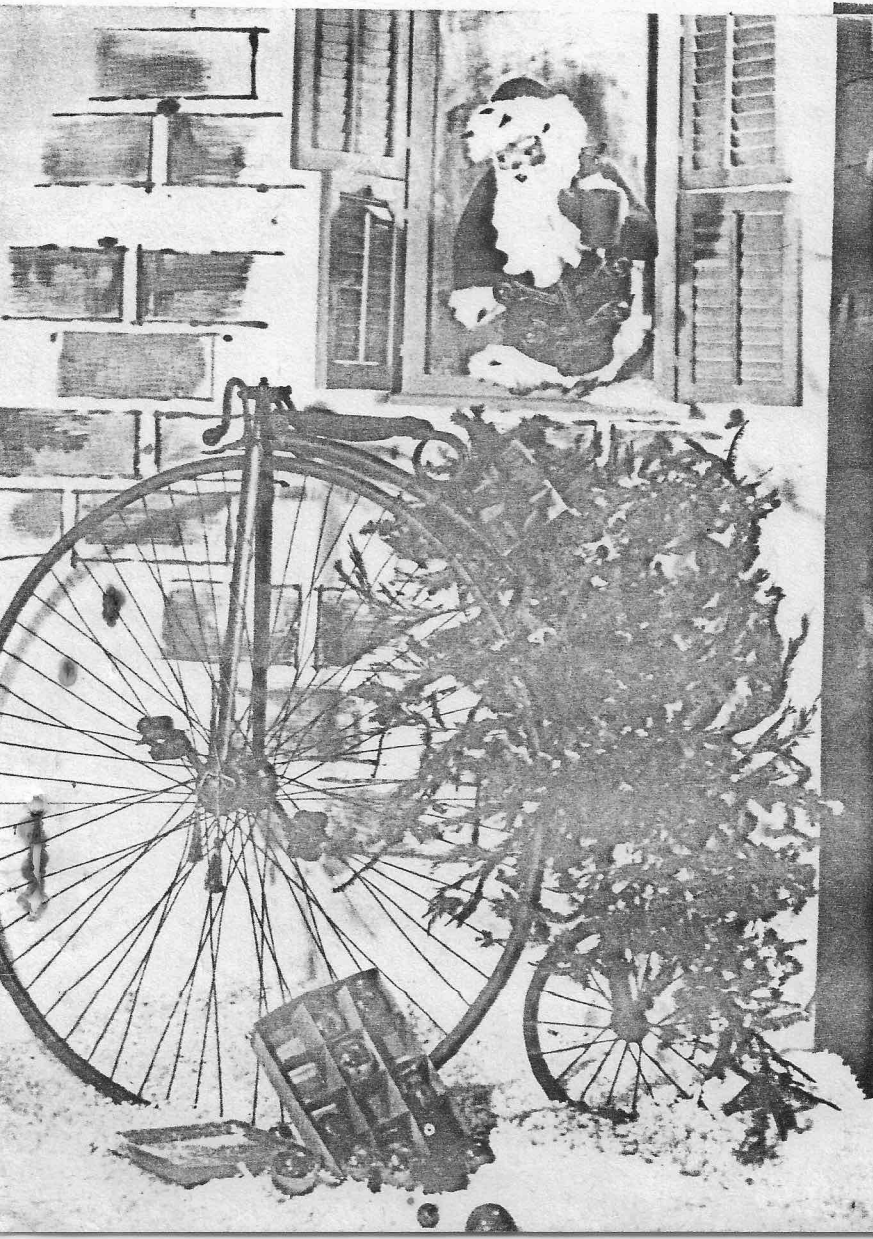


BONK!

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

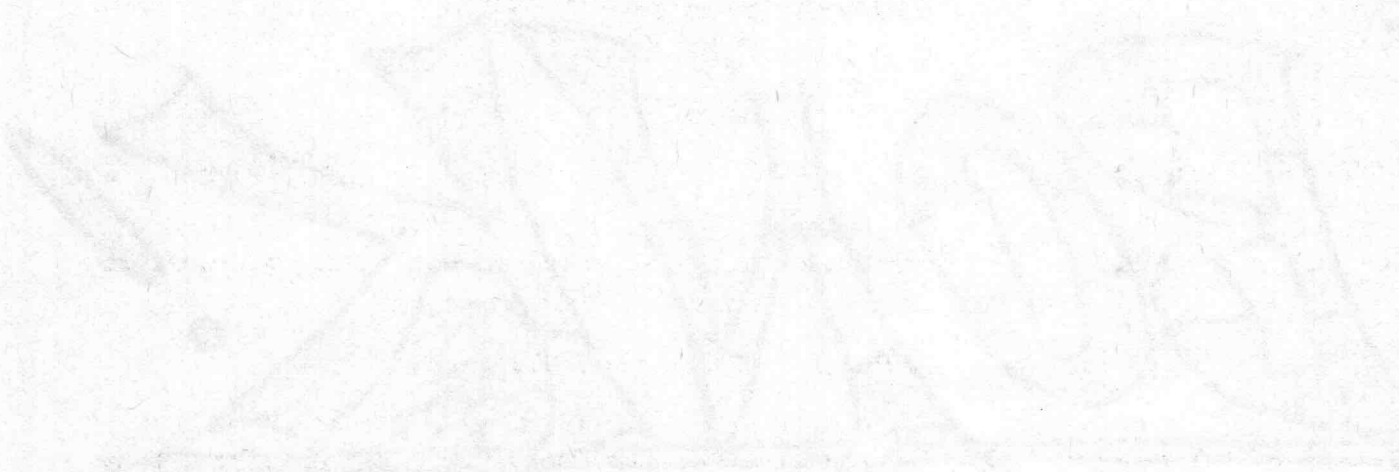


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Cycling Association

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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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Christmas 1983

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EDITORIAL

The time of year is upon us once more when we wish all our readers and, more particularly, all our contributors, a very Happy Christmas and all the good things in life - health, lots of miles, new frames, tubs that never puncture - for the New Year. We hope that Matthew Rabbetts will regain his appetite, that Charlie Robson will find fitness and that our 1984 President will continue the tradition set by Brian this year, and win the Hardriders!

Very many thanks to all the members who have supported BONK over the past year and we look forward to seeing you up the road in 1984.

Maurice & Esther

BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.

Val Stringer says she has now got a special tool for getting her tyres off - Rick says he doesn't mind being called special but a

1983 has been a year of intense activity for Excelsior members. In April we moved to our new Clubroom at the Watersedge, Shoreham Harbour and the fact that Thursday nights are now non-alcoholic has not reduced our numbers at all. Another new venture for the Club this year was the promoting of our first Cyclo-Cross event at Stanmer Park and the entries were very pleasing, in fact, next year we have been promised an upgraded classification. The organisation was by Alan Handley and prizes were donated by John Spooner Cycles, Rayment Cycles, Transpeed and Alan's employers with the Club having to find only around £20. A big mistake was made in the choice of prizes for the Tiny Tots event and anxious parents were seen snatching away the dangerous gifts - what were they? you ask in horror: MARS BARS.

The keen tourists have been as far afield as Cyprus, France, Wales, Scotland and South West England but next year's plans are much more ambitious. Chris Chapman (yes believe me IT IS TRUE) is presently in first place in the Clubman's Tourist Competition with just the Sussex Quiz to be held. Chris has had a somewhat busy year and has had to cut down his viewing hours in order to take honours on the track at Preston Park. On a bike borrowed from Craig (risky), he not only set up new Schoolboy records but came within a fifth of a second of the standing start record for Preston Park track. He had a season long battle with Jonathan Merricks but whilst Chris won the Club Schoolboys Competition it is Jonathan who ended up with the 10 and 25 mile records with a 22.59 and 1.3.23 respectively. Jonathan then went on to win the Club Hillclimb Championship on Ditchling Beacon with an excellent time of 4.55. He is now doing well at cyclo-cross with a ninth place to his credit in the National Schoolboys Championship last weekend. Ben Merricks, only eleven, rode and finished last and tired but still full of enthusiasm for the sport. We only hope they can do as well next year. Richard Holkham also obtained distinction on the tandem with Simon Merricks as stoker with a Club tandem record for thirty miles. Individually, Richard set new Club records for the 10, 25 and 100 before his season was brought to an abrupt end due to a nasty accident whilst training. The injury is more serious than we had all hoped but Richard's determination has got him back on his bike and he joined us for a complete Clubrun a couple of weeks ago and his plans for next year are as ambitious as everyone else's. The Roberts brothers have been keeping up their rivalry throughout the season but Simon just managed to get the Club B.A.R. with Rick Stringer second and Tom Roberts third. In our cyclo-cross event at Stanmer, Simon had a nasty crash and broke his jaw - he comes out on Sunday Clubruns with plenty of water bottles and straws and talks like a ventriloquist's dummy (but he's not sitting on MY knee). Rick Stringer has had a good season (for an old 'un), and won more money in the Royal Navy 30 than the winner! He also managed personal bests at 10 and 25 miles. The Club 10 series was very well supported with even Ben Merricks at eleven years of age stoking for Alan H on the tandem and getting inside evens. Nick James, also twelve, rode his first 10 and suprised his Dad so much that Wally now has to come out on Clubruns to stay fit enough to keep up with the 'boy.

The Club Dinner in January will be at the Imperial Hotel, Hove (a bit different to last year's corridor!), and music and entertainment will be provided by the Plump and Pluck Band (Barn Dance and English Folk Music) with Count Jump and the Rhythm Vampires as a contrast in the interval (poor Charlie could be in for a hard time on future Clubruns if his mob don't perform well).

With Roy and Rick nearing the end of their Coaching Courses most of us are enjoying the social season whilst we can and are looking forward to the Christmas Luncheon at Nutbourne, for which Craig has obtained a full house.

Daresay that chap in the Lewes will know the answer to this one - Is Mow the Grass a Jewish Informer?

Ropey Rider

C.T.C. HAILSHAM & DISTRICT SECTION

Annual Meetings are a necessary but not always popular part of cycling so we were well pleased that of our small membership fourteen attended our recent A.G.M. Bill Collins was elected Chairman and under his direction the business was soon concluded. The present Officers and Committee members were all re-elected so seemingly all is well.

In September four of our ladies walked the White Peak Way in Derbyshire. The Youth Hostels proved to be excellent with food to match and by all accounts it was a highly successful week. It was the men's turn in early October when an extended weekend tour of Essex and Suffolk was undertaken. Unfortunately we picked the one wet spell for weeks but nevertheless it was enjoyable. Outstanding memories are perhaps the old world charm of Lavenham and Kersey. We were sorry to learn that such an outstanding Youth Hostel as that at Nedging Tye was due for closure. Stan Connery, a former member, and his wife retired to Newmarket a couple of years ago and they kindly entertained us to lunch on the Sunday. We certainly enjoyed seeing them and exchanging news.

Our local cycling activities have gone on much as before with modest paced and energetic morning rides interspersed with an occasional all day excursion. One of these led by Ray Gearing on his bike, left most of us somewhat "bonky", Wittersham for lunch and then a circuit northwards embracing some Kent villages, with hills that seemed to get steeper and steeper 'took it's toll'. Refreshments at Cripps Corner Cafe (alas no more from December), were a 'life saver'.

We are looking forward now to the D.A. Christmas Lunch on December 18th and our own New Year Lunch in February and members Slide Show and Tea in March.

Merry Christmas and happy cycling in the New Year to all readers.

Tourist

WORTHING EXCELSIOR C.C. (WESTERN REVUE)

Thank God the racing season is over! Now for the social season and laying in bed until 8.00a.m. some mornings.

As far as the Worthing Excelsior are concerned it has been very much so, up at unearthly hours to all areas, including someone who shall remain nameless who went all the way to Devon for a 25, or sometimes just to ride a Club 25 on the Hammerpot course.

This year has given the Club a number of Championships and notably the performance of Nick Lelliott, after only a couple of races although plenty of training, in winning the SCA 25 mile Championship with a time of 58.02. In the same event Angela Walker picked up another ladies prize, mainly due to actually starting in the poor conditions.

As well as Nick's triumph we can't forget Dream Toppin, who, to follow up last year's second place, won the SCA B.A.R. with an average speed of 22.34 m.p.h. and along with a number of Open wins, retains the Charlie Lednor Memorial Trophy for the second year in succession.

I think I have mentioned it before but we did also win the SCA Team Championship for the second year running.

On the Club front there were a number of new Champions at various distances. The 30 mile Championship was won by fast Vet Roy Holden who also won the Hardriders title over the hilly Washington/Amberley/Arundel and back course. The title was snatched from Keith Dodman for the first time in four years.

Nick Lelliott's return saw him win the Hillclimb Trophy up the usual Bury Hill with second place being taken by Paul West in the absence of people like Paul Toppin and Keith Dodman. Reg Searle rode up on five wheels in total, firstly on his bike and then on his trike. Just for the books he did take last and next to last place but it's the times that count and he was faster than last year.

The Tourist Trial organised by Ray Douglass was very eventful including a herd of cows off to be milked along one of the routes. Brian Cox was the eventual winner just one point ahead of former Champion, John Mansell. Don Lock was leading at lunchtime but like he does in his racing he faded away towards the end with a bad piece of speed judging (that rings a bell also), to finish it off for him. With a tea at Ashington provided by the magnificent Worthing Excelsior tea ladies and plenty of hot sun, a very enjoyable day was completed.

At the beginning of November Paul West and myself went on a BCF Coaching Weekend at Calshott Activities Centre where the former Skol 6 track is now under cover. Both Paul and I had an enjoyable weekend, including riding on the road as well as on the track and various lectures on training, nutrition and frame design. There's another weekend in February (much harder I might add) and I am certainly going again.

The Club Dinner was the following Saturday and with a guest speech from 1963 National 25 mile Champion, Dave Bonner, before presentation of the prizes, then a disco to complete a very enjoyable evening for the hundred guests with cross-toasting every other mouthful.

Until next time.

Wally 2

THE LEWES WANDERERS ANSWER TO JANE FONDA AND THE 'F' PLAN DIET

Seven hardy souls or idiots set out for the annual continental pilgrimage to see the Paris-Roubaix and the Fleche Wallone. My journey began with a blown out rear tyre before I even loaded the saddlebag on so I was late meeting the others at Hurst Green Little Chef. Five of us met there, Ian Landless our leader, Matthew Rabbetts, Laurie Leaney, Sam MacGilligan and me. We rode through the lanes and had lunch at a pub where our leader neglected to pay for his pud. I won't give the place name in case anybody has relations there. I left them at Ashford and went on to Canterbury to meet Eddie Reeves who had ridden out from Windsor. We went on a pub crawl of Canterbury with our host and paid him in advance so that he could buy his round. We had to get up at 6.15 to catch the ferry at Dover but that was easy compared to no sleep at Dover Y.H. We met the others at Dover sitting on the pavement having a discourse with a local drunk. We were waiting for a member of the Icknield R.C., Dick Lyons, and as nobody knew what he looked like that posed a small problem. We watched this character zooming round the round-a-bout in immaculate style and glinting bicycle and that was him. The cycle has since been stolen.

After boarding the boat Rabbetts junior decided he was hungry and was nearly the first in the queue. He has this minor failing of having to be fed every twenty minutes. We had a calm crossing and followed Ian (he had the map) out of Calais and took to a canal path for quite a few kilometres. We found an upmarket restaurant and invested in an omelette each before pushing on to Vleteren, a brand new Belgian Hostel of superb standard. The Warden did supper for us, just as well as the village didn't have a lot to offer. In fact we didn't even have an evening pint which shows what a lively place it is. Matthew found a wooly monkey doll with one eye, which belonged to the Hostel dog, and stole it. We called it Shirley and somehow or other it always ended up in my bed at night. It was rumoured that this led to my show of aggression every day but really she had fleas. Next morning was dark and wet and promptly started raining as soon as we left the Hostel. The first village we came to had a parade with Drum Major-ettes, a discordant band and a mob of people with banners which read 'Lewes Wanderers Go Home' in Flemish. We thought Ian had laid on a reception for us to go with the rain as part of the tour. The next place was Poperinghe where we took our rain gear off and tried to join a Belgian clubrun but as they weren't carrying all their worldly goods in saddlebags they soon left us behind. We had a look at the Kemmelberg where a local Belgian club were having a time trial up the easy part of the hill. The other bit consisted of stepped cobbles and it was very steep. How they can run races over it is beyond me. We had to walk up and then down the other side it was so bad. Sam tried to show us how to fall off again which was his second attempt of the holiday as he had tried to ram a Mercedes head on the previous day. We decided that the Soviets had named their missiles after him and also not to ride beside, in front or behind him. After coffee in a castle disguised as a bar on top of the Kemmelberg we started to wind it up a bit to get lunch in Lille. In the course of this exercise we found that Dick Lyons was very fit as he smashed hell out of anyone daft enough to get up the front with him. He was promptly named the Royston Rocket by Eddie but I must admit we made Lille in record time. We managed to find our way to the Flunch for sustenance without getting

lost crossing the city but made up for that when we tried to get out again doing our usual annual tour of soulless blocks of flats and factory estates. The missile man tried to jump from the road to the cycle track forgetting completely the foot high kerb in between and rearranged the shape of his rear wheel in the process. Eventually we found the route of the Paris-Roubaix and the French police sent us up a cobbled stretch where the waiting crowds gave us a cheer. Compared to last year when we hung about for four hours waiting for the race this year we were only an hour in the middle of nowhere. After the usual convoy of noisy cars and motorbikes the race appeared shadowed by two Press helicopters. Hennie Kuiper was away with about a minute on a break of four riders - Moser, Duclos-Lassalle, de Meyer and Madiot. As the race had only a few kilometres to go Kuiper stayed away to win but that is all history now. We stayed to watch the no-hopers as we felt they deserved a cheer just for surviving to the finish. After the event we had a tear-up to get to Ronse to play Hunt the Hostel. One of the locals took us two miles out of town to where the old Hostel had been demolished and new houses had taken its place. We then ended up at the Police Station and after a quick 'phone call had a police van pacing us to the new Hostel which was in the opposite direction to the old one. As we had done seventy eight miles that day no one felt inclined to go back to Ronse for a meal. The Warden gave us directions to a pub up a lane behind the Hostel where we bought ham and cheese rolls and demolished their complete supply of cakes. I asked for one of the ornamental fish out of the tropical display tank with chips but that wasn't treated with any enthusiasm by the publican. The Hostel was of a superb standard and we had small rooms and a good night's sleep. After breakfast we set out for Brussels, most of the journey being on a cycle track by the main highway. The Royston Rocket settled into his 22m.p.h. touring speed whilst everyone else hung on for grim death. Eddie reckoned there was a chance of getting fit by the end of the week if we didn't drop dead first. On reaching Brussels we found the main railway station and innocently bought our tickets to Arlon and the clerk didn't charge us for the bikes. This was the start of a prolonged comic farce as Ian had assured us that cycles on the Belgian railway are chargeable. Being of a suspicious nature I made enquiries at the info desk to find that we were at the wrong station and we had to belt across Brussels to a new venue after riding round this new concrete block near the Sheraton following the signposts to 'the station' and coming back to the beginning again. I finally gave up by entering the first door I came to. I found the others booking their bikes on the train and after a quick beer made our way to the platform, except for Dick who fell down the escalator with his bike much to the amusement of the locals. When the train arrived the guard said there was no room for cycles which led me to believe they had been trained by British Rail. After delaying the train seven bikes were heaved in quickly followed by seven scruffy cyclists. We were then trapped for four and a half hours on a train we had been assured only took two and a quarter hours to get to Arlon. We watched the rain steadily building up as we got nearer to Arlon which made us really look forward to a twenty five mile trip to Luxembourg when we detrained. We had the pleasure of an icy cold deluge on leaving the station and I could see the Royston Rocket gradually pulling away as he got into his stride. Making an instant decision I left the cycle track and joined him on the road and we worked like mad together and left the others, except for Matthew who tried to join in.

Dick and I worked together well and Matthew came in about five minutes later. We then did a tour of Luxembourg city in icy cold rain being misdirected by the locals. When we found the Hostel the others were already there which made our tear-up a bit of a wasted effort. The Warden was having tea and a young American said he was a bit of a hard man. When we met him he couldn't have been more pleasant maybe because we were travelling under our own power as opposed to all the other train and car hostellers. Again the Hostel was of a superb standard with hot showers, good beds and plenty of radiators to dry out all our gear. We had a walk round the city and had a meal in an upmarket bistro. There don't seem to be any secondhand or Oxfam shops on the continent and most towns seem to be very clean compared to U.K. tourist spots. I didn't sleep that well as some loony was under our window with his car radio going at full blast. Next day was still cold but no rain and we had a pleasant ride out of Luxembourg through a pine forest and crossed the Meuse into Germany. In Luxembourg city we noticed that all the prime sites were occupied by expensive women's dress shops. I commented to Eddie that men could spend a fortune on their other half in order to take the clothes off them again. This appealed to his sense of humour and he spent the rest of the week pointing out all the dress shops. Anyway, back to the plot. With Ian's superb map reading the first thing we did in Germany was get lost in a wood within two miles of the border. Whilst trying to find our way out Matthew's block gave up the ghost which was I suppose as good place as any. After finding the only road I came to a village with two half wild dogs but no cycle shop while the others took turns pushing Matthew. It was discovered that if he did not stop pedalling the block held or the other alternative was to hit it with a brick which Matthew had added to his toolkit. The idea of Rabbetts being unable to stop for anything, food, rain, sun and riding forever was quite funny (except to him). We stopped at Neuberg for lunch where I used my command of German, last used in 1958, to figure out the menus for the others. Whilst we had lunch Matthew bought a new block and big Eddie sheared Matthew's rear axle in half trying to remove the old block. We then had an extended lunch hour while watching the two ace bike mechanics trying to put a new axle in, they had decided to leave the old block on and hit it with the brick when required.

After lunch it began to snow and despite protests Ian took us up and down some mountain roads to view a section of unfinished motorway which was O.K. if you like that sort of thing. When we started moaning Ian took us to Prüm where we were staying the night. Again we hung up all our clothes to dry which were beginning to smell a bit as well as changing colour to all over black. The hostel wardeness (ex Buchenwald) tried out her English on us and served us with a huge bowl of soup with noodles, ham, bread and sour cream. The Missile Man, for some reason best known to himself, tipped his cream into the soup and it promptly curdled and looked revolting. He even tried to eat it. We decided to go down the town but it was so cold we just fell into the first bar we came to. The landlady asked if we were U.S. servicemen and wasn't very interested when she discovered we weren't. Dick and I had beer and schnapps which was one way of getting warm. Next day dawned with plenty of snow which dented our enthusiasm for another all action day in the Eifel mountains. It was so hard it took two hours to do the first seventeen miles and it was quickly assumed we might reach Liege by midnight if we were lucky. We crossed into Belgium at Schönberg and the border guard stopped us for a chat. The last lot of trade he had was when the Waffen S.S. visited the Ardennes for about three weeks. The weather was starting to improve with

odd bursts of sun through the snow showers. There were long descents out of the mountains and I had taken my gloves off, which was an error as I was going too fast to put them back on and I could see my hands change from white to red to mauve and all the feeling leave my fingers. We stopped in Malmedy in a blizzard for lunch and watched Eddie and Matthew do some more cycle repairs. After lunch we went through Spa and onto the motor racing circuit, which was hard, and reached Liege in daylight much to our surprise after the slow start to the day. The hostel in Liege was rough and the female warden seemed to be running a beer hall come brothel and the hostel was a sideline. Our room had a leaky ceiling which kept us awake all night and also had not been cleaned for about three months. At a nearby hotel we watched the team mechanics getting the bikes ready for the Fleche Wallone, which we had come to see. We tried to talk to one of them but he didn't seem interested in a load of scruffy English tourists, so we ignored him to search for food. Liege is quite expensive and after a mile walk and freezing to death we found a bar that can an omelette in an hour (if you are patient). The owner apologised and offered us a drink so we chose the dearest on the menu. I can thoroughly recommend Chamay or Trappiste beer as it is 11° proof and so twice as strong as anything you can buy in the U.K. We had to rush back to our floodlit room (pun) to listen to the noisy rabble downstairs. We had breakfast at the hostel as it was cheap. We talked to a New Zealander who said you had to be a brain surgeon to get into his Country and Eddie said he was one but not very good at it as he hadn't had much practice. As we left Liege Laurie got a puncture and after that we spent a lot of time trying to get out of the town. Matthew had at last got his block sorted out and could throw his brick away. We got lost a few times before climbing a monster drag in the pouring rain and I let the others all belt off without me when I stopped to put my cape on. We were making for a small hamlet to see the Fleche Wallone for the first time that day. We found a superbly grotty Belgian cafe and had a few coffees to try and get warm before exposing our smelly clothing to another day's fun. It stopped raining about ten minutes before the race appeared. We found a prime position at the top of a hill and we could watch all these dirty riders clamber up it and this was only about an hour after the start of the race. After seeing them through we made our way to apyly named Death Hill, where Sam fell off into someone's front garden, to watch all the riders again. Some Belgians tried to extort money out of us before the top of the hill but that was a waste of time. I think our leader paid up because he moaned about it for the rest of the day. We watched the riders strain up the hill twice and as we had a fair way to go decided to push on before the end of the race. We found a small bar with T.V. and had toasted sandwiches while watching the final hour of the race in comfort. Hinault won, which is all history now. On leaving we had about thirty miles to do into a head wind and so decided to bit and bit all the way to Boutisheim, our evening's venue. This method of eating up the miles is O.K. if you are not confined to a cycle track with people insisting on coming the other-way. We gave some poor old lady the fright of her life as we tore past each side of her at 20 plus m.p.h. When we came to the sign for Boutisheim there was a sprint all over the road (I had been left behind) which was closely observed by two Belgian traffic police who promptly rounded us all up for questioning. They let us go with a warning and we then discovered that the hostel was still about two miles out of the village and we were all feeling a bit ragged after the previous tear-up. Ian had insisted that there was no food to be had at the hostel so we decided to fend for ourselves with soup, sausage, bread and bouled eggs.

We let Eddie do the eggs as he had made a cup of tea once. The warden told us we could have had supper at the hostel after all. Just as it was getting dark Graham Seymour, Steve Phillips and his dad turned up. Apparently they had stayed in a hostel run by a Marxist group in Bruges the night before which was even cheaper than Youth Hostels. The three new arrivals were craving for supper so we all set out to visit the nearest local bar. Much to our annoyance the other three had the biggest helpings of food we had seen so far. Next day dawned cold and bright as we set off for Ghent and it gradually got warmer as time went on. We had to follow main roads to find the quickest way round Brussels as we did not want to negotiate the city itself. We stopped for lunch at Dendermonde and while the others had a picnic lunch Eddie, Matthew and I found a bar selling uitmeesters, for the uninitiated this is a starter dish of bread, cheese, ham, two fried eggs and garnished with salad. This is a cyclists dream as a filler before a main course. We found the others sitting on the pavement busy filling waste paper bins up with their sandwich wrappings. Before leaving the town I got a last icecream and a pot of Ghent mustard to take home. Once our group of ten came together it was inevitable that the pace would start to go up and during a long burst of activity on a cycle track we heard the sound of crunching bicycles and falling bodies at the back of the bunch. Naturally we assumed that Sam had done one of his usual tricks but Graham had somehow come off taking Laurie Leaney with him. There were a few odd bits of Graham left on the pave but nothing that wouldn't grow again and after a kind Belgian lady administered first aid we went on our way. Our leader suggested we took it easy as Graham was now held together with sticking plaster but with Ghent within ten miles the temptation to start another race was too much so we all deserted him. Matthew, Steve Phillips and Dick Lyons all disappeared up the road to do battle for the sign, the rest of us having been shot off the back in the process. On reaching Ghent in a lather of sweat, making the original seven smell a bit more than normal, we went to Plums to see if there were any bargains and some went on to Walter Godefroots shop. I managed to acquire the last hat with Plums name on it, five pairs of toeclips and toestraps. The prices weren't as good as last year as the exchange rate wasn't as favourable but we all came out with something. This time we had Ghent hostel to ourselves and even had curtains. There were no hot showers so it was generally agreed to go on smelling for a bit longer. Even shaving was a bit rough but I suppose it is all character building. We went to the same restaurant as last year for our evening meal and I settled for another uitmeester and icecream with advocaat. Nobody bothered with steak, again because of the exchange rate. Compared to last year's visit breakfast at the Ghent Y.H. was edible and hot and even better, the sun was warm. For a change we had a normal ride to Bruges and I had my only mechanical problem when the mudguard bridge collapsed. That was soon repaired with a spare shoelace. We did the usual tourist jaunt in Bruges and had a last dose of very strong Belgian beer. We decided to leave early for Zeebrugge in case of mechanical problems and on reaching the beach had a look at the topless bathers. Our leader decided that if the spectacle had any effect the holiday would not have been considered a success. The ferry to Dover was crowded with a rich tourist party of Aussies and Americans and approximately four million school children. One hundred year old Aussie was bragging about all the diamonds and emeralds she was wearing but shut up when I suggested we cut her ears off if the boat went down as most of her wealth seemed to be in earrings and they are easy to carry. On reaching Dover we

found it was getting dark and as Eddie and I had to make Canterbury we tore off without saying our goodbyes to the others. As we only had a front and rear light between us the ride to Canterbury was a bit hairy. Anyway we made it just as our host decided to leave us and go to a party. Eddie's bottom bracket had spent most of the week trying to collapse so while he fixed it I went off to buy our 50p fish and chips in the Whitstable Road. Next morning we had to get our own breakfast as the landlord was suffering from vino collapse. I managed to get home in time to make the pub with wife and dog and it was great to consign all my horrible clothing to the washing bin. It was nice to think it will be a whole year before I can do it all again.

Compo Rex

ANATOMY RAMBLE

These feet were made for walking, but I found
Were beaten, frayed and corns grew, on the ground,
Prehensile perch, the pedal, made them whole,
A proof that cycling saves a cyclist's soul.

Behinds were made as ballast at the rear,
Stability increasing year by year,
But leather stropped, we see as miles go by
The Shape of Things made easy on the eye.

And teeth exist for chewing of the rag,
To tear into the perfect plastic bag.
Our teeth, though wrapped in chains, do freely range,
And, never false, stay true through every change.

And Man was made for laughter, from the start
A battleground for Reason versus Heart.
So, delicately balanced round each bend
We'll ride the tears and smiles through to the end.

Dave Nuttall

CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

So that's the end of the racing season - and a very good year it was too! I think the best way to show how so many of our Club took part and thoroughly enjoyed themselves is to give a couple of result tables - one for the time triallists and one for the road racers, so here goes:

Evening 10s (Aggregate of fastest 3 rides)Road Races

			Wins	Placed in first six	Points	
1.	Don Awcock	1. 6.35	Don Awcock	0	7	17
2.	Paul Lipscombe	1. 7.40	Keith Bulmer	1	4	17
3.	Greg Hill	1. 8.14	Adrian Cooper	1	2	7
4.	Adrian Jones	1.11.55	Mike Crossett	1	1	6
5.	Mike Crossett	1.12. 3	Ashley Holding	3	15	47
6.	Nick Bown	1.14. 7	Paul James	5	16	59
7.	Robin Maclagan	1.14.35	Mark Jones	0	2	5
8.	Alan Codd	1.16.31	Paul Lipscombe	1	9	25
9.	Geoff Hall	1.19.51	Gary Moore	1	7	25
10.	Pete Brown	1.20.44	Colin Tamon	1	13	45
11.	Bill Shoulders	1.21.49	Totals	14	76	253
12.	Les Teague	1.24. 9				
13.	Albert Hill	1.25.33				

Very impressive! Also impressive is the number of racing members in the Club at present; adding in those who are not in the above list for one reason or another makes it around the thirty mark - which is why you see so much red and white these days!

Towards the end of the season we all start looking forward to Ron Ewart's morning runs - 'Ronnie's Rambles'. In fact some of us, including Ron, can't wait, and organise ourselves into an all day 'megaramble', having made our various excuses at work. There have been three such events this Autumn. One to Marlow, one to Pevensy and one to Arundel. The main object of each day being to arrive for the best meal available by the most devious route. The Arundel trip probably scored the highest marks in the achievement of these aims, taking in several miles of woodland track around Bury Hill and a large chunk of the South Downs Way before arriving at (a very welcome) 'Black Rabbit'. This too was the day that Mac had a puncture which registered 8.9 on the Richter scale. He managed to get another 700cc tyre (thanks M & J Cycles, Littlehampton), but opted to rely on the bodged patch to get him home, which of course it didn't: the resulting second explosion of the day disturbing the residents of Pease Pottage.

The Rambles proper got under way at the end of October, so up to the time of writing there have been five. Destinations, in chronological order. Midhurst (via Bexley!); Heathfield; Arundel (via Bedham and Bury of course); Sevenoaks and Ringmer (obviously via Ditchling Beacon). One record has been set - the Heathfield trip involved forty one miles to reach elevenses (usually it's thirty five miles at the most) and one crash. The latter occurred when Colin nudged Rex's back wheel with something during the trip to Ringmer. The back wheel came a decided second in the contest but Colin did lose a lot

of knee on the road. The entire resources of British Telecom were close at hand in the shape of three engineers, a four ton truck, a slightly smaller first aid kit and apparently gallons of Dettol. Get well soon Colin.

Some dates for your diaries when you get them for Christmas: Central's Reliability Trial - 19.2.84. Hilly 25 - 10.3.84. Hillclimb (The Wall) - 20.10.84.

Talking of Hillclimbs, Mike Crossett promises to complete his next one! He thought the crowd at the first bend in the Southboro' event on Ashdown Forest was the finish!

And talking of events, it was only yesterday that Ron remarked that three weeks or so would bring the traditional Christmas Ramble to the hostelry at Dragons Green. The rides home from this are truly incredible - I'll tell you all about them and all the other activities next time.

Happy Christmas.

Rambler

"Air was born free, yet everywhere it is constrained"

This poignant, self evident truth is the first fruit of Medway Philosophers Inc., conceived by the rhythm method - a cymballic beating of the heads of Martin MacGregor and myself. Jean-Jacques Rousseau could only mutter, in feeble imitation, something about Man - the arch-compressor.

An innocent tool, you might think, the bicycle pump? Gentle zephyrs at their ease are seized by this Devil's machine, to be forced down the Inner Tube, that Black Hole beyond compare. The concentration in Hitler's camps was not as heavy as that in Cell 700cc, and no-one cares.

What hope has imprisoned air, doomed since the Age of Butyl, of regaining it's natural liberty? Dimly, for night is King within those walls, it may picture a puncture as the only way out - one sharp cut to blessed release.

Come the Revolution - oh, the mockery in that phrase. 200 a minute, and still no change.

So, my friends, when next you hit the rim, no harsh words we beg you, just a gentle sigh of understanding.

Cheques, credit cards or stamps, please, to us, the Supporters Of Free Air (S.O.F.A.) - we will gladly squeeze you in.

Dave Nuttall

Ah well! It's October again and time for another orgy of drink and careless abandon in the company of Compo and friends. North Devon and Exmoor were once again to be the scene for the annual Autumn excursion of the Jarvis Brook Centre of Excellence and a few of the select 'hard core' members were invited along, arriving at the digs on the Sunday evening.

Brian Rex was appointed leader and had first choice of companions. After much deliberation he decided upon the suave Eddie Reeves, ex-Twickenham; Vic White, Willesden C.C.; Dick Lyon, Icknield R.C.; Terry Jenkinson, Lewes and yours truly. With so many old West London diehards from the 50s it was up to Terry and me to shout off the attributes of the modern day South East; trouble was they hadn't heard of Gordon Higginson or Ian Landless.

The first day was to start rather badly for me, having two punctures within the first ten miles. Despite this we pressed on, the Sportsman Inn in the middle of Exmoor the destination. Dick, Vic and Terry wasted no time in setting the scene for most of the holiday by bashing on to the first beer stop, leaving Brian, Eddie and me to fight it out for the Lanterne Rouge award. Brian decided to tell me how the 'Sportsman' was in fact quite often shut for alterations owing to the different tastes of the everchanging owners. Lo and behold, Brian had somehow contrived that such an alteration would be made during our holiday! So with the rain still falling and the wolf whistles of the pub's workmen still in our ears we made instead for the Old Oak Inn at Withypool. It was soon after leaving the pub in Withypool and straining myself to even keep up with Brian(!) that I decided I had lost a lot of my former fitness. Compo's renowned navigating continued to be queried when we carried on for the infamous TARR STEPS. Down a steep hill, round a corner, hang on - no road? Brian and I, the last of our group enquired as to where the tarmac had gone and more to the point, our chums. "Numbers one and four went that way", said the friendly rambler, pointing to a rocky path signposted 'Tarr Steps 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles', "and numbers two and three continued down that old farm track". We decided to go neither of these ways but to double back and find another road which Brian knew about which went to the ancient clapper bridge. On arrival we found Dick 'n Vic who had got there by way of the rocky path. After waiting for the other two for all of ten minutes we left a note in the sand announcing our intentions of dining at Dulverton and continued to the village. Dulverton was quite something else, quaint little cottages backing onto quaint little old streams with fixed admiration coming from even quainter little old women all the way from Leeds, Sheffield and elsewhere. We had the good fortune to dine with a selection of these O.A.Ps. in the local fish 'n Chip shop. Several of them took an immediate liking to Eddie when he and Terry finally arrived. Whether it was the way he stripped off his sweat stained jerseys or his incessant laughter on telling us how he and Terry had got lost, I don't know. Apparently the farmer's wife had sent them on a short cut to the Tarr Steps which had turned out to be the opposite. Not leaving them any time to continue recounting their tales we leapt into, to quote Brian, "our one seater open sports" and bashed up the main road. It was at this moment that Brian and Vic, the ones with maps, eased off the back and up a lane out of sight leaving the rest of us to follow the signs back to Barnstaple. The consolation being with Brian not there to tell

Dick off, he could really wind it up on the front. It was a case of every man for himself, so with no further ado we smashed along at well over evens. South Molton provided tea and a little respite until Dick started itching for more soul-searching agony and so we continued the fifteen miles home.

Tuesday morning proved to be a good example of keeping up with the Joneses. Not to be outdone by mine and Vic's three punctures the previous day, Terry set off from the farm to find he had a front flat. Champion connoisseur of almost everything, Compo led us a merry dance when, with Vic, he continued to lose us and himself, in Barnstaple market. This was after Eddie renewed a rear tyre, the other having developed an inferiority complex. We finally regrouped and began to leave the town when, this time, Vic just had to show off, and announced that he, too, had a puncture. Once again we lost Brian. We found him again, contemplating his position as team leader, in Bideford. On leaving the town once more, thrusting my fearsome thighs upon the cranks (!), I broke a toe clip!

11.30a.m. and in various groups we at last made for Clovelly, via tea and Compo at Bideford. Strong man Dick led the peloton, well, Terry and Vic, through Parkham to the removal man's nightmare - Clovelly. Brian, young Edward and myself followed at a lesser speed. The cobbles that are the village were traversed, rather a precarious occupation with shoeplates, and, not wanting to spoil the trend, we once again managed to split up. Eddie and Terry took the main road while Compo and I rode the rougher 'Hobby Path', Terry's tyre having developed the same trouble as Eddie's did. What speed Vic and Dick averaged along the main road I don't know, but my group of four stuck to the lanes and enjoyed the beautiful sunset. Terry found a shop which sold the narrow 700cc tyre he required, only problem being it was at the top of the mountain we had just descended! Brian told us to show good clubmanship and told Terry to hurry up or else by the time he got back we would have eaten all his clotted cream.

Wednesday dawned and we were greeted with a cold damp morning and, after setting out, plenty of hills. Mention was made in my previous article of Eddie Reeves' poor showing, but his attitude to bashing his guts out this Autumn was diabolical. He was dropped as soon as the pace topped evens, he left his breakfast, went to bed early and then on Wednesday went home early! We made for Goodleigh and Gunn, two little villages which, as Brian had ranted on about them so much, I just had to see. On the long climb to the Poltimore Arms and out of the neutralized zone, race leader Dick once again took off in search of that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow that is Simonsbath. With Vic and Terry off in hot pursuit, Compo and I decided to wait for Eddie and at the same time partake of a pint at the Poltimore Arms. Eddie continued to take a packet over Span Head and into Simonsbath, so he decided to take the short cut back to the digs. Dick was so incensed at this lazy attitude that he decided to take his anger out on the rest of us by smashing us up the long climb out of the village. Taking notice of the 30m.p.h. road signs, Dick slowed enough for us lesser mortals to catch up and regroup. Then the hills really started! Up to Lynton, down to Lynton, up to Lynton, Brian did say it was just UP the road.

Known for his navigating genius and supreme knowledge of Exmoor, Compo led us to the 'Valley of the Rocks', three eighths of a mile of valley, lots of rocks and some incredible climbs! It must be the shortest valley in the world, still it was worth it for the fantastic views and with Vic to give us a running commentary on the geological strata of the rocks, worth all the agony. Terry had really perked up now, his eyeballs had even reset

after our little road race through South Molton on Monday. The climbing continued and then, as with all swings and round-a-bouts, the descents. I don't know which was worse. With my bottom bracket higher than my handlebars and smoking rims, I finally landed in the car park of the good old Hunters Inn. Several pints later, Dick started twitching, which meant more agony was called for. With one down and four to go, ace clubman Brian worked out how to lose another member of our group. He was delighted at the way he managed to shake off Terry from our scent, and so, through Combe Martin, rode only four. More hills followed on the way to the Sterridge Valley. "Does it go up any more, Brian?" said Vic, legs astringing. "If it does, I'll stand you a pint. (Pause) What blood group are you?". With this we all fell off.

The rather posh establishment in Berrynarbor, with it's cheesecake at 85p a sliver, was missed and instead we found a little place up the road which sold tea and in whose garden we found Fidel Castro style gnomes building runways (don't tell Reagan). After tea and more reminiscing from the old men, we potted home, well, Vic, Brian and me, Dick took a dislike to 13m.p.h. and decided to smash himself up the Sterridge on his own at a more suitable 25m.p.h.

Meanwhile, back at the digs, Terry had returned after meeting a bloke from the Barnstaple Imperial Wheelers who invited him to their club night that evening. Eddie had been back since dinner time and had played anagrams with the financial columns of the Telegraph two or three times. After more agony, and the evening meal neatly tucked away in our insides, we drove into town to see how things swung in Barnstaple. The local clubroom was visited and there we were treated like returning heroes. I don't think they had seen white men before. Their front man, Rupert, also social sec., obviously a failed insurance salesman, thrust leaflets, magazines, etc., into our arms. I'm sure free life membership for all of us was on the cards, but we really had to be going and anyway, the pubs were calling.

Disappointed at the North Devon night life, or rather the lack of it, Thursday greeted us with rain and strong winds. After much deliberation and change of clothes from civilian to bkie and so on, we decided against a soaking and voted on a walk. The vote was not unanimous, however, Dick decided upon getting wet and having his daily dose of pain. The rest of us motored to the Hunters Inn and from there walked the cliff path to nearby (miles when you're hungry), Woody Bay. Brian couldn't understand it, Dick couldn't be normal, not only did he like getting wet on his bike on holiday, he also appeared to have come about a job lot of starched white Y fronts as he donned a fresh pair every day. Brian was most perplexed, how come Dick didn't live the way he did? We finally located a pub and more food and beer was consumed ready for the four mile walk back. The views of the Welsh coast had been blotted out by the sea fog, or was it that last pint I had? First the fog, then the rain and down it came. I turned round and close behind me on the very narrow cliff path was a cloth capped Compo, like a vision from a bad dream. He was smiling like a Cheshire cat, almost as if he himself had had hand in the torrential down-pour.

Like last year we visited Brian's old digs, Mrs. Darch's at Snapper near Barnstaple. My constant gluttony wasn't put to waste as Hilda once again stuffed me full of tea and cakes, shame Terry and Vic didn't join in. But of course they didn't want to know about small amounts like that as top of the bill back at the digs was pork, cream, veg., cream,

spuds, etc., etc. Maybe I overdid it at teatime as my heart just wasn't in it that evening but I must admit I had cut down a lot on the clotted cream from the year before, probably because I was still having nightmares about the stuff.

Dick, now returned, Terry and I made for the town again in the evening to see the excellent Monty Python film 'Meaning of Life', well worth a visit, only they didn't mention Compo's tours of Exmoor in it.

As a fitting end to the theme of the tour, on Friday morning, before leaving and heading off home in our own directions, we arranged to meet in Barnstaple for another look round the market. One hour later, Brian, Terry and I decided it was time to leave even though we hadn't seen the others. On heading out of town they were spotted having just found a parking space! And so homeward bound, it was the end of another together/seperately Lewes tour, ably done by Compo. Bookings now being taken for next year.

Rino Rabbetti

Jarvis Brook Centre of Excellence

The following cuttings were taken from the 'Sun' by a regular reader of that newspaper, Charles Robson. Charles also reads the News of the World, looks at the pictures in the Times and found time to compose the comments which appear beside the cuttings.

Sex at 100 is still fun

SEX can be great, even when you are 100, according to a new survey in the U.S.

Out of 200 people aged 80 to 102, almost half said they still made love while 70 per cent enjoyed a bit of slap and tickle.

It would be interesting to know how many of these good people are cyclists.

(I think most of them belong to the VTTA. Mrs. Ed.)

TUBA ACE 'DRUNK ON A 3-MAN BIKE'

A TOP tuba player appeared in court yesterday charged with being drunk in charge of a three-man bicycle.

George Harvey-Smith, a member of the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, was arrested early this year as he rode through the Mersey Tunnel.

Harvey-Smith, of Irby Mill Hill, Irby, Merseyside, denied the charge when he was brought before Liverpool magistrates court.

The musician was remanded on unconditional bail.

First of all I think George should be congratulated on being able to be in charge of a three man bicycle while drunk. Then I got this wonderful vision of the riders in next year's Mersey Roads 24 hour being serenaded on the finishing circuit by the whole of the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra.

Bonfire night has gone - deadline fast approaching and nothing written. What to do? Read through the last lot of notes, are there any follow ups. Oh yes, Madam Treasurer was presented with a very nice wooden stool so that she could reach her roof rack. However the stool was left in the kitchen and Jemma found it was ideal for getting extra food out of the high cupboards and Ben the dog got very well fed.

'Her in doors' at 127 Hythe Crescent, Seaford, has returned from Spain bringing with her a list of candidates in an election. The seedy half of the duo, Geoff Willcocks for those who don't know, was over the moon with the list that involved some very lengthy names. A real promoters nightmare when it comes to typing start sheets.

The Jarvis Brook Services motor vehicle mentioned in the last edition has been replaced by a mini. It appears that the blue and rust body that was held together by white painted adverts has gone to the great scrapyards in the sky. No it's not at Seaford.

Gordon Higginson failed to take the plunge and buy wife Sue a new bike, instead he took her to Malta. While there our only international road race team car driver hired a car. It appears that it was a bit different to the plush Ambassador limousine he drove at Goodwood. The Malta motor had a checked band along the sides, brakes that comprised a set of rivets which clamp against the drums and no suspension. Talk about after the Lord Mayor's Show.

The winter clubruns have got under way again. At a recent committee meeting the man in charge, Ian Landless, gave his usual rundown of facts and figures which included the inevitable fraction at the end. This brought forth a remark from Brenda that she always found the little bits most fascinating.

The Dinner season has started and some of our lot went to the St. Neots and kept up our contacts with the Phillips' family. I did think after the noise they made last year they would have been banned. The problem with Dinners is that they are fattening and require extra miles just to keep the weight almost stable. This is the reason we try to have our Dinner the evening before the Central's Reliability Trial. Ron Ewart's gentle rambles are just the job for a quick sweat and poundage loss.

John Bridger's confrontation with a car mentioned by Al Moran last time has meant that we have not seen him on a bike over recent weeks. However we are aware that there is a new extra light frame in the offing. I hear that John visited a bike shop with a long list of wants and the gent therein remarked "John, with this lot you will be National Champ. next year". This to a rider who got knocked off his bike just so he could avoid riding his first race in the club 15!!

Ian 'The Brickie' Burgess finished his season off by building an extension to Chateau Boxall. In order to get the work done in wet weather Baron Boxall had rigged an awning over the scaffold. This Heath Robinson/Prof. Eddywilly set up was held in place by toe straps, suspenders, boingy straps and baler twine. Trouble was our Geoff is a bit shorter than his workman. Ian wound up dry but bent in half - still Sally soon got him straightened out again.

I have found out the secret of Terry Jenkinson's improved form this season. He rises early and obviously has a training circuit that takes in Crowborough and his Heathfield home. I found this out by seeing him sprinting into Rotherfield from the direction of

Crowborough one morning.

Andrew Attwood and Martin White had an end of season tour in Scotland of which not much has been heard. Next time Compo Rex is going to find out what they get up to. Talking of Framfield's second most important citizen - Compo, that is - he did lead a tour to Exmoor but young Rabbetts has been delegated to write about that. Pity that young man drinks so much, it dulls his brain, but more of that later.

Well now it's down to the racing bit. Simon Barnes finished the season going well after a '1' and a '2' in the Eastbourne and ESCA events. He got inside again in the SCA 25 with a 58.52. Tony Deacon did an '0' and Andrew Attwood a short '1' in that event. Pity they couldn't all have got inside. Matt Rabbetts did a '2' for a P.B. Nice to see Marcus Ross back again and riding regularly. Mick and Peter Kilby continue to have some close battles and I think honours over the season are about even.

We had a team in the ESCA Hillclimb. Alex Mallin left his decorating just to ride. Pity his clubmates didn't give him the support this sacrifice deserved. If they had pulled their fingers out Alex might have won something.

We also had a couple of teams in the Redmon Grand Prix de Gentlemen. Tony Deacon and Andrew Attwood did 43.46 but were way behind the Sussex Nomads flying Limbo who, with a little help from John Oakes did 40.34. Our other team? Well, the fate of this duo, Matthew and yours truly presents a cautionary tale. Vets, when you select a partner choose one who has good sight, but if this is suspect make sure he is not Mutt and Jeff. There we were, under full power, coming up to the round-a-bout at Beare Green. Matthew comes through so that he can pose to the gallery of clubmates on the island and promptly goes up the wrong road. It took a kindly motorist to get him back. He was deaf to my gentle entreaties and thought the shouts from the gallery were encouragement. Good job he tried to make amends with short turns at the front thereafter. Oh yes, we did a 45.36.

Our Club programme closed with the 15 on the Cooksbridge/Sheffield Park road. There were traffic lights at Sheffield Park (wait 'til I next get an entry from the Eastbourne Rover who is Clerk of Works there - he'll be owing the scratchman). A fine warm morning saw Simon Barnes set a new course record with 36.30 to take first place. Tony Deacon with 37.06 also got inside the old figures and Matt Rabbetts was third with 39.19. The only other rider inside 40 minutes was Simon Brotherton who pipped Oliver Davies 44.41 to 44.53 to take the schoolboy award. Merv 'The Milk' Taylor and Peter Gates managed 45 minute rides as did William Sim. David Jupp, Paul Gibbons and David Holman had a close battle which saw them finish in that order. One surprise was the entry of Tony Andrews who has been missing for several seasons. Nice to see you back, Tony, bring that Dave White with you next time. The event was followed by a couple of clubruns. After tea had been taken in the sun at the Offam cafe a rush to an off licence in Lewes High Street and we were away to the clubroom for nosh by Vanessa and co. Soup, salad, crumble and custard, with plenty of seconds. This was Jon Brenchley's last 1983 club appearance. He did not race but saved his strength for the eating. He has now gone off to University, it is rumoured to read How to Eat From a Plate Instead of From Your Clothes When You Have Tipped It All Over You. However, mucky kids aside, it was a good do and all our well known dustbins had to admit defeat. Thank you, Attwoods.

Now back to non-racing. I hear that a marriage is being arranged. The participants are 'Bren the Treas' and Terry 'Koga' Jenkinson. Who's idea was it to pick a date in

provide a bit more incentive for a number of promising candidates in the future.

Brenda, the best looking Club treasurer in ESCALAND, has also donated a Memorial Trophy in memory of Nick. Up to now we've been unable to find a suitable event or performance to qualify for this very generous gesture, but hopefully someone will have the answer before next season.

At the Autumn meeting the committee members look forward to stuffing themselves with the principal product of Castelmer Fruit Farm - Laxton superb apples. However this year they got a rude shock when they found that the trees made Mother Hubbards well known repository seem well stocked by comparison and were then informed by Peter Sharp that the crop had failed. No concrete reason was given and that led to mutterings that perhaps it was because Sharp has been devoting too much time to instigating and taking part in demos and not enough into cultivating Laxtons. We shall have to brainwash him into a reversal of that attitude for future years.

The donor of a duplicator (found on the local El Dorado, the Council dump), had his enthusiasm dampened by Madam President, who, upon being told that the Copper wished to probe it's innards to see if he could get it working, viewed it like something that had 'just crawled out' and muttered "It looks like another load of rubbish that I've got to find a home for". As such articles are usually classed by the Copper as having been obtained illegally he'll be interested to know that the said donor has now 'crept' with the custodian of the aforementioned area by the simple expedient of having repaired his van on two occasions and thus doing a bit of 'wheeler dealing' on the usual principle that if you can't beat 'em.....! Well, you have to use your loaf, don't you? Incidentally, much mirth was caused by the imaginative delights of Pete Burberry sitting there with small monkey on top, churning out 'massed start' programmes for next year!

And now what have the Paddys been up to since last time? First there's the one who cooked himself beans on toast - and then got it in the neck from his wife when the beans blew the electric toaster. Then comes the one who turned up at a car boot sale - with a car boot. He's followed by the brace of grouse shooters who finished the day with a good round figure (0) and then concluded that they hadn't been throwing the dogs high enough. Next comes the panellist who was asked "what do you think of the ethnic minority?". He replied, "I've never been there". Then we have the one whose doctor asked him if his wife drank too much when she was on her own. He replied, "I don't know. I'm not there then". And finally there was the one who went to cash a cheque and the bank clerk asked if he could identify himself. He pulled out a mirror, looked in it and said, "Yes that's me alright".

As a Christmas bonus I was reminded, during a slide show by Pete Burberry at the club-room, of a classic story concerning a place Pete had visited on tour. This is Dent, in the Fell country, which boasts the highest main line railway station in England and in Winter it can be one of the bleakest spots in the U.K. The tale occurs in the history of the Settle - Carlisle line and concerns a London legal type who had some urgent business in Dent. Owing to a late running train he found himself deposited at the station just after midnight. To help matters it was bashing down with rain and the wind was blowing as it can blow in those parts, then the bloke learnt he'd got a three mile walk to the village as no taxi was available. He started out and had done about a mile in the appalling conditions when he saw a local approaching. Unable to restrain himself he shouted "What on

made the fools put the station so far from the village?". The local replied " 'Appen as 'ow they wanted it near to the railway line!"

Well that's it for another edition. All the best from the Wanderers for Christmas and mind how you go.

Alsoran

1983 SENIOR BEST ALL ROUNDER COMPETITION

1.	Simon Prior	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	23.884 m.p.h.
2.	Paul Abraham	Southborough Wheelers	23.714 m.p.h.
3.	Matthew Rabbetts	Lewes Wanderers	22.645 m.p.h.
4.	P. Baker	Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.	22.335 m.p.h.
5.	C. Hill	Brighton Mitre C.C.	22.278 m.p.h.
6.	D. Dunbar	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	22.118 m.p.h.
7.	C. Willis	" " "	21.849 m.p.h.
8.	G. Baker	" " "	21.778 m.p.h.
9.	M. Burgess	Lewes Wanderers	21.572 m.p.h.
10.	H. Hemsley	Brighton Mitre	21.542 m.p.h.
11.	I. Landless	Lewes Wanderers	21.087 m.p.h.
12.	M.E. Rabbetts	" "	19.729 m.p.h.
13.	R. Prior	Eastbourne Rovers	19.332 m.p.h.
	1st Team	EASTBOURNE ROVERS C.C.	22.617 m.p.h.
	2nd Team	Lewes Wanderers	21.768 m.p.h.

1983 LADIES B.A.R.

1.	Esther Carpenter	Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.	19.561 m.p.h.
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1983 JUNIOR B.A.R.

1.	John Hocker	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	21.094 m.p.h.
2.	Stephen Willis	" " "	19.976 m.p.h.

According to my records the above two riders were the only qualifiers. If any other junior completed the two 10s and two 25s promoted by ESCA, please let me know as soon as possible.

Mick Burgess

A 2 UP EVENT

It all started the day Bernard called me to his office. His desk was clear except for one folder. He said that what he was going to show me was very secret and he didn't want me to mention it to another soul. "Within these walls" and "very hush hush" were also spoken of. He opened the folder and I spied numerous drawings and sketches. There was a knock at the door and he hurriedly gathered up the papers and secreted them again in the folder. We looked at each other as if we had been plotting a crime or something similar. He called out for the person to come in and I am sure we must have had a guilty look on our faces. The person came in, the business was attended to and we were left on our own again. With a careful look over his shoulder to ensure the door was closed, Bernard opened the folder once again. He slowly slid a piece of paper across his desk to me and at that moment I thought he was going to ask me to sign the Official Secrets Act.

What a strange drawing met my eyes. After a few moments he stated he was going to construct a craft and enter it for the Adur Bath Tub Race. As he is a yachtsman I could understand this but what was it to do with me? He explained some of the construction and then came the moment of enlightenment for me when he said the motive power would be by pedalling and I was a cyclist I was shanghied into the team whether I liked it or not. Of course I liked it and thought this was an honour and a change to go for a ride on a river instead of a road.

The reason for secrecy was because there was the recognised 'Company's bath tub' and crew who were well sponsored by people around the works. Keith was their skipper. If the news of Bernard's entry got out it might affect Keith's money gathering success and nobody wanted this to happen. The idea was to give Keith a surprise on race day.

Further drawings and details were explained and construction was discussed. It was necessary to have a cast iron bath tub to comply with regulations and surrounding this was to be a lightweight frame with three small plastic barrels each side. The barrels would be fitted with paddles and all would rotate together. Like a paddle steamer with three paddle wheels each side instead of the usual one. Mounted above the barrel would be two bikes, one each side, and these would be connected to the paddle wheels barrels to drive the craft through the water. Steering was to be the same as a tank, each side would be driven seperately and the craft could be manoeuvred by adjusting the speed of either side.

Bernard and others got on with the construction but I was unable to help much as I was still training and racing most weekends. He asked me to help one evening and I replied that I was unable to as I was training for my last important race of the season - meaning the SCA 25. He replied, saying that would not be my last race. I thought for a moment and then realised he must be referring to the Brighton Mitre 25. I was wondering how he knew about this event, but just as I was about to ask him he stated that my most important race was the Bath Tub event. It seemed his priorities were different from mine.

Time passed and the craft was taking shape. Bernard had managed to get some bikes from the local tip and he and I were sorting out the problems of fitting them to the craft. What with the weight of the tub and other fittings, Bernard said the bikes were too heavy. I agreed and he said we must get things lighter and so I thought 531 frames would be better. I had a rude awakening when he asked me to pass the hacksaw and set about cutting bits off the bikes. We now had super lightweights.

Back at the works rumours were spreading about this second craft. Keith, captain of the firm's entry, came to my office one day and said he had heard a rumour about Bernard's craft and asked me if I knew he was going to enter for the race. I didn't know how to reply, so diplomatically asked, "who told you that?". He tapped his nose and winked and said he had his source of information. "You must be joking", I said. "You're captain of the firm's team so you would be the first one to know if Bernard entered another team and craft." He went away having learnt nothing from me.

Some days later he was back on the same subject. He said he was fairly sure there was going to be a second entry and again asked if I knew anything. Again I dodged the question.

The next time he spoke about the race he said he knew for sure there was going to be a second entry. I replied, "how interesting". His question this time was "did I know who was in the team of six?". I replied "why ask me?". "I'll bet you're in the team", said Keith. "Go on" I said, with a smile. "I'm too old, they wouldn't let me in". A puzzled look came over his face and I could see he was thinking about this point. He eventually spoke and said he didn't think there was any age limit. To convince him further I reminded him I was down on his craft's sponsorship form and would I be likely to do this if I was in another crew. Of he went once more and so the secret was still safe.

The secret was out a few days later when once again he came to my office supported by a member of his crew - Richard F. He made some derogatory remarks and said I was a rotten so and so as I had been misleading him all the time. There's definitely another boat and I was part of the team. I couldn't help laughing whilst receiving a verbal slanging from Keith with many sarcastic remarks about being a decent mate! They vowed to take revenge during the race, when I might end up in the river. A forecast which was to come true.

One evening a launching was arranged and members of the crew carried everything down to a nearby pond and with much difficulty the craft was got into the water. I nearly fell in, to the amusement of the bystanders. Bernard and I got aboard, hopped onto the bikes and pedalled off. It went quite well and pedalling backwards or forwards we could go in all directions except sideways. It brought back memories for me - fixed wheel - or, fixed paddle wheels in this case.

Calculations were made and other buoyancy boxes were added to prevent the tub being too low in the water. The last test was made the evening before the race when the final plans were laid.

The team was to be Bernard and I, Geoff, Peter, Alan and Richard B. Bernard and Peter were to be on the first shift (or should I say 'watch'?), where speed wasn't essential but manoeuvrability was important to keep well clear of everyone else. They would pedal for a short distance then Geoff and I would take over. Geoff because he was young and fit; me, because I was a regular cyclist. We were then to go as far and as fast as possible when Richard B. and Alan would do the last stretch to the finish. Hopefully to be somewhere near the winners.

The big day arrived and the craft was carefully loaded into a van and taken to Bramber, where the race would start. Every boat had it's official starting place and ours was about as far back as it was possible to get. Keith's boat had a much better position. We found the river was flowing very fast so we carried everything along the bank and settled down to wait for the turn of the tide when the start would take place.

About thirty minutes before start time the tidal flow of the river was much reduced so