



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

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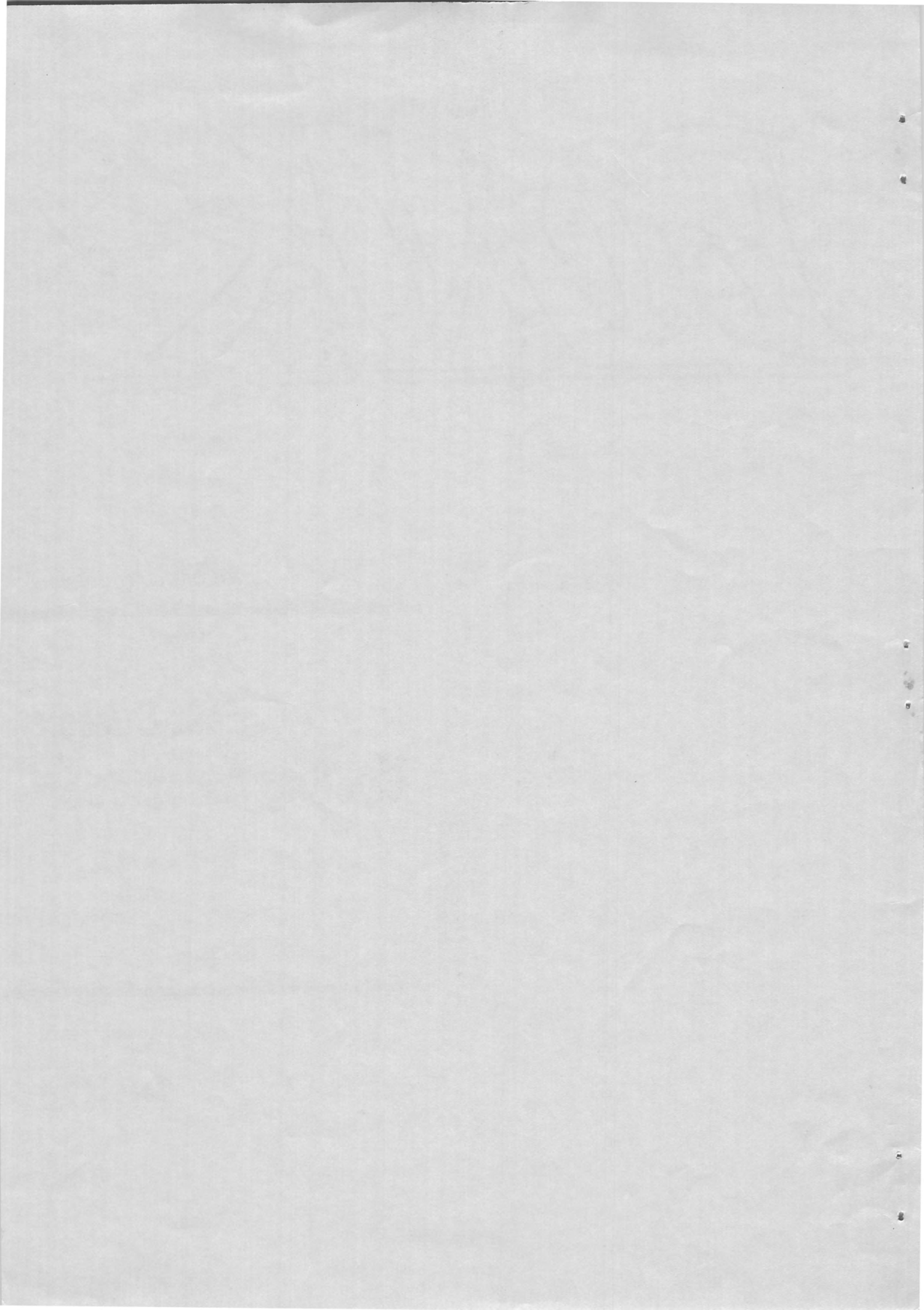
East Sussex  
Cycling Association

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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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New Series No.18

Autumn 1981

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EDITORIAL

Although the current racing season is almost at an end, it is impossible to feel withdrawal symptoms, as plans are already being made for next year's programme. The list of Association events has been prepared, and it seems as if the same willing promoters - who are dependent, of course, upon the same willing marshalls and helpers to assist them - are going to do the organising. There seems to be a feeling, not only in this Association, but generally, that far too much is expected from too few people. Without others helping with the administration it is quite possible that some events will be lost in the future. A.G.M. time is approaching, so those of you who have never volunteered to do anything, make up your mind to do so this year - you never know, you may find out that you like doing it.

A rather sombre aspect of the past season has been the number of accidents occurring in the cycling world, and we must all be alert to the dangers around us if we want to continue riding unscathed. Perhaps during the winter months young riders especially should be encouraged to ride as safely as possible.

Maurice & Esther

Writing BONK notes can be a dangerous pastime. Is that why we do it? The spirit of adventure! the quick response to evade an enraged clubmate! I digress, well a little bit, anyway. There I was, just minding my own business and listening for BONK material at the clubroom, when I was confronted with this wild eyed, hooked clawed, spitting female in a heaving Sanson trade jersey, "what do you mean by writing about my mini skirt" said this direct descendant of Boadicea. "Nothing to do with me", I said. "You're the Copper", she said. "You forget we have two Coppers in this club", I riposted. This left our Amazon speechless just long enough for me to disappear into the night. (Sorry, Hazel, I typed that rubbish without reading it. Why not hide his gear after one of the events, bike included, and let him walk home to Crowborough in his shorts. Mrs. Ed).

Talking of our other Copper, she has been at the running as well. In the number 5 region Police Championships at Littledean, Nicki Barnes was 2nd in the 1500 metres but unplaced in the 800 metres.

Now to the racing scene. Just in case Alsorran, the promoter of our Evening Criterium Series is late with his copy which will no doubt contain a full report, I will give some brief details. The first event saw a stack up on lap 1. This put out 2/3 of the riders. In the sprint finish Dominic Windsor, Hastings, was first over the line from Phil Murphy, Mitre, and Ian Burgess, Lewes. At the end of the second event won by V.C. Etoile's Chris Hollamby from Dave Percy and Dave Brooker, the points race had warmed up so much that no one seemed to know what was happening. Eastbourne's Jerry Keen took the third event from Ian Burgess and Chris Hill. When all the sums had been done, the overall points classification on the three events went to Ian Burgess with 24 points. Phil Murphy, Brighton Mitre was 2nd with 20 points and 3rd was Clive Attwood, V.C. Etoile, with 16 points.

For those who may have wondered who the promoter was, he was the elegant gent with a tea cosy on his head. I did hear certain riders suggest having a whip round so that the lead car could be taxed. This idea was thrown out when part of the exhaust system fell off during one event. The riders felt that the promoter was pushing his luck too much, and they couldn't afford it. (May I add at this point, that the lead car DID NOT take a lap out for mechanical trouble at any time, as one wit suggested. Mrs. Ed).

The Spring Bank Holiday saw a large group off on an Ian Landless tour of Holland and Belgium. This saw several wives make the trip, and reactions and after tour thoughts are entertaining. The Attwood tandem sheared a rear spindle - this was replaced the following day in friendly shop where they only charged for the new spindle. Zonca punctured, and it is said that if left to deal with it himself would still be there. I like Mrs. Zonca's style. She kept charge of cash, passports, etc., and when she got lost there was more than a little panic in our hero's heart. The look of relief when the wife turned up was incredible! There

were quite a few falls on tram lines and cycle paths. Plumes shop in Ghent took quite a few quid off our lot, hence the rash of trade tops in the club. One household has two pairs of spare of GP4 rims in a wardrobe. The trip was also memorable for Ian's usual trick of making more miles than expected. Still, it all adds to the fun.

Two events which saw Lewes participation were the Tooting B.C. Hilly 38 and the Redmon Hilly 73. I find events like this a very pleasant change from the standard distances, and the change of scenery is great. Both are well organised events and well worth a spin. Ian Burgess was our best in both. Andrew Attwood and Martin White both did good steady rides.

What does one do about those so-called 'sportsmen' who record D.N.S. on the faster courses? On a dreary May day I rode the Gemini 25 on Q25/16. Mick Ballard won in 55.50 and Beryl the Vet did 1.0.50, so not too bad a day perhaps? There were thirty one D.N.Ses and only two apologies according to the result sheet. There were forty one entries returned. I reckon if you are not prepared to ride whatever the weather - then don't enter - leave the space for someone who will ride. Think, I'm not sure which bugs me most, the DNS syndrome or knowing where the faster riders behind me are by the frequency with which the back up car overtakes me.

The ESCA 50 saw a couple of P.Bs. from Ian Burgess (2.7.13) and Andrew Attwood (2.13.6). Mick Rabbetts continued his comeback and was only just outside evens with 2.30.49. This was faster than son, Matthew, who somehow managed to fall off while going uphill on a straight section of the road. This added to the grazes picked up on the Thursday before, in the first Criterium. Not much of a reward for Mum, who rode down to see the action.

The SCA 50 incorporated our club 50 Championship. At long last Dave Marsh's remaining club record went, when Ian Burgess did 2.1.51. A few seconds also came off the club team record with a bit of help from Mick Burgess and Martin White. Matthew R got round without falling off in 2.18.29, and Mick Kilby's 2.19.54 suggests that he has been doing some crafty training.

The ESCA June 25 saw eighteen of our lot on the road, but all well behind Clive Attwoods terrific 58.46. Pity his first claim club couldn't back him with a team!! Our best was second claim Steve Phillips, 1.3.31, complete with skin hat, suit and aerofoil/spoiler in the frame behind the head column. This ride gave him the schoolboy award, and I see he has figured in results for the St. Neots club. Phil King, Laurie Leaney, and juniors Adrian Dalglish, Charlie Bull, Andy Beveridge and Gary Sims, all made it well inside evens.

Ken Stevens' Vets 25 on G834 was blessed with a fair morning and more riders than last year. Mick Burgess and Pete Burberry both managed a plus. Mick Rabbetts improved, but the plus still eluded him. Best feature of the event - free bun and tea for return of number. Even the organiser had a somewhat benign look about him.

The SCA 100 saw three personal bests from our lot. Matt Rabbetts with 4.55.5; Martin White, 4.38.23 and Ian Burgess, 4.25.13. The last two, with help from Mick Burgess shaved eight seconds off the club team record. Nice to see a local rider top of the heap in this event, well done, Paul Lipscombe.

It's been a good season so far for improving club team records. The Worthing '10' saw another one go. This was solely due to Ian's winning ride of 22.34. Mick Burgess with 25.15 and Ian Landless, 25.26, certainly needed that help. Matt Rabbetts was very close to a personal best, and only just missed out in the team.

On the day of the Division Road Race Championships we had a club 25. In the absence of Ian B, who has cleaned up in club events so far, Dad was delegated to take over, and to some surprise duly obliged with 1.3.58 on a variant of G834, with a start and finish at Laughton. Andrew Attwood had a mutter about being second to a Burgess again and was close pushed for that place by Pete Burberry's 1.7.15. Vets took the next two places as well with Ian Landless and Mick Kilby on "8s". Paul Higginson made it inside evens with 1.12.48, but Dad, Gordon, couldn't quite get there. William Sim from Uckfield used this as his first 25 and although outside evens turned in quite a good ride.

The ESCA 100 was also the club 100. Same old story, Ian B. took that with 4.36.57, well clear of Ian Landless in 4.52.54.

Our evening 10s have come to an end and peace has descended on the Newhaven road. What the outcome of the handicap awards and who gets the Reg Eldridge Rose Bowl is not yet known. The most encouraging thing about the series was that we could average fifteen club riders on our sporting course. Talking about the evening 10s what about the editorial staff giving G814 a try next year. They flit from Stanmer Park to Tonbridge Bypass often enough (via Q10/14 and the lanes round Yalding. Ed). They might even be able to collect Alsorran's BONK notes if he makes the turn.

In the SCA 25, Denton Playboy, Greg Cornford, did a personal best of 1.5.49., the result no doubt of having to ride to and from work at Lewes because the motor bike has gone up the shoot. Hazel Burberry did a personal best in this event, too, with 1.17.22. Perhaps that's what they talk about late into the night.

An ugly rumour circulating in Crowborough is that Graham Seymour has purchased a pair of skinshorts. As he has only ridden one 10 so far this year, we are not sure if this purchase denotes a late season comeback, or if he is making another appearance in Crowborough Carnival.

Cross toasting in the social season suggested that the now retired Grand Old Man of Ebenezer Cottages was seen in a drunken state. This he strongly denied. Having heard about the drinking in the Judges room on the Isle of Man, and the fact that the Merseyside 24 has a pub open all day for him (and his chaffeur in the same event carries a two litre bottle of whiskey for the G.O.Ms consumption during the night watch. Ed.), there can be little doubt that the demon drink has taken him over.

With the hiccups and controversy that seems to go hand in hand with Sussex road races, I was much heartened by a report in Pro-News of an event up North that had two winners - a lap apart. Can it be that disputed decisions don't only happen in Sussex.

Welcome to Gemma, the new addition to the Bradshaw household. Funny cyclist that Bradshaw, went out and bought patio furniture instead of a bike for her to play with. We will have to send him on another brainwashing course. I hear he has been selling beds but got the sack. The ladies liked the demo's but the husbands were not too pleased.

Funny things happen in Y.H.A. kitchens. We met a bloke repairing a flat backed Portugese Mandolin (that's what he said it was) in one. Later that evening he played and I think I know why it got broken in the first place. He followed this with a tune on an accordian (much better), and a course on how to play a Jews Harp from a German lad. Still it made for an entertaining evening.

The club pilgrimage to see the "Tour" was again organised by Ian Landless. Sussex Nomads duo, Alan Limbrey and Geoff Boore swelled the numbers as did Brian Rex and a Middlesex R.C. clubmate of his. John Hare's photographs show the Boore brakes to advantage, as well as several faces whose smiles could well be alcoholic. Several of the younger lads who went picked up some form of sickness bug, as well as a puncture bug. Not too many details have been forthcoming but perhaps someone can write an account.

Paul Cunningham, Martin Wiles and Ben Green made it too the mountains and saw the "Tour" there. By all accounts it was a good trip, and from rides since they came back it did them some good.

Talking of trips to France, Brenda Bradshaw still wishes to speak to Giles Ree regarding the activities of Zonca some four years ago. Wonder who the highest bidder would be - Zonca for nothing being said, or Brenda for all to be revealed. I reckon Giles could be on to a good thing.

A voice rang to remind me of a club meeting. "See you on Thursday", I said. There was a pause. "Friday", said the voice. I repeated that it was Thursday, upon which there was a longer pause. "What's the date today?" said the voice. "The eleventh", I said. "Oh I thought it was the tenth. I had better ring Peter and tell him we shall be a day earlier." Those who know will realise that it was Geoff Willcocks, again using an out of date diary.

At a recent Committee meeting there was the lad who said, when his girlfriend was proposed for membership "I don't want her in the club". The resulting uproar hid her blushes quite well.

Mick Rabbetts, who collided with a car in our club 25, was back up the road for the ESCA 100. Only thing was, he found handing up sponges with his left hand while running backwards, a bit difficult. Moral is, don't injure the sponge handing up hand.

Please note the Wanderers annual bunfight and prize presentation will be on Saturday, 13th February, 1981, at the Boship Farm Hotel, Boship. Tickets £6.00 each. Hopefully with live music. The Wanderers reliability ride will be on Sunday, 31st January, 1981, starting from Lewes. Fine weather has been ordered. Course details available nearer the time. Book these dates NOW.

Probably by the time these notes are read, the season will be almost over. Roll on the social season!

Copper

CYCLISTS'S TOURING CLUB      EAST SUSSEX D.A.  
HAILSHAM and DISTRICT SECTION

*"BARNEY'S MEN"*

a SLIDE SHOW by

*JACK and GRACE COTTON*

at 7.30 p.m.

on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31st 1981  
IN  
ST. JOHN'S CHURCH HALL, POLEGATE  
(NEAR CROSSROADS)

ADMISSION 80p      AMPLE PARKING  
INCLUDING REFRESHMENTS      NEARBY

Jack and Grace Cotton are among the foremost presenters of cycling slide shows, in the country. This one is about Southern Ireland and it's people, and will appeal to everyone, whether cyclists or not. Grace operates the twin projectors, whilst Jack's amusing commentary is interspersed with tape recorded music. Don't miss it. Please come and bring your friends.



. Al Moran, having been reduced to a subordinate role by the Copper's superior knowledge and contact, nevertheless wishes to let his diehard supporters know that he's still with them - just! The terrible 'summer' - if we dare to use the word - got at him well and truly and resulted in a wheezing, shambling wreck for some six weeks or so. Then, to compound the misery, too much antibiotics resulted in a throatful of thrush which, despite the Copper's comment that "anyway it's cheaper than chicken", made life hell for nearly a week.

Prior to that tale of woe he had been seen briefly at our Evening Criterium series when he turned up, not in the expected 'Bomb' but in a decrepit looking 1100 that looked as if it had been snatched straight from the breakers. The Copper joined the throng of 'admirers' and was muttering about giving it a roadside check, which kind thought was (happily for the owner), frustrated when both of them had to set about examining bikes due to Division slackness in not ascertaining that selected officials could actually be at the events. For the same reason the Chief Editor was informed that she would have to travel in the heap as Asst. Commissaire, and it is to her credit that she didn't refuse point blank! (It was a most enjoyable experience, and one I wouldn't have missed for anything. Mrs. Ed.) Although it didn't actually conk out, it did it's best to justify the Copper's pessimism by shedding part of the exhaust during the first event - and right in the way of the riders! Fortunately being removed by a vigilant soul before it became a hazard. For the first time a Lewes rider won the series, and all credit to Ian Burgess, who is having a very good season indeed. Your scribe wishes to thank all those who supported the series and helped out in the difficulties encountered, but has to criticize the lack of support from others in the club, bearing in mind our increased membership. Leaving it all to a dedicated few is not what club spirit is supposed to be about.

A visitor to the Stevens menage wasn't sure that he'd got the right hovel as there seemed to be a lot of space floating about that he hadn't remembered before. Then it hit him - neither of the Stevensmobiles was in evidence, the pair of 'em having been in the drive since time immemorial, or so it seemed. A neighbor disclosed that both had in fact been disposed of at long last, which led the visitor to wonder if there might be trouble from local pilots, hang gliders, etc., who'd got so used to using them as landmarks that their absence could constitute a danger to navigation! The outcome is awaited with interest, especially if Ken and Iris are told to replace them or else!

We don't know how many Dinners your particular club is having this year, but thanks to Zonca Bradshaw we nearly got landed with TWO!! In his inimitable manner he somehow contrived to book up for a Tuesday (!) and a Saturday at the same venue, a place not unknown to ESCAbods, as it's the Boship Farm Hotel, slap on the famous round-a-bout. We hear that a check is being made on the Bradshaw family tree to see if his ancestors came from the Emerald Isle. We can promise our devotees better coffee this time, as only the sound judgement of those who refused

to drink the last lot prevented panic and a mass use of stomach pumps and emetics!!

. Unfortunately jokes about our old friends, the Blarney kissers, seem to be thin on the ground this time - it must be a result of the horrible weather. About the only item that comes to mind concerns the Irish coureur who fitted a motor horn to his bars before the local hillclimb as he'd heard someone say that you'd have to 'honk' all the way up.

We'd better leave you reeling from that one, so all the best for the rest of the year as we've heard that we're due for a few days of sun in December.

Alsorán

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

When touring and leisure cycling are the only pre-occupation of a club or group it is not always easy to find topics of some importance to write about, particularly when the programme of events follows a fairly standard pattern. Such is the case this time; we seem to have developed a successful formula of morning rides for those wanting a potter as well as for those needing something more strenuous, whilst occasionally we manage an all day ride. A recent morning jaunt led by Bruce Allcorn had us no more than a few miles from Hailsham at any time, and yet he managed to find some lovely lanes, some of which we have seldom ridden before. Anita and John Bainbridge on their tandem ('magic carpet' as Bill Collins calls it), were the leaders on successive Sundays, and on each day they attracted a goodly number of riders. On John's run to the gardens at "Nightingale", Kingston, near Lewes, we were pleased to welcome some members of the Seaford and Newhaven Section. The introduction of all day rides for the quicker types has met with limited success: four went to Bewlbridge Reservoir, two on Ray Wickens mystery ride into the western side of the County, whilst three were led by Tony Vaughan to Ardingly reservoir on a lovely day. Unfortunately we don't seem able to attract many new riders, but what is heartening is that a fair number of the membership turn out regularly on the morning rides, which is rewarding for the leaders who always seem to give a great deal of thought to the route.

We are all looking forward to Saturday, October 31st, when Jack and Grace Cotton come to Polegate to present their slide show "Barney's Men" (see elsewhere for full details). We hope you can come.

Tourist

## A SLIGHTLY SLOWER ATTEMPT ON THE END TO END

When I planned my 'End to End' bid, Paul Carbutt's forty seven hour effort didn't interest me that much, so I decided to stick to a schedule of just over nine days. After finishing among the last few teams in the Brighton Mitre four-up on Sunday morning, I spent the afternoon putting on panniers and packing up my saddlebag.

On the Monday morning I arose at 5.30, looking forward to a long train journey to Penzance. I was greeted in the far south west with heavy rain and an easterly wind. Though this was lovely for the short ride to St. Just Youth Hostel it meant that I would begin the next day into a head wind.

DAY 1. Lands End was reached in the early morning; photo of hotel/bike was taken and off I set. Those first few miles to Penzance gave me the same feeling as you get from Tony Yorke's test bike! David had Goliath to contend with and I had the wind - it was to become quite an enemy. The Plume of Feathers at Wheal Rose was my dinner spot. The Cornish landlord gave me a lovely welcome, "You 'ere for pasties?" The road from there on was undulating, and after stopping for tea at Wadebridge I reached my night's rest, Boscastle Youth Hostel, by 5.30pm. The first eighty miles was completed.

DAY 2. After tackling the very steep climb out of Boscastle I set off for Crowcombe Heathfield (Somerset). Hatherleigh was my stop for dinner, and I sampled the much advertised ham, chips and egg for 95p. This pub must contest the claim of the Edenbridge cafe for having the most notices - these, though, just advertised their special ham, chips and egg!

Being brought up in the highest reaches of the high Weald, we Crowborough bikies like to think we know what hills are - so when I was advised against a direct cross country route to South Molton, I laughed it off. Now I'll advise any foolhardy cyclist that unless they've all day to spare, try to avoid the lanes of North Devon - they are rather steep! The Hostel was finally located at 6.30pm - the end of a hundred mile day.

DAY 3. Thursday was also to prove a testing day. I had intended to visit my Grandad at Gloucester (the name Idris David should mean something to pre fifties cyclists), but I was put off by the fact that it would have added to the mileage in my battle against the wind. (My Dad had assured me that a change of direction up the country would lead to a more helpful direction of wind - ignorant man!). In fact the headwind made the monotonous ride from Bristol to the Severn Bridge seem endless. The Wye Valley gave me some shelter as I pedalled my way to bed-and-breakfast at Leominster. This was my longest day on the road, one hundred and fifty miles which made me feel that I would have liked to stay at the farmhouse B and B for longer than one night, instead of haring off again - but I had to press on.

DAY 4. Endless caravans passed me on the A.49 road to Lancaster, all going to the crowded West Coast beaches. Would they have swopped their holidays

for mine? It was a beautiful day, and bar the nagging northerly wind, a good day's ride. Quite an adventure lay in store for me when I tried to find a B and B in Warrington. The locals could offer only the Sally Army or the YMCA, but luckily the Fire Brigade knew of a place. Would the Crowborough Police be as helpful, I ask myself!

DAY 5. My sunburnt legs, now quite painful, were to get little relaxation today. Only ninety miles lay ahead of me, and after spending all morning getting away from the towns and traffic of the Lancashire conurbation I headed for Cumbria. I found myself in the Yorkshire Dales National Park by mistake - climbing a steep, seven mile hill; but at least the lane made a change from the busy main roads. A pub in Kings Meaburn, south of Penrith, was my resting point for the night, and I made the most of the good food.

DAY 6. Every tour has one off day. I thought mine had already gone, but Easter Day (I thought it was for rejoicing?), was to prove an experience I never want to go through again. The wind had been fairly calm up to then and the weather was good, but conditions on that day were unbelievable. It started off cold, and my cape was off and on to Carlisle. The only bright spot was the sense of elation I felt on crossing the border into Scotland; only four hundred miles to go! Then I crawled into the wind up my first real set of hills to Peebles. I've never been very religious before and I've often doubted the existence of a "Man in the Sky" but for me to have got through that afternoon must have involved help from somewhere! I was in the middle of the back of beyond; I knew no-one and was totally dependent on the strength of my legs. Somehow a gale force wind and driving rain was not enough to stop me, and after screaming aloud in anguish (several times), I got through it. To reach Peebles was a glorious feeling and as I approached I talked and sang to myself even more than normal.

DAY 7. I was blessed with nice weather the next day, and luckily the wind had dropped considerably. Anyone else who is intending to cross the Forth Bridge and head for Perth on the A.90, beware! the A.90 becomes the M.90 and cyclists who are foreign to the area are left with no direct road to go on. Still, I found my way to Blairgowrie by early afternoon.

DAY 8. I'd intended to get to Inverness via the Devil's Elbow and Tomintoul, but on second thoughts I settled for the less adventurous route - though still arduous - straight up the A.9. The feeling of remoteness has been taken out of this road since it became dual carriageway. It might as well be the Lewes bypass. On this day, I noticed every mile or so on the roadside, a furry, flattened animal. As I covered about one hundred and twenty miles there must have been quite a few of them.

DAY 9. No one could have predicted the sudden change in the weather that I was to experience on the final two days from Inverness to John O'Groats. I left Inverness Youth Hostel in near freezing temperatures. Gloves were soon donned as the first snow shower of the day hit me. I was frozen, and dreading the appearance of every snow cloud, but as I had less than six hours riding to John O'Groats, I

began to enjoy it. A bath and a hot meal greeted me at Helmsdale, and I looked forward to the final fifty four miles on the next day.

DAY 10. THE FINAL DAY Snow had fallen over night but had melted on the roads. The climb over the Ord of Caithness and the Tour de France type ascent at Berriedale, came and went as I anxiously pedalled on to Wick. The journey seemed endless. I counted the minutes, not the miles, as only one and a half hours seperated me and near-ecstasy. Even at Wick, seventeen miles from the northernmost tip of Britain, the road signs still directed me "to the North"! I flew the final miles as the snow reached me again. Over the brow of the hill, and as I'd planned for days, I gave a shout of joy. John O'Groats had been reached - and only one week off the R.R.A. record. Not bad for a first attempt.

By the way, anyone fancy doing the other End to End, Dungeness to Cape Wrath?

Matthew Rabbetts

Lewes Wanderers C.C.

#### SUSSEX NOMADS C.C.

The Nomads have, on the whole, had a quiet season. With two of the club raising families and Adrian Morris having back trouble as well, it only leaves three race (?) active members.

Vernon Hyde has had a full season in V.T.T.A. and local events and has been improving, and enjoying himself, mainly in 10s and 25s. Geoff Boore and Alan Limbrey went on the Lewes Nomads tour de France again this year, with Alan hoping to get fit enough to enjoy a short season upon his return. More of the tour at a future date, possibly the next Bonk! Geoff came straight back and rode the SCA 100, and took second handicap with a great 4.41 ride. He also got down to a '4' for a 25 before his chaffeur went sick. Alan got home from the tour with what he thought was a heavy cold, and packed in the 100 and generally crept round. Geoff, to his own great delight, almost caught Alan for two minutes after only sixteen miles in a 25, when Alan used an accident as an excuse to get off! However, between coughs and sneezes, Alan finally did a '2' on E72, finishing third from last; a couple of 24 minute 10s, and happily a 23.44 before the quack put a stop to it all!

Talking about accidents, the one mentioned above involved a rider hitting a stationary car during the event. As far as I know he recovered after a few days in hospital, but as you may have read in 'the comic', a friend of mine - Lou Smith of the S.E.R.C. - was not so lucky, and died when he did the same thing on his way home from work.

So take note. KEEP YOUR HEAD UP and stay fit and ALIVE!

Well, that's it. See you up the road.

Limbo

## EASTBOURNE ROVERS C.C.

Forward: How nice it is that in this country of ours one still has the ability to express one's point of view about an event or happening that has occurred without any fear of reprisal?? (Don't forget that one day somebody else may be writing the Eastbourne notes, Mr. Tubular, and will probably take the opportunity of making some of your foolish actions public. I can't wait! Ed).

Before the trivia, all club members extend their best wishes to former crash victim, Ian Keen, who is now fully mended, and to recent crash victim Simon Prior, who sustained numerous cuts and bruises after riding into the back of a car along Pevensey Marsh.

Now the trivia: Word has it that Cliff Sharp's "Sharpmobile" is under fierce competition from Jerry Keen's van for the title of best kept (?) vehicle.

Early in the season, schoolboy Tim Fuller broke the schoolboy club 25 record with an under the hour ride; not satisfied with this he also set a new schoolboy 50 record as well. Father Jim is having difficulty in restraining him. A recent incident at Hove Park (yes, another one!) saw Tim disqualified due to a crash that occurred on the last lap. A very disappointing verdict for all.

In the Sussex Championship, Cliff Sharp, Mark Williams and Dave Dunbar set a new club 50 record. Mark 'blew' over the last few miles due to lack of training because of exams and was passed by a tourist up Arundel Hill. The same event saw personal bests for Jim Fuller, Jerry Keen and Charlie Robson.

Charlie seems to be the "Man of the Year" since his devastating 24 hour ride in which he smashed the club record with a distance of 448 miles - an excellent ride since Charlie does no weekly training??

The club 100 record was also broken in the Sussex Championship event by a margin of twenty five minutes. Personal best rides going to Dave Dunbar, Mark Williams and Charlie Robson. Cliff blew up but still managed a four hour eighteen minute ride.

In the ESCA 100, Jim Fuller completed his first ride at the distance inside evens, while Ray Gearing set a new trike record. Ray Prior also finished despite having only an hours sleep beforehand.

Cliff recently won the Sussex 25 for the fifteenth time, bringing his under the hour tally to 292.

Intense rivalry between schoolboys Tim Fuller and Jason Carey led to both of them buying new time trial frames, Jason's clearance being just enough to prevent the paint being scraped off by the back tub. Tim bought a Phoenix which he then swapped with his Dad for a road frame, who then sold it to Clive (yes, Edgar) Willis. Jim then bought another smaller time trial frame. (I hope you understood all that! - Nobel Literature Prizes will be awarded.)

Speaking of new frames, Kevin "John, it's Carter" Dakin is now the owner of an

orange/red superlight Phoenix, complete with ergal bolts and a Guerciotti/Campagnola chainset.

Speedy Scot, Willie Clapperton also purchased a slick looking Phoenix and is rapidly improving his times following the many miles of training.

Gordon Mackenzie has bought another bike (yes, a Phoenix), but still refuses to race.

Question: What club member DOES NOT possess a PHOENIX?

Before his crash Simon Prior reduced the club junior 10 record to 22.41 on Pevensey Marsh. In the Sussex Division Championships Simon finished third. In the Senior race you must have heard what happened, but apart from that Mark Williams was fourth and Dave Dunbar was eighth.

The day of the Royal Wedding saw sixteen riders float out to Kent and the surrounding area; Steven Willis, son of Clive Edgar, led the peloton down the descent into the pub at Appledore, just getting the sprint verdict from Dave "I was National Junior Champion" Carter.

A few club riders entered the Hobbs Barracks Criteriums - but wish they hadn't. What could have been a very sporty circuit turned out to be a disaster, with three sets of speed ramps on the circuit.

The clubruns/road races may have finished but the thrashes up to the clubroom on Monday evenings still continue, the return leg sees John Groves doing a coup-des-grace down the descent into Westham village.

Dave Dunbar narrowly missed the club twelve hour record last week by a few hundred yards, the title now seems to be in his grasp for a return bid.

Cliff, Mark and Jason Carey set a new club 10 record on the Tonbridge by-pass, and Jason set a new schoolboy by one second after taking a detour down a lay-by.

JOKE: White horse walks into a pub, the barman says "Ah, we've a drink named after you." Horse replies, "What, Eric!"

That's your lot.

A. Tubular  
(alias C.L.Ement)

John Oakes is selling his time trial frame, 017 tubing, complete with super record headset and Zeus brakes. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". £180.  
Interested? Contact Trevor Budgen, 9 Birch Close, Crawley Down, Sussex.

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## BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.

SUN - ROMANCE - SMILES - TANDEMS - MILES seems to be the order of the day for the bronzen members of the Brighton Excel. Our sincere congratulations go to members Julie Field and Richard Holkham who, with their tandem; will 'get to the Church on time' for their forthcoming marriage in October. We wish them every happiness for the future. Valued married members, Rick and Val, have been out early most Sunday mornings this season, either racing individually, with Rick becoming one of the fastest 'vets' in Sussex, or together on their immaculate tandem, when they have been showing their competitors a clean pair of heels. Adrian Loska has been out on his tandem with various partners (or on various partners tandems) and has been having a good season. Exeter University may be our loss if Adrian passes his exams this summer. We wish him well anyway. Dick and Jean have been out regularly on their ten foot frame and two wheels, and although not racing, have enthusiastically covered many clubrun miles on their tandem.

The iron solo man, Chris Beckenham (who answers to the name of Corsica), seems to be spending as many weeks on holiday in Corsica and Europe as the rest of us do in Sussex, and Dave Hudson's no better, either. Mind you, there are other iron solo men in the making. Craig Olive, who as you will read later, took Adrian Loska, David Saltwell and Dick Holkham on a tour organised by himself and Frank Godwin. Frank didn't actually participate in the tour, nevertheless he has been out on certain club runs and organising the evening 10s. Leon and Judi (not on a tandem), have been out racing and supporting clubruns, including a recent one of mine just astride of Petersfield, Hampshire, through over enthusiasm on my part in endeavouring to rough ride the old Petersfield to Midhurst railway. The seven unlucky supporters of this ill fated venture stupidly followed me when I retraced back from a gate leading into a ploughed field, rode round a couple of small lanes, one of which cut across the old railway embankment. We lifted the bikes high up onto the densely overgrown trackbed, and forged ahead, bashing our way forward into deepest Hampshire, tearing our skin as we advanced. We came to an abrupt halt as a sheer drop of some eight to ten feet appeared. Lifting the bikes carefully down over the barbed wire; assisting the alcohol propelled members; we gathered ourselves. Consulting the O.S. map in true fashion, and trying to look knowledgable, I sheepishly declared that we were the other side of the gate to the same ploughed field where we had been half an hour previously! We returned to the tarmac surfaces afterwards - you can't win them all.

The club evening 10s, organised by Frank, were well supported, with a maximum number of nineteen riders taking part. Over the five events, the fastest times were Rick - 24.20; Richard Holkham - 24.29; Ken Moffat - 24.55; Craig - 25.19; Simon Roberts - 25.29 and Jo Peake - 25.51. Conditions on the exposed A.27 Shoreham by-pass course varied considerably, and the Committee is pleased with the continuous support that the events received from all members. All those racing went hard to better their own individual times, including Peter Knight, who beat a few of the youngsters with a well deserved ride of 30.37. The club is grateful to Lola and



John Sturt for their continued support, providing refreshments and timekeeping these events.

Harrogate has become an annual event for many club members, as has the National Hillclimb Championship later in the season, and this year will be no exception. It's a pity that the SKOL 6 annual outing is no more.

David Saltwell has written an interesting account of his recent tour of Wales, which he, Craig, Adrian and Dick (Holkham), undertook. The tour which contains some of the real Excel spirit (injected by Frank Godwin) contrasts the racing season. Our thanks also go to Dave Hudson for his enthusiastic ride to support the Welsh tour, and we acknowledge the Worthing Excel who actually join up with us (or vice versa) on many occasions, thus enriching club life.

For the first time in nearly thirty years of cycling I've purchased a new saddle - one of those plastic ones with padding - certainly smooths out some of those bumps. Don't know why I didn't think of it before, instead of suffering away on a piece of limp leather drooped over a ferocious piece of metal. I shall leave Esther to interpret David's broken Welsh (or is it English?) report, and while she's doing that, I shall be off into the sun, cycling back to Shoreham.

Cheers for now.

Roughrider

#### RACING SECRETARY'S NOTES

ATTENTION JUNIORS AND JUVENILES! If you have ridden TWO East Sussex CA 10s and TWO East Sussex CA 25s, the Racing Secretary would like to hear from you, as you have qualified for the Association Junior B.A.R. Competition, and it would be a pity to miss anyone out.

Would all prizewinners who hold Association trophies please return them to the Racing Secretary by the END OF SEPTEMBER. This will enable the engraving to be done in time for the Association Lunch.

The Racing Secretary is Mick Burgess, 7 Sandridge, Crowborough, Sussex. TN 6 1 JE

The Hillclimb on October 4th, 1981 will be promoted by Robin Howard, 37 Forest Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

WANTED, MOST URGENTLY - A PROMOTER FOR THE ESCA 25 IN JUNE 1982.

Friday, 19th June.Brighton to Henley on Thames65m.

Craig and Dick began their tour early on Friday morning, with a leisurely jaunt to the Youth Hostel at Henley. The only comment available is that the town is extremely well PUBulated and the outstanding brew is Brackspeers. Dick let out an unprintable comment when he barefooted trod in something rather smelly and deposited from the mouth of a cat. So beware, it isn't his aftershave!

Saturday, 20th June.Henley to Stow on the Wold via Oxford60m.

The tour nearly didn't start at all for me when a B.R. guard refused me boarding permission on a Shoreham to Brighton train because I hadn't a destination label on my bike. Doing evens to Brighton saw me on the train with seconds to spare..and a label! B.R. have now refunded me 20p for my inconvenience.

Adrian and I joined forces on the 9.20am to Oxford, where we joined forces with Craig and Dick at 11.45am. Craig had been complaining that Adrian and I would be off the back most of the time due to post-exam unfitness, but it was us who kept the pace up, though I will admit it was flat with the occasional Woldish 'bump' (pronounced with a slight French accent), to stretch the legs.

Our first 'on tour' meal was at the 'Dalmation', a nice quiet pub when the juggernauts, etc. stop going by, and the stereo tannoy system is unplugged! This was just outside Oxford, at Eynsham. Tea, a necessity in life, was at Chipping Norton - gateau and tea, although most of the tea ended up on the table! Craig began his tally of crashes here and Dick his tally of bananas! Craig just toppled over.

Just before five, the sprint was on for Stow, all uphill, so Adrian and I left it to Dick and Goth (for the uneducated - Good On The Hills). A bright evening sun greeted us in this very picturesque town, along with some Morris dancers and an old gent playing the spoons. By our watches it was opening time, of the Youth Hostel, that is, 5.30pm. However we discovered that 5.30 BST is not 5.30 Stow time!

Our bolognaise supper in preparation for the real hills the next day defeated Goth, but the quantities consumed put us in good stead for a couple of days to come. After an evening beverage (Donningtons was very good), we attempted to get a good nights sleep but a prolific snorer put an end to that despite several pleas for mercy.

Sunday 21st June.Stow on the Wold to Capel-Y-Fin (Wales!)77m.

With the promise of a hard day's riding in the Black Mountains ahead of us, we devoured any spare toast on the tables at breakfast. When the Warden came round recruiting for duties, we foolishly volunteered for washing up the three hundred odd pieces of cutlery. Just over an hour later we finished, but we still couldn't leave as my chainset was loose. However, Craig, without any asking, stripped down my bottom bracket and fixed for the moment, but throughout the tour it was always loose. It was hot, and feeling very chuffed at completing over half the days miles by lunch, we relaxed in the elusive sun over ploughmans and cider at the Haw Bridge, but our departure was further put off by the first puncture, yes it was mine!

The second major prime was taken by Dick at Ross on Wye, where we tea'd. Trundling along the main road by the silver waters of a river, Adrian suddenly went off the front, his expert mapreading saw him in Wales by a tyre from Dick. Craig was looking at his map, wondering where we were! With eight miles to go we turned onto the road leading to the Youth Hostel. The road followed a small brook, and with the rolling hills bathed in the evening sun, it made every sweat and tear well worthwhile. Dick and Goth pushed on while Adrian and I captivated the scene on film. Well, the road went on and on, sympathetic passers by assured us it was just round the corner. It was like Stow time, how long is a Welsh mile? When we did arrive Adrian just collapsed. We locked the bikes in a shed, behind a very solid door and lock, just one thing, though, the shed had no back!! We had our supper in a low beamed house, a snack compared with the previous night, and then after a few pints - of tea! we retired to our lofty barn. Dick had been riding all day without a shirt and could now pass as a lobster, just tie clothes pegs to his fingers, but that night a few grains of sand would have had him screaming, he was so sore.

Monday, 22nd June.

Capel Y Fin to Tyncornel

70m.

The Youth Hostel breakfast of eggs, bacon, spaghetti, cereals, etc, was great, but one mug of tea just wont suffice, so yet another Y.H.A. teapot was filled and drained. Suprise, suprise, another puncture to me, but we were soon on our way - practice makes perfect. To start the day we had to negotiate a small col, a 1 in 10 with bursts of 1 in 5 isn't a very good aperitif. Once over the top, an amazing sheep lined descent awaited us. Though Dick did try to line his tyres with wool, and ran out of road once, we reached the bottom safely. A taste of things to come. Brecon was originally intended to be our lunch stop, but knowing the amount of hilly miles to be covered, we just stopped for oranges and sun lotion, not wanting any more lobsters. The road to Sennybridge, the one we took, was a hedge lined lane. There was no shade, little level road, and thousands of flies. It was on this stretch of road that Gothy fell three times as his gears weren't functioning. After our little scenic detour we rejoined the main road to Sennybridge; those last few miles to lunch really hurt in that sun. We rode through the town without any sign of food, we were desperate, or at least I was. Dick scouted ahead and found an oasis, the Criterion cafe. We quenched our thirst with several pints of iced lime and lager, and milkshakes - then followed the feast. The whole lot only came to £4 each, tremendous value, one to be noted for future reference. But we still had forty miles to go, so into the midday sun, we went.

Ten miles further on we descended a track into a valley running beneath a viaduct. In this valley was a small herd of bulls, past which Craig rode without any trouble. The situation was this: on the left a river, then a small patch of grass, then the road, with us and the bulls hemmed in by a fence. Dick then had a go and the younger bulls turned and ran off behind us. The closer the remaining bull got to Dick, the faster he went; they were level and it was a real sprint (Raas would have done well to have kept up). Suddenly the bull caught a horn in the fence, and jack-knifed round to face Adrian and me, but thankfully he ran clear.

After several hairy descent, some of 1 in 4 and 1 in 3, and a debatable 1 in 1,

most of which we walked, we happened upon a merry little festival - red flags flying, followed by gun salutes and a Churka escort; we were, of course, on the range, but the only other way to the Hostel was by a twenty mile detour. What's a few pieces of lead between friends when the only option is twenty miles through the Black Mountains. At 5pm with only twenty miles to go, we stopped for refreshment and decision making - to push on or head for the closer Hostel only ten miles away? We decided to push on! Several dog infested descents, and steep ascents later, we reached the right range, and the last town before the Hostel. Dick and Craig had pushed on as usual, and also because it was getting on for 7pm. The cold night was falling, and still the road climbed; we stopped several times to walk up hills to rest, and once to repair a puncture - one of mine! The farms we passed looked so inviting we seriously thought of stopping and asking for a bed, more than once. We did stop once to check that we were on the right road. The farmer opened the door and the warm, tangy smell of stew wafted out. "Aye, you're on the right road. A few miles to go yet. Goodbye," said the farmer.

At about 9.30pm we came across a post, one of many hopefuls, but this time for real. The loose flint track twisted, turned and undulated alongside a mountain brook for three dark miles. Then, after twelve hours on the road, we arrived without warning. Supper that night was small and simple, bacon omelette, toast and tea. After a repair session with my used inner tubes and a read of the visitors book (it should be published in 'Cycling'), we retired to bed by torchlight. It was too dark to find the hurricane lamps.

Tuesday, 23rd June.

Tyncornel to Pwll-Deri

70m.

A quick breakfast of alpen toast and tea, then on the road by 9.30am. The road which had taken us about two hours to cover the night before was covered in an easy half hour. We supplemented our alpen with apples and yoghurt from the shop at Llandewi-Brehi. It was a relief to have a flat day after the hills. We joined the holiday route for the trip down to the coast, thankfully quiet being early season, with two objectives; firstly getting to Fishguard, secondly to get a Welsh dragon (the sign marking the holiday route)

Apart from the hills, the other danger in Wales is the farm dogs. Several times each day we were chased by these keen watchers of cyclists with their keen teeth. The most frightening episode was on the holiday route, when, going down a hill at speed (thank goodness), a huge Alsatian leapt out at the tailenders of our group, having been aroused by the leaders. He was jerked to a halt in mid-air by a massive steel chain, nearly pulling off the barn door to which it was attached.

After some very fast freewheeling races, we descended to the valley of the River Teifi at Llandyssul, where we had chicken and chips washed down with Buckleys bitter from a fresh keg, and quite strong too. Shortly after setting off again, Craig was off the back, and continued to be so for most of the ride, missing out on some hairy down hill sprints. After a while he returned to normal, taking the real sprint for Fishguard from Adrian and me and several cars, down the twisting descent. Dick was satisfied with his sprint to the unofficial sign, and got dropped. Two steep hills had to be climbed to get to the Hostel, so to refresh ourselves for the task we had cream

teas and bought our faggot and rice supper. We arrived at the Youth Hostel, situated on a headland with a fantastic view over the bay. After our supper, which beat me, we explored the headland, tussling with two very inquisitive goats. The Hostel is in idealic surroundings, and is very popular in high season, so an early booking is essential.

Wednesday 24th June.

Pwll-Deri to Ystradfellte

Another hilly stage, but initially the hills didn't seem as bad as before, but the scenery was just as good. The hills delayed us for lunch, but a ten mile TTT got us to Carmarthen in time for the pubs, but the Olde Curiosity restaurant sufficed. After lunch we bashed along the fairly quiet A.40, until yet again I punctured. That wasn't the only problem, as my rear end had completely closed up making it impossible to get the axle out to replace the tube. Three repairs later (not wanting to unbend the Campag. end), we restarted, me being sent to the back because a crash resulting from my damaged end seemed imminent, although it was not to be. However, at Ffairfach I asked Adrian if he could add a little air to my tyre as I couldn't get it any harder and it still felt low. Having inflated the tyre a bit more it suddenly exploded. Using his engineering brains, Craig repaired the rip in my tyre with the plastic wallet from his Y.H.A. card. It wouldn't have held, so plans were made for me to stay overnight in Bristol with a relative and meet the others at lunch the next day. We parted and I got into Bristol soon after 10pm; the rest of the group pushed very hard and arrived just after 8pm, after doing the remaining miles at a fair lick.

Thursday, 25th June.

Ystradfellte to Cheddar (England)

Battling against a head wind and the Beacons for the sixty miles to the Severn Bridge, a very tired and hungry trio met me. The Bridge service cafe was the only eating place available, and like all such places was pricey, but not too bad. Being in Bristol, we decided to visit Phil Edwards' shop. Expecting a fully fledged racing cyclists shop, we found a glorified Gammons with two non cyclists serving...a great disappointment.

The ride out of Bristol was horrific; thousands of cars pouring out of the city without a break..we took to the fields to get to our road. Tucking in behind Dick we bashed along to Cheddar and the cider, or zider as it is known. We arrived at the Hostel just as dinner was being served to a school party, more like an invasion. Being unable to check in, we pottered off for our chow at the Eidelweiss, a great little restaurant at the foot of the gorge. Upon returning to the Hostel a familiar voice "hallo'ed" us, yes it was that Jack-in-a-box-on-a-bike, Dave Hudson. You just aren't safe from his type anywhere. He rode from 1am to 7pm to meet us, a good two hundred miles.

This was our last night of the tour, so after Dick had phoned Julie (a daily occupation to promise he wouldn't go drinking), we wandered off and found a quiet pub serving Wadsworth and Buckleys bitter. After finishing with a Baileys we returned slightly late to the Hostel, but being in the annexe we weren't locked out.

Friday, 26th June.

Cheddar to Southampton and home

For the final stage the weather changed completely and rain seemed imminent, but though the temperature dropped dramatically, it held off.

Never having been up the gorge before, I was expecting a tough climb, but the one that was forecast never materialised, instead we had a peaceful scenic climb with no cars....it pays to get an early start. With the scenery very much the same, but still very beautiful, and with the urge to get home, we kept the pace high. A short break for elevenses soon after entering Wiltshire at Frome (which is a town built on a very steep hill), and then we were at Longleat. Not wanting to tackle lions, especially as we were on Michelins, we didn't stop for a tour. At Wyllye we discovered Teapot Street and with encouragement from Dave we made a similar structure. Lunch was at the only pub in Wyllye, and very good too. Outside Wyllye we split; Craig and Dave went off to Overton and Adrian, Dick and I headed for Salisbury. From there on we bashed on down the carraigeway doing the twenty three miles to Southampton in an hour. At Southampton we jumped straight on a train, with labels, and within a couple of hours we were back home.

The tour was a success, but we did try to cover too many miles at a time; instead of touring we ended up battling to get to the Hostels. The hard work in the mountains was worth it for the fitness gained. I have minutes off my personal bests. Craig did a marvellous job with the map reading, and with Adrians advice added we were generally right on target. Dick and I, we just went along for the ride.

David Saltwell

Brighton Excelsior C.C.

Ray Prior, Eastbourne Rovers, has a crucifix which was handed to him after an early season Association event. The crucifix is mounted on a small block of wood. If it belongs to you, Ray will be glad to return it.

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DEADLINE FOR THE CHRISTMAS EDITION OF BONK IS NOVEMBER 18th  
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for distribution at the A.G.M.  
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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION POINTS COMPETITION

(up to, and including, ESCA '100')

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INDIVIDUAL

I.M. Burgess	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	68 points
A.R. Brooks	Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.	66 "
T.M. Carpenter	Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.	63 "
A. Jones	Central Sussex C.C.	62 "
C.L. Attwood	V.C. Etoile	58 "
M.P. Jones	Central Sussex C.C.	55 "
P. Lipscombe	Central Sussex C.C.	39 "
M.S. Williams	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	38 "
C. Sharp	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	37 "
C.J. Tamon	Central Sussex C.C.	36 "

TEAM

Central Sussex C.C.	105 points
Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.	48 "
Lewes Wanderers C.C.	47 "
V.C. Etoile	35 "
Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	33 "
Crawley Wheelers	18 "
Worthing Excelsior	18 "
East Grinstead C.C.	16 "
Brighton Mitre C.C.	14 "
Brighton Excelsior C.C.	6 "

FRANK BLAKE & DAVE WALLER, THE PROPRIETORS OF MAINLINE CYCLES, ARE KINDLY DONATING VOUCHERS, VALUE £25; £15 and £10 FOR THE FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD RIDERS IN THE INDIVIDUAL POINTS COMPETITION. THE ASSOCIATION IS VERY GRATEFUL FOR THIS VERY GENEROUS ADDITION TO THE 1981 PRIZE LIST.

Hasn't it been a wonderful summer, for the past ten days the sun has been streaming down, turning everyone a delicate shade of lobster and stopping such important business as the writing of yet another set of notes for our superior scandal sheet.

I suppose then we must start with the next episode on the racing front. Over the long evenings we have run the usual series of ten mile events. These have been supported by both our own club members and friends from the Crawley Wheelers and a few other clubs. The result of the club series was yet another win for Don Awcock, who aggregated 1.4.18 for his best three rides. Paul Lipscombe, 1.7.5. was second, and Gary Moore, 1.7.30. was third. On the way to his win Don reduced the course record (twice) and broke club 10 record with a ride of 21.18. The handicap section of the series went to Ashley James with a nett time of 1.4.47. from Pete Brown, 1.5.25. and Mike Wood, 1.6.31. Following his efforts in the evening, Don broke the club 10 record yet again with a ride of 21.14. on the Tonbridge by-pass, and that is where it now stands.

Mark Jones has proved to be the best 50 miler of the year so far, with a 2.2. type ride in the ESCA 50, followed by 1.57.10 in the SCA event, and then 2.1.53. in the SCCU event. In most cases he has good backing from a variety of members, including Adrian Jones, Ian Berry, John Yates, Robin Maclagan, etc., and we have claimed several quite good team awards.

In the local 100s, pride of place must go to Paul Lipscombe, who won the SCA 100 in a club record time of 4.8.13. This together with the rides of Colin Tamon (4.22.30) and Mark Jones (4.23.29) was the best team, and was also a club team record for the distance. In the ESCA 100 Mark was second behind Don Hook after a fading second fifty, but with Adrian Jones and Alan Codd we again took the team prize.

Winner of the year, however, must be Wilf How!! With a little careful picking he has managed to acquire some fifteen best on standard rides up to the time of these notes. At his rate of progression this should mean at least twenty five wins by the end of the season.

Mike Wood merits a mention, too. This is his first year of racing and during the course of the season he has now beaten the hour several times, including twice on the same day, once in the morning and yet again in the afternoon. His other claim to fame was a quick trip to Belgium with Jay Chisnell on the Royal Wedding day. They went to Ghent to do the local bike shops only to find on arrival that it was early closing day. Happily a quick train ride to Brussels solved the problem.

Just as a matter of change, the club decided to go into the world of four-upping and a couple of teams were entered in the Clarendourt C.C. event where they performed creditably well. A team was also entered in the National event, and although they didn't set the world on fire they weren't last by a long way. Considering it was close after the big crash they did a good ride.

Did you hear about the big crash. Preston Park track will never be the same. Of the twelve riders who hit the ground a quarter of them were, of course, Central members. Mark Jones hit the grass and came up covered in green cuttings; Paul



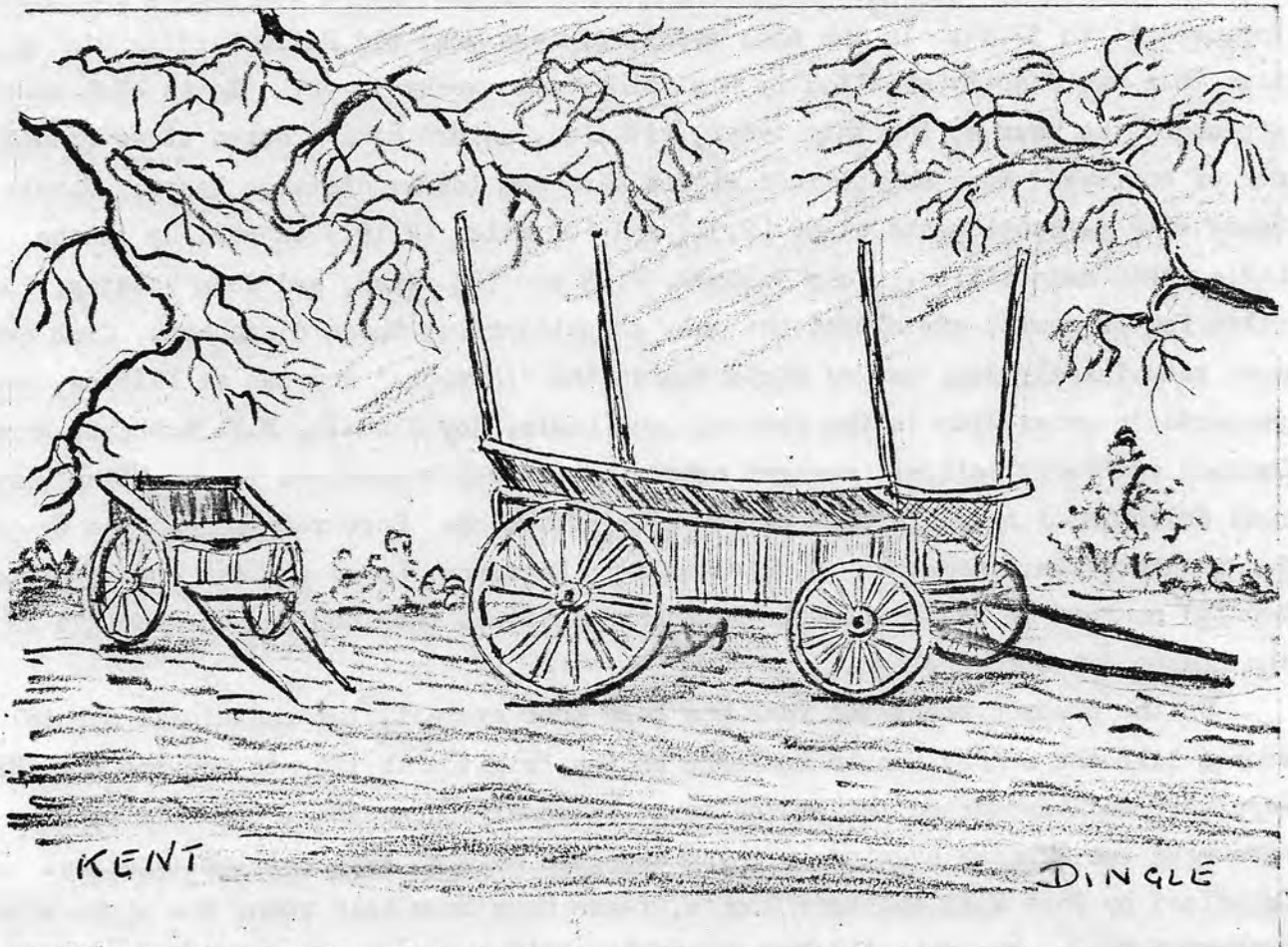
Lipscombe lost half an acre of skin from someone's pedal up his back; Ashley Holding lost more skin, his track shorts and a pair of forks and Mark Atkins smashed Dad's wheels and can now claim the altitude record at Brighton, about six feet into the air. Luckiest person was Colin Tamon, he had just packed from the event.

The second of the club road races was run off at Staplefield on the 9th August, and was a success despite a shortage of entries. In the end a full field was obtained and according to eye witnesses a super race was put on. A credit to Helen and Paul, who put in quite a lot of time as organisers.

It was probably better there than waiting at Leicester for the track to dry out. Not a lot more to write about. See you around.

Blondie

RURAL SCENE IN KENT



## SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS

At last the sun is shining. Late it may be for warm weather, but as usual it brings forth a crop of good times and everyone wallows in the best of cycling opportunities. Somewhere among the Dolomites and the Alps, six club members are part of a CTC tour heaving themselves over mountain passes in the wake of leader Pete Crofts. Preparations for the tour caused some amusement in the club. Andy Verrall practised packing his bags every night for a week; Phil Boddy came on a roughstuff clubrun with four bricks in his saddlebag to get used to the weight; young Bill Bailey calculated the costs, and Pete's daughter, Denise, did some hard training just to get fit enough. The other clubman is Dave Adamson, who has now moved away to live north of London. His occasional forays included part of the Southborough team win in the Open 10.

The youngsters have dominated the short distance time trial scene this year, cashing in on August events to shatter the individual 10 record (Ian Sylvester -21.10) and the team 10 record (Ian, Dave Abraham - 21.26 and Dave Harding -23.00, for an aggregate of 1.5.36). At 50 miles Ian recorded 1.59, but Dave A. (2.8) and Dave H. (2.9), weren't quite fast enough to collect the team record. A great battle has developed between Ian and Dave Abraham. Ian held the floor throughout the early season, but a fast improving Dave Has just recorded three successive 21s, beating Ian twice in the process. They collected 2nd (Ian) and 5th places in the Open 25 on Headcorn, and Southborough also took the team, with Andy Budd, 1.2.30, assisting them.

Andy Verrall has concentrated on road racing most of the season. His one exception was the Bexley M.M. 25, where he gained 2nd place with a staggering six minute improvement to 57.14. In the same event, sixteen year old David Harding did 58.31, a time that was exactly equalled by his father some weeks later! Seven club members are under the hour so far this year, with Ian 'under' half a dozen times on all manner of courses. More established riders have the longer distance bests. Carole Gandy with personal bests at 50 (2.3.) and 100 miles (4.19.) is well up in the Ladies BBAR competition. Tony Peachey, 4.18 for 100 miles, and John Harding, 232 miles for 12 hours, are almost the only competitors at these distances. Club events have been largely 25s, or odd distances on the 'farmyard' courses at Yalding, where yesterday's generation in the form of John Lewis, Roy Windall, Bill Hubbard, Warwick Dunford and Terry Collins, amongst others, bestirred themselves to enjoy the very real delights of rural England on a Summer's evening. Once returned to the by-pass for standard 10s, invasions of privates from Hastings, Lewes and the London clubs boosted numbers to nearly sixty! Darkness restricts them now in the evenings as the season draws to a close.

On the clubrun front the year has been poor overall, but occasional special events like the Sunday run to Boulogne or the Brighton YH trip to see the Milk Race were very well supported and proved to be extremely successful. Equally popular have been the Tuesday evening training sessions held at West Malling airfield. Organised by Pete Wall and Pete Crofts, races have been held round the three mile perimeter track, the one mile "shortcircuit" with extremely sharp bends and sprints around cones set out for the purpose. We have the entire airfield to ourselves

throughout the Summer. About twenty people ride, mainly youngsters, but any age or speed is catered for. Bike handling and general fitness have shown a marked improvement throughout the season. The club were active at the long distance events in Kent, supplying the feeding stations at the 100 and 12 hour events. This can be vigorous work, and the relaxing clubrun after the 100 included a ride on the Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch Railway, enlivened for a spell when Simon Adams ran alongside the train for a spell until the others allowed him aboard.

A final word in praise of the club's racing ladies. Donna Jarvis set a new junior record in the Ladies 10 with 26.40, two seconds faster than Rosemary Dunford (just recovered from a collision with a car); juvenile Paula Crofts did 27.34, whilst diminutive, fourteen year old Emma Harding did 28.56 in her first ever 10. Maureen Wall produced a fine 27.20, but Esther Carpenter upstaged them all with 26.34! They're everywhere, these Carpenters, 10s to 24s. What a fine example to us all. (That should ensure that my late Bonk entry is accepted). (You flatterer, sir. I had a sudden attack of modesty and nearly didn't type those last few sentences, Ed)

Roamer

HERE AND THERE  
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Since Joyce Dunford's "shattering" experience in Sainsburys at the beginning of the year, it has been observed that her family's bits and bobs are now carried around in SAFEWAYS plastic bags!

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A story has reached our ears that a rider in the early ESCA 10 heard a lorry coming up behind him at East Hoathly, changed gear so that he <sup>could</sup> get on the back as it went past - and found that two other riders had got there before him!!

\*\*\*\*\*

The Stevens' "Love In" in the Laughton Bus Shelter nearly caused a nasty marshalling crisis in the Lewes Criteriums, but a quick blast from the lead car alerted them in the nick of time.

\*\*\*\*\*

Joyce Dunford, whose past is rapidly catching up with her, once spent a night in a police cell. SHE says that she got on the wrong train late one night and arrived at Ashford instead of Hastings, and the kindly police officers took pity on her, but WE think, having used our imaginations, that there was probably a far more interesting explanation.

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As our local 'Press Barons' are not very generous with the amount of space they allot for our cycling news, I will record some of the performances that have been overlooked, in these Bonk notes.

Richard Longley is our best schoolboy this year. Among his achievements he can number a second handicap prize in the June ESCA 25, when at his first attempt at the distance, he did 1.12.55 - a time which he further improved in a club event a few weeks later. He won a schoolboy award in the Ashford Wheelers Open 10, has retained the evening events junior championship, and at the time of writing has a best time of 25.30 set in the Sydenham Wheelers Open. Ron Longley had a new lightweight for his birthday, and the rest of the story is absolutely predictable. He immediately lowered his current time in our own Open 10, continued to improve, and at the moment is within ten seconds of his all time personal best set some twenty six years ago. Paul Greenhalgh, our other talented schoolboy, has suffered several setbacks - a broken arm, a lingering throat infection, and most recently, a broken toe - but in between he, too, has improved rapidly, and in the GHS heat on the by-pass finished in 26.23. Michael Greenhalgh has now started his racing career (his Mum says he is too old to play football now he's 40!), and did a very good 29.27 in the Eastbourne Rovers Open 10. In Ken 'n Irises Vets 25, Jack Southerden obliged with a good ride which was rewarded with the handicap prize. John Gumbrell has best times of 24.52 at 10 miles; 2.12.49 done in the San Fairy Ann 50; 4.48.26 in the ESCA 100, and taking advantage of conditions in the Bexley MM 25, improved eight minutes to 1.0.47. Altogether a set of times for a first year rider to be proud of. Keith Evans did his best ride for many years in the SCA 25 when he recorded 1.8.41. Alan Brooks has further improved his 25 time to 58.54, and bettered his 50 time in the ESCA event to 2.7.7, followed by a further improvement to 2.4.9 in the super SCA event. He also recorded the best time by a club rider this year in the ESCA 100, with his 4.42 ride.

One rider who can't be overlooked this year is Dominic Windsor. He has made his mark on the local road racing scene, and we are very proud of his win in the Division Junior Championship. Dominic also bettered our junior and senior club records with his ride of 57.54 in the Bexley MM 25, almost a five minute improvement on his previous best set a couple of weeks earlier on the same course. Added to this he has won several junior awards in time trials and has performed with some merit at Preston Park track.

Tim Carpenter lowered his own club 10 record to 22.22 in the Orpington 10, and did a personal best 58.4 in the Woolwich 25. In the KCA 12 he finished up with 215 miles. He thought this was a delightful event, particularly the Dunford Ladies Bone China Tea Party, somewhere in the middle of nowhere, to which he accepted an invitation. He also participated in, and enjoyed, the various conversation groups around the circuit. Stephen Carpenter managed to add some nine miles to our club 24 hour record, and a week later improved his own 12 hour distance to 229 miles. A few days later he broke Tim's 10 record with 22.6. Backed by Tim and Maurice, the team figures

were also improved. Steve's 50 time has taken rather a battering, his seven minute improvement to 2.7.32 in the San Fairy Ann 50 was further lowered to 2.6.19 in the KCA 50, and in between, he made sure of winning the club championship 50, run in conjunction with the ESCA Open, with 2.10.50. Esther has also joined the record breakers, shaving five seconds off her own ladies club record with 26.59, later taking it down to 26.34, and setting new figures of 1.9.54 for the ladies 25 record. Andrew Hillman concentrates on road racing, nevertheless he has ridden a few time trials and improved his 10 time, and also finished the ESCA 100 with a commendable time. This was his first attempt at the distance, and he chose a hard day for it.

Our members haven't spent the entire Summer racing. Nineteen of us enjoyed the barbeque in Sid and Barbara's garden. Sid's beer was very popular, and he also made a good job of the cooking. Dave and Audrey joined the Seaford CTC group on their tour to France, and had a wonderful holiday. They have also spent some happy weekends camping. In spite of his advancing years, Guy Little has had several rides of eighty miles or more. Incidentally, if you see Guy adjusting his dress after he dismounts - he hasn't been "flashing", it's just that he undoes his trousers when he's riding as they're uncomfortable otherwise!

In spite of scouring the depths in an effort to find out some gossip worth including in these notes, the people who sometimes feature have been very circumspect lately. Still, with the social season imminent that should be changing very soon. So, until the next load of drivel becomes due, I remain yours respectfully,

Ragged Shorts

The Association A.G.M. will be held on December 6th. The venue is to be confirmed, but club secretaries will be notified.

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The Annual Luncheon and Prize Presentation is to be on January 10th, 1982, at Framfield Village Hall. This event is increasing in popularity every year, so book through your club secretary as soon as details are available.

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Charlie Robson, Eastbourne Rovers, set a standard time of 2h.32m.18s for the Eastbourne/Haywards Heath/Eastbourne record, on June 11th, 1981. Congratulations are in order, as he couldn't have chosen a worse day for it.

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We have already got articles from Heather Stevens and Vernon Hyde for our Christmas edition, plus some material from Ian Berry. 'Charlie' is busy snapping



**A CONVEYANCING BARRISTER.**  
The hardness of the times compelling our friend Smith, of the Middle Temple, to retrench, he has given up his brougham, and bought a velocipede, on which he takes his family for an airing. (Period, 1869.)





This is the first in a series on cafes where cyclists are welcome, so I will start with a few introductory remarks. First of all I hope I shall not offend those that are restaurants by calling them cafes. Secondly they will not be included in the series unless TEA is available and also food. Finally they all have (usually) quick service and are easy to find. Prices are correct at the time of writing.

Partners, in Arundel, is on what I call the central island (of buildings) just round the corner from the river bridge. It's open seven days a week, 9 to 5.30 in the summer; 9 to 5 in the winter, and from 10 a.m. Sundays. After finishing a race at Hammerpot or Fontwell, this is a convenient and friendly place to visit. Proprietor is Mr. J.D. Postma and quite a varied selection of food is available. You can have egg, bacon, sausage and tomato Breakfast for £1.05 and a cup of tea is 14p. For Lunch I've had a very good fried fillet of plaice (or cod) with chips and peas (or salad)

for £1.55. There's usually a dish of the day and rock cakes and the like are available for tea.

There are no loos (it's too small) but there is a public loo just over the road with a telephone box outside. In the summer visitors come to visit the Castle. You can also hire a small boat with outboard motor by the hour or by the day. If you hire one for the day, you need to study the tides, as ideally you leave Arundel Bridge  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours before high tide, and then you'll be able to go up the River Arun for the furthest way before going aground. Don't forget to take a thermos of tea and sandwiches (which you can get from Partners), and a bottle of wine in case you need to send a message.

#### CHARLIE'S CAFES - Series 1, No. 2.

#### LITTLE CHEF, NUTLEY. (Nutley 2832)

The first Little Chef was opened in 1959 and seated just eleven people. Now there are around two hundred Little Chefs covering the country, and the average seating capacity is seventy. They are all open seven days a week from 8am to 8pm, but some are open even longer.

The staff at Nutley are extra keen and open their doors to cyclists at 7.30am weekdays (8am Sundays), and they stay open till 9pm Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

If you're going to London on the A.22 this is a good stopping place. If you're in the money, you can have a liver and bacon grill (£2.35) and a cup of tea to sustain you before you climb over Ashdown Forest. On the way back if your radiator's overheating, try a chocolate and raisin ice cream bombe (50p). Just over the road is a farm shop where you can buy a pot of preserve to pacify the other half. Only a few miles from this Little Chef you can enjoy the beauty of Sheffield Park Gardens and go for a ride on the Bluebell Railway. Even a dip in the River Ouse is just possible if you're completely mad.



This is the first in a series on garden where  
cyclists are welcome, and will start with a  
few introductory remarks. First of all, I hope  
I shall not offend those who are vegetarians  
by calling them "vegetarians". Obviously they will not  
be included under a number unless they are  
also and also food. Finally, they all have  
(usually) quick service and are easy to find.  
Prices are about as the type of writing.

For those, in a word, is on what I call the  
best of the (or buildings) just round the  
corner from the river bridge. It's a open air  
on days a week, 9 to 5.30 in the evening, 9 to  
5 in the morning, and runs to 2.2.2. Sunday.  
Although it's not a "restaurant" or "pub"  
well, it's a convenient and friendly place  
to visit. Proprietor is Mr. J. D. Foster and  
offers a varied selection of food is available.  
You can get egg, bacon, sausage and potato  
breakfast for 1.00 and a cup of tea for 1.00.  
For lunch I've had a very good fried fillet of  
steak (or fish) with chips and peas (or salad)  
plate (or soup) for 1.00 and the like are available  
for 2.50. There's usually a dish of the day and for prices and the like are available  
also for tea.

There are no jobs (it's too small) but there is a telephone box outside. In the summer visitors come to visit the garden. You can  
also hire a small boat with outboard motor by the hour or by the day. If you hire  
one for the day, you need to bring the fuel, as usually you are surrounded by water.  
Hours before high tide, and the water will be high. It's best to go to the garden for the  
further way before going around. Don't forget to take a thermos of tea and some  
slices (which you can get from the bar) and a bottle of wine or beer. You need to  
send a message.



The first Little Garden was  
opened in 1922 and seated  
just eleven garden. Now  
there are around two hundred  
and Little Garden covering  
the country, and the ever-  
increasing popularity of  
garden. They are all open  
seven days a week from ten  
to five, but some are open  
even longer.

The staff at Little Garden are  
keen and open their doors to  
cyclists at 7.30 on weekdays  
(see Sunday), and they are  
open all day long. Garden  
say and Sunday. If you're going to town on the A.32 this is a good parking place.  
It will be in the way of you the river and from Mill (A.32) and a cup of tea  
to maintain you before you discover the town square. On the way look at your garden.  
It's evergreen, try a chocolate and raspberry cream cake (1.00). Just over the  
road is a farm shop where you can get a cup of tea and a slice of cake for 1.00.  
Only a few miles from the Little Garden you can get to the beach or Shellfield Farm.  
Garden and go for a ride on the river. Garden and go for a ride on the river. Garden and go for a ride on the river.  
Just possible if you're completely and.