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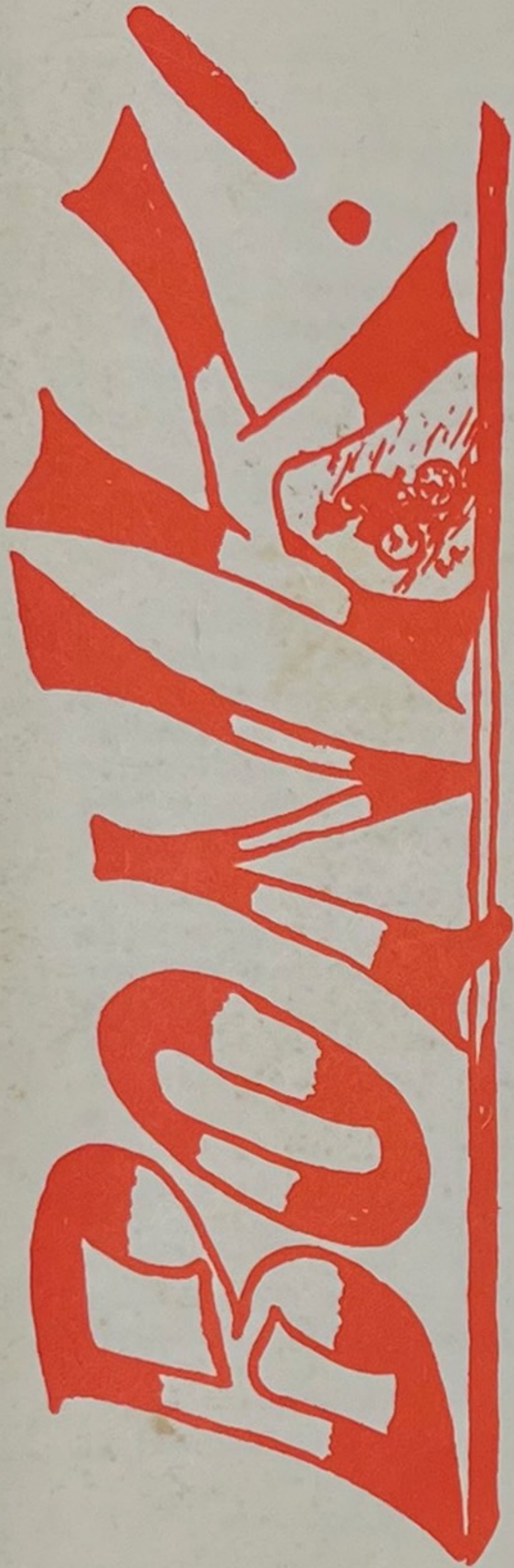
THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

**East Sussex
Cycling Association**

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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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EDITORIAL

Valentines Day arrived, not with the expected avalanche of cards, but something far more acceptable - the first contributions for this edition. Maurice's restrained pleading at the A.G.M. must have had some effect. On Pancake Day the last batch of notes arrived. Limbo is currently at the bottom of the BONK Writers League Table!

There seems to be evidence in this, and recent editions of the magazine, of strong feeling concerning the tendency of riders to change clubs, presumably looking for a better deal for themselves all the time. It would seem that a rider who can't stick to one club is neither contributing very much to the sport, or getting a lot out of it. Surely the Charlie Lednors of cycling, able to boast fifty years of loyal service to one club, are the ones who must have gained most satisfaction from their cycling. In the long run, a club is only as good as the officials who run it, and the fast riders, who race and only race, merely offer a fleeting prestige value.

Having said that, we wish you all the success you desire in 1979.

Maurice and Esther

To hear your new President, particularly after a few lunchtime drinks, relate tales of how in his youth he went all round Wales on 63 fixed, 90 miles a day, cooking mid-day "meals" at the side of the road and staying at Hostels when Youth Hostels catered for the outdoor man, you'd think perhaps he was donkeys years old BUT he won't even be a "vet" until July 1980!

Choose to study the life of any of the great Cyclists, professional or amateur and you will probably find they all had a humble start in life, so far as cycling is concerned. Just so with Rick Stringer whose ambition it was at the age of 5 to progress from riding his tricycle on 2 wheels at breakneck speed around the streets of Shoreham, to a real 2 wheeler. His father had been Brighton Mitre Best-All-Rounder for three consecutive years in the early thirties as well as winning a number of track trophies and it was natural for Rick to take up cycling both as a sport and a hobby in his teens. Fate took him to the Brighton Excel in 1956 and from then on life began to revolve around Club Runs, Easter Tours and Racing. His first handbuilt frame, a Hills Special, came in the late 1950s, and cost a mere £11. It was raced over 10 and 25 miles on pressures and produced a 25 time of 1.3.16 which was not improved upon until 1968! In 1961 Rick had the honour of being part of the winning team in the S.C.A. Best-All-Rounder Team, with Tom Duckett and Dave Hardman, the latter also winning the individual championship. Other successes, to date, were the S.C.A. 50 miles event in 1968 and 1969 but really he's not a winning person - just one of those who helps to make the number up. He still has ambition to get under the hour on a local course.

He has been the Hon. Gen. Sec. for the Brighton Excel for the past 14 years and whilst cycling, particularly the Continental touring scene, is probably the foremost thing in his life, other interests have been developing over the years. He is an avid reader; has a very large record collection - jazz of all types, and classical, with a strong leaning towards

the English composers; photography, particularly expensive equipment, which goes so well with cycling, is another major interest. Amongst his pet hates are dirty bikes, wives who get punctures, wives who don't push hard enough from tandem rear seats, wives who are slow on their bikes, and wives who either don't give him enough to eat or give him too much - even if it is to help his weight problem! He excels himself speedwise with a knife and fork and it's no wonder he was once nicknamed "shovel-gullet".

His "stable" consists of 2 Holdsworths, 1 Pat Hanlon, 1 Don Farrell, 1 Dave Moulton and a half share in a Dave Moulton tandem.

He also considers it an honour to be E.S.C.A. President and wishes everyone who races a satisfying season, and those who just enjoy themselves, many happy miles awheel.

V.A.S.



CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

Touch wood, I think I am going to make it through the winter without being run down by Mr. Motorist. I imagine cycling to work most days, rain or shine, must mean that a fair number of drivers become acquainted with your travels over particular stretches of road. However, I am still not trusting to luck and make sure that all lights are bright and reflectors are clean. I feel I have overcome the problems commonly associated with the Ever Ready front and rearguard lamps, which although, in my humble estimation, are the best cycle lamps made to date, still have shortcomings for the sporting cyclist. These being, in the main, constant loosening, being launched from lamp brackets (albeit being caused by the poor road surfaces), and flying apart at undetermined times. Of course you can wrap a toe strap around them, but that is a bit messy. I drilled and fitted two small self tapping screws to each side of the front lamp where the two sections separate, this stops the lamp from springing open of its own accord. In addition, a slightly larger self tapping screw is fitted through the side of the lamp to bracket moulding, i.e. at right angles to the lens, and this screw bears onto my Terrys wire lamp bracket. This completely stops all movement of the lamp on the bracket.

The batteries are inserted with a piece of neoprene between them to keep them secure and rattle free. The rear lamp is much better than the front and requires only a substantial elastic band around the reflector and body, not that the lens is so prone to come adrift, but to obviate any slight movement of the interior parts which causes the light to dim.

For some reason, why I know not, batteries in the front light always seem to expire sooner than those at the aft end, therefore, they are always changed new into the rear lamp and the existing rear lamp batteries forward into the front lamp and I am lucky to get more than 5 to 7 hours from a pair of Ever Readys.

A useful item for night time riding is found on

on those evil Chopper bikes, it is the big reflector, about 2½" in diameter and it shows up really well in car headlights. I mounted mine on a simple L shaped bracket and fitted it onto the seat pillar fixing bolt on the frame. Absolutely vertical, neat and well in view.

Whether it is winter or summer, should you have the horrific experience of being de-biked by a motorist species, and provided you are not a) dead, b) unconscious or c) a combination of both (as witnessed after early season time trials), and provided the motorist has sufficient concern to stop, do not leap up and accost him, nor should you leap up to show him/her what a big, strong boy/girl you are. Stay down, don't move provided you are safe from other traffic, request the other party or any bystander to get an ambulance (feign death if you have to). You do not have to ask for the Police, as this might worry the motorist, they will be following in the wake of the ambulance anyway. Whether you were to blame, or whether you think you were to blame is of no concern to anyone but the Police, so do not make any statements to anyone, and if the Police request a statement from you, make it only when you are good and ready and in a completely recovered state. If you are a member of the B.C.F. or C.T.C. report the accident to them as soon as possible. And make sure it is exactly the same report as given to the Police.

This may sound all a bit cold blooded especially where circumstances may indicate that the accident is not entirely one party's fault, but it is the only course of action to take. If you accept any reimbursements or forward any explanations or confessions you may find that not only could lose out on repairs to your bike, you could get lumbered with a bill to respray the side of a car or worse.

So should it happen to you, keep your wits about you and hopefully you won't find yourself on the losing side.

All of Central's racing men are training like loonies now. The first race is a mere three weeks

away, so we are piling in the miles and pumping up the muscles. Veins are standing out like organ stops, muscles rippling in the early morning snow, blimey, we are a fit looking bunch. Modest too!

But we did not get to look like we look on our own efforts alone (say that with a mouthful of honeyed fruit loaf). No, we must give praise where praise is due and that is to - Tah-ta-ta-taah (quick fanfare) 'The Patented John Yates Circuit and Weight Training Sessions' - guaranteed to kill or cure (10 to the former, 3 to the latter).

There cannot be many more diabolical ways to spend a couple of hours each evening. It's absolute torture! But we love it really. Masochists rule, O.K.?

There is a bonus though, and this is on Thursdays when we attend weight training at Horsham Sports Pavilion. The start of our session is at 7.30, and although the 'Multigym' weight trainer is not in the sports hall itself, it is adjacent. And on Thursdays at the aforementioned hour of 7.30 one finds the hall absolutely jam-packed with the female gender cavorting in attempts to shed a few pounds to the strains of Saturday Night Fever and other disco sounds. Believe me, it's terrible, having to pick your way through all those females in tight fitting leotards and hip hugging shorts and tiny tight Tee shirts and some of them have legs right to their bums. And then Coach Yates expects us to lift weights. Some have been seen to have a shower BEFORE the training! Naughty, naughty, keep away from that door Shrub!

There are only three local reliability trials this year, and that is a shame. But from the attendance of the first two, the Lewes Wanderers on 28th January and Worthing Excelsior on 11th February, we will be lucky if we have these events again next year. The attendance for the Lewes event was not very good, Central Sussex included I am sorry to say, for the Worthing event which had to compete against the Perfs Pedal Race in Hants, it was shocking. Don Lock and Theo Puttick had a

great little circuit mapped out, ideal in view of the restrictions that the recent weather has imposed on many folks training schedules - a good, undulating course, free from the usual 'stinkers' of the 1 in 10 and less variety, but only thirty or so bothered to turn up. Disgusting! The event board was a masterpiece, the marshalling was excellent, and two cups of coffee and a monster wedge of cake was a very fair deal for the 20p entry fee. So thanks all concerned for two good events. Let's have some arm twisting to swell attendance for next year.

I will now tell you wot gets right up my jack. Grit, chippings, road salt, call it what you will. It is an aid to keep Mr. Motorist behind the wheel of his car during a period when he should really be using suitable alternative public transport, or staying at home. What can be more wrong than falsifying a road surface, one has little enough 'feel' of road surface when behind the wheel during normal road conditions. Swop the surface from traction to non-traction and what do you get? Lots of business for the body repair shops. Human and vehicular.

For a biker there is one thing worse than grit on the road, that is grit in your tubs. My best average was ^{four} soft ones in five hard days. And my tubs are not junk. And I run flint catchers. The road grit can render a tub useless if it cuts into the casing which then slowly tears and you have a tub with a big pregnant bit in it. One useless tub. I had about four tubs thus described - useless because of one small cut in the casing. So I gave the problem some thought and tried a few materials which, hopefully, could be used inside the tub to act as a second skin and bear the main load from the pressure of the tube. I finally settled on thin car safety belt webbing. Go down to your local carbriers with some sharp scissors and cut yourself a load. With the tub unstitched, cut enough webbing to go from edge to edge. Securely fix it with Evostick or similar contact adhesive, mend the tube as necessary, and you should have a tub which will be satisfactory for training on and riding to work.

The Bear

SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS

Well, where were you on January 1st, 1979? Why didn't you see the New Year in at the Southboro' 10? The Landlord of the Smarden 'Bell' tells us that one regular East Sussex character was there, complete with wheelchair. However, even he couldn't make up for the normal sales to some sixty cyclists or so! For those of you who were worried about the event, we had to cancel it because the time it would take to bury the timekeepers completely in snow, was considerably less than the time a fast and capable rider could have negotiated the lanes that make up the course. But next year.....

How often we've heard these words in the past weeks. "Next year I'm going to..." or "This coming season...." I expect you've got them in your club as well. On present predictions, the local '100' fields should be doubled on the strength of promised Sarfbra rides. Hazel, Jean and Val are training hard, snow or no snow, to keep ahead of the ever fit youngsters in the club, whilst even Spider has talked about racing. All this predicted effort has proved too much for Robin Howard, who has decided that 1979 is his touring year. Mind you, he is the second club treasurer in a row to go out and buy a brand new car.

We hope you enjoyed the ESCA Luncheon as much as we did, but what is the answer to the question that many club dinners face? How do you keep the cosy atmosphere of a 'do' for 80 when catering for 160, and where do you find the right sized venue without resorting to Savoy-style Hotels? As well as our own we've enjoyed the usual round of Annual Dinners. In common with several others we are thinking of streamlining the associated raffle. After all, there seems little point in paying for a band for the complete evening, using^{it} for only 2½ hours, and giving them a further half hour break whilst the assembled gathering tries to distinguish between Salmon Pink and Sticking Plaster Orange raffle tickets of similar serial numbers. So, perhaps we'll have two large prizes and fewer but dearer tickets.

Now for the good news. Our football team

have achieved their best performance ever, drawing 5 - 5 with the San Fairy Ann C.C. With the efforts of Pete Wall, we have also introduced them to Bicycle Polo, and an enjoyable morning was spent at the Croydon Sports Fields. Did I say morning? Pete's sense of time went astray, and the match took place at the mystic time known as Opening Hours. Luckily the club Pres was on hand to maintain the club's name, and he dutifully gave up half an hours spectating to repair to the local hostelry. After that, it was of course almost inevitable that he should collect his share of the winter flu, and he was probably the only member not to be out on the President's run. However, it was capably organised by the club teenagers, who dominate the clubrun scene. They are the ones who have made the reliability rides, the scavenger hunts and the feature events.

It is also this group who are to the fore in planning 1979's racing. At the club's racing man's meet it was they who extended the programme by 30% and even asked for a medium gear event. They also made up half the bulk of the Boxing Day 10, whilst Pete Wall made up the other half. This is a unique circuit, where everyone gets an Xmas present prize. Paul Woodman, as usual, beat evens and won the event. Robin and Spider also did their usual job of timing the event, but then it does start and finish at the 'Carpenters Arms'. We had a walk out for New Year's Eve. Scheduled for a bike get-together with the San Fairy Ann, a dozen walked out in the snow to meet a few stalwarts at a local hostelry, and the Landlord stopped open until we left.

The quote of the month comes from Arthur Smith. Both he and Jean are economically minded on car running expenses. He asked Spider what the warning light meant in his car. "Oh that means I'm low on petrol." Reply from Arthur, "If we had one of those, we'd run our battery flat."

See you at the Hardriders, on skis.

S.B.B.B.

The Sarfbra Boozing, Birdloving Bikie.

Well the predictions were spot on weren't they? The 'mild, dry weather' ceased, the Christmas card scenes did come, and we've had more than our fair share of those biting north-easterlies.

This was the time of year when the bike became most useful, for those works lunches, office parties, etc., and finally when the trains refused to budge! Our Review centres round the social season and we start with the Club Dinner in November.

On the 11th November, somewhere in the order of eighty seven members and friends gathered at the Royal Coach, Shoreham, for the Annual Dinner and Prize Presentation. The steak meal was interspersed with occasional cross-toasting, which left just enough wine for the speeches. The highlight of the evening was 'ex-member' Tony Hill's proposal for the club, when he composed and sang a little song, the chorus of which went like this:

I used to go jogging but I soon got tired of that,

The Rolls is in the garage and the tyres they are all flat.

I stopped having business lunches and the money that I saved,

I bought myself a bicycle super Holdsworth made.

Don Lock had a difficult job to reply, but managed very well in his own 'gabbling way'. The 'family favourites disco' which followed, was popular with everyone and during an interval in the music, we saw how many could be prised into an inner tube. Would you believe it snapped spilling some twenty largish persons!

The Club Tea was, and always will be, something completely different! Hardly a 'tea', this annual feed is the envy of the Western World. Participants starve themselves for up to forty eight hours before the marathon, held this season on Saturday, 16th December. Prepared by our very able Social Secre-

tary, Theo Puttick, the fare comprised soup, roll and butter, a plentiful turkey and trimmings main course, more turkey, jelly and cream, Christmas pud and mince pies, more jelly, more mince pies, cheese and biscuits, coffee, and more of anything left over. On the refreshment side, there was wine, beer, cider and soft drinks, catering for all tastes. All for a mere £1.50.

There was a competition to guess the weight of food and drink provided (485lbs - we're not used to this new metric measurement that makes things look less than they really are, i.e. 216.5kg). There was the traditional raffle, and fifty photographs taken not more than thirty miles from Worthing, to guess their location.

Quite a number from the Worthing stable were attracted and entertained by the Harry Strutters H.R.O. (jazz septet), appearing at the Royal Coach under the guise of the BECC's Annual Dinner and speech giving Jamboree - but that's their story!

On the slide show scene, there was Chris Davies (CCP) showing South Africa at Slimbridge Y.H. and Neville Channin doing similarly at Coulsdon, both keenly attended by Worthing members.

Well, we've done all this without getting on the bike (to any great extent), and what's more, Dave Hudson excelled himself again during the first week of February, by taking a party of twelve over to Antwerp, visiting various towns en route, and watching the track racing on Saturday night (Sunday morning?) at the Sports Pali.

Meanwhile, back on our bikes, our monthly Friday evening mystery runs reached a climax on the 22nd December, when some twenty five to thirty members turned up on their bikes to partake in Don Lock's Christmas Spectacular. We were led on a wild 'soup' chase through the streets of Tarring and Worthing to Brooklands; on a wild 'wine and hot punch' chase through Sompting that ended at Charlie Lednor's; and on a wild 'mince pie and coffee' chase through Durrington to end at Don's house. Others had assembled at the address and something like

forty members were to sample Don and Maureen's hospitality. Just recently, we may have been seen around Shoreham's Dockland and Locks, searching for Shoreham Airfield and the comfortable lounge bar in the terminal buildings. No mystery run, this, for all knew of it's destination, but it was a mystery how we got there - or that we even arrived at all!!

Our only motorised run picked the wettest November Sunday possible (the 19th), when nine members visited Windsor (three rode there, but asked for transport home), as a base for doing the Burnham Beeches and surrounding area. More miles were envisaged under Dick Wiseman's leadership, but the appalling weather conditions, together with an abundance of punctures, ensured that less than fifty miles were covered. A delightful area of narrow lanes and quiet roads - we must revisit sometime.

Dave Hudson won our Tourist B.A.R. Trophy by a short 'spoke' by gaining 110 points (Dick Wiseman 109) and thus started a new 'year' on the 5th November. So far forty six members have been out at least once on their machines on clubruns. An important development has been the formation of a double clubrun every Sunday. One for the fit and hardy, covering in excess of 100 miles every Sunday, and for the remainder, catering for elevenses only, or for slower, not so distant, all day riders. So far only seven riders have chosen the hardriders run, but watch out for Dick Wiseman, Norman Wright, Paul Toppin, Dave Hudson, Bernie Wright (no relation), Keith Dodman and Duncan Waghorne in this season's racing! Even Christmas Day couldn't keep six members indoors.

Our fund raising ventures have been successful, with newspaper waste realising £116.90. Dave Hudson has been round again circularising Milk Race Draw Tickets. This year we won't be the second highest selling club in the country - but the top, or at least that's Dave's story.

Last year's racing results have been tabulated, and we find that Roy Holden won the 1978 points cup, with youngsters (?) Keith Norris and Duncan Waghorne second and third respectively. The fastest '25' was done by Keith Dodman in the Harrogate Nova (V134) in

56m53s, while Richard Shipton (our East Sussex spy) managed 57m05s in the Unity C.C. event (E72). Nick Lelliott managed a 57m22s ride (G232), while Colin Miller did his first sub-hour ride in 59m37s in the Braintree event (E72). The fastest '50' was a new club record, set again by Keith Dodman in 1h53m04s in the Otley C.C. event (V154). Richard Shipton came home in 2h00m33s on the F1 course.

Our reliability trial and early events will be reported upon in the next bumper edition of Western Review, and so on that chilly note, I will sign off! Byeeeeeeeee.

WECCytor

WANTED

Forks to fit 22/23" frame. Racing quality required, prefer 531 DB, but anything considered. Cash waiting.

Contact: Graham Kerr,
57, High Street,
Hurstpierpoint,
Hassocks, Sussex.

Tel. Hurstpierpoint 832141

BRIGHTON MITRE C.C.

Following traumatic happenings during the winter, we are now making plans for the coming season. Fund raising activities will be aimed at providing support for all riders staying with us. We anticipate being represented on all fronts, and hope to have a reasonable entry for the Hardriders.

Our first Open event is a 4 up T.T.T. on the ESCA 29 mile course, on April 8th. Promoted by Frank Blake, we hope to see at least one team from each ESCA club. When team time trials first appeared on the scene, most events, including ESCA and SCA were 3 or 4 up events. Perhaps we can start a resurrection.

Clubruns have been held regularly, except on the weekends of Tony Yorkes group training rides, when some of us have been staggering around on those.

Social events have been limited apart from a Christmas Tea at Ringmer in December, which was well attended. Further social events will be announced at the end of the formal social season.

ESCA attendance at the VTTA lunch on 4th February was limited. I can recommend this function as one of the liveliest around, the mental age is certainly low even if the physical age is a bit high. ESCA representation seemed to be limited to Alan Limbrey, Wilf How, myself and a certain ESCA lady club President who shall be nameless to protect her age.

A certain amount of movement is taking place within the club at the moment. Mark Panton (R.R. Sec.) now resides at 4, Woodhouse Road, Hove, BN3 5NE Tel. 418039, and I am myself currently engaged in trying to move out of ESCA territory due to a change of job.

The recent icy weather has limited our miles, and in common with many others I ended up travelling down the road on my posterior on one occasion, fortunately with no damage. Recent attacks of black ice have been worse than I can remember, therefore I expect R.H. to organise St. Bernards, complete with brandy, for the Hardriders.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Editor,

I was very grieved to hear at the ESCA A.G.M. that riders were objecting to paying for a cup of tea after Association events. It appears that these poor riders on their £300 machines haven't any money to pay for the service provided voluntarily by a few hardworking club folk.

I was not aware that it was a regulation that refreshments have to be supplied. If the East Grinstead club rode a few more Opens, they would soon realise that the standard of promotion in ESCA events is on a par with the better class of Open.

Are these poor, unfortunate, penniless riders aware that the tea making equipment at these events belongs to individuals who make no charge for the use or their own time and hard work.

In the few cases where the Village Hall is used, this has to be paid for. Only a small charge, I agree, but that is only because the hirer, an Association member, lives in the Parish.

How times have changed. I well remember a time in the Sixties, when having made a modest profit on the teas at Hellingly Hall, we tried to give the riders a free cup at the last event. This was refused by all the riders, who insisted on paying!

Perhaps our disgruntled members would care to go off first in the events, to get back in time to help serve their fellow competitors with a FREE!! cuppa. Many do - especially the ladies.

Finally, perhaps we should do as suggested by a wag after the meeting. "An entry fee of 60p be made to the riders wanting a free cuppa, and 50p to the rest of us."

Iris Stevens (Lewes Wanderers C.C.)
(Association tea maker since the early Sixties.)

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Editor,

Sponsored clubs have been part of the cycling scene now for some years, and there are various schools of thought on their desirability or otherwise. I can understand that the prospect of a free racing jersey and tracksuit top bearing a trade name, plus a certain amount of financial help in getting to races, etc., is a reasonable carrot to dangle in front of some riders, but is it a good thing in the long run for the sport as a whole?

Ideally, sponsorship of a club should benefit every member of that club; but I think in practice this idea is very wide of the mark. The few top riders who are obtaining the publicity for their sponsor usually get the lion's share. Alright, you may say, this should encourage riders to improve their performances to get into the top echelon, and so derive the maximum financial reward for their efforts. Multiply this increased desire to be the best by all the sponsored riders, then this in turn should logically start to produce competitors who can hold their own with the best in the world. Sadly, this is not the case.

On the other hand, long established clubs who promote all types of cycle racing with the aid of sponsors for any one particular event would seem in my view, to be contributing much more to the continuity of the sport. I use my own club as an example. For many years, we promoted an Open Road Race and Open Track Meeting sponsored by Brickwoods Brewery. We followed this with sponsorship for the track from Whitbread, Birdseye Foods, Outspan Organisation, Fyffes Group Ltd., Oxborrow/Richards, Oxborrow/Harkness, and most recently our multi-sponsored Kermesse in Hove Park. In addition our Open '25' has become a South of England classic, with a formidable prize list - all from outside sponsors. The spin-off for the club and the sport in general is that we are providing events for ALL to compete in, the sponsor gets pre-race and on-the-day publicity, and if the meetings are run correctly, the club as a whole benefits financially.

All this takes many hours of hard work by loyal officials whose reward is seeing their club's name

associated with a successful promotion. I wonder which clubs will last the longest.

Yours sincerely,

Bill Sladen

(Club Chairman. Brighton Mitre C.C.)

Dear Editors,

I should like to comment on Paul Lipscombe's "fast training runs". So far the membership of these runs, which incidentally meet at the same time and at the same place as the Crawley Wheelers clubruns have been meeting for a number of years, appears to be comprised mainly of ex-Crawley Wheelers who have moved to the Central Sussex.

Comments on these co-incidences have been varied. My own hope is that these friends of mine are "window shopping" with a view to joining us again, although others have suspected another, and less charitable motive. Despite any intrigues, real or imaginary, any efforts to increase the interest and performance of our younger and faster riders must be a good thing.

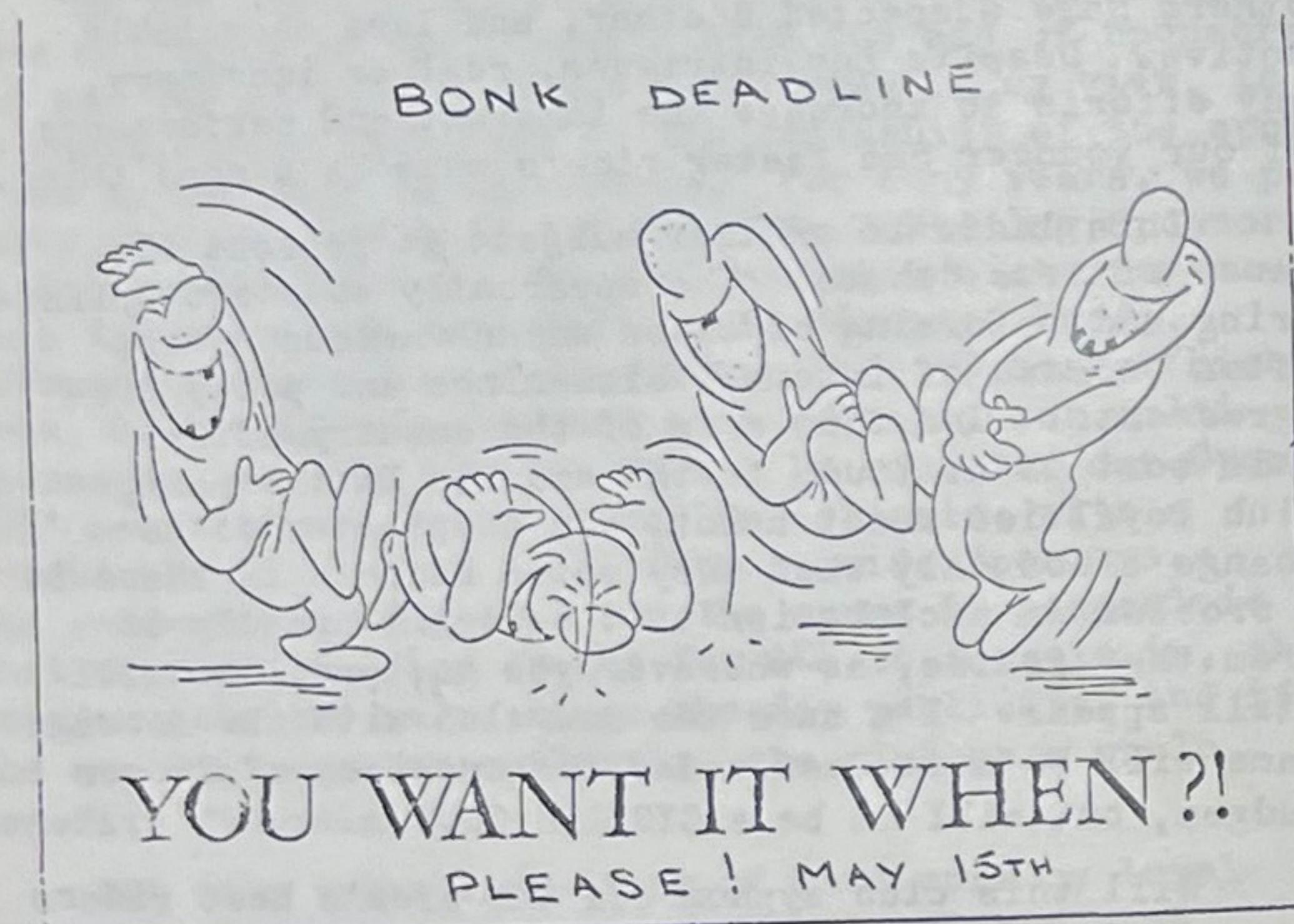
This leads to another subject at present the cause of some debate. The apparently constant splintering and reforming of clubs under various names, often because of internal bickerings and petty disagreements. Can this area of the country afford this sort of attitude to the sport. In the past, club loyalties meant a lot, and people tended to change clubs only when they moved house. If there is a problem in a club, isn't it better to remedy it from the inside, as wherever you go, problems will still appear. I'm sure the new club with the foreign name will be a success under the auspices of Trevor Budgen, but will it be a CYCLING CLUB?

Will this club syphon off the area's best riders and further weaken existing clubs? While I would not

question the right of anyone to leave or join any club, my ideal would be a reasonable number of clubs well balanced, i.e. with a good team of administrators (which is something the young, fast men don't like to do), and back-up of older members, parents, etc. With three clubs now in the general area of Crawley, with a total membership of probably under 200, perhaps there is a case for amalgamation. It has been done before, and the sharing of costs would be an advantage.

No doubt sometime in the future the cycle would begin over again, but in the meantime I would rather be a member of a club such as I have described, perhaps bathing in the reflected glory of some rapid racing men, which is something I am entitled to do at my age, with some traditions to quote at upstarts, than to be associated with a specialist club at either end of the scale.

Derek Malin



EAST GRINSTEAD C.C.

Our story starts in the pre-ice age of November, when the club held it's A.G.M. This was a pretty mild affair, and produced not only the usual re-shuffling of names to new positions, but also the appointment of Val Baxendine to Life Member, something which is thoroughly deserved, and it gives me great pleasure to express on paper, the club's heartiest thanks for all the work Val has put in over the years. Well done, Val!

On a very, very much noisier note was the club disco. Although it produced a disappointing turnout, those few "Rockers" who attended really had a good time (especially our D.J. Dean Hutt).

Following that, an ear battered mob went on the Christmas run along the disused railway. This was organised by Will Wates who was so organised that he didn't go - smart lad our Will! Two who didn't go on the Christmas run were Jim and Graham Powell. They were saving their strength (and sobering up) for the "Festive Season 10 mile T.T." on New Years Day. As you may remember, rain, snow, sleet and hail decided to appear, thus causing the event to be cancelled. Anyway, Jim and Graham trust that the event was not a financial disaster and that they will be able to report to the timekeeper next year.

Next in the diary was the ESCA "Booze up" which ten members supported, and where Brian Phillips received the B.A.R. Cup and Jim a B.A.R. certificate.

And so ended the Social Season, indeed Jim and Graham were actually seen on bicycles completing the Catford Reliability Trial (heaven forbid), and about seven entries have gone in for the S.E.C.A. '10'.

Oh well, I suppose it was good while it lasted, and so to end on a corny note - 'ears to ya!

Beau Nee

EASTBOURNE ROVERS C.C.

John Groves breaks arm in crash, 43 out on a Sunday ride, George Dicks buys new pair of training shoes, Doug Roberts stirs up clubrun. Just some of the action-packed news from the kennel club.

Whereas the indoor training at the clubroom has seen a decline of masochistic participants, general attendance averages 40, with over 50 turning up three weeks running recently. Terry Leach arrived one week looking as if he'd just come from the farm (he probably had. Ed), and Charles Robson seemed like a cross between Max Wall and Rod Hull's Emu. Long-legged pixie Mark Bergin looks more like a smurf every day.

We've recently been joined by Steve Smythe, Sharrow R.C. (Sheffield) and Alan Clifford, Mid-Ulster R.C. Welcome!

In the bleak depths of January, the club, led by Stu Greenway, organised an invitation ride aimed at the youngsters who had been given bikes for Christmas. We were in two minds about whether or not to try this, but decided to go ahead, adopting the "nothing to lose" motto. Apart from the local press, bike dealers, motorised members and supporters, 24 clubmen came out and 19 newcomers. We did a sixteen mile ride and returned to Harold Manser's Sundowners Disco for coffee. A great success, especially as many of the 19 members have actually joined.

Graham Lade organised an enjoyable trip to the indoor bowl at Calshot, where coach John Pratt and Graham Lade soon had all 33 riding members mastering the necessary techniques. General training, devils, points races and handicaps took place, the only mishap being absent-minded George Dicks' fall when he forgot to take his foot off the pedal on coming to a halt.

At the beginning of February, we held a disco-buffet, at which Stu was seen to dance with everyone else's wife but his own. John Cooper and Steve Glanville had a couple of drinks and Mark Bergin showed no link between his brain and his legs when on the

dance floor.

Winter clubruns have been an outstanding success. Since October 8th, and including Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve, we have had 70 different riders out, with an average of 15.1 riders. Our latest crash involved Stan Nash, catapulted into the air by 6'2", 14 year old John Groves. Stan was about to curse the nearest motorist, thinking the blame may (hopefully) have been attached to the non-cycling fraternity, when John apologised and the motorist kindly offered to drive them into hospital. John was to be seen playing onehanded table tennis at the clubroom the following day.

It's difficult to find any scandal involving Doug Roberts. In the depths of despair I realised I hadn't even asked his adorable wife Marjorie. Nothing doing: "He doesn't get up to anything - not that I know of, anyway." Well the following week, after a week of nursing the clubruns along gently and reprimanding any stirrers, Doug actually got carried away and blitzed the clubrun to smithereens. "I couldn't resist it!" he explained. No excuse, Doug.

Training rides have been the order of the evening on Tuesdays and Thursdays for many, while a select few fitter riders have also ventured out on Saturday and Sunday mornings, reputedly doing 70 miles before lunch.

Most dedicated club rider is George Windsor, who has been spotted training on numerous occasions apart from the official sessions. He has bought a pair of hubs for £58 and has been doing over 300 miles a week. This prompted Dave Dunbar to ask him if he finds it difficult to get time off training to go to work.

We have seen a lot of cycling films at the clubroom in the winter, including the 1977 RTTC movies, with shots of Terry Leach and Mo Colburn. Others have been TI Raleigh and two Milk Race films.

Everyone is invited to our future film shows, at which a small charge may be made, and which are totally dependant on the mood of our projector! Details:

- 26th Feb. "Two on the Track", 10 minute Russian track film.
"Cycle Isle", 20 minute Isle of Man.
- 26th Mar. "60 Cycles", 16 minute Quebec 12 day race.
- 30th Apr. "Milk Race 1976", 12 minute.
"For a Yellow Jersey", 27 minute Tour de France, '65.
- 21st May "Cycle Tour of Tasmania", 16 minute.
"Freewheeling", 15 minute D.O.E. environmental film.
"Cyclocross", 15 minute Belgian events.

No more news, but just one final item. We are offering a copy of the Solihull Cycling Stars calendar to the person who makes up the best caption to the front cover picture on the 1979 RTTC Handbook. Offerings to me at 139 Green Street, Eastbourne.

Gavin

E.S.C.A. LUNCHEON - 1979

Roy once again had a resounding success with the Association Luncheon. The event was a sellout, and a number of would-be-guests had to be refused tickets. Crosstoasting and impromptu speeches were the order of the day, with Basil Chilcott and Geoff Willcocks as the official speakers once again. Our retiring President, Charlie Lednor, concluded an active year in office by presenting the prizes, with Brian Phillips, looking suitably fit and athletic, receiving the B.A.R. Trophy. Rick Stringer, our President for 1979, was introduced to the gathering, and made the final speech of the day. It was with regret that we left Framfield that afternoon. Roy is to be congratulated for arranging such a happy function with so little fuss, and you are recommended to book early next year.

BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.

As most of you are probably aware it's our turn to provide your President for this year, unanimously the Excel committee elected Rick Stringer for this honour. A deserved choice, Rick has been an active member of the Excel for over twenty years, holding various committee positions during that time. Becoming Secretary some ten years ago, an unenviable task but so necessary to ensure the continued financial stability of any club, in fact it's very survival depends upon a loyal, trustworthy member and most certainly Rick ably fills this role. A true, all the year round cyclist, sportingly participating in all aspects of the cycling calendar and club life, Rick is well qualified to "preside" over the E.S.C.A. and I am sure that you will join me in wishing him well, and supporting him during his year of office - well done Rick.

Although Christmas and the Ice have come and gone, many of you no doubt can still reflect back to the Excel's Annual Dinner and 'er Cabaret, again I'm sure you'll agree this was once again a superb evening held at the Royal Coach, Shoreham. Our guest this year was Argus columnist, Adam Trimmingham, who, a dedicated cyclist himself reflected in the warmth of the cycling hospitality that surrounded him (or was it sweaty armpits?) no, seriously it was one of our best functions for several years. As with all functions, they don't happen by magic and have to be organised and supervised, due credit must go to Dick Jones, who has arranged our annual functions for the past fifteen years, and I hear on the grapevine is fixing the date and booking for our 1980 function.

Chris Beckenham once again organised and led the Excel Christmas Dinner Clubrun to Amberley. Some sixteen members sat down to the Christmas spread including wines, etc., on what was certainly a cold day for cycling. Undaunted, however, traditionally most members dressed their bikes up with coloured streamers, balloons, etc. Not all the balloons, however, made the journey. Warm-ed and glowing the party were persuaded by Chris to leave the safety of the old timbered beer sanctuary, cycling home by way of Perham Park, Washington and

Wiston Lane to Shoreham and Brighton.

Despite the snow and ice, Excel clubruns have been continuing under various leaders, which I have described in earlier jottings. Relevant to this is the awarding each year of the Clubman's Trophy, attained by gaining points for clubrun attendances, map reading, speed judging, 50 in 4, freewheeling, Sussex quiz, etc. Johnny Palmer, one of our more senior members was beaten at the post by Valerie Stringer, who deservedly won the gold badge, awarded to the club by the late Mrs. Cook.

We in the EXCEL are looking forward to the 1979 season, remember we'll be leading the way in the Hardriders, taking photographs in readiness for the winter film show, another tea on the Bluebell Railway is on the cards, together with the build up of the racing and touring scene.

See you on the start line of the Hardriders.

Roughrider.

Alan Limbrey, has very kindly offered to compile a social season calendar for 1979/1980, so if you let Alan know, at 46 Havelock Road, Brighton, when you fix your dates - be they for dinners, reliability trials, discos, dances, etc., it may be possible to avoid clashes.

C.T.C. HAILSHAM & DISTRICT SECTION

Brrr! there's been a lot of weather about recently hasn't there, so much so that it's taken quite an effort to venture outdoors, mount our machines and almost instantly lose all sensation in those things with toes at the end of our legs. Funny how in the "defrosting" process one foot takes longer to thaw than the other - or is it just mine that are like that. Nevertheless, despite all the unpleasant weather coupled with illnesses of one sort or another, we have somehow managed to be active on most Sundays in a modest sort of way.

When we have not been enjoying the hospitality of the Landlord of the "Yew Tree" at Arlington, we have taken part in or eaten our way through, the D.A. Freewheeling Competition, Christmas Lunch, New Year Tea and Party and a Treasure Hunt, all of which proved to be excellent. Fortunately most of us don't have to bother about the quest for that elusive state called "fitness" so lack of "saddle time" hasn't bothered us over much, although three silly souls from the Section are touring the Lakes in the summer, so they will need to spend some time searching for a bit of fitness if it's only for walking the hills.

What of the future? Well we have a Section tea and members slide show at Stone Cross Memorial Hall on March 4th at 4 p.m., and with the prospect of warmer days ahead we are looking forward to venturing further afield.

Feel like joining us sometimes? If so drop a line to Fred Mehew, 10 Meadows Road, Willingdon, BN22 0NF. You will receive a programme by return. Happy wheeling.

Tourist

CRAWLEY WHEELERS CYCLING & MOTOR CYCLING CLUB

As the latest in a line of brilliant scribes from this club I hope my contribution to BONK will be as readable as my predecessors (even if the spelling is worse). A group of ten of our members attended the ESCA Luncheon at Framfield. What an enjoyable function this is! Malcom Pink (K.S.P.) upheld our sporting reputation by taking the 50 mile handicap, while our younger members upheld their reputation for mixing drinks, being incited in this by one I. Berry (Gents Outfitter).

Our own Dinner, held once again at the George Hotel, lived up to it's usual high standard. A typical Ron Ford presentation. Among the guests was the Deputy Mayor of Crawley, Councillor Gardiner, which lent an air of respectability to an event at which the content of some of the speeches becomes more vulgar, but no less hilarious every year. In fact some very odd skeletons emerged from various cupboards. One tour alone has left Hilda (our Lady Wrestler) accused of being an incontinent wearer of frilly PLASTIC panties, and even my sacred self exposed as a part-time flasher on the strength of that same lady wrestler bursting into the men's dormitory at Bridport at a most inconvenient (or convenient) time, depending from which point of view it's looked at! Chris Watts proposed the Toast to the Wheelers. Thanks Chris, for all the nice things you said about us. She also brought with her the Jenny Noad Trophy, which she was awarded for her work on behalf of women's cycling. The Trophy is a beautiful cut-glass vase with a representation of Jenny engraved on it.

On show during the evening was a gleaming short wheelbase T.T. machine built by Dave Manders. Dave, an engineer of great experience, is building on a part-time basis to start with, but who knows where it will lead. I've seen the frame at various stages of construction, and to me it looks good. Dave reckons the price will be very competitive. If you are interested please 'phone Dave Manders at Betchworth 3404.

Clubruns recently have been very well attended, and I now claim to have thrown the first Irish snowball,

obviously so-called because they are found in bogs. The honoured recipient was one Ernie Dore, who didn't appear to share my enthusiasm for the game. (Recipe for Irish snowball: follow horses on freezing day, leave results to solidify, coat lightly with frost. Old gloves are advised).

English snowballs were used on the next run, which took us to the top of Box Hill. The road was a sheet of ice, some rode, some walked, and some fell, and one had a near collision with a toboggan. The cafe at the top was, thankfully, open, and a great snow battle was indulged in. Don't these young boys throw hard?

Following our nine day Whitsun tour last year, Malcom is organising another this year, tentatively the Cotswolds, Wye Valley and North Devon are being discussed. Hopefully the summer will occur the same week as it did last year!

At the A.G.M. the officers elected were Ian Berry as President; Basil Chilcott, Chairman; Malcom Pink, Secretary and Dave Stokes is Treasurer.

Malcom and I are now both the owners of motorcycles. We both swear that they are only toys, but, dare I say it, Malc appears to be even further off the back recently. Hopefully it will give him a taste for speed which will be reflected in his real bicycle riding. (We were told that the Crawley clubruns are always led by motorcycle outriders, nowadays. Eds.)

We are running our Easter Two Day Event once again this year, and this event, which was such a success last year is in danger this year, due to lack of marshalls. As you probably know, the 25 requires over thirty, and the Shoreham and back almost as many, while even the 10 needs twenty to cover the course properly. So please, if you are not riding, please marshal. Without you the events could be lost, and with over £300 of sponsors money at stake, this would be a great loss to the sport. Please give your names to Malcom Pink or any club official

if you are available, as soon as possible. Any offers from members of other clubs to help in these events would be greatly appreciated (and hopefully, remembered). Thankyou.

Derek

SUSSEX NOMADS C.C.

The time has come the Walrus said
To think of other things,
To forget the wining and dining
And get out the bike and do some miling.

Well, that's all the culture done, but I thought it would make a change to start that way rather than saying the obvious, like, I don't know what to write about, etc.

The time between the last race of the season and the first of the new one, which for most of us is the ESCA Hilly '16', seems to get shorter each year, and at the time of writing is only days away.

The social season can be very full (and costly) but it is great fun meeting old and new friends away from racing, over a glass (or two) of something.

Four Nomads went to the Hastings dinner recently, after a nice meal it was a joy not to be deafened by a disco, instead there was an old fashioned type trio, and the dances matched them and the hotel, with the Gay Gordons, etc., a definite touch of the 50's.

Another highlight (!) of the social season has been the Sussex squad training rides organised by Tony Yorke (catering by Gretel). Starting from Steyning Boys Club the rides were mostly in West Sussex, and started with about 50 miles working up to 60/70 miles. Judging by the number of riders out it seems a good idea to carry on again next season.

Our club will be much the same strength this year again, although two of last year's riders have gone back to Central Sussex. We now have two new members with only one bike between them (a tandem), but when we can separate them, they will certainly strengthen our team.

Limbo

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

Having duly fixed the list of BONK deadlines on the loo door, as recommended by Esther, your scribe has actually managed to get his quota delivered on time (collapse of both Editors!). The social season, marred by some extremely unsocial weather, is almost a thing of the past, although in this neck of the woods we've been a lot luckier than most, and certain abnormal types have been heard to say that they've hardly missed a day's training! However the saner majority have taken time out to show up at the various functions and the attendance of club members at several of these has been quite impressive, notably the Association Luncheon where the bottom half of the hall seemed to be crawling with Wanderers. It was here that Graham Seymour decided to form his own "ghetto", the family having a table to themselves at the end; this was his decision and he had not, as some ESCAbods might have thought, been given the "brush-off" by the rest of us! Jack 'Goldmine' showed that he takes after the insatiable Russell by getting outside of all the grub he could get hold of, in fact he told one of the children: "Don't put too much sauce on your dinner - I don't like it like that." 'Zonca' Bradshaw carefully placed a set of false gnashers on the table, with what object wasn't readily apparent, although the sight of them didn't deter those around from tucking in to the excellent meal. By an odd coincidence, after the function Ron Ewart came round asking if anyone had lost something he'd found on the floor - which turned out to be a tin of denture fixative!! 'Zonca' muttered that he didn't use it, and the molars still on the table tended to confirm that.

The club A.G.M. was, for once, a fairly quiet affair and resulted in Brian Wilkins being exalted to the dizzy heights of President for 1979. He promptly vacated the job of Racing Secretary, the new one being John Honeyball who gallantly agreed to combine this busy job with his normal busy life. Due to a certain lack of inches where they matter most, if you're looking for John amongst a group,

he's the one you can't see, hence his club title of 'Green Giant'. Apart from these changes the old gang reign supreme although Dave Kelly and Paul Cunningham suddenly found themselves bundled on to the committee to bolster the junior representation. With the acquisition of more lady members it was agreed that they should now have their own records. This undoubtedly is ominous news for certain of our lacksadaisical gentlemen who'd better start to "extract their digits" to look respectable.

Thanks to late delivery by the G.P.O. - alas, nothing new - the planned club film show just before Christmas was reduced to the non-event of the season, only being salvaged by some interesting slides by Reg Porter and Pete Burberry. It was suggested that we send an UNSTAMPED letter of complaint about this in view of the record profits made by the G.P.O. allegedly because of dissatisfied customers writing and phoning in!

Club Captain, Ian Landless, again made a good job of promoting our reliability trial although we were disappointed with the low entry of only 35 due to in part to an unintentional clash with a Calshot training weekend. A cold and drizzly morning saw 22 hard cases qualify over the lumpy 55 mile route (the others presumably finding weaknesses they'd forgotten about) and included Ian who showed that he was prepared to suffer as well as wield the whip.

As usual the social activities went out on a bender with the Club Dinner where 123 lucky people converged for a riotous evening. John Pratt of Phoenix Cycles, Eastbourne, toasted the club with what was one of the funniest speeches ever, and received apt acclaim laughwise. However he balanced that with some sound advice about encouraging juniors and aiming for higher rewards than just local competition. In contrast Brian's reply was the shortest ever and consisted of one sentence!

The lion's share of the pots was taken by Kieron O'Brien who rode extremely well, in fact

better than most people appreciate as he seems to have taken over the infamous Agg mantle of "gremlins in the bike" and hardly ever gets through an event without trouble of some sort. It has been suggested that Jack "Goldmine" had better give his iron a "once-over" prior to starting so that he can show his true potential this season and shake a few rivals.

After the prizes came, as usual, the "off beat" presentations that are always good for a giggle. Jane Cunningham got a packet of tea as she is said to be addicted to the stuff on clubruns (when she starts racing she might give the others a "tannin")! Among the other donations was one from the "Copper" to Brian "Silky" Samworth which had the assembled company in convulsions. This was a modern touring map to replace the one that Brian had been using somewhere with notable lack of success, due to the fact that it had been distributed by Hindenburg to the German troops in the 1914-18 war!! In recognition of the Copper's refusal to be overawed by his son's undoubted promise he was presented with a real live pogo stick "to enable him to continue to keep one jump ahead of Ian in the coming season"! One gift that unfortunately was forgotten was a tin of anti-freeze to Ken Stevens who effectively deducted the final six letters from the Stevensmobile when it was allowed to solidify while Ken was laid up in January. Fortunately no serious damage was done, though a couple of core plugs looked as if they were the topping on iced lollies! Finally, discerning diners (well, they're not ALL like Jack!) realised early that the promised topside of beef had somehow contrived to turn into a medley of what seemed to be chicken, turkey and pork. This ultimately drew an apology from the Copper who admitted that he'd forgotten to specify the stodge (presumably we had to take POT luck!).

With reference to items in the last BONK, Jack was very interested to read Honest Ginge's comment about Mars bars putting back in thirty seconds what it takes an hour to lose. It's rumoured that he went straight out and bought a gross "just for starters".

For Southborough's Hazel's information we can say that Mary Whitehouse is the lady who, it is said, went out and poured a bucket of water over a car that had mounted the pavement outside her front gate!

After some time in limbo - well WE hadn't seen him - Crow turned up at the ESCA Luncheon (and later our "do"). We wondered if he had decided to enter the Church or something - with a beady eye on the offertory boxes no doubt!

In view of Dominic Windsor's remark about Neevo in the last edition he would appear to need the services of an optician right away!

Well, folks, that's it from us 'til next time. In view of the disappointed remarks about no jokes at the end of this lot in the last BONK your scribe asks if you've heard about the Irish fencing team who had to withdraw from the Olympic Games because they'd run out of creosote; the Irish swallows that went NORTH for the winter, and the Irish rigger team who turned up at Longleat to play the British Lions.

See you down the road in, we hope, a happy 1979.

Alsoran

WANTED Four bike roof rack please. If you can help, contact R. Longley, "Sunset", Cottage Lane, Westfield, Nr. Battle, Sussex.

A VETS WEEKEND

The first weekend of February saw Pete Leonard of Crawley, and myself, booked for the Vets Training Weekend at Ugley in Essex. The weekend course comprised lectures, a film and some riding, and accomodation was in the club huts owned by the Crest C.C. and Comrades C.C. We were dubious about the accomodation until we arrived and found that the huts were, in fact, quite large bungalows, with a comfortable lounge, kitchen, dormitories and washing facilities. Arriving in good time for supper at 8 p.m., we were delighted to find that our BONK editors were also on the course. Naturally, they didn't stay under the same roof as we roughs, but slept in the other hut, where because of their exalted position, they were given tea and biscuits in bed in the morning and had fires burning in their dormitories all night.

After an excellent supper and an introduction to the course by the organisor, the athletes turned in, and the rest of us went to the pub.

Saturday was a lovely day, bright but freezing cold, but as we weren't due to go out until 10 o'clock, we didn't worry about the weather. After breakfast and the first of our lectures, we all started off on a "steady state ride". The expected burn-up never materialised, as around the first bend the road turned into a skating rink, and remained so until the main road was reached after about 12 miles. It was a mixture of walking, riding and falling off. Eventually we came to some steep hills, and finding myself at the back of the bunch (as I thought), and knowing the sag waggon was close behind, I jumped off my bike, let a tyre down and looked helpless. The car arrived, and I thankfully loaded on myself and my machine, looking forward to an easy trip back. Imagine my horror when I saw our editors sneaking up behind me!!

After lunch several people dozed off - not suprising considering the amount of food that was dished up, and all too soon it was time to ride up the road for interval training. Once round the cir-

cuit was enough for me, and I pretended to puncture once again. By the time I had changed the tub, the session was over, and I was able to potter back with the group. We had more lectures and a session on massage, Esther got quite animated when the 'victim' was asked to take his trousers off, but declined to practice on him when she found he was keeping his racing shorts on!

After a huge supper, Pete and I had a stroll up to the Chequers for a pint and a sight of the local talent. We only got a pint, no talent. Anyway, THEY were there, spying on us again.

Sunday was another lovely day, and not so cold, and we took part in a two up '10'. I was unable to think of a good excuse not to start, so had to complete the course. Pete did the hard work, and I went up the front on the easy bits. Anyway, we were second, and beat the editors by 6 minutes! I shall probably be beating them by that sort of margin for the rest of the season!

After lunch, we had the last of the talks and a rather gory film, and all too soon, it seemed, the weekend was over. We were all sorry to have to leave and agreed that we had spent a very enjoyable two days.

Roy J...s
(Central Sussex C.C.)

Eds. note: We were fascinated to learn that due to oxygen starvation to the brain, Roy says and does some extremely strange things. Furthermore, he does things and has no memory of doing them and strenuously denies all knowledge of them. This coupled with the tunnel vision he suffers from when racing, leads him into some strange situations. For instance, in one of last year's events, he stopped when he saw Mark at the roadside and burst into a torrent of shocking language, quite oblivious to the fact that there were crowds of bystanders within earshot. At one stage of our weekend, he also launched an entirely unprovoked attack on Maurice.

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS C.C.

Well, in spite of having our quota of snow, famine and pestilence in this part of the county, we have spent a very active three months since the last edition.

A small party of us continued our social season with a visit to Ringmer and the SCA Supper, and we really enjoyed ourselves, with plenty of fun and plenty to eat. Thanks Iris! The Longleys once again laid on a Christmas Tea for us, and allowed us the run of their house for the evening. With a number of the younger members present, the noise level was quite high at times - a good sign of a good party. This coupled with the '10' we held in the morning, gave us a very pleasant day out. After the disappointment of missing the New Year's Day '10' at Haffenden Quarter, we looked forward to the ESCA Lunch. Surely this year's was the best ever! At the end of January we held our own club dinner (well, why not, everybody else does), and it was pleasing to see amongst the increased number of guests so many of our young riders and their parents. Alan Limbrey proposed the Toast to the Club, and did it very well. The Hastings section of the Palm Court Orchestra supplied music for dancing afterwards. Alan was rather suprised that we only have two speakers. The reason for this is that we have to get the proceedings over as quickly as possible, otherwise Dennis has great difficulty in getting his band colleagues away from the bar! We were also represented at the K.C.A. dinner and the Kent Vets lunch. Several of us attended the C.T.C. slide show at Hellingly, and were so impressed that we almost went out and ordered new touring bikes so that we could go on one of these trips. On thinking the matter over, though, perhaps it's not an ideal way to spend two or three weeks, hanging onto Pete Croft's back wheel!

We have had clubruns every Sunday, and Roy Hillman has organised some long training bashes for the dedicated few. We understand from Andrew that Roy now has to do extra, secret training, to keep up on these rides!

Thanks to Alan Brooks, we now have a clubroom. The inaugural night, probably because it was held on yet another of the worst days of the year, was very poorly supported. However, four of the five hardy souls who

turned up had an hours keep fit under Maurice's direction. At the end of the session, finding that he had been unable to break limbs, strain muscles or induce hernias, he then took them for a short run around the icy side streets of St. Leonards. Here he was lucky, for Stephen went base over apex when warning Tim to take care on a particularly slippery patch. Stephen was still first back to the clubroom, and first to dive into the tin of sticky buns that Alan had brought along. Support the next week was more heartening, with fifteen or so people turning up, and seemingly thoroughly enjoying themselves.

We held our first club '10' of the year and were lucky to choose the best day we have had so far. The seventeen riders were outnumbered by about 2 to 1 by the spectators! Maurice won in 27.33 from Colin Robilliard, who did 27.53. Peter Baker, Alan, Tim, Stephen and Michael Waite all did 28 minute rides, and finished within half a minute of each other. Dominic Windsor did his second personal best of the season, getting inside evens for the first time, and Michael Fenn also improved by about four minutes. Darren Blackman, who impressed us in our Christmas '10', was unfortunate not to finish, as was Andrew Hillman. Alan gave his new Reg Barnett it's first outing, and is looking forward to riding in a variety of events this year.

The Sports Council have undertaken a project in the Hastings area to boost public interest in sport, and have printed us some very handsome posters, and are also hoping to be at our next event on Pevensey Marsh to take a series of photographs. With an exhibition of various clubs in May, we are hopeful that our membership will be further increased, and look forward to a successful season.

Our Open '10' this year is being promoted by P. Baker, 56 Blackman Avenue, Hastings, and not as in the Handbook.

All that remains for me to do now is to hand these notes to the editor, and I can then start riding my bike with a clear conscience. See you reading BONK!

Ragged Shorts

