

SPRING-80



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

**East Sussex
Cycling Association**

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EDITORIAL

Scrry we're late again. This time it's because we waited for errant contributors, all to no avail with one notable exception, and we can only conclude that Maurice's amnesia is catching!

The Association Lunch was a very happy and successful occasion again, and Roy really is to be congratulated on his organisation of this event. It is certainly the highlight of the Association's year, and this time, Crow's speech was the funniest we've heard for a long time. It's a great shame that so many people have to be turned away every year, but a larger venue, even if one could be found, would not necessarily guarantee the same carefree atmosphere.

Well, it looks as if the season ahead is going to be an interesting one, judging from the Hardriders result. Perhaps 1980 will see the youngsters coming to the fore with a vengeance.

With some luck, you should receive the next edition on June 8th, so until then, keep on providing plenty of news.

Maurice & Esther

EASTBOURNE ROVERS C.C.

Thank goodness it's February and our social season is nearly over, it's been non-stop action since November. Far from taking it easy the Rovers seem to have come alive this winter and have organised many events for themselves.

As you know our clubroom is at Stone Cross in the village hall (all welcome Mondays 8 - 10) well every week nice and early before the chat, tea and cakes bunch arrive Graham leads his dedicated band in various forms of masochism. From outside one can hear people charging round then all is silent and screams of pain and anguish and pleasure can just be heard above the sounds of palpitating hearts and laboured breathing. When one enters the hall you are confronted with the most extraordinary sights, Graham with whistle in hand and eye on clock is giving orders to his followers, run, jump, do press ups, sit ups, etc. etc. their pained expressions not doing justice to the pleasure they derive from these activities, or the long term benefits to their long term fitness. It starts off in a nice relaxed friendly fashion in November but by now the sessions have doubled in length and tripled in difficulty.

Our first major event was back in November at the Eastbourne Motel where we held our annual Dinner, a good night out and splendidly organised by Stu. Our guest of honour was Tony Gowland he told us that he is not used to public speaking and was embarrassed by speeches, and that he preferred personal contacts, he went on to say how hard top class racing was, and how good he was at it. He thought that many could reach the top in racing with a combination of talent, determination and the ability never to give in, not a lot to ask for! John Pratt also spoke giving a resume of the past year. The dinner itself could have been better, if only there had been adult portions. The prizes went to Cliff who was best all rounder for the fifteenth time! Charlie the vets B.A.R., Andy Leach track champion, Dave Kitching won evening 10s, Simon best schoolboy, Gavin most improved schoolboy and Jane the fastest lady. The cross toast-ing was very entertaining and centred a lot on Charlie who was wearing a particularly stunning shirt and black velvet suit complete with red carnation. A great night

out, though, but next year's will be even better, the same venue has been booked for the 15th November and Stu has placed an order stating the number of peas, sprouts and spuds required, the surface area of the meat, and the temperature of gravy required for each serving.

Also way back in November we all went to Phoenix Cycles to claim our free Coke and Mars bars, at least two of us arrived on bicycles! some wearing track suits etc came in cars, (no comment), John was expanding his shop and had Geoff Wiles and Tony Cowland there to entertain the lads and the press.

In December we spent an evening at the Sundowners Disco, not dancing but taking part in a roller competition. We have a set of competition rollers, together with clock. We held three separate races a 440 yards, 880 yards and a 6 lap pursuit. With fifteen competitors and four rollers this meant several heats and a final for each race. The 440 was won by Graham in 19secs a speed of 47mph, the 880 and the pursuit by Ray the first in 37secs also at 47mph and the second in 2mins 14secs at 40mph. The racing was different and exciting and caused a great deal of rivalry between club members. There was a great difference in styles some like Graham riding unaided others with two or three helpers holding the bikes upright and in line. The noise from these machines was terrific, barely enabling one to think straight, and even with help there were many near misses and heart stopping moments as back wheels slipped sideways and front wheels lost contact.

Little happened at the A.C.M. we have a new treasurer in Ray Prior and put all the subs up that's about all.

Back on the road we have had one major accident in Pat being hit by a car, she was apparently stationary standing astride her bike in the centre of a dual carriageway waiting to turn right into a minor road when this person (adjectives can't describe) ran his car into then over her. She was quite seriously hurt and spent a long time in hospital. She is thank

goodness getting better now, and we are seeing more of her again, although she is not yet back at work. It seems cyclists are not safe from the motoring menace even when they are not moving, so look out, we must need eyes in the back of our heads!

Harold, Denise, family and Harold's bike went on holiday to Florida, he thought it was great if a bit flat even though it did rain everytime he took his bike out.

On Christmas Day morning just when normal people are getting up 30 Rovers gathered at the clubroom for our Festive T.T. we have a circuit 8.8 miles round, the clear winner of this was Ray, who is showing remarkable fitness since his broken car means he has to ride his bike all the time, with 24m 5s, a long way down was Charlie at 24m 49s just 1sec in front of Gavin.

Throughout the season club runs have been held every Sunday with as many as 25 riders turning up at Polegate. These popular runs cater for all riders. with a fast and slow section going to the same tea stop. One ride was particularly memorable, the 24 riders setting off for Burwash, with just one hundred yards ridden Dave K got puncture number 1, everyone waited patiently while this was put right, and off we set again. Just a few miles later outside Hailsham another rider went down with puncture 2 and as this was being fixed yet another rapid deflation number 3. When all was put right off we go again, just another mile, and then yet another puncture victim number 4, all stop waiting less patiently now, as this one is repaired some of the happy band start to ride off on their own. When all was fixed we were all ready to leave again when Graham declares that he also has a flatty. Groans of despair and impolite comments were heard from the rapidly decreasing bunch. While Graham fixed his wheel, John made jokes about Margaret Thatcher and inflation and announced a sudden price increase in tubs as of 9.00 next morning. As we stood there shivering in Autumn mists waiting for number 6, we saw John Dutson riding home with a flat back tyre. At this point it all became too much for me and I went home, but I believe the survivors then continued on a much shorter run, free of any more punctures.

The club have also had two very successful trips to Calshot, the one in December was a practice, training and coaching session, the January trip took 28 riders and the day involved some racing. Andy Loach won the 10 lap pursuit just seconds in front of Ray 2nd, Pete Baker 3rd and Dave Dunbar 4th, then we held a Devil with 4 separate groups Andy winning the first, Jon Cooper the second, Ben Lowden and John Groves the third and fourth races. Again there were wide differences in age and ability with schoolboys riding against vets and novices against club track champions. There were a few accidents while riders got accustomed to the steep track, the most spectacular of these involving young Andrew Dunbar who was riding at the top of the steep banking at one end when both he and his bike became entangled in some netting that was suspended from the ceiling, onlookers were astonished as the lad rode into the corner but never appeared the other side, moments later Andrew dropped down onto the banking then the floor whilst his bike stayed aloft stuck in the nets.

I have been asked by certain club members to correct the CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C. in a statement made in the last Bonk, in which they said Andy Goodsell was the fastest 25 miler in Sussex with his 53m 56s, well he is not, our Cliff Sharp has a 53m 31s to his credit achieved in 1978 on B.72 on the same day Alf did his record 49m 24s beating Andy by some 25seconds. I am also informed that Nick Lelliott when he was riding for Whitewebbs C.C. rode a 53.51 back in 1971 again beating Andy by 5 seconds. We are afraid that you'll have to try again Andy, good luck.

On the subject of fast bikes John Frett had an extremely fast one just before Christmas, he put it on the pavement outside his shop went back inside just for a second and someone pinched it, another warning to us all to lock our machines when we leave them.

In January we held our Reliability Trial and had a perfect day and forty eight riders, twenty six of us chose the 100km and all of us survived, just. Charlie, who seems to have something to prove to himself set off with Cliff hoping to do a 3.45, Cliff, who was feeling unwell was four minutes down in the first few miles and

finished 8 minutes behind Charlie's 3.50. Again we had a wide range of ages from 13 year olds to Charlie (don't know how old he is, someone said very). We had riders from several clubs Central, Lowes, Brighton M, Brighton Excel, Sydenham and Worthing, you should have come it was a terrific day, even if it took some of us a week to recover.

Keep your eyes open for us Rovers this year there will be a variety of new track suits and clothes and a variety of new bikes all shiny. Charlie has a new Emperor Sport, Roly a Phoenix, Brian a Peugeot?, and probably several others. I'm going to buy some toe straps if I get enough pocket money.

Has anyone noticed that the following ESCA events - hardriders, 2 up, 25, Open 10, 100 and the hillclimb - will all take place on or within a few days of a Full Moon. You all know the connection between these and madness, who is mad? The Association?, the promoters?, or the riders?

The final item in this essay refers to a disease that many of the Rovers seem to have contracted during this winter. The disease when kept in isolation is quite harmless but when contracted by a large group can become very contagious. The disease has many names but is better known as Cyclo Cross! Yes I know it is tragic news, a bitter blow, and be warned stay away or you too may get contaminated. It all started back in November when for a change from the clubrun, a FRIENDLY event was organised to take place on Arlington Turkey Farm. Two races were held a scratch then a handicap on a very course through some woods. Many turned out to ride, some even ran, Dave D. won the first event and Roly the second. Jon Cooper somehow managed to get 2 punctures at the same moment, George Dicks had trouble, his bike fell apart and he threw it into a hedge.

Just a few weeks later at the same place was race 2, the bug had bitten, and competition many times keener, this event saw the first knobbly tyres. Again 2 races were held both scratch events one clockwise and the other anticlockwise these were won by Terry.

After Christmas Terry decided to organise a 'real' cyclo cross and so we went to his farm near Crowhurst. According to Jon he had organised an 'uncreditable'

course. In it's short laps it had 4 stream crossings and 2 steep hills it was a hard course, but undaunted the race started on a cold and frosty day. Terry won easily but everyone tried hard. Stu was reluctant to start as he had cleaned his bike only the day before and also he did not want to get his new track suit dirty, 2 minutes into the race and he was as muddy as the rest. George again had trouble with his bike and threw it onto the ground.

The real test to see how much the bug had really bitten was on February 3rd when Stu organised the last event and got some real cyclo cross conditions, rain, cold, wind, cow -----, the weather was bad and not so many started. Graham came second and Stu won this race.

The Rovers have (well some of us) become so enthusiastic about this type of racing that we would like it to be a little more organised next winter with more clubs participating hope you agree.

Well that's about it from the Rovers, as I said some Social Season, roll on the summer.

Marc Miwerdz

Geoff Willcocks has the audacity to suggest that we should have a whip round to buy Cliff Sharp a new racing jersey, as he thinks Cliff's present one is old and scruffy.

Dare we suggest that next time Geoff is at a Jumble Sale, he takes Cliff along with him to search for bargains!

An Annual Meeting, a Jumble Sale, slide shows, rambles, Christmas and New Year feasts and some cycling - that's been our 'diet' during recent months.

The Section Annual General Meeting in October was well attended and we were pleased to welcome Bruce Allcorn as a committee member, otherwise 'things' remained much the same as before. Jack and Grace Cotton came to Hellingly Village Hall in November and presented a slide show to the East Sussex D.A. It was superb; if you missed it you must come if they visit us again, as we hope they will. The Jumble Sale we organised in conjunction with Eastbourne Rovers was a successful if at times hectic affair and as a result we boosted our dwindling bank balance by several pounds - 'rich' at last. We were well represented at the D.A. Christmas Lunch which seemed more enjoyable than ever; perhaps the drink at the local hostelry has become stronger than last year because some of our ladies were in a distinctly giggly mood when they arrived and the homemade wine with the meal helped to maintain the atmosphere. Our members slide show and tea on 3rd February attracted 34 members and friends; eleven of the company showed slides and took us world wide with their photography. Interspersed with the tour sequences we had a batch of nostalgic slides and of course some 'unusual shots' of members which caused much laughter - a fine mixture. What's more we had a magnificent tea thanks to the ladies.

Between times we have managed a few rambles and a bit of cycling - the cycling has mostly been to the "Yew Tree" at Arlington for lunch time get-togethers. An innovation, however, has been the monthly Sunday morning runs for the more energetic souls which have proved to be very enjoyable. Some intrepid members even undertook one such run on a very wet morning!!

We are looking forward now to feeling the warm sun on our backs and searching out new places of interest. If you want to join us, please do. Fred Mehew, 10 Meadows Road, Willingdon, BN22 0NF is the chap to contact.

Tourist

It seems my last notes finished on the eve of a Youth Hostel weekend with twenty of the club spending a Saturday night at Telscombe Youth Hostel. A very clean, tidy and friendly hostel and well recommended to any other ESCAbods by those of us who went. Club runs have continued to be fairly well supported though we haven't exactly gone a bundle on the winter weather, however, over the past two weekends spring once again seems as though it is just around the corner. Over the next few weeks the fact that the Wheelers have changed their club colours will become apparent. We are now in yellow and black. One of the reasons yellow was chosen was from a safety aspect, and it has come as something of a shock to find that yellow and orange material is just about unobtainable, and we have been lucky, it would appear, to have obtained what we have. I find it unbelievable that manufacturers of the acrylic jersey material only dye it in autumnal colours because there is insufficient demand for bright colours. Bright colours help keep the cyclist alive and I would welcome any suggestions as to how pressure can be brought to bear to make dyers change their minds. I understand that even Been Bag can no longer obtain bright orange for instance, and how many clubs in ESCA have yellow in them, we ought, I feel, be able to do something about it.

Boxing Day 1979 saw a dozen or so struggle around the G112 '10' course after early morning ice had melted. I'm not sure who won, either Shamus or Tony Brown, but I know we made 'Rising Sun', Charlwood for twelveses. 9th February saw our umpteenth club dinner, again well organised by Ron Ford, almost a sell out this year with 145 attending, despite inflation putting up the price to £6 per ticket. Guests of honour were Mr. & Mrs. Rayner, the jewellers. Now there's a contact, apparently Mr. Rayner used to be a keen rider. Toasting the club was Alec Wingrave of VITA and Road Records Association fame. Mrs. President, Elaine Berry, prettily (I can spell, so I've let you have the word of your choice. Ed.) presented the prizes and received a bouquet for her efforts from the club, presented by Nicola Pink. Clubrun the day after was to Newhaven then along to

Brighton to see the temporary tourist attraction moored on the beach. Twelve protagonists enjoyed the finest weather on the day after the dinner for about five years. Then last weekend, February 17th, saw the fast lads, which included Dave Stokes!! do the Central reliability trial, whilst the more laggardly opted for the easier CTC 30 mile ride. A new lad with a famous surname, Terry Edwards, rode from Crawley with our group, rode the event, which included a stop for drinkies, in 2hrs. 40mins., then rode home to Crawley, putting some of our teenagers who were taken home in cars by parents, to shame. A distance of 62 miles on only his second outing deserves praise. Terry is only eleven, and despite feeling a bit tired has so far enjoyed his new found sport, he says.

On the touring front plans are well advanced for our Whitsun Tour which is covering Devon and Cornwall again, using Hostels which we've not yet sampled.

EASTER TWO DAY on Friday we have the Shoreham and back, and on Saturday the '25' T.T. (a.m.) and '10' T.T. (p.m.), sponsored again by Label Research of Croydon, organised this year by Peggy Stokes. Offers of help with marshalling, always a problem on local Crawley courses, will be greatly appreciated. Prize values are good and about the same as last year, so get your entries in early, remember it's a non standard closing date.

K.S.P. did appreciate the news re Sylvia, but who's this Neevo, who it seems is also competing for her charms? K.S.P. got carried away at the pub before the ESCA lunch when he found Sylvia unattached, but the Copper didn't puncture and turned up. Never mind, next year, next year. Another article which caught K.S.P.'s attention came from Southborough, have you noticed just how much 'crumpet' seems to ride for them? First there's the bird with the nettles, remember? Now there's Carole, she looks a bit fast, though, Julie leading a string of five girl racers, come on, come on, what's the secret. Who's the charmer? (One charmer, you must be joking, they've got dozens of nubile males in their club. Ed).

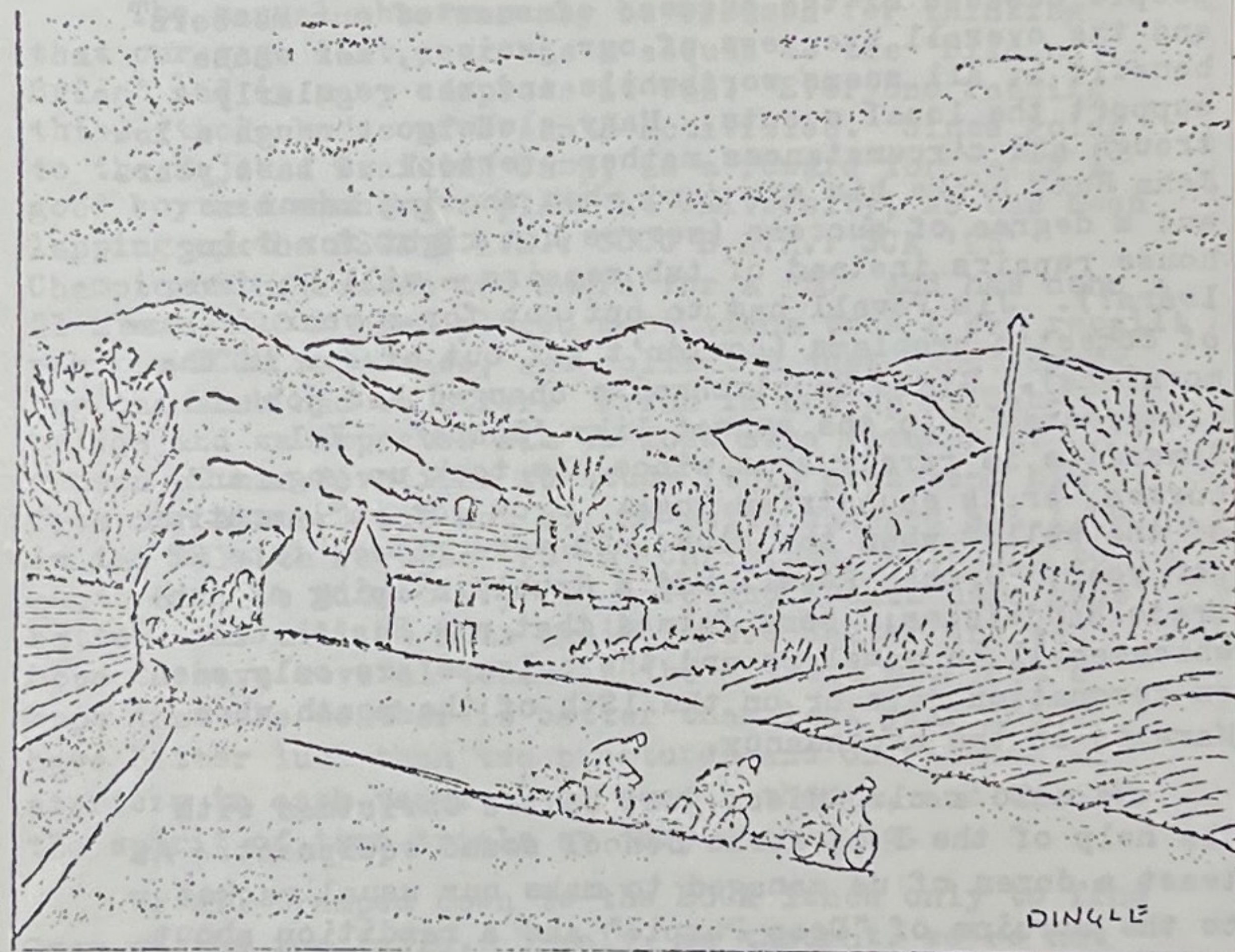
Well folks it'll not be long to the start of the season. With the teenagers feverishly trying to get accepted into the local road races, ours are already

sharpening their tubs. Roger Smith was presented with a set of Gillette 11 razors to do a proper job on his legs, so whether or not it will make him go faster we'll soon know. On the time trial front things will be much as usual, but hopefully our juniors will make their presence felt more during 1980.

Good luck to you all for the season. Sincerely,

Malcolm (K.S.P.)

DOWNLAND RIDE



DINGLE

Readers may not realise the difficulty experienced in producing this article, although some of it's morbid content may be a reflection of this problem.

Mrs. Ed., rightly, gave me a good slap on the wrist for completely messing up the closing date for copy for the last issue - so as a naughty boy, this is written facing the corner with a pointed hat on my pointed head. (I'm glad someone else feels obliged to punish themselves in this way. Maurice).

The EGCC is, presently, one of the smallest clubs in Sussex, with an active senior membership of about 10 (but is boosted by an enthusiastic group of juniors), so much so, that if it were not for Ray Moore, John Hutt and about four other regulars I doubt whether the club would survive. This is a fact which escapes most people because of the success of some of our members and the overall keenness of our juniors, for whose benefit it all seems worthwhile and who regularly support the local events. Many clubs go through a low trough and circumstances rather overtook us last year. John Hutt broke his arm just when showing keenness and a degree of success (serves him right for doing house repairs instead of tub repairs - will he never learn?). Jim Powell had to opt out for a year because of domestic problems (couldn't get out of bed in the mornings). Steve Happlethwaite changed his job and disappeared into the sunset like 'Shane'. Val Baxendine is rarely seen since she took up yoga and horses, or is equestrian yoga. Crow got inflammation of the wallet when the club subs were raised from £2 per year; Graham Powell had a double helping of concrete sandwiches; some joined that new Sussex club which shall be nameless and the balance are only seen on coronation days or on the 13th of the month when Mars is in the ascendancy.

We held a club disco just before Christmas with the help of the Imberhorne School sound equipment. At least a dozen of us managed to make our usual racket to the strains of "Deep Purple" and a rendition about the lack of satisfaction. A bout of ceiling inspect-

ion was performed by pogoing juniors, followed by Michael Anderson's Neanderthal impersonations. Not so much drink was converted into mud on the floor as was the case last year but a club record was established when all the food and drink went in under five minutes. We were going to present an award in the "Guy Bracey Look Alike" competition but the winner disappeared up a tree and we had no food left to tempt him down. Instead we had a plaque for David Bate as 'most promising new member' - trouble was he didn't turn up to receive it.

Our Annual Dinner was once again held at Dunnings Mill and a good time was had by all. A superb speech by Keith Butler of Norwood Paragon was aptly responded by Dave Duke and the resident disco was athletically interpreted by most of those not too influenced by local brew. We even made a small profit although we expected a loss.

The casual observer may be excused for thinking that our saga last year was a sequel to the 'Life of Brian' and in many respects it was. Everyone reading this article knows of Brian's activities. Since going to the Majorca Training Camp, as a reward for being a good boy and winning a place at University, he has been lapping up the ESCA B.A.R.: SCCU B.A.R.: SCA '25' Championship: beaten two hours for a '50' and has done a 21 minute '10': been placed more times than I can recall: won the SCCU road race, and collected just about every jug the club had to offer. Brian is now up at Cambridge and we expected him to lose some fitness by reason of his devotions to study (this even kept him from our dinner) but not so, he still managed a 1.1.39 in the Dulwich Paragon '25' at Christmas, although to quote him, he didn't try too hard and should have gone better. He will be home again before Easter and we hope to have several teams in the Mitre 4 up. Let's hope that the weather is better than last year and we have better luck than two punctures and only three starters in each team. Good event, though, and true to the spirit of time trials as they should be.

We all tramped down to the ESCA lunch only to find Crow on the top table. Surely, we thought, we're not having nut cutlets a la seaweed balls with elderberry

wine and nettle pate, no the truth was that he did give an entertaining speech and did have something worth saying. What an insular people these EGCCs are. No cross toasting from them but then they do live on the outer edge of the county and news takes a long time to get there, especially when the wind's in the wrong direction and the natives are restless. Also we're a strange lot who don't go to many dinners so when we do we just get stuck into our nose-bags and mumble amongst ourselves, cross toasting with our knees, pity really because afterwards I can think of super things to say.

John and Ray have been on the club coaching course at Southborough, taking the juniors along for a quick session on the thumbscrews, now we see a re-appearance of rollers and weights on club nights with frantic discussions about running and heart-beats completely ruining my study of 'Playboy'.

A rehash of officials following the A.G.M. has resulted in the racing scene being split into road racing under the auspices of Dave Duke and time trials sec. being John Hutt. Most of the others are 'as you were'.

We are trying to convince Heather that she cannot retire, especially after photographs in the comic, placings in National Championships, ESCA B.A.R. winner and lots of other goodies. We may be lucky, because she has jagged it so many times before that I cannot take it seriously.

Other club winners have been David Brooker, promising great things by winning the Juvenile B.A.R., Michael Anderson won the Junior B.A.R., Jonathan Reece got his name on the Novice Trophy and now we are instituting a Vets B.A.R.

Although I started on a low note we still have a tin of salmon in the cupboard. You may see something of his back wheel. Sergio is his name and keenness is his stock-in-trade. He has been out training every Sunday morning while the rest of us have been thinking about getting up, painting the spare room and wondering when to start the season's preparations.

He has come to us hot from V.C. York and with luck will begin a revival of EGCC fortunes.

I think I'll call the next instalment 'The Renaissance'.

Beau Nydal

HARDRIDERS RESULT

- | | | | |
|----|--------------|------------------------|---------|
| 1. | C. ATTWOOD | LEWES WANDERERS C.C. | 41m 07s |
| 2. | P. Lipscombe | Central Sussex C.C. | 41m 30s |
| 3. | C. Sharpe | Eastbourne Rovers C.C. | 42m 09s |
| 4. | I. Burgess | Lewes Wanderers C.C. | 42m 50s |

Team - Eastbourne Rovers C.C. 2h 08m 47s

Next ESCA event - Two up Team Time Trial

March 30th. G. 892

DEADLINE MAY 20TH

NOMADS! ETOILE! BECC! WECC

CENTRAL SUSSEX! MITRE!

It was early in the year when we decided that the Lake District was to be the venue for our 1979 tour, and soon afterwards we had obtained our route from the Cyclists' Touring Club and booked our accommodation, which was to be at Youth Hostels, with the exception of one night at a farmhouse. Suddenly, or so it seemed, the departure date was but a few days ahead, and after hurried preparations the three of us were sitting in the car soon after dawn on June 9th, with the bikes aloft, on our way to our base at Kendal. We were looking forward to an adventurous holiday and we were not disappointed.

The route on the first day took us through the narrow, steep-sided Long Sleddale (a "No Through Road" this), and then over the rock strewn Gatesgath Pass, which involved carrying the bikes, to Haweswater Reservoir, a natural lake which was dammed to form a huge expanse of water to supply the needs of Manchester. A lane along the side of the Reservoir led us via the rolling country around Bampton and Askew to Pooley Bridge and thence to the path on the western shore of Ullswater, which contrary to our expectations was rocky and unrideable. It was quite a relief to mount our bikes and climb up to Glenridding Youth Hostel.

The next morning we made our way up the Kirkstone Pass and then down the very steep hill to Ambleside. This hill is known locally as "the struggle" and not without good reason. Ambleside with all its tourist attractions, did not appeal to us, and we soon found the lanes again, which led us to Loughrigg Terrace; an easy piece of roughstuff. The views from the Terrace were superb with Grasmere Lake beneath at the foot of a steep slope, the village of Grasmere beyond the lake, and in the distance a fine semi-circle of hills. The village of Grasmere didn't claim our attention for long and we were soon meandering along the lovely tree-lined road on the western side of Thirlmere, another reservoir serving the taps of Manchester, which was once two lakes but flooded in the 19th century to form one large expanse of water. We found the old coach

road leading to High Row without much trouble, but unfortunately a heavy rain storm soon after the start spoiled what would otherwise have been a really splendid roughstuff crossing. The rock strewn track quickly became awash, and it was somewhat hazardous riding along it "caped up" trying to avoid the rocks or coming to a halt in a deep puddle, or both. Ironically the rain ceased as we reached the road and we were able to dispense with our capes and wend our way in the dry to Mungrisdale and finally to Hutton Roof for our overnight stay at a far house, where we were treated right royally.

The country behind Skiddaw was less rugged than hitherto and Hesketh Newmarket and Caldbeck, both in John Peel country, proved to be interesting villages. The pleasant wooded Dash Beck Valley took us into Bassenthwaite village and from here we found our way via Bassenthwaite Lake and Derwentwater to Grange. At this point, thanks to a cafe with a verandah and two friendly cyclists, who let us leave our cycles in the garage of a cottage they were renting, we escaped the worst of a storm, but we still had to climb the Honiston Pass (mostly on foot) in the rain, to the Youth Hostel at the top.

After the steep descent to Buttermere we followed the lane over Newland House and thence via the Whinlatter Pass to the isolated and beautiful Loweswater. After a brief halt we went to Ennerdale Water, where we found a delightful spot for our picnic lunch, and then along the forest track to the remote Black Sail Hut Youth Hostel, where we turned to cross the Black Sail Pass to Wasdale Head. Mountaineering with a bike is perhaps the best way of describing this unforgettable roughstuff episode; the walkers we met looked astonished to find cyclists on the Pass. What a superb valley Wasdale proved to be and its beauty is enhanced by Wastwater with its screes falling to the lakeside; the Youth Hostel overlooks the lake. This was certainly a day to remember. No wonder the Roughstuff Fellowship have chosen Wasdale for their Anniversary Meet in 1980.

The following day saw us ascending the Wrynose Pass before we entered the Langdale Valley with the Pikes towering above. A bridleway led us through Tilberthwaite and then a road took us to Coniston, where we soon left the shops and holidaymakers behind for the solitude of the lane along the side of the lake, where Donald Campbell died trying to break the waterspeed record. The very extensive Grizedale Forest was next on our route before we reached Hawkshead and the Hostel for the night.

Finally we went via Cartmel, an interesting old village with a fine Priory Church and suprisingly, a racecourse, to Grangeover Sands - reputed to be the Torquay of the north - and then over Cartmel Fell back to Kendal.

Thanks to the Cyclists Touring Club we had a super route along very quiet minor roads and, with sheep, cattle and wildlife as our only companions for most of each day, we found it hard to accept the people, cars, coaches and gift shops in the tourist centres. A host of memories come flooding back, but perhaps my most vivid are the two roughstuff passes, the wild beauty of Wasdale and some of the hair-raising multiple hairpin descents. I had read somewhere beforehand that the route would be arduous and so it proved to be, our daily mileage rarely exceeded 40, but nevertheless our days were very full, perhaps because we seemed to ride slower instead of faster as the week progressed - anyway it would have been a sin to have hurried in such magnificent country.

Tourist

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

Greetings to all lesser mortals from the Lewes upper crust. Profuse apologies to Esther who had to verbally clobber your scribe for being ten days late with this offering - in fact you're lucky to be reading this at all, as not for the first time he had got the dates all mixed up and was waiting for March. We think that kind of thing is called hibernation!

Casting a bleary eye over the social season (which seems to get shorter each year), we've managed to keep our lot ticking over with slide and film shows at the clubroom, various appearances at functions all over the place, and meetings, etc. A pleasing feature has been the increase in new members from several districts, although we could do with some more in the Lewes area to counterbalance the Crowborough horde that has now accumulated! The A.G.M. was very well attended and showed that a lot of members are genuinely interested in what the Committee does for our welfare. The old gang are all back in office and this year's President is the best looking one we've had for a long time - Sylvia Burgess!

As usual the festivities are brought to a fitting conclusion by our dinner which was again organised by the Copper, and although not quite such a riot as in some years, served up some hoots that deserve mention. Jack "Goldmine" showed everyone his latest idea on 'having it off'. No, not what you're thinking - he turned up with a haircut that after all these hirsute years made him almost unrecognisable. Brian Wilkins said that he looked as if he'd been asleep in a hedge when the council cutting machine swept by, while another comic wondered if he'd got too close to a landing helicopter! Graham Seymour's loud check jacket brought a cross toast as to whether he intended to substitute for the finishing flag this season. Trevor Budgen's speech got some laughs to go with the bawdy interruptions that are the hallmark of Lewes "respect" for their speakers. Your scribe addressed Sylvia as "Mr" President, but this was due to force of habit and not due to any unnatural tendencies on his part - or

bad eyesight! The annual Merit Cup was awarded to Reg Porter for his work as timekeeper and provider of sustenance in club events, and was a popular choice. The dinner had a couple of very unusual "firsts" in that we actually incurred a loss (previously unheard of), and also there were no "off-beat" presentations to unsuspecting victims. The latter was due to our lot either having behaved themselves or kept their misdeeds quiet, much to the disgust of those who dream up these belly laughs. Finally the promised topside of beef had somehow changed into turkey by the time it reached the tables, so Jack suggested that if we order topside of turkey next year we might end up with wing of beef!!

The Copper eventually rode a "12" as threatened, and ran out with the respectable total of 228 miles, which enabled him to clinch the B.A.R. with a 22mph average that received due acclaim.

Our Reliability Trial was cursed with a terrible day of wind and rain that saw only seventeen finishers and only seven of these qualifying for certificates, out of the thirty seven starters. Chairman, Pete Burberry commented that about the only good thing about it was that the officials didn't have risk writers cramp signing the certificates! It was the sort of day when the marshalls deserved a standing ovation from the riders for devotion far beyond the usual call of duty!

Connoisseurs of vintage and veteran vehicles will be sorry to hear that disaster struck two Lewes examples in recent months. A rear axle bearing disintegrated in your scribe's limousine, while the Stevensmobile has once again lost the last six letters through the simple expedient of putting a couple of valves through one of the pistons. The former is back on the road now, a new unit having been luckily located, but it looks like "curtains" for the latter, as Ken has a new "super" version coming along that is guaranteed to dazzle ESCAbods in due course. Describing his hunt for a suitable unit your scribe said he'd been to a number of breakers yards, whereupon Brian interjected "and they wouldn't take yours in?" That

will be remembered!!

Our racing lineup will be about the same as last season so that should strike terror into the very heart of ESCAland. Dave Kelly has joined the army and copped a skinhead haircut, while Clive Attwood has also been "mown" and has changed his mind about moving elsewhere. We're sorry to report that Steve Kelly is in hospital after falling 40' and narrowly escaping "the chop".

The Great White Chief actually managed to grab a couple of raffle prizes by proxy at the dinner. He left a number of tickets with your scribe and two of them came up!

Well folks, with Esther waiting for me with a rollingpin instead of her usual beguiling smile, I'd better shunt this along pronto. There's just time to ask if you've heard about the Irishman who went fly-fishing and came back with a 17 pound bluebottle; his compatriot who asked for a job as a conductor and was screwed to the chimney, and a third member of the tribe who said to a railway booking clerk "I want a return ticket". When the clerk asked where to, he replied, "Back here, you fool".

Finally to show that we are not one track minded, have you heard about the Edinburgh doctors who were going to a convention in a taxi? It crashed, and the twenty five inside were injured!

Here's to good weather, lack of trouble and bags of successes.

Alsorán

WANTED

Strong tug-o'-war team to help remove stricken vehicles from front drive.

Offers to Ken Stevens, Lewes Wanderers C.C.

SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS

A new decade calls for a new reporter according to our club elders and since I live within sight of Sussex, if not actually in it, I've been appointed. In the twenty three years since Southborough affiliated I am only the fifth scribe. 'Algol' emigrated to Lancashire, 'Ballyalgols Pal' cycled for fifteen years then gave it up completely, 'Crow' rejoined the East Grinstead, and 'Sarfbra, Boozing, Birdloving Bikie' is resting his writing arm to add strength for tankard lifting.

We are delighted to see Maurice about again, and hope that a season of sunshine will see him completely back to normal.

A contemporary of his, Ron Hayward, has problems which commenced a couple of years ago with cramp-like seizures in events. These were sometimes dramatic as with his collapse into a ditch at Selmeston in the '50' with his hands locked to the bars and, for a long time, not detachable. Now the doctor has stopped him riding altogether. A big blow this, after thirty continuous seasons. Nevertheless he maintains a very active interest as social secretary and this year was elected President of the club when Spider Dunford's three year term of office expired.

Other changes at the A.G.M. saw Pete Crofts and Tony Peachey both elected to the club committee for the first time. They are both coaches and both getting fit again for 1980. Pete's attempt to get the younger element out on training rides is at last having the desired effect though at first it was oldies like Geoff Abraham, Les Hayman and John Barrows who reported for punishment. Pete cleaned up most of the club records last year - individual, vets and tandem. This year his tandem partner, Dave Membrey, is at university. Wisely he choose Leeds so that attempts on records can still be made on Borough courses between lectures.

Clubruns have continued regularly with the new club captain being Andy Verrall - the youngest captain ever. He is a roughstuff enthusiast and an

able leader though he has had minor setbacks, like the landowner at Battle who ordered the run off his grounds. On the social front we've played football against the Fairies at our clubroom (an annual mudbath) and polo against them at Croydon (cycle polo equipment kindly lent by the Croydon clubs). By way of recreation Crow will show slides at the clubroom shortly, on Easter tours of the past.

Our contingent at the ESCA luncheon thoroughly enjoyed it as usual. It is so nice to find a genuine cycling atmosphere still available and people still prepared to cycle there to enjoy it. The Bonfire Societies' spectacular march through Uckfield the same afternoon added some colour to the ride home.

With all this unseasonable fine weather we can get the maps out to plan next month's runs or this year's tours, and for some it's a case of polishing up the sprints.

Keep up the revs.

Roamer

Get well soon, DENISE MANSER.

Whippet tells us that Denise is suffering from GOUT. All Bonk readers send their sympathy, Denise, and hope your suffering will soon be over.

The idea was born, like all good ideas, in a pub. In this instance, the 'Royal Oak' at Whatlington, one time club tea place and meeting spot for Kent and Sussex Fellows. But to return to the story. Paul Turner, former Lewes Wanderer now resident in Builth Wells, said, "Why not come down for a cycling weekend at Builth?" So it came to pass that we waited two hours to buy petrol to get us there on the Friday evening of the Spring Bank Holiday! This delay was enough to give us a night's kip in the service area at Aust by the Severn Bridge, arriving in Builth Wells for breakfast.

After eating, we found that the rain had arrived with us, and it was to stay for most of the weekend. Our first event was to be the Acme Wks. (Rhondda) '10' with the first man off at 5 p.m. A look at the map of the course, and off we went. An hour later we thought we had it worked out, despite the fact that there were two cattle grids on it!! A chance meeting with Geoff Hoare, former Central Sussex rider, and a local, confirmed we had it right.

It rained steadily throughout the day, and by the time 5 p.m. came there wasn't much doing at the start. In fact out of the first ten, only four started, and two of them were late. Ian went past in a cloud of spray, which prompted me to think twice about riding, but knowing that Pete Burberry and John Honeyball had gone up the road to shout us on, I started. The road surface was good, but a lot of it was covered in water to a depth of an inch or more. After about three miles there was a fascinating S bend over a stream, followed by a short (50 yd) steep climb. This obviously caused trouble to the unwary caught in a big gear. Even on this day there were 2 or 3 spectators to listen to the crashes of gears and to see riders falling with their feet strapped in. Our early recce saved us from this fate. A long gentle downhill followed to the first cattle grid, and a long straight, slightly downhill, to the turn - this section of the road had been laid on an old railway line. The ride back to the finish was into the wind, and with a long finishing

straight, past the gallery, it was hard! Winner was P. Hall, Thornhill C.C. with 23m. 30s. We both did 26's, and Ian's, a 26m20s, was good enough for the junior award.

Following this, it was back to Paul's for a dry out, and then off to a pub to study the non-existent (!) licensing laws. Well, that's my story.

Sunday dawned wet but not so wet as Saturday. The R25/5 course uses the A479 south from Builth Wells, and the Abertillery and District Wks. were running a two up '25'. Again, the road surfaces were really good. The course follows the Wye, and must be one of the most picturesque in the country. I find it disconcerting, though, to be lost in admiration at the way the river rushes seawards, with foaming white caps, sparkling in a watery sunlight through trees showing all shades of green, then to hear a voice from behind say; "Stop looking at the scenery and get your finger out." Our 1h.3m.49s. put us in 11th place behind Pritchard and Thornton of Ystrad C.C./Arrow Cycles, winners in 57m.47s.

In the afternoon we watched the road race - a 1st/2nd event with a 3rd/Jun following it round. A good lumpy circuit on a warm afternoon, with some heavy showers, thinned the fields down. Doug Daily, Kirkby C.C. won the senior event, roaring up the long climb to the finish well clear of his breakaway companions.

The evening saw the Wanderers dining and drinking in a village pub, Pete and John having had a good but wet day round about the Elam Valley. John had left his cape at home - "I've never needed it before" - and a cagoule provided no shelter for the celebrated short hairy legs.

Monday dawned - yes you've guessed it, wet again. The Welsh C.U. were promoting two '25s' on the same course as the previous day. In the senior event, off first, there were more D.N.Ss. than starters. The rain made the ski slope style downhill through the finish, interesting, coming as it did within a mile of the start. To slash down the hill in a cloud of spray as a soggy finisher staggers away from the vergeside into the road, did add spice and funny words to it! Brian

Skelton, 34th Nomads, won the Ladies/Vets/Junior event with a 1h.2m.27s. Ian kept Sussex to the fore in second place, in 1h.4m.6s., which was also good enough to win the junior award by 5 seconds. Even my short 5 was good enough for 6th place.

With this event over the rains really came down. Pete and John departed to tour for the rest of the week, and we packed away soggy gear for the drive home. The most interesting part of this journey was crossing the Severn Bridge. I thought at one stage the wind was going to take the bikes and roof rack off, but we made it O.K.

If you want a weekend away, I can recommend the Builth Wells weekend. It is a family affair, with plenty of racing in a good touring area. There are plenty of pubs and cafes, with bike riders everywhere. There atmosphere was very friendly. See you there in 1980?

Copper

DEADLINE

FOR JUNE BONK IS MAY 20th PLEASE!

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HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS C.C.

Casting my mind back over the past few weeks - the period laughingly known as the social season - the first occasion of importance that I recall is our A.G.M. Most officers were re-elected, with two important exceptions. Alan Brooks is now our Club Captain, and Fred Johnson is Open Event Secretary. This latter should be noted well, as Fred's name is not in the handbook as organiser, and at the appropriate time, entries should be sent to him at 11a Havelock Road, Hastings.

Alan soon revived flagging interest in the clubrun scene, and a good number have ridden out each Sunday throughout the winter. Several new members have been initiated into club life through these rides, and being young and enthusiastic have already started training and racing.

The most popular clubrun was the pre Christmas meet at Sedlescombe, where the motorised section met the rest of us for a noggin or two at the "Queens Head". The club '10' which we held the previous week was also well supported, and Dominic did well to win in 23m 20s. It would seem though, that Connie's timekeeping for that event did not meet with unanimous approval, as when her turn on the timekeeping rota came round again, Richard discovered that a bomb had been planted in the Longley garden, and the entire family spent the weekend engaged with bomb disposal experts and newspaper and television reporters. However, Ernie kindly deputised for her, and Colin Robilliard was the winner of that event, with Alan a close second. Other close season racing fixtures patronised by our riders were the Rovers Christmas Day 8.8; Ashford Whs. Boxing Day '10' and the Southborough Whs. New Years Day '10'. Jack was very unlucky, on his way back from Stone Cross on Christmas Day, to ride into the back of a van, necessitating a visit to hospital for stitches in his head.

A few people have been attending lunches and dinners in the area, and good reports have been heard of the ESCA and Kent VTTA revels. Our own dinner, organised and presided over by our benevolent despot, was a great success. Whether the attraction was our

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