

ESTHER 10

# BONK!

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

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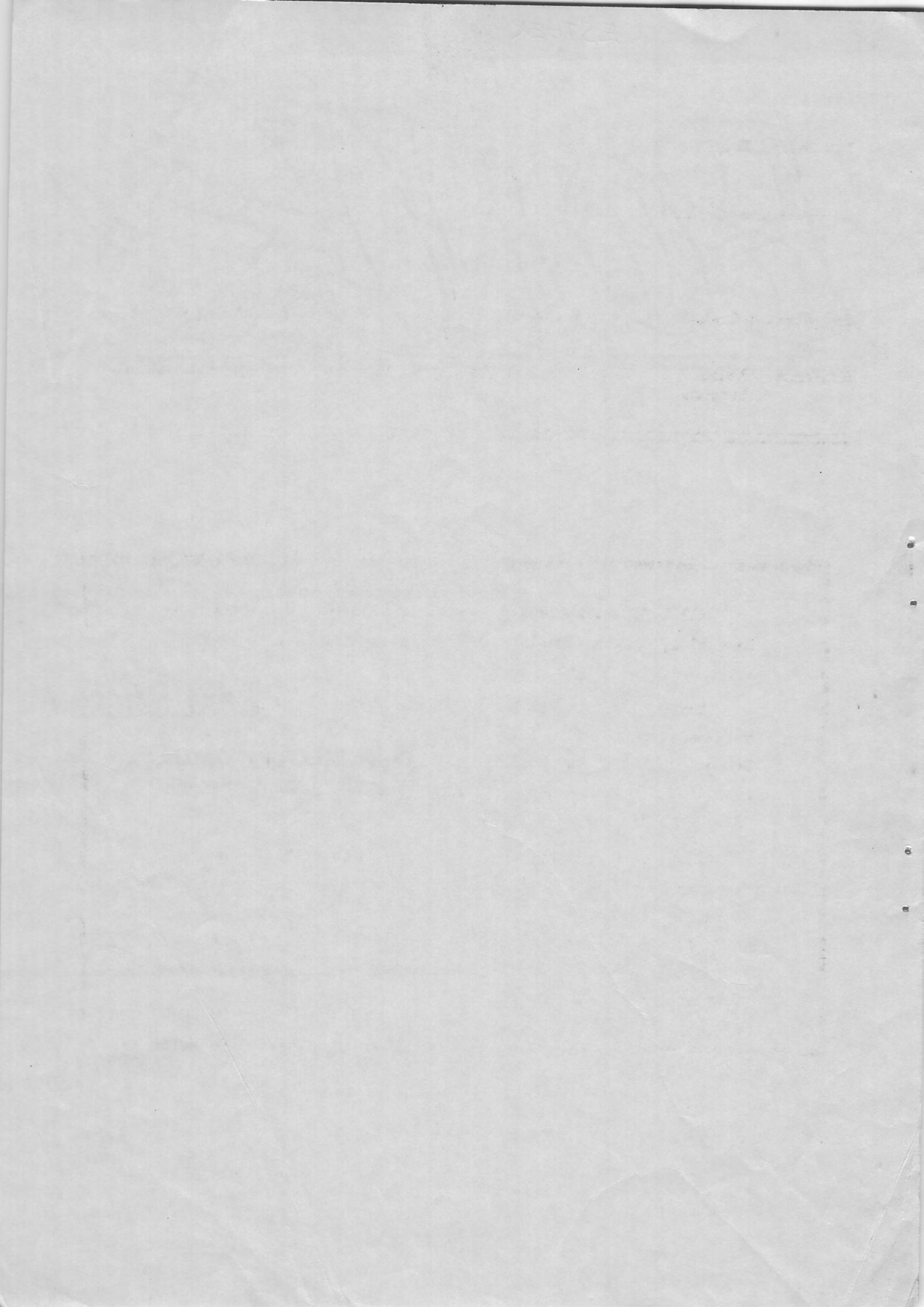
East Sussex  
Cycling Association

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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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All E.S.C.A. members extend their sympathy to the Worthing Excelsior, Crawley Wheelers and East Grinstead C.C. in their sad and tragic losses.

Charlie Lednor will be missed for his wise and benevolent personality, and his death leaves a sad gap in the ranks of Sussex cyclists. We should feel proud to number him among the Presidents of the Association, and thankful for the vast amount of work he did for our sport.

It is very difficult to find words to describe one's feelings at the news of the unnecessary deaths of Ernie Dore and young Clifford Moore, and impossible to offer consolation to their friends and families. It may help a little to know that we all share their grief and despair at the senseless waste of these two lives.



## EASTBOURNE ROVERS C.C.

### Forward:

Many thanks to Marc Miwerdz and his chainring Dave Kitching for the former articles in BONK - now you have to put up with my allusive comments, anecdotes and inuendoes (no, not Spanish suppositaries).

All sorts of events have taken place since the last issue - you must be dying to read about them. Many riders turned up one Sunday morning to ride a clubrun in the pouring rain. Fourteen riders set off for the sunny climate of Newhaven Docks. Howard Bingham-White and Gordon McKenzie, however, decided that Alfriston would be quite nice for the time of year. On our way to Newhaven the rain stopped, but the sleet and hailstones didn't, but our morals were boosted when we were joined by the Lewes Wanderers clubrun - Ian Landless. However, luck nor the sun was to "shine" in our favour and a few miles later Harold Manser split his crank and Graham Dobie punctured. While the repairs were carried out, the other riders admired the water seeping out of their gloves and shoes. We proceeded to the cafe situated on the wharf at Newhaven after wringing out our bikes and clothes. Inside the cafe "SPACE INVADERS" took preference to a hot cup of tea with some of the younger cycling fraternity. The return trip proved quite eventful as Simon Prior, Tim Fuller and Ashley Winter "stormed" up the front turning the run into a Giro d'Italia - with the Lewes Wanderers clubrun (Ian Landless), and A.Tubular in wet pursuit, the rest of the bunch decided to take it easy. After the pace had slowed down the bunch regrouped and crawled back to Polegate against gale force winds.

Before Christmas the club screened two films, "The Impossible Hour" and the "Stars and the Watercarriers" - both were well supported and helped to swell club funds.

Another club event before Christmas that was well supported was the trip to the indoor cycle track at Calshot, which is apparently to close due to a loss in revenue. Seventeen members from Eastbourne and six from Lewes Wanderers made a good day out for all and thanks go to John Pratt of Phoenix Cycles for coaching us novices and showing how to drive a car at 80mph and do a clapping rendition at the same time. Anyway, back to the track and the remainder of the session included, amongst other events, 10 lap pursuits and "Devil take the Hindmost". Most riders thought they were fairly fast until the appearance of Sean Wallace, National Junior Track Champion, he stormed around the track and even flashed past Ian Burgess.

The annual Christmas Day time trial saw nearly thirty riders' sacrifice opening presents to race round the 9 mile Stone Cross circuit, Tim Carpenter (Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.) winning the event; former Milk Race rider Terry Leach achieved second place and proved that a good time is not all skin suits and lightweight bikes as he sprinted to the line against George Dicks, while at the same time sounding an air siren situated under his saddle.

Harold Manser again had misfortune, as his chain broke, and he was the only rider not to finish. Max Wall (Ray Gearing) teamed up with a Smurf (Pat Pearson) and pedalled their tandem to a fast finishing time and won the fancy dress prize.

The following day saw the Boxing Day jog around Hampden Park - the route picked out by Graham "Club Coach" Lade proved to be more of an S.A.S. assault course, with runners having to negotiate fallen trees, streams, quagmires and valleys. Stu Greenways dog decided to bring Stu along for the run.

The festive Christmas season saw a glut of cycle equipment. Brian Holt (our new club Secretary), received training rollers, while his son Gavin had his frame resprayed lime green by Ken Bird, and got a Super Record chainset into the bargain. John Groves also received training rollers and a chess computer to keep him occupied when he is not training. Schoolboy Jason Carey, in a bid for extra lightness, acquired black Milremo rims on Campag s/f hubs, he has also recently purchased a Ron Kit. frame from John Lehane. Simon Prior, not wishing to be beaten this season has ordered a 531 d/b 'super light' frame in the "new" Phoenix team colour.

The clubruns have been successful this year, with Dave (get up the front or I'll break your neck) Carter, leading some quite cruel training rides to Rye, Haywards Heath, etcetera - hills inclusive.

One Sunday saw twenty riders go on the hard training ride with only six returning, the remainder being dropped at Battle. George Windsor set a fast pace up to Battle and paid for it by "blowing up" later on. Ten other riders who had sensibly remained behind decided to go on a slower ride, except for John Groves who did not feel up to it and proved the point by leaving most of his stomach contents on the pavement at Polegate.

The Sunday of the ESCA lunch also saw a large turnout of riders, twenty eight in all. Graham Dobie led the sedate clubrun out to Cross in Hand; Dave Carter led the training thrash out to Hastings, Uckfield and surrounding area, while Stu Greenway led Dave Dunbar into the public house at Framfield. A good ride/drink was had by all.

Congratulations go to Dave Dunbar for winning the SCA B.A.R. competition - Dave recording the second fastest average speed since 1938.

Most club riders have now purchased the very modern, extremely flash, superbly tailored track tops and road vests. Particularly eye-catching is the "EASTBOURNE" logo printed down both side panels - be sure to watch out for it this season.

Back to training, and one weekend Ray Prior decided to ride home from London on a fixed wheel, only to receive a puncture outside Croydon and another near Uckfield - at this Ray decided to persevere and rode the remainder on his rim. On the subject of training, the Hastings clubrun decided to join the Dave Carter weekly thrash - Dave nearly falling off his bike in amazement as the riders rotated around every hundred yards or so.

One evening at the club hall saw Clive Edgar Willis turn up modelling a mauve training top with the name of a well known Eastbourne cycle shop and a

window cleaning firm emblazoned all over it. This provoked Brian Holt to say that he would like to see all members wearing Eastbourne tops, and proved his point by wearing a black and white top from an equally well known cycle shop in Orpington to the club reliability trial, speaking of which was held a few weeks ago - with the best weather on record for January. Nearly one hundred riders entered but only twenty seven managed to obtain certificates for finishing the distances. Most riders missed the left turn into Catsfield just before attempting to climb Boreham Street.

The Cyclo Cross meetings have now finished, Jon Cooper being responsible for the promotions - one event had a mention in the Daily Telegraph. Stu Greenway emerged as best senior rider; while Tim Fuller took the schoolboy title.

Six club members rode the Lewes Wanderers reliability trial - Dave Dunbar achieving just over 2½ hours for the 52 mile course. It was a very foggy day to begin with and shouts of "where are you?" reigned at the checkpoint at Beachy Head. Ray Prior, riding the event, lost control of both brakes going down Beachy Head - string held them back on until the finish, Ray was determined to obtain a certificate in order to decorate his bedroom wall.

Following the Lewes event, Dave Dunbar, returning home, had a very nasty fall and got his leg caught up with his frame tubes - he also sustained cuts to the back, head and arms. As a result Dave tore the muscle fibres in his gastrocnemius (calf) muscle - cruel luck after all the training Dave has been putting in for the early season races. However, even as I write this report Dave has made the most miraculous recovery witnessed in medical history and is back to storming round the countryside.

February saw the annual club Disco/Supper and again it was well supported. Thanks to Willie Clapperton for providing a very tasty meal. The disco ended early for Simon Prior, who was carried out due to an excess of alcohol. George Windsor, although not racing this year, decided to put in a spot of training by skipping round the dance floor together with John Pratt and their respective wives. The clubrun the following day saw many wide eyed and legless riders.

Finally, I am sorry if you are not mentioned, perhaps in the next instalment you will achieve fame and stardom.

Yours flatly,

A. Tubular



## LEWES WANDERERS 1980 TOUR

A party of eight Wanderers plus Nomads assembled at Newhaven on the bewitching hour of the first of July for the 1.00 a.m. ferry to Dieppe, and the start of a five day tour to see the Great Race. Alan Limbrey arrived direct from a ten pin bowling match for what was to be his first tour after many years of cycling, whilst Paul Phillips turned up on a brand new Holdsworth touring bike collected only that afternoon, and was busy making adjustments prior to departure. Nobody got much sleep on the Townsend Thoresen ferry which was standing in for the Sealink boat in for repairs, and were all tucking in to breakfast at 4.00 a.m. We were soon on the road under a heavy sky when after only fifteen miles Geoff Boore yelled "puncture" just as it started to rain. Whilst waiting, the rest of us studied and speculated on going to work the French way, as a wife 'or something' came out in her dressing gown and gave an affectionate display of seeing her man off! Luckily the rain stopped and on arriving at Neufchatel-en-Bray, a town visited on previous tours, we breakfasted for a second time on coffee and croissants, and bought our lunch for later. After a quick look around Gournay, we picnicked a few miles further on in the town square at St. Garmer, which appeared to be practically deserted as only a few folk were seen during our stay. The cultural aspect of our tour was fulfilled when we visited the Abbey before departing for Noailles. Upon arrival we selected a cafe for the afternoon refreshments, but not to Graham Seymour's satisfaction, as not being too keen on dogs he did not want to pass the massive alsation sprawled across the entrance. However, we managed to get him in across the dog, and enjoyed our eats and drinks as the proprietor watched Wimbledon tennis on T.V., and one or two of us dozed off, tired after a sleepless night and seventy five miles behind us and the thought of a further twenty ahead. Upon arrival at Creil Y.H., in spite of a reservation, they were surprised to see us - not the first time this has happened on French tours - must be poor book-keeping. After freshening up it was a short walk into town to study the restaurant menus before deciding which one to honour with our presence. We later finished off the day with a few drinks at a bar amongst advertising vehicle drivers from the TdF.

The following morning, after studying the Tour route in the paper, we selected a vantage point for watching the TTT stage at Hatton and set off via Clermont, making sure we arrived in plenty of time. No mistaking that we were on the right road, as many other riders were heading for the same place, and at one time were in a group of about twenty in number and managing a conversation of sorts with the French fans. We managed to get a view on the brow of a hill, and after the last team had passed through, sped off to Beauvais along the Tour route closing fast on the T.I. Raleigh team, or so we imagined, and to the applause of the spectators still lining the road. Beauvais was the start of the afternoon stage, the highlight of which must have been the sight of Geoff in with the DAF Trucks team, dressed in his shorts complete with braces and Central Sussex C.C.

emblazoned across the backside, and DAF Trucks jersey, relishing the feeling of being in the Tour and having Paul Sherwin acting as interpreter. Once the TdF had departed we continued our tour, stopping off at a rundown bar in the village of Luchy. The younger element of Ian Burgess, Mark Samworth and Steve Phillips amused themselves on the slot machines, whilst the rest of us quenched our thirsts, and John Hare, a new member from Hassocks, struck up a friendship with an ancient peasant who bought him a drink and posed for a photograph together before we moved on. The remaining miles across undulating terrain to Amiens were soon covered, and after settling in at the Hostel in the grounds of the municipal camping site were out on the town for the main meal of the day. Upon entering quite a smart and full restaurant, Geoff, in those shorts again, had his bottom felt by a lady unable to control her amusement. Whilst most selected the set menu, Silky Samworth the Rotherfield Gourmet, went "a la carte" and finished up having to pay twice as much as the rest of us for what appeared to be virtually the same meal, and like father like son, Mark did the same. Upon getting back to our dormitory at the Hostel, which was in an outbuilding, we were greeted by the Warden asking us to hurry up if we wanted to use the ablutions in the main building, as she wanted to get locked up. Geoff, yes that man again, had us all in fits later when recounting how in his rush he had attended the world's most expensive toilet by losing twenty five francs down the Asian styled loo. One wit suggested that when paying the Warden the following morning he should say that he had already left a deposit.

A good hour was spent the next morning in a cycle shop examining all the equipment and comparing prices with those at home. Alan warned all time trialists that they had better watch out when he got home, as he was going to be much faster in his new skin shorts, whilst John, who had been giving a fashion show trying on various attire, eventually emerged in a new Bianchi Campagnola jersey, and from then on became known as the "Bianchi Kid". After elevenses at Paix-de-Picardie we continued to Romescamps before stopping for lunch by the war memorial on the village green. Spotting a bar opposite we decided on a drink before eating, and all piled in to be faced by the local gang of about a dozen children playing the machines and table football. The children challenged us to an international match on the football table with us providing the money, then proceeded to beat all challengers hollow. After consuming our bread and cheese and bidding farewell to the "gang", who had remained with us during our brief stay, we proceeded to the next large town, Forges-les-Eaux, in search of Paul and Geoff, who had not stopped in Romescamps but had ridden on in the hope of finding a Bank open. Spotting their bikes outside a café we entered to join them, but they were not to be seen, until peeping into an adjoining restaurant they were discovered tucking into a four course meal, they had obviously found a Bank open.

On the remaining miles for that day our group became fragmented when someone decided to turn it into a road race, the breakaway of four made the cobbled descent on the N28 into Rouen, at thirties, before being halted at the traffic lights; Ian Burgess was judged the winner. Arriving at the Hostel in dribs and



drabs we were welcomed by "Zonca", who needs no introduction, and Gary McManus, a cycling newcomer, who had ridden down to meet us for the weekend. Dining out that evening the restaurant proprietress and customers were taken aback when we burst into song with "Happy Birthday" in celebration of Steve's fifteenth, and all chipped in for a Knickerbocker Glory which he had in addition to his meal.

The "Le Jeune" shop close to the Hostel took a lot of our francs the following morning before going our own ways shopping, and arranging to meet under the "Gros Horloge" at eleven. By twelve the last one had turned up and we eventually got going over the hills to Duclair before turning off for Jumieges. Alan and Paul who were half a mile up the road, determined not to miss the break if the previous day's race was repeated, had missed the turn as a result, so Ian B. was sent off to bring them back, his penalty for being so fast the day before. The day was turning out to be the best we had, and shirts came off for the first time as we had lunch at a quiet spot by the Seine, after having crossed on a free ferry, and conveniently close to a bar. Reluctantly we dragged ourselves away, but to a very enjoyable ride through the 'Foret de Bratanne' on narrow, twisting, traffic free tracks, eventually taking us up a two mile long climb at the top of which was the 'Café Anquetil'. Attracted by the name and also thirst we entered, but found after making enquiries that there was no connection with the famous rider of the same name. Along a ridge we continued with a grand view across the Seine to our right and the Tancarville Bridge in the distance, which we crossed in due course with a brief pause in the centre for photographs. With only a short stop at Goderville to top up on our carbohydrate rations at a patisserie we pressed on to the Hostel at Yport. We were welcomed by the Warden as if we were her long lost sons with hugs and kisses, she spoke fast and continuously, hardly a word of which we understood. In these circumstances Graham, who had been going to evening classes for French, was pushed to the front. "I'm not that good yet," he protested, but it got the rest of us out of a spot. Gary, a newcomer not only to cycling but also to hostelling, was aghast at the more primitive conditions here after his first night at the hotel style Rouen Hostel. Not the usual rush to the showers here when it was discovered that the best they could offer was a cold wash in a sink, however, this provided a good laugh as we took it in turns to climb into the sink and get a douching from the rest armed with jugs and cups of freezing water. Refreshed and in high spirits all twelve set off for a hotel restaurant recommended by the Warden, for the final evening meal of our tour. Most of us had chosen what we thought was a crab pâté for starters, but were dumbfounded when a whole crab was served up to each person, and had to call the waitress back to show us to go about eating it. She had a lot to put up with while we were deciding on the main course with "what's this?" "what's that?" being fired at her, and Limbo who was taken by her pronunciation of "orange" had her repeating it every time she reappeared. After two and a half hours we departed, to the relief of the waitress, who fully deserved her tip for perseverance, and headed for a seafront bar to finish off the evening before returning to the Hostel at midnight. The following morning we set off along the

the hilly coast road, but soon got broken up as riders stopped to adjust luggage, take photographs, etc, eventually reassembling on the bridge at Fécamp with just five miles covered; broken up yet again shortly afterwards as riders punctured on a freshly gritted road, the lucky ones to escape carried on to St. Valery-en-Caux for an extended elevenses, awaiting the arrival of the unfortunate. After buying lunch at the market and posing for mug shots taken by the "Bianchi Kid" we managed to stay together to St. Denis, where we halted for lunch adjacent to a cottage and stream. Seeing the owner appear we expected to get moved on but instead he presented us with three bottles of his homemade cider and wished us "bon appetit". Dieppe was reached with a couple of hours to spare before the ferry, time which was spent mainly window shopping as it was Sunday, and using up our loose change in a cafe. Settling down in the lounge bar of the "Senlac" after having wine and dined, we reflected on our tour of three hundred and seventy miles in five days, and talked of where to go in 1981, wives permitting of course.

Ian Landless

#### AN EGGSTRAORDINARY REGGORD

(Ed's Note - Southborough Wheelers were well known in the past for setting up odd records, but the following eggsploit, as related to our Reporter by JOYCE DUNFORD, S.E. DISTRICT CHAMPION at this particular activity, must be one of the most eggcentric records ever established). Read on.

Saturday, February 14th, dawned crisp and clear, conditions were ideal for a record attempt! Warwick and I left our Hadlow home early and made our way to the nearest Sainsburys, where we left our supporting car in the car park. Outside the store I spent some time choosing a suitable trolley - this was vital, as depending upon the free running of the castors, the record attempt could be made or marred! With the trolley chosen we made our way inside the store. I warmed up and prepared myself mentally by walking slowly between the aisles, this was difficult; my instincts urged me to hurry, but common sense told me that too much haste could ruin everything. I browsed around, tense and alert, and at last I was rewarded by the arrival of an assistant with a laden trolley, all ready to replenish the stacks of eggs. The great moment had arrived, and everything depended on my judgement. Pretending that my attention was caught by a display of baked beans, I waited until the assistant had almost finished stacking. Then! I began my attack! I realised that this would be a perfect one; the record had to be mine! The stack was at just the right height, and I carefully struck the first tray a glancing blow on one corner with my trolley. This toppled onto the second, and like a pack of cards down they all came. The mess was indescribable. £25 worth of eggs all over the floor. I was so overcome that I couldn't wait to receive the plaudits of the crowd gathering around me. Bashfully I dashed out to the car park, where Warwick had already got the engine of the car running, ready to take me home - he knew I wouldn't want any fuss. What an eggciting morning - roll on next year, because if I'm allowed back in, I'm sure I can do even better.



As usual there is so much to write about that it is difficult to decide just what should be included. I intend to make an attempt at summarizing the highlights of the past year as related to our club.

On the social side we had a change of Editor for our own club magazine when Derek moved away to Milton Keynes, leaving Don Lock to carry on with what he himself refers to as 'his baby'.

The first event on the road was the reliability trial which saw forty nine riders starting and finishing, with all but eight of these qualifying for club certificates. Distances offered ranged from twenty five miles inside 1 hr. 35 m., to seventy five miles inside 5 hrs. 15m.

The racing fiends had their first outing on February 24th ('80) for the club circuit event, when ten hardy souls braved the elements, with Nick Lelliot winning in a record time of 43m. 08s. for the approximately 18 mile event.

On the clubrun scene, the evening runs, held regularly once a month on a Friday evening, still figured prominently. The March ride, which turned into a training run, particularly on the return journey, went to the home of Brian and Betty, who had prepared more than enough food to satisfy the nine fortunate riders who made the trip.

Andrew Lock, fed up with waiting for Dad to fit his new toe clips, decided to have a go himself. They both then set off for a training ride, but half a mile later and loosing contact, he calls out "I can't get my foot in". On stopping it was decided that the problem could only be overcome by sitting on the handlebars and steering with the saddle. Perhaps next time he will fit the bars and saddle the right way round!

Back to the racing scene to mention that in riding the club 'Clapshaw Trophy 25', Ray Douglas had achieved personal satisfaction by riding all thirty events promoted. What a record this is: one that can never be broken, that's for sure.

The club Championship 30 was won by Richard Shipton in a club record time of 1 hr. 10m. 19s. May saw the evening 10 series starting, with the first event attracting no fewer than thirty Worthing members, with a further five 'private' riders taking part. The series comprised fourteen events run on the popular Washington course. The smallest field of twelve riders was in the ninth event of the series, when a fierce storm raged until only thirty minutes before the scheduled time of start. Even so, some suprisingly fast times were recorded. The series regularly attracted twenty five or more riders, with Paul Toppin coming out on top, and Greg Hill achieving a creditable personal best of 24 m. 37s. to win the fastest junior award.

On the touring front members showed the club colours not only throughout the length and breadth of England and Wales, but also in France, Belgium and Canada. An early season training week was spent by Paul, Dick, Dave and Keith at John Spooner's cottage in North Wales. Dave was also behind the superb organisation of the special extravaganza which took the form of a mini-bus trip to France to see the Paris-Roubaix classic. During mid-season Norman and Dick sailed off to Dieppe,



with Sealink in order that they could watch the Tour de France. They were apparently overawed at the sight of the riders climbing and descending the hilly time trial stage held at Francorchamps in the Belgium Ardennes region. Their main comment was, however, that the Tour should have been named the "Tour de l'Eau". Meanwhile Paul and Dave took to the motorways to visit the festivities going on up in Yorkshire. September saw another exodus of Worthing members, namely Dick, Norman and Brian Cox, along with Alf Dawes and others from neighbouring clubs led by Neville Channin, to take part in the Rouen Athletic Club Randonee Cyclotouristique des Reines de la Seine.

My final return to the racing scene is to mention that Richard again lowered the club '30' record on June 8th, when he recorded 1h.9m.34s. to gain third place in the Hertfordshire Wheelers event on E.73.

To conclude this first, and perhaps my last, account of our club's activities, depending upon my anonymity survives contribution to BONK, I must mention our dinner. This was the usual success story, thanks mainly to the catering efforts of our social secretary, Theo. This year's lunches had the added attraction of live music. From reports reaching the clubroom, the standard of dancing must have been very good, as apparently more than one set of muscles have been affected.

#### Hollow Legs

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Aloran sent us some notes for the last edition, or were they for this issue?, and we were in the happy position of having TWO contributions from Lewes. A lot of the stuff was duplicated, but there was the usual paragraph of jokes included, so for your edification, here they are.

"Once again the Emerald Islanders are in the news. One drove his car into a church as he'd been told that it needed a service. Another went out and bought a roll of wire and some stakes after a friend enrolled him in a fencing club. The first one went into a garage, and was filling up when the attendant asked how much was in the tank. Paddy replied, "Well, the gauge reads half, but I don't know if that is half full or half empty". Then there was the Irish heart transplant patient who sent the donor a get well card, and finally the Irish quiz panellist who was asked, "What do you know about Damascus?", replied, "It will kill 99% of household germs!"

Aloran also tells of the rumour that someone broke into Crowborough Police Station and pinched all the loo bowls. A certain police sergeant commented, "It's all highly embarrassing, as we've got absolutely nothing to go on".

## TOURING FAR AWAY

Planning a cycling touring holiday is always an enjoyable exercise, especially an overseas one. Dave Hudson and myself decided to put our plans into reality with a seventeen day tour of British Columbia and the Rocky Mountains. Having made all the preliminary arrangements we flew off on a wet Friday morning from Gatwick to Calgary in Alberta, with the intention of cycling to Vancouver and then flying directly back from Vancouver to Gatwick. The flight in a Jumbo Boeing 747 was very smooth and comfortable, and on arrival in Calgary our bikes were awaiting us in the reception area with not a scratch on them. We were met at the airport by a clubmate's father, who drove us the seventy flat, uninteresting miles to Banff, where our tour proper began.

The accomodation at Banff, as at all the other motels we stayed at at night, was very comfortable, plus the facility of being able to take our bikes into the room with us, which was very comforting. Our first visit was to Lake Louise, a perfectly still blue lake, with snow capped mountains reflected in the water, one of the world's beauty spots. Our tour then took us out of Alberta into British Columbia, crossing the Great Divide where they say that rain water falling one side of this imaginary line finds it's way to the Atlantic Ocean, and rain water falling the other side, to the Pacific Ocean. From there we rode for ten days through the most beautiful scenery I have ever seen; over terrifically high mountain passes, some with twenty mile climbs to the summit, but with the compensation of long glorious freewheeling descents where you could sit up and enjoy views that you would see only once in a lifetime. The beauty of this part of Canada is beyond description; at one point of the ride we crossed by ferry of about forty minutes duration, Lake Kootenay, a most idyllic place, with green pines reaching to the waters edge, and several holiday fishing cabins dotted here and there; talk about "getting away from it all". The food and accomodation throughout the tour were very cheap due to the strong pound. The food was also plentiful, Dave often had to finish off my overladen breakfast plate.

We reached Vancouver in ten days and five punctures, averaging eighty miles per day over very difficult and hilly terrain, where my bottom gear was in constant use. Vancouver, I thought, was a very agreeable city, located at the entrance of the Fraser River and bordering the Pacific Ocean. The remaining four days of the holiday were spent on Vancouver Island, travelling by hire car, crossing by ferry, in a two hour trip. As Vancouver Island is near enough the size of England we did not have enough time to use the bikes. The following Sunday afternoon found us leaving Vancouver airport with temperatures in the seventies, to arrive back at Gatwick after ten hours in the very capable hands of Wardair. We arrived back on a wet Monday morning at about 9 a.m., and then cycled back through the quitedifferent quiet Sussex lanes, with memories of one of the best holidays spent on the bike that I can remember.

Ray Douglass

N.B. A full account of this tour is to appear in the next two editions of the *Worthing Wheel*, obtainable from John Mansell, 3 Walesbeech, Furnace Green, Crawley. Please send 10p and S.A.E. 9" x 6" minimum size.

£50 BONANZA £50 BONANZA £50 BONANZA £50 BONANZA £50 BONANZA £50 BONANZA  
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FOR KEEPING UP WITH THE JONES'S IN 1981

MAINLINE CYCLES

(props: FRANK BLAKE & DAVE WALLER)

69, UPPER ST. JAMES ST.,

BRIGHTON

t/n: Brighton 680875

HAVE GENEROUSLY GIVEN £50 TO BE DIVIDED BETWEEN  
THE TOP THREE RIDERS IN THE ASSOCIATION POINTS COMPETITION

THE WINNER WILL GET A CASH VOUCHER VALUE £25  
THE RUNNER UP WILL GET A CASH VOUCHER VALUE £15  
THE THIRD RIDER WILL GET A CASH VOUCHER VALUE £10

The points are awarded for all ESCA events. The winner of any event will get 20 points; the second will get 19 points and the third fastest will get 18 points, and so on down to 1 point for twentieth place. So, LOOK 'SHARP', there are cash vouchers to be won.

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CLUB POINTS COMPETITION

Points are awarded as follows:- The winner of each event gets 8 points; the second fastest gets 7 points; the third fastest gets 6 points, and so on down to 1 point for eighth place.

The winning team gain 3 points; the second team get 2 points and the third team are given 1 point.

Points are also awarded for the first three riders on handicap, thus the handicap winner gets 3 points; second gets 2 points and the third placed rider in this section has 1 point.

Ladies, too, contribute towards the total amassed by their club. The fastest lady wins 2 points and the second fastest wins 1 point.

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PREVIOUS WINNERS

<u>INDIVIDUAL</u>			<u>CLUB</u>		
1975	C. Sharp	159 Pts.	1975	CENTRAL SUSSEX	166 Pts.
1976	C. Sharp	136 Pts.	1976	EASTBOURNE ROVERS	119 Pts.
1977	C. Sharp	178 Pts.	1977	CENTRAL SUSSEX	150 Pts.
1978	P. Lipscombe	167 Pts.	1978	CENTRAL SUSSEX	127 Pts.
1979	D. Kitching	166 Pts.	1979	EASTBOURNE ROVERS	136 Pts.
1980	M. Jones	135 Pts.	1980	CENTRAL SUSSEX	133 Pts.

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Stan Shirley



1	B	E	A	R	I	N	G	S	5	G	O	V	E	R	6
	R		T		N					D		M		I	A
10	A	M	T	E	R	N	A	T	I	O	N	A	L	L	Y
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11	G	R	A	N	I	T	E	12	B	O	U	N	D	T	O
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CLUES

ACROSS

1. Mechanical aids desirable when map-reading! (8)
5. Cranky device for old time fast man (ask 4!). (6)
10. How famous world champions get. (15)
11. Tearing apart some road-making material. (7)
12. Certainly well tied up! (5, 2)
13. A magical term up front, perhaps. (5)
15. Surrealist artist pinpoints the line. (5)
18. One time Tour chief. (5)
20. How the solution should be used. (5)
23. Descriptive of a pursuit of drop-outs! (7)
25. Frame designers plan to obviate it, even though it causes no riots! (7)
26. Sprinting to get in the washing? (5, 3, 3, 4)
27. Riders chasing her could be going for a Burton! (6)
28. Secret police silver protected by bars - they're the rub! (8)

DOWN

1. Game frame part. (6)
2. Drew a note about a TT race interrupted by a road junction. (9)
3. Shattered - but not the out-houses! (2, 5)
4. The elegance of the '36 - '52 star, perhaps! (5)
6. Tests for track all-rounders. (7)
7. Raleigh showed the way to a smoother type of pave! (5)
8. He captured his share of loot in the fifties. (3, 5)
9. One bad col I found simply hellish. (8)
14. It could benefit from 28. (8)
16. Mix gin and soda in protecting metal. (9)
17. Shortened publicity about 1 down. (8)
19. Those little pains 28 could ease! (7)
21. Deadly deliveries of 5 and his like! (7)
22. Turn green and bend double to reveal his speedy identity! (6)
24. Like Cammish, one from the east! (5)
25. The sign of four! (5)

A prize of £1 will be awarded to the sender of the first correct solution to be received by the Editors before April 31st. The solution will appear in the next issue.

With a preponderance of younger members it is not surprising that there is a new mood afoot in the Southborough. With new ideas being tried and some of the older, traditional things receiving scant support. The year started with both traditional New Year's Eve celebrations and a departure into a fresh approach. A dozen or so older members met the San Fairy Ann at Beltring "Bluebell" to see the New Year in over a few pints and hot mince pies, etc. Meanwhile on the other side of Tunbridge Wells, twenty or thirty members, mostly but not entirely youngsters, left a party at Giles Membrey's house to cycle (yes cycle!) to Groombridge. Here they saw the New Year in singing Auld Lang Syne in the station yard. Paul Abraham had introduced them to opening beer bottles in the coin slot of a telephone box and much roistering accompanied the singing. They all scuttled back to their bikes and the party before the surprised villagers called out the Police. This is the first time the club have ventured into Sussex to see the New Year arrive.

Perhaps changes on the Committee reflect the times. Nick Wenham takes over as Racing Secretary, although he is only just out of junior ranks. Melvin Daultry and David Harding join and represent the modern member. Pete Crofts is elected to the Committee for the first time and brings his dynamic approach to every activity concerning youngsters. One of these is the twice weekly gym session. Pete is a teacher, and the club use the school gym for circuit training, weight lifting and basket ball. Running is also part of the curriculum. This punishment is enjoyed (!) by about twenty five of us despite pulled muscles, stiff joints, bruised shins and toes, backache and one cut head that required an ambulance and stitches. Weekends now produce 'A' grade training runs on both Saturday and Sunday, with an additional potterers run on Sunday.

Youth Hostel runs have been outstandingly successful, averaging fifteen to twenty each trip. Visits have been made to Telscombe, Holmbury, Arundel and Streatley. The longer ones have been double runs - some riding all the way and slower riders going part way by car. The last produced well over one hundred miles each day for the hardriders, and thirty five or so each day for the motorised, who parked at Windsor. With the longer run reaching Streatley via Cranleigh, Basingstoke and Newbury and returning to Windsor via Fingest and the ridge of the Chilterns, much new country was covered especially for the youngsters.

Cycle polo has given us three outings to Croydon this year. Ron Beckett of the Bec kindly produces the bikes, as well as refereeing matches. The weather has been kind. Our most recent match was against the Hastings, where their six long travelled participants were given a demonstration of polo skills by Pete Wall! He scored all the Southborough goals and one of the Hastings as well! Some rough tactics were employed at times by all riders but the match was great fun for all concerned. -

Best supported club event of the year was again the Boxing Day '10' where riders of all ages and sizes competed and all won a prize (entry fee is one Christmas wrapped present placed in Santa's sack at the start and drawn out at random at the finish). Dave Membrey again tandem with a different stoker for each of the four circuits. Overall winner was Clive Allen with 30.10 - twenty seconds faster than Pete Crofts' tandem with selected stokers of wife and daughter. Melvin Daultrey completed the course on a 'Chopper' in 38.47, while best dressed rider, Brian Barrett, took 38.05 festooned in tinsel.

Whilst on the racing subject, our New Year's Day '10' received 68 entries. This shows a slight annual decline. Although the day was a good one, it is a long way for members to go to promote. It's really the social drink at the 'Bell' afterwards that provides the main attraction. I am happy to report that the 'Lou' Bathurst Memorial Seat remains in good condition. The carving on it is a superb example of the craftsman's art.

By the time you read this club racing will have started again, with our road race promotion on the Frant circuit getting a full field despite it's February date. I doubt if there will be early season or late season events in a few years time, as the one will have merged with the other. The club have gone overboard on promoting events this year. We have joined the Kent Road Race League and this means promoting on Easter Monday! With commitments to club time trials, Association events for the K.C.A.; E.S.C.A.; S.E.C.A., etc., and our timekeepers on loan to other clubs open events, we seem to be involved in promotions on almost every weekend of the year!

The social season saw a regular clubrun programme, mainly for the slower riders, ably arranged by Andy Verrall. The football match against San Fairy Ann was again played on the pitch (mudbath!) outside our clubroom, with the Fairies again winning - this time by five goals to three. Another off-beat idea was a day's cycle/hike on Ashdown Forest. Bikes were left locked whilst the party of about a dozen walked the tracks for four miles or so.

This week it's the reliability rides. It all keeps happening!

Roamer



## SUSSEX NOMADS C.C.

These are the first Nomads notes to appear in Bonk for some time, and the only reason these are getting written is because I am spending a weekend away with Esther.

Any weekend spent in the company of cyclists gives plenty of laughs. This particular one was an R.T.T.C. coaching weekend (for beginners! Ed), held in the Crest C.C. and Comrades C.C. bungalows at Ugley, in Essex. We all arrived on Friday evening for supper and an introduction to the course. On Saturday there was a twenty mile training ride, and talks on health and bike maintenance. In the afternoon we had a session of interval training, which was very enlightening.

The evening's entertainment came to an abrupt halt, when the local transformer blew, and we were without power. We were sorry to miss the promised film show, but managed to amuse ourselves very satisfactorily, and at about 10.30 p.m. sat down to enjoy dinner by candlelight. By the time we had finished our meal, we were all ready for bed although it was so cold by this time that it was obvious that our night attire would be long socks, jerseys and a couple of hats. I was sleeping in the ladies dorm., although I hasten to add, I was in company with five other vets. Happily the power returned during the night, and all was well at breakfast. After breakfast, there was a 10 mile 2 up time trial on the E.1 in the snow.

As I mentioned earlier, after being nagged by Esther (and Maurice, I must add), my pen was flying across the paper between lectures writing down a few things about the Nomads. Being a small club, we are endeavouring to enlarge our numbers by natural methods, so Keith and Audrey Chandler and Adrian and Lyn Morris have recently added to our strength, and Dave and Chris Challis have promised us a new member in the very near future. Chris Hyttner (nee Limbrey) has aged Limbo and Trish by turning them into grandparents. Not to be outdone, Geoff and Jenny have recently acquired a labrador puppy. Reg and Maureen and Vernon and Phil are happy as they are.

Last summer Geoff and Limbo joined the Lewes Wanderers on a trip to France. The tour was blessed with fine weather from the start; the ferry left at 1.00 a.m.; the channel had a slight swell, but was not uncomfy, and we all tried to sleep but the excitement and strange surroundings made this impossible. We arrived in France soon after dawn. There was slight rain for a few moments, but it soon cleared. The whole of the first day was wind assisted, which was just as well, as we had one hundred miles to cover. This was my first Hostelling trip, and accomodation varied from being very doubtful to almost hotel standards. Our day at the Tour was really something. After riding along the course to shouts of "Allez Anglais" from the locals, we found a spot on an incline where we could watch the teams in the T.T.T. for a decent length of time, but it was very difficult to pick out specific riders. After lunch though, in Beauvais, we watched the field assemble in the town square and we were able to see individual riders at close range, and of course the atmosphere was really marvellous. I could (I think), write page after page about our experiences and laughs. We had some great meals and snacks, and met the

locals by keeping to the lanes and going to the village cafes. Both Geoff and I hope to go back again this year, not only to see the Tour and soak up the French atmosphere, but also to get fit so that we can do a few decent times.

To return to more recent events, we held a 'MR. & MRS.' evening at Limbo's, where club members and four guests spent a pleasant evening eating and drinking a little and chatting a lot.

Hopefully our next event, a picnic, will follow the S.C.A. 2 up. Maybe we'll see you at the event.

Limbo

#### G.T.C. - HAILSHAM & DISTRICT

As always the D.A. lunch was an enjoyable affair which we attended in force. Ripe Village Hall was the new venue, and instead of "do it yourself" catering, we had a hot meal served to us, which was a welcome change. Talking of eating, we were entertained in January to a "Ploughman's Lunch" by Bruce and Renee Allcorn. Any publican would have been shamed by the spread, but true to cycling tradition the fifteen or so who attended managed to leave clean plates.

Besides feeding, we have managed some cycling; the Sunday after Christmas a modestly paced ride attracted two tandem pairs and several solo riders. After a pleasant outing we adjourned to the "Cricketers" at Berwick, one of the few pubs in the area which has not been modernised. Here we met other members of the Section and a splendid time was had by all judging by the chatter and laughter. We repeated this venture recently with equal success; this time we enjoyed a twenty mile ride in the sun before seeking refreshment. So as not to become too "pedal fit", we had a ramble in January, which was blessed with super weather; a picnic lunch in the sunshine in the first month of the year is surely worthy of mention.

We have continued with our quicker morning rides (don't get the wrong impression - quick is a relative term), and very successful they have been. Bruce Allcorn caused us some concern at the start of his roughstuff ride but after a distinctly sticky start we all thoroughly enjoyed the morning. Recently the "regulars" were joined by John and Anita Bainbridge on their tandem. After riding a few miles in freezing fog we emerged into bright sunshine for the remainder of the ride, which proved somewhat undulating - all credit to the tandem pair who propelled the "magic carpet" along with great gusto. Of course, mechanical mishaps are still with us, the latest "tragedy" involved a rear gear changer which fell off - we nearly got a photo of it on it's way to earth!

Our Section Slide Show and Tea is due to take place in March, and we hope to have our usual successful event. Incidentally the Section have arranged for Jack and Grace Cotton of the Bristol D.A. to give a slide show at Polegate on October 31st. Super slides on twin projectors, operated by Grace, taped music and splendid commentary by Jack, was the mixture last time they visited East Sussex. Note your diaries - full details later.

Tourist



Amberley was the venue once again for the Excelsior pre Christmas Lunch, the twenty six decorated bikes (and riders) enjoyed a bright winter's Sunday morning to cycle via the beautiful Arundel Park and over the hill to the Arun Valley. Lunch this year (December, 1980) was shared with a rather sober gathering of the local C.T.C., together with our Worthing Excel friends. Yes, it was a good lunch, and after our genial host, the landlord, had ridden round the square on an elderly bike, we bade farewell and with full stomachs and heavy heads made our way home via Steyning.

The club dinner - Dick's 21st event was more quiet than usual and some people thought it a little tame; however on looking at Mike Stringer's slides of the event everyone certainly seemed to be enjoying themselves. Peter's Hitler impersonation was extremely good and Christine's "Liza Minelli" outfit was quite stunning: Richard the Nurse and fiancée Julie, the fireman, found it embarrassing when it came to using the loos! Don Lock gave an entertaining speech in his Unwin fashion, and entered into the spirit of the occasion by wearing a blond wig. The bar takings were probably down on usual but some members did their best to drink plenty to save the Airport Hotel disappointment.

A lecture with slides and prints is being given at the club room by celebrated cyclist/photographer, Chris Peet, and this will doubtless provide an enjoyable evening's entertainment and diversion from the training which now seems to be in earnest (for some).

One or two reliability trials have already been ridden and there was a very enjoyable ride down to Hampshire to see the Perf's Peddle Race, won by up and coming Piers Hewitt. Sean Yates was unlucky enough to puncture with two laps to go, but had looked in a very commanding position in the earlier stages of the race.

Whilst some members were down in Hampshire, others joined me on one of my 'special' clubruns, and although only forty five miles were ridden, walked or carried, as I explained - one mile of roughstuff is equal to two or three ordinary road miles. Anyway we officially opened the new Steyning by-pass (best to do it now before the cars join in). After lanes and tracks a welcome was given to us at Mannings Heath for lunch stop from 12 until 2.45, before that tough ride home - through deep mud; across grassy undulating fields; six punctures amongst ten bikes including Judi, who punctured whilst lifting her machine over a barbed wire fence in an attempt to avoid the rough track!! We regrouped to form the 4 o'clock train from Copsole to West Grinstead down the former railway line and this really sorted the men out from the boys: initially the going was great, but gradually the track had become gungier and gungier, with wet black mud clogging wheels, gears and pedals. Leading the way on my trusty, solid Halfords machine, I stopped to regroup on an old bridge just near the station, and was pleased to see that not far behind in the grey light Judi's young brother, Christopher, was steaming in for second place on his Halfords, although rather muddy. He's yet to learn the art of cycling through clean mud! His face was aglow with excitement and enthusiasm (more than



can be said for some of the older members who arrived up to half an hour later); certainly I shall be recommending young Christopher's election to the Excel at our next Committee meeting. Third and fourth places went to youngsters Jo Peake and his friend, Chris. Personally, it was great to feel such a young vet. Leon, Judi and Pete Knight arrived out of the gloom, followed in dribs and drabs by the remainder. I admire Dick Jones's spirit for attempting this ride on his tandem with Jean, as it was not very easy for them. (Johnny Palmer doesn't come out on my clubruns any more, he says they're too muddy. Mind you, he doesn't go out on Frank's, Rick's or Chris's either, as they're too fast or too long. Never mind, John, I'll arrange a short, clean, slow ride just for you). Returning home at 7 p.m. in the rain, we were all rather smashed. The variety of clubruns gives us all the benefit of various aspects of clubrun cycling throughout the year - a deeprooted Excel tradition.

Judi has now taken delivery of her new Thompson frame, and is anxious for the racing season to arrive. We think Leon's afraid she might go faster than him once she's on a lightweight machine - why else is it taking him so long to build it up? Leon has had his frame resprayed after having had the "stuck" seatpin removed. Craig has now acquired a track frame for the new season, and Richard Holkham has a brand new Roberts. Frank Gale's MKM has been returned in very smart livery, having been lost for the best part of two years!

Rick Stringer was the eventual winner of the Clubman's Trophy competition, and Ken Moffatt took the novices award for 1980 - a very well deserved win.

Subject to passing their exams, Adrian Loska hopes to get a place at Exeter University, and David Saltwell has his name down for Loughborough. We wish them every success but don't really want to lose such enthusiastic members.

Well I mustn't write too much as my right arm will be needed to push off some EIGHTY SEVEN riders in the Hardriders - incredible support, well done! See you at the line, Roy. I'll clean my bike, shoes, trousers and anorak, and look like a racing official should - no, not quite, I don't smoke a pipe.

Wishing everyone a successful, enjoyable 1981 season's cycling.

Rough Rider

CLOSING DATE FOR COPY FOR SUMMER EDITION - MAY 18th

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February has been a sad month for us all with the death of Charlie Lednor. His warmth and friendship will be sadly missed at so many Sussex events. The Preston Park Track meetings will certainly not be the same without Charlie.

A tragic loss is Clifford Moore of the East Grinstead C.C. This young rider with all his future before him, will be missed by all who knew him. What can we do to prevent these dreadful deaths on the roads?

John Pedley of our own club has just been involved in accident with a car which came out in front of him in Carden Avenue. John was lucky. Although he has bruising and a badly cut face, he is still with us.

We now have our own monthly news sheet to help keep all of the club informed as to what is going on in our World of Cycling. At our A.G.M. several changes took place. Our Treasurer and Secretary changed jobs, but kept them within the family. John Green took over as R.R. Secretary; Chris Hill is T.T. Secretary and Nigel Hill is Track Secretary, and there are quite a few new faces on the Committee this year. We also decided to change our racing jerseys and are all eagerly awaiting delivery of the new ones, and hope to see them prominent in the bunches.

Clubruns have been held each week in the winter, and we hope to continue these on some Sundays during the Summer. The last few months have also been very good for training, and most of our riders have been getting the miles in; we should soon see the results of this training in the early season events. A group of riders rode in the Eastbourne Reliability Trial, and several got lost around the Heathfield area. Dave Dallimore and Chip Rimmer managed to stay on course. Quite a number of us rode in the Worthing Reliability Trial and all got round within the time, except Frank Blake, who was seen walking along the flat and was then dropped by a young lady of fifteen years. Trust him to be at the back with the girls! Chip Rimmer also rode the Eastbourne Cyclo Cross along with Martin Leigh and Malcom Kemp. This was our club championship and was won by .. ..; Chip Rimmer was second in his first cyclo cross event and Martin Leigh was third.

We have news of two ex club champions returning to the sport. Horry Hemsley, who has not ridden for about fifteen or sixteen years has rejoined the happy band and is out riding at weekends and the occasional evening. I understand from a reliable source that his brother, Sid, after a lapse of thirty years, is also starting out again on the happy trail. With Dave Dallimore; Horry and possibly Sid and maybe Frank, Fred Harkness will be having some competition in the veteran fields this year, and at least we will be able to field a complete team in events.

Our Four-up T.T.T. is on the 12th April, and if there are any kind of officers of marshalling, please get in touch with Frank Blake. We are using a slightly different course this year so that we can ride over 50 Km, bringing it in line with championship distance.

Keep your wheels turning, and let's hope we have a good season.

Beauty & The Beast



Having castigated Al Moran for his lateness and non-appearances I am happy to report that he did us proud at the ESCA Luncheon. Yes, he arrived late, so he is still ESCA D.N.S. Champion. But wait - what's this? At the Wanderers dinner he was there BEFORE the company sat down. Mind you, the longsuffering other half had enlisted the help of three countrymen/women.

Talking of the Wanderers dinner, the event has been and gone. One hundred and seventeen people packed into the Landport Community Centre, Lewes, where the after dinner dancing was to the Tim Arnold Disco. Tony Yorke proposed the toast to the club and President, Sylvia Burgess, made her maiden speech. There was a fair bit of cross toasting, and a rousing cheer as Geoff Boore and wife arrived with the main course. That's what comes of turning over a quick shilling in the market place on a Saturday afternoon.

Prize winners collected a variety of cups, plaques and certificates. Nice to see youngsters Ben Green; Marcus Ross; Martin Wiles; Greg Cornford and Graham Seymour (who?) taking handicap awards. In the scratch section Martin White; Ian and Mick Burgess and Clive Attwood were the recipients. The latter took more than the proverbial lion's share including the B.A.R.

Clive will be riding for the Toilets in 1981, and we wish him the best of luck. His departure should lead to a grand scramble in 1981's B.A.R. battle. I know one vet who has designs on it!! so that puts the gauntlet firmly down.

Talking of motivation, three riders at the dinner were presented with a team award cup won in the Nomads (Hitchen) Middlemarkers '25'. Paul "I'm a bit overweight" Phillips, Graham "I used to be fast" Seymour, and Steve "I'm going to be fast" Phillips. The company was told "take your pick, you must be able to beat at least one of them". Never mind the mickey taking, well done lads!

Mention was made in the last issue of Gary Sims, the new gannet. On a wet December clubrun he was found munching through a raw carrot that came from a bonk bag nearly as big as himself. He followed that with a large bottle of Tizer and two buns at that well known Edenbridge cafe!! Well it's worth a visit if only to read the notices round the walls. One word of warning, don't grope the girlfriend in there. One grubby, studded leather jacketed object was threatened with eviction for that. Not one of ours, I hasten to add.

Steve Kelly the drainpipe climber, is back from Australia, where we hear he was called the Suicide Pom. The full details are not yet to hand as he is now back at Oxford - looking for more drainpipes to scale we suppose. Still the fall has not put him off as the word is that he has been to North Wales Climbing. Mountain rescue teams have now been doubled. The other Kelly, Dave, has left the army. We think this is part of a "salt" agreement with the Russians. After a period out of work he is now a second chef - starts at 7.30 a.m. and has to cycle to Groombridge. The first morning his pedal seized before the end of the road and our hero had to hitch. I wonder what the patrons would make of our usually black greasy Dave if they could see him on the bike.

Matthew Rabbetts has taken possession of his new bike and is devouring the



miles in training, his usual partner being Ian Burgess. "Dad" Rabbetts, one time Secretary for the Swindon & District R.C. is also riding again. His only complaint is about sons who talk and expect answers while riding uphill - a complaint I endorse in full.

Ian Landless paid his dues to the weather God this year, and after a foggy start, the sun shone on our reliability trial. The sixty two entrants nearly all qualified. We have been pleased to see a clutch of our schoolboys picking up certificates in these events. Matthew Rabbetts, Gary Sims, 'J.R.' Brenchley, Andy Beveridge, Paul Wilson, Ian Hamilton, Adrian Dalgliesh and Marcus Ross to name but a few.

With a number of hostel runs in the planning stage touring should not be overlooked. Geoff Boxall has got involved in taking a party of Scouts to Holland. Ian Landless has outlined a trip to France to see the Tour. A visit to our clubroom (The Cottage, St. Marys Social Centre, Lewes. 1st and 2nd Tuesday in the month) will give details.

This year we have a new club event. The date is Sunday, April 5th, and the course is around a hilly circuit based on Danehill. We have booked the Village Hall for the morning, the idea being that the non-racers can have a short club-run after the event and return for refreshments or to collect their cars.

In an effort to get Zonca Bradshaw fit, Graham Seymour has been pacing him around the streets of Crowborough. The idea is that Zonca might then be able to follow Festival's Jim Wheeler on his occasional rides. At the moment it is rumoured that even Beryl Wheeler can drop Zonca!

### Copper

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Pete Burberry has sent us a list of E.S.C.A. Place to Place records, as suggested some four years ago. No time standards were set, and only one has been attacked. Pete considers that they are within the reach of any reasonably capable rider. Details are as follows:-

Brighton (Stanmer Park) - Tunbridge Wells - Brighton  
6.6.76 P.Burbery 2h. 49m.53s.

Hastings - Crawley - Hastings

Eastbourne - Haywards Heath - Eastbourne

Lewes - Hurst Green - Lewes (This is a circuit of East Sussex, covering as far as possible the home towns of member clubs. The route is Brighton (Stanmer Park) - Lewes - Hastings - Tunbridge Wells - East Grinstead - Crawley - Cuckfield - Brighton, and is approximately 180 miles.

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What a bore winter time is. Nothing ever happens and it makes it very difficult to find enough information to fill a couple of sheets for this magazine. This year seems extra bad, so perhaps I had better start with a report on the 50th Anniversary Dinner. This was held at the Hassocks Hotel in Hassocks, on the 17th January last. The room maximum is 130 and into the room we poured 130 diners. It was indeed rather full but by all eating in unison we managed to get through the meal with no difficulties. All the usual people were there including President, Don Cook, who had made his annual pilgrimage from Jersey to be in the chair. Several of our old members and friends were there, Brenda and Tony Honess, Steve Hobden, Chuck Smith and the like. By the way they got together during the evening, it certainly wasn't long enough. The toasts were handled by Brian Cox and Roy Humphrey, and very well they did for us. Many thanks chaps.

The prize presentation resulted in the bulk of the awards going to Mark Jones, Tony Goodsell and Ashley Holding, whilst Don Awcock kept his hands on the '10' Cup for the umpteenth consecutive year. A great evening enjoyed by all who attended.

Following on from the last paragraph, with regard to Tony Goodsell, I have to advise that he has entered the transfer market, and has moved to the Archer/Saba (I think that's what they call it) and will be seen no more in the red and white of the Central. Also on the transfer front, Graham Kerr has gone to the V.C. Etoile, but in their places we would welcome Colin Tamon, Ian Berry and Mike Wood from over the hill. It's just like being on a round-a-bout.

During the course of the winter we have reverted to our usual form of sport each Saturday - namely - Ronnies Rambles. These take the form of a clubrun via the hilliest possible route, to a cafe some distance from the start point at Pease Pottage. They finish in a general rush back home so that Ron would not be too late and incur Pat's wrath. The distances covered could also be judged by whether Brighton were playing at home or not. If they were, then to return no later than 1 o'clock was imperative. The two most amazing things about the Rambles was the number of punctures mended and the number of good cafes found from the Egon Ronay Guide to Roadside Eating. All handpicked, not for the food but for the state of the girls behind the counters. See Ron Ewart for full details.

This time of the year is also the reliability trial season, and our members have been active in all the usual places. A group went round the Lewes promotion in fine style, and the Worthing one in less fine style, with John Dutson's sag waggon having to take a member as far as the top of Handcross so that he could freewheel all the way to Irving Walk.

Our own effort was a little longer this year, going via Colegate and Ockley over Pitch Hill to Shalford and back via Billingshurst and Cowfold to the clubroom at Staplefield. We were blessed with an excellent day weatherwise,

and only six failures from an entry of forty. One of these, Robin Maclagan, had a good excuse. He broke his handlebars just outside Ockley, fortunately without a bad mishap. He was able to ride home, change the bars and come out again after lunch. Isn't it nice to be keen.

The next event on the Central promotion list is the annual Hardriders '25' on Saturday, March 7th. A good number of entries have already been received, and these include John Woodburn, John Oakes and Tony Goodsell. See the next issue for a graphic hill by hill description of this exciting event.

As is usual with most clubs, we recently held our A.G.M., at which, not a lot was altered, and a general expression of satisfaction was given to our programme. Barbara Atkins and Ron Ewart were added to our list of Vice Presidents for services rendered over the years. Barbara was then promptly elected to run the next dinner, and being so overwhelmed she did not even protest. Committee changes add Adrian Jones and Kevin Bramham to the Committee. Socially we also plan to run a disco at the clubroom sometime in October next.

On the people front, Nick Bown is home from Brazil and doesn't look any different. He is just off for an overseas holiday - to Brazil. Tony Thurman, our import from the Thornaby/Beenbag is leaving us. His job in Horsham is finished, and he is now going to Manchester to take up a teaching post. Mike Ryall has had another bout of back trouble but is at last making some progress towards normal health. It seems that at present it is easier to walk to work rather than ride on his bike or in a car. Mark Jones seems to have acquired a pleasant appendage by the name of Julia. After seeing her at the dinner, she seems bright enough to keep him in check and so give Roy a bit of a rest. She also has a motor propelled conveyance, which makes her all the more desirable.

As you may know, Paul Lipscombe failed in his road racing efforts last season, and has now reverted to peasant or 3rd Cat. As a penance, the G.P.O. have had him working all night for two weeks in a hole on Muster Green, Haywards Heath. This is the only hole in captivity with a telephone number. Paul has now been sent to Milton Keynes by his employers to be brainwashed. On his return in two weeks it is hoped that he will be re-adjusted and ready to regain his place, so just watch out.

You will all be aware that Barbara Atkins was elected E.S.C.A. President at the A.G.M., and duly installed at the luncheon. As a club we hope to give her all the support required to make this an outstanding year in the Association, and with this pronouncement, I will leave you until later.

Blondie



## HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS C.C.

Possibly due to the unseasonable weather conditions over the past few months, clubruns and other events have received satisfactory support throughout the winter. Clubruns have taken place every week, the only unhappy feature being that one or two of our smaller members, unable to keep up on the official run, have arranged rides for themselves. Having learnt of this, though, plans are afoot to organise outings of a more suitable nature for them.

The festive racing season proved very popular. Our own '10' the week before Christmas attracted twenty plus riders, representing five clubs. Tim was the winner, with Neil Pucknell (Ashford) in second place. Maureen Wall (Southborough) was the fastest lady, and in so becoming, caught Pete a minute at the turn and dropped him by forty five seconds on the way back! Christmas Day saw seven of us assemble with the Eastbourne Rovers for their circuit event. Dave persuaded Audrey to ride round the course on the back of the tandem, and although they refused to be timed officially, they must have finished in a very reasonable time. On Boxing Day three of our members rode in the Ashford '10', and four of us competed in the Southborough Wheelers '10' at Haffenden Quarter on New Year's Day. Esther decided that being old, fat and slow has it's compensations, as her lantern rouge prize was substantially better than Sean Yates' reward for winning the event! Needless to say, Arthur and Joyce Coleman were waiting to greet the competitors in the "Bell" at Smarden!

Arthur and Joyce also form the nucleus of our social section, backed up by the ubiquitous Carpenters, and the Ashford Wheelers and K.C.A. Dinners, and the E.S.C.A. and Kent Vets Lunches have been among the functions enjoyed by this happy band. On New Year's Eve, Tim organised a lunch run to the "Royal Oak" at Whatlington, and being old stamping grounds for most of the eleven members present, many old memories were evoked. Ron was prompted to tell of an incident that had happened recently when he was working at a house in the country for several days. He formed the habit of taking his elevenses into the garden and sitting with one of the gardeners, whom he knew. One day, he overheard one of the other gardeners talking about the pub at Whatlington, and about a regular drinker there some years ago, who happened to ride a trike and also drank a lot of beer! Ron didn't say anything, but pricked up his ears as the storyteller continued. One night, he happened to be riding his motorbike along the road between Marley Lane and Whatlington: it was very late, and suddenly he saw an abandoned trike standing in the middle of the road, with no sign of it's rider. Being kind hearted he searched around, and eventually discovered the rider, in vino, in a ditch. He proceeded to put Arthur back on his machine, produced a piece of rope, and towed both trike and rider back to their Hastings home. Ron wondered if Arthur remembered the incident. My bet is that he never knew anything about it!

Some of our members celebrated less wisely than others, and Eileen Hillman's first task of the New Year was to carry Roy up to bed. All this, though, was just a run up to our own dinner. In spite of a late start (rumour has it that

the chef got lost in the fog), the seventy six members and friends present seemed to enjoy themselves. Bryan Pucknell toasted our club very nicely, and Arthur was suitably rude to our guests - they all loved it! George Dicks looked absolutely devastating in a velvet jacket and bow tie, and proved himself a lovely mover on the dance floor afterwards. Ann seemed rather less than enthusiastic, and we can only assume that she is afraid that a beautiful girl on a milk white bicycle will carry George off one day. Barbara Powell performed her first duty as Club President, and presented awards to the prizewinners. Incidentally, we have learnt that Barbara was once 'Miss Lovely Legs' of Rye Sports, or as she put it "I didn't want to enter, but Percy Bliss and Ron threw me over the ropes, and I won"...

On February 14th it is worth recording that we were annihilated at Bicycle Polo by our friends of the Southborough Wheelers. Full of trepidation, our team consisting of Maurice, Dominic, Alan, Neil, Esther and Tim were introduced to their bicycles and mallets by the custodian of the equipment, Ron Beckett from the Bec C.C.. Pete Wall, yes loveable, cuddly Pete Wall, was transformed! He is a very mean bicycle polo player, and the braver members of our team hit the ground several times as they bounced off him. Even the normally gentle Les Hayman dusted off his aggressive streak for the occasion. Still our team must have enjoyed themselves, as they voted for extra time at the end of the match.

With this event signalling the end of our social season, it seems a very appropriate place to conclude my notes. So, 'til next time, I remain yours,

Ragged Shorts

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There is just enough space left to thank Roy for organising another very good Association Lunch. Framfield Hall was filled to capacity, and indeed Roy was seen bringing extra chairs over from Ebenezer Cottages to accomodate some of the guests. Dennis Jakeman toasted the Association, and proved the usefulness of BONK, as he entertained us with material from some of the older ones. Johnny Dutson responded in a very witty manner, and Pearl Wells presented the prizes. Our new President was installed, and Central Sussex are to be congratulated on their choice. Barbara certainly does her fair share of work, and we wish her a very enjoyable year. The only thing left to say, is book early next year and avoid disappointment.

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By the time you read this, Roy Humphrey will have retired from the B.C.F. No, sorry, Roy Humphrey will have retired from Buxted Chicken Farms, and has doubtless got lots of plans for all the extra cycling hours he has acquired. We wish you both, Roy and Dorothy, very many happy years in retirement.





