

# BOINK!

*THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL*

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**East Sussex  
Cycling Association**

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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

**PRICE**

**15p**



EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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New Series No. 45

Summer 1988

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EDITORIAL

In the absence of an Address from the President it's back to a boring old editorial, it's been so long since we've had to beat one out that we've lost the habit. You will find within these pages, however, the usual news, scandal and information from Club correspondents and other contributors, all of whom have their finger on the pulse of East Sussex cycling.

The main competition in this edition is to "find William Hickey". If you read all the articles carefully you will find several clues to his identity. When you think you have identified him, don't thump him - just write his name on a postcard and send it to us, the editors, at the above address. The first card pulled out of the bonkbag will win a prize for the sender (provided they've got the right answer) which will be awarded at ESCA Lunch.

Thorough readers will also find the date and proposed venue for the Reliability Trial hidden among the pages.

Maurice & Esther



## SUSSEX NOMADS

These are the official Nomad notes and should not be confused with any other effort in this BONK.

The Nomads (not just Geoff) are growing and we can now put up 7, yes SEVEN, riders in one event, plus some non-racing members.

Four Nomads went to a talk at Brighton Tech recently about a trip to the centre of the earth (no, not Framfield!). Two cyclists rode to a point the furthest from an ocean somewhere north of China. The speaker said they met some NOMADS on the Tibetan Plains, could it have been Vernon and company getting some miles in?

As we missed the last BONK I must go back to January. We had a very happy winter. The ESCA Lunch was a hoot as usual, even John Woodburn's story, and ignoring Robson's explosive efforts (some say his racing will be like this in 1988). Geoff started a special traing and diet routine - he now has two pancakes in the Little Chef instead of one and has cut down his sugar by half - to six teaspoonsful in each cup. Nomads were to the fore in both Lewes events, i.e. the Reliability Trial and the Dinner. We ceratinly enjoyed them - I don't know about the promoting Club!!

The Club Dinner was also a grand evening. Forty Club members, old members and guests sat down to a very good but slow meal, with just one speech and plenty of cross-toasting and of course, a lot of chatting. We were more or less chucked out after midnight.

On the racing side, for those whom Mr. Boore did not ring up, or hear him shouting about it - he beat Alan on P201 on a very cold and hard morning. Geoff did a middling '8' and Alan a short '9'. Things were, however, back to normal the following week in the Crawley-Shoreham and back. Although Geoff did a 2.2. - much better than last year - the old fellow did 1.56 and was second on standard. One of our new members, Trevor Bryant, has ridden a couple of times but has been unlucky with punctures, etc. Our latest recruit, Mark Bartup, who is new to cycling, had his first ride in the ESCA 25 and I'm sure he's going to be quite fast. Vernon Hyde is now a part time state professional and goes training in the afternoon. Already he has won second standard in the ESCA 25 and we can look forward to more awards of the same kind and faster times. Vernon and his wife Phyllis are off to China for two weeks. He says it's a holiday they won; I think he's going to find his own special ginseng or magic gofaster potion.

Club attendance records have been broken this year. Six members were seen together at a recent event and, on a blank racing weekend a few weeks ago, we needed TWO tables at the inevitable Little Chef when we stopped for elevenses on a very enjoyable clubrun.

Some years ago at an ESCA Lunch there was a display of babies and young children. How about digging out YOUR PHOTO and let's have a laugh at next year's Lunch.

Well, that was a long effort, hope it all makes sense. Stay safe.

LIMBO

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT EDITION AUGUST 27th.

RELIABILITY TRIAL NOVEMBER 20th. SEE NEXT BONK FOR FULL DETAILS.

## BRIGHTON MITRE C C

As usual, I notice the Bonk Deadline about 2 days before the submission date.

Early season ESCA events have seen the Mitre well to the fore, we hope that our current new batch of member will continue to show improving form.

The ESCA hilly 16 saw us with 9 entrants, with Peter and Stuart in 2nd & 3rd places having to narrowly give the team prize to East Grinstead. New member Andy Green with 43-18 in his second ever ride being our 3rd team counter.

The SCA 2UP 21 was the first of a couple of disastrous weeks, with Peter & Stuart puncturing, Dean Giles and Simon Tully having 3 punctures, and Roland James and Andy Green having a 6 mins late start hardly being conducive to getting among the prizes.

This was followed by the SCA 25, with somewhat better luck, Peter taking 3rd Place, and Steve Harkness on the comeback trail taking 2nd handicap.

The ESCA 2UP was the second of the disasters, apart from Peter & Stuart's 2nd place, the rest of the club was somewhat undistinguished with 3 of our other 5 teams being DNS owing to sickness, crashes etc. Steve Harkness & Alan Morris being the best in 1-16-47.

Over Easter Peter surprised us all with a fine personal best 2-2-51 for 2nd place in the Charlotteville 50. The Club Open 4UP on 17th April was a bit traumatic for the organiser (me), in that traffic lights which had been turned off at weekends for weeks before were left on, necessitating a change of course on the morning. Fortunately everyone took it in good part, even the marshalls, including Frank & Steve Blake who I had to ask to move from Glynde to Uckfield. Leo RC were the winners for the second time in three years, our 1st team was at least the fastest Sussex Team in 8th Place.

The mid April ESCA 10 & 25 was a better weekend for the club, with Peter & Stuart 1st & 2nd in the 10, and 2nd & 3rd in the 25. We also took the team in both events, Alan Morris keeping out Andy Geen from third team counter in both events. The rest of the gang were performing as usual with 3 DNS. Simon Tully and Andy Green are both showing a regular tendency to go base over apex, but seem undismayed so far.

The SCA Team Championship 25 on May 1st saw East Grinstead easily beat us into 2nd place, but with our B team also in 2nd place in the B team competition, we were reasonably happy.

Finally on time trials, the Worthing Excel 25 on G 938 was a continuation of the misfortunes, with Peter puncturing, but we were encouraged by Andy Green who narrowly beat Stuart with 1-2-53 in his 3rd ever solo 25, and Simon Tully with a 1-5-55 in his second completed 25.

Apologies to Peter Davies for saying that Frank Allen was organising our Surrey League event in March. Peter ran the event, my contribution has already appeared in another Journal, owing the fact that I called the result in to a tape recoder that was not switched on, and had to rely on the other Judge for the result.

Andy Green, Peter, Stuart and Guy Cleverley are all riding road races this season, although to date I think that only Andy has scored any points.

Andy, Peter, Stuart, Simon and Steve Harkness are all going to ride the Track, I think that Frank Allen will have a job to hang on to our handicap trophy when our club track championships come round. Steve still holds some club junior records, and was a strong rider before he went off to foreign parts, we hope he can still remember his way round dressing room corner.

KEN WELLS

LETTERS

Dear Editors,

Re Neevo's remarks about equipment named after riders, how about the Cliff Sharp handlebar tape, the Boore collapsible equipment, etc.

Seriously, Maes bars, Bailey bars (track), Sacchi sloping extensions were in regular use in my youth, and don't forget that Crow used an Osgear.

Ken (Wells)  
Brighton Mitre

Dear Both,

Re Bonk, there was also a 'Frank Southall' bar and a 'Jack Sibbett' deep track one. Could have done with this latter when I was building up the "531" Pederson as it's rather high at the front, but no luck - not a lot of path stuff around these days. Oppy was famous mainly for the terrific mileage he did in one year. He was a very tough Oz indeed.

Graham Box  
Eastbourne Rovers

AUTUMN EDITION DEADLINE AUGUST 27TH.



WORTHING EXCELSIOR C.C.

Looking back to the Christmas issue of Bonk, the last time that reports from this side of the A23 seem to have reached you, our then correspondent "Bottom Bracket Bob", closed his article referring to our previous 100 years, "by all accounts it (our second 100) will have to be good to beat the last".

I am pleased to be able to report that the second 100 years have started well, membership remains high; inevitably we have lost a few members and gained some new ones; to those who have left we hope to see you again and trust that the wheels have not been put away forever, to our new members we say welcome and look forward to a long association. How nice it is to be able to report that our new members cover the age range from 13 to Veterans, long may they cycle on; we can also claim amongst our new members a pair of identical twins; yes, they dress alike and ride identical bikes, the more devious members are already scheming to see how this duo could confuse timekeepers and marshalls on our ever popular Evening Ten series.

Whilst on the subject; at the time of writing the series is only two races old but already we have a new Junior course record, 23.04, well done, Marvin Lucas; whilst our rising star road racer, Jason Buckley (17) changed disciplines for the evening and recorded 23.00. to win the first event. In the second race, Mike Mansell, reverting to two wheels, powered round the course to record the first sub 23.00 of the season, many other riders have already logged personal bests due no doubt to the uninterrupted winter training and the "Old Uns" being pushed along by the younger members. May I take this opportunity on behalf of the Club to thank Ian Reader for taking on the organisation of this time consuming event.

Our early season Reliability Ride proved once again very popular with 76 entrants and 59 qualifiers. Don Lock had selected two courses, 32 and 60 miles, with an eye to training for the defence of the ESCA trophy, plenty of climbing, plenty of sunshine, he even arranged for one hill to be covered in ice, some fell off, others more prudently, got off and walked; anyhow congratulations to all who took part and thanks to all the helpers who made this such an enjoyable morning.

On the touring theme, once again our thanks to Brian Cox for another very successful Randonnee. 99 riders set off to see whether the winter miles had really been effective, of these, 13 completed the 200 course and 51 the 100 course, everybody deserves congratulations but may I single out from WECC, Andrew, Karl and Toby, all only 13 years old but, encouraged by respective dads (or was it the other way round), successfully completed the 100k event within the time limit. I am a great fan of Audax events and look forward to seeing many Sussex riders at future events; rumour has it (actually it's in print) that Worthing will be sending a team to the National 400 in July and already a Club member (me!) has completed the Dorset 200 and Brevet Cymru 400 events.

Our road racers have started the season well with placings around the Home Counties, not least of which was our own early season 3rd cat/junior event won by Jason Buckley in great style, well supported by club members; N.Liston, J.Lucas and M.Round. A well organised event in freezing conditions (it was snowing as I rode out to my marshalling point!) congratulations to all who took part, riders, marshalls, caterers, organisers and not least the many spectators who braved the elements to give vocal support.

Our own Club President (born in E.Sussex) Ray Douglass joined a very elite bunch of cyclists by gaining membership of the 300000 Club at the turn of the year; now some people will go to any length to get their name in the comic but really, Ray, isn't this taking things too far?- we look forward to recording the half million.

By the way "Bottom Bracket Bob" will be adopting a low-profile (Roberts of Croydon) during the course of this season in pursuit of the "under the hour" -Good luck Bob- meanwhile please be patient with a beginner in the art of public writing.

Keith Harmer.

PS.We note that Charles has thrown down the gauntlet for the Reliability Ride on 20th November, rest assured we will be there defending the trophy, we only anticipate it being out of the western part of the County for the duration of the event, and engraving.

### THREE FLIRTS

We are three girl friends, and go out cycling a great deal, and while we are out, young men speak in passing. We wish to know if it is right to answer them back, as we do not want the reputation of being flirts.—Three Girl Chums

You cannot be too careful, girls, about your behaviour I certainly advise you not to answer if remarks are, as it were, flung at you. There is no need to be rudish, but, at the same time, keep your self-respect, and make men see that if they wish to become acquainted with you they must set about it in the right manner.

■ Woman's World, August 18, 1906

### LOVE AT FIRST BITE

Is it possible for a man to fall in love with a girl who has false teeth?—Doris

Of course it is. It happens every day.

■ Home Notes, November 24, 1928

### Victorian maidens

#### MY TYRE WENT SOFT

On a recent cycle ride, I was overtaken by another cyclist who told me one of my tyres was soft, and offered to blow it up for me. I accepted his offer. Since then, when we meet, he bows. Yesterday, I had a note asking me to take a ride with him on Sunday week. He appears to be a gentleman, but I don't know what do with regard to this request.—Wavelet

Give the letter to your parents, who will no doubt so deal with it that this very impertinent young man will not take such a liberty again.

■ Home Chat, April 3, 1897

#### BE NOBLE

Esmeralda. If you are noble and good, you need not think that hard work will spoil your appearance. A young lady, who has remarkably beautiful arms, says she made them so by sweeping carpets with a broom.

■ Home Companion, September 3, 1898



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

In reply to William Hickey

It is some fifteen years or so since I became involved with ESCA. Now, do those four magic letters stand for the East Sussex C.A. or the English Schools C.A., and if the latter, is Roy Humphrey the Headmaster?

I have always wondered why most Clubs write-ups are signed with a pen name, and who is hiding behind these pseudonyms. The Brighton Mitre has Ken Wells and he is one of the few who admit to being the scribe. The Brighton Excel is 'Ropey Rider' - say no more! Central Sussex 'Rambler', could this be our Ron? No event is anything without his predictions at the start about the weather and who will do what. Certainly at the finish. I wait for his comment for a remark from him like "good ride" is worth more than a medal. Lewes "Rotrax" obviously must be very old, and who can 'Butterfly' possibly be? The Nomads have 'Limbo'. Hard luck!!

But now we have 'William Hickey'. Any gossip columnist must be anonymous, otherwise he might get thumped. Nobody can guess who 'Hickey' is, so he must keep a LOW PROFILE and be a bit of a private detective and keep his ear to the ground. Perhaps we should have a competition to find him, and towards that end a photo is included in this issue of BONK, which could well be him (without his LOW PROFILE). His life must, of course, be whiter than white but I will keep MY ear to the ground and check him out. This Majorca trip he keeps on about may yield something - my spy will watch carefully to see if he gets up to any mischief.

Thought! 1) Did I see Ron Rogers erect his thing in his garden before or after this trip?

Thought! 2) Is anyone else old enough to remember Agg? (I wish I could forget him!) Will he be on the piste or is he going for the miles or K.M.?

It was noted that one D.M. Hickey rode the ESCA 25 - can there be TWO of them? The mind boggles.

It was also noted that the President did not ride the April 25. Is he saving up for the 1989 £10 ESCA sub or was he afraid that we would all want to kiss him.

This is my first effort at this sort of thing but I feel that William must be stopped. I, of course, will sign my proper name.



HILLAN DALE

IS THIS PHOTO (LEFT)  
"WILLIAM HICKEY"?

A SMALL REWARD  
WILL BE MADE TO THE  
FIRST READER TO POINT  
THE FINGER AT W.H.  
IN PERSON.

## THE WILLIAM HICKEY COLUMN

Initially both Sussex Nomads and Central Sussex would like to extend cordial good wishes to Crawley C.C. and thank them officially through these columns for letting these Clubs have a continuous stream of Crawley riders who have defected due to a certain amount of disenchantment. Perhaps in future Malcolm could accelerate the situation by not bothering to sign on any interested riders, instead give them a Nomads or Central Sussex application form.

We are reminded that Crawley's attitude is not unlike that of a pedigree bitch in labour. When the pups are born the owner keeps one and gets rid of the rest.

Keep it up Crawley, who loves you baby!

Talking of Club officials, we could not but share with Bonk readers our correspondent's surprise and chagrin in overhearing none other than Mr. Ken Wells using not one but a number of four letter expletives, with little or no regard for younger members of his Club who were present. If he keeps this up the Mitre may be heading for a second decline in the foreseeable future.

We see that there has not to date been an improvement to the SCA start sheets, neither it seems does the extra affiliation fee reflect any over all increase in the prize money. Perhaps the SCA may be permitted to let our readers see a copy of the 1988 annual report and treasurer's report (inserted in the Spring 1989 Bonk edition) to enable our readers to appreciate where and when the subscriptions were justified.

We hear that Brian Rex has now sold his fortress in Framfield, no financial statistics are available but we hear that Roy may be bidding under a nominee. This we should say is merely hearsay.

It seems that Brighton Excel have put an advert in Cycling for some competition rollers, could we venture a guess that the real intention for obtaining these is to try and keep steady when coming out of the pub!

From reliable sources we learn that one of our esteemed editors has been made a member of the National Vets committee, this is really a long way from Hastings to secure such a position, i.e. the A.G.M. and Lunch were held in Warwickshire. Further inquiries confirmed that lodgings were secured in a hotel, not a million miles away from the function, where our sources confirmed a sighting of our lady editor at the hotel in the company of a rather tired looking elderly gentleman who's profile was vaguely familiar. Doubtless our editor will be able to explain these activities to avoid any possible ambiguity.

We hear that the Nomads' Alan Limbrey, Sussex super vet was reduced to near tears at the finish of the Salisbury 25 on P201. Not only did Ron Rogers - giving away 1½ stone - beat him, but unbelievable as it sounds, Geoff Boore put half a minute into him, using the ultimate experience, i.e. the Dream Machine. There is talk in West Sussex that this could be a regular feature in 1988!

A lot of salacious and intimate data was recently received across my desk concerning the Lewes' annual get together in Majorca. Particular attention was focused on a certain rotund Derek (I like back wheels) Agg. Needless to say he did not disappoint, as various photos will show. More details in our next edition. The Eagle of Toledo, i.e. Mr. Ron Rogers, is not, we learn, such a potent hillclimber as we were led to believe. His lack of climbing ability was due to over indulgence, over gearing, over tanned and over worked.

In closing, and with the Editors permission, we enclose a full frontal picture of Derek Agg reclining in his army service 'put u up' before climbing the cols of Solar and Luc. For the benefit of new readers, he has taken off his skinsuit but we believe he is ex Lewes C.C..

Keep well,

WILLIAM HICKEY



## C.T.C. EASTBOURNE & HAILSHAM DISTRICT

I concluded my contribution to the last edition by expressing the hope that the Spring weather would be good - how fortunate we have been to have had so many glorious Sundays, which we have enjoyed to the full. Most times now we have a modest paced and energetic ride on the same day and whilst the modest "lot" have revelled in the lanes of East Sussex, the other group has been far afield. In March a number of our Section took part in the D.A. 30 mile Reliability Trial organised by Ann Rix, the D.A. President, and on a recent Sunday the modest paced riders joined with the Brighton Section for a ride. Lunch was at East Hoathly and tea at Barcombe Mills Station (very good). It was nice to have the opportunity of showing them around our bit of Sussex. On the same day our energetic riders clocked up some hundred miles on an all day jaunt but unfortunately it was the last ride for some time for Jon Cooper. Sad to say on the following Tuesday whilst time trialling Jon broke a leg in an accident which resulted in some complications and a spell in intensive care. Happily these problems are out of the way now. Jon is a committee member and a very popular rider with the Section and we all wish him a speedy recovery. Some of our Group rode the Dorset Coast Randonee and by all accounts had an excellent weekend. Incidentally, we now have a rare breed in our midst - a lady tricyclist. Andrea Winchester rode one of Ray Gearing's trikes on a recent energetic morning excursion and thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Perhaps we shall see her name in tricycle events some time.

Readers, will I am sure, be pleased to hear that Iris Stevens of our D.A. has been awarded a Certificate of Merit by the Cyclists Touring Club - this is an award for services rendered to the Club locally. As well as being Secretary of the D.A. from 1973 to 1987, Iris has among other things organised a host of cycling and social events. A well deserved award Iris - congratulations.

TOURIST

## EASTBOURNE ROVERS C.C. /PHOENIX CYCLES

With the racing season now in full fling and the Club's membership list rising rapidly, the results are coming in thick and fast. Suprisingly the so called "New Revolution" of Eastbourne Rovers has proved that the growing interest in road racing by the Club members has benefitted the Club's name around the country, quote: "Oh no, here's the Eastbourne crusts".

Steven 'bigger stud than before' Willis is busy settling down with his bird, but many were disappointed when the rumour that it would make him give up were proved wrong! (damn it).

The start of the Club's evening time trials went off with a bang when times were reduced considerably, and looking to continue judging by previous years, so watch out you other 'testers'.

Andrea Winchester has again shown that she is no doubt the best lady rider in recent years Sussex has had and looks towards some good performances this coming summer some of you men better watch out because she's now got a fast hairstyle and a no make-up less air resistance face.

With two wins on the road plus other top ten placings in both senior and junior events the new sponsor, Phoenix Cycles, has been very well advertised and a quick note to all you cyclists who thought where on earth are you going to get your record-c groupsets, etc Phoenix have moved up the road to a new shop.

WOLBER REJECT



## CENTRAL SUSSEX C.C.

This issue concentrates on the Club's touring activities - the first section being diary notes of Ron Ewart's annual hyper-mega-ramble, this year to the Cotswolds, and the second section, prepared by my man in Majorca, gives some early impressions of that other annual event - the Lewes pilgrimage to the sun.

Monday I swear these panniers get heavier every year! Must be thirty pounds at least - still on they go. Bye to the wife and roar up to Crawley to Burgess Hill on the big ring. Rod is already at Irving Walk and Pat provides a delicious cup of tea. 10.26 Gatwick to Reading, we thought, but the announcements are incomprehensible (are they specially trained?) and display boards and notices conflict. It took Alan twenty minutes longer than usual from Caterham because of the headwind, but eventually the train arrives and on we struggle. I won't drone on about the guard and his rules - you've all met them, haven't you? The training must be really intensive to reach that sort of level!

Excellent coffee at Reading station and then the four of us are on our way to Stow on the Wold where we will be based for the week. The tail wind is still there and so we get blown all the way, beside the Thames, to the lunchtime pub. Seems a different pace of life already as we wait for food - but the scenery is good. Next stop Burford where the Bank Holiday clogs the town from one end to the other, but even with panniers we weave through and are eating toasted teacakes before you can say 42 x 15. Through festive May Day villages (a Maypole, even, with tame yuppies in attendance) and up eight hundred feet to Stow. Bikes tucked up in the garage and a well done steak in one of the hostelryes. Eighty miles on the first day and only one, very light, shower of rain. Almost warm enough for shorts - perhaps tomorrow.

Tuesday The decision is that today will be easy, with a meander through the Cotswold villages to really get the "feel" of the area. Chipping Camden appeared at the right time for elevenses, but only after several stiff climbs and a number of laps of a race horse paddock, where we were led astray by Alan. Rex was foolish enough to mention over coffee that he would like to see the National Hillclimb course on Dovers Hill - you can guess what happened! He and Rod did it in six minutes dead. On to a real country pub at Ford for lunch via the lovely village of Snowhill. Rod then suggested some roughstuff, which he said was less than a mile, but which turned out to be two miles of 1 in 5 mud! Still having done all that work it was then a sweep down a 1 in 5 for afternoon tea at Bourton on the Water. Umpteen cream cakes (after we found ourselves admiring the immaculate villages of Upper and Lower Slaughter) and then back up the miserable hill to Stow. Only fifty miles admittedly - but hardly an easy day!

Wednesday Having spilt the tea from an unpourable teapot at breakfast and then failed to mop it up with what we decided were Goretex napkins, we set off for elevenses at Winchcombe. Once more Rod had worked out the hilliest route possible, culminating in a mile long 1 in 6 descent which would have been great fun had it not been for a complete covering of ice like mud. Still, it got the heart rate up to 180. We then picked our way through yet more hills for lunch at a rather up-market pub at Fosse Bridge; then over another mountain to have a gentle and relaxing wander round a teeming trout farm at Bibury. The Priory Tearooms at Burford then supplied treacle tart and cream and it was just amazing to see the town die at 5.00 p.m. How they put up with the traffic all day I do not know. Almost sixty miles today and very pleasant weather apart from just one ten minute shower.

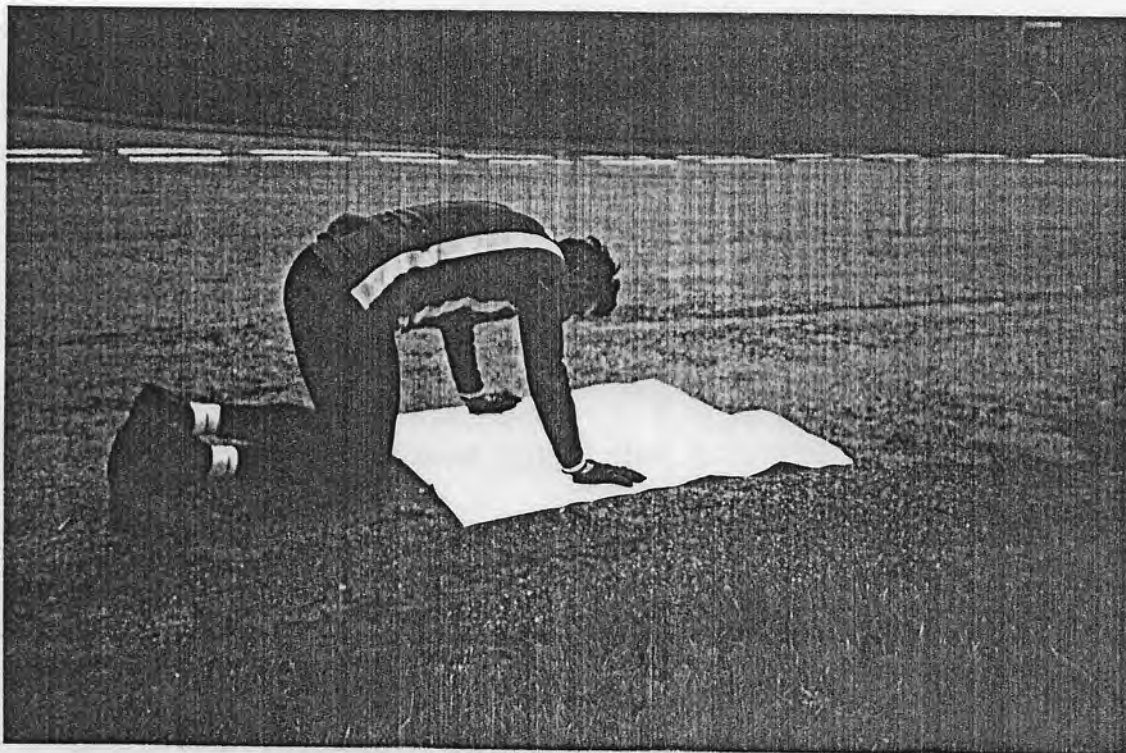
Thursday Brilliant sunshine and a good forecast so shorts and racing jersey at last. Warwick is the aim today and we manage to find back roads with fords (although one was dry) and gates. This part of Warwickshire seems rather desertlike in terms of tea stops, though, and we have had to resort to a main road transport caff, but the mug of tea was great. The hundreds of steps various at Warwick Castle present some problems for the Sidi-shoeplated sightseer but the effort was well worth it. The Madame Tussauds waxwork figures bring the rooms to life and torture arrangements in the dungeons are amazingly cruel and claustrophobic - all well worth the visit. We recover our bikes from under the watchful eye of the car-park attendant and proceed in more map reading

jerks along more gated roads and Cotswold ridges. Absolutely no caffs again, but delightful scenery all the way back to Stow. Sixty five miles today and 19 out of 20 for Rod's map reading. Talking of Rod, I've forgotten to mention that so far he's broken the bottom 17 and then the 16 Regina. It's a good job there are only two days left - otherwise he'd run out altogether!

Friday Brilliant sunshine yet again and I can see that we are all several shades darker. This is the last full day and the general objectives are Broadway, a circuit of Bredon Hill and Evesham. Something of a panic coming down Broadway Hill when THE map bounced out of Rod's front bag and did an "in-off" Alan to the road and maniac drivers. Anyway not too much damage to Pat's map and we settle into some very nice tea rooms in Broadway armed with the morning papers. Luckily for Ron, Bredon Hill has no roads up it and the circuit idea works well, taking in some very nice villages and lanes in the foothills. After a pub lunch we spot a lock on the river Avon and pick our way down the footpath for a race round. There's a junior school trip there too and they tell us old codgers all about themselves. Afternoon tea in a cafe by the river in Evesham and then one hill after another (Ron really loves them and muttered the odd appreciative word to Rex and Rod at the top of each one!) back to Stow. We have been having evening meals in the many places to choose from in Stow - slowly working upmarket to tonight's in the Stocks Hotel, which was very good indeed, finishing up with as many coffees as you like.

Saturday Double poached egg on toast, cornflakes and loadsatea for the last time and we're off, after thank you to Mrs. Keyte (pronounced Kite). We decided on the most direct route to Reading and got there easily in the sunshine in time to catch the 1440 to Gatwick. As we reach Reading's outskirts Rod remarks that we have left the human race to join the rat race again. I couldn't agree with him more - the Cotswolds are very civilised with friendly people in well kept farms and houses, no litter, cut verges and no graffiti.

A smooth train ride to Gatwick (there must be an easier way to get to the A23 from Gatwick Station by bike, but we haven't found it yet!) and a very welcome mug of tea at Ron's. Rod says he needs the miles so keeps me company up to Pease Pottage and then I'm on my own again via Deakes Lane (I love that hill) to see what news she has and what disasters have overcome us!



ROD FINDS THE  
FLATTEST ROUTE!



Adrian Jones and Kevin Bramham endured (sorry - enjoyed) ten days with the Lewes C.C. on their Majorca trip organised by Ian Landless and their only complaint is that the two domestiques allocated to them by Ian (Paul Gibbon and Dave Jubb) were more intent on feeding themselves than their team leaders. Anyone who can eat nine, or was it eleven croissant for breakfast plus four hardboiled eggs, left even Adrian, an unsurpassed gourmet, speechless with admiration.

Characters seem to proliferate on these trips, two of whom were Derek Agg, outdoor table tennis champion and sprinter extraordinaire, and Geoff Boore, the Mike Hammer of the cycling world. To see the two of them riding together brought a new dimension to the term "caution, wide vehicles ahead". Incidentally, why did Geoff try so hard to elude a certain lady who persistently pursued him round the hotel garden, was he playing hard to get, or is he saving himself for another. Adrian and Kevin were rooted to the spot hoping this certain lady would notice them, but alas she had eyes only for Geoff.

Continuing with the romantic theme, Graham Seymour's technique for getting women into his bedroom was quite superb - he pretended to go down for two days with a near fatal illness and they flocked in to minister to him. Little wonder he was wearing a self satisfied smile for the rest of the holiday.

At this point, Kevin Bramham wishes it to be known that Adrian Jones is the author of this report, and it is to him that all complaints should be addressed. Subject to demand, Adrian promises that in the next issue names will be named, so be warned Sylvia Burgess, Kath Seymour and Jill Rogers, etc., etc. However, Kevin says that if any of the ladies can let him know the name and address of the voluptuous Spanish senorita with the kinky leather gear, he might be able to persuade Adrian to confine himself to writing about how magnificently he climbed the mountains at the head of the peloton.

RAMBLER

#### RELIABILITY TRIAL

NEGOTIATIONS ARE IN HAND TO USE THE KINGS HEAD AT EAST HOATHLY FOR THE H.Q. OF THE ASSOCIATION RELIABILITY TRIAL ON NOVEMBER 20th, 1988.

SEE THE NEXT ISSUE FOR COURSE DETAILS AND LUNCH INFORMATION.



Once upon a time there was a man who many years before had ridden a bicycle very fast but could not do so any more because he had eaten too many cakes. So he made a Big Wish and asked his Good Fairy to make him as fast as he was all those years ago and his Good Fairy said "Blimey, you are not asking much, are you?" but promised to do what she could, provided he would eat fewer cakes. So the man got out his old bicycle and rode ten miles as fast as he could but although he tried and tried he did not finish until 32 minutes and 48 seconds had gone by. He was very cross because a boy called Dave who was only fourteen years old was nearly four minutes faster so he said "These little boys races are not for me" and decided to ride three times as far. But his Good Fairy said "If you think I'm going to help you round a thirty when you're obviously so full of cake you've got another think coming" and the man found that his legs would not go round and boys kept whizzing past him. And the moral of this story is: you can't eat your cake and make a comeback.

All the same, we were all pleased to see the return of Derek Agg, whose name appears on a good many of the Wanderers' trophies. In fact there is a bonus, because there is definitely more of him than there used to be; and it DOES take courage to make a comeback. As Derek has discovered, a feature of our early racing season has been the encouraging performances of our younger riders. The fourteen year old mentioned earlier is Dave Hunter; and Darrell Felstead, at fifteen, had got down to 1.03.42 by the end of May. Young Jason Craughton has also earned himself awards, but the newcomer to watch is Keith Parvin, a seventeen year old who has lost no time in establishing himself in his first year of racing. He has been fastest junior in a number of early season events, and has progressed from an initial 1.10.29 to an end of May 1.03.38. But our star young man is Paul Gibbons, who at eighteen is reaping the benefit of all those years of hard winter clubruns when he was but a little lad among the big boys. Now he's taking those big boys on at their own game and beating them hollow: only nine seconds outside the hour and with ambitions of doing well at 100 miles.

The older, uglier ones have been playing a supporting role: Peter Gates and Ron Rogers helped Paul win the Worthing 25 team prize. Ray Rogers suprised himself with a handicap win in the E.S.C.A. 25 and Graham Seymour astounded everyone by doing a "six" the other day. Ian Burgess has done his bit towards ensuring a continuous supply of Club championships by fathering Thomas Michael (with some assistance from Sally): his occasional appearances on the racing scene, in between changing nappies, have included a two-up with Granddad Mick in the S.C.A. event organised by Andrew Attwood, and as they finished less than a minute behind Paul Gibbons and Horry Hemsley, the strains of fatherhood and granddadhod can't be too great. Matthew Rabbetts is another occasional visitor - he spends most of his time in Somerset, learning how to keep the Ranunculus asiasticus out of the Ruscus aculeatus (and quite right too, such filthy habits should not be encouraged); he promises a comeback in 1989. But we are to lose our Club treasurer for good, as Phil King's work is taking him right away from ESCaland, and he will be much missed.



"To be perfectly honest with you, we're never troubled by cyclists."

## Keep-fit boob by Duchess

- THE Duchess of Kent amazed social workers yesterday—by suggesting keep-fit classes for the over-80s.
- "Jump into track suits and get some exercise," the 55-year-old Duchess told pensioners as she opened a new £1.5million sheltered housing scheme at Farncombe, Surrey.
- Resident Bert Wallis, 88, said afterwards: "I'm a bit past keep-fit classes." An expert said the Duchess's suggestion was "not a good idea."

ROTRAX

FOCUS ON PHILLIPS. THE FOLLOWING INTERVIEW WITH BRIAN PHILLIPS HAS BEEN REPRODUCED FROM THE DARK BLUE C.C. NEWSLETTER BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE EDITOR, ANN HILL.

1981 11th in BAR. 2nd in National '12'- his first 12 hour  
1982 Pneumonia. 10th in BAR. Varsity match record (55-15)  
1983 Glandular fever. 5th in BAR. 264 mile '12'  
1984 Recovering from 1983  
1985 10th in BAR  
1986 Broke leg in cycling accident  
1987 Riding with pin in hip. 11th in BAR. 264.9 miles in 'slow'  
Kent '12'

What is it that keeps our old adversary Brian Phillips climbing back<sup>on</sup> his bike after setbacks that would have most of us reaching for our slippers? I decided to ask him...

'I started cycling in 1976, with the East Grinstead CC. I began racing shortly afterwards, at 17 or 18. Cycling had become a recognised sport at school by then and we were let out every afternoon for training. Some of the rugby players thought it was a soft option but they didn't see what went on. I was always fairly competitive; I never did much touring - it always seemed too much trouble to put panniers on - but I did enjoy long rides. I once rode from Lancing (Sussex) to Brecon to join an OTC camp. By this time I'd started going out with Sean Yates (as it were) who lived in the same village. Before he went to France we spent a lot of time training together, and we still do when he's back in the country.'

'Cambridge was a wonderful place for cycling. I think I improved steadily from 1979 to 1982. I was going really well up to the '82 Varsity match - I don't know if riding it with a cold gave me pneumonia, but it certainly developed after that. That was a miserable period. It seemed a real disaster at the time; I was pumped full of drugs, couldn't race, had a disappointing Finals result...however I'd recovered pretty well by 1983'.

'Glandular fever was even more frustrating. I'd feel good one week and hopeless the next. They say it can recur all your life, but I've been clear of it for the past couple of years. I couldn't believe my bad luck when I was knocked off my bike on the way to work and broke my leg...'

'I think I get back on the bike because I enjoy cycling enormously. I love going out on long training rides. Somehow fighting back an illness or injury adds to the sense of achievement. When I've been off the bike I usually start with one or two hours cycling a couple of times a week, and it takes six to eight weeks to build up to racing fitness. Since my accident I've been reluctant to ride much in the dark, so most of my winter training is at weekends. Up to Christmas I do as much as I feel like. From January I ride about five hours in total each weekend. I don't usually do any other sort of exercise during the week, though I probably ought to.'

'During the Season I ride to work (50 miles round trip) about three times a week. I don't time myself, but I try to sprint up hills. I'm quite lazy about doing intervals, etc. I need someone with me to make me concentrate. I like to do an evening 10 - either a club event or an informal two-up; I usually use 53 x 16 to develop 'souplesse'. If I'm doing a long race on Sunday I try to find a 10 for the Saturday before, and I don't train on the Monday. I find I have to be careful now about overtraining. If

I've been doing too much long-distance training I can find my performance dropping off although I don't actually feel very tired.'

'I really like 10s. I think they're my favourite events. I also like hilly and non-standard distance time trials - they're more challenging and I usually do quite well in them. I've enjoyed road racing too - I think I concentrate on the BAR because after doing some good 50s and 100s it seems just about worth suffering round a 12 course to get a placing. I'm still very competitive when things get serious towards the end of the season. I'm not so fanatical about the early events though. I don't travel for events as much as I used to. In fact I fell out with the Manchester Wheelers over this. I do all the Championships, but I wouldn't go up to Yorkshire just for a fast course any more. I'm lucky not to need sponsorship these days.'

'I can't see myself giving up cycling. I think it keeps me sane. The bike's like a friend; it's provided solace during some tough times. Cycling's not such a central part of my life now, but it's still very important to me.'

## Will you remain competitive?

WE WOULD WELCOME ARTICLES ON THE OUTSTANDING RIDER IN YOUR CLUB FOR FUTURE EDITIONS.

ALSO, RELIABILITY TRIAL DATES, DINNER DATES, ETC., FOR THE AUTUMN ISSUE OF BONK.



LEWES WANDERERS C.C. 1988 MAJORCA TRIP

No this is not a training camp trip. There are no schedules of rides, no races organised, no team mechanic or doctor, no pro rider to give advice. Only the bronzed leader with worried frown as he wonders where next to seek the sun.

Saturday, April 23rd saw a motley crew of Wanderers, Centrals, Mitres and an odd (very odd) Nomad, meeting in the departure area at Gatwick. After a delay, breakfast on the plane, we took off. There is no truth in the rumour that the delay was due to the rotund Tourist Agg being moved to the centre of the aircraft so that there was an even distribution of weight. Arrival at Palma saw us quickly off the plane and bikes loaded into the lorry provided for the purpose. Following the coach trip to the north of the island and carting luggage to rooms, the bikes were soon got ready for the road. This little loosener took us out of Alcudia and through Can Picafort and a loop round towards Petra. During this ride Dave Bond had the first of more than a few punctures. Had there been a prize for the most punctures in the ten days, Dave would have won it.

The Sunday run to Porto Cristo held together very well on a warm sunny day until the climbs after Arta, when things began to liven up. By the time Ron Rogers had relived his youth on a long bumpy descent, the front group had dwindled to five. When Can Picafort was reached there were only three and they were well into banana splits when the last passed by.

Another fine day saw the whole lot on the road for Binissalem and KS bike shop. This led to a sprouting of new tops, what a good job these new fabrics have such excellent stretch qualities, as the peacocks strutted along to the coffee shop. Following this the group split, some climbed up to Iluc via Selva and Camari to lunch in the monastery cafe. The others wound their way through the foothills via Campanet and the caves.

The next two days were not good. It rained hard. There were many long faces about and a lot of washing on the balconies and over the light fittings!! The man who caused Sussex Nomads to move out of the usual T.K. for the A.G.M. when he put on so much weight, Geoff Boore, was parcelled up in a black refuse sack by Vanessa Attwood. The story was that it was to keep him dry. I regret to say, though, that the dustmen returned him to us. Justice was done, though. Ian Landless, who arranged things and got the weather wrong, fell off when the bike slid from under him on a wet road.

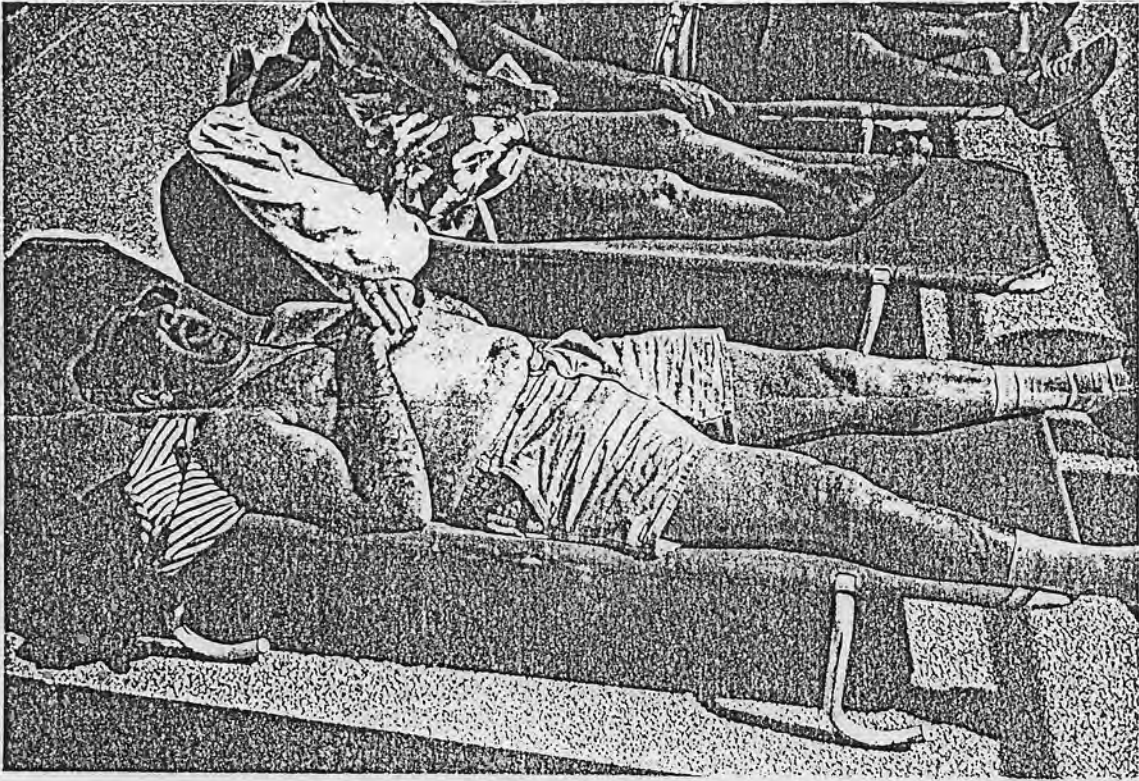
The fifth day was overcast to start with but got better and better. The ride to Porto Colom got faster and faster as the sun got hotter. Steve Harkness was a bit put out when after beating Mick Burgess in a sprint he found his Sussex cycle registration fee had gone up and his handicap mark on the truck had shrunk. The Attwood tandem had thundered down the long straight to the town sign causing Vanessa to make a very positive comment to Andrew which took the smile off his face. As we finished lunch, Dave Carter and Keith Saveur rolled up. They were staying elsewhere on the island with a group from Hampshire, most of whom had stayed in bed.

The next couple of days saw rides to Bunyoca and Soller, and a descent and ascent of the road to Sa Callobra. Andrew and Vanessa did this latter ride in fine style. On arrival at the cafe at the bottom Vanessa gave a very graphic description of how she felt, but this involved actions and sounds with very few words, so unless you ask her for a repeat, all is lost. All this up and down riding was very hard on the local strawberry crop which was taking a real beating. While on the subject of climbing, what makes Kevin Bramham climb so well? The 'old man' of the party outclimbed nearly everyone. Is it the leadouts he gets from Adrian Jones or is it due to climbing out of bunkers on the golf course?

Sunday was designated as a rest day. One ride went out to the lighthouse and Formentor. The ups and downs on the rather rough road made it seem twice as far but the views were worth it.

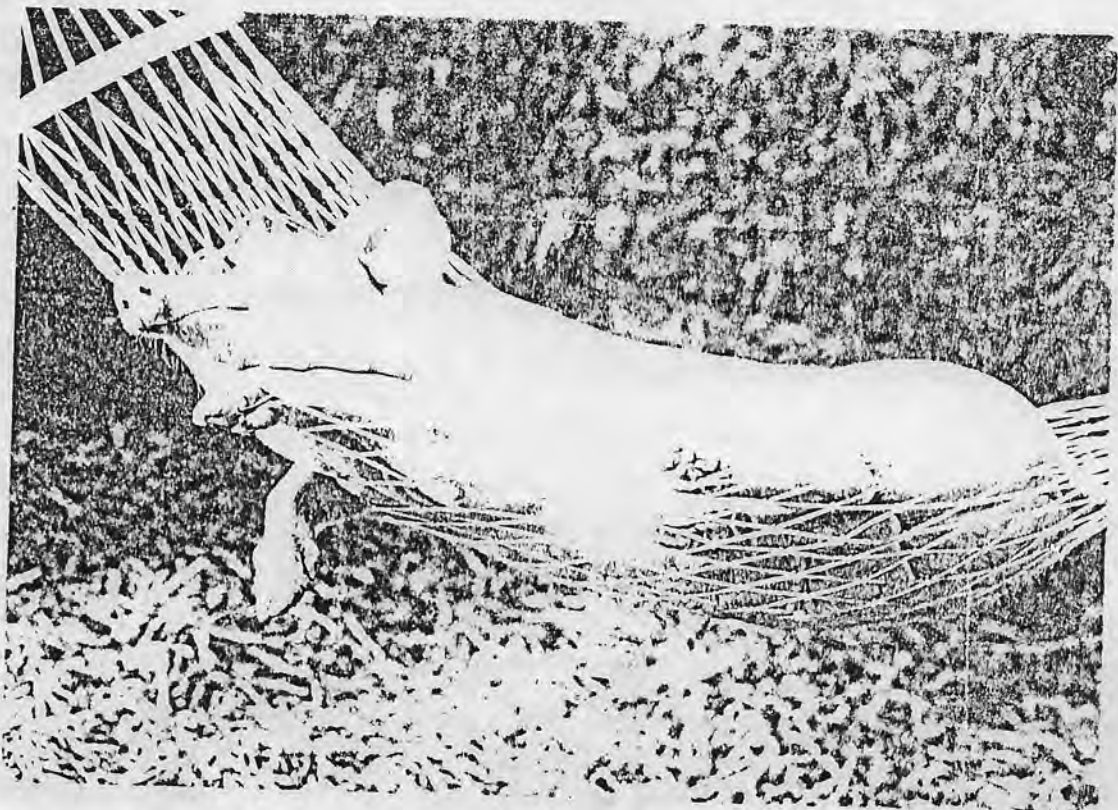
Nearly time to go home. Seven little groups pottered off to make the most of the little time left. One group that contained the expert in cafes in S.E. England, Adrian Jones, took in the road from Alarco to Bunyola via Oright where Adrian spotted a nice

THIS is PIGGY MALONE!



AGG IN MAJORCA (see William Hickey on page 8)

AGG





looking cafe. Just right for next time. If Ronnie Roller gives up the Central's Saturday runs and Adrian takes over, watch out!

There was a bit of hanging about at Palma before the flight home but most made it to the evening 10 at East Hoathly. Oh well, after the Lord Mayor's Show.....

Thoughts, impressions and quotes of the ten days.

Ron - "I fell asleep on take-off"

Jill - "You fall asleep on everything else, why not then?"

Kevin - "I wore my poseur sunglasses and couldn't see for six hours after I took them off".

Vanessa - "Hey, Piggy, are you glad to see me or is that a gun in your pocket,"

Who is Piggy Malone? (Apologies to the Two Ronnies). Picture the scene. Three veteran bike riders sit drinking coffee(!) in the cool of a village bar. It has been market day and the tables are littered with dirty glasses. The floor strewn with paper. There is not enough breeze to rustle the lavatory chain door curtain. The sun beats down outside. The only sounds in the bar are the dogs snores and the heavy breathing as a "Central" rider turns the pages of a magazine. Suddenly the chain curtain is thrust aside. Everyone, including the dog and the cat - who was scratching for fleas - starts. HE enters. No - not the man with no name, beloved of spaghetti westerns. Piggy Malone. The dust and sweat stained Carrera top is pulled tight across his massive body. The eyes narrow behind the reactolite lenses. He speaks. "Phew, I'm knackered".

Are Piggy and William Hickey one and the same person? Can they be? Surely William Hickey, the erudite Bonk correspondent cannot be the overweight, scruffy, shambling mass whose casual and formal gear appears to be a faded blue tracksuit. Is the lack of wardrobe due to his need for mobility or is he just tight? No, it's not the latter, he bought a red tracksuit in the market at Accudia. Watch out for Piggy. The only enquiry agent/debt collector to operate disguised as a bike rider. What did the locals and the visitors come to that, make of Geoff Boote and Tourist Agg discussing the merits of the R.T.T.Cs regulation 50 when both have been disqualified in the past.

The masseuse who, by the end of the ten days had more limbs to cope with than she knew what to do with.

Are Paul Gibbons and Dave Jupp really shy with girls, or did they think Auntie Silv would tell Mum?

Kevin - "Ian Landless rushed back from the ride today so that he could sunbathe by the pool. Does he ask for an early start in the twelve for the same reason?"

If the lady who is into dewponds is right about their mystical qualities why did her husband spend two days in bed sick? Surely a dunk in the pond would have cured him.

Talking about the ladies, what did they do? How did they spend their time while the old men rode round the countryside? Hard to know. They built sandcastles, ate large lumps of gateaux, shifted mounds of strawberries and cream and swore a vow of silence. What secret arrangements did Mrs. Leader make with the old gent who swept her away on the dance floor.

Finally, well done leader for another memorable holiday. Roll on next year.

Burke and Hare.

WE REGRET THAT DUE TO LACK OF SPACE EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS AND ONE ARTICLE RELATING TO SUNTOURS LEWES INC HAVE BEEN HELD OVER UNTIL THE AUTUMN EDITION.