

STAN SHIRLEY

# BONK!

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

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East Sussex  
Cycling Association

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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION

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NOTES FROM THE RACING SECRETARY

- 1) Sunday, July 23rd is the date of the Association 100 Mile Open event. MICK RABBETTS, Mottins Hill, Jarvis Brook, Crowborough (Tel: 0892 654422) is the Event Secretary and would welcome any volunteers for marshalling and feeding.
- 2) Even at this early stage I know that we require Event Secretaries for the April and September 10 mile events in 1990. Any volunteers please contact me at the address below.  

NO EVENT SECRETARIES ..... NO EVENTS
- 3) If any of the 1989 Event Secretaries wish to stand down, would they let me know as soon as possible. It is only just over three months before these details will be required for the 1990 Handbook.

Telephone: 0892 661754

Mick Burgess  
7 Sandridge  
Crowborough  
Sussex  
TN 6 1 JE

## BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C

Having postman Andy Attwood in our Club has not brought us immunity from the G.P.O.'s indiscretions and there were some glum faces when we learned our parcel of new racing clothing had been lost by them after clearing customs inwards from Belgium. Obviously clothing doth not maketh man as many of the lads have been doing alright clad in their less fashionable attire.

Ben Merricks, now a junior, got off to a flying start (literally, when a car hit him on the Uckfield by-pass completely wrecking his bike!): he and Simon Taylor (Tall) were second in the S.C.A. two-up with a very creditable 55.51. They were then fourth in the E.S.C.A. two-up in 1.08.48. Ben was ninth in the Withyham road race but has had to curtail his racing with G.C.Es. only a few weeks away. Simon (Tall) is also swotting for exams but these youths quickly regain their fitness: he was certainly an asset to the team in the Mitre four-up, supporting Chris Chapman and Martin Penfold into fifth place. Martin Penfold also seems to have reached good form early with two under the hour 25s to his credit as well as a two lap scratch win at Preston Park on the first Track League night and several Surrey League Road Race placings. Also notching up points in the Surrey League events have been Simon Taylor (Short) and Vince Lowe. Simon had seventh place at Lee on Solent and sixth in the Shimano event which provided him with about fifty pounds worth of goodies. Chris Chapman too has taken to road racing with a fifth place in the Withyham event, fourth in the first of the Worthing Evening Road Race series, a win at Portsmouth track as well as the four lap scratch at Preston Park to his credit certainly indicate his ability extends beyond creditable time trial results. There are one or two newcomers also rapidly improving (be warned, it doesn't always last), and John Breed comes to mind. With the Club evening tens now under way, competition is quite fierce. Of the ladies, Judy Budgen has already got down to a 27.39 on the Falmer course. Vets Rick Stringer and Mike (Milo to Brian Hutton) picked up some prize money in the E.S.C.A. two-up and Rick won his first ten on standard in the recent E.S.C.A. event, upsetting Vernon Hyde.

The tourists too are taking active advantage of the exceptional good weather. Frank Godwin and Adrian Loska rode the Dorset Coast Audax event (200km) whilst on the same day, Chris Beckingham and Val Stringer had a damp start in the Worthing version. Dave Styring (that London burn-up boy who has just become a Vet) retired halfway through the 200km event but no doubt he'll be training so as to do better next time he's on Sussex roads. Chris Beckingham has ventured to pastures new being attracted to a French Audax event based on Cherbourg. Also off to France for their annual sortie are Judy and Leon and Alan and Linda, who will tour Brittany again on tandems. Vanessa is in Majorca with the Lewes mob whilst Andrew has been left at home, literally holding the baby (congratulations Gran and Grandad and to Melanie too, who produced the boy). Andrew has a bike already for him in the loft and makes sure his little legs are turned daily to build up his cycling muscles. It's been left to the younger element in the Club to tackle the longer distances and Peter Maurice will be aiming to improve his Lands End/John O'Groats timing this year.

Some of the old disused trophies have been dug out of Dick's loft and a vote of thanks is due to Andrew Attwood for the elbow grease used in bringing them back to sparkle. It is hoped that some can be re-designated to other uses, such as a Junior Best All Rounder cup.

There just a few vacancies for the Club's minibus trip to the National Hill Climb later this year so let Val have your £5 deposit if you fancy a weekend in Shropshire on October 28th.

Dick Jones' obligation to ride the Hardriders (as President) has obviously gone to his head as he has ordered one of the new racing jerseys and actually bought a second-hand pair of wheels with quick release hubs so that he can get a gears bike on the road after struggling round on 83 fixed for the past twenty years.

Ropey Rider

## SOUTHBOROUGH AND DISTRICT WHEELERS

Greetings again from the Northern borders.

News this month seems to revolve around the letter H.

Let us start with Holland. No, we have not gone Dutch, although the Southboro' have always stood their round. This refers to Peter Holland, maniac tricyclist, tandem tricyclist and sometime Housebuilder. The latter, of course, in his spare time! Who else would drive the Lake District, drag a trike round the Porthole G.P. and then drive back again. Only of course the same idiot who repeated the exercise for the Birkenhead Mountain T.T. Come to think of it, the Carpenters probably would and do, but the blue pencil will come in about here.....! Sad to say the penalty was Don Robb beating him in a by-pass 10 on the following Tuesday. However the Club circuit event around the lumps and bumps of Shipbourne, West Malling and Wrotham allowed him to put the record straight. At this point I should mention that Peter's other half, Gwynneth is organising the Club's first ever Barbecue at the clubroom, with a near sell out of tickets.

The next H is of course Andy Howey. Now making his mark in the tri-athlon world, he came fifth in the Winchester event and eighteenth in the Bath promotion. The latter a much bigger event on a very hot day. Andy also organised our successful Brands Hatch promotion. We were fortunate that good weather and the Brands Hatch management combined. The latter, this year, is somewhat chaotic due to a change of hiring arrangements for both parts of the circuit. We are delighted to see several of Andy's running and tri-mates down at the clubroom. Meantime, we have part leased Rosemary Dunford to their world. So far she has completed two half marathons and collected a third lady prize in the Isle of Grain all terrain runners event.

Hayman is the next H. For their first holiday, yet again, Les and Diane headed for a walking tour of the Lakes, and so, perforce, did their dog. Perhaps justice was done a few weeks later when Les, with Don and Frank, was prevented from cycling up a narrow lane by a Collie dog that met them head on. Once they had dismounted and complied with his sheep rounding up exercise he allowed them to pass on their way with complete disdain!

Horror and H'ignorance are the next two Hs. Coming from the simple County of Hops, cherries and women, or as we put it, "Beers, Bikes and Birds", we failed to understand the new numbering system employed for the ESCA 10 held on April 22nd. But then of course, trained to counting hop poles to the acre, we are used to numbers greater than 50.

A change of date (to April 1st) and the removal of the shortmarker limit, proved a good omen for our Open 10, which returned to it's full field status under the organisation of Jean Smith. It was also Jean who organised our Schools Trophy. Run over 5½ miles, this is an invitation event to cyclists in our local schools. Terry's idea of extending the area this year resulted in a win for the lads from the East Grinstead school.

Well, the sun's still shining and there's a bike outside, so that's my contribution for now.

Sarfbra Scribe

At a recent Lewes Wanderers Evening 10, two elderly gentlemen, identified as members of East Hoathly Parish Council, were on spotter duty in the car park as there had been reports of bare bottoms being displayed in the preceding weeks. They didn't seem to have any luck, as they didn't turn up the following Monday.

## LEWES WANDERERS C.C

We start with a cautionary tale. Never underestimate the dangers which lurk on even the quietest roads. On the morning of the E.S.C.A. Hardriders event, a married couple of fairly advanced years were happily pedalling along, minding their own business and admiring the extensive views over the Ashdown Forest, when a bespectacled female person lnged at them from the bushes. "Bonk, bonk, bonk," she cried, not making it at all clear whether she meant she had just been raped or whether she was issuing a general invitation. Rather disappointingly, it turned out that this was her way of protesting at the lack of any Lewes Wanderers contribution to the Spring issue of this magazine. Look here, Esther: you young things have got to realise that as one gets older, so one's brain furs up. To make up for the loss everyone has suffered, here is a brief run down of the Wanderers' social season. We were well represented at the Brighton Excel Dinner, where some extraordinary sights were to be seen, not the least of which was our President dressed as a French maid (what other Club in ESCALAND has a President who would dare to go to a Dinner in that get-up?); and our own Dinner featured the annual ESCA (East Sussex Cake Association) Championship. This title was won for a second time by the cake-eating record holder and former Wanderer, Paul Phillips of the St. Neots C.C., who bravely fought through the distractions of seeing the 1988 Champion and scratchman, Matthew Rabbetts, Collapse halfway through the race and writhe about on the floor. The patient was attended to by Nurse Valerie Owles, who stripped most of the clothes off him (to give him air, one supposes) until Dr. Ian Burgess arrived with a stomach pump. The removal of the body and the prize presentation (Horry Hemsley won the handicap award of a full colour portrait of a Club member's bare bottom) was followed by Matthew's funeral procession arranged by Burgess Undertakers plc. This year's Dinner cabaret took the form of a guest appearance of the famous Arab dancing troupe, Matt-Andy and Betty, a couple of shifty looking sand shufflers and a hunky female (?) in yashmak and seven veils who stripped off in a disgustingly exciting way. There was less excitement but a good deal more anguish in the LWCC Reliability Trial, which gives the organiser, Ian Landless, an opportunity to express his sado-masochistic tendencies. More than eighty set out on the sixty four mile course but fewer than half finished within their time limits. One youngish veteran gave up because, he said, there were so many hills that his brakes became loose; but Vernon Hyde showed the right spirit when his whole bike began falling apart - he took a ball of string from his saddlebag and tied everything together again. Graham Seymour has promised to lead an alternative reliability trial for softies next year. And so to the serious business of racing: Matthew has taken advantage of this season's freedom from college work to stack in the training miles and has reaped the benefit with good placings in Spoco events in foreign parts. On one of his forays into Sussex he had the satisfaction of taking second place in the windy Crawley/Shoreham, ahead of former Wanderers' kingpin Tony Deacon, but things came unstuck later in the season when the Club's training holiday in Majorca ended in a bout of food poisoning and revenge for Tony in the Redmon Hilly 73. Paul Gibbons didn't go to Majorca but still managed a goof eighth place in the Redmon to confirm earlier evidence that he was making a late return to form.

Of the racing men who did go, Ron Rogers won the annual Bronzed Sun God Championship from the former title holder Ian Landless, who carelessly omitted to shave off the hairs above his navel to allow the ultra violet rays to burn through. Potential toy boy David Jupp concentrated on getting fit, brushing off the women who crowded round him and coming home to survive the Redmon in good order, well ahead of Majorca veteran Mick Burgess. But it hasn't all been warmth and sunshine: Matthew went to the Isle of Wight Festival of Cycling on a fog shrouded weekend, accompanied by his manager, trainer, masseuse and Supporters Club Chairperson, as well as Zoe Wheeler, aged five, acting as cheer leader. The driver of the team car, Jim Wheeler (on loan from the Festival Road Club) delayed the great man's arrival on the island by filling his diesel engine car with petrol. Have you ever tried sucking a tankful of petrol up a tube? Everything ended happily on the day, with Matthew coming a good third in the 100k plus round-the-island time trial. This is certainly a time trial with a difference: where else would the timekeeper's 5-4-3-2-1-Go have to be heard above the sound of waves crashing on a beach.

On the mainland Paul G. and Nick Hamlyn were conquering the hills in the Tooting

event to good effect, both finishing well up the field: Mick Burgess's brain knew what to do but his legs failed to get the message. He yearns for the days when he was young and good looking - like our four fifteen year olds from Seaford who have been making an impression on the racing scene: Geoffrey Watts, Leigh West, Matthew Rhodes and Matthew Heap. Geoff, Leigh and Matthew Heap will represent their school, Seaford Head, in the National Final of the GHS 10 Championship after forming the winning team in the District final on the new Laughton course. Matthew Rhodes was desperately unlucky not to qualify for for the competition - because he was too old by a few days. Another young man to watch is seventeen year old Barry Fowler, who set a new pb by three minutes when he won the handicap section of the Worthing Excel 25 with a 1.3. In the same event Paul got to within half a minute of his best with a 1.00.37. Keith Parvin's time trialling in 1989 has mainly been confined to team events - he's been concentrating on road racing to bring his good sprint into play. He's had mixed success so far but is threatening to stir things up in the Lewes Crits on the Laughton circuit on Thursday evenings June 8th; 15th and 22nd. John Bridger has also featured mostly in team time trials: with Matthew, Keith and 9briefly!) Nick Hamlyn he saved the reputation of Sussex against the mighty onslaught from outside the County in the Brighton Mitre four-up. John has had his physical and mechanical problems in the past; a possible explanation of the first, if not the last, is provided on the historic little church at Hamsey near Cooksbridge, which is well worth a visit. There stands the coat of arms of the Bridger family: two spherical objects and a couple of crabs. Honest!

Rotrax

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

The weather has been great for cycling for weeks now and we have made the most of it on our Sunday rides. The "fast and furious" group have ventured well into Kent and West Sussex on their all day rides, whilst the modest paced runs, although closer to home, have been much enjoyed, especially a recent outing when Syd and Grace Richardson kindly entertained the riders to elevenses. Even the modest paced group departed from their usual morning rides and went on an all day jaunt recently to Bodiam under the guidance of Jeff Stevenson.

All these activities seem to have sparked off some concern about equipment, because Ken Griffiths is now the proud owner of a new touring machine whilst Syd and Grace Richardson now have double chain wheels and saucer sized rear sprockets. Our hilly terrain is seemingly good for business for the friendly owners of a notable Eastbourne bike shop. We are pleased to have the elder statesman of the concern riding with us. Speaking of bikes, Ray Gearing had his beloved curly Hetchins come adrift from his roof rack whilst on the move but fortunately the damage is believed to be minimal.

The Lunch of the Kent and Sussex Fellowship at Tenterden was attended by some members; it was voted to be a good "do" as was the ride to and from the Lunch. Some members of the Section rode the D.A. 50Km Reliability Ride in March, whilst Randonnees seem to be gaining in popularity.

After his nasty accident last year, Jon Cooper was left with a long metal rod in his leg which he recently had removed. The withdrawal sounded horrendous but Jon was out of hospital after three days and hopes to be back on his bike very soon. Let's hope the sun continues to shine.

Tourist



## Sally Watts visits Mark Hall Cycle Museum in Harlow

# On your bike

HAS ANY invention taken longer than the bicycle to perfect? Or for that matter, to get started? Although it was first foreseen by da Vinci and Dürer, in their drawings of man-powered machines of similar appearance, nearly 300 years elapsed before the first vehicles, with three wheels or four, were seen in England in the late 18th century.

Then began the bike's long history of absurdity and engineering genius as it wound its tortuous way from velocipede to the safety bicycle that, with its many refinements, has been around for the past 60 years.

This history is celebrated at Mark Hall Museum, set in 19th century stables at Harlow, Essex. (The local council won a Civic Trust award for the stables' conversion to a specialist museum.) It opened in 1982, drawing on the collection of 115 vintage bikes built up by John Collins, now the curator. Mr Collins spent 31 years in Old Harlow with the family cycle business which his grandfather opened in 1896, the bicycle's heyday.

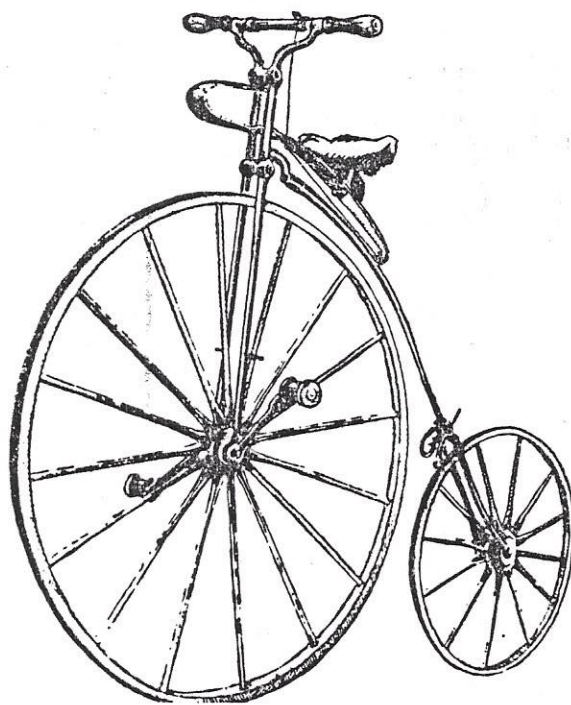
The 66 machines shown are in chronological order, from Denis Johnson's hobbyhorse of 1818, which was among the earliest made in Britain. With hindsight, it is clear that the designer's priorities were wrong: he incorporated a padded rest for the elbows but there were no pedals, so propelling the machines must have felt like attempting to walk while sitting down. Not surprisingly, the cartoonists gayed it and the hobbyhorse's day soon ended.

During a century of transition, the bicycle remained a challenge to young and not so young men who, inevitably bowler clad, happily endured discomfort and humiliation while striving to master these often fantastic creations.

"To get off while the bicycle is moving, throw your leg over the handlebars," is one piece of advice in an illustrated instruction manual for a later model. Another deals with more favourable conditions: "On downhill stretches you can use the footrests to rest your legs."

Two Frenchmen had the idea of fitting pedals and cranks to the front wheel, and the next stage was the boneshaker of the later 1860s which, as the wheels were shod with iron and the frame made of iron or wood, vibrated noisily.

The superior 1868 model in



An 1869 wooden pennyfarthing



### Treasure Trove

the museum boasts a forged iron frame with brass handlebars, brake and wheel hubs, and would have cost about £15.

According to Mr Collins, some early blacksmiths smashed the velocipedes, fearing that they would damage the coach-and-horse trade.

Although the boneshaker was popular and widely used among upper- and middle-class society, it was soon replaced by the "ordinary," later nicknamed the penny-farthing and a familiar sight on English roads for 20 years.

The 1880s were an important turning point with the introduction of the safety bike, based on rear drive with wheels of equal diameter, and then, in

1888, the invention by John Boyd Dunlop of the pneumatic tyre. Shortly afterwards, the cycle industry boomed.

Women were also joining the bicycle brigade, on two-wheelers, trikes and tandems. An 1892 example of a woman's safety bike had an open-frame design to accommodate the long dresses. Then came the tandem, and though in the 1890s the woman rode at the rear, by 1905 she was sitting in front, the man steering from behind on a higher saddle, so that he could see over her head.

With the new century the bike became an indispensable part of leisure. Cycle racing, already popular, gained ground; clubs held weekend and Bank Holiday outings between the wars; a child's sidecar, shown with a touring tandem, recalls family jaunts of the 1930s.

A large section of photos and models shows the cycle in three wars. Folding machines were first produced around 1900 for the South African war and again in 1914, while the 1940 Paratroop Folder, used by assault units in World War Two, was also invaluable in night operations.

Mark Hall Cycle Museum, Muskham Rd, Harlow, Essex. Tel. 0279 39680. Open 10.00 am to 5.00 pm daily. Entrance: free.



even though numbers were down. The respective organisers put a lot of work and imagination into their functions; the one quite noticeable failure was the absence of various award winners for their respective Clubs. Without actually singling out any specific Club we feel it not unreasonable for all award winners to collect their prizes, failing this the Club should not announce the winner, etc. so as to avoid applauding the "invisible man", it is a wretched ritual and, we feel, leaves a bad taste with the Club particularly if they have gone out of their way to assist the individual. (Yes, I agree with that. Esther)

We are inclined with Steve Dennis's comments in respect to late starts on the Hammerpot course as it is quite clear that negotiating the Arundel stretch between each round-a-bout can be a nightmare for riders if they are at the wrong end of the start sheet especially if it is a nine o'clock start in the rain. The descent of Hospital Hill returning from Fontwell can be hazardous, to such an extent that a fatal accident could occur, especially to the inexperienced. Having careful regard also to the parking problems in the lay-by and the lack of changing facilities would perhaps indicate the need for the S.C.A. to obtain some appropriate changing rooms especially as I believe there are some in the area. This would mean a ten minute ride to the start and providing the start was at a reasonable time in the morning, like seven o'clock, we should not have too many problems. We are fast coming to the conclusion that the inadequacy of individual prize money should allow the promoters to offer medals in lieu of money, which we believe is a total waste and does not take into consideration current inflation. Most riders participating in time trials would rather have a medal bestowed in total recognition of that effort rather than a derisory few pounds which will in all probability be in cheque form and will cost you further money to bank, in fact you feel distinctly uncomfortable in taking into the Bank your paying in book to pay in £2 or £3. To a lot of riders it is too much hassle and they don't bother to cash in, all meat to the promoters, at least a medal properly signifies your performance, albeit if only periodically.

To conclude our column for the quarter, we should like to suggest that our respective Associations put up a trophy or some similar award for the most successful promoter of the year, these largely are the unsung heroes whose contribution is the very heart of the Association's existence, the nomination of awards could be scrutinised at the various management meetings and presented to the recipient at the A.G.M. or Annual Dinner. Remember, once we start properly recognising our promoters new administrators will be ready to accept Association duties.

On a lighter note, and in due deference to Rick Stringer, did you catch Les McCann at Montreux, if not, eat your heart out!

Safe riding and have a nice day.

William Hickey

STOP PRESS from W.H.

Prior to this year's "Tour de Majorca" by the Lewes Club Fellowship C.C. (which incidentally I cannot cover due to more topical matters), I was made aware of an act of unprovoked aggression by who else but Mr. Ron Rogers. It appears that our hero was misdirected by a lady marshal in a recent 25. This resulted in the police catching MR. ROGERS, who we believe was headed onto the A3M. After sending him back via the aforementioned marshal, MR. ROGERS abused the lady and a flask was hurled at him. By this time MR. ROGERS had forgotten why he was there in the first place and after taking evasive action and letting out another volley of expletives, our hero returned to whence he had previously departed but not before the marshal's hostile husband had tried, but failed, to forcibly detain our hero. By this time MR. ROGERS had had enough and left the unprintable husband and was last seen cursing and using the most violent threats. We obviously cannot officially comment since it could be sub judice. However, as an afterthought, could the parallel be the rising of the Phoenix (not Eastbourne) but Lewes C.C. trying to emulate the pre 1970 Excelsior in an effort to instil more colour into their activities. Bon chance!!

Sunday July 23	100	Open	Michael Rabbetts, Jarvis Court, Mottins Hill, Jarvis Brook, Crowborough. HELP WANTED. PLEASE!
Sunday August 6th	50	Open	Peter Baker, 15 Hollybank Gardens, St.Leonards on Sea.
Sat. Sept. 2nd	10	Open	Mick Burgess, 7 Sandridge, Crowborough, Sussex.
Sunday Sept 3rd	25	Open	Geoff Boore, 21 Park Road, Burgess Hill.

SOCIAL EVENTS 1989/90

SUNDAY Nov. 19th	RELIABILITY TRIAL	Charles Robson, 39 Winchcombe Road, E'bourne
FRIDAY Jan. 19th	Sussex Nomads Dinner	
SAT. Jan. 20th	Eastbourne Rovers Dinner	
SAT. Jan 27th	1066 Dinner	

Please send dates of Dinners, Reliability Trials, etcetera, to include in the calendar.

PERSONAL

ESCA LADIES

CAN YOU SPARE A FEW MINUTES OF YOUR  
PRECIOUS TIME TO MAKE AN OLD MAN  
HAPPY?

TALKING TO GEOFF BOORE AT THE SUSSEX  
NOMADS DINNER EARLIER IN THE YEAR, HE  
CONFIDED THAT HE NEEDED ONLY ONE  
THING TO MAKE HIS LIFE HAPPY.

GEOFF HAS NEVER HAD AN OBSCENE  
PHONE CALL.

IF YOU CAN HELP HIM TO ACHIEVE  
HIS DESIRE, CALL HIM ON  
BURGESS HILL (0444) 45796 AS  
OFTEN AND AS SOON AS  
POSSIBLE.

R.R. (LEWES) I WENT OFF COURSE ON Q10/19. G.B. (Sussex Nomads)

## EASTBOURNE ROVERS C.C.

Now the sun is shining and the sky is blue we all find cycling that much more enjoyable. After training in those horrible, cold, miserable winter evenings there's nothing better than training and racing in those lovely warm conditions.

Well, what's happening within the Club? Paul "I'm very, very keen" Delani has been riding very strongly with fine performances at Preston Park and in the evening time trial series beating fellow clubmate Steve "I've got a horrendously white body but brown legs and arms" Willis on a couple of occasions. Clive "the crust" Willis is riding stronger than ever with his new low profile Jared helmet and training method which is to leave the bike well alone all week, let your son wind you up and take your aggression out on the bike. Nick "sunbed" Smith a member of the P.H.E. has also been riding well but is also into road inspections in the Oakdene two day, after hitting the deck twice. George Taylor has now decided that he is serious enough to shave his legs and did it using a jack plane but was admitted to hospital after losing five pints of blood afterwards and using four toilet rolls.

Graham Lade is still riding consistently and enjoys his Sunday "p...ups" at the country pubscountry pubs on the C.T.C. rides, whilst daughter Sara is doing well against the watch and at the track despite racing against pros.

Where is the MAG? yes, Duncan Geals he has been found and is a hardened scatt. Beware he may make a comeback after getting his career sorted.

Mark "boy racer" Gibbins is going faster than ever and has been roaring round the the local roads gaining four points on his licence - shame it wasn't his B.C.F. licence and shame he wasn't riding his bicycle!

Till next time.

Clement Condom

Many thanks to the people who sent copies of the following cutting to us. Will this be the last word on "the longer distance races"?

## Agony of long-distance cyclist

AN UNEXPECTED effect of long-distance cycle racing rendered a 27-year-old man almost impotent for five months because of pressure from the hard narrow saddle of his bicycle.

The cyclist, who was in good health, was not used to riding more than a few kilometres at a time and had enjoyed a normal sex life before taking part in a two-day 109km race; say doctors in the current edition of the *British Medical Journal*.

They warn that the problem may be more common among long-distance cyclists than generally acknowledged.

After 32 kilometres the patient was forced to stop because of severe pain and an urgent need to

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By Celia Hall  
Health Reporter

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urinate when, the doctors write, he noticed "that his penis was completely shrivelled and had lost all sensation".

The immediate pain subsided, he carried on cycling and finished the race despite recurrent pains and frequent stops. After the race he suffered loss of erections for three weeks but by the time he was seen by the doctors at Southmead Hospital, Bristol, five months later, sexual function was partly restored.

Mr John Gingell, consultant, and Dr Kanaiyalal Desai, senior registrar of the department of

urology, write that they know of one other case of temporary sexual dysfunction after prolonged cycling.

"By the time he was seen at our clinic his (the first patient's) erections had gradually improved but were only briefly sustained. He also complained of impaired penile sensation, though this too had partially recovered. Orgasmic sensation were allegedly normal."

The complications were probably due to nerves compressed by the hard narrow saddle, they suggest, and "short-term erectile impotence may be much more common in long distance cycling than is recognised".

After three months, the cyclist had recovered fully.

Hello BONK followers, well it happens to most of us at sometime or another. Well, that was meant to be a joke but as most who know me would say "shut up, Gramophone and let's get on with the business".

As I probably said at the ESCA Lunch and at the Hardriders, I feel very privileged to be chosen by my Club to be your President for 1989 and I only hope I can live up to it as I am sure some very worthy past Presidents will take some "beating" and who knows, they may even enjoy it!! And by the way, I've lost track, is it Don Lock I'll have to kiss at next year's Lunch - this I must know to prepare in good time for the "occasion". (Yes, it is Don but Alan Limbrey likes to be included, too! Esther).

Now if I may add a personal touch. My Dad and I won't say the usual "he's the best Dad above other Dads" but nevertheless he's not a bad guy to all who know him AND he was a cyclist and still holds the sport and memories dear in his heart and at 79 has many tales to tell of his heydays in the twenties and thirties. He belonged to the Laurel Cycling Club based at Dalston, E. London (unfortunately no longer in existence) and spent many hours on Herne Hill track with his own clubmates and stars like Frank Southall in the Hovis "100" tandem paced championship, 1928. Reg Harris, Bill Bailey, Freddie Frost, Freddie Grubb, Chambers brothers, etc., etc., and won a good few trophies for himself which are dear to him in his memories.

I have included a group photo for this article, he's second from the left. Strange! poor bloke looks something like me. Note the oil and carbide lamps and some of the bars, not so different from some of the "new" stuff coming out now.

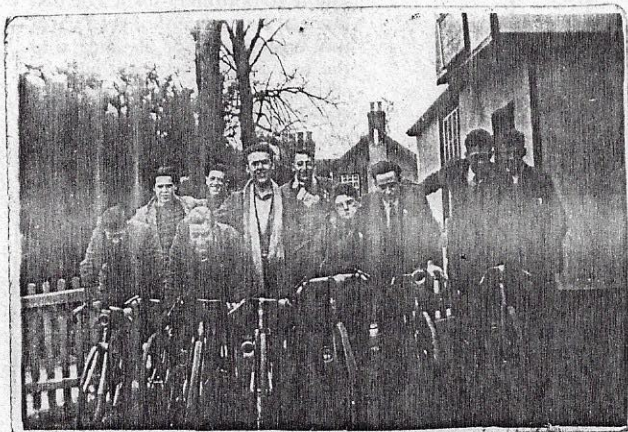
My interest and love of cycling in all aspects comes from him and I certainly wouldn't have met so many good friends and long term pals as I have in the cycling scene had I not taken it up and would like to feel that any newcomer to the sport be it racing or social cycling, will soon find what a great bunch the cyclists are.

Gramophonic or not, I'm afraid there's more, and now for "something completely different" - "THE PRESIDENT'S PICNIC", an event revitalised in more recent years as per tradition. This will be held AFTER the E.S.C.A. 100 on July 23rd, 1989 behind the event H.Q. Hall at Upper Dicker, and hope the weather's kind to us. PLEASE NOTE, THIS EVENT (THE PICNIC) WILL BE HELD COME RAIN OR SHINE. PLEASE STICK AROUND FOR A GET TOGETHER AND A SOCIAL CHAT. I shall be closely watching for any people tunnelling under the hut to get away! The Hall may look like "Hut 29" but the prisoners will probably be allowed to use the barrel of beer which WILL be there, so bring a glass or other receptacle, please (this is not a joke, even though it's me). See you there on the 23rd July and I wish all the riders in the 100 a successful and a safe ride.

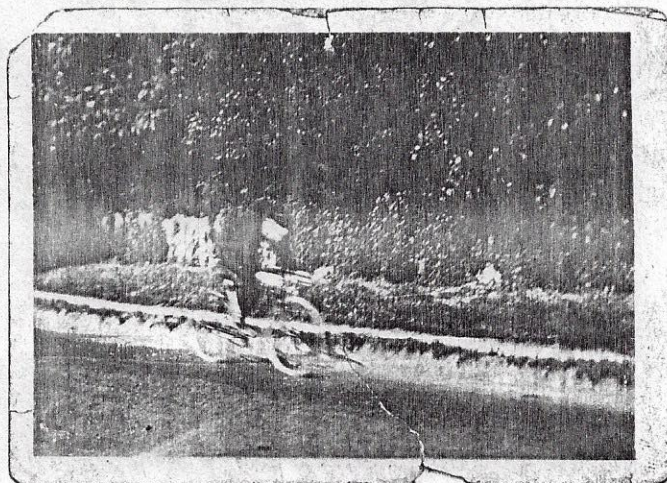
All for now,

Dick Jones  
B.E.C.C.

Laurel C.C. Group



Black alpaca on the North Road



BRIGHTON MITRE C.C.

HE'S COMING!!

(HNJD HRDRIPATC)

BRIGHTON MITRE C.C.

ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE A  
SPECIAL EVENT

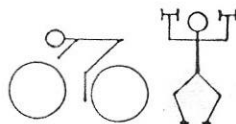
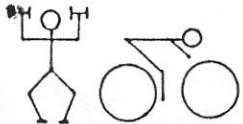
ON OCTOBER 26<sup>TH</sup> 1989 AT THE  
UNIVERSITY OF SUSSEX.

WATCH OUT FOR DETAILS AND ENSURE  
YOU GET YOUR FREE TICKET AT ANY  
OF THE LOCATIONS WHERE YOU SEE  
THIS NOTICE DISPLAYED.

(AVAILABLE LATER IN THE YEAR)

ALTERNATIVELY YOU CAN OBTAIN A TICKET  
BY SENDING A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE  
TO

MIKE HAYLER,  
44 PARKWAY,  
EASTBOURNE,  
EAST SUSSEX.



Perhaps, after all, there is hope for long distance (109K long distance?) riders. (see page 10)

### In the saddle

Dear Sir,

The semi-annual meeting of the Association of British Cycling Doctors took place in Exeter on the 22 April. We were amused by the reports (*British Medical Journal* that week; *The Independent* 21 April) of numbness and loss of sexual function associated with racing saddles.

We discussed it on our club ride, all of us on saddles as narrow as anyone could find, and those present (who included habitual riders of races as long as 24 hours, and the medical officers to two national squads) did not see it as a major problem. A certain amount of discomfort may follow a long ride, but given proper technique and correct adjustment of the rider's position on the cycle no damage should result from rides of less than 500 miles.

Predisposing factors may include the saddle being too low, the bars too high, or a rider who does not occasionally stand up on the pedals to ease his undercarriage.

Set the saddle dead level, the saddle to bottom bracket axle distance at 109 per cent of your barefoot crotch-to-floor distance, and the top of the bars level with or slightly below it; occasionally stand up to power up a slight hill, and when you reach your destination everything should be in working order.

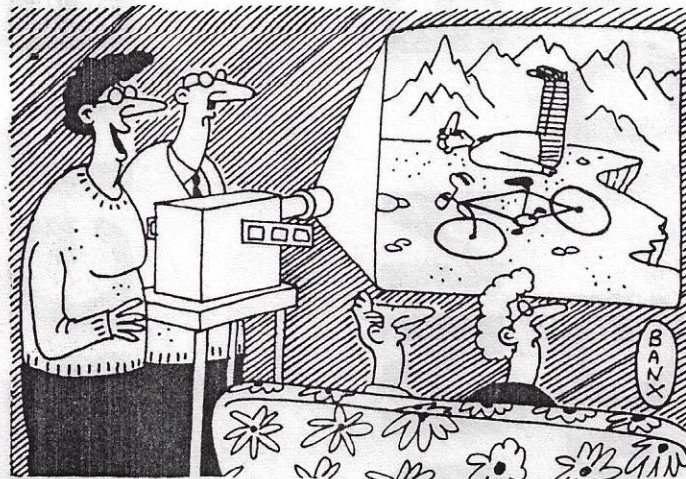
The perfect saddle has yet to be found, as Jerome K Jerome pointed out in *Three Men on the Bummel*, but my very traditional leather one and my nylon based, padded and suede covered modern one are both extremely comfortable.

Yours sincerely,  
ADRIAN MIDGLEY  
Exwick,  
Exeter  
2 May

## Travel

# Hit the saddle and head for the hills

*Rod Oram and his wife go cycling through the Colorado Rockies*



"THIS IS NORMAN NOT COPING WITH THE ALTITUDE."

ONLY ONE thing was a touch tender after cycling 440 miles through the Colorado Rockies. Our pride was chaffed by the quizzical comments of friends who thought us abnormal - mentally for trying it and physically for succeeding.

Returning home tanned and still smiling, my wife Lynn and I couldn't work out why no one was envious. Why wouldn't they want to see some of America's grandest mountain scenery from a cycle seat?

Perhaps they confused us with true loonies; riders in the annual Race Across America who streaked past us at the top of Berthoud Pass. These incredible athletes had started out, like us, four days before. We had covered some 320 miles from northwest Colorado, including a slow 20-mile, 3,000-ft climb up the pass. They had ridden 1,300 miles from San Francisco.

We stopped on top for an hour or so to bask in the sun amid snow-spangled peaks. They breasted the 11,300 ft high crest and plunged down the other side. They would not stop until late that night in Kansas.

With the clock running continuously, they grabbed no more than 90 minutes sleep each day. For the rest of the time they pedaled possessed. The winner, already a day ahead of the racers we saw, was to cover the 3,300 miles to Washington in eight days, nine hours.

We, though, were strictly tourists, Manhattan escapees intent on savouring the alpine air and scenery. The terrain is quite different from anything in Europe. Unlike, say, the tightly-packed Swiss Alps, the Rockies sprawl either side of North America's watershed. Towering ranges, some more than 14,000 ft high, are often separated by huge alpine plateaus or by broad valleys.

The passes are no rollovers, though, and we climbed about 18,000 ft on our tour. Some afternoons tremendous electrical storms engulfed the raw rock peaks several thousand feet above the timberline. One day, soaked to the skin and deafened by the thunder, we plunged 2,200 ft and 18 miles down Fremont Pass in 45 minutes.

We had not always been as confident as we were at Berthoud Pass. The idea of the trip seemed wonderful from an armchair during a dark Manhattan winter: a seven-day cycle through the arid western slope of the continental divide, the near-desert of the Colorado River valley, lush pine-clad

valleys and green pastured parks. But could we really cycle for hours on end at hot, dry, high altitude?

Of course we could, said our Colorado friends Kathy and Steve Miller. They invited us to join them - and some 2,000 other cyclists - on the *Denver Post's* third annual Ride the Rockies tour. The Millers assured us that we would be spaciouly strung out along the route, everyone riding at their own pace.

In addition to lots of company, we had ample logistical support. Cyclists who, through injury or tiredness, were unable to complete a day's journey covered the final miles in a fleet of minibuses called sag wagons. (We rode every inch of the way).

Breakdowns were speedily repaired by mechanics from Denver cycle shops who charged only for parts, not labour. Aid stations offering food, drink, shade and toilets - simple are a cyclist's needs - were set up every 20 miles or so. Baggage was carried in a pair of huge trucks. For all this, the *Post* only charged each rider \$90 (£60), \$75 to sub-

scribers.

Food and lodging were extra but could cost very little. Each night the tour pulled into a new town, taking over the local high school. Riders could camp free indoors in the gym or outdoors on the football field, while the tennis courts made excellent bike pens. Old softies like us, who needed a whirlpool bath and a good bed to restore tired muscles, checked into local hotels.

Small towns we stayed in, such as Craig, Steamboat Springs, Frisco, Granby and Idaho Springs, were immensely hospitable. They laid on cheap food and street parties to which the locals flocked.

Only Vail, the magnificent but self-important ski resort, could not have cared less. Things turned nasty when the police tried to enforce the town's laws against drinking outdoors. We had cycled 100 miles that day in temperatures over 90 degrees. We were not about to be denied our just reward.

Vail aside, the rest of the tour was delightful. The best was last. From the top of Juniper Pass we swooped down

5,500 ft to the town of Golden. Barely pedaling those final 30 miles, we felt like Tour de France heroes as we swept across the finish line to the cheers of hundreds of spectators, the music of a local marching band and the biggest party of all.

So we lived to tell the tale. Obviously, being fairly fit and well equipped were essential. Our bikes were medium-priced light-weight touring models. Mine was the same 12-speed I use daily around Manhattan. Lynn's was an 18-speed, the lowest "granny" gear letting her wind her way up passes at a steady 4 mph or so. The steepest gradient we encountered was only about 1-in-15.

Our short daily rides around New York contributed little to our fitness. Our main preparation came in 10 or so 50-mile days in hilly countryside nearby in the previous six weeks. We met one young New Yorker who had done all his training on an exercise bicycle in his apartment, flew to Denver, borrowed a bike and completed the tour in fine style.

Colorado's altitude gave us no trouble. With low gears we were never out of breath. The worst I felt was staggering out to the truck each morning with a couple of heavy kitbags. But the high altitude can pose a problem for some. Even the very healthy can feel awful stepping off the plane at mile-high Denver. However, good overall fitness and two or three days of acclimatisation in Denver, or higher up, should be enough for most.

The *Post* ride is now so popular that places are filled by lottery. The next chance is the 1990 outing. Otherwise, a number of travel operators offer accompanied tours.

The adventurous might want to organise their own with the help of the Colorado Department of Tourism and various US clubs.

■ **Useful addresses:** The Denver Post Colorado Bicycle Tour, 650 15th Street, Denver, CO 80202 (send a stamped addressed envelope).

Ms Deborah Milo, director of public relations, Colorado Department of Tourism, Suite 1700, 1625 Broadway, Denver, CO 80202.

League of American Wheelmen, PO Box 988, Baltimore, Maryland 21203.

Timberline Bicycle Tours, 3261 South Oneida Way, Denver, CO 80224.

Backroads Bicycle Touring Inc, PO Box 1626, San Leandro, CA 94577.



**CLOSING DATE  
FOR AUTUMN EDITION**

**23 AUGUST**