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EDITORIAL

We're making use of the editorial page in this issue of BONK to thank Roy Humphrey for yet another rollicking Luncheon and Prize Presentation. Another capacity crowd in Framfield Village Hall proved that when a crowd of 'real cyclists' get together, intent on enjoying themselves, pretentious surroundings and noisy discos are superfluous to the occasion. It was a pleasure to see 'Neevo' on the top table; perhaps 1983 will be the year that sees him back on the road!

Thoughts of the Luncheon remind us that it was the last time that we saw Zonca. He was one of the most pleasant of Sussex 'characters' and was in form on that day. It's very difficult to find suitable words of sympathy for his clubmates and family but they can be sure that the many people who knew him will miss him.

With such a mixed start to the year we must hope that there are no more unhappy disruptions to the good fellowship of the Association.

Maurice & Esther

Well Hello again. Before I start my contribution I must first apologise for writing my last lot of notes too fast as I later found out that a lot of you can't read all that fast. Where were we. Oh yes, the Sunday before Christmas, it was piss..sistantly raining for our Christmas 10. About a dozen sponges rode but someone forgot to tell Tim Carpenter it was the middle of winter, anyway he did look smart in his skinsuit and well deserved to win the event in 27.04 despite the gale force wind which nearly blew some of us off. The sociable ones went back to the New Inn at Westfield some in the back of Nigel's Laundry van. Still on the subject of boozers it was planned to meet for a drink on New Year's Eve but it turned out to be a refreshment stop for the Young Stallions of the club who were packing in over 400 miles a week while Dominic was home.

Well training started the first week into the New Year and we now have been joined by Pete Baker first claim, anyway I don't think Pete has stopped training since last year so he has provided a back wheel for a lot of us till we get fit (for what). The end of Jan was our Dinner. Well those of you who did come I hope you enjoyed it but I must admit the Band was not quite what we had hoped. Anyway we were joined by a number of Southborough Whlrs no doubt to come to listen to our guest speaker Spider Dunford. Pete Wall came on his own but took good care of Esther who seemed somewhat overcome by a special presentation made by the club for her ride in the National 24 hour Championship, and a presentation of a big Teddy Bear by the Kent Vets Group.

As I'm writing this the snow is falling heavily outside but we are in the second week of February. Some of us are planning to go on our own little Training Weekend in a couple of weeks. I hope it's not like this then. Looking to the coming racing season more of our lot plan to hit the Road Race scene, well we are promoting two of our own Road Races this year. As well as our usual Open 10 on Pevensey this year we are promoting the GHS heat also on Pevensey Marsh. We had hoped to hold a 25 on our rolling Sidley/Boship course but we have had to change to the G836 East Sussex Circuit course so if you're interested in a good early season slog make a note of the date, 17th April.

I expect by the time you read this you will have already ridden the Hardriders, how did you get on? Better than last year I hope.

As I'm beginning to dribble on a bit now I better conclude my little essay. I don't know how some of you manage to write 3 or 4 pages every time. I bet you have got smaller paper than me. Bye for now.

Ivor Biggun

We understand that after their transformation at the Kent Vets Luncheon, Spider Dunford and Pete Wall will be riding all the ladies events on the 'dragstrips' in 1983.

We almost forgot about the next little item. At the end of last season, Charlie Robson was seen to be carrying his cups of tea and plates of cakes on an old biscuit tin lid. He explained that this left him one hand free for groping. The following week one of the lady riders in the Kent Vets 10 (not me. Mrs. Ed.) presented her bottom, clad in shiny skin shorts, to Charlie so that he could pin her number on. In spite of having TWO free hands he turned down the opportunity and made Bob Christie do it for her.

TO KEITH EVANS

History is strange, a chronical of happenings governed by the actions of individuals. As I start to write this I think of history and what might have been in the world of cycling in 1982 had it not been for the combined efforts of the frame builders and a parts wholesaler who combined to thwart the intentions of two people to win the World Road Race Championship for Britain and to publicise the Hastings & St. Leonards C.C. As Keith and I watched the last of the competitors grind up Standard Hill in the club 25 we talked of our own performances. It was a warm June evening and as we sat on the verge and talked we both realised that the ability was there, our need was for modern new equipment to enable us to demonstrate to the world that two of the world's unknown greats existed in Hastings. Keith was lucky! he only needed a new frame, I needed a complete bike. Well it's no problem we reasoned, there's nine weeks to go and both builders quoted six to eight weeks delivery. Keith decided to have a modern marvel constructed in tissue thin Columbus tube in the front room of a local builder. I was more ambitious and ordered an Ishiwata 017 miracle of unusual appearance from Staffordshire. Paperwork completed we relaxed, I delved deep into the large catalogue which recommended all that was best to achieve our aims. I gave my list to my friend in the cycle shop and sat back waiting. Our only problem was to decide how the offers from the pro teams in Europe would change our careers for the following year. Eight weeks later we were worried neither of us had our frames and my complete set of accessories consisted of two tubs and a pair of handlebars. In fairness to the supplier I must point out that he only recommended the parts I ordered he never stated that he could supply them or even stocked them. Indulging in the expensive services of British Telecom I spoke to the company in Yorkshire and was told there was "no chance" of getting the hubs I ordered but they did have the rims. I suggested it was impractical trying to build wheels without having the hubs and rims in my possession, he agreed and had the brilliant idea of sending the rims to my dealer along with the alternative hubs I ordered, "no chance" on the seatpin, they had decided not to stock it so I ordered the alternative they had in stock. The chainset in the ring sizes I wanted was available and the dural cluster was "any day now". I've cracked it I thought until I found the frame was still a tube set. Keith was lucky his frame was ready and he had a couple of days left. Obviously the frame has to be perfect to take the strain of a world class cyclist so the dent in the lugs made him doubt the wisdom of competing on a frame that was not perfect. He hadn't really helped the builder about colour either, all he had done was given the guy a can of paint in the colour he wanted. It seemed the finisher was not able to work from such scant information. Our chance had passed by but I did receive the wrong hubs, correct rims, wrong size chainrings and no seat pin or cluster. Another call produced yet another set of wrong hubs but I suppose large flange track hubs are similar to small flange road hubs. Keith gave up on the colour, the best in the game seemed to adopt a principle based on the ideas of Henry Ford. I decided to find out how well the National Health Service was getting on by having an operation and looked forward to building up my bike when I emerged hopefully repaired. Keith suprised me when I saw him riding his old bike "Saving the new one for next year?" A look of resignation crossed his face as he stared out of his window into the November murk. "I haven't got it yet." I turned away I can't stand to watch a man crying. I acquired a bottom bracket and

ordered another set of hubs from a different source, they didn't come either! Keith went to collect his frame still in the wrong colour despite a respray and a rather sub-standard repair that showed filler was all you needed on a dented lug. My frame was ready at last, it seems the guy who plated it didn't realize that masking tape would remove his work and had had to do it again. I collected the frame and was assured the previously ordered gear levers would be in the post the next day. I asked the manufacturer of the bottom set to fit it for me, he couldn't because round cups with very accurate threads won't fit into a bottom bracket shell even if the ovality is only slight. Now this guy was an engineer also very helpful. I left the frame there to be machined and he agreed to send it on with the hubs. I was grateful to him because I felt he had looked on me as a customer. I hadn't had that experience before. I was a little puzzled why a new unused frame needed to be machined but Dave knew his stuff and I had now got to the point of not caring any more. Keith was crying again! as he surveyed the gleaming frame in wrong colour blue. It was a simple thing really, the only problem was the cable guide was so positioned that it wasn't possible to change gear if you used it. I passed him a tissue to dry his eyes and suggested a Sturmey Archer alternative. The lump on my head still hurts. My frame and hubs were in transit and should arrive before Christmas, they didn't. Now it's a new year and we sit at home dreaming of the unique opportunity that had passed us by, after all it was only unsuitable equipment that stopped us becoming famous. Keith and I thought about competing in this new year of 1983 but we have a problem. Our 1982 equipment ordered six months ago has still not arrived and we have to sell it to get new equipment. It would only leave us seven months to replace it and our analysts have told us that any future contact with frame builders could turn our bemused state into total insanity. The world of cycling has received a terrible setback and it's not even been told about it. History is very strange.

That's my version.

Ian Brett

FEELING STRONG? Why not ride the Paris - Roubaix Randonnée and get in a couple of miles for the 24 hour you're going to ride next season? The event itself is only around 160 miles, including the odd stretch of pavé (translated as 'bumpy bits') to wake you up after the first 100 miles. With the ride out from Dieppe and back this should work out at a more reasonable 350 miles for the weekend. The cost will be £14 for the ferry and one night in France. If you feel like catching the train back to Dieppe this will cost about £12 extra but shouldn't be necessary as the ferry doesn't leave until 2 a.m. The event isn't until May 15th but it may not be easy to find accomodation for the Saturday night unless it's booked well in advance. If you are interested in forming a party please contact me AS SOON AS POSSIBLE at 13 VALLANCE GARDENS, HOVE, SUSSEX. BN3 2 DB

Tom Roberts

A mild winter until the end of January has allowed consistent training and further touring to be achieved and maintained. The club runs points championship has got underway rapidly under newly elected Runs Secretary, Steve (hen-pecking) Jukes. The near future has a lot of attractions in store but first a quick glimpse back at a successful 1982 for us as a Club.

Paul Toppin won the Charlie Lednor Points Trophy, donated by the Club to the SCA, in it's inaugural year, and also came second in the SCA B.A.R. As a team we won the SCA Team Championship in May and this ignited a massive gathering of members at the Sussex Lunch. A number of wins in Open events included Richard Shipton's ESCA 25 victory and a Bournemouth 25. We had the Southern Counties Junior B.A.R., I am afraid to say, as well as a London South G.H.S. Champ.

Back to the present, and circuit training and long hard miles have been stacked in since Christmas reducing the Christmas bellies. Every Friday since just before Christmas our Continental sleeper coach has had his whistle and whip out running the circuit training. The whip has already been used once on our well known beauty spot Bradley Wa(1)ters for lack of effort.

The A.G.M. at the beginning of February announced a membership of one hundred and twenty seven, an increase of eleven on the previous year. New positions allocated were our new Chairman, Tony Palmer and new Evening 10s Secretary, Paul West. Stuart Gibbs was made Assistant Treasurer so heaven knows what the accounts will be like at the end of 1983. I was elected Social Secretary.

Back to touring and at this very moment Ray (Digger) Douglas is training hard in Australia and hopes to return with a few crates of Fosters and a block of Krona margarine. Other touring occasions this year include Dave (Super Tourist) Hudson's training holiday in Cyprus to get ready for the Sussex 12 hour, which he has already said he would ride IF a glass of Bailey's Irish Cream is handed up at every feed. In April two other touring trips take place when over Easter a number of members visit the Isle of Wight for four days, then later on in the month Wally Gibbs and Hen-pecking Jukes visit the Spooner Villa in Wales. Also in September Panniers Shaw and Dream Toppin head off for the Bens and Glens of Bonnie Scotland. (Beware Nessy, those panniers are mighty big).

Some of our Open promotions this year include a Spring Road Race on April 18th won by Peter Roy Holden, and the 'Ron Mills' 25 on May 15th.

Until the next exciting instalment, it's good-bye from him and it's good-bye from me.

The Scarlet Pimpernel

P.P.S. It's interesting to know that in 1975 a twenty two year old draftsman from Hertfordshire set off to cycle round the world. During the next two years he was robbed by Yugoslavian peasants, stoned by tribesmen in the Khyber Pass and nearly froze to death in a blizzard. When he finally arrived back in England in April, 1977, he had only to collect his bike at Heathrow Airport and cycle the last forty miles home. After 25,000 miles he confidently expected to make it home. His hopes were crushed and so was his cycle, by a conveyor belt joining the plane to the Customs Hall. He had to hitch a lift home. And we complain about a few silly motorists!

Well, here we go again - welcome 1983 and the new racing season. Have you got rid of the social flab or were you one of those wise ones who made sure it did not arrive?

Ghent has again seen spendthrift Wanderers surging round it's streets. The occasion was a Chequers Travel visit to the 'Six'. Five of us, plus Vin Smith from the Mitre, went. We all met up at the pub opposite Dover Priory Station. Having only been there a few minutes we were accosted by three young ladies seeking a lift to Deal. Their request for wheels did meet with some response. Two voices said they would give them one when they got back from Plums!! So much for cycling chivalry. The arrangements were for coaches to take us from the station to the harbour. The coaches didn't arrive so we went by cab and I suspect certain cab drivers got paid twice, once by the firm and once by the passengers.

The crossing was not much to write home about. Short back seats and not too many of them. A high percentage slept on the floor. On arriving at Ostende we went by coach to Brussels. A wander round the streets and breakfast. How does one city manage to have so much out of one small statue stuck on a wall, letting it all hang out?

From Brussels it was on to Ghent where we arrived at lunchtime. The bike shops were shut so we piled into our favourite steakhouse. Certain unbelievers, namely Darren Goldfinch and Vin Smith did not believe you got seconds on chips - until they came. It was a very filling meal. After the bike shop visit we found a couple of bars where we drank and dozed until it was time to go to the race.

The racing was great. The result and details have been in the comic. We stayed there until 1 a.m. In between watching the races you can browse at will in the track centre and inspect the bikes, watch mechanics, etc. Watching the racing - or trying to - from the centre is hard on the eyes, or was it just the smoke.

On leaving the track we had a coach ride to Ostende and the hotel. We hit the beds about 2.30 a.m. and slept like logs. A fine, sunny, crisp morning blew away the cobwebs and we had time for a walk round and a few more beers before the ferry home. A really worthwhile weekend. Oh yes, the old wheel builder brought back even more rims and tyres. Where do they all go to? One bloke purchased a cycle repair stand - and watching him hump that about made you feel tired.

Several of us made it to the Sussex C.A. Lunch and were entertained by Ian Hallam's speech. There was also a drunken Nomad bidding for the cross toasting crown. I have since seen him up front of two veteran Mitre men so either the wine did him good or he has some weight to lose. As it was Ian Burgess's birthday I managed to get a drink out of him. A nice informal little luncheon. Pity there were quite a few of the prizewinners missing.

Having done a tour of the Belgian bike shops we had a Christmas tour of the South London bike shops. This got off to a good start when Mrs. Rabbetts' stupid son suggested we went via Crockham Hill and Titsey Hill. In between, Matthew and Ian B. managed to fall off on the sharp bend in Limpsfield. Allins not only supply cycles they give first aid as well. The ride home via Beckenham and the A21 was notable for the fact that all the cafes were closed, and Gary nearly starved to death.

I noticed in Pro-News a picture of a Rino Rabbetti taking part in the Rapport-Toer

in South Africa. Could it be the Jarvis Brook Flyer has been abroad and not on a YOBS scheme (yes, I know it's supposed to be YOPs). In the same edition of Pro-News was an advert for a Have It Away Day. I have yet to see Jimmy Saville doing this one on television.

We managed to ride to the B.C.F. Dinner at Lewes on a clear fine evening. Again there was a shortage of prizewinners - are they ashamed of their Clubs and Sponsors or just shy and retiring? I wonder if the Elephant and Castle have got over skintights and overshoes yet?

In the new bike field - the brothers Goldfinch both have one, as does Dave Jupp. Simon Barnes has a new frame. Sam MacKilligan has come by another bike. This machine sees the light of day from old member Brian Reed's loft and is fitted with a nice pair of Chater cranks. The go-between in this deal was Seaford's leading used car, washing machine and anything else saleable, dealer - to wit - Al Moran. To see Al Moran's slightly hunched shoulders and hand rubbing exercise while putting out the spiel was to be transported to an Eastern market place, even the toes of his shoes turn up.

Our A.G.M. was well attended and all last year's lot got voted back. Pete Burberry gets more isolationist. In the Racing Secretary's report he failed to mention we had riders on the track at Preston Park - this despite the fact that they use fixed wheel. We have come to expect that massed start won't get a mention. Ian Landless revealed that Lewes starting clubruns are attended by 2.6 people!

We had a presence at the Brighton Excelsior Dinner for the first time ever and a good lively evening it was, too. Unfortunately the edge was taken off the evening by knowing that Zonca Bradshaw was in hospital as a result of a collision with a car that day. The sad outcome can be found on another page but I would like to thank on Brenda's behalf and the Wanderers as a Club, to thank everyone who rang offering help and condolences.

The end of January saw the Ian Landless sporting reliability trial. After two fine years I suppose we had to have a not so good one. The rain started as riders were signing on then stopped just on 9 a.m. The respite was not for long. By the time South Chailey was reached sting sleet was lashing down and riders were heading for home. The first check at Chelwood Gate was staffed by Geoff Boxall with trike and Gary McManus with car and hungover look. Apart from the sleet to here had been fairly easy and with the tail wind it stayed that way to Crowborough. The trouble was that the wet and cold reached a few feet and fingers. Crowborough saw two of our smaller youngsters, Neal Carlton and Stephen Goldfinch, give best to the weather. I have heard it said that there was muttering about the hills at this stage. What did they think after the Mark Cross check? By this time the wet stuff had stopped but it was cold and windy. On arriving at Mark Cross the car park at the Bowers Cafe was staffed by a shivering Lady President, Megan Rabbetts, and Dave Sims who had managed to twist his back at squash and so was unable to ride. In the cafe we found Gary McManus wolfing down bacon sarnies, which shows just how hard it is pushing car pedals down and watching bike riders. This stop also saw the end of Paul Gibbons - the third pint sized one - when he was talked into packing. Although they didn't finish, all three youngsters - Neal, Stephen and Paul - did good rides and should considerably more determination than a lot of older riders. Arriving late at the café were Andrew Attwood and Martin White, who had both been via Tunbridge

Wells. The next section via Tidebrook, Coggins Mill, Mayfield and Broad Oak, was interesting. The dips and bumps giving some splendid views, Cade Street saw our group of tailenders pick up young Simon Brotherton, our Saltdean member, who although he finally finished outside the time limit never-the-less, did finish. A really good effort for a first time ride over this sort of distance. Also in this group was Matthew Willsher who stuck it out and finished, although again, a non-qualifier. Still this just might inspire dad Gordon to give it a try - what about it, Gordon!!! At the finish it appeared that out of 86 starters only 12 managed to qualify, which means we made a profit. A situation that would have had the late Iron Chancellor Eldridge rubbing his hands and smiling. Do we have any signwriters in the Association? I ask because I think it is about time that Reg and Maureen Porter had a 'Sally Ann' badge on the side of that well known Mark II Cortina. The very efficient brewing up service that comes from the boot in fine or wet weather is terrific. Oh yes, those of you who rode. Did you notice that Alorran had not got a bike at the Carters Corner check? Nor did he have the 1100 - now British racing green in colour. He of the tea cosy headgear scrounged a lift with Julie Landless and then made her do all the work of handing out the biscuits and drink. Still, nice to see Julie out after her accident.

A kindly soul gave Ken Stevens a catalogue of old style plumbing fittings at a recent club night. This so enraptured the old chap, who could remember most of the items being first introduced, that he could be seen sitting in a corner poring over the pages and chuckling to himself. Talking of the clubroom, Karen Burberry and Heather Stevens are the mainstays of the coffee making machine - thanks girls. We have not seen much of Hazel B. at recent clubnights. What is she up to? If no information is forthcoming I shall have to make it up.

Now to the Crowborough social scene. No, Sally Higginson could not cope with the hectic night life and has had to take time from work to recover. Poor Sally also has an aversion to training hats and the wearing of same is inclined to spark off violent reactions on her part. It does appear that the move from junior to senior category has sparked an upward trend in the dressing habits of Mr. Matthew Rabbetts. Gone are the donkey jacket and black boots and in has come a smarter image to go with the longer wavy hairstyle. Gary 'snakehips' Sims is still the wonder of the disco floor and is reported to be just as lethal there as he is on a bike.

The Club Dinner was again held at the Boship and ably organised by Graham Seymour. Just over one hundred attended. The principle speaker was Phil Liggett, so Brenda got her good looking speaker. The cross toasting flowed very well and we had good support from the Sussex Nomads - they were both there. Phoenix John Pratt was heard to express an interest in the Paris-Roubaix Cyclo. Could it be that he wants to show the G.S. Lanterne Rouge, of which Phil Liggett is a member, how it is done? The speech in reply was by Mick Rabbetts. He's the tidy, quietly spoken one, with a strong sense of humour. In the offbeat prize presentation Gary Sims got a picture of a gannet drawn by Hazel; Matthew R. got a guide to Chichester to enable him to get past that city next time he goes for our Club Emsworth-Kent record. I did best in this sphere with a Patterson book from the Crowborough chain gang. I gather that this is an inducement not to put them under so much pressure on the hills. O.K. lads, point taken and thanks very much. When the race prizes were presented it was nice to see everyone there. Quite by chance there

was a wheelchair available so Graham Seymour was able to make the journey for his award.

What I did omit from my last notes was that the Crawley based John Pratt set a trike record for the ESCA and Club Lewes-Hurst Green and return. This was a sterling ride of 2.30.34 on a cold windy November day. Well done, John.

Oh yes! The morning after the Club dinner as the Crowborough clubrun headed south in Beacon Road, a rider was seen approaching from the opposite direction. This turned out to be a young, fresh faced, clear eyed paper girl, Fiona by name, into whose eyes Matthew R. had been gazing the previous evening. So lost in thought was he that he didn't even see her and her presence had to be pointed out to him by his mates. Still he has obviously not forgotten who she is as he has since been shopping in Tunbridge Wells with her.

What did Gary Sims do after the Dinner? He got a Valentine's card - thanks for the night and morning.

Sue Higginson is not sure about Gordon going to the World's Cyclo Cross as a driver as she is afraid he might get muddy driving a car round that course!!

Copper

DIARY DATES

Lewes Wanderers Reliability Trial Sunday, 29th January, 1984

Lewes Wanderers Annual Dinner & Dance & Prize Presentation Saturday, 11th February, 1984

May I thank everyone for their kind support and floral tributes after the sudden death of Zonca. It was said of him recently that he was first with a smile but last on the mile!, and that is how we will affectionately remember him.

On a lighter note, he left me with exactly the same tools the club donated as a joke, one Mafac tool kit and that is to repair the whole house!

Once again may I thank everyone for their sympathy and kind generosity. There will be at least one member who will not forget his smiling, cheerful face.

Mrs Zonca (Non Cyclist)

Lewes Wanderers.

NICHOLAS BRADSHAW

aged 36 years

died on January 26th, 1983, as the result of a road traffic accident.

While fiddling at the roadside with a temperamental gear I was aware of a bike arriving. "Hello, are you a cyclist?" said a cheery voice, and so I met Nick Bradshaw. I was present a few weeks later in a certain Green Street Green bike shop when Nick made the purchase that gave him his nickname, ZONCA. The blue and white training top caught his eye because the trade name was little known. To all in the Wanderers he became ZONCA and I suspect there were a few who did not know his real name. You will not find the name of BRADSHAW written in large letters on trophies or medals but you will find the memory etched deep in the minds of many of his clubmates. Nick was always bright and cheerful with a ready smile and quick quip when things went awry. To watch him shop on tour, to the complete amazement of the French supermarket staff, was a gem of comedy. It was Nick who was wont to produce a bottle of brandy just before turning in on tour. Life in the Wanderers, enlivened by his presence, will be the duller for his passing.

M. B.

LEWES WANDERERS C.C. (POSTSCRIPT)

Greetings once again from the 'tail-end Charlie' of Lewes scribes. The Club suffered a severe shock early in the New Year when Nick 'Zonca' Bradshaw died after being in collision with a car which turned across him - yet another sickening reminder of the "I didn't see the cyclist" brigade. Our deep sympathy and, we're sure, that of all ESCAbods goes out to Brenda and young Gemma in their tragic and so unnecessary loss. At a time when the sport in this neck of the woods can do with more 'characters' to offset some of the serious dedication it's particularly traumatic to lose one of them in this manner. Nick was always good for a laugh and will always be remembered for that likeable quality.

As usual the social season was seen out in style by the Club Dinner which was enlivened by guest speaker Phil Liggett, known to so many from his television commentaries of the Continental classics and the Tour, and also as Tour of Britain organiser. Hilarious repartee between Phil and Phoenix proprietor, John Pratt, was an entertainment in itself, while the crosstoasting was, as ever, a gas. Added to that we had a reply by Mick Rabbetts that rocked 'em in the aisles and included a revelation about Madam President that had that good lady covering her face with her hands. The prize presentation saw our youngest vet 'Chief Plum' Seymour, wheeled up in a bathchair by the President to receive his share, while his better half, Cath, again succeeded in getting your scribe on to the floor (dancing) a feat that no one else has ever achieved. The gyrations involved caused astonishment to quite a few onlookers but proved his motto "I'll do anything for a lady, and particularly that one".

Appropos your scribe's remarks last time about the financial debacle of the World Championships, as most readers will know, the loss figure was increased by £20,000 in the BCF A.G.M. Treasurer's report. As if that wasn't enough 'Cycling' published a statement by a West Sussex County Councillor that what he described as this "oddball event" had cost the Council and the Police Authority no less than £125,000 and had thus been an absolute disaster for the ratepayers. Suprised (to put it mildly) that this bombshell evoked no subsequent comment in the readers' correspondence columns, yours truly wrote to the Council asking for a copy of the balance sheet as he suspected that anyone myopic enough to describe ANY World Championship as an oddball event could well have got the end figure wrong. The letter was passed to the Police who replied that no balance sheet, as such, had been compiled, but in fact the total involved was nearer £130,000, of which the BCF was liable for £21,000! Evidently five hundred police officers were involved, and feeding, transport and overtime accounted for this staggering figure - a far cry from the general idea that other countries usually regard the 'World's' as virtually a licence to print money. Let's pray that someone, somewhere, gets the next venture right!!

We hope you had a good social season and took advantage of the comparatively mild winter - until February started! Club members, as usual, were seen at other functions but we really excelled ourselves when no less than forty one blanketed the ESCA Luncheon and stirred things accordingly. It was great to see Neevo recalled to the fold and still retaining his particular brand of wit when he proposed the Association. All credit to Roy and Dorothy Humphrey for once again laying on a really good cyclists 'do'

aptly rounded off by East Grinstead's choice of top national rider, Brian Phillips, as this year's President. With someone of Brian's class at the helm let's hope that his incentive will penetrate to some of our riders during the season. The final memory of a notable day was seeing Neevo, known as the 'Rock-a-Nore Romeo' for his crush on our President, savouring the delights of a cuddle with her, egged on by all and sundry!

Your scribe was deeply touched (but not moneywise, thank gawd!) by Eastbourne's M. Brocation's plaintive remarks in the last 'Bonk', the pathos of which was almost enough to make him sign the pledge as regards future Irish jokes - almost! To spare his feelings we suggest that the Rover's 'Bonk' distributor blacks out the following few lines before handing him his copy.

Still they come, and unable to stem the tide any longer we'll start by asking if you know how to make an Irishman laugh on April Fool's Day? Tell him a joke at Christmas! Others in the news are the copper who was sent out to do a spot check. His report listed twenty five cases of acne, ten of measles and three of impetigo. Then there was the one who built a glasshouse and put in concrete windows; the sailor who was told to run up the white ensign and got jankers when he couldn't get the footmarks out; the one who was asked by the judge: "Have you been up before me in the past?". He replied: "I don't know - what time do you get up?". Then we have the one whose pal said "I saw your wife in the milkman's arms yesterday". He replied: "That's unusual, she generally frequents the 'Dog and Duck'". Another refused to accept voluntary redundancy unless it was backdated six months, while another refused to enter a topless massage parlour "because if it rains I'll get wet". Next we have the Irish Humpty Dumpty - the wall fell on him - and finally the decision when they change to the Continental righthand drive on the roads - "We'll try the cars first, and the next week if it's O.K. the heavy stuff can follow suit".

And what better way to tie up this sermon. Here's to an end to the 'brass monkey' weather, although at least it's been dry and that counts for a lot in our game.

All the best for happy wheeling in the season ahead.

Aloran

JOUST AT CHAINWHEEL CREEK

It has been decided to revive this fun event for all EX racing people, the winner to receive the unique Chainwheel Creek Trophy at the 1983 ESCA Luncheon.

You are Eligible if you're clapped out, broken down, a has-been or a never-was, so let's have a bumper entry from ESCAbods who qualify.

The event will be held in conjunction with one of the regular 10 mile romps over the circular Ringmer course on a date to be announced, so dust off those irons languishing in the shed/loft, clean off the mildew and let's be 'aving yer. And may the best wreck win!

TIME TRIAL TOPICS

No.5:

From Last to First

When I was at school sport was the domain of the few naturally gifted athletes and ball players. The vast majority of us were psychologically inferior beings for whom games periods were a penance rather than a pleasure. It was inconceivable that anyone who was not a star performer would participate in sport of any kind once they had left school.

It therefore came as a pleasant surprise when I joined the local cycling club and found that time trialling was a sport for people with a wide range of abilities. Riders struggling to do 20 m.p.h. were just as enthusiastic and derived as much enjoyment and satisfaction as their more dedicated clubmates who were getting near to 25 m.p.h. I soon found that cycling is much more than a sport or a pastime, it is more a way of life or a religion and for anyone who really gets hooked the pursuit of personal bests becomes a magnificent obsession. For the more gullible the search for a miracle diet or the ultimate in equipment which will make training superfluous is reminiscent of the medieval alchemist looking for a means of turning lead into gold. For all of us time trialling is a test of character, a battle to overcome the elements and terrain but above all a battle to keep going hard when brain and body are trying to soft pedal. The French call time trialling the race of truth because unlike road racing the best man always wins. For the English, time trialling is also the race of truth because every rider puts himself to the test and he knows (even if the rest of us don't) whether he has overcome his number one opponent - himself.

For me the 100 has always been the most challenging distance. However fit I've been, I have never been able to do more than race for three hours and then grovel to the finish. This grovelling has without doubt been the most painful experience of my time trialling career but with hindsight also the most satisfying and memorable. My first 100 and the first event for which I stopped out was the Solent & District promotion in 1957. It came at the end of my first season of racing when I had a 1.5 and a 2.17 to my credit and my clubmate Harry (at twenty five years the oldest and wisest (?) active rider at the time) said I had a good chance of getting the club record which stood at 4.47. So Harry and I and another seventeen year old entered the Solent event, enclosing an extra half crown as a deposit for digs.

On the afternoon of Saturday, 21st September, we set out to ride the sixty odd miles to Southampton but as luck would have it we were faced with a capes-on ride into a howling headwind. Harry was encumbered by carrying his sprints but Graham was even less fortunate as he was without mudguards. Long after dark we arrived in Southampton and having sheltered in a shop doorway to eat our fish and chips from their newspaper wrapping we set out to find the digs which had been arranged for us. A policeman gave us the necessary directions but reckoned we would not be welcome at that address. It turned out to be a three storeyed building in a sleazy part of the city where a dozen or so rooms were occupied by local girls entertaining foreign seamen but Madam was expecting us and told us to put our bikes in the basement and our bodies in the attic. There we found that five of the eight mattresses on the floor were already occupied by

fellow racers and that the two gallon Victorian chamberpot in the middle of the room had been well used. We laid down to rest with little hope of recuperating before the event in seven hours time. Real sleep was impossible and even our drowsing was interrupted soon after midnight by a comotion on the pavement outside. Apparently one of the visiting seamen had been turned out before he had got his moneys worth and he was noisily showing his displeasure. By the time the police arrived insult had been added to indignity by a cyclist emptying the chamberpot out of the window over the unfortunate matelot. Harry, Graham and I were not amused by this behaviour but we were in no position to do anything about it and I must admit to being concerned about my health and safety in that establishment.

The Sunday morning dawned wet but not so windy and soon we were splashing our way to the start of the P1 on the outskirts of Southampton. In no time at all I was honking my way along the A.35 across the New Forest towards Christchurch. I had to stay in the saddle more than I would have liked because my waterlogged racing shorts were excessively attracted by gravity. Nevertheless I made reasonable progress to Ringwood, to Wimbourne and back to Ringwood by which time the weather was improving. On the road to Salisbury the sun came out and for a while I felt really good but then I started doubting whether I could last the distance. By Downton on the way back I had well and truly succumbed to both psychological and hunger knock. Suddenly on the left hand bend I noticed a hedgerow of succulent blackberries and in a flash I was off my bike grabbing handfuls of these fruits of nature. After a few minutes I scrambled over the fence into the field in search of even better pickings. When I had eaten my fill I climbed back over the fence but I couldn't find my bike. At first I thought it had been stolen but then I realised I had entered and left the field at different points and that my bike was merely out of sight round the bend. But which way? Needless to say I chose the wrong direction first but eventually I was reunited with my bike. A mile or so down the road I came across an event feeding station in the middle of packing up. There I was able to add a large quantity of cold rice pudding and wholemeal bread honey sandwiches to the blackberry puree in my stomach. Much revitalised I then continued my ride at a fair pace through Fordingbridge and Ringwood to Christchurch where the course turned east across the New Forest. There the gradients took their toll and my legs got too weak to let me get out of the saddle. A marshal cycling back to the finish came past me and said he would ask the timekeeper to wait at the finish for me. This he did and he was still in position when I finally struggled in after 5.54.9 elapsed time. My clubmates who had both recorded times around 5.15, helped me put the mudguards and lights back on my bike and we set off on the sixty five mile ride home. I remember none of it.

Nowadays the club Coach would prevent a youngster doing it all wrong as I did on the Solent 100 weekend, but lessons learned by our own experiences, particularly painful ones, have a habit of staying learnt for the rest of our lives. I do not know how long it took to recover from my hammering but I was back to normal by the time the result sheet arrived. The event Secretary however had succeeded in rubbing our noses in it because he printed the times in position order and my clubmates and I were shown as last, next to last and next to next to last. As luck would have it we did not win the

team prize! The next year I did succeed in breaking the club record in my second 100, this being on local roads with the start only a sixteen mile ride from my home so there was no need for digs. However Alan Gordon, the starting timekeeper and handicapper tore me off a strip at the start for filling in my entry form incorrectly. He was quite convinced I had got the hours wrong when I filled in my previous 100 time.

In 1961 I again rode the Solent 100. By then I had learnt a lot more by painful experience and I was fitter to the tune of another 45,000 miles in my legs. I got a lift to Southampton in a Dormobile hired for the East Surrey lads and we spent the Saturday evening building up the inner man in a reasonable restaurant and the Saturday night in much more salubrious digs than in 1957. As to the event itself I remember very little about it except that it rained for much of the distance. I did not stop to taste the succulent Downton blackberries and my record book shows that I did a 4.23 which was good enough to win the event. However it wasn't much of a grovel and it doesn't feature very highly in my time trialling memories - 1957 was the vintage year.

Insider

P.S. 1983 looks like being the year of the first 6 hour 100.

BRIGHTON MITRE C.C.

Brighton Mitre Club - the oldest, best known cycling club in Brighton, formed in 1884 - held it's first event of the season yesterday (26:2:83). A time trial circuit run over a distance of 23 miles taking the riders through Edburton/Faulking/Woodmancote/Poynings/Henfield, starting and finishing at Small Dole.

The winner of this event was Mike Marchant, a twenty four year old Royal Navy Seaman, stationed at Portsmouth. His time, 1 hour, 1 minute, 20 seconds. Mike has been a member of the Mitre Club for two years, it is the first year he has won this event. Second place went to Horace Hemsley, age forty eight, time - 1 hour, 7 minutes, 18 seconds. Third place Ken Wells - time 1 hour 18 minutes, 18 seconds.

The result must be of great encouragement to the veteran class riders or even would be cyclists, that the second rider, Horace Hemsley, was twice the age of Mike Marchant - yet another pat on the back for the over forties.

The great message to be gleaned from this - Over Forties "On yer bikes"!

Terry Smart

SUSSEX NOMADS

At the time of writing these notes there remains only one more dinner to attend then it's form filling time again. The winter seems to have passed quickly although I have a feeling it can still have a sting in it's tail.

We are in the middle of the reliability trial season: the Crawley Wheelers was held on a good day but the Lewes Wanderers really had the best of the weather - for reliability trials that is - RAIN, SNOW, WIND! LOTS OF WIND! it hit you as you came out of the mountains not far from Hailsham and did it's best to blow you back the way you came.

Vernon is straining at the leash for the new season. 1982 was good for him with a 26.46 '10' at Bognor; 1.9.33 and 1.9.35 '25s' on G938 and his best '50' was 2.24.30. I also remember him doing five 'ones' on G938, yes - 1.11.11.

Geoff rode strongly last year giving Alan a tough time in the early season 2 ups followed by some good '25s'. He finished up with a short 58 on P201 but don't tell everyone - he was not alone.

Some new equipment is at hand for Geoff and Alan and new SKINSUITS are on order, so let's hope the weather is kind and we can achieve some good results.

Our tour de France this year may be a three day effort with a sprint from Dieppe to Rouen and back. We'll see two stages, the one to Le Havre and Le Havre to Le Mans. Just the time to get a few miles in for the hundreds, etc.

A couple of weeks have passed since I wrote the above notes so you can see that my comment regarding the weather has proved correct. The warm woolies and stocking tights have come out of the drawer for the last week (the sooner they go back the better). They were certainly needed for the Central Sussex reliability trial! At the start Ron cut the distance from eighty miles to fifty six miles. This was just as well for only about twenty riders turned up and for the first hour or so we rode in a blizzard with plenty of snow and ice on the road. However most of us made it safely although cold.

The previous night had seen us at the Lewes dinner which turned out to be the Dinner of the Year. The meal was first class except that the bacon looked and tasted like parsnips (?). The cross toasting and the speeches were very funny, the only regret was that Nick was absent.

Well, that's it. I must now start filling up forms as the season is here. Let's hope it gets warmer and you all do the times or whatever you want to. See you up the road.

Limbo

CENTRAL SUSSEX WELSH HOLIDAY 1982 (RONNIE'S MEGA RAMBLE)

Monday: Ron and I, with bikes, just managed to squeeze into the lift at Gatwick Airport which took us from the A.23 to the departure lounge. It was even more difficult getting out, trying not to maim each other whilst at the same suffering repeated attacks from the impatient lift doors. Then came the slightly embarrassing crossing of the lounge, nudging the odd traveller with a pedal or two, followed by "two singles to Banbury, please" and a tricky descent of several flights of steps to platform 2.

It wasn't long before Adrian and Roger joined us on the platform, at which moment we were accosted by a Canadian gent called Ken, who was catching the same train as us but heading for a cycling holiday much further north. Could he travel with us? Of course!

The train left at 9.48 and Mike, the final member of the party, joined us at East Croydon when we all settled down happily for the hour and a half journey to Banbury. With the rain lashing down outside, Canadian Ken related how, a couple of years ago, he had had open heart surgery at the age of fifty eight and how much cycling had helped him to recover so quickly. He nearly had a relapse when we told him that the river outside was the Thames - he had expected that if you stood on the bank you wouldn't be able to see the other side!

In no time at all, it seemed, we were at Banbury. Cheerio to Ken, who photographed us from the train window, and then an even longer flight of steps down to road level. Luckily the rain had stopped and apart from a headwind in exactly the direction we were going, conditions were ideal. There were seventy or eighty miles to go to the first night's digs at Mortimers Cross, where we remembered a very enjoyable night on a similar holiday last year. The train had arrived at Banbury at noon, so, with the mid-day meal and afternoon tea to fit in, the rest of the day was bound to be pretty hectic.

We settled on Chipping Camden for lunch and found a delightful pub which provided a superb meal. On through pleasant, but not spectacular, rolling countryside halting for tea at Great Malvern. We dodged all the showers but one that afternoon, which caught us first as we started a long climb, but what we saw at the top dispelled all thoughts of wetness! Adrian and Roger reached the summit first and when the rest of us arrived we found, jogging beside them, what seemed to be a mobile Playboy advert out training. She was dressed in a very natty line in running gear - just a tee shirt! She was soaked but appeared oblivious of the rain and chattered on in a most peculiar way, so we took it that there must be some 'marbles' short and rode on hurriedly. (It's true, Yvonne).

Our way through Great Malvern led up a long hill ending in a 1 in 4 slope at a very tricky T junction. We all managed this, just, and fell in a tea shop just a few yards on. It was 5.15. Refreshed by heaps of toasted scones and an embarrassing number of cups of sweet tea, we pressed on through Bromyard and Leominster to reach our destination at about 7.45 p.m.

Mortimers Cross is just that - a pub at a crossroads and very little else. However it was all just as good as we remembered from last year - a lovely welcome from

the landlady and her two boxer dogs, quickly followed by delicious steaks all round and..... sleep after a long day.

Tuesday: After breakfast we confirmed with the landlady that, having thrashed round North Wales, we would see her again on Thursday evening. Today we were headed for Bala (where we were to stay for two nights) a distance of about eighty miles. Heading west from Mortimers Cross, it wasn't long before REAL hills started to appear and after a particularly strenuous climb we were glad to hurtle down the other side for elevenses at Llanbister.

Suitably sustained we pressed on - only to round a corner and find the road blocked by a herd of wild ponies. They ran ahead, but would NOT let us through until we came to a particularly wide stretch. I took a photograph of them 'no hands' (I practice this on Ronnies' rambles) and nearly collided with a pony whilst trying to set 1/125 at F 5.6....

This was to be the only day of the holiday where we had problems getting decent meals. The mid-day meal cafe at Llanidloes looked good but the service was indifferent and the food lifeless. Never mind - the weather was good, the scenery spectacular and the hills even more so. We were heading due north now and hoping for a late afternoon tea at Dinas Mawddwy, but by mid-afternoon I really paid for the poor lunch with a severe attack of 'bonk'. Fortunately for me, Roger and Mike found a Mars bar each and half an hour later I was back to normal. I was even more grateful for the Mars' when it turned out that every cafe was shut in Dinas, just to complete our dietary problems of the day. The only answer was to restock with Mars bars and head for the major climb of the week - Bwlch y Groes.

There was no way that any of us, with panniers, could ride up; the grandeur and sheer scale of the place just has to be seen to be believed. Roger and Adrian almost made it, but the last hundred yards or so beat even them. Ron and I confessed to each other later that we had found the descent into Bala more than a little nerve-racking. We hadn't ridden down in sight of each other but had both descended on the off-side because of the unfenced chasm just beyond the near side of the road.

A welcome tailwind pushed us along the length of Lake Bala to reach our digs 'Plas Teg' at about 7.25 p.m.

Wednesday: Today was to be a circular route, returning to 'Plas Teg' for one more night, so - no panniers! We took to the mountains immediately on leaving Bala, on unclassified roads with occasional gates and cattle grids for several miles. Then, after the inevitable descent and a rock strewn river at the bottom, out on to drag strips through Trawsfynydd to lunch at Portmadoc. Postcards home, then on again, now in the Snowdonia National Park, through Beddgelert up Nantgwynant to a fantastic spot at the head of the valley, in sight of Snowdon. A really hot, sunny day, so ice creams from Mr. Whippy whilst admiring Snowdon on one side and lake Gwynant, on the floor of the valley, on the other.

Next came Capel Curig, the most northerly point of the holiday, Betws y Coed (sweet tea, stale eclair, Swallow Falls) and a race back 'home' to Plas Teg.

Thursday: As planned, we had a more less direct route from Bala to return to the same digs as Tuesday night - Mortimers Cross. In terms of events this day really packed 'em

in; Mike walked down a hill, it was so steep; we were lost, albeit briefly, at least three times; a freak hail storm filled up our capes; a performing dog entertained us at lunch time; Roger converted us to new drinking habits; the landlord's wife appeared to be re-building the pub while he did the lunches and afternoon tea at Clun was so creepy we couldn't get out quick enough!

The lunchtime action all took place in a pub at Castle Caereinion. I'm sure the landlord, who used to live near Mike years ago, had never had as many as five to lunch before. So, while we were waiting and perhaps to a preconceived plan, the small dog that had been asleep under my chair suddenly sprang to life, grabbed the nearest beer mat in his mouth and gave it to Ron, who quickly got the message to 'skim' it (the mat not the dog!) across the room for the dog to retrieve. The game went on for some time and I began to wonder how it would all end as the action got more and more boisterous. However the dog knew best! When he had had enough he had a method of instantly shredding the cardboard mat with his strong teeth, left the resulting pulp on the floor and staggered back to go to sleep under my chair again.

The drink Roger converted us to for the rest of the week was a most refreshing mixture - orange juice, lemonade and ice. The cafe at Clun (what a dreadful town) gave us the creeps because whilst we had our tea, the owners, Mum, Dad and grown-up Daughter sat silently, rocking on a row of three hard up-right chairs, gazing at us with unblinking eyes. The quickest tea of the week!

Just time to get lost once more before arriving, thankfully, to home territory at Mortimers Cross.

Friday: Today we faced the biggest mileage of the holiday - Mortimers Cross, Hereford, Wye Valley, Severn Bridge, Chipping Sodbury, Malmesbury, to the overnight stop, the Red Lion at Ashbury nestling in the Lambourn Downs. Looking at the map now it was certainly ambitious; at a quick glance it's almost from Wales to Sunday morning '25' distance from home! In the event we made it quite easily, partly because of the miles under our belts now, but mainly because of the good weather and a strong following wind. And we were late starting too, because Roger had a puncture (which I repaired - he's not too keen on mending them!) and then he put his panniers on back to front.

Fantastic food today, mid-day meal at a pub at Brock Weir on the Wye, afternoon tea (discovered by Adrian as usual), at the back of a very smart frock emporium in Chipping Sodbury, and the Red Lion's evening meal at Ashbury pulls them in from miles around.

Saturday: Over the beautiful Lambourn Downs to Hungerford and then, with closing time fast approaching, desperate searches for a pub. Ah! North Waltham has one, but it looks as if it might be just a sandwich if we're lucky. You never can tell can you? We had one of the best meals of the week! It was so good in fact we've since had an all day Ronnie's ramble there just to make sure it's still O.K. - it is!

Then over the hill at Golden Pot and down to Bentley - only to get mixed up with riders in the Haslemere '50', which really made us feel we were back on home ground. Mike certainly knows the roads around here and took us through some magic lanes for afternoon tea in the Little Chef at Godalming.

Mike left us at Bucks Green and I left the others at Horsham to head for the deep south of Burgess Hill. I thought I was being clever, taking the back roads from Cowfold, but soon regretted it when I found at least two miles of new chippings and then

got chased (after one hundred miles) by a fearsome alsation! Never mind - 'her indoors' was pleased to see me!

Rambler

G.T.C. HAILSHAM & DISTRICT SECTION

The highlight of our recent activities was the Section New Year Lunch held in February in the Harris Room of the Stone Cross Memorial Hall. Thirty one members sat down to an excellent meal prepared and served by our ladies and the bonhomie was enhanced by some wine, mostly homemade. Prior to that our Section was well represented at the District Association Christmas Lunch, which proved to be a very enjoyable event. Still on the subject of eating, our Section members Slide Show and Tea is taking place soon so weight watchers will again have to 'throw caution to the wind'.

On the cycling front we have continued in the main with our usual pattern of morning rides followed by lunch at local hostelries which seems an ideal arrangement for us particularly during the winter months. A diversion from the normal was the D.A. Freewheeling Contest which attracted several of our riders. The day was cold and the hill at Horam had a suspicion of ice in places which added to the 'enjoyment'; the winner was Ray Wickens from our Section. Oh, I nearly forgot, we had a ramble in January when fifteen hardy souls, plus a dog, tramped over the Downs. Everyone enjoyed it and none more so than Bruce the dog.

Roll on the warmer weather.

Tourist

When the regular cleaner was absent from his post, Joyce Dunford volunteered to clean the mens' lavatories at the place where she works. Being completely new to this sort of work, except in a purely domestic way, she couldn't work out how to clean all the little bowls. So, just to show willing, she put a tablet of soap beside each one and hoped she had done her duty.

BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.

Well that's another season over with, he said as another one looms near. Just to bring you up to date with the records that were broken last season - they were as follows: 10 MILES: Ladies Judy Budgen 27.49. Men Simon Merricks 22.53
25 MILES: Men Richard Holkham 59.43 Tandem R.Holkham/S.Merricks 52.32
12 HOURS: Men Richard Holkham 239.933 miles

I'm sure all readers offer their congratulations to the above people and I hope that we will see even more competition and broken records next season. On the subject of congratulating people, it's nice to see Simon Roberts claiming 7th place in the SCA B.A.R. Championship. His brother, Tom, has not been idle either, with two places, a 4th and a 5th, in local cyclo-cross events just recently. Listed is a summary of the Club event results.

<u>25 Miles</u>		<u>50 Miles</u>		<u>100 Miles</u>	
1.	R.Holkham 59.43	1.	R.Holkham 2.06.44	1.	S.Roberts 4.57.45
2.	S.Merricks 1.00.57	2.	R.Stringer 2.07.55	2.	R.Hughes 5.02.09
3.	A.Handley 1.03.47	3.	D.Saltwell 2.11.56	3.	K.Moffat 5.03.00
4.	R.Stringer 1.04.14	4.	K.Moffat 2.12.14	4.	A.Imms 5.06.08
5.	R.Hughes 1.04.31	5.	S.Roberts 2.12.55	5.	T.Roberts 5.08.41
6.	S.Roberts 1.04.35	6.	R.Hughes 2.17.00		L.Budgen D.N.F.
7.	K.Balcombe 1.04.50	7.	L.Budgen 2.18.44		
8.	L.Budgen 1.06.41	8.	J.Peake 2.19.40		
9.	J.Merricks 1.07.35	9.	A.Imms 2.20.36		
10.	C.Olive 1.08.57	10.	R.Harding 2.30.19		
11.	K.Moffat 1.12.12				
12.	J.Budgen 1.14.51				

<u>12 Hours</u>		<u>Best All Rounder</u>		<u>Hill Climb</u>	
1.	R.Holkham 239.933miles	1.	S.Roberts 21.20 mph	1.	R.Holkham 5.06
2.	S.Roberts 224.668 "	2.	R.Hughes 20.84 mph	2.	S.Merricks 5.07
3.	R.Stringer 217.750 "	3.	K.Moffat 20.69 mph	3.	R.Hughes 5.20
4.	T.Roberts 217.036 "			4.	T.Roberts 5.30
5.	R.Hughes 210.297 "			5.	J.Merricks 5.34
6.	L.Budgen 209.908 "			6.	A.Imms 5.36
7.	C.Olive 203.718 "			7.	M.Penfold 5.42

Hillclimb (contd): S.Roberts 5.45; R.Ager 6.21; C.Nyddleton 6.38; C.Olive 7.02; J.Romer 7.12; M.Philpott 7.12; G.Chapman 7.18.

Roger Hughes, who has won the hillclimb for the past nine years was beaten by just fourteen seconds by this year's winner Richard Holkham who absolutely stormed up the Beacon. Richard is set this year to scoop the Club's Championship cups for 25 miles, 50 miles and 12 hours. These cups, together with the 100 mile Championship were held by Richard Stringer, who as a 'young' vet held on to his unbroken Club lead until early in the year. However as the Club year drew to a close it became clear that Richard Stringer has won the Clubman's Trophy awarded annually to the Clubman of the Year, with a total of 276 points, closely followed by Leon Budgen with 271 points.

The cups and medals were presented at the Annual Dinner and Dance. Comment from the Band - Dick's done it again, yet a smaller room - still it was intimate, possibly for Craig's benefit!!

Leon has written his account of the Sussex 12 Hour which may 'chill' the faint-hearted.

The date, Sunday 8th August, 1982. The place, WASHINGTON, W.SUSSEX. The reason?

The SCA 12 Hour. As this was to be my first attempt at this distance I spent a lot of time questioning more experienced riders about how to tackle it. The advice ranged from "you must need a psychiatrist" to "it's the easiest of the lot". During the event and for quite a while after I agreed with the first piece of advice. I was also told that the last thing I wanted to do was to go out for a drink the night before. So the last thing I did was to go out for a drink. The day dawned warm and sunny and at 6.14 a.m. I found myself on the starting line wondering why the hell I was there when I could have been helping to feed some of the other loonies instead. Anyway the starting marshall said 5-4-3-2-1-go, and I tottered off to the shouts of "have a nice day", "glad you came", etc.

The first couple of hours passed uneventfully, with just the odd shout to a passing competitor (note that I wasn't passing any) as I was aiming to finish rather than break any records. I was content to potter along enjoying myself? when I reached the hundred mile mark at approximately 11.40 a.m. I had my first serious doubts. Crikey! I thought they'll be open in twenty minutes. These doubts were strengthened about half an hour later when one of my clubmates, sitting outside a pub, in the sunshine, raised his pint glass and in his finest northern accent shouted "dig 'em in lad". Still, I was at least half way through the 12 hour. The day was much hotter now and my legs were starting to ache not to mention my seat. The thought of a sit down feed at Hammerpot helped to keep the wheels turning, and as the lay-by came into sight Don Lock passed me and put into words most of our thoughts - "I wish this was only a 25".

The sit down feed was very good, with trifle and coffee and a massage for my knobbly knees from a clubmate. It was renewed vigour that I set off again. Pity it only lasted to the bottom of Hammerpot Hill! Seven down and five to go. I seemed to spend the next three hours, and, at the risk of giving a plug to a rival club member, in a state of 'Limbo', just accepting every gritty sponge and lukewarm drink. I lost count of the number of bottles of orange I tipped over my head and all the mouthfuls of soggy sponge.

The leg down from Horsham was murder with the headwind and I consoled myself with the thought that there were just over two hours to go. Mercifully, or so it seemed, two hours go very quickly when you're enjoying yourself and I was onto the finishing circuit with thoughts of "I've made it, just stay in the saddle one more hour". The last hour was probably the hardest I've ever ridden, not knowing what was worse, a sore backside sitting down, or cramp standing up to relieve the soreness. The last few miles were ridden in a strange up and down fashion which did little to help my weariness or the general public's idea of a cyclist's state of sanity.

It was with a great sense of achievement that I made my way back to my finishing station to have my time and distance checked by Brian and Betty Cox. It was at this point that I decided that although I was glad to have finished this event I would never ride another one.

Whilst waiting for the final results a couple of my clubmates/helpers suggested popping over to the 'Frankland' for a pint, which I decided was a good sound idea. It was over this pint that I decided I WOULD ride this event again if it is held in 1983. I'd like to close by thanking Ray Douglass and all the other officials, marshalls and

helpers for making this event so successful and enjoyable.

.....phew! makes one feel 'BONKED'.

Rick Stringer announced his retirement after the SCA 12 hour last August, sold a load of equipment, then announced his comeback in November. Could be a new Club record! Val says it's all a crafty scheme to buy new equipment. Talking of comebacks, guess who's making another one this year? Yes, it's Frank Godwin (now a proud father) putting the clock back by announcing all his racing will now be done on t' cog. Roy Whitehead and Rick Stringer are taking the B.C.C.S. Club Coaches course and were most disappointed to find they still have to ride their bikes as well. The Roberts brothers, Simon and Tom, although not winning the Concours d'Elegance, have opened a few eyes on the Cyclo Cross scene - Tom even making the 'comic' a few times. Young Chris Poulter also opened a few eyes at his Cyclo Cross debut in Stanmer Park when he broke his collarbone in a rather spectacular crash (here a word of thanks all the ESCA bods around who helped keep him warm whilst waiting for the ambulance).

The A.G.M. has come and gone quite painlessly; Chris's Christmas Lunch at Amberley was enjoyed in various ways - the weather was terrible, blowing cyclists everywhere. Anyway, forty five cyclists got there and back - no doubt the drink kept some on their bikes whilst it obviously kept throwing others off.

With Excel plans afoot for Easter on the Isle of Wight in an hotel? - another of my clubruns into unknown counties afar. - Deznie and Ken have now got their heads mended since last time - our grateful thanks to the ambulance crew who sped to their rescue in deepest Hampshire, whisking them to the care of Basingstoke hospital. A genuine accident, caused not by drink but by fallen tree branches in the road.

Safe cycling and keep your eye on the road.

Rough Rider

Roy Humphrey was among the many celebrities present on the Isle of Man recently to discuss this year's International Cycling Week. Roy hinted at all night drinking sessions before retiring to the double bedded rooms in the plush Palace Hotel; he told of how 'they got the girls going' - and, the greatest delight of all, he related details of the extra SAUSAGES he received at breakfast time.

The closing date for the next edition of BONK is May 26th for distribution at the ESCA 50. Contributions can be enclosed in the same envelope as your entry for the event.

CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

Like most cyclists I have great difficulty in remembering what happened yesterday, let alone several months ago, but from the very depths here are the last rumblings from your Staplefield scribe.

Winter arrived and Ronnie's Rambles started again. Each Saturday morning, the fit, hardy or just plain mad left the foot of Pease Pottage hill at 9 a.m. sharp to sample the delights of some local cafe at least thirty miles distant and with at least thirty hills between the start and the venues. All this is achieved by the most meticulous planning on the part of Ron Ewart who spends the intervening six days poring and plotting. Each run is a gem and is variously enjoyed or hated by the many participants. Not only do our own members get caught in the web but such famous people as the Copper and Long Tall Ian have been known to take part. Come and try your luck some day.

Recently Ron ran another of the Club reliability trials in which some thirty or so members and friends took part. It was a great success and most managed to cover the thirty odd miles set. Through some freak of fate Kevin Bramham managed to cover forty five miles to get to the same places. Wonder just where he went?

Monday evenings, prior to the clubroom, was once again gym night at Horsham. John Yates handed over handling this affair to the trio of Mike Wood, Paul Lipscombe and Tony Goodsell, ho all seem to be coping very well. After a long hard slog in the gym it is very pleasant to have the smell of fish and chips in the clubroom. Does wonders for the figure and keeps the 'chippies' of Horsham in business.

A number from the Club entered the Belle Vue run but for a numerous set of reasons failed to start. 'I have a cold'; 'a bad leg'; 'it's too wet/cold/etc.' all came out once again. It was just like the racing season. Keith Bulmer was the best of our lot in thirty ninth place. Gary Moore, Pete Brown, and Robin and Stephen Maclagan all finished and deserved congratulations for just running all that way. So do the spectators who stood about on a raw old day.

Our Annual Dinner and Prize Presentation was held at the usual place - the Hassocks Hotel - in January, and the guest of honour was ESCA President Brian Phillips. Dick Taub provided the music once again.

The completion of the racing programme showed few changes from previous years, with Paul once again taking the main share of the awards. Colin Tamon takes the 50 trophy and Sarah Thomson the ladies trophy.

Our hilly events in 1983 revert to the main road course and will be run by Ronnie once again. This is the very first event on the local calendar and I hope you will all be tempted to try your luck. This year is the turn for a good day.

In May we are holding our road race on the Staplefield circuit and it is-hoped to repeat the gigantic performance of last year.

All that remains for me to do is wish you success in the coming racing season.
Goodbye.

Blondie

Having just battled my way through a blizzard it's hard to believe that the season opens within the next few weeks. We shall then be able to take stock of the winter's training efforts and see if it was all worth while. I'm in favour of the interval method, two minutes hard and two hours interval!

Our Sunday clubruns still produce their moments, luckily no broken bones but a few layers of skin missing (no names no pack drill, etc., etc.). There were many tales of woe regarding the Lewes reliability trial, something to do with the weather, hills and not knowing their right from their left. Anyway, well done Ian Landless, it's not easy organising any event let alone a reliability trial. I wonder what the clerk of the weather has in store for the Eastbourne's rel-trial?

As I mentioned in the last BONK we have several schoolboys who are very keen. Andrew Purser has been going very well and shows plenty of potential. Simon Prior has also wintered well and is bursting at the seams ready for a season of road races, track and time trials; just remembered though - he's a senior now, can't keep up with the passage of time. Back to the juveniles, Steven Willis has the makings of a good competitor with the added incentive of giving his father, Clive, a good thrashing each weekend. Lunge-in there, Dad.

Jason Carey has returned from his winter hibernation in Spain and having trained with Paul Sherwin, Sean Kelly and Stephen Roche, his 1983 season should be, if anything, good.

Jerry Keen has left our Club. Following in Mark Williams' wheeltracks he has joined the Phoenix C.R.C. This leaves us very short of road racers but I'm sure the remaining regular competitors, namely testers, will show the Club colours at many an event this season, mustn't forget the trackies as well.

Evergreen Cliff Sharp still has plenty to offer and after breaking his Club 10 record last season has perhaps got his eyes on other records this year. Talking of Cliff, I was reading a 1972 edition of BONK when his name came up as it usually does, this time in Rovers Ramblings concerning his racing attire. Cliff was wearing a rather old and faded racing vest at a Club event that '72 season when Terry Leach asked if he rode for the same Club as the rest of them. Cliff's crushing reply was "Terry, I was wearing this when you were at infants school". Eleven years later Cliff is still beating all of us despite the lack of skinsuit and concealed cables. There must be a moral there somewhere!

Dave Dunbar has been seen out riding his bike several miles from home. When asked if he was training for the coming season he replied, "I'm not sure really. Have to see how it goes". Knowing Dave, he'll go alright.

Returning to the Clubrun episodes. Last Sunday, having just taken refreshments at Cripps Corner, a car stopped, a window lowered and a pretty young thing (female) asked which way was starboard. We replied that starboard was right. Having digested this information she said to the driver "I told you so. Turn left" and off they went! I know it's been wet lately but I ask you!

See you around.

M.Brocation

HINTS - USEFUL AND USELESS

Most modern frames are so close-up that there is no clearance for mudguards with the consequence that if you are caught in a rainstorm when riding in a time trial or road race, or out on a training spin, you get very wet at the back. In Lancashire, Yorkshire and all stations north, where it would seem that the rainfall is heavier than in our neck of the woods, competitors used to (and I believe still do) avoid getting wet by taking a sheet of brown paper and either cut it or fold it into a kite shape. The narrow end is pinned under the collar of whatever top garment was being worn, usually an alpaca jacket, then the wide end was fastened to the lower garment about half thigh length then at the journey's end - put it in the rubbish bin. This saved a lot of discomfort as well as keeping whatever came up off the road from mucking up your clothes. This idea, of course, would be of little use on a clubrun unless the distance between you and the next man, front or rear, was about eight or ten feet. Nowadays with plastic bags as plentiful as falling leaves in autumn the idea would cost nothing.



Concerning the use of plastic bags, it is a good thing to have one with you, if you call at a cafe on a wet day and find that the covered accomodation has all been taken up, in order to keep the saddle dry. Little can be done about the front part of the bike, although with a little ingenuity you could make a pair of leggings out of the p.bs. and a few rubber bands.

It is a good idea to put plenty of grease around the bottom bracket to keep out the water that comes off the front tyre. Your tame club mathematician can work out the force of the 'throwback' at various speeds. Pedals when new should be filled with grease, this will keep water out and in nowise reduce their efficiency.

All this no doubt sounds like teaching your grandmother to suck eggs, but it will certainly save a lot of discomfort not to mention wear and tear on the bike, and a reduction in the laundry bills.

Bill Underhill



THE FOLLOWING EXTRACTS WERE GLEANED FROM COPIES OF 'CYCLING' 1894 BY MEGAN RABBETIS

January 20th: THE SURVEYOR HAS BIG VIEWS

Hastings cyclists have been very near getting a training track in Alexandra Park, thanks to Councillor Marshall, but the local governing body have been rather frightened off the scheme by the report of the surveyor, who says £1000 will be required to fix up a track. The Hastings men do not ask for a record path, simply for a place where they can take some training spins, and they think, and rightly, that such a path could be made for something much under £1000.

February 3rd: EASTBOURNERS WILL ENTERTAIN 700 GUESTS

The Eastbourne B.C. are going to give a feast to 700 poor children of the town, in the Pier Pavilion. The eating and drinking will be followed by a concert and diorama, illustrating the late trip of the club's captain, Adams, to Chicago. Adams, by the way, has just been elected captain for the eighteenth consecutive year, quite a record.

February 24th: BARE KNEES AT BOGNOR

The young man seen rifling about Bognor last Friday, with knees completely bare, made a great mistake if he thought that costume, or lack of it, assisted him in his riding. On a warm day such an airy habit is luxurious but when the temperature is but moderate, unclothed limbs mean stiff muscles, and they are anything but a help to speed. By the way, the roads, that day, round Bognor and Littlehampton were perfection, in fact a little dusty.

April 7th: BRIGHTON FULL UP

The crowds of cyclists at Brighton, at Easter, broke all previous records. They swarmed everywhere, and it is satisfactory to hear that their behaviour was excellent, and contrasted very favourably with some visitors, who doubtless considered themselves their superiors. So congested was the town on the Sunday night, that at least one highly respected wheelman had to seek shelter in a police station for the night.

April 21st: IN THE PRIORY PARK

The grass track at Chichester, always good, has been further improved since last year. The Chichester C.C. are offering some £100 worth of prizes for their time honoured and pleasant Whitsun meeting.

May 5th: TRUTHFUL MILESTONES

The measurement between the 29th and 36th stones on the Crawley to Horsham road is in every case dead true. The 29th stone is an old stump at the entrance to Crawley town from London and if it bore any inscription, it has long been obliterated by time and weather. The other stones are in good condition, the 36th being at the entrance to Horsham. Up to the 'Black Horse', that well known corner, is all but another mile.

(to be continued)

FAIRY STORIES

(or words uttered by bike riders bringing wheels in to their "friendly" wheelwright)

"I punctured just before the finish" means "I rode the last three miles on a flat and my 28 spoke sprint resembles a threepenny bit and can you restore it to prime condition?"

- A well known record breaker from just north of our Sussex border.

"Only one spoke broke" means "I drove the chain behind the block and had to prise it out with a crowbar - paring down half the spokes to a fraction of their original thickness".

- Too many to mention

"Two undamaged spokes appear to be floating loose" means "I was carrying this cylinder head in my saddlebag on a wheel that was only twenty years old when a bit of the flange parted company from the hub".

- A well known Edenbridge engineer and yoga exponent.

"Can you just tweek these up" means "These hacking wheels have thrashed through mud and slosh - the hubs are clapped - the spoke nipples seized and they're about to disintegrate and can you make them last another year or two".

- Well known, nay infamous Crowborough gastronome and fastidious cycle owner.

"That spoke opposite the block has come loose AGAIN" means "I was chucking my thirteen stone about from a height of 6'3" on a 108" gear up Kingston hill in the evening 10. Get the araldite out".

- Crowborough animal.

"That wheel you just built won't line up" means that "My new frame that has just cost me an arm and a leg and has vertical ends is about to be returned to the said builder and wrapped round his neck".

- No name, too embarrassing! but the builder wasn't from Sussex.

"It's only a little flat" means "I dropped into this crater in the road and had to get a ladder to get the bike out".

- This one believes in miracles and has a touching faith which is about to be shattered by a severe stab in the wallet (rimwise!).

"I can't think what happened - he hasn't ridden ~~it~~ for months" means hubby backed the car into it while it stood in the back of the garage.

- A Crowborough local for the THIRD time. Gent has since emigrated to Australia; he was a time and motion engineer!!

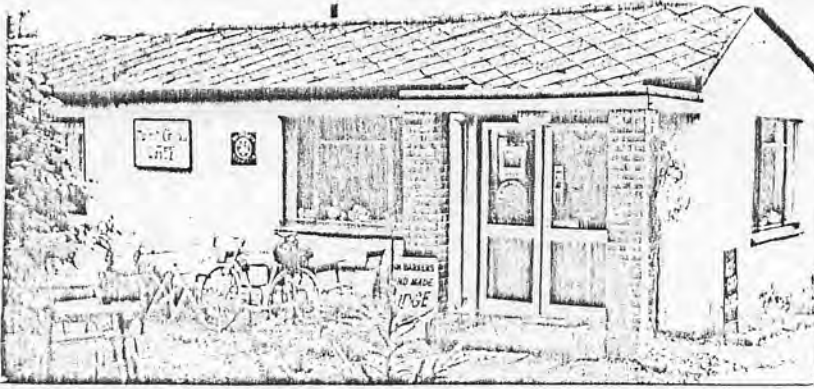
"Please will you rebuild my back wheel. I've cut all the spokes out, cleaned up the rim and the hub, by the way, will you just take the block off" means "I've struggled for three days with hammer and stilsons and perhaps old Geoff won't notice the flattened barrel, the vice marks and the sheared freewheel dogs". Like xxxx he won't!

- Fortunately this only happens once to anyone, especially after a few choice comments are expressed about negative I.Q. and lack of parents (only two cases in 1982).

I could go on, but by now you are either bored stiff or red with embarrassment so I'll shut up.

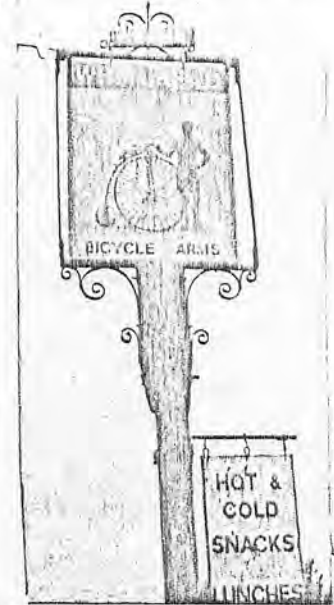
G.B.

Tel: ROTHERFIELD (089 285) 2816



The Bowers is on the A267 about 5½ miles south of Tunbridge Wells and is well known to many cyclists as it's been there as long as I can remember. The present owners have been in occupation for eight years or more and have been making gradual improvements over the years. Mr. D.Flynn does appreciate a phone call in advance if twenty or more cyclists are going to arrive together so

that he can stock up on pies and cakes. If you're really hungry you can have bacon, sausage, tomato, baked beans and fried egg for £1.45 or baked beans on toast for 70p. There's soup at 50p, fresh cream trifle at 60p, cake for 40p and the all important cup of tea is 20p. On Sundays they open from 10 a.m. until 7 p.m. and on weekdays from 8 a.m. until 6.30 p.m. The B2100 crosses the A267 at Mark Cross so this cafe can be reached from every direction including Crowborough which I try and avoid because it's much too hilly. The A267 is not awfully flat either but it must be cycling country as just down the road from The Bowers towards Mayfield you reach the Bicycle Arms a rather nice looking pub where further refreshment can be obtained. I haven't been inside (!) but I like the sign that hangs outside so there is a small photo of this too. (All this information and photography for only 15p. Wow!)



Tel: EAST GRINSTEAD (0342) 25411

I thought it was about time that I included a few Happy Eaters in this series so that we can compare them with the Little Chefs.

There has been a large cafe on this site for many years and I believe it used to belong to the Star Inn on the corner. In the old days it was a halfway stop for the coaches but for the last eight years or so it has been a Happy Eater and now there are no coaches. It's open from 8 a.m. until 9 p.m. (probably 10 p.m. in the summer) every day. I took the photo standing in the middle of the A22. A bit risky but St. John's Church with churchyard

is almost opposite. This is the church which always has a poster by the roadside to make you think. I wasn't quite sure if I understood today's message so I won't include it, but I saw another one just on the way out of East Grinstead which said "Belt up with Jesus and Live". Now the first thing in the Happy Eater was the tea situation. You can have your own individual pot of tea inside at a table for 30p. There's a good three cups in a pot so at 10p a cup they have the Little Chefs well beaten. If you're economising you can have a large paper cup of tea with a lid to take away for 20p and you can drink it outside. Back inside you can have egg on fried bread for 75p, hot buttered toast for 18p, hot buttered teacake for 38p, bap and butter for 22p and for those of you that prefer coffee, a freshly brewed cup with cream is 32p. I'll be visiting some more Happy Eaters so further delights will be divulged in future issues.



