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BONK!

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**East Sussex
Cycling Association**

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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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President: Esther Carpenter

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

Editors: Maurice & Esther Carpenter, 10 Maplehurst Road, St. Leonards o/s,
Sussex. TN 37 7 NA

EDITORIAL

Sitting in front of a typewriter trying to think of something sparkling and worthwhile to say is a soul destroying occupation and possibly more time consuming than putting all the rest of Bonk together. Everything relevant has been said before so well. Neevo's clarion call "roll on the Hardriders" inspired us to soldier on through the preceding weeks. Geoff Willcocks' reports on the weather were superb as he accurately pinpointed the wet/cold/hot or windy summers/winters and in between seasons for us. Other regions are having trouble with their dragstrips but so far we are able to hang on to G834 and G864 and all the rest of them so we can't knock up a paragraph or two about that. A quick look in the dictionary only sufficed to explain that an editorial is an article that is assumed to express the Editor's views and at this stage the only views we've got are that it's a great pity that the social season is over and we've got to start racing. Start racing! We haven't even started training! It's no good wishing you luck, we'll need it all ourselves.

Maurice & Esther

SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS

As the days start to get longer and everyone gets that irritating feeling that they ought to be out training, we can look back on a social season when our Club has supported a variety of Dinners/Luncheons and the enthusiasts have discovered a different way of getting fit.

One of the first Dinners was our own, which only attracted seventy five people because it clashed with at least nine others in the Home Counties, but everyone still had a very enjoyable evening with the magnificent efforts of Ron and Veronica Hayward and their team of helpers.

Since there has been no gym training this year members have had to find other ways of keeping trim and a new idea appeared in our Christmas 10, run on Boxing Day to get rid of all the extra food eaten on Christmas Day. Most people compete on a variety of machines ranging from the touring bike with mudguards and lights to Mum's old shopper but this year Malc Withers decided to run the four 2½ mile laps whilst Simon Adams and Julian Wall went round on roller skates. It took Simon nearly sixty four minutes to complete three laps with Julian two minutes slower, yet Malc completed four laps faster than either of them. On the cycling side, Andy Verrall won the event with a 28.6. The entry fee was a Christmas wrapped present so there was a prize for everyone. Rosemary Dunford is still wondering what to do with the pink heart patterned boxer briefs that she won. This year, for the first time, there was an extra prize for the person in the best fancy dress. This was won by Jenny Wall for her version of Liberace with her brother as the Reverend John Wall coming second.

With the dawning of 1984 came the New Year's Day 10 which turned out to be quite an event on a bitterly cold Sunday morning. Of the Club riders who competed only Rosemary Dunford and Maureen Wall managed to win any prizes coming joint second lady. Andy Verrall decided to push a large fixed around the course whilst scratch man Ian Silvester only completed a mile of the course before one of his lightweight tubs deflated. As a result first scratch award of a bottle of Moet champagne and the vets prize of half a bottle of whiskey went to John Upton of the Wren Wheelers with a time of 24.00. Never mind there's always next year.

On the 7th January, 1984, a few of the Club went to the National Dinner in Derby to cheer on Phil Mason and Carol Gandy of the San Fairy Ann and saw Beryl Burton collect her 25th Ladies B.A.R. Championship. The rest of us were content to ride down to Framfield on the Sunday and see the Editor collect the ESCA Ladies B.A.R. and make her President's speech. Of course, there were a couple of exceptions who managed to do both but no guesses to who they are.

At the K.C.A. Dinner the following weekend any ideas of reducing the bulges so that the new skinsuit would fit were quickly banished from one's mind as the waitresses offered everyone extra of almost every course. After a most enjoyable meal everyone sat back to listen to the speeches, except for one person, an Association President who managed to go to sleep during a most interesting response for the Association given by the newly elected President for 1984, Les Hayman. Perhaps it was all that extra potato that did it? Even so, the party in question did manage to wake up in time for the prize presentation and dance, which took the usual form of a disco. As it is not always

necessary to have a partner for disco dancing, nor are there any set steps, more people tend to get onto the dance floor but there are still a few who prefer not to make fools of themselves and so remain on the edges. Although he didn't dance at the KCA it was noticed that one of the Hastings' members did take the plunge at the Eastbourne Dinner three weeks later.

Finally, with the signature tune of the Winter Olympics still ringing in our ears, Paula Crofts organised a trip to Streatham Ice Rink. Although no one was quite up to the standard of Torvill and Dean they all had a good time and there were no major injuries except for a few bruises and some aching legs the following day.

Well, all it remains for me to do is to wish everyone a successful and trouble free season.

Mis-Anony-Mouse.

G.T.C. HALLSHAM & DISTRICT SECTION

I suppose it is true to say that we have been eating and drinking rather than cycling recently. On December 18th we were well represented at the D.A. Christmas Lunch held at Ripe Village Hall. This proved to be a jolly affair and it seems that some who attended found the way home rather confusing. Enjoyable as this event was our own Section New Year Lunch on February 12th seemed to take "pride of place". The ladies did their usual transformation act of the Harris Room at Stone Cross Memorial Hall and served a most enjoyable meal to the thirty members who attended. Beforehand some of the company sampled the brew at a local hostelry whilst the ladies found that glasses of wine in the kitchen helped enormously in the preparation of the meal all of which did something to enliven the proceedings. Ray Wickens was the winner of the attendance points competition and received the "North Cup" whilst Ray Gearing was the runner up, both were presented with Johnny Helms cartoon books. Presentations were also made to other members who had given service to the Section. We are looking forward now to our Section Slide Show and Tea on March 5th, which will see the end of our social season.

In between times we have managed some 'cycling' as well as some walking. Several of our members took part in the D.A. freewheeling competition which was held on the morning of the Lunch, whilst the ramble on January 15th attracted sixteen walkers and two dogs. Talking of walking, we have a contingent entered in the Seven Sisters Marathon to be held on February 25th, which should perhaps provide some material for our next set of BONK notes.

Tourist

Not a very good start; it looks like I am going to be late with my first set of BONK notes. Ah well, all I need do is copy what Mick used to do so well and say something to the effect of, "With the 24 hour races just five months away, you can be sure that the attractive lithe figure of Esther Carpenter is busy putting the miles in ready for competition" (good enough?). (Oh yes, very smooth! Maurice usually says "Fatty's gone out for a ride". Mrs. Ed.).

Premier event of the past few months was the Club Dinner at the Boship on February 12th. With John 'Phoenix' Pratt drafted in as a last minute replacement speaker and the old man giving the response, the speeches went well with the lively cross-toasting. Another good do, prepared by Graham Seymour who surely deserves more credit for his work than he gets.

I suppose the best thing to do is to give a run down of the Lewes' antics this winter ... here goes.

In an attempt to rival Chequers Travel, eleven Wanderers travelled to Chent in November for the Six Day at a price which turned out, over the weekend, to be £15 cheaper than Chequers could offer. A word of congratulations to Tony Deacon's girlfriend, Sue, who not only put up with us lot for the weekend but also understood what was going on in the Madison straight off! The sea was a bit choppy, giving rough sailings. It was just like being at Crowboro' fair!

For services rendered in the field of satisfying cyclists (!), Vanessa Attwood was this year awarded the Merit Cup. Not only is Vanessa the wife of Club B.A.R. Andrew and mother of former Club B.A.R., Clive, she is also an excellent cook and with the help of her friend with the blonde hair whose name escapes me, she has cooked and served several after race lunches for the hungry Lewes crowd at the clubroom.

We managed good crowds at both the SCA and ESCA Luncheons. The old man once again brought the house down at the SCA do at Staplefield and all, except Mick Kilby and his wife, from the Club rode to the venue. We had two qualifiers in the SCA B.A.R. Andrew Attwood achieving a fine second and Matthew Rabbetts fourth.

Apart from being my Mum's 21st birthday, January 8th was also the day of the ESCA Luncheon. A good time was had by all, even if the guest speaker seemed a strange choice for a time trialling do. It was good to see Brian Phillips attending and retaining his links with ESCA. It's great to have a real cyclist of Brian's quality coming from ESCALAND and I'm sure we're all very proud of him. (Creep). Several members qualified for the B.A.R. ... Mick R. 12th, Ian Landless quite low down, Mick B. similar and Matthew R. 3rd. Simon Barnes collected his trophy for fastest junior in the last 25. Must be due to his training partner.

Throughout the winter clubruns have been held, with one run for the southern section of the Club starting from Lewes and one run for the better class and more disciplined northern section starting from Crowborough. This has led to a competition to see which run has the most out each Sunday. One unfortunate incident however was that of Simon Barnes coming off his bike into the path of a moped, resulting in Simon and the old chap involved going to Cuckfield Hospital. Rumours are rife in the Lewes camp

that the cause of young Barnes' spill was that of direct sabotage from the V.C. Toiletts as the rider next to Simon was Gary Sims! All joking aside, it was a complete accident but shows the need for greater bike control at all times from Club cyclists or else we will increasingly become the road users worst enemy.

The Rovers annual trip to Calshot organised by Ray Prior and John Pratt of Eastbourne was once again patronised by the Club. In attendance from Lewes were Ian Burgess (yes, and actually on a bike!), Simon Barnes, J.R. Brenchley, Karen and Dave Sims, Paul Higginson, Myself and the great Gordon Higginson. After a few tentative laps from the beginners, a good time was had by all - even Ian Burgess, who showed he hadn't ridden a bike for ages by falling off. A small word of thanks is due here to Gordon H. and Mick Burgess who rescued us Crowboroughites after my car broke down near Portsmouth on the way home.

Is it true that, not happy with just epitomising Compo from 'Last of the Summer Wine', Brian Rex has now taken to wearing Nora Batty's old socks?

By the time BONK is published, Terry Jenkinson and Brenda Bradshaw will have started a new life as Mr. & Mrs. Terry Jenkinson. Congratulations and best of luck from all the Club go to them both. Sadly this entails a move up to the frozen north so the Club has lost Brenda, it's Treasurer. A new face was summoned to Office at the A.G.M. and from the cast of thousands Phil King was the lucky fella. The A.G.M. was also noticeable for the lack of 'Any Other Business' and so we finished before 10p.m., much more like it!

The miles have been stacked in by the Club's likely lads. John Bridger is riding to and from work - Lewes to Eastbourne, and Simon Barnes, Crowborough to Lewes. I hope they realise it is only winter and the season is only six months long. Also remember the saying 'Those who start fast, fade fast'. (How profound! Surely not one of your very own thoughts, Rear End. Mrs. Ed.).

Tony Deacon took a break from training recently (in December!) to go delivering for the G.P.O. over Christmas, no doubt to discuss more training schedules with 'Postman Pat' Attwood. All was well until the really big day - Christmas Eve, when Tony overslept and the G.P.O. had to phone him to wake him.

December 27th was the day of the 'general apathy dinner' so named because so little interest was shown in it beforehand. Alas, as Ivor Biggun discovered of the Hastings, every Club must have it's share of party poopers. Nevertheless, ten happy souls rode to the Foresters in East Hoathly and partook of a splendid meal. The group included Ian Burgess, who despite spending most of Christmas Day kneeling over a piece of Royal Doulton, was out on his bike for the second time in a month (a comeback?). For just six pounds per head the meal was well worth it, so next year, all you party poopers, pull your fingers out and 'get down on it'.

Nearly forty hardy souls took part in the Club's annual gut-bashing handicap road race in January over Ashdown Forest and via several steep sided valleys between Eridge and Lewes. The 100K reliability trial only attracted half last year's record number but I suppose last year's diverse weather conditions exaggerated the course and it's gradients so as to put riders off this time. Of the Club's schoolboys the majority made it round, including Paul Gibbons, Steven Owles, Chris Chambers, Olly Davies and Peter Jupp - congratulations to them. The event had an added bonus, to me

at least, of riding a totally smashed Barnes into the ground - a rare feat.

Fears are growing here in jet-setting Crowborough over the safety of yet another clubmate who is sinking into the clutches of a hot-blooded female. With the sad fall and demise of Ian Burgess, hopes are fading fast for the future appearance of South Coast Star, Martin White. His non-showing on clubruns has been put down to him burning the candle at both ends, a dangerous occupation in Martin's case, for considering his torso he cannot have a lot to burn! ESCABods will remember him, he is the one with tucks in his overshoes.

The first winner of the 'Zonca Brashaw' Trophy, donated to the Club by Brenda in memory of Nick, was a man truly of the Zonca mould - Gordon Higginson. Like Nick, Gordon is a trier in the real sense of the word and just like Nick used to be, Gordon is always found smiling. He is the sort of man, like Nick, you could never imagine getting angry - a worthy winner.

Lewes' domination of the C.T.C. Freewheeling Competition continues. It is now three winners in the past four years, with Paul Cornford romping home an easy winner for the Club at Friston Pond in February. Past winner Ian Landless was there to shout him on but winner two years ago, Matthew Rabbetts, was missing, not having recovered from the Club Dinner the night before.

Talking of Ian Landless, he should know by now that his clubmates always take him at his word. At a recent Committee meeting Ian mentioned how he needed to take enough money over the bar at his daughter's wedding reception to get a discount and would we mind helping him out over this. So, to Ian's astonishment (he must have been astonished, he bought us a drink), half a dozen of us 'Crowborough Disco Bazzlers' turned up at the reception in Eastbourne to liven things up!

Just before I close, this one should appeal to Compo Rex and most of the Brighton Brawl. Heard in a local Whitbread house after a particle was found in the beer.

Local: "Maybe it's a hop leaf?"

Landlord: "No chance, not in our beers!"

Don't train too hard --- Till next time,...

Rear End

Following the last issue which I read all the way through I must say how much I like the 'Lewes Wanderers Bonk'.

Wally 2

Editors notes:

Sometimes we fall on our knees offering prayers of gratitude for the Lewes Wanderers contributions to Bonk. They're a magazine editor's dream. Even those who don't write for us are thoughtful enough to behave so insanely that they provide material for the budding authors among them.

On your bike -for a healthy sex life-

from JOHN KERR Turin

GET ON your bike . . . if you want your sex life to improve. That is the advice from Professor Arcelli of Turin University. "And," he said, "it will take no more than three miles of gentle pedalling a day."

The 42-year-old professor, who cycles eight miles a day to and from his office, said: "My own sex life has always been good."

It has taken five years of research for the professor to reach his conclusions and he has been helped by doctors Giovanni Tredici and Ferruccio Ferrara, both of Ferrara University and both experts in the science of athletics and the reaction of the body to exercise.

Also helping the professor was Italy's world cycling champion Francesco Moser, whose good looks have made him a heart-throb with female fans on the Continent.

"But," said the professor, "you do not have to be as fast as Moser. Slow, gentle pedalling is all that is needed. It burns up the fat, the heart beats faster, pumping blood over the system and revitalising the heart and the organs. "The act of balancing on two wheels and being alert to other people on the road exercises the brain and thus the act of pedalling produces the chemical endorphine in the brain."

"This promotes a good feeling and with it comes the sex urge. The completely revitalised body and brain is ready for it and reacts favourably."

One warning from the professor . . . do not cycle rapidly or furiously. That, he says, will merely bring on a feeling of tiredness, burn up body sugars and destroy the sex drive.

The theory that cycling is beneficial to one's sex life has been propounded several times in recent years and I thought it was time to get some really expert opinions on the matter so I contacted some of the regular readers of BONK and asked them a few personal questions.

The first person who sprang to mind was KEN STEVENS. After all, he's got opinions about everything! Unfortunately he was 'not available' but I think he was

probably out doing three miles of gentle pedalling as his charming, nymphomaniac wife, IRIS, confided, "HE HAS NEVER LET ME DOWN YET!".

Then I thought about SPIDER DUNFORD. He's a thoughtful, sincere person and I was confident that he would be able to tell us if the theory bore any truth or not. He said, "I'M NOT SURE WHAT CYCLING HAS DONE FOR ME BUT THE HEADACHE PILLS I BOUGHT JOYCE HAVE HELPED A LOT."!

CHARLES ROBSON was next on my list. His quotes to date this year include the following gems:

"WOULD YOU LIKE SOME MORE WHILE I'M STILL UP?"

(Eastbourne Rovers Dinner - 1984)

"CAN YOU START COMING QUICKLY PLEASE!" (Kent V.T.T.A. Lunch - 1984)

"I'M STILL GOOD FOR SIX HOURS EVEN AFTER A 24". (Can't remember the place - 1984)

Charles refused to commit himself regarding the quality of his own sex life (after all, it could well have involved time that should have been devoted to taking photos of cafes!!), but offered the following advice:- "When mounting a town bike take special care when wearing shoes that have been newly soled as the shiny leather is inclined to slip off the pedals and rather nasty injuries incurred (at least, I think that's what he meant), to important parts of the anatomy. And to those riders who try to leap on from the rear, Charles says "DON'T! Throw your leg across in a similar fashion to mounting a horse".

I must have a word with Maurice. I'm sure he's been cycling furiously and rapidly lately!

Esther

The RTTC National A.G.M. was held over the first weekend of December at a motel on the outskirts of Oxford which had several advantages over the previous venue at Derby. Not least in being only seventy miles from home instead of one hundred and forty. This, Pete and I decided, was a feasible ride if the weather was not too grotty, particularly as we would be able to cadge a lift home in the District Sec's big Volvo estate car.

On the Saturday morning at 10 when I met Pete, there was a cracking frost but the sun was bright, the sky was blue and there was a faint drift from the south east. It couldn't have been better. The first couple of hours saw us in single file for much of the way as we traversed some uninspiring and familiar stockbroker belt - Cobham, Chobham and Ascot. But then the lanes became more rural and less trafficky and soon we were crossing the A4 at Knowl Hill. Shortly after that we were freewheeling down the hill into Henley and within that couple of minutes of inactivity the cold penetrated my thermal socks and overshoes. The knock was approaching and a few miles further on I managed to persuade Pete that a free house at Stonor would be a good place to stop before the climb over the Chilterns.

During the hour and a half we were in the pub there were only two other customers even though there was a fine selection of real ales and a more than adequate menu including such local delicacies as venison sausages and pigeon pie. After lunch we emerged to find that everywhere in the shade was still encrusted with frost and the road surface was treacherous being shiny wet in places and shiny ice in others. I was considerably revived by my refreshments and I was able easily to keep pace with Pete who was suffering from a pint of Breakspears in each leg. However in no time at all we were skirting Oxford and Pete decided that at 15mph the A34 is the most boring road in the country although it is good for a 25mph finish to 50s and 100s in the summer. The sun was just setting as we reached the motel and Pete remembered what he had come without. Apparently on all their tours his wife Sue is responsible for carrying and packing the toilet articles, so he had to pop into the corner shop to buy a toothbrush!

An hour after arriving we had spruced ourselves up and we were in the lounge meeting the delegates from the other districts many of whom we had not seen for twelve months. Incidentally the 1983 London South delegates came from the East Grinstead, Crawley Wheelers, East Surrey R.C. and Central Sussex, and I could not help but compare this with a decade ago when the suburban clubs were in control of the District, and the clubfolk south of Redhill were treated as poor relations.

As usual the A.G.M. on the Sunday was a businesslike affair with the Chairman commencing proceedings at 0900 precisely. The first half of the morning was taken up debating the National Committee's Annual Report, a most informative document about the state of the sport of time trialling, and I can recommend you to read the copy which your Club Secretary holds. Several interesting subjects were discussed not least the use of warning signs on main road courses. After a fatal accident on the A1 in Yorkshire the authorities there recommended the use of temporary warning signs - contrast this with the Kent police who forbid the erection of any signs on their roads. The signs being tried

in Yorkshire are the standard hazard sign (an exclamation mark in a red triangle) with the words A CYCLE RACE AHEAD or CYCLE RACE END underneath as appropriate. A good idea? Not mentioned in the report are the facts that the signs are six feet high, twenty five are needed on the course and each requires two hundredweight sandbags to stop them being blown over by passing juggernauts! The poor event promoter needs a heavy goods vehicle to take the signs round the course.

Many delegates took exception to the paragraph reporting on "joint talks with the CTC and BCF", which have got as far as considering closer links on items of common interest such as cyclists rights, legal aid and insurance. The National Committee has indicated it's intention of continuing these talks with a view to ascertaining the precise costs involved. The meeting agreed there was no harm in that, but told the National Committee quite clearly that it must not commit the RTTC to amalgamation. The general feeling was that the RTTC caters for the time trialling fraternity most efficiently and economically, providing the maximum amount of participation and enjoyment for riders and administrators at the minimum of cost. No one could envisage the RTTC followers benefitting from amalgamation and all could see the financial advantage to the BCF of gaining a hold over all racing and touring cyclists.

From an agenda which included few radical or controversial propositions I pick out three for comment. Firstly Rule 22 was amended so that District Committees can fine professionals who break RTTC Rules and Regulations. It is claimed that this power is necessary because suspending a pro could deprive him of his livelihood, but what is going to happen to a pro who refuses to pay a fine? However in my opinion what is sauce for the pros should also be sauce for the amateurs - after all the RTTC aims to become an open sport and introducing differences at this stage doesn't seem logical. Also I am sure that many of our amateurs would prefer to pay a £100 fine rather than suffer a six months suspension. On the other hand if fines become standard punishment this might encourage the less scrupulous riders to indulge in taking pace and other forms of cheating where the chances of being caught and fined are slight and thus likely to be profitable. I doubt whether this new rule will survive unaltered for many years.

My second comment concerns a proposition which was not passed. Rather suprisingly the meeting did not agree to delete the requirement that shorts (and the equivalent part of skinsuits) be dark coloured. Perhaps the sport is not ready for Union Jack shorts or skinsuits in eye-catching colours all over but the decision effectively outlaws shorts with white or coloured side stripes which are quite smart and acceptable throughout the rest of the cycling world. Personally I hope RTTC event officials turn a blind eye to side stripes again in 1984.

Thirdly riders will not be allowed to fold their fluorescent body numbers to reduce the size below 8" x 8". Such a regulation should not have been necessary but events have shown that we do have a lunatic minority who given conspicuous rear numbers for their own safety then reduce their effectiveness by hiding as much of the fluorescent background as they can get away with. "Cyclists are their own worst enemy" is one saying pretty close to the truth!

Other changes to the Rules and Regulations will have little effect on most of the riders in 1984. For instance I don't suppose many of them will even realise that they

have been timed with an electronic timer with digits only 5mm high instead of the 6mm previously required.

When the meeting closed on Sunday afternoon I got home in about one quarter of the time our outward journey had taken, so you will see we were successful in getting a lift. However sometimes speed is not the sole criterion and I have to admit I am looking forward to the ride to Oxford next December and I am sure we can find a different interesting route each year at least until the end of the century.

Insider

In spite of his domestic problems plus too much work (see BONK December, 1983) AND taking photos and interviewing waitresses for his cafe series, Charles Robson has very kindly taken to perusing his daily paper to find interesting little bits of information that the rest of us may have missed and sending them to be reproduced in BONK. The comments beside each item are Charlie's except when they're mine. (Mrs. Ed.)

Anybody want

CHAIN letters usually fill me with horror but my glamorous assistant, Rosie, hasn't stopped chuckling since she received this one:

This letter was started by a woman like yourself in hopes of bringing relief to other tired and discontented women. Only, unlike most chain letters, this one does not cost anything.

Just send a copy of this letter to 11 of your good friends who are equally tired and discontented. Then bundle up your husband or boyfriend and send him to the woman whose name appears at the top of the list.

When your name appears on top of the list

16,877 men?

You will receive 16,877 men—and one of them is bound to be a hell of a lot better than the one you already have!

Do not break this chain... have faith.

One woman broke the chain and got her husband back.

At this writing, a friend of mine has already received 184 men.

They buried her yesterday but it took three undertakers 36 hours to get the smile off her face.

Beside this story Charles had written 'how to get rid of hubby'. So I rushed around to find a box big enough to put Maurice in and then started typing eleven letters. Suddenly I had a horrible thought. Supposing I woke up one morning to find 16,877 Charles Robson look-alikes in my front garden all waving large tin mugs and demanding tea - IMMEDIATELY! For the time being I have decided to keep the husband I've got.

CRISS CROSS BANDAGING!

VERY KINKY! (Charles)

Perils of pedal power

AFTER joggers' knee, tennis elbow and swimmers' ear comes the latest sporting illness—cyclists' nipples.

It's the official diagnosis of the American Olympic cycling team's medical consultant, Doctor Blake Powell who says sufferers become particularly susceptible when the wind

whips sweat-drenched clothing. "Nerve-packed nipples really feel the chill and can leave cyclists feeling very uncomfortable for up to eight days," says the good doctor.

He recommends stout cycling jackets or bandages criss-crossed over each nipple as a preventive measure.

TO HAVE, TOO OLD

Mohamed Aloo, aged 100, has married a girl of 1½ in a Muslim ceremony in North-East Kenya.

I wonder if he's a cyclist? And which one steers the tandem? (Charles)

MILES 'N' BITTER

Pensioner Albert Thompson, 72, clocks up 300 miles a week travelling from his home in Coventry... to visit his favourite three pubs in Wolverhampton.

Charles seems to think this one may be a cyclist too.

I'm writing this at the end of yet another wet, cold and miserable day in the depths of early February. Still, the evenings are getting lighter so I'll soon feel safe enough to wear out some more Elans over Ditchling Beacon each day - rather than letting the train take the strain.

The Saturday morning 'rambles' had only just started when I wrote for the previous issue of BONK, there have now been a total of no less than seventeen. For the statistically minded the average each week has been 11.375 riders, the maximum distance to 'elevenses' from Crawley, 47 miles, most riders out 18 and the most punctured during one ramble 10. In addition to the punctures (the record of ten was achieved with the help of a tractor driven hedge basher on Leith Hill) we seem to have had far more than our share of the usual mechanical failures. There have been, of course, the normal boring gear cables pulled through, cotterpins (?) loose, cranks crack, spokes break and brake levers fall off handlebars. But apparently that's not enough excitement for the young 'uns; they have slowly but surely worked their way through:

1. Front tub completely rolled off at speed - knotted itself round forks. (Paul James, unhurt).
2. Indestructible rear mudguard completely destroyed after catching on rear wheel. (Colin Tamon, unhurt).
3. Two indestructible mudguards completely destroyed after catching in front and rear wheels. (Ashley Harding hurled off, somewhat dazed. Luckily Paul Lipscombe just happened to have a 'Playboy' centrefold stuffed in the front of his jersey and this revived Ashley sufficiently to get him back to Horsham).
4. Rear gear broke in half. (Tim Goddard, unhurt). Luckily Rex had a chain link extractor that day, otherwise we'd still be riding ten yards and putting the chain back on.
5. Another rear gear broken in half. (Ashley Holding, unhurt). No Rex around on this ramble but luckily a passing tourist had a link extractor. Ashley discovered later that day that the back axle had broken too!

And all this activity finally culminated in the totally ultimate excitement of Ashley's (yes, him again) frame breaking for some magic reason, while we were gently rolling along at fifteens in a quiet lane near Washington (England). The resemblance to a circus act was complete. The down tube broke, so front and rear wheels slowly parted as the top tube bent until eventually the outer chainring started sparking on the road. This completely ground away a dozen or so of Campag's best teeth and slowed the whole thing down for Ashley to do a relatively slow motion fall to one side. Rex insisted on him maintaining this horizontal position while he took official photographs for the records.

Ron remarked later that nothing used to happen during rambles in the olden days and how boring they must have been with the participants not really knowing what they were missing!

I've just got back from the eighteenth ramble to finish writing this piece - they're running true to form still! Paul Lipscombe's frame cracked on this one and he also got drenched having lost his balance whilst carefully negotiating the ford (ford would be

more accurate) at Fairwarp. To be fair though, the catastrophes have not been totally confined to rambles. Colin's frame also broke while he was out training and I think he had a seat pin break at some other time too. Disasters aside however the rambles have been the usual total success with good company and good food to be had at cafes all over Sussex and Surrey and a most enjoyable Christmas visit to Dragons Green.

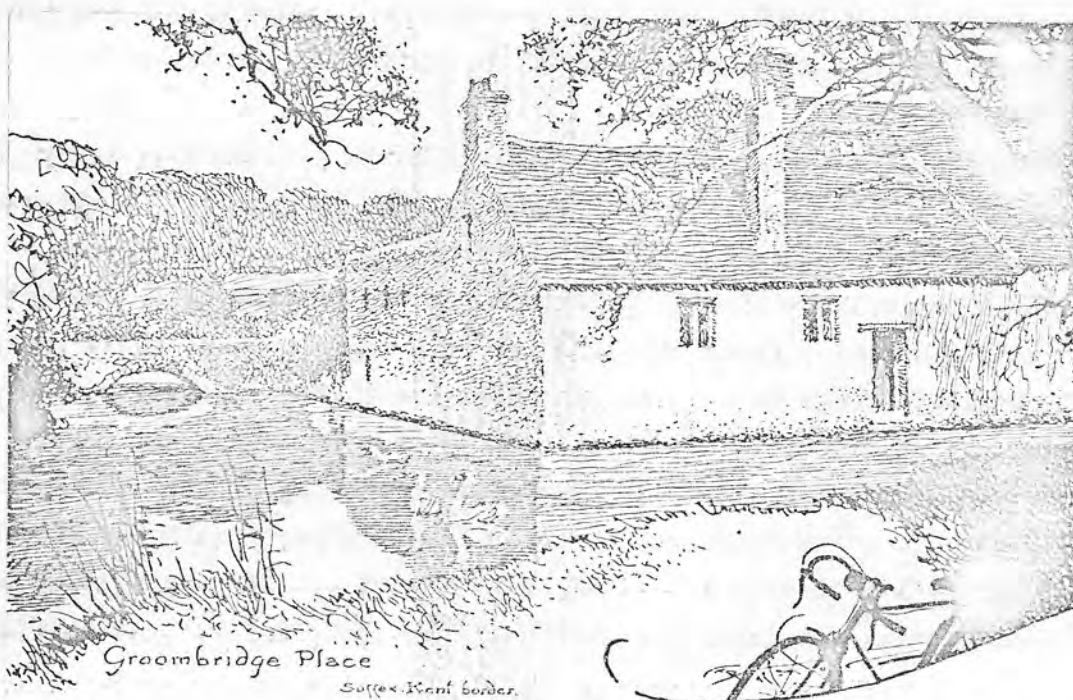
Talking of the festive season, Gary Moore won the Christmas 10 but Paul Lipscombe stole the day looking absolutely stunning (it was the suspenders, I think) in drag. He managed a twenty four, too, but rumour has it that he may possibly have taken a short cut.

January saw a lucky seven off abroad for a skiing trip. They were Keith and Pat, Colin, Gary, Paul James, Roger and Ashley. Ask any of them about it and they immediately beam with happy memories so I'm sure they all had a great time. I think they'd all like to go for three weeks next year instead of two - especially Colin and Roger who had to tear themselves away and come home after just one week this time.

Arrangements are complete for the Club Dinner tonight (February 11th). A new venue this time - the Red Lion at Ashington. At the last count there were around seventy going with the guest speaker to be Keith Butler of Surrey League fame. Sounds good.

'til next time.

Rambler



BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.

The Club is proud to have as members the TANDEM CLUB BEST ALL ROUNDERS (1983). Richard Holkham, with sixteen year old Simon Merricks as stoker, riding last season as a team for the first time will be presented with their trophy at the Tandem Club Dinner on 4th March 1984. As well as winning the B.A.R., they also set a new 30 mile tandem record of 1.1.20. It is unfortunate that their season was brought to an abrupt close when Richard had a serious accident.

Our 1984 season started with a restricted gear event on the Falmer 10 course and Chris Chapman, riding his new Geoffrey Butler, was the victor with a 27.43. Martin Penfold was second with 27.45 and Roger Hughes crossed the line with a flat tub to record 28.03. A further event on restricted gear will be held on Saturday, 10th March. We should have been using the Steyning course for these events but traffic lights and road works forced a last minute change.

The Stringers now have the Steyning course on their doorstep. One reason for the move was to give Rick a chance to get some extra miles riding to work and what with having a staircase to run up and down, Mike Gibbs circuit training classes will no longer be necessary.

Chris Beckingham is out in Portugal with an organised cycle tour - no doubt hoping to come back fit and bronzed just to show the rest of us up on the Easter Tour of the Cotswolds.

Winter clubruns have been so well attended that landlords are now begging us to ring them in advance of our arrival (not so that they can lock the doors but to get in extra supplies). We have three regular supporters from Sussex University, David Fraser, Peter Kastner and John with the big legs (it's pretty obvious he comes from Derby as he often gives the girls a welcome push up the hills).

The Club Dinner seemed to meet with everyone's approval, although there were a few criticisms of the food/waitresses from certain quarters. The Pump and Fluck Band started by announcing that they thought they were coming to the Brighton Excelsior Bicycle Club do NOT THE BI-SEXUAL CLUB which gives an indication of the gear some of the chaps were wearing! I'm not sure how many proposals young Christopher had but I must admit he looked quite fetching in his little pink number - that is until he tried to walk! Highlight of the evening was Craig's birthday present from his parents - they sent him a KISS-O-GRAM belly dancer. One of the brighter chaps had to show Craig where to put his hands and I think the majority of those present at the Dinner enjoyed Craig's 21st as much as he did. By the end of the evening few were dancing in a straight line and there were a lot of bruises evident for days after. The dance floor has never been so crowded at an Excelsior function before. We had the variety of the folk-dance and the rather more loud "Count Jump and the Rhythm Vampires" provided by our very own Charlie Chandler of Coronation Street and his pals. The Committee have discovered that most people are in favour of much the same next year but perhaps asking the Imperial Hotel to provide a menu tailored to our own choice.

The photographic competition closes next week and after Chris Peet has judged the winner of the SPORT and WINTER sections, there will be a slide show of the entries and an illustrated talk on China by Roger Discombe who visited that country by bike last Sept-

ember.

Other winter activities at the clubroom have been the lectures given by Roy Whitehead, followed by a run. Roy's talks have been most informative and he has had a captive audience each week. We all hope the guidance given will benefit us in the forthcoming racing season and several individuals have asked Roy to prepare them a complete training schedule. Roy is now waiting for an examiner to come from the coaching scheme and then he should be entitled to wear the official Coach's badge - and well deserved, too, in our opinion.

An Auction of people's unwanted bike bits and other bric-a-brac was held at the clubroom (I suggest you invite the Central Sussex C.C. to attend your next auction sale as they are obviously in need of an alternative source of equipment. See pp 11 & 12 of this issue. Mrs. Ed.), and apart from making £43.20 for club funds, it proved a really entertaining evening with Craig acting as Chief Auctioneer and at the last minute upping the bid for anything he wanted for himself. The Professor (Peter Knight) closely examined seat pins, saddles and pumps before recklessly bidding his 10p. He was challenged by young Nicholas who used his pocket money to get together some equipment for the new track frame bought for him for his birthday. With little used tyres going at 30p and Campag gears for 50p there were some real bargains. Highest bid of £4 was made for a Greenspot Nomad jacket and with Dick H. Jones withdrawing at £3.60, J.P. managed to secure the garment. Angela from the Worthing Excel. was able to acquire some household items and Paul some reading material so one can tell who will be doing what in their home! With Rick slumped in an armchair at the back of the hall and Val in a wing chair at the front, they did not realise they were bidding against each other and ended up paying £2.50 for the same book! Apart from moving junk around from one stable to another, it was really good fun and will definitely go on the agenda for next social season.

Ropey Rider

Although Percy Bliss, a Life Member of the Hastings & St. Leonards Cycling Club, ceased active cycling some years ago, there must still be a number of Association members who remember him well and will be sad to learn that he died on December 15th, 1983. Percy was interested in all facets of the sport (except for mass start) and worked indefatigably for it. He is possibly best remembered as a founder member of the Kent and Sussex Fellowship but he should also be remembered with gratitude for work within the East Sussex Cycling Association in it's early days.

A 2 UP EVENT - part II

(In the last edition of BONK we left our heroes rescuing their craft and progressing by an alternative means of propulsion - paddle power not pedal power - and in this concluding episode we follow them on their journey down river.)

Still not to worry - so off we went. The method of construction with all the paddle wheels now made it hard work to get it along but with the help of the tide we made good progress. Geoff had a good seat but I was sitting on the squashed bike with a pedal digging into my back. We were very careful not to move too much in case we got another ducking.

We noticed the other crew members were not following us along the river bank and I thought we were going to have to complete the journey on our own. As we approached the footbridge near the cement works I saw someone lower a bucket into the river, it was hauled up full of water. I guessed it was going to be dumped on us and I was not disappointed. As we went under the bridge it was emptied over me - still, I was wet already so it didn't make much difference.

We passed the cement works and after quite a long time we saw the others on the bank. My arms were aching, I had a blister on my hand and my backside was numb. I wished there were some hills to honk up to relieve the tension. We eventually got a crew change - Bernard and Peter took over once again with the rest of us following on the bank.

The craft was going faster now, not through the efforts of the crew but because the tide had speeded up. One more crew change was made and it was left up to Richard and Alan to 'sprint' to the finish. We dragged the 'thing' out of the river and flung it into the van and off we went home. Keith's team did very well and finished high up in the field. We were nearly last.

When my wife opened the door and saw me standing there - wet and muddy - the look on her face was a sight to see. I thought she was going to shut the door in my face. I quickly stripped off and got into yet another tub, but this one had hot water in it. How nice it was to relax in it's warmth.

I later sorted out my filthy clothes and found the money that was in my pocket. The pound notes were a soggy mess and I said I was going to hang them on the clothes line to dry. My wife said, "you're not. The neighbours will think we're counterfeiters". I settled for laying them out in newspaper to dry. I have learnt one lesson, in future I shall carry pound coins, not notes.

From start to finish it was an enjoyable day and I thoroughly enjoyed the event. Roll on next year when we hope to beat Keith's team and 'I can get a few miles in on the river'. Keith and I are still mates!

A. Nomad

It is frightening to think that by the time these ramblings are in print many of us will have begun racing. The season is so close I can faintly smell the embrocation from here. Looking back on the '83 season it was quite a successful one for the Rovers, particularly for Simon Prior who took the lions share of the awards at the Club Dinner in February. The only Club event he did not win was the hillclimb which was taken by Gavin Smith. However Simon still did not topple Club Champion Cliff Sharp from top place on the podium, a position he has now held for twenty one consecutive years, and he begins the '84 season as a vet!

I feel I ought to make some comment on the replacement of the old 'Sharpmobile' with that new Volvo estate car but as disbelief subsides I am left dumbfounded. I believe the Volvo will have to last about forty years to equal the old faithful in terms of miles per pound spent. Perhaps now he is a vet Cliff finds he needs the extra comfort.

Fast veteran Jim Fuller has sadly followed the example of his sons by selling his racing bikes in favour of a sailboard. Rumour has it, though, that he is doing more miles than ever and has ordered an RTTC Handbook, so we will have to wait and see. I see that another of our Bexhill contingent, Dave Pickard, is seeded number one in a local table tennis tournament. He is obviously a man with more than one string to his bow and is not to be challenged lightly to a game of 'ping-pong' at the clubroom.

About one hundred members and guests attended an enjoyable Dinner in pleasant surroundings at the Afton Hotel, very good value at just £5. The meal was followed by a disco (never to everyone's taste). Steven Willis organised a successful raffle, no doubt ensuring he gets the job next year again. Guest speaker was Paul Wingrave (Tony Doyle's manager) who congratulated the prizewinners and proposed a toast to the Club. After the prizes had been presented by Dorothy Humphrey, Bill Collins called upon Stan Nash and Roy Humphrey to come forward to receive their Life Membership medals. It was good to see the Ladies Rose Bowl had been dusted off again after several years of non use, Jane Lade being a worthy recipient. John Pratt had a surprise award in the form of a half-wheel, complete with tub and mounted on a wooden plinth. This he apparently earned for his enthusiasm on clubruns. After a close fought battle with Jon Cooper, Andy Leach (now a father) clinched the cyclo-cross Championship and now holds the trophy which Stu Greenway kindly donated. It was expected that Dave Dunbar would be a serious contender this year as he was seen to be training as early as July by riding the Lewes Kermesse beside the main bunch on the rough grass verge!

Other members have cleaner ways of keeping fit during the winter and can be seen as gasping heaps strewn on the clubroom floor, twisting, straining and steaming whilst being goaded by club Coach, Graham Lade.

Graham lets no part of his anatomy go unexercised and sets aside Wednesday nights for that often neglected but vital appendage - the gear changing hand. This is done in the time honoured manner by raising a glass vessel weighted with an amber liquid to a point just below the nose where it is tilted and lowered. It was during one such 'training session' that Graham was summoned to the bar at the Bulls Head at Boreham Street to receive a phone call from Jane, who was unable to enter her kitchen. The back door was locked

with the key on the inside and the door adjoining the kitchen and living room could only be opened a fraction. The reason for this was that Graham had recently fitted a door on a cupboard immediately behind the door to the kitchen. The cupboard door was hinged at the bottom and held closed by a magnetic catch which had failed in it's purpose, allowing the flap to fall thus preventing the kitchen door being opened! Graham pondered the problem while he continued to drink and came to the conclusion that a swift kick would remove the obstacle. However, by the time he got home Jane had patiently made a grappling hook from bent knitting needles and with a length of string had managed to lift the offending flap clear. Proving that brain is better than brawn!

One evening back in the summer, a small group of members left at the clubroom after most had gone home, were standing chatting, when a rather ample figure of a woman came bouncing through the door buttoning up her blouse. As she apologised for her appearance she asked "Are any of you young men into Shackling?". Well, how do you answer that? None of us knew what Shackling was but the concensus of opinion seemed to be that it was some sort of kinky bondage game. However, it transpired that Shackling is a high protein food supplement for athletes and she was an agent trying to get us interested in the product. She proceeded to tell us of all it's benefits and how it could cure anything from migraine to athletes foot. She said we could have a free sample if we called at her house in Milton Street. As this was just round the corner we all decided to go and see what she had to offer but we only came away with one tin between about ten of us. Simon Prior tried it before a hundred and did a personal best, while father, Ray, tried it and not to put it too crudely, his stomach rejected it in violent protest!

In October I visited the Dutson/Stokes residence in search of a timekeeper for the hillclimb and I was stunned to see Chris wearing racing shorts! My mind boggled at the implications but Pam soon put my mind at rest as she explained that he finds racing shorts the most comfortable thing to wear while lying on his bed watching television.

Several members have been training for the Seven Sisters Marathon. John Dutson, Stu Greenway and Dave Dunbar have been walking an increased mileage every other week for a couple of months or so and should complete the tough course without much trouble. Ray Wickens and myself hope to get by without any training so, if I am recovered by then, I will see you all at the ESCA 2 up.

Best wishes for the new season.

Benny Lux

EASTER TOUR 1983

April 1st, 6 a.m. and a small group of cyclists waited under the light of the pub sign. Was this an April Fool's joke, this stark reminder of what it's like to get up for those early season events? No, it was the 'Excel' about to embark on their traditional Easter tour, this year to the Isle of Wight. So, as we moaned about the early hour our tour organiser and runs leader, Craig Olive, got us under way. After a welcome breakfast stop at Nutbourne we were soon boarding the ferry, drinking our statutory cup of B.R. tea and gliding down the new planking of Ryde Pier. At the far end there was a lively exchange with a 'bolshie' B.R. barrier attendant who tried to dissuade us from going through the car barrier exit. Needless to say we ignored him except for one timid member who arrived behind having had trouble negotiating the eighth inch cracks between Ryde Pier boarding and had to be vociferously urged to 'go under'.

We decided to make straight to our hotel accomodation at St. Helens, get ourselves settled in and jettison the contents of our saddlebags. We all agreed at once that the hotel, situated on a hill overlooking Bembridge Harbour and commanding lovely views from every window, was going to be a very comfortable base from which to make our forays deep into the intimate and secret heart of the quiet byways and tracks of the springtime island.

The original eight who started from Shoreham now became ten with the addition of Richard and Julie on their tandem. After a relaxing meal and drink in the bar we set off for an afternoon ride. Contrary to all our fears the weather was fine and was to remain so for the four days of the tour. Soon we were doing our first stretch of rough stuff as we vibrated our way along the harbour causeway at Bembridge. After several more tracks and lanes we stopped in Ryde for threeses. Being reluctant to do the B road yet again we managed to find an alternative route back to the hotel via some sea-front esplanade, minor roads and tracks. This route then became the norm. The day's mileage, including the ride to the island, was about eighty. The evening was spent in the hotel bar eating and drinking and at length we retired with a satisfied feeling, induced in part by the mixture of beer and spirits.

The morning dawned fine and clear and at 9 a.m. we were tucking into a "full English breakfast". The hotelier seemed determined to keep up with our appetites and kept a constant supply of tea and toast coming until he'd got the measure of us. By 10 a.m. we were on our way for what turned out to be the longest and most enjoyable ride of the tour.

Riding into Brading we had our first bit of mechanical trouble as Paul Toppin discovered his left crank was falling off. This was soon rectified and a right hand turn brought us to the first lanes of the day, also the first hill, about 1 in 6! Soon we were well into our stride, plunging up and down, twiddling furiously (all were on fixed except for the tandem, Val and Judy) trying to see round the next bend! The high banks of the lane were studded with primroses, gelandine and other spring flowers. The air was fresh and cold but we were glowing from our efforts. Emerging from the lanes at Hale Common it was straight onto some tracks. These were reasonably dry, just a few fairly large puddles to be 'circumnavigated'.

Crossing the River Medina we started to climb through the lanes tucked away deep in the hills close to Chillerton Down. At this point we did find a rather boggy bridlepath but perserved into Shorewell. All this hard work and excitement had us feeling hungry and thirsty by now, so a lunch stop at Calbourne, four and a half miles away, was decided upon. However, this was to be no quick twenty minute ride, as it was to be via Brighstone Down, climbing to nearly seven hundred feet over this downland trackway. After a fairly hefty haul out of Shorewell which had the 'fixed' merchants panting like steam engines, we turned left for yet more climbing. Once on top the views were magnificent. One could see the distant outline of the Dorset coast. We would have savoured the scene longer but one was reminded of Masefield's lines in 'Sea Fever' - '... where the wind's like a whetted knife'. A perfect description of the north easterly which blew unabated across the top. From here it was all downhill to Calbourne and lunch.

After lunch we decided to look at 'Winkle Street' in Calbourne. A short row of quaint old cottages with a brook in front. After some group photographs and as we were about to depart, Richard Holkham noticed a gash in his front tyre through which the tube was poking. We quickly let some air out and decided to abandon the proposed route and make straight for Newport for a new tyre. This we duly did and whilst Dick changed his tyre several others got hooked on a cake shop and an orgy of exotic cream cakes was indulged in. The day's run finished by climbing continually for three miles over Arretton Down!! followed by a leg numbing twiddle into Brading. A stop for threeses found the group trying to slake their thirst on milk shakes and icecream. From here a short piece of disused railway line brought us nearly back to the hotel. The day's mileage was thirty five, seven having been down on tracks.

Craig said that he had heard on Radio Solent that a pub at Haverstreet some six and a half miles away had a jazz band playing that night. Everyone agreed that it was worth the effort so after an interval of a couple of hours, showered, rested and vaguely fresh, we set off. The ride seemed to cover every ridge possible but eventually we got there and piled into the pub. The band was a duo we were told by the landlord (in actual fact it was a trio). We got ourselves safely ensconced in a corner with pints and a good meal in front of us. At length a bass player walked in. "How do you get that under your chin?" asked Leon. "You learn", retorted said player. What ensued was both embarrassing and funny. The pianist and bass player might have been tolerable on their own but they were joined by a middle-aged woman vocalist dressed entirely in black who's face was set in an expression of utter distaste tinged with a leer. This expression was maintained for most of her 'numbers'. To make matters worse she resolutely banged a tambourine out of rythm. When a member of the audience (by now the pub was packed) joined her in a nauseating, self-indulgent rendition of 'Girl from Iponema' it was too much so we beat a hasty retreat. Outside it was pitch black and wet. Fortunately it was only a shower and virtually the only rain we experienced. On the ride back we considered some 'rough stuff' which Craig had 'done' and we had seen earlier. However on this occasion common-sense prevailed despite the alcoholic condition and we gave it a miss. When we attempted it on the morrow and encountered an eighteen inch deep morass around a corner and at the bottom of a drop, well.....

The next day was to be 'one of those days' as several said. We started out along the aforementioned track to the morass and a cry of "puncture" was heard from Rik. Almost simultaneously Paul Toppin discovered he had a 'flat'. While they put new tubes in, we all lay about enjoying the warm sunshine. Just as we were about to set off, Rik discovered his front tyre was also flat. And so another tube was put in. As he was finishing, Paul's replaced tube suddenly blew out. Next victim was Andrew Lock, then Craig. By now Craig was starting to get a persecution complex for having brought us along the track. The main problem in this delay was that we had arranged to meet Dick and Jean at a pub in Shalfleet for lunch and here we were barely on the roads and still getting punctures, six in all in four and a half miles. With the time at 12 noon and still fifteen miles to do we decided to make for the Sloop Inn at Wooton and phone Dick from there. Craig arranged to meet him in Newport and bring him back to the pub. We indulged in a Sunday roast and then lay outside sunbathing 'til Dick and Jean arrived. From here we went to have a look at Quarn Abbey then on to Ryde for tea and the 'route' home.

Later we set off to walk into Bembridge to find a meal and drinks. Returning to the hotel bar later, and since it was Frank's birthday on the following day this was an excuse (as if we needed one) for yet more drinks during which time Craig earned the name of the 'Pernod kid' from the landlord. A minute after midnight (yes the bar was still going strong) Frank was handed a card signed by the Club.

And so the final day dawned fine and clear. It was decided to go more or less straight to Ryde. We arrived back on the mainland at about 1 p.m. and to add a bit more interest to the ride home went via the Hayling Island ferry. The puncture bug was to strike again and Andrew Lock got one as we were nearing the A27. He put a new tyre in, repacked his tools, got ready for the off, only to discover it was flat again. Eventually, though, we were peddling freely home with a strong tail wind, feeling content but also looking forward to getting home after what had been a most enjoyable Easter tour.

Goldenlay

CLOSING DATE
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DO.

Looking forward to the racing season, I am, and I think 1984 promises to be a highly competitive season in Sussex.

Following a hint made by the Central Sussex last year that they intend to end our hold on the Sussex Team Championships I must mention a couple of people who may deny them that aim. Firstly, Nick Lelliott the Sussex 25 mile Champion last year is in the thick of training at the moment and hopefully will ride the track as well. The other rider I must mention is former Archer R.C. rider, Tony Goodsell, who joined us in January. Tony has already increased the competition in the Club and Paul Toppin has already gone grey with worrying. With Nick and Tony along with Paul, Richard Shipton and three or four others biting at their heels I feel we have a good squad for 1984.

Thanks to Paul West we are now members of the Surrey League and I believe that something like ten members are expected to ride.

On the track there is likely to be more of us yet again, Nick as I mentioned earlier plus several others are hopefully going to ride, which should make it about twelve members altogether.

In the build up to the season there has been a lot of enthusiasm from new members especially Mike Coyle and Richard Knight, both are very strong. Paul West as ever has been stacking the miles in and everyone seems to be slightly worried about Andy Smith who has been riding like a train lately.

There has been a huge response to the circuit training organised by 'Coachy' Gibbs, which began way back in November and finishes in March. There have been training runs on Saturdays and Sundays, normally totalling about a hundred miles over the two days as well as mid-week bashes.

In February three members returned to Calshott in the New Forest for a very competitive weekend on road and track in amongst some of the National Squad and the Southern Centre of Excellence. Also in February we hold our reliability trial over 50 and 100 kilometres. With a start number of nearly sixty just over half were able to get within their allotted time.

Two weeks later saw six members off in car and van, with bikes in the back, of course, to Epping Forest. Organised by yours truly, I was the only one to have any trouble and that was to find that my car carried on at 60 without having my foot on the accelerator. Fortunately Dick 'Hello Sailor' Wiseman, back from the sun-scorched Algarve for a month, was able to quickly fix it and so we carried on. A gloriously sunny but bitterly cold day it was and following a visit to Harlow Cycle Museum (well worth a visit) we continued the last few miles back to the Forest, then loaded up after a cup of tea and departed.

Lands End will be visited by seven members of the Club this year at two different times. In April, Keith Dodman, Mike Mansell, Paul Toppin and myself will be riding to Lands End and back in six days for some training but in July, Don Lock and John Mansell with the valuable assistance of Dave Hudson in his van, are to do a sponsored ride in aid of St. Barnabas Home in Worthing by riding from Lands End to John O'Groats in six days. Anyone who would like to sponsor them in aid of a good cause don't hesitate to contact either of them.

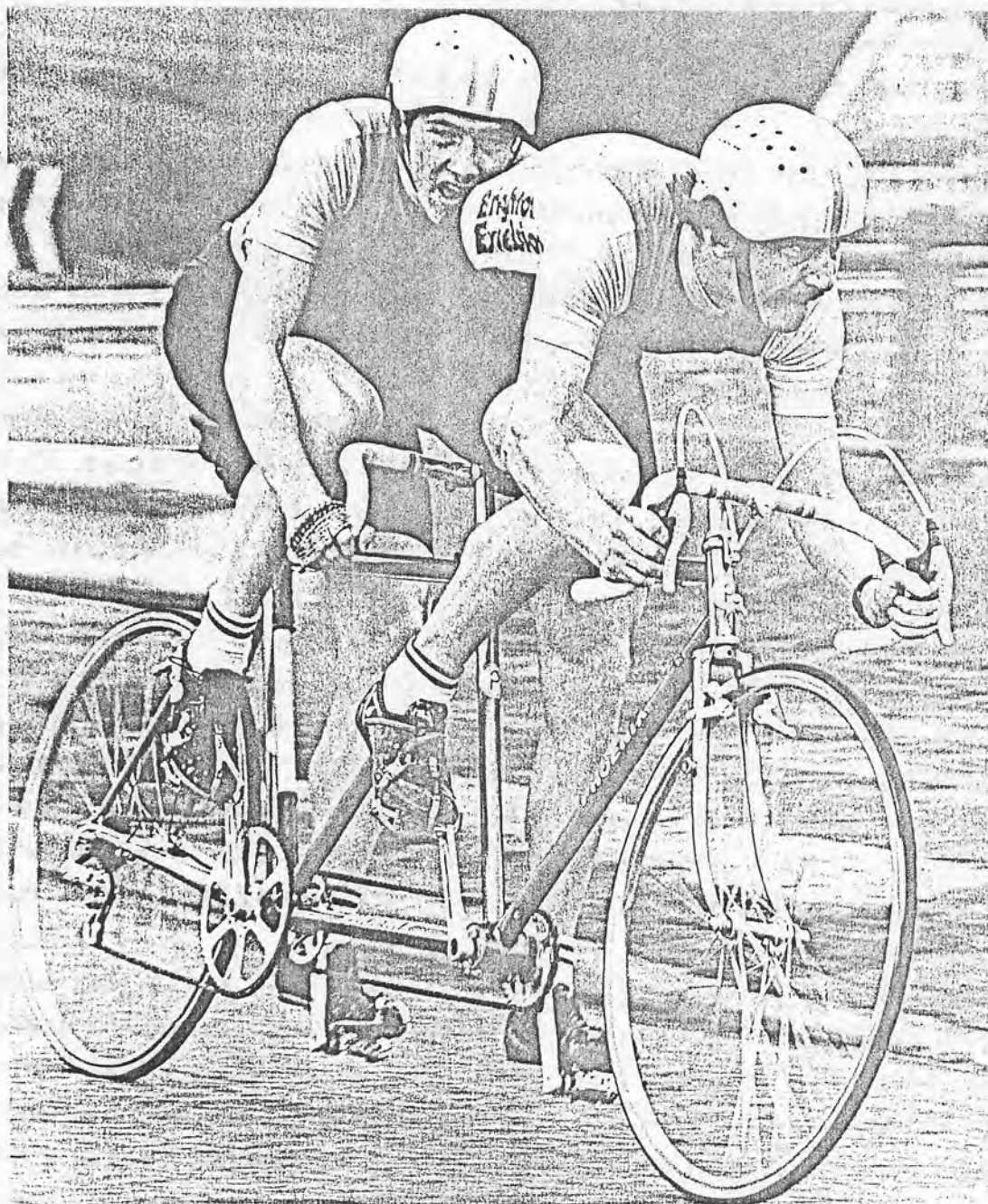
On to the racing season and I wonder who will win the SCA 2 up this year following last year's seven second victory over Paul Lipscombe and Cloin Tamon by our Paul Toppin and yours truly.

On April 7th we are holding a 3/J road race around the Ashurst circuit and on the 13th May we promote for the thirteenth consecutive time, the Ron Mills Open 25 on the G938.

Until next time, happy pedalling.

Wally 2

The picture below is a copy of a photocopied photo of Rick Holkham and Simon Merricks riding their tandem in the Southborough '10' in which they came 2nd with 21.6. We will be pleased to include pictures of other riders in the future (within reason - space is limited!) but please send the originals. (Photos, not riders.) They will be returned.



SUSSEX NOMADS

At this time of the year we can still dream about what we are going to achieve in the coming season and it is not until the first hill in the Hardriders that we realise it is going to be just as painful as last year.

At the recent Surrey/Sussex Vets Lunch one clever person said, "To enjoy the wine you must tread the grapes". So, those of you who have been treading the pedals getting in lots of miles, I hope the wine is O.K.

1983 did not turn out to be too bad for the Nomads. Vernon gained his VTTA standards at 10 and 25 miles and picked up some awards as well - first on standard in an ESCA 10, second on standard in an ESCA 25 and third on standard in the Navy 30. I got first on standard in an SCA 10 and finished off with a team award in a VTTA event on G938. Geoff stamped around to some good rides, finishing off with a '57' on P201 in a vets two-up. He was even seen on a 57" gear recently.

Sometimes I think it would be nice to have a few more riders in the Nomads but we will just have to do with those we have (at the Lewes Dinner we were described as that most exclusive Club!), although it is on the cards that we may expand slightly soon. In 1984 I am sure Keith Chandler is going to show us a thing or two as he is going well in training.

Alan ended up 1983 with two wins, one in a VTTA 25 and the other in the Redmon Grand Prix de Gentlemen, riding with his ex clubmate John Oakes (ex Brighton Mitre, that is).

Alan finally realised an ambition he had been nursing when he rode a Grand Prix de Gentlemen in France at Ivry le Temple. It was a very long weekend and he was joined by his nephew, Tony, who arrived in Brighton at Friday tea-time. After an early supper they got the late ferry from Newhaven and after an almost sleepless journey they drove directly to the village of Ivry le Temple whilst the roads were quiet.

After a look around they found a spot just outside the village and slept in the caravanette for a few hours but were woken up by a farmer working in the field and the French racing drivers off to work. It was also very cold. After a wash and brush up and breakfast over, they returned to the village green to await some English riders who were supposed to show them the course. After a walk around the village and lunch the others still hadn't shown up so our pair went off on their own. As it happened all was well as the course was marked with arrows on the road. At the end of the main street the course went right, slightly downhill for about a mile then right up a slight hill (ouch!!) through the next village. The next few miles were up and down with hills rather like the Downs on the left and flat fields on the right, similar to the road between Ditchling and Lewes. A sharp right hand bend over a bridge (nasty) brought them into a side wind and slightly up hill (not too bad) then a sharp left hander across the plains for about three quarters of a mile then sharp right back towards the trees and the ups and downs. This led them along the third side of the square (?) course, undulating again with a sharp hill. Just before a fair size town another right hand turn down the last side of the square and down a fairly longish hill with a tail wind (57 x 13?). Then a last right hand turn on the edge of a village and the last mile or so back to Ivry.

Once back to the van and changed they were able to sign on, etcetera, to save any worry on Sunday. This was a laugh, as although everybody was very friendly they could not speak English any better than Alan could speak French and it turned out that they wanted three hundred francs to pay Pierre Bazzo, the Co-op professional who had been engaged to pace Alan. This is about £27 and although it had been allowed for it seemed a lot at the time but it turned out that Bazzo was paid 1,000 francs for his two rides. As it was still very cold, Alan and Tony decided to go to Beauvais to have a look round and have dinner. After this they returned to the vicinity of Ivry for the night. The van was parked on the grass verge beside a small wood, and after the previous night's experience with the cold they tucked themselves into their sleeping bags with socks and jerseys on plus anything remotely resembling a blanket thrown over them and pulled well up round the ears and HATS pulled well down. Dawn came and it was seen to be a beautiful day, still very cold with about an inch of frost everywhere, a cold breeze but no clouds. The sunrise was terrific and it was good to be alive.

After breakfast and grooming over it was decided to move down to the village and Alan and Tony were the first there. They picked a corner of the village green and started to get ready. Alan was very spoilt and not allowed to do anything. His bike was cleaned and finely tuned and then, with the spare sprints in the old man was sent off round the course for a warm up. On his return elevenses were dished up and Alan was made to rest, then Bazzo arrived and was introduced and the Philbrook was inspected and the 57 tooth chainring was awed over by Bazzo. Alan pointed to that 13 sprocket and said, "Allez, allez?".

Start time arrived and it was nothing like the start of an ESCA event. The cars, etcetera, were lined up in a side street ready to drop in behind riders and when it was time, Alan climbed up on to the TRAILER ready to go. There was a rail in the middle to lean on with the timekeeper standing behind. Alan had to turn round to look at the watch to see how long to go then they were OFF. Bazzo went down the slope like a rocket; Alan, a little apprehensive, was slower and tore up the high street, Clements swishing, in between the houses, after him. Once settled on Bazzo's wheel Alan was quite comfy in about 57 x 17. The tops of the little hills were not so good, though. Alan went to the front once to try to get the pace up a bit but Bazzo just kept the same speed going. About half way round Alan had a bad patch and his mouth dried up completely but after a swig out of Bazzo's bottle it was O.K. again. The commissaires car seemed to spend a lot of time behind Bazzo and Alan, loudspeakers blaring French type music. By now they were passing other teams at regular intervals. It was marvellous the way cars gave way to riders and the police were everywhere helping and spectators were shouting "allez" (and "up yours" I expect!).

Up the last big hill Alan got dropped a bit but soon got over the top and yelled "allez Bazzo", round a tight bend then down that hill with the wind behind. Bazzo could not get his small sprocket so Alan went past down the hill for about three quarters of a mile to the last bend, right hand down, a mile and a half to go into a side wind, then at last, a big sprint down the High Street and it was all over.

After the event everyone went into a large barn for the prize presentation and

plastic cups of wine, 'hic'. We were all pleased when Limbrey/Bazzo was called out soon after the start and Alan was presented with a large cup and two bags of goodies. Everyone got an award but the cups got smaller as the presentation progressed. It really was fun. The French were very friendly, we even had photos taken with the police motor cyclists.

Then it was time to go home, so after spending another night in the van then a quick visit to Rouen it was a dash to the ferry then too soon all back to normal.

Well, let's hope that this year we all achieve what we wish for. Cheers.

A. Nomad

TIME TRIALS PROGRAMME 1984

March 25th	29 miles 2 up Team Time Trial	£2.00	R. Humphrey, 4 Ebenezer Cott., Framfield.
April 14th	10 miles	£1.00	R. Humphrey
April 15th	25 miles	£1.00	R. Humphrey
June 3rd	50 miles	£1.00	
June 24th	25 miles	£1.00	K.L. Atkins, 46 Valebridge Rd., Burgess Hill.
July 22nd	OPEN 100 MILES	£1.50	M. Rabbetts, Jarvis Court, Mottins Hill, Jarvis Brook, Crowborough.
August 12th	OPEN 50 MILES	£1.20	W.J. Nutt, 90 Halsford Park Rd., East Grinstead.
Sept. 8th	OPEN 10 MILES	£1.20	Mick Burgess, 7 Sandridge, Crowborough.
Sept. 9th	OPEN 25 MILES	£1.20	
October 7th	OPEN HILLCLIMB	£1.20	R. Howard, 37 Forest Road, Tunbridge Wells.

Well, here it is again folks, the chronicle of certain things that the eagle eye of the Copper might have missed.

Further to this column's remarks last time about the raw deal usually handed out to cyclists by the Courts' leniency towards erring drivers your scribe was recently sent an extract from the Pedestrians' Association magazine 'Walk' in which the matter was discussed. It seems that the P.A. has been told that the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice approve the low level of fines in certain motoring offences, INCLUDING DRUNKEN DRIVING, because irrespective of the results of these offences the Courts are only trying the offender for the actual infringement that has been committed; they have no power to take into consideration the consequences of that infringement. So if you thought that a motoring offence is so-called because it might lead to an accident, then you have to think again. The Lord Chancellor's letter to the P.A. lists fifty two offences in this category but doesn't say what they are, so really we're none the wiser. All it does is to expose a totally unsatisfactory situation which pleases no one except the guilty drivers who benefit from such a negative system. It stands to reason that if a Court can't be allowed to consider the differences between, say, scraping the paint of another car or killing a cyclist or pedestrian, perhaps the low fines imposed are reasonable after all. Not the sort of thing that seems reasonable to a normal thinking person, but at the same time a good example of the old expression that the law is an ass. Certainly the P.A. and the C.C.G.B. are not satisfied (to put it mildly) with such an unacceptable situation and are pressing for a complete re-think on the whole structure of the legislation concerning road offences and accidents and the results of them. Until such changes are made we shall continue to read of cases where carelessness, and even recklessness, on the part of drivers, merits what seem to be quite inadequate penalties in comparison to the injuries caused.

If you had as good a social season as our mob then you've nothing to complain about. Again the ESCA Luncheon felt our presence with twenty eight there. Not as many as last year but enough to kick up a din. Whoever was responsible for the hilarious misprint on some of the menus where Apple and Sultana Pie had the nineteenth letter of the alphabet instead of the final 'e' caused some unintentional merriment. Not the sort of thing that could normally be expected at that 'do' but at least they had the decency to flavour it!

During Pete Burberry's slide show mentioned last time he offered one of daughter Hazel taken from behind as she was bending over. She wasn't present to hear the comment that resulted - "That's Hazel, I'd know her face anywhere!".

After stepping down from office Brenda was accosted by yours truly who said, "We can't address you as Madam Treasurer any more". She replied: "No, you'll just have to call me Madam". We wonder how many more ESCAbods have read Fiona Richmond's book with that title?!!

It seems that at last there might be a chink of light at the end of the long, dark tunnel. At the last Committee meeting Pete Burberry was actually heard to refer to the Club's evening road races! This is what's known as achieving results by stealth or was it all the cross-toasts and snide remarks about living in the past that brought

about the change from "mass starts"?

As usual, Club Captain Ian Landless helped to ruin the social season for those who entered the Club Reliability Trial at the end of January. Although the weather was a pleasant contrast to last year's purgatory anyone expecting a nice comfortable jaunt around the countryside was jerked out of his reverie by hills, hills and more hills - and one hundred kilometres to boot! It could have been a case of 'once bitten

though, as we had the lowest entry yet, just thirty eight.

However, we again saw out the festivities with our Dinner which had one hundred and four attendances and was another feather in organiser Graham Seymour's cap. Alan Limbrey's continuous cross-toasting of the Copper had that gentleman feeling as if he'd been back on the beat by the following morning; indeed he'd had more ups and downs than a new bride's nightie. Many thanks to the Phoenix John Pratt for so ably stepping into the breach with a very witty Club toast after Brian Phillips had had to opt out at a days notice. By the same token Mick Rabbetts (the older and more gentlemanly of the two - yes, that reminds me, I've often wondered, is Mick a Vicar? He reminds me very much of one. Mrs. Ed) did well, and as usual, left them all laughing. Until seeing the board full of write-ups about our activities which appeared in various papers last year, quite a lot of people hadn't realised what a capable press secretary we have in Mick and long may his reports continue. Towards the end of the festivities the venue was invaded by a wild-looking, yellow anorak clad figure who might have come straight from climbing Everest or a week's pot-holing in Derbyshire. Puzzled queries from some of the younger members as to what the gatecrasher was doing at a CYCLING function meant that Crow had to be identified as one of the older 'characters' of ESCA. Some of us hadn't seen him for so long we thought he had emigrated! Those who saw the sylphlike figure with our John Pratt took a moment or two to realise that it was in fact Anne who had managed to lose over two stone and looked all the better for it.

Madam President continues her reign, having been duly re-elected at the last AGM after a unanimous vote of approval - something that will surprise nobody and might even get your scribe a free coffee!

After the remarks in the last issue it seems that we owe Peter Sharp an apology as further questions about the no-Laxton Superb scandal revealed that it just happened to be a bad year for them. Peter asked how many Laxton's the writer had seen in the shops and leered smugly when the answer was 'none'. (Peter doesn't LEER. Mrs. Ed.) Still, non rural types can't be expected to know about growing things - apart from the odd few cannabis plants in the garden shed!

Still delving into the doings of those from across the Irish sea we have the very thin colleen who did a streak past the Liverpool Customs. Nobody bothered to chase her as they could see that she had nothing worth declaring. Then there was the bloke who refused the offer of a chest freezer "as my chest never gets overheated" followed by the one who had nightmare that the house was full of planes. In the morning he found he had left the landing light on! An Englishman walking down the street in Dublin saw one of the locals lying in the road with his ear to the manhole cover. The bloke said "Get down here and listen". He did so, and then after about two minutes said that he couldn't

hear anything. The local replied, "Funny, it's been like that all morning".

The writer, referring to the announcement in the last issue about a prize for the most unprintable story, buttonholed the Editors about how they'd be informing us of the winning entry if it was unprintable. He received the usual beguiling smile (that's right, that's what Peter Sharp does. It's not a bit like leering!! Mrs. Ed.) and 1984 ESCA President, who replied: "Well, we'll have to clean up the worst bits to make them presentable!"

Finally, in the Lewes ranks we have the bravest man in the Sussex Division, one who obviously regards the fate of Hero and Hercules (not the Steptoes' horse!) as no more than a light challenge. We refer of course to Gordon Higginson who has taken over the Road Secretary's job after everybody else turned pale and looked the other way! To correct any misunderstanding that that was why he was awarded the Nick Bradshaw Memorial Trophy at the Dinner(!) we can say that he got it for being a persistent trier on the bike, a quality he's going to need from now on. In passing we can't overlook the incalculable amount of work that Roy Humphrey has put in over the many years in that position. He hasn't pleased everyone at times but he has done a hell of a lot for the sport in this neck of the woods and they don't come any more dedicated.

Well, that's it folks as we plough on through the dreaded 1984. May it prove to be not so bad after all, so here's to plenty of sun on your heads, fitness and pleasure awheel.

Alsoran

ASSOCIATION LUNCHEON & PRIZE PRESENTATION 1984

Things must be getting desperate in our household as I have been requested to compose a short account of the ESCA Lunch.

As is usual with this function nearly everybody congregated first at the Hare and Hounds in order to achieve a sufficiently relaxed demeanour to enjoy the fun. Brian Phillips dashed all the way from the RTTC Prize Presentation at Derby to be with us, as did the swingers from Southborough, Mr. & Mrs. Dunford. No local social occasion has been complete this year without this last named pair being in attendance.

There was the usual character assassination during the cross-toasting and the speeches weren't bad either. Tony Yorke proposed the toast to Tony Yorke coupled with 'mass start'. I don't know about the other grass root scrubbers, but I felt a lot better after Mick Burgess' speech. I've always believed cycling ought to be fun! Light hearted banter continued after the cross-toasting had finished and a misguided missile (hurled, I think, by young-at-heart Roy Jones of the 'Central'), scored a direct hit on Dorothy Humphrey! I bet Roy H. won't have menus next year! I enjoyed seeing the young revellers from the Southborough Wheelers throwing their friend's clothes up into the rafters and I equally enjoyed the spectacle of the victim trying to retrieve them. Oh dear, bother. No more space only to say "Thanks, Roy, same again next year, please".

T.M.C.

This is my most elusive cafe (I should say restaurant) so far. It's on the A21 about two miles south of Flimwell and some twelve and a half miles north of Hastings and, as you will see from the address, it stands next to a garage (Total). It has taken quite a long time to pin this restaurant down as in my mind's eye it has been moving about over several miles due to the fact that I use this stretch of the A21 so infrequently. However now that I've been inside, I realise that this is one of the best Little Chefs I have visited so far. Very nice young ladies look after you here and I got a cup of tea at exactly the right strength (or should I say weakness) inside fifteen seconds as I said I was in a bit of a hurry.

I'm sure most cyclists will have heard of the very sad demise of the Cripps Corner Cafe (Series 1. No.4). This Little Chef is only about seven or eight miles from Cripps Corner. When I arrived at the cafe there were four or five cyclists there, some from the Norwood Paragon, and they very kindly posed for me outside to give the photo a real cycling flavour. Unfortunately yours truly got everything on the camera set except the stop, so the photo didn't come out. Luckily I realised my mistake while still within range and returned to take the photo you see here. Talking of photos I sometimes wish BONK was a colour publication as the cost of taking black and white photos now seems to have overtaken that of colour and the processing takes about three times as long.

As I have already featured a number of Little Chefs in Series 1, I will not give any menu details this time. I periodically get an up-to-date menu from the Head Office and will give you the latest prices with the next Little Chef in Series 2. However, I can tell you that they are now open from 7 a.m. until 10 p.m. every day.

This is farming country and there are two farms just up the road towards Flimwell (Ringden Fruit Farm and Cedar Farm) where fresh fruit and eggs are on sale. The Kent Ditch runs by here only a few hundred yards from the side of the road opposite the cafe and, if you follow the Ditch for about four miles, you'd be very near to Bodiam Castle.

CHARLIE'S CAFES - Series 2. No.2 BON BON RESTAURANT & SNACK BAR, 23A HIGH STREET,
ASHFORD, KENT. Tel: ASHFORD (0233) 20655

This cafe is right in the middle of Ashford only a few yards from the Top Rank Suite, where the Kent Vets and others have their annual functions, and next door to a branch of the Eastbourne Mutual Building Society. Cyclists visiting Ashford for the first time be warned that there is an inner ring system which needs a little practice before you can learn how to penetrate the town centre and, once there, how to get out again!

The frontage of the cafe is small but it's much bigger inside. The indomitable Mrs. H is in charge here and seems ideally suited as she is also small but with a big heart inside. As far as I could gather she only has Christmas Day, Boxing Day and New Year's Day off each year as the cafe is open every other day of the year on weekdays from 8 a.m. until 6 p.m. and on Sundays from 10 a.m. until 6 p.m. The cafe is owned by Matassa, which sounds rather like an offshoot of NASA, but I am assured there is no connection. Tea comes in two sizes at 20 and 25p and it's worth going for the larger size which comes in a glass mug. Black coffee is 30p. Soup is 36p, double egg and chips £1.00, battered cod and chips £1.50, apple pie and cream or ice cream 45p, and banana split 90p. There are many more items on the menu and to top it all they do a Knickerbocker Glory for £1.10, not something you can get too often these days.

Ashford is a place I usually seem to be racing through in Kent 100s and 12s so it made a very pleasant change to actually sit down and have a cup of tea. The A28, which is one of the 'racing' roads leading into Ashford will soon (if not already) have a new by-pass at Great Chart, which will no doubt mean more work for the course measurers and, with a bit of luck, a better surfaced and gradiented hill than the one by Great Chart Church.



