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BOINK!

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Cycling Association**

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EDITORIAL

For those of you who measure the seasons by the appearance of BONK at certain times, we're afraid that Summer is a little late this year. BONK is rather slender but comes to you as a new cleaned up version of the magazine you know and love.

The above words of wisdom will have to suffice until next time as our legs are aching far too much for us to be able to reach our public. May we leave you with a reminder that the closing date for the Autumn BONK is August 30th. How about making sure that we know what YOUR Club has been doing during 1984. Don't let Lewes Wanderers take over YOUR magazine!!!

Maurice & Esther

EASTBOURNE ROVERS C.C.

I mentioned in the last issue of BONK that several Rovers were to walk the Seven Sisters Marathon. John Dutson, Dave Dunbar, Stu Greenway and myself competed the circuit but sadly, Ray Wickens was forced to retire after twenty miles because of blisters. The following day Ray could be seen at his grandson's christening wearing a new suit (bought specially for the occasion) set off with a non-matching pair of bedroom slippers because he was unable to get his shoes on!

Our young stars, Duncan Geals and Steve Willis have been riding well. Thirteen year old Duncan showed considerable talent in the ESCA 25, finishing fastest schoolboy and taking first handicap with a time of 1.11.45, whilst rival Steven was fastest schoolboy in the 10 with 27.30. In the evening 10 mile two-up Duncan hung on to the rear wheel of Jerry Keen to return as fastest pair in 24.44.

Simon Prior has forsaken racing to some extent in order to concentrate on his training for the triathlon, also it seems that he is courting a young lady from the Southborough Wheelers ?

Jane Lade, who now has Sarah Nichol to compete with in the evening 10s has finally persuaded Graham that she needed a new bike and she can now be seen riding (yes, you've guessed it), a Phoenix. But it's in Phoenix CRC colours! Graham is travelling to events all over the South as usual but this year as a vet and he is still making his presence felt at Preston Park after competing on the track for twenty five consecutive years! Doug Roberts is also awaiting delivery of a new frame and he has been racing again with some success after a long period of setbacks. Doug, otherwise known as the demon barber of Polegate, had a harrowing experience the other day. A burly, bald gent came into his shop and as he sat in the barbers chair Doug noticed that he had only three hairs on his head. "How would you like it, sir?" asked Doug. "Parted on the left please," came the reply. But as Doug carefully combed them one of the hairs came out. "I'm terribly sorry sir but one of your hairs has come out" apologised Doug. "What shall I do now?" "Oh, part it in the middle" answered the gent. Very gingerly Doug brushed one hair to each side but alas, another one came adrift. By now Doug was becoming rather worried but he admitted the mishap and asked, "What now sir?" The man irritably replied, "Oh, leave it messy" and left the shop.

On the day of the Hardriders and the Eastbourne-London Road Race, Sunday morning tourists Dave Dunbar and John Dutson suffered the misfortune of meeting the 'official' Rovers clubrun at Cross in Hand. After the usual 'greetings' the Rovers' runs captain asked the two tourists if they could advise them of the easiest and shortest route to the Kitchenham Road as they wanted to see the Road Race. John offered to guide them and duly led the way via the reverse of part of the original Hardriders course which they didn't know about. Ray Prior was not suprised that the course had been changed as it was obviously very hard and there must have been a lack of entries! Ray was also very lost on these back lanes and was heard to say to John Diplock "Of course John Dutson knows these lanes because he draws the O.S. maps." At Brown Bread Street Dutson and Dunbar turned off and the other four went down agony hill and on to their destination. On the same morning it is rumoured that Dutson and Dunbar were seen

walking up a hill in the Rotherfield area. Of course we don't really believe this but it could be true, after all they are both getting on a bit. Stu Greenway, who usually rides with Dave and John was absent at this time. Apparently he was so enthralled by the 'Thornbirds' on T.V. that he rushed off to Rome to be ordained.

While on the subject of clubruns, I believe I saw John Pratt being pushed up Barnhorn one Sunday morning. And John not yet three miles from home, or maybe it was Gordon Mackenzie hanging on.

In March Chris Stokes joined the E.R.C.C. (Eastbourne Rovers Clavicle Crunchers) when a learner driver pulled out in front of him as he was returning home from work on his motorbike. When Graham Lade heard of Chris's broken collarbone he asked "What happened? Did he fall off his bed?" It seems, though, that Chris really is a lazy bones because his bones are too tired to knit together and the break will have to be pinned. Of course this will mean several more weeks off work, shame eh! Perhaps Mr. Stokes is trying to emulate Barry Sheene. Seriously though Chris, we hope you are soon mended O.K.

Not wanting to be outdone, Alan Waters became rather more relaxed than his fixed wheel would allow as he crossed the line after the third evening 10, consequently he changed places with his bike and was taken off in an ambulance and treated for a broken collarbone, two broken ribs and stitches in his head. It would have been worse but his face broke the fall. Good luck Alan. Hope to see you back on the bike soon.

I can think of no more to write so will end there. See you up the road.

Benny Lux

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(and Staff)

Dear Tim,

Presume you wrote notes on E.S.C.A. Lunch - You 'bet Roy H won't have menus next year' - I'm bothered he may not have Roy J. to the do!

Regards,

Roy (Student - R.A.E. Farnborough)

Dear Ed.,

As a postscript to the insinuation (on page seven of the Spring edition of BONK) that Iris Stevens is a nymphomaniac, perhaps the following will shed more light on the matter. There we were, enjoying a pleasant lunch on Ashdown Forest, when David Rix was heard to say to Iris "would you give it some thought". "Give it some thought" retorts Ken. "She thinks about it all the time!"

Brian.

SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS

With a number of our racing members either still hibernating, waiting for the warmer weather and float evenings or deciding to take a year off from racing, start sheets have been rather lacking in Southborough riders. For those who have kept the Club's flag flying and braved the windy conditions there has been mixed success.

The early season Road Race on the Frant circuit didn't get us off to a particularly good start as none of the six Club riders managed to finish in the first ten in the thirds and juniors event. Unfortunately the collapse started soon after the neutral zone when Nick Wenham, in his first Road Race, got dropped as the juniors raced ahead and then conveniently punctured after about three miles. He said afterwards that he didn't realise how fast these events started and that he was at the back of the bunch because of a team photograph at the headquarters beforehand. Excuses!! Never mind lads there's always next year.

The most successful of our Road Racers this year have been the schoolboys who have had very promising results in the Lydden Circuit series, at Eastway and at Brands Hatch, with Richard Simmons managing to come in the first three in most events and Simon Middleton, Stewart Davis and David Adderley getting places in the first ten.

Following the success of last year's Easter Tour to South Wales, the Club decided to spend six days in the Peak District at the end of April. This Tour attracted a record twenty seven members. Compared to Wales the gradients are generally gentler but our intrepid pals did climb one of the hills used in the National Hillclimb. Everyone drove up except for David and Paul Abraham who decided to ride the whole way. However they came back with the others having found the rolling A5 rather monotonous. All the Hostels were very good and there was only one complaint about the two mile walk from one of the Hostels to the nearest pub. Throughout the Tour the lads complimented the local hostelries on their excellent bar food. They preferred to eat out in the evening rather than sampling the hostel grub or fighting in the kitchen for the box of matches to light one of the cookers, only to find that all the saucepans were in use and that the shop didn't have what you wanted. I wonder how many of them had chips every night? Where's the balanced diet gone to?

As most of the lads don't drink bitter, the pub's brew didn't matter to anyone except Arthur Smith, who enjoys a decent pint. Apparently throughout the tour he couldn't find a pint that met his high standards, perhaps CAMRA has not reached the area. He was discussing this grave matter with another Club drinker over, would you believe it, a pint! This expert considered 'Shiptons' an acceptable drink and strongly recommended he should try it sometime in the future. Apart from this minor problem everyone had a very enjoyable time and made the rest of us feel envious when they all came back with a Costa del Sol tan from the marvellous weather they had.

Having done in the region of two hundred and fifty miles they should all have been fit for the second Club 10 of the season on the by-pass but Bill Hubbard began to wonder as he crawled down the ski slope. He thought that the wind must be gale force and things would surely get easier at the bottom, instead of which they got harder. It wasn't until he reached the viaduct and smelt burning that he looked at the back wheel

only to see it starting to smoke having been completely pulled over. Needless to say the tub was a write off.

Finally, in Open events the ladies have kept the Southborough name on the result sheets with Rosemary Dunford and Esther Carpenter winning in East Sussex promotions. Keep up the good work girls.

Mis-Anony-Mouse

'THE HARD RACE'

In South Africa there is held a road race known as the 'Hard Race'. It takes place to the east of Cape Town. The distance is about 106 Km, roughly 62 miles; there are two steady climbs, one about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles the other $1\frac{3}{4}$, neither fiercer than Handcross.

There is a large entry and the most recent one, held in the early part of this year, attracted 4,378. Four thousand, three hundred and seventy eight written in full, in case the reader thinks that this is just another of my tall stories.

A member of the Medway Velo who worked in South Africa for some time and in consequence made many friends, usually takes a break of a month or so in Cape Town and as his cycling interests were known he was co-opted into assisting in the running of the event this year.

The field is divided into three groups. First off are the professionals. Then the regular Club people and others who ride for pleasure and thirdly, the rest. This latter, by a long way the largest group, is made up of anyone who has a bike. There is no age limit; from school children and younger to geriatrics and beyond. There is also an unofficial fourth group. This is made up of numerous relations and supporters of the members of group three, practically all car bound, they disappear in a cloud of dust produced by themselves. Although the competitors did their share nobody went off course since the pros knew the way and the following groups followed the dust cloud.

The road surface is worthy of mention, consisting of a variety of everything. Tarmac, loose shale, stretches of road which in England would come under the heading of 'farm track' and plenty of dustbound which would become mud in the event of rain. None fell. In spite of the large field there were no serious accidents and, apart from the pros, nobody knew who had won!

Bill Underhill

What can I say other than "Brilliant"! With the cries of "who is this bloke Deacon anyway?" it's hello from the nerve centre of the Tony Deacon Supporters Club (Tee shirts, badges and photos available). There can surely be no other way of opening this set of notes - Deacon is King (except, hopefully, in the twelve hours!).

The biggest honour bestowed on him, other than this opening, must have been at the scene of one of his best wins to date - the Mid Shropshire Wheelers 25 over Easter when, at the result board, everyone was more concerned about "this fella Deacon" than the fact that the legendary Phil Griffiths was standing right behind them. Impressive stuff, eh?

But more racing news later. What's nagging me are the Central Sussex Bonk Notes. I can only think "Rambler" is the trading name for a Surrey League consortium controlled by Colin Tamon, Gary Moore, Paul James and Paul Lipscombe. Surely they should call themselves the Central Surrey C.C.

Just sneaking in before the new season transfer deadline was our signing from the Mitre, Horry Hemsley, who tells me that he is bidding for a place in our twelve hour team. So watch out Deacon, it's tight for that third man. Anyway, Horry is a welcome addition to our crop of old men. Talking of 'old men', a 'steamed pudding' of an old man has been seen regularly at our clubroom. I'm told it's the infamous Derek Agg. Lose some weight, Derek, our crack racing Club has no room for fatties!

On the same line - that is, old fatties - it would appear that Graham Seymour has aspirations for a certain national competition this season after he has been spotted out training, well, riding, with former B.A.R. contender and fellow Crowborough resident, Jim Wheeler. At least Graham has done one thing right. He has organised the purchase of a table tennis table for the clubroom. Good man!

So on to our casualties. Mick Rabbetts asks me to pass on his thanks to everyone in the Club and in ESCALand for the concern shown after he broke his leg in February. Especially to Pete Burberry, who gave up one of his few Saturdays off to see him in hospital in Tunbridge Wells. Mick Kilby has also been in hospital after an accident on the Adur flyover at the beginning of May. On behalf of the Club, may I wish him a speedy recovery. As a Club with not only the best riders but also the best officials (is such boasting allowed?), we must make sure they are 100% fit.

One bloke who must be feeling pretty sick is Ian Burgess who, after years of being top dog without much team support, retires, only to see the Club thrashing everyone. At least this has stirred him to the brink of a comeback for next season (but don't tell Sally), which is good because the Crowborough chaingang can reform and I'll get my training partner back!

We now have our largest road racing contingent for some years, including Tony, Martin White, Simon Barnes, Matthew Rabbetts, Mick Burgess, Marcus Ross and Simon Brotherton. This means we can boast a real cra- (sorry) crack road squad. Added to this Gordon Higginson is now SCRL secretary, so best of luck to him. And yes, it's true, Pete 'Massed Start' Burberry IS officiating at Preston Park!

We have had riders up the Palace, Brands Hatch, Eastway and on the open road.

Simon Brotherton has taken the plunge by racing on his tod, with no support, up at Eastway. He deserves our encouragement.

The pursuit qualifying rounds have taken place at Preston Park and though Tony is our only man in the semis, spare a thought for Simon Barnes who missed out by 3/100ths of a second. Despite taking his 'Plus Food Energy Drink' at the prescribed time before the event and trying his guts out, he was edged out by Colin Tamon who'd probably had steamed pud for tea! I also rode but totally codsed it up by not even winning the wooden spoon.

It would be easier to say what events Tony hasn't won than vice versa. He has certainly done us all proud with his weekly performances of the highest quality. Astride his 'dinosaur' he is not a man to be tampered with, as Ron Keeble, John Woodburn, Pete Pickers, John Upton and Ian Landless have all found out. He has broken four Club records already: 21.30 for 10 miles; 57.05 for 25 miles; 1.7.36 for 30 miles; 1.57.12 for 50 miles. He broke the 25 record in the De Laune 25, which he also won and earned himself a free De Laune dinner ticket. It just so happens that Mick Rabbets is guest speaker at that function, so it's all up to South London in December for that.

To date, Tony has won thirteen open and semi-open events, including the two-ups with Simon, who must be a glutton for punishment. In addition, he helped our 'A' team to a fine third place in the Mitre four up, when only the Antelope and Unity beat us.

The Club's 10 mile team record has been beaten twice this year, the latest time being 1.9.36, thanks to Tony, Andrew Attwood and my trusty two up partner, Marcus Ross. Andrew also partnered Martin White on the tandem to win the Mid Shropshire Wheelers Tandem 50 and 25 and the Royal Navy 30, the latter being against some decent opposition. On the same day as the Royal Navy events, Simon Barnes did his bit by winning the Worthing 25, convincingly, in 1.00.44. A better ride, though, was his even easier win in the ESCA 25 when he did 1.00.53.

At last team wins have come our way and nearly every local event has seen a Lewes victory, with or without 'Freaky Deaky'. Our best win was the first in the Club's history in the SCA 25 Mile Team Championship held at Cowfold. Naturally enough, Tony did a brilliant ride, an event record again, and with help from Martin, Simon and Andrew, won the team prize. It certainly seems to have all come right for the Club at the right time, with to date, eighteen individual wins and eight team wins to our credit. These include team wins in the SCA 10; SCA 25; ESCA 25; ESCA Hardriders; SCA Team Championship, Wigmore 25; Hampshire 25 and the Redmon Hilly 73. It hasn't all been Tony, Simon, Andrew and Martin. Several others have been in the money and have done good rides. Horry Hemsley did a 'five' in the Addiscombe 25, where Simon was second, and he won a vets prize in the ESCA 25. John Bridger who has made his debut at last despite lots of bad luck to begin with, has done a 'one' on the A2 road and a '25' in a Club 10. John, though, was among the many non-starters in the Club hilly 21 based on Danehill. Run on April Fools Day, the weather certainly kept in character with the day, bringing heavy snow and sleet. Still, it didn't stop the snow-shy ones from digging into the 'apres-exertion' lunch organised by Vanessa Attwood.

Ian Landless, who boasts the best physique and suntan this side of the Dartford Tunnel, showed his normal excellence of timing by doing a fine 1.4.47 in the Dartford

25, only to go on holiday straight after. It's as if he's embarrassed when he goes fast and feels he must get unfit again.

Talking of holidays, Peter Gates made use of a visit up north by doing a p.b. by four minutes in a Yorkshire 25, recording 1.6.47. Peter's lookalike, John Coe, is riding well and did 1.11.10 in the ESCA 25, another p.b. The day before, in the ESCA 10, Phil King suprised a few, especially me, when he did 25.33. I dunno, you tow a bloke round in a four up then the week after he screws you down in a 10 by two seconds. It would appear that William Sim has also done some training. He did 38.58 in our opening event of the year, the Lewes to Newhaven and back - only one minute down on Club B.A.R. Andrew Attwood. In the same event, newcomers Steven Bladon and Neil Patmore both did good rides - Neil inside evens with 41.57 and Steven with 43.35.

Mention was made earlier of the Club's 'old men' - well, Sussex's oldest four up team got together for the Mitre event. As Mick Burgess said, "It's a team with a lot of experience but not a lot of talent." And just to demonstrate what good tutoring from your two up partner can do for you, Marcus Ross - who started the season with a best 25 of a 'six' - has improved to 59.40, achieved on the Bath Road. Well done Marcus and everyone.

Just before I close, I am reminded of the organiser of the Mid Shrops 50, who promised me that for the morning he would have "a long, hard third leg". Not really the sort of thing you want to know!

See you in the twelve hour, if not before.

Rear End

*** FREE BANANAS ***

Every rider in this year's ESCA 100 will be offered a personally wrapped

FREE BANANA

plus all the usual drinks and wet sponges. Or you could just concentrate on doing a good ride over the interestingly contoured roads of East Sussex.

THE DATE: July 22nd

ENTRIES CLOSE: July 10th

EVENT SECRETARY: M. Rabbetts, Jarvis Court, Jarvis Brook, Crowborough.

WARNING: Tony Deacon is riding this event. He loves bananas.

(Might I suggest that Tony Deacon's bananas are wrapped in cling film! Mrs. Ed.)

Quintessential was the word I decided best described this year's version of the much loved Easter Tour. The weather was good, the accomodation, a cottage we'd rented in the centre of Uley, was good, the Cotswolds were their usual majestically English selves and my legs were almost equal to them.

The Tour started on Thursday at 7 p.m. from Dave Hudson's house, where the bikes were carefully and systematically packed into his van. Craig took his car and Rick and Val theirs and nine members were off. After a mid-way stop at the Little Chef near Reading, Uley was reached at about 11 p.m.

This idea of renting a cottage was not new but it was the first time it had actually been done by us and it proved economic and successful. All the catering and cooking was planned and carried out by Val and Judy, and here a further word of thanks is due to them for looking after our stomachs so well. The rest of the group took turns doing the washing up, food preparation, etc.

Day 1 was Rick's run. This involved a climb up the B road for about two miles before we turned off into the lanes. It was a gloriously sunny day and after the second climb, tops came off and legs were exposed. Shortly after this came the first mechanical trouble of the Tour when Rick's chain went over the top of the ring and jammed up.

Two miles further on and members were off their bikes (except three die-hards, namely Rick, Leon and Frank), when confronted by a lane of what seemed at this early stage of the tour 'immensely steep proportions'. A chap doing his garden said, in his rich Gloucestershire accent that it was called 'long lane' and used to be used for motor cycle scrambles. Much squealing of brakes followed as we plunged down through villages until at last we reached Duntisbourne Abbots. A utopian spot where Chris Chapman could not resist riding through the ford which is an underwater stretch of road about fifty yards long. Since no elevenses stop had been available, thoughts were turning to a pub. Unfortunately our choice was not a very good one and the Landlord was extremely unsociable, saying "you can't come in here with spikes on your shoes", referring to the clack clack of shoe plates on the flagstone floor. But we were in need of some fluid intake so a quick drink and we set off to find another pub for some lunch. The road now turned west into a rising wind and with Rick and Frank ploughing away up front, there was dissent forming in the group behind. However, eventually another pub was found and after a good meal and more drinks, the afternoon stint was started. This struck south and west eventually to Wotton-under-edge, where after a fruitless search for a cafe, the local Co-op was invaded for goodies which were consumed outside in the warm spring sunshine. Leaving here we tackled a '2 arrow' climb which many passers by assured us 'got steeper yet'. After this leg straining hill was conquered some pleasant lanes followed, but we were heading for Breakheart Hill (sheet no. 162. grid ref. OS 752969). It started off innocently enough, climbing gently between high banks smothered in spring flowers. Then around the next bend, there it was, a sinister black wall of tarmac standing vertical among the trees. Only Leon succeeded in riding non-stop to the summit half a mile away. What goes up, etc., and after another brake squealing plunge into Dursley we were soon back at the cottage with the first day's

run under our belts. 57 miles.

After a meal it was down to the local as is our custom, where we met Dave Styring from the 'smoke'. He was staying nearby at a farmhouse. Under the influence of several glasses of Wadhursts 6X ale, we had amusing and revealing accounts of his dealings with a certain Lionel Bart, after which he acquired the nickname of Bart's Beach Baby.

Day 2 dawned fine and sunny and was to be led by Chris Beckenham. We decided to put the bikes in the van and drive to just north of Chepstow. Chris led us through some superb lanes which eventually brought us to Tintern Abbey where we stopped for elevenses. After this it was on to Monmouth, with Craig puncturing en route. As it had been climbing gradually for miles we knew we were in for a good descent. Sure enough the drop into Monmouth down the B road was quite thrilling, with Frank in his element and Leon not quite making a tight bend. No harm was done and we re-grouped at the bottom. Monmouth was packed with shoppers and Dave and Chris led us deftly through the back doubles to emerge by the river. From here we took a no through road lane which eventually led us onto a disused railway line. We could see the main road on the other side of the river and felt pleasantly isolated away from the teeming traffic. The purpose of this route soon became apparent, a wire suspension bridge across the river, just one bike's width wide and made of 3" wire mesh. After all the photographs had been taken of members various methods of crossing, Symonds Yat was reached for lunch. Another very satisfying stop in a pub, which, although not looking much from outside, was, we felt, a public house in the real tradition. Not one of these 'pooped up' country pubs with red lights and false roof beams but a good solid place, good food and easy atmosphere. Leaving here we made our way up a narrow and steep lane which leads to the viewpoint at Symonds Yat Rock. On the steep climb up Chris Chapman's gear became somewhat altered in shape unbeknown to all of us waiting at the top. Eventually he hove into sight minus gear with his chain on the middle sprocket of his block and with very oily hands. We set off from here down through the Forest of Dean then to St. Briavels. A visit for late threeses at the Railway Museum at Brockweir finished off another day's excellent riding. 45 miles

Today was supposed to have been Frank's run but unfortunately the rain was coming down like stair-rods. The general feeling and intention of the various members regarding this fact, was expressed by the manner of attire they'd donned when coming down for breakfast. Eventually it was decided to go for a ride, but in the cars not on the bikes. Frank planned a route which took in the narrowest and hilliest lanes within a ten mile radius of Cirencester, where those inveterate newspaper readers (and this being Sunday) were suffering withdrawal symptoms. After all, it was now approaching mid day! After their craving had been satisfied a coffee house in Cirencester was located and the usual orgy of gateaux and coffee was freely indulged in. There was some mouth watering lunchtime food on display also and at a modest £15, Val's ultra refined taste was sorely tempted. Rick wasn't so sure! It was still raining slightly so a pub was decided on. But not just any pub. It had to be a Donningtons Brewery. Frank was looking at the map and wondering how he was going to find this perfect water-

ing hole when someone said they thought they knew of one some fifteen miles away. So into the cars and off. In the lead car, driven by Dave Styring, something approaching a rally drive ensued (much to the horror of Chris Chapman in the back seat) in an effort to get to the pub in time. This was achieved and after fodder and many pints of Donningtons bitter, we drove back to to the cottage via a seemingly endless progression of lanes. Now the sun was shining and guilt began to set in. Once back, everyone had different ideas about how to spend the remaining hour before dinner. Some went for short rides, others went for walks. Eventually the day ended in the usual manner, at the local.

The last day of the tour dawned fine and clear but much colder, as Chris Chapman's bare arms discovered after a few hundred yards. Dave Hudson was runs leader for this half day's ride and he led us through some pleasant, quiet lanes and a stretch of rough stuff which plunged down through woods into a valley and up the other side. Due to the previous day's rain this was a bit messy in parts (some will no doubt remark, 'that's an under statement')!! At the end of this 'experience' which had Dave Styring taking both wheels out to de-mud at various stages along the route, the usual bike/person cleaning took place with the ultimate coming from Val in the form of shoe cleaning equipment. Yes, we take cleanliness seriously in the Excel, at least some of us. A certain member's bike didn't look any different to what it usually does, a sort of mechanized piece of countryside. At length we arrived in Tetbury and found a very accomodating cafe, the owner of which, when he spotted this surge of sweating cyclists making for his door, gave us the exclusive use of his upper rooms, where he proceeded to cater to our appetites and at reasonable prices, too. Leaving here, the next part of the circular route was covered via some pretty but 'excessively hilly' lanes culminating in a descent down the B road through Kings Stanley which had the peloton strung out and the locals screaming for cover. Then something akin to a road race over the final three miles to the pub at Frocester ensued. The pace got progressively faster until Chris Beckenham attacked at the front. Rick and Frank surged through from the back in the right hand gutter which galvanised the rest into action and the whole straining, chaotic melee bore down on the pub at something in excess of evens. After lunch, the last few miles back to the cottage were done in blazing sunshine and through some delightful lanes with high banks and covered in spring flowers. It left a 'sweet taste in the mouth' being the last miles we would cycle on this particular Easter Tour.

Golden Lay

CLOSING

DATE

FOR

AUTUMN

EDITION -

HOW ABOUT

AUGUST 30th?

CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

Ron's winter rambles finished in February - just in time for the reliability trials. Central's took place on February 19th, a lovely sunny day but bitterly cold with a biting east wind. From twenty six starters hoping to complete eighty two miles only five succeeded in getting 'inside', three from the six hour group and two from the five hour. They were Mac; Kevin; Harris and Keith Bulmer; Ashley Holding.

The road racing season got under way early with several off to the Continent to try their luck. Ashley Holding and Gary Moore for the whole season and Colin Tamon for a weekend now and then. Paul Lipscombe crossed the water too, he was chosen as Great Britain team mechanic for the Tour of the Ardennes and the Circuit of Loire Valley. Well done, Paul.

Back to rambles, the annual week long one finished on May 12th. Those that managed to get away from it all this year were Robin Maclagan, Adrian Jones, Rex Wells and Ron Ewart. Picking out the main events from Rex's diary reads:

MONDAY. All met at Gatwick to catch 9.07 train to Swindon via Reading. Long queue for tickets. Luckily Mac had arrived early and bought all four. Train (HST) Reading to Swindon packed like sardines - but they all got out at Didcot - whatever for? On the bikes at 11.45 a.m. Birdlip for lunch, arrive Mortimers Cross digs at 6.40 p.m. Cycling history made. Adrian couldn't eat all of his dinner! 95 miles. Can this dry weather really last?

TUESDAY. Aim for Bala (87 miles). Over Black Mountain to Felindre. Pubs still shut at 11.00 a.m.? Got lost in a maze of roads (grass up the middle) around Sarn - rescued by a muck spreading farmer. Back wheel hit rock, puncture - tyre needed patching too. Lunch in a pub at Abermule. Head for Lake Vyrnwy, back wheel hit pot hole. Tyre finished off this time. Lucky I brought spare. Desperate for afternoon tea so checked lady in post office at Pont Luggell. All sit on pavement with tea served on upturned milk crates. Afternoon sun, no traffic, no work, great! On past Lake Vyrnwy and over the Hirnant Pass in the evening sun. What a marvellous way to spend a day. Bala at 7.10 p.m.

WEDNESDAY. Dry and sunny again! Bala to Tregaron. 68 miles. Start by climbing Bwlch-y-Groes. Ron's turn to puncture halfway up, just as a fighter plane went over at zero feet. Was it a new heat seeking missile? And what a time for Ron to discover that the new tubes he brought all had Schrader valves! Descend the steep side (terrifying with heavy panniers on) can't touch the rims at the bottom. Elevenes at Dinas Mawddwy, dinner at Machgnlleth and bought another tyre and tubes from Dolly Par-ton in the local bike shop. Fantastic three mile climb from Talybont to the Nant-y-moch resevoirs, Devils Bridge and then Tregaron. Really excellent digs and food - Mrs. Lewis, 'Brynawel'. Tregaron 310.

THURSDAY. Target Mortimer Cross again. Took Mountain Road from Tregaron to Abergwesyn. Absolutely breathtaking scenery and climbs - THE road of the holiday, and sunshine again, too. Lunch in Builth Wells. Decide plenty of time to take 'dotted road' over 1700 feet Red Hill. Discover this starts where the road appears to stop at a farm. Farmer assures us twenty bikies came down it last week so we walk with bikes bouncing over the rocks. Get above rock line to, just, ride on 'green road' up to 1700 feet.

Black cloud arrives at terrifying speed, capes on and shelter behind a ridge for fifteen minutes. Sort of ride down, one foot dabbling all the time, very tiring and scramble into a just closing cafe at Kington. Mortimer Cross 6.30. Gammon steak all round. 62 very hard miles.

FRIDAY. Heading for Ashbury today (88 miles). Back on English type roads through Ledbury, Tewkesbury and Bourton-on-the-water. Dry and sunny again but north east wind very cold over the Cotswolds. Excellent evening meal in the digs, the Red Lion at Ashbury.

SATURDAY. Through Newbury (race horses everywhere on the way) expecting coffee stop soon but a desert until we reach Basingstoke. There must be a shorter way to the town centre. Lunch at Farnham, then on towards Godalming and Cranleigh. What's this? Road closed? Not for bikes! Well perhaps.....JCB, new culverts, road removed, six feet deep and fourteen feet wide. Nothing for it, panniers off, workmen help, muddy feet and across. Afternoon tea at Cranleigh - all a bit quiet because it's the last one 'til next year - leave the others at Horsham to head home to Burgess Hill. (90 miles) Great to be home from a great week away. Now isn't that how it should be?

Rambler

C.T.C. HAILSHAM & DISTRICT SECTION

When I wrote the last set of BONK notes several of our members were in training for the Seven Sisters Marathon. Twenty six miles of Downland walking (or running) with the finishing 'straight' over the Seven Sisters cliffs at Eastbourne. All but one of our 'crew' were successful in walking the distance including three ladies. Well done.

An all day ride in May was memorable not only because it rained all day - the first for some weeks but also because one of our riders broke his handlebars on a roughstuff section near Barcombe. A repair was effected with a piece of tree branch forced into the stem and the broken bar with another piece strapped on top spanning both bars. Apart from a grazed knuckle and a slightly bent wheel on another machine as a result of the collision, no damage was done. How fortunate we were. The consequence of broken bars can be devastating as our co Editor, Maurice, knows so well. Perhaps there are good grounds for forgetting the weight factor and making the bars much stronger.

Our slide show and tea in March was, as usual, very successful. Several members showed a variety of slides - limited to twenty each - and the ladies produced a super tea at half time for the thirty people present. Apart from these noteworthy 'happenings' our rides have followed the usual established pattern; modest paced or more energetic morning ride with the occasional all day excursion. Exceptions were a Downland roughstuff ride recently, which gave us a good shaking, and a visit to the gardens at Wedderlie House, Hastings, where cameras were put to good use. "Variety is the spice of life" as the saying goes.

Tourist

LEWES WANDERERS C.C. (Afterthought)

Greetings, folks, from the back up to the main scandal chronicle which has been taken over from the Copper by Rear End. With a name like that we're hoping that he doesn't prove to be such a backward type after all.

After the Chief Editor's flattering remarks in the last issue about Mick Rabbetts it's just as well she wasn't present when he was whacked off by another unseeing driver and spent some time in hospital with various injuries, particularly to his legs. Maybe this idiot didn't like vicars! We're glad to say that Mick has now recovered but, as he said, he won't be trusting ANY car driver in future and who can blame him?

Peter Sharp (of the beguiling smile!) amused the Committee when someone asked if he'd been active in the anti-nuclear demos and he replied: "Of course. You should have seen me parading in Kingston with my missile". It turned out that what he meant was that he'd constructed a likeness of the 'bomb' and was carrying that.

Derek Agg has been showing himself lately and still has his bikes although one can only guess what they're like after all this time (he wasn't too particular about them when he was riding!). He was told that he ought to make a comeback as there are more vets events than ever but he'd have to lose a couple of tons first!

Your scribe got the best birthday card he's ever had for this year. It came from Rosalind and reads 'May you live as long as you want to - and may you want to as long as you live!' What kinder thought is it possible to wish anyone?

Martin White showed that he can do more than just ride fast when he put on a first class slide show at the clubroom and provided some giggles at clubmates caught in various unrehearsed poses. What's the betting that they'll be watching out for the White camera in future - hoping to avoid getting caught in his sights.

Benny Lux's mention of the near-incredible rise in the quality of Cliff Sharp's transport reminds yours truly that there was unbounded speculation in our Club about how such a miracle had come about. Had he won the pools, had an admiring benefactor decided to recognise all the years that he's been at the top, had it dropped off the back of a transporter? The speculation was endless. Perhaps the aptest comment came from a dazed Ken Stevens who said: "It's far too good to be a Sharpmobile".

Reading that certain Rovers were training for the Seven Sisters Marathon prompts us to ask who they are and who are the ladies involved? Sounds like hard work whichever way you look at it.

Mention of training reminds us of the variable weather that has followed the mini heatwave in April. Isn't it typical to be lulled into idyllic thoughts of sun in plenty and then find ourselves dumped back into an extension of winter just when the real racing starts? Lets all fervently hope that those couple of weeks don't turn out to have been summer, as happened in, I think, 1974.

Time once again for some more antics from the St. Patrick's brigade, starting with the bad paying tenant whose landlord said: "I've come for my rent." She replied "That's alright - I thought you'd come for mine." Then there was the factory worker who lost two fingers in a machine. He didn't realise it until he went to say good-

night to the foreman. Next there's the pools punter who sent in his coupon minus his name and address so that he'd remain anonymous if he won. This is followed by the Missing Persons Bureau where they told a caller to get lost. The Aer Lingus pilots caused trouble when they staged a walkout, particularly as they were airborne at the time, while the owner of a flea circus lost all his performers and would have to start from scratch. Then there was the family with sixteen kids who applied for a Rates reduction because there was a pig farm next door. They were told that the farmer already had a Rate reduction through living next door to them. Finally there was the bloke who read that most accidents occur in the home. He promptly moved five miles away.

So that's it for now. Leaving Rear End to tell you why the fair name of the Wanderers is being plastered all over the place these days, here's to good wheeling and better weather to come.

Alsoran

From the C.R. (World Copyright Reserved, etc.) News Cuttings Agency, Inc.

Is this why Ken Stevens gave up time trialling and started marshalling evening events? →

Clocking on for a naughty bedtime

By GEORGE EDWARDS

KEEP an eye on the clock! That's the latest tip for a successful love life.

Scientists in France and Germany have discovered that high noon is the most passionate time of the day.

For that's when male and female hormones are at an equal level.

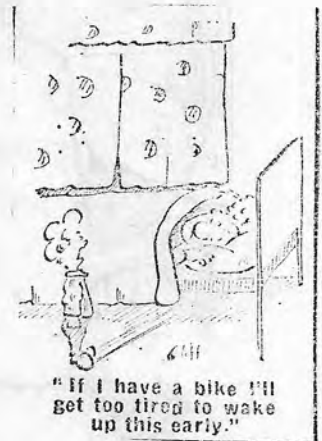
A cuddle before breakfast is also strongly recommended by the boffins.

The reason is that around 7 a.m., men are at their sexiest.

But night-time — when

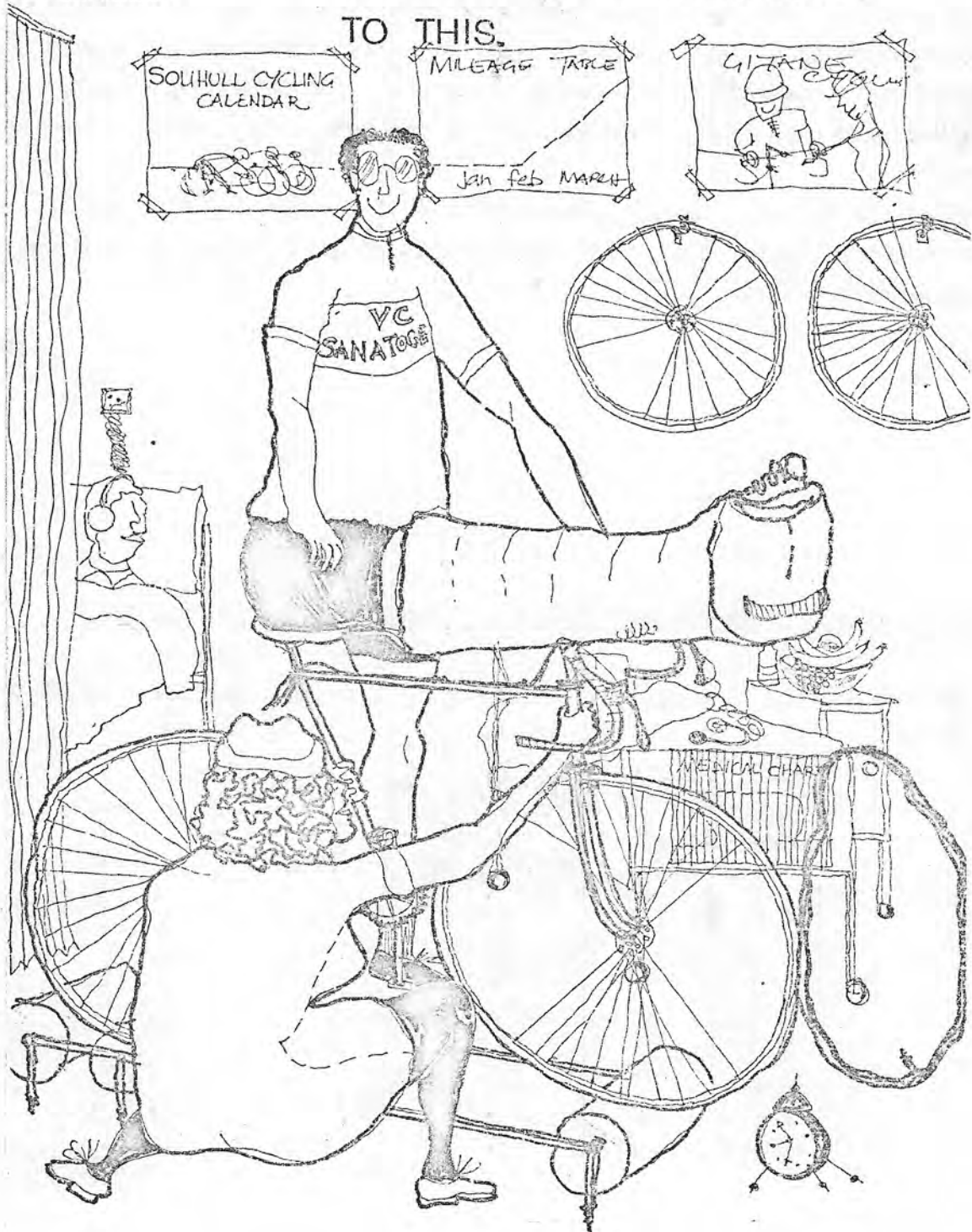
most couples make love— is definitely **NOT** the best time.

After dark, the "body clock" starts to slow down as a hormone called melatonin helps you to get into the mood—for sleep.



In the next issue of BONK read about 'Touring in China'. The latest saga in the Matthew Rabbetts 'Eating my way round England' series, plus many other articles which we will be receiving on or around August 30th.

MR. RABBITT -- I DONT THINK THAT YOUR
THERAPY SHOULD EXTEND



Mike Rabbetts lent us the card reproduced above as he thought it would amuse BONK readers. It was sent to him at the time of his recent accident by a clubmate, Alex Mallen (talented lot, these Lewes Wanderers). Not only talented but kind hearted as well, as Mike tells us that he has had enjoyable expeditions in the 'Wanderers Wheelchair' during the period of his incapacitation.