ESTHER 22

BONK!

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

East Sussex
Cycling Association

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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION
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EDITORIAL

Hasn't it been a wonderful year for cycling. The amount of different activities within the sport means that whatever our ability we can enjoy riding bikes. The 'Brighton Run' attracted another huge crowd this year; the various 'weeks' of cycling throughout the country were well supported and the climax of the season 'The Worlds' provided an exciting finish to the Summer of '82. Not only were the crowds treated to good racing, but a gold medal from Mandy Jones did a lot to restore our pride. Happiness is truly bike shaped!

Now it's back to moaning again. Please, club correspondents, spare a little time from your riding to send some notes in. Strangely enough it seems to be the clubs who could well have the success stories to report who are missing from this issue. Modesty is an endearing quality but put it out of your minds and tell us what you've all been up to.

See you at the A.G.M.

Maurice & Esther

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION POINTS COMPETITION

(up to, but not including, ESCA '50')

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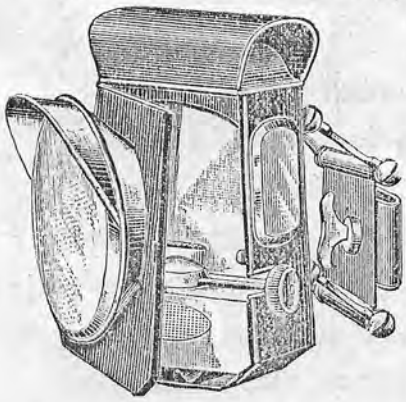
BE PREPARED FOR THE DARK EVENINGS

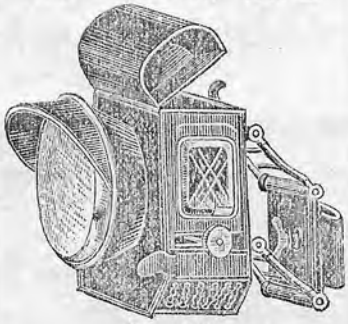
LAMPS—*Continued.*

The "Friswell," No. 1.



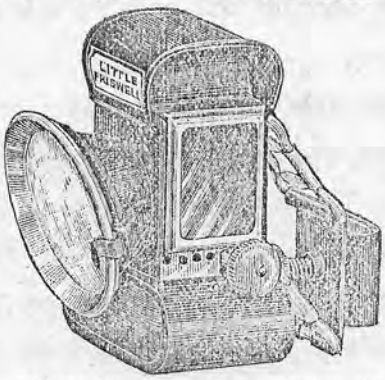
Price 1/9. Worth 3/-

The "Friswell," No. 2.



Price 2/9.

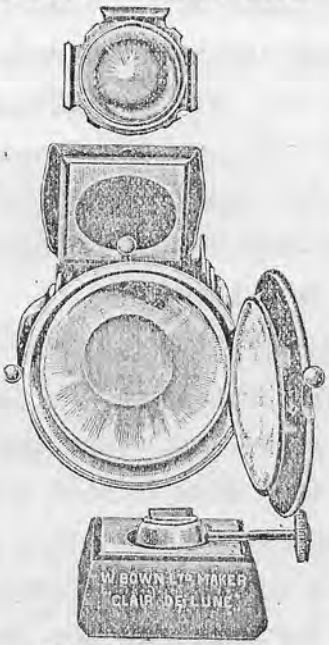
The "Special Little Friswell."



These lamps have found such favour during the last three seasons, that we take every opportunity of recommending them. Buy one and have no trouble.

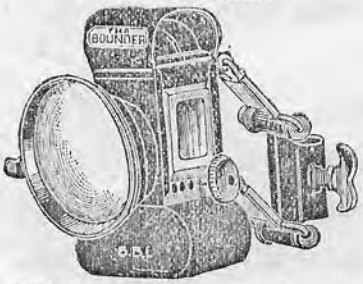
Price with double convex lense, detachable reservoir, deep reflector, extra strong spring, 4/3. Worth 7/6.

Bown's "Clair de Lune."



Price 9/6. Listed 12/6.

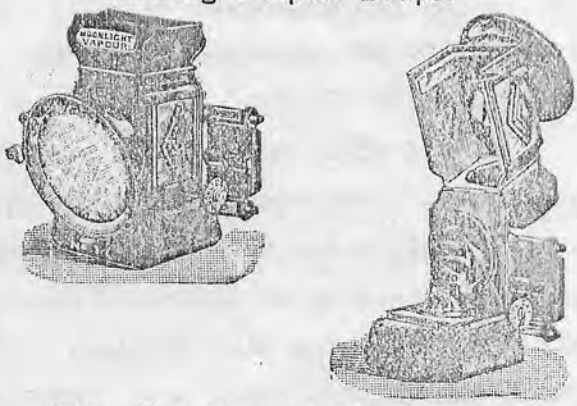
The "Bounder."



With deep reflector, convex lense and bracket attachment.

Price 3/6. Listed 6/6.

Moonlight Vapour Lamps.

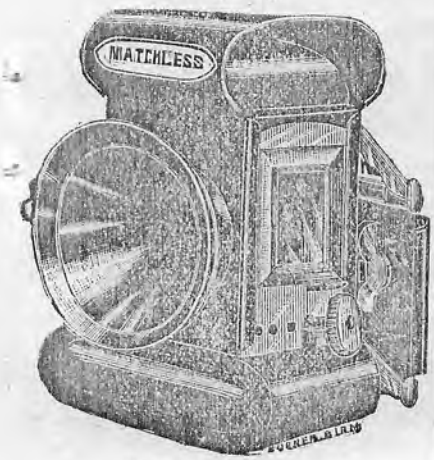


Prices.—Size 1, 17/6 ; size 2, 15/- ; size 3, 12/6 ; size 4, 10/6

The only Depôt in London obtainable.

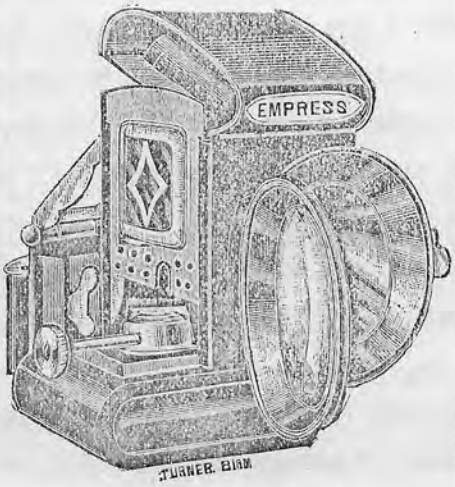
The "Matchless."

Best quality.



Price 3/6. Listed 6/-

The "Empress."

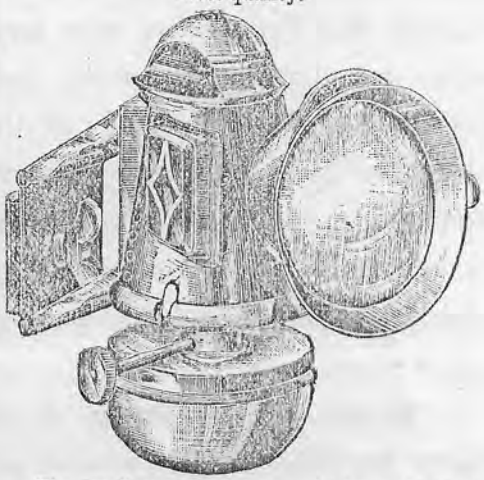


Price 6/9. Listed 12/-

Very high-class lamp.

The "Light House."

Best quality.



The smallest and nicest made lamp that is actually of any use.

Price plated, size 1, 5/9
" " 2, 9/6

A TRIP TO FRANCE

My visit to the continent to see the Tour de France was initiated early in the year when Alan (Limbrey) invited me to join in with him, Geoff (Boore) and Dave (Dallimore) to spend a week in France. I was a little apprehensive at first to be in company with all the 'fast' men. Never-the-less enthusiasm grew and so I went off and bought a carrier and panniers - fixed these to the bike - loaded up with heavy blankets and the like and went off for a trial ride. I was agreeably suprised to find they didn't make much difference to the ride except when climbing hills. Getting out of the saddle was a bit of a balancing act so I was glad of a large sprocket.

The day prior to departure found me loading up and I was suprised to find I had room for everything - one pannier was only half full. Nice to know there was room for the 'duty frees' on the return journey.

Early Sunday morning, off I went to Alan's where the four of us removed our panniers and loaded our bikes into Alan's vehicle. Off we went to Hastings where the vehicle was to be left at the Editors house for a week. Out came the bikes - on went the panniers and off we went to Dover with a nice following wind. Lucky us! We stopped for a mug of tea at New Romney and then off once again at a cracking pace. I was managing to hang on at the back and only got dropped on the big hill out of Folkestone where Dave and I both got off to walk the last few yards. The weight was beginning to tell. A drink from my bottle at the top and then off downhill to the hoverport at Dover. We made such good time we were able to travel on an earlier 'flight' than the one we were booked on.

Didn't think much of the experience of a trip on the 'hover'. It was bumpy and you couldn't see much through the spray. Quick though - just over half an hour.

At Calais the town centre was decorated with flags and we saw people lining the pavement edges so we naturally assumed they knew we were coming. Wasn't so. It was all for a marching band display. All the time we sat in a restaurant eating our lunch the various bands kept marching by one after the other. It was quite a nice display; we saw by the markings on the big drum that one band was from Margate.

Now with full stomachs we were off again to ride the twenty five miles to St. Omer. It was now very hot and the tail wind was much appreciated. The route got hillier the further we went and so I got dropped over the last few miles. As soon as we got there we made for the first bar for liquid refreshment. I was very thirsty. Next we looked for the hotel where we had a reserved booking. We rode all round the town asking directions but no one could actually give us clear directions. Eventually we asked a young chap on a motor bike who offered to lead the way. Off he went with me tucked in behind. First time I've tried 'motor-pace'. We found we were the only guests for Sunday night so had the place to ourselves. After dinner and a short walk we were off to bed - tired after a long day.

Monday morning saw us on our way to Lille. This was an easy ride - about forty miles through the lanes with plenty of stops for food and drink. Late afternoon we

arrived at Lille and went to the 'syndicat d'initative' where a young lady booked us into an hotel by phone. This was taking pot luck but fortunately for us it turned out pretty good. At this time Alan turned on his charm and said to the young lady - "you speak good English". She said "I should do - I come from Windsor". We rolled up laughing.

The hotel was right opposite the railway station and we had a reserved space in a nearby garage for our bikes. It was also handy for 'Flunches' , a nice cafeteria - very clean - marvellous selection and reasonably priced. Dave got carried away when the young (FEMALE) cashier wished him "bon appetit". He nearly forgot to pick up his change. My job as a 'domestique' was to go and get the coffee when the others had finished eating. Such is life.

Tuesday morning we left Lille for Roubaix and on to Mont de l'Enclus for our first view of the Tour. We found a good point at the top of the hill and I was amazed by the noise of the procession of vehicles which heralded the arrival of the riders. They flashed by in one bunch - very quickly - it was a bit of an anti climax. Back we went to Lille against a head wind this time.

Our hotel was the 'Hotel Chopin' and Alan kept kidding us he could hear someone playing a violin. Being ignorant on musical matters no one remarked anything about it. We were talking about this to a fellow we met at a nearby bar when he stated Chopin was a pianist. Collapse of Alan.

Wednesday we went to Orchies for the team time trial. This was interesting as we saw the riders sign on and recognised many famous faces. This day I managed to get some good photos. After the last team had started and gone out of sight a motor cycle policeman rode back into town shouting something to his colleagues and pointing back down the road. This caused quite a commotion but we couldn't understand what it was all about. Then some of the Tour riders returned and others followed in cars with their bikes on the roof racks. We eventually found out that a demonstration had blocked the road and so the day's event was cancelled. It was lucky for us we hadn't gone to see the finish which was our original intention.

In Orchies we found a nice patisserie where Dave and I bought some lovely pieces of custard tart. When Alan saw it he rushed across to get some but found they had sold out. He came out of the shop with a long face - rubbing his eyes - putting on a good imitation of a child crying. You know what Alan's like; he just had to sit there watching Dave and I tucking in. All of a sudden 'le patron' came out of the shop, crossed the road to us and showed Alan a large tray with another custard tart on it. Alan's face lit up and he rushed back to the shop with 'le patron' and came back eating a large piece of pie. All of his antics caused great amusement to all the people nearby. (Pat - if you read this - please make him a custard tart.)

We only had to walk a short distance from our hotel on Thursday to see the start of the Lille - Lille stage. Once again we were able to see all the preparations and finally, the massed start. Very colourful. We left town and cycled to Armentieres where we picked a quiet stretch of road to watch the race go by. Again the riders were in one bunch with no breakaways. After eating some very nice chips - cooked in a large wagon in the town square - we went back to Lille to see the finish. As they

neared the finish the riders were very tired and very dirty - their faces were filthy. It had been a very hot day. Now the riders were very strung out and some of the last ones must have been about fifteen minutes behind the leaders.

A short while before this holiday I was talking to Ian Landless and he said he was going to see the Tour at Lille, his last remark was, "probably see you over there". Knowing the size of Lille, I thought - very unlikely - but lo and behold - when we got off our bikes to see the last section of Thursday's race who should be there but Ian. Small world.

Our holiday was now nearly over and on Friday we were riding from Lille to Calais. Once again the wind was behind us for the longest journey of the week - about sixty miles. This day was also very hot and there was a lot of traffic on the roads. Alan and I got seperated from the other two on a traffic detour and after searching for a while decided to push on to St. Omer. Alan said the most likely place they would wait for us was in the town square - and so they were, seated outside a bar enjoying a drink. Alan and I were hot and tired so were very pleased when Geoff got the drinks for us. We arrived at Calais about teatime - found our hotel - went out for a meal - and off to bed for the last time in France.

An early start was made on Saturday morning - looking at bike shops and then off to the Hypermarket to spend the last of our francs. Once again a nice day - a good crossing on the hovercraft and then the hard ride out of Dover over the hill to Folkestone. I got dropped again. We pushed on westwards into a strong headwind so I was always at the back just hanging on like grim death. This hard riding in the heat made me feel very thirsty so my feeding bottle was soon emptied. I was very glad when we stopped for lunch at Hythe where we had a good meal with lots of tea. The waitress filled my bottle and off we went again. Across the marshes the others went like mad into a headwind and I knew if I got dropped I would never catch up again with all the load I was carrying in my panniers. I was riding faster than I ride in a '25'. At Rye we stopped once again to get a drink and this time it took two mugs of tea to quench my thirst. Off once again, bash - bash - bash - up and down the hills. By this time I was really getting exhausted and was so pleased to arrive the Editors abode once again. Esther was an angel of mercy when she handed me a mug of tea - it went down 'smashing'. The second one finally quenched the thirst. Thanks Esther! Off came the panniers - the bikes went into Alan's vehicle and with a good-bye wave to the Carpenters we were off home.

'After thoughts' - good weather - too hot at times - always thirsty - too noisy to sleep at Lille - not enough relaxation - good meals - French motorists very considerate to cyclists - quite an experience - tired for three days after I got home. Thanks also to three good companions - Alan, Geoff and Dave. I wonder what's planned for 1983.

Vernon Hyde
Sussex Nomads

SUSSEX NOMADS C.C.

It doesn't seem possible that the end of another season is in sight, but the nights are already getting darker and the evening '10s' are almost finished.

The summer, until now, has been good, with shorts being the order of the day, so it seems rough when the weather turns back to normal. Even as I write this (more like scribble), the wind is howling round our shack.

The Nomads tour de France was a good trip but the old feller, Vern, has written a book about it which appears in this Bonk so I will only say that next year perhaps we will go to Brittany and see some hills (?), the Lille area is a bit grotty.

The result of our tour is:-

Hot spot sprints (town signs)	-	1st	Dave
		2nd	Geoff (only just)
Grimpeur			Alan
Lanterne Rouge			Vern

I think we have all done 'personals' this year so far but I'll save the details for next Bonk as you never know, we may improve. Our next event is the Eastbourne Rovers '25', which will of course be over when you read this. It's good to see that Keith Chandler is riding; he has been seen out training for some time now, so most probably he will nail us all down.

In readiness for next year's tour and racing season the Nomads are planning Sunday training runs of about sixty miles as well as evening rides during the winter, so if you want to be up there next year, join us on Sundays!

Before signing off I'd like to say that if clubs let me know the dates and other details of their dinners, reliability trials, etcetera, I will publish a social calendar provided the response is sufficient.

Limbo

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HERE AND THERE

Joyce Dunford, Southborough Wheeler's demon trolley pusher, has evidently been welcomed back to her local branch of Sainsbury's as we have been told that they now have unlimited quantities of broken biscuits for sale!

On the day of the Eastbourne Rovers '10' Doug Roberts was telling of his wife Marjorie's achievement that same morning when she won a large trophy for her cooking at the local Show. Doug was still talking about this after he had raced, but added, "The only trouble is I felt sick all the way round as I had to taste everything before she submitted it".

MICHAEL RABBETTS has just completed his first full season of time trialling after an absence from competitive cycling of nearly thirty years. The regrettable fact that this has made little or no impact on the cycling world hasn't deterred him from passing on some helpful hints to other relics of the 'fifties who may be contemplating a comeback.

There I was, quite happily sliding towards life's sunset, slippered feet on footstool, hands clasped over softly rounded belly (MY belly - this is not a porno. mag.), with dewlaps gently quivering as they rested on sunken chest.....dreaming of the days of long ago when I rode with the likes of G.K. Bentley, Ken Joy and Alf Hill, the pedalling postman (note to Editor: There's no need to sneer. When I say "rode with" I mean we were on the same start sheets. Well, that's the same thing, isn't it? Anyway, I once spoke to the great Vic Gibbons when he caught me one and a half hours in a 'twelve'. In every subsequent event I wore a hairnet, just like his. Didn't make much difference, actually).

These musings on days gone by coincided with a remarkable increase in the size of one of my son's legs (note to Editor: Do I make myself clear? I have two sons; I'm referring to both legs of one of them). He pointed out that he was now tall enough to ride one of my two lightweights which had been quietly rusting in the garage for a couple of decades and in no time at all I found myself mounting the other old heap and showing him how to ride like a true cyclist.

This initial stage of my Great Comeback didn't last long. The boy persistently tried to engage me in conversation while going uphill. He ignored my warnings about this behaviour, so I reported him to a police sergeant and let him get on with it on his own.

In subsequent months I made a number of discoveries about Great Comebacks:

1. It's a very sweaty business. Underwear goes a peculiar colour and spectacles tend to slip down noses.
2. On the other hand, spectacles form an efficient fly-shield.....
3. ..... but the mouth stays open, so flies pop in there instead.
4. It is necessary to wear new-fangled clothing which clings embarrassingly to the contours. ALWAYS WEAR SHIRTS OR OTHER TOPS OUTSIDE TRAINING BOTTOMS AND NEVER, NEVER ALLOW THE CHILDREN TO SEE YOU IN TRAINING BOTTOMS BUT NO TOP - ESPECIALLY SIDEWAYS ON.
5. The sniggerings of relatives and neighbours at the sight of a cyclist on the comeback trail soon give way to indifference. But do not expect to be attractive to women. My one magic moment occurred on a training ride through Wadhurst the other day when a girl shouted "Hello sexy!" at me. (Note to Editor: That is the TRUTH. The fact that she was a very small girl of seven or eight is neither here nor there.)
6. Very few fellow-competitors in time trials will speak as they pass by. Even the long-legged son I mentioned earlier - the one I've taught all I know - had only three words for his poor old father when he caught him at 160 miles in the Sussex '12': Not "Well done, Dad" but "Got any food?".

7. It's done the trouser industry a power of good. All the trousers I bought before 1981 are too big for me now.

8. It's great to be back.

Michael Rabbetts

Lewes Wanderers C.C.

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C.T.C. HAILSHAM & DISTRICT SECTION

With such superb cycling weather it will come as no suprise to hear that we have had an active and enjoyable summer. In June, twenty one members attended a 'Sausage Sizzle' at the Chalk Pit beyond Wilmington whilst a similar event in August saw a gathering of a dozen on a mixed day weatherwise. We were well represented on the D.A. President's Run, also in June, to the gardens at Clinton Lodge, Fletching; this run attracted twenty five riders - the motorists could hardly believe their eyes. The next weekend members of our Section visited the gardens at Banks Farm, Barcombe, and these must surely be some of the best in the district. The D.A. 50 mile reliability ride had an entry of sixteen riders, a record for recent years, and a number of our Section members competed including Ray Gearing and his sister Christine on a tandem trike. The day was ideal and all the entrants completed the course in the chosen time and subsequently enjoyed the refreshments which were served by our ladies at Arlington Village Hall.

Apart from these special events the Section's activities have continued much as before; morning rides to suit all tastes with the occasional all day ride for the hardier types. Five members are off to Salisbury and beyond for a mini-tour in September and two of our ladies are planning a walk along the Dales Way, so hopefully we shall see and hear of their exploits at the Members Slide Show.

Tourist

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CLOSING DATE FOR THE CHRISTMAS EDITION IS THURSDAY,
****

NOVEMBER 25th, FOR DISTRIBUTION AT THE ASSOCIATION
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A.G.M.
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EASTWAY YOUTH WEEK 1982

Sunday 15th August

After leaving the bicycles locked up at Eastway Circuit we boarded the coach to go to the halls of residence about four miles away. There was an uneasy feeling on the coach: everyone looking at each other, wondering how good they were, and who were the ones to make friends with. The journey was filled with very little conversation and most of the candidates had a serious, dedicated look on their faces and short haircuts to match.

We arrived at the tower block where we were to stay for the week, got our keys after some delay and went to our rooms to unpack before dinner at 7 p.m. The rooms were incredibly dull: the furniture and bedcovers both grey as though they were straight from Colditz! Maybe this was to get us into a regimental mood for the week? The wait for dinner was spent listening to music I had taken, and overlooking the nine lane North Circular passing nearby. There was a knock at the door. It was the person from next door who wanted some spare coathangers which I did not have, but at least it broke the ice between us. In fact, I think I insulted him rather when I said "Are you a schoolboy?" - when he was a junior like me!

We went to dinner, meeting up with three others. The meal was excellent, although some people didn't think so, and rather foolishly went hungry. I ate as much as I could, due to the very hard week that was facing me. We discussed local courses and heroes, and the fact that a schoolboy had done a 55 minute '25' only two weeks ago. I wondered what I had come into!

Another wait until 8.30 p.m. before we had an introduction to the course and paid the rest of our fee. The importance of discipline was stressed especially, and a few names were mentioned of riders who had been to Youth Week and later made it at home and abroad (Bob Downs, Ian Banbury, Mark Barry, etc., etc....) - the scene was set for a week of dedication.

The noise of the North Circular kept me awake slightly longer than usual, along with thoughts of the coming week, but my head eventually hit the deck.

Monday 16th August

At 6.15 a.m. I awoke to the sound of the traffic and got up quite briskly to get ready for the pre-breakfast workout, which included static stretching exercises and a jog (four or five times around the football pitch). I returned from it wondering how I was going to last the whole week at this pace, and longing for breakfast. Breakfast was plentiful: fruit juice, bacon and eggs, cereals and as much toast and marmalade as you wanted. After a general introduction as to why we were doing the various activities during the week, we went by coach to Eastway Circuit. A short lecture on echelon riding (which we needed with the strong wind) was put into practice, during which the coaches were looking at our positions on our bikes and adjusting seat pillars accordingly. We then had a short road race of four miles, in our schoolboy/girl and junior categories. I managed to stay with

the leading bunch of juniors, to finish about tenth out of twenty five starters and hoping that I would be able to keep it up for the rest of the week.

Cornering techniques were practised until lunchtime at 12.30. This was followed by a lecture on simple road racing tactics. The juniors then continued to ride around the circuit while the schoolboys did interval training for ten minutes or so. Then it was our turn to do the intervals of sprinting, resting, sprinting, etc., to increase the efficiency of the lungs and heart. It was so hard to do that nobody really lasted more than ten minutes to a quarter of an hour.

We then recovered from that with a drink break and a lecture on mechanics, which seemed at first to be an advertisement for Campag, and an attack on any new developements, but the Coach got more lenient as time wore on.

Next was what I enjoyed - a team time trial. I teamed up with three others from the Mid-Devon Road Club for the ten laps. We were the seventh team off. The wind was whistling past us. One of them couldn't keep up on the first lap so he joined on later, the rest of us just sticking together. We seemed to pass many disorganised and struggling teams going round, and we lost count of the amount of laps we had done. When we heard the results we were well pleased: We had come equal third with the C.C. Breckland team with a 25.23. Second were the lads from Luton with a long 24, and the Northern Ireland team won with a 23.54. Among that team was the N. Ireland junior and senior '25' champion, Martin Quinn, who had done a 57 minute '25' up the Irish mountains!

It was certainly amusing trying to decipher the accents on the Course: we had the country yokels from Devon, the Northern Irish and someone from Liverpool, but I coped somehow. After a resumé of the day's activities at the residences we had dinner, where I followed the tradition of most Lewes Wanderers youngsters by devouring, with thoughts of tomorrow, a steak unwanted by a schoolboy from the 'Essex Roads'. Soon we had a lecture on "Planning your Season", by an outside Coach, Peter Ashman, which was very useful. When it had finished I went straight to bed - absolutely shattered.

Tuesday 17th August

I was slightly too late waking up to go to the morning workout session, so I watched them from my window instead, got dressed and did the exercises myself in my room.

After breakfast we had a lecture on "Health and Hygiene" which concentrated on cleanliness (particular areas) and what not to use for embrocation, with a warning also about what drugs should be avoided.

When we got to the circuit I did a few laps warming up before a ten lap road race, in which I finished about the same as yesterday. Interval training again! Then a lecture on different methods of speed training by Joy Potts. Quite a lot of people didn't like the egg salad that we were given as lunch at the circuit, the Essex man included, so I had his, and amazingly he survived on a Danish pastry and two cups of tea! During lunch I talked to a junior from Liverpool, who lived near Toxteth, and often saw Dave Lloyd training. Lunch was followed by a lecture on

pace judgement/stamina training by Mike Dawson (photographer from 'Cycling').

This was then put into practice in a pace judgement competition. We had the same teams as in yesterday's T.T.T. and rode round the circuit six times in one direction and six in the other: the team with the least difference of time between each direction winning. The Irish team and another team managed just seven seconds difference over twelve miles! Our team went too fast on the second set of circuits, ending up tenth out of twelve teams and one minutes difference.

After a drink break, we had a handicap road race (ten laps for juniors). Soon after the third lap had ended someone from Farnborough R.C. went shooting off, then someone from Alton R.C. The bunch didn't bother to chase them so I did, and eventually caught up with them. The bronze medallist in the National Track Championships pursuit came up with us and we made a good break for about two or three laps, although the other three riders got the prime points, outsprinting me easily. The bunch eventually caught us, further breaks being attempted but it finished in a bunch sprint again, the same as yesterday. The track bikes were then thrown in the coach for tomorrow's trip to Harlow and we then returned to the halls of residence. After a shower we had a lecture on race food and drink, then dinner. We then went to watch videos of the Continental classics which included the Grand Prix of Essex, Ghent - Wevelgem, Paris - Roubaix and the Tour de France (taken in the same place from where I had seen it last year - Alpe d'Huez): an excellent end to the day.

Wednesday 18th August

I woke up at 6.45 a.m. and decided to lie in until 7.30. I then did some exercises before going to breakfast. We had a briefing of the day's activities and then travelled to Harlow Track.

We had an introduction to the track by Norman Goodchild (ex R.S.M.!) and were told about the etiquette of the track. As he was talking it started to rain, so we kept firing questions at Dave le Grys (current professional sprint champion). The track dried out, so the people who had ridden track before were allowed on. Just as their speed was increasing the rain came down hard and continued for the rest of the day so I didn't get the experience of riding on a steep banked track.

For the rest of the day we had a roller racing session instead. Our team lost. The bikes were re-loaded and we returned to the halls of residence. After a shower there was a resumé of the day's activities (if any!) and any questions raised. After dinner we watched the video of the track session and roller racing, and then a time trial and a stage of this year's Tour. We went to bed at about ten o'clock, all hoping that the weather would be better tomorrow.

Thursday 19th August

When I woke up the next morning the weather was much better: sunny and dry. After breakfast someone found the intercom system to the tower block, so silly remarks were going around twelve floors of this building.

Before travelling to Eastway we had lectures on circuit and weight training. We then went to Eastways Sports Centre for a practical session that made me feel sick afterwards it was so hard. We had a drink break back at the cycling circuit

and then warmed up for a ten lap road race in which I finished just a couple of seconds behind the bunch.

After lunch we had a talk about team trialling by Bob Downs and Mike Dawson and then another ten lap road race. I tried with two others to make a break but it was pulled back so I eventually finished in the middle of the bunch, Bob Downs winning it, naturally.

When we had got our breath back we had a one lap (1 mile 3 yards) time trial. Bob won again, in 2 mins. 15 secs., only by three seconds though, over Martin Quinn of Northern Ireland. I did a 2. 33, coming about halfway down the juniors, and aching still from the circuit training.

We returned to the halls, showered and then had a talk on massage by Milk Race and Skol 6 masseur, Mike Pritchard. Some things he said were useful but he wandered easily from the subject he was supposed to be talking about. He was quite funny at times, though.

It amazed me at dinner how some riders were leaving nearly all their meals and dashing to the nearest Chinese take-away for East London pancake rolls!

We had a lecture soon after dinner by Vin Denson, who rode the Tour six times and won a stage of the Giro d'Italia. From nine o'clock until ten we watched the video of the day for a good laugh and afterwards went to bed. It was hard to believe that tomorrow would be the last day as the week had gone so quickly - too quickly, in fact.

Friday 20th August

I was aching all over this morning but managed to stagger down to breakfast early in order to avoid the rush of cyclists and O.A.Ps. who were also staying there, only to be greeted by a watery scrambled egg and fried bread.

When we arrived at Eastway we warmed up for another road race - twelve laps for juniors, eight for schoolboys and five for girls. I finished about five or ten seconds down on the bunch after a long struggle chasing them due to their determination to get double prime points on EVERY lap, and my aching body not wanting to go any faster. The geriatric feeling continued after the drink break when we had a Devil take the Hindmost sprinting competition, me being one of the first to be taken off the back.

Following the tradition of the Eastway caterer we had salad again for lunch, but for the last time! Sussex man and National Youth Squad leader, Tony Yorke, spoke on"Riding for your Country - What is Expected", and answered any questions.

The points had finished now and we had a free and easy afternoon: a freewheeling race (which included a four man pile-up which I was involved in), various slow races and the 'killer' competition, which nobody seemed to understand. The bikes were locked as usual and we returned to the halls. There was an open forum with all the Coaches, plus Tony Yorke and a few other important people, before dinner. After bribing the waiter to get some butter for our bread, we went back to the lecture room for the presentation of the awards and yellow jerseys for each category. This was followed by baths for the winners and anyone else whom the rebels felt should deserve one - this included Mike Dawson! who got his own back with

buckets!! I retired to bed before I was picked on.

Saturday 21st August

After breakfast we were transported to Eastway Circuit, from where we were collected. The week had been hard and tiring but very enjoyable and educational at the same time. I recommend it to any future schoolboy or junior, as it is an experience one never forgets due to the friendship between the riders and the coaches. The message of the week was, "The more you put into cycling, the more you get out of it in the long run", which is a good decision to follow. It is just a pity I cannot go next year as I will be too old, but perhaps I could go on the Falcon week in Majorca instead?

Ben Green

Lewes Wanderers C.C.

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THE SUSSEX SCENE - ICKLESHAM

BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.

Right, before you read my latest novel, make a date in your diaries NOW - Date, Saturday 22nd January, 1983 - Venue, Park View Hotel, Preston Drove, Brighton (opposite the Track) - Time, 6.30 for 7.00 p.m. - Event (no, not the Irish Summer Track Cycling Championships) but the Excel's Very Own Annual Dinner and Dance Extravaganza, with Music by the Harry Strutters Hot Rhythm Orchestra - Tickets exclusive to you at £10 per head for a full evening's enjoyment - Tickets/Details from Dick Jones, 57 Buckley Close, Hove (70047) - Seriously, though, if you can make it and come along we will be pleased to see you and apart from the revelry you can join us in acknowledging the well deserved prizewinners.

On the time trial front, a number of our riders have been enjoying a good season, with personal bests cropping up all over the place. Our Thursday evening '10s', which, roadworks permitting, have been using the Steyning by-pass course with good support. The Excels accumulative points system for the series is being led by Ken Moffat, and with only one event to go Ken looks likely to stay out in front. Our '50' Cup has been won by Richard Holkham with a 2.6.44 ride; this event was run in conjunction with the SCA '50' and personal bests were also recorded by Rick Stringer, Alan Imms, David Saltwell, Ken Moffat, Simon Roberts and Leon Budgen. Next came the '100' Cup (again, this was competed for in the SCA event), and with Richard Holkham out with a broken collarbone and Rick away on holiday this trophy was at last within the reach of the rest of us. Simon Roberts proved to be the best man on the day, being our only rider inside evens. A nice warm Sunday morning saw Richard Holkham storm home to win the club '25' with a roaring ride of 59.43, not only a personal best he also broke the club record, a fantastic ride considering that four weeks earlier he broke his collarbone. We had all previously wished him a speedy recovery - but what a way to return - heartiest congratulations. He's also broken the club 12 hour record at his first attempt with a ride of 239.75 miles, but more about that next time.

We must not forget sixteen year old Simon Merricks, who in his first season rode in to a well deserved second place in the '25' with an excellent time of 1.0.57, well done. Simon, together with Joe Peake and young Jonathon Merricks, has been enjoying himself on Preston Park Track on Wednesday evenings. The trio have been riding junior and schoolboy events, and Simon has also been putting in some good rides in preparation for the National Schoolboy '10' and since becoming a junior has been placed third in the SCRL Handicap event.

We had a full field of entries for our Open '25', it has been years now since we last promoted this event and thanks are due for the support of the riders and club members who assisted under the organisation of Ken Moffat and this together with the loan of the Worthing Excels catering unit made the warm morning's event most successful. John Oakes won with a good ride of 55.06 with Cliff Sharp second with another excellent ride of 58.34.

I am also pleased to report that Alan's wife, Dezni, achieved her personal best in the Mitre Open '10' the other week with a 30.16 ride, whilst Leon's wife, Judy, clipped ten seconds off Val's club '10' record. Mind you, Val hasn't been idle

either - she's been competing in the B. Excels own Tour de France, reported as follows by Tour leader, Chris 'Yellow Jersey' Beckingham:

Rick and Val Stringer, Craig Olive and Chris Beckingham have just returned from two weeks touring in the mountains of southern France.

As soon as the touring team stepped out of the plane at Nice Airport the heat was very noticeable and this was how it was to be for the entire holiday. From Nice the team headed inland, at first up a straight main road until the selected turn off, then it was gradual climbing up through the gorges of the Vesubie River to the village of St. Martin Vesubie for the first night.

Next morning, hot already, the climbing started first with the Col de la Couillole then the steep bit up to the village of Beuil where it was expected to find a bar open to quench our thirsts. Disappointment was all we got, as the only bar in the village was shut although it was lunchtime.

Our stay that night was at Valberg, a ski resort, but no skiers to be seen in July. Departing from Valberg was easy as it was downhill for nine miles to Guillaumes at the foot of the Col de Cayolle. It was on the way up the Cayolle Pass that Val speeded up and nearly left the lads behind, but this was because of a thunderstorm brewing up in the valley behind; we had a small amount of rain at the summit but the storm went up another valley away from us. From Barcelonnette it was a main road route for most of the day to reach the town of Gap for the night.

The next day's route was via the Col de Festre to a small town called Corps and the Hotel de la Poste, which is to be recommended for it's food, what better way to spend an evening. From Corps it was northwards to the Col d'Ornon which was not a very spectacular climb but no doubt more interesting during times of heavy rain as, according to the road signs, sections of the road are liable to be submerged. A nice fast descent was enjoyed by all and the night was spent at the village of Allemond.

The next three days were spent by riding 'round the block' via the Col du Glandon, Col de la Croix de Fer, the Col du Telegraph - the new summit of the Col du GalGalibier since the closure of the tunnel a few years ago - and finally the Col du Lauterey and back to Allemond. That was just over one hundred miles and well over nine thousand feet of tough uphill, low gear pedalling. From our second stay at Allemond it was a very short day, fifteen miles to Alp d'Huez to see the arrival of the Tour de France in the afternoon.

One advantage of staying the night at a mountain top ski town such as Alp d'Huez is that it's got to be downhill in the morning. We let the Tour riders and vehicles descend first then we were on our way downhill for eleven miles. Back over the Col du Lauterey again but this time in the opposite direction, and the eighteen mile descent to Briancon and the Hotel de Paris, with a nice view of the railway yards. Even before leaving town next morning the road started it's upward route, this time to the summit of the Col d'Izoard and the Casse Deserte, with the

memorial to Fausto Coppi. Another fine descent for many miles and through the gorges of the River Guil. Today was a hard day as to keep to our tour schedule it was necessary to climb two passes - first the Izoard and then the Col du Vars, with the stop for the night at St. Paul which was situated at the southern end of the Pass. By now it was Friday of the second week, and there was one more Col to conquer - the Col de la Bonette - the highest on this tour at 2,715 metres although the road does go up to 2,802 metres. Here there was a caravan selling chips; is this the highest chip van in Europe at over 9,000 feet? From the Col de la Bonette the route is virtually downhill for more than sixty five miles to the coast at Nice, which was our final destination. We arrived at Nice in time for a couple of hours on the beach then to the airport for the return journey to Gatwick.

Chris says that he finds riding a bike easier than writing about it - the miles he does I'm not surprised. Has anyone ever calculated how many miles a ballpoint refill writes for?

In June, Dave Hudson, Craig Olive and Chris, together with forty four other British riders crossed the channel to attend the 'Dieppe Raid', an annual tour of the Three Valleys, organised by the Dieppe Cycling Club.

A few weeks ago, on a damp, showery Sunday, seventeen unsuspecting Excel members and friends left Shoreham on one of my rural rides into the unknown. Cycling in a leisurely manner through the lush undergrowth (I think this is known to some people as muddy), slowly climbing up onto the sandy bracken covered downland at the back of West Chittington, without mishap. The smooth tracks, flanked in places by back garden fences and swimming pools, led us at speed downhill, whistling through a narrow gap one by one they swiftly followed - until the 'Craig propelled perambulator' blocked the path. He sheepishly had to carry the thing back to the road, where cycling alone he met up with us again for lunch at Sutton (W. Sussex). The infamous Frank was sitting outside, one pint down already. After lunch, the rain descending, some of the wiser types decided to return homeward, bearing in mind that of our twenty seven miles some thirteen of it had been non-tarmac. Swiftly through Berlavington Lane into the private roads of Seaford College, we left the tarmac once more and 'crashed off' into the undergrowth to the disused railway line near Selham. A delay was experienced by Dick's tandem rear inner patches by getting a puncture in one of the few remaining pieces of tube. Along the old track bed we proceeded but as the undergrowth got more dense, suprisingly including Frank, the tandem, the trike and some of the faint hearted left the ride. I must pay tribute to the Entreprenurial Immovative Spirit of Joe Peake, Ray Harding, Chris Middleton and Sonia Hobbs, who, despite the deep, stagnant water, fallen trees, thick, black gunge, dense nettles and undergrowth, two ravines where bridges had been removed, and of course, barbed wire, were not deterred from continuing with my clubrun via Petworth Station through to Fittleworth, where after crossing a marshy landscape we rejoined the road to Pulborough and back to Shoreham by nightfall. Incidentally, I strongly recommend the use of Tuffy Tape inside one's covers to minimise punctures. My thanks go to

Chris, Ken (the one with the 60T chainring), and Leon for the racing notes - I claim no responsibility for my last paragraph given to me by someone's brother-in-law. One snippet to end with, Hazel Burberry of the Lewes Wanderers was heard to complain that one of our schoolboys would not wave to her in the mornings when he was at the bus stop with his schoolmates. He replied that he was too embarassed to wave when she was wearing her skinshorts. I would tell you this young lad's name but I promised not to give Chris Chapman's secrets away!!!

Come on you lot, this track looks like another motorway - hello, I seem to be on my own - Splash!!

Rough Rider

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A WHIFF OF NOSTALGIA

About fifty years ago I was working in a garage. The foreman, who was close on retiring, noticed my bike and asked if I belonged to a Club. On receiving an affirmative he told me that as a young man he had belonged to a Club in Bromley back in the days of the Ordinary (Penny Farthing). He mentioned that one Sunday whilst descending Brasted Hill, he saw coming along Pilgrims Way, a horse. This was followed by another horse, and in turn by yet another horse which was followed by a farm cart. By this time he was getting quite a move on and decided to apply his brake with a view to slowing down to miss the cart. Unfortunately his timing was a bit out and he hit the cart broadside on, rose into the air and fell into the cart which was full to overflowing with the contents of a dung heap - horse and cow manure and what have you! His clubmates rescued him, smelling to high heaven, and got him into the yard of the 'White Hart' in Brasted and hosed him down. Being winter this was distinctly unpleasant but after a double rum (1/9d pre decimal), and a straightening out of one or two bent bits on the bike, he made for home none the worse for the mishap other than the smell.

All this happened well before the advent of the motor car, so there was little traffic to bother about.

Bill Underhill

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

BONK notes time again - by the time they are read the 1982 season will be as good as over. We shall know how well "The Worlds" went. It would be nice to think there could be some gold about for the hosts. After the abysmal showing of the home teams in the other "Worlds" you could not escape, it would be great. Better still if the so-called Sports Editors even got to hear about cycling.

Now where to start. The racing will have to wait as the books are not to hand. "Why not?", you ask. Well these notes are being written while visiting the mother-in-law, if I can sort her gossip to the Old Dragon from the Wanderers doings I may get something done. Who to start with? Well, his birthday is nearly here. Who's birthday? Graham 'Vet' Seymour. Yes, our latest recruit to the Vets will be pleased to receive all donations of pick-up pills, wrinkle remover, hair colourant and sunray lamps.

Megan Rabbetts - who for her sins is Matthew's Mum - has a new bike. This sporting machine is in white, 700c narrow wheels and all alloy equipment. The only trouble is that her loving family have told her she can't count the half miles to the shops and back. It now looks as though this intrepid lady will take longer to reach 2,000 miles in a year than it took her to do 1,000. (Then she must send her family to the shops whilst she does some proper miles. Mrs. Ed.)

It looks as if Gary Sims has taken over as falling off champion. A gentle training run saw him catch a bump, the front wheel popped out of the ends and bang! G.S. was on his face. The result was not a pretty sight - but then I suppose it never was. It still seems a hard way to get a new frame.

Will the Editors kindly not take the rise out of Ben Green's pink racing vest as my spies tell me he has not worn it since. Anyone got a spare dye for the lad? (I also saw him riding a PINK BIKE in the Lewes Crits, unless my eyes deceived me. Not Hazel's cast off, I hope. Mrs. Ed.)

Welcome to Darren Goldfinch, another Crowborough recruit. If you take the Kent & Sussex Courier, he was featured on the front page when doing a Crowborough/ Lands End ride for charity. A local school for the handicapped will benefit from his efforts.

At the present time we are hard at work setting up another tour for ace travel writer Brian 'Compo' Rex to write about. In appreciation of his endorsements for Youth Hostels I understand he is to be given a free two week holiday assisting the Royal Engineers to build the new airfield in the Falklands. The return trip is via Argentina so that he can update his joke book.

Comedians, well sort of, must lead me to Alsoran and the Evening Criterium series. Just to be on the safe side we did away with Geoff's vehicle for a lead car. Gordon Higginson provided that for us. It was so posh you could have been forgiven for thinking you were at the wrong event. Still, what can one expect from a national team car driver? The whole proceedings were in good hands, with the lady Editor as Assistant Commissaire. To try and make the racing more competitive

we ran them on a points basis. This caused a few problems when it came to signing the licences but it all worked out O.K. in the end, except in the second event, and overall two riders tied. Jason Carey, Eastbourne Rovers, just took the series from Alan Green, Brighton Mitre. Nice to see Clive Oxborrow back in the placings - all his points coming in the last event. There was a fair bit of blood in the first event and a sprinkle of same in the last. For the curious, Alsoran's motor was the Ford van in a delicate shade of brown, some would say chocolate, others -------. Why DID he always try and park it behind someone else?

Have you noticed how full the world is of brave people? Jon Brenchley's Mum has undertaken to feed Gary Sims for a week while his family go away and have a rest from him. Jon holds the view that this event is a good thing as the Brenchley family freezer has never been so full.

Why was 'Compo' Rex a non starter on a wet morning? John Pratt reckons it's because Brian fears that water on his racing vests would cause them to fall apart - even more than his well known lightweight touring pullover.

No Hazel, I have not forgotten you. I am just wondering what I can put in and get away with. Talking of Hazel - leads to Dad, Pete. The ploy of making him racing secretary appears to have worked. His appearances have been most infrequent. This is due to the strain of answering questions from new members and trying to collect entry fees for club events. Pete's other half, Rita, let our twelve hour lot camp out in her house the night before the event. Another of those brave people I spoke of earlier. The bike riders passing as vacuum cleaners on this occasion were Ian B. and Matthew R. who showed how to make a cake disappear from it's container before it reaches the table. Madame President took the breakfast orders the night before and shortly after 4 a.m. could be seen frying and toasting like a good 'un.

Sad to say, the Denton Romeo, Greg Cornford, has slipped away to the world of motors on two wheels and is on the upgrade to a spitfire (the car,not the plane). Still it does give us a handle with which to wind up brother Paul. Should you see a brown Opel loaded with canoe, bikes and all mod cons, that's most likely our Paul. One reckless Crowborough rough who didn't know any better described the aforesaid motor as a Vauxhall. It was explained to him that one does not have string backed backed gloves with a Vauxhall.

Now to that racing stuff. Early May saw our Club '30' Championship for the La Valletta cup, donated by Stan Adams and his wife way back in 1951. Stan went a long time ago and sad to say, John's Mum passed on a couple of months ago. It was nice to see John, all ???? stone of him, at the '10s'. However, back to the '30', which was run off with the Mitre lot. Ian Burgess was fastest with a 1.13.01. (Dave Dallimore took the Mitre event with, I think, a 15). Martin White filled his usual second place with 1.16.2 and Ben Green took third with 1.18.57 from Gary Sims with 1.19.55.

The Circuit of Earwig attracted a reasonable field for what is a Thursday

evening event. It was won by you know who but I cannot give the result because he hasn't written up his book of times. He also won the ESCA '50' the following Sunday with a 2.5.13. I have to mention this as I want to borrow a pair of wheels from him. The black rims will go well with my silver frame.

Our Club '50' Championship was decided in the SCA '50'. Yes, he did it again, with a 2.1.42 for a new club record. Martin White only just made second place in the club event with 2.11.13 as Graham Seymour rode his '50' for some time and did a creditable 2.11.32. Mick Rabbetts having served his time, showed he had put it to good use with a ride well inside evens. THE ride, though, was from our Hazel, who took the first handicap award.

Meanwhile, on the track scene, Ian Burgess finally wound up second to John Oakes in the Division pursuit after one of those controversies that dog track and road events. Gary Sims, however, went one better and finished up Schoolboy Sprint Champion. Well done, Gary.

The Club '25' Championship was run with the ESCA circuit event. Martin White gave this event a miss, so my 1.4.42 was good enough to take over his usual second place behind the ugly one from the family, who did 1.1.49. Brian Samworth made a rare appearance in the event with a 1.11.33 - it would have been faster but he was looking for places to fill the pages of his good food guide (see Compo's last article). Mick Rabbetts had a one hour and twenty minutes late start. Why? Well that disaster he calls his son put his gear mechanism in his wheel and Dad had to lend him his bike so that he could ride while Dad waited. If Matthew had got his finger out the late start would have been less.

In Ken Steven's Vets '25' on G834 we had seven riders who were shown how it should be done by a certain Ken Craven, who has lost nothing of the class that made him such a prolific winner twenty years ago. A mixture of the others rode the Clarencourt Four-up. Matthew was allowed to ride with three Vets - John Pratt, Laurie Leaney and Compo. It is said that Compo spent so much time telling the others what to do that he ran out off breath and went off the back.

The Club '100' was run in conjunction with the SCA event. All our lot had an off day and the results are best forgotten.

A Club '25' in mid-July saw an influx of visitors from Central, Eastbourne, Mitre and Nomads. We had eighteen riders, so it was almost like an Association event. Ian Burgess was fifteen seconds outside the hour and just pipped Paul Lipscombe, the leading visitor. Graham Seymour was second in our Club event. His consternation at the small handicap allowance he had been given turned to resolve and a 1.4.20. Third was Peter Jacques with 1.5.5. Peter, who came via the CTC, has done some good rides in the evening '10s'.

The SCA '12' saw the next Club Championship up for grabs. Yes, Ian got that one with 235 miles from Martin with 229. Matthew improved to 222 and Mick Rabbetts did 211. I can see if young Rabbetts doesn't watch it Dad might just stick one over him before the end of the season. The highlight of the '12' was our Hazel. No,

she didn't ride the event, but that bikini top even got noticed by the beer drinking winner, Alan Edmonds.

Well, nearly there. I took some comfort in the fact that the Barnesbury C.C. 100, a Classic League event, only had twenty nine riders. It made the twenty in the ESCA 100 appear fair. But wait, it would appear that the Classic League events have not enjoyed full fields all the time, so much for bike riders; chase fast times on dragstrips - ride something with a bit of bite? no fear. Perhaps there won't be gold at Goodwood after all.

Copper

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ON PAGE 7 YOU WILL HAVE NOTICED, I HOPE, THAT THE CLOSING DATE FOR THE CHRISTMAS ISSUE IS THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25th. THAT IS RIGHT, WHAT ISN'T RIGHT IS THE COMMENT THAT BONK WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE ASSOCIATION A.G.M. THE REASON FOR THIS IS THAT THE A.G.M. TAKES PLACE ON NOVEMBER 21st THIS YEAR, WHICH IS VERY CONVENIENT AS YOU CAN ALL GIVE ME YOUR NOTES THEN!! AND WHILE YOU'VE GOT YOUR DIARIES OPEN, WHY NOT WRITE IN THE DATE OF THE ASSOCIATION LUNCHEON AND PRIZE PRESENTATION WHICH IS ON SUNDAY, JANUARY 9th, 1983.

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August 7th was something of a red letter day for Mrs. Ed as she was able to tell Roy Humphrey that riders don't get their licences signed in Handicap Road Races. Roy muttered that he couldn't be expected to know everything.

Sorry Roy, but you can't get slack just because you've retired. You haven't been called the 'Walking Rule Book' for nothing in the past, you know!

TIME TRIAL TOPICS

No.3: Who'll Come Designing A New Course With Me?

So you think you could design a new course for an open event at 25 miles (say). Let us see what it entails.

A generation ago it was easy - you just rode a little way out of town along the main road until you came across a prominent telegraph pole, this was the start. Then you measured 12½ miles along the main road to a U-turn; then you retraced to finish opposite the start. This was almost guaranteed to produce a safe and generally satisfactory course. If a farmer regularly drove his cows across the road at 7 a.m. the resulting hold-up was considered to be an acceptable natural hazard as was the slippery surface left behind. Everyone was on No. 2s in those days and silks were unheard of.

For a really good open promotion the course needed a few extra facilities. A decent hedge under which you could safely leave your riding out wheels, mudguards, saddlebag and top clothes balled up in an oilskin cape. A fence to which a foolscap sized piece of card could be pinned to act as a result board and if there was a grass verge with a sunny spot at the finish where the timekeeper could put his fishing stool he would be happy.

Naturally some of these courses were believed to be faster than others. The best ones were virtually flat with possibly a gentle drag up to the turn and a permanent rising tailwind as you finished. It was also an advantage if all the milestones were still in position so you could ride a whole series of one mile pursuits after your minuteman. Occasionally the course would be modified by seperating the start and finish so that riders were given a gift hill with perhaps a fall of twenty or even thirty feet.

Nowadays circumstances are completely different and umpteen extra considerations have to be taken into account including the safety of riders, avoiding annoying the public and generally satisfying the riders' demand that the course does not waste a second of their time or an ounce of their energy. So starting with a clean sheet what constraints must you allow for in designing that new or improved course for your club's next open:

1. Riders' safety demands that there are no U-turns or right turns on major roads.
2. The start should be off the main road and such that riders are in no danger when they join the main road.
3. Similarly the finish ought to be off the main road preferably without a sharp corner fifty yards from the line. Turning into a lane after finishing on the main road is a possible alternative.
4. The chances are that everyone connected with your event will turn up in a motor vehicle - not a clapped out Mini with four bikes on the roof but a Merc, a motor caravan or a Jag with a sort of boat trailer for the bike - so you

must have off the road parking for at least a hundred cars.

5. RTTC Reg 14 says you must have seperate and distinct dressing room accomodation for men and women, but this regulation is often ignored - everyone turns a blind eye. Toilet facilities can be a serious problem. If a course is only used occasionally you may get away with every rider nipping over the hedge within a mile of the starting area. However if a fast course is to be used every Saturday, Sunday and Bank Holiday during the season such action will lead to 'full fields' from May onwards and a public health hazard by mid-Summer. In some districts the National Farmers Union has quite justifiably complained about damage to crop and the contamination of dairy cattle. If a course is to be used at all regularly proper toilet facilities are essential.

6. Naturally you will wish to minimise your financial loss on the event by selling refreshments to all the riders, event officials and spectators at half the cost of production. You will need to chat up all the ladies in the club and get them to bake loads of their most delicious and disgustingly calorific cakes and confections. By scaling up Mrs.Beeton's family cookbook recipes I deduce that for a field of 120 men and 30 women you need 140 lbs of goodies (that's 63 kilos Robin!). More to the point you will also need about 40 gallons of boiling water for mashing, so perhaps one small Gaz cartridge won't be quite enough.

Seriously folks, I am delighted that many promoters in E. Sussex have access to village halls for their events because this does solve the toilet, parking and catering problems. It also improves the socialising and the round the result board banter after events which I for one enjoy as much as the racing.

7. Not many modern timekeepers use a fisherman's stool and umbrella at the start and finish nowadays and you are expected to site these points so that they can time from their cars parked well back from the road and not find they are axle deep in mud when it's time to go home. (You must also arrange for the traffic to pass them quietly as they find such noise and bystanders yacking about holidays or last week's event conducive to making mistakes in their calculations).

What will the riders expect of your super new course? Their demands will vary but will include:

8. A road surface smooth enough for Steve Davies to play on.

9. At least 600 vehicles an hour travelling in their direction at 60s.

10. A gift hill at the start so that they can freewheel to the turn at 30s and still twiddle a 112 inch gear on the way back.

11. (a) No trees or hedges to blot out the 6 a.m. sun.

(b) Trees or hedges all the way to prevent the sun discolouring their legs of testers lilywhite (scientific tests prove that this is whiter than Dulux brilliant white).

12. (a) An embankment near the start so that the gallery can watch them warming up (technically known as posing) to best advantage

(b) An embankment near the finish and

(c) An embankment along the whole course for similar reasons.

13. Finally and most important you must ensure that the course is not short, not even by a yard or two. It's absolutely no good going to work on Monday and bragging about your 49 if your workmates find out it was on a short course. It doesn't matter if you were last in the event or ten minutes behind the winner but a short course makes any ride useless for bragging. Note: No doubt everyone who beat your 49 was either a student or an O.A.P. but you must not complain about their unfair advantages and anyhow you won't have to contend with them at work!

Well these are most of the points you ought to take into account this year. However by 1983 if the RTTC National Committee has it's way there will be two new regulations to contend with. Firstly you will have to ensure that there are no natural or man-made objects which could interfere with the CB transmission of times from halfway or the finish to the result board operator. Secondly you will need a mains power point at the start. This is for the Geiger counter to be used to ensure that each rider's fluorescent number is emitting enough radiation parallel to the road to penetrate half a centimetre of laminated windscreen plus a pair of Reactolite sunglasses.

I hope this article has whetted your appetite and you will apply to Rod Starmer, the Hon. District Sec. for appointment to the illustrious band of London South Course Designers and Measurers. You can easily recognise existing measurers because they all behave like Ouzlum Birds, but they will all tell you it is the most rewarding job in the cycling world as everybody is so appreciative of the work you do.

Insider

SUSSEX SCENE - SIDLEY

Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Editor, I do wish you wouldn't fix deadline dates in the middle of my holiday. On arriving home I found that the BONK date had passed and I was in trouble once again.

The last edition news ended with a report on our touring members so it seems meet to start there this time. On the anniversary of the Royal Wedding Ron Ewart and a number of kindred spirits went sick or took a day's holiday and went on Ronnies Super Ramble which in racing parlance turned at Andover. Although in a straight line, as is quite practicable when you go with Ron, it turned into about one hundred and forty miles for the round trip and also included every gradient over 1 in 15 in the counties crossed. Some people it is noted had to have the rest of the week off to recuperate.

Another piece of bad news refers to Mike Wood who has had a swift but altogether brief racing career with the club. Mike suffered with a painful leg which after much investigation has proved to be a worn out knee joint. There was a sad sight at the clubroom the other night as he disposed of his equipment. Moral, of course, is to remember to have your joints oiled at least once a year. Hard luck, Mike. Talking of ailments, Mike Ryall has had another bout of back trouble again. Seems he nearly got caught by Albert Griffiths in a local '50', had to take some strenuous evasive action to stay in front and his back gave up in the process.

Most of this time of the year is taken up with reports of the racing men's efforts, so really there is not much to write about at all.

The club '10' record took a bashing the other Saturday when Garry Moore recorded 21.02 to nip a few seconds off Don Awcocks old record. There seems to be something about the '10' time. The team record has been beaten five times since last season with a mixture of riders, Garry Moore, Paul Lipscombe, Mike Crossett, Keith Bulmer, Colin Tamon, Neill Rayland and Don Awcock have all had a hand in the teams in various combinations and the current time of 1.4.28 stands with Garry, Don, Colin and/or Paul. Ladies '10' has been broken several times as well but only by Sarah Thomson, the final effort being a cracking 23.56 on the by-pass. John Yates has had a 'Year of the Tricycle' and has set initial records at 50 miles; 100 miles and 12 hours. As I find it hard enough to drag two wheels round just why he wants to take to three I cannot understand.

The club '10' series has been completed while there was enough light to see with eleven events on a slightly re-vamped Handcross course. Thirty one members and numerous friends, mostly from Crawley, took part, with Don Awcock taking his usual 'fastest aggregate of three rides' trophy. His time of 1.6.1. makes quite a good team time. Paul was second with 1.8.54 and Garry third with 1.9.14. The handicap section was won by Speedy Sarah who just got better and better despite all the attentions of the handicapper and had a nett time of 1.5.26. Also improving, Mike

Crossett was second with 1.7.58 and Sarah's brother, Nick, was third with 1.8.21. All that remains of the club '10s' now is the one at Christmas. Held on the hillier Staplefield course it is timed with two things in mind - as it's as late as the 12th December it is a nice test just before the Christmas '25' and for those who don't take the winter so seriously it starts at 11 a.m. and usually finishes at opening time. Makes a good excuse for a pre-Christmas drink.

Colin and Paul were second and third in the Sussex '50' Championship with a pair of 1.58s but were a little overshadowed by John Oakes' winning 1.53. Paul, plus injured leg defended his Sussex '100' mile Championship which he retained, but this year he had to give best to Bob Edmunds of the Bournemouth Jubilee in the event. The club picked up the Team Championship again. In the circuit '25' Colin was our best rider with a 1.0.25; Garry recorded 1.1.59 and Mark Jones, 1.2.36. The ESCA '100' was an off day except for Mark Jones who won! Alan Codd broke his best bike a few days before and had to tank round on his training machine; Ron Ewart for once found the distance a little too far for him and had to finish the last ten miles with motorised assistance and even John Yates found it hard.

The veteran contingent have had some success this summer, both Wilf How and Albert Griffiths have had several wins and places on standard and have combined to take some of the team prizes. Albert particularly seems to be having a better season than for quite some time.

The Road Team, which is much the same as the Time Trial Squad, is meeting with some success but seems to be a little quieter than usual up to now. Ashley Holding turns up from France at regular intervals bringing with him assorted goodies from the Continental Clothing Scene. Sometimes the clubroom begins to look like Burtons on a Saturday afternoon! Colin, Garry, Don and Paul have all had wins and/or places this year, and the struggle for category survival is on with a vengeance. Ashley has ridden a couple of times over here, with at least one place.

Can't think of a lot more to tell you except that this is the penultimate load of rubbish from

Blondie

SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS

This summer has been dominated by our racing fraternity, many of whom have reached the dizzy heights, particularly in the short distance time trials. Ian Silvester led in early and late season, setting new club records for 10 and 25 miles with 20.56 and 53.04. In between, Dave Abraham was top dog, beating Ian several times, including a '50' in 1.52.45 - one second faster! Brother Paul collected his share of the headlines especially in tough conditions and longer distances. Punctures and a bad knee have bedevilled him this year, but the ESCA '100' produced a 4.25; an ECCA '50' a 1.55 and a '25' in Essex a 54. In the harsh conditions of our last evening '10' his 22.7 was a minute better than any of our other stars although far short of the 21.18 which netted second place in the only evening '10' that caught a float day. In the exceptional conditions six riders did 21s, all the aces being beaten by new rising star, David Harding, with 21.15.

With the youngsters reaching new heights at the shorter distances, it has been 'oldster' Pete Crofts who has shown the way in the real "all-rounder" contest. He shattered his own '100' and 12 hour club records with personal bests of 4.0.12 and 267½ miles! His 53.36 '25' was also a club record for ten minutes before Ian finished. He now needs to improve his '50' for a chance of a place in the BBAR.

In the ladies events Rosemary Dunford, Maureen Wall and Jean Smith have been very close. Jean has improved consistently to show the others a clean pair of heels in recent events despite a superb p.b. of 1.6.3 by Maureen on the E72.

Club events were not so well supported this year as they have been in the past. Open events seem to find us with only two entries when a third might have gained a team prize. One such event was the North Mids. C.F. 12 hour where our second rider, Andy Verrall, produced a fine 237. He drove home directly after the event, getting in at 2 a.m. ready for work the next day!

On the touring front I am delighted to report that Brian Barrett won the West Kent heat of the BCTC competition, thus qualifying for the September final. Brian is also trying to start a CTC section in the hope of reaching the non racing riders who often ride solo round the Tunbridge Wells area but don't come near the Southborough.

Pete Wall's training sessions on West Malling's airfield finished recently after moderate support through the summer. Unfortunately one aeroplane has used the landing strip at 7.30 each Wednesday, thus restricting the useable tarmac until after that time.

By the next issue we'll be off the racing scene and discussing peaceful 'Tourist Trials' or 'Reliability Rides'. They're only about 2 m.p.h. faster than the average race!

Roamer

LEWES WANDERERS C.C. (POSTSCRIPT)

Greetings once again and apologies for missing the last edition to all those who rip through their copies to find and read this literary gem before all else.

Well, there's not much difficulty in finding a topic to start off with this time. On behalf of everyone in ESCA your scribe salutes the Chief Editor's tremendous 24 hour ride of 366½ miles in the Wessex event in June, especially as she finished, according to 'Cycling' "with hardly a hair out of place". Truly an epic, and more than enough to put quite a few of the younger brigade's noses out of joint!

While on that subject the Central's Sarah Thompson had something of the same effect when she rode a 'private' in our club '25' and did a 5!! It could be a good idea to invite her to ride ALL our club events so as to make some of our lot get their fingers out to avoid being walloped.

We're sorry to hear of the impending departure of the Atkins tribe to the urban delights of Birmingham, although they have assured yours truly that they won't be quartered under 'Spaghetti Junction'! Ken and Barbara have rendered yeoman service to ESCA over the years and will be greatly missed from the scene. The last word belongs to a Central Sussex clubmate who commented, "It's unusual because senior citizens usually retire TO the South Coast!"

And the mention of that class of humanity must include a word about Arthur Bouttell of the V.C. Slough, who at 66 wasn't satisfied with doing a 1.56 for a '50' so in his next shot at the distance did a 1.52. What can you say about this that's printable? Perhaps it's as well that he rarely rides down here - for the wellbeing of our coureurs!

By the time you read this the World Championships will be over and we hope that you got yourselves along to Goodwood and lapped it all up. Our racing secretary (of all people) has announced his intention of NOT going although he has been threatened that a move is afoot to ensure his attendance that will make an SAS operation comparable to a Keystone Cops farce! As he still refers to road races as "those massed start larks" readers can judge whether his thinking has kept pace with events, and if it should be brought up to scratch by seeing the greatest exponents around today.

Appropos the Copper's snide remarks, re your scribe's transport, in the last edition, he's in for a jolt when he sees the Phoenix-like transition of the much maligned 1100 (nothing to do with the Eastbourne emporium of the same name!). The M.O.T. examiner said that it was the best 1100 he's examined for a long time, but after nine months work it's not suprising - as he was told in basic terms. Due to it's not being available in June your scribe had to borrow a van for the Criterium series. The Copper eyed this like 'something that had crawled out' and said "Is it roadworthy?". He was assured that despite it's below par appearance it WAS all legal (for a change!). However, much to the Asst. Commissaire's disappointment it wasn't used to spearhead the assault on the Ringmer circuit so the Chief Editor will have to wait and see what's dredged up for next year. In this connection the heading of an article in the last edition, 'What's wrong with following cars?' could well

have drawn a comment from the Copper: "Everything if Willcocks has anything to do with them". He doesn't seem to have learnt that flattery gets you nowhere!

Congratulations to Eastbourne's correspondent for ensuring that at least one Irish joke was in the last edition. A few more like that will qualify him for membership of the Alsoran Shamrock Bashers Club, with an annual holiday spent as a Protestant missionary in the Bogside. The consignment this time starts with a query. If Sean Kelly had won the Tour de France would he have gone missing for three weeks doing a lap of honour? For the record we have an Irish stuntman who tried to jump a bus over fifteen motorbikes; the postman who spent hours looking for a curved letterbox to deliver a circular; the bloke who refused a pocket calculator "because I already know how many pockets I've got"; and the applicant for a security job who was asked if he had a police record replied: "Sure, and I've got all their records!". Another of their breed was asked why he kept scratching himself. He replied "because only I know where I itch". Yet another ran his car on whiskey: when he was stopped he passed the breathalyser test but the car was banned for two years. Then there was the bloke who put two identical letters in the same envelope "in case one gets lost"; and finally the definition of an Irish video. It records programmes you don't want to see and screens 'em back when you're out!

If you liked that lot you'll be grateful to our President's mum, the redoubtable 'Mrs. C', who recently donated a woolly hat (via the Copper) to your scribe "to keep his brains functioning". They're required wearing for sharp thinkers despite being referred to as 'head cosies' by the unconverted.

Your scribe was visited by Cliff Sharp recently and after marvelling at the diverse contents of the garage Cliff positively enthused over the 'hack iron' in daily use. He noted the peeling paint, the threadbare saddlebag and handlebar tape flapping in the wind, then gave it the Sharp seal of approval, muttering: "It's coming on nicely"!

Lastly, we realise only too well that cycling's image is done great harm, especially among motorists, by irresponsible kids who don't ride sensibly. A letter in 'Cycling' comments on the increase in riding on the pavements and the apparent lack of interest by the police, even this is illegal. Added to that is the practice of parking bikes across the pavement, and also the latest example of idiocy - the wearing of headphones while riding along which must mean that the goons concerned can't hear any outside noises, which renders them more vulnerable than they already are. So, if you're approaching one of these fools, give him a wide berth and , hopefully, prevent yet another accident.

Well, as usual, leaving the Copper to lay bare the doings of our membership, yours truly says all the best for the rest of the Summer, and may you have wings in your wheels.

Alsoran

ANCIENT RUINS

In the days of the Medway R.C. (circa 1930-1967) it was the practice of the club to issue a runs list. In the early days it was three monthly; later, by popular consent it became a monthly effort, the idea being that if a tea place 'fell down on the job' it would give the Committee the opportunity to leave it off.

Now one of the runs which had appeared on the list was Salehurst Abbey. On receiving his copy one member remarked that this was a good old hardy annual. He knew of no member who had ever been there, likewise he doubted whether any of the modern crowd knew where it was or how to get there, plus a lot more remarks in similar vein. At this, one of the Elder Brethren undertook to lead the run the next time that it showed on the list. This was in 1939 just before war broke out.

After the war practically the same crowd were back in the pastime and after about three years, up came a Run to the Abbey. Again the Greybeard offered to lead the run. Now a lot of water had passed under the bridge since the previous mention but some memories are fairly good. There had however been some changes of jobs in the club, Greybeard for instance becoming very involved in time trial legislature, in consequence he had not been further than the second milestone from Headcorn since before the war and it was doubtful whether the bike or himself could stand up to anything longer. These observations, and others, were passed on to him at the clubroom one evening. Greybeard made rude noises and intimated that he would have all and sundry on their knees before the day was over if they had the courage to come on the Run. Moreover he suggested that some of them should ease up on the elbow bending in the 'Napier Arms', which was the clubroom.

In a few weeks Salehurst Abbey showed up on the runs list and as G.B. was performing at Headcorn in the early hours it was arranged to meet on Headcorn bridge at 9.30 a.m. and to proceed.

It was a lovely Autumn day and everything went according to plan, with G.B. leading from Headcorn, up through 'Castleton's Oak' (not open) to Benenden, then on to Sandhurst which was reached at opening time. Lunch was taken - ploughmans with the usual washdown, and on went the explorers to Bodiam Castle, past the Inn with a certain amount of reluctance, to the railway station. On G.B's instructions, bikes were left in the station yard and the remainder of the journey tackled on foot (only about a mile said G.B.). The route lay through country including orchard land where there were bushels of 'drops', and quite a number which were not but soon became so! After about three miles and sundry grumblings, G.B. called a halt, and pointing through the trees to some ivy covered ruins said, "There you are, just across the meadow". Down through the trees went the party, only to find that the Abbey was seperated from them by the River Rother, about forty yards wide at this point and no bridge.

A map was produced and it was discovered that the nearest crossing, other than by swimming, was two miles further on. Muttering something about a slight miscalculation and deciding to leave it to another time, the party wended their weary way

back to the bikes. Sundry apple-throwing took place with G.B. as the target, and he returned one hard enough to bring one member to his knees. From then on, good natured banter was the order of the day, and G.Bs. offer to lead the next run to Salehurst Abbey was more or less politely declined.

In a more serious vein, the Abbey was at one time the home of Monks of the Cistercian Order but fell into disuse about four hundred years ago. What is left of it has become a farm store. An attempt had been made at some time to preserve what remained. This was evident by one or more notice boards indicating where various domestic offices had been, i.e. kitchen, larder and so on. Some portions were removed, to merge into the building of Salehurst Church nearby.

On my last visit, about three years after the abortive trip, it was obvious that time had made a considerable difference since my first visit in the late '20s.

The building was not taken over by the National Trust upon the foundation of that body, the ruins were not considered to be of archaelogical or historical interest.

Bill Underhill

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The racing season's nearly over and everybody is roaring fit. What a shame to waste it all - no events 'til Christmas. Pete Burberry's got a good idea to put some of the excess energy to good use and keep you out of mischief; yes, he suggests that the Association place-to-place records could do with some attention. What a good idea - especially as he particularly mentions the 'round the County' one. Tackle it in late September or early October and see the County at it's best. If your appetite has been whetted, then contact Mick Burgess (or Pete Burberry) for details of all ESCA place to place records.

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Ken Atkins tells us that Barbara finds digital watches rather confusing to use. Her method of counting down with this type of watch is: 56 - 57 - 58 - 59 - GO!!

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HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS C.C.

After enjoying the extended social season as reported in the last issue, our 'teams' began to get down to some serious racing. The addition of John Gumbrell to our road racing strength inspired John Willis and Andrew Hillman in their efforts to improve and all three have achieved some good placings in Kent League events. Both the Johns have now got points on their licences and Andrew's eighth place is bringing him into contention for the club road race championship.

Club records continue to fall. Alan Brooks, riding in the first of the KCA '100s' lowered his own record to 4.25.40 and this time was good enough for third place. In the SCA '50' Alan knocked a nail-biting two seconds off Bob French's record with 2.3.21, and joined by John Gumbrell and Tim Carpenter with times of 2.5.48 and 2.5.58 respectively reduced the team time by over thirteen minutes. In the second KCA '100' Alan, John G. and Steve Carpenter combined to slice just over six minutes off the previous figures for the distance. Incidentally, Steve's appearance on the racing scene this year was brief. Starting in June it came to an abrupt end in August when he was knocked off his bike by a motorist on the A20. He does come in useful for marshalling duties, though, and with a red flag on the end of his crutches is becoming very efficient. Maurice's club tricycle '10' time now stands at 24.50 and a trip to the E31 for the Essex Roads '30' was rewarded with the first trike award and another record time of 1.20.56. Esther won an old ladies award in the Kent Vets '25' and has a new '10' record of 26.22. She and Maurice were also the fastest mixed pair in the Leo R.C. Tandem '30'.

Our junior riders have also done well this year. Russell Walsh completed his first year of competition with a '10' of 24.21 and a personal best of 1.4.37 gained him first handicap in the SECA M/M '25'. Robert Sier also made a pilgrimage to the A2 for the Gemini R.C. '25' and returned home with a time of 1.3.06 to his credit. Our youngest rider this year, fourteen year old Keith Burden, currently has the fastest '10' time of the juniors of 24.01, and in the Eastbourne Rovers '25' was the fastest schoolboy with a time of 1.10.16 at what was his first attempt at the distance. Keith's enthusiasm for all forms of cycling is worth mentioning. He wintered on a tricycle and has ridden tandem with his small sister. On the weekend of the Eastbourne events he stayed at Blackboys Y.H., a type of accomodation which is very familiar to him as for several years he has toured extensively with his family and friends in his CTC Section. When he's not doing anything in particular he willingly volunteers to marshall. He is also housetrained but does have an enormous appetite!

Another young rider with initiative is Danny Moore, After riding our evening '10s' until he reduced his time to thirty minutes he then 'went missing' for a fortnight on his first cycle camping tour, part of the requirements for the Duke of Edinburgh Award he is working for. John Gumbrell and Angela rode to Devon earlier in the year and enjoyed a fortnight's bike riding in the area. Tim Carpenter excelled himself when he went tearing off to Harrogate for a '50' leaving his

clothes and shoes behind him. He was fortunate that Andrew, who was staying for the week, was able to lend him some bits and pieces. It is rumoured that Tim is the only Civil Servant in the country who hasn't had to sign the Official Secrets Act because he is so forgetful!

Maurice and Esther broke new ground, for them, when they entered the Audax events at Goodwood. On Monday they were D.N.F. due to mechanical trouble with the tandem but they were pleased to finish in the 100 Km trial on Thursday. I am told that they enjoyed themselves - well Esther did - and Maurice is resigned to participating in more of these events in the future if any are held within a suitable distance of Hastings.

Dave and Audrey invested in a brand new Peugeot tandem upon which they can be seen pedalling merrily around the countryside usually accompanied by their friend, Sid Black. Early in the year Sid bought himself a smart trailer chassis upon which he fixed a large dustbin to carry his belongings. All went well until he decided to give the ensemble it's speed trials when riding down past the 'Bull' in St. Leonards. On the bend the whole lot tipped over strewing the contents all over the road. One member caustically remarked that it looked as if Sid was collecting swill with the trailer/dustbin combination!

Last but not least Jack Southerden is to be congratulated on reaching his target of 400,000 miles.

I conclude these notes with belated birthday greetings to Guy Little who very recently celebrated his 75th birthday by riding round our last winter's reliability trial course.

Ragged Shorts

SOUTHBOROUGH WHEELERS OPEN TOURING COMPETITION 1982

This popular event will be held this year on Sunday, 31st October. The start will be at 9.00 a.m. from THE ANGEL CENTRE (nr. Tonbridge Station) and entries will be accepted at the start - fee 30p per rider. The finish will be at about 4.30 p.m. at the Wheelers' clubhouse in Powdermill Road (nr. High Brooms Station). The lunch stop will be at Anne's Cafe in Sevenoaks Market (nr. the Railway Station).

All cyclists are welcome and may ride as individuals or as members of a team up to four. The a.m. and p.m. sessions may be ridden seperately and the afternoon start is 1pm.

Tests on map-reading, observation, cycle control, cycle maintenance and general touring knowledge will be held throughout the day and the total mileage will be approx. 18 for both sessions. The map to bring is the O/S 1:50,000 'Maidstone & The Weald' and this is essential. You also need a pen and pencil and whatever you consider necessary for a day's cycle ride. A cup will be presented to the winner and prizes awarded to the first three in the individual and team events.

No specialist knowledge required. Organiser - Brian Barrett, 71 Dornden Drive, Langton. Tel: Langton 2276.

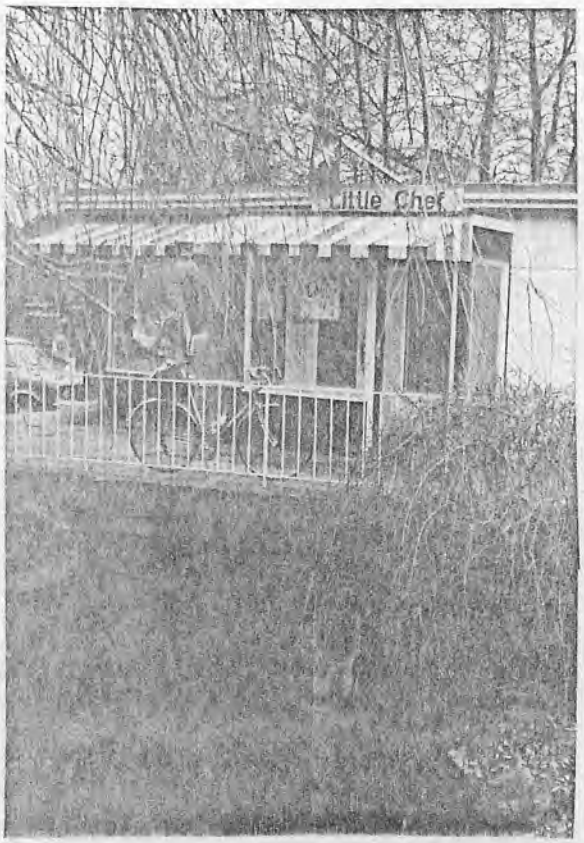
CHARLIE'S CAFES - Series 1. No.9 HALFWAY CAFETERIA, HARRIETSHAM, KENT.

Tel: MAIDSTONE (0622) 859354

I am writing these notes in the middle of August, the month of the 12 hour races, so I thought it would be fun to feature two cafes that are quite a few miles apart. Energetic riders visiting both cafes on the same day by bicycle MIGHT (?) get a cup of tea bought for them by yours truly! The Halfway Cafe at Harrietsham is quite a large sprawling sort of place sitting in an enormous car park big enough to accomodate scores of cars and coaches and large numbers of cyclists. It's on the A20just west of the railway bridge which crosses the road west of Harrietsham. You pass it in all those 25s, 100s and 12s which use the A20 between Ashford and Hollingbourne. This is a piece of road about fourteen miles long which always seems to be uphill and against the wind on the way to Hollingbourne and then, when you reach the turn, it's uphill and against the wind all the way back to Ashford. The Halfway Cafeteria is used by many cyclists and is also an occasional meeting place for the Kent Vets. Tea, if I remember rightly, is 16p a cup and the service is quite quick, but the food is a bit expensive and I was rather appalled to find an ordinary bun with pink icing priced at 30p! The cafe is open from 0530 every day including Sunday and closes at 2100 every day except Saturday when it closes at 1900. Probably the only time not to visit this cafe is if a couple of coach parties get there just before you. In a future issue of BONK I'll hope to give you a nearby alternative if this fate should befall you.

CHARLIE'S CAFES - SERIES 1. No.10 LITTLE CHEF, BAGSHOT, SURREY.

Tel: BAGSHOT (0276) 72033



I discovered this cafe quite by accident. I had called at my usual cafe in Guildford only to find it closed, so I pressed on up the A322 and turned left into Bagshot where there was no sign of a cafe. However if you ride through the town centre till you reach the A30 and then turn right and head back towards the A322, you will find this Little Chef waiting to welcome you.

It was opened in March, 1965, and is really only a large hut and is in fact the smallest Little Chef in the whole country, seating sixteen people (two tables of four and eight bar stools). As it's so small I have included two photos and in the one on the left you will see that a small stream (the Bourne), flows right under the middle of the cafe. In the other photo you can see that it has a small garden where you can sit outside in the Summer. It's too small to have it's own loo but the garage that's next door has one that's only a couple of steps away. It's a very friendly little cafe and well worth a visit. The only thing wrong is the tea that is now 22p a cup! This price is common to every Little Chef, so please help by writing an appropriate comment in the 'comments book' which is usually near the till.

Bagshot always makes me think of poachers with bulging pockets and then you pass Bisley, where they do a bit of rifle shooting, and with Aldershot and the army not far away, and Oxshott, there seems to be a good deal of shooting round here, so I got on to my friends in the Hastings Reference Library to find out the meaning of 'shot' at the end of a place name and found out that it has nothing to do with shooting at all. It is derived from the old English word 'sceat' which means 'that which projects' and usually refers to Woodland, the term being used mainly east and south of Windsor Forest. So you can visit the cafe after all without the risk of being shot!