

ESTHER



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

East Sussex
Cycling Association

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

PRICE

15 P

BRADY

THE BRADY BOOK

East Street

Cycling Association

PRICE

15/-

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

-oooOooo-

New series No. 36

Spring 1986

President

Ron Hayward

Secretary & Treasurer: Roy Humphrey, 4 Ebenezer Cottages, Framfield, Uckfield,
TN22 5NR

Editors: Maurice & Esther Carpenter, 10 Maplehurst Road, Baldslow, St. Leonards *q/s*.
Sussex. TN37 7NA

EDITORIAL

What a start to the season! Usually we can expect to dispatch this edition of BONK to Clubs via the good offices of couriers present at the Hardriders then settle down to look forward to the spring weather. This year it was not to be and Val had the disheartening task of informing all competitors that the event had been cancelled. She has asked us to pass on her apologies to anybody who slipped through her net but she certainly made every effort possible to contact everybody. No doubt it was a disappointment to all of us who look forward every year to opening their season with this event, whether as riders or spectators, but it must have been doubly disappointing for Val to have made all the preparations and worked so hard for nothing.

Whilst the editorial was being typed, 'Neevo' came on the phone and asked to be remembered to everyone at the Hardriders. Upon being told that it was cancelled he advanced the theory that perhaps somebody was trying to tell us that our racing season is too long!! Didn't he used to say that when he was editor?

The reliability trial with which we finished off last year's events went off well, especially considering that the weather conditions on that Sunday weren't very good either. Indeed, Charlie Robson packed his van with wellies, a spade and emergency rations then sent me off to dig out any riders who got stuck in the snow. Nobody got stuck but a lot of people found it very hard and one or two fell by the roadside.* It was successful enough that it will be on the calender again this year, before the AGM, so make a note not to miss it. Incidentally, Joan Shirley and Dorothy made a nice little profit selling tea to the footballers.

Maurice & Esther (Me)

* figuratively speaking! It means they packed.

What you've all been waiting to read since Christmas -

Part 2 of SAGA HOLIDAYS RIDES AGAIN

(For those who have lost their Christmas copy of BONK, members of the Lewes branch of 'Saga Holidays/Landless' have split up. Six of the party are waiting at Pontivy for a Japanese television crew to appear and film their activities. The remaining riders had vanished into the hinterland. Now read on.)

Eventually a large Mercedes cruised up with the NHK (Japanese Broadcasting Corporation) camera crew and their French escort, and interviewed us all. Eddie wanted a Geisha girl as part of his fee and when the camera crew set up in a field he told the girl he could not shout two hundred yards. It was obvious they did not find us funny and interviewed Brian as he does resemble an imperial nippon private. Our leader made a fool of himself with his interview and I dread to think of eighty million nips falling about when we appeared on their T.V. back home. I think we might appear on Clive James. They wanted us to ride up the road and at that moment I found I had punctured so the whole show was delayed. Eventually we cycled uphill with the Benz beside us and the cameras rolling and me stuffing my face with a pork pate sandwich. We all got tee shirts and a biro each. Dick had also arranged that we would see them again. We left the main road and made for the Forest of Lanouee which is crossed by minor roads and very quiet. We found a lonely bar in Guilliers, which was the only building with any life, had a quick beer but had to push on as there was no food. Eventually we landed up in the square at Montfort and the party split up as the fast men tore off for Rennes, leaving Brian, Ian and me to our own pace. Brian was suffering a bit and we were worried in case he had another attack of lack of insulin. The hostel was the other side of Rennes and we had to thread our way through the town centre to find it. Luckily all bus shelters had a street map so we were O.K. In the evening we found a restaurant close to the hostel where I did quite well. I had pork fillet and Matt's steak as he doesn't like horse, and for a five franc bet, ate all the cheese. After a few beers back at the digs we prepared for next day's stage. The day got off to a bad start as Matt had his brand new bike stolen along with my lock. At first he thought that Eddie and I had hidden it but gradually it dawned on him what had happened. He went down to the police station to report the crime while the rest of us tried to figure out all the options available. In the end the warden hired him a bike and also told us as the theft took place on hostel premises their insurance would pay the claim. After we had doctored the bike to fit him we made our way to the nearest cake shop for some dinner time fodder. Just as we came out Brian had a really bad diabetic attack and I stuffed all my mint cake into him. After about half an hour we set off again to see the Tour outside Vitre. As it wasn't far we ambled through the lanes to come out on the main road about two kilometres from the finish. As the police close the roads hours before the race appears we spent a couple of boring hours waiting and using up our food. Eddie and I kept our water supply up from a cottage where inhabitants were consuming huge strawberry tarts, they did not give us any. I think we would have been better off at the finish as all we saw was the bunch tearing past. The town itself was in chaos after the finish so we had a quick beer and made for Fougères straight up the main road. Ed and I did bit and bit and were cheered and hooted by various team and press cars also making for the same place. After reaching the town we could not find the hostel and the others still got there first. With our usual skill just for our American Express rep we found a restaurant that not only had half the menu but managed an electricity failure as well. As usual when wandering round the town we found a better place but it was too late then. Graham, Geoff and I, completely on impulse, went into the Fagor team's hotel and I got Luis Ocano's autograph on the back of one of Geoff's visiting cards. We arranged to see the team at breakfast next day and hatched a plot to wind up John Bridger. It was bad enough him not being on Jap T.V. let alone not being on the invite for petit déjeuner. We told him that this was an exclusive in depth interview and he did not appear very happy. We all traipsed round in the morning and even met Bazzo who paced the famous Alan Limbrey. As he spoke no English we had a job telling him we knew Alan. The team manager gave us a lot of time and we were impressed by his fluency in French, Spanish and English. We met Martin Earley, who autographed a lot of photos and I scrounged some Fagor team hats. I told the manager that Eddie was Doug Collins' domestique in the '50s but he was not impressed. The Tour team time trial was starting in Fougères and the streets were a mass of people. I got

conned into buying a photo taken by a sharp photographer for about £3. Ian and Brian went back to Fagor's hotel and got themselves sweatbands. After doing a bit of shopping we set off for St. Sauvair du Landes. The sun was out for a change and there was a real holiday atmosphere in the village. The locals had tables set up with barbecues, cooked meat and wines but only for themselves. Matt and I went down the local shop and stocked up there with pastries, fruit, milk and lemonade for Ed. We watched the teams come through and Hinault got the biggest cheers. We gave our Fagor mob a yell but they were trying so hard I doubt if they heard. We had seen our Nipponese chums again in Fougères before we left and did some more interviews. I am still waiting for the rest of my fee but I think our agent, Dick, kept the lot. After seeing the race we had a fair way to go to Dinan and it was hot enough to ride in shorts and no tops. Eddie, Matt and John B took off and the rest of us thought of those two working him over yet again. Geoff punctured and lost a tyre lever and has marked the spot on his map. He failed in recruiting any of us as card holders and had to return with a saddlebag full of application forms. We helpfully watched him do his repairs and proceeded through minor roads to within six kilometres of Dinan. Graham knew where the hostel was and it was easily the most beautiful setting of the tour. It is in woods up a hill, with a stream passing by. We walked up to the town and had our only genuine dose of French cooking in a very good restaurant. Apparently the help yourself starters were only available for one trip per customer but our lot ignored that. There was one tomato and a lettuce leaf, plus debris, when our lot had their share. Afterwards we wandered back via the river which is well endowed with very expensive restaurants on the quayside. Geoff had his hat stolen in one of them. I found the place, where, in 1961, my mate had asked a local to take our photo. He chopped me in half and left the other bloke off altogether. There was a bit of noise in the night at the hostel but we ignored it. In the morning we looked out to see all these kids in pyjamas facing the wall and not being allowed to speak. Apparently that was their punishment for the previous night's rumpus. Needless to say they were English. At breakfast some Americans made the error of sitting at our table and they starved. We did not have far to go to Dinan but left early as Matt had to send his bike to Rennes. Graham, Geoff and I stopped off at a hypermarket to get presents for home. I got a load of pate and Breton sausage. The trip back was calm and the sun was out. The only drawback was the ten hours on the boat. Brian had a slight dose of insulin failure and we caught him in time. When we got Portsmouth some wally held up the whole boat with his car and caravan. Eddie and I lefted bikes over the bonnet in order to get off. Eddie, Brian and Dick tore off towards Winchester youth hostel; John Bridger jumped a train and four of us got a lift in Graham's car driven by Pete Burberry. All in all it was another good effort by Landless Tours but so far I have not yet seen any cut price offers on T.V. for next year's holiday.

A.C. Hardings Domestique

OFFER OF THE MONTH FROM CYCLING
(IF YOU'RE UP TO IT!)

BOOK 2 INSERTIONS
(OR MORE) AND GET ONE

FREE

DURING THE MONTH OF
MARCH ONLY

BRING THEM ON DIRECTLY

01 643 8040

D.
in
sl
s

SUITABLE RACING DIGS?

Must Go!

MODATION

rk. COUNTRY FAMILY HOME set in
en own grounds has vacancies for the
very elderly. 10 years experience in Senile
it- Dementia. Full care given. Inconti-
nence not a problem. Heathfield

NTIAL ACCOMMODA-
ABLE, in private resi-
exhill, for three
men, in

TR
an
fr

The December Ronnie's Rambles always reach something of a crescendo on the Saturday before Christmas Day, because this particular Ramble includes the longstanding pub lunch fixture at Dragons Green. As usual the run left the road and took a cross country route - this year on no less than three occasions. And Ron had laid on a special novelty for one of these which had the pub guests wrinkling their noses - the field near Ashurst had just been manured! Aren't overshoes great?

Cliff Dent was guest speaker at Ashington, where he and his wife, Jill, presented the Club trophies. The bulk of these were won by six riders. Kevin Penfold's three included the Junior Road Race Championship cup and Gary Moore had the Senior Road Race trophy amongst his wins; Joe James took the club's 50 mile Championship cup. But the most prolific of the trophy winners was Paul Lipscombe, whose tally included cups for the fastest 25, 50 and 100 mile times in events ridden throughout the 1985 season. Colin Tamon took the Jenner Trophy as 25 mile Champion while Adrian Jones was the 25 mile series winner. The final presentation of the evening, the F.R. Leppard Memorial Shield, awarded for services to the club and the sport, went to Press Secretary, Joe James.

The club A.G.M., just three days after the Dinner, heard Secretary Ken Atkins summarise the past year as being a successful one, although membership had fallen by ten. The saddest loss was the recent tragic death of Alan Codd, a gritty Yorkshireman who had come to cycling after an athletics accident. Alan had looked for a sport in which he could still compete despite only having partial use of one leg. He never asked for sympathy and indeed, he became a force to be reckoned with in veteran time trial circles.

The A.G.M. re-elected most serving committee members but a new and welcome addition to be elected was Claire Teague coming in as Social Secretary. Thanks Claire! Press Secretary, Joe James, made particular mention of the superb response he was getting from the West Sussex and County Times and all club members agreed that the coverage the club was receiving was indeed excellent.

The next event on the calendar, Central's 70 mile Reliability Trial on the 16th February, unfortunately only attracted some twenty seven riders, of whom seventeen 'finished'. Perhaps it was the cold weather. I rode the Lewes event on a much nicer day but somehow managed to hit the only loose dog in Sussex and go over the tops. Horace Hemsley was behind me and was unable to get his feet out in time, so he went down too. Sorry Horry! Ron organised a weekend Ramble on the 20th February and I managed to get a day off along with Rod Laker and Joe James. We all met at Cowfold and set off through the snow for Lewes via Ditchling Beacon, which Ron always enjoys. Met Kevin Bramham at the cafe in Lewes and then a tortuous route to Heathfield for lunch at Antoinettes. I was smashed as the afternoon drew on and wondered how Joe was that fit. He confided that he had sneaked some rollers home but also admitted to riding 58 time trials last year! Can anyone match that I wonder?

The Rambling season is, of course, drawing to a close. It has seen several riders off on the ice that seems to have been everywhere this year; it has seen a number of cafes shut or gone altogether (sometimes when refuelling was desperately needed). It has seen us freeze at the Nutlin Fruit Farm cafe under the baleful gaze of Jake, the huge black German Shepherd dog, and yet these problems can all be forgotten on a run like today's, where we had a smashing reception at the Ditchling Tea House after a great ride through traffic free lanes.

Finally, I have received a note for inclusion which appears to be partly in code, but which I include in its entirety. It reads:-
Jungle message from Panamanian Pannier Distributors, Colon Duty Free Zone.
Begins. Have received one only repeat one only your revolutionary pannier 'Sagesticle'.
Great demand for more from Young Panama Ladies Guild. Please advise inventor Agon
Ewarty. Ends. O.M.I.P. (Our Man in Panama)

Get it?

Rambler

EASTBOURNE ROVERS C.C.

I suppose it's back to all things cycling from now on! I've spent my winter bent over a hot Micro - not oven, I hasten to add. Last autumn I was lured into the home computer world by talk of 'software', 'floppy discs' and 'joysticks'. This to me sounded like fun with a capital F. Little did I know that this was part of the everyday language of a boring home computer buff, which I now like to think I am. Everyday I can really bore the pants off people with talk of 'Roms and Rams' 'Peeks and Pokes'! The only concern I have now during this extremely cold period is that my Peripheral Devices are frost free!

By the time you read this (both of you, that is), you will know whether the months of winter training have been worth every ache and pain and perhaps leave you wondering whether your competitive edge will ever return. It's that treacly drag passing Hellingly Hospital, towards Cowbeech, three to four minutes into the ESCA Hardriders that really tells the truth, isn't it?

Our Monday club nights seem to have improved somewhat; the table tennis tables are now free of cobwebs and are put to regular use. Stonecross Memorial Hall echoes to the sound of happy clubmen chatting about old and new times, standing around with their cuppas and wads in their hands - what a lovely scene.

Gavin Smith thought that perhaps a club news letter would be a good idea so he took it upon himself to produce a bi-monthly publication which, if the first edition is anything to go by, should be very popular. Vet John Blackman has recently joined us after spending a season with Hastings. It was a comeback year for him and culminated in John winning his club debut event, the Stone Cross circuit 8.8 mile Christmas event in a creditable 23.40. With his knowledge and contacts within the sport he will be an asset to the club.

Ray Prior, the new owner of Phoenix Cycles together with his son Simon, are supplying the needs of cyclists and especially racing cyclists. We are expecting delivery of clothing arranged by Ray through a new manufacturer, so this season should see E.R.C.C. riders in matching skinsuits for the first time.

Not much has happened during the winter except one notable event, namely our Dinner and Prizegiving, most expertly arranged by Jane Lade and family. Sunday clubruns have developed into mini road races with primes on every hill in sight, although up to Christmas things were more sedate. Accidents, thank goodness, have been few and far between, although Richard Thomas managed a coming together with a car driven by a member of the opposite sex, she stopped suddenly to do up her passenger's seatbelt. Richard luckily received only bruises and his insurance company are sponsoring a new frame, ordered through Ray. Jim Fuller, not to be outdone, fell on his ear whilst climbing up to Brightling Needle during the Lewes Reliability Trial, all he bent was his pride and holed his new longs.

Our club, for better or worse, seems well equipped with vets. As mentioned earlier John Blackman has joined us, so we should be able to field a reasonable vets team when necessary from the likes of Cliff Sharp, Charles Robson, Brian Burns, Clive Willis, Harold Manser, Jim Fuller, Geoff Baker, Graham Lade and Ken Thompson. Our juniors and schoolboys are still keen and eager, led by Steve Willis and Duncan Geals.

Just one thought to close with, now that 'U' turns are to be a thing of the past, I've got an idea, where's me spanner? Right, off come the brakes from my t.t. bike, that should make it lighter. No! I'm only joking (if any young children are reading this - DO NOT take your brakes off). Seriously though, we need our brakes to stop at the tea tent, don't we?

Have a good season.

M. Brocation

BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.

This weather not only seizes up the muscles, it seems to have a similar effect on the brain as far as most cyclists are concerned. I have never seen such poorly completed and inadequate entry forms as those submitted to the Hardriders event this year - just as well it isn't an Open or handicap event otherwise many of you would have had your entries returned. It is IMPORTANT that you put down the name of your CLUB (it saves me looking back to previous result sheets, etc.). See enclosed letter for for classic example - this entrant will NOT get a ride. (I'll try to reproduce it at the end of your notes. I've never seen an entry like it before! Ed).

Those who go by bike to the clubroom will no longer have to watch the tides to make sure of crossing the Lock gates at Southwick unhindered by shipping as we have now moved to a different clubroom. We are once more back at the Scout Hut, Globe Villas, Hove. We still meet on THURSDAY nights from 0800 - 1030 and Judy has an excellent array of goodies on offer at the canteen. The move was brought about by internal re-organisation within the CEEGB who owned the Watersedge.

The Christmas Lunch at Nutbourne was a noisy but thoroughly enjoyable event and the rest of the social season proceeded in similar fashion. New Year's Eve was spent by many at "Dreary Dennis's" where our very own Charlie Chandler was joint winner of the fancy dress competition. The theme was "on the beach" and Charlie looked fetching in fishnet tights and a clinging ladies swimsuit (revealing a very hairy chest). He shared his winning glass (Dennis is also mean) of champagne with a sailor. Questions have since been asked as to whether Charlie is a bicyclist or a bi-sexist? The evening's alcohol consumption was meticulously recorded to form the basis of the handicap for the New Year's Day 10 mile time trial. Some were too ill even to reach the start line and there were not as many participants as originally expected. Ace time triallist Tony Deacon was no doubt fearful of the competition and was d.n.s. for the race although he did pretty well at the previous night's drinking; girlfriend Sue was d.n.f. but the Lewes were well represented by the Attwoods (it was thought almost possible they could have stayed in bed and still won the event due to Vanessa's capacity for Guinness). On the day, Tom Roberts was the clear winner, both on scratch and handicap, with a 29+. Val Stringer got the ladies prize, just scraping home inside 40 minutes. Afterwards we all went to The Bridge at Beeding - it was suprising to the landlord how many people were drinking Perrier water! The Club Dinner was very good although it is disappointing that some prizewinners still cannot make the effort to attend. The food was generous, hot and tasty and the service excellent. The entertainment seemed to go down well, although the hired entertainers are not necessarily as interesting as the Club members or guests - particularly if they dress like the Attwoods. We suggested they wear something bizarre, but well.....perhaps we can persuade the Eds. to print a photograph in the next issue (or would be liable under the "Obscene Publications Act"?). (Try us. There aren't many things we refuse! Eds.)

Then all too suddenly it was time to try and get fit again, some for the racing season and others for holidays, touring at home and abroad. Others, like the unfortunate Tony Roe, fell on ice and sustained injuries - we wish you well again soon, Tony - and there are those who have just hibernated. Despite the cold, support for clubruns (or on snowy days, toboggan runs) has been very good. Last week a motorised run to Godstone was organised by Dave Hudson and thirteen of us went for a 58 mile circuit of the hilly Kent lanes. It was unlucky for some - Val Stringer had the only puncture of the day and on one of the few descents as well. Another ominous cracking sound went undetected until Monday when Chris Chapman's frame fell apart as he was cycling to work. A few new frames should be appearing on the scene this year - some are being kept secret at present! Martin, John Watson, Mike O'Shea, Dick Holkham, Chris Chapman, Leon and Judy Budgen and Martine seem to be the serious ones packing in the training miles at present so it will be interesting to see how their season develops. Nicholas has been persuaded to get out of bed before mid-day on a couple of occasions but, like the majority, a lot of work needs to be done even just to catch up with the others. With Roy's gym sessions drawing to a close next week, Friday night will soon be available and if the arctic weather ceases he hopes to start on-the-bike training on the track as soon as possible.

Meantime the tourists have been booking their CTC tours to Corsica and Italy; the 'younger set' have planned another invasion of France; whilst others are heading for the more sedate Harrogate. Scotland could be on the cards for some, so all in all it looks like a busy cycling year ahead.

SOUTHBOROUGH & DISTRICT WHEELERS

Well, the new season is drawing very close and Esther tells me that by the time most of you read these pages the ESCA Hardriders will be over. As a fairly 'green' ESCABod I attended my first Luncheon this year - and what a jolly occasion, too! Mick Burgess getting slowly sozzled and chatting up the birds! (A pity a few stayed away because of alleged bad behaviour last year). A fantastic dinner and a great speech by our new President Ron Hayward. This was only the second speech I've heard Ron make, the other was our fiftieth birthday a couple of years ago and that was just as hilarious being about how difficult he found it to ride tandem!! Ron is one of those rare examples of a person who is a shining example to us all of how to triumph over an illness that can cripple so easily. Another person in our Club who is a fighter is Maureen Wall. Two years ago Maureen quite literally picked up back trouble. Two years and numerous visits to hospital, specialists and a fair few bedridden months later, the problem is still not fully healed. Maureen only now able to ride her bike again and then only if taken slowly, a far cry from her racing days when she gave Mrs. Ed a good scrap in most ESCA events and more often than not came out on top!

The Southborough riders have been busy stacking in the miles, which for David Abraham means a couple of training rides with Simon Barnes who is a bit one paced, yes he turns out a regular 26 m.p.h whatever the terrain!! The rest of the Wheelers racing team (?) was hoping to accompany the Thanet on a weekend racing trip to ride Het Volk on March 1st but at the time of writing the trip looks very doubtful as the Belgian Federation is getting fed up with foreign riders. So the Hardriders should be no sweat for the lads!

See you awheel!

Overshoes

Eds. note:- Overshoes explains in a covering note that he is a very busy scribe at the moment, with deadlines to meet all over the place. So elsewhere in this journal you will find an article about a winter trip undertaken by the Wheelers, written by a very kindly old gentleman to help the Club correspondent out. (That's all a lot of twaddle, but O'shoes asked me to put something like that to fill up the space! Mrs. Ed.)

C.T.C. Eastbourne & Hailsham Section

I suppose you could say there have been rather more festivities than cycling of late - the recent chilly weather certainly hasn't been very conducive to pedalling. Our section was well represented at the D.A. Christmas Lunch at Alfriston Y.H. which proved to be, as usual, a lively and enjoyable affair. On the morning beforehand and after photographs by the Christmas tree at Hailsham, I led a party of over twenty riders around the lanes to enhance the appetite. Our ramble on the Sunday after Christmas was blessed with a sunny day and again, more than twenty walkers and a dog enjoyed a circular walk led by Thelma Mehew. The highlight of recent weeks was the section New Year Lunch at Stone Cross Memorial Hall on February 9th. As usual our ladies transformed the Harris Room and provided a super meal for the thirty eight who attended. Thankyou, girls. Ray Wickens, who was the winner of the Attendance Points Competition for 1985, and Ray Gearing who was only one point behind, were both presented with awards, as were various other people for services to the section. Some of our folk entered the Seven Sisters Marathon on February 22nd and by all accounts found that the snow and ice made for some difficulties but despite this, I believe all succeeded - well done; twenty seven miles is a long way to walk.

Our members slide show and tea in March is the next and last event on our social calendar, by which time the freeze will be over, we hope.

Tourist

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

Half the entire membership of the Sussex Nomads had their jackets smeared with mixed fruit flan at our annual Dinner, bringing complaints that "this sort of thing always happens when we get involved with the Lewes lot". They are right, of course. The evening also saw the distribution of funny hats; a racing jersey complete with (external) bra); a frog, and a pig. Matthew Rabbetts made a brave public admission that he suffers from penile numbness - an affliction for which the guest speaker, Pat Liggett, offered immediate treatment. Happily, Matty was well enough to walk to the prize table to collect his B.A.R. trophy and to urge greater support for 12 hour events. (Actually he said "so get off your arses" but that's not the sort of language you want to see in BONK). The only other Lewes rider to complete a 12 was Horry Hemsley, who was presented with the Zonca Bradshaw perseverance award for that and other efforts. The trophy for services to the Club went to Valerie Owles, who's usual response to appeals for help is 'no sweat'. But she must surely have worked up a great deal of perspiration with her three hours of frenetic activity on the dance floor, which even Graham Seymour couldn't match. Valerie was worth ten out of ten for effort - but as usual the Dallimores were the tops for sheer rhythmic perfection. You'd think Dave's sense of balance would be upset by the weight of all that moustache.

The Dinner venue was a new one for us - the Black Lion at Patcham, which on the evidence of 1986 is highly recommended. On the morning after, Lewes Wanderers (and a couple of guests from an obscure club in St. Neots.) almost filled the Little Chef at Cross in Hand, where they were joined by representatives of Brighton Excel, who must have gone there under the impression that the cafe had a drinks licence. (Their arrival reminded me of an interesting phenomenon - in very cold weather bearded men tend to dribble onto their whiskers.) Our lot were in fairly good condition, all things considered. Exceptions included Captain Landless, who turned up somewhat shattered by vain attempts to keep up with a mountain bike; Vanessa Attwood, who sat in the lavatory wondering what those funny trough things were doing fixed to the wall. No men in there - Andrew said if there had been she would not have come out so soon; and the disgustingly unfit trio of Seymour, Rabbetts senior and Phillips (East Anglian refugee), who were deservedly snowballed for taking so long to climb Mayfield Mountain on the way home. Fitness was also in short supply in the LWCC reliability trial, held on the one and only good day of the winter. Most got round in their chosen times somehow or other. Of those who didn't, Ollie Davies disappeared somewhere near Wadhurst and wasn't seen again until the Club Dinner, and Greta Mallen (our new ten mile record holder), unselfishly stayed by Alex's side when he ran into yet more mechanical trouble. What a wonderful thing love is!

Rotrax

PLAYGIRL INC
CONSOLIDATED BUILDINGS
1167 WALL STREET
NEW YORK
NY 10008 USA

CENTUREFOLD DIVISION
TELEPHONE (212) 943-6060

DEAR MR REX,

YOUR NAME HAS BEEN SUBMITTED TO US WITH YOUR PHOTOGRAPH, AND I REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT WE WILL BE UNABLE TO USE YOUR BODY IN OUR CENTERFOLD.

ON THE SCALE OF 0-10, YOUR BODY WAS RATED 2 BY OUR PANEL OF WOMEN RANGING IN AGES FROM 60-75 YEARS. WE TRIED TO ASSEMBLE A PANEL IN THE AGE BRACKET OF 25-30 YEARS BUT WE COULD NOT STOP THEM LAUGHING LONG ENOUGH TO REACH A DECISION.

SHOULD THE TASTE OF WOMEN EVER CHANGE SO DRASTICALLY THAT BODIES SUCH AS YOURS WOULD BE APPRECIATED IN OUR CENTURE-FOLD, YOU WILL BE NOTIFIED BY THIS OFFICE. IN THE MEANTIME, DO NOT CALL US-WE'LL CALL YOU, SYMPATHETICALLY,

A. Ericsson
AMANDA ERICSSON
EDITOR
PLAYGIRL INC MAGAZINE

PS, WE DO COMMEND YOU FOR YOUR UNUSUAL POSE. WERE YOU WOUNDED IN THE WAR- OR DO YOU RIDE A BIKE AL01?

WORTHING EXCELSIOR C.C.

By the time ESCA members are reading this latest edition of BONK the snow will probably have cleared. I think we shall all be glad when the last specks of dirty white stuff have finally disappeared - but there are some compensations. Some recent rides have been through landscapes of sun drenched snow when the whole familiar scene is completely transformed and the views breathtaking. Mind you one pays the price of solid feet and painful hands, but it is worth it. When will some boffin invent a cheap and workable footwarmer - could make millions.

The Excelsior has just completed some early and windswept events, noticably our reliability trial that raised money for the local Spina Bifida and Hydrocephalic charity. Our thanks to the forty two riders who took part. This week has seen our A.G.M. that was well attended and members were re-elected with such speed and sanction as to make our political and union leaders quake if they could see the efficiency of the proceedings.

The weekend saw fifteen brave souls don their racing garb and battle round the Washington (G914) course for our annual medium gear '10'. This was followed on Sunday with our 18 mile Findon circuit event. This took place on a very cold and windy day that had at least half of the wind in our favour. Eighteen members took part and the event was won by our Club Coach Andy Smith on his new machine in 46m18s. This kind of entry on a freezing cold day augers well for the racing season to come.

Our clubhouse at Broadwater has been in the process of having the kitchen rebuilt and refurbished. Our thanks must go to Connie and Jim who have had to bear the brunt of cold and misery whilst steadfastly continuing to serve thirsty members during the past month or so. These two stalwarts epitomise the service that members give to support our Club.

On this note of thanks I close to wish all riders a speedy attainment of personal fitness and a record breaking 1986.

Bottom Bracket Bob

C.T.C. Lunch - 1985

Back in December the CTC D.A. Lunch was held once more at Alfriston Y.H. I was lucky enough to get one of the last tickets and on the morning of the 15th got my bike out of the shed and rode over to the venue. In contrast to 1984 when I got soaked, it was a beautiful morning, warm and sunny, and it was a pleasure to potter through the lanes.

I was one of the first to arrive but the proceedings started off well, with the cream of the local CTC membership being ejected from the pub by the landlord and just sitting down before the food spoilt! Bill was very disappointed at being made to leave as he was on the point of buying Roy a drink. Roy was quick to tell me that when he walked into the bar, Bill had a pint in each hand and said "I've still got friends, so there!". As Bill staggered in he was cornered by Yub who told him there would be no free wine this year as the 'do' was teetotal. Bill fell for this joke and was halfway to the door before he was told the truth.

Iris arrived just before the meal started and as usual, soon became busily involved, so much so that I was unable to get any dirt on her. Cross toasting was soon under way as the wine flowed and one of the first revelations was that Dot Collins and Joyce Wickens had molested Ray Gearing in the snow. These two ladies look forward to this annual lunch as their one opportunity of the year to get publicly drunk. They both managed to and Roy remarked wistfully that somebody was going to have some fun going home with Joyce. They have a ladies only camping trip each year and when asked if they manage to find any talent replied that they take it with them.

After we had all eaten and drunk our fill, Fred Mehew presented certificates to successful riders in the D.A. competitions and that finished off a very enjoyable day. The majority of those present rode or wobbled their way home, whilst I was lucky enough to be collected and taken home in the car by Esther, who was most respectably sober.

THE BEAUJOLAIS RUN

When Southborough Wheelers gather together and the demon drink flows, we always seem to let ourselves in for something. Last Autumn, word came from the 'Crosskeys' one club night "we are going on a sponsored ride to bring back the Beaujolais Nouveau from Beaune". You remember the balmy Autumn, we had enthusiastic cries from half the Club.

There would be a minibus/sag waggon. Fred, the landlord of the 'Crosskeys' would drive. His daughter, a fluent French speaker, would come along to handle the natives for us. It sounded perfect.

As the days dwindled in length, so did the list of riders. At first I said "I'll go if there are any spare places but I'm a bit old for this sort of thing really". By the time the fateful day drew nigh, there was no minibus, excuses galore, "I'm ill", "my firm can't spare me", etc., from more prospective DNS's.

Eventually November 19th dawned, an estate car had been loaned, John Harding would take his car and there were seven of us left to ride - John and Dave Harding; Dave and Geoff Abraham; Conrad Price; Andy Howie and Steve Dann. It was also snowing, blowing and cold. We had to tie the roof rack onto the estate car, which already had a roof-rack on for carrying wreaths.

Kent Association for the Disabled, who were to relay the Beaujolais from Paris back to the 'Crosskeys', gave us a cheerful send off and we were away to catch the 10.30p.m. ferry from Newhaven. Despite the weather we had a good crossing and emerged at Dieppe at 4.00a.m. to head for Paris. The roads were deserted, where were all the French? We soon found out as we approached the French M25, the 'Peripherique'. The rush hour was on and they were all there, going in all directions around us. Eventually we were ejected south of Paris and stopped in the freezing dawn for coffee and a change of underwear. We pressed on down the A6 autoroute but as we approached our goal decided to follow the route we would be riding back the following day. It got extremely rural, flurries of snow were blowing about on the road and the canal which the road followed was frozen over and covered with snow. By noon on November 20th we had arrived in Beaune and soon had an hotel laid on for us by the local tourist office.

In the town's streets were numerous sporty cars with 'Hemel Hempstead Round Table Beaujolais Run', or something similar, plastered all over them. A passing Brit told us that last year there had been an Aston Martin which had made it back to Calais in 2hrs 55mins. Obviously a fast man, it took us 8hrs from Dieppe!

After a convivial evening we were more than ready for bed, but Fred had to drive another eighty kilometres or so to collect the Beaujolais which was to be released at midnight.

In the dawn of November 21st we breakfasted looking out at the snow falling in the light of the cars headlights. Whilst Steve Dann was busy kissing the hand of the plump little barmaid, the rest of us put our bikes together, loaded up the cars, and as it was now getting light, took a few pictures of the snowy scene and the precious cargo.

For some reason we were all keen to ride up the hill out of Beaune on the D970. Steve, a relative newcomer to the sport and not yet fully relieved of his senses, volunteered to drive John's car. The hill rose 1100 feet to 1800 feet, a tough start, we should have looked at the heights beforehand. The roads had all been salted but were slushy and none of us had mudguards. My flint catchers sprayed the slush neatly onto my ankles and down into my overshoes. We climbed up through Beauze-les-Beaune, which reminded us all why some of us had headaches or it may have been the cold.

John Harding had taken over his car again but after twenty five miles could not stand the heat and fug in there, so asked me to drive. I reluctantly agreed. How I stood that heater blasting on my frozen feet for twenty miles I don't know, but I put up with it for John's sake. We were lucky to have Fred driving the estate car. He went ahead and found cafes, etc., for us, which was a great help.

Our lunch stop was at Semur, after which, having thawed out and rigged up some plastic bag slush deflectors, I felt fit to face the elements again. Forty five miles gone and seventy five to go, we set off again, through Montbard towards Tonnere. Some of our number seemed to relish the conditions more than others, enthusing over the phallic icicles protruding from their brake stirrups and their six gauge see through spokes.

As we approached Tonnere it got even gloomier, and I being the lanterne rouge, managed to fight them off as they tried to drag me into the sag waggon. Finally I made it up to the others and had the honour of being last, but last to pack. As it was nearly dark we called it a day and drove the final thirty miles to Sens, our overnight goal. We had ridden ninety miles. The night passed all too quickly. We all tried snails for the first time and I got another headache. It must be something in the wine.

November 22nd dawned snowy and cold again. The two Daves, Abraham and Harding had respectively, a bad cold and swollen knees, so were hors de combat as they say over there. I put even more clothes on, and as we had all got a bit dehydrated the day before, filled my water bottle.

John Harding, bless him, said "We ought to do bit and bit. We'll cover more ground that way". After covering over twenty miles in the first hour, one or two of us began to feel a little less than fit and a short stop was called. I tried my drinking bottle and nothing came out, it was full of ice.

We staggered on along the N6 against the wind but at least the snow had stopped. The trees along the roadside were loaded with mistletoe and as Christmas was approaching, thoughts of acquiring some crossed our minds. Low and behold there were a gang of men lopping off lower branches just along the road and a large clump was swiftly obtained. Our lunch stop, Melun, was now not too far off, so our faithful team manager, Fred, went on to find us a feeding station. We had only done forty two miles, it felt like double that. After another splendid meal there were twenty five miles left to do to the Eifel Tower, most of it near motorway. Three decided that they were capable of continuing, John, Andy and Conrad, to be joined en route by Steve. Fred needed a navigator for the last stretch into Paris so I had to do the noble thing and volunteer. After a minor excursion from our chosen route, which the riders had the sense to avoid, we all arrived on the Left Bank and the Eifel Tower spot on our planned time of 4.00p.m. Our K.A.D. friends were waiting for us parked right under the Tower. Imagine trying to meet an ambulance and a Rangerover plus caravan under Nelson's Column.

After greetings and exclamations of surprise that both parties had made it thus far, the Beaujolais Nouveau was ceremonially handed over and the event duly recorded. Both Davids, lacking any miles that day, decided to go to the top of the Tower, to emerge from the lift with the news that it was all murky and covered in snow at the top. The same as it had been at ground level for the last two days.

A quick dash was made through the Paris rush hour to the K.A.D.'s hotel for a wash and brush up, then we joined the scramble on the 'Peripherique' again for Dieppe and the 1.30a.m. ferry. Fred remarked that he had never had such consideration from French drivers and reckoned that it was because we had bikes on the car.

We arrived home at 6.30a.m. and unloaded to a considerable chinking of bottles. All that was left now was the Club Dinner that evening and the ride out to meet the K.A.D. party somewhere between Dover and Tun.Wells on Sunday morning. Luckily they had got as far as Goudhurst and the combined ride back to the 'Crosskeys' was completed spot on opening time.

All in all we had a great time, despite the weather, and £1300 was raised for Kent Association for the Disabled.

Daddy Longlegs

CLOSING DATE FOR SUMMER BONK

MAY 23rd 1986

