

BOINK!

50 YEARS 1946 - 1996

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

**EAST SUSSEX
CYCLING ASSOCIATION**

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President Sylvia Burgess

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Secretary & Treasurer: Roy Humphrey, 4 Ebenezer Cottages, Framfield, Uckfield. TN22 5NR
Editors: Maurice & Esther Carpenter, 10 Maplehurst Road, Baldslow, St. Leonards on Sea. TN37 7NA

Contents

Southborough Wheelers	2
Lewes Wanderers C.C.	3
E.S.C.A. Luncheon & Prize Presentation	4
Sussex Nomads	5
Brighton Excelsior	7
E.S.D.A. Mid-Week Section	8
William Hickey	9
E.S.C.A. 100	11
Obituary - Ray Douglass	12
Photographs - Ray Douglass	13
Tricycle Section	14
Sussex Anagrams Competition	15
Lots of Bars and a Back Pedal Brake	16
E.S.C.A. Records	18
Photographs - E.S.C.A. Lunch	20
Social Calendar	19
Crawley Wheelers	20

1946

E.S.C.A. 50 YEARS

1996

Southborough Wheelers C.C.

With the winter proving to be more like a winter than in recent years the turbo-trainer has increased in popularity. Instead of clubroom discussions on Sunday's run or where we've been this week it's pulse rates, cadence, level 3, etc. Mind you, for Terry Collins there have been mechanical problems concerning spindle length so despite many weeks of turbo ownership he has yet to turn a pedal in anger.

Southborough Wheelers are known for their temperance so a coach trip to the King & Barnes brewery at Horsham may seem a little out of place. However a festive evening was enjoyed by all with more learned from the taste buds in the bar than from the eyes and ears during the conducted tour. Warwick and John Harding led the community singing on the return journey.

Another winter's evening was successfully discharged over free ale when Peter Fox won "Sportsman of the Month" award from a local newspaper. The prize - £100 of free food and drink at a Green King pub was dispensed at the Green Dragon at Tudeley. Maurice Spear thought the evening had hardly begun when he visited the bar and found the prize had already been drunk away!

The club had a disappointingly poor entry in the ESCA reliability ride, partly due to its clash with the Kent C.A. lunch at Aylesford. Only John Watson completed the event. It was another lovely, scenic course devised by Charles but what a pity it was so flat! He could take a leaf out of Gordon Haller's book and get an altimeter. Gordon runs the Aubrey Sheather Memorial 100k reliability ride in East Kent. He has measured the heights and gradients and found that those completing the course will have climbed slightly less than 5,000 feet. Only two Southborough riders finished this year's event - Les Hayman and Geoff Abraham and they took a good five hours.

A dozen turned out on a fine if windy day in early February for the club's fifty mile event. Only Gareth Robb succeeded in the 3 hour class but the 3.25 and 4 hour groups managed O.K. Newcomer, Tony, rode despite having purchased his bike only the day before and not having cycled for a year!

The youngsters (Gareth excepted) boycotted their Sunday rides, perhaps reserving their energy for the roller racing where the big match is yet to take place. Southborough and Wigmore have to meet shortly. This will decide second place in the winter league with an outside chance of Southborough snatching enough points to usurp San Fairy Ann at the top.

The club dinner at the end of last year proved to be very lively and enjoyable. It had been feared that the tradition of dinners was becoming 'old hat' and changes might be due. This winter's success will ensure their continuance. Steve Dennis was guest of honour and proposed the toast to the club in a well presented speech. With Tim Stevens also in attendance perhaps some speed vibes will rub off onto our club members for 1996.

Roamer

LEWES WANDERERS C.C.

A hush fell upon the hall. Young Mark Burgess must have known that the honour of the club was at stake, in the presence of cycling greats from such centres of excellence as East Grinstead, Crawley and Redhill. Did he flinch? Did he go running to his Mother for comfort and a reassuring word? No he did not. With no more than a glance at the scoreboard, which showed that 60 was the target figure, he flung his first dart with unerring accuracy into the 17 spot. His second dart gave him a 3 and his third - delivered without hesitation - plopped straight into double top. What a start! With that throw, Mark gave our 'A' team final victory in the inter-club darts match organised by the East Grinstead C.C.

We're pretty pleased with the all-round performance of our juniors (and juveniles). It looks, though, as if 1996 will be the year of the vets. Quite apart from Peter Roberts and Chris Hill reaching the dreaded four-0, competition between those who passed it long ago is hotting up. Our champion elderly racer, Ron Rogers, has been threatened with humiliation by Ken Stevens, who took his alpaca jacket out of mothballs last year and will probably be in a coal scuttle and skinsuit in 1996. Horry Hemsley is another in Ken's sights. Ron, meanwhile, has gone to foreign parts with Ian Landless, in a joint search for the elixir of youth.

One of our younger vets, Larry Limpus, won our social season trophy (in memory of Reg Porter) for his all-round performance in free-wheeling, speed-judging and touring competence. He's come first in the freewheeling competition for the past FIVE years: but why? Can anyone explain why some people consistently ride downhill faster than most others? Larry's bikes have been checked for loosened cones; he's not all that slim; and he insists he's not on drugs. Steve Burgess once tried to beat Larry by draping sheets of lead across his top tube but finished towards the back of the field; and another member who competed while dressed as a fairy (with thoughts of flying down, presumably) was similarly disappointed.

We'd better not boast about our darts success without mentioning what happened at Ron Roger's inter-club quiz night - otherwise we'll upset Kevin Bramham. He and the rest of his Central Sussex team revealed amazing knowledge about film stars, waterfalls and other trivia and ended up with bottles of booze and boxes of chocolates. Pity he wasn't asked about women in black bin-liners: that would have kept him quiet.*

But despite this inexplicable failure of our brainboxes to win anything better than a third-place box of Quality Street, we think there should be more of these inter-club social gatherings in the off-season. After all, ESCA was a social organisation as well as a racing one, when it was formed 50 years ago.

Iris Stevens was one of ESCA's social organisers in the 'fifties and has hardly stopped doing her bit for cycling since then. She has just taken over as club general secretary from Laurie Leaney, who'd held the job for eight years. Her address is ... 3 Lansdowne Crescent, Hailsham, BN27 1LN and her telephone number is 01323 844703.

Laurie's cycling activities were brought to a painful halt last Christmas, when he came off while crossing a ford in a bitterly cold New Forest. He carried on for a while, but his injured hip gradually froze up. Others on this annual run gathered round and even cuddled up to him to shelter him from the icy wind, while a rescue car was fetched. Greater love hath no man.....

ROTRAX

* For an explanation of this snide reference to women and bin liners send £5 and an SAE to the Editors of BONK.

E.S.C.A. LUNCHEON & PRIZE PRESENTATION 1996

Numbers, I was told when I booked my place, were well down for this year's ESCA Luncheon & Prize Presentation; indeed, when I went into the Hare & Hounds, a number of the faces that I would have expected to see were missing. Where, for instance, were the usual exuberant party from the Brighton Excelsior? and surely there were absentees from the Southborough Wheelers?

However, back at the hall, to whence we wended our way at about quarter past one, the three tables stretched the length of the room and there seemed to be a comfortable squash as the guests took their places. Impressively the CR Photographic Display dazzled against the far wall and the Association trophies shone on the platform. Obviously a lot of hard work had been put into these features and an appreciative sentence in Bonk doesn't seem to be a sufficient expression of our thanks. Charles surely gets his reward from the excited comments that his exhibition evokes and the interest shown in his year's labours - for, yes, he takes every opportunity to ensure that his record of each season's ESCA activities will be complete

Before the meal began, Mick Burgess thanked Ray Gearing for the beautiful gavel and stand that he had crafted from Sussex Ash to commemorate the Association's founding H.Q. at Ashburnham. He then proceeded to make a short speech of welcome and a spontaneous burst of applause greeted the official announcement that Roy Humphrey was among us once more, having recovered from the illness that had caused his absence in 1995. After a satisfying meal and some desultory cross toasting, the guest of honour, Peter Scott, was introduced. He is well known for his work with the West Kent D.A. and his slide shows but he was present in his capacity as assistant secretary of The Fellowship of Kent & Sussex Cyclists, an organisation formed, some fifty years ago, for the purpose of keeping older cyclists in touch with the sport as their riding days decline. His speech was interesting and amusing and was well received by his audience. His wife, Jean, presented the trophies, and each gleaming cup or shield was borne away with pride by its recipient.

The afternoon concluded with the introduction of the 1996 President. As the Association entered its 50th year it was assumed that a very special person would lead the way forward to the next half century, and indeed, we were not disappointed. The retiring President, Ernie Spray, was only too happy to introduce Sylvia Burgess and after transferring the official symbol of office to her, bestowed the traditional kiss on her cheek. In turn Sylvia acknowledged the honour that she had received in being elected to office and promised to uphold the established ritual of leading off the hardriders in March.

There was just time for one last look at the photos and a brief chat with some old friends before leaving Framfield for home.

I look forward to the 50th year celebrations and hope to see many of my old companions during the course of 1996.

Butterfly



SUSSEX NOMADS C.C.

I regret to start Bonk notes on a sad note but I have just returned from Cuckfield where we attended a memorial service for a Nomad, 'Captain Kirk', as Roger Kirk-Bell was known. Roger was killed in a road accident on Sunday, 28th January when, driving his Citroen 2CV, he was in collision with a Landrover; it was not much of a contest and my thoughts are "what a pity he wasn't driving his Porsche!". Roger was a nice guy, always chirpy and joking. He joined the Nomads in January '95 after the Alan Peiper weekend and considering that he didn't look strong and wasn't a dyed in the wool cyclist, never seemed to be in any trouble on clubruns. Roger was fifty years old but looked forty; he was an accountant by profession, enjoyed travelling, loved ski-ing, played tennis and had climbed in the Alps many times. He had attended his first cycling dinner only a few days before his death and had not stopped laughing and chatting all evening. We will miss him greatly as his involvement would have become much greater as time went on.

I shall always remember his comparison between a Nomad clubrun and a C.T.C. mid-week run: he said "It was strange NO HEAVY BREATHING".

R.I.P. Captain Kirk

We had a very successful dinner recently, the snow causing only two to miss because they were very late home; one member was unwell and thought it was too cold and two people thought it was on Saturday when it was on Friday, but I will not embarrass them by saying who. Our guests included John Woodburn and Ann Manners, London South D.C. Chairman, Malcolm Pink and Jo (must keep in with the powers that be) and of course our Esther who said a few words, very true words actually, about how great the Nomads are. The prize presentation after the dinner went well with a fine array of trophies old and new, many of them being the Prestonville Nomads trophies dating back to the 1930s. We did not have to award the '59' trophy this year as William Davis ONLY managed a 1.00.00 (when will he learn to sprint?) but he was awarded the Tidbury trophy for the fastest 25. The B.S.A. trophy went to our Nomad au Lion Gerard Burgess (yes they get everywhere); he lives away now but visits us whenever possible. Geoff Boore cleaned up most trophies i.e. Senior and Vets B.A.R. and Xmas 10. Nik Boore was Junior B.A.R. and also won the new '10' league. Tony (le Nomad volant) Kennedy won the first '25' league and our Sportsman of the Year was Roger (banana split) Davis for his great effort in giving us a monthly Nomads News.

Looking ahead to the 1996 season we all have great plans but already the weather is making things difficult. Our first event is a straight out 5 mile; this was a favourite of the Prestonville circa 1950 and will be followed by the clubrun. Another innovation this year is a series of four Friday evening 10s in the Twineham area. For the second year running we are having a '100 in 8', starting in Ditchling and returning there via Pulborough, West Grinstead, Turners Hill, Uckfield and Lewes. This will be on Sunday, 24th March, start time will be 8.00 or 9.00 a.m., to be decided before the day, hopefully. Everyone is welcome but please phone or contact Alan ((01273 558511). We hope to arrange a lunch stop to save time. Please note entry fee of £1 and certificates will be awarded (at NEXT year's dinner, R.D.).

The International Nomads have great plans pour cette annee. Nous allons aller a France pour la Route des Archers (sur 137km) sur dimanche, le 19 Mai 1996, et la Duo Normand, 29ieme Septembre. For the Route des Archers we hope to do it properly riding both ways with a support car sailing from Newhaven to Dieppe.

William Davis and Tony Kennedy have been down to ride the old Six Day track at Calshot. I understand it is very cold and this is possibly why William slid down the banking on the ice! I suppose the experience will help them ride the banking at Preston Park or even help to get them round Boship roundabout more quickly!


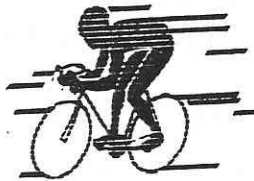
Adrian Morris now works at Crawley and rides to work regularly. With luck he will not spend so much time abroad this year so he can Geoff a run for his money. Our CTC/VTTA man, Ken Smith, rides most weeks and weekends and thinks nothing of 200km plus riding to the start and home again. On top of this he is running two VTTA 25s and is the Group time trial secretary. Our super vet and President will still be racing, if for no other reason than to make Alan think he still can, and to this end Alan is trying hard on the turbo mid-week and, weather and circumstances, on the road on Sunday mornings. He is finding it very hard especially when it is so cold, as most of us do, so roll on some warmth.

We are lucky to have an increase in membership, only three or four, but percentage-wise that is quite good. Ian is only fourteen but has talent and normally has no trouble keeping up on his mountain bike, but we hope shortly to convert him to a road bike.

I have still made no reference to Barry and Andrew who I am sure will get out whenever possible and Dave Challis who makes light of his medical problems and is still very strong.

Well that's it. I hope I made up for missing the Xmas edition but have done this while the snow is here. As usual, keep bright and safe.

Nomadicus

R.T.T.C. LONDON SOUTH D.C.		
	G.H.S. '10' FINAL	
	July 13th 1996	
	G817 (East Hoathly)	
Special entry forms from		
Event Sec: Esther Carpenter,		
10 Maplehurst Road, Baldslow, St. Leonards on Sea, E. Sussex TN37 7NA		
Also V.T.T.A. '10'		

BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR C.C.

The highlight for February '96 had to be the EXCEL 75TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER. We are pretty firmly convinced, as anybody who came along will tell you, that the evening was a great success and I must personally thank all those who came and made such a great atmosphere. We had an immense selection of members past and present spanning at least forty nine years; a point worth mentioning is that many of our current member.

s have been in the club for thirty five years, some for forty years, and certainly a current record is our President, Bert Absolom, with forty nine years continuous membership. Well done Bert. Also Bert's wife, Pat, with thirty nine years membership, and so it goes on.

The band, well - what can you say? "Bill Posters Will Be Band" - they are fantastic - traditional jazz and other themes, the cabaret style - tricks - tap dancing - it just goes on - dancing to the music, some especially '20s for the celebration of the club's foundation in 1921. Thanks must go to them particularly for making a good night even better.

The raffle was again superb, due to the valiant efforts of Mr. & Mrs. from the BIKE STORE, WORTHING. Thanks, A & V.

We would especially like to thank Gus Ferguson, our speaker, for our excellent rendition of club history, jokes and general banter - we identified him as raconteur and cartoonist and he certainly lived up to it. Gus's partner, Margot Richardson, probably wondered what sort of 'do' it might be and is probably still wondering.

To racing now. Preparations for the oncoming season are well under way with MARK RADLEY'S TRAINING RUNS. He's sorted out a really worthwhile, sporting course starting at Old Steine in Brighton, taking in some forty five miles and ending up over the Beacon and down to Brighton seafront finish. So watch out - the Brighton Excel will be chasing you down.

B.E.C.C.'s evening 10s start on Tuesday, 30th April. Steyning course - G917 and throughout the season. Leon Budgen, our very able racing secretary, has also incorporated a solo 16 miles, 16 miles two-up. Grab a list at one of our events or ring Dick Jones on 01273 770047.

Well, it seems as if I've been writing all day - hmmm, went to the Hove Beer Festival last night and I'm not really too sure!

However, thanks for reading. I've probably left something horrendous out. All for now, see you up the road.

Excelstorian

C.T.C. EAST SUSSEX D.A. MID-WEEK SECTION

Balls! Yes the Mid-Week section has a way with these as can be seen from events on a couple of their recent celebrations.

Firstly, the 'Afterburner', actually a joint Saturday outing with our friends on three wheels. At lunch the question arose as to how many? Debbie was confident the answer was two and she seemed to be supported throughout by her charming and well behaved daughter, Hazel, who held aloft two tiny gloved hands. However, husband Ray studied the question more deeply and came down heavily in favour of nine a side. Meanwhile Peter vaguely aware of the problem and easily confused, this time with his bottom bracket, suggested eleven. Now John who had brought all this up assured us that he had actually counted sixteen making eight each side and he was certain of this after removing them with the aid of two cone spanners actually purchased recently, on an outing, from Pellings in Hailsham. All this was too much for Professor Paul who on the day had not joined either of the rides on offer but instead went seeking a cash machine still not yet available in Polegate. He pronounced the 'Law of Spheres' ruled here which stipulated the number of balls must be odd otherwise diametrically opposite balls would cause vibration. In the end we all wished John a comfortable ride home since he wasn't convinced - nor greatly worried as he was about to depart to Sri Lanka for some winter sun!

More balls flew at the Mid-Week Section Festive Lunch not of steel but of tightly rolled paper! Here the cross-toasting quickly dried up - where are the likes of the late lamented Sid Richardson who could always be relied upon to light up the proceedings with sharp but kindly toasts recalling happy events during the club year? - when the balls started to fly! These were propelled around the room with surprisingly great force from peashooters - surely the oddest way to celebrate the festive Season - bring back cross toasting!

One thing is sure, the MID-WEEK SECTION of the East Sussex District Association of the Cyclists' Touring Club continues to grow - particularly on the Wednesday runs. These usually include alternative rides to suit different abilities and good company can always be found at either the listed elevenses or the lunch stops - even these can change unexpectedly adding to the Mid-Week adventure! The outings on Saturdays are slightly less formal but no less enjoyable attracting the connoisseurs and each month share venues with the TRIKE SECTION.



See you there!

Baggy Shorts.

WILLIAM HICKEY

First for some social news. I think it only right and proper to share with you all my 1995/96 list of those young ladies with whom you would most like to be with if the car broke down in a desolate area. The list is based on personal observation only and not personal contact. Some of our readers may unintentionally feel cheated without the appropriate photographs. I am working on this one, and with the editors' permission, will supply some in the fullness of time.

1. **Judy Budgen.** For always looking lovely at events, making a determined effort to improve her cooking and now learning to be a social counsellor, in other words, if you have any personal problems, see J.B. I assume that is part of the 'hands on' policy.
2. **Jan (the Vet).** For her versatility and single mindedness in administering to the Worthing C.C. and allowing her body to be readily massaged by my old mate Eric, who for a small donation will both traumatise and theraporise those parts of the body which Jan cannot get to.
3. **Marina Bloom.** Marina does for the Crawley what Jan does for the Worthing (I think). Passing her husband's shop you can see her most days beavering away on some unfortunate bike. I really can't understand how she beat me in 1995, apart from the Middlesex '50' when the promoter had to organise a search party (she got lost on part of the course).
4. **Caroline Fife.** Again, another newcomer on the scene. We met initially between a hedge on the G917. I believe she nearly beat me in an Excel 10. However, this won't happen again. Apart from this, I like her a lot.
5. **Theresa Thompson.** This lady looks like a potentially good bet to go higher in 1996. She is an outsider for whom we have hopes as long as her sister continues to ride.
6. **Lisa Thompson.** Another outsider who has managed to make my list this year. Nice and cheerful and sits well on Martin's tandem. Shows promise here. Both ladies are sponsored by the Regent. I hope to see more appearances by them than Keith Parvin's.
7. **Gill Tree.** The ESCA Ladies B.A.R. for 1995, we see more of her outside the county than in. However she looks about right on the bike and is a trier. A change of club might help more.
8. **Michelle Seymour.** I have to include my absolute favourite lady even though she has not raced in 1995. I'm sure her thoughts are for two wheels rather than two legs.
9. **Sandra Weller.** The Lewes Wanderers pin up. Although her racing was curtailed in 1995 she is still a firm favourite of mine, and will continue to remain on my list.
10. **The Unknown Triathlon Lady in the Bournemouth Area circa July/August 1995.** This note was supplied to me by Ronny, the Lewes Wanderer, Tour of Britain ace man. It seems that on a training ride down in Boscombe this lady accosted him and spent over an hour extolling the virtues of triathlons and yacht cruising. Apparently she was a New Bay watch lookalike, dressed in a full length lycra one piece. Because Ronny was so profound in his description and the fact, that despite hours of training, he has failed to see her again, makes me feel that I know this lady just as well. Hence she becomes my tenth choice.

I had just managed to finish Sir Charles' reliability event in November, and expectation of receiving a highly valued certificate is high. This year's event has to be the worst ever devised. I lost count of the number of climbs I encountered. However, I was much encouraged to find the course already marked out on the road, all you had to do was follow the lines - obviously someone else had visions of getting lost. Domestique this time was Peter Baker of the 'Looses'. Clearly he had been to several Six Day events as he slung me up most of the climbs, including the notorious Mayfield. But then as I glanced ahead I saw at least three sets of Eastbourne Rovers receiving the same treatment. W.H. Junior was twitching all day and has promised to put in a very special performance in the Hardriders.

The Government recently introduced a Bill whereby those less fortunate in Society could be released into the public sector, and provided they were fed, looked after, received their medicine and were generally supervised, could no longer be considered a potential burden to the State. Armed with that information I journeyed down to the Lewes clubroom, situated handily near the Horsebridge police house (I thought this was a nice touch) to see how the Government plans were working, and whether I still felt some apprehension when I met some of these much maligned persons. It was clear from my first visit that a number of the inmates (whoops! sorry), clubmen were regaled in yellow and green tops, reminiscent you might say of another genuine cycling club in the area, well I suppose this could be forgiven, copying other people or things in general is an accepted behavioural pattern of certain maladjusted individuals. However, I did spot a person actually selling the garments to various parties who appeared to be shelling out cheques like confetti. I suppose they were totally traumatised into some hypnotic instruction, clearly orchestrated by the seller, who I believe constantly uttered the code sign "got any change, Sylv?".

Moving on I met a very old gentleman with a ratcatcher hat who conveyed to me in a peculiar dialect that the tea/coffee, and, dare I say it, what looked suspiciously like bread pudding was free. He then invited me to ride a 63 mile course in an event promoted by the aforementioned. I had an uneasy feeling he was waiting for a tip, or was it my imagination? Just for a moment I thought I had a fleeting glimpse of another well known sage with clipboard and biro (c/o of the Bike Store), probably trying to conjure up some more forgettable data of the lives and loves of the E.S.C.A. since inception.

Just as I was feeling a little more at ease the local mortician sidled in next to me, obviously he had had a busy week, and since he had sustained a minor injury, walking in front of the hearse for the next few days was clearly going to be a painful reminder of his recent visit to Calshot.

The balance of the evening was taken up in discussing the merits of owning a bike shop in the main road of Uckfield High Street. Business, I was advised, was ticking over, although I believe there was an incident recently when 'mine host' was taking forty winks between sunrise and sunset when a lady punter entered the shop and demanded some service. Our host, mindful of being respectful and fawning at all times, inquired as to her business. "I want two mountain bikes, please, and now". Well, of course, all thought of tactful conversation went out of the window, jumping over the counter, he couldn't get to the machines quick enough, with a quick yell of "The Bike Store Forever" a quick sale was engineered, which produced sufficient profit to put down a deposit for a Lewes dinner ticket.

As I was leaving, the seller of the 'dodgy' trade tops was seen trying to close the door of the clubroom, but clearly had not mastered the intricacies of a key and padlock. I was left with the distinct feeling that the Government's strategy had failed and perhaps the souls of these poor devils would be left unsupervised to roam the area for the foreseeable future (amen). I reasoned as well, that perhaps I was fortunate in not having to lock up the building as previously been the case when I had strayed to other clubs in the area.

1995 will probably stand out as the year when we lost many friends. The list is, I fear, exceptional - we lost Mike Ryall, Eddy Munday's wife, Liz Agg, Alan Packett, Dorothy Humphrey, John Smith and Bill Sladen. Bill Sladen's passing was sudden and totally unexpected, and I was particularly glad that I was able to pay my last respects. We had the last post, as Bill was connected with the Royal Air Force Association. The ceremony was conducted by my old pal, the Rev. Brian Tyler, who, I felt, captured Bill's passing in the right manner. Whilst the solemnity of the occasion was not lost, there were plenty of light-hearted moments, most of which Bill would have approved.

W.H.

E.S.C.A. 100 JULY 21ST, 1996

The E.S.C.A. 100 also incorporates the V.T.T.A. National Championship this year and if you are a Vet with aspirations to complete the three distance competition, or even to finish in the B.A.R. tables, this could be the event for you.

The promoter is
Graham Jeffs, 90 Southridge Rise, Crowborough, E. Sussex. TN6 1LJ and
the entry fee is £5.00.

The event H.Q. is at Upper Dicker Hall where, if past experience counts for anything, there will be refreshments of a very high standard, served by comely ladies among whose numbers could well be the Association President. The President will also be available for therapeutic massage if needed - she is highly recommended and a number of riders in the past have taken advantage of this service including Steve Denis.

The hall and the field behind will be available all day for 50th anniversary celebrations. Preliminary plans include a picnic, a 'competitive' event (probably on bikes) and a display of as many OLD action pics of OLD E.S.C.A. vets as they can remember to bring with them.

More details available later. Queries to Michael Rabbetts! ☎ 01892 654422

R.T.T.C. NATIONAL 25 MILE CHAMPIONSHIP JUNE 2ND 1996 COURSE G839

Event Sec. M. Burgess, 7 Sandridge, Crowborough, TN6 1JE ☎ 01892 661754
on behalf of the East Sussex Cycling Association

RAY DOUGLASS
Worthing Excelsior Cycling Club

When on January 23rd, 1996, Ray Douglass of Worthing Excelsior Cycling Club died in the Royal Sussex County Hospital in Brighton, the shock waves and feelings of deep sadness swept across the cycling world of Sussex and Surrey and into Hampshire and Kent. Everyone knew Ray, a true gentle and kind man, warm hearted and a person devoted to cycling.

He started cycling in his late twenties and died at the age of 69. All of those years were spent as a member of the Worthing Club and at the time of its Centenary celebrations in 1987 he was President. He served the club in practically every office and was a tireless and willing worker to the very end. Treasurer, Secretary, Timekeeper, Handicapper and the more mundane jobs like taking his turn on the canteen rota and delivering club magazines, were all willingly and conscientiously carried out.

He served for many years on the London South District Committee of the Road Time Trials Council with special responsibilities for courses and their measurement. He was in fact involved in course measurement only the day prior to his emergency admission to hospital.

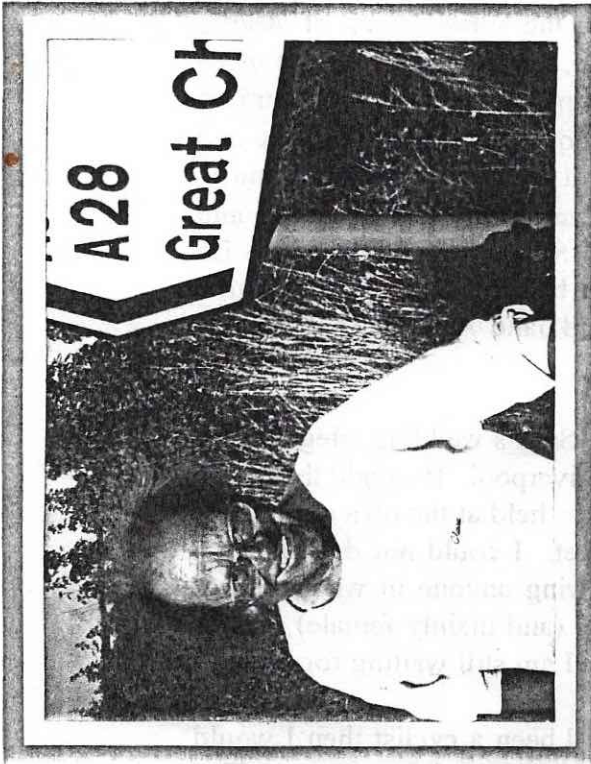
The Sussex Cyclists' Association of recent years made him a life member for his services to that body, where, once again he did several jobs including Treasurer, and for a number of years he promoted the 12 hour.

A member of the Veterans' Time Trials Association, The Pedal Club, The Fellowship of Kent & Sussex Cyclists, The Forty Plus, The Twenty Four Hour Fellowship and the 300,000 Mile Club ... to name but a few.

His recorded mileage, and his diary was maintained to the last, showed in excess of 435,000 miles, a prodigious total when it was considered against a background of so much service to others. Not least it has to be remembered that for many years he looked after his mother and that for more years after her death, he looked after his brother. Perhaps it was that his one failing, was really looking after himself.

All who have known him will count that as a privilege. He will not be forgotten, but greatly missed.

Don Lock
President, Worthing Excelsior C.C.



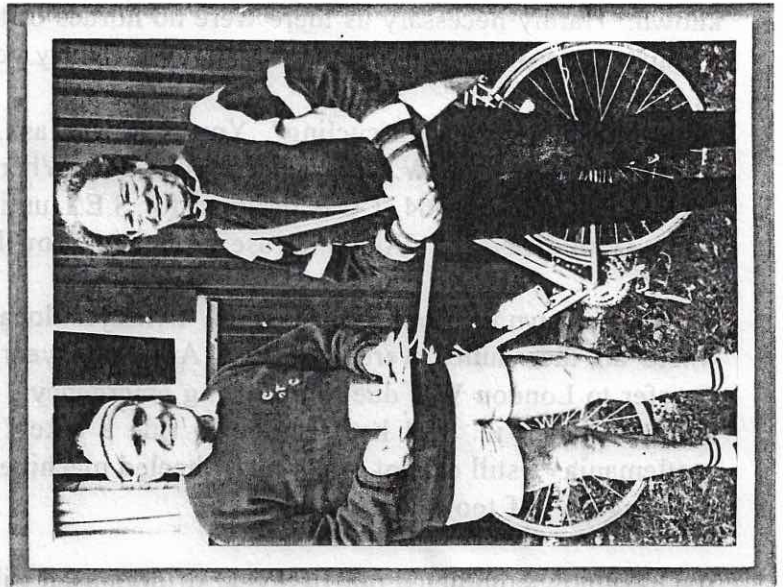
**NATIONAL 12 HOUR, KENT
1995**



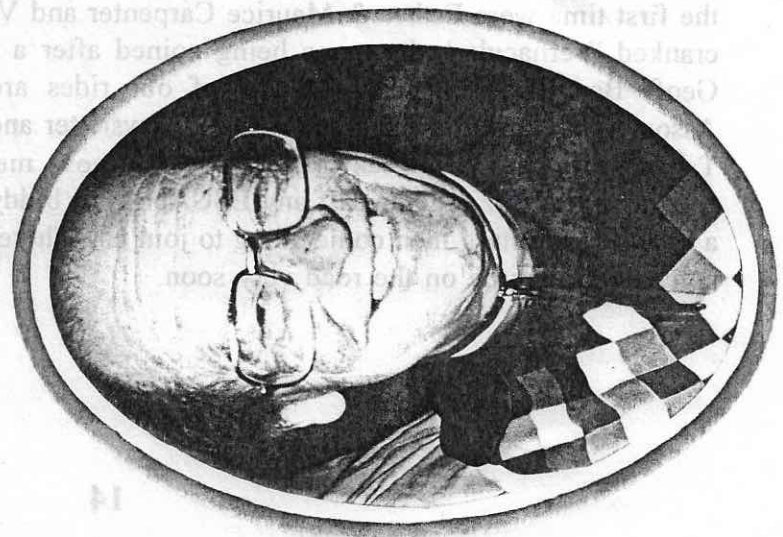
**BRIGHTON MITRE 24 HOUR
1994**



**E.S.C.A. RELIABILITY TRIAL
1994**



**E.S.C.A. 10 LAUGHTON
1994**



**E.S.C.A. RELIABILITY TRIAL
1990**

**RAY DOUGLAS
WORTHING EXCELSIOR**

Tricycle Section

As I begin writing for this edition of Bonk, Beatlemania is being remembered again, but not, thankfully, sweeping the nation. It is a falsely held belief that if one remembers the '60s then you weren't there at all. I have not the slightest recollection of my whereabouts when JFK was assassinated. England won the World Cup with the assistance of Westham. Although an Arsenal supporter I accept that. I can recall with clarity the splashdowns of Apollo missions 8 and 13. As England swung grimly through the '60s, the majority of those of us who were young then did not need funny fags or pills to mess up our leisure time. I confess to a fifteen year affair with cigarettes. We still have our memories of favourite music and the groups and artistes that we tried to identify with. I did not change my tastes in music when the follicles failed. Far better for hair to stop growing than to turn grey. The one and only concert I went to at the ABC Streatham had the Rolling Stones as support act to Bo Diddley and the Everley brothers. The show opened with a band called the Flintstones. Getting back to the Beatles, I once saw Paul McCartney and Jane Asher in a Mini one Sunday heading along the Fulham Road.

I had the responsibility of delivering some (if not all) of Ringo Starr's wedding telegrams on the occasion of his first marriage to Maureen, his fiancée from Liverpool. It caught the whole country unawares as well as the other Beatles. The reception was held at the offices of NEM Enterprises next door to the London Palladium in Argyle Street. I could not deliver them personally, much to my chagrin, as the security was not allowing anyone in who was not known. Hardly necessary as there were no hordes of hysterical (and mainly female) fans or for that matter newspapermen and TV crews. Thirty years later I am still waiting for my tip.

What has this to do with cycling? You may well ask. If I had been a cyclist then I would not have been in the W.1 postal district at all. When I was interviewed for a Post Office messenger's job in 1964, I was destined for S.E.1 until I mentioned I could not ride a bike. "Oh! Good heavens! You're no use to us then, you'll have to go somewhere else."

I was not shown the door as unsuitable. I was just located elsewhere, that being London E.C. where all their duties were walking. After one year a suitable volunteer was sought for transfer to London W.1 due to a staffing emergency. Overtime and Sundays were available when I wanted it. If I had learned to ride a bike I would not have had this brush with beatlemania. I still cannot ride a two wheeled machine and I have no intention of trying. I'm enjoying myself too much on three.

We have now completed our first year of organised trike rides. Until December '95 our best turnout was six machines. The new record is ten machines out to elevenses. Joining us for the first time were Esther & Maurice Carpenter and Vernon Hinckley. Vernon rode a hand cranked 'Vernacular', the name being coined after a minor (expletive deleted) accident in Geoff Boxall's workshop. Details of our rides are now to be found in the Tricycle Association Gazette as well as the D.A. Newsletter and Runs List. As of last December the Trike Rides and Midweek Saturday Rides now meet for elevenses and lunch but not necessarily to ride together. If any ESCAbods or biddys fancy trying something different on a Saturday morning then come along to join us. There is a distinct possibility that a Newton conversion may be on the road very soon.

3wheeler can vouch for the accuracy of Peter Bratt's dilemma over the ticket that was nearly unissued at Hampden Park. I heard it from the other horse's mouth in this traveller's tale, metaphorically speaking. The clerk in the ticket office, whose name is also Peter, held Dave, entertainingly disruptive as ever, entirely responsible for causing the error in the first place. Honestly, though, fancy taking a train to elevenses! Very soon Peter will have something in common with Hazel Gearing. They'll both be on solids.

The lady editor's fascination with naturism has not gone unnoticed in Barrow Land. I assume that this is a voyeuristic tendency? or is there a section within a section (or the sections) of the East Sussex D.A.? maybe there are covert outings on the rivet in the buff of like-minded folk who prefer the wind not only in their hair but in all the important little places as well. Look out for unprecedented MTB activity in and around the glen and cove of Fairlight. if such a section exists then I think we should be told, Why should they have all the fun to themselves? Happy New Year.

Threewheeler

SUSSEX ANAGRAMS

Four entries were received for this competition which appeared in the Christmas edition of Bonk. Megan Rabetts, Jo Watson and Pat Absolom tried hard but didn't manage to come up with a complete list. Charles Robson did manage to complete the set and his answers are as follows:

It's fun running a bike shop - **WE SELL** ev**ERY**thing cycling! **nOTHING BR**ings greater pleasure than greeting **tHE RICHEST** Customers - "disc wheels? Certainly sir!" **AS THINGS** are, that's rare! (**TO BE SURE AN**other time it's a punctu**RE** Outfit!) **SecoNDLY**, **GETTING** time off is difficult; the chaps sa**Y 'EVEN SP**ending a penny' is a problem! But is it a **tIRING GAME**? No way! Once we have got the **rush OVEr**, it's a really nic**E RIDE** Going home through the lanes. At the weekend, **WHEN AN EV**ent is on, it's an excuse **tO GET A PLE**asant trip out to support our customers!

Lewes Rye Brighton Chichester Hastings Eastbourne Glynde Pevensey Ore Angmering Hove Newhaven Eridge Polegate

In return Charles offers the following sentence and will award £5 to the person who returns the first correct solution. So if Pat, Megan and Jo are ready, here goes

"All I can say to Stan is find four, or maybe more, in this little sentence about ladies who prefer male dancers giving a full exhibition of nude larks on stage!"

Entries should be in the hands of the editors by May 10th.

LOTS OF BARS AND A BACK PEDAL BRAKE

Recently in writing about my 'old' cycles I seem to have mentioned trips to Boulogne with the Veteran Cycle Club and others on invitation, from, I think, the British Sports Club. It is an event that commemorates the old Boulogne Grand Prix and I was told that we covered part of the route this car event took in its day. As this is all from memory, I could have gone a little astray.

Jean and I, plus son Kevin and friends, used to go on this event and travelled from Folkestone to Boulogne with Sealink, a route now discontinued by the traditional ferry. I cannot remember the years we went as I have recently thrown the old tickets away and cannot check the dates. Some did travel via Dover. The system was that we travelled from Crowborough by van, car and trailer, etcetera with our cycles, parking up in the plentiful car parks at Folkestone. After a coffee and food at the harbour, all one hundred to one hundred and fifty of us would board the ferry for the crossing to France. Cycles were stowed along the sides of the car decks and secured with ropes, the crew leaving us to sort it out having supplied the rope. From their rapid disappearance it would seem the world considers cyclists a weird lot. On this occasion I had my 1920 Roadster with only a back pedal brake and fitted with a full set of oil lamps.

On arrival at Boulogne, the cars would leave the ferry. We were then all set and mounted but held at bay by a very smart French policeman who said "the cyclists will dismount and leave". Just like an avalanche, all pedalled off at speed as he threw his kepi onto the deck. He really took it in good part and no one ran over his hat. I saw the same policeman on several trips and the same thing happened each time. As the hoard of cyclists hit the main route out of Boulogne up the hill to the old town, the shocked and amused looks of local people could be seen: there were Ordinaries (penny-farthings), solid tyred safeties, tandems and cycles, vintage to modern, all heading off to the nearest bakery, cheese, and wine shops. One tandem was fitted with what appeared to be two or three rocket launching tubes on the rear carrier frame each side and facing to the rear. I thought it was a wonderful idea to deter the tailgating motorist - but I was wrong. The next time I saw it, it had three 'French sticks' one side and three bottles of wine the other. He went up even further in my estimation.

Now being a person who likes to be prepared, I had gone to evening classes on 'Get by in French' at the cost of £25 and was armed with a certificate to prove it. I entered my usual baker's shop to make purchases of bread, etc taking Jean with me. How proud of me she will be when she finds I can order our goods in fluent French. In we went and I burst into the fluent French. The girl, who I had seen in the shop on a previous visit, looked amazed, even impressed - then said, "if you would speak English, I could understand you", and with a French accent. But still we cannot all be winners.

Off we went up the hill, from bar to bar, until we were out of the old town and into the huge roundabout for the N42 road. Here the group split, half going to the left as at home and half going to the right as in France. A huge French lorry stopped half-way round to let chaos subside, the driver was laughing and I stopped to speak to him, he thought it was a great joke and said, "Only the English. Fill in the tunnel". We parted the best of friends.

At one place we were going through a built up area with wide pavements and nice houses. Jean was in front of me when her pedal hit a high kerb and she fell off into the gutter. Now the house beside her had a high garden wall with a large iron gate in it. At this gate were two huge dogs that made the hounds of the Baskervilles look like miniatures, they were leaping at the gates growling and barking. "Jean", I said, "if they get out and bite you'll get rabies." In a shot she was up, dripping blood from her arm, on her cycle and made off in a sprint start into the distance. I eventually caught up with her and said. "That was fast," I said. "Are you in the Tour this year?" She replied "No. I thought you said babies, not rabies."

We made our way, via pretty countryside to the village of Bellebrune (I think) where we had our lunch on the village green. The official building was open for us for toilets, etcetera and we were made very welcome as always. The village shop was open for us, very quaint and rural and I learned that sweet red wine is not popular in France. It took fifteen minutes to make the lady understand me and she gave me a bottle, free, with a sad shake of her head. A third of the bottle was solid sugar and the liquid was like syrup. After a brief taste we gave it to the dandelions and got a decent bottle. The return route was through the Forest of Boulogne and we had many friendly chats with local people out for walks and picnics. The route we take brings us to a river which is quite shallow but has what seems to be a mill pool on one side of the bridge. Here the traditions of a few were satisfied with a 'skinnydip' in the river. One or two even rode cycle over the small weir disappearing into the depths, cycles and all - which had to be dived for - great fun and great sights, well sights anyway. Jean was impressed, she has had such a sheltered life though. On we went, joining the main road at St. Martin and into Boulogne. Bars again visited but no one the worse for drink, it seems more a social thing than a drinking thing. Down the hill, smoke pouring out of the back pedal brake, and on to the ferry for a snooze and a visit to the duty free shop. Off the ferry at Folkestone, find our transport and head for home. On an earlier trip Kevin took a trade cycle and filled the basket up with his goodies. At the Customs shed he went like a rocket, by all the desks, but finally got stopped at the last one - but that is another story. On this trip we renewed friendships and made new ones in the Boulogne area and had a very nice day out. The run is still made but seems to clash with the Cuckoo Fayre at Pevensey which we take part in. If any of you have been on this run, remember the Unofficial Secrets Act, I won't tell if you don't. Also the back pedal brake smokes at home on the way down to the Half Moon.

Mike Timperley

ESCA TIME TRIALS 1996

Sunday April 14th
Two-Up G893 9.00am

Saturday April 20th
10 Miles G817 2.30pm

Sunday April 21st
25 Miles G839 8.00am

Sunday June 2nd
National Championship 25
G839 6.00am


Sunday June 16th
50 Miles G853R 6.00am

The closing date for the Summer edition of **BONK** is May 14th.



The Mid-Week Section Welcomes
new riders on Wednesdays & Saturdays.

Contact: Esther Carpenter

 01424 751581



At the 1995 A.G.M. a request was made for the Association records to be published in BONK. The following were printed in the Summer 1994 edition and are the most recent that we know of. Please notify any amendments and they will be printed in the Summer 1996 edition.

EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION RECORDS as at 31st MARCH 1994

Hardriders G896 Fairwarp

Individual	S Dennis	East Grinstead CC	44 mins	58 secs	7/3/93
Team	Brighton Excelsior CC		2hr	22mins	14secs 7/3/93
	(N Pitchford; M Murray; A Payne)				

10 Miles

Individual	S Elms	East Grinstead CC	21mins	54secs	12/9/92
Team	Lewes Wanderers CC		1hr	08mins	30secs 11/9/93
	(P Roberts; S Comben; S Faulkner)				

25 Miles

Individual	S Elms	East Grinstead CC	54 mins	46secs	25/4/93
Team	East Grinstead CC		2hr	53 mins	33secs 25/4/93
	(S Elms; S Dennis; M Beaumont)				

50 Miles

Individual	T Deacon	Lewes Wanderers CC	1hr	54 mins	36secs 1984
Team	East Grinstead CC		5hrs	56 mins	01secs 7/8/88
	(S Dennis; B Phillips; J Pelham)				

100 Miles New G.865.

Individual	M Rabbets	Lewes Wanderers CC	4hrs	01 mins	09secs 21/7/91
Team	Lewes Wanderers CC		13hr	25 mins	02secs 21/7/91
	(M Rabbets; C Hill; G Baker)				

2 Up Team Time Trial G.893

S Elms & S Dennis	East Grinstead CC	1hr	02mins	43secs	4/4/93
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SENIOR B.A.R. (25, 50 & 100 Miles)

Individual	T Deacon	Lewes Wanderers CC	25.732 mph	1984
Team	Lewes Wanderers CC		23.931 mph	1984
	(T Deacon; A Attwood; M Rabbets)			

JUNIOR B.A.R. (2 x 10 & 2 x 25)

C Kitchingham	Hastings & St.Leonards CC	25.655 mph	1993
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EAST SUSSEX CYCLING ASSOCIATION RECORDS as at 31 March 1994

LADIES RECORDS

10 Miles

Miss A Winchester Eastbourne Rovers CC 26 mins 23 secs 5/9/87

25 Miles

Miss A Winchester Eastbourne Rovers CC 1 hr 05 mins 33 secs 6/9/87

50 Miles

Miss A Winchester Eastbourne Rovers CC 2 hrs 09 mins 48 secs 2/6/91

100 Miles

Miss A Winchester Eastbourne Rovers CC 4 hrs 23 mins 14 secs 21/7/91

LADIES B.A.R. (2 x 10 & 2 x 25)

Miss A Winchester Eastbourne Rovers CC 22.763 mph 1987

COURSE RECORDS

10 Miles-G.815

S Elms East Grinstead CC 21mins 54secs 12/9/92

Hardriders G896 Fairwarp

S Dennis East Grinstead CC 44 mins 58 secs 7/3/93

25 Miles G.835

S.Elms East Grinstead CC 54mins 46secs 25/4/93

25 Miles G.824

S Yates 34th Nomads CC 53mins 16secs 1980

50 Miles G.853

P Hamilton Wren Wheelers 1hr 55mins 28secs 16/8/87

100 Miles G.865

J Woodburn Manchester Wheelers 4hrs 13mins 42secs 26/9/87

FRAMFIELD 1996



STEVE WILLIS (1995 B.A.R.) & CLIVE

KEN GRIFFITHS & PHIL HITCHCOCK



CHRIS PARKER & ROB DIXON

TREVOR JONES/GRAHAM LADE & DAVE DUNBAR



ALAN LIMBREY VAL BAXENDINE & RON ROGERS

SOCIAL CALENDAR 1996/97

Sunday 21st July
E.S.C.A. 100/V.T.T.A. NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP 100
50TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS
UPPER DICKER VILLAGE HALL

Sunday 17th November
V.T.T.A. Surrey/Sussex Group A.G.M.

Sunday November 24th
E.S.C.A. Reliability Trial

1997

Wednesday 1st January
Southborough Wheelers '10'

Wednesday 8th January
Mid-Week Section Festive Lunch

Saturday 18th January
Eastbourne Rovers Annual Dinner

Saturday 25th January
1066 Dinner

CRAWLEY WHEELERS

The weather for the club's Newhaven Reliability Trial was perfect, no rain and extremely warm for the time of year. I've ridden colder time trials in shorts this year! Some of us were so overdressed. We didn't have a super turnout this year - only thirty two including five from Redhill C.C., so where were you all?

Many thanks to Bob and Rosie Holder for opening their house to all us sweaty, well behaved cyclists (sorry we woke you up Robbie but you really should get to bed before 3.00 a.m.). The only reason most of us pedalled all the way to and from Newhaven was so we could enjoy Rosie's home made, lovely vegetable soup when we got back.

This event has five times to choose from so there is something for every ability. This year one rider completed the ride in 6.5 hours, one in 5.5 hours, fourteen in 5 hours, six in 4.5 hours and ten in 4 hours. Of those, twenty six successfully completed the course in their chosen time.

Some of us got mixed up in the Remembrance Day Parades, mostly around Ditchling or Hurstpierpoint - as a result we may move the event forward one week next year. Most groups didn't stay together and riders found their own way down. There were so many different routes taken, in fact if you red-lined every route taken on a map hardly roads would be untouched! Obviously some people got lost and some blew so badly that they didn't make it back to Warnham, but most of us had a pleasant, trouble-free ride. Our thanks to Paul Spenceley for seeing us all off in the morning.

A week or two later we turned out for the E.S.C.A. Reliability Trial. I'm sure this event could have a more appropriate title, like the 'where-the-hell-are-we?' trial or 'hill-we-go-again' trial! Charles Robson certainly excelled with the route this year and I think most of us had a great ride.

It was a freezing cold start at 8.35 a.m., so many thermal layers and extra newspaper down the front of the chest were called for - it took ages to warm up as it was a very gentle pace, and the route was flat down to Pevensey levels, then it got windy and hilly.

A small group broke away - off the back, that is - Dave Stokes, Bob O'Dell, Jack Harris and Richard Griffen (who had already cycled forty odd miles to get to the event). Unfortunately none of the four got in on time, Jack went off route near the end and Dave had one of his weird woolly patches where you feel completely hopeless for a while, then it all comes back to normal. Bob stayed with him and they still enjoyed the ride. Tim Osborne and Mike Crossett did an excellent ride on their own to finish within their chosen time of less than three hours - that must have been extremely hard on roads that you hardly know.

The rest of us, thirteen I think, threaded our way through the marvellous East Sussex countryside, wondering how many more hills there could be on a 48 mile course. After the first check at Rickney, we headed up to Oxley's Green via Bodle Street Green, we managed to stay together mostly and re-joined on the hills if it split up. Nobody could tearing off because they would have got very lost, Mike Bloom was the navigator and we hardly went off course. Still more hills after Oxleys Green. We were warned at the checkpoint that some of the descents were dangerous, but there was nothing to worry about as there was plenty of width - the only people who would definitely have fallen off were not in the event, so we were O.K. there. Up through Burwash (Mars bar stop for all who came prepared), then Stonegate, Wadhurst, Riseden, Coggins Mill, Cross in Hand to East Hoathly. The last three miles were very, very welcome - all downhill at snails pace because we got there too early.

We had quite a few new faces out with us, it was good to see them riding well. There is some good hill-climbing talent among us now, so watch out for the new lads. Trevor Montague was a last minute entry, does his wife know that her bobble hat did four hours around East Sussex that day? Don't tell anyone that I told you about his wife's bobble hat - it's a secret! Brian Jordan reckoned it was a bit slow but had to admit, like most of us, that each hill was stuffing him a little bit more. By the end of the ride the hills seemed to get steeper and longer, the group that was once together got more and more strung out, till eddie callaghan and Nick Schillinger were just white faced dots down the hill. A face from the past, Tony Brown, is making a comeback. How does he get fourteen stone and a mountain bike up those hills so fast, no wonder they call him the animal. His mate Frank Stone also made light work of it on a mountain bike, if they get onto real bikes next year, who knows what could happen.

All in all we had a very enjoyable ride; it did eventually warm up, some of us were boiling going up hills in the end. we had no traffic problems and no punctures, and the route was the best yet, even though some of us suffered near the end.

Good luck in 1996.

Marina

Very many thanks to those people who took the trouble to contribute to this edition of BONK - Rotrax, Roamer, Excelsiorian and Nomadicus for their club notes; our regular correspondents Three Wheeler, Baggy Shorts, William Hickey and Butterfly; the extracts from the 'Crawley Wheel'; Mike Timperley; and Charles Robson who supplied the photographs.

The closing date for the next edition is May 14th.

1946

E.S.C.A. 50 YEARS

1996

