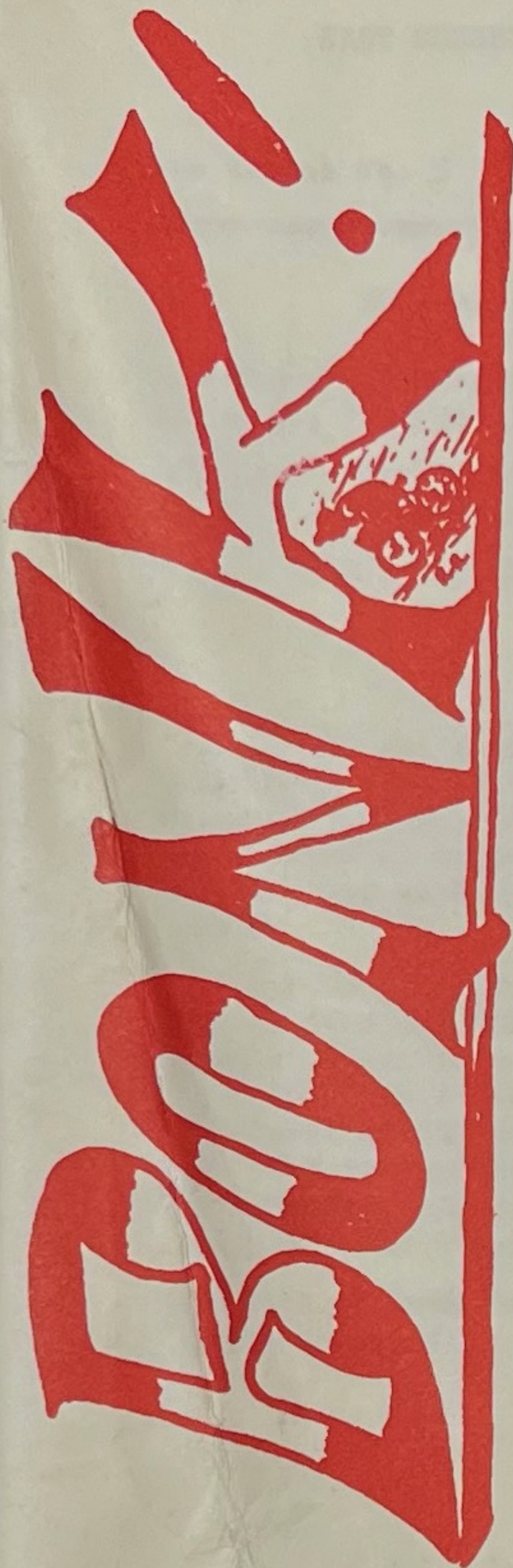


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**East Sussex
Cycling Association**

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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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EDITORIAL

Having suffered just about everything available in the way of weather over the past few months, it is good to realise that even as you read these words, our own harbinger of spring - the Hardriders - is over, and we can start to enjoy the new racing season.

For the first time for several editions, Bonk has received one hundred per cent support, including a contribution from the Sussex Nomads, who were welcomed into the Association at the A.G.M., a further instalment of the Crawley Diaries, which are fast rivalling the Crossman variety and similar notorious records, and the latest news on all your other friends and rivals.

Best of luck for the coming season, but don't go past to swiftly!

Maurice & Esther

I've just read the Rovers report in the Christmas '77 issue of Bonk: 3½ pages of interesting, exciting, up-to-date and witty writing about every aspect of Club life, from frame angles to the lightness of racing shoe-laces. How can I match that, I ask myself, since I am far from witty and have only been in the Club for four months?

The answer, unfortunately, is that I can't. But if you wish to read my one-page scrawl, please proceed.

The Club was affected by the Sex Discrimination Act at the A.G.M., when it was voted to increase the ladies subscription to make it equivalent to that of the men! Bill Collins, after countless years of faithful service as Club President, was succeeded by his old friend and rival Ted Godden, with whom he first cycled over 54 years ago. After the business of the meeting we enjoyed the half hour film "Pour un Maillot Jaune", about the 1965 Tour de France, and featuring such names as Gimondi, Poulidor and Simpson. Coles wasn't yet on the scene in those days.

The 9 mile time trial on Christmas morning was ridden by about 10 mad enthusiasts, Ray Gearing coming off best (or worst?), to finish in 24.30. Presumably Ray was beginning his build up for the Club's Open Road Race on March 5th - or is he asking for Moscow 1980?

Training seems to be the "in" thing these days. It is interesting to note who the tracksuited figure is at 6.15 every morning fighting the merciless wintry conditions near the Boship Roundabout. He is even known to be out and about at this time when the trees are bent double, and when snow and ice are covering the cold carriageway. Is he making for Hellingly Hospital? I see that Robin Johnson, Brighton Mitre, lives in a cyclists Utopia. He goes out training "while his wife is at work". He's a lucky fellow, since she works from 7.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. George Dicks' wife, Ann, is perhaps even thinking of racing. "I thought I was going to get a big, fat cheque for Christmas" she told me, but instead she got a bike.

"I might take a leisurely ride out over the marshes", she added.

Graham Lade admitted to be going running most evenings in December, and training on Saturdays and Sundays, but his most recent claim to fame is that he has become a skilful dog-catcher. On a recent Clubrun, the bunch came across some Jack Russell puppies which he succeeded in rounding up.

However, to continue the saga in recent editions of Bonk about certain people losing their sense of direction, this happened to Graham himself when he was out not so long ago - and he had to consult his Bart's ¼ inch to find out where he was! Is it 30 years this man has been exploring Sussex byways? He claims that Doug Roberts keeps on moving the roads about.

Being a London exile, I am most impressed by the friendliness of Sussex folk. This was apparent at the Club's annual Dinner in January at Hellingly Village Hall, where over 80 people gathered to the feast.

Maurice Carpenter's sons, Steve and Tim attended the Dinner in exceedingly smart suits, and didn't want to be associated with their Dad, whom they thought was highly scruffy. Oh sorry! is this Maurice Carpenter chap the editor?! (Well, yes, he is, and being scruffy is part of it, a tradition set by Neeves and Willcocks).

Drink played a part in the proceedings, I imagine, since Ted Gooden announced that he had a new tyre for Christmas for his work bike (is that so astounding? -perhaps it is), and Bill Collins told me that next time I went to France I was to bring back 6 picture postcards for him of men standing at urinals.

Barry Penfold, champion of the early 50's, and once known as the "Eastbourne Express", attended the Dinner, as did sprightly Ernie Duffet, who had ridden some of the way from Portsmouth. At 76 years of age, that's good going!

Our next events are the Jumble Sale on Saturday, 18th February, and the Road Race on March 5th. I've now run out of information, so - see you soon.

Gavin Smith

Going Downhill on a Bicycle

by H.C. Beeching

With lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind;
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
Til the heart, with a mighty lift,
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry -
"O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

"Is this, is this your joy,
O bird, then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!"

Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss?
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat;
Til when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the pedals fall.

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale; but still,
Who climbs with toil, whereso'er,
Shall find wings waiting there.

Taken from 'Adventures into Poetry', and kindly supplied by Miss M. Wilkinson, Deputy Head of Ratton School, Eastbourne.

WESTERN REVIEW

Western Review Returns!! - Forgotten all about us, had you? We made our first appearance in 'Bonk' in the Summer of 1975, soon after we had been admitted to the East Sussex Cycling Association. Don Lock wrote for about six issues of the 'Old Bonk'...before it 'died'. In furthering his career, Don had to drop many of his roles in the Club. Various individuals have now taken on the work previously done by Don - but no one had got round to writing for the 'New Series' of Bonk. That is, until now.

So here we go, briefly, to bring you up to date on a year of 'Worthings' activities. The Runs and Touring Secretary is now John Gildersleve (of Aquarina fame), while Dave Hudson still provides the transport. Dave also dreams up new ideas for fund raising schemes; some of you may have already been collared for our 'Club 100' fund raising scheme, which costs £2.50 per annum to join (dearer, I might add, than Club membership itself). You may also have taken part on one of Daves "Continental Weekends", that find him driving hundreds of miles in the largest mini-bus that he can find in Sussex! For this years trip to the Rotterdam 6 day during January, which incorporated a visit to Amsterdam, he found a 24 seater Mercedes Mini-coach. The Club's magazine, Worthing Wheel, has entered it's tenth year, under the new editorship of Derek Smith. Don kept it going for nine years before handing over.

Perhaps the most successful and splendid venture of the year, was Joe Simpsons sponsored tricycle ride in September. Joe, our 66 years young veteran, bravely rode his trike for twelve sponsored hours, to help raise money for the Worthing Division of the St. Johns Ambulance Brigade. The ambulance was expected to cost some £8,000, and Joe wanted to raise several hundreds towards this sum.

Joe started at Worthing Pier at 07.00hours and his ride went via Horsham, Crawley, Reigate, Dorking, Horsham, Worthing, Bognor, Worthing. Joe went on a finishing circuit along the A259 before completing his twelve hours at Worthing Pier at 19.00hours.

He managed 130.2 miles. Quite a ride for any 66 years of age cyclist, but something more for Joe. Joe has had long stays in hospital to have metal joints fitted, after developing arthritic hips. Following the operation, infection set in, and the ball joints had to be removed. Now only muscle holds the femur to the hip. Joe can only walk a few hundred yards with the aid of sticks, so his ride was quite a challenge - a challenge he overcame triumphantly. On the 20th December, at the Clubroom, a cheque for £1,101.50 was handed over to the St. Johns Ambulance Brigade. Charlie Lednor was official timekeeper/observer over the 12 hours, while Club Social Secretary, the Galloping Gourmet, Theo Puttick, laid on refreshments. It was Theo who had got the sponsorship scheme going by doing all the administrative work, publicity, etc., but it was sad that the local press showed so little interest - despite inducement from the Club. Thanks go to John Antram who rode with Joe for companionship over a majority of the ride, and to the sponsors who helped Joe to raise this tremendous sum. Warmest congratulations go finally to Joe.

On the racing scene, I believe ESCA events were fairly well supported (after all, that's why we're in ESCA, isn't it). Back to the Club, where a few records got broken during the latter part of the year. Keith Dodman took advantage of British Rails 'Bike Free' scheme, and visited Yorkshire twice in a bid to break the Club '50' record. He succeeded in the Harrogate Nova End of Season '50' on the famous Boroughbridge course, with a time of 1.59.31. Then ex-schoolboy Paul Toppin, and Nigel Burrows were fighting over the Club's place-to-place records, that have remained untried and unbeaten since the late 60's. As a result most of them have been reduced by quite a few minutes (I won't state times - they will only have been 'smashed' by now).

The Evening '10's' Series proved very popular last year, and we incorporated an Evening '5', held just before the '10's', on four evenings, for the benefit of the under-14's. These were also regularly supported, and Kevin Tilbury and Colin Hardy received

the two awards for scratch and handicap respectively, given by Dennis Dean. Simon Cornelius won a special award. This year, the Evening Series is being organised by Dave Hudson, and starts Thursday 4th May.

The 1977 Kermesse was a real success for the organiser - Norman Macmillan - who on Saturday before the big day, thought he saw months of work getting 'drowned' in the rains. However, Sunday, 28th August, was perfect. The sun shone, and it was the best day for weeks. The riders all came, and 'raced their hearts out', the spectators showed their appreciation, and Joe advertised his sponsored ride by doing a lap of the 900m. circuit. This year we will be running a similar Kermesse on the 27th August - promotor Derek Smith - we look forward to seeing you there.

The annual Club Tour was enjoyed by four riders, namely Don Lock, John Mansell, Keith Dodman and Pay Douglass, who rode from Worthing to Chippenham, Monmouth, Leominster, Evesham, Swindon and back to Worthing (overnight C.F.C. accomodation towns), over the Bank Holiday Weekend in June. Don has suggested that some 'new blood' is wanted on these tours, but with that line-up it's easy to see why there are no takers. (Apparently there is no rest in the evenings either - eating meals and playing the word game, Scrabble, seem to occupy all the other reasonable hours left in a day).

Clubruns are popular, although the same old elevenses haunts are used; no new ones ever seem to open within our sphere of riding. Our motorised runs are always well supported. These involve meeting at some unearthly hour of the morning, to put bikes into vans, before trundling off to some distant area, for a days riding. At least they offer new touring ground, Epping Forest, Battle, the Isle of Wight, Dorset and Berkshire are typical destinations. One thing we can't seem to get off the ground, however, are Youth Hostel weekends. A monthly Friday evening Mystery Ride - ending either with soup from Theo's mobile kitchen, or a village hostelry - has got it's supporters and

occasionally 25 lighted machines can be seen sneaking around the lanes to the north of the Downs above Worthing.

Visits were made to the Harrogate Cycle Show at the end of July, the National Hillclimb Championships in the Peak District, and the New Forest Cycle Camping Weekend.

The Club Dinner has become more popular than ever. Dinners went through a very bad patch as we toured and scoured Worthing, trying to seek out suitable venues. Then in 1976 the Royal Coach, Shoreham, was chosen, together with a hired 'disco'. The arrangement was chosen again in 1977, and it seems to be the recipe for success. Although called a 'disco', it is not what most would expect of 'commercial discos', but was a collection of all types of records, spanning many years, and therefore popular and more acceptable to the young and not so young alike. A large contingent from our Club thoroughly enjoyed ourselves at the Brighton Excelsior Annual Dinner Extravaganza, also held at this fine establishment.

The Club 'Tea' was another successful Theo Puttick venture, when 72 members, family and friends enjoyed a traditional Christmas Dinner at 8.00 p.m., served up informally in the Clubroom on the 10th December, with the help of wives and others, and all of the Puttick family. We had lashings of soup, large helpings of main course, followed by fruit and cream, Christmas pudd and mince pies, cheese and biscuits and coffee, all for £1.50.

We have been saving waste paper, i.e. newspapers, and magazines, for some time now, and seem to raise a fair bit for Club funds - something over £80 this year. However, youngsters at the Clubroom have been hankering for some new nylon rollers. Our old ones are noisy to say the least, well you end up shouting in conversation, so they were more or less banned from the Clubroom, and go outside in the Summer months. But a scheme thought up by Theo Puttick, (waste paper co-ordinator and collector), has just begun to bear fruit, it is a self-help scheme, where these youngsters bring in an extra 2 tons (worth £28) of paper themselves, and the Club will find the balance for new rollers. Should a second

set be required, these will be financed in the same way. This way the rollers take on an extra value.

Well, better close there, and we'll try and keep our reviews up to date this coming season.

Weccytor.



Sussex Bygones - Staplecross Mill, demolished in 1951.

SOUTHBOROUGH AND DISTRICT WHEELERS

It is with some trepidation that I present this Bonk report. 'Feb. 22nd Bonk' said the note in my diary. With careless abandon I thumbed the pages of the last issue to see what rubbish I had written last time and there were the dread words 'Feb. 15th, Deadline' I shudder to think what punishment will befall. However in case the editor indulges me (as well), greetings from the land of the frozen hopfields.

No doubt all reports will cater for the social season and the promises of the season ahead. So we will kick off with the racing completed this quarter.

Boxing Day found thirty hardy, or was it fool-hardy entrants aged between 8 and those who looked 80, pounding round our social season ten course at Tudeley. Aceman (well, he used to be so rumour has it), Geoff Withers tottered round in 28.20. He was one of the few who actually appeared in racing garb and complained that the balloon and streamer brigade aiming at 45 minute rides, actually slowed him up. Special mention must be made of Peter Hayman (Les's son) who ran the course in 64 minutes.

Now to New Years Day. What can one say about Stephen Yates? A 24.14 course record on that day and that course! What it is to be young and fit (one or the other would do for me). As always there were almost prizes for everyone. All were of festive season fare, -none of yer actual racing rubbish! Had we realised who was going to win the over 40 group, we would have put up a less ragged pair of shorts! Hard luck story of the day must be that of John Harding. He complained that faster brother Brian, who rides for the Woolwich had more handicap. Full of goodwill, Brian presented the timekeepers with a beer apiece. The result Brian was one second faster than John.

The last Saturday in November was a special day for Tunbridge Wells. That highlight of the year, the Sarfbra Dinner continued in the same quiet, well

ordered way for which it is noted! Guest of Honour in his capacity as Chairman of the local Sports Council, Mr. Adamson, who is the Chief Administrator at the Wells (can you also remember when they were called Town Clerks), who said that he had never come across cross toasting before. He just had not realised that it was possible to eat a meal better between gulps of beer and bobbing up and down. Another successful venture was chalked up by Peggy Obbard (for running the Dinner you fool. What else?)

We have also invaded, er sorry, supported, the Ashford, Catford, ESCA, Vets, Kent C.A., San Fairy Ann and Hastings Dinners, in the same quiet, thoughtful way. It must be said that our second beer-drinking team only just beat the Hastings one, still as Tim said 'they didn't have Mum in their team, in any case.'

Now to news of our success. Have you noticed in government statistics, the good ones are those that tell you that the loss in the buying power of your money proportionally this year, is smaller than the loss last year, therefore you are not so much poorer! Well, by the same token our football is improving. In our annual match against the San Fairy Ann, they normally count their score in tens, but this time we only lost 6 - 3. We have also discovered a new gifted star. Fitted with completely independent and non-controlled suspension in each leg, Nick Wenham spent more time peeling himself out of the mud, than others did running about. Alf Obbard refereed, and learning from Spider's efforts in the past, kept well away from the play and the ball.

Now to the season ahead. The youngsters that have made our clubruns, are even now feverishly thumbing their handbooks. They supported well a training day organised by Pete Crofts and Tony Peachey. The blight has even spread to Tuesday Totters. Here there is talk of re-enamelled frames, gears and Paul Woodman's comeback. All is not lost though.

Roy, Phil and Spider, on the latter's President's Run, stopped to mend three youngsters punctures. It was a grateful 36 strong clubrun that ambushed them with snowballs when they caught up the main group.

Honest, Ed, my fingers were so numb, I could not type this any sooner.

F.S.B.B.B.

The Frozen Sarfbra Boozing Birdloving Bikie

ASSOCIATION LUNCH

The ESCA lunch, held at Framfield and loosely organised by Roy, was a very enjoyable and successful function. Could anyone but Roy have got away with choosing his speakers immediately prior to the lunch starting? Anyway, Geoff and Basil responded to the challenge, and respectively toasted the Association and gave us an insight into the workings of the B.C.F. and some very sound advice as to what to do in the event of an accident. The prizewinners attended in force, and received their awards from the retiring President, Les Hayman, who also introduced the 1978 President, Charlie Lednor of the Worthing Excelsior. Highlight of the afternoon was the presentation to Roy of the honorarium voted to him at the A.G.M. In his speech of thanks, Roy managed to make us all feel that we are doing him a favour by letting him do the vast amount of work that he copes with on our behalf every year. It was also nice to see that his efforts on the Isle of Man are appreciated, as he drank during the lunch from a tankard presented to him in gratitude for the 30 years he has officiated on the Island.

As the many cyclists present rode away at the end of the afternoon, it was agreed to have been a fine start to the Association's year, and hopefully a good omen for the approaching season.

SUSSEX NOMADS

Since this is our first feature, we should like the opportunity of expressing our appreciation to all the Sussex Officials for their whole hearted co-operation in our application for overall recognition.

Basically the Club is a reformed version of the "Old Prestonville Nomads" which ceased to exist many years ago.

Principally the Club will cater for the Racing Man with Team participation in all Sussex and Southern events.

It is further hoped to extend our activities both Socially and Event/Organisation in 1979.

New colours of Green/Yellow will grace the Sussex roads this year under the leadership of Reg Porter, our first team will include Alan Limbrey, Martin Hawes, Maurice Wyatt, Geoff Boore and Ron Rogers. Training in earnest started prior to the Christmas recess and we have high hopes of capturing both the Team Championship, E.S.C.A. and Sussex Team awards. After completing a successful season in 1977 Alan Limbrey heads the new club having gone under 8 times with a personal 56 '25' miles to his credit. He will be supported by ever improving Maurice and Geoff, now both set for under hour rides on Sussex roads. Martin has now fully recovered from some bad accidents in 1977 and will prove once again his strength in all events. Latest acquisition Ron Rogers now fully recovered from heat exhaustion in 1976 will make up the team - we have hopes of a strengthening and depth throughout the season signing another four seasoned riders to enable the club to achieve overall dominance during 1978/79.

Prior to the new season the Club will be holding it's first social get together where ex members of the Old Prestonville Nomads will re-unite with, we hope, a packed house of Sussex cyclists. The venue is St. Josephs Hall, Milton Road, (Elm Grove, Brighton), on February 11th, tickets from Alan are £2.00, we are promised a good disco and plenty of 'eats' for the price.

We are sorry to learn that the S.C.A. has decided to retain the 12 hour for another year. Whilst it is recognised that the event is still on the cycling calendar, we query whether it is now economical and a worthwhile event to promote. Most certainly it is not an event which attracts a full field, and since it's departure from the County, participants wishing to complete the B.A.R. not only have to travel elsewhere, sometimes hundreds of miles, but in certain instances can win the B.A.R. by simply finishing a 12 hour and providing a series of Mediocre supporting rides. We will vigorously oppose it's continuation once again at the 1978 A.G.M. with hopes that other clubs will accept our proposal to make the Sussex B.A.R. an accurate and more productive event. We should also like to see a working party set up, to discuss the possibility of bringing together the S.C.A. and E.S.C.A. under one body, whilst we fully accept certain opposition to this idea we feel instinctively that a streamlining of Sussex cycling would benefit most Bikers and improve and promote cycling interest throughout the County.

In closing, we wish you all, our friends and racing companions, our personal best wishes for the coming season.

Postmortum

It is with deep regret that we record the death, shortly before Christmas, of Mrs. Cook. Her Hove cycle shop was something of a mecca for Sussex cyclists, and her customers regarded her as a very good friend. She will be sadly missed by all clubmen in the area.

CRAWLEY WHEELERS

Spring! I must be joking, having just suffered the coldest night for several years and snow forecast for today the weather is anything but springlike. I'd already written these notes once but this weekend I've contracted my first cold of the winter and decided to miss the clubrun today to help the cold, so I'm duty bound to try and improve on the Bonk notes I scribbled out last night. Pin back yer lugs as the saying goes. I've to retrace to Sunday, November 20th to pick up where I left off last time, this was the day four Crawleyites supported the ESCA tourist trial, if memory serves me correctly the rain left off just as the event started so with wet roads and a cold wind off we went with no real idea of what to expect. We grovelled our way around until lunchtime, decided enough was enough, and called it a day. The following weekend saw 14 out on a clubrun, it was frosty to start with and the first corner saw Kamikaze Boorsma lay himself and machine down in the middle of the road, bringing down dad Dave as well. Fortunately no-one was hurt and we continued to elevenses at the Dorking cafe. Then out towards Guildford area for remainder of the day. On then to December, Friday 2nd to be exact, the night of the A.G.M., changes to committee for this year are as follows: Ian Berry - President, Ernie Dore, for personal reasons has had to bow out as time trial secretary this year. He held this post for five years and it must have been gratifying for him to look back over this period. When he started he was lucky to have six riders per event, now usually there are upwards of twenty. In his place we welcome John Pratt of tricycle fame. Our press secretary of the past few years, Gordon Christensen stood down and one Roger Smith has taken over from Gordon. We also welcomed Anne Killick onto the Committee, otherwise all is as it was before. Sunday, 4th December saw three of us cycle down to the ESCA A.G.M. at Hellingly, accompanied as far as Nutley by eight members of the clubrun. Apart from some lamp trouble on the way home we thought the day pretty uneventful. The club Xmas party was held at the Clubroom on December 16th, a

bring your own drink party, eats organised by Anne, Gwen and Hilda, our thanks expressed to them and also to Bill Peel who ran an extremely professional looking amateur disco. Clubruns continued throughout December, being fairly well supported and one per day was held during the Christmas break. At the end of 1977 it was found that official clubruns had covered over 3,000 miles this year. It was also at this time that we found Duncanisms appearing in conversation at the Club room, and I offer the following:- Footballists - people who play football. Swizz - inhabitants of Switzerland. Lobsided - People with legs of unequal length; or the following comments on training - "Oi say. It's not good for you to get redfaced and puffed out during Winter riding." I'd go along with this if it had not been said after he'd just lost the umpteenth prime sign sprint-up.

On then into 1978, and New Year's Day saw our first event of the year, a club '10' on the Gatwick course, which was ridden in fancy dress by many. Star of the outfit was Richard Griffin who rode round in wellies, white coat and carrying an enormous milk churn with a milk race label on it. Second was self and Jay Chisnell on the tandem dressed as Crawley babes complete with makeup, nappies and bonnets, there was Ken Tarmon, whose son Colin wouldn't ride with him, dressed as a Chinaman, complete with lampshade hat, pigtail and Kung fu jacket. Anne Killick in Sherlock Holmes guise and Gwen Denman as her Watson? Big H (that well known Crawley wrestler!!), had a sort of scout hat on, whilst husband Harry wore a flower, mmmm. Roger Smith rode round as Biggles, complete with flying helmet, in the fastest solo time of the morning, 28.23. For those who made it to the Half Moon, Charlwood, Ian Berry provided a pint apiece, presumably as a PAYMENT for voting him in as President. 2nd January being a holiday the first 100 mile ride of 1978 was had, the interesting point being the sighting of a large hot air balloon drifting across the A272 near Petersfield. On the night of the 6th Hilda regaled us at club with a tale of how, whilst out training in normal cycling garb she passed a school with several of it's smaller members just leaving. One

was heard to say to the rest in a loud voice, "Oh Gawd, there goes that ton-up Grannie". I WON'T repeat what she thought of replying. 8th January saw several of us ride through freezing fog into glorious sunshine at Worthing, returning home again in a fog after passing through the South Downs. Weekend of 15th saw five of us on a hard day complete a loop to Nutley, Lewes, Haywards Heath, Crawley, and the following weekend saw the first of the year's series of reliability rides. Many failed to make Tonbridge and back within their required time, and Maurice Carpenter was seen with new pattern handlebars at Tonbridge. Would you believe two halves with a piece of wood through the middle. February 4th heralded our 14th annual dinner, dance and prize presentation, one of the biggest attendances yet with almost 140 people sitting down to dinner, our thanks to Maurice and Esther, Bonk editors, who came along to toast the club. The response and welcome to our guests was carried out by Ian Berry with tales from the Crawley Diary. I hope our many friends from other ESCA outfits who attended enjoyed themselves, and through your columns I would offer Graham Seymour humble apologies for the friendly! attentions he reckoned were being paid to him during the evening. Really though, Graham, you are a VICE President so what else could you expect. Mark Jones collected the lions share of club trophies for 1977 for his very excellent performances during last season.

It is with a sense of personal loss that this year we have bid farewell to Mark Boorsma leaving to join East Grinstead. Roy, Mark Jones and Duncan Stewart leaving to join Central Sussex. I have fond memories of pleasant days awheel spent in the company of them all over the past few years, and wish them all well, hoping that they find that which they are seeking. However, back to the dinner, following the main prize-giving Hilda, Gwen and Anne had their own awards to make, and girls, NEXT year we hope to get some of our own back.

The day following the dinner saw 14 on the hang-over ride to Newhaven. The bunch split on the way home and various groups made their own way home

through pouring rain, not a very satisfactory day, really, and my apologies to anyone who was upset at the turn of events.

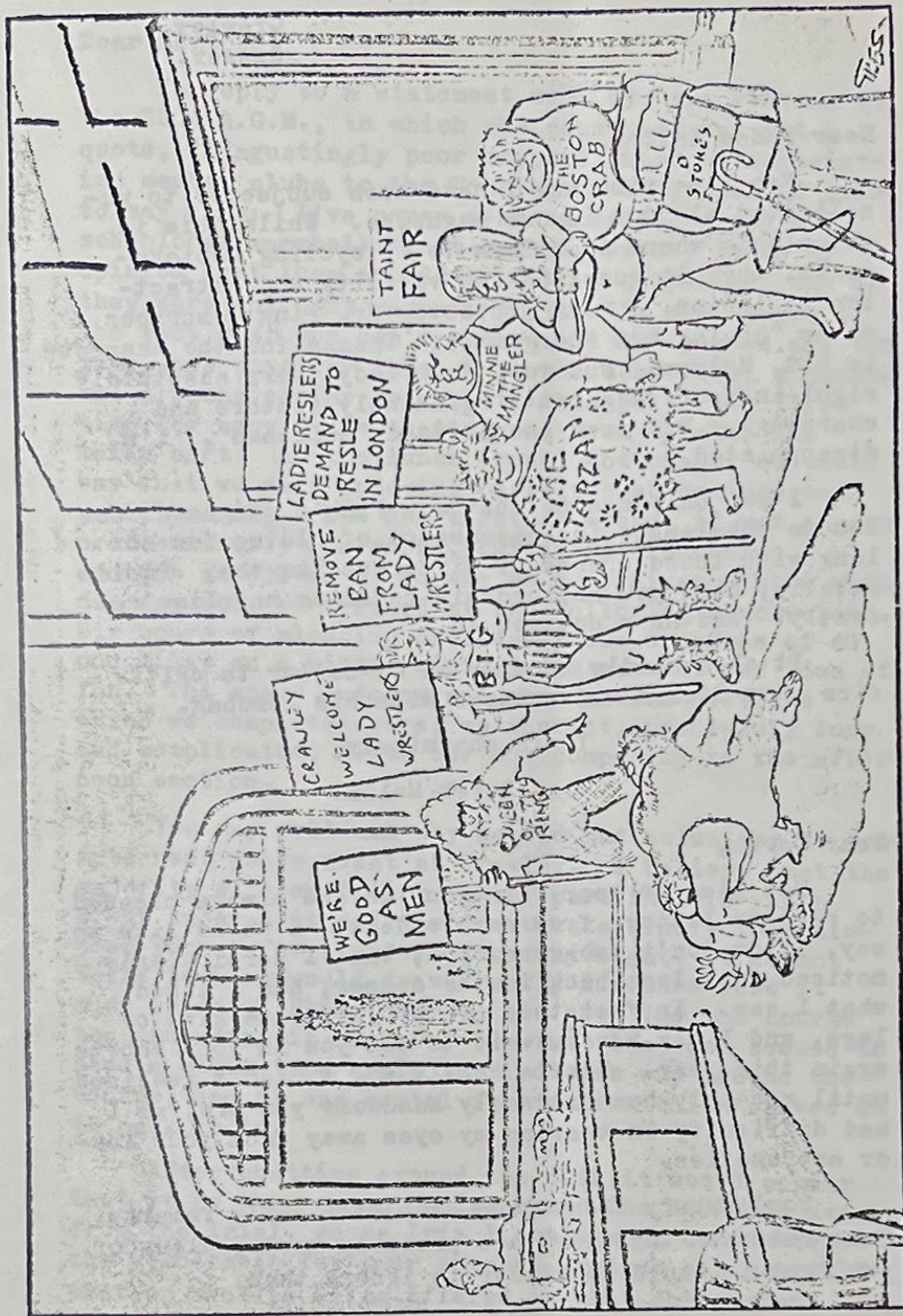
To conclude, training for the season is going on apace with Gordon and Dick organising weight and circuit training. Ian Berry leads Saturday morning chain gang rides, and Wednesday evenings Jay leads training rides around the Crawley Industrial Estate, meeting 1900 hours at Crawley's Northern roundabout. These sessions so far have not really got going yet because of snow, rain and illness, but hopefully will soon become a regular event.

The funny of the month concerned a conversation overheard at the dinner concerning a Crawley member. "My husband on the dance floor, ha! you must be joking (SHE WASN'T). The only time I've ever seen him on the dance floor was last year when.....asked him. She wasn't wearing a bra and he forgot all about not being able to dance and off he went, but it's the only he's ever done it."

Good wishes to all ESCAbods for 1978 from us all at Crawley.

Malcom

ADVERTISE IN 'BONK' IF YOU HAVE ANY UNWANTED CYCLING EQUIPMENT FOR SALE, OR IF YOU WANT SECONDHAND ITEMS! NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.



"Ladies! As your MP surely we could discuss our grievances sitting round a table."

Crawley,
Sussex.

Dear Madam Editor,

For some time now I have been subjected to unsolicited slander in our magazine. While this is acceptable where it refers to my cycling achievements, when it questions my virility and attraction to ladies, I must protest. Mr. Pink describes me as "ageing but energetic". Thanks for the energetic bit, Malcom! But you, dear lady, were absolutely right in your judgement, "genuinely sincere and charming". But even you omitted "handsome". I'm disappointed.

I can only assume that Mr. Pink's judgement has become unbalanced in consequence of riding for so long with those cranks of different lengths. Incidentally, have you noticed his receding hairline recently? And he's not yet 40.

It also hardly becomes an ex-sailor to criticize Dave Stokes' adventures with his handbag.

Yours charmingly,

Derek Malin.

Dear Derek,

How nice to hear from you, we are always pleased to receive letters from our readers. I would like to say, if it won't embarrass you, that I particularly noticed your legs back in the summer, and I liked what I saw. In fact they are my favourite kind of legs, and I can hardly wait to see you in your shorts again this year. That's really why I hadn't realised until recently how extremely handsome you are, as I had difficulty in tearing my eyes away from your lower extremities.

Don't worry about your clubmates catty remarks. Just remember that they are probably very jealous of you, and it would be kinder to ignore them.

(Mrs) Ed.

Dear Editors,

In reply to a statement made by Iris Stevens at the ESCA A.G.M., in which she commented on, and I quote, "Disgustingly poor support given by Association member clubs to the Tourist Trial", I would like to say this: I've never seen so many juniors and schoolboys marshalling at such an event, it is my opinion that they should have been competing, and as they were not, why weren't they. I'm well aware of the fact that you can't please all the people all the time, but consider this, I took a schoolboy, a junior and a young senior to compete this year, the first time for many years that anyone from my club has taken part. At the lunch break, not one of us could say that we were enjoying ourselves so decided to call it a day. Now don't get me wrong, it was a very professionally run event, but after discussion amongst ourselves as to why we were disappointed with our day out, we arrived at the following conclusions. Six hours of plodding ones way round a course of 40 odd miles on a bitter winters day was not our idea of fun. The speed judging and observation sections which we completed were, we thought, needlessly long and complicated, hence our not competing in the afternoon section.

You may well ask why we did not volunteer to promote next years event at Crawley. I believe that the majority of competitors taking part in this years event enjoyed it and would not take kindly to a simpler format for a mid-winters day event. I do not think numbers would dramatically increase were it made easier. Physically we did not find the course too demanding it was more the fact that one seemed to need a MENSA type brain to find ones way around the course, and it was mental frustration which caused us to pack it in.

After chatting around the club it would appear that it is this aspect which keeps the ESCAbods away from the trial, so to Iris I would say, don't blame the membership for poor support, rather ask yourself whether what is being offered is what the members

really want. The answer in this case must be NO or we would not be having these low turnouts. Finally if you were to ask the Crawley four whether or not we would take part next year the answer would probably be no. Sorry.

Yours sincerely,

Malcom.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Bonk,

I have recently been informed that, over the age of 40 years, the body loses 4,000 cells per second, never to be replaced.

This startling revelation explains many things to me, especially during what I euphemistically call racing.

I calculate that, to date, I have lost 15,900 million, give or take an hour or so.

If anyone, during a local event, finds the odd leg (and I've got very odd legs), please return it to me c/o Lingfield.

Thanks,

Beau-Nydal

DEADLINE FOR SUMMER

BONK

MAY 22ND

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

Well, folks, that's it for the Social Season. The Wanderers sincerely hope that you've all enjoyed the festivities, grub, booze, fags, etc., to the full, particularly the racing bods, so that those of us who have been packing in the miles can smash you into the ground when the season starts!

Notwithstanding that pleasantry the Club has supported certain of the functions in force, notably the ESCA luncheon, where some 25 made their presence felt - and heard! - and the Rovers dinner at Hellingly, as well as the excellent slide show at the same place by Chris Davis, one of the best we've seen. A similar show by Club members and Seaford C.T.C. was well attended at Kingston, and the 30 plus there doubtless strained the refreshment resources so kindly supplied by Peter and Joyce Sharp. Your scribe replied for the visitors at the Southborough dinner and got a belly laugh when, after being introduced as Division Road Secretary, he corrected that and observed that he didn't wish to be confused with the most feared man in Sussex cycling circles.

Once again the Social Season went out with a bang at the Club dinner which was graced by 133 supporters and was a fitting commemoration of the Lewes Centenary of Cycling. Les Hayman's interesting speech was replied to by the Copper, who couldn't say a lot as Les had just about said it all. The usual cross-toasting riot was followed by the prize presentation which was nicely finished off when the Bradshaw Merit Cup went to a very surprised Sylvia Burgess, the Committee's unanimous decision having been kept a tight secret. This was richly deserved as she has looked after that essential service, the catering side, most efficiently, and in addition has, as one member put it, "all the built-in attributes for attracting new members". So readers will imagine the replies she was getting from raffle ticket buyers at the dinner when she said: "You can have a strip for 25p."

It was good to see again such ex-stalwarts as

the Dick Whittingtons (father and son), Dave Marsh, John Pickett and Tony Cornford, as well as our usual support from the Rovers, the Catford and sundry ESCA Clubs. Maurice Chauncey still looks hale and hearty, while the phoenix-like resurrection of "Chancellor" Eldridge as 1978 President, after ten years in limbo, shook a few of the unprepared, especially as he's hardly changed.

As usual there were some "extra" presentations, and Graham Seymour, who had been trying to creep for one of Sylvia's cakes, got a do-it-yourself packet of cocoa in lieu. Your scribe got his first ever current diary from Iris, while Jack "Goldmine" collected an outsize "B.R. season ticket" from Hove to Seaford in recognition of the large number of such journeys he makes these days in the pursuit of pleasure, having been seen flitting about on one occasion before 7 a.m.!

Much credit is due to the Copper, Derek Agg and Sylvia for the successful organisation of the biggest dinner we've ever had, and the excellent venue was well chosen.

Club Captain Ian Landless promoted another successful reliability trial which had 51 entrants, of whom 31 qualified. Reports indicated that most of the non-finishers went off course despite being issued with maps. As the course was well marshalled in addition, it would seem that nothing short of an accompanying helicopter would keep some of 'em on the straight and narrow!

On a serious note we join all Sussex cyclists and others in our sorrow at the death of Mrs. Cook, who was so much more than just a vendor of bikes and allied bits. We have lost a very good friend by her passing. We were also very sorry to hear about Harry Sayers, one of our Catford friends, whose cheery presence will be much missed at future functions.

Brighter news is that membership continues to increase and now includes Kieron O'Brien, ex-Bishops Stortford C.C., who has an impressive record as

benefits one who gained a National B.A.R. certificate last year, Ken and Iris Stevens (providing the biggest ESCA talking point since the Copper beat the hour!), and Folkestone fast man Don Hook, who has joined us second claim, all of whom will boost our present strength. What with strong rumours of an impending comeback by Geoff Boxall, as well as Agg being ordered to dust off his bike and train to hammer 'em all at Chainwheel Creek, we'll be presenting a challenge formidable enough to have a goodly proportion of ESCALand trembling in their shoeplates. Brenda Bradshaw laid herself open to a cross toast when she announced that she was glad to be in the Club (!). Nick wondered what she meant at first. With Iris joining us we could do with a couple of fast ladies as Heather isn't quite ready to challenge Mum as yet.

We received a pleasant surprise when our application to Evian (G.B.) resulted in the maximum £110 worth of vouchers for awarding in this year's events, so we're banking on some lively competition when that lot is allocated by the Committee. Incidentally we're glad to hear that Bill Rayment has now returned to Brighton and will shortly be opening a lightweight shop at 109, St. Georges Road, in time for the coming season.

Finally we can't resist passing on this gem which in fact didn't come from Agg, but might well have done. An Irish sailor was washed ashore on a South Sea Island and taken to the tribal chief, who agreed to spare him from the pot if he could carry out three tasks. In the first tent was a crate of twenty pints of Guinness, from the wreck, which he had to drink immediately before tackling the tribal mascot, a lioness that had to have a painful tooth removed. In the third tent was the only one of the chief's wives who steadfastly refused to perform her connubial duties, and Paddy had to do the necessary. He went into the first tent, and was out again in minutes with the crate of bottles, now empty. He entered the second tent and, after a fearful session of growling, snarling and yelling,

he emerged covered in blood and with his clothes in tatters. The chief looked in and saw the lioness prostrate on the ground, then came out to hear Paddy roaring, "Now where's that woman who wants the tooth pulled?"

And so all the best for the coming season to all ESCAbods. May the weather be kind and all the little bits of paper going your way - as long as you're not catching one of us!

See you down the road,

Alsoran

At the Lewes dinner, the Agg got into a wrangle with Alan Limbrey over who was the noisiest man in the room. There was no doubt that Alan, who can still show the young upstart a clean back wheel, is also much faster on the riposte - and won hands down!

Neevo sent a message of good wishes to the Wanderers for a successful dinner, combined with a romantic Valentine message for Sylvia Burgess. The card, price 9p, was bought from a rival establishment, suggesting that the Neeves Rock and Card Shop is short on culture and good taste. Neevo made a hopeful arrangement to see Sylvia 'up the road' (really Dennis, 'up the road', 'under the pier', have you no idea how to treat your ladies! Ed.), but lost his nerve at the end to sign it 'Regards'. He obviously has no faith in his ability to outspurt the fit and rugged Copper if need arises!

Is there any truth in the rumour that Geoff Willcocks Has been invited to do an extended lecture tour of the western world with his broken crankshaft?

EAST GRINSTEAD C.C.

Whether it was with foreknowledge or not, I'm uncertain, but the Feb. 15th deadline was placed after my notes in the previous issue, and today is indeed the 15th. So moving aside the shoals of Valentine cards from all my admirers (where?) we'll see what the Grinnies have been up to during the past quarter.

Hibernation seems to have been the main occupation and a sensible one too in this cold winter - or maybe I don't hear things in the wilds of Edenbridge. Before the winter's sleep however, we held our club dinner in mid-November at Dunnings Mill, and the change of venue produced the best function we have had for quite a time. An excellent meal - not out of tins, a disco that was varied and at a level where one could converse without a loudhailer and Don and Maureen Lock as our guests.

Don reminisced about his early days in our club and Maureen presented the main senior and junior prizes to Jim Powell and Brian Phillips respectively.

As I mentioned last time the wind of change is in the air in the shape of Jim Powell, who has instigated twice a week weight training sessions and Sunday morning training runs, and what is more has got good support.

That strange lad Shaun Yates, who won several club trophies but didn't appear at the dinner, kept his fitness to achieve good rides in the Norwood Paragon '25' and Southborough Wheelers New Years '10', but has now joined Archer-Cutty Sark to specialise in track riding so I've heard.

Orienteering in Knole Park did not get the support from the club that we had hoped but Will ran well in the senior event and one of the three Baxendine teams got into the prizes.

For those who enjoy cleaning bikes and clothing in mid-winter our "railway-run" - along the old Rowfant track provided it's usual thrills,

spills and mud. While at the cleaner end of the scale (at least we hope so!) Terry Thorn's party provided all that was needed in social enjoyment.

Legend has it that Eastcourt playing fields are haunted by lost souls who perished in an attempt to find our clubroom which some of you may know is situated in somewhat rural surroundings, and that's putting it kindly. No more however. From March 3rd we are moving to the Crawley Down village hall just to the north-west of East Grinstead. It is a far more sumptuous residence (members of the Brighton Excel. are requested to use the tradesmens entrance) with table tennis and games facilities - no that doesn't mean a double bed! We shall be pleased to entertain any visitors on Friday evenings from 8.30.

You may also be interested to know that we are putting on a road race on the Lingfield circuit under the aegis of the Kent R.R. League on March 12th, and our Open '25' will use the Association course (G.833) starting from High Cross at 8.00 a.m. on April 23rd. Details from Jim Powell, Austral Villa, Crowhurst Lane, Lingfield, Sy.

Winter would be so much bleaker without the social round, although there are un-nerving moments. About 1 a.m. on a frosty night I was cycling home from the Southborough dinner and crossing Rusthall Common into the unlighted area, was aware of a car following me closely. Slowly it started to draw alongside me, and glancing around I saw that it had Irish registration plates.... Well! a gun muzzle didn't appear at the window and the occupant seemed to be frantically rubbing a frosted up windscreen, so I assume he was using me as a path-finder, or that's what I like to think anyway.

On a lighter note, all the C.T.C. winter events were attended: A.G.M., Christmas tea, Christmas lunch, New Years party and slide show. All such enjoyable do's in real cycling company, and showing that there's more to cycling than bashing up and

down the Dicker, although attempting to ride off a celebration meal by clambering up to Cross in Hand with saddlebag full of "leftovers" can be hard too, but in a different way. It ought to go on record that all the work and organisation put into those events was much appreciated.

An inaugural meeting is a rare event so I was pleased to be at the formation of the new Hailsham & District C.T.C. section recently, to cater for the recreational aspect of our pastime along with the Seaford section, in ESCA.

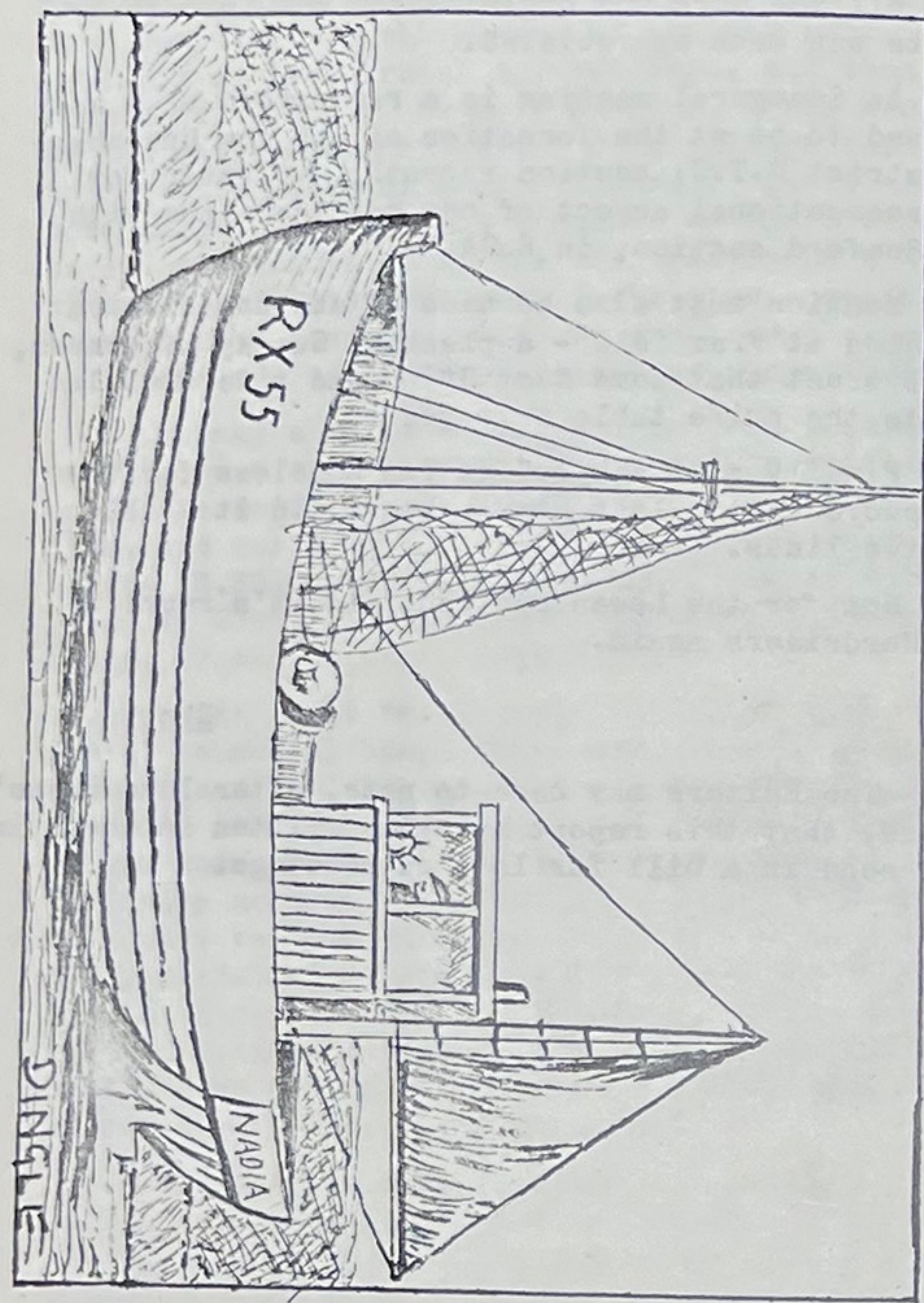
Mention must also be made of the Association luncheon at Framfield - a pleasant Sunday afternoon, and I trust that some East Grinstead riders will get to the prize table next year.

Finally a "thankyou" to Ian Landless for the Crossword in the last Bonk. Yes I did it - all but two lines.

Now for the Lewes bunfight and it's round to the Hardriders again.

Crow

P.S. The Editors may care to note, after last issue's expose, that this report is being written in work time! I'll send in a bill for loss of earnings.



BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.

Welcome 1978 - well something like that, was the feeling expressed at the club's Annual Dinner and 'Wilde Evening'. Some sixty or so members and friends enjoyed the musical entertainment of the Harry Strutters Hot Rhythm Orchestra which followed a most enjoyable meal. As usual the evening was well managed by our Dick, and our thanks go to him for a wonderful evening which passed all too quickly.

We were pleased to see so many friends from the ESCA at our film evening last month - thanks again for coming along and trust you enjoyed it as much as ourselves. Our thanks here go to Val for arranging the film (which ricocheted between London and Shoreham before safely arriving on the day of the show). Also thanks again Val for the food - great. We also thank John Barham of Southdown-National Travel for his projection of the film.

Several of our young lads are in keen training for the coming season, including Simon and Mark who are travelling to Majorca for two weeks training with Falcon T.C. - best of luck, lads. Eric Hall has kindly donated a second track bike for the schoolboys, which makes a total of two. Eric does a considerable amount of work for the club's schoolboys, actively encouraging them in their pursuits. We thank you again Eric, for the two track bikes and assure you that they will be put to good use on the track.

Dorset is the venue for the Easter tour this year (I hope the snow will have gone by then), and several members will be enjoying four days in the saddle in an area I find particularly pleasant and thank goodness not over commercialised. As with recent tours the decision has been taken to use Bed & Breakfast facilities as opposed to Youth Hostels, which as no doubt many know have changed their policies, allowing many other people to use them. Regretably this is a move away from their objectives, yet the more and more cyclists, walkers, climbers,

etc., forsake them their decline will accelerate to the degree where they will surely just become 'cheap' motels for the motorist.

At our last A.G.M. we revamped our clubruns system and appointed Dick Jones as runs co-ordinator which then enables any member of the club to take part in organising a run. A runs list is produced monthly and any ESCA members are welcome to join any BECC run. For details contact Dick Jones (0273) 776005.

We are looking forward to the Hardriders, and all Excel members will be assisting in this popular event. As usual the lunch venue will be the Golden Martlett, Hellingly.

Indoor weight training and the Worthing 50 in 4 have contributed to the fitness of many of our members. We are pleased to welcome the return of Frank Godwin to the cycling scene, since his injury a year or two ago. Tony and Vince are both promising to achieve great things this year. In conclusion I must thank Esther and Maurice for tolerating my reports and sincere apologies for the late arrival of this report - the Bike or is it the Rider (?) that's difficult to start on these cold mornings.

Cheers for now, see you on March 5th at the start line.

Rough Rider

WANTED FAIRLY SOON

Pair of 27" sprints for fixed (preferably double fixed).

Appearance not vital as long as sound.
Will collect.

F.J. Godwin, 5 Goldstone Rd (Basement Flat),
Hove, BN 3 3 RN, East Sussex.

Central Sussex C.C.

As February 13th draws to a close, a little bell begins to ring in my head, and after much hard thought as to what it meant, a certain scrawled message on page 35 of the Christmas edition of a well known publication is recalled - Bonk Deadline February 15th. Having now realised the doom that was forecast, I am faced with blank paper which has to be covered with some sort of intelligible doings of the Central over the last few months.

The Club Christmas '10' was held on a cold, windy but dry morning, and just to enliven things, the awards are on handicap, which is set on the start line and depends on the appearance of each individual competitor. Alan Codd - still deadly serious even in December - achieved the fastest nett time, but was beaten for the odd second by Mark (Jones version) on actual time.

The following week, despite heavy rain, 7 members faced the timekeeper in the Dulwich Paragon event, with 2 more thinking a morning in bed more sensible. Graham Kerr stripped to shorts and silk racing vest, went completely mad, and returned a Personal Best of 1.5.45, perhaps he should live "down under", then he might get his seasons the right way round. Nick Bowens bike is still partly in England, his wife deciding that traditional Christmas "goodies" were more important hand luggage than cycle parts, but Ron Ewart will get it to Brazil somehow, so that Nick can really keep the pink and black flying high overseas.

The second part of the holiday weekend should have seen the birth of Palmer junior, but he (yes, it had to be didn't it?), kept Sue and John waiting until the morning of the Club Dinner before entering the world at Guildford. After much debate and having got used to being called IT and HE, he is to be called STEPHEN, and little does he suspect the existence of a new tandem awaiting a back man!

The Dinner was voted a success, although possibly on the quiet side. Very capable speeches were made by

John Lyons (Unity C.C.) to which our own John (Dutson) replied, Brian Hone welcomed our guests, to which Brian Cox (Bognor Regis) responded - no it wasn't a name matching game. The awards were presented by Mrs. Annette Lyons to John Yates, Adrian Jones, Mark Puckett, Paul Lipscombe, Ron Ewart, Ken and Mark Atkins - yes, he could afford to be there despite his loss of pocket money at Christmas. Dancing was enjoyed to the Disco of National Hang Gliding Champion, John Carr, he does keep his feet on the ground long enough for that.

The A.G.M. saw the introduction of some younger blood to the organising side, with a very keen Road Race secretary in Mark Puckett, and another 18 year old, Craig Chalkley, a committee member. And for the first time, a Coach was elected, none other than John Yates. Non cycling, flower grower come golfer, Don Bateman (Shaun's dad), again took the hot seat as Dinner organiser.

The proposed Road Race for this season is still a possibility, with a lot of ideas in the melting pot at the moment.

Both the ESCA lunch at Framfield, and on the morning following the Dinner, the S.C.A. lunch at Lancing, were enjoyed by those members who attended. At the latter, George Windsor was the only member present with a car, and he went homeward with enough loot of one sort or another, to have been of great interest to any wandering constable.

When Ron's Saturday morning runs took on a more serious nature, the weather took a turn for the worse, and support and enthusiasm rather waned. A Speed Judging competition held on a Saturday afternoon at the beginning of January, was organised by John Yates, and was slightly different (well, to me) and 2 laps of an undulating 10 mile circuit used. The rider with the smallest difference in time taken over the 2 laps being the winner. Rod Laker equalled his time to the second, well what can you say to that?

With the male members of this household having been laid low by what seem to be permanent coughs, colds and overwork, they haven't been involved in the

local Reliability Trial Circus, and isn't it funny how details of hard rides and all types of suffering are never discussed let alone admitted. So these events haven't produced any 'interesting' material.

Our offering to the Reliability Trial season, again over a sadistic course thought out by Ron Ewart, will be history by the time these notes are read by the bulk of Association members, but don't forget our Open Hilly events on Saturday, 18th March. Start and finish altered so that we can use the Club Room at Staplefield Village Hall instead of the smoke filled Scout Hut at Balcombe, for the race H.Q.

Don Awcock has already started his season by taking 8th place in Perf's Pedal at Hambledon. So he must have been ignoring all the lousy weather we have been having.

Well that is about all from our part of the county (how many shouts of Hooray can I hear?), or Esther won't have the shock of receiving this on Deadline as intended, and we can save Maurice a trip to these dangerous wastes of West Sussex to slip reminders through the letter box.

Honest Ginge's Minor Assistant

Our commiserations go to Roy Humphrey, who on Wednesday, February 22nd, found himself with two hours spare, and nothing whatever to do. Any suggestions for filling in his time should such a situation arise in the future, will be gratefully received.

This seems to have been one of the shortest social seasons on record, the season was only just over when the grim spectre of the Hardriders (no, not you Roy), is looming over us again.

Club Christmas Tea at Ringmer was well supported, with the cafe full to capacity. Christmas cake, crackers and party hats adding to the atmosphere.

The Dinner went off very well, numbers just topping the 100 mark, so the change of venue did not make much difference to the attendance. This year's Dinner will be at the same place, Portslade Town Hall, on November 4th.

The social round has continued with visits to the Bognor, Worthing and Central Dinners, by several members; a couple of parties, and even a little bike riding between times.

We have started a potterers section on clubruns, where the main object is to try all the 'elevenses' sites within our meagre range. Last week's run was attended by the Club President, Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer, T.T. Secretary, R.R. Secretary and clubruns Leader, but the Track Secretary spoiled it and went with the faster section.

The keener types have been sampling the Reliability Trials, with Lewes and Worthing events being attended in reasonable numbers.

Looking towards the racing season, we should be about in reasonable numbers, in spite of the loss of a few to the Nomads. Jumbo has promised the French he will stay at home this year, and he and Ray Smith should be our main hopes in road races, although we hope our Juniors will get among the prizes as well. Baz Abbo, Barry Coomber, Mike Tanner and Nick Welsh (in reverse order of size), join the Junior ranks this year, and with Steve Harkness and Mark Panton, will give us a good Junior team. The more mature riders, depleted by the loss of Alan Limbrey, still

hope to be present, with myself, Fred Harkness, Frank Blake, and a new recruit from North London, Bob Randle. We hope to avoid propping up the entire field in ESCA events. As for myself, I have hopes of being selected for Chainwheel Creek, and getting under the hour.

This year's promotions are gradually getting under way, with some promoters being changed. Frank Blake is now promoting the two-up on April 9th, and Peter Panton, the Park Kermesse on June 18th. We have hopes of sponsorship, but no definite arrangements have been made yet.

Attendance at the Clubroom has been steady throughout the winter. We have recently held a slide show and Fish and Chip supper, Clive, of course, had a double portion. The proceedings were enlivened by the fact that Baz had been looking at the slides before the show, and put them back with the magazine the wrong way up.

The consumption of Mars bars still keeps Mars Ltd., in business, but the canteen profit does help club funds considerably. First jumble sale of the year is at the Parish Centre, Portslade, on April 8th. If you want a new suit, or even a pair of longjohns, come along and buy. No reasonable offer refused.

We haven't any motoring tales to match the saga of the Sharpmobile, Willcocks bombs, and the others, but Ron Wild had his car badly damaged by someone emerging from a side turning, so it isn't only on a bike that you can get run into by madmen.

All for now,

Ken Wells

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS C.C.

The few months which have passed since the last edition of Bonk, have been very lively, with club members taking part in a variety of activities.

Outstanding among the clubruns which have been held in some form or another every weekend, were a 'Hare and Hounds' in early December, and a speed judging competition in January. In the former, Ron, Tim and Richard successfully eluded all their pursuers except Maurice, making cunning use of the lanes around Westfield and Sedlescombe. The speed judging produced some strange results. Stephen emerged the winner with a very accurate ride, showing only 12 seconds discrepancy, whilst Lynn at the other end of the scale was 13½ minutes faster than he should have been. Other riders finished with large errors between these two extremes. Our younger members have heroically attended all the most recent rides, in spite of bitterly cold weather conditions. They have provided us with some unusual experiences, one of the most memorable being a rather eccentric relay race across Pevensey Marsh on Noel's small wheeler, which we all took turns to ride after he had been dropped within a very short distance of our starting point.

Christmas started early for us, with a '10' the weekend before the holiday. This was won by Maurice, with David, in his first event ever, winning the handicap section. In the afternoon, Connie had prepared a super festive tea for us, and we were allowed the run of Longley Mansions for our party. The following evening saw ten of us joining the Rovers for their party, and on the morning of the 25th, the Carpenters, lured by the promises of yet more food, were present at Stone Cross for the Rovers version of a Christmas Day '10'. There was some consternation when Timekeeper Godden tried to start the rear half of the tandem (Tim) at no. 2, and the front half (Maurice) at no. 6. However, when the situation was explained to him, he solved the problem with aplomb and sent them both off at no. 2. (Somebody could have told him earlier. Ed.)

Reliability trials have been something of a misnomer for us this winter. We missed the K.C.A. promotion because of unreliable transport; in the Crawley event Maurice broke his unreliable handlebars in half; and in the Lewes trial David's rear dropout dropped out of his unreliable Dawes frame, although upon receiving his complaint, Dawes replaced the damaged frame for him. After that list of accidents, Martin had a comparatively uneventful ride in the Central Sussex bash, finishing with three minutes to spare.

We have also supported several club dinners around the region, and welcomed guests from other clubs to our own festivities. Our dinner was, once again, a very select affair, with some 73 souls sitting down. Les Hayman, the main speaker, gave our guests an insight into our club life of the present and not-so-distant past, and Terry Cox responded ably, so ably in fact that he will probably be called upon again and again and again!! For some of us present it was a night to remember - for Dennis, who arrived a couple of minutes before the dinner was due to start, to find that there was no piano for the dancing afterwards, but how nobly he rose to the occasion with his accordion; for Stephen and Tim, who not only received an extra long and luscious doughnut from Terry, symbolising their gluttony on clubruns during the past year, but were also introduced to the delights of beer drinking competitions and sinking a pint whilst upside down; for Esther, who was treated with so much respect on this her first public appearance as club President; and for Gilbert Sharpe, who became our first cut-price member under our senior citizens scheme.

Our first time trial of the season caused some surprises - firstly with 19 riders competing, and secondly with David Kitching winning the event from Maurice by exactly half a minute. Those hard miles on the 'Chambers Special' whilst he was waiting for his own bike obviously paid off! Lynn, who is making a comeback this year finished in 7th place, with a praiseworthy ride, only 1½ minutes slower than

Martin. Our under 14's slogged around in the hard and blustery conditions, and we are hopeful that you will be hearing a lot more about them, and our promising new lady racer, Jenny Kitching, in the future.

Guy Little on holiday in Majorca recently, was fortunate enough to meet Sid Barras and Keith Lambert, but had to refuse an invitation to train with the Flandria team as he had left his bike behind.

Talking about training, I've spent far too much valuable and much needed riding time on these notes, so will conclude and sign myself, sincerely,

Ragged Shorts

Contrary to malicious suggestions made during the cross toasting at the Hastings dinner, Neevo was not wearing his two bob jumble sale trousers. They are kept solely for cycling visits to his current amours. At the dinner he wore a brand new pair of trousers, supplied and fitted by Bill Collins from the sale stock at his boutique. The purchase of these trousers was made necessary because Dennis's immaculate dinner suit is now too small for him!!

Neevo once used a lefthand crank as a gavel during his duties as toastmaster at the Hastings dinner. This year, just for a change, he used a wine glass - well, he used it once! Then he made do with a butter dish. This man, he certainly knows how to improvise.

George Dicks now has an advert for "Fencing" in the back window of his car. Can we now expect to find epees, foils and rapiers among the other junk in his car? Presumably he was so busy with this sideline, that he forgot to enter the Hardriders!

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Street corner.