interested in what goes on, during the break in the social and touring seasons. No, not that, the racing you idiot. (Thinks.. I don't know, perhaps that's not so stupid after all). Back to the racing.

The club promoted the first two S.E.C.A. events, a '10' on the A.2, and a hilly 2-up on the Sevenoaks By-pass, in competition to the Hardriders. Les Hayman said that with the club to spur him on, he may well have gone faster, and then again, he may not. The first club event was our Hilly '11' around the County border area, at Tunbridge Wells. As expected Geoff Withers roared round in 28.16, ahead of Phil Boddy in 29.21 and Roy Harrison in 29.43. But it was the back up event that dominated the day. Following last years success, we again promoted our inter-schools Challenge Shield between Hunley's and Sandown Court Schools. 66 enthusiasts completed the 6 mile course, and Hunley's, this year headed by Southboro' Wheeler Dave Abrahams, took the team again. Dave is the younger son of Geoff Abrahams, whom supporters of Preston Park and the G9/G11 courses will remember from the early 50's. Elder son Paul, with 200 yards to go in the Junior Divisional Championship, was brought down by his fellow front runner, who switched for a right hand turn that was not included in the last lap. We wish him a speedy recovery from his sojourn in Canterbury Hospital. Also recovering is Jean Smith, who cracked a collar bone when she crashed whilst racing on the A.1, and Maureen Wall, who cracked ribs when brought down by a hole in the road.

Geoff, Roy and Phil have improved their road racing, netting 3rd, 5th and 7th in our own 3rds and Juniors promotion. Geoff and Phil spent most of the winter cross country running. Phil ran in the National Cross Country Championships at Parliament Hill fields, to finish halfway back in a 1500 strong field. He was also a useful counter in the Tonbridge Athletic's '10' mile road race.

Back to the bikes. The second grand clash of the season occurred, when our first open '10' fell on

Easter Saturday. If you know that John French of Oxford City did his 22.43 in a freezing snowstorm starting at 110, whilst second placed Colin Grady starting 55, did his 22.50 in warm sunshine, you will no doubt appreciate that it was a day of very mixed conditions. Also, if I tell you that the ladies prize was taken by a near veteran Yorkshire girl, you can guess who that was. We had to return 40 entries, so next year we are probably running two events, one for the Juveniles, Juniors and Ladies combined, and one for the 'erbs. We will guarantee the weather to be the best.....of British.

ESCALanders will know that Tony Peachey and Pete Roberts are fit and thrashing about, allowing the Sharp/Colburn combo a mere 9 seconds margin in the E.S.C.A. 2-up. Peter and his wife, Lesley, are now domiciled at Burgess Hill, where they can feed us all the info of what goes on in Central ESCALand. Tony has gone under the hour this year, whilst Arthur Smith, in one of his rare early season events, has done a five. Hazel Whitehouse is beginning to show form, and is pushing Val Peachey and Jean Smith. These three reduced the club's Ladies '10' team record to 1.23.30 in the De Laune promotion.

The club evening events kicked off, with one especially for our new youngsters. The night turned out to be the wettest and blackest this year, but it did not damp the enthusiasm of a dozen or so keen ones, who recorded times between a 28 and a 40. With start sheets for these events numbering over 25, plus P.T.T's., all augurs well for the season ahead.

Our thanks to Esther and Maurice for taking on the Ed's job. We are pleased to note that they live on the civilised (Tonbridge) edge of Hastings. One word of advice to close on.....Tankards should be lightly oiled with the occasional pint at this time of the year, so that they are ready for instant full

use, come the Autumn. Don't be a late starter.

S.B.B.B.      Sarfbra Boozing Birdloving Bikie

Note: I have not used the Ed's W.D. Womanising Dipsomaniac. I don't know what it means.

We're awfully sorry about that - we thought Pete Wall wrote your notes! (Ed.)

.....

To give an idea of the mentality of officialdom which runs our sport, albeit I know, without charging for their services, I overheard the following conversation between a well known R.T.T.C. official and an equally well known rider. Names on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope!!!

A. Rider querying the fact that a team medal he had received was not engraved for obvious reasons, was told in no uncertain manner,

"Look, the start sheet said fastest team, medals, O.K. you got the medals, it didn't say anything about engraving."

As A. Rider walked disconsolately away the Official was heard to carry on, "Gor blimey, the engraving would cost us more than the medals are worth."

Perhaps next year the start sheet should read engraving NO medals.

.....

Another quote overheard recently went as follows:

"I don't like the cash pay outs on prizes valued at £10 or under. I mean when prizewinners had to muck about with vouchers, etc. they very often didn't bother to claim their prizes and the money stayed in club funds."

You've guessed it! A club treasurer!

Crawley Earwigger

BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.

The Committee are grateful to Esther and Maurice in their enthusiasm to enable the continuance of this magazine, thank you.

Members of the Excelsior together with several friends wobbled or staggered home from the annual club dinner earlier this year, and once again all due thanks should go to Dick Jones for his flair for organising such a good evening.

Apart from the traditional club, racing started in earnest with the Excelsior promotion for the E.S.C.A. Hardriders event on the 6th March which was, at least we think successful. However we are concerned that Roy seems unable to count beyond 24, and that he must remember that 25 comes before 26 when it comes to calling riders to the start line.

We are pleased to report that Rick and Gary who have teamed up, provide an effective tandem force and are now enthusiastic participants in events for the southern half of the country. We feel sure their efforts will be well rewarded. Whilst talking racing, a couple of weeks ago saw some veteran members of the club endeavouring to chase records of the S.C.A. team championship, certainly records were broken when the team came in last, I am sure they had saved themselves for the club run afterwards.

This year we have a joint club Captainship led by Dave Cotton, ably assisted by Richard Jones, Pete Shaw and Johnny Roberts, in order to provide the membership with a variety of runs to members tastes. Club runs either leave from Brighton Old Steine or Shoreham Red Lion at 0900 hours each Sunday and further details of particular runs can be obtained by telephoning Dave, Brighton 506907 or visiting the Excelsior Club room at the Bus Companys Sports Club, Conway Street, adjacent to Hove Railway Station any Thursday evening.

Following the successful lunch time in the hostelry adjacent to Hellingly Station which has been the annual haunt of the Excelsior following the Hardriders event. This venue which was used recently on one of the more unusual club runs when after enjoying some good food and music the Excelsior members made their way across country to the Blue Bell Railway. We had tea there provided in the Directors saloon which was attached to the 4.30 train, several members and friends enjoyed this venture which gave the feeling of travelling in the more decadent era, and whilst consuming several cups of tea it could be visualised that these were brandys after a full lunch and surely this must have been the way that Directors of the bygone era travelled, and one feels, however, that to alight at Sheffield Park Station and depart on ones lightweight machine was not quite befitting to the period, and that surely long flowing cloaks and crinoline skirts would have been more apt.

Well folks regrettably the pubs are just closing and I have been forced back on my bike, and will leave this in the safe hands of Esther. Wishing all Bonk readers a very successful season whether it be drinking - touring, drinking - racing, drinking - or just supporting.

Cheers for now.

Rough Rider

.....

Derek Agg, as brash as ever, rode a recent Association '10', and was heard(!) saying, "Not bad is it, I only got the bike out of the garage this morning after eight months, and I only had to oil the stop watch." One can only presume he must have ridden round on flat tyres. A voice in the crowd was heard to say "Same old Agg". I think it was his wife Liz!!

EAST CRINSTEAD C.C.

You could have been forgiven for imagining that the 'Grinnies' have gone back into hibernation after the opening event of the season, such has been our non-appearance on the racing scene. We did however get several riders to face the overcast conditions of the Hardriders, where John Hutt and Brian Phillips did good rides. Like most clubs, we had several newcomers anxious to essay time trialling, one young hopeful told us that he had found racing quite hard until he was able to sit on a wheel for the last miles! With the passing of years the Hardriders becomes an ever larger social gathering - maybe this could be the answer to getting the prizewinners to the Association luncheon - hold it then.

Well, the 2-up and the '10' and '25' went without any club participation, although the latter came on the day of our open road races. A French team rode, and nearly won the 3rds and Juniors, but the Seniors had less happy results with over zealous B.C.F. officials and equestrian ladies doing their best to wreck it. Ron Pannell, who rides under our colours, finished 2nd in the Sussex Div. Champs. at Hellingly, otherwise there seems little to report on the mass-start (sorry, road racing) front. Most of the club seldom race outside our evening '10' series which are held on the South Croydon and Felbridge course. The series opened with a wet night, but had good support and was won by Richard Woodward, who also collected a fourth place in an S.C.A. '10'.

Although we were unable to get to the special meeting, we were pleased to note that 'East Sussex' still has some meaning, and doesn't now include the rest of Britain. Our own A.G.M. was longer and livelier than usual, with Jim Powell wanting us to promote early season time trials, and Trev Budgen trying to persuade us to look for a sponsor - and almost succeeding. Most of the old gang were back in the top jobs, but having done three years as Pres., Val has handed the job back to Keith Butler. An attempt is to be made to get some semblance of standardisat-

ion in our racing jerseys, as they do vary a bit.

A car had Kev Orpen off recently, fortunately without much injury, but Glyn Woodward received a broken collar bone and other injuries when he was 'got at' on the Caterham By-pass, and his expensive bike was written off.

As the club activity seems to centre round the clubruns, mention must be made that these are well supported and do not degenerate into training bashes (I'm glad to say). Val works like a Trojan (or Trojaness), dispensing tea on club nights, organising club runs, doing news sheets and getting up a few road races when she gets bored.

Terry Collins sends his regards to all ESCA-ites from the wilds of north Kent, and Tom Padbury likewise from Norway, where he appears to be a permanent fixture. Professional lay-about Paul Yates has returned to amateur status and got a job; less active has been Terry Thorn - house building; Steve Hepp... - Guitar exams; Fred Marshal - post op; Dave Duke - moving; and Ray Lunn has his love life to contend with. It's good to balance all that with the news that John Hutt, Jim Powell and Will Wates have some fitness needle match going.

And so it goes on.

Crow

.....

What is Trevor Budgen up to? After telling his wife, Sylvette, that she needed more exercise, he sent her around the Division Road Race circuit on a bike on which she couldn't get into bottom gear, with the comment, "You'll be alright, it's all flat." (!!!) On reaching Warbleton corner, after climbing Kingsley Hill, she gasped out, "I weel keel him for this."



## BRIGHTON MITRE

With the advent of Spring things have been happening in the Mitre jungle.

The main exponent of stirring things up has been Clive Oxborrow who seems to spend all his time off the back of the field with mechanical trouble, and off the front of the field in road races.

An epic ride in the Girvan 3 Day which apart from a broken bracket axle in the Criterium would have seen him finish in the first ten of a first class field, but 5th on the first day and 3rd on the last plus lots of effort on the other day should guarantee a Sussex team gaining automatic acceptance next year.

Ray Smith as well as doing well in the Girvan 3 Day, finishing 22nd overall, has gained 1st place in a 2 Day in Essex as well as several minor places. Apart from Clive and Ray, road racing success has been a little thin on the ground. Adrian Morris and Keith Chandler managing to get into the placings in the Worthing event on 7th May.

The Division Championship scene started with the Schoolboys road event at Crystal Palace on 8th May, won by Robert Flinn of Crawley in atrocious conditions with a mud covered circuit, the boys all presented a somewhat multi-racial appearance at the finish. Our best hope, Mike Tanner, departed at half distance with a seized bottom bracket. Baz Abbo after leaping into the lead at the start, punctured in the first quarter mile. The Junior Championship at Hellingly saw Mitre 1st, 2nd and 4th, with Steve Harkness, Owen Leigh and Dave Barnard. The Senior event saw Ray Smith over the line a length in front of Ron Pannell, with the rest nowhere.

Time Trialling has seen plenty of support for Club events. Starting with our Hardriders in March we have had 16 or more entries for all events.

The E.S.C.A. two up event saw Clive Oxborrow and Ray engaged elsewhere, so Pete Taylor and Fred Harkness were our best Senior pair. Fred, after riding a few '10's' last year when he came out with son Steve has taken to racing, and has been persuaded to have a go on the track.

As promotor of the Spring '10' and '25', I was gratified to see entries up 50% on last year, with an encouraging number of new faces, and some not so new not seen for a long time (I dare not include the Editor in this category).

The S.C.A. Team Championship '25' at Cowfold saw Mitre win both A & B Team events in cold conditions, with Ray Smith the only rider inside 1.5.

On the social front, a touring competition and tea after the E.S.C.A. two up saw 34 out for tea, and a good entry for the competition, as well as some strange answers to some of the questions. Another tea is booked for 22nd May at Amberley, but in common with other clubs we find it difficult to find tea places.

Club Jumble Sale and Market on 14th May saw our highest total yet with £28 in takings. For clubs who have not tried this method of fund raising, we can recommend it, having raised over £350 in the last three years, and there is very little work involved, apart from the inrush of determined customers when you open the door.

Track entries seem to be on the increase, with 30 entries for the first meeting, plus around 20 schoolboys. Soon we shall be in the position of having to limit the number of riders, as the limit agreed for track is 35. Sponsorship via Tony Yorke for the S.C.R.L. sees a £50 first prize for the League Championship. We hope to have 23 riders on the track this year, including schoolboys. Club open Track Meeting on July 24th will include a display by a Girl Pipers team, and publicity will include a banner across the main London road near the track

Well, here we are again, with the latest observations on the sport of cycling as practised in this part of the country.

Our small but dedicated band of racers are well into their stride by now. Indeed, by the end of April the Carpenters had already ridden on every dragstrip in south east England, only to find that dragstrips can be as unrewarding as the local courses if conditions are wrong. One wet and windy evening, though, Maurice and Tim made a breakthrough on the Polhill course, with Maurice doing his first '24' of the season, and Tim recording a personal best 27.4. Earlier, Steve had got within 11 seconds of Dad, but Maurice gradually established patriarchal superiority, and is now regularly beating the boys by two minutes. Over 25 miles Tim recorded a personal best 1.11.33 in the E.S.C.A. event, whilst Steve improved to 1.13.10 in the Worthing '25'. Meanwhile our hero achieved 3rd place and a best ever 1.2.1 in the Dartford Wheelers L/M '25'.

Esther, vaguely remembering that there are better ways of enjoying cycling than standing by the side of the road in blizzards, gales and teeming rain, and her competitive spirit whetted by her two outings last year, entered and rode a couple of events. She was so exhilarated by the experiences, that she is planning to hit the comeback trail with the rest of the golden oldies. No doubt we shall see her version of eyeballs out up the Bypass before the end of the season! Hopefully, two more useful additions to our racing strength will be Martin Chambers, one of the redoubtable brothers of the sixties, and Terry Cox, who has joined us with his young son, Jeremy. Martin has already made his debut in an evening '10', just managing to beat Jack, who is still churning out some creditable rides. Dave Morris plans to make the occasional sortie on the racing scene, and has adapted a trailer to carry his solo behind the tandem. John

Lawrence, torn between sharing the exciting cosmopolitan life style enjoyed by his vivacious wife, Mandy, and attaining the standard of fitness necessary for the cut and thrust of 'testing', has nonetheless whittled several minutes off his best '10' mile time.

The Longley family have also made a welcome re-appearance on the club scene. Richard and Joanne look very promising on their new lightweights. Ron rode in an early season '10', enthusiastically encouraged by Richard, who lent him his bike; Connie, who with her unique vocal talents urged him all around the course without moving from the start; and Joanne, whose smile at the finish said, "Well done, Dad." Well done, indeed! Just outside evens for someone who even at his best never pretended to be anything but a dabbler.

On the day of the Division Championships our clubrun was to Cowbeech, and we sportingly held our breath for Peter Baker, as with Ron Pannell, he led the field for four or five laps. He was eventually absorbed by the bunch, but managed to finish in 6th place.

Our open '10' attracted 50% more entries than last year, and could well develop into a classic! The weather was beautiful; Mandy who was in sole charge of the canteen proved to be as nippy with the teapot as she is with the gin bottle; Cliff Sharp upheld local honour with a clear win over Chris Worsfold; Pat Pearson and Ken Griffiths won the ladies and vets. prizes, and Mark Panton was again the fastest junior. In the juvenile event Clive Swan triumphed, and 11 year old Ian Goodall was the most improved rider. The club debutant this time was Terry Cox, whose spinning wheels carried him round the course just inside evens. Dennis, his sturdy frame tuned for the occasion, loyally pushed off all the riders, and Guy provided witty comment on the proceedings at the turn.

Congratulations are in order for the Sprays

and the Sid Powells, all of whom have become grandparents. Sid and Barbara have a grandson and Pam and Ernie a grand daughter. Susan Powell also celebrated her engagement to Richard at about the same time. Arthur Coleman also has cause for celebration, as at long last it seems as if he is out of hospital, and could well be taking a more active interest in cycling affairs very soon.

Having brought you up to date with our activities, it remains only for me to sign myself,

Ragged Shorts

.....

Maurice has acquired a fan club on his training rides. The headquarters are the bus shelter in the village of Westfield, their slogan is "Go on Grandad" or latterly "Go on Barry Sheene", and their immediate aim is to win the sprint for the speed limit sign on the outskirts of the village.

.....

Now well into his eighties, Ted Coussens of Hastings is still socking it to the female population of the town. On two known occasions, and who can guess how many more, ladies have offered to push his bike for him. One of them was so eager for the privilege, that she was dicing with death to get across a busy main road to him.

.....

Gentlemen! Buy 'Bisque' aftershave as worn by Ken Stevens and advertised by Brigitte Bardot.

.....

When passing through the quiet Sussex village of Franfield on a couple of occasions recently I was suprised to see the residents of this tiny hamlet creeping furtively towards a cottage near the Village Hall. The first time I thought idly that the owner was holding a Tupperware party or a soiree. The second time, puzzled by the almost guilty way the people were making their way to their destination, I pondered the question more deeply. Perhaps I had stumbled on the meeting place of a witches coven, or had the sophisticated antics of their suburban neighbors at last reached the depths of the country. A wife swapping party maybe, or a film show? I decided that should I observe the phenomena a third time, I would investigate; less than a week later the opportunity arose. I parked my car, waited until the last little old lady had passed through the wicket, donned the scruffy old raincoat I had provided for my disguise, and made my way to my objective. My disguise seemed satisfactory, I received acknowledgment from several passers-by, a grunted " 'lo Neevo", and I responded similarly to what I imagined to be a traditional greeting. As I neared the house a rhythmic tapping noise was borne on the evening air. Mystified I crept to the only lighted window, and peered through a gap in the curtains. A strange scene met my eyes. Crouched over a typewriter, pipe clenched between his teeth and tapping furiously with two fingers, was a demonic figure. Even as I watched, he tore some kind of document from the machine and thrust it into the hand of an attentive minion, and while muttering at her, was frantically winding more paper into the machine, meantime a young child cooled the mechanism with water. Then I saw the source of the clattering sound. A harassed woman, her hair hanging round her perspiring face, was turning the handle of the contraption with frenetic energy. I peered, and saw that the machine was in fact a duplicator. Part of the mystery was solved! As realisation dawned, the acolyte handed over what I now knew to be a stencil. Her lips formed the words, "152 copies, dear, and quick with it!"

Paper was churning from the duplicator and lay in mountainous heaps on the floor. Pushing back her hair, the duplicator lady gave a wan imitation of a smile, and indicated one of the piles. The old lady picked it up and went to another part of the dimly lit room, where the denizens of Framfield sat around a large table. Some were sorting papers, some folding, and others putting them into envelopes. All the time they were uttering what appeared to be strings of letters - B.C.F.R.T.T.C.S.C.R.L.E.S.C.A., a particularly massive stack of documents was accepted with the comment, "Result sheets or entry forms?" Papers issued from the duplicator in an endless torrent, and were dealt with by these expert people. What on earth was this strange cottage industry I had stumbled upon? Who was the mad typist? At last, on the stroke of midnight, the typist stopped, everyone else redoubled their efforts; even outside the room, I could sense the fear felt by the poor souls caught in the tyrant's thrall. Then the man nodded, the doors were unbolted, and the exhausted wretches staggered to their homes.

The next day I returned to the village, accompanied by a stalwart relative. We went into the local hostelry, and eventually broached the subject to the Landlord. He peered around, rather shiftily. "It's Humph" he said. "The man's a sadist. Head of an organisation of masochists who tear round on bikes. The villagers are terrified of him, I can tell you. Especially this time of the year when he lays on a thing called the Hardriders, my word, it really gets him going. Even the kids are frightened of him, we only have to say, casually, 'watch out, there's a Humphrey about' and they're as good as gold." Mine host nodded and went to serve another customer, he had said enough. We finished our drinks and left the village with a sense of relief, and I have avoided it since.

Anon

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