

BONK!

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Cycling Association

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EDITORIAL

Our first task in the preparation of this edition of Bonk is the very pleasant one of saying 'thank you' for the clock that was presented to us at the Association lunch. It was a most unexpected gift but very much appreciated. Fortunately some of the end of season spring clean has survived and we have managed to find a prominent position for it. We feel that the gift was entirely undeserved as the success of Bonk is not due to our efforts but should be credited to all the past editors and contributors and to all the people who take the trouble to send articles to us now. We can't share our clock with you all, but we will willingly tell you the time if you ask us.

We received a very welcome offer from a London South official to produce a series of articles about the administrative side of our sport, probably something that not many of us think about until rules and regulations are changed to our disapproval. We've now got the offer of a receptive ear for our grievances, so why not take advantage if you've got an interest in the way that time trialling is organised.

We leave you with the wish that you have the wind behind you wherever you ride in 1982.

Maurice & Esther

EASTBOURNE ROVERS C.C.

These being the first rubbings of M. Brocation, may I introduce myself as the first bottle on the left, middle shelf, marked 'handle with care, do not shake or stir. Apply GENTLY but firmly'. My guidelines for future offerings to Bonk. A. Tubular please note. Of course I could get a bit controversial and very positive (I think). Actually having the opportunity to write about one's clubmates antics and performances under a pen-name can't be bad, that's until they find out who I am, as if they didn't know already. Better check my brakes very frequently from now on! Now to business.

It was rumoured that Charles Robson obtained a lift back from the SCA lunch at Staplefield, having ridden to the 'do' via Tunbridge Wells, although he seemed none the worse for the experience as he was in great form at the ESCA lunch some weeks later - not that we could see much of him, as Esther had presented him with a large tin mug, almost an urn, it's purpose being to sample the brews on those famous cafe surveys. When not filled with that brown liquid life giver, it would come in handy for locating those elusive punctures, just drop wheel and tub straight in! Charles must be congratulated on his high placing in the Vets BBAR table with a plus of 3.629.

Returning to the ESCA lunch for a minute, Ray Gearing managed to anchor the steaming hot gravy boat in his lap. He said a few afterwards that "all the stain had washed out of his longs but there was still some residue left in his laceholes". A word of thanks to all concerned with the organisation of the meal and prizegiving, we all thoroughly enjoyed the occasion (creeper!).

Had a conversation the other day with Clive Willis concerning the ever so popular and overplayed subject of aerodynamics. I said that "my aim was to slim down enough to be able to hide behind the stem", trouble is dropping down to only five stone, most of your strength disappears, although you can still get some foot mileage in, running around in the shower trying to get wet (who said I'm wet enough already?). Anyway Clive was expanding his theory, that hairy arms and legs assisted air flow, contrary to the smooth as a baby's bot situation, therefore he is hoping to train a GORILLA to ride a bike (I thought you already had last year - and called him Mark Williams!! Mrs. Ed.) adopting the racing crouch but facing backwards. With this aerofoil shape and abundance of hair, it should go like a bomb! He's now searching the local junk shops for an animal skin so that he can put some of his theories into practice. The Police are going to have a ball along the marsh road on Tuesday evenings at our evening '10s'.

What a load of old rubbish this is; who said "yes"? Still come the racing season things will change: it will get worse!!

The Dave Carter Grand Prix's have been scorching around Sussex this winter, that was, until the leading bunch were stopped on the Lewes by-pass by the Police for speeding! Well, that's what Mark Williams told me. Judging by the speed that Jason Carey, yours truly and several others shot off the back, who's to doubt him. All the naughty boys were given a warning and sent packing. At least it gave us a chance to get back on, in fact we rode by pretending not to know them; didn't slow them down much though, they were soon belting towards Polegate at 'bit and bit' pace. Not satisfied with Saturday and Sunday morning thrashes, Wednesday afternoon's peace is shattered by cries of "ease off at the frond, Harold Manser", Jerry 'Red Leader' Keen then rushes through and un-

leashes his tigerish sprint to string out the following pack.

Christmas morning saw twelve brave testers line up for our 8.8 mile time trial. Mark Williams put his new Phoenix to good use, winning in 22.45 just one second in front of Tim Carpenter, followed by Jason Carey, third in 23.40. Nice to see Stan Nash competing in a time trial. He enjoyed this Graham Lade promotion as did all the other competitors. One thought, perhaps next time this event could be held in the afternoon. One way of missing the washing up!

Brian Holt has changed the colour of his frame and Tim Fuller the colour of his hair. All last season his dad had been shouting "try harder", perhaps Tim thought he said "dye harder".

Ray Gearing contemplates a new TT frame, whilst John Lehane awaits his new TT frame from guess what frame maker situated not a million miles from Seaside.

Stu Greenway, Graham Lade and Jon Cooper have been pounding the cyclo-cross circuits to good effect this winter. Stu actually travelled up to Coventry for the Vets Championships, supported by Dave Dunbar. That particular weekend had severe snowstorms; Stu had a creditable result considering the terrible prevailing conditions.

Dave Dunbar's forthcoming season will consist of fewer events as his business commitments now leave less time for training. What's the betting he will still turn in some sparkling performances?

Normal Sunday morning clubruns have been well supported, with Kevin 'Kami-Kasi' Dakin living up to his reputation by spending a lot of his time sitting in the middle of the road or ditch contemplating his next aerobatic caper!

Having just completed a very successful season with the Rovers Mark Williams now faces the wide world, riding for the newly formed Phoenix Cycle Racing Club. We haven't lost him completely as he becomes a second claim member of the Rovers. We wish him and his fellow team riders every success this coming season.

Mark did a great job as our Press Sec. last year. Roly Wickham is picking up where he left off and has already had several inches in the local papers.

The future of any club lies in the strength of it's junior members, this being very much so in cycling. Our club at present has only five schoolboys and six juniors. Alan Brooks stressed this problem in "Cycling" recently, which adds strength to the argument that our youngsters must continue to receive support and encouragement from all our senior members where possible, whilst keeping in mind the age old problem of new blood. Thing is, who's going to look after all us old 'uns?

Don't forget our clubnights are every Monday evening, 8.15, Stone Cross Village Hall, where a good cuppa and bun are available. We would be pleased to see you. Until then,

M. Brocation

CORSICA CALLS

My friend in the Excelsior, Chris Beckingham, spotted in the 'Beano' details of a C.T.C. Tour to Corsica. On arrival of full particulars we spent an evening scanning a Michelin map of the Island. Over tea and gateau that evening at Beckingham Palace we decided to sign on for the Tour. This was back in April, 1981, and only week since we had both returned from a week's tour in the Balearic Island of Majorca. Within days, confirmation of our deposits was received from Tom Race, the Tour leader.

October 4th was a very dull and overcast day, so we were all pleased to be speeding down the runway at Gatwick bound for Ajaccio airport just two hours away in the sunny Mediterranean. Our ONE ELEVEN aircraft capable of carrying one hundred passengers was today giving the seventeen members of the party exclusive use of the aircraft. With all the spare room inside, the bikes could quite easily have fitted inside the aircraft and not in the hold. Following a quick snack members made a point of visiting the flight deck to check that the pilot was on the correct course for Corse!!

We were welcomed at Ajaccio under the heat of the mid-day sun, something we hadn't seen back home for a long time. Strolling across the runway to the terminal building surrounded by palm trees was very pleasant. The Customs formalities and the collection of bikes passed without incident. The fun came when our bikes, saddlebags and other travellers suitcases had to be loaded onto the coach for the fifty mile journey to our hotel at Porto. The driver had much difficulty loading everything underneath so we quickly obliged by loading the remaining bikes onto the back seats of the coach, pointing out that they would travel very well there, thank you.

The journey took almost two hours due to the very twisty and at times VERY narrow roads, causing much anxiety among some of the passengers as the coach appeared to be half off the road on some bends, with huge drops below (yippee). On arrival at our hotel 'The Mediteranee' Chris was very keen that our velos should enjoy strict security and enquired if we could put our machines on the open landing on the first floor. With permission for this granted we went one better and put them in our room. The hotel was situated in a unique position overlooking the river inlet which flows past and into the sea. From the terrace we could enjoy this view and also the mountain roads, which we had yet to tackle. My cape, still very wet from the Saturday ride heading for the airport, was put out to dry in the sun.

Day rides up to eighty five miles were enjoyed through the famous Gorges de la Spelunca and the pine forests of Aitone where the panoramas were fantastic. The Col de Verghio at 4,806 feet was the highest point the riders reached on this tour. To compensate for all the tough climbing many stops were made for cold drinks in such places as Ota, Evisa, Cargese, Sagone, Plana, Le Fango and Calacuccia (a thriving lakeside and mountaineering centre. From here the highest peak on the Island, Monte Cinto at 9,020 feet, can be seen). The most exhilarating descent (ever) was from the Col de Sevi (3,589 feet), back to sea level at Porto some twenty miles away. Without lights but with dusk fast approaching, we descended back to base at a pace Eddy Merckx (and Cliff Sharp!) would have been proud of. Most evenings were spent at the local bar (the Belvedere) where everyone gathered from all the hotels for evening (and well into the

early hours) drinks. We also found this a useful place to come when returning from our rides, to enjoy a coffee or ice cream overlooking the delightful bay under the heat of the Mediterranean skies. Another memorable time was had at 'A Corsican Evening' where we drank and sang, in that order, with our fellow guests from our hotel, to the Locals. Another evening was enjoyed at a beach barbecue which, again, went on until the very early hours. Some of the young ladies went for midnight dips in the sea, the C.T.C. men were pleased to help dry them! around the bonfire. (Sorry that's as far as the story goes for Bonk readers). Finally the week came to an end and the suntanned bikies had to return to the Motherland, all saying what many have said before - that Corsica is "A CYCLISTS PARADISE".

Dave Hudson

After losing count of the number of vodkas and lime that Pam Dutson put away at the Central Sussex dinner, it came as rather a surprise to hear that "she only had a couple or so" when visiting the Atkins family at Christmas. The surprise lasted only as long as it took Mark to explain that she was talking about TUMBLERSFUL!!

At the ESCA luncheon, veteran Brighton lady, Mrs. Hills, bemoaned the fact that club functions had become very dull since her young day, when apparently it was the habit to hurl bread rolls around the room. The missile throwing which ensued after that conversation so excited Charlie Robson's 1982 tealady/soigneur that she had to be forcibly restrained from throwing a bottle at Colin Tamon's head.

Stan Nash aficionados will be very disappointed to learn that their hero refused a challenge, issued by a Very Important Senior Citizen, to ride in the Hardriders.

John Lewis was seen to be attempting to seduce Joyce Dunford at a Southborough New Years Eve party. His excuse was that he thought Warwick was timing the ten the next morning. In that case, surely he was seducing the wrong person! Still, any excuse.

Roy Humphrey doesn't want it put around that he's a drunkard.

Southborough Wheeler's Jean Smith doesn't want her husband to have an affair with a certain party notorious for marking her lovers out of ten, in case Arthur gets minus three!!!

Since my last rather feeble offering I regret that your scribe has not been active, clubwise, due to the pressures of earning, or should I say trying to earn, a few pennies at a time when work is not easy to find. However I trust you will go against your better judgement and read on as I have managed to gather some information which I will attempt to put into some sort of readable format. As promised in my last set of notes I have again included a few witty extracts from our club mag.

At this time of the year everyone seems to have a common problem involving the usual consumption of excessive amounts of food and booze over the Christmas period. Mike Gibbs is no exception and he's continuing his fight against the flab by arranging a further few weeks training at Shape. On the road, clubruns continue to be well supported and the keener types will start serious road training on Thursday evenings, again organised by Coach, Mike. One welcome feature, or should I say, sight? is that we regularly find that we have one or two young ladies out on clubruns. Angela, coached by Graham, really does seem to have a serious approach to the sport, whilst Jannett prefers the downhill runs. Paul Topping will certainly fly this year with all the uphill work involved when Jannett has to be pushed.

"It's rumoured that a little old lady in Chantilly, whose forbears sat by the guillotine, crochets a new set of eyebrows for Gordon Curd every six months."

The Christmas extravaganza which again took place at the Lock abode was another outstanding success, with over forty members and friends attending. About half of this total first enjoyed a circular ride starting from Broadwater Green and taking in Ferring and Angmering, all on gaily decorated bikes.

"It's rumoured that Pete Reeves has got his own ten course in the South of France."

The Christmas evening run again attracted a good turnout of members also on decorated bikes. The run was led by the Dukes of Hazard, sorry, the Hazards of Storrington, who soon lived up to the name. Fifteen members headed north from Broadwater Green after the club Press Man, John, had taken photographs. Indeed he was seen to be lurking on more than one street corner during the morning ride. Stephen decided that a detour was necessary at Findon, and all except John Lewis and twelve year old Simon, who continued north on the A24, turned up Cross Lane, which lived up to the leader's nickname, Hazardouse. Christine, out on her bike for the last time before flying off to Australia, decided to dismount on the ice in a somewhat unladylike manner, bringing down Hazard senior in the process. The icy conditions soon ensured that the less daring members got to walking down the hill into Findon village. After regrouping on the A24, the peloton made steady progress to Storrington without further incident, apart from numerous hoots and waves from passing motorists, who for one day of the year were prepared to accept our presence. The Dukes of Storrington residence was to be our elevenses venu where all(sorry, Hollow Legs, I pass on that one. It looks like 'cenferized' but I don't think it can be. Mrs. Ed) the hospitality and goodies. Graham Tooley was accused by Mike Gibbs of being a flasher, but we all hope that the enprints will be worthwhile.

"John Grant thought that 'Pongs of Ray's' on Sunday was the smell of the Douglas embrocation at a time trial".

Perhaps here I might issue a warning to all road users, particularly truckers. Ray Douglas is learning to drive and is planning to acquire a Raymobile.

"It's rumoured that the news of another Worthing Excelsior invasion of Majorca next Spring has caused the island to move. Unfortunately the planned invasion is not now likely to take place."

By the time this edition of Bonk appears the new season will probably be under way. The WECC reliability trials, this year organised by Tony Palmer, took place on Sunday, 7th February. The next club event, new to our calendar, will be a ten mile time trial on the new Steyning course and will take place on the afternoon of Saturday February 27th. This will be followed by the circuit event starting and finishing at Findon Valley on March 7th. I recall that this event was lucky to have taken place last year on account of the snowfall on the hills. Let's hope for better weather this year. Our A.G.M. will take place on February 17th.

"Rumour has it that the entertainment for this year's Dinner has already been booked. However we are keeping our fingers crossed as Maureen has yet to learn how to play the new organ that Don is to acquire."

It is nice to report at this time of the year that at least one club member is enjoying summery conditions. Latest reports give Dick Wiseman's position as being somewhere in port in Southern Portugal. Dick and his nephew, Brian, are spending the winter sailing around the Mediterranean in the yacht they built themselves. Both have taken their bikes and are getting some useful miles in when not sailing.

"It's rumoured that Reg Searle used to be able to tie a knot in his spare tub."

Once again the Association Luncheon was an outstanding success with very few missing spaces in spite of the appalling weather conditions which prevailed. The cross toasting was as lively as ever and was well spread around the hall. The speakers lived up to the occasion and did their part to ensure that the afternoon was one to be remembered.

"It's rumoured that the County Council studies the R.T.T.C. handbook before deciding where to put the next set of traffic lights."

Well, with that one last quote from our way I close this load of ??? and promise better things for the next edition.

Hollow Legs

CLOSING DATE FOR THE SUMMER EDITION IS MAY 17th FOR

DISTRIBUTION AT THE ASSOCIATION '50' ON JUNE 6th

Since it's 1982 now and another new year, let's begin at the beginning with a report on this year's A.G.M. held at the clubroom a Monday or so ago. In spite of threatening all sorts of things like going away and giving up, Ken A. is still the club Secretary and will be handling the financial affairs again. Barbara has taken on the Dinner for another year and the racing is in the hands of John Palmer (club events), Adrian Jones (open events) and Paul Lipscombe (road and track). Paul has taken over from John Yates as club Coach and will give his expert opinions as and when required.

The season will be much the same as last year, with hilly time trials at Easter run by Ron Ewart and a road race in May organised by Joe James. The club '10' series will be held each Tuesday evening from the Tuesday after Spring Bank Holiday, for eleven weeks. The annual Dinner is proposed to be at the Hassocks Hotel once again, and will be held on Saturday, January 15th, 1983.

There was nothing very controversial on the agenda and we look forward to another successful year.

This year's club Dinner was a very lively affair. Although it started quietly enough, by the time that the sweet was on the table everyone was in good voice, and our main guests, John Woodburn and Dave Bonner, were sparking fire from one another. John Woodburn proposed the toast to the club in an interesting and amusing manner, and was drooled over by an E.S.C.A. editor who had given up the K.C.A. prize presentation and travelled all the way from Baldslow to be near her hero. Roy Amey came out of retirement to entertain as only Roy can. Colin Tamon made an excellent maiden speech to welcome the guests, and showed that he is not only handsome but clever as well. Capt. 'Beaky' Bonner replied and won a small sweepstake on just how long the speeches would last. Rick Taub provided the disco and rounded off a 'cyclists' evening to the satisfaction of all.

Socially there has been support for both of the recent Luncheons. The S.C.A. affair was in our clubroom and came after our first club '10'. This, if nothing else, made for hearty appetites, but we had a fair crack at the prizes and that was most satisfactory.

The E.S.C.A. Lunch marked the end of Barbara's year as Association President, and a very good one it's been for the club. A goodly party went to Framfield to gather some more pots, and pass comment and credit where it is due.

The club Christmas '10s' were one of this year's funny stories. As previously mentioned the first was run off before the S.C.A. Luncheon and we were host to a few visitors. Previously to the weekend there were many requests for information, threats, etc., but it all came to naught, and on a dry but chilly morning Roy Jones was the only one to bare his knees, and he provided the fastest time of 27.27. Colin Tamon was second in 27.28 and all his clothes, and Paul Lipscombe third in 27.32 and most of his. The second '10' held on the Sunday before Christmas was a washout. It was cold, damp and snowy, and we all repaired to the Victory at opening time to get warm. In place of the event Ronnie organised an impromptu ramble and at closing time a snowball fight was held on the green outside the pub. There

is no recorded winner. Perhaps next year will be a little better.

A club organised excursion was made recently to the Bournemouth Arrow training weekend. Hardy members rode down whilst others travelled in the baggage waggon. One even finished the journey by train. It would appear that the mileage ridden was somewhat more than was expected and a number of sweaty bodies creaked homewards. Claire Teague now thinks that Phil Bayton is wonderful. He spent the weekend pushing her up all the hills, but then as the only female present I suppose she would expect some favouritism from someone or other. Mike Wood was due to go on this debacle but he had motor trouble on a trip to his in-laws in Wales. It seems that a wall got up and moved towards him. Both the car and the wall are still in Wales. Mike is in Crawley with a bad knee trying hard to convince us that this is the real reason for his non-attendance at Bournemouth.

Cyclo-cross has reared it's ugly head in the club once again with the James brothers having more than a little success in the local schoolboys events. Ashley has had something like ten placings in the first three this year, and little Duncan has had a couple - just not to be outdone. The club has affiliated to the B.C.C.A. after a number of years and perhaps this will be an opening to another facet of our sport for more of our members.

Ronnie's Rambles continue to be the mainstay of our winter season and the cause of the sharp rise in profits for the puncture repair outfit manufacturers. Each week seems to vie with the others for the greatest numbers of punctures mended. This week was a record with a total of sixteen for the Saturday morning. The run was also enlivened by a large dog which thought it might get among the riders. Only one member had any trouble and Mark Atkins proved that the smash at Preston Park was no fluke. He bounced without too much damage to his machine - only to his knuckles.

See you when it's warmer. All the best,

Blondie

Feeling frisky when out on a clubrun, Maureen Wall started making it very hard for her companions when she took over at the head of the bunch. Val Peachey soon curbed her high spirits when she suggested that the next five miles were all up hill, whereupon Maureen sat at the side of the road and lit up a fag!! Only a few days later Maureen was out for a TRAINING RIDE on her own and she simply HAD to pop into a pub for a drink.

Are ALL the Southborough ladies completely debauched???

No.1:

The Future of the Sport is in Your Hands

by Insider

Although I am chairman of the RTTC London South District Committee and a member of the National Committee, I must start by stressing that the views and opinions I express are mine and mine alone. They must not be construed as the official party line, and in some instances, most of my colleagues disagree with me anyway. Perhaps I will be able to persuade them to modify their views - or perhaps you will persuade me to modify mine. In my experience the vast majority of those working for the RTTC at district and national level are remarkably open minded and ready to take into account all the relevant facts given to them.

At the first District Committee meeting each year I remind the members (newly elected and re-elected) of their duties and responsibilities. Firstly that the committee deliberations are confidential, so that what was said during the discussions is not divulged and everyone can feel free to speak their mind without fear or favour. Secondly that every committee member is elected to act in the best interests of the sport and not to seek preferential treatment for their club or themselves. In fact anyone with a personal or club interest in a subject under debate is expected to refrain from voting.

Much the same principles are applied at national level and the whole system for the government of time trials is exceptionally democratic in concept. In my opinion the system is weak in one or two respects, particularly the failure to involve the grass roots members of the clubs. Far too few of the reasons behind major policy decisions and rule changes get through to the thousands of riders and clubfolk, and far too few of you make your views known via the appropriate channels, for instance by instructing your club delegates how to vote on local and national issues.

Did you know that rarely are more than twenty of the fifty four clubs of London South represented at the District A.G.M. in October? Even fewer, sometimes less than ten, are represented at the District meeting at the end of November when it is decided how the London South votes are to be cast at the National A.G.M. Why this apathy? Are you, the silent and absent majority completely satisfied with the way your sport is run?

All too often the motives and reasons for changes and decisions are misunderstood and belatedly the cry goes up - "The RTTC should not do that" or "THEY should do something about it". But who is the RTTC and who are they that are supposed to put matters right at the drop of a hat? Normally the complainants seem to be pointing at the District Committees or more often the National Committee but the truth of the matter is that rarely are any of these committees empowered to take the action the complainant suggests. All of us are bound by the Rules and Regulations in the RTTC Handbook and these clearly define and limit the powers of the National and District Committees. Moreover they are further bound by the policies which have been approved as a part of the Annual Reports over the years. Whether any of us like it

or not, these Rules, Regulations and adopted policies remain in force until rescinded or modified by you the voters at a future National A.G.M. No impassioned pleas or irate letters in Cycling will alter that.

Next time you feel like saying "they should do something" why not stop and consider if you have done your bit to get things the way you want them. Such as:

- (1) Did you read the Annual Report (three copies are sent out to each club) which contained the reasons why the Rules and Regulations needed changing?
- (2) Did your club hold a general meeting to decide how it's delegates were to vote at the London South meeting?
- (3) Did you get your club to propose amendments to the Regulations that seem so unfair or unnecessary to you?

If the answers to these and half a dozen similar questions are "yes", then you have probably done all you could at this stage and you must abide by the majority decision. That is one side of the coin called democracy. The other side consists of discussion and persuasion, so that your clubmates and acquaintances around the result boards will be thinking the same way as you next time a vote is taken. The machinery for you to influence the running of the sport is there for you to use if you have a mind to. Meanwhile how about bending my ear when you see me at an event? There are a number of principles I firmly believe in but I am continually modifying my views as circumstances change and new facts come to my attention. I am always pleased to hear your opinions and good new ideas which I can pick up and plug at local and national level. Try me.

OUR TEA EXPERT WRITES....Coincidence is a funny thing. I just switched the radio on to get the weather forecast and I got a funny programme with Thora Hird saying "long stringy people usually live longer, they're like streaky bacon - a bit tough but you get a better chew". This made me think about slimming and what should come through the post but a circular about Lotos Slimming Tea, the original China slimming tea of the naturopath practitioners with which you can lose weight without effort and without starving. All you have to do is drink the tea and you shed kilogram after kilogram. The tea comes from the banks of the Yang-Tse-Kiang and is not only very beneficial but also acts like a fat killer. It's quite expensive but the suppliers guarantee success with a money back pledge if you are not satisfied with the result. Cure no.1 costs £7.50 and you will lose up to 10 lbs in fourteen days; Cure 2 is for those wanting to lose up to 20 lbs in twenty five days and costs £14.50; Cure 3 enables you to lose 30 lbs in forty days for £19.50. Anyone interested should write for details to Swiss Slimming Institute, Bioquell AG, Postfach 95, CH-9445 Rebstein, Switzerland.

C.R.

G.T.C. HAILSHAM & DISTRICT SECTION

Superlatives are not always justified but some are surely appropriate in respect of the Section New Year Lunch held recently at the Stone Cross Memorial Hall. Thirty members and friends sat down at a table enhanced by decorations to an excellent meal prepared and served by our ladies. We had wine too, some home-made. It was a marvellous occasion, "thank you" ladies. "Christmas all over again" was said more than once, whilst one enterprising person made a bid to hire the team on a commercial basis! At the end of the meal Dot and Bill Collins were presented with a Patterson plaque by the Committee in appreciation of the use of their home for meetings, whilst Jane Lade received a gift voucher as a "thankyou" for typing and duplicating our information. Our first attempt at a lunch and surely not the last. During the morning six soggy souls had been led by Ray Wickens on a wet ride which produced a variety of mishaps and many laughs. "Crow" told the afflicted to speak kindly to their machines, which they did, and all was resolved.

In November, Bruce and Rene Allcorn entertained us to a ploughman's lunch at their home in Hailsham. A goodly number attended and as usual Renee produced some excellent fare which was quickly devoured. In between times some of us attended the District Association A.G.M.; the Christmas Lunch at Ripe, which was a jolly affair; and the freewheeling competition at Sandy Cross. Despite the weather we have managed some cycling. Our energetic morning rides have continued to be well supported but our modest paced runs have coincided with some of the worst of the snowy weather which has deterred some of the regulars.

Our next social event is the members Slide Show and Tea at Stone Cross on Saturday March 7th, which is usually a very successful affair. We hope this year will be no exception.

Tourist

Following the editorial in the Christmas edition of Bonk, Robin Johnson sent us the following information regarding Nightfarer Lighting Sets, which he and Mary both use. Robin's first set is on it's fourth winter and the original front bulb is still being used. Robin and Mary have four sets in use, and the rest of his club, including Dave Dallimore, have seven sets.

Anybody interested in this lighting system is welcome to visit the Johnson home for a demonstration. Phone Eastbourne (0323) 764637, after 7.30 p.m.

Technical details are as follows: 3.6 front and 1.2 watts rear lights, with three hours continuous use possible. Rechargeable cells last some 700/800 hours. Cost of the entire system, i.e. front and rear lights, all necessary wiring, fuses, spare bulbs, etc., plus charger is £42.

Robin has a supply of these lighting sets in stock for sale to would-be purchasers, and stresses that there is no obligation for visitors to buy.

What a lovely winter. Snow, frost, rain and potholes, all the things that make winter cycling such a joy. Still it's an ill wind etc., and I'm sure the sale of rims and tyres must have rocketed. Being a bit tightfisted in the matter of equipment I suspect that the wheel wizard of Blackness Road took delight in saying I would need a new pressure rim. Talking of walls, the building of a wall has given a certain tall Crowborough tuggo considerable credit with the aforementioned wizard. The only snag as I see it is that the tuggo goes through wheels so fast that he will have to erect something akin to the Great Wall of China to stay ahead. Rumour has it that there is to be an extension to the wizard's home at Woodbine Villas. This is supposed to house an office but with the amount of wheels which arrive from all over Sussex and Kent at the start of the season I think it's for a wheelbuilding workshop.

Cyclo-cross has seen Gary Sims and Ben Green get in the results. Well done lads.

Ian Landless continues to lead the clubruns out of Lewes, and while the numbers are not great they are regular. On a few occasions the Lewes and Crowborough clubruns have met for elevenses. Talking of elevenses Brian "Silky" Samworth joined one Crowborough run which stopped at the Bowers Cafe, Mark Cross. Overcome by the nearness of Christmas he paid the bill. Please come out more often, Brian - there were those who missed this run. Regular readers will recall Brian was the man searching for a fish and chip shop that took Diners Card.

Having read Bryan Rex's comments on the lack of puncture mending ability displayed by some of the juniors, just imagine how he felt on a recent clubrun. Graham Seymour punctured, was lent a spare inner tube and then managed to put the punctured tube back in. The first occurred at the bottom of a hill and he did not make it to the top before it went down again. Having discovered the mistake the good tube was put in. One mile later - BANG. The good tube had crept out of a split in the wall of the tyre. After the repairs, a shortened route to elevenses was taken. A short while later Jon Brenchley blew a tube. Bryan set off for Framfield in order to partake of a few pints to drown his frustration.

Matthew Rabbetts, who built something of a reputation for falling off last season, has been at it again. This time though he was in a mini-bus on the way home from work when it slid off the road and hit a tree. The damage was not so bad as he only hit his head. The mini-bus is still recovering.

Our A.C.M. in early January saw a few changes in the official line-up. After many years as Treasurer Mick Kilby stood down, as he had been threatening for the past couple of years. Those who thought Ken Stevens had mellowed a little found out this was not the case when he was proposed for this post. However a volunteer was forthcoming and Brenda Bradshaw will now be on the pursestrings. Al Moran reckons "you could do a lot worse than have your affairs handled by her". Trouble is with him you can never be quite sure you're both talking about the same thing. Notwithstanding that, very many thanks to Mick for his valued and efficient service. I

wonder what Chancellor Reg Eldridge thinks about it all as he floats about on his cloud, plucking at his harp. Come to think about it I wonder if the cloud is as tatty as his bike used to be? Pete Burberry is taking over as Racing Secretary, a job he has done before. This is because John Honeyball wants to do more racing - he says - and reckons the Secretary's job got in the way. I proposed Pete for the job in the hope that it will slow him down and I can beat him next year. It will also help Hazel get fit delivering all the letters as the club is going to use personal touch in delivery and it will save money. Only problem with Pete is that he says he won't have anything to do with that massed start stuff, so all communications in respect of this anti-social form of racing to Ian Burgess. Up the union - what!!

It has been suggested that an item on the agenda was in fact passed at last year's A.G.M. Slight hiccup here, there is no mention of it in the minutes. The Secretary is investigating what has happened, providing he can remember what he is investigating.

A.G.Ms. really fetch people out. Peter Sharp came all the way from Kingston and John Cox from Botswana. Nice to see John again. The African climate must agree with him because he does not look that much older. Oh yes, as the A.G.M. the Secretary made it through his report without the customary Irish joke. Could it be that the very large attendance daunted even him.

We have not seen much of juniors Charlie Bull and Adrian Dalgliesh this winter. It seems that both are having to graft through the winter. Charlie in dad's shop and Adrian on the new family home site. Still the exercise both could get at this will be good training for all over fitness.

Our mini-midgets Paul Gibbons and Neale Calton continue to cause worried looks to appear on the faces of some older club riders. Bryan Rex reckons that if you put both of them between two slices of bread the resulting sandwich would not even last a self respecting mouse very long. Still, as both are twelve years old wonder what they will do in the club 10s come summer!!

Ian Landless got the weather right for our reliability trial and was rewarded with a very good turnout - the bulk of whom qualified for certificates. I did hear there was a kamikaze kangaroo from the South coast about though. Secretary Willcocks made it on a bike to the High and Over check. He had not done the forty miles everyone else had, but just rode up from Willcocks Towers in Hythe Road. Treasurer Brenda could not find the check at Five Ashes - hope she keeps track of the money better. Postman Andrew Attwood put his work expertise to good use and carried an old sack round on his back wheel. Close inspection revealed that this was Graham Seymour - a well stuffed old sack. A large bunch of our Uckfield lot made it as well and some are threatening the Crowborough juniors with all sorts of hidings come the season.

These notes are now four days past the deadline - but as our Dinner was on the 13th February I hope the editors will forgive me. The premier social function of our club life was at the Boship Motel. Graham Seymour did a tremendous job putting it all together, and with a good meal plus music from Mosaic it was a really good

evening. The cross toasting made sure the organiser's meal went cold but there were several human dustbins who would have eaten it given the chance. CTC's Harold Coleman was the main speaker with a witty and lively offering. The reply was by Kenneth Stevens Esq., the man to whom distance is no object when it comes to attending social functions. Ken says that when he was young he had long hair. If anyone can remember that far back please inform H.M. the Queen as he must be due for one of those telegrams!

It's rumoured that Bryan Rex, travel writer, has a secret ambition to be like Compo from Last of the Summer Wine. Hands up all those who think he's halfway there.

That's it then. See you at the Hardriders. Be warned! Roy Humphrey has made special arrangements to protect his no. 1 position.

Copper

SUSSEX NOMADS

As I write these notes a new season is upon us, with reliability trials already under way. 75% of the Nomads, i.e. 3! have been out riding since the beginning of the year and plan to ride in several of these events. Geoff Boore entered the Lewes promotion whilst Vernon Hyde and I went to the VTTA Lunch. This wasn't as hard as the ride but my legs ached from the miles I'd done the day before. I've just returned from the Worthing Excel reliability trial and it really was just that. We rode out to Washington before it really came on to rain heavily and thought we might as well join the rest of the tough ones and ride round - and how it rained and rained! Luckily we chose the 50 km and it wasn't too cold, but it did rain. Geoff and I just managed to scrape in on time and after a coffee were back on our bikes, only to find it was raining even harder. I was very thankful we didn't take on the 100 km. Next we plan to ride in Ronnie's reliability trial.

I am still talking and thinking about the Lewes/Nomads tour-de-France 1981. The sun shone and we drank lemonade and aniseed at almost every cafe we passed, or rather - didn't pass! and it would take all Bonk to tell the story properly and it would take me a year to write it - about the boys and some adults being sick; the grotty hostel at Arras (never go there); the one that was a little bit noisy (in the middle of spaghetti junction) and finally one in an old castle with original beds, circa 1066. We saw the other Tour-de-France three times. Once at a feeding station then a quick dash for five miles (or should it be eight kilometres) and saw them again on a corner which was quite something. This year the Nomads are running their own tour and hope to see three stages.

We held our club dinner at the Royal Oak, Poynings this year. Most of the club (9) met at about 8 o'clock and had a chat and a drink before going into the dining room which we had all to ourselves as it was Monday. We had a full choice from the menu, some wine and a long chat about the past and how to put the world to rights and before we knew it, it was time to go home.

The ESCA hardriders will be over by the time you read this and you will know if Geoff has given me the thrashing he's promised. So as to make his job a little harder I will put down my pen and go to bed early? or go out training (if only to get fir for the tour).

My thought for the day is good manners, so when passing us old vets in time trials, please say "good morning"!

SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS

The 1981 Southborough touring competition was held in late November this year because racing enthusiasm had taken all the earlier dates. The weather was kind as the twenty seven competitors set out from Pembury Green on the morning map reading session. This was followed by speed judging, photo identification and sundry questions. Lunch was at Yalding and the afternoon route back to the clubroom was via more map reading checks together with questions. Andy Verrall won the individual competition by three points from Pete Crofts, whose speed judging let him down. The pairs competition was won by Donna Jarvis and Melvin Daultry who beat the more experienced Brian and Carol Barrett and last year's winners Robin and Karen Howard. The day saw many club members out marshalling including Ian Sylvester's mum, the Abraham's mum and Dave Harding's mum, who were all out on bikes.

The following week Melvin organised the club cyclo-cross on a course near the clubroom in which riders and runners competed against each other. Clive Allen was the fastest cyclist with a time of 20.13 and Melvin the fastest runner at 24.05 for 5th place. All competitors got very muddy and were glad of a scrub down at the clubroom afterwards.

Sixteen members enjoyed a trip to Canterbury Youth Hostel in early December. Half the party made a sixty mile hard ride of the outward journey, but all combined for the run back the following day when Phil Boddy led them through Whitstable and Faversham on a circuitous tour back to Tonbridge.

The club dinner was held at the Hand and Sceptre Hotel, Southborough and was attended by well over one hundred people including a large contingent of club youngsters. Pete Crofts conducted the prize presentation with Tony Peachey collecting the B.A.R. cup; Carole Gandy the Ladies Championship; Dave Harding the Junior Boys; Donna Jarvis the Junior Girls and Simon Adams the Juvenile Championship. The Merit Trophy for services to the club was awarded to Pete Wall. The Ideal Clubgirl Trophy to Denise Crofts and the shield for the Most Meritorious Ride to Carole Gandy for her 4.19.13 '100'. Thirty eight riders completed the 10 mile Championship (3 x 10) and twenty seven riders completed the 25 mile Championship. Both were won by Ian Sylvester.

The day of the A.G.M. was one of those when the snow fell inches thick. Whilst the business went on inside the clubroom snow piled up round the doors outside. The meeting over, a hasty tea was snatched before hurrying for home. A team of pushers helped the cars up the hill outside till they could reach flatter roads where the roads were just manageable.

The meeting itself produced a considerable change in management. Peter Baker vacated the chairman's job after seven years and was replaced by Spider Dunford, whose daughter Gillian took over as secretary from Tony Peachey. Young Simon Adams follows Andy Verrall as club captain and Paul Abraham comes in as open events secretary. Nick Wenham retains his time trials secretary's job and Pete Crofts will look after the road racing side. It will be interesting to see if this younger committee will generate new enthusiasms.

After a frozen Christmas numbers in the Boxing Day '10' were dramatically reduced from last year. There was a slight thaw, but with snow and ice across most of the back lanes of the circuit, many were apprehensive about riding. Five members chose to run once round the two and a half mile circuit (in Phil Boddy's case, twice). Nine people cycled, five of them completing the full four laps. Some were obliged to walk up the slippery hill but Andy Verrall mastered the conditions well to record 33.14 - two and a half minutes faster than Simon Adams. The convivial drink which followed at the 'Carpenters Arms' received much better support with about thirty five present.

Racing was again to the fore on New Year's Day when the club's Open '10' at Smarden attracted forty five riders. A clubrun out to it enjoyed a clear if cold day and riders revelled in good road conditions. The club was delighted to provide the winner in Ian Silvester with 24.18. The Abraham brothers were both in the top six with 25 minute rides. Smarden Bull again did it's best trade of the year with cyclists packed so close that drinks had to be handed from the bar across the heads of the crowd.

Social activities this winter include the Scavengers Hunt organised by Rosemary Dunford and won by Paul Abraham who collected twenty two of the twenty four items. John and Dot Harding only managed twenty despite buying peanuts in a shop (for a nut of any type) and mushrooms (so that they could pretend one was a toadstool). Three competitors found blue flowers despite it being the 3rd January!

A Youth Hostel trip to Streatley at the end of January should have linked with the Bath R.C. but they cried off at the last minute. Nevertheless after a largely motorised journey up there three different club parties set off for two days of touring in a different area. The hardriders went off to the Cotswolds; the intermediates to the Downs around Lambourne and the potterers round the local Chiltern woods. Pete Crofts led the first, Phil Boddy the second and Anita Crofts the third.

The polo season continued with a defeat of the West Kents but one match was rained off. Rain also fell all day on the Sunday of the football match against the San Fairy Ann. Nevertheless a full team was fielded by us, and the Fairies made a full team when Les Hayman played in goal for them. A pitch notorious for it's mud became an unbelievable quagmire. Time was reduced to thirty five minutes each way and for a change Southborough won 11 - 3. The fit young men of the club's 1982 racing potential outran a Fairies team lacking stars of the past. Tea at the clubroom was very successful with more spectators than players making up the fifty or so present.

With weight training coming to an end now and the club's opening road race on Sunday we start the merry-go-round again.

Keep 'em turning.

Roamer

DEFENCE PROVE "NO DANGER" IN MASSED START RACING CASE

TUESDAY, 21 MAY, 1935

TWENTY-ONE riders of the British League of Racing Cyclists were summoned to appear at West Malling Magistrates Court (Kent), on Monday morning of last week, to answer a charge of "furious and dangerous riding" in the Tour of the Medway Valley cycle race, held on August 24, 1947. The hearing was, in fact, a test case for the B.L.R.C., for had the riders been found guilty of the charge it would have had far-reaching effects on all future B.L.R.C. racing on the open roads of this country.

The actual summons which was issued to each of the riders concerned read: "You are charged on this 24th day of August, 1947, in the Parish of Wrotham, in the county of Kent, then being the rider of a certain carriage, to wit, a pedal bicycle, on a certain highway there situate called Wrotham Cross-roads, unlawfully did ride said pedal bicycle furiously so as to endanger the life or limb of any passenger of the said highway contrary to section 78 of the Highways Act 1835."

After a long hearing of the police witnesses, the defence submitted that there was not sufficient evidence for a case, and the Bench reached a decision of "case dismissed" after a short recess of ten minutes.

The following is an extract from the cross-examination of the main witness, P.C. Maynard, by defending counsel, John Bassett:

In his statement P.C. Maynard said that after the race he interviewed the following riders, H. G. Johnson, J. Bowles, R. Wells, A. Blackwell, R. D. Morbey, and T. R. Foord.

Defence: "When you spoke to these men, where were they?"

Maynard: "At Gillingham Swimming Baths." (finish.)

Defence: "Had they changed out of their racing clothes?"

Maynard: "They were all in private clothes."

Defence: "Can you identify any of the men as you had seen them on bicycles?"

Maynard: "No, sir."

Defence: "So when you say that these men were riding at Wrotham Cross-roads, you can't say of your own knowledge that these men were riding there?"

Maynard: "No, but in each case I asked the question as to their number."

Defence: "What I am asking is that you were actually at the cross-roads and that you saw a certain person ride furiously?"

Maynard: "One, sir."

Defence: "Can you on oath in the witness box point to this person and say 'He is the person whom I saw at the cross-roads riding in this manner?'"

Maynard: "No, sir, I can't. He was distinguished by a number only."

Defence: "If you saw an offence being committed, such as these cyclists riding furiously as you say, were you under instructions to stand by and do nothing to prevent it?"

Maynard: "Those were my instructions, sir."

Cross-road marshal

Defence: "There was a marshal standing with you?"

Maynard: "Not with me, sir."

Defence: "Standing close to you?"

Maynard: "The only marshal was at some considerable distance."

Defence: "There was a marshal actually at the cross-roads?"

Maynard: "In Gravesend Road Station."

Defence: "He could see all the traffic coming to the crossing?"

Maynard: "Yes, sir."

Defence: "That was what he was there for — Did you see him signal

all clear—all the cyclists say that he waved them on."

Maynard: "I did not see him wave them on."

Defence: "Did you have your back to him?"

Maynard: "No, sir, I was watching the cyclists."

Defence: "So he may have given the signal?"

Maynard: "Possibly."

Defence: "Is it a fact that, apart from marshalls and police officers, there was at this particular time no other traffic whatsoever on the road?"

Maynard: "Three of the cyclists overtook a private car."

Defence: "Did you take the number of this car?"

Maynard: "No, sir."

Defence: "Did you find out who it was?"

Maynard: "No, sir."

Defence: "Would it surprise you to know that it was a marshal travelling with the race?"

Maynard: "Yes, sir. The marshalls were travelling behind the race."

Defence: "Did you interview the owner of the car to find out who he was or whether he had been inconvenienced at all?"

Maynard: "No, sir."

Defence: "Have you ever seen a cycle race?"

Maynard: "Only this one, sir."

Defence: "So you are not aware how alarming to a person not accustomed to it these cyclists can look. They can have a wheel turn inches off another wheel and be perfectly safe."

Maynard: "I can only say, sir, that if these had been motor-cyclists they would most certainly have been reported for furious riding."

Fixed or free

Defence: "That is not the point. Have you any idea whether any of these cyclists had fixed or free wheels?"

Maynard: "Free-wheels—mainly."

Defence: "All the cyclists had proper brakes?"

Maynard: "Yes, sir."

Defence: "I put it to you officer—that these men with a marshal at the cross-roads caused danger to nobody—who do you say they caused danger to?"

Maynard: "To other traffic using the road."

Defence: "What other traffic was endangered?"

Maynard: "The private car, sir."

Defence: "Is that car owner giving evidence to-day?"

Maynard: "No, sir."

Defence: "The only person you saw who was endangered was the owner of the private car, whom you had every opportunity to stop and bring here to-day. Apart from the motorist, who else was endangered?"

Maynard: "The cyclists were a danger to themselves."

Defence: "In how much danger do you say you were personally?"

Maynard: "There was the speed of the cyclists and losing control at such speed."

Defence: "Not one of the cyclists came over the crown of the road?"

Maynard: "No, sir."

Defence: "You never had the slightest cause to get out of the way or be frightened of any danger at all?"

Maynard: "The possibility was there."

Defence: "Oh! The possibility. Officer, let us get down to the reason, I suggest. Who do you say was endangered by these cyclists? None of them lost control?"

Maynard: "I agree."

Defence: "You were not endangered in any way?"

Maynard: "No, sir."

Defence: "In fact, then, who was it?"

Maynard: "Nobody—in fact."

Defence: "One point. Will Mr. Foord stand up? Officer, you took a statement from this man?"

Maynard: "No, sir."

Defence: "Did you not see him?"

Maynard: "Yes, sir, I did see him."

Defence: "What did you ask him?"

Maynard: "I asked him what his number was, and told him he would be re-

Cycling

BRIGHTON MITRE

Cold Weather Affects Times

During the week-end the Brighton Mitre Cycling Club held a 25-mile scratch road time trial, for the C. Hill and Son Trophy, also a Club handicap in conjunction with the race. The extreme cold considerably slowed the riders, the following being the result—

SCRATCH EVENT

	h.	m.	s.
B. Shirley	1	7	20
J. Russell	1	7	30
A. Hill	1	8	33

HANDICAP

	Actual	H.cap.	Nett
	h. m. s.	m. s.	h. m. s.
F. Osborne	1 10 8	5 20	1 5 48
H. Breden	1 10 4	5 00	1 5 4
A. Hill	1 8 33	2 20	1 6 13

Also Rode

J. Willin	1 22 17	12 45	1 9 52
A. Grew	1 13 41	2 40	1 11 1
S. Shirley	1 7 20	7 40	1 6 40
R. Robertson	1 14 16	7 15	7 1
L. Hazlegrave	1 18 38	5 20	1 13 18
J. Russell	1 7 30	Scratch	1 7 30
W. Parant	1 13 11	4 30	1 8 41
H. Tweed	1 15 23	6 50	1 8 33
F. Elms	1 17 22	6 30	1 10 52
H. Shirley	1 14 1	6 00	1 8 1
R. Peters	1 15 9	5 40	1 9 29
A. Hazlegrave	1 16 5	5 25	1 10 43
D. Ford-Dunn	1 17 46	4 35	1 13 5
F. Dwell	1 16 3	7 30	1 6 30
J. Knight	punctured.		

The officials were—Referee, Mr. G. N. Charman; Hon. Race Secretary, Mr. W. Floyd; timekeepers, Messrs. T. J. Boniface, T. Plummer, and A. Dows; handicapper, Mr. T. J. Boniface. The course was well marshalled by members of the Club.

CYCLING

MARCH 10, 1948.

EAST SUSSEX C.A. ROUGHRIDERS' "12"

S. Greenway, Eastbourne Rovers C. and A.C.	36 41
P. Taylor, Eastbourne Rovers C. and A.C.	37 17
E. Blunden, Tunbridge Wells Albion C.C.	37 32
K. Champion, Eastbourne Rovers C. and A.C.	37 40
R. J. Lawrence, Tunbridge Wells Albion C.C.	38 22
W. Griffin, Bexhill Wh.	38 24
N. Edwards, Uckfield and District C.C.	38 24
J. Watt, Uckfield and District C.C.	38 27
R. Humphrey, Eastbourne Rovers C. and A.C.	38 50
I. Buckland, Hastings C. and A.C.	39 26
R. Smith, Eastbourne Rovers C. and A.C.	39 26
J. Southerton, Hastings C. and A.C.	39 56
A. Downton, Hastings C. and A.C.	40 35
L. Clark, Bexhill Wh.	40 39
E. Kent, Uckfield and D. C.C.	40 39
Team—Eastbourne Rovers C. and A.C.	45
Greenway, P. Taylor, K. Champion, 1 51 35.	
Entrants, 34; starters, 29; finishers, 26. Time-keeper, T. Russell.	

ported for riding furiously, and took his name and address."

Defence: "He is No. 15 on the programme—a number you took at the cross-roads?"

Maynard: "Yes, sir."

Defence: "Would you be surprised to know that he could go into the witness-box and swear that he did not ride at all that day?"

Maynard: "I cannot say, sir. I took that number and saw him after the race."

The Good Friday Run.

This time-honoured institution was duly carried out on April 16th, but the weather was not all that could be desired. However, weather or no weather, the pluck of the Hastings cyclist may be damped but cannot be extinguished, and, consequently, the muster was the largest ever seen in this district. Robertson-terrace at 10 a.m. presented a most animated scene when the Hastings and St. Leonards C.C. and the Ore and Clive Vale B.C. assembled, a number of ladies lending a special charm to the occasion. A start was made in good time, and the road to Silverhill was safely traversed, notwithstanding the sloppy water-carts. At Silverhill a large muster of the St. Leonards C.C. awaited us, and together we made for Battle, viâ Seddlescombe and Cripps' Corner, helped at times, but hindered mostly, by a healthy south-westerly gale. Up to Cripps' Corner the most notable feature was the altogether unprecedented quantity of Sussex dust which blinded and choked us all. A thick dust, however, like an ill wind, must be thick indeed without somebody being benefited, and the host of the chief hotel at Seddlescombe dispensed sundry foaming pots and sparkling glasses of nectar which he otherwise might have kept in his cellar. At Cripps' Corner rain, which had for some time threatened, made up its mind, and came to Mother Earth, but as it came slowly we were barely damp when we reached the historic town of Battle, and, what was more to the point to the hungry wheelers' mind, the George Hotel, where the banquet was spread. Rain then came down in good earnest, very considerably, knowing we were out of harm's way. At half-past one there was a mighty crash of crockery and clashing of steel, and the battle of lunch and ale was fought and won by the hungry hundred. In the absence of the President (William Stubbs, Esq., J.P.), the chair was taken by G. G. Gray, Esq., LL.D., J.P.

After dinner an impromptu smoking concert was carried out, thanks to the general kindness of the musical members of each Club, who all did their best to amuse the company, and succeeded admirably.

An enjoyable hour having slipped away, and the weather having in some degree recovered its equilibrium, a move was made for home, the ride being a dry one. Tea was provided at the Club House at Ninfield, where a programme of sports was to have been carried out, but these interesting items had perforce to be dropped. The evening turned out to be a regular soaker.

It would be interesting to learn how many cyclists on a Club Run of, say 50, have with them, repair outfits, pumps, and wrenches; probably not half-a-dozen. And yet they have no hesitation in delaying their more provident brethren and borrowing the needful materials in case of a puncture or a loose nut. This is most unfair—especially so because the very riders who are most prone to mishap through using path tyres and racing machines on the road, and then presuming upon other people's good nature to help them, are generally to be found boasting of "pace" and flaunting the fact that they have no materials for repairs or spanners with them solely on account of the extra weight saved by leaving them at home.

Cycling accidents in this neighbourhood are getting quite the correct thing, but it is rather unfortunate that they should all occur on Sundays, because it gives people an opportunity of saying that you are no better than you ought to be and in fact it serves you right. This is not very comforting when you have a patch over one eye, a bandage round your head, and one arm in a sling. Talking about patches—if you want some of the conceit taken out of you just put a patch over one eye and perambulate the streets, meet a friend or two and hear what they say. One comes up to you, puts out his hand in sympathetic style, looks at you in a reproachful way and says, "Hullo, old man, drunk or fighting?" You bolt in a huff and just as you are simmering down you meet a friend who says, "I've heard about you old chap, drink tea in future." It's the same with everybody, and its calculated to make one feel pleasant and surprised as well at the remarkably good character he bears!

If you are at any time unfortunate enough to seriously damage yourself in a bicycle accident you may be glad to know that at the Buchanan Cottage Hospital—an institution which cyclists, with their parades, have done much for—the nurses take a special interest in all cycling cases because they are all wheelers and have had some exciting moments themselves. At Easter time a damaged rider was temporarily patched up on the road near the Harrow by one of the Buchanan nurses.

When will universal lighting really be *universal*. At the present time riders are comparatively safe in the country, but often there is danger in some of the bye-streets of the town—which are not particularly well lit—of running full butt into an approaching horse and carriage. Beware of india-rubber-tired carriages carrying no lights! I should like to see the Chief-constable enforce the law—if there is one—and then we should have justice all round, for at the present time a great anomaly exists.

Gwendoline and Mashington had been out for a tandem ride, and had just returned. Gwendoline had smuggled the young man into her father's drawing-room, and they both sat close together, cooing, as only young people can, and the young man said, "Do you really love me?" "Yes, yes," she whispered, nestling on his manly chest, "You are the light of my life." The father, just at this interesting point, arrived on the scene, and after a short scuffle her "light" went out!

By the way, Members should be very careful when filling up entry forms, to give absolutely correct information to the handicappers. It is unfair and unmanly to do otherwise, and may lead either to disqualification or suspension. There are some very ugly rumours flying about on this score, though I am glad to say they do not touch "our boys."

The Ladies' Day.

I THINK it may fairly be said that the above ranks amongst the successes of the season. On the morning of the appointed day (Wednesday, July 18th) the floodgates of the heavens were opened and it rained "stairs-rods, puppy-dogs, and things," but in the afternoon a change took place for the better, and finally, with the exception of two short showers, the Club House was safely reached at 6.30. The ride over was a pleasant one, the roads, though sloppy, were very good going. Some 17 or 18 ladies graced the four-in-hand brake, and about 28 wheelmen on their "jiggers" formed a royal escort. On arriving at our destination the first thing which claimed attention was tea (kindly provided by Mr. F. J. Sawyer). This was served in a large marquee in the cricket field, and I don't think any one was disappointed over this item of the programme. After the festive board had been considerably lightened, a game of cricket was started: Ladies *versus* Gentlemen. The lady cricketers showed surprising form (some tremendous boundary "swipes" being made), so much so, indeed, that most of the fellows got tired of waiting for their innings and went off to play "rounders" with those ladies who were not batting. A most exciting game followed until dusk, when the band made its appearance and the terpsichorean art was indulged in. When too dark to remain out of doors, the Club room was invaded and the piano brought into requisition. Songs were ably rendered by Messrs. Watkinson, Cousens, Thomas, and H. Sawyer. Miss Shuker, in particular, delighted the company with her excellent rendering of "Love's old sweet song." It was with regret that the party at length broke up, the proceedings concluding with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and a hearty vote of thanks, with "three times three," for Mr. F. J. Sawyer for his generosity on the occasion. Lamps were lit, and the "fair ones" being safely ensconced in the waggonette, a start was made for home, which was reached about eleven o'clock, after what was certainly one of the most pleasant and enjoyable functions the Club has ever known.

THEN AND NOW.

Ever and anon there comes to the cyclist of long standing a lorn, lost, bewildered feeling. In years gone by, wheelmen were a clan unto themselves. That was when the rights and privileges that they enjoy to-day were but a figment of the imagination, a mirage, a furtive hope, a dream of Eutopia, the unattainable. But the unattainable has been attained. In those old days "dogs and bicyclists" were not permitted in public parks. Now the parks seem kept especially for the wheelmen. Then cyclists were kept busy dodging vehicles and pedestrians; now pedestrians and vehicles are kept busy dodging bicycles. Then cyclists could go scorching over the public drives in the evenings safe from fear of meeting any obstacle; now cyclists are compelled to go at a moderate rate for fear of other cyclists. Then drivers regarded the wheelman as legitimate subject for contumely, and thought it a huge joke to occasionally run one down; now drivers have a most wholesome respect for the combative powers of the wheelmen, and the one who is so incautious as to injure a wheelman is subjected to close judicial scrutiny. Then speeding must be done covertly and at night; now there are public tracks where the wheelmen are at liberty to scorch themselves blind. Then, did an accident occur in which a wheelman was a party, it was taken for granted that he was the one at fault; now wheelmen have no fear that they will not have fair play. Then the bicycle was regarded as a toy; now it is recognised as a vehicle in the eyes of the law.

Wednesday, June 15th.—What a surprise for all! Another record broken! Forty for a start! what you here old man? yes, and there's Miss So and So. Where did old Billy come from? Ain't this all right! These were just a few of the exclamations one heard outside Headquarters before starting time. What a crowd, and we all thought so. People are making quite a point now of coming to see the start, and the starters—the cyclists—well, we shall soon be using that vague word, innumerable Londoners come down and tell us they have never seen such interest taken in a club, and when they see our Club House, they know the reason why.

We were pleased to see the Captain at the head and many more who have been kept away from various causes of late. The Club house was reached after an uneventful ride, and soon the business of the evening commenced. All went merrily as a wheel. The games having received the full complement of players, the surplus looked round for other means of amusement. It is found in a skipping rope. And what young lady would not be pleased to skip if it were not for the eye of Mrs. Grundy being turned upon her. But our fair members are away from Mrs. Grundy and they skip to their heart's content. The young gentlemen turn the rope most gracefully—salt! pepper! fast!! whizz—down! my turn next. And so the fun goes on. Now, what on earth—! Oh, those girls! there they are romping in a waggon and tossing the hay in all directions. What does it matter if they are enjoying themselves. With flushed faces, they return to terra firma, the hay and the hair forming a confused mass.

From the Club parlour the sound of music reaches us. Seated at the piano, Miss Stafford, who has been prevented from joining us for some while, is willingly striking the chords for the next song. Ladies and gentlemen in rapid succession pour forth the comical and sentimental; but as all things must have an ending, so must our impromptu concerts, which unfortunately are all too short.

With flaring vestas, the young gentlemen skip nimbly from bike to bike, to light the lamps. All is ready, off we go.

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ODDS AND ENDS.—Hotel proprietors are responsible for visitors' bicycles.—Never ride on a tandem without a break.—When you see a policeman ride carefully, they will say anything!—Have you ever seen a tipsy cyclist?—When wet through with rain, don't stand about for shelter, keep riding.—Keep your bearings well oiled and tensioned.—Give consideration to pedestrians when you are cycling.—Don't ride under omnibuses or tram cars.—Do not smoke while riding.—If you knock anybody over, don't ride away like a coward—take the consequences.—Make the most of the fine days; we shall not have many more.—Keep your lamp reflector bright.

Bonk time again already - the Hardriders entries in the post - yet it seems as if it was only last week that we were regretting the end of the racing season. We have enjoyed a medley of activities since the last edition and I will cast around in the depths of my memory for some of the more interesting to tell you about.

Andrew Hillman organised our reliability trial at very short notice and he is to be congratulated for a very good event. Conditions on the day in question were dreadful. It was bitterly cold with plentiful evidence of the previous week's snow-fall around the route. We had hoped to welcome a few visitors, in particular we thought that A. Tubular and his MEN would have welcomed the opportunity to prove themselves but in the end it was five hard men from our own club only who worsted the elements and reached the finish at Eileen's in the nick of time. Hero of the day must have been Roy Hillman who hasn't ridden a hundred kilometres for a very long time.

The following Sunday we held our Christmas '10' won for the second year running by Tim Carpenter in 28.19. Alan Brooks was second and Maurice was third, with an outstanding performance for fifth place from our new junior, Robert Sier, who recorded 30.11. John Gumbrell added a lighter touch to the proceedings as he reported to the starter wearing one of Angies (best?) skirts and puffing a pipe! The post event revival took place down the road at the Kings Head, where we were joined by Sid and Barbara Powell and various others of the club elders, including Ernie Spray who kindly held the watch for the event. On Christmas Day and Boxing Day we had riders in the Eastbourne and Ashford '10s'. Tim won the latter but was beaten by one second in the Rovers promotion. On New Year's Day five of us rode in the Southborough Wheelers '10'. Andrew went off course and Esther punctured whilst Steve's excuse was a helmet with flashing light and wailing siren which had been left at the Carpenter household by Father Christmas for one of the younger members. Andrew Hillman has been taking advantage of our affiliation to the Cyclo-Cross Association and has represented the club in several events. To conclude the story of our athletic endeavours I must mention that Esther enjoyed a little success at the Eastbourne Rovers Roller Competition held recently at 'Sundowners' when she just pipped Jane in the ladies challenge match. The 440 was a dead heat but in the 880 age triumphed over beauty by two seconds. Unfortunately beauty chickened out of the six lap (to the disgust of Sarah and Nicola), thus depriving the audience of further thrills in this needle match. Returning briefly to reliability trials, John Lawrence rejoined the fold with the intention of riding in the Lewes event. We must assume that he did so and that he returned safely as he has since been seen pedalling stylishly through the surrounding countryside.

Our 1982 influx of juniors are imbued with the usual enthusiasm of that age group and are joining in the clubruns led by Keith Evans and the midweek training sessions. Without wishing to boast, they have already been stopped by the Police for speeding! Our hardriders section has been riding out every Sunday under the

surveillance of Alan Brooks, who is usually to be seen in a prime position at the back of the bunch presumably so that he can larrup any stragglers with his pump. Keith Evans is presiding over our current clubroom which is proving popular with the young generation. As a diversion from the table tennis and roller sessions Graham Lade paid us a visit one evening and gave us a training talk and Keith has arranged to show 'Stars and Watercarriers' on another occasion.

Our socialites have been busy attending club dinners. Steve was persuaded to make his maiden speech at the Ashford when news leaked through at the very last minute that Bill Underhill was marooned in his Gillingham home. With a little help from his tablemates and scriptwriter, Steve ensured that he will never again be asked to perform in such a capacity: in fact he probably won't even be allowed to go to their dinner next year! Arthur Coleman was in good form at the K.C.A. dinner, and again at the V.T.T.A. lunch, which was a very lively affair indeed. Another enjoyable day out was spent at the E.S.C.A. lunch and in February the social season concluded, for our members at least, with a visit to the Rovers dinner at Eastbourne. It was interesting to see Mick Burgess, principal guest of the evening, 'strolling on his beat' as he paced the vast dining hall to deliver his speech to the far flung guests.

We held our own club dinner at the end of January after overcoming a multitude of problems. During the evening Dominic Windsor was presented with an illuminated certificate and engraved seat pillar as a small memento of the time he has spent with us. Now that he has moved to London to live Dominic has joined Magnasport, although he is retaining second claim membership of our club. We wish him good fortune with his new team - already he has a second place in the Southborough Wheelers road race to his credit.

Looking into the future, I see that by the time the next edition of Bonk comes out we will have held our very first open road race and our open '10'. Esther and Alan, who are the respective promoters of these two events, are both hoping for good support and will welcome your entries when the time comes. No doubt they will be issuing their own personal reminders during the forthcoming weeks. We also have a large programme of club events to look forward to and welcome guests who wish to compete.

I really must finish now as I have just been told that my entry is among those posted to Val, and even though I won't have time to get fit I might be able to put some suitable gears on my bike if I hurry. So - it looks as if it's adieu fellow hardriders, until February 28th when I don my

Ragged Shorts

Buying a bike is not just a matter of popping down to Halfords or Reg Gruntley's and buying any old thing to get about on. If you go to Reg Gruntley's Pro Bike Shop, you will be sneered and spat at if you don't know what a Campag S/F on Q/R with double butted twelve gauges on Milremo Super Champs is. And if you try and spend less than 5900 on a bike the assistant will ring up cyclists from all over town to come round and have a laugh at you. Go to Halford's and the assistant will say, "Well, I know we do have bikes, but I'm not sure what they look like. Are they small pointed things you put down your trousers?"

Apart from this, cyclists are split, like motorists, into mutually antipathetic factions. Before you buy a bike you need to decide which faction you want to join for protection. For instance, if a lone cycle tourer is spotted by a group of racers they will sweep down on him, stamp on his bell, bend his pump and spatter his plus-fours with mud. It is, therefore, in your interest to study this guide to cycling tribes.

Safety Maniacs

The motoring equivalent of the safety maniac cyclist would be the middle-aged man in the Allegro with his seat belt fastened, Lights on and wipers going while still in the garage. Riding the bike, the safety maniac wears a helmet, a luminous belt, gloves, elbow, knee and crotch pads. He feels really safe and looks like a right wally. However, he is a right wally, so that's alright. In fact all the luminous gear the safety maniac wears just makes him a better target for cyclophobic motorists. The safety maniac's bike will be something French with ten gears bought from a shop like Bicycle Rebirth ("Twice the price of anywhere else, but they're our sort of people. They give out Nuclear Power - not just now, thanks, if it's all the same to you stickers with every bike sold".) Occupation-wise, this kind of cyclist is something really useful like an urban potter or a teacher of lute music to ethnic minorities or even a social worker. This month's social worker joke: Help a London Child - Kill a Social Worker.

Although safety maniacs care deeply about themselves, the environment and the fate of the community baker in an urban interface structure, they obviously do not care for their children as they carry them about on little bike seats with direct access to carbon monoxide fumes, flying metal and bits of gravel. It is also easy from this position for the child to grab a good hold of any passing juggernaut. Many a middle class child was last seen on it's way to Belgium with a load of industrial fertilizer. It's a form of birth control, keeping down the useless members of society.

Racers

The racing cyclist's motoring equivalent is the man in the orange Cortina with the spoiler on the back and the names on the windscreen: Jean, Paul and Satre, going the wrong way down the M.6. Racing cyclists don't give a bugger for the ecology, they just want to get from A to Z in the minimum time with the maximum pain. Racing cyclists drill holes in their knees to cut down wind resistance. Mehmet Oxo, the Albanian socialist cycling star, was bred for racing from the age

of six months. He had four foot long muscular legs, a one foot barrel shaped body and an aerodynamically shaped head - like an egg on it's side. He could only speak four words and would often give impromptu urine tests. Other racing cyclists say, "Bloody typical, the bloody communists are years ahead of us in training sportsmen".

Professional cyclists take more drugs than the combined Genesis fans of England and Wales. But their clothes look a bit different. Racing cyclists pay extra to have writing like "Team Neucolac Cyclo Sportif" and "Team Habitat - racing bikes with wickerwork wheels in tasteful colours" on their clothes - they think it'll make them go faster.

Posers

The poser always gets his bike through a Sunday Supplement special offer. These bikes are made at the Ultrvox cycle factory in the Albanian town of Stevenage (pronounced Ba-t-crap). If you go on a tour round this factory you can see the old drain pipes being sawn up to make the frame, the used tin cans being shaped into the wheels and the second hand telephone wires being made into brake cables. If you ask the manager of the factory why they use such low grade components he will reply that as nobody actually rides these Sunday Supplement special offer machines - but instead pose outside their houses in tracksuits astride their bikes under the mistaken impression that this will make them fitter and improve their sex life - there is no point in making them rideable. The only way these bikes travel any distance is ostentatiously folded in the back of a Volvo Estate with Laura Ashley seat covers. Environmentally inclined Members of Parliament find these bikes very useful for lugging into taxis. They then push them the last 100 yards to the House of Commons, jumping into the saddle the instant anybody looking like a Daily Mirror photographer appears.

The Bicycle Brigade

Out of the mists of early morning Chelsea a solid phalanx of headscarfed Lady Di look-alikes can be seen heading towards Knightsbridge. Knightsbridge, where they think a creche is a car accident. These mounted members of the aristocracy buy their 1926 Crippen Roadsters complete with a wicker basket and a yapping dog to go in it. The young patricians do not stop for anybody or anything: traffic lights, pedestrians or plate glass windows. The only way to stop them is to stand by the side of the road and yell, "Fiona!" as they go past. They will then all turn round to see who's calling them and pile into each other.

Surely there's something to be said in favour of cycling? Well, cyclists are quieter and less aggressive than other people - after cycling everywhere they are always too knackered to cause any trouble.

Alexei Sayle

(This article first appeared in "Over 21" magazine and is reproduced here by permission of Alexei Sayle and "Over 21").

LEWES WANDERERS C.C. (Postscript)

Greetings once again to all ESCAbods, hoping that you've had a worthwhile social season and indulged so much that you won't present much of a challenge to our stalwarts, at least at the start of the season.

As usual it was fitfully seen out by the club Dinner which duly took place at Boship Farm Hotel and turned out to be quite the most palatial we've ever thrown. This scribe had to chuckle at the thought of what people like Ron Russell would have said upon being ushered into such plush surroundings - probably something like "Ere, we've come to the wrong 'ole" - before doing an about turn and retreating smartly!

All credit to the organiser who this time was Graham Seymour, alias "The Chief Plum" thanks to a racing vest from that well known Ghent emporium, who evidently considered that it was time that the Wanderers bunfight was uprated in deference to the large increase in membership in recent years. As always it was a good 'do', with plenty of crosstoasting and atmosphere, and notable for the fact that your scribe was the only real cyclist there - well he was the only one to arrive by bike - and duly crosstoasted all the other invalids and carborne cases on the night.

Previous to this we'd had the A.G.M., conducted in a most orderly fashion and with a good attendance, again so different to the rowdy affairs of years gone by. The committee now has a new look, with Pete Burberry taking over the Racing Secretary's unenviable job of chasing up riders performances - ours must be the most self effacing mob in ESCAland and a far cry from the vociferous trumpeting of the 'Mighty Agg'. Future meetings will be enhanced by the presence of our new Treasurer, Brenda Bradshaw, who takes over from Mick Kilby, whose lengthy term of office (fourteen years) has seen the coffers swell from near penury to the fullest in our history. Great credit is due to Mick for all the work he has put in to ensure our financial stability for years to come. The new Chairman is the Copper so we're half expecting him to stifle any argument with a stentorian bawl of "silence in court". This is going to mean that the Secretary had better be on time in future or risk being charged with contempt! Sylvia Burgess is now on her third term as President, by unanimous consent, and with Lindsay Smith also on the committee no one can say that we don't love the ladies. Gordon Higginson has filled the vacant committee spot so in due course he'll be finding out what he's let himself in for.

Well, with the Copper doing his usual hatchet job on all and sundry this scribe can't think of anything else at the moment so it's a case of short and sweet. However to make up for that he'd like to mention the gent from across the Irish Channel who put on a clean pair of socks each day for a week and then found that by Saturday he couldn't get his shoes on! Then there was the visitor to Cruft's who was asked which dog he liked best. He replied: "A hotdog, because it feeds the hand that bites it".

And finally, we have the 'Goldmine' type who sailed into a pub with a couple of flamboyant 'birds' in tow. The manager sidled up and said: "I'll serve you, but not what you've brought in as I happen to know they're a doubtful pair". The bloke replied: "You don't know 'em very well then, 'cos they're both dead certs!"

Here's to a much better summer than the one we suffered last year, and particularly after such a vicious winter, so cheers for now, and the best of wheeling during the season.

Charlie's "Open the Lewes Tunnel to Cyclists" Campaign

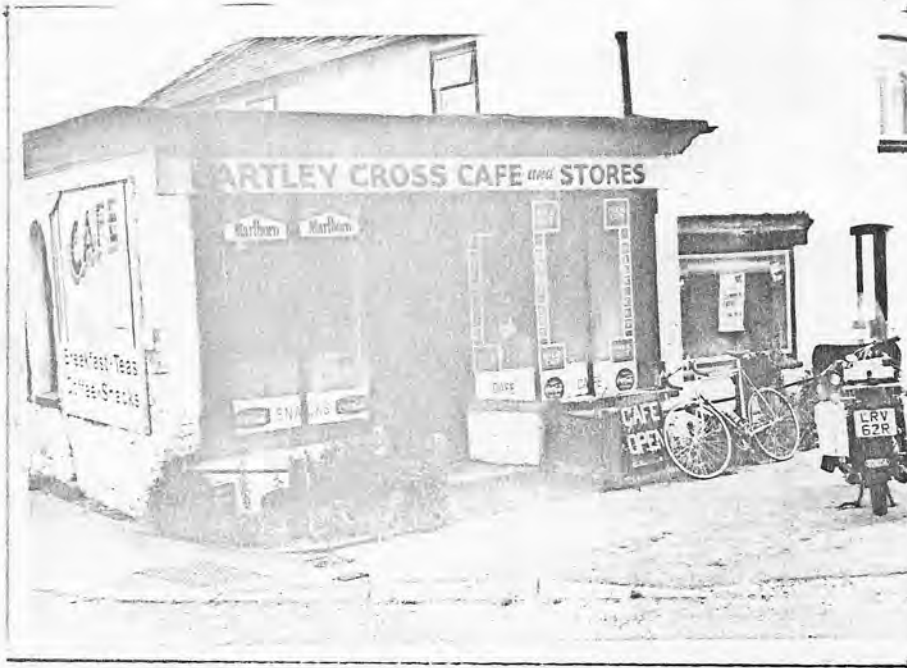
Most cyclists in East Sussex will probably know that the road from Eastbourne into Lewes goes through a short tunnel under the cliff which was opened last year, but although the tunnel is only a few yards long cyclists are banned from using it. Instead they have to ride along a little path which leads on to the old road which is now little used and therefore covered in grit which produces punctures. Moreover, on the way back from Lewes to Eastbourne one has to cross two lines of main road traffic which is quite hazardous at times. It would surely be MUCH SAFER to let cyclists ride through the tunnel? If you agree, please write a letter to the County Engineer, Highways and Transportation Department, Phoenix Causeway, Lewes, East Sussex, BN7 1UE, keeping it as polite and constructive as possible. The more letters he receives the better our chance. Please write as soon as you receive this issue of BONK. I appeal particularly for support from our President and Club Secretaries, who should state the number of people that they are representing.

Charles Robson

A 'SHOE' STORY

I am Tim Carpenter's left hand shoe and I have always belonged to him. I am Tim Carpenter's right hand shoe and until the end of October I belonged to his grandfather. In October, grandfather made a guy for the November 5th bonfire and dressed it in an old coat and trousers and me and my partner were the pair of shoes selected to complete the outfit. When the guy was ready to go on the bonfire, Tim Carpenter's family admired it and said things like "what a pity the coat and trousers are sewn on, they would have been just right for us to wear" and "those shoes are nice, why don't you swap them for yours, Tim?". Tim didn't want to because he liked his own but in the end he agreed to exchange his own old right hand shoe for me. I made quite a good pair with his own left hand shoe and he wore us a lot until club Dinners started, then he began to wear his dad's gardening shoes because they were better, and we got left behind. I felt a bit neglected until the other Sunday when we went out to a race. When Tim arrived he found he'd got two left hand shoes - one Leopard, size 7 and one Duegi, size 10, so I had a lovely morning going round the Folkestone Hilly course. It was a new experience for me because I was strapped to a pedal but I kept on slipping up and down while Tim's right hand foot stayed stationary. I'm looking forward to my next adventure. Tim's mum mentions a dustbin now and again, but as he's only got two shoes I'll probably have to wait some time for that to happen.

Tim Carpenter's Shoes



This cafe is on the edge of the New Forest and if you're riding down to race on P2 at Ringwood, it's well worth a visit. It's about eight miles beyond Southampton on the A336 and just happens to be within yards of the start and finish of the Rufus Wheelers early season thirty mile time trial. It's what you might call a "Cripps Corner" type, but John is in charge here and service is quick and prices are reasonable. Popular with lorry drivers and the Police, there's a large car park and loos round the back. When I rode down to take the photo I was chasing three lorries loaded with sectional build-

ings through Southampton and we all ended up at the Bartley Cross Cafe. It's open about 7.45am on weekdays and 9am on Sundays and closes around 7.55pm except for Saturdays and Sundays when it closes at 2pm. I haven't got there this year yet so prices are from 1981 when tea was 15p for a large cup, beans on toast 55p, bacon sandwich 52p and sausage, egg and bacon 80p.

It's a nice training ride from Hastings, Eastbourne, Lewes, Brighton and Worthing along the A27 and all flat going except for the hill at Arundel, so why not drop in and spend a few bob. Remember there are not many independent cafes left these days. If you want to see something of the New Forest, why not enter the Poole Wheelers 12 hour and spend several delightful hours riding through this lovely countryside. Lyndhurst is only a few miles from the cafe and Beaulieu is not much further. I am told that this year's National 24 hour is the Wessex which is also in the Ringwood area, so if you want a rest one week from the hills of East Sussex, why not have a go? Remember you get more food and drink handed up in a '24' than in any other time trial and you can even sit down and eat as well!

Tel: HEATHFIELD (04352) 3187

Everyone who has attended an East Sussex C.A. lunch will know where Framfield is and that the pub is worth a visit. It is also the home (Framfield - not the pub) of our newly elected President - for the first time for the second time - Roy Humphrey. Roy is also President of the Eastbourne Rovers C.C. and what this man (aided by his wife Dorothy) has put into cycling over the last thirty years or so would, I am sure, fill an entire shelf at the reference library.



In honour of his re-election as President I am featuring the Little Chef at Cross in Hand, just thirteen minutes ride down the road from Roy's country seat. There was still some snow about when I took this photo in January and had a quick cup of tea, which to my horror had gone up from 18p to 20p! This is really too much for a cup of tea and I shall have to drop a line to the Managing Director. However the service was good and friendly as always and I gather that many Little Chefs will now be open from 7am to 9pm (or even longer) instead of the previous 8am to 8pm. My map shows the Holy Cross Priory just down the road and also nearby is Possingworth Manor House and Heathfield Wildlife Park, the latter being one of the places you struggle to in the Rovers Reliability Trial.

