

BOINK!

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

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Cycling Association

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THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

At the ESCA Lunch I was instructed to write something for BONK in the way of a Presidential Address, so here it is: The White House (with coffee coloured door) 36 - BN 1 8 NP.

Seriously, though, during 1987 I will endeavour to do all I can to promote and assist ESCA and it's officials and of course, you, the members. I'm sure that not many of you have any moans. If you have, let me know.

Further on the above subject, I know more assistance is required, not only by our Association but by the sport generally. If every cyclist offered to help just once a year, things would be much easier all round. I would not be suprised if sometimes there would be too many volunteers.

In the past I think some Presidents have won the B.A.R. in their year of office, a feat I am sure I am not capable of, so I shall try hard to do well in the Vets. B.A.R. instead.

BONK (the publication, not the effect of over indulgence in my favourite past-time) is something to look forward to, but having just read the Nomad notes for this edition I am suprised at the different viewpoints of an event (I must remember rice pudding next time). Bananas are best, they come ready wrapped.

Please do not believe all the Old Nomad says. I am not the ogre he makes out but he is the only one I can get at, as Geoff doesn't take any notice of me.

After this winter, having spent most Sundays out with another Club, perhaps we should rename our Club the Sussex Cuckoos (please note, the renaming of our Club is not open to suggestions).

The winter has flown by (so far). Let's hope spring is here now because if you do read this you have probably just ridden the Hardriders and I hope you are dry and warm and not too smashed.

Keep safe.

Limbo

sub-titled "WHY DO WE DO IT? WE MUST BE MAD!")

Well, the 1987 season has started and I have just completed my first event.

As usual on Saturday I spent time getting the bike ready - checking, adjusting and oiling to ensure a trouble free ride on Sunday. To bed early on Saturday night, setting the alarm for the first time for ages for a Sunday morning. The weather report promised fine weather, but cold.

My eagerness for early season events ensured that I arose in good time, had a good breakfast and quickly got my 'bonk' rations of rice 'pud' and lemonade ready. The bike went into the car and off I drove to Lewes. I should have mentioned earlier, the event was Lewes Wanderers Reliability Trial. Into the car park, took my bike out of the car, paid my entry fee and received my numbers. Quite a crowd was assembling there and I was eager to be off. Maureen promised food and drink on our return and then Reg dispatched the first group, me included.

Our group consisted of some Lewes Wanderers, some riders from Central Sussex and me, the 'Old Nomad'. The pace out of Lewes was just about the speed I could cope with but it was a struggle up the hills. Question - should I have gone for a warm up ride? Ringmer was quickly passed and I hardly noticed Laughton as I was enjoying the ride and chatting with my companions. We passed Golden Cross and onto the first check point at Horam. I thought the others would wait a few minutes here but it was not to be. As I struggled to get my number out of my pocket they were off up the road. My number was given to Sylvia - "sorry I can't stop" and off I went on the chase to catch up the others. What an effort but I made it at last, must be unfit. A few miles further on a tub roll fell into the road and it was only because I was lagging behind that it was noticed. I stopped to pick it up and shouted "wait for me". Half the group stopped, I handed over the tub roll and rode on, trying to catch those ahead of me.

At Herstmonceux they were still ahead of me but eventually I bridged the gap. Huh! Huh! Huh! Definitely not fit. Tucked in again I began to recover and enjoy myself. The group was mostly Central Sussex, Rex, Ron, Mac and others I cannot remember. Is my mind going because of age or exertion? Trouble for someone but good for me. A tyre was punctured. Now there was a chance to take it a bit slower. I announced I was going to continue riding as I didn't want to run out of time and would need plenty in hand before tackling Beachy Head. After a few minutes Ron caught me up and said he would ride with me. I welcomed his company and we continued over the marshes to Pevensy and the second check point. We arrived at the A259 but didn't see anyone to give our numbers to, so we returned to the lane where a man got out of a car and said he was the checker. He took our numbers and said we were making good time as he had not expected anyone so early.

Off we rode to Eastbourne where my cycle computer told me we had passed the halfway point. As we started the climb of Beachy Head I told Ron I was going to stop and take a rest on a seafront seat and eat some rice 'pud'. He said he would push on and eat later so off he went. While I was eating and drinking a group of riders went by and on looking at my watch I saw that I had rested for five minutes. Must push on, I was surprised to see the computer trip average had dropped from 15 to 14.4 m.p.h.

Now I was ready for the hardest part of the ride. The last time I rode this way up Beachy Head was about 1950 on a 70" fixed. How was I going to manage today? When I reached the first corner I went into bottom gear, about 47", and sat there and steadily pedalled my way up. Up the first 'zig' and round the bend into the first 'zag'. Slowly and steadily I went, but the road went on forever. One-two; one-two; up-down; up-down; now I was beginning to feel my age. One-two; up-down; legs are aching; how far is the top? Keep going! keep going! My knees were saying, get out of the saddle and ride the pedals - my brain said, don't give up - forget the pain - push on, up-down; up-down.

Nearing the top now and I saw a junction with a road on the right. I must GIVE WAY. How nice if a stream of cars were there and I would be forced to stop (and rest) to obey the law. No such luck, not a car in sight. Keep going; up-down; one-two. Now a left turn onto the Beachy Head road; the gradient eased, so I upped the gear and getting out of the saddle I reached the top. Hooray! I've done it. I've done it! What a disappointment, there was no-one there to see my achievement. Now downhill

in top gear to the Belle Tout check where the last number was handed in. I was feeling good as I rode on to East Dean and the next challenge.

A left turn and there was the dreaded climb. Bottom gear and I was out of the saddle straight away. Now I was suffering. I took a crafty look round, saw no-one in sight, so hopped off and started to walk. What a pleasure it was and I was just enjoying the walk when I heard a voice behind shouting at me - "what are you doing walking? Get on your bike at once!". I looked around and saw that it was 'Limbo' with a group of fast riders. As he passed he said, "you're a disgrace to the Club". In trouble again. How am I going to talk my way out of this one? Thank goodness I was wearing a plain red coat and hat and not the ones with Sussex Nomads on them. Riding sort of incognito. A brisk walk for a few more yards and on to the bike for the last bit of hill up to the church and pond. Top gear again and the exhilarating ride past the forest down to the Cuckmere.

I remembered a previous time when I was in trouble with "Limbo". At the end of a '25' he took me to one side and said he had received a bad report about me. He had been told that I was seen free-wheeling down a hill so he gave me a good ear bashing about it. I bowed my head, touched my forelock and said, "sorry sir! sorry sir! As he walked away I had a little smile because he still didn't know I do it all the time. I hope he never finds out. He's a real slave driver.

Just remembered - he is ESCA President this year and when I ride in the Hilly '16' in March and he is wearing his President's hat I mustn't pass him. Chance would be a fine thing.

With my mind on other things the miles have been passing by, up the hill into Seaford, through the town and on to Denton Corner. The computer tells me I am doing well and much to my amazement I am passing riders on the road to Beddingham. Here I took another rest in the bus shelter by the level crossing and finished off the rice 'pud'. The energy it gave me saw me storming into Lewes, up East Street and into the car park. I've done it! I've done it! I reported to Reg and later received a cup of chocolate and a scone from Maureen. Thanks very much.

What an enjoyable day - good weather, good company and no mishaps. Roll on next year.

"Old Nomad"

(Fiction based on fact. Names have been changed to protect the innocent)

An ageing ex-Clubman spotted a Bianchi racing bike in Halfords window, bringing back memories of around 1950 when the great Italian, Fausto Coppi rode that make of bicycle. The bike in Halfords was a pukka racing machine which would have been good enough for Coppi, winner of the Tour de France in 1949 and 1952, to use. It was painted in the once famous Bianchi blue.

(Thanks to our Hastings 'stringer' for the fill-ins this time.)

Closing date for the Summer BOBONKNK is May 27th.

Well, here we go again. When this lot is read "the season" will have started again. Let's hope that this year snow does not stop the Hardriders from being held. Talking of racing, who will be the early fit ones? A clubmate who went to the Eastbourne Dinner saw Ken Griffiths discoing the night away and reckons that with all that exercise and effort Ken should be very fit.

Talking of fitness - Megan Rabbetts walked to the ESCA Lunch while old man Mick had to use a bike. There was a strange meeting at Hadlow Down where the redoubtable lady was accosted by cyclists drinking from small white flasks. The lady was not in the least dismayed and after being photographed with these odd people she went spritely on her way. When asked if she was afraid, the lady replied "not at all. It was much too cold for anything to happen".

The Wanderers reliability trial was held in good weather after the snow of early January. The organiser, Ian Landless, could be going soft. The only climbs were from Eastbourne up to Beachy Head and East Dean to Friston. Could this just be a ploy to lure more people into riding next year? We had a good turn out and new Uckfield member, Darryl, made his mentor, Laurie, and Graham, grunt a bit. It was also nice to see our second claim member from the Harp, John Edwards. Thanks to all the many visitors for supporting us and for the support from Reg and Maureen Porter, who supplied the drinks at the end, and also the checkers who took the numbers.

The A.G.M. was notable for two things. Subs went up and we got a new Secretary. The first item was not too important; the second was. In the last twenty years there has only been one Secretary in the Wanderers - Geoff Willcocks - who has been a very loyal and hardworking servant to the Club. Geoff was the prime mover in the Wanderers Criterium series, which has also been going for twenty years. Whatever has been said about Committee meetings, ours were never dull, long drawn out maybe, but never dull. People do not realise that despite Geoff having the ESCA D.N.S. crown for several years he did race, and we have photographic evidence of this. Geoff was made a Life Member of the Wanderers at the recent A.G.M. and we wish him a steady recovery from his accident.

Landless/Seymour Tours ran another trip to the Ghent 6. Ian looked after the cycling side on a cold, wet, windy weekend while Graham took care of the minibus section. Both lots finally met at the hotel where they stayed for two nights, despite the hotel only expecting them for one night. The racing was great and there were several sore throats after the final session with all the shouting for Danny Clark and Tony Doyle. Still it seemed to work - they won. Strange things happen when people go abroad. Ian Landless tours the city looking for girls in shop windows. Mick Burgess photographs shop windows that display coffins. Andrew and Vanessa tried to purchase the entire stock of a cycle super store. Andrew Razzle foiled this by buying half the clothing stock. Ron Rogers spent a fortune on a blue saddle. The return journey was almost a lot longer than expected as the motorised section only just made the ferry. Laurie Leaney was glad to get on board as he had been expected to be arrested for running down a crash barrier in the park around the stadium. At the Belgian/French Border the Police wanted some sort of document that Graham did not appear to have. Things were not helped by various comments from inside the bus. After much shrugging, arm waving and stern looks we were allowed to go with what was believed to be a French four letter goodbye. All in all another good weekend by the Club's Travel Agents.

The Club's Annual Dinner and Prize Presentation was again held at the "Black Lion" Patcham, when over a hundred people sat down to a good meal. There was, as usual, a considerable amount of cross toasting which appeared to take some newcomers by surprise. Matt Rabbetts took the 50, 100, 12 hour and B.A.R. trophies and Andrew Attwood won the 25 mile Championship. Ron Rogers was the vets. B.A.R.; Paul Gibbons was the junior B.A.R.; Tony Deacon took the awards for the fastest 25 and the trach Championship and John Russell won the Reg Eldridge Rosebowl for the handicap in the evening 10 series. There was a special offering, presented in the style of the Oscar Awards - there were three nominations, Ron Rogers for a deathbed scene after the ESCA 100. Horry Hemsley for his performance in the first ESCA 50 in June, which brought protest from Help the Aged on his lack of help. Matt Rabbetts for his immortal line on the SCA 12 circuit "Don't shout at me Daddy, I am doing my best". When the golden envelope, made out of the lining of a tea packet, was opened, Horry was the winner. There was no disco this year, we borrowed a refugee from Joe Maplin's lot and the result, well, you have probably

seen the "You don't have to be mad to work here, etc., etc. Money has changed hands so I will say no more and I'm off down to the pub.

See you at the Hardriders?

Guttersnipe

Luckily not all Wanderers have a conscience and the following report was received from one of Guttersnipe's clubmates.

LEWES WANDERERS DINNER POSTSCRIPT

The time: 10.40p.m., Saturday, February 21st; the place: the Black Lion Hotel, Patcham. Out into the footlights step four short-skirted, glittering figures, their backs to the audience. The music begins, and as the voices of the Nolan Sisters reverberates round the room, the four figures turn.....

The sight which confronted the hundred or so in the audience will probably give them nightmares for weeks to come: only one of the four seemed genuinely female - the others consisted of a tall, hunky individual whose curls were in some disarray and whose red stockings were obscenely short; a slimmer one with quite nice legs and a come-on smile on painted lips which sent shudders through all right thinking men; and a shorter, stocky one with big thighs and a craggy face who leered at the female onlookers while making desperate attempts to control his/her bosom. All four pranced about, more or less in unison, claiming that they were "In the Mood for Dancing". Vanessa Attwood ran forward and tried to look up their skirts, in an attempt to prove something or other; and when they finished, to tumultous applause, Horry Hemsley showered them with flowers.

The identity of these transvestites can be revealed to any genuine enquirer at the finish of any of this year's ESCA events. Their performance was part of an LWCC attempt to break the stranglehold that discos seem to have on present day cycling club Dinners. Music was provided by a cassette player and a juke-box (hired for a very small cost); the Nolan Sisters were followed by the singing of a libellous comic song by a Mr. John Brown, dressed inexplicably in a long raincoat, stove-pipe hat, dark glasses and fluorescent trouser clips; and the staging of the 1987 ESCA (East Sussex Cake Association) Cake-eating Championship. This was won by Paul Phillips of the St. Neots C.C. in 1m 4.5s - only a crumb or two in front of the scratchman, Matthew Rabbetts. The handicap went to the longmarker, Malcolm Pink (Crawley Wheelers). Paul won a magnificent trophy (well, a rather small cup) and Malcolm a guide to healthy eating.

All in all a successful evening. Are discos really necessary?

Rotrax

A past Editor of this mag - Neevo - once had the unusual experience of following his second hobby in a place which had many associations with his years in the cycling game. One evening he was asked to play the piano in a jazz group at the Ash Tree Inn, Brownbread Street, ESCA H.Q. for many years and scene of many A.G.M. and Christmas Party. Neevo's piano stool was on the exact spot where, many years ago, he had changed into racing gear ready to take part in the Hardriders 12, as the opening event then was.

Before Christmas, Bill Collins kindly loaned Neevo his work bike so that the latter could trundle out to the Eastbourne General Hospital and visit Geoff Willcocks, his immediate predecessor as BONK Editor. Neevo then looked the gift horse in the mouth - so to speak - and complained that Bill's bike was undergeared which resulted in him being roared off by several cyclists along Kings Drive, including a young woman in an anorak, riding a small wheeled bike. He tried desperately to persuade Bill to invest in a chainset with a 56t. ring.

(I think he may have done that because I've seen him out doing bit and bit with Dot.

Mrs. Ed)

Errata: Alan Handley's address is 53 THE AVENUE and not as printed in the Christmas BONK. He is the promoter of the April 10.

Apart from a few nutters training all through the winter, the Excel have enjoyed the social season in their own inimitable way, i.e. assisting brewery profits.

The annual Christmas lunch at Nutbourne was a prime example, with thirty decorated bikes and owners leaving the Red Lion at Shoreham. It was not long before the group made an emergency stop: Adrian realised he'd left his camera on a bench at the Red Lion and whilst he hurriedly retraced, we listened to a few feeble jokes, such as "What do they call a snowman in Africa?" answer "A puddle" - Leon's jokes were a bit too crude for this column. Dick Holkham seems to get Christmas and Bonfire Night confused, and a search in his saddlebag would have revealed enough rockets to scupper a SALT 2 Arms Talk, whilst the length of pipe strapped to his handlebars provided a mobile launcher. A passing C.T.C. group showed a rare turn of speed as a sky rocket followed them up the Coombes Lane at posterior level! Just before the pub was reached, a snow shower provided a seasonal touch. Once inside, beer consumption was copious: the rockets proved rather harrowing with the President's hat getting burned and someone else's sleeve scorched. The landlord said he was intending to redecorate anyway, and a good time was had by all with everyone getting home safely afterwards.

The New Year's Day 10 mile time trial is a handicap event with handicap based on consumption of beer/spirits the night before. This was won by John Brimm, a tee-totaller in 25.29, whilst the rest crawled in with times ranging up to 40 minutes. Inspired by his new bike, a recent Christmas present, Mark Scally did a personal best time, even beating a hungover Rachel Fitton, thus being the fastest schoolperson. Nick James bravely rode Barry Deacon's "unusual" tandem with Ian Lees and they needed a drink after the event! Fortunately, it was down to the Bridge in Bramber for resuscitation.

This year's Club Dinner coincided with our President, Bert Absolon's 40th year in the Brighton Excelsior and the members and friends showed their appreciation of this fact by presenting Bert with a clock and barometer set and a book on the "Cycling Artist" Frank Patterson. It was also Bert's birthday which his wife, Pat, brought to everyone's attention by playing 'Happy Birthday' on the trumpet, (a skill apparently acquired many year's ago in the Salvation Army). Pat also provided champagne all round, for which I don't think she was thanked, as numerous people thought it was all part of the meal. Certain prizewinners were heckled and others were a little clumsy in collecting their awards, which must have been un-nerving for our guest speaker, Frank Colden, a name many older ESCAbods will remember. The formal business over with, it was on with the bands and once more enormous amounts of beer to be consumed. The fancy dress award went to Keith and Sue Balcombe and the raffle prizes mostly in the direction of Simon Barnes whilst Simon Roberts (or vicar) had the lucky ticket and got his money refunded.

All too soon it was Sunday and time to cheer on the Roberts brothers at the Regent cyclo-cross in Stanmer Park. Who would have guessed that the 10th placed rider in the B.E.C.C. jersey had, the previous night, had HIS SKIRT ripped off in front of the top table as he went to receive his 12 hour award, revealing a ghastly sight to all!

Since then, the training has become fast and furious, at least for those who escaped the flu and other viruses that abounded this winter, not to mention the Arctic conditions. As if it were not cold enough at home, a group of us went off to Germany for the Stuttgart 6 Day. Tony Doyle was partnered by Francesco Moser and during a break in the racing, Tony spotted the large Union Jack and came over and had a chat with Val and Rick. He was joined by Moser, and Val had to be heavily restrained from climbing over the barrier and getting to grips with her hero. With fourteen of us in a nine seater minibus we managed to get out and see the snow covered Black Forest area and had a most enjoyable four day break.

It was suggested that we revive the 100 in 8, and whilst it was envisaged that a group of about twenty riders would take this in their stride, just four participated. Several members have ridden in other Clubs reliability trials and so hopefully are now fit for the season which is upon us we are reminded by the entries arriving for the HARDRIDERS on the 8th MARCH. There are a good percentage of vets for this event which just goes to prove the old adage "there's no fool like an old fool".

Yes the Club has changed it's name. What a turn up for the books!

Putting aside details of Club activities, not that there's much going on at present.

BAD NEWS!! John Pratt died on Sunday, 22nd February. He was doing what he was best at. Showing cyclists how to ride the track at Clashot. John will be a great loss to all of us, having organised many trips down to the track, and made great speeches at Dinners for many cycling Clubs. John was the owner of Phoenix Cycles which has been taken over by Ray and Simon Prior, who hope to follow on doing the good that John has done for many cyclists in Sussex. God bless you, John, from all of us at the Club.

What cycling has been going on? Oh yes. Back in time, to our Christmas Day time trial. It was won by super fit Brian Burns. Well done, Brian. Somehow John Blackman and Gary Markwick managed to do the same time. So their training together must be paying off. I hear that John has had three saddles this year already. Either he's doing a lot of training or his bottom's changed shape! Keep up the training, John, hopefully you will encourage a few other members to actually train this year. Come on Clive, get out on that bicycle. You know, the red one with a flat! I mean in your flat.

The annual Dinner and Prize Presentation went down very well. Like to thank Graham and Jane and family for the great job they did in organizing it. Like to also thank Mick Burgess of Lewes for entertaining us with his speech. Thanks Mick. Very good.

Well done, Cliff and Steven. Those two won most of the awards between them last year! Cliff won the senior B.A.R.; Fastest 25 mile trophy; 10 mile, 50 mile and 100 mile Championships. Steven was the junior B.A.R.; was 1st in the evening series; 1st in the junior evening series; and was our track and road race Champion. Charles Robson was our veteran B.A.R. and won the vets. 100 mile cup. Geoff Baker received the long distance cup. Nick Smith was the schoolboy Champion in the evening series and Jane Lade was the ladies Champion in the same competition. Steven Rattray was the most improved novice; John Hooker was the cyclo-cross Champion and Clive Willis won the 25 mile Championship. Richard Thomas won the Clubruns Attendance Trophy. I wonder who is going to win that this year? I think it should go to the person who turns up at the clubroom on most Mondays throughout the year! I don't think there is an official clubrun at present. The only running most cyclists have done so far is from the nose! Yes, what terrible weather we've had. Well, it can only get better. Steven Willis is upset because he can't use his Rudy Project eyeshields yet!

STOP PRESS! STOP PRESS! Watch out. David Astle has collected his new Roberts cycle, Campag throughout, from Phoenix Cycles. Someone told me it's a folder. Or did they say it's getting colder?

A quote from Nick Smith. "I'm no. 1 in cycling." So watch out!

I think competition in the Club is getting stronger. John Goodwin has threatened to do well this year with his new Roberts. He has been seen out most nights, training. I've heard that Arron Timms has ordered a cycle too. Could it be that he's having pink! Well it takes all sorts.

We have some younger members in the Club who are showing good interest and great promise, including Robert Light and Paul Delani. Keep it up.

* Correction. Should read Eastbourne Rovers C.C. Yes, the Club's name has remained the same.

Keep pedalling.

Clement Condom

CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

The good old Post Office did their best with my BONK report for the Christmas issue - it turned up with your editor some three weeks after posting, even though I put a first class stamp on it. Sorry about that, but I've included it with this issue just to remind you of the activities leading up to Christmas.

AUTUMN

Although there have been several ad hoc Saturday morning Ronnie's Rambles, they started in real and regular earnest last Saturday morning, the 15th November. I'm delighted to report that our Leader's choice of route was as impeccable as ever. Macaris at Worthing via some fiendish hill near Petworth, which avoided the nasty slope on the A24 at Washington. Bearing in mind that some of us start at Burgess Hill to meet all the others at 9.00a.m at the bottom of Pease Pottage Hill, this did seem a somewhat round-a-bout way of getting a cup of lemon tea by the sea. We are faced with additional difficulties this year on these events because Ron has lost so much weight from his self imposed diet that the most clearly visible part of him is the now famous woolly hat which seems to blend in almost magically with trees and hedgerows and other rural articles. We ended up with ten at Macaris - not bad for early ramble season.

Back in the early Autumn, Central's John Pelham clinched the ESCA B.A.R. award when finishing second in the '25' at Hailsham. His other qualifying times were 2.5.59 and 4.27.32 and he is the first Central rider to win the award since Paul Lipscombe in 1973. John's time was 59.41; Paul did 1.0.42 and Joe James was tenth in 1.2.21 and these three took the team prize. Joe also took second vet. John Pelham then went on to win the South Eastern R.C.'s 64 mile race, breaking away with two other riders halfway through the eight lap event. John made the winning move with a mile remaining, finishing one minute ahead of the second placed man. The main pack were led in five minutes later by Central's rising star, Paul Cox; in fourth place. Rising star is certainly the right description, because Paul took first and second in road races in one weekend shortly after. The Saturday Ruserper event was an 82 mile job for which Paul had to get special dispensation, because of his age, to compete - and he got first! On Sunday he broke clear with two others with 25 to go and was only narrowly beaten into second place after 64 miles.

Gary Moore led the Central Sussex team home when he finished seventh in the Worthing Hilly 26. Central also got the team in this event, Paul Lipscombe and Kevin Penfold supporting. Kevin also took second junior award while at the other end of the age range Joe James celebrated his 48th birthday with a splendid 1.9.17 to gain second vet. The other Kevin, Bramham of course, enjoyed the hills as usual in the same event and Geoff Ericson and Les Teague also took part. In the other hilly event - the Bognor - Gary missed out on first place because of a puncture and Colin Tamon punctured too, so we were just pipped for the team award. Adrian Jones, obviously fully recovered from his hypermegaramble accident, did a marvellous 1.18.43 to take first vet on standard. I still don't understand how I got to be number 20 in this event, but it must have cheered up those (it seemed like hundreds!) who overtook me.

A new venture in recent times - Joe James organised a cyclo-cross on November 8th. It all happened in Tilgate Forest and three events covered juveniles, under 12s and seniors. Each lap was 1.4 miles. Jason Cox (Paul's brother) came second in the first event, Simon Wheatland, of Gerald fame, won the second and we didn't come anywhere in the main event. In the latter there were thirty seven entrants with two from Central. Paul Cox retired with mechanical trouble and Gary just retired! Interesting to note that it is twenty nine years since Central ran a cyclo-cross. The last one was in 1957 at Balcombe and there were forty five entrants - including Maurice Carpenter, Fred Searle and Tony Killick. In fact the event didn't take place because the course was badly flooded, rather like my back garden is at this very moment.

WINTER

The Club Dinner took place on January 23rd at a new venue - The Goffs Park Hotel at Crawley. The unanimous opinion, even now several weeks later, is that this was the best for a long time with good food, service and surroundings all combining to make a very pleasant evening indeed. As usual the year's awards were presented at this occasion and Ron Ewart became the first recipient of the Alan Codd Memorial Trophy. The trophy

was presented to the Club by Alan Codd's wife, Pamela, in honour of her cycling enthusiast husband, who died last year. Ron fulfilled the true meaning of the award with his courageous efforts during the past twelve months when he continued riding and racing despite illness and general health problems. Continuing with the prizes, Gerald Wheatland won the Club's ten mile series handicap while Sandie Lipscombe took the ladies cup. Don Awcock took the senior road race trophy and the Jubilee cup for achieving the fastest 25 mile time of the season, 56.33. Joe James and Paul Lipscombe took no less than twelve cups and awards between them. Joe's haul consisted of the vets. B.A.R. the Club's 25 and 50 mile Championships and also the Challenge Cup. Paul's trophies included the Festival Bowl (best 50), the Anniversary Trophy (best 100) and the G.N. Sayer's Memorial Cup for his win in the Club's 10 mile event. Other trophy winners, not at the Dinner, were Kevin Penfold (junior time trial Champion) and Paul Cox (junior road race Champion).

Club President, Don Cook, welcomed guests and members before Toastmaster Robin Maclagan introduced the main speaker for the evening, Mick Rabbetts, whose perceptive comments about Club members various, soon had the whole audience rocking with laughter. The response by Colin Tamon rounded off the speeches before Mrs. Megan Rabbetts presented the 1986 awards.

Central's reliability trial took place last Sunday, the 15th February, with the event in two parts - a 43 mile ride and one of 65 miles. We also went for a later start this year, with the earliest starter off at 10.00a.m. All this and the good weather on the day appeared to be a very popular combination, with sixty nine entrants happily parting with twenty five pence each. Out of these fifty seven completed the course(s) successfully and they included representatives from nine Clubs. The short course took in Turners Hill, East Grinstead, Nutley, Maresfield, and Haywards Heath, whilst the longer one went further north to include Tilburstow Hill at Godstone before striking east to Oxted and then coming back south through Edenbridge. With my current lack of miles I opted for the longest time, 3½ hours, for the short course and this allowed me to have a very relaxing teas and toasts at my favourite Little Chef at Nutley. The other time allowances were 2 and 2½ hours and for the long course, 4; 4½; and 5 hours. Ron Ewart organised the event as usual and was very pleased with the entry and so the same formula will be used again next year.

And now back to the Saturday Ronnie's Rambles. They've continued with great success throughout the winter and in all weathers. I haven't been on the more recent ones because I've been doing Paul's work and that of some of his mates whilst they've been out tr..., sorry, on strike, but we're all back to sort of normal now so I was able to get out on yesterday's. This was about the fourth attempt this winter to tackle the notorious Bexley Hill, previous attempts being abandoned because of snow. Well, yesterday was glorious, even though there was a biting north easterly which blew us to the hill in record time and saw us in the "Crusty Loaf" at Midhurst just after eleven o'clock. The hill gets steeper as the years go by but I just managed it on 26 x 24! The best of all, though, was undoubtedly having Paul James with us again - back on his bike for virtually the first time in six months and riding as if he hadn't had a break at all. Paul says his foot is much better now and he may even get away without an operation. If all goes well he will be on the time trials scene again later this year, so watch out, he'll be coming by!

Finally, Mac reaches the half century next Tuesday (I'm right behind you Mac!) and so.... HAPPY BIRTHDAY MAC!! From all of us.

Rambler

THE ESCA RELIABILITY TRIAL

A personal account of how Esther revealed her ruthlessness....how Ray caused mayhem on Silver Hill....how Mick tarnished his reputation....and why the Wanderers had the Cup of Success dashed from their lips.

This event started off on an unhappy note with the organisers refusing to grant dispensation to a person of advanced years who had ridden sixteen miles to Herstmonceux and had asked to be allowed an hour's start on the softies who had driven there. On the hard climb out of Herstmonceux, up Windmill Hill, Esther Carpenter, accompanied by a male cyclist with incredibly large calves - drew alongside this disgruntled gentleman and offered advice on how to ride a reliability trial.

"Take it easy early on", she said. "Save something for later." Then she and her companion changed onto their big rings and disappeared into the fog. This, of course, confirms the generally held opinion that Mrs. E.C. has a ruthless streak under that cuddly exterior.

The main body of the Worthing Excelsior riders certainly took it easy, and at one point going out of Battle must have been doing a steady tens. This was despite the presence of such Big Names as Toppin, Shipton and Lock, who surely should have been compulsorily placed in the 2½ hour group, instead of letting them kid us into thinking they aren't fit. However, even the Worthing group split up on the long climb out of Robertsbridge, where Esther and Big Calves were spotted RESTING in some distress on the verge - and jolly well serve them right. Near the top of the hill the fitter riders who hadn't needed a rest found their way blocked by a man in blue who was weaving across the road in an apparently drunken state. This turned out to be the well known long distance rider Ray Douglass, who had obviously been dropped by his Worthing team mates and was now trying to bluster his way out of his humiliation by gasping something about "missing my gear change".

Somewhere after Hurst Green a double flash of bright red signalled the fact that Ron Ewart and Rex Wells of the three hour group had carved their way through most of the three and a half hour lot. A little later Ray Douglass set off in pursuit, hoping to redeem his reputation, and so far as I know hasn't been seen since. Then came a couple of blurs which presumably were Messrs. Robson and Woodburn; and then a good deal of noise and ribaldry heralded the arrival of the three hour Lewes Wanderers, with Brian Rex recounting the latest bawdy joke to be culled from the British Telecom canteen.

At Broad Oak there appeared the pitiful sight of Mick Burgess, the hero of many a Continental randonee, but now hardly able to turn the pedals round. "I'm done for chaps," he said. "Tell Sylvia I did my best." He was told to pull himself together, and was given a sniff of a Mars bar wrapper (food was getting scarce by then). This seemed to revive him, and he managed to hang on to a back wheel until Lower Dicker when he pretended he had to stop to help a young Wanderer who was in an even worse state than he was.

The road between Boship and Herstmonceux was littered with riders trying to kill time so as to qualify for the Rally Shield - and most of them were Lewes Wanderers; but the sheer cunning of Worthing Excelsior won the day. They set the right pace and used Ray Douglass as a clever disruptive ploy. And so to the sweat filled Samovar.... and the end of a good day. Thank you, Charles.

ROTRAX

Never on a Sunday.....Bill Collins of Eastbourne Rovers, a keen gardener since way back when, revealed in conversation that in forty years as an allotment holder he had never worked his plot on a Sunday. This confirms that Bill has always been a 100% true cyclist. As if anyone really had any doubts.

BRIGHTON MITRE C.C.

Apologies for absence from BONK for the last few issues. Our club dinner at Langfords Hotel was supported by most of our regulars, and with LIVE music was a lively event, thanks to organisation by Bill Sladen.

Peter Davies cleaned up most of the awards, being unbeaten in club events throughout the season. Peter only missed out on a few events after a crash in the Brighton Town Centre event in which he broke his hip and he has now had some Campag pins fitted. Peter was back on his bike in November and should be competing by the start of the season.

Our Junior B.A.R. was taken by Guy Cleverley, who joins the senior ranks this year, so we should have some road race representation as well as Peter Davies.

Thanks to Charles Robson and Esther for organising the reliability trial and lunch, it's a pity the weather couldn't have been a bit clearer at the start, but emerging into the sunshine after the climb into Burwash made it all seem worthwhile.

We expect to have a slightly better representation in ESCA events this year and Alan Kraft will again be promoting the June '25'. Our first open event will be our 4 up T.T.T. on April 12th which this year reverts to the standard G892 course for two reasons. One, the danger of emerging from Arlington lane into the A22, and two, the increased rent of the Village Hall at Lower Dicker. We shall be using the Union Hall at Hailsham for event H.Q. Entries £6.00 per team to Ken Wells by 31st March.

The early year spate of reliability trials has arrived, and groups of mud-bespattered riders can be seen around the county. Can anyone explain why cyclists can spend vast amounts on equipment but cannot afford £3 for a pair of mudguards?

Due to the Local Authority attempting to treble the rent on our clubroom at Carden School, which resulted in them having an unused youth centre, we have now moved to a room at the "Withdean Sportsman" at Withdean Sports Centre (alternate Fridays). The staple diet is now Harvey's rather than tea, which must be an improvement, we'll see what effect it has on times.

A certain rider recently left us to "ride with riders nearer his own age" (about 30), and was last seen riding with Horry Hemsley.

By the time this BONK appears the season, and we hope spring, will have commenced. New President Alan Limbrey shouldn't have too much trouble holding off people rude enough to wish to pass the President.

Ken

TESTERS - PLEASE NOTE. The following correction to the R.T.T.C. Handbook should be noted. The address to send your entry for the June '25' is as follows:

Alan Kraft, 50 Addison Road, Hove. NOT 80 Addison Road.

Dear Auntie Esther,

After reading the last edition of BONK and the heart rending letter from Matthew R. I wonder if you can help me too. A year ago at a cycling Club dinner I met this lovely lad. Clear fresh face, almost auburn curly hair, quiet, kind manners and a refreshing attitude to conventional dress. We have become very close and despite the fact he works away from home he spends as much time with me as he can. Just once in a while I wonder if he is true. I sometimes wonder if there is someone else - someone called 'Allin'. I fear this may be a nickname for an Alice or an Alison. It seems her bottom bracket fascinates him. I think this is just a minor thing, though, as he has taken me out for a meal and he paid.

One thing really does worry me. They say girls take after their mothers. Do boys take after their fathers? This boy's father is a writer and orator. I think he has extreme political views as he is often invited to speak in beer cellars. But what also worries me is that I hear the father associates with men dressed as women - transvestites I believe they are called, can this sort of thing be hereditary? They both also seem to hold a certain John Spooner in high regard - whoever he is.

Please Auntie Esther, can I really trust this lad and give him my love.

Worried, Crowborough.

Dear Worried of Crowborough,

How your letter takes me back to my own youth. Ah, such sweet days they were. I remember having the same doubts about my loved one, he seemed to be enamoured of someone called 'Conset', and I was quite sure that after we had spent our hours a wheel he would be off with this hussy. But I can reassure you because of my experience. First of all, I have learnt that after spending a day in the saddle the last thing any young cyclist is capable of is a session spent entertaining a young lady. And as they get older, cyclists get less and less capable of charming the fairer sex (as we like to call ourselves). Secondly, my most treasured possession is a card which bears the message (oh dear, I'm being repetitive, sorry) "to my most treasured possession after my trike". This is a Christmas card sent to me before my marriage to my now husband, and the trike referred to, I discovered, was 'conset' and was short for conversion set. I think Allin might be a similar thing, anyway it might be worth making a few discreet enquiries.

As for your future father-in-law. I think I may know the gentleman, and his problems stem from having to cope with an eccentric (albeit very charming, kind and thoughtful) wife. If you can remain sensible and reliable I am sure you can look forward to a very stable relationship with your young swain. It is quite possible that the very fact that his father is some kind of deviant (we don't use the word pervert in this magazine) will ensure that the young man strives for respectability. I tried hard to make my young sons die their hair green and they tried equally hard to keep their hair its natural colour, so I've never had any trouble in that direction. By the way, have you considered that the gentleman may be of Khurdistan origin, as I believe members of the tribe wear skirts, whatever their sex.

Have I set your mind at rest? I would prefer to write to you privately as I know that I shall feel embarrassed when I think of other people reading this rubbish.

Auntie Esther.

Usually the highlight of a Club's winter activities is the annual Dinner or Lunch and ours is no exception. On February 8th we held our New Year Lunch in the Harris Room at Stone Cross Village Hall. It was thoroughly enjoyed by the thirty two members who attended. The ladies of the Section did all the catering, and as usual, provided a splendid meal with more to eat than the assembled company could manage - a feat in itself. Debbie Springett won our attendance trophy - the North Cup. Congratulations Debbie, whilst Ray Wickens and Ray Wickens (?) were the joint runners up. A surprise award fashioned by Graham Lade and presented by him was the Topsy Turvy Trophy which embraced a pair of stabilisers from a children's bike. The embarrassed recipient was Ray Wickens who, it is understood, fell off his machine six times in 1986. Nobody seems sure if alcohol played any part in this doubtful achievement. Jane Lade received a gift voucher as a token of appreciation for all the typing and duplicating she undertakes for the section. We also paid tribute to Dot and Bill Collins. Bill has been our Chairman since the formation of our section in 1978 and except on only one occasion, we have held our bi-monthly Committee meetings at their house, after which Dot has always provided refreshments. What a splendid couple they are. During the Lunch, Bill proposed a toast to Ted Jarvis, one of our senior members, who has been unwell recently and we all signed a copy of a D.A. runs list, which was sent to him. Ted phoned afterwards and said how much he had enjoyed receiving it, and thanked everyone who signed it. John Seviour had the misfortune recently to fall off a step ladder and fracture his arm and leg. We all signed a 'get well' card and then afterwards some six of us descended on the Eastbourne District General Hospital, smelling somewhat of homemade wine and bearing some bottles, to deliver the card and enable John to drink his health. Several of us rounded off the day with coffee and further 'eats' at Jane and Graham Lade's house.

A number of members of the section attended the D.A. Christmas Lunch at Westham village hall, which proved an enjoyable function, spoilt a little by the fact that the outside caterers failed to appreciate the appetites of cyclists. Ray Gearing provided some hospitality afterwards at his newly acquired house at Polegate.

Paul Holmes rode with us until he left the area for a new teaching post at Godalming in Surrey. It was therefore a pleasant surprise to see him on a run recently and to find he has lost none of his gift of speech as evidenced by his outpourings in the pub at lunchtime. We have arranged a joint lunchtime meet with his West Surrey section for June 28th.

Although the cold weather has hardly been conducive to cycling, the section rides continue to be well supported and as always, good fellowship has prevailed. It's splendid to be a cyclist, isn't it?

Tourist

Coming in the next edition:

Contributions from all the regular 'names', but no more problems until the winter, please, all you worried people from Crowborough. I get upset very easily and my training suffers when I'm emotional.

Don't forget - if you missed the closing date this time, you will have another chance to post me copy for the Summer BONK - by May 27th.

Dear ESCAbods,

By the time this is read we will have begun the new 1987 racing season therefore bringing to a close another social calendar. The final act of the close season festivities will have been the Premier Club Dinner, that of the Lewes Wanderers. I won't divulge what should have happened just in case it doesn't, but an old style Dinner was planned. Disco music was banished to the cellars and a 1950s after Dinner entertainment was to ensue. Suffice to say if it goes (or went) down as well as my Dad reckons the Dinner he organised years ago did, then a good evening should be had (or been had) by all.

Of the other winter attractions, Seymour/Landless Tours organised another successful trip to the Ghent Six. This involved one group going by minibus and another by bike to see the final two days of racing. The next Landless trip is of course the annual Club tour which is a near repeat of last April's escapade to the sunny climbs (or climes? Auntie E.) of Majorca. Apparently the two bronzed beauties, Ian 'Team Leader' Landless and Ron Rogers, have a few old scores to settle on the beach.

December 21st brought the Club Christmas Dinner at the Ringmer Inn - I think nearly forty attended including Club Treasurer Phil King, who brought along his wife and two children. All very good until he tried to pay with a cheque which said "signatory for Lewes Wanderers C.C."

Before Christmas was the ESCA Reliability Trial and Anniversary Luncheon in the Samovar at Herstmonceux. The Reliability Trial, which led to the Tourist Trophy for the Club with the most correctly timed finishers (I won't talk about that as due to my Dad going too fast we only came third!) was run over a route via Battle, Hurst Green, Cross in Hand, Halland and back to Herstmonceux. Riders came from many ESCA Clubs to take part though as usual one or two of the Brighton Clubs failed to support their Association.

The early morning fog detracted somewhat from the beautiful view across the Rother Valley but having Esther Carpenter to ride behind made up for that. Ray Douglass of the Worthing was seen wobbling up out of Robertsbridge - I don't expect he could get a grip on the dry surface as being SCA 12 organiser he is more used to riding along river beds. Another event organiser, Mick Burgess, was seen to be struggling at one stage. This could have been due to him doing a lot of research for his new job - carrying coffins. He has been staying up every night listening to the Test Matches - anything to do with ashes!

A week after the ESCA event was the Luncheon and Prize Presentation of deadly rivals, the SCA. Henfield was the venue for this auspicious occasion which saw Lewes win the individual B.A.R., Vets B.A.R. and Team B.A.R. It's a shame more of the members couldn't get along to cheer the Club on.

Back to East Sussex in the New Year for the ESCA Luncheon at Framfield and the now familiar heavy snowfalls. This necessitated riding to the event for the evergreen Crowborough clubrun via the snowbound lanes. Where the snow was deep and untouched riding was easy but where a tractor and snowplough had taken off the top inches, a lethal layer of hard packed icy snow remained. Nearly everyone fell off except for Geoff Boxall who had the benefit of a third wheel on his trike. A real act of dedication was given by the mother of the madcap Rabbetts household, Megan. She walked seven miles from Jarvis Brook to the Hall to be at the Luncheon. It seems ironic that some people can go to so much bother to attend such a function just to applaud others when several major prizewinners, it would appear, made no effort to come or send notes of apology to explain their absence. Such commitment and decency is surely just as important to being a Champion as winning the actual event itself. Still most people who booked tickets arrived and enjoyed the usual good afternoon's food and speeches.

There doesn't leave me a lot more to write as time is pressing on and I must get over to Cardington and go circuit training.

Enjoy the rest of the dark, miserable winter and I'll see you at the result board or up the road.

Here's to when the clocks change.

Rear End

E.S.C.A.

(East Sussex Cake Association)

1987 CAKE-EATING CHAMPIONSHIP

Saturday February 21st
The Black Lion Hotel, Patcham

Timekeeper: Mr Reginald Porter

Chief Judge: Mr James Wheeler

REGULATIONS FOR THE CONDUCT OF CAKE-TRIALS

1. Competitors must eat unassisted and not share cake with any other eater.
2. Competitors must not act or behave in a manner such as to give offence to the public interest or such as to bring cake-eating into disrepute (e.g. spitting partially-digested cake).
3. Competitors must ensure that their stomachs are so constructed, equipped and maintained as to be capable of receiving cake safely at all times.
4. It shall be an offence for eaters to use or have administered to them any proscribed substance which might affect their competitive performance (e.g. Watneys Pale Ale, Creme de Menthe, Guinness).
5. Competitors who feel ill during or immediately after an event must inform their next-of-kin and LEAVE THE ROOM.

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CONSCRIPTED ENTRANTS

			<u>H'cap</u>
No.1.	Malcolm Pink	Crawley Wheelers	2 min
2.	Alan Limbrey <i>DN S</i>	Sussex Nomads	1½
3.	Alan Starsmeare	East Grinstead C.C.	¾
4.	Paul Phillips	St. Neots C.C.	¾
5.	Matthew Rabbetts	Lewes Wanderers C.C.	Scr.
6.	Tony Deacon <i>DN S</i>	Regent C.C.	1
7.	<i>Harry Hemmley</i>		

Further entries may be accepted on the line

8. Paul Gibbons
9. Ian Buzen

M Rabbetts

M.E.D. Rabbetts
Event Secretary

