

AUTUMN 78

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

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**East Sussex  
Cycling Association**

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ESCA TOURIST TRIAL 1978

Date: Sunday, 29th October, 1978.  
Start Time: 10.00 a.m.  
Start Place: Lay-by on west side of road, approx.  
300 yards south of the Bull P.H.  
Shermanbury, on the A281, Horsham -  
Brighton Road. Map ref. 213179.  
Tea Place: Staplefield Village Hall (Central  
Sussex Clubroom). Map ref. 278279.  
Equipment Required: a) A roadworthy cycle.  
b) A pencil.  
c) Ordnance Survey Map Sheet 198  
(Brighton and the Downs).  
Entry Fee: 20 pence.  
Entries by: 21st October  
to: John Mansell, 3 Walesbeech, Crawley,  
Sussex. Tel. Crawley 35757.

The event will be run mainly on unclassified  
and 'B' roads. A small proportion will be on  
bridle paths - ALL should be rideable. Total dis-  
tance will be about 40 miles.

Elevenes and a three course evening meal will  
be provided for 80 pence - PLEASE BOOK IN ADVANCE -  
and remember to bring a knife/fork/spoon. Only  
crockery will be provided.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

DO NOT PARK ANY MOTOR VEHICLES IN THE CAR PARK  
ADJACENT TO STAPLEFIELD VILLAGE HALL - THIS CAR  
PARK IS PROVIDED FOR WORSHIPPERS AT THE NEARBY  
CHURCH (AND SUNDAY IS THEIR DAY).



ENTRY FORM FOR ESCA TOURIST TRIAL

To: John Mansell, 3 Walesbeech, Crawley, Sussex.

by: 21st October.

Please enter the following rider(s) for the ESCA  
Tourist Trial on Sunday, 29th October, 1978.

Name	Club

Entrance fee of ..... enclosed (20 pence per rider)  
Entries on the line will be accepted but this will NOT  
guarantee an evening meal.

Please provide an evening meal for the following:

Name	Club

f..... enclosed, being for ..... meals @ 80 pence  
each.

Don't forget your knife/fork/spoon.

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

-oooOooo-

New Series No. 6

Autumn 1978

President: Charlie Lednor

Secretary & Treasurer: Roy Humphrey, 4 Ebenezer  
Cottages, Framfield, Uckfield. TN22 5NR

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Road, St. Leonards on Sea, Sussex.

EDITORIAL

At last, better late than never, BONK has been  
completed. It is fast becoming a monster, and  
threatens to take us over, but carry on sending in  
your bits and pieces. In future, though, may we  
suggest that contributors arrange their holidays so  
as not to clash with deadlines!!! January and April  
can be very enjoyable times for holidaying, and could  
be the source of copy for the lean periods!! Also,  
can anybody suggest a cure for Alsorans back, as it  
is constantly interfering with production of his  
notes.

Maurice & Esther



## BRIGHTON MITRE

Having once again forgotten to write the notes, I am writing these on holiday in Northumberland, and having to rely on memory for events.

The Summer (?) season has been a bit quieter than the earlier part of the year, with George Matthews departing for South Africa - this time theoretically for good, and with Jumbo being away racing most weekends, it has been left to Ray Smith to uphold the club's name in road racing, with several placings in good class events, as well as riding for the Division team. Mark Panton won the junior event at the Bognor Kermesse, with Baz Abbo second, and he also had several other placings. Baz and Stephen Harkness tied for first place in the Lewes Criteriums, Steve being awarded first prize because of his two wins against Baz's three second places. On the time trial front, Ray won the club '100' with 4.18 in the S.C.A. event. We actually had four finishers for the first time for many years.

Club events have had reasonable support, the move to the Lewes course for club '10s' did not meet with universal approval, and entries fell off towards the end of the series.

I think that Ray Smith has the fastest '25' of the year so far with a short 58, George also did a 58 in the same event before his departure, and Christer Jonssen an '0'. Nick Welsh is fastest of the juniors with 1.1. in our evening '25'. Mark Panton has been among the placings, with a 22 minute ride as his best effort to date.

On the track, the Sussex League events have been more open than for years. Dave Barnard who joined the Archer at the beginning of the season, won the League Championship, with Ray Smith second, but Andy Jenkinson and Nick Welsh are probably our most improved riders of the juniors, with Baz Abbo also doing well. Our club track Championships were

due to be run during my holiday, we can now raise enough club riders to run a track meeting on our own, seventeen riders having competed in events at Preston Park this year.

Social events have been limited by so many people being away racing. The club picnic at Henfield was well attended but had to be called off when heavy rain set in. The next event is a club tea at Amberley on September 10th.

Promotions have generally gone well. The track meeting on 11th June lacked big names but was very well contested with some keen finishes. The first attempt at a Kermesse in Hove Park went very well and will be repeated next year. The racing was dominated by away riders, with Tony Doyle lapping the field, most of them several times, in the main event. Peter Panton made a very good show of his first promotion, and we were complimented on our organisation by the Chairman of the Hove Council. As a result of this, the circuit is now available for about four events next year, subject to certain conditions.

Next event is Robin Johnson's '25' in October, on G938, with all the usual goodies.

CLUB DINNER is on NOVEMBER 4th at PORTSLADE TOWN HALL. Tickets from BILL SLADEN, 320 DITCHLING ROAD, BRIGHTON. Telephone BRIGHTON 507482.

We are also considering a 4 up T.T.T. next year, in place of our 2 up '25', over a non standard distance, as one of our 1979 promotions. Other promotions will be as 1978.

All for now,

Ken



I was a little late completing my screed to Esther this time as the summer season has occupied my time - cycling? Well 'er yes, but mainly sorting out my cycling clothes 'apt for the summer like anorak - shorts - polo neck jumper - aertex shirt - cords - sunglasses - gloves - sunhat - long socks - singlet - oh yes of course that Big Yellow Thing with the sweaty smell that looks more like a roller blind than a cape. Well despite the dreadful weather, Excel riders have been riding hard and fast.

Rick nearly got under the hour, but just missed it by seconds in a recent '25'. Strong man Frank has had his training season curbed by getting himself a job, perhaps he will slow down on clubruns now. Dave and Richard's tandem is still whirring away in events, although the other day I saw them pushing it - mind you it was up one of the 'Brighton Mountains'. Young Simon and Mark have gone cycling in the South of France, lucky lads, after a really good and progressive season.

Val once again organised an enjoyable session of six evening '10s', which despite the last couple were well supported, with our Dave Hudson (second claim Worthing Excel), with the fastest time of 24m 35s. So popular were the rides that Roger Sturt from our Cornwall branch came up to ride - it was great to join him on a bike again. Our thanks go to his parents, Lola and John, who timed and fed the riders on each occasion, and we are pleased to see them out and about again. These evening '10s' provided an ideal opportunity for other non racing members to join on their bikes for the leafy ride up the Coombes Lane and we were pleased to see Pat and Bert, Michael Stringer and many other members and friends who are not always able to join us on the clubruns.

With some of our Worthing friends, an enjoyable weekend was spent in France on the last stages of the 'Tour' and apart from the dreaded Newhaven to Dieppe boat crossing a good time was had by all. Another collective meet recently was the Harrogate show, where despite the rain, the trip was well worth making, with Rick and Val, Dick and family spending a week's stay in this beautiful part of England. The annual 'SIX DAY LAST NIGHT' to Wembley jaunt is again well supported despite the usual 'hassle' over the seats at Wembley. I am sure one year that we'll be under the track or up in the lighting gantry - we've been everywhere else, apart from actually riding of course!!

The clubruns are still up to their usual varied rides, but as usual at this time of the year with racing, holidays, etc., the support drops off for a couple of months or so. Mind you the racing fever does get in to the clubruns, for quite recently on a bright sunny morning (yes there was one, or did you miss it), at 5 a.m. saw eight or so members leaving Shoreham to marshall in the S.C.A. '100' ... along the A259 for the first part, continuing west to Bognor and onto Chichester for breakfast. A relaxing ride took place through the lanes to Chilgrove and on to Hooksway for lunch. Presumably it was the beer, with each rider having consumed four pints of Badgers Real Ale, a 'rural brew' the ascent was made up on to the South Downs Way and an instant pursuit took place in an easterly direction, in stages, being broken by the natural hazards of rough riding. Frank set the pace at about 'evens' with Rick right behind him, yours truly held on in third place (the Beer provided the power) until on hurtling through the dense undergrowth I nearly stacked up into Rick lying on the ground with his arm covered in blood, and Frank who had collapsed into a bleary heap. Help was on it's way as Dick (St. John) Jones came onto the scene, rendering with his skill with bandages, etc. (Incidentally he's just been promoted to Sergeant in his Portslade Group - well done Dick). Chris, Johnny Palmer and Valerie (who did not have



four pints of beer), arrived with a worried look as Rick gleefully showed his arm to the interested onlookers. Off again, the pace hotted up until the Badgers ran out and exhaustion slowed the clubrun down as the tarmac was rejoined and the riders continued to tea at Arundel and Home. -Yes it's tough in the EXCEL, the average age on this clubrun was 39 - not bad - you Vets had better look out in a year or so - we'll bring our Badgers with us!!

Seriously now readers - A Scoop- A Premier in fact - Our Film Show - Great - Marvellous - A New Cycling Film - What is it? - There's only one way to find out, by coming to our Annual Film Show to be held:-

DATE Thursday 2nd November 1978

TIME 2000 hours (8 pm)

WHERE Bus Co. Sports Club, Conway St.,  
Adjacent Hove Railway Station.

We look forward to seeing you there, for honestly a real good evening, - Roll on the Social Season - Roll up the tubs - Roll up the capes - Roll on the winter - Roll out the Pub - Roll up to the EXCEL film show to see our projectionist Roll the best film yet on the Second of November - we've got some good slides as well to show you - cheers -

#### Rough Rider

CLOSING DATE FOR THE CHRISTMAS EDITION

OF 'BONK' - NOVEMBER 15th, 1978.

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#### EAST GRINSTEAD C.C.

The peculiar thing about the continuing story of E.G.C.C is that I can never remember where it left off.

The continuing story of Peyton Place was easy because the handsome hero usually managed to get the shapely blonde into bed or went a little neurotic thinking about it. Our saga just goes from race to another (or else I'm missing some of the action and must revise my schedule).

The lack of activity on the X certificate scene has been repaid by a lot of exertion and a modicum of success on the racing scene. Why, even Crow was seen in racing kit, albeit the club dinner after our evening '10s'.

I pick up the story back in May when the South Eastern C.A. 25 on Q25/3 saw John Hutt return a 1.1.45. Terry Thorn went off course in the last 400 yards and did a tour of Gravesend and various other points for a 1.18.?. Jim Powell folded up his rear wheel and produced a D.N.F. and Brian Phillips collected a puncture and a 1.5.?, not bad for a superfast evening - I'll tell you more about Brian later.

Next morning Brian won our 'club 25' on the Godstone course with a 1.4.41 and then went under the hour in the 34th Nomads event.

Terry tried a bit in the Kent Vets event the next week and this time found the finish with a 1.2.20. Obviously his compass was pared down to reduce turbulence.

Then it was the turn of the juniors and juveniles. The club's policy this year has been to encourage our younger members and this has been amply rewarded by some very spirited riding by these schoolboys. Four of them had a great time in the Hastings & St. Leonards '10' and this opened the floodgates to the series of 4½ mile evening events



run by the Redhill C.C. Guy Bracey won the novice award and Dean Hutt and Gary Stimson shared an under 14 prize. The youngsters were also out in force in the ESCA '10' and '25' as well as the GHS at Whitesmith. They are all as keen as mustard and raring to go. You will know these boys because when they catch a rider in an event they don't go round they go by under the elbow.

Remember their names because you're going to see them soon on the prize lists in ESCA events.

The club promoted the ESCA '50' and we felt obliged to remove the team award. Brian came 3rd (2.7.06), Steve Hepp. 6th (2.10.23), and Jim 7th (2.12.00). Brian was now giving an indication of things to come - this being only his second '50'.

Saturday 8th July was memorable in that Terry Thorn (along with Mitre's Fred Harkness - the dynamic duo - not sure which one was Robin), after being driven 100 miles up to the F.1 course, got lost going from the finish area to the start nearly 400 yards away and did a grand tour of the Gt. North Road just for kicks.

Next morning we had another club '25' at Godstone. Jim just managed to beat Will Wates by 6 seconds, but then had ridden the infamous '50' the day before.

Every year we have an interclub '25' versus Crawley and Redhill and this year it was our turn to promote. We managed to get twenty riders for this event as well as provide 98% of the marshalling. Several of the riders got lost, never to be seen again, but then it was G.633. Need I say more! Allan Crafton of the Redhill won it with a 59.52 but Brian managed 2nd place - he felt off form after swotting for exams.

Rod Starmer in his infinite wisdom, promotes the SCCU '100' around Horsham area and has a way of using thumbscrews, etc., to get us to marshall,

ride or feed, which makes us wonder how many join him at the torturers re-union. In consequence of this, Steve and Brian rode solo whilst Terry and Jim tried their hand on the tandem. It was a touching scene when they lost some weight by leaving patches of skin on the road after their front tub had parted company with the rim.

Some of the other club members lost some weight too, feeding and spongeing up and down the road all day, especially when Brian nearly ate his (actually it was found  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile up the road). He can be excused, it was his first '100', he only rode to get the feel of the distance for the ESCA '100' the following week.

What happened in that annual mobile ducking-stool is for many, just a damp squib. Torrential rain throughout saw Brian romp away to win by nearly 7 minutes and become heir-apparent to the ESCA B.A.R. Not bad considering that he also had a puncture, luckily Trevor Budgen was on hand with a spare wheel.

Brian has since turned his hand to '50s' and has now lowered his time to 2.2.29. I can't help but look back to this time last year when his fastest '25' was 1.7.5. and was trying to get on a fast course like G.232 (don't all laugh), but was worried in case he got his entry back. Wonder what this time next year will show.

Now we are almost up to date although I have left off many special rides such as Will Wates 1.1.53 in the searing heat of the V.C. Braintree event. Clifford Moore beating evens in the de Laune '10'. Michael Powell winning first handicap in the Ashford Whs. '10'. Bob Katers winning ways on the Isle of Wight, and so it goes on.

With the nights drawing in and all our evening '10s' over, it seems that Richard Woodward is leading on the points basis, and Graham Powell is topping the Junior B.A.R. with a 25.22 and a 1.4.49. I'm not sure who is leading the Senior B.A.R. (joke).



All stirring stuff which augurs well for the future. The immediate future shows our Carnival Road Race on August 28th, superbly organised by Val Baxendine and comprising a top-line entry for sponsors Woodgate Dairies. If you don't manage to get across for this event we will all probably meet at the next ESCA '25'. About twenty of us will be entering for that, so stand well back.

Beau Nydal

Much as dog owners often resemble their pets, so it seems that cyclists frame colours reflect their owners personality, for instance Sean Yates new frame is "fiery red" and he has promptly screwed everyone down. Roy Humphrey could well have his bike sprayed "tobacco". The mind boggles at the thought of colour schemes still to see the light of day.

We understand that the London South Weekend Television is interviewing for the title role in their new series "The Incredible Bulk". Any suggestions?

How to tell a negative thinker. Someone who puts best in last three years on an entry form and then photocopies same, so that they only have to fill in the last five lines.

A certain Wanderers "dog lover" is alleged to have taken an empty wine bottle to bed with him at a French hostel, so that if he had to answer a call in the night, he would not have to meet the hostel's alsation!

## WESTERN REVIEW

Here we go again with another mammoth review of Worthing's activities. We read in the local press, about how dead the town is - but you need only go as far as Broadwater Green, to seek the truth, and find that the real heart of Worthing is alive and CYCLING!

Shortly after compiling our last 'Review' the club held the "Ron Mills Open 25" and "Tandem 25". Many of you ESCAbods were riding, and it was good to see you, as I stood marshalling on a bleak round-about. Included were our capable 'BONK' editors from their 'outpost' at St. Leonards. Some disappointment had been expressed at the low entry of 87 - and this despite an increase in the prize list. But to those who rode, the weather was fairly kind, if not particularly helpful, and a good mornings racing was had by all. Cliff Sharp (Eastbourne Rovers) took first place with 58.45, our Richard Shipton came second with 59.11, and Alan Limbrey (Sussex Nomads), third in 1.0.14. Brian Weir (WECC) won nothing, but this WAS his first '25' for almost as many years, and he did a 1.20.58 on his trike!! Other WECC riders were competing elsewhere, notably Nick Lelliott, who won £100 in the Tour de Wight, and featured in a photograph of the finish in 'Cycling' - all that for 52 miles in 2.1.31 - oh! and coming first!!

You will recall, if you read 'the BEANO', that we had three riders competing in the NATIONAL '25' at Teeside. Well we sent them up there as a team, and let them loose among the country's best. In return they finished 32nd, 50th and 69th out of 120. Nick Lelliott managed a 58.59, Richard Shipton, 59.55 and Keith Dodman 1.0.52 - well done lads, a few less seconds would have made all the difference - but that's life.

Although club members entering ESCA events have not been all that numerous, we have had good turn-outs and performances in local events. In the SCA '50', 12 out of 51 riders competing were WECCites and we provided the winner in Keith Dodman whose time was 2.05.39. Relative newcomers to Worthing,



Dick Wiseman and Norman Wright, who are continuously in competition with each other, produced times of 2.22.52 and 2.25.58 respectively.

In the afternoon, several other club members attended the Hove Park Kermesse racing and had mixed fortunes. The most notable achievement being Paul Toppin's fourth place in the junior race.

For the Central Sussex open '25' we had ten riders showing the club colours, as they battled into the wind for the sanctuary of Chichester and a fast return. We scooped the team prize with the help of Richard Shipton's 1.00.36, Keith Dodman's 1.00.59 and Paul Toppin's 1.2.59. Our 'Tourist' and 'Transport Manager' Dave Hudson produced a creditable 1.5.34. The following day we held our club '30', which Richard Shipton won with 1.15.24 (Dave was on the clubrun), and Roy Holden coming second, also to take the handicap prize with 1.17.21. New rider/member Eddy Gough finished with a very creditable 1.27.19.

The SCA '100' was held on a fine day, on a fine course, enjoyed by most (if not all) of the riders. Worthing managed to win the team prize with Richard Shipton, 4.27.53; Keith Dodman, 4.32.59; and Roy Holden, 4.41.23. Norman Wright won the first handicap, to help Worthing win the handicap team prize, with the team of Norman, Dick Wiseman and Brian Weir (trike). As a matter of interest, Bob Crayford (Gravesend C.C.) beat the event record (4.14.57) with 4.10.38 and set a 'new-course' record.

Another success story seems to be that of the evening '10s', for under the organisation of Dave Hudson we see a healthy increase in the number of riders every Thursday - not only from our club, but many from ESCALAND. We are only part way through the series, but we have seen every evening well attended. Next year Dave is planning to organise an 'Open Evening 10' - with a very attractive prize list - so watch very carefully for details. During a month's break from the 'tens', we have had the club 2-up '25', which was remarkable in many ways.

To quote from Don Lock's article for the magazine - " 'Arch-tourist' Dave Hudson & 'Chief Scout' Duncan Waghorne, who in their first outing together, returned an incredible 58.47, scared the pants off Dodman and Shipton who finished with a 58.00..; for the first time ever three club pairs broke 60 minutes in the same event..; and that no less than nine pairs started and finished (there were six other private teams), and the slowest was Norman Wright and new member, indeed new cyclist, Eddy Gough, and their time was a very respectable 1.05.46". Also two evening '15s' held on the Ashington/Ashurst circuit were attended by about twelve riders, on evenings that were by no means promising. Our juvenile evening '5s' are now in their second year, and still enjoy around six 'under 14' riders.

Our clubruns have been consistently attended by half a dozen regulars, with extras making numbers up to eight or ten for a Sunday ride. We had an enjoyable visit to Salisbury and the New Forest when we 'motorised to Romsey'. This was arranged to coincide with the Milk Race on Bank Holiday Monday as it passed through Romsey and Cadnam. Salisbury's Corner Cafe always makes a delightful stop, with its extensive menu, and seven members enjoyed a good 'breakfast'. The sun was hot, and in heading for the Forest, we kept beside the River Avon as much as possible, but still the lanes went viciously up and down. The race seen, we concentrated on the quiet byways, and the most surprising 'find' was a silver Christmas tree in a roadside car park. This was explained to us as being for the purpose of identification - something for a friend to look for! The Worthing 'Pigs' didn't hurry themselves in a Brockenhurst Cafe, where the waitresses couldn't keep up with the demand for 'something of everything' from the menu - two or three times over.

Another motorised run saw us heading for Godstone, from where we cycled into the Kent hopfields and the Surrey backwaters - again an enjoyable but



strenuous day. Run leader Dave Hudson certainly knew where the hills were, and wasn't frightened of using them, but more importantly, knew where the 'inner-man' could be sustained. In Dave, we also had our 'representative' camping down in 'the Forest' during the New Forest Cycle Week, joining organiser Peter Knottley and occasionally partaking in the organised runs. More usually he was found 'mile eating' on the Hampshire/Dorset roads or getting a crafty evening ten mile event under his belt.

A couple of our members went to Godalming to see the start of the 'Round Britain Relay Rides'. Paul Toppin managed to attract a CYCLING camera to 'snap' his parting posterior - and so record another Worthing rider to the CYCLING annals. A new-to-Worthing elevenses venue was revealed to us at Henfield, under the guise of 'Norton House'. Some members say it is too near home - but do these riders think that the clubrun follows the proverbial 'Crow' (no pun intended) - not on your life!!! Evening Pub runs have continued to enjoy success - but by the time you read this, we shall be humming around the darkened Sussex lanes, looking for SOUP.

There have been a couple of 'Continental' visits to France; one to compete in the Tour of the Three Valleys, a Randonnée (or Reliability Trial) based on Dieppe. The other, a mini-bus visit to Paris, to watch the closing stages of the Tour de France. Here ten members, and others, sampled the 'final moments' atmosphere along the Champs Elysees. A visit by the club and individuals to Harrogate, will mean practically no one in Worthing during the weekend of the 6th August while they watch the racing and cycle show, that precedes our own Kermesse along the seafront on 27th August.

Something that has crept into the club's 'general' calendar, is the fete at Chatsmore

School, Goring, where we are asked to provide some entertainment-cum-display stand. Well this year we were fortunate in being able to borrow the Eastbourne Rovers Competition Rollers. With these set up and rolling, who needs a public address system (sorry Eastbourne). The noise attracted vast crowds, and there were many wanting a ride, usually held by club members, but they soon learnt the solo technique. Worthing Excel and Brighton Mitre members were to put on solo displays of speed, and a pair of rollers, set up with a trike in position, got the hands of the dial indicating an equivalent of 60 m.p.h.!! Several fete goers are still with us, and two medals were given to the fastest 440 yards, under and over fourteen. A large display stand was erected to advertise cycling, the CTC and the YHA, etc., together with local event posters, stickers and other give-aways. All highly helpful and worthwhile publicity.

A few other ESCA clubs joined us again this year in selling Milk Race Draw Tickets. However we took second place to Wembley Phoenix on the list of Top Selling Clubs 1978 - increasing considerably, with the help of organiser Dave Hudson, the income to the club. We receive one half of the sale price of every ticket sold, and as we sold 503 books of 5 tickets, we made £125.75 (less something for expenses). Incidentally, three of our books had lucky tickets.

So that just about concludes our review - at least I'd better end there before you all go to sleep. Bye 'til next time.

WECCytor

#### ESCA TOURIST TRIAL SUNDAY 29th OCTOBER

Details and entry forms are included in this issue of 'BONK', and further copies can be obtained from your club sec.



## SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS

Greetings from the land of the hop. (Well we hope it still is, although from our observations, the crop is going to be small and a fortnight late this year). The season however moves apace, and so do the last of the evening club events. Having had nearly sixty riders on a couple of evenings, we are now in the position of having more riders than many open promotions. Mind you, it does result in some interesting timekeepers sheets because the one at the finish does not always know the names of all the P.T.Ts, so the riders are indentified as:- "Black vest, white legs and braces" or "Blue track top on orange frame"; "Orange track top on blue frame"; "Aged Lewes rider"; "Grey hair with specs"; "Eastbourne 'erb"; "Ginger Wigmore" and so on. The suprising thing is, that everyone recognises themselves, and so far no one has complained.

Pride of place this quarter must go to Pete Crofts and Tony Peachey. In the space of a few mid-season weeks they reduced the SRRRA tandem out and back '25' to a 46.51; the SRRRA out and back '50' to a 1.39.38, and then in the Birmingham St. Christophers '25' they grabbed the National Competition record with a 50.24. How near can you get, though? In that event, the pair that finished third, actually took the record first with a 50.28, whilst the pair that finished second returned later than Pete and Tony and did a 50.27, never to appear in the record books! In between, Tony set a new club Vets record with a 1.57.26 ride in the Bramley '50'. Then we come to July 13th. It proved unlucky for our tandem pair, who had a front tyre burst on the fast return trip in a club '10'. Tony is now nursing a broken collarbone, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

Meantime, Pete Crofts has gone onwards. He has broken his own solo SRRRA out and back '50' time with a 1.50.29, and led a club team made up with two girls in the wet Otley C.C. '50' at Harrogate, to within seconds of a club team record, when he returned a

1.50.22; Hazel, 2.12.00; and Val, 2.14.24. Val then returned home to join husband Tony, by breaking her toe! Peter Baker also made use of that week, and managed a 2.3.38 in the Nunbrook '50'.

It must be said that those who remained in Kent have not done so badly. Having promoted the South East DC heat of the GHS '10', the club took five of the seven awards available. Melvyn Daultry was second with a 24.11; the Daves - Adamson and Abraham - and Simon Harris, were the best team, and Belinda Whitehouse the fastest girl, with 28.19. Young Melvyn has drastically lowered the club's juvenile '10' record, with times of 22.55 and 22.31. Meantime Jean Smith, who knows a good thing when she sees one (she says) followed Alf Engers' example and rode the Unity '25'. He trimmed the National Record and she took one second off the club's ladies record, with 1.5.22.

But what of the tourists, you cry. Well, it was also Jean Smith, not realising that Q25/13 is not the same as the E72, who challenged Les and Spider in a couple of club events. It has to be recorded that both earnt their pint of beer off Jean, Les (who was training for the '12') with a 1.9.32, and Spider (who denied training for Chainwheel Creek), with 1.12.10. We have survived our usual battles with the San Fairy Ann, winning the inter-club '10', when our four riders all did 23s, and losing the '25' by 4 minutes over a team of six, when both clubs were without their star riders. Now it all rests on the rounders match, because we lost the football. Meantime the '25' giants are locked in battle with Dave Membrey and Colin Spice chasing Pete Crofts, Geoff Withers and Paul Woodman.

Clubruns a dozen or more strong, mostly youngsters, are still descending on unwary "mine hosts" of the local hostelryes. Although usually having reservations about their youthfulness, they are generally swayed by the spending power of the numbers involved. Maidstone swimming pool, popular coastal resorts, and latterly great stretches



of roughstuff with many an accompanying tale, including the firehills, have been invaded. Pete Crofts is now leading a three week tour of Greece, with Robin and Phil in the party. We're not saying it's hard, but on the last day they are catching a plane at 8.30 a.m. after leaving digs seventy miles away the same morning!! Ron and Veronica meantime, have settled for a mere forty miles a day potter of Spain and Portugal.

Our Open '25' for the Lou Bathurst Trophy, attracted a field one short of the hundred this year. Apparently there was some sort of cycling festival on at the same time in a foreign area, the other side of the Humber. We were delighted to receive a number of ESCA entries, one family of whom set a new record. No names, of course, but all four were DNS because they all overslept!

Now to this month's laugh. President's wife, Joyce Dunford, is the source. Watching young Rosemary, age 13, climbing on Mum's old Phillips bike with a 67" free, to ride her first '10', she foolishly entered into a wager based on seconds, and her own original first '10' time. Under dire threats, I am not allowed to disclose the actual figures, but suffice to say that Rosemary is now riding her own new bike, and has just beaten evens on it.

Outside the swallows are lining the telephone wires (not a busby in sight). Many people mistakenly think this is a sign of approaching Autumn. In actual fact, the swallows are looking for their own signs. Their best vantage point is the telephone line, from whence they can look into the Sarfbra homes. They are watching for the careful unwrapping of the tankards, that were never completely put away, for the racing season connor sewers (I think that's the right word), will appreciate that careful running in is very necessary for a full social season.

See you at the hillclimb.

S.B.B.B.

Sarfbra Birdloving Boozing Bokie

The story of a 3½ day ride to mid-Wales to see the Milk Race climb the Devils Staircase.

We watched the start of the race at Brighton, then transported the bikes to Midhurst, "dumped" the car, and were off on our journey. That was the week the sun shone every day. The aim was to reach Amesbury for the night, and with the help of a stop for cuppas and eats, we made it, already feeling sunburn on arms and legs.

Tuesday. Our aim was Builth Wells, 120 miles via Stonehenge, over the Plains, very hot, and within 1½ hours were already "dying" for the first of many cuppas. Chippenham was reached, tea and scones devoured; cards sent to keep them happy at home, then off again. We made a detour and visited Castle Combe, a wonderful olde worlde village. Then as best we could, with the sun beating down, we made for the Severn Bridge and Wales. We were both looking forward to a lunch stop at the cafe next to a round-a-bout. We found two round-a-bouts but no cafe. Our throats were so dry, even drinks from the bottles we carried did nothing to help. We turned off onto the Usk road, wondering if we would find the food and drink we needed. At last, four miles and almost closing time. We found a pub; bikes abandoned and two pints ordered and gone before the change was out of the till. Food and drink filling up the gaps and lining the throat we mounted our steeds and started off up the hill. A long, quick descent, and in a few miles Usk was passed, and then on into Crickhowell, but not before another stop for tea and a 'pint of milk'. We then had the five miles climb up to Talgarth on the edge of the Black Mountains. We reached the New Inn, one hundred miles covered, ten minutes before opening time. But the kindly old landlady, seeing two exhausted old men with tongues hanging out, gave us a smashing cuppa, and then we managed to make the remaining twenty miles to our destination. The evening



was taken up with a walk by the river (to work up an appetite). Then a huge meal, a drink, back to the digs and a good night's sleep.

Wednesday. Another very hot day started with the purchase of a couple of pints of milk to drink whilst watching the race. A leisurely ride through the valley with Beulah and Abergwesyn passed, amid beautiful scenery. A winding valley road, with woods, streams and cascades, found us at the foot of the Devils Staircase. Crossing three river bridges in quick succession, with no road surface and plenty of potholes, we started the walk up the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 1 in 4, with two hairpin bends. The view back down the valley, about two miles, assured us of an early warning of the race approach. John and myself having climbed to the second bend, laid first the cycles to rest, and then ourselves. The heat (only 11.30 a.m.) was almost unbearable, and having found a shaded spot, we tucked into a cake and our 'pintas'. The supporters were arriving in small groups, some walking, a few riding 'it', and the rest on four wheels. We chatted with people from Scotland and Yorkshire and plenty from South Wales. A caravanette coming up made the mistake of trying to change gear at the corner, stalled, and started to roll back towards two cyclists riding up. The 'van got away and up the hill, the cyclists dismounted, rather from being shattered than fearing the rolling 'van. Then we recognised the familiar faces of Tony Yorke and son. After catching his breath, he informed us that the driver of the 'van was his wife! We photographed Tony riding up the next section, but he was off again after the cameras had clicked. We walked up to the top of the steepest section with the Yorke family, then returned to our shady spot and took in the view. The Directors car came into view on the distant mountain road, and was soon crossing the rough bridges, and on up the hill. It stopped on the corner, and a run-down was given of the Cardiff - Aberystwyth stage, up to half an hour down the road. We were told of the 60 mph plus ride down from Upper Chapel to Garth, and the really great news that Steve Lawrence and the

Irish rider, Tony Lally, were away by three minutes. With this exciting news, all eyes were on the two mile stretch of the valley looking for the lights of the marshalls motorcycles.

The car was away again to check the prime at the top, while we waited in the heat of the early afternoon sun. John actually put his hat on to stop himself roasting as he sat on the crash barrier watching with the rest of us. When the riders were in view, people started to select the best vantage points, cameras at the ready. Up the hill came Steve Lawrence, and before the first corner he had dropped Tony Lally, and rode on very easy to the second corner. The Irish lad was off his bike - defeated by the hill and the heat. The crowd were clapping and cheering them on their way, and the main bunch was not even at the head of the valley. Several official cars came up, and one motorcycle marshall failed to make the corner, falling from his machine and sliding down the hill. The bunch arrived and started to climb, the Russians and Swedes tackling the ascent well, but the weaker riders dismounted in shock and disbelief at the severity of the climb. The Mountain King was walking, pushing his legs with his hand and dragging his cycle. Gears were slipping, spokes cracking and lungs bursting with effort. The ambulance boiled over and stalled at the first corner, and water was brought up from the stream. John and myself were clicking away at every opportunity, then the end of the roll and much cursing, as the bunch is still passing. A quick change of film and away again, missing Phil Griffiths sitting up on tops and smiling as he took the corner inside at the steepest and sharpest point, and weaving his way through the riders as he took the hill in his stride. Now there were only the riders off the back to come and a few cars, the team vans being routed off this horror. The fans relaxed a little, giving words of encouragement to the tailenders and a push here and there. One car stalled following a dismounted rider, and two passengers had to get out, push it to get away, and jump back in again. Tail-end Charlie came up walking, of course. Sean



Lally, Ireland, remarked that it was just like being at home, and he at least, was enjoying himself!!!

One last, long look at the view, with the time around 2.15 p.m., and we made our way down the staircase, walking, as it was so crowded that riding was impossible. We now had a fifty mile ride to Crickhowell for our digs, and the first stop for a drink was Abergwesyn. The post office lady insisted on pouring it from cans into glasses. After a chat about the race, we went on our way to Garth. The peace and quiet of the valley wasn't to last long, as thunder rumbled in the distance. We made Garth, and turned off the main road and headed up the hill for Upper Chapel. By this time John was feeling really rough, and I was actually leaving him behind, with five miles into the wind, and a storm coming up fast. When we finally reached the top, the view was lost in black clouds and distant heavy rain. After a brief rest, we started on the last hump before the long descent to Lower Chapel and Brecon. We missed the rain (too fast, you see), and reached Brecon at 5 p.m., just in time for the rush hour traffic, and this was used as an excuse for more tea and scones. The next section of our trip to Crickhowell was probably the most unusual. I decided that we must leave the A40 to the motorist, and find a quiet back road. Looking at the map, we found a minor road on the other side of the river running parallel to the main road. Turning our bikes to the west, we found the lane, and a lady at the gatehouse assured us that we would be able to get through, even though there was a bad surface, with potholes. The first five minutes was reasonable, then round the next bend, the surface disappeared. A good track in amongst the trees climbed steadily, with the river below and the town in the distance. Then it rained, thunder rumbled close by, and the track got sticky. Through a gate out of the woods and into a field, there was no track at all, just plenty of rain and long grass. John decided we were lost, and rushed to the bottom of the field to investigate a possible track. We found that it was a dry stream, so carried on eastwards towards more trees at the end of the field.

To our surprise we found a 4' x 3' sign saying Road Closed. Quite a joke, we thought, but moments later all was made clear. The winter storm water had washed away most of the bridge over the river, leaving only a single parapet. Having spent  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour negotiating the track, we were not going to be beaten, so I walked over the 'bridge' to enquire at the farmhouse if we might ford the river and regain the road via the garden. There was no reply, so we found a shallow spot and waded in. Imagine our surprise, when making our way through the garden, to see the lady of the house at the window, watching us. We made a quick apology, and went on our way. The remaining twelve to fourteen miles were uneventful, with pleasant scenery and quiet roads. We had an excellent meal at the Inn on the junction of the A40/A279, another beer, and then made our way to the digs, wet, tired, but with full bellies. The booked digs were not available, due to family problems, but we found a good CTC place at the southern end of the town, and enjoyed a good nights kip.

Thursday. We enjoyed a hearty breakfast, and were away by 9 a.m., with only 160 miles to go. Monmouth was visited, then up into the Forest of Dean, with steady climbing, fast descents, and the sun once again beginning to take it's toll. We refused to stop for a cuppa until Gloucester was reached at 12.30. After a short stop we headed for Birdlip, and the shorter route was taken, not the main road. The sun was actually shrinking John (he's only a little chap), and he was walking, struggling to keep his head over the handlebars to see where he was going (we have photos as proof). When we reached the top, our clothes were as wet as if we had been in a storm, and we were completely shattered. Ermin Way to Cirencester was agony, but after a look round the town, more tea and scones, we felt ready to have a go. The weather also joined in, with a hefty clap of thunder and a downpour which started with spots of rain actually hissing and rising in steam from the road. Steady (slow) progress was made; Swindon left behind; the head wind very dominant. A rest for refreshments was in order, and



this was taken before the undulating section to Hungerford. The A4 to Newbury was clear of traffic, and the town was quiet. We had an enormous meal as we expected the next few miles to be bleak, and we were hopeful of no more stops. We passed through Basingstoke, Alton, where we managed to miss the rain showers, through the scenic village of Selbourne, and night began to close in. At last it was cool. We covered the last ten miles at 'evens', with the dynamo lighting our way into Midhurst at about 10.30 p.m. We had completed four hundred miles in three and a half days, during what, so far, had been the hottest week of the year.

John Honeyball &  
Pete Burberry

BCF SUSSEX DIVISION AND SCRL ANNUAL DINNER AND PRIZE PRESENTATION at the ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, LEWES, on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21st, 1978. 7.30 for 8.

TICKETS FROM MRS. P. WELLS, 10 OLD SHOREHAM RD., FORTSLADE.  
PRICE £2 ONLY.

ESCA LUNCH AND PRIZE PRESENTATION at FRAMFIELD VILLAGE HALL, on SUNDAY 7th JANUARY, 1979.

#### EASTBOURNE ROVERS C.C.

With the season's club '10s' over, it is time to thank all those who have helped to organise them, not forgetting the Marshalls of Little Common, without whose help I, for one, would have gone two minutes faster.

The series was well patronised, notably by a sprinkling of youngsters. 12 year old Andrew Dunbar managed a '33', brother Mark a '31' and father David a '24'. Andrew and Mark are the fourth generation of cycling Dunbars. Andrew Morris did a '31', Glen Trowbridge a '36', and Gavin Smith had three of his 14-year-old pupils to chase in the form of Alan Warland who did a '28', Greg Durrant '31' and Maurice Saint '33'. Another newcomer to the club, a youngster called Douglas Roberts, got down to a '26' and shows promise. Most of the events were won by Pete Coles, who can never have trouble looking at a crowded result board.

Visitors to the events were welcomed from Brighton Mitre, Worthing and Hastings, and a 16-year-old French boy tried his hand at "les courses contre la montre", did a '29' and a '26', asked where the crowds, the music and the commentator were, but expressed delight at the friendliness of the whole thing. I have been ordered to admit that I rode home from one of the tens before discovering that I hadn't taken off my number.

The CTC Centenary was celebrated in Eastbourne with the club badge displayed in flowers along the seafront. It looked magnificent.

Stu Greenway, Mark Bergin and Harold Manser are going on a camping trip to Rudding Park. Stu is again organising a trip to the Skol '6' by coach on the Saturday evening. Mark will be working up there as a general dogsbody, shining up spokes and carrying buckets.

Andy Leach starred in a Superstar competition



organised by the Eastbourne Carnival, and got a placing of sixth. The Rovers was virtually the only club, from seven sports, which came with officials and supporters, so Ted Godden and Co. were given the task of time-keeping other events, such as running, and officiating in the push-up competition and the obstacle race.

Only other items of news are that Mark Bergin was knocked off his bike just one hundred yards from Phoenix Cycles (he was unhurt), and that the whole of Bexhill came out to support him in the Pedalmania Kermesse. Harold Manser looks more like Alf Engers every day, and George Dicks never comes to the club-room now because the toe straps attaching the wheels to the axles of his car have broken.

It only remains for me to thank especially Doug Roberts and Mark Bergin for helping me with these contributions; perhaps someone else will write them next year, and I'll be able to get down to some serious training instead.

Gavin Smith

WANTED

ONE LADIES TOURING BIKE. 19" FRAME. COMPLETE MACHINE OR FRAME ONLY IF ANYONE HAS ONE, PLEASE. CONTACT NICK BRADSHAW at CROWBOROUGH 3804 (Eve.) 044-46-5141 (Days)

KEEN SCHOOLBOY RIDER REQUIRES 20" or 21" LIGHT-WEIGHT FRAME AT REASONABLE COST. CONDITION IMMATERIAL. PLEASE CONTACT DOMINIC c/o THE EDITOR IF YOU CAN HELP.

SUSSEX NOMADS C.C.

You will of course realise that these notes are not written by 'Anon' this time by the different handwriting.

First of all I would like to pick up some points from previous 'BONKS'. With reference to a letter in the last issue, replying to the remarks re amalgamation of the two Sussex Associations, it said that the 'Nomads' is a new club. This is not so.

The Sussex Nomads were in disguise for some years (approx. 1932 -1964, I think), as the Prestonville. I did read recently that the 'Sussex Nomads' lived in the Cuckmere-Haven region many hundreds of years ago, until they were driven into the hills by invading tribes.

Who knows, our ancestors may even have had an early interest in cycling in the Eastbourne (Nomads) Rovers or the Lewes (Nomads) Wanderers.

Taking up 'Anon's' point about the Crawley Wheelers event at Easter (I personally thought it was great, and look forward to it next year), I heard some remarks about the marshalling, but believe the onus is on the rider. As for Henfield, this is a bit dodgy, as even in the week the residents seem to be oblivious of traffic and bent on killing themselves. I think too many racing cyclists tend to forget that not everyone appreciates what is happening, and we must make allowances for others.

Talking about marshalls, at Harrogate they wore Police uniforms. Harrogate is quite an event, everywhere you see Bikies, sometimes even on bikes. With three or four events every day, there is plenty to see, and you can rub shoulders with the names one only sees in the 'Comic'. And you soon find the difference in the 'Boro courses and our own 'G' courses, the '50' and '25' courses are straight out and home, and one can really settle in.

Our young vet, Wilf How (73) has been going



well this year, with a 1.14 on G833 and a 1.11 on Q25/3, gaining many awards on standard and helping the Nomads to some team awards with the 'boy' vet.

Already the end of the season is in sight and thoughts go to Sunday rides; preparing for next season and Ron the Hard Man's Hilly Events; and getting the suit out of it's plastic bag for the Social Season.

Our own SUPPER/SOCIAL has been booked for DECEMBER 2nd, 1978, at ST. BARNABAS CHURCH HALL, HOVE. 7.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. TICKETS £3.00, including a glass of wine, from ALAN LIMBREY.

So, see you there,

Limbo

(Yet another Suedo Name)

Thought! Time Trials are not events for Marshalls. Where were you all at the last ESCA 25?

Dear Eds.,

I must say the season really is in full swing, it's good to be going so fast. The look on Steve Harkness's face as I passed him in the Worthing '25' was a picture. The fact that his wheel had buckled and was rubbing both rear stays and causing a puncture had nothing to do with it of course.

You will no doubt read about the Lewes French trip. I deny everything! I shall only say that for my guidance and mechanical help, they would all have done a lot better.

See you on the road,

T. Swiller

### CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

Oh dear! this is the time of the year I always dread. Ten days after deadline, nothing written and nothing but racing results to write about. Better make the best of it and try once again.....

To continue from where we left off, on a better, drier day a goodly number of supporters, sponsors and riders supported the Divisional Road Race Championships in which we managed to get two riders into the first four, but regretfully 3rd and 4th. Paul Lipscombe claimed the King of the Mountains prize and 4th place. (item: How can there be mountains in East Sussex). Craig Chalkley was 3rd in the junior event and continues to improve with every outing.

Heather Reeves came out of hiding just before the Ladies National 25 Championship and expressed her intention of riding to keep the club name on the start sheet. Ron Ewart, Doug Tanner and Robin MacLagan were pressed into service as training partners, and the end result was 1.12.02 after about six weeks back on her bike. A most creditable effort, but better was to come later, so read on dear reader.

In the ESCA '50' tall Paul was 4th with a 2.7.53, John Yates did 2.13.25 and George Windsor 2.14.21 which was not enough to get the team award from East Grinstead; however in the Sussex C.A. '50' a week later Paul improved to 2.6.40 and was joined by Adrian Jones 2.12.01 and Graham Kerr 2.13.11 for a team win. In the supporting juvenile '10' Mark Atkins was the winner in 26.13 and Clive Richards who recorded 28.07 got the handicap.

The middle of the summer was enlivened by the first promotion of a Central Sussex Open '25' on the Hammerpot course. The organisation was in the hands of John Palmer, and a fine effort he made of it. Cliff Sharp was the winner in 58.36 from Mike Ryall (59.54) and Bob Stapley (1.0.7) both from the Epsom C.C. Worthing Excel got the team and Iris Stevens took the ladies prize. From the club there were a number of good improvements, Mark A. was the biggest



with his 1.4.37, Doug Tanner did 1.13.05 and continues his improvement. Of the fast lot Paul, 1.1.46; Ade, 1.2.31; George Windsor 1.1.29 and Graham Kerr, 1.1.42, were the best. Leigh Tanner recorded 1.11.55 for his first ever '25'. It is hoped to make this an annual event, but an edict by the South D.C. banning the Hammerpot course on Saturdays during June, July and August is making things rather difficult.

In the ESCA '10' the quest for club points continued. Paul (24.51), Adrian (25.34) and Mark (26.47) grabbed the team award. Mark was also best schoolboy. The team saga continued the following morning in the '25' when we were successful with Ade in 1.2.54, Paul, 1.3.18 and Les Shrubbs, 1.6.7. Heather improved to 1.11.17 to be fastest lady.

In the GHS Schoolboys '10' the local Oakmeads School was represented by three members of the club, who although not successful in getting to the final all put up excellent rides on the day. Mark A. was fastest of the trio in 25.46, Clive Richards, 27.20 and his younger brother Paul, 30.03. For Paul, a footballer by preference, this was a very good first ride. In the supporting Eastbourne Rovers '10' Steve Rann was best of the club members with 25.43; Robin MacLagan, 25.59; Alan Codd, 26.28; Geoff Hoare, 27.02; Heather Reeves, 27.28; Doug Tanner, 27.45, and Glan Richards, 29.18. The last named, parent of the Richards boys, was having his first ride since Bernard Higginson held a Comp. record.

The ESCA '100' didn't go quite according to plan. We had great hopes of some very fast rides, but Paul Lipscombe who recorded 4.35.12, Adrian Jones, 4.35.24 and Mark Jones, 4.40.29, were our fastest. This was enough to get the team prize and Mark's ride was a new junior club record. Others completing the event were Graham Kerr, 4.47.01; Duncan Stewart, 4.48.02; Ron Ewart, 4.50.01 and Alan Codd, 5.4.15.

The club '10' mile series on the new Handcross course has proved popular both with club members and visitors, Don Awcock running out the winner of the series, with Clive Richards taking the handicap sect-

ion. The last event of the series proved to be the fastest when Don lowered the club '10' record to 22.10, and Mark Jones the junior '10' record to 23.12.

Talking of club records, the club has had a record year and our Certificate writer will have no less than twenty eight to do, up to now that is. The schoolboy '10' has been broken three times and now stands at 23.41 to Mark Atkins; the ladies '10' has gone twice, and is now 25.54 by Heather Reeves. Heather has also cracked the ladies '25' and this is now 1.4.37. Last of all the '10' mile team record has been beaten six times by various combinations of ladies, juveniles, juniors, veterans and seniors and now stands at 1.8.5 to Adrian Jones, Paul Lipscombe and Tony Goodsell.

By the time that this issue of the magazine reaches the hands of its reading public, the racing season will be just about over and all thoughts will be on Dinners and the social season. Our own DINNER and DANCE will be at the HASSOCKS HOTEL, HASSOCKS as usual, and I trust that we will be able to entertain some of you all.

See you,

Honest Ginge

#### EVENT SECRETARYS

if you would like a photographer at your event, send a start sheet to Bob Harvey, 55a, East Street, Faversham, Kent, and he will be pleased to oblige.



A CYCLIST'S GUIDE TO MODERN TERMS

Higher Inflation	Tyres need pumping up.
Power Struggle	Nomads versus Central.
Income Tax	Three punctures at once.
Coalition	The Bore doing a two-up in the '50' with a Hastings rider.
Cold War	ESCA Hardriders.
A Spokesman	Wheelbuilder.
Energy Crisis	Blowing up at 40 miles in a '50'.
Famine Relief	Feeding station in the '100'.
Energy Conservation	Saving a bit for the finish.
Bank Rate	Peter Baker's time.
Balance of Payments	Both wheels paid for.
Chief Whip	R.H.
Price War	Arguing over the price of tubs.
Falling Pound	Roy Jones taking a tumble.
Exports	G. Matthews going to Africa.
Oil Pollution	Grease on your socks.
Jet Lag	The inability to stay on Sharpes' wheel.
High Jacking	Saying hello to Mr. Goldstein.
Red Tape	Something you wind round your handlebars.

Psst! Heard the one about the Carpenter who rode no. 25 in the '50' when according to the start sheet he should have been no 27. And then had the temerity to say that it was his wife to blame. Tut! Tut! Whatever next? (Oh well, I say anything to keep him quiet - Mrs. Ed.)

B.W. Lewes Wanderers

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

Who would ever have believed that the club that produced Derek Agg could descend to the nadir of reticence, self-effacement, diffidence, bashfulness and false modesty. That, my friends, is the present situation in the wanderers, hence the lateness of these notes, such as they are.

Having been laid low by another bout of back trouble in mid-season, your scribe was missing from the scene for several weeks and so lost touch. However when he came to evaluate what our heroes had been doing he encountered a wall of silence compared to which the Berlin Wall can be regarded as quite vulnerable. Racing Secretary, Brian Wilkins, complained that "nobody ever tells me anything", while certain people can't even remember their own performances correctly, never mind those of their colleagues! A sad situation indeed and one that will have to be remedied by a "Muhammed Ali" type campaign to bring back their lost confidence.

It isn't as if no one has been doing very much. Ken Stevens hammered our '25' record with a 58.44 done outside our fair county, while more recently the Copper was only two seconds slower in the West Yorks. Police Championships, with a staggering ride that shook 'em all in ESCA. Iris got down first to a 27 in a '10', and then to a 6 for a '25', but lately hasn't been doing very much fast stuff. Some fine tramp-ling by Kieron O'Brien has seen the club '100' clobbered with a 4.26, while he just scraped the '12 hours' record with 235.6 miles in the KCA event, where it was a pity that we had no complete team. He also did an 8 in the Southend '50' which saw Ian Landless snatch the handicap with a personal best 9. Personals were also done by John Honeyball (11) and the Copper (15) and this meant a new club team record of 6.29.5 which lopped nearly 7 minutes off the old figures. Ian Burgess did an 0 somewhere, and lately rode the National Junior Champs. at Chester and did a 3, being one of only two riders on fixed. Ian went to town doing a private ride in a Southborough '10' and recorded 23.9 which would be a new club record had he



done it in normal circumstances. Incidentally your scribe must correct a boob in the last issue as Ian, and not Ken, won the Lewes/Newhaven and back. Since that historic occasion Ken has ensured that he hasn't been beaten by Ian to date!! He made mincemeat of the evening '10' series, in which Paul Cornford won the handicap, and Ken has also won other club events of which details are lacking.

At the ESCA weekend earlier in the season the total club entries came to 34, making up one fifth of the entire field. Of those not mentioned, such people as Geoff Boxall, "Zonca", Brian Samworth, etc., have all been active, the first named having done a 4 somewhere since his comeback.

After a nice sunny week the day of the ESCA '100' turned out to be a wet and windy shocker, although it was reported that Cliff Sharpe was nearly in tears over missing what he regarded as ideal conditions for a possible new course record (!). Everyone finished like half-drowned rats, and considering the conditions the ride of Brian Phillips, of East Grinstead, who did a 4.26, was an eye-opener. Dave Dunbar of Eastbourne shook plenty of people with his 4.33, which set the seal on a great comeback in the past couple of seasons.

Pete Burberry has been hors de combat with a damaged ankle in recent weeks, while the Copper had a spell of inactivity due to a pulled leg muscle when he had to get out of the way of a fast moving vehicle when on duty. It isn't known if this was being driven by a disgruntled ESCA non-veteran!

Re the disclosure that Agg was once shown as Egg (see last 'BONK') it's amazing that this never came to our notice. He probably told the organiser that he didn't care for his idea of a "yolk" and asked him to "ovoid" that sort of thing in future.

Jack Goldstein has also been missing from the scene in recent weeks due to bike trouble - he says! He could remedy all these ills by getting back onto the non-mechanical variety - if he's got any stamina left.

There's just time to mention the one about the Pakistani who was asked how he liked living in England. He replied, "Well, it's not too bad really - the only trouble is that there are too many white people here."

And finally the two English Colonels who met in the street. One said, "Sorry to hear that you buried your wife recently," to which the other replied, "Afraid I had to - old boy, she was dead."

Oh well, they make a change from clobbering the Paddies, don't they?

Well, apologising for having kept ESCA waiting for it's Autumn 'BONK', your scribe must make a quick exit 'til next time.

See you all down the road,

Alsoran

If you hear the "ho, ho, ho" of the Jolly Green Giant, look down, not up, it might be John Honeyball. His bike was at the roadside in France, but no John. Then a hand waved above the maize in the field. The plants were taller than John, who was wearing a green shirt and was invisible.

The Cooks - Paul Cornford kept all the Lewes lot in suspense on their recent tour, with a wide variety of dehydrated foods that he produced from his panniers like a magician takes rabbits from a hat. It was all edible, too.

Zonca Bradshaw with the Chicken Pilaff at Chateaudun (you could have left the frilly pinny at home). She was most put out next morning when she had difficulty frying the eggs that Silky Samworth had boiled without being asked to.



## CRAWLEY WHEELERS

Yet again the Bonk deadline date has instilled panic into your Crawley scribe, no preparation and no data as usual. We finished last time at the point where seven of us were looking forward to a week's tour of Cornwall to Lands End and back. I'm not going to give a blow by blow account of the nine days we spent on the road which would not be of significance to other ESCAbods. Firstly we chose to leave on Whit Bank Holiday Saturday, which miraculously was the start of the only full week of blazing sunshine we've had this summer and on top of this three quarters of the 700 miles we covered were blessed with helpful breezes from behind. It was decided earlier that as we were aiming for fairly high mileages, and the fact that we'd pre-booked overnight stays at Hostels, we'd take a car to carry the major part of our luggage. As we could all drive and there were seven of us it seemed that individually we would not drive too much. In the event Hilda Boxall drove all the way down to Hayle and in the main only cycled half days, so most of us only drove between 20 and 30 miles of the total distance covered. Our thanks to Hilda for all the driving and food organizing she did on the trip. Without her us men would have been pretty disorganised. Now to mileages and hostels, the first day Crawley to Cranborne mileage 97 and in the light of later experiences a fair hostel though being a Saturday it was very full. Second day Cranborne to Bellever 130 miles, the last 30 being the climb up onto the moor, a very hard day and had it been anything but fine and dry with a chuff wind we'd not have made it. As it was we were eleven hours in the saddle. The hostel is run by a Jim Martin, a well known character in the south western region. In retrospect a spotlessly clean hostel with good showering facilities but do not arrive there late. **YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.** Day three, Bellever to Hayle mileage 90. Again we were out on Dartmoor in glorious weather, but could well imagine how hard the going could be if it was anything other than fine. From Tavistock to Lanivet was over some of the hilliest country we'd

ever seen, from Lanivet to Hayle was flatter and with that helpful wind we made the Hayle Hostel by half past five. The following day was supposedly a rest day when the coastal route to Lands End was taken, turning there and heading for home as far as the Penzance hostel. A total of 49 miles taking almost five hours riding time. The Hayle hostel was very impressive, run by an extremely obliging staff, and, being a little off the beaten track, not very full. Penzance facilities and staff are equally thoroughly recommended but as it's on the main road it appears to be full up at most times. From Penzance our road followed minor and coastal routes via the Helford river, Falmouth to St. Mawes ferries, to finish the day at Golant hostel close to the river Fowey. Again hostel staff very friendly and highly recommended our only complaint being that shower facilities were very poor for a superior grade hostel. A distance of 60 miles covered in about six hours riding time.

The sixth night at Maypool hostel near Brixham overlooking the river Dart was in our opinion the best hostel of all being well off the beaten track, a magnificent old mansion with marvellous views of the river and Dart railway. Baths and showers available here, quite the best we met during the week. Mileage to here from Golant again about 60 hard miles crossing Bondinnick ferry at Fowey and Torpoint ferry (FREE for cyclists) to Plymouth. From Maypool the coastal route was taken including the Star Cross ferry to Exmouth, an afternoon spent on the beach at Budleigh Salterton, arriving at our penultimate hostel, Bridport, at about eight o'clock in the evening after another hilly and hard day. Whilst Bridport is a good hostel with a very friendly Geordie cyclist warden, the place is plagued by school parties. The one whilst we were there being extremely badly behaved. Derek Malin described it as guerrilla warfare and that was no understatement. To make it worse the children even came from Sussex!! The penultimate day through the lanes of Dorset was viewwise quite beyond description. For views of real English



countryside and quaint villages Dorset surely must reign supreme. Towards the day's end we crossed the Studland ferry to Sandbanks riding through Southampton for our overnight stay at Winchester. This hostel is not what it was and did not, we thought, deserve it's standard rating, no showers, no hot water, very overcrowded, and we thought dirty; although wardens were friendly things generally seemed to have got out of hand. Mileage from Bridport had been between 85 and 90. Mileage for the whole week had been some 700. Lessons learned! Anything in mileage terms of over 80 on any day is a bit of a gamble, we were lucky as it was fine all the way. As far as Devon and Cornwall are concerned mileages of 60 per day are probably the maximum one should aim for. The West Country hostels we visited are highly recommended without exception. Cost for the whole trip including hostel joining fee, all food, drink, petrol for the following car, was under £50 for the nine days, and when one considers the rail fare to Cornwall and back is over £20, it was excellent value for money. Would we go again? Would we, would we.....

Clubruns, I'm sad to say, have slipped this summer, however it is hoped they'll get going again in September when the racing season starts easing off. Most clubrunners have been racing this year. Jay Chisnall and Roger Smith showing the flag at road and circuit events, even picking up the odd prime. On the time trial front, whilst club events have not had the support of recent years, more Crawleyites have been riding more open events than usual. Times I do not have, but through the grapevine I hear that our President, Ian Berry, has been going well in the longer distances, though he had a disappointing ride in the National 12 Hour. Ernie Dore was quite pleased to get round in the National '12', being the first he has finished for many years, and so far this year he's not yet finished a hundred!! Must be a moral there somewhere. At the shorter distances our schoolboys seem to reign supreme with honours split between Neil Rayland with several open wins to his credit, and Robert Flinn who seems to beat him in our club events. Both

have occasionally been beaten by our pet SMURF Roger Smith who, as Press Secretary, has been getting cycling some excellent cover this year in the Crawley Advertiser. Colin Tamon, I understand, is the latest younger member to do a 23 minute '10' and joins Neil and Robert in this select band. Many others have also dramatically improved and I apologise for not giving them a mention, but I've not got the info. at present. Perhaps at the end of the season I can collate a little more data on personal improvements.

The weather this summer has been absolutely awful and one can only hope for a decent autumn before the winter comes in again.

Our love to you all, and finally thanks to 'Sylvia from Lewes' for posing for a photo with Malcolm (he with the disgusting shorts) at the finish of the ESCA '50'. Has anyone yet managed to get one of Hazel teasing her bottom with stinging nettles. mmmmm the mind boggles. We at Crawley don't know this Hazel Whitehouse. Any relation of Mary Whitehouse? (She appears to be the black sheep of the Whitehouse family. Ed). Could we have a photo?

Yours excitedly,

Kinky Stinky Pinky

When they heard that George Dicks had borrowed a crash hat, two of his young clubmates suggested that he is probably going to take up cycle speedway.



## TOUR DE FRANCE 1978

(Chainwheel Creek Style)

Being an account of the Lewes Wanderers C.C. club tour to see the finish of the Great Race.

While the writer, who was there, will swear to the accuracy of the events depicted, others seeing them from another viewpoint .....! Only the names of the guilty have been changed to protect them from the innocent or something like that.

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No tour can get underway without some planning and Ian Landless had really pulled the stops out with printed instructions, maps and cash breakdown for all eleven participants. It was noticed that several used the opportunity to buy new gear both cycle and sartorial. Wheels were rebuilt, gears fitted, carriers made (there is a rumour that the Crowborough rear carrier is the most rigid there is, but the firm who made them would go broke if they went into full scale production), saddlebags and capes overhauled, shoes resoled, etc.

There were of course a number of last minute dashes to shops, as in the case of the dreaded Zonca when a pithy comment from the Copper drew attention to the inner tube exposing itself through the rear cover.

The Crowborough section, except two, rolled down the A26 just after 7 p.m. on the Thursday evening (20/7), leaving Brian Samworth, resting, and Graham Seymour, working, to join the party later by car. What a way to start a cycling holiday. After tea and cakes at the Landless stronghold, the whole party finally met on the quayside at Newhaven to catch the midnight boat, which in spite of the French Seamen's strike was only a little late leaving.

Of the crossing there is not much to say. It was smooth and most slept in preparation for the first stage proper.

## Stage 1 Dieppe - Compiègne (108 miles)

A grey, rather dull dawn, saw our heroes clustered like waifs on Dieppe seafront. A short tour of the town, keeping to the left and the wrong way down one way streets, and we were on our way. A brisk pace was set for Neufchatel, where came the first problems. The French speak french, not the strange tongue that had been wrestled with at school, in some cases a long time ago. Notwithstanding this, elevenses were taken at a bar there, with pale, short clad legs stretched to catch the first rays of the sun.

Beauvais for lunch was the cry, and so it was to be. Bread and wine were purchased to supplement tattered English sarnies, and certain people went to sleep in the sun. The afternoon saw a sluggish start but after passing through a village where there was considerable police and army activity the pace shot up, with Zonca denying ever having been to France before. A short stop in one village revealed the first sight of the Tour - courtesy of the T.V. set in the bar - the cycle shop in Compiègne parted with a pile of postcards of the Renault team. Kiat Huang, Steve Kelly and Paul Cornford promptly used them to send home greetings. The hostel was busy, but after moving beds around we all got one. The evening was notable for a very good meal in a local restaurant, where to everyone's amazement, Ian Burgess pronounced himself full up and made a contribution to the tip fund. Brian Samworth provided the cabaret. Brian, you do not describe bananas by waving a half clenched fist up and down in front of your body.

## Stage 2 Compiègne - Paris (estimated 57 miles/ actual 79 miles)

The day was bright and sunny and after a wander round the street market, to gaze upon the dark beauty of a smooth moving reminder of France's Colonial Empire, we at last got away. A ride to Pierre..something, and then a ride through the forest to cheers of picnicing Tour followers. The long



wait and flash the peloton had gone. This left the photographers wondering what they had missed while squinting through viewfinders. The race for Senlis was then on. We got there in time to see the finish, just, but did not find the track entrance quick enough. Still we did get tangled up with team cars, and one or two of the party actually claimed to have touched a rider/bike/both. Then began the long haul to the hostel at Choisy-le-Roi, which was on the other side of Paris to us. Still, despite Brian Samworth's 1926 map of Paris we finally got there.

Auberge-d-Jeunesse, Choisy-le-Roi, is more of a Crossroads Motel than a hostel, with a disco until 2 a.m. The names of those who went to the disco pretending they were eighteen years old can be obtained on payment of the appropriate fee. Silence can be bought for a higher fee.

#### Stage 3 Paris

It was rather a sluggish lot that greeted a sunny Sunday morning. Breakfast coffee and a longish stop at a cake shop put this right. Fairly early arrival at the Place de la Concorde ensured seats on a wall no more than a hundred yards from where the riders would pass. It was nice to read (on arriving home) that Graham Jones won the points prize in the Amateur race. The parade of past winners created considerable interest, and Eddy Merckx with son on crossbar was a nice touch. After marvelling at the power that gets riders off the front of a fast moving bunch and finding out that TI—who had taken another stage, our party split up. Most opted for a trip around Paris. Again Big Gear Samworth took charge, this time with a list of cheap eating houses from a certain colour supplement. After being closely inspected by the denizens of sleazy back streets, one of whom offered his street stall for a bicycle, all got back in one lump to take the disco floor again.

#### Stage 4 Paris - Pithiviers (64 miles)

Another fine, hot sunny day. Slow starts were

the order, as those who, under subdued disco lighting had tried to put the years back, paid the price. Lunch was a picnic in the forest near Fontainebleau, followed by a walk around that lovely, elegant town. The smart matronly receptionist at the top hotel only raised one eyebrow when confronted by racing shorted bike riders wishing to change travellers cheques, although a couple of it's four stars fell down as they left. Geoff Boxall and John Honeyball were seen the street here. The latter was enjoying an icecream and was somewhat taken aback when asked if his dad, Geoff, had bought it for him.

Pithiviers hostel was of the simple kind, with the two washbasins, one shower and W.C. shared by male and female alike. Steve Kelly was somewhat disconcerted to be confronted by a Dutch lady upon emerging starkers from the shower. The Copper was a bit put out too, he didn't know whether to finish removing his underpants or to assist the lady with her bra. The other Dutch lads there, who were wearing boilersuit type overalls, could't understand the English humour when asked if they had come to fix the plumbing. Ken Stevens your talents were sorely needed.

This was the evening G. Boxall became the Great Boozer. Well plied with wine and finished off with brandy, he led a late evening walk round the town "because you lot are all drunk and need sobering up". Who was the police officer alleged to have slow marched down the centre of the main road, then changed step to a very quick time to have himself reprimanded.

#### Stage 5 Pithiviers - Chateaudun (65 miles)

First job return the wine bottles and collect deposit. Change more travellers cheques and off we go. A warm, pleasant run to Orleans where we took lunch by the river. A really hot day. Great Boozer and Copper were seen filling plastic and tin mugs to the brim with a strange red liquid. The net result was that Copper dozed in the afternoon heat, while Great Boozer kept dropping



his spoke key while putting several spokes in Ian Landless' wheel. When the Copper did wake, he was in such a euphoric state he rode all the way to the next hostel at the front, and didn't feel a thing, least of all the heat. The long, straight road and head wind caused Chateaudun to become - Shatteredun.

The hostel here was very spick and span, with a businesslike lady warden. A Yank there, roasted for using the female showers, had no doubt that he did not wish to be married to her. This is also the hostel of the Incredible Flooding Loo. The loo's here are of the porcelain straddle variety. The only snag is that if you are straddled when next door operates the water button, you are liable to be flushed down your own loo when the water surges under the partition.

Another convivial evening on the steps outside the kitchen with the juice of the grape, saw most sleeping very soundly, although G.B. had to strain Anglo/American relations, and woke the Yank to tell him he snored.

#### Stage 6 Chateaudun - Dreux (61 miles)

A guided tour of Chateaudun chateau was taken to avoid the first rain of the tour. It must have been done for that reason as the guide spoke only French. I wonder how he will spend the English money he got in tips! As the rain showed no signs of stopping we pushed off late morning to a lunch stop I cannot remember where. It must have been that damn wine again. It did ease in the afternoon, and we had a run through quiet back roads and sleepy villages. The high spot was the finding of a cave, use of which caused much speculation (favourite idea was that it was R.H.'s. cave where he goes to sharpen fangs before managements meetings). Dreux was reached after the only really long climb of the day. The Wanderers invaded the local hypermarket for food. I wondered if the other shoppers have worked out what was who in the Bradshaw/Samworth/Seymour trio who all reckoned they had a date with the very attractive girl on the sea food counter.

The arrival at the hostel was interesting. The warden had a meal prepared for us, but we forgave him when we saw it, and the carafes of wine, set out for us. After washing up we had a walk round the town then back to the hostel to finish the wine we had bought earlier to eat with our meal. This was a good hostel, with evening meal, breakfast and bed for a total of 26F. The large alsation is friendly. Even non dog lover Graham Seymour almost got used to it.

#### Stage 7 Dreux - Rouen (67 miles)

A hot, sunny day. A really good day's touring along quiet back roads, through pleasant villages, with much to catch the eye. Highlights of the day were two extremes. Certain younger members thrashed into Rouen behind mopeds, and now think they are budding Bordeaux - Paris riders, with Steve Kelly and Kiat Huang kami-kaze graduates. Bradshaw, Seymour, G.B. and Copper sleepy from lunchtime wine found themselves off the back. Stopping at a wayside bar they took beer (several) and were treated to the sight of a French driver, well Brahms and Liszt reversing into the car behind him. The facial expression was 'who the hell put that big white car there'. The flow of French which we reckoned was 'why it was not his fault' had us in stitches. As he drove away his rear light cluster fell off with a musical tinkle, and we had to order more beer to recover.

Coincidence is a funny thing. A few miles further on, Nick Bradshaw and Graham Seymour saw a French girl with English husband, whose relatives had repaired an ailing wheel last year. The couple had only arrived on holiday a couple of hours before. This was cause for more beer and an interesting natter about life on both sides of the channel.

When we got sorted out at Rouen hostel it was off to the town for a meal. Gourmet Samworth found his steak too tough. It was changed. The second one was also not to his liking, so he gave it to Dustbin Kelly, with an assurance that Steve would not like it. I reckon Steve ate it so fast it didn't touch the sides, perhaps that's why he didn't notice what was wrong with it!!



Stage 8 Rouen - Dieppe (34 miles)

Shopping for presents was the order of the morning. I wonder what all those wives and mothers will think of their trade jerseys, caps, racing shoes, etc.

Once the long hill out of Rouen had been climbed and Route N28 left behind, the ride via Bellencombe was almost uneventful. The three vets, G.B., M.B., and B.S., were with Capt. Zonca and Graham Seymour. Then came a long hill. At the top, G.B., with a smug look on his face, said to his vet. companions, "that's seen those boys off. I wonder if they will make it to the boat". He gets evil when in wine. There were Wanderers rushing around Dieppe for last minute presents, when a tragedy occurred. G.B. broke the bottle of wine he and Copper had purchased to while away the trip home. Still there's always next year.

We made it to the boat with only minutes to spare. Then up top to gaze at the receding coastline and reflect on a super tour.

Copper

Who, on seeing the Tour cavalcade, thought his wife was on top of one of the Michelin vans?

Then there was the Lewes member watching the Pros warm up at Crystal Palace, who said as the Carlton/Wienmann team passed, "I wonder what bikes they ride?" Zonca, how could you!

Lessons in travelling light can be learnt from Kiat Huang. Two points (1). Pack saddlebag then close eyes and take half of it out. Close bag and leave. (2). Use tubs with holes in them. It keeps weight down.

Wonder if Ian Landless has bought a new rear hub yet. With sixteen spokes replaced on the French trip, it would seem like a good idea.

C.T.C. MID SUSSEX D.A.

This Mid Sussex D.A. was formed in 1975 by Ada and Jack Wells of Haywards Heath and the D.A. Sec., Roy Hayward of Uckfield. During that time the Wealden Section of Haywards Heath has ceased to function, but the newly formed Crawley/Horsham Section has been built up, and is now quite strong, although their Section runs are limited to the last Sunday in each month as members belong to other cycling clubs and groups which clash on various weekends. The Brighton Section are also quite strong, and hold their runs every Sunday.

There are a lot of C.T.C. members in the Haywards Heath and Burgess Hill area, and also around East Grinstead, and we would like some of these members to volunteer as area Representatives for the Mid Sussex D.A.. We can then form new sections to cover these areas. The D.A. Secretary is Geoff Knight and his 'phone number is Sharpthorne 810678. The A.G.M. of the Crawley/Horsham Section will be held at the Station Hotel, Horsham on Monday, 25th September at 8 p.m.

Runs have been well supported in spite of poor weather conditions. A most interesting day was spent at Singleton Open Air Museum; Barcombe Mills was a bit of a damp squib; 27th August saw us at Hindhead, and on 24th September we are making a pilgrimage to the Pilgrims Way in Kent.

An interesting evening of discussion was held on 7th August, at Ada Wells', with some German C.T.C. members, who come to England every year on tour.

On October 1st the Mid Sussex D.A. hold their Centenary Birthday Ride of 100 Kilometres, starting from the Little Chef at Hickstead on the A28, at 10 a.m. Course and time schedules will be sent out to all Sussex clubs.

On 17th September about thirty members will be going to the Skol 6, which shows that though C.T.C. riders are touring types, many of them are also interested in racing. In fact many C.T.C. members in



Sussex are keen racing men. This all helps to keep cyclists together, but one of these days we may see Central Control Bureau of Sussex, then Sussex cyclists and clubs will all know what goes on in the County, this is only my opinion, and at the moment "BONK" is the nearest format to this idea.

Gordon Christensen

Individual Points Championship Leaders at 5.9.78

1st	P. Lipscombe	Central Sussex	131	pts.
2nd	C. Sharp	Eastbourne Rovers	118	"
3rd	R. Shipton	Worthing Excelsior	105	"
4th	B. Phillips	East Grinstead	97	"
5th	A. Jones	Central Sussex	84	"
6th	M. Hawes	Sussex Nomads	80	"

Club Points Championship Leaders

1st	Central Sussex C.C.	196	"
2nd	Eastbourne Rovers	111	"
3rd	Brighton Mitre C.C.	92	"
4th	Lewes Wanderers	77	"
5th	Worthing Excelsior	73	"
6th	East Grinstead C.C.	65	"

Holiday '78. A few thoughts on a 10 day tour.

Last year we lost our pet neurotic pug called Dreamy, who had prevented us from having anything else but a British holiday, so this year rather on impulse, we decided to cross the channel for a cycling holiday.

We organised ourselves with panniers, etc., even did a little training, and finally set off for Portsmouth with the bikes in the car, having arranged a crossing with Brittany Ferries from Portsmouth to St. Malo. Having safely left our car in the nearest N.C.P. we rode down to the quay and caught the night crossing which took nine easy hours. We could have crossed to Le Havre or Cherbourg but the purpose of the extra water time was that we were immediately in Brittany on landing, without a long ride through possibly busier areas.

On reaching St. Malo harbour we had agreed that we would leave visiting the walled town until our return, so we set off on the right side of the road (which one is soon quite happy with by using a little care) towards the little village of St. Briac then on towards St. Cast where we found a Bar/Restaurant to stay overnight. The first day's riding showed the coast and general scenery to be rather like Cornwall and really very quiet for our first French visit. The motorist always seemed to give us plenty of room and indicated overtaking to following vehicles.

On this tour we had set out to make the riding easy without doing a large daily mileage, having rest days to look at places of interest, to try to enjoy and look at the French way of life. Neither of us knew very much French language and although friends (J.D.) had said that most of the shop assistants would understand a little English, this was not so, but with patience and a few gestures we made ourselves sufficiently understood to buy food (un demi-kilo s'il vous plait), general daily wants and overnight accomodation.

Without going into what might be boring de-



tails of towns, etc., we followed the coast west as far as St. Quay, not as far as the coast where the Amoco Cadiz leaked oil in the spring, and then returned inland through St. Brieuç, then passing through the village where Bernard Hinault lives, rode through lovely countryside to Dinon on the river which runs out at St. Malo.

We had chosen our holiday to coincide with the very hot weather of early June, so after three nights of Bar accomodation (which is in fact to be recommended, though you have to watch the prices), we decided to buy a lightweight tent.

Now camping and cycling only go together if the weather (and your companion) are nice, and if you are prepared to sleep using the fitted ground sheet as a mattress, with extra day clothes on at night, especially so when the camping is an afterthought to the holiday arrangements. However it also gives you more freedom, and as French camping sites are normally well appointed (depending on their star rating), washing, showering, etc., is easy, and some of the sites have splendid sea views.

Most of the time we bought food for picnic type meals, but this we both enjoyed as French mobile markets, which we visited, are very good (not so the loos), and display a wide range of cheeses, meat patés, fruit and vegetables to satisfy most needs. Fresh loaves, (baguette) are always available, and washed down with cheap wine, are good. We did not miss the old cuppa.

The holiday proved to be a great success which we both intend to repeat next year (seperately), and if any of you good ladies are left with any doubts, ring Dilys. She will tell you the truth.

Au 'voir

R.H.W.

#### HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS C.C.

Once again, I am told, it is time to produce a chapter in the story of our historic club. Never an easy task, it is made more difficult this time inasmuch as I am only to be granted two pages!

Clubruns have been organised at rather erratic intervals this summer, but we have had some memorable moments. We spent an enjoyable day at the Bexhill Kermesse racing, which was enlivened for us by Roy Hillman's tyre exploding shortly after he had started in his event. How did it get past you, Mr. Machine Examiner?! We always used to give our tyres to Arthur Coleman when they got to that condition. Later in the afternoon we were invited to tea with Mark Bergin's parents, and about a dozen of us ate them out of house and home. A pleasant end to a nice day out. Earlier in the year, we decided to run a three part competition for our younger members to find the best clubman among them. Joanne won the first section, a speed judging competition, from the five boys who took part. We are now looking forward to the reliability trial and the map reading contest. The latter should give us a real fun Sunday as most of our members don't seem to know what a map is, although Ron says he can recognise one if he has his glasses on! Our most recent outing en masse was in support of the firemen attempting a sponsored tandem marathon in aid of charity. We met them on the outskirts of Hastings, and hurtled down into the town with them, tucked in behind a fire chief's car complete with flashing lights and wailing siren. The Mayor, bedazzled by our club tandem pair attired in their orange marshalling jackets, welcomed Dave and Audrey to Hastings and wished them a good journey. The firemen took a deep breath and dashed onto Eastbourne, accompanied for several miles by the more rugged members of the escort party. Dave and Audrey generally favour the Eastbourne CTC section with their company, and entertained them on one occasion recently. Dave, riding his trike conversion around Ripe, was unlucky to have a rear dropout break. Ignoring Bill Collins' advice to catch a train, Dave cut a piece of wire from a fence and made a suffic -



iently satisfactory repair to finish his ride. Audrey, riding solo that day, was progressing in such a furious manner, that she ran out of road and straight into the hedge. Since then Dave has kept her safely on the back of the tandem, out of mischief.

Our racing section has been performing throughout the season. David has ridden at most distances from '10' to '100' miles, and continues to improve. Our record breakers have been at it again, with Maurice and Tim breaking the club tandem '10' record with 21.53 on a rapidly deflating tub. Tim went on to improve the club junior '10' record by 40 secs, with a time of 23.28. Esther reduced her own club ladies '10' record not once, but twice, on the same day, getting it down to 27.4. She wonders if she is the only club President to achieve such a feat!! Ron has been successful enough on Broad Oak to consider riding longer distances, and he has entered a '25'. Michael Waite started his racing career with 26s in the evening '10s', and then did a 1.8 in his first '25'. He'll need watching next year. Stephen has made modest improvements to his '10' and '25' times. He heard somewhere that it is possible to ride shorter distances on natural exuberance, but not having much luck with this method, he started riding his bike and got on a lot better. We haven't seen much of Martin lately, as he seems to have a new hobby, that of entering events and then DNSing. Jack has done his best '25' time for several years, and has won handicap and standard awards. Ted Coussens finally reached his 400,000 mile target, but sadly at the time of writing he is in hospital. Get well soon, Ted.

The introduction of a time standards competition at '10' miles has raised the level of schoolboy racing among our new riders. Dominic and Richard have both gained silver medals, and Neil has got medal mania and has won five. He just made the 12 year old gold, getting inside evens on his birthday, qualifying because he was born at midnight or something, and at the moment is on his 13 year old silver with 27.8.

Bob French, now only second claim but still close to our hearts, came down to our last evening '10' and showed us how it should be done, winning from Maurice by 45 seconds. We then started our social season at the Oak, more of which you will hear about in the next issue, as I am out of space.



