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Cycling Association

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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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President: Roy Humphrey

Secretary & Treasurer: Roy Humphrey, 4 Ebenezer Cottages, Framfield, Uckfield,
TN 22 5 NR

Editors: Maurice & Esther Carpenter, 10 Maplehurst Road, St. Leonards on Sea,
Sussex. TN 37 7 NA

EDITORIAL

Although BONK has a good circulation it always comes as something of a surprise to find out how widely read it is and how much interest it creates. This time we received an article from Bill Underhill, a member of the Medway Velo. Bill is probably not known to our younger readers but certainly older ESCAites are familiar with him, and no doubt will find his article very evocative of the period. It is difficult to thank contributors personally but we are most grateful to all the people who take time and trouble to send special material.

It is rather suprising how few people seem to be looking forward to the World Championships. Admittedly the whole thing seemed to be a bit slow getting off the ground but it seems as if cyclists themselves would far rather be participating in an event, however lowly, than watching the stars perform. It will be interesting to see if clubmen and women can be wooed into enjoying a passive role at Goodwood this year.

Maurice & Esther

BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.

May I please, dear Editors, take this opportunity of apologising to my one fan for the non-appearance of my article in the last edition of BONKthe reason is quite simple, I was saving my right arm - no, not for drinking but to push off eighty or more riders at the Hardriders. A real honour this year to be allowed to hold the legendary Roy as number 1 (all that power under my control). Seriously, though, I was pleased for Val and other members of the Excel who annually organise this important event that a good field of riders participated. I was personally pleased to see so many friends, including of course, the full BONK editorial team and not forgetting the Excelsior field.

Seems quite a time ago now, but engraved upon my memory is the night, when slipping down to Shoreham for a quiet drink who should walk in but Lady Di and Prince Charles with due ceremonial air - funny though, 'he' did appear similar to Dave Hudson - perhaps not, it must have been the drink! Yes, the BECC Annual Dinner was in full swing and amongst the throng was a Very Reverend Rick Stringer, who walked away with most of the cups for his superb racing performances in the Club 10; 25; 50; 100 and B.A.R. Championship. He also took the Clubman's Trophy. Well done. A few 'wild' animals were in attendance including Leon the Emu; Judi's fetching cowgirl outfit appealed to the Harry Strutters Hot Rhythm Orchestra who played and entertained us well. Roll on next year, this is the life with the bikes tucked safely up indoors.

Following our A.G.M., Craig Olive is now in charge of clubrun co-ordination and a fine job he is doing, with high numbers of members participating in the various excursions. Craig organised an enjoyable week's touring at Easter centred on Exmoor, with some ten members sampling the delights of the area - despite Craig's mapreading!!

Val came up trumps again in organising the now Annual Film Show. This year we had the use of the Southwick Community Centre, and it was filled to capacity (with some disappointed). We shall have to hire Brighton Cinema soon as Val secures the showing of premier cycling films.

The evening '10s' are fast approaching, and this year start on a new course west of Steyning by-pass, near Wiston pond. Entries on the line by 7.30 p.m. Dates are:- 27th May; 10th June; 24th June; 8th July; 29th July and 12th August. All ESCA members welcome to join us for these Thursday evenings.

Some eighteen members joined me on a Sussex/Kent border run from Maidstone to Rye, an enjoyable jaunt through the lanes, visiting Smarden for a sustaining lunch. More than beer was spilt in the afternoon as a few of us hit the deck and the blood flowed. Pete came off twice, we more experienced riders came off only once - the younger novices didn't come off at all. We were pleased to welcome Adrian Loska back up from his studies at Exeter to join us on this occasion.

Before closing, I submit to you the jottings of one Dame Evadne Bottom Brackett, which as you will see is an account of another joint Excel venture.

Cheers for now,

Rough Rider

EXCELSIOR TRIP TO THE ROTTERDAM '6'

The trip started in good orderly 'HUDSON' fashion with everyone being collected on schedule, including some rollers which Bert Absolom was taking to Deznie via the 'Hudsonmobile'. The sight of these got some of the party worried especially when we told them to do thirty minutes each en route to Rotterdam. There were fourteen of us altogether - Dave Hudson (of course), David Mills and Alf Dawes from the Worthing Excelsior and Bert Absolom, John Palmer, Judi and Leon Budgen, Alan and Deznie Imms, Craig Olive, Chris and Kevin Myddleton, Ray Harding and Joe Peake.

The excellent timing meant that we could take in a swift pint on the way at Brookland, in a superb old hostelry called the Woolpack. However, it seemed a bit too swift for a couple of Brighton Excels who found it necessary to take their glasses back to the van. After being admonished by Alf one of them left his glass in the car park (suffering from a twinge of conscience no doubt), but word has it that Kevin Myddleton has still got his!

On to Dover next and then over on the ferry to Ostend. We were very lucky and had a nice smooth crossing, having supper afloat. Before we knew it we were waiting for the boat to dock at Ostend.

Unfortunately, between Ostend and Ghent we saw a nasty accident involving a Belgian Citroen and an English Triumph Dolomite. It appeared that the Citroen had driven into the back of the Triumph. Dave pulled to a halt and we got out to offer assistance. Deznie tended the driver of the Citroen, who was trapped in his car, and we helped the English family back to the minibus for warmth until the services came. They had to wait a good forty five minutes until the Belgian Police, Fire Service and Ambulances arrived on the scene. We have since heard that after spending two weeks in hospital in Ghent, the little girl, who sustained a head fracture, is now back in England well on the road to recovery. Luckily we were not required to go to the local Cop Shop, and so once more Dave took the helm and we continued our trip.

By now, in true EXCEL fashion, we were all dying for a cuppa and Dave assured us that at the next 'services' we would stop for refreshments. The next service area, however, was closed, as were the following six. It appears that Belgians don't need sustenance to get them through the hours of darkness so we eventually stopped at a cafe over the border in Holland. Mind you, it was worth the wait, the coffee and confectionery were excellent.

We arrived in Rotterdam at about 8.30 a.m. and with Craig navigating!????? We eventually found our Hotel. Credit where credit's due, though. Craig didn't do too badly with the map once we told him we were in Rotterdam, not Amsterdam. Dave found us a very nice restaurant where we had breakfast, and thus refreshed, we 'hit' Rotterdam.

First a quick shopping expedition with brains clicking converting guilders into pounds. All in all prices seemed to compare roughly with our own. There were some super shops, very modern and inviting. However we didn't see many cycle shops, and certainly no lightweight shops; the emphasis being mainly on the sit up and beg type of machine.

Some of us went next, under Dave's guidance, to the old quarter of Rotterdam "Delphshaven". We travelled via tram, with Alf giving us tips on how to sneak on without paying. Obviously an old hand at this sort of thing!

Delphshaven is very historic with the old buildings and the bridge over the canal, which was solid ice. The vessels were completely icebound and it was quite entertaining watching the local youngsters skating and playing ice hockey.

On next to the Euromast, a very high tower similar to our Post Office Tower. On the way there we somehow lost J.P., but all was well - we spotted his feet in one of those 'foreign conveniences'. The Euromast is 540 feet high, the highest point in Holland (chortle) and a superb view can be seen from the top. However, one complaint, the windows were a bit dirty and Craig wouldn't get out to clean them.

From there back to the minibus via a market with stalls full of souvenirs and FOOD. Here a quick stop while we had chips with mayonnaise - a very pleasant combination. Dave then took us on to Kinderdyke where as many as seventeen windmills can be seen alongside the river. What a picturesque sight, late afternoon sun giving a warm glow over the frozen river on which there were several skaters. Just like an old Dutch painting. Cameras were clicking by the dozen, with David (Bayley) Mills lining us up for a group photo.

By now Excelsior tums were rumbling and we went back to Rotterdam to settle in to our hotel and afterwards out for a meal. The hotel, which was found for us by Val Stringer, was excellent; very warm and friendly. Even the resident parrot could say "hello" in English.

After freshening up we went to find a restaurant. 'Barney's' turned out to be very good with only Craig having a grumble about the food. Apparently he's spoiled by his mum's home cooking (none of this foreign muck). By now we were all looking forward to the evening's racing at the AHOY Stadium, being the second day of the Rotterdam Six Day; we weren't disappointed. It was fantastic! What an atmosphere. And what riding. Patrick Sercu was incredible, an absolute powerhouse. Some of the party found seats but the best view was standing where one could see the whole of the track and watch the tactics and changeovers. The racing went on until 3 a.m. but we decided to leave at 12.30, having had a long day.

Sunday took us over the frozen wastes on our way to the ferry from Flushing to Breskens. Here Deznie announced that she'd seen three "Herrings" flying in the sky!

On the homeward bound journey we were stopped at the border into Belgium by a Customs Officer who demanded to know why we hadn't paid over a levy of £1.50p the previous day. "Because we weren't asked", said Dave truthfully. But the official wasn't satisfied and Dave had to go into his little box. However "Adolph" gave us a lovely smile when Dave asked him if we could take his photo.

We had a quick look at Bruges, and also some tea, then on to Ostend to catch the ferry. Again another smooth crossing with some of us having a meal in the restaurant. Highly recommended, the food was delicious. A few drinks in the bar rounded off a really superb trip enjoyed by all of us, due mainly to the efficiency

of Dave's organisation and driving. The drive from Dover to Brighton was two hours long. A record trip for Dave. He must have been inspired by Chris, Kevin, Ray and Joe who were all enthusiastically discussing next year's racing season...

So ended our trip to Rotterdam - when's the next one Dave?

Dame Evadne Bottom-Brackett.

C.T.C. Hailsham & District Section

Colour slide photography seems to be less popular these days, mainly because of the cost of the film I suppose, but nevertheless we had a very enjoyable members slide show and tea in March. Twenty eight members attended of whom nine showed a variety of slides, both old and new, and midway through our ladies served a splendid tea. Our thanks are due to Ted Jarvis who so kindly brings his projector and screen on these occasions - good equipment makes such a difference.

Our members were well represented at the D.A. 30 mile Reliability Ride and, more recently, the D.A. Treasure Hunt, both good events held in splendid cycling weather. Our own section rides have continued much as before - energetic morning rides for those who prefer to be less than lazy interspersed with modest paced runs, also confined to the mornings, which seem to be enjoyed by everyone. The lunchtime get-togethers afterwards, mostly at local hostelries, continue to be very popular. A highlight of recent weeks was the tea provided by Bruce and Renee Allcorn - slimming is out of the question when meals like this are provided! One other item worthy of note was the appearance of a tandem trike recently on one of our modest paced rides; the lady "stoker" however was new to this form of transport, so a few miles was enough.

Tourist.

CLOSING DATE FOR THE AUTUMN EDITION IS AUGUST 25th

FOR DISTRIBUTION AT THE ASSOCIATION '25' ON SUNDAY

SEPTEMBER 12th

SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS

As usual this time of the year provides lots of activity and sometimes it's difficult to keep tabs on all that's going on. The undoubted highlight was the Easter tour. This year it was five days in South Wales staying at Youth Hostels. Sixteen went, led by Pete and Anita Crofts. Some rode all the way and some motored to Abergavenny where the cars were left for the week. The oldsters revelled in the mountains and marvellous scenery whilst the youngsters found the lack of space invader machines - a sure sign of a primitive society. Primitive was also the word for some of the Hostels, although everyone enjoyed them. The route was through the Brecon Beacons to New Quay and Aberystwyth, then to Devils Bridge and the Elan Valley reservoirs. A bit hard, especially for young Nicola Clarke making her first cycle tour, but too easy for Pete who rode both ways to get a few miles in. Terry Collins, a recent club addition, rode out but came home by car. He's trying to get fit to recapture former glory in twelve hour events, where he used to carry the Gemini colours.

Racing started with good performances in the Hardriders event, especially by Paul and Dave Abraham who dead-heated with 41.55. This started a great rivalry and enthusiasm which developed into a team time trial craze. With junior Matthew Miles, newly recruited from Sydenham Wheelers and Ian Silvester (again starting the season with a string of under the hour rides), they rode the Mitre four up. A fine third place resulted despite shedding Paul on the way when he landed on his head after his frame folded in two! His everloving team mates spared only a glance to see him stand up among the wreckage then sped on. They did send a car back to take him to hospital! Oddly enough Paul's injuries to head and legs were not responsible for his departure from the racing scene, instead he developed "Easter knee" after riding down to Wales for the Hostel tour and has yet to recover. A pity, since he had already produced a 57 - the same minute as Ian and David - on the Q25/3. In his absence the others rode the Eastern Counties forty mile and despite having only three men in a 4 up collected a brilliant third place from a very big field. Dave and Ian won the SECA 2 up on a cold day at Bearsted. Dot Harding decided that with husband John and son David away up the road she'd get warm by walking round the antiques fair in the hotel at the start. She came out with a violin!! Bit of a shock for the family who weren't sure they were seeing straight after the effort of the event.

Another strange happening in the racing world is reported by Arthur Smith. Hammering up the E72 he was suprised when a passing motorcyclist slowed right down beside him - and more suprised still when the lady pillion passenger leaned over and stroked his leg!! It ought to have produced a P.B. but I think his mind was distracted from the racing.

Road racing has been pursued vigourously by Andy Verrall with several good placings. Matthew Miles has won two events and got a second in another, and Paul Abraham in his only road race before his knee problems, won the event. This was largely due to some skilful blocking by Andy and Matthew. The club promoted a triple event on West Malling airfield in the scorching sun on May 15th. None of the club

riders excelled but perhaps it's not surprising since the previous evening had seen most of them at the SECA disco which was held this year in Southborough. Wine, women and song were strongly in evidence and in the early hours, search parties were combing the Common for missing persons.

Other events on the social front have been Brian Barrett's trip to France and the Flanders Fields which attracted five club members; a further visit to the London-Brighton (organiser of this is an ex-Southborough Wheeler whose racing demise came in the ESCA Hardriders when he collided with a stationary car); and a well supported Vets lunch. The highlight of this function was John Harding's appearance in drag!! We certainly get a wide variety of members in the Southborough.

Roamer.

SUSSEX NOMADS C.C.

This month's notes as writ by Limbo are going to be short as there doesn't seem to be very much to write about.

Last time I wrote that we were looking forward to Ron's Reliability Trial, and apart from some rain this was a very interesting event taking in as it did some roads that I have never ridden over and some that I have never seen.

The 2 ups have been hard this year with Geoff the Boore playing at engine and Alan hanging on: but they are supposed to get you fit? In the Mitre 4 up, riding with the Phillips's from St. Neots, we even managed a crust which is always encouraging, especially when one sees one's name in the 'comic'.

The Phillips's, Steve and dad, Paul, used to be in the Lewes Nomads, and we meet them on the tour de France where they always prove to be very strong, and they're also handy as they speak foreign.

Talking about the Tour de France, the Sussex Nomads composite team is preparing for the 1982 edition, although in fairness to the big teams we will only be involved in the three stages around Lily - oops, that's wrong, I mean Lille. Our team might be one short, so anyone - old, strong and rich - who has nothing to do during the week beginning July 4th should contact Alan Limbrey or Geoff Boore. Cost will be Hover (£20) and eating and sleeping (£100). This will also be good training for the '100'.

Going back to racing, all the Nomads are beginning to move. Vernon has been doing more and is down to a '9' and recently did a good ride in the Lewes club '30'. Keith Chandler has been seen out training, and is showing his talent even though he has only just started. To think, the Nomads might even have a team out soon! Geoff has now done a '3' and is looking around for some fast courses, so beware of the AMCO FLASH last seen heading for E31.

As I was returning from a recent '25' I found I was catching a cyclist and as I got closer the position of the rider seemed familiar and I was delighted to see my old (?) training partner, Alan Packett, out on his bike again.

My thought for this BONK. Why does it take MANY weeks to get a result sheet out when a start sheet only takes a week? Some results are so late that all interest in the event has long gone.

It seems an age since our club's Prizegiving and Dinner but, since the previous notes were scribed before the event, perhaps you can bear with me as I reflect upon it. The evening was ably arranged by the Committee led by Brian Holt. As is usual with most Dinners the cross toasting proved to be one of the highlights that most of the guests and members enjoy, especially if led by the wit of the likes of John Pratt. John stood up to take wine with anybody who had recently spoken to no less a person than the Queen, at which Ray Prior jumped smartly to attention and took wine with J.P. The guest speaker's wife, being on the same table as Ray, leant across and enquired of him how it was that he had met the Queen. Ray replied that he had been on the Honours List and received the M.B.E., whereupon the guest speaker's wife asked what for. Ray told her it was for services to the T.A. and she replied "I didn't know you had a TRICYCLE"!

Continuing on the Ray "hello chaps" Prior theme, our Sunday morning clubrun was forcing it's way towards Brightling Needle, when we came up behind three girls mounted on ponies. We all got by fairly quickly at which point the gradient increased and Ray started to take one pace forward and two paces back, the ponies were gaining rapidly and in fact shot by Ray, although we did NAG him to go faster! and proceeded after Dave Dunbar, who just won the prime by a short head. If that wasn't enough for one day, as we approached Burwash we nearly fell off our bikes laughing after reading a sign outside a local farm - DO IT YOURSELF MANURE.

The middle of February saw several club members, plus numerous riders including Glen Mitchell, spending a weekend in Bournemouth. The group rode there and back picking one of the wettest Saturday mornings of the winter, supported by a strong south west wind. I can vouch for the guttiness of the ride as I drove by in the warmth and comfort of the car to witness the rain soaked bunch.

At our club's Spring Road Race, Mark Williams and John Oakes had made a break and when rounding the Rushlake Green/Warbleton corner Mark enquired by how much they were leading, I shouted fifty seconds and Mark asked John if that was very much. John replied, "that's nearly a minute". Congratulations, Mark, on winning that one; pity it wasn't in a Rover's jersey.

The following day most of the club racers were in action fighting their way through fog over East Sussex roads - sorry, tracks, the carriageway surfaces these days certainly leave a lot to be desired - but Jason Carey must have found the conditions to his liking, finishing a fine fourth overall. He continued his winning ways by speeding across the marsh road to put up the fastest time in our early season club 10. The Jason Carey/Tim Fuller friendly rivalry continues into this season and at the time of writing, out of four events the score is two to Jason, one to Tim and one dead heat - that one being the ESCA 10 at Whitesmith in 23.58.

Jason has already put his track bike to good use at Calshot and will be rushing around Preston Park this summer in his usual energetic style. Tim has started the season well, winning the club's early season 24 mile t.t. and broke the junior 10 record with a ride of 22.26 on the Q10/19. With another good ride in the SCA 25 at Hammerpot he won the junior championship medal. His brother Paul is gaining momentum

and has gone under 24 minutes for a 10 with a 23.55 ride, again on the Q10/19, and on the Q10/1 won the Rochester Trophy for first schoolboy in the Gemini event. His dad, Jim, has started the season fairly well with a personal best of 23.45 for a 10.

Schoolboy Stephen Willis has made a good start to his cycling career; to date he has competed in a 25; our club 24 mile; and several 10s, breaking evens on the Whitesmith course with a 29.59. His father, Clive, is going well this season despite trying to keep one eye on Stephen and one eye on the road. John Lehane has taken delivery of his new, very pretty, Phoenix. Jon Cooper told me that after a 2 up recently they had difficulty getting near their car due to the mass of people viewing John's pride and joy.

Hove Park in May saw the Sussex CA circuit championship. We had two riders competing, Kevin Dakin and Paul Fuller. Kevin had a good ride in the junior event, finishing seventh, whilst Paul got himself a bronze medal in the schoolboy event. Earlier the same day Cliff Sharp, Jerry Keen and T & J Fuller were second 'A' team in the SCA 25 at Hammerpot, whilst Clive Willis, Graham Lade and John Lehane were first in the 'B' team competition.

Another father about to be put in the limelight by his son is Brian Holt. His offspring, Jason, competed in his first time trial picking a difficult evening across the Pevensey Marsh, but still put in a creditable ride. Perhaps his bigger brother, Gavin, will be persuaded to come out of retirement.

Well, that's about it. I will just leave you with this question. What do you call a group of Irishmen? Answer: A THICKET!!!

A. Tubular

Seen in Hastings - a very large dustcart with a very large sign on top of the cab bearing the legend 'PHOENIX'. Can it be? Surely not.....a certain club's team waggon!!

Warwick Dunford's loyal family tell us that within their intimate circle he is known as 'Stilton' because he has white legs with blue veins running through them.

Talking in the tea tent, Charlie Robson was described as an entrepreneur. A voice was heard enquiring if that was the same as a voyeur? Positive evidence will be gratefully received.

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

Well it's happened again - the BONK deadline is today and nothing written. What plea in mitigation can I enter to soothe the irate editors? I know. I'm so stunned by the bearded one and the times done on the trike I quite forgot the notes. Wish I could go as fast on a solo. (That's right. A good grovel will get you everywhere! Ed).

One evening of note was the roller competition at Eastbourne in Harold's Place. If Mark Williams wishes to advertise a baby sitting service - we have a good photo to go with it. But back to the racing, there was even prize money. No doubt that's what made the legs go round so fast. In fact a certain lady went so fast the bloke holding her couldn't stand the strain and dropped her. I should add he was severely reprimanded as we cannot have the editorial staff reduced by 50% at one go. (Carry on like this and you can be as late as you want to next time. Ed).

Talking of Dave Sims, he has been doing his training with a washing machine. Well, not really with it. The new sparkling machine stays home and keeps wife Joan company while Dave creeps out for a few quick miles.

Matthew Rabbetts felt something was missing from his life when the racing season finished. There were no events to fall off in. Instead, while on a YOJ opportunities scheme he contrived to be in a van that ran out of road and hit a tree. The tree appears to have recovered; Matthew was O.K. He only hit his head. The other headbanger in the family, Mick, is training hard for when he can start racing again. This is a bit unfortunate as we shall miss his roadside support and sponges in hilly events like the Tooting and Redmon. Matthew has found that it doesn't pay to have a cycling mum. The big problem is that if mum goes out on her bike, who gets the dinner? Not Master M. He lingers in the Sandridge Kaff until he thinks it's O.K. to go home. However, Madame Prez, who runs the Kaff, has sussed this out, and our hero is due for a shock.

Talking of food, it's a good job Gary Sims was not around when the Israelites were trying to get out of Egypt. A plague of locusts have nothing on this lad. In the Newmarket Diner at Brighton our Gary was offered some spare bread pudding that Matt Rabbetts could not eat. While disposing of this lot Gary failed to notice that the man on the next table had left some chips. Matt noticed, though, and after a suitable pause (all of three seconds) offered the said chips to Gary - who got half-way through them before he realised they were stone cold.

Several of us enjoyed the Central's reliability trial. The highlights of which were the fast group going off course and a deer bounding across the road in front of Alan Limbrey. This so inspired the aged Nomad that he stormed up the hill to the T.V. mast shouting "I'll murder Boore in the two-ups". All joking aside, thanks Ron for an interesting and scenic route. It didn't quite match your Saturday Rambles but perhaps that was due to a lack of punctures, loose dogs and almost fine weather.

One thing about having girls in the club it does make for more colour. Our Hazel has bumble bees on her overshoes and a pink (!) Viking. I bet Thor doesn't think much of that and there have been mutterings at Valhalla. Who got her boyfriend out on a bike by nicking dad's gear for him to wear? and who was photograph-

ing what part of his anatomy in a quiet spot on the Downs?

Nice to see Melanie Attwood back out on the bike. We now await the appearance of Sally Higginson on her bike. Is there any truth in the rumour that she is waiting for mum to buy a bike with lawnmower attachment!! You'd better get that grass cut, Gordon, or you'll end up like Graham Seymour - banned from bike racing until you do. Hope no one rings Sue like they did Cath Seymour to ask if the boy can come out to play. It appears to make things worse.

Still on the subject of nice to see people out again - Ken Savage has been caught turning a quiet pedal again and has been found viewing the racing scene.

Why did Pete Burberry ride sprints and tubs in the Eastbourne reliability trial? Is he going to take up massed start racing?

Geoff Willcocks appeared at a club night recently and complained that the portrait of him which hangs in the clubroom so that members can see who the secretary is, was not on view. It was explained that as it's been on show for so long it's had to go for cleaning mainly due to the fact that the President smokes so much. Still on the subject of Willcocks, he was ousted as Criterium promoter as it was found that he is no longer a BCF member. His thoughts on the matter lasted right through two Committee meetings. More to the point, what are we going to do for a lead car this year? It is said that a certain 1100 is "getting a bit tatty"!! With increased Police supervision of road races perhaps the lead car will be taxed and have an exhaust system fitted to the car and not the road.

Now for the less important matter of racing. Our club programme opened with the annual thrash between Lewes and Newhaven, which saw twenty three starters on a fine, dry day. Ian Burgess won in 33.57 from Martin White's 35.35. A fine 35.38 saw Gary Sims in third place. Good rides, too, from Ben Green, Andy Beveridge and Jon Brenchley. It was also Karen Burberry's debut and her 54.24 was a good ride for a first try.

Next on the club list was the Danehill Hilly 22. The field was somewhat depleted due to a club tour to France and Belgium, of which Brian 'Compo' Rex will write. It was another win for Ian B. from Martin White. I can't quote times because the winner appears to have lost the list. The club 30 was run off with the Mitre over the Shortgate/Laughton/Union Point/Boship/Laughton course. You know who ran out with the fastest time in 1.13.01. Martin White was again second in 1.16.52 and Ben Green third with 1.18.57. John Pratt, Ian Landless and Phil King produced steady rides and William Sim re-appeared from studies.

Our 10 mile series has started again - Monday evenings, 7.45 p.m. Stankey Turner Ground, Newhaven Road, Lewes. Come and ride a sporting course with little traffic. The first two events have seen some new faces. David Jupp from Lewes who has turned in good rides on his all steel sports bike, and Matthew Willsher from Heathfield who soon cracked the evens barrier. Terry Jenkinson has also produced a couple of good times for an avowed tourist.

The racing news must be that Graham "I used to be fast" Seymour is now Graham "I can still do it" Seymour. After a winter spent puffing and grunting on the back wheel of the club B.A.R. our 'soon to be a vet' Graham has done a 3 for a '25',

which gave him the handicap award, and a 25 minute '10'. Could it be that the new frame will get used this year or will he now be afraid to chance the change?

We have managed to support all the local Open and Association events, with several teams in the team time trials. In the Mitre four-up Ian Hamilton again managed a D.N.F. and has yet to finish in any team time trial. However he is back riding the evening '10s' so is obviously not too put out.

In the B.C.F. Division Schoolboy and Junior Circuit Championships, Gary Sims and Ben Green picked up places and stirred up some interest for this oft neglected side of the game, at least so far as our lot go. We have tried the circuits at Crystal Palace and West Malling, but so far without results.

If you want a training ride on Thursdays the 10th, 17th and 24th June, come out to Laughton and give the riders in our Criterium series a words of encouragement/abuse.

Oh yes, one last thing or two. The Wanderers reliability trial will be on Sunday, 30th January 1983, and our Dinner on Saturday, 12th February, 1983.

Copper

We're interested to know. Is Ben 'into' male modelling with his very high-shine skinshorts, armwarmers and pink racing jersey? And if he doesn't mind being seen dressed like that in public, why shouldn't Hazel have a pink bike!

(Mrs. Ed.)

Two riders from Hastings were setting out on their training ride one evening when it started to rain quite heavily. The eldest (aged 24) said he thought he'd better go home as his mum grumbled if he got wet. The other (aged 20) said he'd got to finish the ride because HIS mum grumbled, if he didn't do enough miles. They did finish their ride - and in record time, so hopefully both mums were appeased on that occasion.

TIME TRIAL TOPICS

No.2:

What's Wrong With Following Cars?

Whit Sunday, 5th June 1960, is firmly engraved in my memory. On a superb early Summer morning I got under the hour for the first time in an event on the A1 Great North Road in Nottinghamshire. It was also the first time I can remember seeing a rider with a following car. In those days even on a trunk road course the riders far outnumbered the other road users and riders considered themselves fortunate if they were overtaken by a dozen or so cars during an event. On this particular occasion a flamboyant visiting rider had declared his intention of improving competition record and he was followed by a car with it's horn sounding whenever he dropped below 30 m.p.h. As he only managed a long 56 the horn was sounding for most of his ride. The locals thought the whole thing was a big hoot as Gordon Ian the reigning National Champion and a Nottingham man rose to the occasion and defeated the invader.

Since then more and more riders have flouted the following cars rule so that even no-hopers and novices in minor events have sought to gain an illegal advantage in this manner in recent years. Let's face it there can be a tremendous psychological advantage in knowing that one's parents or girlfriend are watching every push on the pedals and that they are only seconds away if 24 spoke wheels or 5 ounce tubs are not robust enough for the Sussex lanes or Kent dragstrip.

In recent years I have been alternately amused and annoyed by one rider's following car. After one event on the Portsmouth Road he was giving his wife a right rollocking to the delight of everyone around the result board. Her sin had been to get the car penned in the carpark near the start so that she had been unable to follow him round the course. I have always suspected that the penning in of her car was a deliberate ploy on the part of the other riders! On another occasion, this time in an East Surrey R.C. hardriders event, the lady (I use the word charitably) overtook me four times in her car between Horsham and the finish. Each time she seemed to choose the dodgiest place to squeeze past me, only to stop at the side of the road a few hundred yards later. This then caused me unnecessary inconvenience and danger as I had to pass the parked car whose door was prone to be thrown open as I approached. Later in the same year the same rider and I were off together in the Hounslow 100 on the Bath Road. Unfortunately I have a weak bladder and invariably I need to relieve myself during the third hour but the number of suitable spots on the course west of Newbury are limited. Needless to say every suitable gateway I came across that morning was already occupied by his wife and their car and it was not until after he packed at seventy miles that I could commune with nature and continue my ride in comfort.

I may be old fashioned and unduly sensitive but I believe that the unfair advantage gained by riders who cheat by having following or accompanying cars and the inconvenience and danger they cause to other competitors and road users were

good enough reasons for the clampdown in 1982. However the change of emphasis in the following cars rule does not result from such moral considerations. Nor from a desire to prevent mums, girlfriends and soigneurs from watching their favourite competitors in action at close quarters. Nor is to stop Tom Tuggo in the ESCA 10 pretending he is Bernard Hinault in the Grand Prix des Nations. No, it is simply that we must put our house in order if the sport as we know it is to survive.

To time trial on the open roads of Great Britain is not a God given right that cannot be taken away from us. When the Cycle Racing on the Highway Regulations were drawn up in the late 50s, massed start racing was subjected to police control. Road races could only be held with police permission. The police had to approve the course as well as the date and time of day of the race and amongst other things the M.O.T. Regulations severely limited the size of road race fields. That time trials escaped the full force of these Regulations was entirely due to the diplomacy of the RTTC National Committee at that time. They argued that riders in time trials were not really racing and that they were only exercising their rights as individual road users travelling along the Queen's highway. That substantial numbers would choose to cover the same route at minute intervals and be timed was purely incidental. Surprisingly the Government authorities accepted the argument and as a result time trials are not subject to police permission - the police merely have to be informed where and when they are to be held. Obviously time trials must be promoted in a responsible manner if we are to continue to enjoy our present advantages. In particular we must be considerate of all other road users, local inhabitants and the police to name but a few.

In the last couple of years the M.O.T. Regulations have been under review by a Chief Constable's working party to whom the RTTC National Chairman was able to give evidence. It was only by the skin of our teeth and the fact that we are seen to be serious about keeping our house in order and to minimise the nuisance we cause to other road users, that we again escaped the imposition of Regulations similar to those governing road racing. It is clear that our privilege still derives from the notion that time triallists are individual cyclists inoffensively travelling alone and unpaced along the highway. We, on the National Committee, are sure our cause would be lost if time trials became a procession of cyclists each accompanied by one or more motor vehicles. This fact must be appreciated by riders who are tempted to flout the 1982 version of accompanying car regulation and by the club officials who are tempted to turn a blind eye or to campaign for a relaxation at the District and National AGMs this autumn.

The loss of our privilege is frightening. Time trials subject to police permission - probably only allowed on out of the way lane courses with permission to use a course no more than once a month - certainly fields would be limited to sixty riders and multiple events would not be allowed. All told we would be able to cater for far fewer riders than at present whilst the work falling on the event organisers would be much greater. It would kill time trialling as we know it.

So the future of time trialling is in your hands. Accept the current position and make do without motor assistance - or face the consequences.

Insider

WANDERING WITH THE LEWES

From a cast of thousands twelve were chosen to go to France to see the Paris-Roubaix and like an idiot I went again. Eddie Reeves came down from Windsor and stayed with me again to eat us out of house and home on the Thursday evening, and we both had our last good night's sleep before leaving for Dover. Laurie Leaney came round at 9.30 on Friday and we picked up Ian Landless at Heathfield. On leaving Framfield I heard a cracking noise and thought it was a broken spoke, but more of that later.

We met Matthew Rabbetts, Geoff Boxall and Mick Burgess at Hurst Green and pushed on to Dover into a howling east wind. Even though it was bright and sunny it wasn't very warm. I spent most of the trip at the back, resting, and let Eddie set the pace. We had lunch at Woodchurch and got to Dover just before the Hostel opened. I do not yet understand how all of our lot, each with a reasonable income, can inflict on ourselves such little extras that the YHA provide, like bad beds; sleeping in a cocoon; constant noise outside and in; and the cheek to ask not only that we pay them but have to do a job as well. Our party were in two rooms: our lot had a dog barking all night and idiot hostellers charging up and down stairs, whilst the rest had a street light outside their window and constant traffic noise. We found an excellent fish and chip restaurant and even some Shepherds Neame best bitter, which was a small compensation for no sleep.

We had to leave early to catch the 9 o'clock ferry and on the way Paul and Steve Phillips and Brian Samworth turned up, frantically looking for somewhere to park their cars. Nick Bradshaw and Graham Seymour had already resolved this problem the night before. It was bitterly cold and grey but a calm crossing which we all mainly enjoyed by eating as big a breakfast as we could manage, a normal bikies occupation. We reached Calais on time at 11.15 a.m. and got out of the town A.S.A.P. I met two friends from the South Bucks, who must have been richer than us as they were staying bed and breakfast.

We took to minor roads as soon as we could and made for Cassel for lunch. This town appears to be perched on the only hill for about thirty miles and Steve tore up it first to gain the first points. These do not count unless you bring the town sign home as proof. As Eddie and I had eaten a lot we just had coffee whilst all the rest were having a gut bash of various proportions. After lunch we got down to the serious business of turning the tour into a race and left the town at about 21 m.p.h. We could hear various yells from weaker members at the back but did not take a lot of notice as the 'lovely' city of Lille was our next port of call. We tried a route round the lanes and five of us successfully got lost and detached from the rest. Paul jumped a moped but we let him get on with it as he didn't know where he was going either. After crossing Lille up one way streets and shopping areas and by a complete fluke, we found the Hostel. On the way we found an old London bus which has been turned into a sort of religious shelter for all sorts of

down and outs, but as Ian Landless hadn't booked us in we were stuck with the Hostel.

All the rest of our party had beaten us to it and guess what? By a stroke of good fortune we had to share the one dormitory with a party of drunken English rugby players as well as the usual benefits of Lille Hostel, i.e. motorway with lanes outside the window, no curtains and Lille industrial fair next door. We changed into our après cycling outfits and went to a restaurant, called a Flunch, and had a very reasonable meal. Silky Samworth and Nick started by buying expensive wine to go with their two eggs and chips, a policy they followed all week. It was far too cold to hang about so we walked round Lille, a bit quick, and headed back to our haven for the night. Meanwhile our rugby room-mates had got the other side of a lot more booze and were spraying each other with foam (made us proud to be British). For some reason they stopped swearing and yelling and suddenly rushed out to sleep in their coach leaving the rest of us in semi peace. They were all bigger and younger than us but I think big Eddie could have sorted them out. Some time I will relate how he hauled a gypsy out of his car and sat on him while the wife was hitting Eddie over the head with a brollie (for a very good reason this event occurred). After a second night of insomnia we tried to find our way out of Lille, which wasn't that successful as we seemed to keep coming back. Eventually a French cyclist showed us the way to Cysoing where we found a bar with the heaviest concentration of cigarette smoke which some people mistake for atmosphere. We had to hang about for a long time as the race was coming over the pavé within about four miles of the town but not until about 3.30 in the afternoon. We all split up and most of the others were buying all sorts of goodies to have a picnic lunch, but Matthew, Eddie, Laurie and I had a few beers in another grotty French bar. Mick and Geoff joined us as it was still cold and we had hours to pass until the main event. To keep in character with our sleeping arrangements we found a rubbish tip to view the race. As this part of France is as hilly as a billiard table we could see a lot more from our six foot mound. Mick Burgess promptly went to sleep on the tip whilst Nick showered him with nettles - I did not rate his chances of surviving the rest of the week. We had a diversion watching a French constable, with a face like a turnip, trying to boss the crowd around. We offered Mick as an exchange copper but did not have any luck.

The event we had come for seemed to happen in bits and pieces. Old cars making a lot of horn noise, this must be the only working part on French cars. Police motor bikes looking at our French constable as if he was a rotting cabbage. The first real sign that the race was on was a cloud of dust with a helicopter hovering over it about a mile away. We all stood up and there they were in a cloud of man made swirling dust, cars covered with spare bikes fighting for space on cobbles and a lone rider, Ludo Peeters, about twenty seconds up on the break which consisted of Raas, Kelly, Hinault, Plankaert and others too quick and too dirty to recognise. Unless you are there to see it, the event is nigh on impossible to describe adequately, but it makes marathon running look like a race for five year olds. It's history now, of course, but Jan Raas won, and as he wears glasses there's hope for

me yet.

With the rush to get away after seeing the last rider through - he is the real hero, as all the others have had the clean water in the showers - we had a fair distance to go to Kortrijk. We managed to find our way through the lanes to Peg and joined the main road to our destination. On the way we found a village fair and introduced Brian to chips and mayonnaise and the correct wine to drink with them. He is the Lewes Egon Ronay and is compiling a guide to Hostels and chip waggons (£5 and psotage from a box number in Crowborough). When we hit the main road Paul, Steve and Eddie wound it up and I got left behind. I saw the ultimate in house signs, a Porsche 911 impregnated on a telegraph pole, needless to say the place was called Porsche. Meanwhile therest of our gallant party had their race into the town and as I wasn't there I will have to take their word for it as to who won. Nobody had the faintest idea where the Hostel was but we did find it and compared with our two previous nights, it was palatial. It is a huge converted school with small rooms and two beds in each one. The warden told us of a good downtown restaurant, what he did not let on was that it took two hours to get served. The food was excellent once we got it and the owner asked us about our 'holiday'. I told him that we were a party of brush salesmen who could not have their firm's convention in Hawaii this year as profits were down. He seemed a bit perplexed and left us alone. He did ring the Hostel to say we would be a bit late, nearly midnight in fact. Our leader, Ian, nearly got locked out much to Eddie's amusement, and his manic laughter echoed round the place at the thought. This time most of us slept and we got breakfast.

The weather improved and Nick showed us his white shorts, to go with his white legs, and I suggested that he had got them from the marital aids shop. As we had only fifty miles to do we had a look round Kortrijk and even had coffee in a pavement cafe in the sun. We were making for Ostende to see the start of the Sealink race, and made our way north towards Paschendale. We made a brief stop to look at the British war graves and sign the book. I had now discovered that the crack I'd heard on leaving home was the bottom bracket which was loose, but at least it could not fall out. Also I had a bulge in the rear tyre, both these discoveries cheered me up no end. Having all the right tools helped so at least I could hold it all together 'til we got home. Geoff had made a large dent in his rear wheel and acquired a new rim in Dixmunde. While everybody fed themselves once again he patiently sat there and built a new wheel. Matthew, Eddie and I went around the museum and saw a lot of the history of the town, most of which was reduced to rubble in the first war. I don't think it was a good idea for Matthew to sign as General Manstein in the visitors book. For some reason the Belgians have managed to rebuild the town as it used to be, maybe they do not have to suffer town planners and architects as we do. We still had a fair way to go and the wind got stronger as we headed towards the coast. Ian took us three miles out of our way and gave us the benefit of a really hard ride along the coast. I did suggest throwing him in the sea with the

bike strapped to him. If he floated we burnt him and if he sunk he must be innocent and could stay. The others wouldn't help so we carried on.

The Hostel at Ostende was like a hotel and the real bike fans in our lot dumped their kit and rushed off to see the evening time trial of the Sealink. The rest of us settled for an evening meal at the Hostel and I had the good fortune to sit with Nick and Brian who had purchased two bottles of wine, so Laurie and I helped them out. Eddie had to share his room with an American lad who had two girlfriends with him, which was a bit embarrassing when Ed went to bed. This facility is not included in the Hostel itinerary. We went for a walk round the town and found that Plum's have a shop there. It was bitterly cold and Matthew and Ed were still eating their way round Belgium and I got caught for an expensive round in a so called English pub. When we got back we had to remind Paul he was holding a lot of our money and he was going back the next day, so we all had coffee or wine to help him get rid of it.

The next morning we decided against seeing the Sealink and invaded Plum's shop instead. Laurie and I had emergency repairs done to our bottom brackets while everyone else was making a cost comparison with U.K. prices. Paul was seen fitting Campag chainrings over his son's head to smuggle back to the U.K. On the other hand he might have been just holding them up to the light. We said goodbye to Paul and Steve. Eddie was leaving a trail of old tee shirts in the Hostels and Ostende was not to be left out. Next year he is using clothes made of rice paper and could then eat them every day instead of leaving them for the poor of Belgium and France. In the Hostel at breakfast we took food that a party of schoolchildren had left behind and the warden wanted to charge Ed for it and even offered a packed lunch. We managed to keep together for most of the morning using lanes over a flat countryside dotted with lots of small houses. I found a place where soup and coffee costs the same and being cyclists we all had soup as there was more of it. A picnic lunch was held in the local football stadium but by that time I couldn't eat much more. We successfully lost Geoff and Mick at this point as we left the watering hole by the wrong road and ended up about five miles in the wrong direction. After some really good mapreading we ended up on a main road filled with large trucks training for the race at Zolder. We did a bit along the cycle track taking down lungfuls of carbon monoxide. Everybody complained when Ed and I went up front as the speed increased considerably. We shot Silky and Nick off then Ian punctured, so we all had a rest. I found a bar which was really the pits but sold Stella Artois at the cheapest price on the trip. The four Belgian workmen inside were holding a drunken conversation in quadrophonic Flemish. Ian asked why they weren't working and did a demonstration of how to dig a hole. They were a little confused as they didn't speak English, and luckily did not understand what Matthew was saying. A little later Graham's mudguard and pannier got knotted together and whilst sorting that lot out two bikes got blown into a ditch but without any damage. We rode into Ghent during the rush hour and had to negotiate tram lines and cobbles which was all good fun. We found Geoff and Mick in Plum's so the rest of us joined like

a pack of kids on an outing buying anything that could be carried home. Geoff, Mick and Matthew bought a pair of rims each while most of the rest purchased clothing. Eddie didn't bother and waited outside. For our last night in Belgium we stayed in a real gem of a Hostel which was like Stalag Luft V11 with no curtains and monster arc lights shining in the windows. For a real authentic background the Master Race were there in force shouting at each other and enjoying cold showers. They even decided to play football near midnight in the courtyard as they couldn't lay their hands on any machine guns. We found a good restaurant near the Hostel and had an excellent meal. A drunken Belgian told us he had been to the U.K. to cure his alcohol problem and it obviously hadn't worked. He insisted on buying us all a coffee with icecream in before we left. Again it was very cold in the evening but we did our compulsory walk round Ghent. Laurie tried to ring home from a kiosk and had to leave a message with Geoff's wife in Crowborough. All he wanted to do was to tell Ann not to drive to Dover as he had a lift organised. Despite the efforts of our Kraut chums we managed to get some sleep. Nick did tell them to shut up, which was a bit risky as they were all nine feet tall and he does look a bit like one of the chosen people. We managed to leave there safely after a breakfast of bread and jam with cold coffee. The warden had forgotten to lay on nettle soup for the real concentration camp atmosphere. Eddie left one vest, one towel and one YHA cocoon.

Our last day was spent riding fairly sedately, under 21 m.p.h. that is, through a good lane route to Bruges. Ian wanted to go into Holland but being the team captain we didn't take a lot of notice of his wishes. We found a good bar with another drunken Belgian (female) celebrating the owner's birthday. Ian asked her why she wasn't working and apparently drinking was her occupation.

On reaching Bruges we played at being tourists, dumping the bikes and wandering round the town buying souvenirs or eating yet again. A middle aged American couple asked us about our cycling outfits and I told them we were mountaineers who were lost. We came across a party of U.K. schoolchildren who immediately started giggling at our clothes. We knew they were English as half of them were white. Eddie, Matthew and I left the others for Zeebrugge to catch the boat in good time as we all hate a rush in order to get home. Everybody boarded in good time and we had a four hour trip to endure before Dover. Mick promptly went to sleep whilst everyone else started eating again; anybody would think none of us got fed at home. Nick convinced some twelve year old girls that he was Bernard Hinault and they spent a long time comparing Hinault's picture with Nick's face and could not understand why they did not match.

On reaching Dover everyone except for Matthew, Mick, Eddie and I leapt into their cars to rush home. We dumped all our booze on them to carry and made our way to Canterbury where I had booked bed and breakfast. We only had a couple of lights between us and didn't make it until it was pitch dark. Another member of the Middle sex R.C. mafia owns a guest house there and we stayed with him. There aren't

a lot of places where the owner buys a round and rides halfway home with his guests. ('Allwyn', 51 Whitstable Road, if anyone wants the address. John Griffiths, Canterbury 64769).

We left about 9 o'clock and John and Eddie left us at Charing. John back to his guest house and Eddie pushed on to Windsor. We came back via Smarden, Bidden-den and Goudhurst and even managed a pint at Hook Green. I left Mick and Matthew at Mark Cross, reaching home at about 2.30. I collapsed in the garden for the rest of the day after the dog had licked me to death.

In the middle of the night my back tyre went down which was quite good timing really. I must admit you do see some interesting places with the Lewes and we are to form our own travel agency; YHA cash cards are not accepted.

Compo Rex

"Let us remember him"

George Palmer was known to many of us who rode with the now defunct Uckfield & District Cycling Club and we received the news of his death, at the age of 74, with regret.

George joined the club around 1948 and within a short time took over as Club Captain, a post he held for many years. At the time he joined the club he was living and working in Crowborough.

George was never a racing man, clubruns and weekends away were his idea of a true cyclist. He led many Uckfield Easter weekends to the Isle of Wight, staying at the Turks Head in Ryde. He was an ideal leader for runs, always making sure that the slower riders kept in touch with the stronger ones. Like many cyclists of his age group he liked his pint at the dinner stop and also a drink at a pub near home at the end of the day's run.

George moved to Uckfield about seven years ago and soon made many friends locally, especially at the Alma Arms where he had his occasional pint. He remained a cyclist to the end, though during the past year he had been unable to do as much riding as he would have liked to.

Many of his friends in the Uckfield club along with others he had worked with and mixed with socially assembled in Uckfield Parish Church recently to pay their last respects to George and to accompany him on his last journey to internment at Uckfield Cemetery.

R.H.

Just what do you have to do to remember enough of the bits and pieces of news that have happened since the last edition of BONK to be able to write a reasonable report. I just can't get it all together so you will have to put up with this load of rubbish.

Since the last report the racing season has started once again and since that seems to take most of everyone's time I suppose I had better start there. The Hardriders, as usual, came along much too quickly but proved to be our first win of the season; this time Colin Tamon (he's the good looking one), took the honours with a ride of 40m 20s. He was backed by some of our best riders - Garry Moore, Adrian Jones and others but we failed to get the team prize by eleven seconds. However, Adrian was the fastest vet with 42m 45s. The club opener, a Hilly '10' held on the Staplefield course, was held the following week and was won by Alan Codd in 26m 54s from Roy Jones - 26m 55s and Mike Crossett was third in 28m 4s. Bill Shoulders turned his first pedal in anger since his Horsham Unity days about thirty years ago and was just outside evens with 30m 3s.

Colin and Paul won the SCA 2 up, backed up by Neil Rayland and Garry Moore who were second. Neil also won the SCA 25 held the following week, in 1h 2m 6s. Adrian Jones was third and our third man was too slow.

The Club Hilly events this year were held on Easter Saturday. As usual they were ably organised by Ron Ewart for the goodness knows how many times. The organisation was well up to the usual standard but the number of entrants was well down. Brian Phillips was the fastest, with Ian Kitching of the 34th Nomads second and Neil, third. The Club won the team race.

Came the day of the ESCA '10' and we were most suprised to see the name of Mark Jones down on the start sheet. We were even more suprised at the end of the afternoon when he had won in 23m 26s. Sarah Thomson recorded 28m 8s to be the fastest lady, and Bert Griffiths and Wilf How grabbed the vets awards. Quite a good day for the Club. The following morning in the '25', with Paul third; Neil fourth and Garry sixth, we again took the team and Bert got yet another vets award. The ride (?) of the day was Sarah once again. She managed to turn right at Golden Cross on the way to the Boship, got to the turn, went back to Golden Cross, on to Boship, turned, and then went back to the Ringmer turn. A time of 1h 40m 5s means very little until you add in the extra nine miles covered.

Neil Rayland is the Sussex twenty five mile Champion, but a weakened team could only finish third in the team section.

Recently the Club evening '10' series started again. This year the Handcross '10' course has been amended to start nearer Handcross and finish near the car park at the end of the Handcross/Balcombe road. The first event was quite good, with visitor Nigel Carpenter putting up the best time of 22m 33s. Paul was the best Club rider in 23m 21s, followed by Adrian Jones in 23m 37s. Other interesting names to conjure with included Shaun Bateman, who is training again to get fit to

drive his rally car, 27m 36s, and Jay Chisnall, who exchanged his motor bike for the other sort and recorded 26m 35s. Good ride from Keith Bulmer, 24m 42s, and also from Sarah Thomson, 26m 27s, nearly beating brother Nick who did 25m 35s.

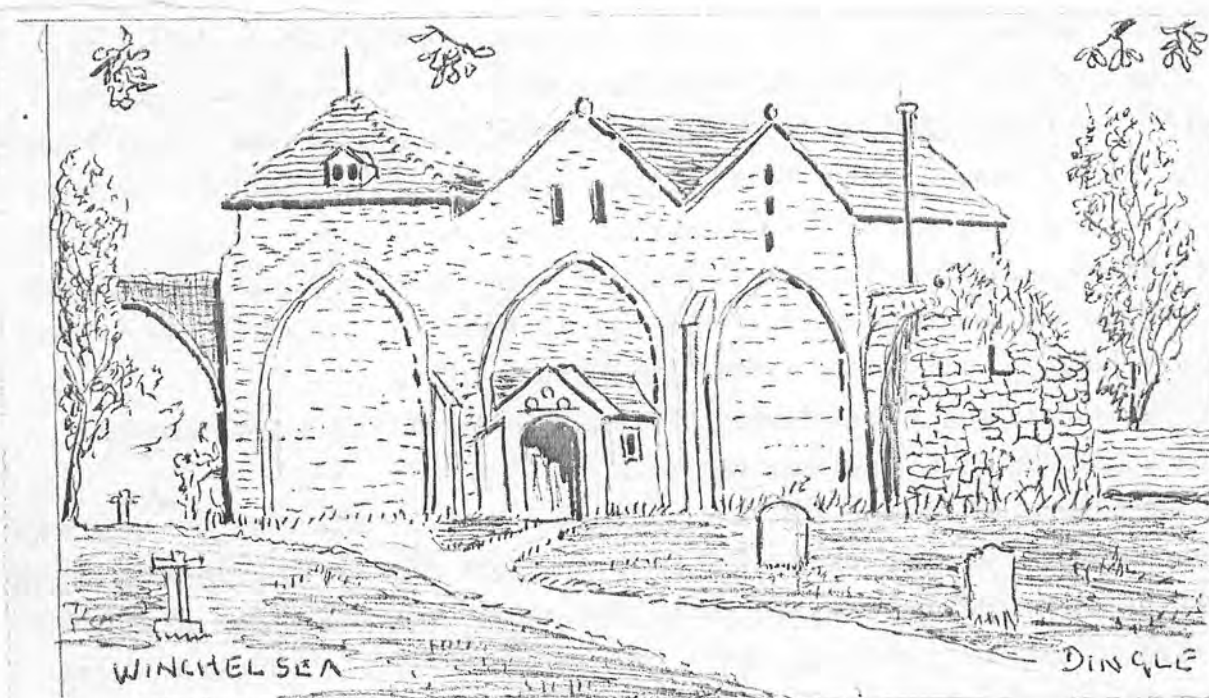
The Club road race was held on May 9th at Staplefield with a good field, and was duly won by Paul Lipscombe with a break that lasted nearly the whole of the sixty six miles. It was a first class performance and must rate as one of his better ones. The event was arranged by Joe James with a lot of help from Carole, and supervised at a great distance. Joe is now working in Borneo and needless to say could not get home for the event. However he left things in great order and the day ran like clockwork. The road race have been working overtime lately and a number of riders have been prominent in events. Paul got his picture in Cycling the other week, now he gives his bike an extra clean in case it happens again.

Away from the racing scene our intrepid tourists, five in number, had a week's tour in North Wales. It was organised by Ron Ewart so as you can expect it was just like a week long Ronnie's Ramble. The cast, apart from Ron, was Adrian Jones, Mike Ryall (who were contesting the general classification King of the Mountains), Roger Smith and Rex Wells, who acts as official cameraman. The destination was Bala, which was reached in two days with a little assistance from British Rail, and in spite of some showers and more than a little wind, a grand time was had by all.

That's enough, more next time. See you,

Blondie

SUSSEX SCENE



GETTING THE ROUGH OFF

In the days before the war, the social season started at the end of September and finished about the end of February. In consequence a considerable amount of flab appeared around the waistline and a frenzied rush was made to get rid of it before the start of the racing season. This usually opened with a Roughstuff Time Trial over various lanes, field tracks or 'what have you', then a low gear '25' (63"), followed by a medium gear (72"), and so into the season proper.

It was the practice in the Medway clubs to open the game with a 'pipe opener' on the first Sunday in March, usually to somewhere in Sussex - Hastings, Eastbourne or Buxted (Mrs. Tourles) for lunch, then back into the County to meet the staid club members for tea. The run was well advertised on the club notice board and from the start it was recognised that nobody would be waited for and all and sundry were advised to gear somewhere in the low 60s. "Fixed" was the accepted idea, gears would have been sent to the salt mines.

The number of events was minimal although the season was about the same length. There were no Saturday or midweek events. Practically everyone was on a five and a half day working week and ten mile events were practically unknown.

After the war a big change came over the event, and what was about the last of these took place in the late forties. Petrol was on ration and consequently there was very little traffic. The original idea started by the Medway R.C. usually included members of other local clubs, and on this last occasion there was a varied crowd of Medway Wheelers - then in their prime as masters of the time trial world - Invicta and some "Fairies" and Gravesend C.C., the whole mustering around fifty or more. The run moved off from the Chatham Viaduct with Eastbourne as the lunch stop and a steady pace was made along the Maidstone Road, the first mile of which is a sharp rise. Reaching Fort Horsted the pace hotted up and at the top of Bluebell Hill some famous faces found themselves very short of wind and dropped out of the chase. Down the hill and to the right to Aylesford then along the A20 to West Malling. From here it was Devil take the hindmost and the crowd was well scattered by the time Wateringbury was reached. Still moving very fast the riders reached Tonbridge. Here the temptation and in several cases the absolute necessity of stopping for something solid, impressed itself very forcibly on about a dozen or so who had been spending the social season at various Bars, and they settled for numerous slices of Dundee Cake washed down with mugs of tea at the Coffee Stall by Tonbridge railway station. The determined ones rode on through Tunbridge Wells, Mayfield, Cross in Hand, Hailsham and Polegate to arrive at Eastbourne for lunch. The venue was one where the proprietor did not object to riders eating their own food. Just as well as without this concession a number of the riders would not have made the journey. Virtue, however, brought it's own reward, since the impecunious ones were still hungry and were helped out by one of the crowd who had had a hefty win on the horses on the previous day. The order of arrival was Pete Beardsmore, then in his prime, closely followed by Arthur Pursey, Peter Whitehouse and of all people, "Dusty" Rhodes, then in his 45th year. These last three had done

bit and bit from Tonbridge. The rest came in at varying intervals and after the lunch break the whole crowd left in orderly fashion as far as Willingdon, when the pace hotted up and at Polegat level crossing one of the few trains of the day caused a break in the field and the early birds were not seen again until the tea rendezvous at the Oak Tearooms at Tonbridge. The breakaway forked left at Horsebridge and took the hard slog up through Uckfield, Maresfield Park and Nutley to Crowborough where the altitude is around 800 feet, then the fast run down through Tunbridge Wells, on through Southborough to Tonbridge. The bunch who had been held up at the level crossing took the more familiar route that had been followed on the outward journey. The field spread out and the first man to reach the tea place was Peter Whitehouse followed by Arthur Pursey and Pete Beardsmore, who had kept together from Crowborough. The remainder followed at various intervals and the entire field was spread over an hour and a half.

The hero of the day however, was not one of the riders. It was Arthur Morris, the proprietor of the tearooms, who served up a good meal, the last man getting as good and plentiful as the first. The sluggards and the afternoon crowd totalled about seventy five. The ride home was taken in four or five groups at a very sedate pace, and the usual stop for liquid sustenance was made at the 'Woodman', Boxley, then kept by Bill Day, and eventually up over the Downs to the Medway towns. The weather was absolutely ideal and doubtless nobody needed sleeping tablets.

Bill Underhill

Medway Velo

Our tea expert, Charlie Robson, is most concerned about the information he sent us - and which was printed in the last edition of BONK - concerning Lotos Slimming Tea. Since sending us the details Charlie has read newspaper reports about this product and it would seem to be just one more confidence trick. So please, he asks fellow cyclists, don't waste your money on this product.

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION POINTS COMPETITION

(up to, and including, ESCA '25')

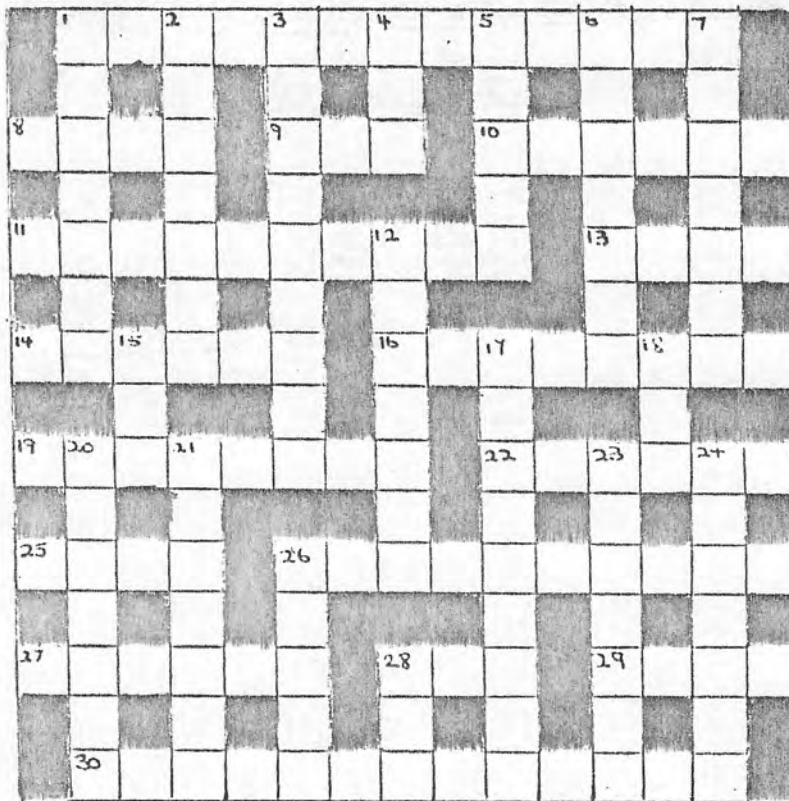
INDIVIDUAL

	<u>H.R.</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>25</u>	<u>Total</u>
I.M. BURGESS (Lewes Wanderers)	19	18	16	53
J. Carey (Eastbourne Rovers)	17	13	10	40
G. Moore (Central Sussex)	8	17	15	40
C.J. Tamon (Central Sussex)	20	19	-	39
D.M. Abrahams (Southborough Wheelers)	16	-	19	35
T.J. Fuller (Eastbourne Rovers)	7	13	13	33
P. Lipscombe (Central Sussex)	-	15	18	33
B. Coomber (V.C. Etoile)	11	14	7	32
A.R. Brooks (Hastings & St. Leonards)	10	10	10	30
M.P. Jones (Central Sussex.)	-	20	8	28

CLUB

	<u>H.R.</u>	<u>T.T.T.</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>25</u>	<u>Total</u>
CENTRAL SUSSEX	10	15	29	17	71
Lewes Wanderers	7	7	6	9	29
Southborough Wheelers	7	-	-	16	23
Eastbourne Rovers	5	4	8	4	21
East Grinstead	11	6	-	-	17
Hastings & St. Leonards	2	3	1	2	8
Worthing Excelsior	-	-	-	4	4
V.C. Etoile	2	-	2	-	4
Sussex Nomads	-	1	-	-	1

Our thanks, as usual, go to Stan Shirley for collating the results for this competition.



CLUES

Across

- 1. Urge journalist to be a public informer! (5,8).
- 8. Back up honour for an EEC cycle maker. (4)
- 9. Ill-founded portion of some beliefs. (3)
- 10. Where to go, and what to get, for refreshment near 26A/c? (6)
- 11. Out of joint? Detail does put straight! (10)
- 13. Maybe ESCA fast men? (4)
- 14. 1 A/c would probably have a ball rather than this, these days! (3,3)
- 16. Unnecessary direction after tub repair pointers. (8)
- 19. Ingratiated way to address Maurice or Esther, in French at first! (8)
- 22. Supporting items for cyclists' wear. (6)
- 25. Etoile member, no doubt. (4)
- 26. Pain is endured, they say, west of Reading! (10)
- 27. Descriptive of limbs protected by
22. (6)
- 28. Small contribution, maybe, to la soupe! (3)
- 29. Home for 4 (4)
- 30. Bonk ration for Buckshee Wheelers, or weekend details! (8,5)

Down

- 1. She is like the Pope, (or Lipscombe on a 'Q' course! (7)
- 2. Forming it is a staggering manoeuvre. (7)
- 3. Choose top T.T. and where to celebrate, in Ireland maybe! (6,3)
- 4. She starts a lighting business. (3)
- 5. Chose to give Harrison a minor operation. (5)
- 6. The less of it on foot the better! (7)
- 7. They thunder to the coast for winter fitness. (7)
- 12. On the right frequency, but getting raucous music! (5,2)
- 15. Awcock goes up to register assent. (3)
- 17. Could be a sound bet on how to attack Winchester - Canterbury. (9)
- 18. It plays a minor part in hearing, curiously enough. (3)
- 20. A club to bank on in any event! (7)
- 21. This Hertfordshire town makes
crochery. (7)
- 23. Descriptive of the all-Campag owner? (7)
- 24. They seat at least four! (7)
- 26. Equality is everything for a Tour destination.
- 28. An afterthought cropping up at Harrogate, perhaps! (3)

With half the racing season over and the most exciting phase yet to come, a retrospective essay seems rather superfluous but our riders have been turning out some very good performances which are well worth recording. Of the dozen or so youngsters who joined or rejoined us at the beginning of the year we now have seven racing regularly and competition is so fierce that they are improving almost every time they ride. Of the juniors, Robert Sier has the edge so far with personal bests of 25.3 for 10 miles and 1.7.46 for 25 miles. Russell Walsh, 25.53; Wayne Spears, 26.28 and Paul Wassell, 27.30, are not far behind, whilst our schoolboys, Danny Moore, Paul Greenhalgh and Keith Burden have times of 30.50; 28.4 and 25.39 respectively, to their credit. On his way to his personal best ride Keith won the juvenile award in the V.C. Deal 10 and a set of brakes, kindly presented by our local lightweight dealer, Ken Apps, for the best improvement in our Open 10. He has also been riding well in road races, his best positions so far being 5th and 17th at Eastways and 5th in the Thanet Criteriums. Incidentally, for those of you who don't know Keith, he is the little figure lurking in the corner of the photos of Tony Doyle taken at Harrogate and printed, at intervals, in 'Cycling'.

The older members have also been achieving some good results. Alan Brooks showed early season fitness and dominated the club events. In the 34th Nomads 25 he recorded 59.56, the fastest ride in the club at that distance this year, and has a 10 time of 23.17. After a slow start John Gumbrell took delivery of his new bike and has recorded some outstanding rides. A 1.2.18 in the Ashford 25 was soon followed by a personal best ride in the ESCA 50 - his 2.9.22 being good enough for the first handicap award - and a 23.53 in the Rovers 10 a couple of days later. His other half, no, his BETTER half, Angela Hayes, took time off from timekeeping and also rode that evening recording 29.4. Another personal best in that event was done by Michael Greenhalgh, his 27.10 improving on his previous bests done in the Kent Vets 10 and San Fairy Ann 10. Ron Longley went up to the latter event and did his best time of the year, 28.19. Our other old vet has won a couple of ladies prizes and has churned out a few 27 minute 10s. Keith Evans has also managed some 27 minute rides and in the SCA Championship 25 finished in 1.10.46. Maurice Carpenter has decided that if he can't be fast he'll be versatile and has not only teamed up with new partners on the tandem but has also resurrected his trike. As a result of this activity he has gained second place in the West Kent R.C. Tandem 25 with Pip McVey of the Ashford Wheelers; he has introduced the fifth member of the family to racing via a few evening 10s, and together he and Toby have a best of 23.32 for 10 miles, and, from the sublime to the ridiculous, he and Esther managed 58.43 in the Lea Valley Tandem 25. His haul on the tricycle include a vets standard award in the ESCA 25, three new club records and a national vets age record for thirty miles. Tim Carpenter, after recording a series of times which are best forgotten, suddenly found form in the Sydenham Wheelers 25 and was our best rider with 1.0.44 and did a reasonable 2.10.55 in the ESCA 50. Andrew Hillman and John Willis have been showing

This Little Chef is right by the roadside about halfway between Chichester and Emsworth and last year, if you went on the right day, you could sit sipping tea at a window table and watch Stage 1 of the Milk Race go by on their way to Bournemouth. This year you may not see the Milk Race go by as the start has been moved to Bournemouth, but you'll certainly see plenty of time triallists go by (including yours truly), as this section of the A27 is used in many courses including the Hampshire R.C. 25, the Royal Navy 30 and the SCA 50 and 100. I remember last year I had just passed the Little Chef on the homeward leg in the SCA 50 when John Oakes came up alongside and asked "Where can I get a cup of tea?". I said, "Well, you've just passed the Little Chef and if you don't want to turn round you'll have to wait until the finish". He did wait until the finish but he obviously wanted that cup very badly as he got there in a winning time of 1.53.52!

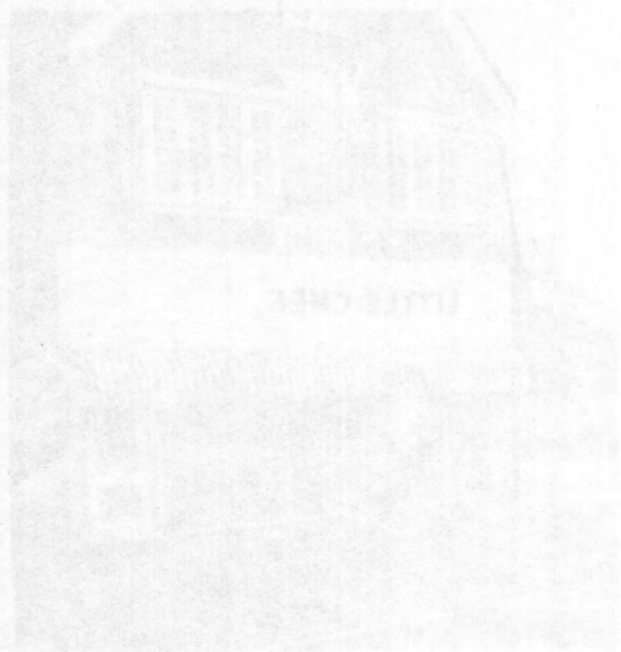
This cafe is also handy for Chichester Harbour and Thorney Island Airfield, though goodness knows where the planes go to. Hayling Island is not far away and when you race in this area there's usually some bloke trying to persuade you to go over to the Isle of Wight for yet another time trial. If anyone has tried this, why not write to the Editors and let us all know the details. Culinary footnote: A few weeks ago I was in the Little Chef at Bourne End and I thought I'd have a salad, so I had a weightwatchers (!) cottage cheese salad which came in a round bowl, cost £2.35 and consisted of lettuce, cottage cheese, grapefruit segments, peaches and tomatoes and was most refreshing and definitely recommended. Remember all Little Chefs are now open from 0700 until 2100 hours.



Now the weather is getting warmer and cyclists are doing all sorts of crazy things like training during the week before breakfast (!) I thought I would include this cafe. Even though it is NOT (repeat NOT) open on Saturdays or Sundays it is ideally placed for that early morning training bash for riders from Hastings, Eastbourne, Lewes and Brighton (even Worthing if you're keen), who find the Nutley Little Chef (Series 1. No. 2) too near and want the extra pleasure of riding over the Ashdown Forest. It's also the last good stopping place for tea and food on the way to London. It's open around 0630 and for about £1.65 you can have the set breakfast of egg, bacon, sausage, chips, grilled tomatoes, baked beans, bread & butter/roll & butter/fried slice and tea or coffee. Liver is very good for cyclists and you can have liver, bacon, chips and peas for about £1.20. Jam sponge is 30p and tea 13p. Service here is usually very



quick. It closes around 3.15pm. After you come down the dual carriageway Caterham bypass (A22) you get to the round-a-bout after which the cafe takes its name.



The little girl... and that was... take the water... on their way... we had not... the little girl... (faded text continues)

(faded text, likely a continuation of the story or a separate section)

THE END OF THE WORLD (faded title)

The world is... I would... (faded text continues)

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