

# BOINK!



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THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

## East Sussex Cycling Association

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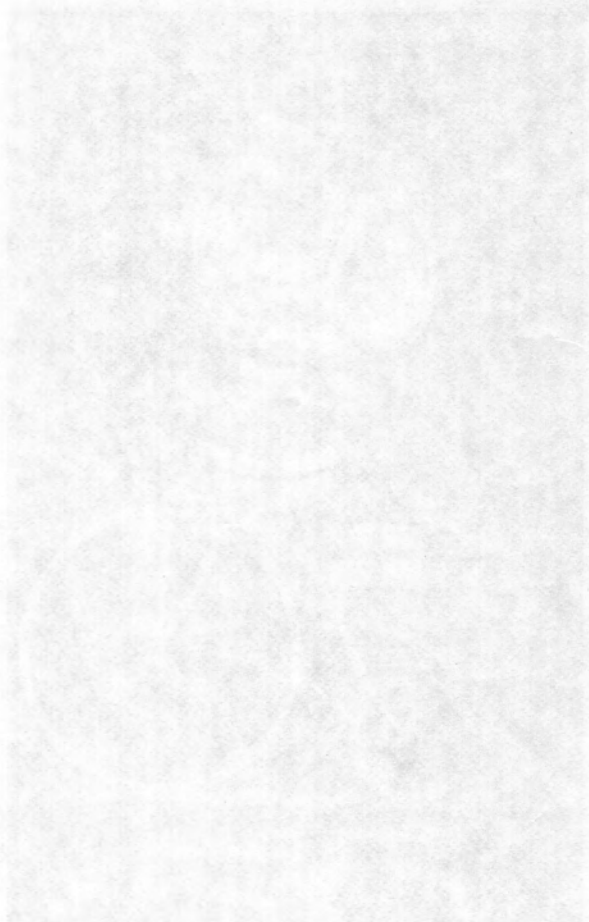
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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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EDITORIAL

There are fifteen minutes to go before the presses start rolling and we still haven't got any opinions worth airing. If, by any chance, we are still producing BONK next year there will be a new feature - all editorials will be written by a guest. We have a list of notable people to approach, among them the area's leading long distance riders, speedy vets, event organisers - the scope is endless.

With that to look forward too we leave you with very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year. See you at the Lunch - don't forget, book early.

Maurice & Esther

## SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS

With the Club Dinner just around the corner we can look back at the year's achievements which like any other one has had it's fair share of ups and downs. The shortage of competitors in the main B.A.R. competition seems to have turned everyone's attention to the shorter distances with Maurice Carpenter breaking the vets 10 record twice and Richard Simmons breaking the juvenile 10 record. Not content with success on two wheels Maurice has also set new Club tricycle records at 10 and 25 miles.

One person very pleased with himself at the end of the season was Mr. Wall, who not having done much riding until the latter half of the season managed to beat someone (a lady) by ten seconds in the last 10 in September. As he crossed the finishing line the timekeeper turned to another Club member and said, "He will be over the moon with that time as he has beaten someone else".

Now that winter is here some of us have started the social season whilst the rest are frantically getting out the winter woollies, thick training bottoms and thermal underwear in readiness for the chilly mornings. Recently Jenny Wall asked her Dad for a new pair of training trousers as she had grown out of last year's, so Pete purchased a pair, apparently the right size, only to find when he got home that they did not fit. Not only were they too small for Jenny but also for Maureen, although they did fit Julian so he gained a pair of training bottoms. Perhaps it was a good thing he didn't come down the clubroom the other Friday when there were a load of doughnuts going cheap otherwise the training tights might not even have fitted him. A number of people noticed that the Crofts family bought a lot of the doughnuts. Aren't they ever fed at home?

On the subject of training tights and things that cover the legs, I heard the other day that one of the ladies went on a shopping spree a few weeks ago to buy herself a new outfit. After browsing around many shops she bought a blouse, skirt and trousers from guess where, Marks and Spencer, but unfortunately when she got home she found the trousers too tight. Then that evening her husband said, "Is it my imagination or is one leg longer than the other?". After a closer inspection this was found to be the case so they were returned the following day.

For those people who have retired or have a spare half day the geriatrics Wednesday outings to places of interest or local hostelries are often great fun. On a recent trip to Beltring Hop Farm, Joyce Dunford almost lost her cycling jacket trying to stroke one of the local donkeys. It took a number of tugs to get the animal to release it's grip on the jacket sleeve.

Most weekends we spend Sunday lunchtime in a hostelry, which is alright as long as the pub has been decided beforehand, which was not the case the other weekend after the Catford Hillclimb. Les and Diane Hayman said that they would meet the rest of the Club at either 'The Bull' or the 'Kings Arms', Brasted and as they rode past the 'Kings Arms' where the Club had decided to stop, Warwick Dunford rushed out and shouted after them to no avail as they disappeared out of sight. About a quarter of an hour later the Haymans appeared in the pub. Apparently an elderly gentleman had seen Warwick waving and shouting to them and when he saw the Haymans looking around at 'The Bull' for bicycles told them that a cyclist had been trying to attract their attention in the middle of the road

outside 'The Kings Arms' back in the village.

One bit of late news I have just heard is that one of the local Sussex lads asked a Kent lady as he battled over the muddy course if she was drunk again as she fell into a hole at the recent Eastbourne Rovers cyclo-cross event near Arlington.\*

See you all next year.

Mis-Anony-Mouse

#### EASTBOURNE & HAILSHAM SECTION C.T.C.

Our Section A.G.M. are well ordered affairs ably conducted by our Chairman, Bill Collins. This year's meeting in October was no exception but one important decision was made; that was to include the name 'Eastbourne' in the title of the Section so henceforth we will be known as the Eastbourne & Hailsham District Section. John Painbridge, a longstanding committee member, decided not to seek re-election and we are pleased to welcome to the committee one of our young members, John Wells.

Our riding activities have carried on much as before with our modest paced rides being particularly well attended. Pleasing too is the fact that more members are taking part in our whole day excursions, all because we have been able to record a modest but important increase in membership. Several of our 'crew' had a go at the D.A. Hill-climb up Firle Beacon. This was an event where riders named their own time for the hill, the nearest to the time specified being the winner. Paul Holmes who rides with us was the best 'guesser' - well done Paul. The 'gorging' season is nearly here and no doubt we shall all emerge the other side a few pounds heavier. The D.A. Christmas Lunch is at Alfriston Y.H. on Sunday, December 16th whilst our own New Year Lunch is on Sunday January 20th and Slide Show Tea on February 17th.

Some of you will remember the Slide Show given at Polegate in 1981 by Jack and Grace Cotton of the Bristol D.A. I am pleased to report that they have accepted our invitation to come again, this time on Saturday, 2nd Nov.'85. Some 120 people attended last time and enjoyed a marvellous show. We hope to at least equal that number in

- please note your diaries.

Merry Christmas and Happy Wheeling in 1985.

Tourist

\* This item was reported to me by the person concerned - Joyce Dunford, of course, as follows: "As the lads came at me for the umpteenth time I suddenly found myself on my back in a ditch. Someone said, "there's a Dunford drunk again"."

We can only sympathise with Warwick, who is a very respected personality, for being married to such a debauched woman. Surely she could keep her vices for the privacy of her own home.

## A DIRTY WEEKEND IN FRANCE

For the second year running the Limbo went off to Ivry le Temple, a small village in France, to ride the Grand Prix de Gentlemen. After last year's attempt with the Co op pro, Pierre Bazzo, I decided to take my own pacer. After a few unsuccessful attempts to find a top English pacer I suddenly realised there was just the bloke here in Sussex. So, after a few phone calls I was finally speaking to Tony Deacon and what's more he agreed to ride the Wessex VTTA G.P. de G and in France. Unfortunately he was already booked in the Redmon. After our practice effort in the Wessex event, first overall on standard and second fastest in the over fifties event, we were confident of making a good effort in France.

Having arranged International B.C.F. licences, Passports, etc., we had a get-together to arrange menus and food as we were using the tin tent for the weekend. Saturday finally arrived and I was up at 4.00 a.m. to collect Tony by 5.00 a.m. from his home. With everything stored away we had just enough room for two bikes and eight wheels. By 5.30 a.m. we were heading east to Folkestone. We had decided on a short crossing just in case it was rough. It was a fantastic morning after the storms in the week, the dawn was beautiful and when we saw the sea at Hythe there was not even a ripple on it. It was very cold, however, with a heavy frost.

We arrived at Folkestone at 7.30 a.m., filled up the van with petrol and ourselves with coffee and waited to be called for the ferry. The ferry was fifteen minutes late and very full with shoppers so we stayed up top and watched Angleterre disappear then went down to find a seat and get warm. By the time we had had a snack it was time to go up top again to watch France appear.

Once in France we hammered south, taking turns at driving and arrived at Ivry le Temple just gone 3.00 p.m. The weather was still great but cold. We signed in straight away, shook hands with everyone and were given the board for the car and a little Union Jack. They had spelt Tony's name 'Doacon' so for the whole time we were called Limbrey/Doacon. We also picked up our dossards (No.116) so we were all ready for the next day. After changing we rode round the course. In the village the loudspeakers were already blaring English pop music and French tyre music. They were washing the mud away from the main street and putting up the banners. Once away from the village the road was narrow at first and muddy but after about seven or eight kilometres the road was better and flatter. All along the side of the road were piles of sugarbeet and this was where all the mud was coming from.

Once back in the village we returned the bikes to the van and drove the short distance to the place where we parked last year - by a wood - and settled down for the evening. I found out why Tony goes so fast, Tesco Curry and Raisins, the plate was overflowing! After our meal we washed up, had a half hour loaf then made the bikes comfy outside chained to the van door and then got ready for bed. Outside it was a fantastic night; the stars were very bright and on the horizon you could see the glow of the Paris lights. Back in the van we climbed into our sleeping bags, piled on the blankets and went to sleep. The time, 8.45 p.m.!

I came round at about 7.30 a.m. and went to the woods. It had been raining in the night and it was misty and damp, not at all nice. After I had washed I managed to get Tony awake and we had breakfast and got ready to go down to the village. We had a chat with a couple of locals mainly by signs whilst we were putting the bikes away. Once in the village we parked in the green and started to prepare for the event. Tony stuck on some slightly heavier tyres and I chatted to some English riders and to some of the French and Dutch vets, it was all very friendly.

The loudspeakers were playing continental music with announcements now and then. Time was getting on but I had a wander round and a ride, sucking up the atmosphere. We had lunch in the van; riders were now going off and the loudspeakers were on the commentary the whole time. The weather had appeared to brighten up and I decided on best wheels and tubs but alas, as we were talking to Roly Crayford, who had just gone round in 38.03, it started to rain.

It was time to go; it was now raining and cold as we climbed up on to the platform. Down the middle of this platform was a bar to lean on (no pushers), the timekeepers stood behind and counted down, in French, of course. I kept looking round at the watch but with about ten seconds to go the timekeeper put his hand on my bum and when it was time, gave me a little push. The ramp looked slippery but down we went. The first curve soon came up and I felt my back wheel slide. I'm afraid I slowed up a bit and Tony did not! PANIC! Then came the first right hand bend; we both slowed down but once round he was off again. It wasn't very comfy behind Tony's wheel, being sprayed with mud, etc. The road was still slippery and twisty so when the first hill came up I was a bit off the back and got dropped. Once back on we caught the first team. They had two following cars and on the narrow road it was difficult getting by. My watch blipped so ten minutes had gone by. Up came a nasty righthand bend but once round it the road improved and was flatter and I settled down better. One lefthand bend and a sharp righthander and we turned into the wind. With about half the distance gone we still had three hills to come, each one getting bigger but I managed to hold Tony O.K. The last hill was the biggest and up the road were three teams and we flew past them. It was a great feeling. The crowd at the top just left enough room to get through and clapped and cheered us as we stomped by. Just about two and a half miles and two righthand bends to go so we were soon almost back in the village. Tony wound it up but once again I slowed down on the last curve so lost a bit more time (damn rain). We flashed over the line and slowed down through the crowd and could now hear the loudspeaker saying Limbrey/Doacon, etc., etc. We had done a 38.52.

I was covered in mud and filth, it was a good job I had worn a hat. The bikes were also covered in mud (when we got home they took a lot of cleaning). After a stand up bath in the van to try and shift all the dirt we gave the bikes a quick rub down, put them back in the van and locked up and went round to the prize presentation. The large barn where this is held is right on the main street by the start and finish. It was decked out with flags, balloons and posters, with a long table down the side bearing food and drink, which we sampled. On the stage were three hundred cups ranging from large to

small. Quite a sight.

The speeches started and we had Stephen Roche (name dropping) to give us the gist of things. All the sponsors went up on the stage and the Mayor, then the presentation started. First the ladies winner, Ava Bassis. The winner (a French Arthur Bouttell); the fastest on time, Roly Grayford, then they called out Limbrey/Doacon, yes we were third on standard and seventh fastest. We both got a big cup, shook hands with the V.I.P. and got two kisses from two nice French girls (don't know what for) and we were also included in the official photographs. When we came off the stage we were collared by a nice looking French lady and taken outside with the winners, we thought for more photos but it turned out to be the local radio station 'Horizon'. We all went in to a mobile studio and were interviewed. What a laugh! The announcer only spoke half a dozen words of English and we had no French! We have no idea how he used the interview. It all took so long we missed the rest of the prize presentation. Luckily there was some wine left and after a natter with some English friends it was time to rush off to the Dinner. Le restaurant 'Le Thaurion' was on the outskirts of the village and we squeezed the van into a corner of the small car park and went inside. We sat on the same table as all the officials and the Mayor and other important people and felt very out of place but we were soon made to feel at home.

The meal started with pate, salad and wine. This was followed by rabbit in a thick sauce accompanied by pom-de-terres, water cress and wine. Then came cheese and biscuits. Then flaming marange with ice cream and wine. Then gateau and wine. And finally champagne.

It is a story on it's own how the evening went. I tried to sing 'Run rabbit, run, run, run.', when they tried to explain that the rabbit was fresh that day. There were the French singing a song about 'Anglais picking fleurs in the jardin' and I tried to join in. What a laugh I had, to sing an Anglais song.

All in all a fantastic day. Luckily the place where we were camping was not far away. By this time we were both well cut and laughing so driving wasn't easy. Once back on the site we put the bikes out and went to bed for we had to get up early to catch the boat.

Our last day was really an anti-climax. The bike shops we found were closed and we had to rush back to the coast. Tony went wrong once and after cutting through some back streets tried driving up the main road on the left - well almost. Soon we were back home and could start re-living the weekend, which I am sure we will do many times until next year, so if you have an hour or so to spare, Tony or I have a tale to tell.

Au revoir.

(The elderly) Nomad



WORTHING EXCELSIOR C.C.

Club records have taken a bashing recently. First, Christine Barnett reduced the ladies 10 time to 26.48 and the 25 to 1.9.53. Tony Goodsell reduced the mens 25 time to 55.19 whilst Richard Shipton got the 30 down to 1.8.19 then reduced it by a further 1.10 to 1.7.9. Not to be outdone, Paul Toppin achieved course and event record in the Club hilly 34 with 1.39.30.

The Club hillclimb was won by Graham Tooley. He climbed the formidable Bury Hill in 4m 3s, just edging out Keith Dodman and Paul Toppin in the process.

Our late season Gentlemens two up saw young Tony Goodsell drag old Don Lock round in 23.24. Don looked shattered but turned out next morning at Ashford with Tony to win a Gentlemens 15. He was quite pleased to learn that the result was in the Daily Mail and Telegraph. He was less pleased, however, to find that the entry showed Tony Goodsell and Andy Lock. His son, Andy, seemed quite happy though.

Two riders in the Club came close to going under for the first time late in the season. These were Mike Mansell and Andy Smith, who will surely do so in 1985.

The Club dinner was held at Worthing's Chatsworth Hotel on November 10th. Guest of honour was Glen Longland, who, together with his wife, Pete Pickers and two other Antelopes, rode to the function. An understanding hotel staff arranged somewhere for them to change and sanctuary for their bikes. A hospitable duo of Roger and Jean Smallman put the five visitors up overnight. The dinner went very well and a good time was had by all. Next day, the traditional morning after, slow, head clearing ride to Arundel took place. Twenty three riders left the clubroom just after 10 a.m. and were joined at an Arundel cafe by six others, including Club President, Ray Douglass.

We are now looking forward to next season. Our Reliability Trial is to be held on February 3rd - visitors welcome. A new course is likely to be used for this. Later in February it is on the cards that Brian Cox will be organising a Randonneur day, with 100 and 200Km events. No doubt local Clubs will be informed if this comes to fruition.

Major B.

REMEMBER TO BOOK EARLY FOR THE EAST SUSSEX ASSOCIATION LUNCHEON & PRIZE PRESENTATION  
TO BE HELD ON JANUARY 13th, 1985 AT FRAMFIELD MEMORIAL HALL, FRAMFIELD AT 1.45 p.m.  
COST £4.70 BOOK THROUGH YOUR CLUB SECRETARY OR ROY HUMPHREY.

The Battery Lamp - Features:- New Supadupa extra strong case.  
New Superdupa improved switch and new improved reflector providing an improved beam.

Extras available:- (at no additional cost)  
Built in automatic on/off device.  
Built in device for constantly varying the light density.  
Built in rattle.  
Packing paper (kindly supplied by Giggis Fag Packets Ltd).

Seriously though, do I hear you say. O, but I am. Answer me this:-

1. How many times when out cycling have you looked round and found your rear lamp out?
2. How many times have you found your lamp/s flickering madly?
3. How many times have you stopped, corrected the above two faults only to find them re-occurring a few hundred yards down the road?
4. How many times have you packed your lamp with paper, etc., in an effort to overcome these two faults?
5. How many times have you had to tap your lamp again, in an effort to overcome these two faults?
6. How many times has the above happened to your lamp of less than a year?
7. How often have you found your new or recently purchased lamp rattling as if it's full of marbles or about to fall apart? (Thinks! If they don't see me they'll hear me.)
8. How many times have you banged your lamp so hard it's broken it, the mounting bracket or both?
9. How many times, in a nasty fit of temper, have you wrenched the offending lamp off it's bracket and hurled it into the hedge?

If you are honest I suggest your answer to questions 1 to 5 must be "more times than I care to remember". To questions 6 and 7, "all too frequently". To question 8 "not too often" (I would hope - as you can quite easily hurt your hand). To question 9, "never" (I would hope so anyway, as we can't have too many of us loonies riding around).

I really do believe it's time the manufacturers were able to produce a reliable lamp. I.E. One that STAYS ON and MAINTAINS A CONSTANT LIGHT and if it's manufacturer is one of those who also produces batteries for these lamps, then a lamp into which the batteries fit much more snugly - my present rear lamp purchased this year has a gap of a sixteenth of an inch between the batteries and the side wall of the lamp.

Haven't we had these problems now for the last twenty years at least!!!!

We read that lamps have to pass such and such a BSI Standard. This being so I find myself slightly baffled. How come? Is it a case of theory and practice not being one and the same thing? I.E. Something that conforms/performs to a particular standard on the 'test bench' doesn't on the road? Or are the Standards appallingly low?

In case some of you are saying "use a dynamo then, mate", I would say this. Yes, I accept that a dynamo would to all intents and purposes overcome the problems to which I refer. But after all, aren't these battery lamps produced as being suitable for night riding? Besides, haven't you ardent dynamo users had cause at some time or other to fall back on the battery lamp?

P. Lennard

CLOSING DATE FOR BONK COPY - FEBRUARY 24th, 1985.

5891 ,ht42 YRAURBEF - YPOG KNOB ROF ETAD GNISOLC

5861 ,4th2 INVURBEF - YPOG KNOB ROF ETAD GNISOLC

As we are now into the social season I will start with a social event. For the last week in October, six of us - Richard Thomas, Graham Lade, Ray Wickens, John Wells, Raymond Brett and myself - spent a most enjoyable time in France visiting Hailsham's twin town of Beuzeville (no it's not pronounced 'boozeville'). The ride to Newhaven for the 8 o'clock ferry was led by Richard Thomas, who insisted that the pace was so fast because John was half wheeling him. John, along with the rest of us, was of the opinion that it was Richard who was half wheeling. After a hearty breakfast on board the ferry, we settled down in the bar and sipped brandy during the four hour crossing, which was very calm. On arrival at Dieppe we were welcomed by members of The Velo Club Cyclotouriste Beuzevillais, and our bikes were secured (some rather precariously) to roof racks for the seventy five mile trip to Beuzeville where we were taken to their clubroom for a lunch of pate and cold meats and so on and, of course, wine, cheese and bread. We were then introduced to our hosts for the night before setting off through the lanes to Honfleur, a 16th century fishing port. I was amazed when, as we came to a junction, the leader got off his bike and stopped the traffic enabling us to continue unhampered. This seems to be normal practice in France! After the ride we returned to our allotted homes for a wash and brush up before being taken back to the clubroom where we were greeted by the Mayor, who gave each of us a souvenir. We then sat down to a seven course meal with one hundred and twenty guests and members. It was noticed that the French have different priorities where meals are concerned because there was only one plate for all the courses but each place was set with four glasses. The eating lasted from eight til midnight and was followed by calvados and champagne after which there was dancing until 3.30 a.m. By the time we got to bed some of us had been on the go for twenty four hours. I for one was quite glad to hit the sack. The next day we all assembled again at the clubroom for a short ride then returning to be wined and dined for the last time. After saying our goodbyes we were driven to Dieppe for a somewhat rougher return voyage, laden with French bread and various souvenirs given by our marvellous hosts. Some language difficulties were experienced but John seemed to manage very well without using any French and I believe he is now in correspondence with a young lady named Veronique. Our only problem now is how to return such overwhelming hospitality when they come to visit us next year.

Meanwhile, back in good old Angleterre, that ancient monument to long distance cycling - Charles Robson - was discussing improving his vets standard with the Buddha of the Eastbourne cycle trade (John Pratt) in his shrine where he must have been overheard by another customer because when Charlie went outside, he was approached by a rather worried looking lady who asked if he would mind having a look at her sick cat! I think Charlie had a hard time explaining he was not that sort of vet.

At the end of August, Graham Lade met up with some friends from Hampshire for what one can only describe as a week's pub crawl by bike in the Lempster area. Graham recalls this tour through an alcoholic haze and relates it in terms of pints consumed and pubs visited rather than miles ridden and places visited.

In contrast, Graham is now running the keep fit sessions at the clubroom. These have been well supported and even George Dicks has come out of hibernation in an effort

to keep his ageing body active. Talking of ageing bodies, it is rumoured that George Windsor and Dave Carter are to make a comeback next season. Dave Dunbar has also been seen out training, although he denies it.

Charles Robson was well placed in the National 24 Hour Championship, completing 427.26 miles. I see Mrs. Ed also did a good ride - 375.24 miles.

I am struggling to think of things to write about this time, there have been none of the usual prangs. By the time you read this someone might have obliged, as there will have been a visit to Calshot Track where falling off seems to be easier. The closest thing to an accident I can think of is Chris Stokes. He has been into hospital to have three teeth removed!!?!? I think it's best if I don't comment about that.

The recent Open Cyclo Cross at Arlington Turkey Farm was a great success thanks to the efforts of Stu Greenway and his helpers. The event attracted riders and spectators from far and wide, among them Tour de France rider and Peugeot pro, Sean Yates, who finished third in the main event. This was won by Guy Pearson of the Surrey R.C. and he took the prize of a 15lb 9oz turkey! Dave Brooker of the Toilets was second. Regrettably Paul Fuller was the sole Rovers representative in the senior event but he put in a good performance although he has not raced for two years and his lowest gear was 60". He was well equipped in one respect - he wore windsurfing boots. Perhaps this was in case he decided to take a short cut across one of the two ponds on the circuit. Martin Thomas, son of our hon. sec. won the under 12s event. Stu Playford, who won the junior event, also competed in the senior event where he was placed tenth, all as part of his preparation for the Championships.

The next Club event will be the Christmas Day 8.8. circuit, starting from Stone Cross at 11.00 a.m. Fancy dress is encouraged. Why not come and join in the fun. See you then if not before. Best wishes for Christmas and a fast New Year.

Benny Lux

They're an odd lot in the Rovers - always cutting bits out of the papers - now Benny's started doing it. The following came from his archives.

#### **DRINKING milk made a wife's sex life a misery.**

She was in terrible pain when she woke up after making love the night before.

She also suffered arthritic pains all over her body.

It became so bad that she was on the point of giving up work.

In desperation she consulted an allergy expert, who decided that milk was to blame for the pain in her joints.

When the woman gave it up, that pain vanished. But the agony after love-making remained.

It was only when her husband gave up milk too—to see if it would cure his eczema—that love-making became a pleasure again.

Her allergy was so sensitive that his milk-drinking affected her while they were making love.

The case of the 53-year old wife is reported by a Derby doctor in World Medicine magazine.

He adds that the husband's eczema was cured as well.

#### **WHAT A TALKER!**

CHURCH bells rang out in Prestatyn, North Wales, recently to celebrate that the local vicar had set a world record by making an after-dinner speech that lasted 15 hours, 2¼ hours more than the previous record.

An audience of 50 people were present to hear the start of the Rev. Clive Southern's speech, but during the night it dwindled to 12.

It's hoped that the marathon speech will raise £10,000 for charity.

#### **The sexy spud is a real dish**

IRELAND: The humble potato leaves erotic aphrodisiacs like oysters and ginseng cold, a Dublin doctor claimed yesterday.

Dr Cyril Daly, writing in the Irish Medical Times, said that because potatoes could grow in poor Irish soil they were 'a godsend to Irish sexuality' and led to the population boom in the late 18th century.

Far from being 'a simple culinary irrelevance' said Dr Daly, 'the potato is a palatable and violent tuber carrying within its sightless eyes memories

THE COMEBACK-VETS' A.B.C.

(Being a few words of advice to men (and women?) who are old enough to know better.)

AGE If you want people to think you are younger than you really are, it's essential to say "Who's he?" when mention is made of Ray Booty.

BELLY For goodness sake put it away. (See: OFFENSIVE BEHAVIOUR.)

CAPIES You have the choice of being wet-kneed or trendy in one of those dinky little racing capes, or terribly old-fashioned but dry in a big yellow one, like Graham Seymour wears.

DAFT as in "You must be". A phrase often heard from the man next door. When next you pause outside the house to put your trouser clips on, lean the bike against his car and let it slide slowly to the ground.

ETHEL Nom-de-plume used in the comic for middle-aged female racing cyclist capable of humiliating male ditto in time trials at any distance. Avoid starting just in front of her.

FAST MEN Avoid their company, except on social occasions. It's extraordinary how while racing they'll whizz by without speaking but on clubruns will attempt to strike up a conversation as soon as you start climbing a hill.

GEARS Yes, yes, we know your Sturmey-Archer used to have a top of 84. Nowadays you'll just have to stick it on the big ring and go, man, go.

HOT WEATHER can be debilitating when you get on a bit. All the same, resist the temptation to retrieve those old khaki shorts from the back of the drawer. Air may circulate more freely through them, but is it worth the pain of youthful sniggers?

IRIS STEVENS is a formidable tourist and teamaker, ideally qualified to advise on how to push unfit husbands to the limit (especially on tandems).

JOKES by young cyclists about bellies, hair, teeth, etc., should be ignored at the time but make a mental note of who the perpetrators are and at a convenient moment let their tyres down.

KNOCK They don't often call it that any more. You could try "I'm knackered" but not in mixed company because it does sound rather rude. (See: QUEER.)

LIMBREY An example to us all.

MARSHALLS are squeamish creatures. Please wipe your nose before reaching the turn.

NIGGLING doubts about making a fool of yourself in time trials should be dismissed. No-one else gives a damn about what time you do.

OFFENSIVE BEHAVIOUR includes the wearing of skinsuits.

POSITION on the bike is vitally important. Do not try to revert to the streamlined horizontal back of thirty years ago or you will hear and feel the slip-slop-slip of surplus flesh bouncing off the top tube.

QUEER To accord with modern thought, don't say "I feel queer" at the finish of events. Say something manly (or womanly if you're a woman) such as "I'm shattered".

ROLLERS should be used in strict privacy. One vet forgot to close the living room curtains when he mounted his rollers clad only in racing shorts, shoes and black woolly socks. After fifteen minutes of sweat-saturated agony he looked up to see the gas man

peering through the window, grinning like a loon.

SEX isn't for you, Buster. You'll be too worn out.

TEA-AND-CAKES at the finish of most time trials is one of the few modern innovations to be welcomed. Lewes Wanderers and East Grinstead C.C. are the four star providers with Eastbourne Rovers close behind. The others could earn an extra star in 1985 if they were to cut down on the jam tarts and add a few more slices of bread pud.

UNDRESSING by the roadside has it's perils. (See: BELLY.)

VIM AND VIGOUR - or could it be V for Vague Memories.

WINNING isn't really the objective. The idea is to sweat so much that (when you've dried out) you'll be so slim that your wife (or husband) will be able to cuddle you more effectively. (But see SEX and YELLOWING OF UNDERWEAR.)

XAVIER (St. Francis) Sixteenth century Spanish chap who got lots of miles in as part of his mission to convert the unbelievers. You'll be doing much the same as you suffer around your favourite training circuits on nasty wet January evenings.

YELLOWING OF UNDERWEAR as a result of sweating while on training runs. Not really a suitable subject for mention in a family publication but a problem that has to be faced. It would not occur so often if you would only put all the damp smelly stuff straight into the washing basket instead of shoving it into the airing cupboard to dry off.

ZENO OF CITIUM (342 -270 B.C.) Greek-Cypriot philosopher who founded the Stoic system, later adopted by riders in long distance time trials. His advice was to ignore the pain and think higher thoughts.

Anonymous

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Graham Seymour entrusted his partner, Simon Barnes, with the responsibility of sending his entry off for the Redmon G.P. de Gentlemen. As a result Graham appeared on the start sheet as 53 years of age instead of 43. He's not that old, Simon, even if he does look it!! Simon's only consolation is that the age was left uncorrected on the result sheet so perhaps Alec Wingrave agrees with him.

A well known Jarvis Brook long distance star is currently studying horticulture at a Maidstone seat of learning. On a recent Club outing he was airing his knowledge of Latin tree names and of one particular tree said "it likes moist water".

Geoff Boxall took his tandem to a Tandem Club meet in the New Forest. His stoker was Matt Rabbetts, trying to find some fitness after a lay-off. It was noticed that Matt was unique in being the only male stoker - a real odd man out! But is it really necessary to book a sex change operation?

That well known authority on local rubbish dumps, Geoff Willcocks, has switched his attention to jumble sales. It has been reliably reported that he recently bought a single left hand shoe at a sale as he "has one at home to match it".

Greetings, folks, and an apology to all those hundreds of readers who nearly tore their Autumn editions to shreds looking in vain for this offering - well, we understand that the odd one or two realised that it wasn't there but only when they were prompted.

Ah well, such is fame, and Rear End covered the doings and scandal as well as anyone could have done, although whether Iris Stevens would have agreed with that is a moot point! As one who has at times spent some pleasant hours in that lady's company, your scribe feels like saying "Why didn't someone tell me before this?". Never mind, Iris, I'll defend you if Ken won't - on condition that I get an armful of your mincepies for nothing at our Christmas Party. I'm sure they'll be easier on the digestive system than Rear End at breakfast time!!!

The Copper has decided to mark his impending retirement next year by generously donating a couple of trophies to further our riders endeavours. As he will then need to have something to occupy his time (apart from bike riding forays on the Continent) yours truly will be offering to impart the basics of car repairing so that he can see what it's like to be up to the wrists in oil, paraffin and general gunge for a change. Then again, he might prefer to give son, Ian, a hand at bricklaying by knocking up cement, etc. We're sure that Madam President won't want him under her feet all day and he can't be out training ALL the time - or can he?

With the news that Paul Higginson is now the Sussex Division Registrar it was slyly suggested to your scribe that he should return to the BCF fold so that the combined Lewes presence could, if need be, swamp the opposition at voting time. The things that some people think of. Not content with having the Archdeacon and Co., giving the other riders a hard time they want the officials leant on as well! Actually it's not a bad idea!

Mick Kilby has now fully recovered after having been whacked off his bike for the second time by a foreigner, this time a Dutchman who was presumably too busy looking at our enchanting scenery to keep his mind on his driving. Incidentally it later came out in court that the bloke responsible for putting Mick Rabbetts in hospital was driving with defective eyesight so he was most deservedly clobbered.

Again the Club has the honour of providing the Association President, and the unanimous choice was our long serving (and often long suffering) Racing Secretary, Pete Burberry. The Copper got a laugh when he pointed out that by not nominating Madam President we'd lost the chance of getting her on the Hardriders starting line on the appropriate date! Despite Pete's antiquated views on the 'massed start brigade' we're sure that ESCAbods will consider him an apt choice.

The statement by Rear End that Club riders hadn't achieved anything racingwise until recent times needs a gentle correction. Those who remember Dave Marsh, John Adams and Pickett in the fifties and Mike Carder in the early sixties know that we 'had our moments' as the records show. Still, Rear End wasn't born then!

By the time this is in print ESCAbods will have suffered the privations of the first tourist trial organised by that master of hardship, Ian Landless. That will be a foretaste of the infamous reliability trial due again in January so let's have a bumper entry to prove that ESCAbods are men not mice! One word of comfort is that Ian has been

a lot nappier of late as due to the exceptionally mild first half of November Lewes clubruns have been reaching record figures so far, as many as twenty one having been let loose on the local roads, so he might be a little more lenient this time.

News about the Emerald Islanders seems regrettably sparse these days, although thinking about it your scribe wonders if the gags are near to exhaustion point. All we've scraped up is the building site labourer who was bawled out by the foreman for wheeling his barrow around upside down. He said, "Well, every time I put it up the other way some idiot fills it up with dirt". Then there was the novice ice skater who refused to go out on the rink until the gritting lorry had been round, and finally the most popular game at Irish Christmas parties where they each have to drink a crate of Guinness then one leaves the room and the others have to guess who it is.

Well that's all that we can rake up for this time. No doubt Rear End will acquaint readers with the details of the Club Dinner, again to be perpetrated within spitting distance of that hallowed ESCA shrine, Boship round-a-bout in February.

Meanwhile have a good Christmas and stodge up well so that you're all unfit for the Hardriders, thus letting in our mob again! Hope the weather stays agreeable and we'll be seeing you at the Association Luncheon in due course.

Best of wheeling.

Alsoran

From an address in Hailsham  
that had better remain secret from henceforth.

To the Editors of BONK.

I must insist that you refrain from any more comments regarding my sex life. These insinuations (sic! Mrs. Ed) have already put my future career as a star of television and radio in jeopardy, in fact since the publication of these scurrilous remarks I have been, as they say, 'resting'.

I have also noticed that the young fast men in the Wanderers are standing well back when I serve them coffee. Unfortunately the old men like Geoff Willcocks and Neevo are still as amorous as ever. As for that rab-b-iting (am I on the right track) of the young Lewes scribe, all I will say is that Pâte Lapin is one of my favourites.

Yours faithfully,

Iris Stevens

P.S. It was costing me a fortune in vitamin pills to try and live up to the image.

Eds. note. Dear Iris, I think it's such a novelty for cyclists to have a sex life that you are bound to be an object of interest for some time yet. Obviously you got your priorities right when you were young instead of spending the formative years obsessed with the bicycle. Take no notice of young Matthew, I imagine it's just youthful curiosity on his part - he's got some very strange ideas. He seems to think that just talking to a member of the opposite sex indicates some deep liaison! We'll have to take him in hand. As a matter of fact, we thought you HAD had him for breakfast - his BONK notes were very, very late this time.



EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION - CHAMPIONSHIPS

Senior B.A.R. 1984

1.	TONY DEACON	LEWES WANDERERS C.C.	25.732 mph (Association record)
2.	R. Shipton	Worthing Excelsior C.C.	23.685 mph
3.	A. Attwood	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	23.076 mph
4.	M.D. Rabbetts	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	22.987 mph
5.	P. Baker	Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.	22.868 mph
6.	S. Prior	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	22.864 mph
7.	C. Willis	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	22.505 mph
8.	R. Sier	Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.	22.451 mph
9.	V. Butler	Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.	21.034 mph
10.	H. Hemsley	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	21.033 mph
11.	R. Thomas	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	20.991 mph
12.	P. Wilkins	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	19.965 mph
13.	R. Prior	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	18.530 mph

Teams

1.	LEWES WANDERERS C.C.	23.931 mph
2.	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	22.120 mph
3.	Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.	22.117 mph

Ladies B.A.R. 1984

1.	Esther Carpenter	Southborough & District Wms.	20.197 mph
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Junior B.A.R. 1984

1.	COLIN BROOKER	EAST GRINSTEAD C.C./ ALLINS CYCLES	23.358 mph
2.	P. Gibbon	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	20.626 mph

Veterans B.A.R. 1984

1.	ANDREW ATTWOOD	LEWES WANDERERS C.C.	+ 11. 40
2.	H. Hemsley	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	+ 8. 06
3.	C. Willis	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	+ 7. 24
4.	V. Butler	Hastings & St. Leonards C.C.	*
5.	R. Prior	Eastbourne Rovers C.C.	*

\* It has not been possible to determine a result for riders 4 and 5 as no age/standards were given on start or result sheets showing qualifying rides.

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In future will event promoters ensure that the racing secretary is sent copies of all start sheets and result sheets.

In view of the fact that there are junior and veterans B.A.R. awards, will all promoters ensure that every junior/juvenile is shown on result sheets and that vets plus-ses or minuses are given on result sheets.

CYCLING CROSSWORD by BLACK HAWK

A £1 cash prize will be awarded to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your solution to the Editors, to arrive not later than 28th February. The solution and the winner's name will be published in the Spring 1985 issue of BONK.

\* \* \* \* \*

CLUES ACROSS

- 1, 26, 12ac, 2dn, 28ac, 12dn. Enters races, steers, strives in meritorious burn-ups, possibly (10,6,6,7,9,6)
6. Seen in a good light in bed, perhaps (4)
10. A road-race to Upper Dicker initially comes back, and springs up in India! (5)
11. Dees brilliantly before "ten" and start of road-race, in Brighton or Werthing (9)
12. See 1ac.
13. Rapid way to park cycle-track (7)
15. It can attack your bike, rotting under seat-tube, initially (4)
17. Gee! a small middle-marker possibly has growths! (6)
18. Look at map three ways, as one dees to tee-straps? (7)
19. Editor leaves the run half-completed (6)
21. It's found among the cheap seats in church (4)
24. Mick Hill? (7)
26. See 1ac.
28. See 1ac.
29. Demestique mainly comes to nought backing shapes (5)
31. Cycling organisation making crafty drink, leak (or hear!) (1,1,1,1)
32. The life had broken up in East Sussex (10)

CLUES DOWN

1. Rear this writer in Benk (3)
2. See 1ac.
3. We hear groups of riders up the road get bike parts (6)
- 4, 28dn. ESCA'd get mixed up in Old Town making-up secondhand motor (4,3)
5. Chronic error turns out less unpleasant (5)
7. Type of cycle fitness that never varies (7)
8. Racing competition, initially, is one of two that riders usually held on to (3)
9. Time-trialling vets like them as large as possible: do they find them comfortable? (7)
12. See 1ac.
13. Initially pushing up racing speed until East Sussex, time-triallist - does this to his minute-man (7)
14. Revels exceptionally as part of 3dn (6)
16. Devon hill in East or West Sussex? (3)
17. Gun destroys animal (3)
18. Distances for racing clubs in Sussex or Kent, for instance (7)
20. Traveller who writes for Hailsham CTC (7)
22. Sort of favourite who could set the pace, but err off course (3-4)
23. The sort of treatment you may get from Foreign Office beffin, mostly
25. Grab sixteen in Paris (5) (3-3)
27. Give out some of the timekeeper's returns (4)
28. See 4dn.
30. Some who miss a day's cycling may be this (3)

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These surely can't be the winter BONK notes. Mid November and still no frost at nights. This can only mean snow, frost, ice and more snow will abound us come reliability trial time. Christmas soon and before that the Lewes Wanderers, whoops! S.C.A. Lunch and Prize Presentation. I'm bringing a wheelbarrow from work that day. Well done lads, you've done the Club proud.

My apologies if my scribblings lack their usual flair and lustrous content, but after an enforced two months rest with sciatica (SCIATICA!! Ye Gods! I had you down as the most eligible 'toy boy' in East Sussex. Even Charles doesn't get SCIATICA! Mrs. Ed.), my cycling relations have been rather distant. That will teach me to show up our Tone in the 12!

Top of the list this time around must be the announcement of the wedding of ex-champion, Ian Burgess, and local lass and team driver's daughter, Sally Higginson. July 20th is the fateful day and with a very proud yours truly to be the best man it promises to be a right laugh (especially the strippers on the stag night, eh Ian!). Actually I've acquired a little poem, written to celebrate the time of their engagement last year:

That's a day to remember, the 9th of November,  
Another good man down the drain.  
She'd planned it for years but it brought us to tears,  
Crowboro' biking will never be the same.

Whatever happened to that 'all night raver'  
Come on young Burgess - do yourself a favour  
We warned you against your obvious fate  
Should have re-started training - now it's too late.

Anon

-----honest Sally, I don't know who wrote it or who Rear End is.

Just for a change, here comes the racing news first - mainly because I can't think of anything else to write about at the moment! Late August and September, even October, continued to bring the Club proud results. Team records were smashed at 25 and 30 miles and individual records were too, at 10, 25 and 30 miles. Fresh faces amongst the sports pages hall of fame appeared, with Horry H and Peter Gates both snatching the headlines with cracking rides. The best headline I think, appeared in the Sussex Express after we promoted the ESCA 10 and 25. 'The Perfect Hosts' it read. Hardly. Would you want to go to a party where the hosts won all the prizes. Individual and team prizes in both events, juvenile award, veteran's award and a handicap prize. Another good weekend.

And so, to what of the Archdeacon of Portslade. The first weekend in September saw two performances by Tony of truly incredible class - quick, fine me more superlatives. To quote the Kent and Sussex Courier "Deacon beats the speed kings". A 25 time of 51.37 had followed a 10 of 20.38, another Club record, the previous day. Poor old Simon Barnes, overshadowed all season by Tony's successes, continued to do great rides all the same, including a p.b. of 56.29 for 25 miles on the same day as Tony's Club record. 'Batty-Atty' Attwood also went under in the old men's Surrey/Sussex event on Hammerpot, in 59.47. All our ancients did well including Ian Landless, the 'Seaford Bronze Adonis', who did a 1.2.26, and former BONK scribe Mick Burgess, 1.3.15.

Marcus Boss, now back at Oxford (Polytechnic) for another year, rounded his season off well with a 58.08 25 over at Newbury. After the shock of Seymour going under in a

2 up 25, comes the unbelievable news of Ian Landless, yes Grand-dad Landless, getting in the record books again with 1.12.13 for 30 miles to add to Simon's 1.7.16 and Tony's 1.4.19 for a forty three minute beating of the Club 30 record.

Season's bests and personal bests have come the way of plenty, including Alec Mallen 1.5.15, good old Graham 1.5.17, Michael Donovan 1.5.24 and John Coe 1.6.41 all for 25 miles. Added to these were the rides by Horry Hemsley, who won the Club 15 in terrible weather in 40.50 and a sixth place in the Catford 25 plus 1st vet, 1.2.04, a life p.b. Seventh in that event was Peter Cates, proving to be quite a mover, well so his girlfriend tells me, finishing in 1.2.09. Back to the Club 15 where top junior was David Jupp and fastest juvenile was Paul Gibbons.

Mick and Ian Burgess continued to ride the track and with the news that a new trophy has been put up for a Club competition, hopefully more will ride next year. Tony also rode a couple of road races, including the Brighton Crit, and proceeded to win a prime.

And finally to the provisional results of the season long competitions, including B.A.Rs and Points awards. Simon Barnes won the ESCA Points clearly, followed lower down by Tony, Marcus and Matthew. Well done, Simon, following in Ian Burgess's footsteps, and well done to every Club rider who won points in ESCA events as we trounced the Toilets and the Central for the Team Points Trophy. As written before, Tony has won the Club, ESCA and SCA B.A.Rs, and I think all in record times. Matthew Rabbetts was second in the Club and SCA and fourth in the ESCA and Andrew Attwood was third in the ESCA B.A.R.

A fantastic season for the Club and may I take this opportunity to thank on behalf of all the Club's 'stars', all the helpers, marshalls, timekeepers, coaches, mums, dads, girl friends - sorry, I'm reading Tony's SCA Luncheon speech by mistake!

One person I forgot to mention last time was the Club Crits organiser, Dave Sims, who once again - please take NOTE - did a STERLING job (topical, eh? Get it?). Thanks also to Jan, Caren and the other refreshment helpers and Sylvia for mending my knee after the crash.

Mick Burgess, who has been warned by Sally "no cycling at my wedding" has gallantly put up two new trophies for next year. One, as said, is for the track, the other is a 'Classic League' type competition, like in the 'comic'.

The two indisposed Micks are now nearly 100% well again after their accidents. Mick Rabbetts is back on his bike as is Mick Kilby. Clubruns have restarted, these included a hostelling weekend to Winchester, organised by Ian. 180 miles in two days seemed well in the range of Crowboro' schoolboys Chris Chambers, Steven Owles and Paul Gibbons, who all did well. Brian Rex went to his beloved Exmoor once again in October together with Eddie Reeves and fellow waifs and strays from the west London hey-days. I believe they all survived the annual glut of clotted cream and cider.

To close, I must warn you all ready for next season. Following a comment made by John Woodburn about bald chested cyclists having no chance of going fast, I break the news that Simon Barnes has sprouted several hairs upon his upper torso. So watch out next year. I'm still busy, desperately coaxing mine along but to no avail. Here's to a chest wig for Christmas.

Happy pulling (crackers).

Rear End

ESCA POINTS COMPETITION

	HR	10	25	50	25	100	50	10	25	HC	TOTAL
SIMON BARNES	18	19	20	-	20	-	19	15	17	20	148
R. Shipton	-	17	16	18	19	16	18	10	-	-	114
D.J. Brooker	17	18	18	10	17	-	-	14	14	-	108
T. Deacon	20	-	-	-	-	20	20	20	20	-	100
M. Ross	4	15	17	-	16	-	16	16	16	-	100
M.D. Rabbetts	9	8	9	17	13	18	9	-	-	-	83
B. Coomber	19	20	-	-	-	-	-	19	19	-	77
A. Attwood	12	-	-	-	-	14	15	-	15	-	56
G.R. Brooker	-	2	6	7	15	-	-	13	12	-	55
S.G. Dennis	16	-	-	20	-	-	17	-	-	-	53

	HR	TTT	10	25	50	25	100	50	10	25	HC	TOTAL
LEWES	17	8	12	17	9	16	19	25	18	26	11	178
V.C. ETOILE	12	-	17	6	-	11	7	-	11	9	-	73
WORTHING	-	14	7	4	6	7	4	8	-	-	-	50
EAST GRINSTEAD	6	14	-	-	13	9	-	5	1	-	2	50
CENTRAL SUSSEX	3	-	-	2	7	-	-	1	12	7	4	36
EASTBOURNE	-	-	-	4	3	5	10	3	-	3	4	32
HASTINGS	4	-	4	4	2	-	8	6	-	-	-	28
BRIGHTON EXCEL.	-	-	2	2	5	-	-	-	1	-	16	26
SOUTHBOROUGH	3	-	3	2	3	1	-	-	2	6	5	25
SUSSEX NOMADS	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7
BRIGHTON MITRE	-	-	-	3	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3
CRAWLEY	-	-	-	-	-	2	-	-	-	-	-	2

IMPORTANT DATES FOR YOUR DIARY:

Lewes Wanderers Reliability Trial      27th January, 1985.  
 Lewes Wanderers Club Dinner          9th February, 1985      Boship Hotel      £8.00  
 Ian's Stag Nlght                              18th July, 1985          White Hart, Crowborough 7 p.m.

BONK COPY CLOSING DATE/BONK COPY CLOSING DATE

FEBRUARY 24th, 1985

BROADRIDGE HEATH, NR. HORSHAM, SUSSEX. Tel: HORSHAM (0403)55093.

There's nothing like a bit of nostalgia to keep you going during the winter months, so I thought I'd feature this particular Happy Eater. If you rode the V.T.T.A. Championship 10 on G513 last May, you may have seen this restaurant out of the corner of your eye at a round-a-bout as you sped (?) towards the finish. It's situated on the A24 about twenty miles north of Worthing where the A264 and A281 join at a round-a-bout, and only a couple of miles or so from Horsham. Next door is Fishers Garage who have Shell petrol and are agents for Volvo. There's also a rather nice silver birch and, on the other side, a yellow (or was it pink?) elephant. This Happy Eater has only been open about eighteen months and it's one of the best I've visited so far and already



much used by cyclists according to the young manager. The decor is really very pleasant with a series of framed cartoons by Gary Patterson (a distant relation?) round the walls. He features such characters as the Golfer, the Jogger, the Racquetball Player but unfortunately there is no Cyclist. If you are visiting Happy Eaters on your bike it's a good idea to have a saddlebag, then you'll have room for a Happy Eater thermos flask, which you can buy for £2.25. When you buy the thermos, they will fill it for you FREE with tea or coffee. The next time you visit, take it with you and they will fill it for the price of a cup. The best buy for this refill is coffee which is 37p per cup and the thermos holds 2½ cups. Tea is now 36p for your own pot out of which I am assured that you can get two cups.

CHARLIE'S CAFES - Series 2, No. 8

THE SAMOVAR, HERSTMONCEUX, SUSSEX.

Tel: HERSTMONCEUX (0323) 832533

It's nice to find a restaurant privately owned and prepared to welcome cyclists, especially when the proprietor has done a bit of cycling in the past and was wearing shorts behind his white apron when I arrived. The Samovar is in the middle of Herstmonceux high street on the A271 and is run



by Walter and Beryl Siomiak who are Ukranian. The restaurant opened in August and seats about fifty people, so there's plenty of room. Walter has four different menus plus wine and liquers but in this write up I'll look at the snacks menu. The first thing that caught my eye was Ukranian rarebit at £1.45 which sounds, as the chap in Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In used to say, 'very interesting'. It contains cheese, egg, sherry, Worcester sauce and pepper sand-

wiched between fried bread. Other items include home-made vegetable soup with roll and butter 85p, ploughman's £1.25, honey glazed ham and french fries £1.85, egg on toast 60p, sandwiches from 50p, coffee 35p and a pot of tea for 35p. Lemonade or coke is 25p and for £1.30 you can have a cream tea consisting of two scones, butter, jam, cream and a pot of tea. This restaurant is ideally placed for winter rides for nearly all the East Sussex Clubs so why not give it a try and help to keep it open.

I was thinking the other day that readers of Bonk must be Bonkers and as all cyclists are bonkers, it seems appropriate to wish all my fellow Bonkers a very happy Christmas and a puncture free New Year.

Footnote: The Bon Bon Restaurant at Ashford (Series 2, No. 2) is now CLOSED on Sundays as Mrs. H. was finding it a bit much but still open during the week as before. The Little Chef at Bagshot (Series 1, No. 10) next to the garage has completely gone, apparently to make way for a car wash. If a new one is re-erected on this site, I will keep you informed.

